

I Could Eat a Horse

King Kent: I'm starving; let's go and have lunch.

Marijo: Hang on a minute, Kent, it's only twelve thirty.

King Kent: That's what I mean: twelve thirty, lunchtime.

Maite: Not here, Kent, you're in Euskadi.

King Kent: I know where I am and I know I'm hungry; I could eat a horse.

Marijo: You'll have to wait until two o'clock for the horse.

King Kent: Two o'clock! How come?

Maite: 'Cos you're in Euskadi: restaurants here don't open for lunch till two o'clock. You'll just have to wait.

King Kent: I can't - I'll die of starvation.

Marijo: We can have an *aperitif* but we can't go to lunch until two o'clock 'cos the restaurants aren't open until then.

King Kent: Help, I'm fading fast.

Maite: Hold on, Kent; a glass of wine and a *pintxo*. I'll administer them intravenously if you're too weak to take them for yourself.

King Kent: No, don't worry, I'll make it....We can have a nice early dinner though, can't we?

Marijo: Don't worry; I've thought of everything. I knew you'd want to have dinner early so I've booked for nine o'clock.

King Kent: What? Nine o'clock! But that's when I go to bed.

Maite: Not here you don't – if you want any dinner, that is.

King Kent: I'll fall asleep in my plate.

Marijo: Kent, you know as well as I do: you can't go to any restaurant worth its salt in Euskadi for dinner before nine o'clock.

King Kent: I'll have to eat twice as much at lunch – that's all there is to it.