



DIALOGUE 36. Crackle, crackle, Galactic Static

([æ] bat, bad)

GRAN: Jack, do you have to bang and slam on that piano like that?

JACK: I'm practicing for our new album. It's smashing.

GRAN: An album? You mean that racket you and your gang bash out?

JACK: We're not a gang, we're a fantastic jazz band. Sally and Janet, me on the piano, Alec on the sax - the Galactic Static. It'll be an absolute smash hit.

GRAN: The Galactic Racket, if you ask me. And all you'll smash is Grandad's piano.

JACK: Gran, we have *talent*. We're cool cats, man. Crackle, crackle, Galactic Static!

GRAN: The young man's mad. Here. I've made you a fat ham sandwich and a crab-apple jam flan.

JACK: Ah, Gran, you may not understand jazz but your flans are fab.