

MIX AND MATCH
Dialogues

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Birthday Presents

(You can hear loud dance music in the background, noise of a party in progress.)

Mum: Okay everybody! It is a special day for someone in this room...

So if you're all ready for a little song... Happy Bir...

All: ...thday to you. Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday, dear Peter.

All: Happy Birthday to you.

Peter: Thanks everybody! Thank you all for coming to my party. And thank you for so many presents...

Voice 1: Open them!

Voice 2: Yeah, come on Peter!

Voice 3: Let's see what you've got!

Peter: Okay. Here goes! This one's from.....my Granddad!

(Rustle of paper as Peter opens the first present.)

Peter: Wow, a skateboard! Cool!

Voice 1: Where is your granddad, Peter?

Peter: He's on holiday in Paris. (Shouting) Thanks for the skateboard, Granddad!

Alex: Now we can go skateboarding together!

Peter: I'm not as good as you but you can teach me!

Voice 1: Open another one Peter!

Peter: All right! All right! You're as excited as me! Mmmm, this one looks interesting! (Reading) To Peter, from Mike...

Mike: Hope you like it!

(Rustle of paper as Peter opens his present.)

Peter: It's a poster!

Linda: But what IS the poster, Peter? Open it up!

(Sound of Peter unrolling poster)

Peter: Oh, it's the Mickey Mouse one that I want.

All: Ooooooh!

Sandra: Open this one Peter!

Peter: Okay, Sandra, but why?

Sandra: Because it's from me to you!

Peter: Wow, it's big! Here goes!

(Rustle of paper)

Peter: A helmet!

Sandra: A red skateboard helmet!

Peter: Right, but? How did you know that...? Grandad told you? (Laughs)
Thanks Sandra. You're a great cousin.

Voice 2: More! More! Open another!

Peter: Okay, this is fun! I wish it was my birthday every day! Mmm, this one feels interesting. About thirty centimetres long, and probably made of plastic...

Lisa: That one's from me!!!!

Peter: So what is it, Lisa?

Lisa: It's a balloon!!!

Peter: Ha ha, Lisa, you're a funny girl.

Lisa: Just open it and see!

Peter: Okay!

(Rustle of paper)

Peter: There's Mickey Mouse... and Donald Duck... and Goofy.. and Pluto...!

A Disney ruler! Thanks Lisa!

Lisa: Do you like it?

Peter: I love it.

Voice 3: Open another one!! Open the one from Linda!

Peter: Okay, (Reading.) To Peter, with love from Linda..

Voice 2: Open it Peter!

(Rustle of paper as Peter opens the second present.)

Peter: A CD with The Rocking Five.

(Music)

Passports

Jack from England, Fiona from America and Mark from Australia are at the airport)

(Background airport noises, announcements.)

"Ladies and Gentlemen we regret to inform you that the flight BA 856 to New York will be delayed for two hours. We ask you kindly to come to our desk for more information."

Fiona Oh, no! We have to wait two hours!

Jack: What are we gonna do for two hours in this dumb airport?

Mark: I've got an idea. We can have a competition!

Fiona: What sort of competition?

Mark: We can look at our three passports and decide who has the dumbest passport photograph!

Fiona: The dumbest one? Hey, I'll win that competition. Look at this!

(Sound of loud laughter)

Jack: Bad one! Look at your hair! It's so short!

Mark: I quite like it!

Jack: Let's have a look, Mark. Fiona Longman, born on October 7, 1987, in Ireland. So you're Irish?

Fiona: I was born in Ireland but we moved to America when I was two.

Mark: Don't all Irish people have red hair.

Fiona: Some do, but I am happy with my blonde hair. Okay, now you guys, come on, show me your passports....

Mark: Okay, here's mine.

(Lots of laughter)

Jack: Look at those glasses, very old-fashioned, aren't they?

Fiona: Boy, you look much better now. How old is the picture?

Mark: About three years.

Jack: Mark Stevens, born in Australia on June 1, 1989.

Fiona: I love your black hair and big brown eyes.

Mark: Thanks Fiona.

Fiona: We haven't seen yours yet, Jack..

Jack: (Nervously) Mine?

Fiona: Yes, yours, come on!

Jack: Okay, here you are...

(Very loud laughter...)

Jack: What's wrong!!!

Mark: Oh man, look at you.

Fiona: Jack Peterson, 5 September, 1988. Born in Bristol, England. Oh Jack, this picture... your hair! (laughs)...It's green!!!!

Jack: Well, yes, it is a little bit green. Me and my brother played with some food colouring. It was the same day I had my passport photo taken. Well, I've never shown it to anyone before, and I'll never show it again.

The Party

(A radio is on and the sound of bacon and eggs frying.)

Emma: Good morning Claire, want some breakfast? Eggs, bacon, sausages...

Claire: (Sounding terrible) No way, Emma. Just some orange juice for me, please.

Emma: Are you okay?

Claire: I feel terrible. I had too much food at the party last night. All those cakes, ice-cream and burgers...

Emma: Oh boy...

Claire: And the dancing! God, I danced for ages!

Emma: It was a cool party, wasn't it?

Claire: It was, I got to bed at about one o'clock.

Emma: I didn't know you were so good at rock 'n' roll! And - I saw you dancing with Gary.

Claire: What makes you say that?

Emma: You two were dancing all the time. I think he likes you. Do you like him?

Claire: Well, he's all right, but not special.

Emma: Okay, Claire, I'll try to believe you.

Claire: Listen! We've got to get the living room back to normal before two o'clock because I'm going to watch a football match.

Emma: You're right. Okay, just let me eat my breakfast and then we can make a start.

(Fade out. Fade in with sound of vacuum cleaner.)

(Sounds of someone throwing cans and bottles into a bag)

Emma: Uuurrgh, so many plates of food! Why don't people put them in the kitchen!

(Door bell rings.)

Emma: I'll get it.

(Opens door)

Emma: Oh, hi Gary!

Gary: Hi Emma, thanks for the party, it was brill!

Emma: We enjoyed it as well. We're just clearing up.

Gary: Ah, good! Is, er Claire there as well?

Emma: Sure. Come in! (shouting) Sis! It's Gary!

(Sound of vacuum cleaner)

Gary: Hi Claire!

Claire: (Nervous) Oh, hi Gary, how are you?

(Turns off vacuum cleaner)

Gary: Just fine. I had a great time last night.

Claire: Me, too.

(Pregnant pause)

Emma: (In a very stilted way) Um, I'll go and clean up the kitchen. You two sit down.

(We can hear Emma in the kitchen singing a love song very loud and very badly.)

Gary: (Quietly) I've got something for you, Claire.

Claire: For me?

Gary: Yes, it's just something... well ...

Claire: Wow, thanks Gary... Can I open it?

Gary: Sure.

(Sound of Claire unwrapping her present)

Claire: (Reading) Elvis Presley's greatest hits. (Not reading) Wow! Thanks Gary.

Gary: I hope you like it.

Claire: I do, I do, I love Elvis!

Gary: And Claire?

Claire: Yes?

Gary: Would you like to come to the cinema with me on Wednesday?

Claire: Sure! I'd like that!

Gary: Oh, that's great. Fantastic. Well, I have to go. I am playing football this afternoon.

Claire: Good luck! And thanks for the present!

Sound of door opening.

Gary: Bye Claire. I'll see you on Wednesday.

Claire: Bye, Gary. (Door closes. Claire sighs romantically)

Emma: So... what did Gary want?

Claire: Oh, nothing much. He's got football practice this afternoon.

Emma: What's this? Elvis Presley's greatest hits!

Claire: Hey, that's mine! (Teasing) Well, well, well!

Claire: Oh come on, we're just friends.

Emma: Oh yes, and my name's Mickey Mouse.

Play and Practise

It's Monday afternoon. Mrs Williams is in the kitchen waiting for her son to come home from school.

(Kitchen sounds.)

Eddie: Hi Mum!

Mrs Williams: Hi Eddie. How was school today?

Eddie: Not bad. Look what I've got!

Mrs Williams: What have you got, Eddie?

Eddie: A violin! My music teacher wants me to practise for one hour every evening.

Mrs Williams: One hour!

Eddie: Yeah. Perhaps two hours on Saturdays and Sundays.

Mrs Williams: Two hours.... That's a lot! But, Eddie, you can't play the violin!

Eddie: I can. Listen to this!

(Eddie plays the violin very very badly.)

Eddie: I'm not very good at the moment.

Mrs Williams: Mmmm, Well, not yet...

Eddie: But with one hour every day...

Mrs Williams: Er, yes, Eddie, it's a good idea, but you can't play in the house.

Eddie: Why not?

Mrs Williams: Because... well, your sister has to do her homework.

Eddie: Where can I play then?

Mrs Williams: Er, you can play in the garage.

Eddie: Okay. See you later, Mum!

Mrs Williams: Bye, Eddie!

(Sounds of Eddie practising in the garage can be heard in the background for the next part.)

Jennifer: Hi Mum.

Mrs Williams: Hi Jennifer. Everything okay?

Jennifer: Not bad. But I can hear something. A strange sound!

Mrs Williams: It's Eddie and his violin.

Jennifer: A violin?!

Mrs Williams: He is going to practise for one hour every day.

Jennifer: One hour every day! Where is he?

Mrs Williams: In the garage.

Jennifer: Right, I'm going to talk to my "lovely" little brother!

As she opens the door of the garage the music get much louder.)

Jennifer: Hi Eddie!

Eddie: Hi Jenn! (He continues playing)

Jennifer: EDDIE!

(Eddie finally stops playing.)

Eddie: Yes?

Jennifer: Eddie, please, stop it, will you!?

Eddie: Why? What's wrong? Don't you like it?

Jennifer: The sound of that instrument. It's terrible!

Eddie: So go to your room.

Jennifer: Eddie, I can even hear it when I'm indoors - in my room.

Eddie: Lucky you!

Jennifer: Now listen! I'll buy your favourite CD with the Beatles. But the violin goes back to school tomorrow. OK?

Eddie: OK Jenn. It's a deal. No more violin playing.

Jennifer: Great. Thanks Eddie. (Sound of kisses)

(Fade out...fade in, kitchen sounds)

Eddie: Hi Mum!

Mrs Williams: Hi Eddie, how was school today?

Eddie: Not bad. Look what I've got.

Mrs Williams: Your violin?

Eddie: No, Jennifer doesn't like the violin.

Mrs Williams: So what have you got?

Eddie: A trumpet! Listen to this! (Eddie plays a few terrible notes on his trumpet)

On the Road

Two Americans are on a bicycle tour in Sweden..

(The occasional car goes by...)

Larry: Okay, we turn left at the little house.

Linda: No, Larry, we turn right at the little house.

Larry: Listen, Linda. I've got the map. We've got to go left!

Linda: But Larry. I looked at the map two minutes ago. We have to go right.

Larry: Look, there's a boy waiting at the bus stop. We can ask him.

Larry and Linda: Hi!

Swedish boy: Hej! Behöver ni någon hjälp?

Linda: Er, sorry, we don't speak Swedish. Do you speak English?

Boy: Yes, a little.

Linda: We're American, from New York and we're on a bike tour.

Boy: Cool! Do you like Sweden?

Larry: Oh, we just love it. The forests, the lakes, the friendly people...

Boy: Thanks. So how can I help you?

Larry: We want to get to Ostersund. (Pronounced badly)

Boy: Ostersund? It's a long way from here.

Linda: Yes we know. But do we go left or right at the little house?

Boy: You can go left OR right. Actually, the road on the left is faster.

Linda: See! I told you, Larry!

Boy: But the road on the right is nicer. There's a lake and you'll find the best blueberries in the world..

Linda: Blueberries! Great!

Larry: And can we go swimming in the lake?

Boy: Yes, sure.

Linda: That's great! We're going right, Larry!

Larry: Okay, Linda.

Boy: I like your bikes. But what are you doing in Sweden?

Linda: We are cycling to North Cape at the top of Norway.

Boy: Gee, that is a LONG way! !

Larry: We know, but we just love cycling. There are so many things to see and to learn.

Linda: Yeah...and so many interesting people to talk to.

Boy: I'd like to go America one day. I want to see all the tall buildings.

Linda: Come and see us in New York and we'll show you the Empire State Building.

Larry: Here's our address and our e-mail?

Boy: (reading) Larry and Linda Johnson.

Linda: That's us! Why don't you send us an e-mail!

Boy: I will, and thanks! Oh, and by the way, my name's Lars!

Larry and Linda: Well, thank you, Lars! Bye.

Boy: Bye, and good luck!

(Larry rings his bell, and Laura rings hers as they pedal away)

Try It On!

13-year-old Stephanie and her eleven-year-old brother Tim, go shopping in a clothes store.

Music in background, shop sounds.

Stephanie: Oh, look at this dress! It is so cool!

Tim: But Stephanie, it's all black!

Stephanie: I know, but black clothes are in fashion now! I think I'd like to try it on.

Shop assistant: Can I help you at all?

Stephanie: Yes, can I try it for size, please?

Shop assistant- Certainly, the fitting-room is over there.

(Fade out music, fade in music)

Stephanie: Well! Tim.... what do you think? It looks cool, doesn't it?

Tim: Er, not my style really...

Stephanie: But Tim, you're not exactly a fashion expert, are you !

Tim: Thanks Steffi.

Stephanie: I'm sorry, I don't mean that you are without taste. I only...

Tim: I know, I know. But the dress is a little short, isn't it?

Stephanie: It's a medium, but Tim, short dresses are the latest fashion! I don't want to wear a long dress to the party on Saturday!

Tim: Mmmmm, Well, it's up to you, really. It looks expensive. How much is it?

Stephanie: I don't know. There is no price tag on this one. I'll have to ask. It's lovely, just the thing I want ...Excuse me, how much is this dress, please? There's no price tag on it.

Shop assistant: Oh, I'm sorry, it must have fallen off. Well, I'll try to find out for you.

Stephanie: (to Tim) You know I need a special dress for Tony's birthday party on Saturday! It's REALLY important.

Tim: And I need a new shirt. I spilt ketchup all over my best shirt at Fred's disco last month. Mum says tomato ketchup is absolutely horrible. It doesn't come off. I'll try one on and then if it fits, I'll ask her to buy it for me.

Shop assistant: Can I help you?

Tim: Yes please. I like this dark blue shirt with the yellow dots.

Shop assistant: This one is on a special offer. Let's see now..it's the only one we've got left. What size are you?

Tim: I don't know, really. It looks small. I think I'll have to try it on. And I'd like to try a pair of very tight jeans as well.

Shop assistant: Okay...

Fade in ...fade out.

Tim: (in the fitting room) Well, what do you think, Stephanie? I love this pattern with the dots.

Stephanie: (whispering) Come on, Tim. It's too tight. It looks awful. And by the way, I've never seen any of your friends in a shirt like that.

Tim: Okay Steffi, I suppose you're right. Well, what do you think about the jeans, then?

Stephanie: The shirt was too tight and the jeans you're trying on are just as bad. They're so tight you can't move, let alone get them off.

Tim: Well, I don't like your clothes and you don't like mine.

Stephanie: Okay. (laughing)I see what you mean. This is ridiculous.

Shop assistant: I'm sorry, I just can't seem to find out about the price for your dress and we're closing the shop in five minutes. So, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to come back tomorrow.

Stephanie and Tim: Okay, then.

Stephanie: You know, Tim, perhaps we can ask Mum and Dad to take us to that new shopping precinct in Bournemouth. There are some shops we've never been into.

A Visitor at Night...

Karen, Mark and Maria go camping...

(A campfire and some crickets in the background)

Karen: This is a fantastic! It was a great idea, Mark.

Mark: Thanks. I like nature and I love camping! What are you doing Maria?
Are you asleep?

Maria: Not me. I'm looking at the stars! There are millions of them! And look

Karen, there's the moon.

Karen: Wow! We have the perfect place for our tent. I'm happy we are not with

Mum and Dad at the hotel.

Mark: And perfect weather! We are so lucky! In fact I think...

(A strange noise, possibly an animal)

Mark: What was that?

Maria: I don't know.

Karen: You look nervous Mark. Are you OK?

Mark: Who? Me? Of course? I'm not nervous at all. I'm, I'm... cold...

Karen: Perhaps it's time for bed.

Mark: Good idea but first of all we have to put everything inside the tent.

Maria: I'll take the plates, knives, forks and mugs and you two take the rest of our things.

(Different acoustics)

Karen: Where is my pillow, Maria?

Maria: It's here. We've got everything inside the tent now.

Mark: Shhhh!

Karen: What is it?

Mark: I don't know...

(More strange noises)

Karen: Oh my God!

Maria: It's an animal!

Mark: Perhaps it's an elk!

Karen: I don't like this...

(The noises continue.)

Maria: I think it is very near our tent...

Mark: Karen! Get your mobile phone. Call your Mum and Dad! They're only about five minutes away...

Karen: Okay.... (dialling)

Maria: Quickly Karen....

Karen: Hello? Mum? Yes, it's me..... no everything isn't all right...

Maria: It is NEXT to our tent!!!! There's a big animal.... next to our tent! Aaaaargh! No, we don't know....please come and help us!.... Thanks, five minutes... bye, Mum.

Mark: It's going to eat us!!!! It's dangerous. I'm frightened!

Maria: So am I. But Mum will soon be here... Only five minutes.

(Fade out...fade in to sound of car door slamming...)

Karen: She's here!

Maria: Oh Mum! Mum, we're frightened!

(Sound of tent zip opening)

Mum: Hi kids! Are you okay in there?

Karen: Is it there?

Mum: Is what there?

Mark: The animal....

Karen: The big animal. It was next to our tent. I think it wanted to eat us.

Mum: There's no animal here, but your cassette radio is making a noise outside your tent. It probably needs new batteries.

Feeling Safe

English Neil is at home when his telephone rings.

(Telephone)

Neil: Hello? Neil speaking.

Jenny: Hi Neil, It's Jenny.

Neil: Hi Jenny.

Jenny: Listen, Neil, we're going to play tennis this afternoon. Do you want to come with us?

Neil: Tennis? Are you crazy? Tennis is dangerous! You can easily break your leg or the ball can hit your head!

Jenny: So you're not coming?

Neil: Not me, Jenny.

Fade out...Fade in with telephone ringing again.

Neil: Hello? Neil speaking

Charlie: Hey!

Neil: Hello Charlie.

Charlie: Hey Neil, We're going to play American football in the park tomorrow.

Do you want to join us?

Neil: Me? Play American football? I might get hurt. It's a rough sport. Sometimes they kick you really hard.

Charlie: You won't get hurt, Neil. Come on, it's only me and my friends!

Neil: Sorry, Charlie. I want to read a book instead.

Fade out...Fade in with telephone ringing again.

Neil: Hello? Neil speaking.

Debbie: Neil! How are you?

Neil: I'm fine thank you, Debbie.

Debbie: I haven't seen you for a long time!

Neil: True.

Debbie: Listen Neil. It's Eric's birthday today. His parents want to surprise him. We are going to a restaurant in town!

Neil: A restaurant?!

Debbie: Yes, it...

Neil: Well, you never know, I mean ! Eating out often makes me sick. Perhaps it's the way they cook the food.

Debbie: So you don't want to come with us?

Neil: No, I'm afraid not Debbie!

Fade out...Fade in with telephone ringing again.

Neil: Hello? Neil speaking.

Bob: Hello Neil! How are you doing?

Neil: I'm fine thanks, Bob.

Bob: We're going cycling tomorrow afternoon. Do you want to come?

Neil: Cycling? Are you out of your mind? There are millions of cars in the streets! Cyclists get killed every day!

Bob: But, but...

Neil: No buts, Bob. I'm NOT coming.

Bob: (Sighing)Okay Neil!

(Fade out - Fade in, peep peep peeeeeeeep, telephone ringing again.)

Neil: Neil speaking.

Jane: Hi Neil, what about a bungee jump this afternoon?

Neil: I'd love it. I feel so SAFE with that rope around my ankles.

Down the mountains - on Skis

Three children are on a skiing slope in Aspen, Colorado, in the United States...
English Linda, American Jenny and Swedish Peter.

(It's windy and there are plenty of people whooshing by on skis. The children will have to talk loudly to each other.)

Peter: Are you ready, Linda?

Linda: Peter, do you think this is a good idea? This is my first time on skis...

Peter: You'll be fine. I'll teach you. Okay Jenny, can you stay here? I'll take Linda to the top and then I'll come down for you.

Jenny: Okay, but this is only my second time on skis.

Peter: Don't worry, you'll be fine. Now Linda, get ready. You put the black plastic circle between your legs and it will pull you up the hill. Ready.....

Linda: Woooooah!

Jenny: Go for it, Linda!

Peter: Come on, it's easy!

Linda: Perhaps it's easy for you... but.... whoooah!

Peter: You're lucky today. It's a little windy but the sun's shining, the snow is perfect and I'm very good at teaching.

Linda: I hope...whooooah...you can help me!

Peter: Okay, Linda, we're nearly at the top. You wait by the old cottage. I'll go down and get Jenny.

Linda: Okay, Peter! See you later.

(Peter comes to a dramatic stop)

Jenny: Hey, Peter, you're really good at skiing but I am a little nervous.

Peter: Don't worry. Now Jenny, get ready. Put the black plastic circle between your legs and it will pull you up the hill. Ready.....

Jenny: I think so....

Peter: Come on, quickly, it's not difficult!

Jenny: But Peter, th...is i...s only my second time on skis.

Peter: Just take it easy. You have an expert teacher here. All you have to do is watch me!

Linda: We're so high up! What if I can't stop?

Peter: Don't be scared! As I said, I'm fantastic on skis. You two just follow me and you'll be all right. Okay?

Linda: Okay...

Jenny: But Peter, it isn't that easy, I think it's frightening.

(Peter disappears)

Linda: Watch him! That looks great!

Jenny: So fast.... look how he turns....

Linda: I can't do that.

Jenny: Look how he jumps!

Linda: I just can't do that. No way!

Jenny: (shouting) Lo.....ok!

(Sound of crash)

Linda: Poor Peter.

Jenny: Yes, poor Peter! We were right, weren't we? Skiing's not easy. It's even dangerous.

My Friend Dave

(Street noise)

Amy: I hear you have a boyfriend, Victoria?!

Victoria: A boyfriend? Are you crazy, Amy? Not me.

Amy: A boy called David?

Victoria: Oh, you mean Dave? He's a good friend but he's not my boyfriend.

Amy: Why do you like him?

Victoria: Mmmm, good question. I like Dave, because he's different.

Amy: Different? How is he different?

Victoria: It's not easy to say but...

(Sound of car horn)

Victoria: Hey, here's Dave now! He's on a funny bike. Hi, Dave!

Amy: Wait a minute. That's not a bike. It's only got one wheel instead of two!

Dave: Hi, girls! What's new?

Victoria: Your monocycle!

Dave: Well it isn't mine. My uncle is staying with us at the moment. It's his monocycle and it's really difficult to ride.

Amy: Wow! Can I try to ride it?

Dave: Not now because I'm late.

Victoria: Late? What are you late for?

Dave: My trumpet lesson.

Victoria: Your trumpet lesson?

Dave: That's right. I'm not very good but I love the sound of a trumpet.

(The sound of a trumpet).

Amy: Sounds Great! Who's your teacher?

Dave: A woman called Françoise..

Victoria: Where is she from?

Dave: She's from France. She doesn't speak English but she's a very good teacher.

Amy: So how do you talk to....?

Dave: Françoise? She speaks French and I speak English.

Amy: It sounds crazy!

Dave: Yes, it is crazy. We don't understand what we say but we always have a good time. Now I'm really late. I'll see you later girls and then you can both try the monocycle!

Victoria and Amy: Bye!

Victoria: Dave is SO nice to everyone. He's special, so easy to be with.. He's one of my best friends but he's NOT my boyfriend - I just like him because, well...because he's Dave.

What Friends Are For

American Jenny and her American friend Tom.

(Street sounds. A cycle bell rings and a sound of brakes.)

Tom: Hi Jenny! What's new?

Jenny: Hi Tom. Look what I've got!

Tom: Ten dollars! Great! Where did you get it?

Jenny: My uncle gave it to me.

Tom: You're a lucky girl, Jenny. Are you going to save it or spend it?

Jenny: I don't know. I saw something in the pet shop. Let's go there on our bikes!

(Cycle bells indicate they are leaving...fade out. fade in with quieter traffic)

Jenny: Look at that basket, isn't it nice?

Tom: (Reading) We give five per cent bonus. (Not reading) What does that mean?

Jenny: I'm not sure. Let's go inside and ask!

Tom: All right.

(Sound of little bell as the door opens).

Mrs Powell: Hello Jenny, how are you, and how's your little dog?

Jenny: Fine thanks, Mrs Powell. And you?

Mrs Powell: I'm fine, too, thanks. So, what can I do for you?

Jenny: You have a sign in your window, we give 5% bonus. Bonus, what's that? I don't understand.

Mrs Powell: It means that if you buy things here, we give you some money back. For example, if you spend one hundred dollars in this shop, then after one year, we will give you five dollars back.

Tom: For free?

Mrs Powell: Yes, for free.

Jenny: So, if I buy the basket for ten dollars, then I get an extra fifty cents after one year, right?

Mrs Powell: That's right.

Jenny: That means I'll get five free dollars in ten years!

Tom: But Jenny, they aren't for free. If you want to get them, you have to

SPEND ten dollars every year. Maybe you don't want to spend ten dollars in this store each year.

Jenny: Mmmm, I want to think about it.

Mrs Powell: No problem, Jenny. See you again! Bye!

Tom and Jenny: Bye!

(Cycle bells as they cycle away.)

Jenny: (a sigh of relief) You really are my best friend. You just saved me from spending a lot of money on something I don't really need, so now I'm going to spend some money on you.

(...fade out, sound of traffic, fade in...)

Jenny: Tom, wait for me outside, please.

(Sound of little bell as a door opens).

Jenny: Hi, how much are the large ones?

(short pause) One dollar each. Okay I'll have two, then.

(Sound of little bell as a door opens again).

Tom: Okay, so... what have you got behind your back?

Jenny: (Dramatically) Look!

Tom: Mmm! Ice creams!

Jenny: One for you and one for me.

Tom: Jenny, you're the best friend in the world.

Jenny: Thanks Tom. I just spent my money but I also saved some money and Timmy already has a nice basket.

(Slurp!)

Cyberfriends

(Sound of someone typing on a computer.)

Mike: (Reading what he types)so Susan, I look forward to your next e-mail.

Carl: Hi Mike, what are you doing?

Mike: Oh, hi Carl. I'm sending an e-mail to my e-pal.

Carl: You're what?

Mike: My e-pal. Some people have pen pals. I have an e-pal. We send e-mails to each other almost every day.

Carl: (Reading) I look forward to your next e-mail.

Mike: Hey, don't read my private e-mails!

Carl: I didn't know you had an e-pal.

Mike: Well, I do. Why don't you try it yourself?

Carl: Surprise, surprise! I've got four e-pals already.

Mike: Why didn't you tell me at once? Where do they come from?

Carl: One comes from Gothenburg. She's fourteen.

Mike: Where is that?

Carl: In Sweden. Hold on and I'll show you some pictures of my e-pals.

(Sound of computer keys being tapped)

Carl: Here they are! Now it's up to you to guess where the rest of my e-pals come from.

Mike: No I can't.

Carl: Of course you can! Have a try! Look at this one, she's got dark hair and big brown eyes and loves spaghetti and pizza. She lives in Rome. She's very interested in science fiction, just like me...

Mike: She looks gorgeous! It's a pity she lives that far away.

Carl: Then look at the next one. She's tall and has long blond hair and she's very good at skiing. In fact, she's from Oslo. And she collects stamps. She's got hundreds of them.

Mike: Maybe I could start writing to her, as well. I collect stamps, too...

Carl: Well, Mike look at another one. It's a pity he's always busy riding his horse.

Mike: And? What's wrong with that?

Carl: He's too buzy. He doesn't answer all my e-mails.

Mike: Now give me a clue. Where does he live?

Carl: He lives in Ireland, an island west of Great Britain. It rains a lot there. That's why it's so green.

Mike: Wait a minute... Yes, I know where that is. Too bad they all live so far from the States.

Carl: Well, you know Mike, in the cyberworld it doesn't matter where you live.

(Sound of typing.)

Money, Money, Money

Sarah's Mum is in the kitchen, making dinner when Sarah comes home.

Sarah: Hi, Mum!

Mum: Hi Sarah! How was school today?

Sarah: Oh, not bad. Mum, these are for you!

Mum: Flowers? But it isn't Mother's Day.

Sarah: I know.

Mum: So, why the flowers?

Sarah: Because, because I like you! You're the best Mum in the world!
You're a wonderful Mum...

Mum: Mmmm, Sarah, what do you want?

Sarah: Me? Want?

Mum: Yes. What do you want this time?

Sarah: Yes... oh... not much....

Mum: Not much? What does 'not much' mean?

Sarah: Well.... my friends..

Mum: Aha!

Sarah: What?

Mum: Go on... Your friends ...

Sarah: Well, all my friends get two pounds a week more than me!

Mum: You want more pocket money, then.

Sarah: Well...

Mum: Well what?

Sarah: Can I have two pounds a week more as well?

Mum: How old are you Sarah?

Sarah: Me? I'm 12.

Mum: When I was 12, I got 30p a week.

Sarah: Yes, but, I NEED more money.

Mum: You don't NEED things Sarah. You WANT things. That's not the same thing. I pay for all your clothes, I buy the food. I pay for your holidays.

Sarah: Oh Mum....

Mum: I do all the housework. I wash your clothes ...

Sarah: Mum, please ...

Mum: I don't think it's fair!

Sarah: All right! All right! Can I have my flowers back?

Mum: Can I have your jeans back?

Sarah: No! You gave them to me! They're super!

Mum: I'll keep the flowers and the money and you'll keep your jeans.

Sarah: Oh Mum.... It's not fair! I never have enough money for the things I want!

Mum: And I never have enough money for all the things I want.

Sarah: (Sighing) Well, I guess you're right, Mum. I don't need everything that I want. And Mum - you're the best Mum in the world.

Mum: Thank you, Sarah! (Sounds of kisses)

Mozart and Rock'n' Roll

Matt who is twelve years old, is listening to some loud 'dutz dutz dutz' house music.

Dad: (Shouting) Matt! Turn that music down! Please!

Matt: What?

Dad: I said, (the music become quieter) please turn that music down!

Matt: But Dad! That's great music!

Dad: Great music? I don't know if they're playing their instruments or falling downstairs with them!

Matt: Ha ha, very funny.

Dad: Listen to this. It's my new CD...

(some classical music starts).

Matt: Boring!

Dad: Boring? You can't call Mozart boring!

Matt: But Dad, there's no rhythm!

Dad: You mean there is no dutz dutz dutz like in ALL of your records?

Matt: Yeah. It's just... boring...

Dad: I feel sorry for you, Matt. There is so much music in the world and you only listen to your dutz dutz dutz dutz music.

Matt: Well I feel sorry for YOU. ALL my friends like this kind of music. Nobody listens to Mozart!

Dad: Young people! You have no taste! Your music is terrible!

Matt: Wait a minute, Dad. You've forgotten something...

Dad: I have?

Matt: You have. What kind of music did you listen to when you were my age?

Dad: Me? I listened to the Beatles! "All you need is love"!

Matt: Exactly.

Dad: What's the problem? The Beatles were great. Your music is terrible!

Matt: Did Granddad like the Beatles?

Dad: Um, no he didn't. He hated the Beatles.

Matt: Exactly!

Dad: The Beatles' music was great. But my Dad just said they had long hair!

Matt: Exactly!

Dad: Why do you keep saying "exactly"?

Matt: Because I mean it. Every generation listens to new kinds of music.

Dad: A kind of music that their parents don't like!

Matt: Exactly!

Dad: Mmmmm, you're right!

Matt: Now, can you put my CD on again, please? If you listen carefully, I'm sure you'll begin to like it.

Dad: Not right now, Matt. Wait until I am outside the house, please.

Matt: Sighing Okay - old man!

(Music starts- more dutz dutz dutz....)

The Expert Cook

Bob: (Talking to himself) some salt...275 millilitres of water.. (noise of water going into a bowl).

A doorbell rings.

Bob: Yikes! My hands are dirty! (Sound of Bob washing hands, then opening door).

Anne: Hi Bob, do you want to play badminton?

Bob: Hi Anne, er, yeah, sure, but I'm making some bread at the moment.

Anne: You? Making bread?

Bob: Yes. Why not? It's cool and it's not difficult.

Anne: Sorry, I thought you were a sportsman.

Bob: I AM a sportsman. A sportsman can make bread, can't he?

Anne: Yes, sure, it was just a total surprise.

Bob: Just give me a few minutes to finish my baking and I'll be with you!

(Fade in . Fade Out).

Bob: Okay, my bread will be ready in about an hour. I'll ask Mum to look after it. Let's play badminton! Mum will you ... (Fade out)

(Sound of Bob and Anne playing badminton.)

Anne: So that's eight one...

(One hit of the racket....)

Bob: Aaaargh!

Anne: Nine one....

(Fade out. Fade in - traffic sounds as Bob and Anne walk along the street.)

Anne: So we played a total of eleven games. I won ten games and you won one game..

Bob: And I won it because you played with your left hand!

Bob: Now, are you hungry?

Anne: Yeah I am. Why?

Bob: Well, I think my bread's ready...

Anne: Great! Let's go!

Fade out - Fade in as they enter Bob's house)

Anne: Mmmmmm, that smells wonderful!

Bob: I'll go and prepare it. Put some music on, please!

(Music starts)

Bob: Here we are!

Anne: Wow! What a great smell!

Bob: And here's some marmalade. I made it last week.

Anne: I don't believe you!

Bob: It's true!

Anne: Mmmmmm! Bob's bread and marmalade. Delicious!

Bob: So you like it, then?

Anne: Like it? I LOVE it! You're a great cook!

Bob: But a very bad badminton player!

Anne: OK Bob, I can help you with your badminton.

Bob: And I can help you make bread and marmalade!

Anne: Sounds great!

Catwalk

Kathy and Brian from Australia are on holiday on the south coast of England.

Brian: Great day today, Kathy!

Kathy: Oh yeah. I don't like rain. This weather's not nice.

Brian: But it's a nice little town. Come on! Let's walk along the beach!

Kathy: But, but...

Brian: Oh, don't worry about the rain! Come on!

(Fade out... fade in to sound of waves breaking on beach, gulls flying overhead.. This background noise continues to the end.)

Brian: Look at those waves. They are really big today.

Kathy: Yeah, yeah, I'm not interested in waves, Brian. I want sunshine. By the way, what time is lunch?

Brian: Lunch? We can't have lunch now.

Kathy: But Brian. I don't like bad weather. I'm hungry. I'd like a big hamburger.

Brian: You're hopeless! Why do you always think about food? Now look at that cliff! It must be more than fifty metres high! I would like to...

Kathy: Shhh!

(Very faint sound of a cat miaowing)

Brian: What is it?

Kathy: I don't know... Listen!

Brian: It's nothing, now look at...

(slightly louder sound of a cat miaowing)

Kathy: There it is again!

Brian: What?

Kathy: It's a cat! Look! Up there! About four metres up.

(Sound of a cat miaowing)

Brian: Oh yes, a little black cat...

Kathy: (calling) Here puss! Come down to me, Kathy!

(Sound of a cat miaowing)

Brian: It doesn't want to come down!

Kathy: Or perhaps it CAN'T come down! Come on puss.

(Sound of a cat miaowing)

Kathy: Oh Brian. We have to DO something.

Brian: What can we do? It's only a cat!

Kathy: Only a cat! I LOVE cats.

Brian: All right. I'll climb up and bring the cat down.

Kathy: Okay, but be careful!

(Sound of a cat miaowing) Fade out.. fade in

Brian: Come here cat!

(Sound of a cat miaowing)

Kathy: Be careful now Brian. You are four metres from the ground!

Brian: Now come here, cat. There we go.

Kathy: Well done Brian! You've got her!

(Sound of a cat miaowing)

Brian: Sch, Sch! Be quiet cat. Okay now...

Kathy: Come down slowly. Brian, are you okay?

Brian: (Nervously) Yes, I... it's four metres down...

Kathy: Do you need help?

Brian: Er, yes. (Panicking) I can't get down! Help!

(Sound of a cat miaowing)

Brian: I know, cat. You can't get down and now I can't get down!

Kathy: Don't worry. I've got my mobile phone with me.

Brian: Quickly Kathy! I can't get down! Help!

(Sound of Kathy dialling)

Kathy: Hello? Police? We need some help. There's this lovely little cat...

Brian: Thanks, Kathy and your brother ...

Kathy: ...and my brother...

Dundee Farm

Tourists in Australia

(Sounds of a bus)

Sandra: Okay guys, we're nearly there!

American John: Nearly where? Come on Sandra, tell us!

Australian Sandra: I told you already, Simon. We're going to see a farm.

English Simon: Is it a sheep farm? I know you've got a lot of sheep in Australia.

Sandra: Nope, wrong.

John+Simon : So come on Sandra, tell us! (laugh together)

(The bus comes to a stop.)

Sandra: Well here we are. Look at the sign!

Simon: (Reading sign) Dundee's Crocodile Farm...

John: Crocodiles! Oh my God!

Sandra: Are you frightened, John?

John: Who me? No... (nervously) of course not...

Sandra: So come on, let's go!

(Sound of children walking up gravel path - fade...)

Tour guide: So welcome everybody to the Dundee Crocodile Farm. We have over two thousand crocodiles here. But we are not the biggest crocodile farm. The biggest crocodile farm in the world is in Thailand and has more than sixty thousand crocodiles!

(Small group show surprise)

Tour guide: We grow crocodiles here for their meat. It's popular in many restaurants in Australia.

John: Oh yes, we liked the croc burgers we had for lunch today.

Tour guide: So, now let's have a look at some of the crocs...

(Sound of crocodiles.)

Simon: Wow! Look at that one! He's bigger than my dad's car!

Sandra: His name's Granddad. He is the oldest crocodile in the farm.

Simon: (Chuckles.) Hey John, are you all right?

John: Yeah, I'm okay. I think it may be the sun.

(Change scene to inside - different acoustics.)

Tour guide: So now we are inside the Dundee baby croc house. You can see the eggs under the warm lights. Now if you look carefully...

Simon: Wow! A baby croc! Look at his little head!

Sandra: But they can still bite you!

Tour guide: Now would anyone like to hold a baby croc?

(Laughs and nervous voices from small group)

Tour guide: It is quite simple. You hold it like this so that he can't bite you. How about you young man, what's your name?

John: (nervously) John Bailey...

Tour guide: And where are you from John?

John: New Hampshire, America...

Tour guide: So would you like to hold a croc, John? (Gasps from group).

Tour Guide: Is he okay?

Sandra: Yeah, he'll soon be okay again. We'll take him out for some fresh air. Come on, Simon, give me a hand, please.

Going Skateboarding

Robin: Bye Mum, I'm going skateboarding with my friends!

Mum: Okay, Robin, what time are....

(Telephone rings.)

Mum: Hello?...Oh hi, Mr Brown... Oh, I'm sorry to hear that...
Snoopy?...Oh, your dog!... No, I'm sure he'll be happy to do that.... in
about five minutes? No problem...and good luck at the hospital. Bye!

Robin: What did Mr Brown want?

Mum: He's going to hospital today...

Robin: And...

Mum: He needs someone to walk his dog.

Robin: Oh, Mum, you didn't tell him...

Mum: Yes I did Robin. He's a nice old man.

Robin: But his dog, Snoopy, is crazy! He is the biggest labrador in the world!
He is SO strong.

Mum: Take Snoopy for a walk and then you can go skateboarding with
your friends.

Robin: I can't. I'm going skateboarding and I have football practice at two
o'clock.

Mum: I'm sorry, Robin, but you can always go skateboarding tomorrow.

Robin: Wait a minute, I have an idea... I'll see you later Mum! (Door slams)

(Doorbell rings. Dog barks)

Mr Brown: Ah, hello Robin! Thanks for coming.

Robin: Hello, Mr Brown. Is Snoopy ready?

Mr Brown: Yes, yes, here he his. (Woof! Woof!)

Robin: Hi Snoopy, let's go for a walk!

(Footsteps as they run down the street. Traffic noise)

David: Hi Robin, are you coming skateboarding with us?

Robin: Sure I am.

David: But, but, what about the dog?

Robin: He's going to help us. Come on, let's go to the park.

(Some birds singing)

David: So what's your plan, Robin?

Robin: Hold Snoopy for a minute, please!

David: Okay, wow, he's strong!

Robin: Exactly. Now here's my skateboard. Stand on your board and hold on to me!

David: Okay, but I still don't understand... What...

Robin: Look Snoopy, there's a cat! (Woof! Woof!)

David: A cat? Where? There's no cat around.

Robin: There is no cat but Snoopy knows the word cat and now he thinks there is one!

(Sound of skateboard wheels)

David: Hey, we're moving!

Robin: Find that cat, Snoopy! (Woof Woof!)

David: (shouting) Hey, this is so cool! We're really moving fast, aren't we!

Robin: (shouting) Hold on! Oh no! There's the river! Stop Snoopy! STOP!!!

David and Robin: Aaaaaaargh! (SPLASH!)

Robin: Thanks Snoopy. We didn't want to go swimming, we wanted to go skateboarding. (Woof Woof! Woof!)

Sparky's Dinner.

Fiona and James are on holiday in Ireland. They're walking their dog, Sparky.

(It's windy)

Fiona: Wow, look at the deep-blue sea!

James: And the white sand on the beach! Ireland is a very beautiful country! Everything is so green!

Fiona: ...wait a minute, James, where's Sparky?

James: Sparky? I don't know. I thought...

Fiona: Oh no! (shouting) Sparky! Here boy!

James: (Whistles) (shouting) SPARKY!

Fiona: There he is!

James: (shouting) Sparky! Come here!

Fiona: (shouting) Come on Sparky! We want to go home!

James: It's no good, Fiona. Come on, Let's go and see what he's doing.

(Fade out...fade in...)

Fiona: I saw him here, near this rock.

James: Mmmm, and where is he now? (shouting) Sparky!

Fiona: Here boy!

James: Perhaps he is looking for rabbits! There are some rabbit holes here.

Fiona: Mmmm, crazy dog!

James: (shouting) Sparky! Come here!

Fiona: There he is!

James: What's he got in his mouth?

Fiona: Oh no! I hope it isn't a rabbit!

James: Hi there, Sparky! Good boy! What have you got here?

Sparky: Woof Woof!

Fiona: He says: "It's a bone"!

James: (laughs) I think it's a very old bone. Let's take it to the museum!

Sparky: Woof Woof!

Fiona: That means: "Are you crazy? That's my dinner"!

James: Sorry Sparky. Come on. Let's go!

(Fade out - Fade in inside museum)

Museum man: Now, what have you two got here?

Fiona: Well, we'd like to show you a very special bone.

Museum man: Oh, look! This is VERY interesting.

James: How old is it?

Museum man: I don't know. It could be a thousand years old.

Fiona: A thousand years old?

Museum man: Yes, I think the bone is from an old Viking.

James: A Viking! Vikings in Ireland?

Museum man: Oh yes, the Vikings were here for about 200 years.

Fiona: Wow! So Sparky's dinner is an old Viking!

Museum man: Sparky? Who's Sparky?

Fiona: He's our dog and he just loves bones!

Museum man: Well, I'm very happy he didn't eat this bone! I'll buy him a big fresh bone for his dinner.

James: I'm sure Sparky will like that even more.

Museum man: By the way, where is he? I'd like to say hello to him!

Fiona: He's right here. Outside the door.(Opens the door) Sparky, come and say hello!

Sparky: Woof, woof!

Museum man: There's a good dog. So, do you want a big fresh bone?

Sparky: Woof! Woof!

Fiona: That means: "Yes please!"

Everybody: laughs

A Helping Hand in the Snow

(It is a little windy so they have to shout to each other)

Sue: Ready guys? Kevin?

Kevin: I'm ready. Nervous, but ready.

Sue: What about you, Tony?

Tony: Don't worry about me, Sue. I'm fine. I snowboard down mountains every day!

Sue: Okay, let's go!!!!!!

Kevin: Wow!!!!

Tony: Cooool!

Sue: Perfect snow! Fresh snowfall!

Kevin: Woooooo, this is FAST!!!!!!

Tony: Hey look!

Sue: What?

Tony: Wait a minute....Over there! There's a man. He's waving at us.

Kevin: Let's wave back. HELLO!

Tony: No I think he needs help. Come on!

Sue: Okay, come on Kevin!

Kevin: All right.

(Fade out...fade in.. things are a little quieter).

Tony: Hi, are you okay?

Man: I am SO happy to see you guys. I had an accident with a guy on a snowboard. He just left me here. (Groaning)I think my leg's broken.

Sue: Okay, I am training with the Red Cross. I can stay here with you. You two guys go to the "Ski Centre" and get some help.

Man: Thank you so much.

Kevin and Tony: No problem. See you later!

Tony: We'll be as quick as we can.

Sue: Now don't move your leg. I can't see any blood and that's good.

Man: (Faintly, groaning)You sound like a doctor.

Sue: I want to become a doctor one day. Are you cold , Mr ...?

Man: Blake. But call me Eric, please.

Sue: My name's Sue.

Man: No Sue, I'm not cold - but my leg hurts...Oh!!

Sue: So let's just wait for the ambulance.

(Fade out...fade in with sound of snowmobile approaching)

Sue: Here it is!

Man: That was quick! One final thing. (Groaning again) What are your plans tomorrow?

Sue: I don't know. Why?

Man: Well, I've hired some snowmobiles for tomorrow. I wanted to go sightseeing in the mountains with some friends. But with my leg...

Sue: You won't be going...

Man: Exactly: Would you and your friends like to go?

Sue: In snowmobiles? To the high mountains?

Man: Yes.

Sue: We'd love to!

Man: Okay, here's my card. Wait, I'll try to get it. It's in my back pocket. (groaning) Please call my mobile tonight and I'll give you the details.

Sue: Super! Thank you so much. And don't worry about your skis. We'll take care of them.

(The snowmobile arrives)

Tony: We're back! Why are you smiling, Sue?

Sue: I'll tell you later. I have some very good news.

Kevin: Come on, Sue, tell us!

Sue: Not now, later, first of all we must help Eric.

Dirk, the Detective

(Some music in the background. The sound of someone typing on a keyboard.)

Linda: Hi Michael!

Michael: Linda! What are you doing here?

Linda: Nothing special. What are you doing?

Michael: Who? Me?

Linda: Yes, you. There's no one else in the room.

Michael: Er, nothing.

Linda: Nothing? So why are you trying to hide your computer screen?

Michael: It's a secret.

Linda: A secret? Cool! I LOVE secrets.

Michael: Okay. I'm writing a book.

Linda: A book! That's great! Perhaps you'll become a famous writer one day. What's it about?

Michael: (Becoming enthusiastic) It's about a boy. His name's Dirk and one day he sees some drug smugglers.

Linda: and?

Michael: He follows them... They go to a secret house. Dirk gets into the house through a window and spies on the smugglers.

Linda: Exciting story!

Michael: It is! Then the smugglers go to a secret island. That's where they get the drugs...

Linda: The drugs?

Michael: Yes, they're drug smugglers.

Linda: Carry on.

Michael: So Dirk hides in their boat and he goes to the island with the smugglers. Then, of course, they discover him and they threaten him with a gun and say they're going to kill him.

Linda: Yes, and then what happens?

Michael: Well, they put Dirk in an old house full of rats.

Linda: Why don't they just kill him at once?

Michael: Because... I don't know. I'm not a drug smuggler!

Linda: Sorry!

Michael: Anyway, then Dirk hears a sound. He thinks the drug smugglers have come back again.

Linda: But it's the girl who has come to rescue him?

Michael: How did you know it was a girl?

Linda: I've seen enough James Bond films.

Michael: BUT the girl is the daughter of one of the drug smugglers. She hates what her father is doing and she helps Dirk to escape. So they get in the boat and go to a police station.

Linda: And the police catch all the bad guys?

Michael: Yes!

Linda: Well, it's an interesting story.

Michael: I'm sure it's going to be a best-seller!

Linda: But...

Michael: But what?

Linda: Why didn't Dirk go to the police when he saw the drug smugglers?

Michael: I don't know. I'm not Dirk.

Linda: True, but it's your story. So why didn't he call the police? And why didn't the girl call the police?

Michael: I don't know! It's only a story! Now will you please get out of my room!

Linda: Well, I was just curious!

Michael: (In frustration) Aaaaaaargh!

A School Holiday

(Loud music)

Mum: Hey kids! Turn that music down, please!

(Music volume decreases)

Helen: What is it Mum?

Mum: I want to talk about our holiday.

Andy: Great! Our American holiday!

Helen: Yeah, summer over there, in Florida!

Mum: Yes, but this time our holiday is going to be very special!

We...are going to... learn something!

Helen: What?

Andy: Me? Learn what?

Mum: Just a moment The three of us will study every morning for a week.

Helen: Oh Mum, it's just like school!

Andy: I only want sun and sea!

Mum: Well, we'll get there on Sunday night, and school starts on Monday morning at half past nine. And we'll go to school Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Andy: (groaning) Oh Mum, please. It's a holiday!

Mum: Well, guess what! We are going to learn how to wind-surf.

Helen: What? But why surfing?

Mum: It will be great! I've always wanted to go wind-surfing. I'm sure you'll love it, too. And after almost a week, on Saturday night, we'll know almost all there is to know about surfing!

Helen: Sounds great, Mum! So it's only for a week?

Mum: Yes, school is only for a week. Then, in the afternoons...

Andy: Yes, what are we going to do on Monday afternoon?

Mum: We'll go shopping.

Helen: And on Wednesday afternoon?

Mum: We can go swimming in the pool if you like.

Andy: And what about Friday afternoon?

Mum: Let's have the biggest pizza in the world.

Andy: Mmm, I wonder what kind of pizzas they've got in Florida. What about week two then?

Mum: We're free. We can go windsurfing the whole week if we want to.

Helen: Cool!

Andy: Can't we spend a couple of days in Disney World?

Helen: Yes, I've heard it's quite a nice place.

Andy: I want to go and see Mickey Mouse's house and buy a T-shirt !

Helen: Great idea, Mum.

Mum: And we'll go home on Saturday early in the morning. Now, how about that?

On the Beach

Kate, Michael and Debra from England are on holiday in Australia.

(Sounds of a beach scene)

Michael: This beach is so cool!

Kate: I think it's pretty hot! It must be at least 30 degrees!

Michael: Ha ha, Kate, you think you're so funny. I mean Australian beaches are fantastic. Beautiful white sand and great sun!

Kate: Look at those guys playing volleyball over there!

Michael: And look at this woman coming towards us! That's a funny cap she's wearing!

Kate: She's a lifeguard and they all wear caps like that.

Australian lifeguard Debra: Hi guys, having a good time?

Kate: Yes thanks, this beach is so beautiful!

Debra: Are you from England?

Michael: Yeah, we're over here on holiday for three weeks. We're staying with our uncle.

Debra: Watch out for the sun! It looks beautiful but it is very hot, especially around lunch time and early afternoon.

Kate: Well, we always use sun cream.

Debra: That's not enough. It is a good idea to go inside for a couple of hours.

Michael: Thanks for the tip. Can I ask you a question?

Debra: Sure, ask me anything!

Michael: I know there are sharks in the sea around Australia, but do they actually eat people?

Debra: Thankfully, not very often. This beach has a shark net to keep out the sharks. But sometimes I see them swimming about fifty metres away from here.

Michael+Kate: Wow!

Debra: Some people are really frightened. We had some young Swedish tourists here last week. They were swimming in the sea and two American boys wanted to talk to them so they shouted "Hi!"

Kate: What happened?

Debra: Well the Swedes started swimming like Olympic champions!

Strange, wasn't it?

Going Places

Mr and Mrs Price from England and their three teenagers, Billy, Chris and Sally, want to go on holiday. But where?

Mr Price: Hi kids! It is time to think about our summer holiday.

Billy: Great! Where are we going?

Mr Price: I don't know. Here are some holiday brochures. They can give us some ideas.

(Noise of brochures being flicked through)

What have you got, Sally?

Sally: (reading) France, Paris and (not reading) here's something for you, Billy! EuroDisney! (not reading)

Billy: No EuroDisney for me, please. I love real animals. I want to go on safari in Kenya! Have you got a brochure for holidays in Africa, Dad?

Mr Price: Sorry Billy. A holiday in Africa is very expensive. I only have European brochures.

Mr Price: And you, Chris?

Chris: (reading) Viva Espana! I don't understand Spanish but I like the picture on the brochure! Sun and sand!

Billy: Okay. What's this? Norway, Scandinavia? Where is Scandinavia?

Mr Price: It's in Northern Europe.

Billy: Mmmm... Look, mountains...bears! It's cold all the year round! Oooo! You can go skiing in June in some places! Sounds like fun! Can we go to Norway, Dad, please?

Mr Price: Perhaps. What about you, Sally?

Sally: Oh Dad! Look at Rome, the capital of Italy! It is beautiful! Lots of old, historical buildings and museums! Dad, I want to go to Rome!

Chris: It's not cold there but there's no sea! I want a holiday with sun, sea and sand!

Billy: And I want a holiday with animals!

Sally: But I want a holiday with culture and history!

Mr Price: I want to go fishing in Finland. Mmmm, we sure have a problem.

(Mrs Price opens the door.)

Mrs Price: Hi everybody. What's the problem?

Chris: Hi. Mum! I wanna go to Spain! For the sun, the sand and the sea!

Sally: I want to go to Rome in Italy. Lots of historical buildings.

Billy: I want to go to Norway in Northern Scandinavia to see the bears!

Mrs Price: I think I have the answer to your problem. I know where we can go!

Mr Price: You do?

Chris: Really! A country with sand and sea?

Sally: And historical buildings?

Billy: And animals?

Mrs Price: Yes!

Chris: So where is it??

Mrs Price: Sweden.

Billy, Chris, Sally and Mr Price: Sweden??

Mrs Price: Yes, Sweden.

Chris: But can I swim in the sea in Sweden?

Mrs Price: Sure, in summer. There are some beautiful beaches. AND - you can learn about the Vikings and we can visit The Wasa Museum in Stockholm.

Sally: Great!

Billy: But what about animals?

Mrs Price: Well, there are lots of animals: wolves, reindeer, polar-bears walking in the streets.. .No I'm just joking.

Billy and Mr Price: Sounds fantastic anyway!

Chris and Sally: Yes, fantastic!

Chris + Billy + Sally: Okay Sweden, here we come!