

Resource F: **The Porter: 'Knock, knock!'**

SHAKESPEARE'S VERSION (edited):

*A knocking.*

**PORTER (JOKE 1):**

Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could scales against either scale; committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.

*More knocking.*

**PORTER (JOKE 2):**

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's An English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.

*More knocking.*

**PORTER (JOKE 3)**

Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

*Knocking within.*

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

STEWART LEE'S VERSION (edited):

*Electric buzzing.*

**PORTER (JOKE 1):**

I'll tell you who is going to be Beelze-buzzing at the gates of Hell, GCSE? Buzz buzz buzz! Here's a swear in both the hedge fund manager, that shorted the pound with who the co-operation of Kwasi!

*Electric buzzing.*

**PORTER (JOKE 2):**

Faith - here's an equivocator, who could swear on forty unfinished hospitals, forgotten phone passwords, and private technology lessons off a pole dancer, paid in public money! Come in Alexander! Come in de Pfeffel! Come in Boris! And your mad wife with the wallpaper!

*Electric buzzing.*

**PORTER (JOKE 3)**

Who's this? It's the audience. Thinking you can give yourselves some social status by consuming a bit of culture. My husband and I are patrons of the arts, don't you know? In fact, we sponsor a urinal at the Royal Festival Hall. You people. Come in. Come in. I've had spam emails from Nigerian Princes that are more sincere than you.

*Electric buzzing.*

It's now time for the second part of this scene. I pray you, remember the porter.