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**Frankie Boyle Live 2: If
I Could Reach Out Through
Your TV and Strangle You
I Would**

By Frankie Boyle

(Compere) Here we go, Apollo!
(Cheering and whistles)
(Compere) Let's rip the fucking roof
offofthis place
as we welcome to the stage
the one, the only,
MrFrankie Boyle!
(Cheering and whistles)
(Cheering intensifies)
Hello!
(Chuckles) I like your look, big man.
Why have you
got your trousers pulled up so tight
you've got one of those ball vaginas?
How you doing, little fella?
You couldn't look gayer if you
were skipping through a field of corn
wearing an Easter bonnet
and licking a lollipop.
You're like a living shrine
to Stephen Gately.
(Inaudible)
That's what my grandad
used to call a four-cock mouth.
We think that's what he was saying,
he had four cocks in his mouth
at the time.
How you doing, wee boys?
A fucking wee boy
with a receding hairline.
How are you doing, Benjamin Button?
You been hit
with a death ray or something?
What, are you a wee boy or are you
a fucking fresh-faced old man?
What the fuck are you?
A wee boy? Is this your parents?
Fucking hell, you brought...
You brought two...
Don't worry...
your mum knows you wank.
Your mum wanks too.
Sometimes your mum wanks your dad.
The only thing they don't know

is you wank
thinking about
your mum wanking your dad.
What are you chatting about,
wee ginger fella?
I'll get the house lights put up
and we'll all watch you die
from cancer.
Fucking shape up, pal.
I'll abuse you so badly,
you'll think I was a friend of the family.
(Laughs) How are you doing, Hair Bear?
Where'd they find you,
on a fucking hunting trip?
He fucking looked round,
"Who does he mean?"
I mean you, the guy who looks like
he's covered his head in Pritt Stick
and gone down on Susan Boyle, you.
When you clean out your bath plug,
do you feel like
Chewbacca's gynaecologist?
Is that your girlfriend?
Never let her sober up.
It's a poster campaign for Rohypnol
down there.
(Laughs) How are you doing, madam?
I've always admired the ability
to do make-up in the car.
Did you hit a couple of speed bumps?
You've gone for evening wear there.
Fuck, are you at the wrong show.
"Fucking bought tickets
for Michael McIntyre and here we are...
"listening to jokes
about Down's syndrome. My God!"
How are you doing, wee boys?
What's your story? Are you a schoolboy?
Good boy. I feel like I'm fucking
grooming you now, that's just...
This is horrible.
What's your ambition, man,
when you leave school?
- Professional cricketer.

- To be a professional cricketer.
You fucking English cunt.
(Cheering and whistles)
Cricket is, of course,
practised in Scotland
as a homosexual martial art.
What about you, have you got
a more realistic world view?
- A pilot.
- You what?
- To be a pilot.
- You want to be a pilot? Fantastic.
(Woman cheers)
A fan of pilots.
(Man cheers)
There's a few of them.
(Scattered cheers)
Shut the fuck up now, OK?
I can handle abusing this wee boy...
Not probably the best choice of words
to use, right?
Look at this moany-faced bastard.
The sort of guy who moans about bald kids
jumping the queue at Disneyland.
(Laughter)
(Cheering and applause)
Boys, see if he follows you
into the toilets, scream.
You'll probably make him come quicker.
Now, for me,
the luckiest guy in the world, Jack Tweed,
- Jade Goody's old boyfriend.
- (Laughter)
- I haven't fucking done it yet.
- (Laughter)
Cos he presumably made some money
out of selling his story.
Got plenty of sympathy sex.
Apparently consensual.
Doesn't have to bring up the kids,
they're somebody else's kids.
And, because she died
from cervical cancer,
during the three weeks

that they were married,
she got thinner and better looking
and her pussy got tighter.

(Audience groans)

Before the cancer,
she'll have had a fanny like a canoe.
You wouldn't have known whether
to finger her or get in and row her.
A lot of guys on dates going,
"This isn't funny."

I'd like to have been at that wedding
ceremony. "Till death do you part?"

"Friday? Yeah, sure."

Heather Mills, she gets a hard time
in the papers, doesn't she?

I quite fancy her.

I'd do Mills.

It'd be like shagging an evil pogo stick.

Who cares about her leg?

It's her face you'd be finishing on.

The person I feel sorry for
in that story is Linda McCartney.

Linda McCartney must be spinning
in her hemp-weave death basket.

Apparently, Jordan and Peter Andre
are fighting each other
over custody of Harvey.

Eventually one of them will lose
and have to keep him.

(Cheering and whistles)

I have a theory
that Jordan married a cage-fighter
cos she needed someone strong enough
to stop Harvey from fucking her.

(Groaning and laughter)

It's my last tour
and I don't give a fuck any more.

(Cheering)

Stephen Hawking
nearly died last year.

Luckily they sorted him out, they just
switched him off and then on again.

Did you see that story the tabloids were
going nuts about? The paedophile bikini.

It was a bikini on sale in Primark
aimed at kids,
but it had a padded bra.
Surely, the last thing a paedophile
wants to see is tits.
What that bikini was
was a paedophile deterrent,
and it should have been marketed
as that.
The bikini bottoms should have had
fake pubes coming out of the sides.
"There you go, wee Jenny,
no one's going to want to fuck you now.
"They'll think you're a dwarf
with a hygiene problem."
Did you enjoy Michael Jackson dying?
That was good.
In the future, when people say,
"What were you doing
when Michael Jackson died?"
Pretty much everybody will reply,
"I was texting a joke
about Michael Jackson dying."
Even the guy who was reading it out
on the news had a look in his eye, like,
"I've got one. Yeah."
It must have been weird
working at the Neverland ranch.
A strange existence
that must have been.
Spending your evenings
chiselling a chimp's sperm
off a custom-made
Macaulay Culkin face mask.
(Laughter)
Valerie Singleton
had her autobiography out,
and in it she said that she had an abortion
when she was on Blue Peter.
And who can forget
what a harrowing episode that was?
As I remember, they broke
a coat hanger off the advent crown.
- (Inaudible)

- You're a student paramedic.
So, you could try and save
someone's life?
"Let me through,
I might be able to do something."
You're just kicking a dying man
in the chest.
What you want to do, you want
to work in an ambulance? Great.
Get to watch people die,
you fucking ghoul.
Is this your girlfriend?
How you doing? What do you do?
(Inaudible)
Hairdresser. You didn't meet him
when you were choking on something?
The guy you used to go out with,
for example.
You didn't do his hair?
He looks like he got his hair cut
trying to break up a fucking knife fight.
What about you? You seem
a bit camp for one of my shows.
How you doing? I don't know why
I went camp there as I said it as well.
- What do you do?
- I'm a plumber.
You're a plumber, fantastic.
How does it feel
being able to set your prices
depending how old and vulnerable
someone looks?
Must be great, man.
This is quite a good-looking row here.
Look at that row over there,
it's like fucking Jim Henson's workshop.
The audience last night
were like a freak show, man.
I felt like putting out a public service
announcement saying,
"In the event of a fire,
you will all end up better looking."
It's TV, man.
How low is TV going to sink?

I fully expect to switch on the telly
in a couple of years to see someone going,
"My name's John Lesley,
this is a Viking longship,
"and you're watching
The Story Of Rape."
I saw a show. They were cutting open
these giant animals, going,
"Oh, look at this giraffe.
"It has an incredible number
of neck vertebrae."
Of course it's got an incredible number of
neck vertebrae, it's a fucking giraffe!
What are you expecting to find
inside it, a horse with a periscope?
Talent shows. Can you even imagine
something interesting happening?
You switch on
and one of the judges is going,
"That was a wonderful tribute
to Gary Glitter,
"but couldn't you
have just sung one of his songs?"
People being judged by Amanda Holden,
a woman with a face
like haunted Tupperware.
And, I'd imagine, a vaginal grip
like a fucking jockey's left hand.
Andrew Lloyd Webber, a man
who looks like he's had his face
carved off by a diseased butcher,
put in a pinata,
beaten with hockey sticks for six hours,
and then the resulting mess
piped back onto his head,
like the icing on the ugliest cake
the world has ever seen.
Cheryl Cole.
A set of tits on a broomstick.
Ashley Cole, to me,
is like a new definition of moron.
Someone who buys
an unregistered mobile phone,
so they can text anonymously,

then uses that phone
to send a picture of his face.
Almost as retarded as Vernon Kay,
who put his marriage at risk
by asking a Page Three girl
to send him a picture of her tits.
That's what you actually did, Vernon,
you fucking mongoloid.
How are you doing, man?
What's your story, what do you do?
You work in a builders' merchant. Fantastic.
You must steal loads of stuff.
Pretty much all you do, isn't it?
Anyone want a big bag of sand?
My dad knew some builders' merchants.
We got a lot of fucking sand and cement
in exchange for whatever my dad was doing.
Hand jobs, probably.
And are you his girlfriend?
How are you doing? What do you do?
- (Inaudible)
- You work at HSBC.
Don't worry, not for long.
All their banks are fucked.
Apparently, there's a scheme now
to fast-track bankers
who are out of work into teaching.
Imagine what sort of teacher
a banker is going to make.
OK, I have no apples
and you have 40 apples.
Give me all the apples.
How are you doing, little fella?
You all right? What do you do?
I work in a school.
You work in a school.
You're a paedophile
who failed his priest exams.
What are you doing working in a school?
You're a fucking grown man.
What do you do?
- IT.
- IT? That's the worst!
You're in two parts

of the Venn danger diagram now.

(Laughs)

You're an IT support fella?

Yeah, I remember those at school,
we used to bully you.

Yeah.

Once we'd killed
all the ginger and black kids.

- How you doing, what do you do?

- Physio.

You're a physio? Right.

Are you two together?

Cos you could be

a helluva paedophile team-up.

"With our combined skills..."

What do you do physio for, man?

What sort of sports?

- Er, rugby.

- Rugby?

Right, you're a deeply sublimated
homosexual, you know that, don't you?

Working on a giant man's groin strain,
you might as well

just go into the centre circle
and all fuck each other, OK?

I hate rugby, but I hope

I didn't communicate that to you,

I hope I was polite enough there.

Deal Or No Deal,

that show gets me, man.

Presented by Noel Edmonds

looking like a wombat's vagina.

How old is Noel Edmonds going to be
before he stops asking his hairdresser

to dye 40% of his hair

to look like a stain

in a tramp's pants?

His skin.

I can't even describe his skin.

It's like if your balls had a kneecap.

If I wanted to sit around

watching people open empty boxes all day,

I'd spend Christmas morning

at Kerry Katona's house.

Katona, did you see her on This Morning?
That was one of the saddest...
One of the very saddest wanks
that I've ever had.
God knows how you satisfy her now,
you probably have to drive
a vehicle into her.
Maybe a bendy bus,
and wiggle it about a bit.
Jeremy Kyle, you watch that and go,
"Where do they get these people from?"
"Where do they
get these fucking people?"
"Oh, right, Scotland. Right."
They round up the audience
for that show
by firing tranquilizer darts
into Primark.
(Laughter)
It's always scumbags.
There's never an episode called
I Wanted To Go To Tuscany, You Swine.
I'd like to see him come back
with the DNA test results and go,
"Your DNA test result's here.
You're not actually human.
"You're a rare breed of fucking cabbage."
I like those wee titles
at the bottom.
"Daddy, are you my nephew?"
"I enjoy kicking my pregnant kids."
(One person clapping)
Just one person masturbating
in the darkness to that image there.
(Laughs)
Maybe you're slapping your pregnant kid
cos you're in public, I don't know.
They're going to have
product placements on TV now.
I think they should blackmail companies
by threatening to do
negative product placements.
Do them on The Bill or something.
"Sarge, we caught a paedophile."

"Really? What was he doing?"

"Eating Walkers crisps."

Dragons' Den, I always used to think
they know too much about business.

They only back the boring stuff
that's going to make money.

You want someone on the panel
who's got money,

but is a right fucking idiot.

John Terry, I suppose, ideally.

"You're telling me

that this is a steak and kidney pie,

"but I can use it to play my CDs?

"I'm in."

Oh, I saw a great thing
the other day.

You know that programme

The Secret Millionaire?

They're not going to make that any more
cos people are wise to it.

So, any time people see someone
with a camera crew in a poor area,
they just assume

that it's a millionaire.

Which is why I think

the time is right to start making

The Secret Rapist.

"It's been so difficult bringing up
my two boys since I got paralysed.

"Are you going to write me a cheque?"

"Not exactly, no."

"Join us after the break and see

"which of these three deserving families
Tom decides to rape."

You look like a roadie for a mental
fucking metal group or something.

What's your real story,

what do you do, man?

You're a banker?

Oh, a baker. There we go.

Fantastic.

What's it like to have a job that people have
in a children's book?

Fantastic, isn't it?

What have you been baking today?
Nothing. Oh, your day off.
Yeah. Yeah, it's the weekend.
Yeah, I know that.
Don't fucking patronize me, right?
I'm patronized by a guy
who sells rolls for a living.
Fuck off.
How are you doing, madam?
What do you do?
Are you a candlestick maker?
(Laughter)
- A housewife.
- Housewife.
Yeah. So, no job, then? Cool.
How are you doing, man, you all right?
You're the dad of those boys. Yeah.
What do you do, man?
Company director.
Listen to the fucking hatred
build in the room there.
You and your
fucking company directing.
He's out rolling pastry of a morning.
Swanning about directing
fucking companies, you bastards.
You felt that, didn't you?
You felt that wave of...
Recession goes on
for two more months,
they're fucking killing you
in the car park.
You'll leave this room
with an arsehole
like a yawning hippo's mouth.
What about you, wee boy, what's
your ambition? You got an ambition?
You want to be a doctor.
There we go, an unrealistic ambition.
That's a good one to have.
What about you, man? A policeman?
You fucking little cunt.
(Laughter and applause)
(Cheering and whistling)

What, you want to fucking police us?
You want to fucking be the bad guy,
you want to fucking knock people about?
Why, cos you get bullied at school?
You get bullied at school
and fucking rightly so.
I wasn't going to mention
your fucking braces,
but now I'm going to fucking
mention them.
You deserve to be bullied,
you wee fucking agent of control.
Could we use sausage rolls
to dispose of a body?
(Chuckles)
I've offended Russell Howard
from Mock The Week, I'm sorry to say,
cos I love Russell,
I do love Russell,
but I've been sending him texts
saying that he should make more use
of his incredible resemblance
to Baby P.
"Do a few gigs in a blood-stained
romper suit and see how they go,"
that's what I sent.
I feel I can talk about this cos
I'm making a movie about Baby P,
where Baby P
comes back as a wee zombie,
and kills all the people
that were a cunt to him.
It's called The P Stands For Payback.
That whole case makes you worry
any time you meet someone
with an initial for a name.
This is my wife, Theresa,
this is our son,
Child D.
Makes you wonder what happened
to Mr T when he was a wee boy.
Probably got sexually abused
on an aeroplane.
(As Mr T)

"I ain't gettin' on no plane, fool!
"My asshole hurts
just thinking about it."
We've got Barack Obama
as American president now.
Came to Berlin, got a standing ovation
from 20,000 people.
But let's not forget,
the last man to get a standing ovation
from 20,000 people in Berlin
was the most evil man in history.
David Hasselhoff.
(Laughter)
See when he gave his first speech
as president,
they put all that bulletproof glass up
in front of him.
I think that shows you
just how racist America still is.
Just because he's black doesn't mean
he's going to shoot anybody.
He had a meeting with the Dalai Lama
a couple of months ago.
I really wanted them
to have an argument,
just so that I could read the headline,
"Obama Lama Ding-Dong."
(Laughs)
I love that joke cos it's literally
the sort of thing my dad would say.
My dad's one of those people
that can make you laugh
just reading the telephone directory.
He's a spastic.
We're fighting a couple of wars now.
Well, we call them wars,
we're basically just murdering
a whole bunch of fucking shepherds.
What gets me is our callousness
in the news,
when we read out our dead first,
cos our lives are more important,
other people's lives
aren't worth as much.

(As newsreader)

A bomb went off in Kandahar today,
killing two British servicemen,
three UN relief workers,
and a whole bunch of Pakis.
Or that thing we do,
the minute we stop killing the shepherds,
we start building them
a fucking hospital.

"Let's build these people a hospital
"so they're better able to cope with us
the next time we're in town."

It's a bit like a rapist paying
for his victim to take yoga lessons.

(Audience groans)

"Work on the splits, baby,
cos I'm coming back."

I've always hated
that thing the Army do,
where they give a medal
to like a carrier pigeon,
or a sniffer dog
that's helped them out or something.

It must be quite galling
if you had a son who died.

"Sorry, Mrs McCrady, I'm afraid that
your boy's been killed by a land mine,
"but, on the bright side,
Bingo here retrieved his leg.

"So we've given him the George Cross
and let him keep the bone."

We've got this trouble now where people
are scaremongering about Iran.

The truth is,
we don't know who's got nukes.
We could all get blown up tomorrow
by Sweden.

(Bad Swedish accent)

"Yes, we have destroyed your cities,
"now you must turn to us
to refurnish them, hm?"

Swedish people are a lot like
gay German people, hmm.

We have a sort of debate now:

How much should we torture people?
What kind of a society
even asks that question?
How difficult is it to get information
out of someone?
Give them some cocaine.
Give them some fucking cocaine.
"He told us
about the secret training camps, sir,
"and the screenplay
that he's been writing."
Why don't al-Qaeda just employ people
who are sadomasochistic perverts?
"We, er,
we tried pulling his fingernails out, sir,
"but he came."
"Did you try the ball clamp on him?"
"Yeah, he brought his own."
We should be laughing at terrorists,
these people are a fucking joke.
The pants bomber.
A guy tried to set off a bomb
in his pants.
I wish he'd done it, just so I could know that
he was up in heaven
with 72 virgins but no cock.
Should have done it on Ryanair. Everyone
would have been delighted to get blown up
and actually land closer
to their fucking destination.
I'm a pretty militant Muslim,
as you all know.
I'm all in favour
of the full-length burqa
as it allows me to masturbate
in Tesco.
Who doesn't like the burqa?
It's like a sexual scratchcard, isn't it?
(Laughter)
Scotland got into trouble
for deporting al-Megrahi,
the supposed Lockerbie bomber,
cos he only had three months to live,
making him the healthiest fucker

in Scotland.
It's hard to joke about Lockerbie,
I admit that,
people had a terrible time there.
I mean, sure, they got some
great fucking luggage out of it.
People said it was a disaster,
the al-Megrahi thing.
It wasn't a disaster, it was Scottish people
trying to do diplomacy.
It actually went quite well.
Normally, a Scottish person
being diplomatic is someone going,
"With the absolute best will
in the world, you're a fucking cunt."
Thanks for that speech, Ambassador.
With these deep-fried Ferrero Rocher...
Oh, while we're at it,
while we're on the subject,
what is it about people with cancer
that they suddenly think
they can run the fucking marathon?
"I've got cancer,
can you sponsor us?"
You feel like going,
"You have no chance of winning."
I'm only joking, obviously,
if you know someone with cancer
and they want sponsoring,
please sponsor them.
There's a good chance
that you won't have to pay.
I had a friend come up to me
and say that she had breast cancer.
She was going to cycle
the Great Wall of China.
Now, you can't say this,
but you feel like going,
"You're the last person who should be
cycling the Great Wall of China.
"You should be lying at home in bed,
"playing with your tits
before they drop off."
She doesn't mind me saying that.

She's dead. She doesn't give a fuck.
Not really, right.
This is all just jokes.
Just relax.
It's not going to get any nicer.
Not even a little bit.
But just relax anyway.
I do a lot of good work myself.
I don't, it's another joke.
I spend a lot of time helping teenagers
who have been sexually abused...
find their way out of my house.
You know those Somalian pirates?
See, three or four years ago,
weren't we giving all the money
from Comic Relief to Somalia?
Is that what they did
with the fucking money?
"For just 20 a month,
"you could buy this family
a speedboat and a grappling hook."
Do you get letters
from people you've sponsored?
"Thank you for your parcel.
"I enclose a picture of me
beheading someone
"wearing your Shit Happens T-shirt."
How are you doing, man?
What do you do?
You're a stockbroker?
What about you, man?
(Indistinct)
You're a plumber. Fantastic.
How do you know him?
Plumbers and stockbrokers.
(Inaudible)
Friends?
What the fuck do you talk about?
"Oh yeah, I made quite a bit of money
short selling on Nike today."
"Yeah, really?
I broke up a big jobby in a toilet."
How are you doing, fucking Gigantor?
Are you all right, man?

You're just fucking looking at me
like I'm a big sausage
holding a microphone, aren't you?
How are you doing, big fella?
What's your role in life?

- I'm a lawyer.

- You're a lawyer?!

Fucking hell. What type of law?

- Property.

- Property law.

Could you be more worthless?

(Laughter and cheering)

It's not often I'll say this,
not often I'll say this,
but you should stick your face
in a meat grinder
and go and live in the woods.
I don't mean this to sound horrible,
I really don't,
but I could watch you being raped
and not feel a flicker of emotion.

(Applause)

That's not true, I'd be angry
they weren't killing him.

A lot of my stuff gets cut out on TV,
to be honest.

We did a round in Mock The Week
one time,

it was "Things you wouldn't hear
on The Apprentice."

I went, "This is the first time ever,
"I've not been able to separate
our two finalists.

"Margaret, Nick, hold my legs up,
it's a rim-off."

(Sporadic clapping)

They had a round one time,

"Things you would say

"that would change the atmosphere
at a dinner party."

And I said, "If we're all here,
who's looking after Madeleine?"

(Cheering)

They fucking cut it out!

They cut it out,
can you believe that?
I thought, "No, they're saving that bit
for the Christmas special. Must be."
There was a bit in the Christmas special
they didn't show you,
"Things you wouldn't hear
at Christmas."
I went, "It's not rape.
Look, there's mistletoe."
I said to Dara O'Briain,
"I had a joke about rape.
"It would have fitted perfectly,
but they wouldn't let me put it in."
And he went,
"That's rape in a nutshell, Frankie."
I did that show Would I Lie To You?
with Christine Bleakley
from The One Show.
I said to her, "Christine,
you're a very beautiful woman,
"you're a very talented presenter,
"why do you have to present
The One Show with Shrek?
"Do you know how difficult it is
"for me to masturbate
with one eye closed?"
She looked at me and went,
"You're masturbating to The One Show
with a hand over your eye?"
I said, "No, Christine, I wear an eye patch
because I need both hands."
(Whistling)
What must it be like
fucking Adrian Chiles,
if that's what his face looks like
when he's not coming?
Jesus.
Adrian Chiles' face is sort of what I imagine
Susan Boyle's arse looks like.
My favourite thing on telly
is those anti-drinking adverts.
It shows a drunk woman staggering about
or a drunk woman falling over.

I always watch those and I think,
"There's drunk women out there,
I'll get my coat on."
I always practise safe sex myself.
What I do is I hang about
outside an STD clinic
and chat up women
who come out looking relieved.
I love the athletics on TV.
Do you watch the athletics?
I think it's great, the athletics.
That we all get together
every few years
and decide which country
has the fittest black people.
That's all the Commonwealth Games
ever was, was a big slave race.
The Empire Games it was called originally.
(English accent) "William, I think
my niggers are quicker than yours."
(Scottish accent)
"Well, that sounds like a wager."
It's ironic they start those races
with a gunshot,
cos that's how they used to finish.
I hate racism,
I could never be a racist.
I haven't finished
hating all the fucking white people yet.
Do you want to see more drugs
in sport?
I want to see a lot more drugs in sport.
Do you want to see someone
run the 100m in 9.98 seconds,
or do you want to see them
run it in three seconds?
I don't want to see Dwain Chambers
running on steroids,
I want to see him running
with the legs of a kangaroo
and the heart of a fucking leopard.
I want to see him run so fast,
that halfway through the race
he disappears like the car

from Back To The Future,
reappears at the finish line
as a very old man,
shouts "Beware China!"
and then crumbles into fucking dust.
Usain Bolt won that race in,
what was it, 9.69 seconds?
I can't do anything in that time.
It took me ten seconds
to watch him do that.
Michael Phelps.
He was too good as well, wasn't he?
It's going to be boring
at the London Olympics,
unless we make Phelps swim
in the conditions that the British athletes
had to train in.
Let's see how good he is once
he has to get past a fat guy doing widths.
Tread water for a bit so he doesn't swim up
an old woman's colon.
(Audience groans)
Yeah, old people at the swimming,
by the way,
what are they doing in there,
bobbing about like fucking jellyfish?
Fuck off!
Or we should ban all the swimming events
and just have one event
where Michael Phelps
swims up and down,
while Michael Barrymore
tries to catch him.
(Laughs)
Barrymore, man.
I love the way that every so often the papers,
or sometimes the police,
will come out and go,
"Perhaps we'll never truly know
"what happened on that night."
Well, a dead guy's turned up
full of drugs and spunk,
I reckon
I could take a fucking guess at it.

"Oh, what could have possibly happened here?"
"We've got a dead body with an arsehole like a vintage golf bag."
(Laughter continues)
Roman Abramovich,
he's a sinister fucker, isn't he?
I think,
because Abramovich is so sinister,
that's why Alex Ferguson at Man U
has had to build up
a team of ugly men
who look like
they'd be impossible to kill.
Like Wayne Rooney.
How would you kill Wayne Rooney?
If you put a bullet through the middle
of Wayne Rooney's head,
all that would happen would be
that he whistled when he ran.
(Whistles) Just had a baby,
didn't he, Rooney?
He must have been an asset
at the birth.
(As Rooney)
"Look, Coleen done a poo with a face."
I'm looking forward to the World Cup
in South Africa.
It's going to be mental
in South Africa.

Injury news:

"John Terry's been murdered,
"and Shaun Wright-Phillips
was raped in his car."
Personally, I'm supporting the guys most
likely to come away with the trophy.
The child soldiers of Sierra Leone.
Fucking tragic, Beckham getting injured,
that was tragic,
cos now he's going to be
in a commentary team,
I'm going to have to listen to his
little-boy-with-brain-damage fucking voice.

Apparently they're trying for a baby,
the Beckhams. Fuckin' hell.
Shagging that woman
must be like trying to separate
deckchairs with your dick.
Like fucking a packet
of vomit-flavoured Nik Naks.
Do you know what they should have done,
give us all a laugh,
"Oh, he's been paralysed."
See that guy that died in the luge
in the Winter Olympics?
Bit of a silver lining.
He's coming back next year
to compete in the skeleton bobsleigh.
That's nice.
How you doing, baldy fella?
You all right? Yeah. You're not bald,
is that your fucking angle, is it?
That's going to be a difficult one
to defend there, big chap.
Particularly as the spotlight
bounces back off your head
and burns out my fucking retinas.
How you doing, man, what you do?
- I work with disabled children.
- You work with disabled children.
Well, have I got a few jokes for you.
- Oh dear.
- I don't really.
Hm? You don't really. Whoa.
Bit of a fucking comedian yourself there,
aren't you?
Fantastic. Don't worry,
we'll fucking edit it out on the DVD
and it'll look like you do.
People will go,
"Well, why has he said that, then?"
That's how you end up on
the Sex Offenders Register, my friend.
And that is where
you will get to meet those two guys.
How you doing, man?
What's your story?

- I'm a project manager.

- You're a project manager.

You're warning me with your eyes.

You're going, "I do the most boring
fucking thing in the world, Frankie,
"just fucking turn back now."

What's this project you're managing?

Oh. I work with Defence Estates
on military projects.

You work on military projects?

Things for killing people?

- No.

- No. All right.

We're going to work our way towards this
like a fucking riddle, are we?

How many questions do I get?

I think you'll find
it's an almost infinite amount.

What's the nature of this project, man?

- Construction projects.

- Construction.

Right. Now we've learned
a little more of nothing.

You're constructing something
for the Ministry of Defence
and we don't know what it is.

Now we're intrigued.

Even the paedophile's intrigued,
have you seen that?

What's this thing
you're constructing?

(Laughs) Oh.

Are you sure you work
for the Ministry of Defence,
and this isn't just something
your careworker's told you you do?

"The Ministry of Defence want you
to build another sand castle.

"There you go.

"Once you've finished that,
you can go home for the day.

"Another job well done."

I got in a bit of trouble this year
where John Humphrys,

the Radio 4 presenter,
came out and described my work
as "lascivious filth".
If you're going to get slagged off
by someone, it should be by a guy
who looks like the ghost of the monkey
that started AIDS.

Then Danny Dyer was in the paper,
saying that he wanted to fight me.
Taking time out from presenting
Britain's Hardest Baby,
or whatever the fuck he does.
Britain's Hardest Baby,
in case you're wondering,
is the zombie Baby P.
Beat Harvey in the final.
Danny Dyer was presenting a show called

Danny Dyer:

I'm going to present a show called

Frankie Boyle:

Where I try to work out
if Danny Dyer actually exists,
or if he's just a character actor
constantly auditioning for the part
of a gay garage mechanic
with a brain injury.
Who actually employs him?
The only thing anyone
wants to see Danny Dyer present
is the symptoms of arse cancer.
I should say,
I feel a bit guilty here,
cos Danny Dyer
friended me on Facebook,
and he seemed like a nice guy.
Listen to me, this is how people
get killed on Facebook.
"Seems like a nice guy."
"Sending his dad round
to pick me up."
"There's no room in the car,
I've got to climb directly into the boot."

That was horrible,
the Facebook murder.
The only reason they caught the guy
was she changed her status
at the last minute to,
"Just been sexually murdered
in a park. Laugh out loud."
"ROFD.
Rolling on the floor, dying."
"Five people like this."
A guy stood up the other day and gave
his name as the Crossbow Cannibal.
(Laughs)
"What's your name?"
"Crossbow Cannibal."
"And how do you plead?"
"Not guilty, Your Honour."
We put two ten-year-old boys
on the Sex Offenders Register.
Two ten-year-old boys.
I can't wait
for one of Britain's paedophiles
to run into
our youngest sex offenders.
"Do you want to see my puppies?"
"Yeah, and your cock."
That fucking cabbie that went on
the rampage in Cumbria, right,
this is a true story,
I tell you it because it's a true story.
Yesterday, as the story's
all over the front pages,
I'm sitting in a cafe
having breakfast.
There's a Scottish guy sat across me.
I know he's Scottish because
he's reading a Scottish newspaper.
He recognises me and he finishes
reading the story about the taxi driver.
As he's leaving, he points
to the paper and he goes to me,
"And they never take Scottish bank notes."
Get a sense of fucking proportion, man.
I take taxis all the time,

and after five years of listening
to taxi drivers' opinions
it would be a relief to meet one
that just wanted to shoot me
in the fucking head.

I know this all seems a bit soon now,
but hopefully by the time
the DVD comes out at Christmas...

(Laughter)

..the victims' families...

(Applause)

..will be able to look back and laugh.

"Oh, do you remember that time our dad
got murdered by a taxi driver?

"He left his meter running as well,
the cheeky cunt."

(Chuckles)

So here's what's really on my tits, right.

David Cameron is our prime minister.

(Man) He's a cunt!

(Laughs)

That was great. The one northern voice
I've heard all night, "He's a cunt!"

That's a fucking snap review there, sir,
well done.

He's a wet-lipped buffoon
who looks like he should be playing
a trombone in a fucking Lurpak advert.

(Cheering)

Apparently, the Tories were worried about
his lack of appeal in the North.

He's David Cameron.

The only thing he's got in common with
anyone up North

is that somebody in Liverpool

now has his bicycle.

(Laughter)

Nobody voted for this.

Right, you'll have gone

into a school and cast your vote,

and you'll now get punished for that decision
for the next five years.

You'd have got a shorter sentence

if you'd walked into the same school

and beaten a kid over the head
with a fucking dumbbell.
They sacked that guy.
You can't hold a kid down and beat them
over the head with a dumbbell
shouting "Die, die, die," any more?
It's fucking political correctness gone mad.
(Cheering)
Nick Clegg now has power.
A guy who looks like he shouts out "Sorry"
when he comes.
He has the air of someone
who would leave a stag party early
cos he didn't want to miss
Holby City.
What was Brown's campaign about?
Smiling and waving every day,
that weird fucking...
He looked like someone
getting a blowjob in his car
while his wife drove by
in a Ford Fiesta.
That mad old woman.
"All these Eastern Europeans,
where are they coming from?"
Well, take a wild guess,
you stupid old cow.
You know what
he should have done, Brown,
I admit this would have been daring,
but he could have got away with it.
He went back up the second time
to apologise.
He should have gone into her house
and tried to fuck her.
She'd have come out and gone,
"Gordon Brown tried to fuck me."
And we'd all just go,
"Oh, she's just mad."
"You're just a mad old woman."
(As Gordon Brown) "I would never attempt
to pump an old woman in her house."
And he'd have got off with it scot-free
and he'd have been sat

in the prime-ministerial debate
strangely distracted
by a middle finger
that stunk of freshly baked scones.
Sorry to see Lembit Opik losing his seat.
I quite liked him, cos he manages
to shag reasonably attractive women
despite looking like a banana
with Down's syndrome.
Peter Mandelson,
this doesn't get said enough,
he's gay and he's a lord,
he's a gaylord.
The British National Party
tried to pretend
they were a modern,
progressive kind of a party.
As you can read about
in their manifesto:
Holocaust Schmoloocaust.
The trouble with politicians,
we're led by the least among us,
the least in society,
the least moral, the least noble.
You know how there are jokes
about Scottish people being mean,
and we tell those jokes
about Aberdonians?
There are jokes
about Irish people being stupid,
and Irish people tell those jokes about
people from Kerry.
Kerryman jokes.
Down's syndrome people tell Down's
syndrome jokes about Boris Johnson.
Not very well, admittedly.
"Why did Boris Johnson
cross the road?
"Fuck knows. I can't remember."
When I was a boy
growing up in Glasgow,
I used to think what is it about people
with Down's syndrome
that they're not allowed

to go to the regular hairdressers?
"You can't come in,
you've got Down's syndrome,
"you've got to go to that guy two doors down
that used to do the fucking Beatles.
"You won't look like the Beatles.
Maybe Ringo. Maybe Ringo."
I thought about it and I thought,
"It's cos they've got older parents,
their parents are out of date."
What's the worst part of that deal,
is it having Down's syndrome
or having parents
who are 20 years behind the times?
"What did you get me
for my birthday?
"A SodaStream. Fuck you!
"I'm leaving home!"
"Don't leave home, son,
you've only got a year to live."
(Audience groans)
I feel I can talk about this
cos I do a lot of work for Mencap.
I never ask for money.
I always get paid in sex.
If you can call it sex.
And apparently, the police
are going to be calling it sex.
So that's the routine
I got in all that trouble about.
Right, three jokes,
which nobody's even heard.
So anyone who's commented on that
is basically saying,
"I'm absolutely outraged
"by whatever the fuck it was."
A woman and her husband were sat
at the front, but they were talking.
I tried to talk to him,
but he wouldn't tell me his name,
or where he came from,
or what he did.
So I started insisting
that he was Jon Venables.

I think that's where things
started to go sour.
The tragic thing is,
I'm quite a right-on kinda character.
I never even use the word "disabled",
I always use the phrase
"differently abled".
Cos I see people
with learning disabilities
as just having different abilities.
For example, the extra saliva means
they can give an incredible blow job.
They can talk to you while they're doing it
and not sound any different.
That's an ability.
If we're going to have true equality
with the learning disabled,
we need to start fucking them.
I've already started,
although I always wear a wizard's hat
when I'm doing it
to confuse the description
that they give to the police.
I'm going to build this up
so it's so ridiculous
and so fucking cartoonish,
that people can tell it's a joke
and I couldn't possibly mean it.
Or, I start to get a Down's syndrome
picket line,
a learning-disabled
army of the damned,
turning up outside my shows
on the wrong night.
Stopping the Chuckle Brothers
from getting to do their fucking gig.
I just think we do have people
in this country now,
who are just a bit
fucking humourless
and they just don't know
when you're joking.
"Is he joking, this comedian?"
"Is this comedian

joking up on the comedy stage,
"at this comedy festival,
do you think he's fucking joking?"
I'm joking, you stupid fucking cunts.
You can't take everything seriously.
(Cheering and whistles)
If we'd taken everything
my gran said seriously,
she'd still be alive today.
(Laughs)
Then you meet these people,
these people who say,
"I believe in freedom of speech,
I do,
"but you should ban certain words.
"You should ban words
like 'retard' and 'mongoloid'.
"I believe in freedom of speech,
but you should ban some words,
"and some jokes and some opinions."
If you meet anyone like that,
it's important to say to them,
"We should never use 'retard' to describe
someone with a disability.
"We should never use 'mongoloid' to
describe someone with a disability.
"But we do need to hang on
to those words to describe you,
"you retarded mongoloid fuck."
I could use my powers for evil,
you know.
I could spend my time
trying to think up derogatory words
for lesbians or something.
Fanny cannibals. There we go.
It's not hard.
It doesn't make me homophobic,
I fucking hate homophobia,
it doesn't even make any sense.
Gay people are a lot cooler
than straight people.
You ever see a gay guy
on the golf course?
Well, not during the day time.

Ricky Martin came out recently.
That took a while, Ricky.
He was so deep in the closet,
he was bumming Mr Tumnus in Narnia.
My favourite thing, recently,
I saw an article about how much
Gordon Brown spends on make-up.
He's wearing make-up?
What would he look like
without make-up?
ET's nut sack?
Towards the end
he looked like a drugged-up cat
that had had its face shaved
at a party.
Gordon Brown
couldn't have won that election
if he'd appeared on
Britain's Got Talent,
sang a note-perfect version
of Cry Me A River,
then pulled the still-living
Madeleine McCann
out of the jaws of a fucking shark.
Did you see that thing where they aged
Madeleine McCann, that photo?
What kind of a society are we
that does makeovers
on missing children?
Now, this is what she'd look like
if she was six, in Africa.
It's quite realistic,
cos in the background you could see
the Primark sewing machine.
Kids putting fake pubes
onto bikini bottoms.
I did a show in Glasgow
a couple of years ago.
(Scattered cheers)
And we have some refugees in.
(Laughter)
I did a show
at the Glasgow Comedy Festival
and my mum wanted me to get tickets

for this couple that I fucking hate.
So I put two tickets in the box office,
but for a laugh,
I put them under the names
Kate and Gerry McCann.
I told my pal that I was doing it
and he went,
"You should have left three tickets."
He'll be devastated by that,
Gerry McCann,
he will be devastated, Gerry McCann,
but there will be a tiny part of him,
a tiny part of him
that'll be thinking,
"I could put a pool table
in that room."
And that's finally too much. OK.
Yeah.
I'll lighten things up. A wee jokey joke.
Let's see if that lightens it up.
Everyone likes a wee jokey joke.
Here we go.
When I was a wee boy,
I had a dream that I was eating
a giant marshmallow.
And when I woke up,
I was being sexually abused.
Better?
What do Japanese people
call their Jap's eye?
My eye?
When you go to the supermarket,
and you buy a carrot,
there's always a moment when
the assistant looks at you, thinking,
"He's going to stick that carrot
up his arse.
"He's going to go home
and stick that carrot up his arse
"and run about
clucking like a chicken."
That's why when you go to
the supermarket buy two carrots.
You could always eat one of them.

You can eat roadkill,
have you seen that?
My pal got me a recipe book
for roadkill.
So I got some roadkill,
followed one of the recipes.
Absolutely delicious.
I still don't know
what to do with his bike.
(Laughter)
Are youse
worried about the recession?
I like the new advert
for the Halifax.
It's just Howard hanging himself
in a bathroom.
You know what will be good
in the recession?
That programme, Grand Designs.
An hour-long show where we watch
a family with a budget of 12,
decide which colour
to paint the door.
I honestly think we should have more strikes
in this country, I really do.
Those French workers that kidnapped
their boss in an adhesive factory,
they didn't even use adhesive
to keep him there, the dozy bastards.
They tied him up.
That's like having a job
in a mortuary
and going home
to make love to your wife.
(Audience groans)
Labour just did too much weird shit
to get re-elected, didn't they?
Third runway at Heathrow,
they wanted,
to turn Britain into a hub airport
where the average stay would be an hour.
The only reason anyone
would visit Britain ever again,
would be the reason that most of us

would visit a McDonald's.
To take a big shit
and then fuck off again.
They wanted to get asylum seekers
to pass a GCSE in English.
Have you been to a Scottish beach?
Rubbish everywhere,
shit all over the place, condoms.
It's like taking a holiday
in Amy Winehouse's muff.
Winehouse looks filthy now,
doesn't she?
I reckon AIDS
is worried about catching her.
She's got a new boyfriend.
He doesn't drink, doesn't take drugs.
Unfortunately, he went down on her
and he's now doing three weeks
in rehab.
Nudist beaches I've never understood.
I can't get my head round
this whole idea that nudism's normal.
If nudism's normal, how come
I'm still banned from Euro Disney?
(Laughter)
Tell me it's normal
to watch your 12-year-old daughter
play Ping-Pong in the nude
with a 56-year-old dentist
who's returning the ball without a bat?
(Laughter)
It's the ugliness of the nudists, man.
If they all looked like models,
I'd be down that beach
with a wheelbarrow full of Kleenex
and a heat pad on my wrist.
They'd be wading back
through the sand
like it was fucking
Scott's Porage Oats.
What I'm into myself, sexually,
is leather.
I say leather, I mean older women.
Britain's oldest woman to give birth

gave birth a couple of months ago.

She was 63.

Can't be easy getting up
in the middle of the night aged 63,
to change a soiled nappy.

Especially now she's got a baby.

I'm sure it was actually
a magical moment.

I'd have loved to have been there
when her dust broke.

I couldn't have sex with someone that old,
cos they might die.

They might die during sex,
and I don't know

whether I could trust myself to stop.

(Laughter and applause)

Have you seen that scientist
who's put microchips

into old people with dementia?

So if they get lost you can track them down
with your sat-nav.

"Oh, there you are, Grandad, trapped
under the wheel arch, found you."

I think you should just do
what we did with my grandad,
put him on a retractable leash.

Sounds harsh, but he never got lost.
Never fell over.

Never had dementia, to be honest.

Apparently, scientists have developed
a genetically modified monkey.

What they've done is they've injected
jellyfish cells into a monkey
so that it glows in the dark.

They reckon that one day this could help
people who are terminally ill.

What do they mean "one day"?

If I was terminally ill and someone
gave me a glow-in-the-dark monkey,
I would be fucking delighted.

As I got ill and my hair fell out,
I could shave the monkey
and have glow-in-the-dark hair.

And a shaved monkey.

What the fuck am I talking about?

(Laughter)

Why am I still holding the monkey
apart from anything else?

Did you see this, er, fertility clinic?

There was a fertility clinic
that raffled a human egg.

Raffled...a human egg.

Surely life is hard enough growing up
and finding out that you're adopted...

without growing up to find out
you're first prize in a raffle,

and your brother and sister

were a box of Dairy Milk

and a fucking goldfish.

The world's oldest dog

just turned 21 ,

it's a dachshund,

but it can't see, hear or walk.

That's not actually a dog, is it?

That's a draught-excluder

that shits itself.

I read this the other day,

have you heard this?

There are certain types of cancer
that women are more likely to get

if they give blow jobs,

and they're more likely

to get those types of cancer

the more cocks they suck.

Now, you've never heard that,

have you?

And the reason you've never heard that
is that men control the news.

(Laughter)

(Rapidly) "In other news,

sucking cocks causes cancer.

"The weather! Quickly, the weather.

I think we got away with it."

The Americans have still

got that oil leak going on.

They're going nuts, the Americans.

If Bush was still in charge,

they'd have invaded the sea by now.

And Britain would have joined in.
They're looking for something that can be
used to block a massive hole.
I say get down the Premier Travelodge
and wake up fucking Lenny Henry.
(Cheering)
The Pope came out the other week...
Well, the Pope didn't come out.
He's still in fucking denial.
The Pope came out and said that condoms
don't stop the spread of AIDS.
Someone should tell that fucker
that he's putting them on wrong.
To me, I was brought up
as a Catholic,
and it just seems
like a load of fucking nonsense.
Catholicism, to me,
seemed to be just a list of things
that autistic people
said thousands of years ago
that happened to get taken seriously.
"On a Friday you can only eat fish.
Nothing but fish on a Friday."
"Brilliant, I'll write it down."
(Whooping and cheering)
When I think back to priests,
when I was a wee boy,
they had a kind of Aspergersy quality
to them.
You never met a witty priest.
"So I was doing an exorcism,
"I was telling the devil
to get out of the boy,
"when the devil
made the very good point
"that as a priest I'd probably been inside
more children than he had."
(Laughter)
Touche, Satan.
There's a tragedy to male sexuality,
isn't there?
Like, women, don't let men tell you it's sexy,
cos men don't know.

Belly-button piercings aren't sexy,
men just think they are
because it reminds them of the staple
in a porno mag.
The stuff men say.
"I don't like it when women
have their big period knickers on.
"Big grey knickers
when they've got their period."
You want them to wear sexy knickers
when they've got their period?!
That'll be like hanging bunting
in an abattoir.
And while we're at it, for crotchless knickers
you really need the right sort of vagina.
The wrong sort of vagina
in crotchless knickers
looks like a cannibal's
Christmas decoration.
Let's get rid of Brazilians as well.
What was wrong
with those big 1970s hairy bushes?
Women who looked like they were
giving birth to Emmanuel Adebayor.
(Cheering and applause)
The tragedy of male sexuality
is that we should be attracted
to strong, confident women,
that would make us happier.
Instead, we know that broken,
disillusioned women
are going to be dirtier in bed.
If you go on a first date
and they're going,
"I had a great relationship
with my father."
Inside you're going, "Damn!"
"My stepfather, on the other hand..."
"Back in the game!"
If you get a date
with Elisabeth Fritzl,
you're fucking that night.
(Audience groans)
You could spice it up by

in the middle going,
"Who's your daddy?"
Men want to fuck teenagers,
but they lie about it.
"I couldn't fuck a teenager,
what would you talk about afterwards?"
I don't know,
how they're planning on getting home?
"You'd fuck a teenager,
but what would you be left with?"
"I'd be left with a videotape,
motherfucker."
They always say they want to cut down
on teenage pregnancies, and yet,
when I was a teacher, I tried to teach
the sixth-formers about anal.
I got sacked.
I say, "When I was a teacher,"
I was dressed as a teacher.
That's what they should do to cut down
on teenage pregnancies,
send me round the schools, show them
what sex is like in your late 30s.
That'll fucking put them off.
Get one of the fifth-formers
over a desk
and give her a brutal, loveless,
perfunctory pumping.
(Laughter)
And in the middle, just for realism,
I'll get my two-year-old son
to walk in
and tell us both that he needs a poo.
I've got two little kids now, two little kids.
So I have a lot of sleepless nights...
lying awake wishing that I'd come
on their mum's tits.
When I was a teenager,
I was always terrified of the idea
that one day I'd die.
Now it's the only fucking thing
that keeps me going.
No, it's great, kids, actually,
it's joyous, you know.

One of the great things with kids
is sometimes
you're just in that kid mode,
and you'll say things
that have never been said before.
You don't even need to have
the kids with you.
I went to the supermarket recently.
I didn't have the kids with me,
but I was just in that mode.
I picked up the cheese and I went,
"Hello, Mr Cheese."
And this guy beside me
got really angry,
cos he thought I was talking to him.
I had to turn to this guy and go,
"I wasn't talking to you, pal,
I was talking to the cheese."
What's your name, wee man?
I'm going to fucking educate you.
What's your name?
Johnny. How appropriate.
You know how at your age, Johnny,
you first start going out
with someone,
you've got to think of stuff
during sex to put yourself off,
to stop yourself from coming.
Next time it might be this moment. Right.
Truth is, when you're 37 like me,
you've been going out with someone
for seven years,
you no longer have to think of stuff
to stop yourself from coming.
All you have to do is look down
at your partner's face
and see the faces
of your own children.
(Audience groans)
"Wow, your come face
"is exactly like the face the wee man pulls
when he's hurt his knee."
She knows it too.
When she doesn't want sex, she comes

to bed wearing Spider-Man pyjamas.

We've got an active sex life,

a lot of role play.

She likes to dress up

and pretend to be Catwoman,

and I pretend that I love her.

I'm trying to think

if I've got any other advice for you.

Never let anyone ram a big Toblerone

up your arse.

(Laughter)

And if they do,

don't rip it out straightaway.

Wait for the corners to melt a bit.

(Laughter)

(Cheering and whistling)

When you go to the pet shop,

there's always a moment when

the pet shop owner looks at you thinking,

"He's going to stick that hamster

up his arse."

That's why

you should always buy two hamsters.

Might be able to eat their way

through the carrot.

Shall I tell you

why I'm like what I'm like, Johnny?

I think I can explain myself to you.

When I was a wee boy,

my grandad

used to take me up into the loft.

He'd take down a chest

he had up there,

he'd open up the chest.

Do you know what was in it?

A mermaid.

And he'd have me strip naked

as a wee boy,

and make love to that mermaid

on the floor,

while he watched

for his sexual gratification.

Now, years later,

when the old bastard was dead,

I went back up into the loft.
I took down the chest
and opened it up.
Do you know what I found in there?
A dead monkey
with its legs sewn together.
(Audience groans)
(Laughter continues)
You remind me of that monkey, Johnny.
(Applause)
It's been an absolute pleasure, everybody.
Take care of yourselves.
(Cheering and whistles)
I'll show you the life of the mind!
(Applause and cheering intensify)
Ripped and slightly edited by
Russian translation...
coming soon.
(Applause and cheering continue)
(Frankie)
And he'd have got off with it scot-free
and he'd have been sat
in the prime-ministerial debate
strangely distracted
by a middle finger
that stunk of freshly baked scones.