



Episode 22

Narrative

ANNIE

And I can see a great big bowl of dog food and on the bowl it says a name. It says... Charley! It must be tea-time, Charley!

BRIDGET

Guess what?

ANNIE

Ooh, you've just met Brad Pitt.

BRIDGET

What? Don't be ridiculous, Annie. *I've* just been to see Rose Marie.

ANNIE

Who's Rose Marie?

BRIDGET

My fortune teller, and she says I'm going to meet a tall, dark, handsome stranger!

ANNIE

Oooh! When?

BRIDGET

She didn't say.

ANNIE

Where?

BRIDGET

She didn't say.

ANNIE

It *must* be true then.

BRIDGET

Maybe I'll meet him at tonight's Halloween party. Ooh, have you read your horoscopes for today?

ANNIE

No.

BRIDGET

Read mine.

ANNIE

Aquarius, Libra, Leo - ah! Taurus, the Bull. "Taurus: Today you will be in for a big surprise."

BRIDGET

Oh, goodie!

Banging noise/sound of screaming

BRIDGET

I'm getting a name. It's. . . Nick.

NICK

Ooh, Gigi, you must be psychic! Oww!

HECTOR

Sidekick?

NICK

No, not sidekick - psy-chic - a fortune teller.

ANNIE

Someone who can see the future.

HECTOR

Ah, like Nostradamus.

ANNIE

Er...

NICK

Who?

ANNIE

Kind of .. like horoscopes or Tarot.

NICK

Ah, Tarot! The Death card. Look! It's Bridget with no make-up.

Sound of laughter

ANNIE

Like having the palm of your hand read.

NICK

Nah, rubbish. There's nothing there.

BRIDGET

What a surprise. Come here, give me your hand. I'll give you a lesson. This one is your life line.

NICK

Oooohhhh.....

BRIDGET

This one is your lurve line.

NICK

Oh yes!

BRIDGET

And this one is your...

NICK

Oooff!

BRIDGET

....punch line!

NICK

Aww!

HECTOR

Punch line?

NICK

She means it's the end of my lesson. Hey, Hector! What happens when you go to a fortune teller's house?

Sound of atmospheric harp music

HECTOR

Come in!

BRIDGET

Ha-ha. Let's see what your horoscope says.

NICK

Aw, you don't believe all that rubbish, do you?

ANNIE

Rose Marie says that Bridget is going to meet a tall, dark, handsome stranger.

BRIDGET

Hector?

ANNIE

Bridget, this is *my* tall, dark, handsome stranger. Get your own.

NICK

Who is Rose Marie?

BRIDGET

My fortune teller.

NICK

Oh!

Is she good-looking? Could she find me a cute babe?

BRIDGET

Do you want to hear your horoscope or not?

NICK

Go on then. Aquarius.

BRIDGET

Aquarius, eh? I should've guessed. "This week beware of black hair and the number 3."

NICK

Oooohhh. That means that three babes with black hair are going to chase me. Spooky!!

HECTOR

Oh, can I be Aquarius?

ANNIE

No!

NICK

Go on, Hector. Let's go out. *I'm* gonna meet some black-haired babes.

BRIDGET

Put that umbrella down. It's very unlucky.

NICK

But *I'm* feeling lucky! Oww! Ooh!

BRIDGET

Ooh, I wish I could meet a tall, dark, handsome stranger.

ANNIE

Well, let me look into my crystal ball.

BRIDGET

Annie, that's a goldfish bowl.

ANNIE

So? I got it right for Charley, didn't I, Charley.

Sound of knocking on door

BRIDGET

Ooh! That'll be my stranger now! Oh, hello, Bernard.

ANNIE

Hello, Bernard, how are you?

BERNARD

Not happy. Not happy at all. I've lost my marbles.

BRIDGET

Oh dear. Bernard's lost his marbles.

ANNIE

What? Oh! You mean Marbles, your cat!

BERNARD

And she's not well. She's got a cold.

ANNIE

Oh well, I'm sure you'll find her. We'll look out for her, Bernard.

BERNARD

I hope so. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

ANNIE

Poor Bernard.

BRIDGET

He's lost his marbles. Well it had to happen!

ANNIE [Composing email]

Today is Hallowe'en and I'm practising my psychic skills.

ANNIE

And on the bowl it says a name. It says ... Charley!

ANNIE [Composing email]

Bridget has been to see Rose Marie, her fortune teller, who told her she would meet a tall, dark, handsome stranger.

BRIDGET

Hello, Bernard.

ANNIE [Composing email]

Then Bernard knocked on the door! Poor Bernard said he had lost his cat, Marbles.

BRIDGET

Oh dear! Bernard's lost his marbles!

ANNIE [Composing email]

Anyway, tonight we are all going to a Halloween party. I can't wait!

NICK [Composing email]

Bridget read my horoscope today.

NICK

Ah, you don't believe all that rubbish, do you?

NICK [Composing email]

It said 'Beware of black hair and the number three!'

NICK

Oooh!

NICK [Composing email]

I think it means three black haired babes ...

NICK

... Are going to chase me! Spooky!

NICK [Composing email]

I don't have to beware of them, do I?

NICK & HECTOR

Oww!!

HECTOR

This is a true story about a man and wife on their honeymoon. They were in the car. It was late. The wife broke her mirror, which means seven years' bad luck. Just then, they ran out of petrol, so the man told the wife to go for petrol.

ANNIE

He's the man. He should've gone.

HECTOR

Equal opportunities. The wife was gone for a *long* time. Then boom, boom, boom. He heard a noise on the roof of the car. It got louder - boom, boom - and then his wife appeared. She smiled and walked away. The noise was *very* loud now. The man got out of his car and standing on the roof he saw a madman holding his wife's head!

NICK, BRIDGET & ANNIE

Ahhh!

NICK

So the banging was...

ANNIE

Her head?!

BRIDGET

But he'd just seen his wife!

HECTOR

That... was her ghost!

NICK, BRIDGET & ANNIE

Ohhh!

ANNIE

Is that a true story?

HECTOR

Yeah.

BRIDGET

Tell us another!

NICK

No, don't! I mean, it was a bit dull, wasn't it?

ANNIE

Right, come on, let's go shopping for the party.

BRIDGET

Yeah! I'm in the mood now.

HECTOR

Are you coming, Nick?

NICK

What? Oh, er, no. See you later.

One, two.... "Beware of black hair...." Three "...and the number 3." Hah! So what? There are three apples - hah! Big deal. Arrrgghh! "It's seven years of bad luck. Bad luck." What rubbish! I think I'll go back to my apartment now. Black cat. Black hair. Right, keep calm. Nice pussy!

Spooky sounds from TV programme

NICK

Who's there? "Beware number three." Aaargghh! Stop!

BRIDGET, HECTOR & ANNIE

Nick! Nick! Nick!

NICK

What?

ANNIE

He's coming round.

NICK

Ahh! Ahh! What's going on? Why are you dressed like that?

ANNIE

Nick! Have you forgotten? It's Hallowe'en.

We're going to the party.

NICK

Oh yeah.

HECTOR

I cannot get this knife into the pumpkin. Can you?

NICK

OK.

CHILDREN

Trick or treat!

ANNIE

Treat! There you are.

CHILDREN

Thank you.

ANNIE

Oh, aren't they sweet.

NICK

Yeah, sweet.

ANNIE [Composing email]

Hector told us a ghost story today. It was scary.

HECTOR

This is a true story about a man and wife on their honeymoon.

ANNIE [Composing email]

One night, a honeymoon couple broke down in their car. The wife went to get the petrol, but only her ghost returned. Oooohhhh! We're having great fun this Hallowe'en!

NICK [Composing email]

Hector told us a stupid ghost story. Nothing scares me!

NICK

I think I'll go back to my apartment now!

NICK [Composing email]

Bridget said, 'Beware of the number three.' Hmm!
Then I saw three apples.

NICK

One, two, three apples. Ohhhh! *[Sound of breaking glass]*

NICK [Composing email]

And three children playing 'trick or treat'.

CHILDREN

Trick or treat!

NICK [Composing email]

I even saw a black cat. It's all too much!

Sound of thunder

Sound of laughter

NICK

Those witches were very cute! I think the small one fancied you!

HECTOR

Do you think so?

NICK

Yeah!

BRIDGET

Boys, they weren't pretending.
They really *were* witches.

HECTOR

Oh.

ANNIE

They were ugly enough.

HECTOR

Ho-ho.

ANNIE

Hey! The lights have gone out.

BRIDGET

It must be the storm. A power cut!

NICK

What was that?

HECTOR

Who was that?

NICK & HECTOR

Aaaarrggghhhh!

ANNIE

Bernard! *What* are you doing on the roof?

BERNARD

I still can't find my Marbles.

HECTOR

Your marbles?

BRIDGET

His cat.

ANNIE

Bernard, I really don't think that you should be on the roof.

BERNARD

Ohhhh!

ANNIE

Bernard? Bernard, are you OK?

BERNARD

Yeah, I'm fine. I'll kill that cat when I find it!

ANNIE

I know! We'll light a candle. Well, there's no television, so I guess it's time for bed.

NICK & HECTOR

Oh no!

BRIDGET

What's the matter, boys? Are you scared of the dark?

NICK & HECTOR

No.

ANNIE

Well, if you're not scared of the dark, then let's play a game.

HECTOR

A game?

BRIDGET

Let's get the ouija board out!

NICK

Ohhh....

HECTOR

B - That's you, Bridget.

NICK

Ohhh.... .. N!

HECTOR

That's you, Nick! Bridget fancies Nick!

BRIDGET

Oh, don't be so childish. Give that to me. It's getting warm. I can feel... it's starting to move!

ANNIE

H – that's *you*, Hector.

BRIDGET & ANNIE

D-E-P-A-R-T

HECTOR

Deep art. Depart. Depart? But I am not leaving.

NICK

Depart. 'Dearly departed' means 'dead'.

Sound of loud thunderclap/screams

HECTOR

That's it! I *am* leaving!

ANNIE

Hector, sit down.

HECTOR

Aw, you are moving the glass, Bridget.

BRIDGET

No, I'm not. N - I think it's for you, Nick.

NICK

Oh great. It'll be about babes. 3? Three what?

BRIDGET

Didn't your horoscope say "Beware of the number 3"?

ANNIE

Oh yeah!

NICK

You don't believe that rubbish, do you?

BRIDGET

Of course I do. Don't you?

HECTOR

Oh!

BRIDGET

Oh!

HECTOR

Oh!

ANNIE

Oh! Well, the lights are back on.

HECTOR

I'm tired.

BRIDGET

Why don't you *depart* then.

NICK

Yeah, great idea. Come on, Hector, let's go.
Boo!

Sound of thunder

NICK

Hector?

HECTOR

Eh?

NICK

Do you believe in horoscopes?

HECTOR

Of course not.

NICK

No, of course not. They're silly. "Beware of black hair and the number three."

HECTOR

Rubbish.

NICK

Yeah! It could've meant: beware of those three witches we met at the party.

HECTOR

Well, they did have black hair.

NICK

Or those three trick-or-treaters.

CHILDREN

Trick or treat!

NICK

Or the black cat. Huh!
What was that noise?

HECTOR

Probably the wind.

NICK

Yeah, wind. Hector?

HECTOR

Eh?

NICK

Can I get into your bed?

HECTOR

OK.

Sound of whimpering

NICK

I'm not afraid of the dark.

HECTOR

Nor am I.

NICK

I've only got one torch. It's good to share.
Ah, the storm's finished.

HECTOR

Shh! What's that noise?

NICK

It's in the room!

HECTOR

It's getting nearer!

Sound of footsteps/knocking on door

NICK

Who's that?

HECTOR

I don't know. Nick, there is something touching my legs.

NICK

Well, it's not me!

HECTOR

I know, but there is something touching my legs!

NICK

Aarrghhh!

ANNIE

Bernard, did you hear that scream?

BRIDGET

What are you doing?

BERNARD

I think Marbles is in there.

ANNIE

Right, we're going in. Hector? Nick? What's the matter?

BERNARD

Marbles! There you are! How's your cold?

ANNIE

Are you two OK? What's wrong?

BRIDGET

What's wrong? Has the cat got your tongue?

COMMENTARY [v.o.]

Next time in EXTRA, Nick goes shopping, Hector tells Annie the truth, and why has Bridget got so many admirers? EXTRA, don't miss it!