



DIALOGUE 39. What's wrong with the blonde popsy?

([D] boss, bomb)

BOB: Sorry, Tom. I wasn't gone long, was I? My God! What's wrong with the blonde popsy? She looks odd - sort of floppy.

TOM: No longer a blonde popsy, old cock – a body.

BOB: Oh my God! You gone off your rocker? I just pop off to the shop for a spot of ...

TOM: Stop your slobbering, you clot! So we got a spot of bother. Come on, we got to squash the blonde into this box and then I want lots of cloths and a pot of water – hot - and probably a mop - to wash off all these spots.

BOB: Clobbering a blonde! It's not on, Tom!

TOM: Put a sock in it, Bob, or I'll knock your block off!
(*Knock, knock.*)

BOB: Oh my God! What's that knocking? Tom, Tom, it's a copper!