

**Intermission**

*MR WORMWOOD comes on. Takes out a piece of paper, reads.*

**MR WORMWOOD**

'I would like to offer an apology for some of the things that have been going on here tonight. They are not nice things and they are not right things and I would like to state garrantically that we do not want any children that might be here tonight watching this to go home and try these things out for themselves. I am of course talking about... reading books.

It is normal for kids to behave in this fashion, it stunts the brain, wears out the eyes, makes kids ugly, stinky, fatty, sweaty, betty, boring, gaseous and crucially, it gives them varrucas... of the mind.

Under no circumstances do we condone such activities and we do so utterly without reservoirs.'

*Puts the paper away, looks at the audience.*

Can I just ask, how many people here have ever read a book?

*Is horrified by the response, picks someone in the audience*

You sir/madam, what's your name?

*Gets name*

Well, ... don't take this the wrong way, but...

Bookworm, bookworm, stupid little bookworm, reading all his books like a stinky little bookworm.

You read books, like a... worm. Worms read books, you read books.

Worms are stupid

You're a... swarm.

There.

Now, ...will learn from that. Won't stop them reading, but s/he'll never put her/his hand up in a theatre again.

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present to you today, the pinnacle of our achievements as a species, the very reason we bothered evolving out of unicorns in the first place.

*MICHAEL comes out with the telly, and a little guitar.*