

## **TEA AND CAKE**

Written By Lauren Shearing and Tiernan Douieb © July 2007

Performed in the Underbelly Delhi Belly at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival 2007

## **THE BEGINNING**

ONSTAGE THERE ARE TWO CHAIRS SET AT THE BACK CENTRE, AND TWO BOXES ON TABLES AT THE BACK RIGHT AND BACK LEFT. ONE BOX SAYS 'T's BOX' AND ONE SAYS 'L's BOX'.

THERE IS A BLACK OUT AND THE THEME MUSIC FROM '2001: A SPACE ODDESSY' IS PLAYED. T AND L WALK ON COVERED IN TIN FOIL. T IS WEARING A COLINDER ON HIS HEAD.

T: Good afternoon. As you can see from our hi-tech astro clothes we are Tiernan and Lauren from the future. We have travelled back in time from 2053, where most things are pretty much the same, but covered in tin foil. In this futurey future, Tea and Cake have become the best comedy act in the universe. Everyone in the future loves them and says they are well funny.

L: The show you are about to see went on to be recognised the as most pioneering and original comedy piece of all time. After Tiernan's untimely death in 2012.

T: What do you mean?

L: You die

T: How?

L: Horribly. You manage to take out all your family, some of your friends, and a small family of ducklings.

T: Ducklings? I'd never do anything to hurt ducklings

L: Oh you will. They'll become the fluffy victims of your treacherous rage. (L TURNS BACK TO CROWD) After Tiernan's disturbing and grisly death....

T: I can't believe it. Well, what about my funeral? Was there a big crowd?

L: Not really

T: Did anyone go?

L: No

T: Any of these guys? (T POINTS AT THE AUDIENCE)

L: No

T: That guy? (T POINTS TO SOMEONE AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM)

L: No

T: But that's my Dad.

L: Still no. Can I carry on now please? After Tiernan's hideous yet low profile death in 2012...

T: I miss the Olympics!

L: No, you die just afterwards.

T: Phewee! I love javelins. (BOTH T AND L SMILE AND SIGH)

L: After Tiernan's brutally violent and yet hilarious death, I go on to star in my woman show "Dancing on The Grave of A Small Bearded Man". This goes on to be one of the most acclaimed comedy shows in the world, and features catchy musical numbers like "Thank God He's Dead At Last I'm Creatively Free" and "Let's go spit on some Hobbit Bones". That's all to come, but for now please enjoy our first comedy venture together: Tea and Cake.

T: Hang on, if I die, then how am I here from the future? Surely I wouldn't be able to come back if I was dead?

L: Shh, shh. I'll explain later. Come on.

T: Oh my god. You must've brought me back to life? You made me Jesus. I am Jesus.

L: You're not Jesus. It doesn't say anywhere in the Bible that Jesus was a chubster. Now give me back my tinfoil.

T: The tinfoil of Jesus.

L: Yes the tinfoil of Jesus. I need it back for my future sandwiches. Now get off.

T: Get off....who?

L: Get off...Jesus.

T AND L EXIT TO BACK OF THE STAGE

## **Interlude 1:**

T AND L PREPARE FOR THE NEXT SCENE WHILE GETTING PROPS FROM THEIR BOXES IN A HALF LIGHT. THIS IS THE SAME FOR ALL INTERLUDES.

L IS WHISTLING A TUNE.

T: What's that you're whistling?

(L KEEPS WHISTLING)

T: Is that the theme tune to 'Dancing on the Grave of a Small Bearded Man'?

L: No of course not. It doesn't even exist yet.

T: Yet?

L: It doesn't exist. It's a joke.

T: What were you whistling then?

L: Jingle Bells.

T: That's not jingle bells. And I would know, I was born on Christmas Day.

L: It's the Motown version. Er, funkle funky bells. I didn't know you were born on Xmas day.

T: Neither did I until just now when I found out I'm Jesus.

L: You're not Jesus.

T: I am. I'm the Messiah. I'm immortal.

L: We'll see. (SINGING) Dancing on the grave of a Small Bearded Man, Stabbed him through the heart till he bled to death.

T: What?

L: Nothing.

LIGHTS TO BLACK OUT.

## **Plague Boy**

T/ORPHAN IS STAGE DRESSED AS AN ORPHAN CHILD IN HAT AND SCARF. HE RUNS AND KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. L/WOMAN APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.

WOMAN: Yes?

O: (IN A HIGH PITCHED VOICE) Good morrow

W: Excuse me

O: Good morrow fair lady

W: Look, I've already bought the Big Issue this year.

O: Good lord no, I may be fetid and dirty but I'm not a homeless. I'm your 17<sup>th</sup> Century Plague-O-Gram. You might know me from such books as The Diary of Samuel Pepys, or A N Orphan's 'My First Big Book Of Plague Ridden Orphans for Kids'. I'm here to wish you a very happy birthday and to say that not to worry because life begins (JAZZ HANDS) at 40! (SMALL PAUSE) Unless you are every member of my family, in which case you are covered in welts and rotting in a mass grave on the embankments. (SNIFFS).

W: (SLIGHT DISBELIEF) Right.

O: (THIS IS LITTERED WITH LITTLE COUGHS) I've travelled many miles to be with you today, everyone in my village died a horrible death so I had no one to say goodbye too. I just upped and left and a kindly gent offered me a lift on the back of his cart. It was warm amongst all those bodies. And as I stared at all those festering faces, I knew that the most important thing was to make you feel special.....and give you these authentic plague ridden posies (SNEEZES ON THEM). Ok. (THROWS POSIES ON THE FLOOR)

And now a song, even though my tongue is swollen and I have boils in my groin which make it tricky to dance without crippling pain. (COUGH). Ahem. (SINGING) Happy birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, (TOUCHES HIS EYE AND STARTS TO TRAIL OFF AS HE LOOKS AT IT) I'm bleeding from my eyes and (LOSES ALL TUNE) I wish my mother wasn't dead.

(HE DOES A FEEBLE ATTEMPT AT A TAP DANCE, ALL THE WHILE WINCING WITH PAIN, THEN SOME VIOLENT COUGHING. HE COUGHS INTO HIS HANDS THEN LOOKS AT THEM WITH FEAR) Oh no. More blood. (MORE AND MORE VIGAROUS COUGHING UNTIL HE KEELS OVER IN PAIN AND DIES).

W: (STARES FOR A MOMENT, THEN TAKES OUT HER MOBILE PHONE AND DIALS). (INTO PHONE) Janey.... thank you so much...so

thoughtful...Wonderful. .... So I just leave him now do I?...by the bins....right  
(FADES OUT).....

BLACK OUT

## **Interlude 2:**

LIGHTS UP TO HALF LIGHTING

T: That's the second time I've come back from the dead in ten minutes. I am obviously the Son of God. I've even got stigmata! (SHOWS L HIS HANDS)  
Ow. (LOOKS AT HIS HANDS) They're not holes, they're just really deep itchy scratches.

L: Yeah Poison Ivy will do that to you.

T: Poison ivy? I said posies.

L: Yeah, posies, Poises Ivy's Poison Posies.

T: Well, never mind they seem to be healing now anyway. Must be my super healy Jesus hands! Brilliant.

L SCOWLS

BLACK OUT

## **JUDGE PANTS:**

T/BARRISTER IS ON STAGE. L/JUDGE ENTERS THE ROOM AND SITS.  
SHE IS WEARING JUDGES WIG AND ROBES.

Judge: All rise. This court is in session. Counsel – please begin.

Barrister: Your Honour. In the case of Baxter vs. the court we move to...

J: Would the counsel please approach the bench.

B: Your Honour?

J: Where's your wig, counsel? Your head appears to be inappropriately dressed for my court?

B: My apologies Your Honour, I was actually called on to this case at late notice and I didn't have time to get the correct attire/

J: Have you looked in lost property?

B: Er, I wasn't aware there was a lost property at the High Court Your Honour/

J: Well there is, so I suggest you run along and find yourself a wig that one of the other careless boys has left behind.

B: Right. Yes, Your Honour.

J: The court will adjourn briefly while Mr Eldridge tries to find himself a wig.

(B LEAVES AND RE-ENTERS CARRYING A CLOWNS WIG, AND LOOKING SHEEPISH)

B: This was the only one I could find, Your Honour.

J: Well, that'll have to do Eldridge, won't it. Court is reconvened. Carry on.

(B PUTS THE WIG ON)

B: In the case of Baxter vs. the Court, the dependent strongly denies the accusation of the homosexual rape and brutal murders of 20 young men on the night of....

J: Will counsel please approach the bench

B: Your Honour?

J: Where are your robes?

B: With all due respect Your Honour, I thought I'd already explained this. I was called in late to the case, and felt it more important to read up on the defence than to...

J: Excuses, excuses, Eldridge. You know what happens to boys who don't come to my court with the correct attire.

B: Do I Your Honour?

J: Yes, Eldridge. If you don't have your robes, then you'll just have to do it in your pants.

B: Your Honour?

J: Come on, Eldridge. No-one's looking at you.

(B SHEEPISHLY REMOVES HIS TROUSERS TO REVEAL EMBARRSING Y-FRONT)

B: In the case of Baxter vs. the court, we move to....

J: You there. (J POINTS INTO AUDIENCE) Mr Gay Rapist. Think it's funny he's in his pants do you? Making you a bit giggly? Don't you think you're in enough trouble already? Right that's it. Outside. Yes, you. No, Constable he can go on his own thank you. Let's see how he likes it out in the corridor on his own, shall we? That'll learn him.

B: Your Honour, you appear to have just released the prisoner into the...

J: Are you questioning my judgement, Counsel? I think you are. Right, you can go out there, stand directly in front of him and touch your toes. If you thought law school was hard – let's see how you like getting buggered shall we?

B: (NERVOUSLY) Objection?

J: Over-ruled

BLACK OUT

### **Interlude 3**

LIGHTS UP TO HALF LIGHTING

L: Sexy pants. Do you want to do a little dance?

T: Yes please! (T DANCES IN HIS PANTS)

T: I think that's enough actually. It's really slippery here. It's like someone's poured oil over it or something. Lucky my trainers have got excellent grip or I could have broken my neck.

(L SCOWLS AND T WALKS OFF STAGE)

L: Cock.

## **POLYSTYRENE CHEESE 1**

L/CAROL IS STANDING CENTRE STAGE HOLDING WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN ODD LOOKING LUMP OF CHEESE. SHE IS NERVOUS IN APPEARANCE AND WEARS GLASSES.

C: (MAKING ORGASMIC EATING NOISES) Hmmmm...What? Oh sorry. I was just really enjoying eating this cheese. It is yeah, incredibly rare actually. Rare. Rare cheese. Do give it a taste. It's out of this world.

T ENTERS

T: What's that you've got there, Carol

C: It's just some delicious cheese. I'm a member of the club. The club for people who like cheese. The cheese club.

T: It's not cheese though, is it Carol. It's polystyrene from the delivery this morning isn't it? You've coloured it in with your favourite yellow highlighter haven't you, to make it cheesy. Except it isn't cheese is it Carol? Doesn't look like cheese, doesn't taste like cheese, doesn't smell like cheese – do you know why? Because it isn't cheese. (LOOKS AROUND AND THEN HAILS) Taxi for Carol. (EXIT)

C: (TAKES A BITE OF THE POLYSTYRENE, CHOKING) It's good cheese.

#### **Interlude 4**

T: What shall we do tonight then? Go to the café? You could have tea, I could have cake? Eh? Eh?....

L: I can't. I'm working late tonight.

T: What do you you're working late? This is your work. How can you work late without me?

L: That is true. Well I've been working on my one-woman show, er shoe. I'm working on my shoe Er, well it's a secret.

T: What's a secret?

L: Ahhhhhhaaaaaaaa

T: What do you/

L: Ahhhhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaa

T: But/

L: Ahhhhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaa

T: Oh

BLACK OUT

## **TURKEY VULTURES 1**

T/DAVE IS SITTING ON STAGE. HE IS WEARING A TIE WITH DOG TAGS OVER THEM. L/SUE ENTERS STAGE LEFT.

Sue: James rang – his electricity's gone so he's gonna be a bit late

Dave: Gonna be late is he? That's a bit like the time I was late. Too late.

Sue: Too late for what Dave?

Dave: Too late to save my friends. Too late to stop the carnage.

Sue: Dave?

THE LIGHTS FADE DOWN FOCUSING ON DAVE AND 'ADDEGIO FOR STRINGS' STARTS PLAYING.

Dave: I'll never forget that day. Tom and I were patrolling the barracks, talking about the girls back home. I was telling him about Linda, how much I missed her beautiful smile and her Sunday roasts, and he was telling me all about the girls in Billericay who suck cock out by the skips. But suddenly those sweet memories were shattered by the sound of gunfire nearby. I can still hear it now – ratatatat blow blow – every time I close my eyes I hear that sound.

Sue: You hear them with your eyes?

Dave: One of the helicopters had been shot down. Me and Tom raced up the mountain to search for survivors hoping that at least one of our men was alive in that fiery hell wreck, but when we got the top I knew it was too late. The turkey vultures had beaten us to it.

Sue: Turkey vultures?

Dave: Turkey vultures. They're not quite a turkey, not quite a vulture. They're the worst of both birds. And there they were scavenging over the remains of our squadron. There was no time for tears – the enemy was all over us like a particularly embarrassing rash. I only had one round of ammo, and Tom had strained his neck from a vigorous wank the night before, so technically I was a man down. In that situation I did what any good soldier would do. I pointed over there and said 'Look a dog in a hat!' and ran away! I thought we'd been victorious, but during all the confusion I'd forgotten about little Tommy Tugger. While I was engaged in high elite stealth tactics, they had quite simply shot him in the face. All my men dead. That was the worst day of my life.

LIGHTS COME UP AGAIN AND MUSIC STOPS

Sue: Think about James though. He's got no electricity. He probably had to get dressed in the dark and everything.

Dave: (FALLS TO HIS KNEES) Nooooo!

## **Interlude 5**

T: Whats going on? Are you being funny with me?

L: Yes.

T: What?

L: I'm being funny with you because we are a sketch act. That's what we do.

T: Not funny haha, funny (T DOES A SERIES OF NOISES THAT REPRESENT WEIRDNESS) ...

L: What?

T: You know what I mean.

L: I've genuinely got no idea. Now look I've got a present for you. Have this deliciously shiny and not at all suspicious red apple.

T: Great thanks! Delicious! An apple a day keeps the Doctor away!

T EXITS

L: Not in this case. An apple a day, massive heart failure.

BLACK OUT

## **LIGHTNING**

L/GILL IS STANDING ON STAGE, WAITING PATIENTLY. T/JACK WALKS IN HURRIEDLY. HE IS WEARING A METAL FACE MASK. HE STANDS RIGID ON CENTRE STAGE.

J: Sorry I'm late, babe. I got called in – don't know if you've noticed, it's got a bit stormy. Have we missed it?

G: Yes we have. But its ok, its gives us more time to talk.

J: Sounds serious.

G: Yeah it is.

J: Is it me?

G: Yes

J: It's the job again isn't it? You can't handle the fact that I work as something a little bit different and a little bit interesting. You can't deal with me being a professional lightning conductor.

G: Its not that I can't handle it. I fucking hate it. I hate that every time we go out I have to make sure I'm earthed. I fucking hate jelly shoes.

PAUSE

J: Come on, what about the good times eh? What about last Saturday when we did it in the church? That was pretty sexy eh?

G: Not in the church, Jack, on top of the church. And no, it wasn't sexy it was cold and wet and dangerous.

G: You always seem to like it at the time.

G: Yeah but then it's over Jack isn't it? Quick as a flash. Lightning never strikes twice does it? A girl needs more than that.

J: You're right. I'm sorry. It's all my stupid electrical fault.

G: Don't be sorry, and don't look so sad. I still don't really even understand how it happened.

J: I told you, my father is a builder

G: And?

J: And my Mother is a/

G: And?

J: And my Mother is an umbrella in a storm

G: See? That's just freakish. I'm looking for more in a mother in law than someone who fits in my handbag.

J: Can we not give it one more chance?

G: No. It's not just those things. I have to think about my future. I want to travel/

J: I want to travel!

G: You're not allowed anywhere near a plane. Look I'm sorry Jack. I never wanted to hurt you, Jack, but it's just stupid. It's a stupid thing to be. It's a stupid job. You're a freak. You're just really fucking weird. I've had it.

L EXITS

J GOES TO GRAB HER BUT REACHES OUT TO NOTHING. HE STANDS ALONE AN STARTS TO CRY. AS HE DOES HE IS ELECTROCUTED BY EACH TEAR, A PAINFUL BUZZ FOLLOWING EACH SOB.

## **Interlude 6**

T: I was doing some great facial expressions under that mask. I'm an acting ninja. I am too cool for school.

L: You know the trouble with being too school for though don't you?

T: No

L: If you're too cool for school that means you didn't go to school and that's why you're illiterate aren't you?

T: No

L: What does it say on your box?

T: I don't even know what a box is.

L: Never mind. Don't worry. Literacy is a highly over-rated skill. You must be exhausting after all that acting. Have some fizzy pop. (L HANDS T A BOTTLE THAT CLEARLY STATES 'POISON' ON IT, WITH PICTURES OF SKULLS AND CROSSBONES)

T: Poi-pois-poise/

L: Pop, fizzy pop. Drink up.

T: I do hope its diet. These things are so calorific.

L: I wouldn't worry. You lose 21 grams when you die anyway.

T: What?

L: Nothing.

BLACK OUT

## **WRONG NUNS**

L IS SITTING, WEARING A NUN'S WIMPLE. T WALKS UP HER WEARING A VICARS WHITE NECK BAND. THEY ARE BOTH DOING OVER STEROTYPED IRISH ACCENTS.

T: Hello Sister Mary

L: God save you Father.

T: What are you up to just now?

L: I've just been sitting in prayer asking for guidance for this holiday camp I'm going on with these little disabled children.

T: That sounds delightful.

L: Oh it's lovely. You go to Chessington World of Adventures and the theatre and all sorts with them.

T: So how do you get involved in that then? Was it through the church?

L: No, I just do this (L DOES HIGHLY STEROTYPED UN-PC DISABLED IMPRESSIONS). Then I dribble a bit, shit myself and they take me with them. I get carried everywhere and I don't have to pay for a thing. It's grand.

T: (NOT LOOKING IMPRESSED) You do know you're going straight to hell Sister Mary?

L: Well it's worth it for all the rides and the candy floss

T: (ANGRY) Candyfloss?

L: Yes Candyfloss.

T: CANDYFLOSS?

L: Yep. Candyfloss.

T: (CURIOUS) So how do you do it again?

T TRIES TO IMITATE L'S IMPRESSION. L GUIDES HIM.

T: So what's that? About a dozen Hail Mary's and I'll be forgiven will I?

L: Nah, it's no way that bad. I only did 5 when I ran over that child and that was enough. So I guess about three will be fine.

T: Ok so, Hail Mary, Hail Mary, Hail Mary that should do it.

## **Interlude 7**

T: (SHOWING OFF THE POISON BOTTLE) Thanks for my pirate juice. It was yum scrum

L: Really? Didn't burn you at all didn't sting as it went down? Didn't make you feel as though you'd vomit bile then blood then die?

T: No. I'm just full of fizz. Although I do have the hiccups a bit.

L: Oh, I know a good cure for that.

T: Oh really, whats that?

L: Stabbing yourself in the eyes.

T: (A BIT SHOCKED BY THIS) I'll just drink some water thanks.

L: Personal choice.

## Viking Business Meeting

L/ VIKINGWOMAN IS CENTRE STAGE, WEARING A VIKING HELMET AND SITTING NEXT TO A FLIP CHART. SHE IS QUITE HESITANT, SHY AND VERY POLITE.

Okay then everyone, thanks for coming. What a lovely array of hats and may I say you're all looking very horny. Right, let's get started. First on the agenda are longboats – our longboats are now officially ten per cent longer, so that's great. Secondly, if we can have the visual please Tim. (T/TIM ENTERS – A SMALLER VIKING WITH A SMALLER VIKING HAT AND HE REVEALS A FLIP CHART THAT READS 'RAPE' ACROSS THE BOTTOM AND 'PILLAGE' UP THE SIDE) No Tim, hold it higher please (TIM LIFTS CHART UP AND UP), no higher, that's it) (CHART COVERS TIMS FACE).

If you look at the graph, you can see here we all did tremendously well, with both raping and pillaging increasing at a steady rate, so that's excellent. We can also see that in December there was a little blip, and this is the point where Geoff stepped up to the mark and actually raped his own daughter, to make sure we were back on target. I think we can all agree that that was, well...above and beyond the call of duty, and definitely deserves a Christmas bonus. (INTO THE AUDIENCE) We thought vouchers Geoff – is there anything specific you'd... (LISTENS)? Anything for the new nursery. Right. Lovely.

Our second point on the agenda is public relations. The results from our last staff surveys weren't particularly heartening. For example, should any of you be gloriously slain in battle before you can cash in on your pension where would you be taken? Any ideas?

Tim: VALHALLA!

Great, thanks Tim. It is indeed Valhalla. (TIM REVEALS NEW PICTURE ON CHART OF TICK BOXES. VALHALLA HAS A TICK, VAL DOONICAN, AND VAL D' ISERE HAVE A CROSS BY IT). It isn't, Rob from accounts, Val Doonican. And incidentally Rob, you scored the lowest in the Viking Knowledge quiz, so please see me after the meeting as we'll have to chop off one of your arms. (PICTURE OF ROB WITH ARMS BLEEDING EVERYWHERE) Let's hope you won't have to count to more than 5 in the future.

So as we can see, not everyone in this room is as gifted as Tim here. Luckily, I'm pleased to introduce Susan, our new head of PR who's going to be in charge of re-marketing our brand. Please can we all give her a traditional Viking welcome. (LOOKS INTO THE AUDIENCE) No, Geoff not that sort of welcome. Put your cock away. Sue's first project will be to relocate our headquarters from the Jorvic Centre because it's terrifying, it's in Yorkshire and it smells of vag. So we'll be relocating to the lovely Borough Market. We'll

still be terrifying and a lot of you with probably still smell of vag, I know I will.  
(TIM REVEALS PICTURE OF ARROW POINTING AT L SAYING 'VAG')

The financial team is re-assessing our budget as we are spending far too much money on yards of ale and big axes. This means unfortunately we will have to lay some people off, via the medium of killing with some of the aforementioned big axes. So we'll be re-evaluating this week, and we'll let you know who's for the chop. (SHE GESTURES KNOWINGLY TOWARDS TIM. TIM REVEALS PIC OF HIS GRAVESTONE)

Ok, so that's a wrap. Sorry we've overrun into lunch a little, which I'm looking forward too. I have to say I'm so famished I could eat a Norse! That is after I've watched my favourite programme, Inspector Norse. A Norse, a Norse my kingdom for a Norse! (LAUGHS TO HERSELF).

Tim: I LIKE THE NORSE CRISPS

L: Yep.

## **Interlude 8**

T: I researched that scene really well. I got it all from that famous Viking book in the library. You know that one. The er Heergen jergen Viking mergan durgan. By Eric Flinerbergan.

L: Oh yeah I know that. That's the one with the picture of you with the disembodied head isn't it?

T: No.

L: Oh sorry, I'm just getting confused.

T: With what?

L: Just my doodles.

## **TURKEY VULTURES 2**

T/DAVE IS SITTING AT HIS DESK WITH HIS BACK TO L/LYNNE WHO IS FACING AWAY FROM HIM. LYNNE IS ON THE PHONE.

LYNNE: (ON THE PHONE) Okay then, John. All right John, cheers John. Ok John. Fine John. See you then John, take care John. Bye John, bye.

PAUSE

DAVE: Who was that you were chatting to then Lynne?

LYNNE: (DOESN'T TURN TO TALK TO HIM) That was John.

DAVE: Friend of yours is he?

L: Yep.

D: I don't know if I've told you about what happened to my friend Tom...

L: You have, Dave, yes.

D: Oh right. I told about the time we both...

L: Yep.

D: Oh. Right (GOES BACK TO HIS WORK)

PAUSE

D: Doing some stapling there Lynne?

L: Yep

D: Funny, the sound of your stapler there reminds me of the harsh metallic rapping of gunfire. I don't know if you've ever seen combat Lynne, but...

L: (IMPATIENT) No I haven't Dave. I've been a secretary for twenty years. I've got to get on with this, if that's okay.

LONG PAUSE

D: It is hot in here, isn't Sue? I tell you what though. The heat in the desert is enough to kill a man

L: Not you though eh Dave? Not fucking you. What a blessing. Woo fucking hoo. (EXITS)

D: Meet you in the canteen then Lynne. Smashing.

## **Interlude 9**

T: Something's going on here. You're definitely up to something suspicious. I can't quite put my finger on it, and this is just a shot in the dark but/

L: Shot in the dark? Shot in the dark? Classic, clean, quick....nice

(BLACK OUT. THEN A GUN SHOT SOUND. THEN LIGHTS QUICKLY BACK UP. T IS KNEELING DOWN TYING HIS SHOELACES.)

L: What? Are you doing?

T: My lace was undone. Had to do it up. It's a potential death trap, and undone lace. But don't worry though, I dealt with it like a boy scout, yeah, proper boy scout me.

(L SCOWLS AGAIN.)

## **CRAP SPY**

L: (READING TO CAMERA FROM A BIT OF PAPER) My captors have been treating me well. I haven't been tortured yet. (TO T) Yet?

T: Keep reading.

L: I urge Mr Brown and the British Government to release blah blah blah blah blah skip to the end ...please co-operate with demands so I can go home safely.

T: Now you will answer every question I ask, unless you want to feel unbearable pain. Do you understand?

L: Yep. Sounds reasonable. Shall we kick off now then?

T: Who you are working for?

L: I'm with M15. No, MI6. No, MI5. Bollocks to it, I always get the two confused. They don't even have signs on the buildings. Which is which do you know? Well, whichever. I get my own gun does that help?

T: You have been sent here to infiltrate terrorist cells yes?

L: To be honest you probably know more about it than I do. Something to do with a bloke with a beard, dead monkey, bad dates...no wait, that's Indiana Jones. Something to do with a bloke with a beard, little Chinese guy, I hate snakes...No, that's still Indiana Jones.

T: This is all nonsense. I know they have given you the information we need.

L: I'm bugged if I know what information that is. I didn't really listen. It's a bit like when someone gives me directions. My brain just shuts down while they're stood in front of me going go left, then go right, then go left, then go right.

T: Silence infidel! If you do not give me some useful information with your next breath you will never see your family again.

L: I wouldn't be that bothered to be honest. My sister's a slag.

T: You will tell me their secret location or I will take my blade and make you feel the wrath of...

L: They're just in my pocket. You can have them if you want. I don't care. My boss is a wanker. He's always going on about 'the safety of the world is in your hands, blah blah blah'. I can't handle that kind of responsibility. I'm so going back to Woolthworths when I get home.

T: Oh. Great! Well, that's that then. I had the whole day pencilled in for this. Well there you go. I may as well turn the web cam off. I hope I wasn't too intense. I have to put on the scary face, you know. Most people, they don't talk at all, but you! Talk talk talk. It makes a nice change you know – better than all this crying, this boo hoo hoo please don't cut my head off...

L: Right, well I'll be off then. (L GOES TO LEAVE)

T: Ah, no, my friend. I'm afraid I am still going to have to kill you.

L: Really? Even after I gave you all the stuff?

T: No, not really! Get out of here, you. And give your sister my number, eh?

L: Watch it you! (WALKS OFF STAGE RIGHT)

T: Not that way, that's the broom cupboard. Cave exit is on the left.

L: Thanks, I was blind folded on the way here, so had no idea! (WALKS OFF STAGE LEFT) Hey, you'd better not be giving me directions! Haaa!

T: Haaaa!

L: Byeeee

T: Byeeee. Right then. What to do now. (IN AN EVIL VOICE) I know! (GETS OUT BALL OF WOOL AND HALF MADE JUMPER SLEEVE. ) This is coming along nicely.

## **Interlude 10**

T: I don't wanna upset you but I have to tell you. I'm not sure about the new stuff you wrote...

L: Why not?

T: I don't mean to be negative, but in one of the scenes for example, I'm not a trained sword swallower. And even if I was, why would I have to do it in a den of hungry lions?

L: Well what about the one where you head butt the cleaver again and again and again?

T: Don't like it.

L: But T repetition is funny.

T: Ok then. I don't like it. I don't like it. I don't like it. I don't like it. I don't like it.

## **POLYSTYRENE CHEESE 2:**

L/CAROL IS STANDING CENTRE STAGE HOLDING A PHOTO ALBUM.

C: I bought in those photos I was telling you about. That's my husband Pete in his new suit on our wedding day. I know, he is isn't he? Yeah, we got them shot professionally. And then fast forward a few years, and there's little Edward, or Teddy, scampering about in the studio. He's really a natural in front of the camera, such an angelic little smile, think he gets that from his Daddy. Oh, and that one's just a picture of the gold chain he bought me for our anniversary. No, I don't actually wear it to work because it's too precious, but/ (T ENTERS)

T: What's that you've got there then eh, Carol?

C: Oh, I was just showing off photos of my family, nothing you would be interested in, I wouldn't think.

T: Mmmm, I recognise those shots. (T SNATCHES THE ALBUM OFF HER)

C: Oh well, perhaps I've shown them to you before.

T: I don't think you have, have you Carol? Because they're not photos of your family are they? They're pictures that you've cut out of the Argos catalogue. This is item number 30040, the garden swing ball set. And what's this one for. It hasn't even got any people in it. It's just a sandwich toaster. And you're passing them off as pictures of people from your life who love you, aren't you Carol? Shame on you. Because the truth is Carol, no one loves you do they? And no one ever will. You're very much alone aren't you? Where's that taxi Carol? Seems to be taking its time. Hmm? (EXITS)

C: (VERY FEEBLY)...and that's my.... Dad...when he...oh what's the point (CRIES)

## **Interlude 11**

T: There is something going on, 'cos if you think about it all the sketches we've got I'm dead or dying in. I don't really like dying. Its not on my list of favourite things. I like biscuits and bears in hats and computer games, but not dying. I mean, what happens in this one?

L: You're a lovely happy clown.

T: Hooray! I love clowns. And what are you doing?

L: I'm a doctor.

T: Oh, do you like doctors?

L: Yeah, well I saw this program a while ago about a doctor who just really inspired me.

T: Oh really, who was that then?

L: Shipman.

PAUSE

T: Never heard of him, did he make ships did he?

L: Get off.

## **FUNNY CANCER**

L/DOCTOR IS SITTING ON STAGE. SHE HAS A STETHOSCOPE AROUND HER NECK AND A PAD AND PEN IN HER HAND.

D: Next please. (T/CLOWN WALKS IN. HE IS WEARING A CLOWN WIG, RED NOSE AND A RED BOW TIE AND LOOKS MISERABLE. HE SLUMPS IN THE CHAIR OPPOSITE DOCTOR. DOCTOR LOOKS INSTANTLY EXCITED). Hi there. Coco is it?

C: It's Phil. Phil Staples.

D: Of course it is, Mr Staples. I last saw you about three months ago. Here are your notes. So, just a couple of questions. Firstly, have you been in any pain since your last appointment?

C: No, no change. Just the same, coughing up blood, feeling very weak, very tired/

D: Right, and secondly are our feet really that big inside your shoes?

PAUSE

C: Please can I have my test results?

D: Results, yes of course. I think actually they're just in this filing cabinet. Hang on one second; I'll just reach behind me here. (MAKES A SOUND WITH A KAZOO AS SHE LEANS OVER) No, not in there. (LAUGHING). Ah, my secretary has a new system actually. (D RUNS OFF AND GRABS A BUCKET FROM OFFSTAGE) Your results might be in this bucket here. If you'd like to just take a look (D WAVES THE BUCKET ABOUT AND C TRIES TO LOOK IN. D THROWS GLITTER FROM BUCKET ALL OVER C) Ha! Your face, you really flinched! You thought it was your results but it was actually just glitter. Hilarious.

C: Please can I have my results?

D: Of course. It's not good news I'm afraid. You do appear to have cancer. Cancer of the funny bone!

C: (VERY DISTRESSED) I didn't even know that was possible.

D: No, it's not, sorry. It's your throat. It's throat cancer.

C: (NEARLY TEARFUL) Oh dear god, what can I do?

D: Hmm...a roly-poly? (PAUSE) No, nothing really. You'll be dead in a month.

(C CRIES)

D: You're still so funny, even when you're sad! What a professional.

C: What am I going to do?

D: Well, did you bring anyone with you today at all? Any members of your family? No? Any one from your troupe? Got a bear in a fez chained up outside at all? No? Oh dear. Well in that case I suggest you just go home and wait to die.

C: Right

D: One more thing – can I have your wig?

C: What?

D: Oh go on! You'll get one on prescription anyway once you start the chemo.

C: It's not a wig.

(DOCTOR GETS UP TO SHAKE HANDS WITH CLOWN, STICKS OUT HER FOOT AND TRIPS HIM UP, FORCING HIM TO DO A CLOWN TUMBLE)

D: (MANICALLY STARTS SINGING THE CIRCUS TUNE)

C: (CRYING) Stop it! Stop it! You're a fucking psycho! Stop it! (CURLS UP IN A BALL ON THE FLOOR, CRYING)

PAUSE

(D STOPS AND GOES TO SIT DOWN)

D: You're right. I am a fucking psycho. You just gonna stay there are you Phil? Right okay. Next!

## **Interlude 12**

T: This nose smells funny. It smells like....

L: Smells like what? Breathe it in, breathe it in deep.

T: Like chlorine or Clingfilm, or no, wait that's its chloroform.

L: Who would do such a thing?

T: (YAWNS) I'm suddenly so sleepy.

L: Give yourself up to it. Give yourself to the sleepiness.

T: Oh no wait. Fine now. Must be immune to chloroform. Useful! Great!

L SCOWLS AGAIN

## **Babysitter Sketch**

L SITTING ON CHAIR NONCHALANTLY HOLDING A TOY MONKEY.  
SOUND OF KEYS AND T WALKS IN. L PUTS MONKEY BACK ON THE  
CHAIR AND GETS UP TO GREET HIM.

T: Hi

L: Hello! How are you? How was your weekend?

T: Oh it was just great.

L: Really relaxing?

T: Yeah, you know it's so great to get some alone time. Thank you so much for looking after the little un'. Sue's unpacking some bits fro the car then we'll take you home, that ok?

L: yeah.

T: so how was it all? Did you make yourself at home? Ok with food and everything?

L: Yeah, yeah it was fine, we've had a great time.

T: How's he been? Was he ok? Hope he wasn't any trouble.

L: No he's been fine. He's been good as gold. Hardly heard a peep out of him.

T: oh that's unusual, he can be a noisy little thing, he's got a good set of lungs on him. He must really like you. That's great.

L: Yeah, we had really great time. And I can see where he gets his good looks from. (T SMILES) And his fuzzy little cheeks.

T: (LOOKS CONFUSED) fuzzy...cheeks? Erm, so he's in bed now is he?

L: No sorry, I know it's late, but he didn't really look tired. His sparkly eyes and little smile. He must've been excited about mummy and daddy coming home, so I let him stay up. Sorry, I hope that's all right. We've just been watching DVDs and having fun.

T: (not able to see him anywhere) and then he went to bed after the DVDs?

L: er, no, he's right there. Am I in your way? Go and give him little kiss, he's really missed you.

T: What are you talking about? That's Monkey Monkey his favourite toy monkey.

L: No its not, this is Tommy, its little Tom, its little...(realisation)...its Tom's little monkey, isn't it? This isn't a child is it? Ah, I see what I've done there now; actually, I've got them mixed up. I know where I've put Tommy now.

T: (NERVOUSLY) Where?

L: In the washing machine.

T LOOKS VERY DISTRESSED.

L: (CALLING OUT TO T) Next door's dog got hold of him and kind of gnashed him about a bit, so I just popped him in the machine for a quick spin. He should be dry by now. Although actually he may have shrunk a little bit. Which is strange as he was quite small to begin with. Sorry.

T: TOMMY!! (RUNS OFF STAGE)

### **Interlude 13**

L: What else are you immune to?

T: A lot of stuff probably. I am Jesus after all so I guess very little hurts me.  
Ooh. Apart from big wooden crosses.

L: Big wooden crosses. (STARTS WRITING IN PAD) And the jews/

T: What are you writing? Whats in the notepad? Does that say shark attack?

T WALKS OFF STAGE

L: Yes. Yes it does. Let's see if you're immune to big fuck off teeth.

### **POLYSTYRENE CHEESE 3:**

L/CAROL IS ON STAGE. SHE IS LISTENING TO HER I-POD.

C: (listening to I-pod) This tune is such a tune. I downloaded it last night and its just amazing. I mean I just cant stop listening to it. It's like a medley of classical and rock. Classical rock. Its crock. Its gonna be a hit, it is moving. It is powerful. It is movingly powerful. You've got to hear it.

(T WALKS IN)

T: What's that you've got there then eh, Carol?

C: This new musical genre I discovered on I-tunes last night, probably not your cup of tea

T: I like all cups of tea, Carol. Give us a listen.

C: I don't want to

T: Give us a listen, Carol. (T SNATCHES I-POD FROM C)

(PAUSE)

T: This isn't music is it Carol? Oh Carol.

C: It is, it is music, it's a new genre its crock.

T: No, this is the sound of someone crying. I recognise those sobs. It's you crying Carol isn't it. It's not a new genre, is it Carol? It's just the physical manifestation of your cripplingly lonely life. It's the sound of your pain. And you've downloaded it – and brought it to work. Still no taxi Carol? And do you know why? Because you're a fat arsed, small titted rancid excuse for a woman. You should take those stupidly oversized feet of yours and walk all the way home. (T STARTS TO WALK OUT)

(PAUSE)

C: (NEARLY TEARFUL). Ok. See you at home. Thanks dad.

T: See you Carol. (EXITS)

## **Interlude 14**

T: I'd probably be ok in a shark attack. I'm a decent swimmer and apparently all you gotta do is swim in zig zag so they can get you, then punch them on the nose. Although I'm sure they'd come after me quick with a beautiful butt like this. A Prime piece of meat.

L: It's not a beautiful butt.

T: Yes it is. That woman can't take her eyes off it. Look at her, she's got hungry eyes.

L: She doesn't want to look at it, she just can't help it. Your arse is like a car crash. It's the arse of a car crash. It's a carse crash.

T: (DEFLATED) Hungry eyes.

# **TARZAN**

T ENTERS HOLLERING LIKE TARZAN. HE IS WEARING A LEOPARD SKIN LIONCLOTH.

J: Hello darling you've swung home early. How was your day?

T: Tarzan good day – Tarzan bring Jane present

J: Oh good, another present – What is it this time?

T: Tarzan bring Jane – FRIDGE!

J: A fridge, that's lovely (T beats chest) – Why?

T: Look! Inside! Space for six tiny eggs, small tray for butter and...Ice box. Have ice.

J: Ice?

T: Ice for drinks. For cocktails.

J: Who are you making cocktails for exactly?

T: Monkeys.

J: Monkeys?

T: Yes Monkeys. Monkeys like Sex on the beach.

J: But we live in the jungle.

T: Sex on Jungle!

J: These gifts have to stop – I mean, there's the popcorn maker...

T: Tarzan love popcorn! Buttery!

J: It is, it is buttery. What about the DVD player?

T: Home movie night, cuddle on couch.

J: We don't have a couch, or any DVDs.

T: Tarzan have DVDs. Tarzan have Spiderman and Top Gun. Tarzan be your Wing Man!

J: That's lovely, but I don't know what that means. Is the fridge really what this is about?

T: Yes

J: Is it?

T: No.

J: What is it Tarzan?

T: Tarzan find grey hair.

J: You were brought up by Silverbacks – maybe it's just...rubbing off.

T: No! Tarzan old. Tarzan want to be chimp again. I don't know if Jane notice, I lose definition of six pack slightly. Just a tad. You may not have noticed. May be imperceptible to human eye.

J: What are you talking about?

T: Monkeys say Tarzan fat.

J: Is that why you bought the Porsche?

T: Yes. And...

J: And?

T: Tarzan go to strip club.

J: Strip club?

T: No, not strip club. Forget that last bit. Remember fridge? Look at fridge. You love fridge.

J: I don't love it Tarzan. I think you should take it back.

T: Take it back?

J: Even if we needed a fridge up a tree, we don't have electricity

T: Yes we do. I plug in. (TARZAN MAKES FRIDGE NOISE WHILE HOLDING HAND OVER MOUTH)

J: That's great, Tarzan, but I think we both know that's just you making the sound of a fridge.

T: No! Fridge is on! Look! Chilly! (BUZZING)

J: Tarzan Stop It!

T: Can't. Fridge is on!

J: Turn it off please sweetheart.

T: Food will defrost!

J: Turn it off please.

T: Big sigh

J: Tarzan – sit down for a second. Stop picking your nits darling. (TARZAN KNEELS BY JANE) Tarzan – I don't need presents, I love you as you are. I don't lie awake at night, sweating in the hot hot heat, yearning for that toned tanned muscular man I once knew and the animal magnetism between us, which was so obviously the reason I came to this pissing jungle in the first place. My point is – a woman of my age wants much more than just muscles and a big cock.

T: (STANDING UP) Tarzan has muscles!

J: Yes you do. Pick me up on those strong arms of yours and take me to the Congo.

TARZAN TRIES TO PICK HER UP BUT FAILS, AND IS OUT OF BREATH.  
HE THEN HOLDS OUT HIS HAND FOR JANE AND SHE TAKES IT

T: Aaaahaaaaahhhaaaa.

## **Interlude 15**

L: I need a wee.

T: You always need a wee. You can't go for a wee in the middle of our show.

L: Watch me.

T: Urgh.

L: I don't mean literally.

(AS LAUREN LEAVES T GOES TO READ HER NOTE BOOK ON THE FLOOR AND GASPS.)

T: All the lyrics to 'Dancing On The Grave Of A Small Bearded Man'...Cut out his eyes with a spork?...I KNEW IT!

(L RETURNS)

T: Why are you writing you're one woman show 'Dancing on the Grave of a small bearded man'? I thought it was a joke.

L: You're right, it is a joke. Nothing to worry about. Now get dressed, I have to make a phone call. (T EXITS AND L STARTS TALKING ON HER MOBILE PHONE) Abort abort mission. The badger has left the chimney. Sorry Mrs George can I speak to Barry please? Is he? Can you just tell him that T is suspicious so to call off the brutal murder for a little while. Yeah, he'll know what that means. All right. You too. See you on Sunday.

### **TURKEY VULTURES 3**

L/DIANE SITS AT HER DESK WITH A PAD AND PEN. T/DAVE KNOCKS TO ENTER.

DIANE: Come in Dave, take a seat.

DAVE: (DAVE COMMANDO ROLLS IN) Get down! Get down!

DIANE: Get up Dave.

(DAVE STANDS UP)

DAVE: Right, sorry. Flashbacks. It's that big plant there – reminded me of the jungle.

DIANE: It's a sunflower Dave. Not that jungly. This is exactly what we need to talk about. Other members of staff find the stories that you tell quite inappropriate and frankly disturbing, as well as having absolutely nothing to with Lambeth Council Fixed Penalty Notices. You don't appear to be a team player, Dave.

DAVE: What do know about teams Diane? What do you know about collecting the last droplets of your own piss just to wet the parched lips of a dying soldier? What do you know about...

DIANE: Nothing, Dave, but I do know a lot about fixed penalty notices, because that's my job. I think that's what you're missing here.

DAVE: Missing? What, as in, missing in action? (LIGHTS DIM AND ADDAGIO FOR STRINGS STARTS PLAYING) M.I.A. Mia. They thought we were missing in action, but actually we were lying still amongst all the bodies, holding our breath in case the enemy was nearby. As night we fell we began the long and arduous crawl towards...

DIANE: Dave! Can you put the lights up please? (LIGHTS UP) Seriously, no-one in the office can see what they're working on when you do that. It's really impractical. And that. (SOUND STOPS)

DAVE: Sorry (PITIFULLY) You're not gonna sack me are you?

DIANE: Yes, yes I am

DAVE: Oh but I love it here. Oh god, I can't cope this is a bit like the time I had to slowly choke my enemy/

DIANE: (ANGRY) It's not Dave! This couldn't be any less like the time you slowly choked your enemy to death. Filling out your weekly timesheets is nothing like the time went on an exciting stealth mission. And me eating my egg mayonnaise sandwich shouldn't really remind you of the time you were

buried up to your neck in sand, had to eat the inside of your own face in order to shit your way out. There are no parallels, Dave.

DAVE: There are though, because this is a bit like the time I got sacked from the RAF isn't it?

DIANE: Oh it is Dave, you're right. Well done. Get out.

DAVE: Get out alive?

DIANE: Just get out.

DAVE: Right.

DAVE EXITS.

## **Interlude 16**

T: Who was that you were on the phone to.

L: My Mum/

T: You were saying about about to your Mum?

L: Yeah she's pregnant okay, and she doesn't want to be.

T: Your Mum's not pregnant she's 78. 78 year olds don't get pregnant.

L: She's gonna be the oldest Mum in the world.

T: Yeah, to be fair I'd still do her.

L: T how dare you! You can't say that!

T: Well then you shouldn't be trying to kill me!

L: Well you deserve it.

T: Ah! So you are trying to kill me! I caught you out! I knew it!!

L: Yes I am! I'm sick of you, your smallness and your little beardy face. I want my own show goddammit. Yet nothing seems to kill you. You're immune to everything.

T: Yeah I told you, that's because I'm Jesus. I'm immortal.

L: You're not Jesus! You don't even believe in Jesus!

T: No but I believe in me, and I'm great. I'll be the best Jesus ever. I'll turn water into beer and stuff. I'll just give people leprosy if I don't like them. Look because I'm Jesus you're not evil enough to hurt me. I'm eternal good and everything, and you're just Lauren, whos a bit crap and nasty.

L: Right, well we'll see! (L STORMS OFF, T EXITS STAGE LEFT)

## **PIRATE DVDS**

T ENTERS DRESSED AS A PIRATE AND SINGING A PIRATE SONG.

PAUSE. HE LOOKS AROUND SUSPICIOUSLY, THEN OPENS HIS JACKET TO REVEAL LOTS OF DVD'S

T: DVDS?

LIGHTS OUT. T EXITS.

## **Interlude 17**

T IS SETTING UP. HE LAYS OUT TWO CHAIRS THEN IS SHAKING OUT A BLANKET WHEN L APPEARS BEHIND HIM WEARING A CHEAP RED WIG AND DEVIL HORNS AND HOLDING A SATANIC TOY TRIDENT. T TURNS AROUND AND LAUGHS.

T: Ha ha, are you Wilma from the Flintstones?

L: No idiot. I'm Satan.

T: What? No, you cant do that!

L: Why not? If you can be Jesus then I can be the Lord of Darkness!

T: Well then I'm going to tell my Dad. He's omnipotent you know!

L: No he isn't. You're Dad's name is Brian!

T: He's still omnipotent.

L: Oh really, well can he see this. (POKES T WITH THE TRIDENT VICIOUSLY)

T: Ow! Quit it!

L: Oh look I haven't been smited or anything. Right!

(L CHASES T AROUND THE ROOM POKING HIM WITH THE TRIDENT)

T: DAAAAAD! DAAAAAD!! Help me DAAAAAD!!

(T ENDS UP LYING ACROSS THE TWO CHAIRS WITH THE BLANKET OVER HIM)

T: Dad, why have you forsaken me dad?

BLACK OUT

## **DEAD FRENCH**

FRENCH MUSIC FADES OUT. T/PIERRE LIES UPON HIS DEATH BED.  
L/MARIE IS KNEELING BESIDE HIM.

M: My darling Pierre. This cannot be the end. I cannot bear to be without you.

P: Sweet Marie, the light is fading. I fear I am not long for this world.

M: You die an honourable death, my love. Your family will always remember you, the men you lead in battle will always respect you, and your country – your country will always honour you.

P: Really? Even though I'm dying of syphilis?

M: Especially because you are dying of syphilis. It is the most glamorous of sexually transmitted diseases.

P: I'm glad you think so my little Petit Filous. I don't know how much about syphilis, but you probably have it too, after I drove my big Eurostar into your Channel Tunnel last night.

M: I care not, my love. Every little sore on my frou-frou will remind me of you, my little prêt a manger.

P: If only I could have been strong and survived. I could have been the little invincible Asterix to your beautiful Obelix.

M: Pierre, flattering even in your last moments.

P: I just wish I could leave you more than diseases. I wanted to give you my estate, my belongings, my riches, but alas I spent it all on the whores.

M: What gambling? I didn't think you watched the races?

P: No, the whores. That's where the syphilis came from. I wish I had not had that manage a trios.

M: Oh Pierre. I didn't know. Well we all make mistakes. I wish I had not had that mange tout.

P: But my love, it is just a French bean!

M: Yes, but I eat it while being taken from behind by Bergerac

P: Cyrano de Bergerac

M: No, John Nettles. You know, who went on to star in Midsummer Murders. He gave me a thorough investigation.

P: Oh my love, that is awful!

M: No, it was fine. He was quite tender.

P: No, your innuendo. It was awful. I am finished.

M: You are French, my love.

P: FinishED, you beret. I am so tired. I must sleep. Tell mon frere, when I am gone, tell him Uggggghhhhh

M: My love – tell him what?

P: That. Uggggggghhh. It's a Darth Vader joke about his asthma. He'll love it. The light is fading. Do you remember the poetry I recited to you when we first met? Those will be my last words my love. Take my hand - Du pain, du vin, di boursin.

M: Oh, Pierre. So beautiful. Bon voyage, Cherie. We shall always have our French connection.

P: Seriously, enough with the French puns. It is my time to go now, C'est La Vie.

M: La Vie.

P: No! I mean it. Let me rest in peace. Farewell, Au Revior, Adieu. (P DIES)

M: (SHE WEEPS, LYING OVER HIS BODY) Bless you. (WIPES HIS NOSE)

P: Stop it.

M: You're right. That is enough.

P: No my love, this is en ouef. (P PULLS OUT AN EGG FROM UNDER HIS BLANKET)

(THEY BOTH LAUGH UNTIL P DIES THEN M STARTS TO CRY)

## **Interlude 17**

T: I'm out of here. You're evil. There's no death in team.

L: No but there is death in "Your horribly bloody drawn out and painful death deathy death death death death Hurray for your impending death. Death"

T: You don't fool me with your subtlety. I'm out of here before you pop my clogs.

L: You don't even wear clogs.

T: How do you kno..... (SOUND OF T FALLING DOWN PIT AND THEN A THUD – ALL DONE ON OFFSTAGE MIC)

L: (STARTS SINGING 'DANCING ON THE GRAVE OF A SMALL BEARDED MAN')

## **THE END**

INNER CONCIIOUS: (BOOMING VOICE FROM OFFSTAGE MIC): CATCHY TUNE.

L: Tiernan? Don't tell me you survived? You can't have survived that?

IC: NO I'M NOT TIERNAN. AS IF I COULD EVER BE AS RUGGEDLY HANDSOME AND FUNNY AS HE. NO, HE'S LONG GONE. WELL AT LEAST UNTIL EASTER ANYWAY.

L: I'm hearing voices. Well I'm a murderess so I guess its par for the course.

T: YOU'RE NOT HEARING VOICES. I'M YOU. I'M YOUR INNER VOICE. HELLO!

L: My inner voice.

IC: I'M IN YOUR HEAD. SO ITS JUST YOU AND ME NOW BUDDY. YOU REALLY HAVENT THOUGHT THIS THROUGH HAVE YOU. YOU'RE A BIT WORRIED ABOUT GOING SOLO AREN'T YOU?

L: No. What do you mean?

IC: WAIT FOR IT.

L: Wait for what?

IC: ITS GONNA DAWN ON YOU IN A MINUTE. (L GASPS) THERE IT IS, THE SLOW REALISATION THAT TIERNAN WAS THE FUNNY ONE.

L: How do you know?

IC: BECAUSE I'M ALL YOUR PARANOIA, I'M ALL YOUR LITTLE QUIRKS, I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU LAUREN, EVEN THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE TO HUM FLIGHT OF THE VALKRIES WHEN YOU TAKE A DUMP OTHERWISE YOU THINK THE POO WILL GO BACK IN.

L: Oh my god. Are you always with me?

IC: YEP, I EVEN WATCH YOU IN THE SHOWER.

L: What?

IC: I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT, LOVE. I GOT BORED YEARS AGO. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO MAKE YOU MORE ATTRACTIVE AND COOL FOR YEARS.

L: I am cool.

IC: NO YOU'RE NOT. ALTHOUGH HAVING SAID THAT, YOU DO SMOKE. SMOKINGS COOL

L: I don't smoke

IC: YEAH YOU DO. YOU HAD AT LEAST 20 LAST NIGHT.

L: What? When?

IC: I MADE YOU DO IT IN YOUR SLEEP.

L: That'll explain the funny taste in my mouth.

IC: NO. ER, THAT WAS.... SOMETHING ELSE. SO WHAT WE GONNA DO NOW WE'VE KILLED HIM?

L: I've killed him.

IC: WELL YOU COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT ME. AS IF YOU COULD DIG A PIT WITH THOSE ARMS. I'M YOUR REAL TEAM MATE. YOU DON'T NEED NOBODY ELSE.

L: Are you funny though?

IC: DAMN FUNNY.

L: Can you do different voices?

IC: DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE HEARING ENOUGH VOICES.

L: You know what I mean.

IC: YES I DO. ALWAYS. HOW ABOUT THIS? (MARLON BRANDO VOICE) YOU COME TO MY DAUGHTERS WEDDING AND YOU ASK ME A FAVOUR ETC

L: What was that?

IC: THAT WAS MARLON BRANDO IN THE GODFATHER.

L: Oh, I haven't seen the godfather

IC: YOU HAVENT SEEN THE GODFATHER? THEN HOW HAVE I SEEN THE GODFATHER? OOOOHH FREAKY.

L: What about Ewan McGregor? I love him

IC: (IN VERY VERY BAD SCOTTISH ACCENT) Choose life, Choose a biscuit, choose a chicken with some eyes...

L: Yeah I'll get back to you.

IC: ALRIGHT. IF YOU'RE GONNE BE SARCY I'M OFF. ANYWAY, I CAN'T STICK AROUND. YOU'RE A LIABILITY NOW YOU'VE KILLED A MAN.

L: We've killed a man. If I go down you're coming with me.

IC: I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITH YOU TIERNAN KILLER. I'M OFF OUT WITH ID.

L: Who's Id?

IC: YOU DON'T REALLY KNOW HIM.

L: Surely everywhere you go I go. You can't just leave me.

IC: IT'S FINE, DON'T WORRY, I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT. I'M JUST GOING TO GIVE YOU A STROKE.

L: What? You can't do that.

IC: EASY TIGER, IT'S JUST FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. I'LL SORT YOU OUT WHEN I GET BACK UNLESS OF COURSE THERE'S A ON YOUR HEAD FOR KILLING THE FUNNIEST LITTLE JESUS IN COMEDY IN WHICH CASE I MAY JUST CASH YOU IN.

L: What the (Has a stroke)

IC: BYEEEEEE.

(‘LAST NIGHT’ BY THE STROKES STARTS TO PLAY)

T RE-ENTERS AND BOWS RSC STYLE BEFORE WALKING OFF. LAUREN MAKES LARGE STROKE TYPE FRUSTRATION NOISES AND T COMES BACK ON AND TRIES TO HELP LAUREN TO BOW EVEN THOUGH SHE IS A MESS. THEY BOTH EXIT.