

## Chemical Brothers

# "3 Little Birdies Downbeats"

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Sesame Street

Miscellaneous

Grover The Waiter - Big Or Little

Blue Guy: Waiter!

Grover: Just a moment, Sir! (runs off stage)

Blue Guy: Waiter!

Grover (running across stage): Just a second! (he runs over to The Blue Guy) Yes, Sir! Grover, your waiter, at your service, Sir!

Blue Guy: Yes, well, I'd like a hamburger.

Grover: Well, Sir, we have two hamburgers; a big one and a little one. (whispering) May I suggest you try the little one.

Blue Guy: All right, let's see it.

Grover: (goes through the door in back, and yells to the kitchen staff) Singe the itty bitty, Charlie!

Blue Guy: (mumbling) I always get this ding-a-ling every time I come in here.

(After a couple seconds, Grover comes out)

Grover: All right, Sir, the little hamburger.

(Holds out the plate. On it is a small sandwich, not even enough to make a mouthful.)

Blue Guy: Wow, that sure is little.

Grover: Isn't it sweet?

Blue Guy: That's hardly enough to feed a flea!

Grover: I wouldn't know. We have never fed a flea here before! (Laughs, and looks at Blue Guy, who's looking at him.) That's a waiter joke.

Blue Guy: Well, don't wait for the laughs. (Thinks) Uh, yeah, take this back and bring me the big hamburger.

Grover: Oh, no, no, maybe you want, oh say, three or four little ones, cause we've had a lot of problems with our big one.

Blue Guy: Look, your problem's no concern of mine; take back this little hamburger.

Grover: Here, let me sit down and talk to you. (sits on Blue Guy's chair next to him) First thing, we have ...

Blue Guy: (Cutting off Grover) WILL YOU BRING ME THE BIG HAMBURGER!

(Grover screams, frightened)

Grover: Yes, Sir!

Blue Guy: I haven't got all day!

Grover: All right, I warned you, I warned you. (goes through door, and yells) All right, Charlie, brrroil the biggie!

Blue Guy: (angrily) Boy, the nerve of that guy, trying to tell me what I want!

(viewer hears a rumbling sound in background starting here, grows progressively louder)

Blue Guy: I know what I want, (hears the sound, starts to slow down) I want . the . big ... ham ... bur . ger ...

(He looks back and then toward the cameras with a surprised look)

(Grover crashes through the door with this enormous hamburger, which dwarfs him and the table. He strains under the weight and places the hamburger on the table. Blue Guy's scared out of his mind, comes out from under the table, and starts to take off.)

Grover: Uh, Sir, on the catsup, do you want the big bottle or the little bottle? Hm?

(Ending music of two notes plays, Blue Guy starts to walk off again.)

Grover: WHOAAA!

(Tips over holding hamburger. Blue Guy looks back, there's a deafening crash as Grover falls, then Blue Guy runs off.)

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