

Extract from Sandcastles ACT 1

A sandy beach. At the rear is a beach hut with the doors open. Inside are various items including a primus or gas stove and tea making equipment. Two deckchairs are occupied in front of the beach hut by a married couple, Bert, to stage left, and Lily, centre stage. They are dressed for a typical cool English summer on the beach. Downstage right is a partially built sand castle. Bert is asleep with a newspaper over his face. Lily is writing postcards. Bert stirs and wakes up, removes the paper from over his face, yawns and stretches.

Bert I'm bored.
Lily Mmmm? *(not really listening)*
Bert I hate holidays.
Lily Mmmm. *(non-committal)*
Bert All this sitting about.
Lily It's nice to have a rest. What would you be doing otherwise.
Bert I could be down on t'allotment....hoeing t'sweded.
Lily I don't know why you grow those swedes. They only give you wind.
Bert They're very tasty. Beautiful, mashed with butter and a bit of pepper.

Bert gets up, puts his paper on the deckchair and walks down stage left. He turns back to Lily.

Bert Where's our Susan?
Lily She's gone for a walk along the front.
Bert Ohh. *(pause)*. I'm right worried about that girl.
Lily Yes?
Bert About time she got married and left home.
Lily It's not for want of trying. There were that nice Sebastian lad. She liked him.
Bert He were a twit.
Lily So you never ceased to tell him.
Bert Well, he were. Do you remember when he brought that stray dog into our house.
Lily That was an accident.
Bert It shat all over t'carpet.
Lily It wasn't the dog's fault.

Bert No. He'd been feeding it liquorice. It died soon afterwards. I had to bury it in t' back garden.

Lily The roses were very good the next year.

Bert And then there were that time when he decided to go hang gliding and got stuck in a thermal.

Lily He was a brave lad.

Bert He ended up thirty miles away before he managed to land. I had to go and fetch him.

Lily Well, his mum didn't drive, did she?

Bert What did happen to his dad?

Lily He had an accident at work.

Bert Well, that explains it.

Lily What?

Bert Him, being accident prone. It was in his genes.

He looks out at the sea (the audience)

Bert I never ceases to amaze me how grey the sea can be in July.

Lily It might be nicer tomorrow.

Bert It's always going to be nicer tomorrow, but t'.....

Lily Yes dear, we know. "Tomorrow never comes". I've heard it all before.....many times.

A pause

Bert What are you doing?

Lily I'm writing postcards.

Bert Oh aye. Let's have a look. *(He snatches card from Lily. He reads)*
 "Having a lovely time. Food is good." The food is good? You must be joking. That porridge this morning was like cement.....and yesterday's roast beef.....well, I reckon the sole of my boot would be more tender.

Lily I'm sure the landlady does her best.

Bert *(Reading)* "Wish you were here?!" Who's that to?... Mrs Buckell !

Lily She's a good friend.

Bert Old Gertie Buckell ! We don't want her on holiday with us.

Lily And why not? We get on very well.

Bert She never stops talking ...that's why not. I come on holiday to get away from her. She's always popping round.

Lily Well, she's a bit lonely now that her husband's taken off with that French au pair.

Bert Lucky bugger.

A pause. Bert looks out to sea again.

Bert There's a boat out there.

Lily *(still writing her cards)* Oh yes? That's unusual. A boat on the sea.

Bert I think they're fishing from it.

Lily What will they get up to next? Fishing from a boat on the sea.

Bert I can see t' rods. *(A pause.)* Hey-up, he's caught one. I wonder if it's a mackerel? Eee, I love grilled mackerel. I love the way it comes off t' bone, leaving the skeleton behind. Dissecting it carefully, flake by flake. It's like being a surgeon.

Lily Surgeons don't eat their patients.

Bert Who can say how t' NHS will be organised in t' future?

He goes and sits down on his deck chair and starts to read the paper.

Enter Susan, their daughter from stage right.

Lily Hello our Susan.

Susan Hello Mum.

Lily Have you had a nice walk?

Susan Yes Mum.

Lily Did you see anything interesting?

Susan Not really. But I met a nice young man.

Lily A nice young man! Do you hear that Father? She's met a nice young man.

Bert *(from behind his paper)* Oh aye.

Susan His name's Maurice.

Lily That's nice. Do you hear that, Father? His name's Maurice.

Bert *(still behind his paper)* Oh aye.

Susan He's got an elder brother.

Bert *(drops paper)* He must be a Maurice Minor, then.

Lily Stop teasing the girl, Bert.

Susan I don't care what Dad says. I like him. I like him a lot.

Bert And we've all heard that before.

Lily Take no notice of him, love.

Bert And what's he do, this Maurice?

Susan He works here. On the pier. Just in the summer.

Bert He can't work much then, not with the summers we get nowadays.

Susan *(ignoring him)* He makes candy floss and sells toffee apples and rock.

Bert So he's a fishmonger? I like a bit of rock and chips.

Susan Sticks of rock! Not rock salmon. Ooo Dad!

Lily Bert.....
Bert All right, Lily. I know. "Shut up".

Susan He says when he's finished and locked up the kiosk he'll come down to the hut and we can go for a walk along the beach.

Lily That'll be nice for you, Susan.

Bert Make us a cup of tea, love.

Lily I will...if you behave yourself.

Susan I'll help you, Mum.

They go back into the hut and prepare the tea. There is a small table and two chairs in the hut: a wide shelf on stage left of the hut where the tea making stuff is kept with plates, bowls, cutlery etc. Bert gets out of his chair, takes a few steps towards the sandcastle and looks out to sea.

Bert They're still fishing, Lily. I bet it's mackerel they're pulling in. Must be on top of a shoal. Reckon I'll stroll down t' jetty later and see if I can get some for our tea.

Lily If you like.

Bert looks down at the sand and pokes it with his foot. There is a bucket and spade front stage right.

Bert What's this bucket and spade doing here? I don't know why we have to always bring this with us. At her age you'd think she'd have finished with building sandcastles.

Susan I still like doing it. It's like sculpture.

Bert Now digging holes, I can understand. Trouble is, it takes a long time to dig a hole big enough to bury your mother.

Susan Now that's not a very nice thing to say about Mum, Dad.

Lily He's joking love. He's always joking or pulling me leg.

Bert That's why she's got a limp.

Susan Dad!

Lily Ignore him, love. You'll only encourage him.

Bert It's alright, Susan. If I pull her left leg ont' Monday, I'll pull her right leg ont' Tuesday. That'll even her up.

Susan (*Stepping down from the hut*). Why do you always have to be nasty to Mum?

Bert Well, it's something to do in my tea half hour.

Susan I hate you.

Lily Now Susan, you know you don't really mean that.
Susan I do. I hate him.
Bert You sound like a spoilt child.
Susan That's something you've never done.
Bert What?
Susan Spoilt me.
Bert I bought you those roller skates when you were eleven.
Susan And laughed when I fell over.
Bert Well, it were funny.
Susan I had to go to hospital.
Bert Best place for a broken nose.
Susan Ooo, Mum..... how do you put up with him?

She goes back into the hut, sits down and looks at a magazine.

Bert It doesn't show now, though, love. Thee's got a lovely profile.
Lily Do you want that tea, or not?
Bert Yes, please.
Lily Well behave yourself.
Bert Yes, love. *(pause)* Can I have a biscuit?

Lily huffs and shakes her head. Bert sits in the deck chair and picks up the paper. Enter a gypsy fortune teller from stage right. She approaches Bert.

Gypsy Cross me palm with silver, dearie, and I'll tell your fortune.
Bert You what?
Gypsy I see all things close by and far beyond.
Bert You've got good eyesight, then.
Gypsy I can see into the future, dearie..... tell your fortune.
Bert I know what's going to happen. I'm going to have a cup of tea and a biscuit.
Lily I didn't say you could have a biscuit.
Bert I'm not going to have a biscuit. *(pause)* What's a fortune teller doing coming along the beach anyway?
Gypsy I'm normally on the pier, love, but there's not much business today.
Bert Well, you've come to the wrong place. We'll have no truck with fortune tellers here. Load of bloody rubbish!
Gypsy Is that what you think, eh, dearie? Perhaps Madame Vadoma can change your mind?
Bert Madame Valderma? Have you got bad skin?

Gypsy I know of many things about you.
Bert I shouldn't think so.
Gypsy You were hoping to have mackerel for tea tonight.
Bert *(taken aback)* How do you know that?
Susan *(coming from the hut)* You can tell my fortune if you like.
Gypsy Ahh....your daughter. Such a pretty young thing.
Bert She'll do. *(Susan makes a face)*
Gypsy She doesn't much like you does she?
Bert Of course she likes me. I'm her Dad.
Susan I don't like him at all. He's horrible.
Gypsy *(she sits in the right hand deck chair)* Sit next to me love and give me your hand.
Susan *(To Bert)* Budge over!

Bert gets grudgingly out of his deck chair and Susan sits facing the Gypsy. She puts a silver coin in her hand which the gypsy secretes, and puts out her left hand.

Gypsy *(she examines her hand both sides, ending on the palm)* A delicate hand. Shows a sensitive personality.
Bert Sensitive, my arse!
Lily Shut up, Bert!
Gypsy I can see that although you fall in love easily, your heart has often been broken.
Lily *(sympathetically)* Oh, that's so true, love.
Gypsy You freely express your emotions and feelings....
Bert Aye, and that's true an' all!
Lily Huh! You can talk!
GypsyAnd you have had many relationships and loves, but none have been serious.
Susan *(sad)* I was serious about Sebastian.
Bert But he weren't serious about you, though, were he?
Susan He was until you messed it all up! *(angry and tearful)*
Bert He weren't right for you, love. I was saying to your mother just now, he were a twit!
Susan No! None of them have ever been right for you, Dad. You always have to put your nose in where it's not wanted.
Bert Well at least it's not broken!
Lily Bert. Shut up! Come in the hut and drink your tea.
(Bert goes into the hut)

Gypsy Let's see what the future will bring, my dear. *(She takes a small crystal ball from beneath her garments and hold it in her hands.)* 'Tis a bit cloudy.

Bert *(from the hut)* What do you expect from an English summer!

Gypsy *(pause)* It's clearing. *(pause)* I see a tall dark handsome man.

Bert Here we go.

Susan Will it be love?

Bert *(aside)* No. The dustman.

Gypsy If it is love, you must seize the moment.

Bert *(singing)* Love is a many splendoured thing.....

Gypsy The greatest irony of life is loving the right person at the wrong time, or having the wrong person when the time is right.

Susan Is this the right one?

Gypsy I can say no more, my dear. The glass darkens.

Lily *(coming from the hut)* Are you alright, Susan?

Susan Yes, Mum.

Lily He can be a beast at times. Can you do me? I've got me money.

Gypsy Sit down, dear, and I'll scry the glass.

Lily and Susan swap places and Lily gives the Gypsy a silver coin

Gypsy *(concentrates on the ball for a short while)* You have had a hard life.

Lily I've worked my fingers to the bone.

Bert *(singing)* Dem bones, dem bones, dem dry bones

Gypsy It was hard, bringing up two children.

Lily No. Susan's an only child.

Gypsy And another who behaves like a child? *(a pause)* You will find something that you have lost. It has..... hands.....and a face.

Bert Must be a doll! *(He moves down from the hut)*

Lily I can't think of anything I've lost. I'm always very careful.

Gypsy The glass never lies. *(a pause)*. I see a change coming.....it could be for the better.....a man who has a speech impediment.....

Susan That's Dad. He can't say anything nice about anyone.

Gypsyan animal of some kind.....no I can see no more. *(She puts the crystal ball away)*

Bert Perhaps the cat's died, Lily.

Lily Oh no! I knew we shouldn't have asked Mrs. Buckell to look after it.

Bert She kills flowers just by looking at them.

Gypsy *(to Lily)* Your name is Lily? The Tarot reveals the lily as a symbol of purity, innocence and fertility.

Bert Purity and fertility? The one doesn't seem to go with t'other. What's the use of being fertile if you have to be pure with it?

Lily I was innocent until I married you.

Bert Well, I soon changed that, didn't I?

Lily Bert! Not in front of Susan!

Bert Why not? She knows. I bet her and that Sebastian....

(Susan runs into the hut, upset)

Lily Bert. Shut up.

Bert Yes, love.

Gypsy *(To Bert)* Can I change your mind, dearie? Would you like your palm read, or perhaps the glass?

Bert No. It's all a load of old codswallop....a waste of money.

Gypsy *(getting up)* Suit yourself, dearie. Those who trust in the wisdom of the Romani will know the truth. There will be others along the way who will want my insight.

She exits stage left. Lily goes back to the hut to console Susan

Lily Are you alright, love? *(She give Susan a cuddle. Susan wipes her nose)*

Susan Yes. Mum. *(a pause)* She said I'll meet a tall dark handsome man, Mum. Does she mean Maurice?

Lily I don't know, love. You've already met him.

Bert Precisely. I expect she saw you two together on t'pier. I told you it's all a load of claptrap.

He sits down in his deckchair, and puts his paper up, reading. Susan comes downstage right and looks out to sea. Lily busies herself in the hut. Susan fills the bucket with sand and places it on the half finished sandcastle. She uses a lolly stick to carve the sand, puts shells on to decorate it.

Bert *(lowering his paper)* Just listen to this, Lily. It says here that a 13 year old boy sent a postcard to his mother last August and the card only arrived last Friday. "His mother was not surprised that her son had sent a card — only that it took so long to arrive." He should have taken a pigeon on holiday with him.

Lily That reminds me I must get some stamps.

Bert What's the point? By the time they arrive we'll have been home a week. You can tell Mrs. Buckell yourself "what a lovely time we've all been having".*(sarcastic)*

Lily It's the thought that counts. Anyway, she'll like that photo of the gardens in the town.

Bert Oh yes. Wallflowers and tulips. *(sarcastic)* Very nice. I'd have sent her a saucy one.

Lily I'm sure she doesn't want you sending her pictures of large breasted naked women.

Bert No, I suppose not. Not after her husband's gone off with that French tart.

Lily She's not a tart. She's an au pair.

Bert So I've noticed, love. *(He reads his paper and slowly dozes off)*

Susan upends another bucket of sand onto the castle, pats it with a spade and releases the bucket. She stands up to look at it.

Enter Maurice from stage right, carrying a small rucksack over one shoulder.

Maurice *(quietly)* Hello Susan. *(She turns to face him.)*

Susan Maurice! Hello. I didn't expect you 'til later.

Maurice No. It's very quiet on the pier today. I thought I'd shut up shop, so to speak, and come and see you now. I hope you don't mind.

Susan Of course not. I was thinking about you while I was making the sandcastle.

Maurice Oh yes?

Susan Yes.

Maurice You were trapped in the castle, high in a tower, by a wicked ogre.....and I came along to rescue you.

Susan *(she looks at her father who is dozing)* Trapped, but not in a tower. More like in a semi in Barnsley.

Maurice I shall climb the tower, and kill the ogre, and carry you off to safety.

Susan Oh, Maurice. That is so romantic.

Maurice Well, I'm a romantic kind of person. *(He smiles stupidly)*

Susan Oh, Maurice....*(She goes to give him a cuddle)* Ugh!...what's this stuff on you?

Maurice The candy floss machine went wrong and sprayed me with sugar.

Susan You're all sticky!

Maurice Well, it's meant to be sticky, candy floss. I'll take me shirt off

He undoes a couple of buttons and tries to pull his shirt over his head. He wrestles with it.

Susan Let me help you.

She helps get the shirt off. Maurice is wearing a coloured (pink) vest underneath.

Maurice That's better. *(He rolls the shirt into a ball and stuffs it into his rucksack).* I'm not sticky now.

Susan But I am. I've got it all over my hands. *(She shakes her hands)*

Maurice You could lick it off. It tastes quite nice.

Susan No. I think I'll wash it off. Mum, have you got any water?

Lily What's that, dear? *(coming forward)*

Susan I've got sticky hands. Do we have any water?

Maurice You could wash your hands in the sea. We could go paddling.

Susan It's too cold.

Lily Hello. Is this your new friend, Susan?

Susan Yes, Mum. This is Maurice.

Maurice Hello Mrs. Brown.

He puts his hand out and shakes hands with Lily. She looks at her hand and then at Maurice.

Maurice It's only candy floss.

Susan He had an accident with the candy floss machine.

Maurice Yes. I had an accident with the candy floss machine. I got all sticky.

Lily Well, we'd better all have a wash. There's some water in the hut.

Maurice I'll just lick it off..... it's quite nice.

Lily Just as you please. Come on, Susan. I've got some soap back here somewhere.

Susan and Lily go back into the hut and rinse hands in a bowl filled with water from a container. There is no running water. Maurice starts to lick his hands. Bert stirs and opens one eye, then the other.

Bert Eh up! What vision of strangeness do I see before me? A young man licking his hands. What flavour are they, son?

Maurice Strawberry. No. Not me hands. No. The sugar. The candyfloss. It's on me hands. Well. On me shirt.

Bert But you're not wearing a shirt, lad.

Maurice No. It's all sticky.

Bert Well, it would be.

Maurice I had an accident.

Bert I can see that. You were born.

Maurice Me shirt's in me bag.

Bert Oh. I see.

Maurice It's got candy floss on it.

Bert That's novel. Is it a new fashion?

Lily (*shouts down at Bert from the hut*) Bert! Let him be!

Bert All right, Lily. (*He gets up from the deck chair*) That's a nice vest you've got there.

Maurice Me mum bought it for me birthday.

Bert She's got good taste. (*sarcastic*)

Maurice I'm Maurice. (*he puts out his hand to be shaken*)

Bert No. I think I'll pass on the candy floss. I'm Mr. Brown, Susan's father.

Maurice Pleased to meet you. I work on the pier.

Bert Yes. I know. Susan's told us all about you. Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me. (*he touches his nose*)

Maurice Oh. She didn't tell you about what happened with the toffee apple, did she?

Bert No. I think that's one she missed out.

Maurice Only it were very embarrassing.

Susan (*coming down from the hut*) Take no notice of him, Maurice. He's just got a chip on his shoulder.

Maurice I can't see it. (*looking at Bert's shoulder*)

Bert That's coz I'm saving it for later, to have with the mackerel.

Maurice Mackerel?

Lily (*shouting down*) He wants mackerel for his tea. He'll be lucky!

Bert What do you do in your spare time, lad?

Maurice I like to go and watch football.

Bert Waste of time, football. Do you know how football came about?

Maurice No.

Bert It were because men were too lazy to pick up t' ball and throw it.

Susan Oh yes. And how was rugby invented then?

Bert Men's desire for physical contact with other men. They're too shy to hug, but they don't mind jumping on each other, or putting their heads between each other's legs.

Maurice That sounds very unsavoury.

Lily Take no notice of him, Maurice. He's just being silly.

Susan As usual.

Bert So where are you on t'pier then, Maurice? Are you part of the amusements?

Maurice Oh, no. I'm just down from the Punch and Judy booth.

Bert By gum, he's a poor downtrodden character is Mr. Punch, isn't he?

Maurice What do you mean?

Extract from Sandcastles ACT 2 Scene 1
(the dream.... or is it?)

It is dusk. Bert enters stage right, drunk. He staggers towards the beach hut. The hut is closed up for the night.

Bert *(slurred)* Lily? Lily, love? Are you there? *He wanders downstage a bit.* I'm sorry, love. *A pause.* She not here, is she, Bert? No. Women are never here when you really need them. Bugger. *He wanders and stumbles on to the sandcastle, damaging it.* What's this? Bloody sandcastle. *He trips over the spade.* Aw me shin. That bloody hurts. Susan? Why do you have to leave this bloody spade here? She not here, is she, Bert? No. She not here. No-one's bloody here.

He wanders back to the hut and fumbles with the doors, finally opening them. He goes in and lights a candle in a candle lantern. Practical lights softly illuminate the inside of the hut.

Bert *(singing)* Show me the way to go home.....I'm tired and I want to go to bed.....I had a little drink about an hour ago.....And it's gone right to my headIt's good here, isn't it? Cosy little hut. I could sleep here. In t'chair.

He searches around for a blanket, closes the doors to the hut. There is a sound of a storm rumbling and the sea, changing to spooky fantasy music/sounds. The light changes from a glimmer to soft colours. Bert opens the doors of the hut to reveal that he has become Mr. Punch. He wears a mask with hooked nose and chin, and a suitable hat. When he speaks it is Punch like. He has a bigger belly and a typical hunch back.

Bert/Punch That's the way to do it! *He moves from the hut, downstage, taking with him a slap stick.* "Hello, boys and girls!" I said "Hello, boys and girls!" Oooo.....what an ugly looking bunch! I am here to entertain you. I want you all to have a lovely time. *(sing song)* "A lovely time. A lovely time. I want you all to have a lovely time." Are you all having a lovely time, boys and girls? I hope you haven't been naughty. Have you been naughty, boys and girls? There's a little boy there who has been naughty. I should smack his bottom. *He whacks the slapstick.* But he'd probably like it. *slapstick.* You mustn't like having your bottom smacked. *slapstick.* There's something wrong with you if you like your bottom being smacked. *slapstick.*

Enter stage right, Judy, played by Lily

Punch Hello Judy. Hello Judy. This is my wife, Judy, Judy, Judy, Judy. Say hello to Judy, boys and girls.

Judy Hello, boys and girls.

Punch Shall we dance, Judy?

Judy Oh yes, Mr Punch. I love dancing.

There is music and Mr. Punch whirls her around the stage.

Judy That was lovely. Can we do it again?

Punch Can we do it again, boys and girls? Yes, we can.

Again there is music and Mr. Punch whirls her around the stage.

Punch Can I have a kiss?

Judy Ooo. I don't know about that, Mr Punch. It might lead to something else.

Punch *(to audience)* Something else, something else! What can she mean? Does she mean a nice big sausage? Come on. Give us a kiss.

Judy Shall I give him a kiss, boys and girls? I think I'll risk it.

They kiss, side on to audience, bending at the waist and lips only. Then Punch grabs hold of Judy and bends her back for a long lingering kiss. They break.

Judy Ooo, Mr Punch! You are a one! I bet you've done that before.

Punch I have. I have. And have you done that before?

Judy Oh, yes.

Punch Well, you're a very naughty girl then, isn't she boys and girls, and she deserves a smacked bottom.

He turns her side on to the audience and she sticks out her bottom. He whacks it with the slap stick.

Punch That's the way to do it!

Judy I liked that.

Punch You are a very naughty girl and you must have another smack. *(He whacks her with the slap stick.)* Now say "thank you."

Judy Thank you, Mr. Punch. Now I must go and see how the Baby is getting on.

She exits stage right and returns immediately with the Baby (a large doll)

Punch What a lovely Baby? Is it mine?

Judy Of course it's yours.

Punch How did that happen then?

Judy Well, you kissed me.

Punch I kissed you?

Judy Yes, you kissed me.

Punch And then what happened?

Judy Something else.

Punch Something else? Was it a big sausage?

Judy It was a small sausage.

Punch Oh dear. *(he looks forlorn)*

Judy Will you look after the Baby for me, Mr. Punch?

Punch Must I?

Judy All fathers should help with the Baby. *(She hands over the baby).*

Punch And what are you going to do?

Judy I'm going to make a steak and kidney pudding for dinner.

Punch Oh, yes? My favourite.

Judy Bye-bye then, Mr. Punch. Bye-bye, boys and girls. *(She exits right.)*

Punch Hello baby, hello baby. Rock the baby, rock the baby. *(He rocks the baby in his arms).* Nice baby. Isn't she a lovely baby, boys and girls? Nice baby. Nice baby. *The baby farts.* Ooo, what was that? *The baby farts again.* Ooo, you naughty baby. Pooh. What a smell! *(he looks into the baby clothes)* Errhgh. What a naughty baby! What do we do with naughty babies? We must give them a smack.

*He holds the doll so that its bottom is uppermost and hits it with the slap slick.
The baby starts to cry*

Punch Oh dear. The Baby is crying. What shall I do now? Shall I give it another smack? I know I'll give it a drink.

*He gets out a baby's bottle marked "whisky". The baby drinks and stops crying.
Enter Judy from stage right.*

Judy What are you doing with my Baby?

Punch It was thirsty. It needed a drink.

Judy Babies need Mummy's milk, not whisky.

Punch And it farted.

Judy All babies fart. You fart. Everyone farts. That's no reason to hit it.

Punch And it pooed.

Judy How dare you hit the Baby!

She grabs the slap stick and Punch drops the baby. She chases him around the stage hitting him as she goes.

Punch Ow! Ow ! Ow! I like it I like it!

Judy drops the stick and picks up the baby. Punch picks up the stick and chases Judy around the stage, hitting her as he goes.

Judy Ow! Ow! Ow!

As they reach the front of the stage again, a police constable (played by Maurice) enters from stage left.

P C 'Ello, 'ello 'ello...what's going on here then? Do I see a marital dispute unfolding before my very eyes. I am arresting you for disturbing the peace.

Punch Irish stew for disturbing the peas? I don't like Irish stew. I like steak and kidney pudding.

Judy He hit the Baby. *(She soothes the baby)* There, there.

P C Did he, indeed.

Judy And he hit me!

P C He's a very naughty boy. *(He gets out some hand cuffs)*. Do you know what we do with naughty boys, boys and girls? We locks them up and throws away the key.

Punch You can't lock me up.

P C Oh yus I can.

Punch Oh no you can't.

P C Oh yus, I can.

Punch Oh no you can't, can he, boys and girls?

Punch hits the policeman and chases him around the stage hitting him.

P C Ow! Ow ! Ow! I like it I like it!

Punch You mustn't like having your bottom smacked. There's something wrong with you if you like your bottom being smacked.

P C There is something wrong with me.

Judy Oh yes? What is it?

P C I'm corrupt. *(Punch and Judy gasp!)*

P C I once took a brown envelope from a cove to tell a porky in the box.

Judy You had a pig in a crate? That's not very nice. Poor piggy.

Punch Porkus Pie-us. Porkus Pie-us. That's the way to do it!

P C I'm not religious. But I am spiritual.

Judy Spiritual?

P C Yus. I like whisky.

Punch Whisky! Whisky! Here you are. Drink that. *(He gives the baby's bottle to the policeman who drinks it)* That's the way to do it! That's the way to do it!

Punch hits the policeman, chases him around the stage, hitting him until he runs off stage left.

Punch That's got rid of him, and off with you, too.

*He chases Judy around the stage, hitting her until she runs off right.
Enter left, Polly, dressed seductively.*

Punch Ooo....what a pretty lady. *(to audience)* That's Polly, my girlfriend.

Polly *(coming to him)* Hello Mr. Punch.

Punch Hello Polly.

Polly Was that your wife I just saw rushing off?

Punch No, no. Just some woman who happened along.

Polly Are you sure?

Punch Of course.

Polly She had a baby.

Punch I didn't touch it. It was an accident.

Polly Is it your baby, Mr Punch?

Punch No, no. I'm a single man.

Polly That's good to hear. I like the idea of a single man.

Punch Then I'm the man for you. Give us a kiss.

They kiss, side on to audience, bending at the waist and lips only. Then Punch grabs hold of Polly and bends her back for a long lingering kiss. They break.

Polly Ooo, Mr Punch! You are a one! I bet you've done that before.

Punch I have. I have. And have you done that before?

Polly Oh, yes.

Punch Well, you're a very naughty girl then, isn't she boys and girls, and she deserves a smacked bottom.

He turns her side on to the audience and she sticks out her bottom. He whacks it with the slap stick.

Punch That's the way to do it!

Polly I liked that.

Punch They all like it. Wack wack, on the bot. Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly.

Polly You're a very handsome man. Mr. Punch.

Punch That's true. Handsome and rich.

Polly That's good to hear. I like the idea of a rich man.

Punch Then I'm the man for you.

Polly Will you marry me, then?

Punch Ooo. I don't know about that, Polly. It might lead to something else.

Polly *(to audience)* Something else, something else? What can he mean? Does he mean a nice big sausage?

Enter stage left Joey the Clown, played by Brian. He wears hooped clown trousers with the big open waist and carries a string of sausages hidden in his trousers.

Polly Hello Joey.

Joey Hello Polly. Hello Mr Punch.

Punch Hello Joey. This is Pretty Polly, my girlfriend.

Joey Hello Polly.

Punch Have you met before?

Joey No. Never.

Punch Never?

Joey Only on Wednesday evenings.

Punch Wednesday evenings?

Joey And twice on Sundays. It was all her idea. I was led astray.

Punch I see.

Joey It was the Devil that made me do it.

Punch I see. I must go and think about this. *(He moves backstage and takes a pensive pose)*

Polly He's thinking.

Joey I think we're safe. He has only a little brain.

Polly His brain may be little.....

Joey But his pockets are deep.

Polly A man a day.

Joey Keeps the landlord away.

Polly A man an hour.

Joey Puts the girl in a tower.

Polly A man may rise.

Joey And a woman may fall.

Polly But Lucifer will have us all
against the wall.

Punch (*moving back towards them*) I have thought and

Joey Yes?

Punch No. Nothing there. It's a blank. What are we going to do now?

Joey It's dinner time! Would you like something to eat?

Joey pulls out the string of sausages.

Joey Does everyone like sausages?

Polly My favourite.

Punch I'd prefer a mackerel.

Joey Here you are, Mr. Punch. (*giving him the sausages*) You look after the sausages, while Polly and I go and get a frying pan. Now you won't eat the sausages while we're gone, will you, Mr Punch.

Punch No, no. Who wants a raw sausage. I'll just put them round my neck to keep them safe.

Joey and Polly exit stage left.

Punch (*musings*) I liked her, that Polly. She was most accommodating. She had a way about her. It's the way she did it! That's the way to do it!

Enter stage right a Crocodile, played by Susan in a green costume. Her outstretched arms are clad to represent the crocodile's jaws. Punch does not see the crocodile but shows that he feels uneasy.

Punch I can smell danger. Is there anybody there?

The crocodile smacks its jaws and moves towards Punch.

Punch Is there something behind me?

Punch turns to find the crocodile advancing on him.

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Would you like to read the whole script?

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