

That Mitchell and Webb Sound Spec Script

ATMOS: OUTSIDE NOISES. BIRDS CHIRPING, CROWDS CHATTER ETC.

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING DOWN ROAD

WEBB: What a lovely day, the birds are singing and I've got my best friend at my side, nothing could make this day any better.

MITCHELL: You can say that again.

WEBB: Oh, what's this? A friendly looking stranger seems to be approaching us. I wonder what they want?

FRENCH MAN: (Voiced by Mitchell doing a French accent) Bonjour my good men, I have a bit of a problem see. I am on holiday to your great country of England, but my wife is going into labour and I need to get back home to France immediately. The problem is that when I was packing my suitcase I realised that I have too many expensive bottles of wine to fit, I don't suppose you would take them off my hands?

WEBB: Wow, what an offer. We'll take them.

FRENCH MAN: Magnifique.

FX: GLASS BOTTLE CLINKING TOGETHER

WEBB: What luck! There's no way this already great day can get any better.

MITCHELL: Sure, but did something not seem a bit odd to you?

WEBB: Shut up, look a man in a top hat and monocle is coming this way. I wonder what he wants?

POSH MAN: (Voiced by Mitchell doing a posh voice) Hello there my good chaps, I seem to be in a bit of a pickle. It's only that my taxes are due, and I don't very much feel like paying them, is there any chance you would take some of my extortionate wealth off my hands?

WEBB: Would we ever!

POSH MAN: Great, I'll write you up a check as soon as I get back to the mansion.

WEBB: Our luck just doesn't seem to be running out huh?

MITCHELL: I suppose, it's just somethings not right.

WEBB: What ever do you mean?

MITCHELL: Sorry if this is a bit weird, but... have you ever noticed that everyone sounds like me?

WEBB: What do you mean?

MITCHELL: Well, it's just that whenever someone talks to us, it sounds like me.

WEBB: I've certainly never noticed.

MITCHELL: Look here comes Mrs. Daniels, just listen.

MRS DANIELS: (Voiced by Mitchell doing an old lady impression) Hello there boys.

WEBB: Hello Mrs Daniels.

MITCHELL: Do you hear?

WEBB: No, she sounds nothing like you.

MITCHELL: Really?

WEBB: Yeah, her voice is so coarse and high pitched, nothing like you at all.

MITCHELL: I suppose... OK here comes the mail man, listen very carefully.

MAIL MAN: (Voiced by Mitchell with a lower pitch) Alright lads?

MITCHELL: Surely you can hear it, we sound identical!

WEBB: But his voice is so much deeper.

MITCHELL: Yes, but it's my voice. Listen. (Mitchell speaks as though Mail Man) I sound just like him now right?

WEBB: Uhh, not really. Good attempt though, a bit of practice and you'll have it down I'm sure.

MITCHELL: But I don't need practice, everyone already sounds like me.

WEBB: Do I sound like you?

MITCHELL: Err, well, no I suppose not.

WEBB: So it's not everyone then is it?

MITCHELL: No...

WEBB: So what are you worried about then? Everything is perfectly normal, you're just being paranoid. Now come on, this perfectly straight road with birds chirping in every tree isn't going to walk itself.

MITCHELL: Alright. Wait a minute... Say that last bit again.

WEBB: (Now speaking with the voice of Mitchell) What bit? About the road?

MITCHELL: Ahh, I knew it. You DO sound like me.

WEBB: (Played by Mitchell) I think you're being a little dramatic. In fact I think we all agree on that. Isn't that right?

CHORUS: (A chorus of voices all speak at once with the voice of Mitchell doing various different voices) Yes indeed. We think you should just calm down and enjoy this lovely day.

MITCHELL: Noooooo!

FX: An alarm clock blares

MITCHELL: Oh, oh thank goodness it was all a dream.

WOMAN: What's wrong darling?

MITCHELL: I had the most terrible dream, everyone sounded like me, and they were all talking at once and it was so horrible and loud and a very confusing listening experience.

WOMAN: Aww well there's no need to worry about it anymore. Now go wake up the kids won't you? They'll be late for school.

MITCHELL: Right you are.

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING TO A DOOR AND THEN OPENING IT

MITCHELL: Time to get up for school sleepy head.

SON: (Speaking as Mitchell doing a falsetto voice) Yes Daddy, I'm ever so excited for school.

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