



PLEASE  
WASH YOUR  
HANDS

DAILY POST  
CROSSWORD

OCCUPIED

NOTICE  
PLEASE KEEP  
THIS AREA  
CLEAN

## CROSSED WORDS

I once read a similar sketch, also set in a toilet, but it felt one-dimensional, full of crude innuendo, with little wit or sophistication.

I've always loved the *Carry On* films, especially this line from *Carry On Cleo*, delivered by the brilliant Kenneth Williams:

"Infamy, infamy – they've all got it in for me."

I've long enjoyed wordplay and subtle comic twists, like the sketches often seen on programmes such as *The Two Ronnies*.

*Crossed Words* was my attempt to create something that, from one angle, seems full of sexual innuendo, but from another is completely innocent and harmless.

## 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 huddled together 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 as it unfolds.

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 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 harder.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

*(Nearly falls off his toilet seat 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 his own pen out and tries it.)*

Mine's a little cold, needs warming up.

Mr. A.

Give it a rub.

Mr. C. (cubicle)

*(Shakes his head in disgust.)*

Mr. B.

*(Rubs the pen between his palms 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.*

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