

## **InterContinental 2008 - The Final.**

As many of you will remember there was a huge technical failure which resulted in millions not being able to see the Final on TV. We are therefore very proud to be able to bring to all those disappointed fans a transcript of the game, as commentated by John Atkins and Wilf Baker.

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John: Well, welcome Ladies and Gentlemen, to the InterContinental Final here tonight between Europa and Latino. It's sure to be a cracker!

Wilf: Absolutely, John. These two teams represent the very best the game can offer. The best players in Europe. Taking on the best players in Latin America. Each team has fought hard to get here, tonight, and they'll be looking for a result.

John: That's right, Wilf. There was a strong challenge from MidEast but they failed on penalties against Asia. And then Africa were disqualified when their Captain kicked a female steward after drawing with Scandinavia.

Wilf: Yeah. That sort of behaviour's not good for the game.

John: No, Wilf, but sometimes the excitement of it all can overcome even the best of players. Not good, though.

Wilf: Too right. Look at the American goalie who head-butted the ref. No excuse for that, is there?

John: Here they come! The two best teams in the world! Coming out of the tunnel, now! They've got those big banners spread out over their heads 'Say No to Racism'. And there's Becks leading the stewards carrying the huge solid silver trophy!

Wilf: Weighs a bit that, by the look of it. There's England's new coach, John!

John: Six and a half million quid, he gets.

Wilf: Can he speak English, yet?

John: Good question, Wilf. Had a word with him earlier today - said he can't say anything without his lawyer present.

Wilf: That'll be because he's got a law suit back home.

John: Europa have won the toss and they're going to kick off.

Wilf: Er. John. Got a little problem, here.

John: The ref is shaking hands all round.

Wilf: 'Scuse me, John.

John: They had a hard time choosing a ref for this game but they settled on Tsbeki Ungawa from Mugamba-Ogowe. Good reputation.

Wilf: John....

John: Mugamba-Ogowe was the second country in the world to play football. What's the matter, Wilf?

Wilf: They haven't sent up the team lists to us.

John: Well, go and get them, then.

Wilf: That's it. Can't. Door's locked. Big security for this game, John. Expecting a lot of fan trouble.

John: Bloody Hell! You mean we have to give a commentary without knowing the names of the players? I can't believe it!

Wilf: I'm trying to e-mail the desk but it won't go through. What we gonna do?

John: What info do we have? I suppose they've given us something.

Wilf: Well. In a manner of speaking, like.

John: Well, what then?

Wilf: They've given us the last transfer price of each player.

John: Oh, bloody marvellous! Is that it?

Wilf: That's it.

John: Alright, then. Here's what we do. We give the commentary by referring to the transfer price, OK? Instead of their names, right? Let the viewers figure it out.

Wilf: We'd better get going. Ten minutes has gone already.

John: Right. There's Europa's captain, £53 million, passing the ball out to the left wing, to the £45 million striker who's charging in to the centre. He's gone through two Latino

backs worth £77 million and he's lining up to score! Only the goalie to beat! He's skyed it! At least thirty feet over the post. What an opportunity! Latino was caught napping there, Wilf.

Wilf: He's holding his head and looking up to the heavens! His team-mates are a bit disappointed. And the coach is chewing even faster than normal. Bad sign that, John. Means the tension's rising already.

John: The Latino goalie, £45 million, has kicked it well up field where it's gone to Europa's £58 million mid-field player. He's sent a long ball right to the feet of ..of...oh, it's Latino's play-maker. £80 million there, Wilf. He's precision passed to his right-winger, the £25 million young lad who's making a big impression here. He's running with the ball. A heavy tackle from - oh! He's punched him! I mean, the lad has punched the Europa back who tackled him. The back is rolling on the floor, looking at the ref. He's screaming in pain! It's a free kick to Latino. But it's a yellow card for the lad.

Wilf: The coach doesn't look too pleased with that decision, John. He's thrown his tie on the floor and he's stamping on it.

John: It's that hot-blooded temperament, Wilf. Latino's captain's going to take it. Must be all of 28 metres. He's belted it - but it's gone straight into the wall. It comes right out, Latino's £63 million winger has come racing in - he's passed two Europa defenders, £72 million, the Europa goalie's come out, Europa's £36 million deep back has grabbed the shirt of the Latino winger. The Latino winger has dropped like a stone to the floor, he's rolling around in agony, he's rolling up like a ball, he's looking at the ref.

Wilf: What a waste of time! Get up, you big ponce!

John: The ref gestures on the medical team. They give the winger a quick spray. He's up on his feet again, running about.

Wilf: I reckon they take lessons in falling over, some of these players.

John: Yes, well. Free kick again to Latino. The lad takes it and it's close! But it hits the post. Bounces out, bounces on the foot of Latino's captain and it's in the net! Latino have scored! It's One Nil. After 35 minutes.

Wilf: He looked a bit surprised, that captain.

John: He's running around holding his shirt above his head, his team-mates are hugging and kissing him, the coach is hugging the assistant coach. They're doing a samba or something.. They're running on to the pitch! The ref is trying to get the game started again. Exciting stuff, Wilf!

Wilf: Too right! Let's see what the passing accuracy is. Hmm. 65%

John: 65%?

Wilf: Yeah, 65%. Wouldn't be much use if you was a carpenter, would it? Hit your nail every third attempt with the hammer!

John: Or a dentist! Drill the wrong tooth every third time! Ha ha!

Wilf: Or an opera singer. Miss a note every third warble Ha ha ha. Wouldn't last long at Covent Garden, would you? Ha ha ha ha!

At this stage there was a total breakdown in transmission. Europa equalised in the 90th minute. Three days later the two teams are still taking penalties to decide who is the InterContinental Champion.