

MABEL & ALICE



CASH

SYNOPSIS

Cash is a riotous black comedy about two elderly sisters who owe a large sum of money to local thug Mick the Ripper and are being hounded by Dirty Dave the debt collector – and only have three days to come up with it. With their cupboards bare and their wits no sharper, Mabel (the pompous dreamer) and Alice (the brutish cynic) launch a series of hare-brained schemes that spiral from the absurd to the downright criminal.

Joined by a parade of eccentric neighbours – including a miming drama queen, a lamb-loving gambler, and a pair of lust-struck pensioners – the duo stumble through cat-kidnapping, egg-painting, Tinder scams, and more. Inspired by the anarchic spirit of Rik Mayall and Adrian Edmondson, 'Mabel & Alice - Cash' is a slapstick farce of insults, violence, and wild imagination – proving that growing old doesn't mean growing up.

NOTES

While Mabel and Alice are characters in their own right, it may help the first time reader to read Mabel as Rik Mayall and Alice as Adrian Edmondson, as elements of their personality have been used.

Campelltown is referenced a number of times in the script. This can be replaced by the town/suburb in which the play is being performed.

Certain sound effects, such as the sound of punches landing, or the sound of a frying pan hitting the head could be done by using a foley. This was done with great effect when performing a one act play variation. The timing of the sounds is crucial and poorly timed sounds could make the physical comedy fall flat.

The age of the actors and characters are flexible, especially the supporting characters. Alice and Mabel should appear similar in age due to them being sisters. The reference to Dorothy's dates in the 1950's can be altered to reflect her characters age.

CHARACTERS

Mabel - Female (70's presenting - could be a male in drag)
Sister of Alice and is the pompous one. Thinks she's the brains of the duo. A bundle of false confidence and manic energy.

Alice - Female (70's presenting - could be a male in drag)
Is the brutish sister of Mabel. Blunt, violent, and cynical, she'd rather smash her way through problems than think them through. Loves insulting Mabel.

Richard - Male (70's presenting)
A swindler and liar. He is out to steal hearts and cash. Slick, slimy and as charming as a camel.

Dirty Dave - Male (Any age)
A shady fixer with a dodgy sense of humour. Half menace, half clown, he's always one step away from violence - but also oddly likeable.

Lillian - Female (50's-70's)
Overly theatrical, prone to miming and gagging, she turns every situation into a performance.

Dorothy - Female (50's-70's)
Arthur's partner in lust. Bold, bossy, and quick with a barb, she's as crude as she is passionate.

Arthur - Male (50's-70's)
Hapless, awkward, and constantly lusting after women. He means well, but usually makes things worse.

Lou - Male (50's-70's)
An eccentric obsessed with legs of lamb and horse racing. Cheerfully oblivious, he drops bizarre lines that derail conversations.

Announcer - Male (Any age)
Just your typical radio announcer.

Constable Bob - Male (Any age)
Plays a cameo role at the end of the play

ACT ONE

CLIFF RICHARD SONGS PLAYING IN THEATRE ON LOW VOL BEFORE PERFORMANCE AS IF IT WERE ON THE RADIO. STAGE IS CLEAR OF CHARACTERS. LIGHTS UP. MABEL OPENS FRONT DOOR SLOWLY AND PEERS INTO THE ROOM.

MABEL: Alice... Alice... Alice?

MABEL WAITS FOR AN ANSWER BUT RECEIVES NONE. MABEL DISAPPEARS MOMENTARILY AND ENTERS VIA THE FRONT DOOR CARRYING A LARGE BLACK RUBBISH BAG AND AN OLD SHOPPING BAG.

MABEL: Brilliant! I have the flat to myself. My dear old sister is going to be very surprised!

MABEL PUTS THE RUBBISH BAG DOWN NEAR THE TABLE AND THE SHOPPING BAG ON THE TABLE. LIVING DOLL PLAYS NEXT.

MABEL: Oh, my favourite!

MABEL TURNS THE VOLUME UP ON THE RADIO VERY LOUDLY. SHE SINGS ALONG HORRIBLY AND PULLS OUT THE CONTENTS OF THE SHOPPING BAG TO REVEAL SOME PARTY HATS MADE FROM CATALOGUES, AND A SMALL CAKE. SHE SETS THE TABLE WITH SIX PLATES AND SIX MUGS, AND ARRANGES THE TABLE FOR A PARTY. SHE THEN TIPS OUT THE CONTENTS OF THE RUBBISH BAG TO REVEAL CANS AND BOTTLES. SHE GOES THROUGH AND TIPS BITS AND PIECES OF LIQUID LEFT IN THE BOTTLES INTO A BOWL THAT SHE RETRIEVES FROM THE CUPBOARD. AMONGST THE BOTTLES IS A BOTTLE OF DETERGENT. SHE SNIFFS IT BEFORE SQUEEZING CONTENTS INTO THE BOWL. THE SONG FINISHES. ANOTHER SONG BEGINS TO PLAY SO SHE TURNS OFF THE RADIO. AS SOON AS SHE DOES, THERE IS THUMPING AT THE DOOR.

MABEL: Oh crap, the guests aren't here already, are they?

THUMPING AT THE DOOR GETS LOUDER.

MABEL: Hang on... bloody freeloaders.

THUMPING AT THE DOOR GETS EVEN LOUDER

MABEL: Look, would you bloody well wait?! I did say 3 o'clock, and it's only 2.45. Go hang out with the street kids for fifteen minutes.

THUMPING CONTINUES AND IS NOW VERY LOUD. FINALLY SHE GOES TO ANSWER THE DOOR AND ALICE WALKS IN WITH HER ARMS LADEN WITH VARIOUS ITEMS.

ALICE: About bloody time!

ALICE TOSSES THE ITEMS ONTO THE SOFA AND NOTICES THE MESS OF BOTTLES AND CANS.

ALICE: Been redecorating again, I see.

MABEL: I've been rather busy today, actually.

ALICE: Yes, I can see that. Well, I've been going through the council collections. Got some great stuff. Let's see... I got a toaster. That's got to be worth a fiver. Some clothes... They usually get a quid or two. Oh, and look, I found this weird painting. Do you think it could be worth something?

MABEL: No, I don't. Nothing good like that ever happens to us.

ALICE: Wouldn't it be great if it was worth a million quid?

MABEL: I find it rather difficult to believe that anything good could ever happen to us. God is far too busy pissing all over us for something like that to happen.

ALICE: Oh, Mabel, I'm sick of being poor. I want to travel the world, Paris, Rome, Campbelltown... And servants... I want servants... manly servants waiting on me day and night. Well, mainly night.

MABEL: Speaking of servants, I have been slaving all day for you. I have invited the gang around to celebrate your birthday, so you had better bloody well appreciate it.

ALICE: Oh no! Not the gang! You know I hate those bastards.

MABEL: So do I. But I asked them to bring cash instead of presents. Hopefully, we'll be able to buy some proper food instead of scrounging in the skip bins.

ALICE: Don't knock skip bin cuisine Mabel. It has kept us going for seventeen years.

MABEL: I know. That's where I got this stuff from for the party. Now, be nice to the bastards when they arrive. I told them it was your 70th birthday again and asked them to bring loads of cash.

ALICE: Speaking of loads of cash... ummmm... did anything interesting happen today?

MABEL: Like what?

ALICE: Well, you know... anything... interesting.

MABEL: Like what, exactly?!

ALICE: Well, like, any interesting... visitors?

MABEL: What have you done?!

ALICE: Nothing!

MABEL: Alice. If I find out you've been up to no good again, I will have to jolly well give you a good talking to.

ALICE: Oh yeah?

MABEL: Yes, that's right. A jolly... good... talking... to!

ALICE: My dearest, sweetest, loveliest sister Mabel. I have been hard at work all day, going through council collections looking for treasure. I have been working hard so that I can give you everything in life you deserve.

MABEL: Right, what have you really been up to?

ALICE: Nothing!

MABEL: I don't believe you!

ALICE: Mabel, I promise on the grave of our poor old Mum.

MABEL: Mum is still alive.

ALICE: Well, she's going into the same grave as Dad eventually.

MABEL: I know, I'll ring Tony down at the pub. He'll tell me what you've been up to.

ALICE: I wouldn't do that if I were you, dearest Mabel.

MABEL: We'll see about that.

MABEL PULLS OUT HER PHONE AND STARTS TO CALL TONY.

ALICE: I'm warning you Mabel, that's not a very good idea.

MABEL: Hello, Tony? Hi, it's Mabel...

ALICE GETS UP FROM THE TABLE AND WALKS OVER TO THE SOFA AND PICKS UP A CRICKET BAT THAT SHE HAD COLLECTED EARLIER FROM THE COUNCIL COLLECTION.

MABEL: I'm good, thank you. Yes, it has been a lovely day.

*ALICE WALKS SLOWLY TOWARDS MABEL FROM
BEHIND AND STANDS BEHIND HER AS IF PEERING
OVER HER SHOULDER.*

MABEL: Look, the reason I am calling is, I am wondering if
you know what Alice...

*ALICE SNATCHES THE PHONE FROM MABEL'S HAND,
SLAMS IT DOWN ON THE TABLE AND SMASHES IT
TO BITS WITH THE CRICKET BAT.*

ALICE: What did he say?

MABEL: You bitch! That cost me 20 quid! Right!

*MABEL STANDS UP AND SQUEEZES AND
DRAMATICALLY TWISTS BOTH OF ALICE'S
NIPPLES.*

MABEL: Give... me... twenty... quid... or... else... I... will... pull...
your... nipples... off!

*ALICE STAGGERS BACKWARDS AND ADJUSTS
HERSELF.*

ALICE: Oh dear, silly me. You're right Mabel. I owe you
twenty quid. Hold out your hand, I am going to give
it to you.

MABEL: I knew you would come to your senses. Come on, give
it to me.

MABEL HOLDS OUT HER HAND.

ALICE: Close your eyes.

MABEL CLOSES HER EYES.

MABEL: Like this?

ALICE: Perfectly excellent.

ALICE ROLLS UP HER SLEEVES.

ALICE: Here you go...

ALICE SMACKS MABEL OVER THE HEAD WITH THE CRICKET BAT WHICH CAUSES MABEL TO STAGGER BACKWARDS.

MABEL: Come on then, do it again. I dare you!

ALICE SMACKS MABEL OVER THE HEAD WITH THE CRICKET BAT AGAIN.

ALICE: Again?

MABEL: I don't think...

ALICE SMACKS MABEL OVER THE HEAD WITH THE CRICKET BAT AGAIN AND THERE IS A LOUD THUMP ON THE DOOR IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS.

ALICE: Ohhhh, did you hear that? An echo.

ALICE SMACKS MABEL OVER THE HEAD WITH THE CRICKET BAT AGAIN AND THERE IS ANOTHER LOUD THUMP ON THE DOOR IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS. ALICE LOOKS AT THE CRICKET BAT AND AT ALICE'S HEAD.

ALICE: That's incredible.

THERE IS ANOTHER LOUD THUMP AT THE DOOR. MABEL AND ALICE LOOK AT EACH OTHER, OVER TO THE DOOR AND BACK AT EACH OTHER. THERE IS ANOTHER EVEN LOUDER THUMP ON THE DOOR.

MABEL: Our pesky guests aren't here already, are they?

ALICE: It's probably one of those religious groups stealing from the poor to give to the... poor. Tell them to go away.

MABEL: Good idea.

MABEL SHOUTING.

MABEL: I'm terribly sorry, but we have enough money thank you. If you're looking for poor people, you want the unemployed mob at number 53.

DIRTY DAVE: I is gonna count to three. If you don't open this bloody door, nicely, I is gonna open it good and proper. And then, I is gonna open you good and proper. You get me sandwiches?

MABEL AND ALICE: Dirty Dave!

MABEL: What does he want?

ALICE: I don't know... The window, quick!

DIRTY DAVE: One!

MABEL: What have you done?!

ALICE: Nothing!

MABEL: So, the most violent debt collector known to mankind has just popped round for a nice cup of tea and some crumpets, has he?

DIRTY DAVE: Two!

ALICE: Well, there is a slight chance I may owe someone a tiny bit of money.

MABEL: Oh god, who?

DIRTY DAVE: Two and a half!

ALICE: Mick the ripper.

MABEL: The window, quick! Shit, I forgot! We're three floors up!

DIRTY DAVE: Right, that's it! If you don't open the door in one second, I is gonna bust you good and proper.

ALICE: Open the door Mabel!

MABEL PULLS THE FRONT DOOR OPEN AND DIRTY DAVE STUMBLES IN AS IF HE WERE ABOUT TO SHOULDER CHARGE THROUGH THE DOOR. HE COMPOSES HIMSELF AND PLAYS THE AUDIENCE.

ALICE: Dirty Dave! What a lovely surprise. Cup of tea?

DIRTY DAVE: Where's me money?

ALICE: Ah yes, the money. You see, the thing is...

DIRTY DAVE: You's said, you's was gonna have it by Thursday. And if I ain't mistaken, today is Thursday. Where's me bloody money?

ALICE: Well, you see, Dirty Dave... Dave... Can I call you David?

DIRTY DAVE CRACKS HIS KNUCKLES BEFORE WALKING TOWARDS ALICE IN AN INTIMIDATING MANNER.

ALICE: Wait! You wouldn't hurt two old innocent...

MABEL: Lovely...

ALICE: Sweet...

MABEL: Poor...

ALICE: Sweet, wait I said sweet, kind old ladies, would you?

DIRTY DAVE: Where's... me... five thousand squid?

ALICE: It's not here... today... right at the moment... but ahhhh... but I've got loads... stashed away.

MABEL: Yes, we've got loads stashed away. Have we?

ALICE: I can get you double... ten thousand squid... quid... by Sunday.

MABEL: Yeah, ten thousand quid... by Sunday?!

ALICE: That's what I said, dear sister.

MABEL: Of course. Ten thousand quid by Sunday. No problem at all.

DIRTY DAVE THINKS FOR A MOMENT.

DIRTY DAVE: Alright. Ten thousand squid. By Sunday! You got... three days! Otherwise...

DIRTY DAVE CRACKS HIS KNUCKLES AND TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE TO ADDRESS THEM

DIRTY DAVE: Apologies for the interruption, germs and worms. Didn't mean to bother yous, but I got a job to do, you know what I mean? I mean, someones gotta collect the dosh haven't they? Where would this world be if people just ran around racking up debt willy nilly and not paying it back? We'd be in a right bloody turtle wouldn't we? And that's me job, to make sure good folks like these fine ladies pay back every penny. Right, I will let you get back to your show. Apologies once again, germs and worms.

DIRTY DAVE POINTS HIS FINGER AT ALICE AND MABEL.

DIRTY DAVE: Sunday!

ALICE: Sunday... night.

DIRTY DAVE EXITS.

ALICE: Oh dear. That's a spot of bother.

MABEL: A spot of bother? A spot of bother?! Spilling milk on the rug is a spot of bother. Not having enough change

for the bus fare is a spot of bother. We have three days to come up with a very very very large sum of money. Well, YOU have three days... I think I'm going to kill myself.

ALICE: Oh, don't be so dramatic Mabel.

MABEL: Dramatic? Me?! Dramatic?! I'm not the one who owes five thousand quid to Mick the ripper.

ALICE: Correction... Ten thousand quid.

MABEL: I knew you were up to no good. Why the bloody hell do you owe so much money to Mick the ripper?

ALICE: Well, you see Mabel, it's like this...

THERE IS SILENCE AS ALICE STARES BLANKLY.

MABEL: Well?

ALICE: Well, it's like this... Do you remember last week when I got that tip off Salty Kev and I won ten quid on Nelly's Nag?

MABEL: Yes...

ALICE: Well, the next day, he had another tip... race nine... a dead cert it was... Lucky Last! I was gonna put the ten quid on, and that's when I had my genius idea. If I borrowed five thousand quid for just a few short hours, we wouldn't have to worry about money ever again.

MABEL: Let me guess...

ALICE: Yip... Lucky last came lucky last.

MABEL: What are we going to do? Ten thousand quid is more than we've earned in the past ten years.

ALICE: Don't worry Mabel, dah dah dah dah, I have a plan.

THERE IS SILENCE FOR A SECOND.

MABEL: Well?

ALICE: Well, what?

MABEL: Well, what is your plan?

ALICE: Well, Mabel... the plan... is for us to sit down and come up with a plan.

ALICE PULLS OUT A BOTTLE CONCEALED ON HERSELF.

ALICE: Right after I have a drink.

ALICE DRINKS THE WHOLE BOTTLE THEN SEARCHES HERSELF AND PULLS OUT A SECOND BOTTLE

ALICE: Or two...

ALICE DRINKS THE SECOND BOTTLE AND THEN LETS OUT A LOUD BELCH.

ALICE: Right, I'm going to the pub.

MABEL: Oh no you don't! There's the tiny matter of ten thousand quid to sort out before you go anywhere dear sister.

ALICE: Right, ahhhhhhh, have you got ten thousand quid I can borrow?

MABEL: Oh yes, Alice. I just happen to have ten thousand quid laying about in my underwear drawer for emergencies like this.

ALICE: Oh, great!

ALICE GOES OFF STAGE WHILE MABEL WAITS EXPECTANTLY. ALICE CALLS OUT FROM OFFSTAGE.

ALICE: I don't seem to be able to find... oh... wait a minute...

ALICE ENTERS CARRYING A VERY SEXY PIECE OF LACY LINGERIE.

ALICE: What's this?

MABEL: Never you mind!

MABEL SNATCHES THE LINGERIE FROM ALICE AND TOSSES IT BEHIND SOMETHING SO IT IS OUT OF THE WAY.

ALICE: Well, I'm guessing there was no ten thousand quid then?

MABEL JUST STARES AT ALICE.

ALICE: Right, okay. Well, we'll have to get it from someone else then. Who do we know that would have ten thousand quid laying about?

MABEL: No one.

ALICE: There's got to be someone, Mabel. All of our friends can't be broke can they? How about Mrs Higgins?

MABEL: Her husband ran off with that tart and left her destitute, remember?

ALICE: Oh yeah. Well, how about Mr Freesdale?

MABEL: He's dead.

ALICE: Oh yeah, I forgot about that. Shame... he had such a big... garden.

MABEL: Yes, he did, didn't he? Ahhhh, the roots we... I mean, the root vegetables in the garden were smashing.

ALICE STARES OFF INTO SPACE

ALICE: Yeah, smashing. Where were we?

MABEL: Roots...

ALICE: Oh yeah. Mr Larsen?

MABEL: Jail.

ALICE SIGHS AND BOTH THINK FOR A FEW SECONDS.

ALICE: I've got it!

MABEL: Tell me, what is it?

ALICE: Well, it's very simple, my dear sister. We don't have to find someone with ten thousand quid...

MABEL: We don't?

ALICE: No. All we need to do is find lots of people with a little bit of money.

MABEL: Where are we going to find people with any money?

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. MABEL AND ALICE LOOK AT EACH IN HORROR.

ARTHUR: Open the door you old bats.

MABEL AND ALICE LOOKED RELIEVED. MABEL OPENS THE DOOR. LOU, ARTHUR, DOROTHY AND LILLIAN ARE AT THE DOOR. THEY ALL SHOUT HAPPY BIRTHDAY IN UNISON.

ALICE: I think you found them.

MABEL: Come in, friends!

LOU, ARTHUR, DOROTHY AND LILLIAN ENTER AND CROWD AROUND ALICE.

LOU: Happy Birthday, you old duck. 21 Again?

ALICE GIVES A FAKE LAUGH BEFORE LOU HUGS HER.

LILLIAN: Happy Birthday, love.

DOROTHY: I swear you're looking younger every year. What's your secret?

ALICE: Vodka. Loads and loads of vodka.

ARTHUR: Happy Birthday, you smashing bird, you.

ARTHUR HUGS THEN KISSES ALICE ON THE LIPS FOR WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN UNNECESSARILY LONG TIME.

MABEL: Well, let's all sit down, shall we?

THEY ALL SIT AT THE TABLE EXCEPT FOR MABEL WHO REMAINS STANDING.

MABEL: Right, everyone. It's a birthday party, so what do we do first?

LOU: Eat cake?

LILLIAN: You sing happy birthday first, you ninny.

ARTHUR: And blow out the candles.

DOROTHY: When do we sing? Is it before or after the cake?

MABEL: You bloody well put on your party hats first, don't you? Well, come on!

EVERYONE PUTS ON THEIR HAT EXCEPT FOR LOU WHO IS HESITANT.

MABEL: Lou, put on your hat...

LOU: But I don't like wearing hats. It brings back memories from the war.

MABEL: Listen buster! I don't want to hear about your silly little war stories. Just put your hat on.

LOU: I'd rather not...

MABEL: I'm going to count to three. One...

MABEL ROLLS UP HER SLEEVES AND SHAKES HER FIST AT LOU

MABEL: Two...

LOU PUTS HIS HAT ON AND SULKS

MABEL: There, that's better. Right, now, birthday punch anyone?

ALICE: Don't mind if I do.

ALICE STANDS UP, WINDS UP HER ARM, AND PUNCHES MABEL IN THE ARM. ALICE SITS DOWN AGAIN.

MABEL: Not that bloody punch, you stupid witch.

ALICE: I was gonna say. It didn't have much of a kick.

MABEL: Trust me, it had plenty of kick. Right, MY special birthday punch, drink!

MABEL POURS EVERYONE A LITTLE BIRTHDAY PUNCH.

LILLIAN: What's in it?

MABEL: Just drink it.

LILLIAN: But you know I'm allergic to...

MABEL: If you don't drink every last drop this instant, I'm going to jam it down your throat.

LILLIAN DRINKS IT QUICKLY THEN STARTS GAGGING. EVERYONE ELSE LOOKS AT THEIR CUP WITH A RELUCTANT LOOK. ALICE DRINKS HERS QUICKLY. MABEL MAKES A THREATENING GESTURE TO THE OTHERS WHO LOOK AT EACH OTHER BEFORE THEY DRINK.

ALICE: It's got a hell of a kick.

ARTHUR: It tastes like disinfectant.

LOU: Mine tasted like pine flavoured piss.

DOROTHY: With a hint a bleach.

LILLIAN DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING, BUT SHE POINTS TO HER THROAT AND MAKES A GAGGING SOUND.

MABEL: Cake, anyone?

EVERYONE EAGERLY REFUSES THE CAKE.

MABEL: Right then, it's time for birthday presents. I'll go first.

MABEL GOES TO THE SOFA AND RETRIEVES A GIFT NICELY WRAPPED IN NEWSPAPER FROM BEHIND A CUSHION ON THE SOFA.

MABEL: Ta da! Happy birthday dearest sister.

MABEL HANDS ALICE THE GIFT. ALICE UNWRAPS IT WITH AN EXCITED EXPRESSION WHICH DROPS WHEN SHE SEES WHAT THE GIFT IS.

ALICE: A pair of stockings. A pair of wet, muddy stockings.

MABEL: Yes, they're your stockings. The ones you lost last week. I was using them to try and catch eels down at the creek.

ALICE: Did you catch anything?

MABEL: Weeds mainly, and a cold. I fell in twice. I thought I was going to drown at one point.

ALICE: I wish you did. Then we'd be at your funeral instead, getting drunk and having a proper party with sandwiches, sausage rolls and loads and loads of vodka.

MABEL: Well, that's bloody appreciation for you, isn't it? I went to a lot of trouble to do all of this for you today, Alice. And what thanks do I get? A funeral.

ALICE: A very nice funeral.

MABEL: Well, that's enough talk on that subject. Right, you lot! Where's the cash? I mean, it's time to give Alice your birthday wishes.

LOU: Sorry, I'm broke, but I brought you these. I hope you like them.

LOU PULLS MINTS OUT OF HIS POCKET AND PUTS THEM ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF ALICE. ALICE LOOKS AT MINTS, THEN TO LOU, THEN BACK TO MINTS.

ALICE: I think I will save them for later.

DOROTHY: Sorry Alice, I'm broke too. I did buy you a lottery ticket...

ALICE: Oh great!

DOROTHY: But it didn't win anything so I threw it away.

ARTHUR: Well, I'm glad to say I got you the best present ever.

ALICE: Oh yeah...

ARTHUR: Yeah... it isn't cash, because I ain't got any, but I got you something even better than that.

ALICE: Okay, what?

ARTHUR: That nice big kiss I gave you earlier.

ALICE: So kind of you.

*ALL EYES TURN TO LILLIAN WHO LOOKS AROUND
AT EVERYONE BEFORE POINTING TO HER THROAT
AND GAGGING.*

MABEL: Let me guess... you're broke too.

LILLIAN GAGS AGAIN NODDING.

MABEL: Right, that was a complete and utter waste of time.
What do we do now, dear sister?

ALICE: I think I might go down to the pub for the rest of
the afternoon.

MABEL: Oh no you don't! We owe ten thousand quid to Mick
the ripper, and if we don't pay Dirty Dave by Sunday,
we're going to end up in the river wearing concrete
boots.

LOU: Ten thousand quid? How are you going to get that
then?

DOROTHY: That's a lot of money.

MABEL: It's a bloody lot of money. More money than we've
ever had.

LILLIAN GAGS AGAIN NODDING.

ARTHUR: I've got an idea...

ALICE: What is it?

ARTHUR: Well, why don't you borrow the money from my drug
dealer? He's got tons of cash, and you only have to
pay 50% interest for every day you owe the money.

MABEL: I may as well start mixing the concrete now.

ARTHUR: I was only trying to help.

ALICE: Well, there's only one thing left to do.

MABEL: What?

ALICE: A neighbourhood meeting.

MABEL: Oh no, not a neighbourhood meeting.

LILLIAN GAGS AND SHAKES HER HEAD

LOU: Oh no, not a neighbourhood meeting.

DOROTHY: I can't... I've got to go feed my pussy shortly.
She'll be getting very hungry.

ARTHUR: Don't worry Dotty, I'll help you feed it later.

LOU: And I've got bingo starting in half an hour.

MABEL: Oh no you don't buster. It's a neighbourhood meeting
so everyone bloody well stays..

LOU: But busty Cheryl is calling the numbers this week.
She's got a pair of knockers the size of large
corgis.

MABEL: I know, I've seen them. They're more like Shar
Pei-sausage dog cross. Anyway, enough talk of saggy
tits, let's start the neighbourhood meeting then,
shall we?

*MABEL GOES TO THE FRIDGE AND PULLS A
WHITEBOARD MARKER FROM THE TOP OF THE
FRIDGE. SHE WRITES \$0 THEN WRITES \$10,000
BESIDE IT.*

MABEL: Right, let's discuss the situation. We're here at zero quid and need to be here at ten thousand quid by Sunday. What are all your ideas on how to get there?

EVERYONE GOES DEEP INTO THOUGHT BEFORE THE SILENCE IS FINALLY BROKEN AFTER A FEW SECONDS OF SILENCE.

LOU: I've got an idea... How about we kidnap a cat or a dog and hold it hostage? I saw a poster on the way up here. A fifty quid reward leading to the return of Mr Tinkles.

MABEL: Oh great! We just need to kidnap...

Does the math in her head.

MABEL: Two thousand bloody cats.

ALICE: What about a horse? It's about the size of two thousand cats.

MABEL: That is... brilliant! I'll write that one down.

MABEL WRITES 'KIDNAP HORSE' ON THE FRIDGE.

MABEL: Next?

ARTHUR: I got an idea.

MABEL: Well, go on...

ARTHUR: We could go nick all of them charity boxes in the shops.

MABEL: I like it! They've got to be loaded with cash.

MABEL WRITES 'CHARITY BOXES' ON THE FRIDGE.

ALICE: Old ladies have loads of cash.

MABEL: Except us.

ALICE: Well, yes, except us. But we could run off with their bags.

MABEL: You can't even run Alice. What are you going to do? Hobble away quickly?

ALICE: I can run... down to the pub.

DOROTHY: I was the 1958 school middle-distance champion. I can do it.

MABEL: Okie dokie.

MABEL WRITES 'STEAL BAGS' ON THE FRIDGE.

MABEL: How about you, Lillian? You've been quiet. Any ideas on how we can raise ten thousand quid.

LILLIAN STANDS UP AND BEGINS TO MIME. SHE TRIES TO VOCALIZE WHAT SHE IS MIMING BUT IT JUST SOUNDS LIKE SHE IS GAGGING. SHE MIMES THE ACT OF EGG PAINTING BY DROPPING EGG FILLED PAINT FROM BETWEEN LEGS ONTO A CANVAS, THEN MIMES IT WOULD BE WORTH A LOT OF MONEY. THE OTHER CHARACTERS ARE TRYING TO GUESS WHAT IT IS SHE IS MIMING, UNTIL MABEL FINALLY GUESSES WHAT IT IS SHE HAS BEEN TRYING TO MIME.

MABEL: Painting a picture by dropping eggs filled with paint from between your legs!

LILLIAN GAGS AGAIN AND MIMES 'MAKE IT RAIN'.

MABEL: And it can be worth a lot of money.

MABEL WRITES 'EGG PAINTING' ON THE FRIDGE.

ALICE: Ugh. I'm not doing that.

MABEL: Well, I'm not bloody well doing it. You know I don't like poached eggs. Right, what else?

ALICE: I can go down to the pawn shop and sell my wares.

MABEL: I don't much think anyone would be at all interested in your wares, Alice. They're all crusty.

ALICE: Not those wares, those wares.

ALICE POINTS AT THE COLLECTION OF ITEMS SHE BROUGHT IN EARLIER.

MABEL: Oooooohhhh those wares. I thought you meant...

MABEL MAKES A WEIRD GESTURE TO POINT TO HER FEMALE PARTS. ALICE LOOKS AT HER AS IF SHE IS CRAZY.

ALICE: Well, I still think that painting I got in the council collections could be worth a few quid.

MABEL: Okay, I'll write it down.

MABEL WRITES 'CRUSTY WARES' ON THE FRIDGE.

MABEL: Right, so let's recap shall we? We've got three days to go from zero to ten thousand quid, and our ideas are... One, kidnap a horse. Two, nick charity boxes. Three, steal loads of bags from old ladies. Four, create an egg painting masterpiece, and five, sell crusty wares. So, that's it, is it? That's the level of genius in this room?

EVERYONE EXCEPT FOR MABEL NODS AND AGREES.

MABEL: I like it! Okay, so Alice, you take your crusty wares to Dodgy Dan's pawn shop.

ALICE: Okie dokie.

MABEL: Dorothy, you go get your running shoes on and go try and mug as many old ladies as you can.

DOROTHY: Too easy. I'll run faster than Saddam Hussein Bolt or whatever his name is.

MABEL: Lou, you go find a horse to ransom. Preferably a miniature pony. Otherwise we won't have any room left in the flat.

LOU: Miniature horse. Got it.

MABEL: And Arthur, go nick as many charity boxes as your bad back can carry.

ARTHUR GIVES A DOUBLE THUMBS UP.

MABEL: And Lillian... You can make me a nice cup of tea.

LOU, ARTHUR, AND DOROTHY EXIT VIA FRONT DOOR, FOLLOWED BY ALICE, WHO EXITS CARRYING THE WARES SHE CAME IN WITH. LILLIAN STARTS TO MAKE MABEL A CUP OF TEA.

MABEL: I suppose I should clean up a bit while everyone is out.

MABEL GRABS THE BIN AND PUTS THE RUBBISH THAT WAS LEFT ON THE TABLE INTO THE BIN. SHE IS HUMMING A CLIFF RICHARD SONG AS SHE DOES. SHE ALSO PUTS THE HATS IN THE BIN. SHE GETS THE GARBAGE BAG SHE CAME IN WITH AND PUTS ALL THE BOTTLES ETC INTO IT. SHE THEN THROWS IT OUT THE WINDOW. A COUPLE OF SECONDS GO BY BEFORE A CAT SCREAM IS HEARD, FOLLOWED BY "Mr Tinkles! Come Back!"

MABEL: Well, there goes 50 quid.

THE KETTLE HAS NOW BOILED AND LILLIAN POURS THE HOT WATER. LILLIAN GAGS.

MABEL: What?

LILLIAN MIMES MILKING HER BREAST.

MABEL: Oh, yes please.

LILLIAN POURS MILK INTO THE TEA AND GAGS AGAIN.

MABEL: What?

LILLIAN GAGS AND MIMES PUTTING SUGAR INTO THE CUP.

MABEL: Ahhhhh, two please.

LILLIAN ADDS THE SUGAR AND GIVES MABEL THE CUP OF TEA. MABEL GOES OVER TO THE FRIDGE AND CONTEMPLATES THE LIST FOR A MOMENT.

MABEL: Three days. Three bloody days! How are we ever going to come up with ten thousand quid in three days?!

LILLIAN GAGS AND SHRUGS HER SHOULDERS. THEN AFTER A MOMENT SILENCE HOLDS UP HER FINGER AS IF SHE HAS AN IDEA THEN STARTS TO MIME THE PAINTING AGAIN.

MABEL: Yes, the painting. Are you sure these paintings are worth a lot of money?

LILLIAN GAGS AND NODS HER HEAD ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

MABEL: Okay then, how about you be a good love and go get the eggs, paint, and... everything else.

*LILLIAN NODS AND EXITS VIA FRONT DOOR.
ALICE ENTERS VIA FRONT DOOR.*

MABEL: That was quick!

ALICE: Yeah, I know. Dodgy Dan doesn't muck about.

MABEL: How much did you get?

*ALICE MAKES A TRIUMPHANT TRUMPET SOUND THAT
GOES ON A LITTLE TOO LONG.*

ALICE: Twelve quid fifty.

MABEL: Twelve quid fifty?

ALICE: That's what I said, twelve quid fifty.

MABEL: Twelve bloody quid fifty?

ALICE SHOUTS IN MABELS EAR.

ALICE: Is your hearing aid on? I said, twelve quid fifty.

MABEL: I blimmin well heard you the first time, you old cow.
I just thought you said the painting might be worth a
million quid.

ALICE: Nah, it ended up being a rubbish painting by someone
called 'Pick-a-so'. I got a fiver for it though.

MABEL: Pick-a-so... pick-a-so... it sounds familiar.

ALICE: Oh, and Dodgy Dan also said he might be interested in
buying the egg painting for a couple of quid. He
wants us to video us making it, so he can show it
somewhere called Prawn Pub.

MABEL: Prawn Pub? I've never heard of a pub called Prawn
Pub. It must be one of those fancy new places.

ALICE: Yeah, it must be.

MABEL: Okay, well I won't add that two quid just yet. We
might be able to get a little more for the egg
painting.

MABEL WRITES TWELVE FIFTY ON THE FRIDGE.

ALICE: Great! Now we only need... nine thousand, nine hundred, and eighty seven quid fifty.

MABEL: The others had bloody well hurry up. The sooner we get the money, the better.

THERE IS A BRIEF SILENCE.

MABEL: I said, the others had bloody well hurry up.

THERE IS MORE SILENCE. ALICE GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT. DOROTHY AND ARTHUR ARE SNOGGING, WITH THEIR STOLEN GOODS ON THE FLOOR AT THEIR FEET. DOROTHY HAS CHANGED INTO A JOGGING OUTFIT. THEY EVENTUALLY SEE THE DOOR IS OPEN AND ALICE SHUTS THE DOOR. ALICE CLEARS HER THROAT BEFORE SHE SPEAKS.

ALICE: She said, the others had bloody well hurry up!

THERE IS A THUMP AT THE DOOR. ALICE OPENS IT AND DOROTHY AND ARTHUR ARE THERE WITH THEIR ARMS LADEN WITH BAGS AND CHARITY CANS. DOROTHY AND ARTHUR ENTER AND PUT THEIR THINGS DOWN.

DOROTHY: I managed to get quite a load.

ALICE: Yes, we saw.

DOROTHY STRAIGHTENS HERSELF UP.

DOROTHY: I got three hand bags, a bag off a solo mum picking her sprogs up from school, and two school bags off some kindergarden kids walking across a crossing.

ALICE: Great, what did you get Arthur?

ARTHUR: Let's see, I got this one from Barry the butcher. It's for his kids cancer treatment or some rubbish like that. This one is from the op shop on the corner asking for donations for the homeless. And this one I nicked from the supermarket...

HE LOOKS AT THE CHARITY TIN CLOSER

ARTHUR: Let's see, Guide Dogs Association.

MABEL: Is that all?

ARTHUR: Is that all... I got a bad back ain't I. I didn't want to overdo it.

MABEL: Well, here's hoping for your sake there's ten thousand quid in them. I might go spend a penny while you count it.

MABEL EXITS TO BATHROOM. ARTHUR POURS OUT THE CONTENTS OF THE TINS ON TO THE TABLE. THERE ISN'T VERY MUCH ACTUAL CASH AND THERE IS AN ASSORTMENT OF OTHER ITEMS IN THEM.

ALICE: Let's see what you got, Dotty.

ALICE AND DOROTHY START GOING THROUGH THE HANDBAGS. ARTHUR CONTINUES TO GO THROUGH THE TINS.

ALICE: A pen... tissues... a can of cat food... used tissues... more used tissues... nothing. Absolutely nothing.

DOROTHY: Let's see... makeup, tissues, a cat toy, two pens... ohhhh wait a minute... more pens.

ALICE: Nothing in this one either. Utter rubbish.

DOROTHY: Let's see what's in the kiddies bags.

ALICE AND DOROTHY GO THROUGH THE KIDDIES BAGS, TIPPING OUT THE CONTENTS.

ALICE: Nothing.

DOROTHY: Nothing in this one either.

ALICE: Well, the last one. The one from the solo mum has to have something good in it.

DOROTHY GOES THROUGH THE BAG.

DOROTHY: Ohhh, some cash. One quid.

ALICE: That's a good start.

DOROTHY: A phone.

ALICE: That's gotta be worth at least a tenner.

DOROTHY: More tissues.

ALICE: Eerrrrrrr.

DOROTHY: What's this?

DOROTHY PULLS OUT A ROSE SHAPED VIBRATOR.

ALICE: Some sort of flower.

DOROTHY: It's got a button.

ALICE: Press it and see what happens.

DOROTHY DOES AND IT IT STARTS HUMMING.

DOROTHY: That's weird, a humming flower. Rubbish.

DOROTHY TURNS IT OFF AND GOES TO THROW IT IN THE PILE OF RUBBISH.

ALICE: Wait, I'll take it.

*ALICE TAKES IT, AND PUTS IT DOWN HER FRONT.
MABEL ENTERS COUGHING AND WAFTING.*

MABEL: Blimey, that was at least three pennies that one.

MABEL GOES TO FRIDGE AND GRABS HER MARKER.

MABEL: Alright, what did we get?

ALICE MAKES A TRIUMPHANT SOUND.

ALICE: One quid.

DOROTHY: And a phone.

ALICE: And a phone.

ARTHUR: And I got three quid, a used johnny, and an old button.

MABEL WRITES THE ONE QUID AND THREE QUID ON THE FRIDGE.

MABEL: Right, with that lot, we only need nine thousand, nine hundred, and eighty three quid fifty.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND LOU ENTERS.

LOU: Ladies and gentlemen, all your problems are solved.

EVERYONE STARES AT LOU FOR A FEW SECONDS WAITING FOR HIM TO SAY SOMETHING BUT HE DOESN'T.

ALICE: Well...

LOU: Well... I was in the alleyway outside hunting high and low for a miniature horse when I almost got hit by a flying rubbish bag. Anyway, all of a sudden, Mr Tinkles comes racing along and runs straight at me. So I dive on him, take him upstairs, and collect the 50 quid reward.

ALICE: Oh great, so we've got fifty quid then.

LOU: We've got better than that. It just so happens, I ran into Salty Kev on the way back up and he gave me a dead cert tip for this afternoon called...

*HE PULLS OUT A BETTING SLIP FROM HIS POCKET
TO READ THE NAME.*

LOU: Lucky Last. He said it was an absolute sure-fire winner, so I put the fifty quid on the nose.

*MABEL AND ALICE BOTH GROAN. LILLIAN ENTERS
VIA THE FRONT DOOR CARRYING A CANVAS AND AN
EGG CARTON. SHE GAGS FOR A WHILE, HOLDING
UP THE CANVAS AND EGG CARTON AS IF
EXPLAINING WHAT SHE HAS. THEN SHE LOOKS
PROUD AS PUNCH, THEN SHE PUTS THE ITEMS
DOWN ON THE TABLE.*

LOU: Oh, where's your radio? The race is about to start.

MABEL GOES AND TURNS THE RADIO ON.

ANNOUNCER: And here we are ladies and gentlemen, race seven, and the horses are in the gate ready to go. The starter's gun has gone and they're off and racing. Leading the pack is Glue Factory Dodger, running like his life depends on it. He's followed by Neigh Sayer who never gives up, then Fifty Bales Later, Hoof Hearted, Hay Girl, then Mr Ed Sheeran, Pasture Bedtime, with Lucky Last following up the rear.

As they round the bend, Glue Factory Dodger has slowed down and may be in danger of retirement. He is overtaken by Hoof Hearted who is now blowing away the field, Fifty Bales Later is next, then Hay Girl, Mr Ed Sheeran, Neigh Sayer looks like he has given up and Lucky Last is earning his name and is last by a long way.

Pasture Bedtime has hit the lead, with Hay Girl close behind, then Neigh Sayer, but wait, Lucky Last has suddenly woken up and is storming back, and has caught up to the rest of the field. This is incredible ladies and gentlemen. Lucky Last has blitzed through the field and is now in third place behind Pasture Bedtime and Hay Girl. Lucky Last continues his pace, and with 50 meters to go, he hits

the lead and continues to gather speed as he races towards the finish line. He is well in front now, and with 20 meters to go it looks like he will win the... Oh no, tragedy ladies and gentlemen. Lucky Last has dropped dead right before the finish line and he is overtaken by Pasture Bedtime, followed by Hay Girl, Neigh Sayer, then Fifty Bales Later, Hoof Hearted, followed by Mr Ed Sheeran, and last was Glue Factory Dodger who is surely entering an early retirement. Lucky Last's death right before the finish line will surely make the news ladies and gentlemen. This has never happened in the entire history of racing.

MABEL TURNS OFF THE RADIO.

LOU: Well, that was close.

MABEL: What are we going to do? We need nine thousand, nine hundred, and eighty three quid fifty and what have got? An egg painting we've yet to paint, and a phone.

ALICE: Don't worry Mabel, I have the perfect solution.

MABEL: And what, pray, is your solution?

ALICE WALKS OVER TO THE BENCH AND GRABS A FRYING PAN.

ALICE: Stand still Mabel. This is going to hurt just a little bit.

ALICE HITS ALICE OVER THE HEAD. MABEL STAGGERS BACK.

MABEL: What are you doing?

ALICE: I'm going to kill you, and sell your body to science.

MABEL: Oh no you don't. Not before I kill you first.

MABEL PUNCHES ALICE IN THE FACE. ALICE DROPS THE FRYPAN AND PUNCHES BACK. THEY TRADE PUNCHES, AND THE OTHERS CROWD AROUND AND CHEER AS MABEL AND ALICE TRADE PUNCHES. EVENTUALLY THEY STOP AND PART, AND STAND HUNCHED OVER PANTING. DOROTHY PICKS UP THE STOLEN PHONE AND STARTS GOING THROUGH IT.

ALICE: Okay, I won't kill you. Yet! But we need to come up with the cash, Mabel.

MABEL: What are we going to do? We don't have any more ideas.

LOU: We could have a walkathon.

ALICE: A hobbleathon more like. And besides, we wouldn't get very far.

ARTHUR: What about a cake stall?

MABEL: Great idea. Who can bake cakes?

EVERYBODY SHAKES THEIR HEAD.

LOU: Trivia night?

MABEL: No, we need people.

ARTHUR: A raffle?

MABEL: No, we need prizes.

DOROTHY: I think I found a...

MABEL: How about you, Lillian? Any other ideas?

LILLIAN GAGS AND SHAKES HER HEAD NO.

MABEL: Alice?

ALICE: I can't think of anything Mabel.

MABEL: There must be something...

DOROTHY: I think I have...

MABEL: Oh shut up Dorothy, I am trying to think...

*THERE IS SILENCE IN THE ROOM FOR A FEW
SECONDS AS EVERYONE THINKS.*

DOROTHY: Tinder.

MABEL: Tinder?

ARTHUR: What's a tinder?

LOU: A leg of lamb can be tender, if you cook it right.

DOROTHY: It's a program on this phone I stole from the solo mum.

ALICE: What's it do?

LOU: Does it cook a leg of lamb?

DOROTHY: No, listen to this... Solo Mum looking for a man with a big... wallet. You bring the cash and I'll bring a good time. Don't worry, I'm not here to fall in love. I'm here to fall into first-class seats and spa days.

ALICE: But how is a poor solo mum going to help?

LOU: Is she going to cook a leg a lamb?

ARTHUR: Look, would you shut up about legs of lamb? You're making me hungry.

DOROTHY: Tinder is a program for meeting people.

ALICE: Rich people?

DOROTHY: Yip.

ALICE: Rich lonely men?

LOU: Rich lonely men who can cook a leg of lamb?

EVERYONE: Shut up Lou!

LOU: I was only asking.

DOROTHY: Yip, rich lonely Men. So all we need to do is change this to something that will attract a rich lonely man with lots of cash, and all your problems are solved.

MABEL: That is brilliant!

DOROTHY: Oh, and one more thing...

MABEL: What's that?

DOROTHY: We will need a sexy photo of one of you.

MABEL: Well, it's not going to be me.

ALICE: Bags not me. Paper, rock, scissors?

MABEL: Okay then.

ALICE: Best of three. Ready?

MABEL: Ready.

*ALICE AND MABEL FACE OFF. MABEL DOES PAPER
AND ALICE DOES SCISSORS.*

ALICE: One to me.

MABEL: Alright, alright. Let's go again.

MABEL DOES ROCK AND ALICE DOES PAPER.

MABEL: Ha ha! One all. Last one.

*ALICE PULLS UP HER SLEEVES BEFORE THEY
BEGIN THE LAST ROUND. MABEL DOES PAPER AND
ALICE DOES ROCK. ALICE LOOKS AT HER ROCK,
THEN PUNCHES MABEL IN THE FACE.*

ALICE: I win.

*ALICE WALKS OVER TO THE SEXY PIECE OF LACY
LINGERIE AND WALKS BACK TO GIVE IT TO
MABEL.*

ALICE: Here, go get this on. And make yourself look sexy,
you old bat.

MABEL: It would be easier if my nose wasn't broken.

ALICE: Moan, moan, bloody moan. That's all you ever do
Mabel. Now, go get sexy.

MABEL EXITS TO BEDROOM WITH SEXY LINGERIE.

DOROTHY: Okay, now we need to write something that will lure a
rich lonely widower.

ALICE: How about, rich widower wanted, must have loads of
cash.

LOU: Why do we want loads of cats?

ALICE: Cash, not cats, you deaf old coot.

DOROTHY: I think we need something a little more... seductive.

ALICE: Okay, how about this, rich widower wanted, must have
loads of cash and like loads and loads of sex.

DOROTHY: Perhaps something a little more... subtle.

ARTHUR: What about this? Roses are red, violets are blue,
have you got the cash?, cause I'll blow you.

LOU: Or how about Roses are red, violets are blue, I'll
cook a nice leg of lamb for you.

ARTHUR: Shut up about the bloody lamb, Lou.

DOROTHY: Perhaps I better come up with something. Let me think... Hi, I'm a wild and sexy rich widow, looking for a wild and sexy man. Must be handsome, rich, and ready for action. What do you think?

ALICE: And have servants. Lots and lots of manly servants.

*DOROTHY TYPES IN THE PROFILE ON THE PHONE
AND TALKS SLOWLY AS SHE GOES.*

DOROTHY: Hi, I'm a wild and sexy rich widow, looking for a wild and sexy man. Must be handsome, rich, and ready for action. Must have lots and lots of manly servants.

ALICE: Perfectly perfect.

MABEL CALLS OUT FROM OFFSTAGE.

MABEL: Okay, I have it on, but I don't feel very sexy.

ALICE: You don't need to feel sexy, you stupid old bat, you just need to look sexy.

MABEL: I'm not sure...

ALICE: Just come out here.

MABEL: Do you promise not laugh?

ALICE: We promise.

MABEL: Cross your heart and hope to die?

ALICE: Yes!

MABEL: Okay, here I come, ready or not.

MABEL ENTERS WEARING HER SEXY LINGERIE AND HAS BRIGHT RED LIPSTICK ON AND OTHER MAKEUP. THERE IS WOLF WHISTLING AND CHEERING WHEN SHE ENTERS.

MABEL: I don't feel very sexy.

ALICE: Don't be silly Mabel... you'll have to do. Right, we need a sexy picture, so go over to the sofa and look sexy.

MABEL GOES OVER TO THE SOFA AND DOROTHY GOES OVER WITH THE PHONE READY TO TAKE A PHOTO.

DOROTHY: Right, give us your sexiest pose.

MABEL POSES BEHIND SOFA, AND LOOKS VERY UNCOMFORTABLE.

DOROTHY: Oh dear. Can you look sexier?

MABEL STRIKES ANOTHER POSE BUT LOOKS EQUALLY UNCOMFORTABLE.

DOROTHY: Mmmmmm, let's try something different. Imagine you have a firecracker up your jaxy.

MABEL STRIKES ANOTHER POSE AND LOOKS A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE.

DOROTHY: Now lean forward...

MABEL LEANS FORWARD.

DOROTHY: BANG!!!!

MABEL HAS A SURPRISED LOOK ON HER FACE AND DOROTHY TAKES A PHOTO IMMEDIATELY. SHE LOOKS AT THE PHOTO.

DOROTHY: Perfect.

ALICE: Let me see...

DOROTHY SHOWS ALICE THE PHOTO.

ALICE: If you don't catch a rich widower Mabel, you might at least catch the eye of the police.

DOROTHY: Okay, let me just upload this... There we go.

ALICE: What do we do now?

DOROTHY: I guess we watch the phone and wait until we catch a rich widower...

ALICE: With lots of manly servants.

*EVERYONE IS SILENT AND WATCHES THE PHONE.
ATER A FEW SECONDS LILLIAN GAGS AND MOTIONS
REGARDING THE EGG PAINTING.*

MABEL: Great idea Lil, we can do the egg painting while we wait.

ALICE: Alright, up you get.

MABEL: Why do I have to do all the work?

ALICE: Because it's my birthday. And besides, Dodgy Dan wants a sexy video for the Prawn Pub, and I'm not bloody doing it. So you'll have to do.

MABEL: Well, I hope this is all worth it.

ALICE: Okay Dotty, get ready to record this on your phone. And Mabel you get up on a chair and create an egg-cellent painting. And make sure it's worth ten thousand bloody quid!

*BEFORE ANYONE HAS TIME TO MOVE THERE IS A
NOTIFICATION DING.*

DOROTHY: Ooooh look, we've got someone already.

*THERE IS GENERAL EXCITEMENT AMONGST
EVERYONE. DOROTHY LOOKS AT THE PHONE THEN
SCREWS UP HER FACE.*

DOROTHY: Ugh, he looks like a school kid.

ALICE: Alright Mabel, up you get.

*MABEL SIGHS AND BREAKS THE FOURTH WALL AND
SPEAKS TO THE AUDIENCE*

MABEL: I don't know about you ugly lot, but I could do with
a nice cup of tea, right about now.

LIGHTS DOWN.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

LIGHTS UP. MABEL IS STANDING ON A CHAIR DRESSED IN HER LINGERIE. THE CHAIR HAS BEEN MOVED AWAY FROM THE TABLE. THERE IS A SHEET ON THE FLOOR UNDERNEATH WITH A BOX ON TOP TO PROTECT FROM PAINT SPLATTERS. LOU AND ARTHUR ARE HOLDING UP A SHEET TO PROTECT MABEL'S INNOCENCE FROM THE AUDIENCE. THE OTHERS ARE AROUND MABEL. LILLIAN IS HOLDING A CARTON OF EGGS AND DOROTHY IS HOLDING THE PHONE.

ALICE: Come on, we haven't got all day.

MABEL: I feel very uncomfortable doing this. Are you sure the eggs need to go up there?

ALICE: It's called art, Mabel.

MABEL: You could have warmed it up a little.

ALICE: Stop moaning and get painting.

MABEL: Alright, here we go. Ready?

LOU: We were ready half an hour ago. My arms are getting tired.

ARTHUR: Yeah, my arms are getting tired too.

MABEL: Alright, alright. No need to get shirty. Ready?

ALICE: Yes, we're bloody ready, so hurry up. Start recording Dotty.

MABEL: Alright, here goes.

MABEL INSERTS EGG AND THRUSTS FORWARD. A GREEN EGG PLOPS DOWN ONTO CANVAS. ALICE INVESTIGATES.

ALICE: It looks like a turtle that's been involved in a motor vehicle accident.

MABEL TAKES A LOOK.

MABEL: It reminds me of the time you had that really bad cold.

ALICE: Alright, alright. Keep going.

LILLIAN HANDS MABEL ANOTHER EGG. MABEL INSERTS IT AND IT PLOPS ONTO THE CANVAS. ALICE TAKES ANOTHER LOOK.

MABEL: I think I'm beginning to get the hang of this.

ALICE: Next.

LILLIAN HANDS MABEL ANOTHER EGG. MABEL INSERTS IT AND MAKES THE SOUND OF A BOMB DROPPING AS IT PLOPS ONTO CANVAS.

MABEL: Ready for another bomb, Captain.

LOU: Hurry up will you? My arms are falling off.

ARTHUR: Yeah, hurry up. I need to go to the bathroom.

MABEL: Alright!

LILLIAN HANDS MABEL ANOTHER EIGHT EGGS IN QUICK SUCCESSION, MABEL INSERTING AND PLOPPING WITH SPEED AND MAKING A DIFFERENT SOUND EFFECT FOR EACH ONE. AFTER THE EIGHTH EGG IN SUCCESSION, LILLIAN HOLDS UP THE LAST OF THE 12 EGGS AND GAGS.

ALICE: Last one Mabel. Aim for over there.

ALICE GESTURES TO AN AREA OF THE PAINTING.

MABEL: Alright, ready?

LOU: For Fagin's sake Mabel!

MABEL LAUNCHES THE LAST EGG ON TO THE CANVAS WITH A TRIUMPHANT SOUND EFFECT. MABEL LOOKS AT THE PAINTING. DOROTHY STOPS FILMING.

MABEL: Oh, it's a masterpiece. It has got to be worth at least ten thousand quid.

ALICE: I hope so, Mabel. Right, now go get changed before my eyes start to bleed.

LOU AND ARTHUR WRAP SHEET AROUND MABEL AS SHE GETS DOWN OFF THE CHAIR AND EXITS INTO BEDROOM.

LOU: Thank bloody God!

ARTHUR: I thought it was going to take all day.

ALICE: Did you get the video for the Prawn Pub, Dotty?

DOROTHY: Sure did.

ALICE: Great. Any luck finding a rich, lonely widower yet?

DOROTHY: No, nothing but school kids, lesbians, and three politicians.

ALICE: Oh no, not politicians. Bastards. Well, let's get cleaned up and have a game of poker while we wait.

THE BOX WITH THE PAINTING IS PICKED UP AND MOVED TO THE SIDE. THE SHEET IS ROLLED INTO A BALL AND PLACED BEHIND A CUSHION ON THE SOFA. THE CHAIR IS MOVED BACK TO THE TABLE. ALICE GRABS A DECK OF CARDS AS THE OTHERS SIT AT THE TABLE, EXCEPT FOR ARTHUR.

ARTHUR: I need the bathroom.

ARTHUR EXITS TO BATHROOM VIA BEDROOM.

ALICE: Five-card draw?

LOU: Sure.

*ALICE DEALS CARDS TO EVERYONE. THEY ALL
PICK UP THEIR CARDS.*

ALICE: Ooooh, good hand.

*THE PLAYERS DISCARD THEIR CARDS EXCEPT FOR
ALICE WHO DISCARDS NONE.*

ALICE: How many for you, Lou?

LOU: Three, please.

ALICE: Dotty?

DOROTHY: Four for me.

ALICE: Lillian?

LILLIAN GAGS AND HOLDS UP TWO FINGERS.

ALICE: And two for you. Alright, what have you got?

LOU: A pair of tens.

DOROTHY: Nothing for me.

LILLIAN REVEALS HER CARDS.

LOU: A full house! Nice one Lil!

ALICE: I beat you all. Five aces!

LOU: Five aces?

ALICE: Yeah, the ace of spades, ace of hearts, ace of diamonds, ace of clubs, and the ace of carrots.

LOU: Oh, well done.

ALICE: Another game?

DOROTHY: Sure.

LOU: Why not?

ALICE GATHERS UP THE CARDS, SHUFFLES AND DEALS THEM OUT. ARTHUR ENTERS. HE HAS BRIGHT RED LIPSTICK ON HIS FACE.

ALICE: Nice snog?

DOROTHY, LOU AND LILLIAN SNICKER.

ARTHUR: What are you talking about?

ALICE: You've got bits of Mabel all over your face.

EMBARRASSED, ARTHUR EXITS TO BATHROOM.

ALICE: You might want to clean your willie, too.

MABEL ENTERS.

MABEL: What's all the shouting for?

ALICE: Arthur went to the bathroom for number ones, twos, threes, fours and fives.

MABEL LOOKS AT THE SMIRKS ON THE FACES OF EVERYONE.

MABEL: Yes, well, change of subject, I think we should...

THERE IS LOUD THUMPING ON THE DOOR.

MABEL: I'm terribly sorry, but we have enough money thank you. If you're looking for poor people, you want the unemployed mob at number 53.

DIRTY DAVE: I is gonna count to three...

EVERYONE: Dirty Dave!

DIRTY DAVE: What.

MABEL: Come in, Dirty Dave.

*DIRTY DAVE ENTERS AND ADDRESSES THE
AUDIENCE.*

DIRTY DAVE: I'm sorry for interrupting yous again, germs and worms, but I need to check and see how these two lovely ladies are getting on with me squid. I mean, it's not me telling me what to do. That'd be a right lark wouldn't it? Dirty Dave, go see them two old ladies and make sure they're in the right supermarket aisle. Ah, okay Dirty Dave. Pure madness in' it? If I had my ways, I wouldn't be bothering yous at all. But me boss is Mick the ripper you see, and he don't take no monkeys from any old zoo. You know what I mean? Anyway, I won't be long.

DIRTY DAVE: How's me squid getting along?

MABEL: Pretty good, actually. We have a painting that's worth at least ten thousand squid, I mean quid, don't we, Alice?

ALICE: That's right Mabel, at least ten thousand quid.

DIRTY DAVE: Let me see it then.

*MABEL FETCHES THE PAINTING FROM THE BOX AND
SHOWS IT TO DIRTY DAVE.*

DIRTY DAVE: You is having a lark. That ain't worth even a squid.

MABEL: It's fine art. It's an erotic egg painting.

DIRTY DAVE: It don't even look like no egg. One squid, I say.

ALICE: Milo Moiré is a famous erotic egg painter, and she sells her art for at least ten thousand.

DIRTY DAVE: Alright, I'll prove yous ladies are talking batty. Germs and worms, I is gonna auction this painting to yous good folks in the audience. A real auction, real money, card or IOU to me with interest, of course. And whoever of yous lot wins, yous gets to keep the painting. And as a special banana, all of us lot will sign the back of it as a memento. I don't know why you would want a memento of this rubbish show, but here we go. Let's start at one squid. Anyone got one squid for this erotic egg painting?

THE AUCTION COMMENCES AND DIRTY DAVE TAKES BIDS WHILE MABEL AND ALICE ENCOURAGE THE AUDIENCE TO BID UNTIL THE HIGHEST BIDDER IS REACHED.

DIRTY DAVE: Going once... going twice... sold to the geezer with far too many squids on their hands. Come see me after the show.

DIRTY DAVE: I told yous it wasn't worth ten thousand squid.

MABEL: No matter, because we have lots of other ideas, don't we Alice.

ALICE REPLIES TENTATIVELY.

ALICE: Aaahhhh, yep.

DIRTY DAVE: Well, yous have got until Sunday evening. Otherwise...

DIRTY DAVE CRACKS HIS KNUCKLES. MABEL AND ALICE LOOK AT EACH OTHER WITH A CONCERNED LOOK.

MABEL: No problem. Well, it's been nice seeing you. Do pop by again soon.

DIRTY DAVE GLARES AT MABEL MOMENTARILY BEFORE ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE.

DIRTY DAVE: Apologies for the interruption once again, germs and worms. But this is the last time you will see me until the end of the show, alright?

MABEL: You've ruined the bloody suspense now!

DIRTY DAVE: Alright! Alright! Don't get your knickers in a tornado.

*DIRTY DAVE ACKNOWLEDGES THE AUDIENCE AND
EXITS VIA FRONT DOOR.*

ALICE: Phew, I thought he would never leave.

*ARTHUR HAS CLEANED OFF THE LIPSTICK AND
ENTERS CAUTIOUSLY.*

ARTHUR: Has he gone?

ALICE: Who?

ARTHUR: Dirty Dave.

ALICE: Yeah, why?

ARTHUR: I owe him a few squid because I had to pay back my drug dealer.

MABEL: So, where are we?

ALICE: We're here.

MABEL: No, I mean where are we with the cash?

ALICE: Ta da da da da da dah... up the poo!

MABEL: What about the phone, Dotty? Any news?

DOROTHY: I'd forgotten about that. Let me check.

DOROTHY CHECKS PHONE.

DOROTHY: Junk... Rubbish... trash... hmmmmmm.

MABEL: What does hmmmmm mean?

DOROTHY: Hi, I'm Richard, and I am a lonely rich widower with a wallet bigger than my failing heart. I am looking for a lonely rich widow to spend my dying days with. PS must have loads of cash. I think we have found him!

MABEL: Oh my god, he is perfect! What do we do now?

DOROTHY: I'll send him a message...

MABEL: Give it to me!

*MABEL SNATCHES THE PHONE OFF DOROTHY AND
BEGINS TO TYPE.*

MABEL: Hi! I'm a rich widow, and I'm as horny as two horny foxes in mating season. Looking for some action? Message me back, big boy! And sent. That ought to do it.

ALICE: Well, he'll either reply or throw up.

MABEL: Oh, he's replied already. He's keen. Hi Mabel. I've seen your picture, and you are the foxiest fox I have ever seen. I can't wait to meet you and show you how big my wallet is. Wink wink. Richard. Oh dear, hot flushes. I think I need to sit down.

*ALICE SNATCHES THE PHONE OFF MABEL AS SHE
GOES TO THE SOFA TO SIT. ALICE TYPES A
RESPONSE.*

ALICE: Dear big Dicky... Do you have loads and loads of manly servants? My beautiful... sex therapist Alice wants to know.

ARTHUR: Can he loan me some money so I can pay back Dirty Dave?

LOU: Ask him whether he likes a nice leg of lamb.

ARTHUR: Shut up about that bloody leg of lamb Lou!

LOU: Okay, okay.

ALICE: Dear foxy Mabel. Please tell your beautiful sex therapist Alice that I have loads of manly servants who will wait on her hand and foot, and any other parts of her body she wants waited on. Oh dear, I think I need to sit down too.

*ALICE HANDS THE PHONE TO DOTTY AND SITS
DOWN NEXT TO MABEL ON THE SOFA.*

ALICE: Is it just me, or is it hotter in here than an African man wearing a fur coat in summer while eating hot soup at midday?

ARTHUR: Calm down you old pair ducks. You need to get the cash off him first before you get too excited.

MABEL: I had forgotten about the cash for a moment.

ALICE: Me too...

ALICE STARES VACANTLY FOR A SECOND.

DOROTHY: I've got an idea. Let's invite him around for dinner. Then, you can seduce him and ask him for the money.

MABEL: That is brilliant. But one small problem Dotty, I don't look very much like a rich widow, and this flat looks like it fell out of a dumpster.

DOROTHY: We could fix it up a little. Everyone will help, won't they?

LOU: If it gets you the cash, I'm in.

ARTHUR: I suppose I'll help too then.

DOROTHY: Lil?

*LIL GAGS AND NODS. DOROTHY TYPES ON THE
PHONE*

DOROTHY: Hi, big Dicky. How about we have dinner sometime?
Then we can get to know each other... intimately. Foxy
Mabel.

MABEL: We'll probably need a days notice so we can get this
place spruced...

DOROTHY: Hi sexy fox... flick me your address and I will come
over now and show you a good time. Big Dicky.

MABEL: Tonight?! Oh my god, what are we going to do?

ALICE: Don't panic Mabel. I've got this totally under
control...

ALICE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.

ALICE: On second thoughts, panic!

DOROTHY: I was the 1957 school debating champion... I'll handle
this. Lou, Arthur, Lil, you go get every nice thing
you own and bring it back here. Mabel will need
servants, so make yourselves look nice.

LOU: No problem. Come on, gang.

*LOU, ARTHUR AND LILLIAN EXIT VIA FRONT
DOOR. DOROTHY TYPES ON THE PHONE AGAIN.*

DOROTHY: Hi there big Dicky. Come around! My address is flat
37...

*DOROTHY KEEPS TYPING AS ALICE CUTS IN OVER
THE TOP.*

ALICE: You had better go iron your face, Mabel. That will
take half an hour at least!

MABEL: I suppose I had better go get changed then. What do rich widows wear?

ALICE: Something elegant and sexy. Not your usual rags.

MABEL GETS UP OFF THE SOFA.

MABEL: I think I know just the outfit.

MABEL EXITS TO BEDROOM.

DOROTHY: To my sexy horny love fox, I am leaving now and will see you soon. Kiss kiss kiss. Big Dicky.

ALICE: Hurry up Mabel, Mister ten thousand quid will be here any minute.

DOROTHY: We had better clean up a bit before he gets here.

ALICE: Again?! I haven't cleaned up this much since the last time Mabel was away, and I invited a few boys from the club over.

DOROTHY: Bowls?

ALICE: Yes, there were a few.

DOROTHY AND ALICE START TO TIDY A FEW THINGS UP. DOROTHY WIPES THE WORDS OFF THE FRIDGE. ALICE TAKES A RUBBISH BAG AND COLLECTS ANY RUBBISH OR ANYTHING OLD AND THROWS THE BAG OUT THE WINDOW. A CAT SCREAM IS HEARD, FOLLOWED BY "Oh my god, someone just killed Mr Tinkles!". MABEL ENTERS FROM BEDROOM DRESSED IN SOMETHING HIDEOUSLY UGLY.

MABEL: Tah dah... How do I look?

ALICE: I said elegant, not elephant! Go change for heavens sake, before he sees you.

MABEL EXITS TO BEDROOM. THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR.

ALICE: Oh crap, he's not here already, is he? Bastard. Who is it?

LOU: It's us, Lou and Arthur.

ALICE OPENS THE FRONT DOOR. LOU AND ARTHUR ENTER. THEY HAVE CHANGED INTO ILL-FITTING SUITS AND ARE CARRYING VARIOUS ITEMS TO MAKE THE FLAT LOOK A LITTLE BRIGHTER. A TABLECLOTH, A VASE WITH FLOWERS, A CANDLE FOR THE TABLE, AND A NICE COVER FOR THE SOFA.

LOU: Here you go. Oh, if anyone asks, the flowers aren't from Mrs Dibble's front garden.

DOROTHY, ALICE, LOU, AND ARTHUR SET ABOUT MAKING THE FLAT LOOK NICER WITH THE ITEMS BROUGHT BY LOU AND ARTHUR.

ARTHUR: So when's the old fella coming then?

DOROTHY: He'll be here soon.

ALICE: Very bloody soon. Are you ready Mabel?

MABEL: Just about ready.

DOROTHY, ALICE, LOU, AND ARTHUR FINISH SETTING UP AND THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR.

ALICE: Hurry up, Mabel!

MABEL: I'm hurrying as fast as I can!

ALICE GOES TO THE FRONT DOOR.

ALICE: Who is it?

THERE IS A GAGGING SOUND. ALICE OPENS THE DOOR AND LILLIAN ENTERS CARRYING A FEW ITEMS. SHE GAGS AND SHE DESCRIBES HER ITEMS, WHICH INCLUDE A SILVER TRAY AND NICE PLATES, GLASSES, AND CUTLERY FOR THE TABLE. SHE IS DRESSED IN A MAIDS OUTFIT.

DOROTHY: I never knew you were a maid, Lil.

LILLIAN GAGS AND SMILES AS SHE THRUSTS HER HIPS IN A SEXUAL MANNER.

ARTHUR: The maid is my favourite, but she's also got a nurse outfit, and a copper. I don't like that one so much. The truncheon's a bit big for my liking.

DOROTHY: You set the table, Lil. Arthur, you go check to see how Mabel... On second thoughts, I think I'd better go.

DOROTHY EXITS TO BEDROOM. LILLIAN SETS THE TABLE FOR TWO WITH PLATES, GLASSES AND CUTLERY. SHE THEN GAGS AND SHRUGS HER SHOULDERS.

ALICE: What now?

LILLIAN HOLDS UP THE PLATE.

ALICE: It's a plate.

LILLIAN GAGS AND TRIES TO MIME THAT THE PLATE IS EMPTY.

ALICE: I can see it's a bloody plate.

LILLIAN RUBS HER TUMMY AS IF SHE IS HUNGRY.

LOU: I think she is saying she wants a roast leg of lamb.

ARTHUR: Food. There's no food.

LILLIAN POINTS AT ARTHUR AND CLAPS HER HANDS.

ALICE: What?

ARTHUR: There's no blimmin food or drink is there. What are we going to feed him?

ALICE: Ahhhh cracker jack. We don't have any left.

LOU: Where's that birthday cake gone?

*MABEL AND DOROTHY ENTER FROM BEDROOM.
MABEL IS LOOKING PASSABLY ELEGANT. SHE
DOES A TWIRL.*

MABEL: Tah dah! What do you think?

ALICE: Where's the cake?

MABEL: What cake?

ALICE: My birthday cake.

MABEL: It's in the bin. Why?

ALICE: Because we have no food or drink for big Dicky.

*ALICE GOES OVER TO THE BIN AND RETRIEVES
THE CAKE AND PICKS BITS OFF IT.*

MABEL: What are we going to do?!

ALICE: There's only one thing to do Mabel... Skip bin cuisine.

MABEL: Wait a minute, why don't we use the twelve quid fifty and buy proper food.

ALICE: Because, my dear Mabel...

*ALICE PULLS OUT A SMALL BOTTLE HIDDEN ON
HER PERSON AND DRINKS WHATEVER IS LEFT OF
THE BOTTLE.*

ALICE: What twelve quid fifty?

MABEL: You bitch!

MABEL STOMPS ON ALICE'S FOOT.

ALICE: Ouch. Want a fight, do we?

*ALICE ROLLS UP HER SLEEVE AND WINDS UP HER
ARM LIKE A WINDMILL AND BRINGS HER FIST
DOWN ON MABELS HEAD.*

MABEL: Right, you're asking for it now...

DOROTHY: Ladies, we don't have time. You can fight as much as
you like, after you get the ten grand.

ALICE: You're right. Lou, you and Arthur go to the skip
bins around the corner and see what you can get.

ARTHUR: Got ya. Come on, Lou.

ARTHUR AND LOU EXIT VIA THE FRONT DOOR.

ALICE: Dotty, you come with me to the bottle recycler to see
if we can scrape together a bottle of wine.

DOROTHY: Sure, but I had better carry it back.

ALICE: And Lil, you stay here and make sure Mabel doesn't do
anything stupid. Like breathe.

ALICE AND DOROTHY EXIT VIA THE FRONT DOOR.

MABEL: I'm starting to get nervous now. How do I look?

LILLIAN GIVES MABEL TWO THUMBS UP.

MABEL: I hope he has a...

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

MABEL: Crikey, that was quick. Hang on, I'm coming.

THERE IS ANOTHER KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

MABEL: Hold your bloody horses, I'm not an Olympic sprinter you know. Now...

MABEL OPENS THE DOOR AND RICHARD IS STANDING THERE HOLDING FLOWERS THAT HAVE OBVIOUSLY BEEN RIPPED OUT OF A GARDEN. THEY ARE IDENTICAL TO THE FLOWERS IN THE VASE THAT WERE BROUGHT IN EARLIER. HE IS DRESSED IN AN ILL-FITTING SUIT. HE DOESN'T WEAR A TIE, INSTEAD HE HAS HIS SHIRT OPENED A LITTLE AND IS WEARING A NECK CHAIN.

RICHARD: Bestill my beating heart. You're even more beautiful in the flesh. These are for you, my sexy fox.

MABEL TAKES THE FLOWERS AND BLUSHES WITH EMBARRASSMENT. THERE IS AN AWKWARD MOMENT OF SILENCE.

RICHARD: Are you going to invite me in? Or are you going to make me stand here all night like an flaming idiot?

MABEL: Of course. Come in, come in!

MABEL LETS RICHARD IN, AND HE PINCHES HER BOTTOM AS HE PASSES HER TO COME IN.

MABEL: Cheeky boy! Oh this is my maid, Lill... libeth. Lillibeth.

RICHARD: It's an absolute pleasure, darl.

HE TAKES LILLIAN'S HAND AND KISSES IT. LILLIAN GAGS AND BLUSHES. MABEL PUTS THE FLOWERS IN THE SAME VASE AS THE OTHERS.

RICHARD: Nice place you got here.

MABEL: Oh, this old dump? I am just staying here until my castle is finished being renovated.

RICHARD: Only the one castle then? Pffft. I've got three.

MABEL: I sold my other four. The vacuuming was getting too much.

RICHARD: I know exactly what you mean.

*RICHARD LAUGHS FOR SLIGHTLY LONGER THAN
WHAT WOULD BE CONSIDERED NORMAL.*

RICHARD: So, do you want dinner first? Or should we go straight for dessert?

MABEL: Keen I see... My butlers should be back any minute now with dinner. Lillian, I mean, Lillibeth, how about you go and see how the butlers are doing. Make sure they cook the dinner... I mean, make sure it's nice and hot.

*LILLIAN GAGS A SMILE, CURSTY'S AND OPENS
THE DOOR TO EXIT. LOU AND ARTHUR ARE THERE
HOLDING BAGS ABOUT TO KNOCK ON THE DOOR.
LILLIAN PUSHES THEM BACK, GOES THROUGH THE
DOOR, SMILES INTO THE ROOM BEFORE CLOSING
THE DOOR. THEIR DIALOGUE CAN BE HEARD FROM
BEHIND THE CLOSED DOOR. MABEL GIVES FAKE
SMILES AS THEY DIALOGUE.*

LOU: What did you do that for?

*LILLIAN GAGS FOR A WHILE EXPLAINING ABOUT
COOKING DINNER.*

ARTHUR: What are you on about?

LOU: She's pointing at the food.

ARTHUR: What about the food?

LOU: Owwww, my ear.

ARTHUR: Ouch, where are you dragging us off to?

MABEL: It's hard to find good help these days.

RICHARD: I know exactly what you mean. My servants... not a brain cell between them.

MABEL: Let's sit at the table and talk while we wait for dinner.

RICHARD: Dessert would be better, but okay, we can sit if you like.

MABEL AND RICHARD SIT AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE TABLE SO THEY CAN FACE EACH OTHER. MABEL GIVES A NERVOUS LAUGH, AND RICHARD DOES THE SAME.

MABEL: Ummmmm, it's nice being rich isn't it?

RICHARD: It sure is. I've got so much cash, I can hardly count it these days.

MABEL: And... ummmm... how much cash do you have, exactly?

RICHARD: Millions. Well, not cash exactly. Most of it is in gold bullion and trust funds, and you know, rich people stuff.

MABEL: I see...

THE FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN. ALICE AND DOROTHY COME WALKING THROUGH THE DOOR THE CLOSE IT. THEY ARE CARRYING A BOTTLE OF WINE EACH. ALICE'S BOTTLE IS HALF EMPTY.

ALICE: And so the doctor said... A yeast infection isn't any good for making bread.

MABEL GIVES A FAKE LAUGH.

MABEL: Richard, this is Alice, my, ahem, sex therapist.

RICHARD GETS UP TO GREET ALICE.

RICHARD: Well, hello gorgeous.

ALICE: Oh, hello.

RICHARD GOES RIGHT UP CLOSE TO ALICE.

RICHARD: Sex therapist you say? I think I need myself a little therapy.

RICHARD HONKS ALICE'S BREASTS, AND AN AUDIBLE VIBRATING SOUND CAN BE HEARD AS ALICE'S BREASTS VIBRATE.

ALICE: Oh dear.

ALICE HANDS DOROTHY HER BOTTLE OF WINE.

RICHARD: I've never turned on a woman like that before.

ALICE HER HANDS DOWN HER TOP TRYING TO TURN IT OFF.

ALICE: Yes, and I wish I could find the button to turn myself off.

ALICE EVENTUALLY FINDS THE OFF BUTTON AND SWITCHES OFF THE VIBRATOR. RICHARD GOES RIGHT UP TO DOROTHY.

RICHARD: And who is this charming young lady?

DOROTHY: I'm Dotty. But my friends call me Dorothy. I mean, I'm Dorothy, but my friends call me Dotty. I'm a sex therapist too.

*DOROTHY PUSHES HER CHEST FORWARD BUT
RICHARD TURNS AND GOES BACK TO THE TABLE
AND SITS.*

RICHARD: Two sex therapists!

MABEL: Yes, ummmmm... I like to get a second opinion
sometimes.

RICHARD: You must be very good in bed.

ALICE: I do hear a lot of moaning coming from her bedroom,
but it's mainly about the winter cold or the roaches
in summer. Wine?

MABEL: Yes, you do.

ALICE: I meant this wine.

*ALICE POINTS TO THE BOTTLES OF WINE DOROTHY
IS HOLDING.*

MABEL: Oh, yes please. Richard?

RICHARD: Yeah, I'll have a drop.

*DOROTHY POURS SOME WINE INTO EACH OF THEIR
GLASSES.*

RICHARD: Let's make a toast...

MABEL: We haven't got any bread. Oh, I see...

RICHARD: Here's to my little sexy fox... May you be generous
with your wealth to those in need. Cheers.

MABEL: Cheers.

*MABEL TAKES A SNIFF OF HER WINE, TURNS UP
HER NOSE AND DOESN'T DRINK IT. RICHARD
DRINKS HIS DOWN QUICKLY THEN CHOKES.*

RICHARD: Blimey. That's... unusual.

ALICE: Yes, it's a special blend.

RICHARD: I think I need something to wash it down with.

DOROTHY: Would you like more?

*OFFERS TO POUR WINE INTO HIS GLASS BUT HE
PUTS HIS HAND OVER HIS GLASS.*

RICHARD: No!!! Not at the moment, love. I think I need to
let this... dissolve first.

MABEL: Errrrr, what did you mean when you said "May you be
generous with your wealth to those in need."?

RICHARD: Well, I like to think that when a friend is in need,
a sexy friend will help them out by giving them some
money. It's just money, isn't it.

MABEL: Yes, well, now that you mention it...

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR.

LOU: Just bloody well open it, will you? My hands are
burning.

*THE DOOR OPENS AND LOU, ARTHUR AND LILLIAN
ENTER. LOU AND ARTHUR ARE CARRYING DISHES
OF HOT FOOD. ARTHUR IS WEARING OVEN
GLOVES, AND LOU IS WEARING THIN SOCKS ON
HIS HANDS. HE IS NOW WEARING NO SOCKS.*

ARTHUR: Dinner is ready, maam.

MABEL: Thank you, butler. You may serve us now.

*ARTHUR MOVES AS IF HE IS ABOUT TO SERVE BY
LOU PUSHES HIM ASIDE.*

LOU: Let me go first, my hands are about to drop off.

LOU SERVES HIS DISH TO BOTH.

RICHARD: It smells good. What is it?

LOU: Well, it's skip bin...

ARTHUR KICKS LOU IN THE SHIN

1

LOU: Owwww, what did you do that for?

ARTHUR: What he means is, it is skippy stew. You know, the kangaroo.

LOU: What? I thought it was some leftover steak we found...

ARTHUR KICKS LOU IN THE SHIN AGAIN

LOU: Ouch!

LOU GOES AND PUTS HIS DISH IN THE KITCHEN.

ARTHUR: And here I have some lovely chinese fried rice.

*ARTHUR SERVES HIS RICE TO MABEL AND
RICHARD. RICHARD LOOKS AT HIS CLOSELY.*

RICHARD: Why is it moving?

*MABEL LOOKS CLOSELY AT HERS AND HAS A LOOK
OF HORROR AS SHE REALIZES HERS IS MOVING
TOO.*

MABEL: Because... ummmm... Rich widows like it... fresh. You don't have to eat it if you don't want to.

RICHARD: Yeah, I think I will give it a miss.

MABEL: So will I. So... about the money.

RICHARD: Good point, about the money...

THE OTHERS GATHER AROUND NEAR THE TABLE.

MABEL: My castle renovations are taking a very long time, and I was wondering...

RICHARD: Speaking of castles, my castles are getting renovated as well, and I was wondering...

MABEL: Can I borrow some money?

RICHARD: That's what I was gonna ask.

MABEL: What?

RICHARD: Yeah I know, it's embarrassing my sexy fox, but my castle renovations are tying up all my dosh at the moment, and I was wondering if I could borrow ten thousand quid. Just until I can liquidate some assets. You know what I mean?

MABEL: Yes, I know exactly what you bloody mean.

ALICE: Oh dear ladies and gentlemen. I don't think this is going to end very well at all.

THERE IS A LOUD KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

MABEL AND ALICE: Dirty Dave!

RICHARD: Who's Dirty Dave?

ALICE: Only the most violent debt collector known to mankind.

ARTHUR: I better hide!

LOU: I think I might join you. Violence triggers my PTSD from the war.

*ARTHUR AND LOU EXIT INTO THE BEDROOM.
THERE IS ANOTHER LOUD KNOCK AT THE DOOR.*

CONSTABLE BOB: Open up, it's the pigs. I mean coppers.

MABEL: What have you been up to now, Alice?

ALICE: Nothing, I swear!

MABEL: We'll soon see then, won't we?!

MABEL OPENS THE FRONT DOOR.

MABEL: Hello officer.

CONSTABLE BOB: Constable, actually. Constable Bob. Mind if I come in?

MABEL: Not at all.

CONSTABLE BOB: Thank you very much.

MABEL: So, what's Alice done this time?

CONSTABLE BOB: Alice?

MABEL: Alice.

CONSTABLE BOB: Who the fuck is Alice?

MABEL POINTS TO ALICE.

MABEL: Alice.

CONSTABLE BOB: I used to live next door to Alice.

MABEL: My sister?

CONSTABLE BOB: No, definitely not her. This Alice was beautiful and had big knockers.

MABEL: Definitely not my sister then.

ALICE: What can we do for you, Constable Nob?

CONSTABLE BOB: I am looking for a phone.

ALICE: Why, don't you have one?

CONSTABLE BOB: Of course I have one. No, the phone I am looking for was stolen off a solo Mum earlier today.

MABEL: How do you know it's here?

CONSTABLE BOB: Because I tracked it here, so I know one of you has it.

MABEL: Well, don't look at me. I'm not a criminal.

ALICE: I haven't got it. I'm not a criminal either.

*CONSTABLE BOB GOES RIGHT UP TO ALICE'S
FACE. DOROTHY TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY TO
SLIP THE PHONE INTO RICHARD'S POCKET.*

CONSTABLE BOB: That's funny because you look like one.

ALICE: Do I?

CONSTABLE BOB: I know a criminal when I see one.

*RICHARD SHIELDS HIS FACE FROM CONSTABLE
BOB. CONSTABLE BOB THEN TURNS TO DOROTHY.*

CONSTABLE BOB: What about you? Have you got the phone?

DOROTHY: Not now... I mean, now not I phone got. Sorry, I'm dyslexic.

CONSTABLE BOB TURNS TO LILLIAN.

CONSTABLE BOB: What about you then?

*LILLIAN GAGS, SHRUGS HER SHOULDERS AND
SHAKES HER HEAD. CONSTABLE BOB TURNS TO
RICHARD.*

CONSTABLE BOB: That just leaves you then.

RICHARD: Does it?

CONSTABLE BOB: Yes, it does. Wait a minute, you look familiar.

RICHARD: Do I?

CONSTABLE BOB: Yes, you do. Stand up.

RICHARD STANDS.

CONSTABLE BOB: What's your name?

RICHARD: Dick.

CONSTABLE BOB: Don't you call me a dick. I could have you arrested for insulting a police constable.

MABEL: His name is Richard.

CONSTABLE BOB: Oh, I see. Richard who?

RICHARD: Richard mind your own business.

CONSTABLE BOB: Alright, spread your arms.

*RICHARD SPREADS HIS ARMS AND CONSTABLE BOB
FINDS THE PHONE.*

CONSTABLE BOB: Well, well, well. What do we have here? A stolen phone.

RICHARD: How did that get in there?

CONSTABLE BOB: I've heard that one before.

*CONSTABLE BOB CONTINUES SEARCHING RICHARD
AND FINDS HIS WALLET IN HIS POCKET. HE
OPENS IT AND REMOVES HIS ID.*

CONSTABLE BOB: Ricard Percival Slickmoor the third. I know you! You're the wanted con man we've been looking for.

MABEL: Did you say con man?

CONSTABLE BOB: Yes, he's a slimy piece of work. He prays on vulnerable old ladies by pretending to be a rich widower, then steals their money.

MABEL: You bastard.

MABEL PUNCHES HIM.

ALICE: Yeah, you bastard.

ALICE PUNCHES HIM TOO.

RICHARD: Alright, alright! No need to get aggressive.

ALICE: Aggressive? We haven't started yet.

ALICE GOES TO PUNCH HIM AGAIN BUT CONSTABLE BOB STOPS HER.

CONSTABLE BOB: That's enough ladies, I'll take it from here.

CONSTABLE BOB PUNCHES RICHARD.

RICHARD: You can't do that. That's police brutality.

DOROTHY: Can I have a turn?

LILLIAN GAGS AND ROLLS UP HER SLEEVE READY TO PUNCH RICHARD. CONSTABLE BOB CUFFS RICHARD.

CONSTABLE BOB: Sorry ladies, but I need to get him down to the station asap. The boys will be lining up to work this slimy worm over. Come on scum, let's go.

CONSTABLE BOB STARTS TO LEAVE AND THEN TURNS BACK AROUND.

CONSTABLE BOB: Oh, I nearly forgot...

HE REACHES INTO HIS BACK POCKET AND PULLS OUT A HUGE WAD OF CASH WHICH HE TOSSES TO MABEL.

CONSTABLE BOB: There was a ten thousand quid reward for his capture.

RICHARD: If it wasn't for those meddling kids...

CONSTABLE BOB: Come on, you!

CONSTABLE BOB EXITS OUT THE FRONT DOOR WITH RICHARD. THE ROOM ERUPTS INTO CELEBRATION.

ALICE: A ten thousand quid reward! We're saved.

MABEL: God isn't pissing all over us after all. Thank you God, even though I don't believe you're real.

DOROTHY: That's absolutely amazing. Now you can pay Dirty Dave back, and everything can go back to normal.

MABEL: Oh no, not normal. That's boring!

ALICE: Wouldn't it be great if we could keep it. We could travel the world... Paris...

MABEL: Rome...

ALICE: Campbelltown.

DOROTHY: Campbelltown? Who in their right mind would want to go to Campbelltown?

ALICE: Me, for one. I heard that Campbelltown is full of very sexy people. Well, except for you. And you.

ALICE POINTS OUT A COUPLE OF PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE.

ARTHUR: Has he gone yet?

MABEL: Who?

ARTHUR: Dirty Dave.

MABEL: He was never here.

ARTHUR: So it's safe to come out?

MABEL AND ALICE: Yes!

ARTHUR AND LOU ENTER FROM THE BEDROOM.

ARTHUR: Thank goodness for that. If he ever catches me...

ARTHUR MOTIONS SLITTING HIS THROAT.

MABEL: You'll have to pay him back one day.

ARTHUR: I know, I know! I might have to borrow some money from my drug dealer to pay him back.

MABEL: Isn't that who you owed the money to in the first place?

ARTHUR: Oh yeah, good point.

THERE IS A LOUD THUMP AT THE DOOR.

MABEL: Who's there?

DIRTY DAVE: I is gonna count to three...

MABEL AND ALICE: Dirty Dave!

ARTHUR: Come on Lou, let's get out of here, again.

ARTHUR AND LOU EXIT INTO THE BEDROOM.

DIRTY DAVE: One...

MABEL: Come in Dirty Dave.

DIRTY DAVE ENTERS VIA THE FRONT DOOR.

DIRTY DAVE: I is sorry for interrupting yous once again germs and worms, but this is the last time, I promise. But it just so happens, I was in the area trying to collect money from another geezer. Arthur his name is, and if I ever catch him, he'll be Arthur alright... Arthur live!

ARTHUR: Oh no!

DIRTY DAVE: Who's that then?

MABEL: That's our... ummmm... gardener. He's doing the weeding.

DIRTY DAVE: But yous is three floors up.

MABEL: Tall weeds.

DIRTY DAVE: Tall weeds?

MABEL: Yes, tall weeds. You can shut up now mister gardener.

ALICE: Yes, shut up.

DIRTY DAVE: I'm sorry germs and worms, but these two old birds is having a lark aren't they? I mean, I might not be the brightest kettle on the kitchen bench... my Mum used to tell me that... but weeds three floors tall don't sound right. And when something don't sound right, it don't sound right, you know what I mean? I smell a goat, and I is gonna sniff it good and proper.

DIRTY DAVE CALLS OUT TO THE GARDENER.

DIRTY DAVE: Mister gardener...

ARTHUR: Yes?

DIRTY DAVE: If you is a real gardener, how tall are the weeds that is three floors tall?

ARTHUR: Ahhhhh, about three floors tall.

DIRTY DAVE: That is correct, germs and worms. He must be a real gardener after all. Apologies mister gardener. You can go about your business then.

ARTHUR: Thank you, Dirty Dave.

DIRTY DAVE: Wait a fluffy kitten, how did you know my name?

ARTHUR: Lucky guess!

DIRTY DAVE THINKS FOR A SECOND.

DIRTY DAVE: That sounds about right. Sorry to bother you.

ARTHUR: You're welcome. You can go away now.

DIRTY DAVE: Alright, but first I got to check up on these two geezers and see where me money is at. How are you two geezers going with me money?

ALICE: Pretty good actually.

DIRTY DAVE: Whats you mean?

MABEL: Tah dah dah dah dah dah, here is your ten thousand quid!

MABEL HANDS DIRTY DAVE THE TEN THOUSAND QUID. DIRTY DAVE HOLDS IT TO HIS EAR AND HE RIFFLES IT NEXT TO HIS EAR AS IF HE IS COUNTING IT.

DIRTY DAVE: Ten thousand quid exactly! It's been a pleasure doing business with you.

ALICE: I can't say the same.

MABEL: Oh well, thanks for popping by Dirty Dave. I hope we never see you again.

DIRTY DAVE: Hang on a muppet, I haven't said goodbye to these good folks yet.

MABEL: Well hurry up, we've got a play to get on with.

DIRTY DAVE: Alright, alright, hold your parachute. Germs and worms, it has been an absolute picnic being here with you today. I can't say the same for these two knuckle bones. You have been absolutely gorgeous, and I loved how you laughed at all my jokes.

DIRTY DAVE POINTS TO A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE.

DIRTY DAVE: Especially you. Oh, wait I almost forgot...

DIRTY DAVE GOES DOWN INTO THE AUDIENCE AND GOES TO THE AUDIENCE MEMBER HE HAS PICKED OUT.

DIRTY DAVE: Here's the fiver I promised you to laugh at my jokes.

DIRTY DAVE GIVES THE AUDIENCE MEMBER A REAL FIVE DOLLAR BILL AND GOES BACK ON STAGE. HE THEN POINTS OUT THE AUDIENCE MEMBER WHO WON THE AUCTION.

DIRTY DAVE: Oh, and don't forget to collect your painting after the show.

MABEL: Come on, come on, we haven't got all bloody day.

DIRTY DAVE: Alright! Actors! Tsk! Germs and worms, it has been an absolute pleasure.

DIRTY DAVE BOWS TO THE AUDIENCE AND MOTIONS WITH HIS HANDS FOR THEM TO APPLAUSE AND TO KEEP RAISING THE VOLUME WHILE HE BASKS IN THE GLORY OF HIS OWN PERFORMANCE. FINALLY MABEL HAS ENOUGH AND DRAGS HIM TO THE FRONT DOOR, OPENS IT, AND PUSHES HIM OUT THE DOOR AND CLOSES IT.

MABEL: Finally!

DIRTY DAVE OPENS THE DOOR AND BOWS AGAIN.

ALICE: Look, piss... off!!!

DIRTY DAVE BOWS ONE MORE TIME THEN CLOSES THE DOOR.

MABEL: Talk about OTT!

DIRTY DAVE: I heard that! What's OTT?

MABEL AND ALICE: Piss off!!!

ALICE: Crikey, I haven't seen acting that bad since Rik Mayall and Adrian Edmondson's performance in Guest House Paradiso.

MABEL: Oh, that was absolute trash. Utter filth!

ALICE: And violent! Only complete bastards would go see a trashy show full of violence and filthy humour like that.

MABEL: Yeah, bastards! Where were we?

ALICE: Bastards.

MABEL: Right, bastards. Speaking of bastards... Lou, Arthur, you can come out now.

ARTHUR: Has he gone?

MABEL: Yes, he's gone.

ARTHUR AND LOU ENTER FROM THE BEDROOM.

ARTHUR: So, how did you go then?

MABEL: We got a ten thousand quid reward for catching big Dick and Dirty Dave is all paid. So all's well that ends well.

ARTHUR: So, does that mean we can go home now?

ALICE: Please!

DOROTHY: My pussy will be starving.

ARTHUR: I'll help you feed it if you like.

DOROTHY: Okay, why not.

LOU: I better go too. If I hurry I can just make the last few games of Busty Cheryl's Bingo.

*LOU RUBS HIS HANDS TOGETHER GLEEFULLY.
LILLIAN GOES TO GAG GOODBYE BUT HER VOICE
HAS COME BACK ALBEIT CROAKY.*

LILLIAN: Bye ladies... Oh, it's back!

MABEL: Well, that's convenient, isn't it? Your voice comes back just when you are leaving.

ALICE: Yeah, you should have learned your bloody lines like the rest of us.

MABEL: Right, now everyone, piss off!

ARTHUR: Happy Birthday once again, you smashing bird.

LOU: Yeah, Happy Birthday!

ALICE: Bye.

*ARTHUR, LOU, DOROTHY AND LILLIAN EXIT VIA
THE FRONT DOOR.*

ALICE: Thank god those bastards have gone.

MABEL: Yes, I know what you mean. But if it wasn't for them, we'd probably be wearing concrete boots on Sunday.

ALICE: True, but they're still bastards.

MABEL: True.

ALICE: Ah well. Right, I might nick down to the pub for a bit.

MABEL: Oh no you don't! You've got us into enough trouble for one day.

ALICE: Fair enough. Poker?

MABEL: Sure, why not.

ALICE: Loser fetches food from the skip bins for a week.

MABEL: You're on!

MABEL SITS AT THE TABLE. ALICE FETCHES THE CARDS THEN SITS AT THE TABLE. THEN SHUFFLES AND DEALS.

ALICE: I think you should get yourself a new phone Mabel.

MABEL: Why's that?

ALICE: Well, then you can put that Tinder program on it and find us another rich Widower.

MABEL: After all that? No thank you.

ALICE: How many?

MABEL DISCARDS TWO CARDS.

MABEL: Two please.

ALICE DEALS HER TWO CARDS.

ALICE: There you go!

ALICE DISCARDS ALL OF HER CARDS.

ALICE: And I will take five.

ALICE DEALS HERSELF TWO CARDS.

MABEL: Ha ha! Right, what have you got?

ALICE: You first!

MABEL: Tah dah! Full house, jacks and Twos. Right, what have you got?

ALICE: Five aces!

MABEL: Five aces?

ALICE SHOWS HER CARDS.

ALICE: Yeah, the ace of hearts, ace of diamonds, ace of clubs, ace of spades, and the ace of carrots.

MABEL: Ace of carrots?

ALICE: It's a perfectly legitimate card Mabel.

MABEL: Then why is it drawn in biro?

ALICE: Ummmmmm...

MABEL: You bloody cheat!

ALICE: Oh yeah?!

ALICE STANDS.

MABEL: Yeah!

MABEL STANDS.

ALICE: Come on then!

ALICE RAISES HER FISTS.

MABEL: Right, you asked for it!

ALICE: Mabel, you could've hit me if you...

MABEL: Take that!

MABEL TAKES A BIG SWING AT ALICE'S FACE AND RIGHT AT THE POINT OF CONTACT, LIGHTS COMPLETELY DOWN. CURTAINS CLOSE AS SUMMER HOLIDAY BY CLIFF RICHARD BEGINS TO PLAY. LIGHTS UP ON THE CLOSED CURTAINS TO GIVE THE ILLUSION THAT THE PLAY HAS FINISHED. AFTER A MINUTE OF SUMMER HOLIDAY PLAYING, A SCRATCHED RECORD SOUND IS HEARD AND THE CURTAINS OPEN. LIGHTS UP. MABEL AND ALICE HAVE CHANGED AND ARE DRESSED TO THE NINES. ALICE IS RECLINED ON THE SOFA HOLDING AN LARGE EMPTY COCKTAIL GLASS. WHILE MABEL IS SITTING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE WITH A FULL COCKTAIL GLASS ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HER. SHE IS HOLDING A BRAND NEW PHONE.

ALICE: Man servant?! Where has my man servant gone? My glass is bloody empty again.

MABEL: He said he had to pop out for a minute to go see Dodgy Dan. Apparently more money has come in from the Prawn Pub.

ALICE: It's amazing isn't it? Who would have thought that a video could catch a virus and make us rich.

MABEL: I know... Prawn Pub must be awfully dirty if it's full of viruses.

ALICE: Still, look at us now. Rome last month, Paris the month before, and a trip to Campbelltown booked in for the summer holidays.

MABEL: It will be smashing won't it, being surrounded by all those sexy people.

ALICE: Yes, it will. Well, except for those two.

ALICE POINTS TO THE SAME TWO PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE AS SHE DID LAST TIME. DIRTY DAVE ENTERS VIA THE FRONT DOOR. HE IS DRESSED IN SEXY MAN SERVANT CLOTHING. HE IS CARRYING A WAD OF CASH.

DIRTY DAVE: Here you is, maam. Another load of cash from Dodgy Dan.

DIRTY DAVE TOSSES THE WAD OF CASH TO MABEL.

ALICE: Man servant! Get me another drink will you?

DIRTY DAVE: Yes maam.

DIRTY DAVE TAKES THE GLASS FROM ALICE.

ALICE: Thank you, man servant.

DIRTY DAVE STARTS WALKING TO THE KITCHEN BENCH WHERE THERE IS A LARGE BOWL OF COCKTAIL LIQUID, BUT HE STOPS HALFWAY.

DIRTY DAVE: Oh, Dirty Dan wants to know if yous would like to do another video sometime?

MABEL: I don't know about you dear sister, but one was more than enough for me.

ALICE: I agree. Tell him we're rich enough already. Now hurry up with my bloody drink.

DIRTY DAVE FILLS ALICE'S GLASS AND HANDS IT TO HER.

ALICE: On second thoughts, I think I need a nice back massage.

ALICE STANDS UP AND EXITS INTO THE BEDOOM.

ALICE: Come on, man servant!

DIRTY DAVE: Okay, with you in a minute. Honestly germs and worms, don't be fire alarmed about me. I don't mind. The pay is better, I get to go on holidays with 'em, and I get to work with two of the loveliest old birds I ever met.

ALICE: Man servant!!!

DIRTY DAVE: I is coming! I got a feeling this might take a while germs and worms, so I will see yous all later.

DIRTY DAVE BOWS TO THE AUDIENCE, GOES TO THE BEDROOM DOOR. ALICE'S ARM LAUNCHES AT DIRTY DAVE AS HE REACHES THE BEDROOM AND HE IS YANKED INTO THE ROOM. MABEL IS SWIPING ON HER PHONE.

MABEL: Oh, another match! Hi, I'm a hot rich widower looking for a sexy hot widow to make nooky with. My ideal partner must have no arthritis and no more than mild dementia. Ooh dear me, hot flushes.

MABEL TYPES ON THE PHONE.

MABEL: Hi, big boy! I am a filthy rich widow with money to burn and a keen sense of adventure. Come on over and make hot nooky with me. My address is flat 37...

ALICE: Mabel! Man servant is waiting for you. It's your turn.

MABEL TYPES AGAIN.

MABEL: On second thoughts, come by tomorrow. Something has just come up and I will be a while... correction... I will be busy all night long.

LIGHTS OUT. CURTAINS CLOSE.

END OF ACT TWO



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Thank you for taking the time to download and read my creation. It was born from a seed, a spark of an idea, that was cultivated and nurtured into this final piece of work.

I spent many hours wrestling imagination into words, and I sincerely hope you enjoy reading it as much as I loved writing it.

This play was not written just to sit on the page. It was written to breathe, to live, to take shape in the voices, movements, and emotions of performers in front of an audience. I would be thrilled if you felt inspired to share it, and even more so if you chose to bring it to life on stage.

Performance rights are priced very reasonably to encourage it to be staged. For details, please contact me at the email address above.

Your support—whether through reading, sharing, or performing—means the world. Thank you for being part of this journey.

Dan