MALE TOWNSPERSON

Are you taking my barbecue?

BOB

... This is your barbecue?

MALE TOWNSPERSON

Yeah, buddy.

BOB

Listen, I am so sorry—

MALE TOWNSPERSON

The wife's got the kettle on, if you want a cuppa.

BOB

(to the audience)

I get offered a cup a tea in every single backyard—and most of them offer to help me steal their own barbecues. We bring them all over to the community center—no names on them. I don't know how they ever get 'em back. But that's how we have a big cookout—completely free. After that I stop worrying so much about my wallet.