



DIALOGUE 2. Brandy in the baby's bottle! ([b] bin)

BOB: Bob Batteryby.

BABS: Oh Bob, this is Babs. I'm baby-sitting for Betty and my brother Bill. I'm sorry to bother you but

BOB: What's the trouble? No problem's too big when Bob's on the job!

BABS: Oh stop being stupid, Bob. It's baby. I put her on the balcony on a blanket with a biscuit to bite on and I think a bit of biscuit . . . She can't breathe.

BOB: Bang her on the back, between the shoulder blades.

BABS: I've banged her till she's black and blue.

BOB. Try putting a bit of brandy in her bottle.

BABS: Brandy in the baby's bottle! Oh *Bob!*

BOB: Sorry, Babs. Sounds bad. I'd better bicycle over. Be with you before you can say 'bread and butter'.

BABS: Bless you, Bob. 'Bye 'bye. Be quick!