CHAPTER 3

Wet Trousers!

He saw a fan. Ah! He got up, and moved slowly across the room. Then he started dancing in front of the fan!

The Langleys were usually a very happy family. They lived in a large house in Los Angeles. David Langley had an important job at the Grierson Gallery. His wife, Alison, was a friendly, intelligent woman. They had two lovely children – a fifteen-year-old daughter, Jennifer, and a seven-year-old son, Kevin.

One day, David came home from the gallery and said to his family, 'Listen! I've got a great idea! A top man from the National Gallery in London is coming to Los Angeles. I'd like to invite him here. He can stay with us for two months.'

David's family didn't like the idea very much. Who was this man? A boring Englishman? No thank you!

'Here? In our house? For two months?' Alison said. 'No, David! He can stay in a hotel.'

'*I'd* like it,' David answered angrily. 'He's a very intelligent man. It'll be good for all of us.'

So Alison Langley and the children waited for the Englishman's visit.

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The big day arrived. Mr Bean was late – problems with the police at the airport – but now he was here in the Langleys' sitting-room.

They all looked at him and smiled. He didn't look very intelligent. He looked very strange! Was there something wrong with him? Perhaps he was tired after the long journey from England.

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The next morning, David took Mr Bean to the Grierson Gallery.

'My boss, Mr Grierson, would like to meet you at nine o'clock,' he told Mr Bean in the car. 'And he gets angry when people are late, Dr Bean.'

Mr Bean sat in the car and looked out of the window. Why did David

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call him *Doctor* Bean, not *Mr* Bean? Doctor was the name for the top men in the National Gallery – Dr Rosenblum and Dr Cutler. They were very intelligent and knew a lot about art. He didn't know anything about art. But he felt very important when David called him Dr Bean!

When they got to the gallery, Mr Bean wanted to go to the toilet. David looked at his watch.

'The Men's Room is over there, Dr Bean. But please, don't be too long. Mr Grierson's waiting ...'

Mr Bean walked into the Men's Room. He went to the toilet and then started to wash his hands. But the water went everywhere – over the front of his trousers!

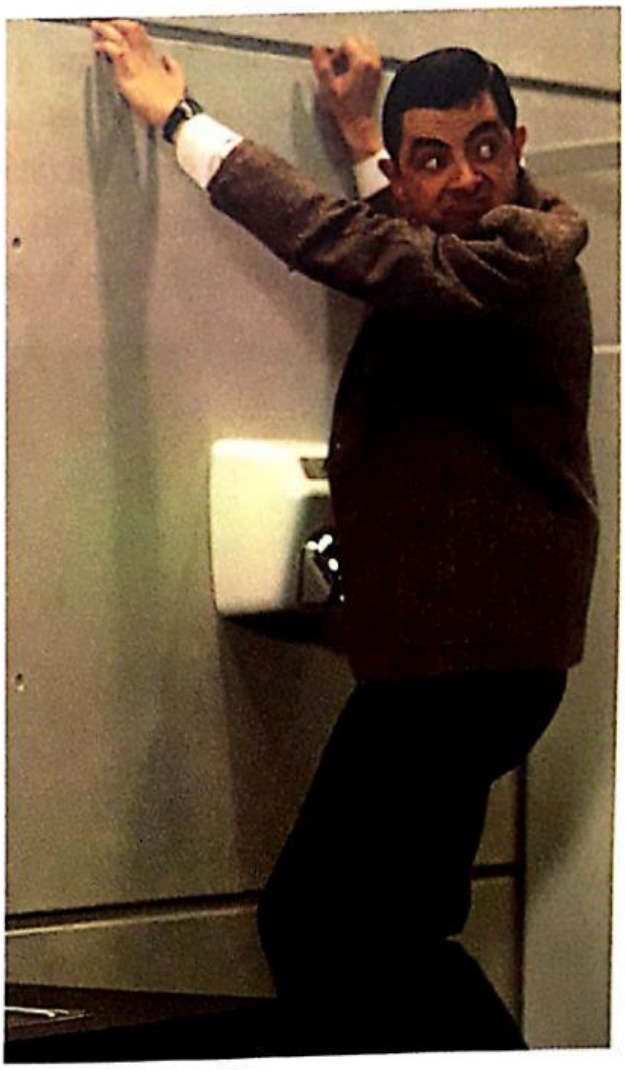
'Oh no!' he thought. 'What am I going to do? I can't meet Mr Grierson with wet trousers!'

Then he saw a **machine** on the wall.

'Aah, good, a hand-dryer,' he thought. 'That'll dry them in no time.'

Mr Bean jumped up and down, but the machine was too high. The warm air didn't blow on to his trousers.

Then he had an idea. He climbed on to a chair in front of the machine and started to move slowly from left to right. The warm air blew on to his trousers in the right place.



machine /mə'ʃi:n/ (n) *Machines* do jobs for us and make those jobs easier. Hand-dryers are *machines*; they dry our hands.

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Suddenly, a man came out of one of the toilets. He looked up and saw Mr Bean. Then he walked out as fast as possible!

David Langley stood outside the Men's Room and waited for Mr Bean. He looked at his watch. It was after nine o'clock.

'Dr Bean, we're late,' he shouted. 'Mr Grierson will be very angry.'

Mr Bean came out of the Men's Room and followed David. This wasn't funny! His trousers weren't dry – he wanted more time in front of the hand-dryer. He couldn't go into Mr Grierson's office with wet trousers! Then he saw a newspaper on a table. He took the paper and put it in front of his trousers.

Mr Grierson's office was a beautiful room. There were paintings everywhere – and on the wall behind the desk was a big **poster** of *Whistler's Mother*. There were a lot of important people in the room.

Mr Grierson looked at his watch. 'Ah, David, good morning. And this is our famous Dr Bean from England! How are you, Dr Bean?'

Mr Bean said hello to everybody in the room.



poster /'pəʊstə/ (n) A *poster* is a picture on thick paper. It is not expensive, and you can put it on your wall.

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'Now, sit down, Dr Bean,' said Mr Grierson, and took the newspaper out of his hands.

Mr Bean sat down quickly. He didn't want these important people to see his wet trousers!

Everybody sat round the table and the meeting began. But Mr Bean didn't listen to a word. He couldn't stop thinking about his trousers. What *could* he do?

He saw a **fan**. Ah! He got up, and moved slowly across the room. Then he started dancing in front of the fan!

Everybody in the room stopped talking and looked at him. 'What is the man doing?' they thought.

Mr Bean looked down at his trousers. Good! They were dry! He turned round and smiled at everybody. Then he walked slowly back to his seat – he wanted them to see the front of his lovely dry trousers!

'Yes ... right ... um ... Dr Bean,' said Mr Grierson. 'Please, sit down ... Now, when *Whistler's Mother* arrives at the gallery, we want you to say something. About twenty minutes will be fine. You know, talk about the artist and his work. OK?'

Mr Bean didn't understand! Him? Say something? But he didn't know anything about art!

'Er ... yes ... of course,' he said.

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The meeting ended and everybody stood up. Mr Grierson talked quietly to David.

'This Dr Bean, David – he's the National Gallery's top man, right?'

'That's right, sir,' David answered.

'Good. This painting, *Whistler's Mother*, is very important to the gallery. You know that. I don't want anything to go wrong. Do you understand me, David?'

'I understand, sir,' said David.

He smiled at his boss, but he didn't feel very happy.

fan /fæn/ (n) A *fan* sends out air and moves it round a room.

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3.1 Were you right?

Look back at your notes in Activity 2.4. Then answer the questions.

1 Who invites Mr Bean into his home?

.....

2 What is Mr Bean trying to do in the pictures on pages 11 and 12?

.....

3 What did Mr Bean do to his trousers?

.....

4 Why does everybody at the meeting stop talking and look at Mr Bean?

.....

3.2 What more did you learn?

1 Put these in the right order, 1–6.

a Mr Bean takes a newspaper from a table. ☐

b Mr Bean goes to the Men's Room. ☐

c Mr Bean dances in front of a fan. ☐

d Mr Bean gets water on his trousers. ☐

e Mr Bean meets the important people in Mr Grierson's office. ☐

f Mr Bean climbs on a chair in the Men's Room. ☐

2 Write the names of these people.

a He isn't a doctor. But people think he is.

.....

b He is seven years old.

.....

c He has a poster of *Whistler's Mother* on his wall.

.....

d He works for Mr Grierson.

.....

e She is fifteen.

.....

f She doesn't want Mr Bean to stay at their house.

.....

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3.3 Language in use

Look at the sentences in the box. Then make questions, below, with *will*, and write answers to the questions.

> Mr Grierson **will be** very angry.
> **It'll be** good for all of us.

1 where / Mr Bean / stay / in Los Angeles?
Where will Mr Bean stay in Los Angeles?
He will stay with the Langley family

2 the Langley children / like / Mr Bean?
.....
.....

3 what / Mr Bean / have to / talk about?
.....
.....

4 how long / Mr Bean / talk for?
.....
.....

5 anything / go wrong?
.....
.....

3.4 What happens next?

Look at the words in *italics* at the top of pages 16 and 20, and the pictures in Chapters 4 and 5. What do you think is happening in the pictures? Write a sentence for each picture.

Page 17: Mr Bean goes for a drive
Page 18: .....
Page 19: .....
Page 20: .....
Page 21: .....
Page 22: .....
Page 23: .....

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CHAPTER 4

At the Fairground

He sat down and started to work on the computers!
'The ride will be "REALLY DANGEROUS" now!' he laughed.

That evening, David came home and walked into the kitchen.

'Hi, Ali,' he said, and put his arm round his wife.

'Hi,' answered Alison.

She looked behind David carefully and then smiled.

'Oh good! No Dr Bean! I didn't like having that man in our house, dear.'

'Ah ... he isn't here now ... but I'm sorry, dear ... he's coming,' said David.

'What? Jennifer! Kevin!' Alison shouted. 'It's Plan B!'

'What's Plan B, Ali?' asked David.

'Plan B is this, David,' Alison said. 'The children and I are not going to stay in the same house as Dr Bean. He's too strange! He makes funny faces! He throws sweets up in the air and catches them in his mouth! He broke my best picture! He's a very dangerous little man! We're going to my mother's for the weekend!'

'But, Ali, wait a minute ...' David cried.

But he was too late. Alison and the two children were in her car. He watched them drive away.

'Oh no!' he thought. 'Dr Bean will be here all weekend, and I'll have no help from anybody!'

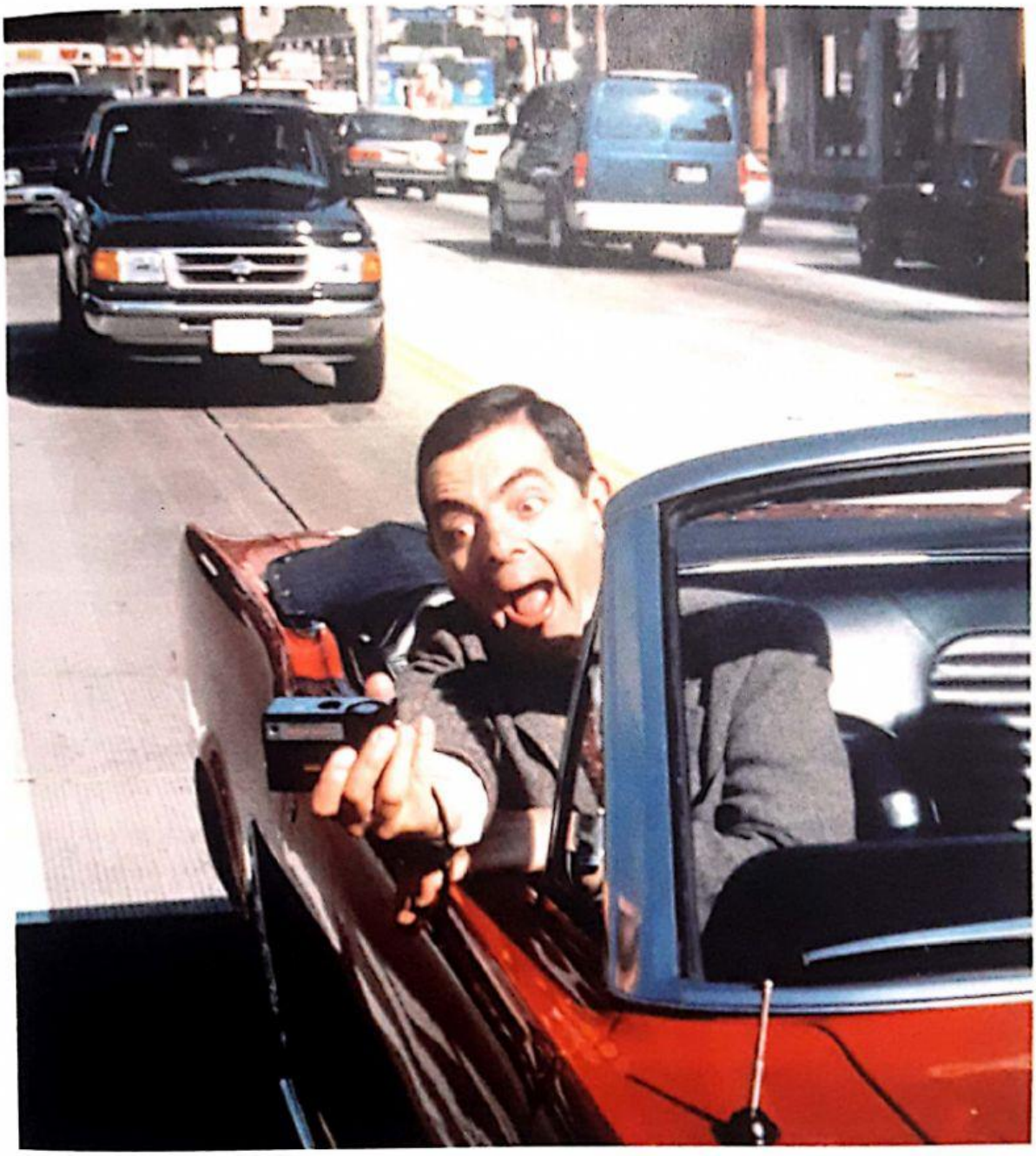
◆

The next day was Saturday and Mr Bean wanted to see Los Angeles. When he got into David's car, he took out his camera.

'Great!' he shouted excitedly. 'I'm going to enjoy today!'

David drove through the city and Mr Bean took photos of everything and everybody – people, buildings, policemen, dogs, trees, flowers. He was very busy! Then he put the camera up in front of David's face and took some photos of him too.

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'Stop that!' shouted David. 'It's dangerous! I'm trying to drive!'

In the afternoon, they stopped at a **fairground** in Santa Monica, near Los Angeles. There were **ride**s and sweet shops and people in funny hats. Mr Bean bought an ice-cream and a hat.

fairground /'feəgraʊnd/ (n) People go to *fairgrounds* because they want to have a good time. You can play games and go on rides.
ride /raɪd/ (n/v) *Rides* are machines at fairgrounds. You sit on them, and then you go round and round or up and down. You *ride* a bicycle when you want to go somewhere on it.

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'Oh, this is wonderful!' he shouted, and he took more and more photos. 'Look, David, that ride says *"REALLY DANGEROUS"*. Let's go on that.'

The ride was very exciting. It went up and down very fast. Everybody cried and shouted. David was afraid.

'That wasn't really dangerous. It was really *boring*,' Mr Bean said at the end.

They left the ride and walked past the machine room. Mr Bean saw the computers and machines in the room – and had an idea!

'David, let's go on that ride again,' he said. 'Go and buy some more tickets.'

'OK,' said David unhappily. He felt sick and wanted to go home.

Mr Bean walked into the machine room. Good, nobody there! He sat down and started to work on the computers!

'The ride *will* be *"REALLY DANGEROUS"* now!' he laughed.

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