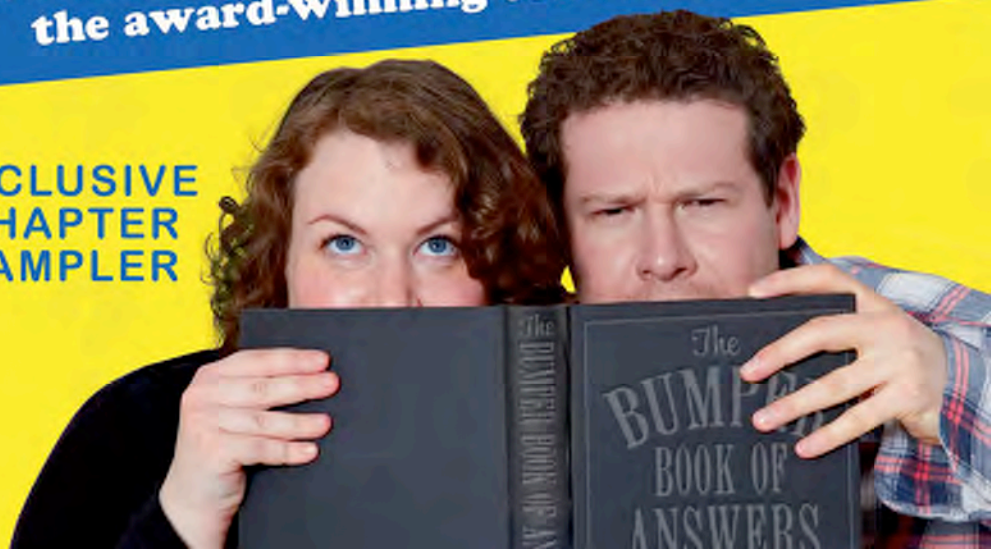


**Helen Zaltzman  
& Olly Mann**

# ANSWER ME THIS!

Featuring all-time favourite questions from  
the award-winning comedy podcast

EXCLUSIVE  
CHAPTER  
SAMPLER



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## **That's Entertainment!**

Here we ponder your pop-culture queries, from the glitz of the silver screen to the clits of online porno. We've got showbiz in our blood, you see. By which we mean we spend a lot of time sitting on our arses watching telly, and Olly looks a bit like Seth Rogen before he got all buff.

*Hugo from Stoke Newington: How can I recreate the festival atmosphere in my office, given that I'm not going to any real festivals this year?*

Here are our ten top tips to ensure your workplace feels like a fully-fledged festival by summer's end. Make sure you arrive by Thursday night to ensure you get the best desk!

**That's Entertainment!**

- 1 Soak your socks in cold water on your way to work.
- 2 Apply beer as a cologne.
- 3 Drink chai. Take this moment to remember why you normally drink tea.
- 4 Drop any food wrappers, tissues and plastic cutlery on the floor and squish them into the carpet with your feet.
- 5 Reverse the extractor fan in the lavatories so the smell of raw sewage fills the air.
- 6 Whoop whenever someone mentions the name of the town where your company is based.

- 7 Allow ninety minutes to walk between the filing cabinet and the photocopier.
- 8 Play a Coldplay CD loudly in the main office, then put on some Youssou N'Dour, very quietly, in the caretaker's cupboard.
- 9 Exchange your ergonomic office chair for a log.
- 10 In staff meetings, make sure all the shortest women in the office stand right behind you, so they can't see anything. Offer to hoist one of them up onto your shoulders, but only if she'll expose her boobs. Then chuck her through the air. If she complains when she hits the floor with a thud, explain that you thought she wanted to go 'meeting surfing'.

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*Alex and Rosie in Hull: If no one buys a cinema ticket, do they still run the film?*

Yes, they do – partly in case the audience arrive late; partly so that the projectionist has something to do and doesn't spend the rest of the day masturbating or stealing the pick 'n' mix.

*Lorna: My friend and I have been searching in the park for AGES – why is it that you can't find any decent poets nowadays?*

Silly Lorna! Today's poets aren't to be found gaining inspiration from the great outdoors, breeze in their beards and daffodils underfoot – they're all throwing down some rhymes onstage at performance poetry clubs. And the world is no better for it.

*Jo in Nairobi: What's the scariest or most disturbing fairy tale?*

It's a competitive field, but our money's on 'Hansel and Gretel'. In this litany of social service failures, two innocents are abandoned

Answer Me This!



by their parents, TWICE, left to fend for themselves in a forest, and groomed by a cannibalistic witch. The kids, already in breach of the Countryside Code by littering the woods with bread and pebbles, must then turn to MURDER to escape their candied prison. Although they are spared a jail sentence, following all that trauma they are returned to the very same guardians who so unscrupulously desecrated their childhoods. Surely foster care would have been a better option.

You think such a harrowing story isn't suitable pre-watershed entertainment for our youth? Wrongo! Children are callous, bloodthirsty little fuckers who don't fully understand real pain and misery, or the serious implications of the comic-book violence they so relish. Oh, they might enjoy singing 'Jack and Jill' at mother's knee, but it won't cross their minds that Jack and Jill struggle daily with no running water, that Jack dies of horrific head injuries, and that sexism is so ingrained in their society that no one gives a shit about what happens to Jill.

Children's literature is littered with some of the most distressing and distasteful imagery to be found outside of the Old Testament. The Brothers Grimm's version of 'Cinderella', in which the ugly sisters slice bits off their feet to make the glass slipper fit, is as far removed from the Disney adaptation as *Driller Killer* is from *Heidi*. Meanwhile poor old Rapunzel – named after a type of *lettuce* for God's sake – is locked up when she hits puberty. Adolescence is a chaotic time for any young lady, but doubly troublesome when some meathead clammers up your hair and leaves you pregnant in a one-window bedsit.

Consider the lessons these sadistic stories teach suggestible younglings. If you're a downtrodden girl, your only way out of your rubbish life is to marry some toff you've only met once before and who loves you for your looks alone. If you're a sweet kind mother, you will die very young. If you are a widowed man,



you will inevitably marry a gold-digging bitch who overrules you on all matters of childcare. Meanwhile, forget career ambitions: either you're born into wealth, or you win it off a giant.

In summary: *all* fairy tales are disturbing, so if you wish to protect your sprog, you had better make sure they never learn to read.

*Vicky from Oxted: I was talking to my friend Harry about Monopoly, and which figurines we favour. He always uses the dog, and I always use the wheelbarrow. Answer me this: which Monopoly figure do you like to use?*

Olly is very particular on this point, as he splashed out £40 (£40!) on a Sixtieth Anniversary Limited Edition of Monopoly, which came with little wooden houses instead of plastic ones, its own bespoke range of gold-sprayed playing pieces, and a big red badge saying 'SUCKER!' As you might imagine, Vicky's beloved plastic wheelbarrow is not one of the avatars available in this luxury set; if there were a counter as lowly as a wheelbarrow, it would come in Cath Kidston print, with a little plastic butler to push it for you. Olly's preference is to play as Mr Monopoly himself, Rich Uncle Pennybags; but if *forced* to play your commoners' edition, he would plump for the car, as it provides comfort and convenience, and the congestion charge isn't really an issue when you're snapping up Park Lane properties for £200.

Helen generally dislikes Monopoly for its tendency to bring out the worst in people: one minute you're sitting around having a leisurely Sunday lunch with your family, the next you're ruthlessly shafting each other to bankruptcy. She prefers to play light, simple games like Connect 4, although the gravity which characterises her gameplay would be rather more appropriate for the chess match with Death in *The Seventh Seal* than a glorified version of noughts and crosses.

Monopoly is of course an all-time classic. But it sure needs updating for the twenty-first century (£100 to build a house in Angel Islington? In our dreams!). We suggest:

## OLD MONOPOLY

'Get out of jail free'

The top hat

'You have won second prize in a beauty contest! Collect £10'

The boot

'Speeding fine £15'

'Advance to Trafalgar Square'

Build a hotel

'It's your birthday. Receive £10 from each player'

'Go back to Old Kent Road'

## NEW MONOPOLY

'Get out of going to jail altogether, thanks to prison overcrowding'

A Beanie hat

'You have won second prize in a beauty contest! Collect a voucher for a free boob job, then "accidentally" leak your home-made sex tape on the internet'

An Ugg boot

'Speeding fine £120, or only £60 if you pay within 14 days'

'Advance to Trafalgar Square – oh crap, there's a flashmob! Retreat!'

Apply to Channel 4 for your hotel-building project to be featured on *Grand Designs*.

'It's your birthday. Receive 15 greetings on Facebook from people who barely know you, but nothing from your actual friends'

'Wait an hour for the night bus outside the big Tesco on Old Kent Road'



*Angela in the wilds of Shikoku, Japan: What exactly is a 'bunny boiler'? I've heard it so many times over the years (not aimed at me, of course) that I'm simply too embarrassed to admit that I don't know what it means.*

Bless you, Angela. You must have been lost in the wilds of Shikoku since 1987 to have missed the movie *Fatal Attraction*, thanks to which we now have the term 'bunny boiler' to denote a mentally unstable woman into whom you will totally regret sticking your penis.

Back then, Michael Douglas was considered suitable to play sexy characters, because in those days, what women wanted from their celluloid crumpet were bulging eyeballs rather than muscles. Hence in the film, happily-married Michael embarks on a racy affair with Glenn Close, and they have lots of 80s-style sexy sex on the kitchen sink.\*

But when Michael attempts to end the affair, the prospect of renouncing his creased and greying genitals drives Glenn Close proper postal, and she embarks on a campaign of revenge which is 100 per cent unlikely to make him want her again. In the film's most memorable scene, Michael's innocent lady wife arrives home one afternoon to find a large saucepan bubbling on the stove. Back in the 1980s, husbands didn't cook, so immediately she knows that someone must have broken into the family homestead – perhaps a proponent of the Slow Food Movement? No! The lid comes off, and bobbing about in the pan's seething depths is . . . her daughter's beloved pet rabbit. Glenn, you see, has boiled the bunny.

With this gesture, we understand how crazy Glenn is striking at the thing Michael values almost as highly as dicking deranged women: his family. Happy families and mental ladies who like

\* NB: this does not mean *Fatal Attraction* should be classified as a kitchen sink drama. Its similarities to *Look Back in Anger* are negligible.





boffing really don't mix, as Courtney Love has proved time and again. However, we must also consider a more generous interpretation of Glenn's intentions: she might actually be trying to show Michael that she too could be a marvellous little housewife, greeting him after a hard day at the office with a piping-hot supper of rabbit stew. Alas, the stupid wench hasn't even *peeled* the rabbit before putting it into the pot, so the supper is completely inedible. You'll never get a husband like that, Glenn!

*Dave from Coventry: In Formula One, does the 'Formula' part have some scientific meaning?*

No, the 'formula' merely refers to a set of rules to which all participants and cars must comply. For example, no women must be allowed anywhere near the track unless they are TV reporters, and only then if they have the most extraordinary tits known to man. All racing drivers possess a monotone voice, grade-two stubble, and less charisma than their own waxwork. Upon winning the Drivers' Championship, participants must spray a bottle of champagne into their own face in a fit of fizzy self-bukkake, and laugh, laugh, laugh, as if this has never been done before. Crucially, the risk of life-threatening injury – the only reason massive audiences tune in each week – shall never be referenced by any of the competitors, who instead must allude to 'pace', 'momentum', and 'high-performance engineering'.

*Alex: Why are there blank pages at the back of most books? It seems very wasteful and pointless to me.*

Imagine, Alex, a little stack of eight sheets of paper. Go on, it's easy. Then, imagine folding that stack down the middle, so you've got a little booklet. Imagine making a whole lot more of those