

Characters

Maurice Spatz (M)	–	Mid 40s. A small businessman.
Emily Spatz (F)	–	Mid 40s. Maurice's wife.
Crampton (M)	–	30s. An incompetent, small-time crook.
Muldoon (M)	–	30s. An equally inept crook.
Leona Falloy (F)	–	40s. A peculiar woman.
Timothy Falloy (M)	–	40s. Leona's husband. A timid and peculiar man.
Harvey Winstanley (M)	–	Late 50s. A pompous and officious man.
Tracy Horrocks (F)	–	Early 30s. Harvey's Secretary.
Abdul Kabul (M)	–	30s. A man from the Middle-East.
D.I. Barraclough (M)	–	Barra on script. A detective inspector.
Sergeant Jemima Muddleduck (F)	–	A police officer
Announcer (M/F)	–	Radio announcer. Disembodied voice.
William Golightly (M)	–	Disembodied voice. Chief inspector.

Act 1

Scene 1 – Living room

(Lights up. Tabs open to the living room of the Spatz's suburban home. In the centre of the stage there is a 3-seat sofa, 2 armchairs to the side, a sideboard, a Grandfather clock with a cupboard alongside it and a small table with 2 chairs. Other lounge accoutrements by choice. On the sideboard is a small radio.)

Maurice: **(Sitting on sofa and facing the audience. He speaks to the audience)** I think I would have preferred wrestling man-eating crocodiles in the Amazon Rain Forest, to this. Assuming there *are* crocodiles in the Amazon Rain Forest and not alligators. For all I know and with my luck there would be both. Either way, compared to moving home it would be a walk in the park.

(Enter Emily with a duster and polish. She busily goes about cleaning the room. As she dusts the sideboard and the radio, she accidentally switches the radio on. Radio is broadcast over the PA system)

Announcer: Here are the 6 o'clock news headlines. The Isle of Wight referendum has been won by Mrs Peggy Winthrop, leader of the IOW Independence Party and from Tuesday afternoon, just before Pointless, but equally pointless, the Isle of Wight will become a new country, no longer part of the United Kingdom. Mrs Winthrop will be the part-time Prime Minister and Court hairdresser to King Henry of Shanklin. Other news – the BBC's Strictly Come Dancing and Master Chef will be combining this year. The first dance will be a Paso Doble, whilst baking six fruit scones and a Carrot Cake. Finally, The Winkleton high street bank was today robbed by a daring couple reminiscent of Bonnie and Clyde. A woman who, apparently, sported an abundance of facial hair and her male partner...

Maurice: Rubbish! How could she be sporting her male partner?

Announcer: ...Sorry – I'll rephrase that - a woman and her male partner, apparently...umm! OK - A man and his hairy woman companion... burst into the bank brandishing cucumbers shaped like revolvers – or were they revolvers shaped like cucumbers? – either way, they stole over half a million pounds from the terrified staff. The police have Winkleton surrounded, as the two perpetrators are reported to be hiding somewhere in Winkleton Town...

Emily: Oooh! How exciting. We live in Winkleton Town, Maurice.

Announcer: And now the news in detail...The Prime Minister of Italy has denied having love affairs with sixteen members of the Vatican Ladies' wrestling team, a number of whom are nuns. A spokesman said that Senor Leonardo Gropio had at no time got into any bad habits...

Maurice: Emily will you please turn the radio off?

Emily: I wouldn't mind but I didn't even turn it on. **(She switches the radio off)** It just doesn't like being dusted!

(Pause)

Maurice: Do we? I'd never have guessed.

Emily: Do we what?

Maurice: Live in Winkleton.

Emily: Of course, we do, silly! But I've never known anything this exciting happening here. Except, of course, for the time when the Mayor was prosecuted for parking on a double yellow line, outside the Chinese takeaway.

Maurice: **(Speaks to the audience, while Emily continues to dust)** Emily is always dusting and cleaning. She cleans in her sleep. The rooms must always look perfect, twenty-four seven. After all, she says, you never know when someone might call to view the house, unexpectedly like. I keep telling her, 'Emily' I say, 'no one is going to come around and view our house at ten past twelve at night.' But does it stop her? No, not Emily. She sleeps with the polish and duster under her pillow. **(Sighs)** Trying to move to a new house has made us about as stressed as stressed can be.

(Emily walks over to where Maurice is sitting, pushes him forward and starts to clean the back of the sofa behind him)

Maurice: **(He sits forward)** Let me explain. We are moving to a new house. That is, we are *trying* to move to a new house. It feels like we have been trying since Mafeking was relieved. OK, we had a buyer - then we lost the buyer. We then had *another* buyer who turned out to be an escaped patient from the local psychiatric hospital; and *now* our house is on the market *again* for the *umpteenth* time and at the latest reduced price. And that's another thing - *estate agents!* Don't get me started on estate agents! Bloody estate agents! Can you believe estate agents? Of course, you can't - they're.... estate agents! They value the property for you and you put the house on the market at the price they suggest and then, six months later, when you haven't had any serious interest, you ask them *why not* and they tell you the house was over-valued right from the start - and what made *you* think you could get *that much* for it anyway? *Then* they tell you to knock twenty or thirty thousand pounds off the price and start again. Bloody estate agents!

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(Emily cleans the sideboard again)

Emily: I've been there you know.

Maurice: Where?

Emily: That bank. The bank that has been robbed – in town.

Maurice: Have you?

Emily: It was a Tuesday.

Maurice: The bank was robbed on a Tuesday? I thought it was today.

Emily: No. I went there on a Tuesday.

Maurice: **(To the audience)** You can see that trying to move house has had a serious effect on Emily. She used to be...Normal. Now she's...Not. **(To Emily)** Darling, you've already dusted the sideboard this evening – three times.

Emily: I know, but I'm expecting.

Maurice: **(Flabbergasted)** What? You're pregnant?

Emily: No, silly! I'm expecting viewers to view the house.

Maurice: **(To the audience)** My nerves are shot to pieces. In between all this, of course, we found our *dream house*. Well, Emily's dream house. I don't really have a dream house, but Emily fell in love with *this* particular house. Twelve miles up the road it is and at the moment it's as far away as China – in fact it would be easier to move to China. Anyway, we put an offer on that house, had it accepted, and then lost it when we lost our first buyer. *Then* we got it back when we agreed to sell our house to the nutter who is now incarcerated in a maximum-security institution, or should be - and *now* we're desperate to find yet another buyer before we lose Emily's dream house for the second time. Of course, we dare not tell the people selling the dream house that we have lost our buyer yet again. So, we'd better sell this house – this lovely house that we have lived in happily for fifteen years - pretty damn quick – if not sooner!

(SFX. Doorbell rings. SFX. Police siren)

Emily: Did you hear that?

Maurice: It's the doorbell.

Emily: Our doorbell doesn't usually sound like a police siren.

Maurice: No, that *was* a police siren...The doorbell is... Oh, it doesn't matter. **(Speaks to the audience again)** This will be Mr and Mrs Falloy. They're booked in to see the house today at 3pm **(looks at his watch)** but they're early. Of course, they're early. No one keeps to the times they book. We also have the Winstanleys booked in at 3.30 and the Kardachamans at 4pm. At 5 o'clock I will be laying down in a dark room with my evening ration of *Migrave* and Emily will begin the next stage of dusting and cleaning.

Emily: It must be the Falloys. They're early! **(Panic)** Oh dear! I haven't cleaned out the parrot's cage - I must clean out the parrot's cage - I must clean out the parrot's cage... I must clean out the parrot's cage...

Maurice: What are you? A parrot?

Emily: They're early, Maurice! They're early!

Maurice: I know they're early.

Emily: But Maurice - I must clean out the Parrot's cage!

Maurice: But we haven't got a bloody parrot. It died - You sucked it up in the vacuum cleaner. Its last words were **(Squeaky parrot voice)** "Use the dustpan and brush!" But, alas, it was too late.

Emily: Oh! Yes - yes. I forgot. He was a lovely parrot. I loved Dyson.

Maurice: Aptly named, considering how he died.

(The doorbell rings again and again - backed by Police sirens getting louder and louder)

Emily: I'll get the door. I think they all drive BMWs now.

Maurice: Who? The Falloys - how do you know?

Emily: No - The police. Oh – and I put poor Dyson's corpse in a black bag in the cupboard next to the grandfather clock.

Maurice: Why?

Emily: I think we should have him buried in the parrot cemetery.

Maurice: There's a parrot cemetery? Here?

Emily: I think so. I Googled it.

(Emily exits to answer the front door)

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Maurice: **(To the audience)** See what stress does to you. I don't know what the Falloys are going to be like, but so far, we've had the strangest array of people, a complete spectrum of lunacy viewing the house, asking questions that would stump even the late great Stephen Hawking. **(walks over to the cupboard beside the grandfather clock)** Can't leave poor dead Dyson stuffed inside a cupboard. It isn't dignified. **(opens the cupboard and removes the black bag containing the dead parrot)** Not such a pretty boy now Dyson, eh?

(There is a bit of a commotion from the front door. SFX. police sirens are still going)

Emily: **(Offstage)** Oh hallo - you must be Mr and Mrs Falloy. Pleased to...

Maurice: **(To the audience)** Oh blast! **(Looks at the bag in his hand)** Showing a potential buyer, the remains of your dead pet parrot is hardly the best way to sell your house.

(Maurice opens the cupboard door again, but before he can put the bag inside, Crampton and Muldoon come rushing into the room, stumbling over each other. Muldoon still has his balaclava pulled down over his face. Quickly, Maurice throws the bag with the dead parrot back inside the cupboard and shuts the door. While Maurice is doing this, Muldoon removes his balaclava and quickly steps onto the centre of the stage. Crampton is dressed as a woman, but his chin bears a heavy stubble hoping to become a beard. He is wearing a tight blue blouse with a padded bra. He is also wearing white high heels and is carrying a large black plastic bag. Emily stumbles in after them in a state of shock)

Muldoon: (looks around as if interested in the layout) Nice 'ouse. 'Ere, Crampton, it's a nice 'ouse innit!

Crampton: Yeah - Nice 'ouse. Cor! Me feet are killing me in these bleeding shoes

Muldoon: Yeah, but they look nice – mind you, they don't match your bag.

Crampton: (Sighs) Yeah, I know, but I find accessorising very difficult, Muldy.

Maurice: Good afternoon - Err - I'm Maurice Spatz and this is my wife Mrs Spatz - I mean Emily. You must be the Falloy's?

Crampton: Must we?

Emily: Well, aren't you?

Crampton: (To Muldoon) Are we?

Muldoon: We are. Yes, we are. We are indeed, the- ummmm - the Follies.

Emily: Falloys.

Muldoon: Close enough. Yeah, we are the Falloys - and er – and this is me and – er this is my lovely wife... Mrs Falloy and I am 'er 'usband...Mr Falloy.

Crampton: That's why we are known as the Follies – I mean the – er Falloys.

Muldoon: Indeed.

Maurice: You've come to see the house?

Crampton: 'ave we?

Emily: Haven't you?

Muldoon: Yes, we 'ave come to see the 'ouse 'aven't we Crampt.....Mrs Falloy.

Crampton: (Fiddles with the padding beneath his blouse; the left breast is higher than the right - he corrects it) Yeah. We 'ave come to see the 'ouse. (He looks around) Well, we've seen it so we can go now.

Muldoon: Not yet Crampt...Mrs Falloy. We don't want to bump into any people dressed in blue outside, do we?

Maurice: Dressed in Blue?

Muldoon: Yeah – (To Maurice and Emily) well my wife you see...Mrs Falloy 'as a phoby about...er...the colour blue. Don't you dearest?

Crampton: Yeah – can't stand blue. I got the – er – blues abart it. Frightens me. Scares me sh –

Muldoon: (Interrupts) Let's just say 'e...I mean *she* don't like blue.

Maurice: (To Crampton) But you're wearing a blue blouse?

Crampton: (Slowly looks down at his blouse. Before screaming) Oh! my Gawd! Me blouse has turned blue. Save me! Save me!

Muldoon: Pull yourself together man... woman.

Emily: (Oozing sympathy) Try to focus on something else, dear. It always helps me when I'm having a panic attack. (Stares at the blue blouse) You know that blouse looks quite familiar. I'm sure I have a similar one on the washing line outside.

Crampton: Not anymore.

Muldoon: Marks and Spencers, innit.

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Emily: I could also help you with your other problem.

Crampton: (Suspicious) You know about the other problem?

Emily: Well, sorry, but it's hard to miss it.

Crampton: You ain't gonna tell are ya?

Emily: Well, of course.

Crampton: You are?

Emily: Yes.

Crampton: What? You mean tell the law?

Emily: (Puzzled) No, the pharmacist.

Muldoon: The what?

Emily: For your wife's - er - facial problem.

Crampton: Me what?

Maurice: She means your - er - facial hair. (To Emily) You do mean her facial hair, don't you?

Crampton: What facial hair?

Emily: What else would I mean? They have a cream for that you know, Mrs Falloy.

Muldoon: Oh! Fank you for finking of my dear wife, Mrs Spitz.

Emily: Spatz.

Muldoon: Close enough. Crampt...My dear wife will have a word with the *pharmarist*.

Maurice: Cist.

Muldoon: Cyst? Oh? - Yeah, well, we'll have it surgically removed - by surgery.

Emily: Do you mind if I dust while we're talking?

Muldoon: Knock yourself out.

Emily: How quaint. **(She starts to dust the sideboard where the radio is again)**

Muldoon Nice clock.

Maurice: *I beg your pardon!*

Crampton: He said *clock*.

Maurice: Oh!

Crampton: Referring of course to your lovely Grandfather clock.

Maurice: What? Yes of course. Thank you.

(Emily accidentally switches on the radio again by dusting)

Announcer: More on the Winkleton Bank Robbery. We have Detective Chief Inspector William Golightly with us in the studio. Chief Inspector, can you please tell us more about the bank robbers that are still at large.

Muldoon: What's that?

Maurice: It's just the radio. Every time Emily dusts the sideboard, she accidently switches on the radio.

Muldoon: Well, switch it off please.

Golightly: **(on radio)** This is Chief Inspector William Arthur Sherlock Golightly of the Metropolitan police. It is my belief from the investigations of our Senior Inspector Barraclough, that the persons who robbed the Winkleton bank this afternoon are still at large in the Winkleton area...

Crampton: I said switch it off!

(Emily switches off the radio)

Maurice: **(To Crampton)** Are you alright, Mr Falloy?

Crampton: Yeah - I'm fine. It's just that me radicals gets flummangated by the – er – radiochronic waves.

Muldoon: Apologies for Cram...my wife's reaction - it's only because she 'as a – er - fear of radios.

Maurice: And the colour blue?

Muldoon: Yeah – yeah – We always wanted a blue radio, but it just wasn't to be.

Emily: **(She turns to Muldoon)** Have you been a couple long?

Muldoon: Ever since the Worthing Building Society raid of 2011. It's almost our ten-year hanniversary.

Crampton: Couple? Whaddya mean couple?

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Maurice: As in a married couple.

Crampton: Married!?

Emily: You're *not* married then?

Muldoon: What? Oh Yes, of course we are.

Crampton: We are?

Muldoon: Yes. Yes, we are my little poppet.' Appily spliced we are!

Crampton: Does your Shirley know? **(realises)** Oh yes, we are, of course we are. Me and 'im! Silly me, I forgot. We *are* married, hof course. As in 'usband and wife, mister and missus, monsewer and madam-gazelle. Proper married in a court of law we were.

Muldoon: Church!

Crampton: Yeah! Yeah! Proper married in a court of Church.

Maurice: I don't believe it, you forgot you were married! Some blokes have all the...!

Emily: Maurice!

Crampton: Look, we've come 'ere to see yer 'ouse not for bloody marriage guidulance!

Muldoon: Yeah, we might wanna buy it. The 'ouse that is, not the marriage guidulance. **(Sidles up to the cupboard by the grandfather clock and peers at it)** Yeah. We could stash..... I mean we could cash.... We could *buy* this place with cash.

Maurice: Did you say cash? **(Keen. Turns to audience)** Did he say cash?

Crampton: Could we?

Muldoon: Yeah. I'm sure we could lay our 'ands on a few readies, my dear. **(He motions towards the black bag Crampton is carrying)**

Maurice: Cash you say.

Crampton: I dunno about that, but let's just say it ain't inconceivable that we could possibly lay our 'ands on a considerable amount of dosh at a moment's notice.

Emily: Really! How lovely. Well, Mrs Falloy, shall we start?

Crampton: What? 'Ere? **(Nods towards the audience)** In front of all these people?

Muldoon: No! Start looking at the 'ouse, you idiot!

Crampton: Oh! Right.

Emily: **(Gesturing)** Well, this is the lounge. As you can see it's got a nice view out over the garden.

Muldoon: **(He goes to the window and peers out)** Yeah, lovely. Is that the Gas works over there?

Maurice: **(Hastily joining him at the window)** Oh no, that's the local seat of chemical expertise er – for the production of local energy and conservation.

Muldoon: Like I said - the gas works.

Maurice: **(With a sweep of the hand to encompass the room)** As you can see there are plenty of power points and a couple of TV outlets. **(To the audience again)** He definitely did say cash, didn't he?

Emily: It's very handy having two TV outlets. You can watch television while you're – er - watching television. **(Pause)** Would you like to come through to the kitchen?

(Emily leads the way through the door Stage Left to the kitchen. Muldoon follows her, but Crampton holds back and waves Maurice through)

Crampton: After you Mr - er - Spits.

Maurice: Spatz.

Crampton: Spots.

Maurice: (Irritably - going through to the kitchen) Spatz!

Crampton: Close enough.

(Crampton hangs back and when Maurice has gone through the door races over to the Grandfather clock, and tries to open the door, but it doesn't budge. He looks nervously around and turns his attention to the cupboard adjacent to the grandfather clock. He opens the cupboard door and finds an empty parrot's cage. He takes the cage out of the cupboard and stares at it quizzically)

Maurice: (Calls from off stage) Are you coming Mrs Falloy?
(Crampton quickly stuffs the cage back in the cupboard, followed by his black bag, not noticing the black bag with the dead parrot, which is also inside the cupboard. He closes door just as Maurice comes back into the room)

Maurice: What kept you?

Crampton: Sorry, me shoelace was undone.

Maurice: You're wearing high heels.

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Crampton: (Looks down at his feet) 'Ere! – Somebody's nicked me laces.

(SFX. Doorbell rings. Emily enters with Muldoon behind her)

Emily: There's someone at the door. I'm showing the Falloy's here the upstairs, Maurice. You'll have to answer it.

Maurice: Right. I'll go then. (Maurice exits)

Emily: Okay Mister and Mrs Falloy, if you would like to follow me.

(Emily exits but Muldoon and Crampton hang back)

Muldoon: Who are these Falloys they keep talking about?

Crampton: I don't know. Some bird and her 'usband who have booked to see the 'ouse, I suspose.

Muldoon: What? To buy it?

Crampton: Of course, to buy it, you idiot. That's what they are trying to do. Sell their bloody 'ouse. By the way, how come I'm the one disguised as a woman and not you?

Muldoon: You've got the legs for it. Besides those clothes we found on that washing line wouldn't fit me.

Crampton: Yeah – I suppose, but I've got a question.

Muldoon: I told you. As soon as the 'eat dies down, we are out of this place.

Crampton: That ain't my question.

Muldoon: Well, what is it then?

Crampton: **(Turns around to show Crampton his back)** Does my bum look big in this?

Muldoon: Your bum would look big in anything – cos it *is* big! 'ere, where's the bag?

Crampton: What bag?

Muldoon: The black bag. The bag with the money in it.

Crampton: I've stashed it away.

Muldoon: Where?

Crampton: In that cupboard, the one by the grandfather clock.

Muldoon: Oh! Perfik.

Emily: **(Coming back on to stage. Impatiently)** Where are you Mr & Mrs Falloy? Ah! There you are. Now come on, I want to show you something upstairs. **(She exits again)**

Crampton: I hope it's 'er jewellery.

Muldoon: We are not here to nick nothin'. We are 'ere to pretend to buy the 'ouse.

Crampton: I wasn't talking about nicking. I just thought she might have a nice piece that matches me eyes and goes well with this blue blouse that I am apparently dead scared of.

Muldoon: Now, you're starting to worry me!

(Muldoon and Crampton follow Emily out. Enter Maurice with the real Mr and Mrs Falloy. She is Leona and is very posh, quite horsey and wears very thick

spectacles. He is Timothy, hen pecked and hardly speaks. He also carries a large plastic bag almost identical to Crampton's)

Maurice: Are you *sure* you're the Falloys?

Leona: Absolutely. We have been the Falloys since the Battle of Hastings back at six minutes past eleven. Haw! Haw! Haw! (**Laughs at her own joke**) Well, of course we weren't around all that time ago – that would make us very very old, (**horsey laugh at her own joke**) but there was indeed a Falloy on the horse next to King Harold when he got that terribly unsporting arrow in his eye. That was, for Harold, a very *arrowing* experience. Haw! Haw! Haw!

Timothy: Any chance I can put this bag down somewhere? We came in a taxi you see - car's broken down.

Maurice: (**With a wave of the hand, meaning the floor, but the wave is in the general direction of the cupboard by the grandfather clock**) Oh, anywhere you like.

Timothy: Right, thanks. We have some items of great sentimental value.

Leona: Oh yes that's right. (**To Maurice**) In that bag are my late mother's cami knickers embroidered with her initials – P F. Her real name was Prunella Falloy, but everyone called her Ava – her maiden name was *Pheel*, you see – Haw! Haw!

Timothy: (**Very academic**) I suppose, if someone stole my mother-in-law's knickers it would be the underworld crime of the century.

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Leona: Don't you mean *underwear* crime Timothy -Haw! Haw! Put them somewhere safe, dear.

Timothy: Yes, my angel.

(**Timothy dithers about for a few seconds while Maurice is speaking and finally sees the cupboard next to the grandfather clock. He opens the cupboard door and is about to look inside when Leona calls to him**)

Leona: Will you please hurry up Timothy. (**To Maurice**) Oh! he's such a ditherer. He could dither for England.

Timothy: Sorry dear.

Maurice: I'll take your bag and keep it safe for you.

Timothy: How very kind.

Maurice: Not at all.

(Timothy hands Maurice his bag. Maurice gives it a shake)

Leona: Be careful young sir. You have my late mother's cami knickers in your hands.

Maurice: I'll try to control myself. **(He puts the bag onto a chair. To audience)** But wait a minute - if these two are Mr and Mrs Falloy who are the other two? **(To the Falloys)** Are you quite sure you're Falloys? I mean, we've got another two upstairs.

Leona: Oh no no no! Not possible, dear man. *We* are positively the only Falloys left in England. The others all fled during the great plague. Apparently, our branch of the family is dreadfully susceptible to spots. Are they not, Timothy?

Timothy: I believe so, my dear. *We* are positively covered in spots.

Leona: The other branch of the family, of course, are the lesser spotted Falloys! They, of course, do not count as *real* Falloys.

Maurice: Er - yes. **(Pause - then brightly, pressing ahead with his task of selling the house)** This is the - er - lounge.

Leona: **(Peers around)** Where?

Maurice: *Here.* **(Desperately)** It's all around you.

Timothy: He's right, dear, it *is* here.

Leona: How do you know, Timothy, you've never been here before. **(To Maurice)** I hope, Mr Spots...

Maurice: *Spatz...* What is it about my name? **(To the audience)** I mean how hard can it be? Rhymes with cats, mats, even bats! Which I will be if this performance goes on much longer!

Leona: Mr Spooks - I am just checking that you have *not* produced this *lounge*, as *you* call it, to try to trick us by pretending there are *extra rooms* in the house. It could, for instance, be a parlour or even, as my father used to call it - he was an estate agent on his late Mother's side you know - a *sitting room*.

Maurice: I'm sure he was.

Leona: Do you mean it *is* a sitting room?

Maurice: **(Puzzled)** Yes, I mean - your father was an Estate Agent?

Leona: He was. I just said so. Didn't I just say so Timothy?

Timothy: You did my dear.

Leona: You see it's all about delusion.

Maurice: **(Puzzled)** It is? Your father was a delusionist?

Leona: Oh yes, you see Poopsy - my father could add any number of rooms to a house.

Timothy: Any number!

Leona: Any number. His record, I believe, was 45 rooms to a small terraced house in Penge E20.

Timothy: That was the year he won Estate Agent of the year in a supporting role at the Penge Estate Agents Oscars ceremony. We were so proud of him.

Maurice: Really?

Leona: He taught me more than he never knew.

Maurice: **(To the audience)** Now do you see why I can't stand trying to sell this house? They're all a current short of a bloody fruit cake!

Leona: So, Mr Spartacus, it is imperative that this house *actually has* the correct number of rooms to satisfy the Land Registry. Under the cover of darkness, of course.

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Timothy: Imperatively!

Maurice: I can assure you, Mrs Falloy...

Leona: Good - then let there be an end to it. Not another word.

Maurice: **(To the audience)** I'm beginning to think there are no sane people left in the world.

Leona: To whom are you talking Mr Splotz?

Maurice: Splitz, splatz, splots! Who the hell am I? Er - no-one - just - myself.

Leona: Not a good habit to get into as my dear late father used to say...

Timothy: **(Interrupting)** Poopsy.

Leona: Mr Splizt knows my poor dear father's name. Don't you Mr Splish?

Maurice: *His name I know. It's my name you seem to have the problem with.*

Leona: Nonsense, I know exactly what my name is. Now, as I was saying, and as my dear late father used to say to my poor dear mother whilst on her numerous deathbeds, "when talking to oneself always use the correct vernacular as one should never let standards drop even when dying". Such wisdom! I have lived my life by Poopsy's mantra, have I not, Timothy?

Timothy: People have composed music around Poopsy's mantra – not to mention Leona's vernacular.

Leona: Do be quiet, Timothy, you're disturbing my astral vibrations. I'm listening for them even now. Ah! Here comes one. **(Shudders with pleasure)** Ooh I needed that! Now, Mr Plotzka, do you have such a thing as a *kitchen*?

Maurice: Er - a kitchen? I believe we do, or at least we did have one the last time I looked. Ah yes! It's through here.

Leona: Well hurry along then. I will follow you and Timothy will bring up my rear - but don't come too close, Timothy – there may be an eruption.

(They troop towards the door and exit the stage into the kitchen – As they depart, Crampton enters from the other side of the stage. He runs over to the cupboard, opens the door and takes out one of the bags, at which point Emily enters. He hides the bag behind his back)

Emily: Ah there you are Mrs Falloy. I have been looking everywhere for you.

Crampton: **(Almost jumps out of his skin and moves away from the clock)** Bleedin' Ada!! You frightened the bloody life out of me.

Emily: **(Suspicious)** What are you doing?

Crampton: Doing?

Emily: Yes. What were you doing next to the grandfather clock when I came in?

Crampton: What was I doing?

Emily: Yes, what were you doing?

Crampton: I was... doing...the grandfather clock.

Emily: And what were you doing *with* the grandfather clock, exactly?

Crampton: I was just admiring the – er - workmanship. Is it antique?

Emily: No – mahogany and teak

.

Crampton: Then it is antique!

Emily: No. It's much older than that.

Crampton: Just as I thought - a beautiful piece of non-teak antique furniture from the non-antique period of non-antiques. Made of - in my most professional opinion – freak teak wood from the Eucalyptus camaldulensis tree, which is just off the Northampton M1 service station at junction six. Worth a bloody fortune.

Emily: **(Delighted)** Oh! I didn't realise you were an expert.

Crampton: Oh yes. I studied grandfather clocks for years at the - er - University of...er Parkhurst.

Emily: Ah yes, Pankhurst – Emmelina - I was named after her, you know. Emmelina – Emily. The most famous of the Suffragettes.

Crampton: Nah! That was West Side Story. The jets! **(Sings)** Maria! I'll never stop saying Maria...**(Speaks again)** I do like a good musical. Anyway, like I said Parkhurst. I studied at Parkhurst.

Emily: Oh! BA?

Crampton: No, they went for GBH, but I got off on a technicality. Me brief got convicted instead. **(He changes hands in holding the bag)**

Emily: **(She sees the bag)** Is that *your* bag?

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Crampton: What bag?

Emily: The bag in your hand.

Crampton: **(Looks down at the bag)** What? This bag?

Emily: Yes. That bag.

Crampton: Oh yes, this is definitely my bag. Been in the family since... Last Thursday.

Emily: Well put it down Mrs Falloy and I'll show you the kitchen.

Crampton: Well, if I must.

Emily: We have a very big one.

Crampton: Oooh! You must be very proud.

(SFX. Doorbell Rings. Crampton reluctantly stuffs the bag back in the cupboard)

Emily: The kitchen is just through there. By the way, where's your husband?

Crampton: My what?

(SFX. Doorbell Rings)

Emily: Mr Falloy.

Crampton: Oh Muldoon. He's probably eyeing up your valuables – I mean your vegetables.

Emily: Oh, really? A vegetarian - How quaint. The kitchen's that way **(She points)**

(Crampton exits to the kitchen. Enter Maurice. He has remembered the real Falloy's bag which he now picks up from the chair onto which he put it previously)

Maurice: There's someone at the door.

Emily: No, you just came in through it. You would have seen them.

Maurice: Not this door - the front door.

Emily: Oh no! **(Devastated - tearful)** I haven't had time to dust it yet.

Maurice: What?

Emily: The front door.

Maurice: **(To audience)** God! It's really getting to her now!

Emily: Is that your bag?

Maurice: No, it belongs to the Falloy's.

Emily: Which Falloys?

Maurice: The new Falloys. I mean the second lot of Falloys.

(SFX. Doorbell rings)

Emily: Why are you carrying it around?

Maurice Well, apparently, it's got something of great sentimental value inside.

Emily: Like what?

Maurice: Mrs Falloy's mother's cami knickers.

Emily: That's disgusting!

Maurice: No – they're embroidered.

Emily: Yes! But what with? Ugh! Well, put it in the cupboard – and make sure they take it with them when they go! And don't go too close to the clock with it!

Maurice: Why?

Emily: Because I've just discovered it's a very rare freak non-teak Eucalyptus camaldulensis tree grandfather clock.

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(SFX. The doorbell rings again – a long blast)

Maurice: A what?

Emily: Never mind – but it's worth a lot of money- so *just do it* Maurice. I'd better see who's at the door. You look after Mrs Falloy.

Maurice: I already am. She's upstairs in the second bedroom. She completely ignored our kitchen. Her husband must do the cooking – or maybe they don't eat – they act a bit like zombies!

(SFX. Doorbell rings again. Emily exits. Maurice looks quizzically at the bag, as if wondering if he should open it and take a look at the knickers. He finally decides against it, opens the cupboard door and, without looking in, stuffs the bag inside. Crampton enters through one door whilst Muldoon enters through another, looking totally bewildered)

Crampton: **(To Muldoon)** Where have you been, Muldoon?

Muldoon: I've been looking at the 'ouse' ain't I. Not a bad little property. It's got a good deal of potential... **(He spots Maurice and adds)** ... my dear.

Crampton: Did you call me 'My Dear'?

Muldoon: Yes, my sweet-lipped pie. Where have *you* been?

Crampton: Just looking around the 'ouse', like you have been looking around the 'ouse, my... darlin' 'andsome 'ubby. In particular I've been looking at that lovely clock.

Muldoon: Oh! The clock? I prefer the cupboard myself. I reckon that's worth a lot more!

Maurice: Are you two OK?

Crampton: Of course, we are OK. We are better than Ok. We are so OK it's almost like being....

Maurice: In love?

Crampton: What?

Maurice: Sorry. First thing that came into my head. **(Pause)** Well - how do you find the house?

Muldoon: Well, the locks are easy, and the windows would be a doddle. Reckon we could be in and out in a matter of minutes. But there ain't nothing worth taking.

Maurice: **(To Crampton)** What's he talking about?

Crampton: My old man's been under a lot of stress recently. They think he might have a split personality.

Maurice: Really? That's terrible. Who does he think he is now – at the moment?

Crampton: Er, difficult to say.

Maurice: I don't mean to be rude, but - well - it's funny you should say that Mrs Falloy...

Crampton: Is it? A Split personality is not a laughing matter, let me tell you. Well apart from the time he thought he was the laughing policeman.

Maurice: Well it's just that you say you're the Falloys.

Muldoon: Actually, it was you said that we were the Falloys.

Maurice: Well that's sort of the point. We have Falloys upstairs as well.

Muldoon: What held captive?

Maurice: No. Viewing the house. That's four Falloys.

Crampton: Typical! You wait and wait for Falloys and then four come along together. Sod's law innit!

Maurice: **(To audience)** Are you following this? **(To Crampton)** But the point is - are *you* the Falloys or are *they* the Falloys?

Crampton: Of course, *we* are the Falloys ain't we Muldoon?

Muldoon: We are indeed the Falloys. The people upstairs must be imposters.

Crampton: That's it! They're imposters. Going around the country pretending to be the Falloys. I saw it on the telly.

Maurice: You did?

Crampton: Yeah. It was on 'Who Do You Think You are?'

Maurice: But..... **(Sighs. To the audience)** I expect it doesn't matter if they are the Falloys or not the Falloys, or different Falloys to the upstairs Falloys, they're *all* barking mad. **(To Crampton and Muldoon)** So, what about the house?

Muldoon: What about it?

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Crampton: Oh! Yes! Buying the 'ouse. That's what we're 'ere for ain't it.

Muldoon: I thought we were just lying low, waiting for the pol...Oh yeah, the 'ouse'!

Maurice: So - are you interested?

Crampton: Oh yes, we are *very* interested - *very very* interested - aren't we Muld...Husband of mine.

Muldoon: Oh yes. Terrifically interested. In fact I would go so far as to say – not to put too fine a point on it, but never the less to speak the truth, so help me God - We are *more* interested than any person what has never been interested in buying an 'ouse before us – that is *we*...

Crampton: Are inter -arrested.

Muldoon: Not so much of the arrested, thank you very much.

Maurice: And you're still thinking of cash?

Crampton: I can assure you that cash is always on our minds, ain't it darling!

Maurice: **(Rubbing his hands together with glee)** Excellent. Now we're getting somewhere. Well, I'd better go back upstairs to the other Mrs Falloy. Don't want to neglect *her*. **(Turns to audience)** I'll drop her in two seconds as soon as these two make me a cash offer. Perhaps things *are* looking up!

(Maurice goes to exit as Emily, Harvey and Tracy enter)

Emily: Maurice!

(Harvey Winstanley is a large lustful older man with a beer gut, whilst Tracy Winstanley is half his age and dressed like a half-baked tart – hard on the outside and hard on the inside. Muldoon and Crampton hover protectively around the grandfather clock and the adjacent cupboard)

Maurice: Can't stop, dear. I've got a Mrs Falloy in the second bedroom.

Harvey: Good for you sir. Nothing like it to open the arteries.

Maurice: Pardon?

Emily: These are the Winstanley's.

Maurice: The Win whats?

Emily: The Winstanley's. They've come to view the house.

Maurice: Oh! *Those* Winstanleys.

Harvey: I apologise if we are a tad early, Mr Spooks, but I was giving Tracey here a bit of – dick - er – dic-tation if you know what I mean. **(Laughs to himself)** She's my secretary you know.

Tracy: I'm more than your secretary, my big fat tasty dumpling. You know that.

Harvey: Of course, you are my little crumpet pot. That's why I'm going to buy this house for you.

Maurice: You are?

Harvey: Well I might, if my little crumpet pot likes it enough.

Tracy: Oh dumpling. You are so good to me.

Emily: **(To Harvey)** Oh! I'm sorry. I thought you were married.

Harvey: I am married, just not to Tracey. **(Laughs to himself)**

Tracey: He's going to leave his wife for me, when the children are old enough to understand, you understand.

Emily: How old are they?

Tracey: One's thirty-nine and the other's thirty-five.

Emily: I'm not sure that I do.

Maurice: (To the audience) Just once it would be nice if a normal person came to view the house. Well, I'd better get upstairs to the - er – other people, whoever they are...

(Maurice exits hurriedly)

Tracey: (Extending a hand to Emily) Horrocks.

Emily: I beg your pardon!

Tracey: I'm Tracey Horrocks. He's Harvey Winstanley.

Emily: Of course, you are. If you'd just like to wait in here for a few minutes I ...

(SFX. Doorbell rings)

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Emily: Goodness me, it's like Piccadilly station in here today.

(SFX. Doorbell rings)

Emily: Just you all wait here please. I really need to dust something. (Emily exits)

Tracy: (To Crampton) Are you here for the house?

Crampton: We might be.

Muldoon: (To Harvey) What about you?

Harvey: It has some merit, I suppose. Oh! I do like that grandfather clock.

Crampton: (To Muldoon – Sotto – stage whisper) Here, I've got the keys to that clock, found 'em in the kitchen.

Muldoon: Howja know they're the right ones?

Crampton: They've got a label on.

Muldoon: What's it say?

Crampton: Key to Grandfather Clock. What do you think?

Muldoon: Well, it might be, you can never tell. Anyway, does that mean we can get in it and drive it away?

Crampton: No, you dickhead. We'll put our bag inside the clock.

Muldoon: Why?

Crampton: Because I'm going to offer to *buy* the clock and take it away with us.

Muldoon: I don't like it, though – it reminds me of when I was doing time! Anyway, what are we going to do with a blooming great grandfather clock?

Crampton: Nothing you idiot, but it'll have *our bag* inside it. The bag with... You know what in it.

Muldoon: Oh! Good thinking, Crampo!

(Enter Emily with Barraclough and Jemima. Barraclough is carrying a bag almost identical to the bags that Crampton and Muldoon and Leona and Timothy brought in)

Emily: This is Barraclough and Jemima Bluecoat. They just popped in on the off chance.

Barra: I'm like that you know. Spontaneous.

Jemima: Oh! He is. He inspires me every day with...er...

Barra: With...?

Jemima: With his spon...umm...tan...tan.

(Barraclough, very carefully puts his bag on the floor; in doing so he turns his back to the audience – and Emily – and bends over to show a vast behind)

Emily: ...Aneous?

Jemima: **(Girlish giggle)** Oh – that's rude.

Harvey: No - it's nice. *And* it's a *big* thing! I like to think I inspire big things, such as having a bit on the side that your wife never finds out about.

Barra: Ah! Words of wisdom.

Jemima: Don't push it Mr Barraclough – oh and you shouldn't leave your bag there.

Barra: Why not?

Emily: She's right. Somebody might trip over it. Put it over by the grandfather clock.

Barra: **(Picks bag up again)** I'd rather keep hold of it if you don't mind.

Emily: If you've got any valuables inside you can put it in that cupboard. (**Indicates**)

Muldoon: Allow me. (**He stretches out his hand and offers to take Barraclough's bag**)

Barra: Where are *you* going to put it?

Muldoon: I'll keep it safe for you. I'm very trustworthy. I was a trustee in Parkhurst for three years.

Emily: Oh! For goodness sake. (**She takes the bag out of Barraclough's hand and, during the following dialogue, walks over to the cupboard**) I take it you *are* here to view the house.

Barra: The what?

Jemima: The *house* Serpico.

Barra: Oh yes! As the slug said to the snail "I'd forgotten the house" – Haw Haw! But, as it happens *we* are on the hunt.

Crampton: For what?

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Barra: For a house.

Jemima Yes. *We* want to buy a house.

Emily: Well *there's* a coincidence, because we're selling this one. (**She doesn't look inside the cupboard, just throws the bag inside and closes the door**)

Muldoon: You got cash, Mr Barraboy?

Barra: Clough

.

Muldoon: Close enough. But anyway, we have.

Barra: Have what?

Muldoon: Cash

.

Barra: Cash you say. How much...?

Jemima: (**Whispers to Barraclough**) Shut up, Barraclough, we're supposed to be undercover *and* we're also supposed to be married.

Barra: (To Jemima in a whisper) *I am your superior officer* and don't you forget it. If you do I'll have to divorce you.

(Enter Leona, Timothy and Maurice)

Leona: There are just *too many* rooms in this house - I seem to be totally lost. (Sees the Winstanleys and Barraclough and Jemma) Who are you?

Maurice: Yes, who are you?

Emily: The Winstanleys and the Bluecoats - also here to view the house.

Maurice: Well we have certainly become very popular all of a sudden.

Harvey: (To Leona and Timothy) And you are...?

Leona: Mr and Mrs Falloy.

Barra: Did you say "Felon"?

Leona: No Falloy. Leona and Timothy Falloy, of the Falloys of Falloy.

Barra: (Suspicious) Are you now?

Leona: We are indeed, are we not Timothy? Timothy is my first husband, although I'm always looking around for new ventures.

Timothy: Yes, sir - we are the Falloys of Falloy. Have been since the Magna Carta.

Barra: (Suspiciously) You don't look old enough.

Timothy: Believe me, I'm not. But I do look *old*; it's due to being married to Leona.

Barra: (To Crampton) And *you* are?

Crampton: I am ... (Looks at Maurice and Emily, before glancing towards Muldoon) I am...

Jemima: Have you forgotten who you are?

Leona: Memory loss is a dreadful thing isn't it, Timothy?

Timothy: Depends I suppose, because of course, after you've forgotten it you wouldn't know what you've forgotten. What was the question again?

Maurice: (Indicating Crampton) *This* is also Mrs Falloy.

Barra: *Also*, Mrs Falloy? Your name is also Mrs Falloy?

Crampton: It is yes.

Harvey Good grief, what a coincidence.

Leona: Well I never did.

Timothy: Trust me, she *really* never did.

Barra: That's a little strange. *Two* Mrs Falloys?

Jemima: Well its possible sarg.... I mean *dearest husband*.

Emily: Does it matter? You're all here to see the house. Feel free to put in an offer when the need erupts.

Barra: Stranger and stranger. So... **(Peers at Leona and Timothy)** *You* are the Falloys. **(Peers at Crampton and Muldoon)** And *you also* are the Falloys? But surely you must know each other. It's not a very common name.

Muldoon: 'Oo are you callin' common?

Barra: Not you, sir – your name is so unusual I feel sure you must have come across each other

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Crampton: Nar! Never met 'em before in me life. Come to think of it I wouldn't be seen dead in 'em, would I, Mrs Mully?

Muldoon: No – nor me.

Leona: And I can assure you that I have never before set eyes on these – *creatures*. Have I Timothy?

Timothy: If you had you wouldn't admit to it.

Muldoon: Charmin' I must say – and we could be your only livin' relatives.

Leona: I sincerely hope not.

Barra: **(Strokes his chin in a Sherlock Holmes manner)** Very suspicious. **(Loudly)** Now, attention everybody...

(All stand to attention and freeze)

Barra: Now, I have to tell you all something *really* important...Something *vitaly* important... something *so important* that I must tell you without delay. We are – this young lady (**indicates Jemima**) – and I are...we are...

(Lights off. Tabs closed. Interval.)

Act 2

Scene 1 – Living room

(Same set as Act 1. All are in the same position as at the end of Act 1)

- Barra:** Attention everybody. Now, I have to tell you all something *really* important...Something *vitaly* important...something *so important* that I must tell you *without delay*...We are – this young lady (**indicates Jemima**) – and I are... we are...
- Leona:** I have a curious feeling of Déjà vu! Hold my arm Timothy for I may keel over in a desperate attempt to understand what is going on.
- Barra:** ...this young lady and I are...
- Muldoon:** Are what?
- Barra:** We are...tell them Sergeant...I mean...Miss Muddleduck.
- Jemima:** What he was about to say was that *we are certainly not* what he was about to say we are.
- Crampton:** He didn't say it though, did he? Why didn't he say it instead of asking you to say it?
- Jemima:** Because he wasn't *really* going to say it. He was *not* going to say it. So, he has asked me, as his deputy, so to speak – *not to say it for him*.
- Muldoon:** Not to say what?
- Jemima:** What he was not going to say.
- Barra:** Precisely. I assure you that if I *was* going to say it I *would have* said it, but I am not. I am, after all, a man of principle.
- Crampton:** Say what though?
- Jemima:** That we are here on... official business.
- Maurice:** But I thought you were here to see the house.
- Jemima:** We are...but we are also here because...(Pause uncertainly)
- Barra:** Because we spotted the advertising sign outside.
- Crampton:** What with?
- Barra:** What do you mean what with?
- Crampton:** What did you spot it with? Paint?

Barra: Of course, not paint. Do I look like an interior decorator?

Maurice: More like an *inferior* decorator!

Muldoon: As a matter of fact...no, *he* was a person of colour.

Maurice: What person of colour?

Muldoon: My decorator.

Maurice: What's your decorator got to do with anything?

Muldoon: Mr Barrowboy 'ere was just talking about being a decorator.

Barra: Barraclough!! And I am *not* a decorator... I have *never* been a decorator. I hate decorating! I am...

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Jemima: **(Interrupting)** No you're not...

Barra: No, I am not – So let that be an end to it, but I was talking about the advertising sign outside the house.

Muldoon: What sign? We didn't see no sign. All we saw was a lump of wood with "For-Sale" writ on it. That's why we come in 'ere.

Timothy: Oh! *That* sign! I thought it meant it was for sale. *Funny*, I thought, who would want to buy a For-Sale sign?

Maurice: **(Almost shouting)** No – the sign isn't for sale! The house is – and I wish one of you lot would actually put in an offer for it.

Jemima: Precisely – the house *is* for sale - and *that* is why *we* came in.

Emily: To see the house?

Jemima: Yes. And to carry out a survey on behalf of *Houses for Sale* magazine.

Maurice: You work for the magazine?

Jemima: If you say so.

Emily: We're going to be in a magazine? Us and the house? I wish you'd told us beforehand – the house is in such a mess.

Maurice: No, it's not, woman, you've spent the last six months cleaning it!

Emily: Yes, but they might want to take photographs. Do you want to take photographs?

Jemima: Er...yes...I suppose – but I forgot to bring my camera.

Muldoon: I got mine – at least it is mine now. Long story. **(takes mobile phone out of his pocket)**

Maurice: Well, what are we waiting for? Maybe if we get a good photo in your magazine, we'll be able to sell the place!

Muldoon: OK then – if you'd all get together...yeah...in front of the eucalypticus camel densus clock.

(All position themselves in front of the grandfather clock and take up unlikely poses)

Muldoon: Right – ready – say “Cheese”!

(They say cheese. Camera flashes)

Muldoon: One more for luck.

(They say cheese. Camera flashes)

Leona: I hope you got my good side.

Muldoon: I didn't know you 'ad a good side, missus.

Timothy: Oh, you'd soon know it if you got on her bad side!

Maurice: So, anybody want to see the upstairs? It's very nice – floors, ceilings, windows – all in with the price.

Harvey: Well, **(To Barraclough)** getting back to what you were saying, old chap, we are *not* Falloys that's for sure. There's no Falloys on me! **(Laughs)**

Tracy: Am I glad about *that!* *Three* Falloys would be a bit much.

Harvey: You mean Six!

Jemima: No thanks! Two lots are bad enough.

Harvey: No no no no – we are *not* Falloys – We are Winstanleys.

Tracey: Except for me.

Barra: So - If you're not of the Winstanleys what are you of?

Tracey: Horrocks.

Barra: There's no need to take *that* attitude. I only asked.

Tracey: No, I mean (**Indicates Harvey**) he's a Winstanley and *I'm* a Horrocks.

Maurice: You can say that again!

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Tracey: Very well - He's a Winstanley and I'm a Horrocks.

Leona: (**To Harvey – peering closely**) But aren't you Lord Midlothian Winstanley who swam through the Azores with a couple of raving lobsters and a Siamese cat?

Harvey: No.

Tracey: That couldn't have been Harvey.

Leona: Has he never been to the Azores?

Tracey: No, he's allergic to cats.

Maurice: (**Desperate**) The upstairs. Who would like to see the upstairs?

Muldoon: I would.

Maurice: You've already seen it.

Muldoon: It was so nice I'd like to see it again. Wouldn't you Cramp...Mrs Falloy?

Crampton: I'd rather look at the grandfather clock again and in particular, that beautiful cupboard next to it. Tell me, is that a genuine Edwardian piece from the Victorian era?

Maurice: No, it's Formica.

Crampton: I don't care who it's for – it's *my* favourite period.

Emily: I'm afraid we're not leaving the grandfather clock, Mrs Falloy.

Leona: Good, because I don't want it. It's hideous.

Emily: No, not you. The other Mrs Falloy.

Harvey: We'll take a look at the upstairs if you like. Where is it?

Maurice: It's - er - upstairs. At least – that's where I left it.

Harvey: Perfect. Just where it ought to be. I like a house where every room knows its place!

Barra: **(Very loudly)** Everybody - stop!

Jemima: Is this wise, Sarge?

Barra: There's something going on here, Jemima and I intend to find out what it is. **(To all)** I have a little surprise for you all.

Leona: Oh! How exciting. I love surprises – they always surprise me!

Barra: The surprise is...that we are...**(Long Pause)**

Emily: Is this like Strictly Come Dancing? Are you waiting for a drum roll?

Tracey: I'll have mine with a sausage.

Harvey: Oh! You saucy little beast!

Barra: Police Officers. *We are police officers.*

Crampton: Blimey! They're the law!

Muldoon: 'Ow do we know you're kosher? Five minutes ago I was taking photos for a magazine what you was workin' for – now you're tellin' us you're the fuzz!

Barra: I assure you I have an ID card somewhere **(Digs into his pockets)**

Jemima: Officers of the law, that's us.
(Barraclough displays his warrant card)

Muldoon: What? You really *are* coppers?

Jemima: Rozzers, that's us. Him and me. *And* me and him.

Barra: Rozzers? Who the hell calls us Rozzers nowadays?

Leona: Oh! This is *really* exciting. It's just as my stars predicted. They clearly said that I would encounter a farmer from Littlehampton who would introduce me to arable farming in window boxes and small balconies and I met *that* very man only yesterday. And here we are again! Fascinating. *And* fancy meeting *two* police

persons – not one, but two - both at the same time and simultaneously. It's just like on television.

Harvey: She's definitely five pence short of a shilling.

Maurice: I don't understand.

Barra: In that case I shall speak a little more slowly *and* shout a bit. **(Loudly)** We are the police!

Maurice: That bit I got, thank you. But why are you here?

Emily: Aren't you house hunting?

Barra: No – we are – *Criminal hunting*.

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Crampton: 'Orrible sport - Should be banned.

Muldoon: Like fox 'unting. It's criminal!

Barra: There has been a robbery!

Leona: My jewels! My jewels!

Timothy You haven't got any jewels.

Leona: I know - they've been stolen.

Tracy: Whose been robbed? And where?

Barra: You would know that if you were the thieves.

Tracey: Don't I know it.

Barra: Ah! Then - if you *don't* know it then it can't be you can it?

Maurice: Not exactly Hercules Poirot, are you?

Barra: No one move a muscle!

Emily: Oh dear! There aren't any. I forgot to buy them. Besides – they're bad for you if they're not fresh.

Barra: Pardon? What are?

Emily: Sea food is.

Barra: I said muscle not mussel!

Emily: Sorry – I thought you said mussel.

Barra: I did not say mussel – I said muscle.

Emily: Well, I heard mussel. I must be hungry.

Barra: Look – I said no-one move a muscle.

Leona: What about a calf muscle? I get terrible cramp in my legs. Don't I Timothy?

Timothy: She gets terrible cramp.

Leona: Tell them all why don't you!

Timothy: Yes, dear – Leona's cramp has been in the BMA Journal.

Barra: Lancet?

Timothy: It's not a boil it's a cramp.

Maurice: Enough! (**Desperate**) I'm losing the will to live here! Look – Is anybody – *anybody* – interested in buying our flipping house?

Barra: I don't know do I? I haven't seen the upstairs yet.

Crampton: Why don't you take a look now then, Mr Barrier Reef? Me and Mul... my 'usband are just about to leave.

Maurice: Oh no you're not. Not until you have made an offer on the house.

Emily: They have cash you know.

Jemima: Do they now?

Muldoon: Cash that was left to me on my Grandfather's deathbed, the day before he became a landscape gardener.

Crampton: I never knew that about your Grandfather. Funny, cos I always wondered why his fingers were green.

Jemima: The bank robbery suspects were seen running away and then entering *this* house a short while after the robbery...

Barra: Carrying a bag.

Leona: A bag?

Jemima: A black bag. Full of money.

Emily: Goodness. Do you have a description?

Tracy: Of course. It was black, plastic and tied at the top with a brown elastic band.

Emily: Not the bag, the suspects!

Barra: You mean the perps.

Emily: Manners, please!

Barra: Perps – perpetrators. It was a man and a woman.

Maurice: Well that narrows it down.

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Jemima: The bank was robbed.

Tracy: We know that, but do you have a description?

Barra: Of course, we have a description – we’re not amateurs you know. It’s a brick building with a roof and windows.

Tracey: Not the Bank! The perpetrators!

Barra: The man was quite short. Looked a bit like him. **(Points to Muldoon)**

Muldoon: Rubbish! I look nothing like me.

Jemima: He has a point.

Barra: And the woman had a good deal of facial hair. **(Points to Crampton)** A bit like her.

Crampton: That’s not facial ‘air!

Jemima: What is it then?

Crampton: ‘Ackney’. ‘Airy ‘Ackney.

Muldoon: If not treated it could turn into Stamford ‘ill.

Emily: (Wearily) I *really* feel I need to dust something. Anything.

Maurice: (To audience) Here we go.

Timothy: I can't stand this a moment longer! I must sit down. (He sits)

Leona: I do apologise on behalf of my husband. He's been like this ever since we were separated in the Debenhams' Lingerie department. When they finally found him, he was breathing in short pants between the maternity bras and the crutchless stockings.

Harvey: (To audience) She's as mad as a March hare!

Maurice: (Pleading) Please! does anyone- *anyone*- want to make us an offer for the house?

Muldoon: No, but I'll make you a statement - It wasn't us what robbed that bank.

Crampton: Yeah, that's right. We – 'im and me, are innocent of all crimes, legal or otherwise. We both 'ad very upsetting childhoods and that means we are not to blame for anything we do.

Crampton: That's right – we 'ave a carton of blanche.

Maurice: (Sighs) I'll try again. Does *anybody* want to make us an offer for the house?

Leona: So, as a result of that most embarrassing incident I will never wear crutchless stockings again! Apart from anything else they don't give you *any* support.

Harvey: (To audience) Bonkers personified.

Maurice: (To the audience) I think I'm having a migraine.

Barra: I think you are forgetting something, Mr Spooks. There has been a dastardly crime in this very neighbourhood.

Harvey: You're right! This house is massively overpriced.

Jemima: He means the bank. *Somebody* has robbed the bank.

Leona: (To Maurice) Mr Spink, do you own a bank as well?

Jemima: No, of course he doesn't. (Pauses) Do you?

Maurice: No! Of course not! Do I look like I own a bank? I can barely afford a piggy!

Jemima: Not a piggy bank, Mr Sparks, the Bank in question is the Winkleton Branch of the High Street Bank. On the High Street. Dot com.

Muldoon: Never heard of it. Never been there! Never seen a bank ever before.

Barra: Now let's stop all this nonsense and get down to grass tacks.

Jemima: Don't you mean brass?

Barra: That's what I said – the green stuff - money! The bank on the High Street has been robbed and I suspect that the robbers of said bank are here in this house at this very moment in time posing as possible purchasers of this property.

Harvey: You mean like *you* are?

Barra: Yes...I mean no. *We* are the police. *We* are the good guys whereas one of you – maybe two of you, are not.

Harvey: Not what?

Barra: Not who you say you are. There you are, I've said it.

Crampton: Said what?

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Barra: That you are *not* who you say you are.

Crampton: Who am I then?

Leona: I think you'll find, Mr Barrier Boy *they* (**points**) are *not* the Winstanleys.

Tracey: No – we are one Winstanley and one Horrocks.

Leona: Ah! You see!

Harvey: How did *you* know?

Leona: I could tell from what I call your *non-Winstanley* behaviour.

Barra: (**To Harvey**) So - You are *not* Winstanley?

Harvey: No.

Barra: In that case you are under arrest.

Harvey: What for?

Barra: Impersonating a Winstanley.

Harvey: I didn't realise that was a criminal offence.

Maurice: But why are you calling yourself Winstanley if you're not a Winstanley?

Tracey: His real name is Horrocks. Harvey Horrocks.

Leona: **(Horror)** The curse of the double aitch! Timothy – my smelling salts!

(Leona swoons but nobody except Timothy takes any notice. Timothy administers the salts)

Emily: But I thought you were a Horrocks!

Maurice: In more ways than one.

Tracey: I hope to be one day - when Harvey finally leaves his wife.

Jemima: So, what's your *real* name?

Tracey: Hillocks.

Maurice: Oh! For heaven's sake!

Barra: **(To Harvey)** So, Mr Harvey Horrocks, why are you pretending to be a Winstanley instead of a Horrocks?

Harvey: So, my wife Helen doesn't find out about me and Tracey Hillocks.

Emily: So, your wife is Helen Horrocks?

Harvey: Yes. I see you've heard of us.

Emily: No. I was just repeating your wife's name.

Leona: **(Coming out of her swoon)** Oooh! You must be the famous Helen Horrocks. Llama Farmer to the Pope.

Crampton: Llama Farmer?

Tracy: That's right. The Horrocks family has been farming Llamas since the Camel breakdown of 1972.

Maurice: The what?

Barra: So, Mr Horrocks, you *didn't* rob the Winkleton high street bank?

Harvey: No. Couldn't have done. I was with my Llama at the time.

Barra: So. You have a Llama alibi!

Harvey: (Smug) I do yes.

Barra: And this creature – this – er, Llama can corroborate your story?

Harvey: Well, he’s never lied before.

Maurice: This is ridiculous! Can’t we talk about the house?

Jemima: Of course, it’s ridiculous. To completely exonerate Winstanley Horrocks the Llama would have to take a lie detector test!

Maurice: Please...Someone make an offer for my house!!!

Crampton: Well, I fink it’s time we was leaving.

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Muldoon: I think you could be right Cram...Dearest darling, wife of mine.

Barra: No one is leaving here until the crime has been solved.

Maurice: Or the house has been sold!

Jemima: What about the Falloys?

Maurice: Which ones? **(To the audience)** If any of you are having trouble following this you are not alone.

Emily: Maurice?

Maurice: Yes, Emily?

Emily: Have these people who are not the Winstanleys actually seen the upstairs yet?

Maurice: I don’t think so. I don’t know. I’m so confused I don’t know where I am - and I’ve lived in this house for fifteen years!

Emily: So **(brightly)** Would you like to see the upstairs, Mr Winstanley?

Harvey: Do you have a balcony?

Emily: No, but we have a patio.

Harvey: Is it upstairs?

Maurice: It was, but it fell into the garden.

Harvey: Not much point then is there? Can't stand houses without balconies. Must have as many balconies as possible. No house is a home without a balcony. It's an obsession of mine. Besides, we keep all our Llamas on balconies. They're used to the high altitudes you see – makes them feel at home.

Maurice: Ye-es! Of course, it does.

Leona: **(To Timothy)** You can fetch our bag Timothy and then we can go home.

Timothy: Well it's been very nice meeting you all.

(Timothy walks over to the cupboard by the grandfather clock, opens the door and removes a black bag. Leona and Timothy then walk towards the hall door)

Leona: I'll just pop into the little girls' room on the way out.

Maurice: You mean you're not going to buy the house?

Leona: Of course not, I only came in to go to the toilet!

Maurice: **(Head in hands)** Oh God!

(Leona and Timothy Exit)

Maurice: Somebody get me out of here! **(To audience)** Oh God! I don't think I can take much more of this! There should be a law against it!

Jemima: **(To Barraclough)** Are you going to let them go guv?

Barra: When you have to go you have to go – and she had to go!

Harvey: Well, I think we will be going as well.

Emily: But the house!

Tracey: No balcony you see.

Harvey: We have to put our Llamas somewhere, the poor creatures.

Tracy: Yes, and I'd best get you home, Harvey, before your wife wakes up from those knockout drops.

Harvey: Good point.

Jemima: Guv, you're not going to let *them* go as well are you?

Barra: They have a cast iron Llama alibi, Jemima.

Jemima: **(Disappointed)** Yeah, I suppose so.

Tracy: Come along pumpkin.

(Tracey walks over to the cupboard by the grandfather clock and collects another bag. She walks back to Harvey)

Harvey: Well thank you Mr and Mrs Spurts for a most enjoyable balcony free afternoon.

Tracey: We must do it again sometime.

(Harvey and Tracey exit. At the same time Crampton sneaks towards the cupboard by the grandfather clock)

Maurice: **(Sees Crampton)** Mrs Falloy!

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Crampton: Where?

Jemima: You *are* Mrs Falloy.

Crampton: I know that. I was just taken by surprise.

Maurice: Look, Mrs Falloy; in fact *everybody*, is there *anybody* left who actually wants a new house?

Emily: Yes dear, I do.

Maurice: **(To the audience)** Someone, *anyone*, please pay the ransom and get me out of here.

Crampton: We will, Mr Spotty.

Muldoon: We will what?

Crampton: We will buy this house.

Maurice: You will?

Crampton: For cash.

Maurice: Seriously?

Crampton: Yes. We'll pop the money around in the morning. **(To Muldoon)** I think we need to go now dear.

Muldoon: I'll just get our...

Barra: Stop!

Muldoon: Then again, maybe I won't.

Emily: Are you going to make an offer as well, Mr Barraclough?

Barra: **(To Muldoon)** How *exactly* did you get the money?

Crampton: What money?

Barra: The money to buy this house.

Crampton: Oh! Well, my Great Aunt Winkleton four times removed left me the money on her death bed.

Muldoon: Yeah. One minute she was there and the next she was a gonna.

Emily: Oh! How sad.

Maurice: Well not *that* sad. She left you enough to buy this house!

Crampton: She actually left enough us to buy *three* houses.

Muldoon: We're not buying another two are we?

Barra: Where is it then?

Crampton: Where is what then?

Barra: The money?

Crampton: How dare you discuss money at a time like this? When we are still mourning my poor dear Great Aunt Wankleton four times removed. **(Sobs)** She was such a lovely lady and she was taken so young.

Emily: How old was she then?

Crampton: Then? She was a hundred and four, now she would be a hundred and twelve. It was fourteen years ago.

Barra: That doesn't make sense.

Maurice: Not much does today!

Jemima: Aren't you being just a trifle insensitive guv'nor?

Crampton: **(Tearful)** She was a wonderful person.

Muldoon: Oh yes. A wonderful person. One minute she was there and the next she was a gonna.

Crampton: You said that before.

Barra: My heartiest condolences.

Crampton: Thank you Mr Officer of the Law.

Muldoon: **(Sighs)** Such a wonderful person. One minute she was there and the next she was a gonna.

Crampton: Alright already!

Barra: But what about the robbery? We are here to solve this dastardly criminal act of a bank robbery.

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Crampton: My Aunt couldn't have done it. It was this afternoon and she's been dead for nineteen years.

Barra: Yes, yes good point, but I'm not accusing her.

Muldoon: **(Looks at his watch)** Well, look at the time. Tempest Thugit.

Crampton: Why my dearest darling, didn't you leave your bag in the cupboard by the grandfather clock?

Muldoon: Yes, my delicious honey bun. I really think I did.

Barra: Wait!

Crampton: Something wrong officer?

Barra: I'll get it.

Crampton: Get what?

Barra: Your bag.

Crampton: No – you can't, she isn't here. She's at home! Oh, you mean the *other* bag, the one I came in with. No, no, there's no need.

Barra: It's the least I can do after your sad bereavement.

Jemima: He's all heart isn't he?

Maurice: And very little brains.

(Barra walks over to the cupboard adjacent to the grandfather clock, opens the door and takes out a black bag. He hands it to Muldoon)

Barra: **(To Muldoon)** Is this yours?

Muldoon: Err.

Crampton: Yes, I do believe it is his – hers – mine.

Maurice: Are you quite sure you've got the cash?

Muldoon: What?

Crampton: Oh yes. We'll pop round with it tomorrow.

Emily: Promise?

Muldoon: Would we lie to you?

Crampton: Well, thanks for everything.

Muldoon: Yes, it's been lovely, Mr and Mrs Spiracles. We've enjoyed it immensely, my good lady and me.

Crampton: If you're ever in a country with no extradition treaty do feel free to look us up.

(Muldoon and Crampton exit with the bag)

Jemima: Now what guv?

Barra: What do you mean?

Jemima: Well, you've let *everyone* go. We haven't got any more suspects, have we.

Barra: Except for *them*. **(Points to Emily and Maurice)**

Maurice: Us?

Barra: **(Suspicious)** Ye-es! You look very familiar to me.

Maurice: Course we do – you’ve been looking at us all afternoon.

Barra: (**Slow and deliberate**) Yes, but then you don’t have a Llama alibi or a dead Aunt, do you?

Maurice: A few of my aunts are dead aunts, but no, we don’t have any llama...

Barra: I knew it... They don’t call me Sherlock of the Yard for nothing.

Jemima: How much do you pay them?

Barra: Ye-es your faces are *very familiar*.

Emily: Actually, now you come to mention it, *you* look very familiar to *me*.

Barra: Don’t you get familiar with me, Madam, I am an officer of the law.

Emily: That’s it! My dream house. You were there...

Maurice: You’ve lost me Emily, what are you talking about?

Barra: Wait a minute!

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Emily: (**Slowly and deliberately**) Number 12 Pocketful Villas, N22 4YZ.

Maurice: Why zed?

Emily: Why not?

Barra: That’s *my* house. What’s going on?

Emily: I *know* it’s your house – and it’s my dream house. We’re buying it from you.

Barra: Great leaping carrots, yes. I remember you now! But you told me and my wife, Frenula, that you had already sold your house! This house! You lied!! You lied to a policeman. Jemima arrest them!

Maurice: Look, I can explain.

Barra: Skulduggery and dull skuggery is at foot here. I know it; I have a nose for it (**Sniffs loudly**)

Jemima: But what about the bank job, guv? We’re here about the bank job.

Barra: Forget the bank job, Jemima – we’re talking about *my house*!

(SFX. Doorbell rings)

Barra: Look, Mr and Mrs Splitz, *I* have told the people *I* am buying from that *you* have sold *your* house and *they* have told the people that *they* are buying from that *they* have sold *their* house and *they* have told....

Maurice: **(Interrupting)** Yes, yes, we get it! And for the umpteenth bloody time *we* are doing our bloody best to sell this house.

Emily: The Falloys have bought it. Haven't they?

Barra: But where are they going to find all that cash?

(SFX. Doorbell rings again and again and goes on ringing)

Emily: From their dead Aunt.

Barra: I never believe the dead. They can be *most* untrustworthy.

Emily: Is that someone at the door?

Maurice: Well it's not the fire alarm!

Emily: We haven't got a fire alarm.

(SFX. Doorbell continues to ring)

Emily: So, it must be the door.

Maurice: Shall I go then? **(To audience)** Be my luck that there is a battalion of Gurkhins outside all *not* wanting to buy my house. No wonder I'm in a pickle.

(Maurice exits)

Barra: What am I going to tell my wife Frenula about the house? She has trouble with her nerves you know.

Jemima: I'm not surprised being married to you.

(Enter Maurice and Abdul Kabul. Kabul is staggering about as if concussed)

Maurice: This is a Mr Car Boot.

Kabul: Kabul!

Maurice OK, Kabul. Don't ask me what he's doing here.

Emily: I'll ask *him* then. Mr Car Boot, what are you doing here?

Kabul: (**Middle-Eastern accent**) I have just had an accident.

Barra: This could be serious - Nobody move!

Maurice: At this rate nobody's going to move! Especially me and Emily.

Jemima: What happened Mr Car Boot?

Kabul: (**Shouts**) Kabul!

Emily: Well there's no need to shout.

Kabul: I am Abdul Kabul, son of Mustard Kabul, grandson of Achmed Marmite Kabul and nephew of Morry Liebshitz.

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Maurice: Pleased to meet you. So, Mr Car Boot, you say you had an accident - what happened?

Kabul: I was walking along minding my own business when this man and a woman with enormous facial hair, carrying a black bag, burmp-ed into me.

Barra: Facial hair you say?

Kabul: I do say, and I will say it again. Facial hair all over her face. It was not at all sexy, but it was very bristly.

Barra: And where exactly was this facial hair?

Kabul: On her face.

Barra: Most interesting. The plot sickens.

Maurice: (**To audience**) He *really* does mean sickens!

Jemima: Facial hair! Sounds like the Falloys.

Maurice: Could you be more specific? We had so many Falloys today.

Jemima: You say they burmp-ed into you? How exactly did they do this burmp-eding?

Kabul: They were riding bicycles. One red bicycle and one blue bicycle – in that order. I was first burm-ped by the blue bicycle and then burmp-ed yet again by the red bicycle. I am double burmp-eded.

Maurice: How astonishing. *We* have a red bike and a blue bike.

Emily: What a coincidence.

Kabul: They crashed into me outside your house, sending me hurtling-aling to the ground with a great and tremendous burmp-burmp.

Jemima: Good grief! You poor man!

Kabul: When I woke up, I had *this* laying on top of me. **(He takes a dead parrot out of his pocket)** It is a dead bird of the parrot species.

Emily: Dyson!

Maurice: How on earth...?

Emily: It's a sign. A miracle. Quickly, let's all dust.

Jemima: Where are they now?

Kabul: Who?

Barra: The facial hair Falloys.

Kabul: They just rode off, leaving me lying outside this house, with a dead parrot bird my only companion and a burmped-ed head.

Emily: Some people have the most appalling manners!

Maurice: Outside our house you say.

Kabul: I do say. I heard myself say. I know it is your house because there is a notice saying "For Sale".

Maurice: Ah! The sign – does this mean you would like to buy this magnificent house?

Kabul: Does it have rooms?

Maurice: Er - yes, a number of them.

Kabul: And a staircase that is linking the ground floor with the upstairs floor?

Maurice: Goes up *and* down.

Kabul: Then I will buy it, provided that you will take this dead parrot as a bird deposit.

Emily: Of course

(Emily takes the dead parrot from Kabul)

Emily: (sotto to Maurice) We have to reason with the poor man – he’s had such a shock.

Maurice: What about a mortgage?

Emily: A mortgage. A *mort-gage*.

Kabul: No thankyou, but I will have a greengage. **(Burps loudly)** Pardons. My head is hurting like the back end of a hoppopitamus that has been hit by a four wheel driver and I am surely forgetting everything I am about to say, but I will repeat myself a thousand times and say what I have already said. I will buy your house.

Emily: Do you have cash?

Kabul: Of course, I have cash. I am Middle Eastern. Maybe even Indian - from Irish stock.

Emily: The money. Is it in your bank?

Kabul: No, it’s in my bag.

Maurice: What bag?

Kabul: This bag. **(Looks down at his hands - his mouth falls open in astonishment)**

Maurice: You haven’t got a bag.

Kabul: **(Looks down again and then screams)** I’ve been robbed! I have been run over, burmp-eded and robbed!

Maurice: **(Sarcastically)** Wonderful. Just wonderful.

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Barra: Mr Car Boot – this, sir, is your lucky day,.

Kabul: It is?

Barra: It most certainly is.

Kabul: I do not understand this western version of luck. I have been run over by the facial hair Falloys riding red and blue bicycles, I have been swatted by a dead parrot, and I have had a fortune in cash stolen from my black bag. Is this good lucky or bad lucky?

Barra: Good lucky, of course, Mr Car Boot.

Kabul: Kabul!!!

Barra: You see - I am none other than a *police officer*.

Kabul: You are?

Jemima: I know it's hard to believe, but he is.

Kabul: My surprisingness is absolutely terrific.

Barra: So, would you like to accompany me to the station?

Kabul: What, why and wherefore?

Maurice: He's probably scared to go on his own.

Jemima: An old joke, but probably true.

Barra: And I will get onto the case of your stolen money before you can say *Winkleton Bank*.

Kabul: That is a funniness that you should be saying of that, for I took my cash out of the bank just before it was robb-ed and not a robber to be seen.

Maurice: And you say you're not lucky!

Barra: Jemima, we must leave immediately.

Jemima: Yes guv.

Barra: (To Maurice) I expect you, sir, to exchange contracts on my house tomorrow at 4.33PM precisely.

Maurice: Piece of cake.

(Barraclough, Jemima and Abdul exit)

Emily: How are we going to exchange contracts by tomorrow Maurice?

Maurice: I just wanted to see the back of them Emily. Frankly, I've had about as much as I can take.

Emily: So, have I. I'm going to dust.

Maurice: I may join you. We all go to dust in the end anyway – ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

Emily: Don't be so morbid, Maurice.

(Emily dusts the grandfather clock and the cupboard. She opens the cupboard door)

Emily: There's a bag in here where the parrot's cage used to be Maurice.

Maurice: Yes, it's the bag with the dead parrot in it!

Emily: No, it isn't. The dead parrot's here. **(She displays the dead parrot)**

Maurice: Ah! Yes – it's all gone according to plan. Can you bring me that bag please, Em.

(Emily hands Maurice the bag)

Emily: Oh! It is heavy! I take it it's full of rubbish, Maurice? Or maybe knickers? **(Giggles)**

Maurice: **(Opens the bag and beams)** No – It certainly is *not* rubbish!

Emily: You look very pleased with yourself, Maurice. What's in it?

Maurice: **(Sings as per ABBA)** Money. Money. Money.

Emily: I don't remember leaving money in a black bag.

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Maurice: *You* didn't, Em! But we both know who did. **(He takes out a wad of notes, wrapped in plastic)** There must be over half a million quid in here. In fifties.

Emily: **(Rushes over to look)** The bank robbery?

Maurice: Oh yes! You weren't taken in by that Mr and Mrs Falloy nonsense were you? Come on! A bearded lady wearing your blue blouse! It was obvious!

Emily: Well, it did seem a little strange. And it was even more peculiar that there were two couples with the same name. Two lots of Mr and Mrs Falloys. Very strange. But – how did you know? And how did *you* get *their* black bag – there were lots of bags.

Maurice: Ah! Remember the Magic Circle, Em?

Emily: Oh yes! You never quite made it, Maurice; and that was a shame, but you *did* practice like mad. I remember when you sawed that woman from the audience in half. It took the hospital two days to sew her back together.

Maurice: Precisely – but I knew all that sleight of hand stuff and making things disappear and then appear again in a different place would come in handy sooner or later....

Emily: But what are we going to do with all this money, Maurice?

Maurice: I know *exactly* what we're going to do. *I'm* going to get a suitcase to put this lot in and *then we're* going to put our coats on and go straight to the airport.

Emily: What? And leave the house?

Maurice: Precisely –

Emily: But – the money isn't ours. We should give it back to the bank.

Maurice: As far as I'm concerned, the Winkleton High Street Bank has just *bought the house*, Emily (**he pats the bag of money**) and this is how they paid for it. (**He moves towards the hall door**) Come on, Gal, get your skates on. We're off to pastures new. Yippee! Harry Potter eat your heart out! It's bloody magic!

(They both exit. Tabs close. Lights off.)

END