

# Sesame Street, Grover The Waiter - Big Or Little

Blue Guy: Waiter!

Grover: Just a moment, Sir! (runs off stage)

Blue Guy: Waiter!

Grover (running across stage): Just a second! (he runs over to The Blue Guy) Yes, Sir! Grover, you

Blue Guy: Yes, well, I'd like a hamburger.

Grover: Well, Sir, we have two hamburgers; a big one and a little one. (whispering) May I suggest y

Blue Guy: All right, let's see it.

Grover: (goes through the door in back, and yells to the kitchen staff) Singe the itty bitty, Charlie!

Blue Guy: (mumbling) I always get this ding-a-ling every time I come in here.

(After a couple seconds, Grover comes out)

Grover: All right, Sir, the little hamburger.

(Holds out the plate. On it is a small sandwich, not even enough to make a mouthful.)

Blue Guy: Wow, that sure is little.

Grover: Isn't it sweet?

Blue Guy: That's hardly enough to feed a flea!

Grover: I wouldn't know. We have never fed a flea here before! (Laughs, and looks at Blue Guy, wh

Blue Guy: Well, don't wait for the laughs. (Thinks) Uh, yeah, take this back and bring me the big ha

Grover: Oh, no, no, maybe you want, oh say, three or four little ones, cause we've had a lot of prob

Blue Guy: Look, your problem's no concern of mine; take back this little hamburger.

Grover: Here, let me sit down and talk to you. (sits on Blue Guy's chair next to him) First thing, we l

Blue Guy: (Cutting off Grover) WILL YOU BRING ME THE BIG HAMBURGER!

(Grover screams, frightened)

Grover: Yes, Sir!

Blue Guy: I haven't got all day!

Grover: All right, I warned you, I warned you. (goes through door, and yells) All right, Charlie, brrroi

Blue Guy: (angrily) Boy, the nerve of that guy, trying to tell me what I want!

(viewer hears a rumbling sound in background starting here, grows progressively louder)

Blue Guy: I know what I want, (hears the sound, starts to slow down) I want .. the .. big ... ham ... b

(He looks back and then toward the cameras with a surprised look)

(Grover crashes through the door with this enormous hamburger, which dwarfs him and the table. I

Grover: Uh, Sir, on the catsup, do you want the big bottle or the little bottle? Hm?

(Ending music of two notes plays, Blue Guy starts to walk off again.)

Grover: WHOAAA!

(Tips over holding hamburger. Blue Guy looks back, there's a deafening crash as Grover falls, then