

COMMENTATOR 1: ... And there goes the kickoff...

COMMENTATOR 2: This should be a very good game. It may be the first match of the tournament, but I'm genuinely excited for England. Spain will have to work very hard to stop them...

C1: Spain have scored.

C2: Oh no...

C1: Well, listeners... On the plus side it was a very spectacular goal. The goalie really had no chance.

C2: Exactly. Exactly.

C1: Spain are clearly very talented.

C2: They're very tall, muscular, and I heard, they smell great... Like peaches and strawberries.

C1: I wonder what soap they use. I must get some for myself.

C2: No, no, apparently they don't even need soap. They smell that way naturally. There are some who say they pick up touches of cinnamon. Very subtle and tasteful.

C1: That's damn impressive. We're being beaten by the better team.

C2: Of course.

C1: Ok, the match is going again!

C2: Look at the Spaniards run. So athletic...

C1: England score!!!

C2: I KNEW they had it in them!

C1: Well, this is definitely the weirdest game of football I've ever seen...

C2: Me too. The Spanish may smell great, but England smell better!

C1: I heard their sight is fantastic.

COMMENTATOR 3: Is this whole commentary just going to be complementing the winning team?

C1: Jeez... I know you're new, but have you ever even listened to this show?

C3: I'm sorry, but I find it very weird.

C2: We'll teach you, don't worry.

C1: The football has started again. What do you think about the footballer's clothes, newby?

C3: Errr... Very well ironed?

C1: That was beautiful. You're a fast learner, son.

C3: Perfect ball control...

C1: Oh. My. God. Spain have scored again! You know what to do.

C3: Absolutely wonderful stuff from people with perfectly formed feet!

C2: That was good, but really you should be commenting on just how bizarre this game is...

C3: Of course. Very odd.

C2: And it's odd because?...

C3: Because... EVERYONE smells great?

C2: Bingo.

C3: May I ask why we're behaving this way?

C1: How do you think we SHOULD be behaving?

C3: Well, I don't know. Maybe we could talk about the technique the footballers use?

C2: Oh no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

C1: No, no, no.

C3: Why not?

C2: To be honest, I don't know why I behave the way I do. It feels right, so I go for it.

C1: Right.

C3: Both teams have strong chins.

C1: Good man.

C2: The match has started again!

C1: Wow, that was quite a kick. The football has absolutely smashed into a limey's face...

C2: There's blood all over the pitch...

C3: Nice blood. Red's one of my favourite colours...

C1: NO! The footballer's in pain! Be compassionate!

C3: I wish MY blood was such a rich colour. It probably smells of cherries.

C2: That'll do.

C3: So... What's everyone's favourite smell?

C1: Again, I like the smell of Spanish people.

C3: Do you sniff them when you get the opportunity?

C1: Sure do. Love it.

C3: Isn't that like... harassment?

C1: No it's not, because I smile at them at the time.

C3: Ok, well the footballer seems to have stopped bleeding quite so heavily. A bit bitter-sweet really. I guess we won't be seeing quite so much of his outstanding blood.

C1: His blood really is pretty good, now that you mention it.

C3: I have to be honest, this style of commentary isn't coming naturally to me. I feel strange.

C1: You're making great progress. According to our boss, your style was completely orthodox when you worked for the other football show...

C3: People listened, though. People liked it...

C1: Spain score again...

C3: The match is getting boring, now. It's just ridiculous. What do you want me to say?

C1: You could say how action-packed it is...

C3: It's not though. It's just two teams kicking towards the goal, and no one is trying to stop them. Are they suffering from depression?

C1: I think so. I heard they got just an hour's sleep. I think that's the main reason.

C3: Why?

C1: They just like to party hard into the early hours...

C3: Those crazy, exciting party animals.

C1: Good man.

C3: Spain score, again. That was VERY quick. Not sure how that was even possible.

C1: Oh no! The footballers are falling down one by one, apparently from exhaustion!

C3: They're falling like skittles. You have to admire the rigidness of their bodies, it's not easy to fall like that.

C1: Their dedication to classic comedy is impressive.

C3: So... What are we supposed to talk about, now?

C1: I don't know. This has never really happened, before.

C2: The referee is just staring at the players and scratching his head.

C1: I guess Spain win?

C2: Well they sure are winning. We have quite a bit of time to wait till the end of the match, though. They may get up at any moment...

C3: I don't think so. The microphones near the pitch have picked up snoring...

C1: Call it a day, then?

C2: Bye.

C3: Err... Bye.