

Script of Putting on the Dish

<https://genius.com/Brian-and-karl-putting-on-the-dish-annotated>

MAUREEN

I've read that., it's all gobbledygook.
Ending's naff too, got three drags and a spit, doll?

You from round here then?

ROBERTA

More or less.

MAUREEN

Eine's the place to be (A beat)
Ooh bona batts, what size are your plates then?

ROBERTA

Ten I think.

MAUREEN

(cheeky)
What about your loppers? They size ten too?

ROBERTA snorts.

MAUREEN

Bet you'd play the strillers real bona.

ROBERTA

This your usual spot then?

MAUREEN

How do you mean?

ROBERTA

I've got your number ducky.

MAUREEN

Where's your flowery then?

ROBERTA

Clitterhouse Road

MAUREEN

Oh I've a bencove up that way, Pauline

ROBERTA

Pauline Marsh?

MAUREEN

That's the one, can't swing a cat but hit a cove

ROBERTA

How is Pauline?

MAUREEN

She's had nanti bully fake
Dyed her riah, her ends are a real mess

ROBERTA

Nanti bona, I hope she vaggeried straight to the crimper

MAUREEN

Well that's where she'd just been
The palone tried to give her an Irish
Moultee palaver
Pauline told her to shove her shyckle up her khyber

ROBERTA

Oh she didn't say that.

MAUREEN

Mais oui ducky, oui. In your actual English.

ROBERTA

She's all wind and piss Pauline. Is she still with Phyllis then?

MAUREEN

Oh no. Haven't you heard?
(slides over)

She's been a real bonaroba. Blowing the groundsels, ling grappling dilly boys, trolling the backslums.
She had to be Battersea'd twice last month.

ROBERTA (shocked)

She didn't.

MAUREEN

Pauline's a stretcher case. Trolled in one nochy to varda Phyllis plating some schinwars she'd blagged
in the brandy latch.

ROBERTA

(deadpan)
Dish the dirt!

MAUREEN

Oh it's all over grumble for Pauline. Nanti dinarlee, up to her elbow in the national handbag and she'd
only just gone in for a remould. They had to refake her entire basket.

ROBERTA

(distracted)
Speaking of baskets.

MAUREEN

Oh Gloria. That'd stretch your corybungus.

ROBERTA

Fortuni.

MAUREEN

Mind you it's the dolly ones that disappoint.

ROBERTA

Mmm.

MAUREEN

I was seeing this HP from Sheffield once. Plates the size of bowling pins, I thought I was in for a real bona charvering.

ROBERTA

Nada to varda in the larder?

MAUREEN

Oh, bijou. 'You needn't put the brandy on for that,' I said when I saw it. Mind you, she was heavy on the letch water. I had to use the Daz to get her Maria out my libbage.

ROBERTA

Oh, vile.

(beat)

What about her? Do you think she's so?

MAUREEN

What, her? Oh she's in the life.

ROBERTA

You think so?

MAUREEN

Ooh yeah. Just vada her mish. Mauve. Moultee mauve. Not to mention her farting crackers.

ROBERTA

I'd clean his kitchen, I would. Has she always been that way then, Phyllis?

MAUREEN

She's a walking meat rack. Real fantabulosa bit of hard. We used to act dicky together at the croaker's chovey. Noshed me off once while I was giving a fungus his drabs.

ROBERTA

That's skill, that.

MAUREEN

Oh she used to do it all the time. When we were at the exchange together she'd one lill on my colin and the other on the switch. She didn't even get off the palare pipe.

(Beat)

Sad to think of her in the queer ken really.

ROBERTA

What do you mean?

MAUREEN

Well she'd a run in with the lily law, didn't she?

ROBERTA

Oh dear.

MAUREEN

Sharpie flashed his cartso in the carsey.

ROBERTA

(Finding it increasingly amusing)

I hope she kept her ogles front.

MAUREEN

Well she's got amblyopia, hasn't she? She can practically only vada sideways.

ROBERTA

What did the beak say?

MAUREEN

He was ever so harsh. Asked if she was sorry.

ROBERTA

Was she?

MAUREEN

Only that it wasn't worth the look she got.

I suppose we'll all end up in the charpering carsey soon.

Nearly got nabbed myself the other week. I'd just finished plating a chicken in that cottage ajax Clackett Lane, you know the one. Meesest eek I've ever seen but what a cartso. I'm mincing outside wiping my screech when who do I bump into but one of your orderly daughters. "There's a pouf in there" I said. Nabbed her with her kaffies down I spose. She'd have never vardered it coming. Must have been a right fericadooza. Sharda.

ROBERTA

You're disgusting.

MAUREEN

What?

Oh go on. Put your fakements in your little shush bag. Off you scarper.

ROBERTA leaves.

MAUREEN

(holding up his book)

You forgot your glossy.

ROBERTA stops, turns, looks. After a beat he storms back. He snatches his book but MAUREEN holds on to it. Their eyes are locked.

MAUREEN

They cure him in the end.