

Advert One

[MRS X standing disconsolately over her sink. Enter Mrs. Y breezily.]

MRS Y: Good morning, Mrs. X. Are you cleaning the kitchen? My, what a mess your sink is in. It looks like a donkey dumped in it. Where did you get those stains?

MRS X: These? Oh, they're poster paint. The man from the agency put them there.

MRS Y: Well, I happen to have just the thing for you. New Cosmic. New Cosmic differs from old Cosmic in its deceptively large container, which is made from plastic instead of cheesy old recycled cardboard.

MRS X: Why can't I use this packet which I have in my hand, which is labelled 'Another Household Cleanser', but is in reality common or garden rock salt?

MRS Y: Because only New Cosmic contains ANUMINE, a trade name for coal tar globules, which are specially added, for Bulk. I know what. Let's try yours against mine, just for fun.

MRS X: Oh, goody, what japes.

MRS Y: You try yours first.

[MRS. X mimes wiping her sink around.]

My. My! It doesn't seem to be doing any good all!

MRS X: Owing to a chronic arthritic condition I can muster no more force than a moderately healthy fly.

MRS Y: Now watch while I grind in Cosmic with my powerful right arm developed by years of all-in wrestling. For the purposes of this demonstration: I have added some ammonia, iron filings and sulphuric acid. *[She does so]*

There!

MRS X: My, Cosmic even took off the porcelain! If I was the sort of girl who ever went near a sink in real life. I'd switch to Cosmic right away.

MRS Y: Certainly, if you were anything but a decorative sex-object, Cosmic would be exactly what you need. [*Freeze in a smile.*]

LIGHTS