

BRENDON THE RUBBISH WEATHERMAN

BY

DAVE KIRBY

F/X: SOUND RAIN QUIETLY IN BACKGROUND.

BRENDON: Hello, it's Brendan the Rubbish Weatherman again. They said my last forecast lacked visual impact so that's why I'm stood on a large cardboard map of Dorset in the middle of Little Crumbly Duck Pond. Unfortunately, the cardboard has got little bit wet and I've just put my foot through Piddletrenthide. I wish I'd brought my Wellingtons because my green plastic sandals are in danger of being sexually compromised by a rampant bullfrog.

F/X: SOUND OF THUNDERCLAP.

BRENDON: As you can see, it's not the best of weather, especially after I'd forecast a hot sunny day with light drizzle. My last forecast was a complete shambles because I didn't bring any maps, so this time I have. This one shows the speed cameras on the A35, this one shows the known world in 1739 and this one shows where the toilets are in the Blandford Forum World of Wonder.

F/X: SOUND OF THUNDERCLAP.

BRENDON: That's getting worse. They said I had to pre-record a long range weather forecast. This apparently means I have to forecast the weather for next week. I thought it meant I had to go and stand at the bottom of the garden and shout. Mrs Hampton has the biggest garden I know so I shot to the end of that and shouted "It's raining in

Alton Pancreas.” Unfortunately, Mrs Hampton is getting on a bit and couldn’t find her bifocals so forgot to press the record button on my Sony Dictamate and we missed it.

F/X: SOUND OF THUNDERCLAP.

BRENDON: [AS IF TALKING TO SOMEONE ELSE] Are you sure it’s safe to stand in a pond during a thunderstorm?
[NERVOUS] They said I should get a satellite picture, but I misheard and thought they said “Set alight a picture”, so I got a picture of Tony Blair because I’ve always been frightened by his teeth and covered it in lighter fuel. It went up with a bit of a woompf sound, but fortunately I was still stood at the bottom of the garden so I only singed a dwarf gladioli and set fire to the Monkey Puzzle. The fireman said the Monkey Puzzle was, and I quote, “A bugger to put out,” and asked me how it had caught fire. I explained and then he called me something unpleasant and suggested that I do what this bullfrog is doing to my sandals.

F/X: SOUND OF THUNDERCLAP.

BRENDON: [MORE NERVOUS] Then they said I had to get a real satellite picture so I went up to my library and the closest I could find was a picture of the Starship Enterprise in my 1977 Star Trek annual. I know it’s more a spaceship than a satellite, but I have coloured it in with my own crayons so I shouldn’t have any problems with copyright.

F/X: SOUND OF THUNDERCLAP.

BRENDON: [HURREDLY] That's definitely getting closer so I better get a move on with the forecast. I think I can safely say that there will be hills on high ground and it will be dark before morning.

F/X: SOUND OF THUNDERCLAP.

BRENDON: AAaaaaaaaargh! That was a bit sharp, but at least it's got rid of the bullfrog. Mrs Hampton...Mrs Hampton, can you come and put me out, My limited edition Dr. Who T shirt is on fire and my Mr Spock underpants are singed. I don't think we should phone the fire brigade again.

FADE