

# ***MONTY'S MOUTHWATERING MOMENTS***

*a farce about the Welsh and the English*

*By Liz Philpot*

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## MONTY'S MOUTHWATERING MOMENTS !!!

Set in England in 1967. Tom Jones is now a successful pop singer with 'It's not unusual,' 'What's New Pussycat' and the song from James Bond ...'Thunderball.'The Welsh choirs are thriving in the valleys. The men of Wales are singing very loudly in the mines, the church, Chapel, pubs, trains, buses, on their tractors and also burning the occasional holiday home belonging to the English in their spare time !!!!

By

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## CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

MONTY MARSHINGTON .....In his early twenties. Privately educated. Loves cooking, trying to escape from his overbearing parents; in love with Mafanwee, his Welsh live in girlfriend. He has dropped out of university as he hated studying to be a doctor .

MAFANWEE JONES .....A very sweet Welsh girl from the valleys in Wales with a lovely accent; in love with Monty see.. ready to support him in his new venture; his French style restaurant, knowing they will be very 'appy together !!

MILLICENT MARSHINGTON....A dutiful wife to Walter. Wants Monty, her only son to follow in her husband's footsteps and become a top psychiatrist and she also wants Monty to marry Petula; the only daughter of the Patsworths, who are the wealthiest family in the area !!

WALTER MARSHINGTON .....A very successful wealthy psychiatrist who has planned out his sons future to the last letter; he has given him the best of everything from education to lifestyle. He knows best for his son as he is always right !!!

GRACE MARSHINGTON Walter's great grandmother !!!...In her nineties. Remembers the horse and trap; very sprightly although stiff and very deaf; she says she's only deaf in one ear !! Adores her great grandson; she is affectionately known as great grandma Grace or G.G Grace. Determined to help Monty succeed in his culinary adventure and plans to be his sprightly waitress !!!

PETULA PATSWORTH ..... The original girlfriend of Monty. Has been to the best schools - adores Monty but has only ever held his hand and sees marriage as the only way forward. It is what mummy has told her to do and will she do anything to keep Monty !

PENELOPE PATSWORTH....A very rich social widowed butterfly and very dominant mother who organizes everything perfectly and will do anything and everything to have her own way

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especially to secure her daughters future happiness .A put on very posh accent from muck to Brass!! She employs a private detective called Chunky to spy on everyone so she knows all the gossip, thus she has a hold on people as it can be very useful sometimes .She has a list of secrets in her safe just in case; even something on Millicent !!

PIERRE PIEDMONT.....the chef who used to help a catering company . Becomes very over the top when he drinks red wine - his passion in life. He applies for the position in Monty's restaurant thanks to a tip off. He has a very exaggerated French accent when he is with Monty ; he is not French he is a brummy but he believes that people think an inspired chef must be French... .his accent is shocking . His real name is Peter Pepper.

CHUNKY COMBES .... A fat or very skinny free lance private detective and a snout for the cops from the back streets of Birmingham with a brummy accent, sees himself as a secret agent like James Bond and is a keen Elvis fan!!! He also does kneecaps etc!! Tries to be very butch but wants a true friend - someone to have a pint with . Employed by Penelope to find out any important gossip. Chunky has spied on several of her friends so she can blackmail people for favours and special invitations. He has a book on Teach Yourself Hypnosis ...to help with his work and maybe help him find a friend!!! So the answer is to control the minds of others!!! ..Chunky has always been suspicious of everyone. He has listed them on his black board with various photographs and arrows and circles and balloons linking them up to a complex theory about a dangerous counter spy ring but he is sure of one thing - they are definitely after him!!! He keeps his blackboard behind the telephone box .In short - he is an odd brummy fruitcake !!.

BLODWIN....Mafanwee's mother .A nice honest Welshwoman with a little history !! (can also be played by Millicent )

NORMAN... Mafanwee's father a member of the choir and a very strong rugby player with a very bad temper who does a bit of wrestling. He hates the English. A part time fire raiser !!

## ACT I

SCENE I The Breakfast room at Chesley Hall.

SCENE II Penelope reclining !

SCENE III The Chef interviews at Monty's Bistro .

SCENE IV Pierre retraces his steps back to the park bench .

SCENE V Monty's pokey bedroom above the bistro

SCENE VI Somethings are indigestible ...Back in the breakfast room.

SCENE VII Action Stations !!

## ACT II

SCENE I Action Stations !!

SCENE II Spy Talk !

SCENE III Command Quackers !!!

SCENE IV Hypnotic Powers !

SCENE V Petula Transformed !

SCENE VI The Other Waitress and the Versatility of Chunky !!

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SCENE VII The Truth lights up just in time !!

SCENE I

*On the multiple set there is the breakfast room at Chesley Hall in the Midlands probably near Solihull, Monty's family home. Millicent is on the telephone. The table is set for breakfast.*

*Mafanwee's and Monty's pokey bedroom above their cafe cum restaurant in Birmingham; Mafanwee is snuggled down in bed.*

*Monty is downstairs by the serving bar reading through the C.V's looking very worried.*

*A park bench near a telephone box D.S R., where Chunky in his trench coat is sitting reading the local newspaper upside down. No one can see the Hypnosis book on the inside of the paper Pierre is in the telephone box. The door is shut so Chunky cannot hear what he is saying.*

*Penelope's luxurious lounge where she is reclining all in pink complete with headband and roses, having her breakfast on her chaise lounge at Clardon House with her solid silver tea set reading the same local newspaper .The action happens across the multiple set.*

THE BREAKFAST ROOM AT CHESLEY HALL

*Millicent is on the phone (in stronger light)*

MILLICENT:

No ! I can't; it's impossible... Please do not call me again - I... *(She replaces the receiver as soon as she hears the front door slam. Pierre is seen leaving the phone box. His sole drops off his shoe but he does not notice. Millicent pours the tea and is sipping her tea nervously summoning up the courage to broach the subject that is worrying her and that she knows will infuriate her husband .*

*Walter stomps in angrily with the local paper and sits down at the breakfast table . Milly starts to pour him some tea from their beautiful spode or silver teapot .)*

MILLICENT:

Walter ...*(He is not listening)* Walter, I am...very worried about ....

WALTER:

*(He interrupts her)* So am I, Milly! I am trying to find it in the paper. I thought it would be on the front page .But no ..no ..no *(He is studying every page)* We will rebuild it brick by brick ..that'll show the *(Milly was going to talk about Monty)* bloody Welsh! Burning down our beautiful holiday home. They should be hung drawn and quartered.

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MILLICENT:

Yes, dear. *(He snaps the paper from page to page looking for the article)* Walter, I wanted to tell you something about ...

WALTER:

Milly, *(He sighs and lowers the paper)* please drink your tea and be quiet and reflect on the tranquility of this perfect sunny Saturday morning in England away from the stupid ... uneducated singing mad ..sheep farming, ignorant Welsh arsonists ... *(Millicent opens her mouth to speak but)* Oh yes ! It was definitely some jealous wicked Welsh ignoramus who torched our retreat ! Our wonderful holiday cottage reduced to a pile of ashes. *(After growling, he picks up his paper again)* I am so angry... I am seething! Ugh !! I don't think I could possibly be more annoyed .

MILLY:

*(A quizzical look and then she speaks then stops and sips her tea)* Yes ..but I....must tell ...you ...

WALTER:

No! No ! I will not listen to you, Milly. I know that expression of yours and I am not interested in your idle gossip, huh ! About the flower or the Bridge Club or who's pulled a muscle at your blasted Health and Beauty class. *(Milly looks annoyed but stops and drinks her tea. He straightens his paper and disappears behind it again)* It's here ! Here it is ...How dare they? It's squeezed in on the last page below the football results! How disgraceful ! It's as if it were unimportant.. huh ! Typical ...I shall complain to the editor first thing on Monday morning . *(Milly exits to freshen the tea)*

## SCENE II

### PENELOPE RECLINING ON THE CHAISE LOUNGE

*Penelope lowers the same local newspaper as Walter and we see her face for the first time in full stiff face pack .She pours then sips her tea through a straw so her face mask does not crack . She glares at the photo and puts a magnifying glass to the picture*

PENELOPE:

Um ..huh ! She s old enough to be his mother. Lucky old cow !...I wish it was me. How the hell did she manage to snare him ? Perhaps Chunky should do a bit of investigating. *(She continues reading holding the newspaper up again . She suddenly bursts out laughing and then tries to*

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*stop her face pack cracking* ) Oh bother ! Oh damn ! *(About her face pack then rather sarcastically)* Poor Walter and Milly ...well that'll teach them to have a house in wet, soggy, old Wales, huh ! They should have bought a villa on the Costa Brava like me or a little apartment if that's all they can afford. *(She reads)* The local police are continuing their search for clues into the mysterious fire that left Mr Marshingtons holiday home raised to the ground but unfortunately nothing has come to light ...to light *(She laughs)* in the pile of ashes . Oh dear ! *(She continues to read)* .Blah ..blah ..blah ..It is proving very difficult to find the culprits who torched the other two English holiday homes blah...blah.. Mr Marshington, renowned psychiatrist said it's a sad day for the English ...blah...blah...*(She laughs more loudly)* I do hope Walter was well insured. Perhaps I should offer the services of my private detective Mr Chunky Combes – um. He did well uncovering that last little titbit, um ... I may never use it but then again you never know . *(She attempts a sly smile)*

## BLACK OUT

### SCENE III

#### INTERVIEWS FOR THE CHEF IN MONTY'S BISTRO .

*Monty is standing downstairs in the restaurant by the door looking offstage.*

MONTY:

*(Sounding very worried)* I thought you would be perfect .I ...*(A voice is heard offstage)*

CHEF:

Non ..non .Me no..non ...! Nothing would induce me to work in such a pitiful excuse for a restaurant .I am a vrai chef ...I am used to creating cuisine in a proper kitchen not some poorly equipped tiny weeny mouse hole .Au revoir monsieur. *(Monty returns looking very worried . He is holding the last C.V. amidst a pile of papers.)*

MONTY:

Oh Lord ! This is the last one. *(Monty looks very worried.)*What will I do without a chef?

PIERRE:

*(His head pops round the door , a terrible brummy French accent)* Ello ..ello I think I me is ere in the nick of time .Monsuwer Pierre Piedmonttt ...see I can put on a lovely French accent for the punters, *(Very brummy)* but I'm really called Peter Pepper *(Shaking Monty's hand)*How d' you do ? But Pierre sounds more French dun it ? .I heard im *(He flicks his head sideways)* What a wolly eh ? You can t trust a frog mate ...very temperamental *(He waves his hand horizontally)* but me I'm as solid as a rock and a brilliant chef to boot. *(Monty is reading his C.V. and still looks very worried )*

MONTY:

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Oh good ...but *(Pierre interrupts him very quickly)*

PIERRE:

Bonbon ..I've ad tons of experience me from transport cafs to otels I've done the rounds see ..So Monsuwer Marshington what you think eh ? Weees oo nonns ..? *(He laughs)*

MONTY:

*(Stalling)* Well ...um ..this is the kitchen. *(Taking him behind the cooking bar)*

PIERRE:

It's er ... its so petitey! Little! See I can speak the lingo like a native frog. Petitey! *(He laughs again )*

MONTY:

Oh, no !

PIERRE:

But that's great cause everything is so pras ...close you know what I mean .No need for all that courru ...running about ..courru ..see mi sister did a bit of ballet when she were a kid so that's how I picked up some of mi best bits of French see.

MONTY:

*(Looks desperate and there are no more C.V.'s )* Um ..well I ..

PIERRE:

I can start immediate ...mmont ..*(He smiles at Monty )*

MONTY:

Okay. The position of chef is yours. *(Pierre grabs his hand again and shakes it very hard )*

PIERRE:

Great ! You wont regret it Mr Marshington. Bon bon! *(He laughs )*

MONTY:

Please call me Monty .

PIERRE:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

Great stuff, Monty! *(He smiles)* Call me Peter, but of course Pierre when the punters are about eh? *(He laughs)* There is so much culinary talent in me *(He does his French accent)* I'm like a perfect lemon souffle ...sensational tangy ..*(He puts on an effeminate voice)* and light and fluffy *(Monty looks nervous)* I'm only kiddin *(Pierre giggles and does the flopped hand gesture)* Don't worry !I'm not one of them ...and another thing I can talk real posh English when I have to . *(He talks very posh )* You know all la di dar!

MONTY:

Good but ..

PIERRE:

*(He is removing his coat and he is wearing his chef's outfit underneath .He pulls his chef's hat out of his pocket and sticks it on. He stands behind the cooking bar)* You do what you 'ave to and I'll get started then. *(Monty exits carrying the tray with the breakfast for Mafanwee with Pierre calling after him)* It's a petitey paradise ere ...Tantalizing delicious grub coming up. *(He rubs his hands together and starts preparing the food .He looks down at his shoe)* Oh heck ! Where's the sole of mi shoe gone ? It must of fell off. Oh damn ! I better go back ..retrace mi steps and try and find it. I can't afford another pair ..not yet a while anyway *(All this said while putting on his coat . He dashes out .)* I wont be a tick *(He shouts back but Monty does not hear )*

UPSTAIRS IN THE POKEY BEDROOM ABOVE MONTY'S BISTRO .

*Mafanwee is snuggled down in Monty's single bed fast asleep.*

MONTY:

*(Dashes in with a bowl of cereal on a tray complete with a glass with a rose in it and the local paper which falls off the tray. He bends down to pick it up and as he refolds it he notices something on the back page. He reads and looks very worried ).* That's our Welsh house that's been burnt down...Oh my lord that's torn it . Dad will never accept Mafanwee now. *(He removes the paper and quickly sticks it behind the curtain as he opens them .He turns to Mafanwee and puts on a big artificial smile)* Good morning, Mafanwee *(He leans and kisses her )* Wake up, my little Welsh leek . Mafanwee come on ..*(She pretends not to hear him so he pops the tray down and starts to tickle her finally she can suppress her laughter no longer . She giggles, sits up and kisses him)*

MAFANWEE:

If you call me 'My little Welsh leek' again I'll ..I'll....

MONTY:

You'll what? *(There is a moment of eye contact which suggests they are very much in love.... they kiss more passionately and nestle down together hugging and kissing each other under the*

Monty's mouthwatering moments

*covers)*

MAFANWEE:

Ah, today's the day. I am looking forward to meeting your parents, Monty. *(Monty looks away very worriedly then kisses her into silence)*

SCENE IV  
BACK AT THE PARK BENCH

*Chunky Combes is wearing a long trench coat with adapted lining with numerous pockets and thinks he sees someone spying on him. It's Pierre, walking with his head down looking for his sole he exits. Chunky is peeping out from behind his local paper and, as the book falls out he quickly pops it in his pocket. He grabs his Elvis style shades from inside his coat and puts them on very hurriedly upside down. He walks in spy like fashion with one hand in his pocket pushed forward as though he is holding a gun (It is actually a banana) towards the direction that Pierre exited. He checks there is no one there and walks backwards and bumps into the wire waste paper basket which he nearly knocks over. He rights it and sits on the park bench and pulls out his book on which the words on the cover cover are clearly seen: Teach yourself Hypnosis the easy way !!! He reads, then realises he has not covered the book with his newspaper and does so very quickly not realising the newspaper is upside down. He eats the banana slowly. Pierre is seen rushing along again stage R to L. His head is down and this time he finds the sole of his shoe near the park bench. He has not noticed Chunky now smiling at him in a very over friendly manner while munching his banana. He sits on the park bench and gives Chunky a quick glance and turns away to try and push the sole back on his shoe but he fails. Chunky realising his problem, seizes the chance to speak his mouth full of banana to make a special friend perhaps! He throws the banana skin in the wire bin.*

CHUNKY:

Eh ! I've got something inside my coat that could ..*(His arm is already inside his coat low down and slightly forward ...feeling for something which has stuck to the inside of the pocket)* It's a bit stuck !!!

PIERRE:

Ugh ! What you up to ? *(He is wide eyed Chunky as puts his arm around Pierre in an over friendly manner. Pierre stares at his arm and then looks into Chunky's eyes they are too close together in both senses)*

CHUNKY:

*(Staring lovingly into Pierre's eyes but standing too close)* Come on ...I am only trying to be ..elpful and kind . ...Eh ! Mate .I know what you need ? *(Chunky smiles broadly)*

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PIERRE:

No ...no !! *(Said at the same time and he turns his head away but cannot release himself from Chunky's strong arms ...slowly Chunky produces a tube of super glue with his other hand smiling childishly Pierre looks terrified )*

CHUNKY:

Here y'are .

PIERRE:

Oh ! *(He giggles nervously)* Glue ..oh ! I thought you were .....going to ...to ..get out ..yo.. *(He stops) tar mate .*

CHUNKY:

It should stick .. if you hold it for a three minutes.. that's what I do when I stick some of my client's toes together. *(He chuckles and nudges Pierre )*

PIERRE:

Toes !!

CHUNKY:

*(Worried he has frightened Pierre )* No not toes .. bows ...you know bow ties .it's a joke mate . *(He laughs and nudges Pierre)* Ain't you got a sense of humour eh ?

PIERRE:

Ugh ! Oh! *(A mock laugh and he makes to leave but Chunky stops him )*

CHUNKY:

Eh! Look I glue them on .. the bow bit. *(He chuckles again )*

PIERRE:

Ugh !

CHUNKY:

In stead of tying them ..*(He chuckles again )*..... bow ties *(He makes a strangling action around his neck with strangling sounds )* I'm only... mucking about *(He laughs again )* you got to laugh, eh ? *(Pierre looks at his watch )* Go on... stick your sole on then .

PIERRE:

Ye ..I ..I ...will *(Pierre has decided Chunky is harmless and not too bright and he wants to get back to the Bistro as quickly as possible . He tries to open the glue but he can't. Chunky sees he is struggling and squeezes the tube placing his hand on top of Pierre's)*

CHUNKY:

Let's squeeze together shall we? *(Pierre looks worried while trying to open it the glue spills out and they are stuck together. Pierre pulls out a big hanky and they are struggling to unglue themselves from each other. Chunky is giggling and singing )* I'm stuck on you awola awola *(an Elvis Presley song from 1960 while Pierre looks very uncomfortable. Various oohs ughs! and ahs!)*

PIERRE:

Oh no ! What am I going to do now ?

CHUNKY:

I like being stuck on you cause *(He laughs )*.... cause real friends should stick together shouldn't they ? ...Stick together ! Get it ? *(He nudges Pierre again )* Oh you got a laugh . *(He laughs )* I'm stuck on you *(Said with great feeling )* It's great to ave a close mate .. eh ? *(Staring affectionately into his eyes .)*

PIERRE:

*(Avoiding Chunky's gaze and struggling to see his watch )* Um...err ... Oh ! I've gotta go ..I'm supposed to be at work .. *(They are leaning over the bin and Chunky pours some solvent over their hands and the shoe. They are released )*

CHUNKY:

There you are. Clean as a whistle. No harm done, see.

PIERRE:

Ah ! ...ooh I . must skedaddle .Ta rar a bit bye. *(He quickly goes leaving Chunky calling after him)*

CHUNKY:

Eh! Wait a tic !...Couldn't we go for a pint or summat? Oh Darn it! I still haven't got a mate *(His voice trails away and he sighs with disappointment. He picks up his book and paper again and studies hard)*

Monty's mouthwatering moments

## SCENE V

## BACK IN MONTYS BEDROOM

*The phone rings. It's Mafanwee's mother, Blodwin. She disentangles herself from Monty's arms and picks it up. Monty exits to get his jacket. Blodwin is D.S.L through the curtain.*

MAFANWEE:

Hello - Monty's Mouthwatering Moments.

BLODWIN:

Ooh hello, Mafanwee. It's your ma here. How are you, flower?

MAFANWEE:

*(Feels guilty being in Monty's bed. She whispers)* I'm fine, see ....How are you ma ?

BLODWIN:

It's not a very good line see. I can hardly hear you, Mafanwee. I'll speak up a bit, see. Well everything is wonderful. Your father's singing is louder than ever now. Our Anwynne says when she's cleaning chapel she can hear him in the bath singing 'Land of our Fathers' and there are bits of ceiling all over the pews cause the choir are bringing the roof down with their powerful voices. What do you think of that then eh? *(She laughs)*

MAFANWEE:

That's amazing, Ma.

BLODWIN :

And you can hear them all down the valley. Even old Gwynith at the counter in the post office can hear them and she's stone deaf . And her elder sister Megan says she can't hear herself think when she sorting the mail and for the loud singing of the postmen.

MAFANWEE:

So Dad is through to the finals then?

BLODWIN:

Oh yes, Mafanwee.

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MAFANWEE:  
Oh ! That's great, ma.

BLODWIN:

Yes his choir is through so you know what that means? There is no time for his wrestling or his rugby which is a pity see... cause he always puts on at least two stone and then nothing fits him .And I might as well be a dead leek rotting away on the compost heap in the rain for all the notice he takes of me . Mind you ...the rain didn't stop another English holiday home going up in smoke. It's sure to be an electrical problem..I don't think the English know how to wire their houses properly. Mind you that's only my opinion but no Welsh 'ouses have gone up in smoke have they? And it's the third English one this month.... So I must be right. *(Mafanwee looks worried)* Well, enough of that...the good news is I'm coming to see you, Mafanwee. *(Mafanwee looks aghast)* I'm sure you can make a little room for your old ma? Oh I cant wait to see you, flower. *(Mafanwee's mouth is open but the words won't come out )* You must get lonely in that flat all on your own. We'll do a bit of shopping together. I've got to buy your father a new pair of trousers to sing in, *(Mafanwee looks shocked)* huh! He says he fell asleep with his pipe in his mouth and it fell between his legs but I know better. *(Mafanwee sees the newspaper sticking out under the curtain she manages to reach it and reads the back page and gasps ooh!)* He drank a yard of ale on the Sabbath while I was at chapel praying for his mischievous soul and then the drunken old devil dozed off see. And that's how he burnt a huge hole in the front of his trousers - his Sunday best, as well. They're ruined. He's lucky he didn't burn his um ...bits and pieces *(She gestures below!!)* Not a god fearing man you're father but still the Good Lord chooses to protects him. Are you walking out with anyone, Mafanwee ?

MAFANWEE:

Um well...M. *(Stuttering)*

BLODWIN:

*(Interrupting)* Of course you're not. Well that's good ..cause your father hates the English. Silly really, cause we are all God's creatures see...all the same underneath the skin...Mind you sometimes I think your father's skin is thicker than most. He s so stubborn when he gets an idea in his head there s no stopping him. Not like you, Mafanwee - you're so young and.. tender like a spring daffodil untouched, upright and pure.

MAFANWEE:

*(Looking very guilty)* Oh ma I...I .

BLODWIN:

Luckily, you don't know the wicket ways of men yet... oow !! *(She shudders)* Young Trevor has been asking about you in the village .He even stopped his tractor the other morning when he saw me with my heavy shopping . He gave me a lift up the hill, see. He's a good boyo is our Trevor. Your father likes him too. Oh the wind was blowing and then it chucked it down with

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rain, see? Trevor's father owns four tractors now. Isn't that something, eh? It's quite a big business see. It'll all be Trevor's one day Mafanwee. Quite a catch is our Trevor. *(Mafanwee pulls a face at the mention of Trevor's name)* Oh I must go and pack ! Ooh! I'll miss mi coach. See you soon! Bye bye Mafanwee.

MAFANWEE:

*(Her eyes wide with fear said at the same time as Blodwin's last words)* But ma ...I ..I *(Blodwin has puts down the phone)* Bye, ma. *(Mafanwee puts down the receiver)*

MONTY:

*(Enters, dressed smartly)* Who was that ?

MAFANWEE:

Just an inquiry about the restaurant, Monty .

MONTY:

Isn't it exciting ..

MAFANWEE:

Er ...yes. *(Not sure what he means and still thinking about her mother. She exits to go and get dressed .)*

MONTY:

I have a really good feeling that we are going to be very successful and happy. *(She looks back at Monty with a very worried expression on her face but Monty is brushing his hair and then straightening his smart tie so he does not notice)*

#### SCENE IV

#### SOME THINGS ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO DIGEST !!

*In the breakfast room ...Milly returns with the tea pot*

WALTER:

*(Lowering his newspaper crossly)* There is less and less in it and the English - well it's just not what it was ...Does anybody teach grammar today...? Huh . .!

MILLICENT:

Um – Walter, I must talk to you. I am very worried about Monty because he... he is. .. *(She*

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*stops, terrified to continue and Great Grandma Grace creeps in )*

WALTER:

What ?

GRACE:

Good morning, children. And, young Walter, don't say 'What!' Its very impolite....

MILLICENT:

*(Said with very tried and tested feeling)* Good morning, Great grandma Grace.

WALTER: *(Under his breath)* I'll say what I damn well like in my own bloody house.

GRACE:

What did you say. Walter?

WALTER:

I said I thought I saw a bloody..mouse, G G Grace?

GRACE:

Oh a mouse! She looks at the floor and adjusts her glasses. Monty is What? See my hearing's perfect. *(She adjusts her hearing aid ..Walter rolls his eyes)* Milly - Monty is what?

MILLICENT:

Monty is -

WALTER:

Oh No ! Oh God ! No ! He s not... Is he ? *(His eyes stare as he cannot bear to say what he is thinking.)*

GRACE:

Language!! Walter, language. Control yourself if you are like this. *(She is waggling her finger at him)* Now, what on earth are you going to be like when you grow up ?

WALTER:

I am nearly fifty G.G. Grace .

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GRACE:

Are you? Um ....God's name should only referred to in prayer. When I was your age one never ...one never...um *(She loses her train of thought and starts to nod off muttering to herself while trying to butter her toast unsuccessfully. Walter is snorting with rage)*

MILLICENT:

Try and stay calm dear. Monty is... *(Walter looks very rattled she reaches for his hand to touch him but he draws away)*

GRACE:

This butter is too hard, Milly.

WALTER:

*(Whispering to Milly)* Milly ....Our son ....our son ... is ....is *(He cannot continue - the words stick in his throat and he is staring in a strange way at Milly!)*

MILLICENT:

Sorry, G. G. Grace... *(She pauses enjoying the moment, knowing Walter has got the wrong meaning)* Perhaps we should discuss this later, Walter ?

GRACE:

We will discuss this now .Take it out of the fridge earlier, Milly. Anything to do with my precious little great grandson ...my little Monty .

WALTER:

*(Very agitated)* Little ...he's over six feet tall, G.G Grace !!

MILLICENT:

Walter, please.

GRACE:

Now, not later I ..I could be dead later. Height has nothing to do with affectionate terms,Walter .

MILLICENT:

Yes, G.G Grace .

WALTER:

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Really! *(Said with feeling)*

GRACE:

Millicent, continue please...

MILLICENT:

Monty is ...is ...*(She pauses)*

WALTER:

*(He closes his eyes)* He can't be?

GRACE:

Stop interrupting, Walter. You should be seen and not heard, my boy .

WALTER:

I am not a boy, G.G.Grace.

GRACE:

A what? *(She whispers)*

WALTER:

Err! God I wish you would pop off...later *(He stops)*

MILLICENT:

Walter !

GRACE:

What did he say?

MILLICENT:

He said he's popping out later ...

WALTER:

*(Interrupting her)* ..A father's worst nightmare. He likes men. *(He mouths the words)* A homosexual; Only a few years ago you went to prison for being one of those. *(Grace is still trying to butter her toast and knocks it on the floor as she bends down below the table she drops*

Monty's mouthwatering moments

*to sleep)*

MILLICENT:

*(Half whispering)* No..no ! Of course Monty is not a homosexual. In fact, quite the reverse. Monty is having an affair. *(Righting Grace on her chair)*

GRACE:

Who's going to the fair ?

WALTER:

An affair ! Oh thank god ! That's marvellous. *(He looks skywards)*

MILLICENT:

*(Rather annoyed)* Marvellous! Why ?

GRACE:

I used to love the carousel rides when I was a girl *(She moves up and down a little as though on a merry go round horse smiling happily)* Up and down ..up and down .

WALTER:

....Because I was beginning to wonder ...if our son was ever going to sow any wild oats.

MILLICENT:

Wild oats!

GRACE:

Oats are very good for one's digestion. Why do you always give me toast ?Are wild ones better than ordinary ones ?

MILICENT:

Oh ! I ...I -

GRACE:

I'll fetch them .Where are they Milly? *(Grace exits )*

MILLICENT:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

Monty is practically engaged to Petula ...

GRACE:

*(She returns)* Are they in the pantry ?

MILLY:

No, G.G.Grace, you -

GRACE:

Does the village shop stock them ?

MILLY:

I don't think so, G.G. Grace. *(Grace exits muttering)*

WALTER:

Petula may be a perfectly suitable partner for marriage .. a jolly good pedigree and all that but -  
*(Grace re-enters on the word jolly and interrupts)*

GRACE:

Pedigree!...Oh! Does Monty have a dog?

MILLY:

No, dear ...

GRACE:

I couldn't find the oats, but this bun will do .

MILLY:

Good, dear .

WALTER:

*(Still thinking about Petula)* Petula is like a fine filly, but...

GRACE:

Oh! Monty has a horse ...that's nice. *(She attempts to cut the bun into two but fails its too firm)* Is

Monty's mouthwatering moments

this bun fresh Milly ?

MILLY:

Yes. I think so.

WALTER:

*(He whispers to Milly)* But, as for raw sex appeal well she does not quite have it. Does she ?

GRACE:

What does Monty want with all these animals? Is he going to breed them ?

MILLICENT:

No dear, I..

WALTER:

*(He does a dirty laugh )...* Good old Monty *(Milly is staring at him looking most put out)* I know you're a woman but ..you must see it ?

MILLICENT:

See what?

GRACE:

I see it. *(She is spreading the butter on her bun)* It spreads more easily because this bun is hard.

WALTER:

She's too proper ...too restrained ...*( Grace is pouring her tea very unsteadily into her china cup and missing.)*

GRACE:

Strained ..You don't need to strain tea with tea bags. Walter, I thought everybody knew that but I still prefer real tea myself. *(He rolls his eyes )*

MILLICENT:

Are those the right glasses for close up, G.G Grace ? *(Grace is holding up the bag by the string out from the teapot )*

GRACE:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

How do they get all those little tea leaves into that little bag ? Are they hand sewn bags ...um

WALTER:

Look ...but don't touch ..type.

GRACE:

I am holding the string, Walter. *(She stares at the bag and squints)* Um ...machined ... is anything hand sewn today? *(She shakes her head and pours the milk from the little jug but it is empty. Milly starts to reach for the jug while Walter hands do small gestures about curvy woman's figures)* I'll go, Milly .

WALTER:

A very plain dresser ..no curves ....never shows her legs .

MILLY:

Walter !

GRACE:

There's nothing wrong with that dresser your grandfather bought that for me .Why does it need to show its legs ? *(She exits)*

MILLICENT:

It doesn't, G .G. Grace . Petula is a properly brought up young lady who dresses appropriately.

WALTER:

Quite! And that can be testing for a young hot blooded male like my son. *(He is smiling proudly)*

MILLY:

Testing !!

WALTER:

Yes ! *(Smiling with pride)* It is vital for a young buck to ... .

MILLY:

Young what ?

Monty's mouthwatering moments

WALTER:

Buck .

GRACE:

Oh buck ! I see. *(She pours too much milk in her tea and sips it giggling )*

WALTER:

*(Drinks his tea and winces with feeling)* Ugh .! This tea is cold, Milly .

GRACE:

Why does Monty need a buck ? *(A rude chuckle from Walter )*

MILLY:

*(A quick look at Walter - very annoyed )* I'll make a fresh pot, dear .

*(Walter reads his paper and Millicent goes to fetch more tea )*

## SCENE VII

### PENELOPE'S PEP TALK !!! HOW TO WIN A HUSBAND !!

PENELOPE:

*(Has been sipping her tea. Calls her daughter)* Petula my sweet pea, quickly sweetie. Mummy needs to give you one of her little pep talks. *(Petula runs in wearing very young style pajamas carrying her teddy bear; Penelope taps the chaise lounge lightly for her to sit down)*

PETULA:

Morning, mummsie. *(She smiles sweetly and sits and gives an affected air kiss and then Penelope strokes her hair like a pet poodle)*

PENELOPE:

My dear child, what I am about to impart to you is the most sacred information a mother can tell her daughter. *(Petula starts to speak)* Ssh ! My pet. Firstly and most importantly, a girl must choose the right husband, which fortunately I have done for you Petula.

Monty's mouthwatering moments

PETULA:

I know that and I think I do love Monty.

PENELOPE:

That's a good girl Petula ..my petal. *(She strokes her hair and then starts to brush it)*

PETULA:

Mother ...I want to ask you something .

PENELOPE:

You know you can ask me anything at all my sweet pea. *(Brushing smoothly)*

PETULA:

When do I let him have me ?

PENELOPE:

*(Gasps and she twists the hair brush and it becomes tangled in her hair)* Ugh! Have you ! Have you ! Petula, you are a lady and I know young feelings can become very warm .

PETULA :

Ouch! *(As she tries to grab the hair brush)*

PENELOPE:

But you are talking about the man you will marry .. your husband to be .Feelings must not come into it. *(Trying to free the hair brush various oohs and errs from Petula)* You must not give him too much too soon or he will never appreciate what he is about to receive afterwards and for the rest of his life .

PETULA:

After what? *(Clutching her hair)*

PENELOPE:

After wedlock ...

PETULA:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

What if he unlocks someone else, mother!

PENELOPE:

What !

PETULA:

Perhaps a one night stand.

PENELOPE:

A one night stand Never!

PETULA:

Well that's what men do. Isn't it?

PENELOPE:

Some men, but not Monty ....he so well brought up . .

PETULA:

Just because I am saving myself for him, how do you know he is saving himself for me?

PENELOPE:

Well, of course he is .

PETULA:

Oh Mother, maybe he can't wait.

PENELOPE:

I'm not sure what your private education has taught you, Petula ?

PETULA:

Oh, mother!

PENELOPE:

Listen, my sweet pea, I...

PETULA:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

*(Interrupting her)* Stop calling me your sweet pea .All my friends have done it and I do want to make love to Monty so why am I waiting ?

PENELOPE:

Petula, your future depends on the fact that the forbidden fruit tastes the sweetest especially when you have to wait until the wedding night to have it .

PETULA:

But what if Monty finds another bit of fruit, over ripe and bursting with juicy flavour ready to be nibbled and eaten and maybe ..take seed .

PENELOPE:

Ugh ! Petula ! Don't talk like that. It's so .. .

PETULA:

True!! Oh, come on mother, this is the swinging sixties.

PENELOPE:

Well, there will be no swinging done around here.

PETULA:

Why don't I just let him make love to me?

PENELOPE:

No! Petula we ..you've come this far ...and we will announce your engagement to Monty after the Ball and when that diamond ring is on your finger you can promise him carnal relations as soon as the wedding date is fixed.

PETULA:

Great!

PENELOPE:

But when it is fixed you will be a little unwell....bilious perhaps ... until the day of your wedding and then when you are wed you can do the act.

PETULA:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

Bonk !

PENELOPE:

Really ! Petula what a choice of word. You can have full relations until you become pregnant .

PETULA:

Oh, mother!

PENELOPE:

It's the key to success and it's so simple .

PETULA:

So wed and then unlock the key to my chastity belt ?

PENELOPE:

Yes .... now run along and have your bubble bath I must remove my face pack. *(Petula exits and Penelope continues to read the newspaper)*

#### THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION !!!!!

MILLICENT:

*(Returning with a freshened pot of tea. She turns to Grace and speaks more loudly)* Monty is living with a girl, Grandmother Grace.

GRACE:

*(Trying to hear)* A what?

WALTER:

Monty is having his way with a tart.

MILLY:

Stop talking like that, Walter!

GRACE:

Monty likes making tarts, especially French ones.

Monty's mouthwatering moments

WALTER:

It's a waste of time trying to explain .

GRACE:

Ooh! My little Monty ooh! *(She giggles)*

MILLICENT:

She's Welsh and.. .

WALTER:

Welsh !!

GRACE:

Um Ah! A Welsh buck rabbit. *(She wrinkles her nose )* I don't like cheese on toast.

MILLY:

I know, dear .

GRACE:

It sticks to my new teeth. *(She mouths her teeth slipping)*

MILLICENT:

Yes *(And then to Walter)* And not even at his university or a ..student .

GRACE:

They are quite a good fit but my old ones were more reliable with something sticky. Is Monty living in Wales ?

MILLICENT:

No, G.G. Grace . . . . .

GRACE:

Oh !

MILLICENT:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

He's living with his waitress.

WALTER:

A waitress!

MILLICENT:

She's called Mafanwee!

WALTER:

Mafanwee !

GRACE:

Oh !Like the Welsh dollies in national costume?

WALTER:

Oh !My lord.

GRACE:

Um ..they wear big flat topped black hats and woolen shawls and red thick full skirts ..so quaint.

WALTER:

It's a fling .Monty couldn't be seriously attracted to someone without education or ambition.

MILLICENT:

Oh, but he is and her sole ambition is to hook our precious boy.

GRACE:

Hooking a sole ... fishing is a good sport .So Monty has been angling in Wales like his great grandfather .Walter used to do a little fishing in Wales too ....before he met you Milly .....*(She giggles and drops to sleep and gently snores )*

WALTER:

*(Still smiling with relief and not listening )*Thank god ! She's dropped off. I wish she'd pop....

MILLICENT:

Walter!

Monty's mouthwatering moments

WALTER:

At least now we can talk. It's just sex.

MILLICENT:

What!

WALTER:

Monty ..it's his age and ....sex is a very important for a young men and I am very relieved he s having ....a bit of...*(He stops)* I was seriously beginning to wonder about his male prowess

MILLICENT:

Male prowess! Walter! Don t you see the gravity of the situation?

WALTER:

Gravity of...

MILLICENT:

What about Petula?

WALTER:

What about Petula ?

MILLICENT:

Monty and Petula are supposed to get engaged very soon and then marry ...Remember we decided this before they were born?

WALTER:

Yes, but...

MILLICENT:

*(Interrupting him)* Nothing must spoil our plans.

WALTER:

Millicent ...It's... *(He smiles knowingly)* It's just lust, plain and simple

Monty's mouthwatering moments

MILLY:

Is lust plain and simple?

WALTER:

Yes. And lust has absolutely nothing to do with love or marriage (*Milly stares hard at him*)

MILLICENT:

Yes .. ? (*Staring at Walter*)

WALTER:

I .. (*He clears his throat trying to think what to say*) Um !...It is essential that a young man tastes lots of chaff before he eats the rye... the sweet wheat or how else will he know the difference between quality and quantity. (*He smiles and does a broad gesture with his arms assuming he has explained the misunderstanding*)

MILLICENT:

Quality !!..Quantity !! Walter ...Monty is sleeping with one little Welsh girl not half the women in Wales !!!

WALTER:

Well...that's as may be but.....

MILLICENT:

I don't believe any of your female patients who you treat for depression due to... the lack of their husband's attentions would be thrilled to hear that a bit of chaff is the essential requirement for the entire male species.

WALTER:

Milly! You are twisting my words. I said young men, not married men; and besides what I say to those unfortunate females lying on my couch has absolutely nothing to do with real life at all. .

MILLICENT:

How reassuring ...Well this little (*Grace wakes up*) Welsh cob would probably like a bun in the oven .

GRACE:

Ah !So they are Welsh buns !..I'd love another, thank you Milly.

Monty's mouthwatering moments

WALTER:

What an earth can she.... ? Oh! *(He looks stunned and whispers)* a bun in the oven.

GRACE:

Oh !Warm ! Oooh delicious ! I'll fetch them *(She goes to leave)* while they are still hot .

MILLICENT:

No... *(To Walter then to Grace)* No, G.G .Grace !

GRACE:

Yes, I'm quite capable, thank you Milly *(She goes to exit)*

MILLICENT:

I've already asked that question and she is not pregnant yet.

WALTER:

Thank god ! Monty will get bored with this Mafanwee creature and everything will work out as we planned.

MILLICENT How can you be so sure ?

WALTER:

I'm sure Milly because sex with one woman can only be satisfying for so long and ...

MILLICENT:

Really ..and then? *(Pauses)*

WALTER:

Um.....the maturing um...young man needs more ... .

MILLICENT:

Does he indeed? Do go on Walter.

WALTER:

He needs the right woman er ..lady at his side ...*(He smiles nervously)* intellectual stimulating conversation ... social graces to advance him in his career . I understand the male brain perfectly.

Monty's mouthwatering moments

MILLICENT:

Do you Walter ? Is that because you are a man or a psychiatrist ? Monty is coming to see us *(She looks at her watch)* any minute now he blurted out to me on the telephone . I quote: "I've stuffed uni. I will live my dream and run my little restaurant and be happy and successful and you and Dad will be proud of me one day and I will marry Mafanwee."

WALTER:

God ! He s completely lost his mind.

GRACE:

*(She enters)*Where are they ?

MILLY:

You see she may not be just a bit on the side .

GRACE:

On the side of what? *(Milly exits with Grace leaving Walter very worried and thoughtful)*

### SCENE VIII

#### PUTTING OFF THE DREADFUL MOMENT !!

*Mafanwee rushes in smartly dressed ready to go to see Monty's parents.*

MAFANWEE:

I'm ready ..Will I do? Do I look alright ?

MONTY:

I'm sorry, Mafanwee

MAFANWEE:

What is it?Whats the matter?

MONTY:

I'm sorry Mafanwee, but I must go on my own .. .

Monty's mouthwatering moments

MAFANWEE:

Oh, I thought I ..Are you sure I shouldn't come with you, Monty ?

MONTY:

No ..because ..

MAFANWEE:

But you said yesterday it was about time I met your parents ?

MONTY:

Um ..Yes... I did but ..I've been thinking and ..

MAFANWEE:

What ?

MONTY:

Err... ..err ...next time, Mafanwee. (*She starts to protest*)

MAFANWEE:

Why do I have to wait until next time?

MONTY:

(*Sounding very hesitant*) Because my parents are a little ..um ..um old fashioned.

MAFANWEE:

So are mine .

MONTY:

I know they will adore you as I do but it will take them time to come round to my way of thinking (*She starts to speak* ) because of all the big changes I have made in my life. They need a little time to adjust so ...

MAFANWEE:

You don't want them to meet me ?

MONTY:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

No, don't be silly I...

MAFANWEE:

Because you know they won't like me ..

MONTY:

Of course they will like you *(Mafanwee talking over Monty)*

MAFANWEE:

I'm not good enough for you, am I ,Monty ?

MONTY::

No ..no ! It's not that ...it's ...

MAFANWEE:

*(She interrupts)* Oooh ! You've ashamed of me.

MONTY:

No! No It's not . It's just that they are a bit too good at believing that they know what is best for me. They choose my career as a doctor ...and then a psychiatrist. So next time I'll take you with me. *(He kisses her and dashes out before she must argue the point leaving Mafanwee frowning and very upset)*

MAFANWEE:

My Ma is not going to understand either or my father. I'm a used woman - my father will probably rip off both your English arms from your shoulders. Oh Monty, when he learns that you have had your wicked way with me. Ooh! And he'll say he's not even from the valleys. *(She glances at the paper)* He'll probably burn ... this place down ...oh no. But in my father's eyes, I am behaving like a harlot sleeping with my boss who is English and no ring on my finger. What am I going to do ?

SCENE VIII  
SOME THINGS ARE INDIGESTABLE!!  
BACK IN THE BREAKFASTROOM AT CHESLEY HALL

Monty bursts in to the Breakfast room with his prepared speech gushing out .)

MONTY:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

Good morning mother. Father - I ...am so sorry about our holiday cottage ..it's awfully bad luck .

WALTER:

Bad luck ! Bad luck doesn't come into it, Monty.

MONTY:

No, oh ! Well...accidents do happen .

WALTE:

An accident!

MONTY:

Yes. Perhaps it needed rewiring, dad ?

WALTER:

Accidents !Rewiring ! It was deliberately set alight by the some jealous drunken sheep rustling Welsh arsonist and when I find him ...I ll have him committed to the worst asylum I can find - forever.

MONTY:

Right ...um. Is there anything I can do to help ?

WALTER:

Yes. You can give up this hair brained scheme of yours and go back to university. A son of mine running a cafe huh!

MONTY:

It's not a café. It's a swishy little French style bistro .

WALTER:

Huh!

MONTY:

I am never going back to uni.

WALTER:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

(Interrupting. Getting very worked up ) We'll see.

MONTY:

I never wanted to be a doctor or a psychiatrist. You both forgot how I have always loved to cook. I have a fully qualified F.. chef now. Please come and dine with us and met Mafanwee properly. *(He hesitates)*

WALTER:

You seriously want to marry into a nation of fire raisers! Sheep rustlers and bloody singers.

MONTY:

Yes, I do.

MILLY:

And what about Petula?

WALTER:

She is from frightfully well connected family not like this....Welsh ..floozy.

MONTY:

Mafanwee is not a floozy and stop trying to control my life. I am going to tell Petula and explain that I love someone else. We have barely held hands so I don't expect she will be very surprised that I ... have -

WALTER:

F f..f...ed someone else.

MILLICENT:

Walter! *(Spoken with Walter's f.. )*

WALTER:

Well, bucked some filly..

MONTY:

*(Very annoyed yelling at Walter)* Mafanwee is not some filly. She's the girl I love . . .

MILLICENT:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

Please let's discuss this calmly and rationally.

WALTER:

*(Very rattled. Shouting and pointing his finger at Monty)* Calmly! Rationally! You are my only son and you are going to follow in my footsteps and become a damn fine doctor and then an eminent prosperous psychiatrist like me .

MONTY:

*(Shouting very loudly)* No ...no ! ..I won't ! I can't ! I hate it ..It's not for me ....

WALTER:

Now, you listen here. I... *(Pointing his finger at him)*

MONTY:

No, there's no point trying to discuss!

WALTER:

*(Interrupting him)* No point!

MONTY:

No !.... You have never listened to me. I'm leaving now. *(Walter is stunned )* Goodbye. *(He goes out then returns )* I hope I will see you in my little bistro soon. *(He pops the business card on the table)* This is my life, not yours, father. *(He moves to go and then turns back. He exits and there is a pregnant pause)*

WALTER:

*(Roaring sounds from his throat)* Oh God ! What have I spawned ? What have I done to deserve such ingratitude?

MILLICENT:

There, there, dear.

WALTER:

Crazy young fool !....I'll give him six months and then he will be bored with his Welsh tart and his stupid Bistro which is sure to be a total flop. *(He smiles)* And then he'll coming running back to us with his tail between his legs.

MILLICENT:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

Where did he get the money from to buy a ...restaurant?

WALTER:

*(Said on the word restaurant)* God knows !

MILLY:

And Petula ...will be distraught .

WALTER:

We must send this Mafanwee creature packing back to the valleys in Wales .

MILLY:

Yes, but how?

WALTER:

*(Interrupting)* Great Granny Grace !

MILLY:

What ?

WALTER:

She gave Monty the money.

MILLY:

Yes, of course.

WALTER:

*(Getting very worked up)* Oh, my god! Interfering old bat! Great G.G . will be the death of me.

MILLICENT:

Calm yourself Walter ...Think of your blood pressure, dear.

WALTER:

*(Yelling)* There is nothing wrong with my blood pressure! Thank you, Milly. *(Going red and furious)*

Monty's mouthwatering moments

MILLY:

Well not yet, but the stress of ...

WALTER:

*(Yelling again)* Be quiet, Milly! I have to think ....collect my thoughts.

MILLICENT:

I've never seen Monty like this before ... so defiant ..so outspoken, I ....

WALTER:

Be quiet.. means stop talking, Milly.

MILLY:

Yes, dear, sorry but...Monty seems so unafraid of yo...so determined to....

WALTER:

*(Banging his fist repeatedly on the table)* Well, I am more determined and I will bring Monty back to his senses. I know what is best for him because ...he's my son.

MILLICENT:

Yes, dear. We should bring the wedding date forward with some tempting gifts ...perhaps a house somewhere respectably situated .

WALTER:

Yes ..so Monty will be able to to ...bed Petula regularly. He needs the sex, you see.

MILLICENT:

Oh lord ! Does everything really revolve around sex?

WALTER:

Yes, at his age it does .

MILLY:

How are you going to make him fall out of love with this girl?

WALTER:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

It's not love.

MILLY:

How do you know that?

WALTER:

As I said it's pure lust . . . .

MILLY:

And what is pure about lust, Walter ?

WALTER:

He is making a huge mistake ...ruining his life . .

MILLICENT:

And what if does see. He -

WALTER:

He will see he because I will make him see it.

MILLICENT:

*(Interrupting)* But what if...

WALTER:

There are no ifs, Millicent

MILLICENT:

*(Very strongly)* Walter, but what if ..he truly loves this girl ?

WALTER:

He can't !...It's preposterous! The very idea of my son marrying a Welsh waitress. It's ludicrous.

MILLICENT:

I know. But, what if you are wrong and ....

WALTER:

Monty's mouthwatering moments

Wrong!! Me! Wrong! Walter Marshington wrong! I am never wrong, Milly. You should know that. *(Pause)* I have had the *(He nods)* nod. I am in line for a knighthood due to my amazing advancements in the psychiatric field. If my son's behaviour became common knowledge I'd be the laughing stock in the medical world.

MILLY:

But ..

WALTER:

We are going to put all our energies into putting Montague back on the right track. We'll put an end to this foolish dream and eventually he will be much happier following the career we have chosen for him. Wisdom is ours because we are older. It may take a bit of skulduggery and string pulling to get him back into university but it will be worth it .... because we will have saved our son's life.

MILLICENT:

Yes ..but....

WALTER:

*(Interrupting)* No 'buts,' Milly. This is out and out war and we are going to win.

BLACK OUT

## ACT II

## SCENE I

## ACTION STATIONS!!!

*Penelope is reclining on the chaise lounge in her pink negligee with face cream on her face and neck and two slices of cucumber on her eyes. The phone rings.*

PENELOPE:

*(She is still reclining having not opened her eyes )* Hallo, 3588 Patsworth Hall to whom am I speaking?

WALTER:

It's Walter .

PENELOPE:

Oh, Walter! I'm so sorry your Welsh residence was burnt to a crisp. *(She is smiling)*

WALTER:

Um, never mind that now. We have a more urgent problem .

PENELOPE:

What do you mean 'we?'

WALTER:

It's Monty. He's having an affair.

PENELOPE:

*(She leaps up)* What!

WALTER:

With some Welsh floozy called 'Mafanwee.'

PENELOPE:

*(She reels and nearly falls over)* Oh Blast and botheration! Maybe it's just a fling? Does he see her often?

Monty's mouthwatering moments

WALTER:

They are live in lovers in his Bistro on the Blankton road. *(He reads the card )* 'Monty's Mouthwatering Moments. '

PENELOPE:

A Bistro! Oh. How simply ghastly!

WALTER:

Are you sitting down Penelope?

PENELOPE:

No.

WALTER:

Well, you'd better. *(Penelope slowly sits down )* He says he is going to marrying her .

PENELOPE:

What !..Oh no! *(Petula comes in dressed in a long very plain and respectable skirt; no make up and not very desirable at all)*

WALTER:

Not to put it too bluntly. You had better make some dramatic changes your end *(Penelope looks at Petula with new eyes!)* Or we can forget about our family alliance. And use your private detective to send the Welsh cob packing. And I need his number, too.

BLACK OUT

SCENE II  
SPY TALK !!!

*The lights come up on Chunky and Penelope.*

PENELOPE:

*(She has dialled the telephone which is ringing in the phone box; Chunky picks it up)* Hello .... *(Chunky is breathing very heavily)* Mr Combes. *(She checks the number )* It's the office number. *(She listens and then gets very irritated and speaks)* It's Penelope Patsworth here.

*CHUNKY is standing D.S.L. very secret agent style, frightened he is being watched. He looks*

Monty's mouthwatering moments

*around furtively!!More deep breathing.*

PENELOPE: Mr Combes, speak to...*(More deep asthmatic breathing and he shakes his head. Penelope covers the receiver )* But he won't... speak unless I play his stupid little spy game *(She inhales deeply and then very irritated indeed )*... .C.C ...It's P.P here .....

CHUNKY:

*(A big smile)* Hello, P .P ....Its C. C on the line.

PENELOPE:

Yes, I know. Now, listen C.C.. P.P. has a .. *(She is listening to his heavy breathing)* C.C, please stop that heavy breathing. Try breathing through your nose, please. *(He looks from side to side suspiciously and attempts to breathe normally)* P.P has a special mission for you .

CHUNKY:

A special mission P.P for C.C good *(He smiles in a childlike way)* What is it, P.P.?

PENELOPE:

*(She rolls her eyes)* It's delicate, C. C ...so concentrate ...clear your mind C.C.

CHUNKY:

*(He puts each hand on his forehead. He closes his eyes and has the receiver stuck under his chin very slowly he speaks)* ..Yes P.P. My mind is clearing. *(He opens his eyes wide)* It's empty now.

PENELOPE:

C.C.. Listen carefully and write down exactly what I say. C.C., are you ready with your pencil? *(He is frantically searching for a pencil and his little notebook in his many inside pockets )*

CHUNKY:

Yes..fire away, P.P..

PENELOPE:

You must make a girl called Mafanwee go back to Wales immediately. As soon as possible, understand? *(Finally he finds his pencil )*

CHUNKY:

*(The pencil breaks as he presses down too hard)* Oops !

Monty's mouthwatering moments

