

Sketch 105 The Median.

Doorbell rings. A woman arrives at the door.

Man: Looking at clipboard, Is Rory Broadabent in?

Woman: Are you Italian?

Man: Sorry Rory Broadbent.

Woman: Yes.

Man: Well he is the median person in the whole country. Of 50 Million adults he is the one at the very centre of the range. And we'd like to talk to him in more detail.

Woman: Oooh. There's a man here wants to talk to you about being completely average.

Man: No not average. He's the median.

Woman: Sorry.

Man: It's a common mistake. The median eliminates all the anomalies and freaks from the figures like multi-millionaires, which if included give a false impression of the overall picture. Using a number of indexes of normality cross reference and run through the computer we've found Rory Broadbent is the acme of normality.

Woman: You better come in then.

*Enters.*

Man: Where is Mr Broadbent?

Woman: He's just upstairs changing for the evening. Go on up, he won't mind, round the landing and first on the right.

Man goes upstairs

Man: Hello Rory Broadbent?

Rory: Yes.

*He is hidden behind a screen with just his head appearing above it.*

Man: We'd just like to know how it feels to be the median.

Rory: I've never had anything to do with the occult.

Man: Not Medium, Median.

Rory: Am I?

Man: Yes.

Rory: Who would have thought it, me of all people Mr Mediocrity.

Man: So could you tell me a bit about how you've managed to achieve the ultimate accolade?

Rory: It's hard to remember the many unremarkable details. Perhaps it's how I believe the propaganda and have no particular talent,

Man: Well I don't want to delay you getting ready for your evening out.

Rory: I don't mind. Always pleased to have an audience and whilst you're here what do you think?

*He steps out from behind the screen in a ballerina tutu and white tights.*