



PLEASE
WASH YOUR
HANDS

DAILY POST
CROSSWORD

OCCUPIED

NOTICE
PLEASE KEEP
THIS AREA
CLEAN

CROSSED WORDS

I read a very similar type of sketch set in a toilet that was very one dimensional with crude innuendo, but with no sophistication to speak of.

I have always enjoyed word play and subtle twists to stories and sketches. Reminiscent to the kind of skits often shown on comedy programs like *The Two Ronnies*.

Crossed words was my attempt at creating something that on the surface was very sexually explicit when viewed from one perspective, but completely harmless and innocent when seen from another point of view.

CROSSED WORDS

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. A.

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

Mr. B.

Let me take a look.

A third man Mr. C. dressed in a business suit enters the toilet.

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 to the conversation outside.

Mr. A. shows Mr. B. the crossword. Both men scratch their heads in thought.

Mr. A.

What do you think? (*Pointing at the paper.*)

Mr. B.

Penetration looks good.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

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

Mr. A.

It's looks a little too big. It won't fit.

Mr. B.

I see what you mean.

Mr. A.

It's really hard isn't it?

Mr. B.

I've seen much harder ones.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

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

Mr. B.

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

Mr. A.

How can you tell?

Mr. B.

Well look at it, it's all messy.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

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

Mr. A.

I'm having a problem fitting eight

Mr. B.

I can see that. I think you'll find six is comfortable.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

(gagging.)

Mr. A.

(Having trouble with pen. Shakes it.)

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

Mr. B.

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

Mr. A.

(Throws his pen in the bin.)

Get yours out.

Mr. B.

(Gets pen out and tries it.)

Mine's a little cold, needs warming up.

Mr. A.

Give it a rub.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

(shaking his head in disgust.)

Mr. B.

(Rubs the pen and tries it.)

No, still not working.

Mr. A.

We need one that works.

Mr. B.

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 of everything natural.

Mr. A. & Mr. B.

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

(They rejoice in unison.)

Violation!

They write the answer in the crossword puzzle.