

What the Chip-Story (Full Version)

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INTRODUCTION

A lone pigeon plushie pupeted around on a slapdash set.

COO

Good evening everyone, and welcome to What the Chip-story! I am Cornie Coo, your presenter, along with a mystery co-star that you'll meet later on.

Audience 'ooh's

COO (CONT'D)

But first! We should find out what period of Chipstory we're looking at today. Bring out the wheel!

Jazzy fanfare, while the wheel is brought on.

COO (CONT'D)

Let's have a spin. 1, 2, 3...

Coo spins the comedy wheel

COO (CONT'D)

World War Two! Ooooh! That means it's time to meet our friend, Percy Funk! But before we meet our new friend, we need to meet another very cool fella.

COO (CONT'D)

He was a Spanish spy in World War Two who fooled the Germans with absolute nonsense and played a very important role in D-Day. Here, though, we meet him early in the war, when he had to do all of his spy work by himself...

JUAN 1**What's Juan Up To Now? 1941**

Context graphic in Morse Code translation style: PORTUGAL, 1941

Juan is alone, sat on a chair writing at his desk, surrounded by files and newspapers. The radio is playing jazz/swing music in the background. Juan stares wistfully at the Ally phone, which isn't ringing.

JUAN

Three times I have tried to work
for the British. Every time they
reject me. Must I do everything
myself? What can I tell the Germans
now? I already pretended that a tin
of sprouts is £5.

Juan flips some pages in his files, and moves to a British guidebook.

JUAN (CONT'D)

I could tell them... no, they already
know this. And this... ah! That one
is too good!

Juan flips more pages in a British guidebook, chuckling to himself.

JUAN (CONT'D)

No... oh. What is this, they have a
District of Lakes? Oh, that is...
That's a good idea.

Juan picks up the phone and dials the Axis number.

HEINRICH

Oh hallo Herr Garcia - I mean,
Agent Alaric, our most wonderful
and trusted spy! How are you doing
today?

JUAN

Hola, sir. I am doing well today. I
have some urgent new information
for you.

HEINRICH

[Gasp of delight] Oh that's so
wonderful Herr Garcia, thank you!
We received your letters last week,
it was very good!

(MORE)

HEINRICH (CONT'D)
We thank you for the train
schedules also, this is most
interesting.

JUAN
I know sir, I was also surprised
that the trains are so irregular.
My agents are working very hard to
gather information for the Reich.

HEINRICH
Command sees this and... *commends*
you, aha. Wonderful. What is this
urgent information?
[As if covering the receiver and
yelling] Pen and paper! Now! (In
German)

JUAN
Well, I will send you my expense
reports with the next transmission,
I'm sure you understand. But, the
main issue! That same informant in
Glasgow has discovered a horrible
plot for the Lake Windy-mere in
Cumbria. It is to be fitted with an
aircraft carrier!

Coo pops up in a corner of the screen, holding a sign that says 'SILLY'.

HEINRICH
This is... this is terrifying news!
Your contact is certain?

JUAN
Yeeeeeeeees. He is certain - I
bribed him with many litres of wine
for this.

HEINRICH
[Extreme concern] We thank you,
Agent Alaric - we thank you. We
shall report this up to the Abwehr
leadership. Thank you.

JUAN
You are welcome sir! Please, expect
further letters to report on this.

HEINRICH
Yes, yes, goodnight.

The line cuts. Juan puts the phone down, giggling to self.

Juan sits with a happy/smug sigh and rummages through his desk drawers, taking out a box labeled 'TREATS' from one. He looks through the box, looking for cigars. While looking, he comes across and throws/discards several funny spy-related props behind him. Juan sits upright, leaning into his chair, he picks up the lighter and tries to light the cigar.

TRANSITION - COO'S SET

COO

Where did he get a cigar like that?
We know cigarettes weren't
rationed, but a cigar? Must have
gotten that in some sort of caper!

COO (CONT'D)

During the war it wasn't unusual
for people to use the black market
or make the most out of very
little. The British started
rationing fuel in 1939, and all
types of rationing continued after
the war. Some things like meat only
came off the ration in 1954.

COO (CONT'D)

One of the biggest things rationed
was clothing, and the government's
Make Do and Mend campaign [show
poster] is still brought up today.
As the war went on, people had less
and less clothes rationing points,
meaning that they had to buy
second-hand or mend what they
already had. Even then, they had
some weird ideas, and you won't
believe what some people did to
look good...

RATION FASHION

Music plays before two presenters of the show walk down the catwalk, walking sideways theatrically to the right before standing back-to-back like popstars.

DIVA DEBORAH

Good evening it is Diva Deborah
joined by...

SASSY SILVIA

Sassy Silvia

DIVA DEBORAH

And we are here to...

BOTH

Turn your rations into our
fashions!

DIVA DEBORAH

I hope you have your coupons and
your shillingless purses ready!

SASSY SILVIA

And your family elsewhere, BOOT
THEM OUT! So, we can keep this
secret between us (wink).

DIVA DEBORAH

Oh Silvia, you really don't want to
share!

SASSY SILVIA

I love a good bargain! Don't you?

DIVA DEBORAH

Well with this new brand of
clothing by Saggy Aggie, you will
be pleased!

SASSY SILVIA

Roll in with the designs!

Alina walks down and poses

DIVA DEBORAH

First down the catwalk we have
Alina, who's complimenting a potato
sack with such splendid calibre!
I'd love me that jacket potato.

Alina leaves and walks back up, and Violet walks down and poses

SASSY SILVIA

SO SAGGY! Here, following the sack,
is Violet fashioning the vegetable
hair rollers in many shades. All
she would need is a jug of gravy,
she looks like a dish!

Violet leaves and walks back up, and Molly walks down and poses

DIVA DEBORAH

SO HEALTHY! BUT WAIT! Here comes
the gravy you asked for Silvia! We
have Molly dressed and served in
gravy stockings!

Molly leaves and Gertrude walks down and poses

SASSY SILVIA

FIDDLESTICKS! Gertrude is speeding
down the catwalk, trying to secure
her jacket potato, I said it folks,
JACKET Potato! Messy but warm!

Gertrude leaves and Sabine walks down and poses

DIVA DEBORAH

My my! saggy aggie loves her
potatoes! And wow! Wonderfully
gracing a five a day platter is
Sabine wearing onion in the style
of a ring! Onion rings, they make
my head spin round.

SASSY SILVIA

WOW utterly scrumptious! I remember
the pea-riffic pea earrings from
last season!

Sabine leaves and the presenters take centre stage

DIVA DEBORAH

I remember those! So out of date
now, right?

SASSY SILVIA

Right! So mouldy now! But those
vintage lovers enjoy wearing them!

DIVA DEBORAH

Well, that's all we have for you tonight!

SASSY SILVIA

Yes...the war is just stealing everything! OUR FABRICS GUYS! But never fear we still have the food for clothes!

Another TV celebrity comes on in a chef hat.

CHEF

Sorry dear, we need those for our channel!

The two presenters look at each other before looking at the chef.

SASSY SILVIA

Povvos like you don't have channels. scoffs

CHEF

Oi! What did you say?

SASSY SILVIA

Povvos like you don't have channels! Do you want it louder?

Chef and Sassy Silvia try to square up 1940s edition but Diva Deborah holds them both apart in the middle.

DIVA DEBORAH

I'm afraid time is up guys! I'd like to thank you for watching ration fashion; I must stop these two from having a food fight! Goodnight!

TRANSITION - COO'S SET

COO

Well... that was a dust-up, wasn't it! Unfortunately, since the Rationchef team have no more ingredients, we're sorry to say their segment has had to be cancelled for now.

COO (CONT'D)

But! We've prepared a different kind of treat for you all instead.

(MORE)

COO (CONT'D)
We're going to be visiting our
friend Juan, who's getting up to
some dastardly hijinks!

JUAN 2

What's Juan Up To Now? 1943

Context graphic in Morse Code translation style: BRITAIN,
1943

Juan is still lighting the cigar. Allied phone rings before Juan can light it successfully. Juan picks up the phone in a neutral tone.

ALLOP
Good evening, Agent Garbo.

JUAN
Good evening, MI5. I received the
radio communicator from the
Germans.

ALLOP
Very good, agent. We need you to
confirm receipt of this and provide
an explanation for the recent
delays in information.

JUAN
Indeed, sir. I already have
something in mind - we should fake
the death of the Liverpool agent.

ALLOP
Fake the death of a fake agent?
Your agents are all fake, aren't
they?

JUAN
proud Yes, sir.

ALLOP
Fascinating, but no matter. Your
records of all 27 are meticulous,
so we can place an obituary in the
papers presently.

Coo pops up in a corner of the screen, holding a sign that says 'TRUE'.

JUAN
smiling deviously This is
excellent, sir. I shall relay the
message.

ALLOP
Good, agent. Hop to it.

Juan puts the phone down, clearly thinking. Juan dials the Axis phone mischievously.

HEINRICH
Guten Abend, Heinrich speaking.

JUAN
Good evening. The sea is sunnier
than the sky.

HEINRICH
Oh hallo Agent Alaric! It's
wonderful to hear from you again,
wow you are so busy. Colonel
Herzrung wanted to speak to you. I
shall pass you along, one moment
please!

Silly hold music. Juan is appalled.

COLONEL
Guten Abend, Agent Alaric.

JUAN
Guten Abend, Colonel.

COLONEL
Go ahead, agent, I am ready.

JUAN
I have received the radio, as you
are aware.

COLONEL
Yes. There have been some
suspicious delays. You failed to
report on a very large fleet
movement in Liverpool.

JUAN
Please, accept my apologies. My
agent in that area had fallen ill,
and he was unable to inform me.

COLONEL
Is that so?

JUAN
Yes, sir. He has since died, but his wife was diligent enough to send me a letter. Some of the ink is smudged, but I can make enough out.

COLONEL
Hm. What did he pass from?

JUAN
It was possibly an ulcer, or an infection after a bombing. The page is very hard to read. His wife must have been crying very hard.

COLONEL
Oh, that is. Concerning.

JUAN
It seemed she was very passionate about her husband working for the Reich. Very much sympathisers to our goals. It's a shame that she is a widow now. Poor Mrs Gerbers.

COLONEL
Indeed. I see.

JUAN
wistful I just wish there was some way to help her. They informed you of the previous fleet movement, did they not?

COLONEL
They... did, ja.

JUAN
It's a shame that there is no assistance that our kind and generous Reich could offer poor widowed pregnant blonde-haired and blue-eyed Mrs Gerbers. Alas. sigh I shall send across the next fleet movement as soon as I have a replacement agent, as I am so diligent and good at my job.

COLONEL
Thank you, agent.

JUAN
 If it were not for my duty, I would
 resign in grief.

Awkward silence.

JUAN (CONT'D)
 Goodnight, Colonel.

As Juan goes to put the phone down:

COLONEL
exasperated Agent.

JUAN
 Yes, sir?

COLONEL
 I shall see if there is a... stipend.
 That the Abwehr can award loyal
 Aryan Mrs Gerbers. For her
 husband's good work.

JUAN
 Thank you, sir, this is most
 generous.

COLONEL
 Yes, Heil Hitler, goodnight.

Juan puts the phone down and goes to resume his cigar, successfully lighting it. Before he smokes his cigar, he opens a file and speaks as he writes and visibly makes a large tick on the page. He accidentally picks up an invisible ink pen and swaps it for a proper pen.

JUAN
 Abwehr pension for my poor widowed
 imaginary friend, done.

Juan drops the cigar into his drink in realisation.

JUAN (CONT'D)
 I have to tell MI5 she's expecting.

QUIZ - ON-SCREEN GRAPHIC

V.O.
 Did the Germans really pay a
 pension to Mrs Gerbers?
 True or false?

5-10 second wait before:

V.O. (CONT'D)
It's true!

TRANSITION - COO'S SET

COO
The Germans really did pay a pension to someone that didn't exist. Juan was so good at his job that he managed to convince them that all 27 of the completely made up people were not only real, but each had individual motivations and needs.

COO (CONT'D)
The British really did also put an obituary for the Mr Gerbers in the newspaper too, to fool anyone that might be doubting! They really made the most that they could of Juan's work.

COO (CONT'D)
I don't know about you, but I'm getting a bit tired so we're going to take a break now! We'll be back in a bit - I'll leave the radio on for you so you don't get bored. Back in a jiffy!

Coo dives into a fake newspaper filled with chips.

FAKE ADS

Several voiceovers around absurdist shots of a radio.

Rations

V.O. 1
In other news today as the nation is already aware, the rationing of petrol and fuel went into action in 1939. The Houses of Parliament have made the further decision to make the use of petrol and fuel for official use only - such as bus drivers and tractors.

(MORE)

V.O. 1 (CONT'D)

Keeping with the same subject of rationing, the Ministry of Food have announced that an extra provision of powdered eggs will be added to the allowed rations in addition to the 1 fresh egg per week already provided. Additionally, 24 clothes allowance ration coupons will be given to each individual every six months.

If you find you do not have an adequate amount of coupons to see you through the year, we strongly encourage a recommend members of the public to Make, Do, and Mend.

Dig For Britain

V.O. 2

How does not standing in a queue for hours on end sound? The gruelling time that feels wasted come rain or shine waiting for your turn to come to get those measly vegetables for your weekly rations? Sounds too swell to be true, right? Well it isn't! You could join thousands of people who are already growing their own vegetables in our King's Country! The movement is 'Dig for Britain - the war against rations.'

Why not rear your own farmyard animals such as rabbits and goats, useful for their meat and dairy produce, not to mention pigs! They'll make easy use of your kitchen waste. Muster all of your moxie like our boys fighting for King and country!

So, what are you waiting for? Don't let it be a boondoggle and join the rest of the cool cats helping Britain win the war on rations.

Cigarettes

V.O. 3

Do you have an annoying or irritating cough that just won't go away? Smoke a Lucky Strike!

(MORE)

V.O. 3 (CONT'D)

Do you have ten kids and you're subject to daily stress? Have a Lucky Strike!

Have you got awful asthma, and do you almost capsize walking up the stairs? Smoke a Lucky Strike!

Do you have a sweet tooth, or are partial to a sweetie? Smoke a Lucky Strike instead!

A hand enters frame to turn off the radio. Pan out to show B-Roll of a hospital corridor.

Hospital

After the radio is turned off in frustration, we open on a small desk in a crowded hospital ward.

NANCY

Have you seen the guy in bed three?

ELIZABETH

No.

NANCY

He's quite good looking, shame about the smell.

ELIZABETH

Ever since the start of this war there's been nothing but gore. Overflowing toilets, rancid bedpans, gangrene, young men blown up... but at least I am not at home with my husband. (*Disgusted face*)

NANCY

But there are some perks to the job, have you seen bed seven?

ELIZABETH

Bed seven, you don't mean blast ear Barry?

NANCY

Oh he's alright, at least he won't be able to hear you gossiping.

Pause.

NANCY (CONT'D)
What's that smell?

ELIZABETH
That's perforated ear drum.

NANCY
It absolutely stinks! That has got
to be one of the worst scents I
have whiffed up.

ELIZABETH
Well, my dear, you have not even
breathed the STENCH of my husband!

NANCY
My husband is dead...

ELIZABETH
I suppose he probably does smell
worse.

Silence

NANCY
What about bed eight?

ELIZABETH
Not Trench Foot Terry.

NANCY
Oh gosh that is disgusting!

ELIZABETH
What the trench foot? That's
actually very treatable.

NANCY
No, Terry! Awful name!

Horrible sounds of people groaning in pain

NANCY (CONT'D)
What is that DREADFUL sound?

ELIZABETH
It's not as bad as my husband in
bed. *shudders violently*

NANCY
Well, if he's that bad... there's
always bed thirteen.

ELIZABETH

People say he could be a German spy.

NANCY

Well, I hate to say it but their gluteus are maximus in those uniforms!

Ethel enters, clearly frazzled

ETHEL

Elizabeth darling! I have some dreadful news... you may wish to be seated.

ELIZABETH

Oh dear, what could be worse now?

ETHEL

I'm afraid there was a bombing in Hanson Lane.

ELIZABETH

Any survivors?

ETHEL

Yes, your husband Phillip.

ELIZABETH

Oh no!

WORK HARD, PLAY HARD

Reminiscent of a 2010s BBC documentary, a presenter walks while talking.

FUNKE

Now, we can't do real justice to the work that our brave and hardy nurses and field medics really did. We wouldn't be allowed to put it on TV. Too many bits hanging out that shouldn't be hanging out.

Having said that, many of these nurses were drafted quickly and only had a short amount of time to train - and even less so as the war went on. Some nurses near the end of the war only had three whole minutes!

(MORE)

FUNKE (CONT'D)

That doesn't mean they were asked to do the same things as more experienced nurses, but with so many wounded it's hard to care for them all effectively. Despite all this, many nurses became the highlight of a soldier's time in the hospital.

Since nurses and doctors had to work so hard - both on the front lines and back at home - it's only fair that they get to play hard too...

We cut to:

Party

BETTY

Did you hear what happened last night?

ETHEL

Hanson Lane was bombed.

ELIZABETH

Oh god.

ETHEL

Didn't you know? I thought Richard was caught up in it?

ELIZABETH

Don't remind me (*upset*) I can't believe they missed him!

BETTY

It's alright dear, perhaps next time.

ETHEL

More to the point, Big Dave's Emporium went up in flames!

BETTY

Where are you going to get your nylons from now?

MARY

It's such a nuisance.

NANCY

You know that eleven people died?

ETHEL

All I know is that I couldn't get
to work on time.

MARY

Oh, where do you work?

ETHEL

Up at the munitions factory.

BETTY

Gosh, that's so brave, I just can't
bring myself to leave my children.
sigh I just miss Jeremy so much.

ELIZABETH

Yes, how is your son?

BETTY

Jeremy is my husband!

ELIZABETH

Ah...

ETHEL

What about you two? Any husbands?
Sweethearts?

MARY

No. I spend most of my day with
pigs. And the animals aren't much
better either. Either way, my
fiancé is away with the army.

NANCY

My husband died last week.

BETTY

Ah dear, well, got to move on! You
must get to meet lots of men
through your work?

NANCY

Not really.

MARY

What about Trench Foot Terry?

NANCY

He was in the last war!

ETHEL

What about a nice young private? A
GI Joe? A tasty spy?

NANCY

No!

ELIZABETH

Did you hear, their uniforms are
designer? Hugo Boss!

NANCY

What, haemorrhoid Hugo? I didn't
know he was in fashion!

ELIZABETH

No darling, the designer.

NANCY

Yes, haemorrhoid Hugo.

BETTY

Perhaps we shouldn't have expected
you to know about fashion...

NANCY

Huh, how nice! Either way, those
uniforms certainly hug their...
(motions 'bum')

ELIZABETH

Anyway... how is that fiancé of
yours, Mary? You must be dying to
get married.

MARY

We've decided to wait until the
war's over...

ELIZABETH

Really? That's an awfully long
time.

ETHEL

There's not someone else, is there?
A man on the side? Elizabeth:
sniffs What perfume are you
wearing? It suddenly seems awfully
familiar.

MARY

It's quite a popular one, I'm sure
lots of people are wearing it!

ELIZABETH

Oh gosh... that's the stench I smelt
on Philip the other night!

Everyone gasps

ETHEL

I told you they called him Thirsty
Philip for a reason!

BETTY

Mary! How could you!

MARY

He was fixing a shelf, get your
minds out of the gutter!

BETTY

Couldn't you afford to get a handy
man to fix it?

NANCY

When was the last time you saw a
handy man around here?

ETHEL

What about Handy Harriet? She's
very good.

Everyone sighs dreamily.

TRANSITION - COO'S SET

COO

Well, that's a feisty little
gathering isn't it? Unfortunately
they are right - many women filled
the gaps that the men left when
they had to take up the draft. They
took jobs in factories and in
service, some voluntary and some
paid, and by 1943 a majority of
both single and married women were
working the farms or factories, or
in the armed forces. Even the women
who stayed at home were working
hard for the country, whether
that's in the Women's Voluntary
Service or in allotments.

(MORE)

COO (CONT'D)

With rationing affecting everyone in Britain and getting tighter as the war went on, almost every family had to cut corners. Bread was never rationed but was often poor quality, and with only one egg per person per week, many foods that we'd eat today just wouldn't have been available. Some people were even brewing their own alcohol, which explains a lot about that party doesn't it?

Now, we don't have much time left in our show today.

Audience 'boo's

So, while we can, we're going to check in on Juan one last time, who is having a little trouble at home...

JUAN 3

What's Juan Up To Now? 1944

Context graphic: Britain, 1944

He places the cigar in his mouth before running his hands through his hair in exhaustion, with somehow even more files on his desk and floor than previously. Closes his eyes to rest for a moment before the door opens with a loud crash. Juan jumps, throwing the cigar behind him in a panic as though he's not supposed to have it.

WIFE
quiet anger Juan, dear. We are out
of bread.

JUAN
confusion I'm... sorry?

WIFE
We are also out of milk.

JUAN
I see. I will go and pick some up
after lunch.

WIFE
You will go and pick some up now.

JUAN

I'm awaiting a very important call,
mi amor. Please, write me a list
and I will go during lunch.

WIFE

sighs heavily ...fine.

Wife leaves, slamming the door behind her. Juan sighs in relief, and the Ally phone rings barely a moment later. Juan answers, still frazzled.

ALLOP

Good morning, Agent Garbo.

JUAN

Yes, hello. I received your letter
about, ah... Operation Forty-Two?

ALLOP

Operation Fortitude, agent. We have
some further intelligence to give
you which will assist with your
disinformation mission.

Juan scrambles for a pen and paper.

Wife re-enters the room. She silently slams the very long shopping list on the table on top of the paper Juan just put down.

Juan is distracted while ALLOP is speaking and does not notice.

JUAN

Pen?

Wife hands him an invisible ink pen by mistake - visual gag.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Alright, yes sir, I am ready.

ALLOP

We will be giving the illusion of
diverting the troops to Calais. We
will be creating dummy ships along
the corresponding coastline. The
eggheads already have some
inflatable tanks in place. Having
far too much fun with it. Do what
you must to convince the Germans
that this is real.

JUAN

Thank you, sir. I shall relay the message.

ALLOP

We need your best work for this, agent. Thousands of lives depend on it.

JUAN

I understand, sir.

ALLOP

Good.

The phone line cuts. Juan realises that he's holding the shopping list instead, and nothing else appears to be written on it. He holds it up to the light, checking the paper, ect.

JUAN

What the...? There is nothing. Have I run out of ink?

To Juan's surprise and horror, the Axis phone starts to ring. He picks up after a few rings.

HEINRICH

Guten Abend, this is Abwehr High Command, Heinrich speaking.

JUAN

Good morning.

HEINRICH

Oh hallo Agent Alaric! You picked up very fast, this is good. Let me transfer you.

Silly hold music. Juan is annoyed.

COLONEL

Guten Abend, Agent Alaric. Colonel Herzrung speaking.

JUAN

Guten Abend, Colonel. I have uncovered distressing information.

COLONEL

Go ahead, agent, I am ready. Juan: Well, you didn't hear this from me, but they are starting to plan an invasion at Calais.

(MORE)

COLONEL (CONT'D)
One of my agents, a pilot, has seen
troops starting to form across from
the invasion site. They have tanks
there already, in defense...

Wife comes in and takes the paper from Juan, annoyed.

JUAN
Ah, one moment...

COLONEL
One moment?

JUAN
Apologies, sir, there is more.
Stage whisper, covering the receiver Eggs?

WIFE
stage-whisper Two dozen, or I'm
divorcing you.

Wife walks away before Juan can respond. He's also frustrated.

COLONEL
Who was that?

JUAN
checking that wife has left the room
One of my sub-agents, sir. They
came to inform me that... ah... there
are two dozen units there. Already.

COLONEL
This confirms several reports from
nearby agents. Do you have any
further information to relay?

Juan has been looking at the comically long shopping list. He's very confused about some of the items.

JUAN
Corned beef, rhubarb, potatoes...
lard?

COLONEL
What?

JUAN
panicking Did you write all of that
down?

There is a loud pause.

COLONEL

Thank you, agent. I'm not sure how you knew about the new code already, but we shall provide Calais with these supplies as soon as possible.

JUAN

Excellent I'm so glad you understand. Expect further reports. Goodbye.

Juan puts the phone down and looks at the camera as if to say 'oh, silly me!'. He then remembers his real mission, and gets his coat before running out of the door.

Transition - coo's set

COO

Wow! Not only did they believe everything that Juan sent them, but they even awarded him with the Iron Cross - a very prestigious medal, only given from Hitler himself. Juan also received an MBE from the Queen! The Germans never found out that Juan was a double agent, either. They will believe anything won't they?

Now, I know you've been paying attention, so let's have a little pop quiz - just the one question!

Little quiz pops up on the tiny greenscreen.

COO (CONT'D)

How many eggs per week did each person get during rationing?
One: two eggs, Two: five eggs,
Three: ten eggs, Four: one egg

Cornie holds for 5-10 seconds with the 'tick tick' music.

COO (CONT'D)

The answer is: one egg! Wow, well done if you got that right! Can't do much with that, can you? We have one last thing to have a look at today before you have to go do something way less fun. I know, I know.

(MORE)

COO (CONT'D)

We're going to meet a lovely border guard who is on their first ever shift - he's a bit easily bamboozled, but he means well. I have been your wonderful host Cornelius Coo, and it's been great fun. Do tune in next time, won't you?

BORDER CONTROL

At the border checkpoint, a German officer is checking people's credentials. First person is pretending to be a nurse with an x-ray machine, actually holding a radio and is part of the French resistance.

GUARD

HALT! What do you have there?

NURSE/SPY

You don't know what an x ray machine is? How embarrassing for you sir!

GUARD

Yes, yes go through! NEXT!

Man dressed as woman with pram huddles forward

GUARD (CONT'D)

Who are you?

MOTHER

I'm just an innocent mother with a tiny baby.

GUARD

That baby looks awfully like a bomb...

MOTHER

His father was a spitfire, you're not trying to discriminate him are you?

GUARD

NO NO! Please go through madam.

The "mother" tuts at the officer

GUARD (CONT'D)

NEXT!

A large, beefy looking baguette appears vertically upright, with legs waddling out

BAGUETTE

Good morning, how are you dough-ing today?

GUARD

Oh you! We have been expecting you from a list read by one of our agents! How are you?

BAGUETTE

I'd say I'm well baked and well timed.

GUARD

I'm doing the border today, first time, eh?

BAGUETTE

If someone finds out you've let in spies, you're toast!

GUARD

Tell me about it! I don't want to get fried by the first in command!

BAGUETTE

Even if you did, you'd get battered.

GUARD

Oh don't make me feel worse, I'm already steaming!

BAGUETTE

Hey, I'm not trying to be sour to you dough. I've come to be a good breadwinner to my family! You guys give good opportunities.

GUARD

Well it's good you've come to us, it's the yeast we could do! You need your money.

BAGUETTE

Oui oui, the dough is so important to open my own bakery, no?

GUARD

You'll rise perfectly! Now go, go!

BAGUETTE

Thank you, fellow breadthren.

TRANSITION - CREDITS (ENERGETIC MUSIC)

END.