

James: Hello, listeners! On today's show is the Baldwin family, who are here to talk about their new reality show!

Henry: Thank you for having me.

Charlie: He's a good egg, isn't he?

James: Yes, very friendly...

Henry: I also love the whole of France.

Charlie: A heart of gold.

James: You on the other hand said you assaulted a police officer. Why did you say that? Or do it?

Charlie: First, I felt the need to confess to not just my boo here, but the whole world. Second, I don't think I actually did it, I just imagined it. What can I say? I was very drunk. I mean I confessed on a world famous TV show and the so called 'victim' never complained about me? Either I didn't do anything, or it's the laziest cop in the world.

(A phone rings)

James: Hello?

Caller 1: It's the laziest cop in the world.

Charlie: Oh no. I'm so sorry for the assault and the insult, just then.

Caller 1: Not only is my head sore, my self-esteem has been lowered.

Henry: Can you actually prove you're a police officer?

Caller 1: I guess not, bye.

Henry: Well, either that was a prank call or it really was a police officer who is very lazy.

James: Yes, too lazy to even talk to Charlie. Then again, maybe he didn't want to, which is understandable.

Wendy: A complex situation...

James: Would a real police officer like to phone the show to say if they do indeed have cops who are that lazy working for the force?

(A phone rings)

James: Hello?

Caller 2: Hello, Captain Mental, here...

James: Oh, hello...

Caller 2: Hi. It's with great sadness I say the lazy policeman IS real. He's called Constable Smith. Us normal policemen are dealing with a serious threat to the whole world, we've given Smith the task of standing with his hands on his hips in a deserted field and looking authoritative.

Charlie: Oh no. It's all coming back to me...

Wendy: What is???

Charlie: Me and my egg buddies... We thought we were alone in a field after some hard partying and we challenged each other on who could fly the fastest. Next thing you know, I zoomed in poor Constable Smith's sad face.

Wendy: On the plus side... an accident!

Charlie: And after I zoomed in his face, I said 'Got that stupid copper, doing nothing but standing alone in a stupid field. Haha.'

Wendy: Oh.

(A phone rings)

Caller 1: I want you to apologise to me personally... Oh forget it.

James: I think that's the shortest call we've ever had on this show... Let's face it, the laziest one.

Wendy: Oh not this again. Smith probably just has a lot on his mind.

James: Like what? How hard it is standing in a field?

Wendy: It must be very lonely.

James: In a way, Charlie was keeping him company...

Charlie: Forget it, James. I WAS in the wrong.

Henry: I guess sometimes... it's not always good to be dominant like you, father.

Charlie: Very wise, very wise.

(A phone rings)

James: Hello?

Caller 1: Oh forget it.

Henry: He's getting lazier...

Charlie: I do worry about him sometimes...

James: Just not when you're hitting him.

Charlie: I was drunk.

James: Ok. To lighten the atmosphere, I've had a great idea!

Wendy: Ooh, what is it?

James: A donut!

Wendy: Just the one?

James: Yes, we can share. It looks very nice, let me get it for you...

(A door opens and closes)

Henry: This should be good...

Wendy: I agree. Yum, yum!

(A door opens and closes again)

James: Here you go! Would you like the first bite, Henry?

Henry: Mm! Pretty good! What is it? Nut flavour?

Wendy: Let me try... Yes, that's definitely nut...

Charlie: Oh no.

James: What?

Charlie: That wasn't just any donut, I think that was the pistachio overlord...

James: It couldn't be.

Charlie: I think so...

James: Why was it just sitting on a shelf?

Charlie: It was probably waiting to be interviewed later on...

James: Oh dear God no...

Charlie: We've just weakened the whole of the UK's armed forces...

(A phone rings)

James: Hello?

Caller 3: It's le Poisson Militaire! I just wanted to say... thanks! Bye!

James: Well that's just great, isn't it? Now an evil fish is going to enslave the whole of England and no donut can stop it.

Henry: Can't anyone just bake another Pistachio Overlord? I mean, someone must have the recipe...

Wendy: I can bake a pretty good donut...

James: Yes, but can you give it soul?

Wendy: I can't even begin to imagine what ingredient that would be...

Henry: Pistachio?

Charlie: It's worth a try...

James: You could try and bake another hero, but how would you give it military training?

Charlie: Ah.

Wendy: Leave that for the army?

James: That sounds simple, but I just can't picture it...

Wendy: Just teach it military tactics...

James: Yes, but military men are very, very sensible, donuts aren't. No donut is!

Henry: Who trained the fish, then?

(A phone rings)

James: Yes?

Caller 3: I trained myself, losers! Bye again!

Henry: There you go, let the donut train itself.

Wendy: We're quite the family, aren't we? Hit the police, end the world and then save it!

James: Yes, if you were to get an award, it was most definitely be the weirdest award ceremony of all time. What I do know is your show's ratings are going to go through the roof!

Charlie: Oh and yours too, yours too!

James: Yeah, that sounds good, but I have no sponsors again. So I'm basically keeping my show going to annoy other people.

Charlie: Oh, it's worked!

James: Thanks. Right, to end this show, here's a message to our listeners: If any of you have the time to teach advanced military tactics to pistachio donuts, please get in touch with the armed forces! THIS country's armed forces, I mean! Also, if there are any fishermen in the France area... just keep an eye out. Would you like to say 'bye', delightful egg family?

Charlie: Bye!

Wendy: Bye!

Henry: Byeee!