



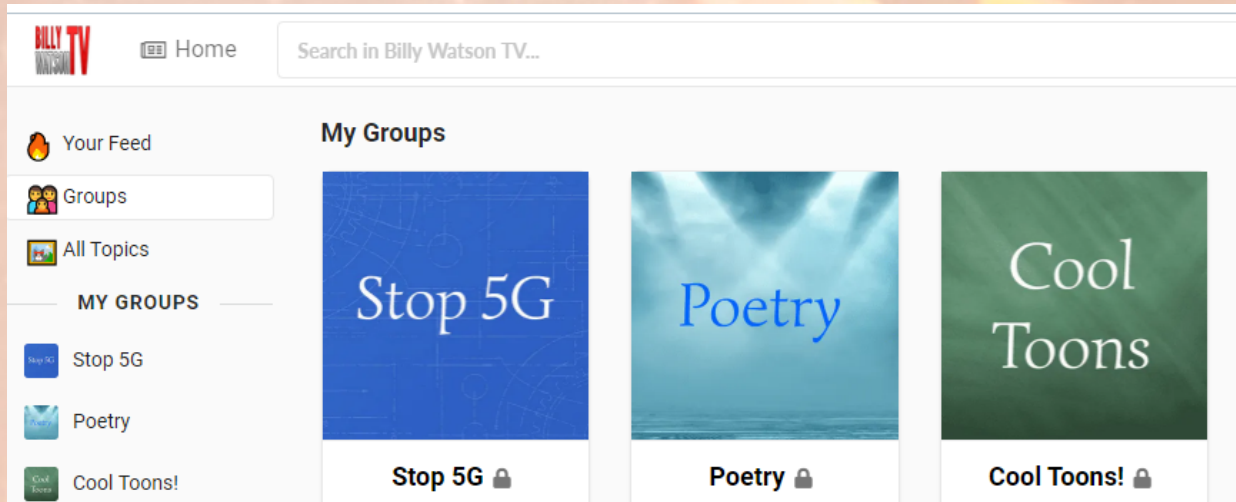
**SEX,
DRUGS
&
MARRIAGE**

BILLY WATSON

Join My Tribe

Thank you for showing an interest in reading my book.

I would like to build up a network of interesting people who can share ideas about the topics I talk about in my writings which is more or less anything goes. Lol.



If you would like to join the party please enter your details in the form on the link below.

<https://billywatson.tv/signup>

I would also like to offer you a video logo intro video similar to the ones I have on my videos. Just mention it to me in a message after you sign up for the tribe.

I look forward to getting to know you better and I hope you enjoy my work.

Billy



Sex, Drugs & Marriage - Intro

Hello everyone and thanks for coming to my show, Sex, Drugs and Marriage.

It's an absolute pleasure to have you here, it really is, I'm absolutely delighted.

Mainly because there is about as many people here, as I had for the WHOLE of last years run.

That wasn't much fun, I was beginning to think I was a fucking leper.

Then I realised what the real problem was my venue, The Argyle 'Fuckin' Bar, was in the middle of what I called The Edinburgh Triangle.

You know, on the other side of the Edinburgh Meadows.....heading towards Denmark.

On the way there, everyone who said they were coming apparently, evaporated into Hyperspace.

I had more Police turn up at my gig than punters.

Asking me 'if I have seen Joe Blogs or Mrs Smith.

They were last seen on the way to your gig.

You didn't kill them did you?'

No, but I wish I had.

At least then I might have had an audience

Albeit one full of corpses.

I believe the idea is to 'kill the audience' when they are here, not as a means to get them here, but at the end of the day bums on seats is the bottom line.

Sex, Drugs & Marriage

I should maybe consider that option cause as far as flyer-ing to get people into my show, I am like a junkie asking for loose change.

Some of the other comedians were telling me what you need to do to get people into your show.

As they are walking down the street, you politely stand in front of them, grab them by the neck, put them up against a wall, pull a gun out, put it to their head and scream,

'You will come to see my show, or I will come round your house later tonight and shove this pistol so far up your arse, you will think it's a fuckin' rifle'.

Apparently, that gets people's attention.

But I think that's going a bit too far.

I guess I'm just not as pushy as they are.

I'm quite a laid back person,

I tend to just chill out and go with the flow so I guess that's why I didn't bother checking the map, to see where my fucking venue was.

If I'd noticed it was in the middle of the North Sea, I'd have probably avoided it myself.

So this show is about the trials and tribulations that I've been through with various things, like drink, drugs and pussy mainly.

This gig is basically therapy for me.

Don't worry, now that I can look back on it. It's funny therapy.

Living it, on the other hand, was about as funny as bleeding hemorrhoids.

Thank God for perspective, eh?

Where would we be without that?

Sex, Drugs & Marriage

I'd probably still be walking like John Wayne.

This the story of how I came to live in Turkey for the past 6 years and the tribulations I have been through regarding relationships.

I do truly blame my parents for that but after a while I guess you got to own up to your own shit and so this gig is therapy for me.

Don't worry, it's funny therapy. Well it is now that I can look back on it.

Living it on the other hand, was fucking hell.

You see, I currently live in Antalya, Turkey.

It is known as the "capital of the Turkish Riviera".

That sounds nice doesn't it, the "Turkish Riviera" on the "Mediterranean coast", right?

Well, its alright I guess but from May to October it's as hot as fucking Hell.

Especially when your skin is as white as the Queen's Tits.

I sweat more than I would if I shoved a Carolina Reaper up my arse.

I must be the only performer that comes to Edinburgh every August mainly for the weather.

When I get off the plane and it's totally pissing down from the Heavens.

I'm like 'Yee ha! Hallelujah!'

Good to be back in the homeland.... Waterworld.

Before I get going I like to find out exactly how many English people I am dealing with, so can all the English people please put your hands up.

Oh shit, I'm outnumbered quite a lot.

Thank fuck most of you are scared of us knicker-less Scots.

Sex, Drugs & Marriage

The reason I ask is because I find English people a little bit irritating.

Actually that's not fair.....I find you highly irritating.

Let me explain why.

I used to try to sell Real Estate in Turkey around the time Gordon Brown was the British Prime Minister, even though no-one actually voted for him!

Nice work if you can get it.

I would meet our potential English customers at the Airport and would greet them as they came out of the Terminal building by saying,

"Hello Mr & Mrs Jones (or whatever), Welcome to Turkey".

Well, the next thing every single one of them said to me was something along the lines of, "You're Scottish".

I was like, "Aye, that's right".

They would say, "Well, Gordon Brown's Scottish".

"Aye, and....?"

"Well, we don't like Gordon Brown".

I was like, "Aye? well don't hold that against me, Thatcher was English, you fucking started it!"

I told that little joke at a gig in Fethiye once and the Ex-Pat crowd there totally hated me for it, they accused me of being racist because I said I find English people irritating.

They didn't wait for the 'highly irritating' part which made it a punchline and usually gets a laugh.

They didn't understand comedy obviously and completely missed the point I was making that is that we are all getting shafted and it doesn't matter a jot about the nationality of the people in charge.

Sex, Drugs & Marriage

Add that to the fact that play our Nationalities are played against each other in the media so that you can't even make a stupid joke without people taking it the wrong way.

When they accused me of being rascist, I tried to explain that I am not by saying,

'I'm not anti-English....how can I be? I've fucked an English bird!'

Which to this day is one of my favourite lines I have ever said on stage.

However, by that time I had dug myself into a massive hole and there was no getting out of it....so I dug even deeper and ran the gig into the fucking ground just to spite them.....fucking English cunts.



My Beginnings

So my name is Billy.

Billy is of course short for William, although I'm not quite sure how as they sound like two completely different names to me.

The name on the Birth Certificate reads, William James George Watson.

What kind of a name is that? What the hell were my parents thinking about?

I think they just really wanted me to be a King.

Throughout History there have been more than a few King William's, King James's and King George's.

Hell, as Glasgow Rangers fans like to point out frequently, there was even a King Billy!

So even though they shortened my name for everyday use, I am still fucking Regal. There is a restaurant called the Four Kings in Scotland and I used to think they named it after me.

The story goes, at least according to my Mother, was that I was just supposed to be named William James after my Dad and my Mum's Dad respectively but at the last minute, just for the hell of it apparently, my Dad threw his Dad's name, George, into the mix as well.

Well thanks, Willie!

That was his shortened version of William.

At least they didn't call me as a synonym for a Penis although, as this book will reveal, I did do that for myself and acted like one quite a lot too.

I think my Dad didn't want his Dad to feel left out, even though by all accounts he was a bit of an arsehole and probably wouldn't have given a shit either way.

In Primary School we used to play a game called Red Letter.

Sex, Drugs & Marriage

Someone would call out a letter from the alphabet and if that letter was in your name then you took a step forward. The first one to reach the name caller was the winner.

I was the Undefeated World Champion at that game. It was about the only thing at school in which I excelled. I was practically sprinting across the playground.

In Scottish, William James George translates to Wullie Jimmy Geordie, which is about the only thing I find amusing about my names.

Fortunately, as it is registered to The Crown, I don't actually own it, they do.

So they are welcome to it.

I don't want to be a third party interloper on a contract that I had no say in the creation of and that name has never resonated with me anyway, so I'll just stick to Billy, thanks very much.

I was born in an Army Hospital in a place called Tidworth, in Hampshire, England and lived there for about 6 months.

As I grew up in Scotland I tried my best to keep the fact I was born in England hidden from my Scottish schoolmates for as long as I could but it did slip out at one point, which led to some jovial verbal bashing....obviously.

I used to really resent the fact that my Mother didn't bolt across the border to give birth to me.

Ok, it may have taken about 12 hours but I've held shits in for longer.

She could have made the fuckin' effort.

How could she be so insensitive to my whole future by giving 'berth' to me in Eng-land?

She says that because my Father was in the Army and I was born in a Military Hospital then I automatically take his Scottish nationality.

Although I think she just said that to appease me somewhat but at least it gave me my first line of defense against my schoolmates bullying.

Sex, Drugs & Marriage

They didn't really buy it though and if ever I was in a slagging match with one of them, they always had that up their sleeve to throw at me.

I had to forfeit the battle as soon as my unfortunate place of entering into this holographic reality was brought into the equation.

My Father met my Mother while he was serving in Belfast during what is 'affectionately' referred to as, 'The Troubles'.

Yeah, people fighting over who has the correct God is usually trouble, plural.

When people hear I am half-Irish and half-Scottish they usually say,

'Ah, well that explains a lot'.

Yeah, I'm doubly nuts!

When I was about 6 months old we left Tidworth to go to my Fathers next assignment in Cyprus.

We spent about a year there before my Mother and I had to leave in a hurry as 'the troubles' between Greece and Turkey kicked off in a big way.

Apparently the bus that was taking us to the airport was being shot at and bullets were flying through the window, I guess my Mother felt a sense of Deja Vu as she fled another country.

We went to a flat in a small Scottish town close to a village called Dalmeny where my Father was brought up and where his parents still lived.

The town's name was South Queensferry.

There was no escaping the Royal connections.

Not long after my Father returned from Cyprus we moved to Sommerville Gardens, a fairly new estate which remained my home until I flew the nest at Seventeen.

Unlike when I lost my virginity, in many ways, it couldn't come quick enough.