

**WEST LONDON MAN (23): HALF-BAKED ALASKA**

by

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**SCENE 1.**

1. NARRATOR: George has participated in or been just one step removed from numerous social atrocities, but he has always maintained a solid, if somewhat decadent, reputation amongst his friends, colleagues, and social acquaintances. Soon, however, his darkest secret may be revealed. (BEAT) Unknown to those friends, colleagues, and society acquaintances, George has distant American relations whom he refuses to acknowledge, much less to discuss. His heretofore successful efforts to deny his colonial connections are jeopardized when he receives a call that one of these cousins has found herself with time on her hands and will be visiting soon.

(NARRATOR/CONT'D OVER)

1. NARRATOR (CONT'D): George is stunned to hear from an assistant to Sarah Palin, who advises our hero that cousin Sarah will soon be visiting Europe "to clear her head after a recent setback and to establish strong foreign policy credentials for a future endeavor" and would like to drop in on him since she knows that London is a country in Europe.  
(PAUSE) George is at home with his wife Caroline. George is stressed and has just poured himself a very large vodka.
2. GEORGE: Caroline, you know I mentioned that I had a distant cousin in the United States?
3. CAROLINE: Yes, you did say something about that years ago.
4. GEORGE: Er, I don't quite know how to bring this up, but the cousin wants to make a visit.
5. CAROLINE: Fantastic, George! Wonderful! When? How exciting.

1. GEORGE: I think I can find a better word than exciting. In fact I can find two words: fucking... disastrous.
2. CAROLINE: George! Language please, pas devant les enfants. What's the problem?
3. GEORGE: My distant cousin is Sarah Palin. You know, the fruitcake who shoots "mooses" and runs Alaska, the would-be president who can see Russia from her window.
4. CAROLINE: Your cousin is Sarah Palin? That's marvelous! How amusing! I thought you would be pleased.
5. GEORGE: Well, Caroline, look at it this way: I deal with U.S. bankers every day... well, those that haven't jumped off a building or been sacked post-Lehman... and if they find out that I am related to Sarah Palin, however distantly, I'll be a laughing stock on Wall Street and in the City.

1. CAROLINE: I thought you were already a laughing stock in the City, darling. I think she's hilarious.
2. GEORGE: "Hilarious" is not a word I would have used. She hasn't got a clue about politics, economics, banking, or the global financial situation and her knowledge of foreign policy and geography is laughable.
3. CAROLINE: I don't really think you and your banking mates can afford to be all high-and-mighty at the moment. Your collective greed has wrecked the world... and I do hope you have stopped short selling banking shares because it is illegal now.
4. GEORGE: Yeah, yeah, out of banking shares. Dumped the lot weeks ago. Doing oil and energy stocks now. Far more amusing. Look, I'm going to have make a call to Perry Mason in California, an attorney I know.

1. CAROLINE: "Perry Mason" is a fictional character, darling. How much have you had to drink? It's only 6.15 and Mother is coming over later. I don't want a repeat of three weeks ago when you were roaring and told her that she should wear shorter skirts and brighter lipstick, and that you were going to buy her a bright yellow feather boa for Christmas.

2. GEORGE: The guy's name is Hank P. Mason. We all call him "Perry." Even his wife calls him "Perry." I'll make the call in my study... shouldn't be long.

**SCENE 2.**

3. NARRATOR: George goes downstairs to the lower ground floor and into his high-tech-equipped study. He makes a call to Hank P. Mason, Attorney at Law.

**PHONE RINGING.**

4. MASON: (D) Hank Mason, good morning.

1. GEORGE: Hey, Perry, it's George. Thanks for taking the call. Just getting up or have you pulled an all-nighter? Need some advice... a very delicate matter.
2. MASON: (D) Alright, shoot.
3. GEORGE: Is there any chance you could apply to have Sarah Palin interned at Guantanamo?
4. MASON: (D) Hmm, it would've been easier to intern her in D.C. but we missed our chance a couple of weeks ago. You might've heard? What's up, George, do you want advice I can bill you for or are you just juiced-up and looking to chat?
5. GEORGE: I couldn't be more serious (BEAT) and yes, you can bill on this one. Hit that clock, Perry. I need to stop Sarah Palin getting to London.
6. MASON: (D) Ontario?

1. GEORGE: London! London! You know, the big city, Southern England near France, world financial center. London. Big "f"-ing Ben London, that one. Christ! What's happened to your geography? You've been here many times. Get to New York and straight on... that London!
2. MASON: (D) (LAUGHING) O.K., but why? I didn't even know she knew where London, England was. Is she allowed to leave North America? How do you know she's going to London? Did she call you up?
3. GEORGE: Well yes, Perry, as a matter of fact she did call and tell me... or rather her assistant did. She's a distant cousin. She wants to come to London and see me while she is over here. She even wants to stay!
4. MASON: (D) (LAUGHING) A distant cousin... fantastic! Hey, wait 'til I tell the guys that George is related to the pit-bull in lipstick!

1. GEORGE: Perry, that's why I am calling. I don't want anyone to know, so Omerta. You saw what happened to George Osborne when he couldn't keep his mouth shut about Mandelson and Oleg the Oligarch. I doubt Osborne will even be toasting crumpets in the Whip's office soon. Even "The Telegraph" are calling for Cameron to roast him over the fire à la "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and then sack him. I need to keep Palin in Alaska. So can you get her extraordinarily-rendited to Guantanamo or not?

2. MASON: (D) 'Fraid not, George. "Obamassiah" is getting ready to close Gitmo. Besides, it was only ever for terrorists and Iraqis without government connections. If you want to keep her on ice, just sign her to write her memoirs. Hell, just sounding out the big words might keep her out of your hair for years. (PAUSE) Can't your people do anything? Do you know anyone at the Home Office? Immigration? Your end?

1. GEORGE:           The Home Office? Immigration? Look, if Bin Laden flew into Heathrow sitting astride a nuclear rocket like "Doctor Strangelove," we'd probably let him in. The Home Office is hopeless! Even if they identified him they'd probably leave him on the train en route to the detention center. We've got hundreds of illegals in this country. Do you know what the Police do if they find illegals jumping out of the back of a lorry on the motorway? They give them a cup of tea, a letter from the Home Office, and a map and tell them to make their own way to the nearest Immigration Office. Farcical!
2. MASON:           (D) Sorry, nothing I can do. Unless you can convince her that you've all got Mad Cow again, I'd say "Uncle George" is getting some quality time with little Trig!
3. GEORGE:           O.K., O.K. I gather she has been offered two million dollars to appear in a porn movie? And I read today that she's going to guest in "Desperate Housewives."

1. MASON: (D) Really? I heard she's going to be the Eleventh Doctor. Pip, pip, and cheerio, old chap!

**END**