## "PUMPKIN PICKUPS" (Radio Sketch)

V/O: Stuart and Ian Paton, 56-year old twin brothers from Hampshire, just won the annual Largest Pumpkin In The UK contest. The gourd weighed in at a whopping 1,029kg. The twins say their next goal is to stop that annoying twin thing of finishing each other's sentences. And ladies, they're single!

## FX: GENERAL BARROOM BACKGROUND SOUNDS AS BARSTOOLS SLOWLY SLIDE UP TO THE BAR

- STUART: Hello . . .
- IAN: Ladies.

## FX: BARSTOOLS QUICKLY SLIDE AWAY FROM THE BAR

- STUART: Goodbye ...
- IAN: Ladies.
- STUART: You'd think being pumpkin record-holders would . . .
- IAN: Mean something here at T....
- STUART: G.I....
- IAN: Fridays.
- STUART: Okay here come two proper beauties now. So shut up and let me . . .

IAN: Do the talking.

STUART: Yes! Hello ladies. Can I buy you a drink?

IAN: (QUIETLY IN UNISON WITH STUART) You a drink	AN:
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- LILY: Sure thing, Sweetie. I'd like a pumpkin pie moonshine.
- GRACE: And I'll have a cranberry pumpkin Jell-O shot, s'il vous please.
- STUART: Funny you ordered pumpkin drinks. My brother and I just set a record for the heaviest pumpkin ever grown in the UK . . .
- IAN: By twins or normal people.
- STUART: Be quiet!
- LILY: That's fascinating.
- STUART: It is.
- IAN: (AT SAME TIME AS STUART) Isn't it?
- STUART: Okay, you're getting a little . . .
- IAN: Better.
- STUART: Now . . .
- IAN: Worse again.
- STUART: Yes.
- IAN: (IN UNISION WITH STUART) Yes
- GRACE: The last guys we drank with had some record for Yorkshire's wettest butternuts.
- LILY: Nice guys, but a bit mouthy.

GRACE: Kept showing off their butternut ribbons.

LILY: None of which smelled like Yorkshire, if you know what I mean.

- STUART: No . . .
- IAN: Idea.

STUART: So do you two want to come back to our patch, er, place . . .

- IAN: And jack a lantern?
- LILY: (DISTRACTED) Hey, isn't that Hugh Meatcham, the owner of the world's biggest salami, over there?

## FX: BARSTOOL SLIDES UP AND A HUGE SALAMI IS SLAPPED ONTO THE BAR. BARSTOOLS QUICKLY SLIDE AWAY FROM THE BAR

- IAN: (DISAPPOINTED) Goodbye . . .
- Stuart: Ladies.