

TOILET TALK by Dave Walker

Mr A & Mr B exit their cubicles and go to the wash basins to wash their hands. **Mr B** shows **Mr A** his folded newspaper and points to the crossword.

Mr. B.

You any good at crosswords? I'm having a real problem with this

Mr. A.

Let me have a look

A third man in a business suit enters the toilet. **Mr. C.** He notices the other two men talking in hushed voices and quickly enters the toilet cubicle with a worried expression. As the latch clicks on the door, he listens intently.

Outside: **Mr. B.** shows **Mr. A.** the crossword. Both men scratch their chins in thought.

Mr. A.

What do you think?

Mr. B.

I was considering penetration.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

(Sitting on the toilet. Leans forward to hear the conversation better.)

Mr. A.

It's looks a little too long for that. It won't fit.

Mr. B.

I see what you mean.

Mr. A.

It's really hard isn't it?

Mr. B.

I've had much harder.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

(Leaning forward, nearly falls off his toilet with shock at what he's hearing.)

Mr. A.

Looks like you've been going at yours for a while.

Mr. B.

How can you tell?

Mr. A.

Well look at it, it's all messy.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

(Holding his mouth as if he's going to be sick.)

Mr. B.

I'm having a problem fitting eight

Mr. A.

I can see that. Six is comfortable.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

(gagging.)

Mr. B.

(Having trouble with pen. Shakes it.)

Oh no, this always happens. It's dribbling everywhere.

Mr. A.

That'll never wash out. Your missus will kill you.

Mr. B.

(Throws his pen in the bin).

Get yours out.

Mr. A.

(Gets pen out and tries it.)

Mine's a little cold, needs warming up.

Mr. B.

Give it a rub.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

(shaking his head in disgust.)

Mr. A.

(Rubs the pen and tries it.)

No, still not working.

Mr. B.

We need one that works.

Mr. A.

Where could we find one?

Mr. B.

What about the guy who just came in? Looks like he'd have a good one.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

(Looks panic-stricken. Lifts up his legs and braces the door.)

Mr. A.

No, we don't need his. I've had an idea

Mr. C. (cubicle)

(Shows incredible relief.)

Mr. A.

Lick the end with your tongue.

Mr. B.

Will that work?

Mr. A.

Yeah. It's a trick my dad taught me He used to do it all the time.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

(Disgusted.)

Mr. B.

(Licks the end of the pen and grimaces.)

Yuk tastes nasty.

Mr. A.

And now it's all over your tongue.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

(Can't take anymore. Bursts out of the cubicle.)

You are a couple of disgusting perverts. You want locking up.
It's a violation to everything natural.

Mr. A. & Mr. B.

(Stare at this apparent madman. Then their eyes light up)

(They exult in unison.)

Violation!

They write the answer in to the crossword

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