

The Fun Doctor

A play

by

Keith Passmore

with rock and roll songs and dances from the
1950's



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The Fun Doctor

Cast of Characters

Ronnie
Lizzie
Dolly
Steve
Georgie
Mrs. Jackson
Mr. Jenks
Miss Caffrey
Mrs. Binns
Harold Mullins
Sam
Mrs. Jones
Mrs. Crosby
Mr. Hilt
Ted
June
Shirley
Dylan
The Fun Doctor
Shopkeepers (4) and Villagers (4)
Clowns (2)
Dancers (8-10)
Band members (4)
Mr. Jackson
Alice
Cheryl
Billy
Dave
Old Man
Danny
Ray
Jill
Charmaine
Marlene
Milos
Arnie
Spanner
Sid
Spokes
Detective Inspector Sharp
Sergeant Burke
Master of Ceremonies
Jack Barker

P.C. Bates
Police officers (4)

Suggested Doubling for Casting

Clowns (2)/Old Man and P.C Bates
Clowns (2)/Dancers in final scene
Georgie/Dancer
Shopkeepers (4)/Police Officers (4)
Ted/ Master of Ceremonies
Dancer/ Jack Barker

Main Character Descriptions

Ronnie: A twelve-year-old 'likeable rogue' and 'prankster' with tousled hair, and average height for his age. Displays confidence and cheekiness but underneath it all he is a just a kid. Normally wears a yellow or white shirt and shorts, pulled down socks and plimsolls.

Lizzie: A twelve-year-old girl, abrupt, a bit scruffy. Gives the impression she does not like Ronnie, but she could be jealous of Dolly's friendship with him.

Dolly: A tall slim brown or raven haired twelve-year-old. She wears plain clothes and ribbons in her hair. She is a friendly girl who is really quite intelligent. Friends with Lizzie; often puts up with her abruptness. She is fond of Ronnie and often concerned about his behaviour.

Steve: A skinny, tall thirteen-year-old, one of Ronnie's friends. He is faithful to his friends and enjoys adventure.

Georgie: eleven years old, short and not very strong looking. He is a bit of a 'wimp' and not particularly bright.

Mrs. Jackson: In her forties. She is a down to earth individual and cares for Ronnie, but is aware of and suffers his rascally ways. She wears plain clothes, mainly print dresses.

Mr. Jenks: In his late fifties and bespectacled, but his shortness and slightness make him appear older. He wears dark suits and a white

apron in his shop. He appears mean, but he is accepted by the villagers.

Miss Caffrey: In her late fifties, greying hair. Old fashioned, even for the 1950's dress wise. She probably wears the style of clothes available in the late 1940's. Respectable, kind, polite. She is Mrs. Binns companion whom she accepts as a little mean spirited at times.

Mrs. Binns: In her early seventies. She is hard of hearing; a little mean spirited. She is short and fussily dressed in long skirts and plain blouses with bold necklaces and brooches.

Harold Mullins: In his fifties, tall and stocky, a little overweight, due to very good meals and drinks when entertaining and being entertained as a local Council member. He is susceptible to stress and a short temper.

Sam: A simple young man in his mid-twenties and harmless. He is always on the lookout for some easy money. He is of Irish descent and could be portrayed with a slight Irish accent.

Mrs. Jones: In her late thirties, tall, wears fairly fashionable clothes of the era. She is the local Chiropodist. She is warm and friendly and likes to know the business of the village, the mother of Cheryl.

Mrs. Crosby: In her early sixties. She is portly and a bit of a prude. She wears smart clothes, but old fashioned.

Mr. Hilt: In his forties. He is short but stocky. A friend of Ted's but does not like to admit it. He wears simple practical clothes of the era.

Ted: The village 'drunkard', scruffy, wears unmatched clothing and boots. However, He is well accepted if not respected.

June: A sixteen years old blonde who still attends college. She is shy and a good friend of Cheryl. She enjoys wearing the clothes of the era and make up.

Shirley: A tall, blonde in her thirties, owner of 'Shirley's Fashions'. She is a bright, amiable and smartly dressed. She is June's mother.

Dylan: A crafty, scruffy young man in his late twenties. He lives and works (when he has to) by the sea. He wears dark blue t shirts and

jumpers. A little unreliable and like Sam, he is always on the lookout for easy money.

The Fun Doctor: Tall, dark and slim, in his early forties. He is a mysterious, yet philanthropic wizard who is highly regarded as an entertainer of magical and spectacular tricks.

Mr. Jackson: A practical father and husband in his early mid - forties. He suffers Ronnie's pranks and is a firm but fair father.

Alice: A seventeen-year-old, not particularly bright, chews gum. Wears outrageous fifties clothes in terms of colour matching and has dyed hair. She is older than the other girls and accepted by them, even though she can be cruel at times.

Cheryl: A well-dressed sixteen-year-old, shy, loves her mother dearly and she is a friendly, loyal friend to June and Alice. Danny is her boyfriend.

Billy: He is a short, nervous eleven-year-old, who relies on the companionship of Ronnie, Steve and Dave. He likes to do the right thing, but is not strong enough to argue against the wishes of others.

Dave: A stocky eleven-year-old who appears intelligent, but is influenced by and somewhat loyal to Ronnie who in turn admires Dave, in his own way.

Danny: He is seventeen years old, good looking, well dressed and fairly sentimental, who is very fond of Cheryl.

Ray: He is sixteen years old, well dressed and a friend of Danny's.

Jill and Charmaine: Sixteen-year-old locals, who enjoy the company of boys. They enjoy the fashions and music of the day and both are very good dancers. Jill particularly enjoys Danny's company.

Marlene: A tall slim young seventeen-year-old who has an embarrassingly whiny voice. She dresses in black and wears thick makeup. She adores Arnie.

Milos: An Italian owner of 'The Pink Elephant'. He is in his thirties, dark haired, average height and slim. He is generally respected by the teenagers who use his premises and by the villagers generally.

Arnie: A motor bike enthusiast – a ‘rocker’, in his late teens. He wears black clothes (Teddy boy style). He wears his hair in the style of Gene Vincent or Elvis Presley. He is not very intelligent, but likes to give the impression that he is. He suffers the wiles of Marlene, but who makes him feel special. He rules over his cohorts, Sid, Spanner and Spokes.

Spanner, Spokes and Sid: They are all ‘bikies’ (Rockers) in their late teens and Arnie’s cohorts. They are not very bright; particularly Sid, who likes to show that he is stronger than his weak personality displays. Spanner is perhaps more intelligent of the three, if that is possible. They wear black leather jackets, jeans and plain coloured shirts and t shirts.

Sharp: Short, in his mid-forties. A well-dressed police inspector, who likes to do everything by the book.

Sergeant Burke: The local respected police sergeant. Stocky, cheerful but likes to express his importance. He is in his late forties.

P.C Bates: A young fresh faced police constable.

Jack Barker: Early forties, balding. Short, portly. Billy’s Father.

The Fun Doctor

Production Notes

Please note that the following staging suggestions were applied to the first production of this play, having been set in Devonport, Auckland, New Zealand. The setting can be changed either to an actual or fictitious location either in New Zealand, Australia, or United Kingdom.

Please note that in the original production the action took place during the summer time - Christmas in New Zealand.

If necessary, the setting could be simplified in order to meet the needs of individual theatrical companies and /or their audiences. Colloquial dialogue and names referred to in the script could also be changed to meet requirements: -

The main street scene is in open view of the audience for most parts of the play. The shops and the Council Chambers are simple stage constructions. The jeweller’s shop, displayed with a sign, ‘Jenks, the Jeweller’ is DR at an angle, which has a window facing out front and a seat below the window level. There is a half wall behind the window to prevent Jenks being seen when entering the shop.

Next door and U of the jeweller's shop are the Council Chambers and then the Chiropodist shop, with the sign 'Chiropodist' emblazoned on its window, which ends UR. There is also an exit UR, next to the shop.

On the backdrop is a scene of the road and, in the distance, Mount Victoria, Devonport and environs. UL is an exit and next to it is a wall screen running at an angle to DL upon which is a painted scene of the War memorial, bandstand, grass area and a large Banyan tree. In front of the screen at an angle, is a park bench.

UCL is a large post box, which consists of three sides, behind which, for the purpose of easy shifting, is the juke box to be used in the 'Pink Elephant Café' scene. On each side of the stage, DL and DR are ramps which lead down to the floor and side exits, which are L and R when the action occurs on the floor area.

The entrances and exits by the ramps will be referred to as DLR (Down Left Ramp) and DRR (Down Right Ramp).

The backdrop could be different in each production, depending on where the play is performed.

The 'Pink Elephant Café' scene is later set on stage and the backdrop of the 'Road and Mount Victoria' exchanged for a view of the window of the café which bears the name 'Pink Elephant Café', as seen from the inside of the café.

The floor in front of the stage is also used in many of the scenes and it is therefore important that for performances held in school halls, the seating for the audience should be tiered.

The 1950's songs used in this production are as follows:

(Trumpet fanfare – introduction to carnival)

'Great Balls of Fire!' - Jerry Lee Lewis

'Oh Boy!' - Buddy Holly

'That'll be the Day' – Buddy Holly and The Crickets

'At The Hop' – Danny and the Juniors

'It's Only Make Believe' – Conway Twitty

'Blue Suede Shoes' –Elvis Presley

'It's only Make Believe' (reprise) – Conway Twitty

'Rock Around the Clock – Bill Haley and The Comets

'Rock and Roll Music' – Chuck Berry

'At the Hop' (reprise) – Danny and the Juniors

Note: Permission to perform the above songs may have to be obtained from the copyright holders

This play was first performed at Devonport, Auckland, New Zealand in its original form in October 2001 and has since been re-written.

Dedication

The original production was dedicated to the memory of Norman Tate M.B.E., the original 'Fun Doctor' who entertained thousands of New Zealand school children over a period of fifty years. He was awarded the M.B.E. for his outstanding services in 1959. His last venue was at the old Devonport School in 1961.

Short Synopsis:

As mentioned this play was originally set in Devonport, Auckland, New Zealand, but could be changed to any location.

The central character in the play is a magical, mystical form of the real-life Fun Doctor referred to above, who encourages the Community to jive in the streets!

Woven between the day to day happenings of the seaside community and the social buzz at The Pink Elephant Milk Bar is an intriguing story of smuggling involving unlikely local residents, including the Deputy Mayor, teenagers and, unwittingly, older schoolchildren. It also contains humour, rock 'n roll singing and dancing, a street carnival, magic, romance, corruption and heroism, which all add up to a fun show!

The Fun Doctor

Act One

Scene 1: In a Street close to the local School

Time: Christmas late 1950's

This scene is performed on the floor in front of the main stage. Ronnie enters L whistling. He wears a grey shirt, a pullover, blue short trousers and sandals. He carries a satchel slung over a shoulder.

Lizzie and Dolly enter R wearing simple print dresses. Their entrance prompts Ronnie to massage and his bottom and to wince from imaginary pain.

Lizzie: What's the matter with you Ronnie? Did Yatesy give you the strap?

Ronnie: Course he did. Six whacks.

Lizzie: Six? You should tell your Mum.

Ronnie: What and get six more? She would say I probably deserved it and as for Dad, well, no I'd rather not say anything.

Dolly: It was your own fault. It was daft calling out at assembly.

Ronnie: It wasn't my fault. Georgie Bailey kept whispering and pulling my arm. He said it was the third year in a row we'd have to watch Bush Christmas, I just groaned, that's all. I hate the film and that stupid Smiley character.

He exaggerates his wincing

Lizzie: A great Christmas present wasn't it? I'm glad I m a girl. Girls don't get strapped.

Ronnie: I'll be alright Lizzie. Don't worry about me.

Lizzie: Worry about you? *(she crosses left and turns to Ronnie and Dolly)* That'd be the last thing I'd ever do Ronnie Jackson. See you Dolly!

Lizzie exits L

Ronnie: What's up with her?

Dolly: I don't think she likes you Ronnie.

Ronnie: Don't care much for her either *(mimicking Lizzie)* 'Girls don't get strapped'. She should for all the trouble she's caused in class.

Dolly: She's alright.

Slight pause while Dolly smiles and thinks what to say.

You're a liar Ronnie Jackson.

Ronnie: What me? What d'yer mean

Dolly: Yatesy didn't strap you did he?

Ronnie: Course he did.

Dolly: I saw you walking out of his office. You didn't seem to be in much pain then.

Ronnie: You're wrong see Dolly clever Riley.

He winces.

Dolly: Unless you're suffering delayed shock, of course.

Ronnie: Yes, no, I've been in pain all along.

Dolly: I know you Ronnie Jackson.

Ronnie: What's that supposed to mean?

Dolly: I just know you, that's all.

Ronnie: Nah, not as much as you think.

Dolly: (*crossing L*) What are you doing tonight?

Ronnie: Playing cricket, I s'pose.

Dolly: (*turning to him*) At the Domain?

Ronnie: Probably, yes.

Dolly: (*somewhat coyly*) Can I play?

Ronnie (*smiling, shaking his head and moving R*) I dunno. I'll have to ask the boys.

Dolly: Afraid I might bowl you out again?

Ronnie: What! (*a little embarrassed*) Oh, that was a fluke. I took my eye off the ball, that's all.

Dolly: I might do it again.

Ronnie: Saying things like that won't get you a game.

Dolly: Shall I see you there then?

Ronnie: I dunno.

Dolly: Please Ronnie.

Ronnie: Oh, alright.

Dolly: I'll see you at the Domain then.

Ronnie: I said yes, didn't I?

Dolly: *(beaming)* Thanks Ronnie. See you.

She turns to go, stops and turns to him

How are you feeling now?

Ronnie: *(suddenly realising and wincing)* Oh, er, it still hurts, a bit.

Dolly: *(shaking her head and grinning)* Ronnie Jackson, you're the limit!

She exits L

Ronnie shrugs and is about to make his way home by approaching exit R when he is stopped by the appearance of Steve and Georgie's entrance from R. Ronnie immediately blows his hands and massages them in his armpits.

Steve: You OK Ronnie?

Ronnie *(wincing)* Does it look like it?

Georgie: Did Yatesy really strap you?

Ronnie: *(grimacing)* Yes, thanks to you.

Georgie: Me? What have I done?

Ronnie: *(pointedly)* You and your Bush Christmas and nudging me!

Georgie: Wasn't my fault!

Steve: How many did he give you Ronnie?

Ronnie: What? Oh, er..., six whacks, three on each hand.

Georgie: Ooh, I bet that hurt.

Ronnie glares at him

Steve: Wow! Let's see the marks. He must have cut you.

Ronnie: What's the matter with you Steve? Believe me, it hurts. I don't want you pawing over my wounds.

At that moment Mrs. Jackson enters from L

Mrs. Jackson: (*annoyed*) Oh there you are!

Ronnie: (*stunned*) Mum?

Mrs. Jackson: I've just seen Lizzie Manning and she tells me you've been in trouble. Is that right?

Ronnie: Trouble? No mum!

Mrs. Jackson: She didn't say what kind of trouble you were in, but it was enough for the Headmaster to strap you, she said.

Ronnie: Strap me? No! (*Looking sheepishly at each boy*) I mean yes! Er, no!

Mrs. Jackson: (*pointing R with outstretched arm*) Home!

Ronnie: What?

Mrs. Jackson: You heard!

Ronnie: Oh Mum!

She approaches him and Ronnie backs away

Mrs. Jackson: You heard! I wouldn't want to be in your shoes when your father hears about it.

Ronnie: It's all a big mistake!

Mrs. Jackson: Home I said!

Ronnie: Yes, Mum. (*he turns to Georgie*) I'll get you Georgie Bailey. This is all your fault!

Ronnie approaches exit R followed by Mrs. Jackson

Georgie: (*calling after him*) I haven't done anything! What have I done?

As Ronnie and Mrs. Jackson exit, Ronnie pleads with his mother as she continues to reprimand him.

Georgie: It wasn't my fault.

Steve: Want some advice Georgie?

Georgie: What d'yer mean?

Steve: Next time at assembly, keep your mouth shut. Come on.

Steve crosses to exit L, followed by Georgie

Georgie: He was the one who groaned Steve, not me.

Steve: Oh give it a rest Georgie.

They exit L as the lights go down

Scene Two: The Main street - the next morning.

Jenks, the bespectacled local jeweller enters from DRR. He wears a white shirt, a tie, faded suit, waist coat which displays a fob watch chain and black shoes. Miss Caffrey and Mrs. Binns enter from DLR. Miss Caffrey wears a smart print dress and simple hat, and carries a handbag. Mrs. Binns wears a simple floral dress over which she wears a long summer weight coat. She carries a shopping bag.

Miss Caffrey raises her voice when speaking to the hard of hearing Mrs. Binns.

Jenks stops and looks at his fob watch and replaces it.

Miss Caffrey: Good Morning, Mr. Jenks.

Jenks crosses to his shop, stops and through wire spectacles, he peers at the women.

Jenks: Oh, I do hope so ladies, I do hope so. Can I help you in any way? I am very busy today, but I would only be too pleased to assist you.

Miss Caffrey: We're off to organise the Christmas Fair, Mr. Jenks.

Mrs. Binns: Yes, that's right, the fair.

Jenks: (*guardedly*) Oh really. (*quickly*) Please don't talk to me about Christmas dear ladies.

Miss Caffrey: We were hoping that some of our shopkeepers might donate a few items, old stock perhaps.

Mrs. Binns: Yes, that's right, old stock, as donations.

Jenks: (*firmly*) Please don't ask me Miss Caffrey, er Mrs. Binns. I just can't afford to give things away. It's certainly no way to run a business, is it now? (*Dismissively*) You must excuse me; I must open up. Good day to you.

He quickly unlocks the shop and enters

Miss Caffrey: (*shaking her head and sighing*) Oh well, never mind.

Mrs. Binns: Well, what did he say?

Miss Caffrey: It would appear that business is bad, my dear.

Mrs. Binns: He said that last year.

Miss Caffrey: He says it every year.

Harold Mullins, the Deputy Mayor, enters from DLR

Mullins wears a grey suit, white shirt and red tie and a grey trilby hat He carries a brief case.

Mullins: (*brightly*) Good morning ladies. I must say you are bright and early.

Miss Caffrey nods and smiles. Mrs. Binns peers at him.

Miss Caffrey: We have much to do Mr. Mullins. The Christmas Fair is imminent.

Mullins: (*cautiously*) Oh yes. It always has a habit of creeping up on us.

Mrs. Binns: (*lightly pulling on Miss Caffrey's arm*) Who has been creeping up on whom?

Miss Caffrey: (*kindly*) Shush dear.

Mrs. Binns reacts silently, disappointingly surprised.

Miss Caffrey: We had hoped that the news of the fair would have created excitement and indeed motivation, Mr. Mullins. Certainly with an eagerness to be charitable, don't you think?

Mullins: (*dubiously*) Yes, I suppose so (*quickly after observing the her disappointment*) Of course Miss Caffrey, you are correct. We must do everything in our power to ensure its success.

Miss Caffrey smiles broadly at feeling assured. Mrs. Binns peers at him.

Miss Caffrey: Is it true that the Mayor won't be here for the festive season.

Mullins: I'm afraid so Miss Caffrey. He's in Sydney visiting his sick sister. I would like to think that he's left the town in my capable hands.

Miss Caffrey: Most definitely Mr. Mullins. If you are in contact with him, please pass on our best wishes. At times such as this, one's family must come first.

Mrs. Binns: What's wrong with the Mayor?

Miss Caffrey: He's in Sydney dear.

Mrs. Binns: Sydney? Who's he?

Miss Caffrey: No my dear. He's in Sydney, Australia.

Mrs. Binns: A strange time to go to Australia, just before Christmas. What's wrong with the man?

Miss Caffrey: It's his sister. She lives there. She's sick.

Mrs. Binns: She shouldn't live in Sydney, should she?

Miss Caffrey: (*sighing loudly*) No dear, of course not.

Mullins looks away and smiles.

Mrs. Binns: Who's going to open the Fair in his absence?

Mullins: I shall have that pleasure, Mrs. Binns.

Mrs. Binns: (*shaking her head*) It won't be the same without the Mayor.

Miss Caffrey: (*Glaring at Mrs. Binns and then quickly*) You'll do a splendid job Mr. Mullins, I'm sure.

Mrs. Binns: It won't be the same.

Miss Caffrey: (*a little frustrated with her*) Come my dear, we have much to do. Good morning Mr. Mullins.

Mullins: (*doffing his hat*) Good day ladies.

Miss Caffrey leads Mrs. Binns by her arm and approach DRES.

Mrs. Binns: It'll just not be the same I tell you.

Miss Caffrey: Yes, dear. If you have said it once you have said it a hundred times.

Mrs. Binns: What did you say?

They exit DLR

Mullins: (*shaking his head*) I'd forgotten about the Fair. How inconvenient.

He approaches the Council Chambers.

Sam O'Meara enters DRR

Sam: Mr. Mullins, have you got a minute?

Mullins turns, shocked to see him.

Mullins: What are you doing here O'Meara? I told you not to come here- ever!

Sam: (*surprised*) I live here! What do you expect me to do in my own village?

Mullins: You know what I mean. I don't want you approaching me in the middle of it.

Sam: We've struck a problem, Mr. Mullins.

Mullins: What d'you mean?

Sam: About the delivery.

Mullins: It hasn't been delayed has it?

Sam: Sort of – yes.

Mullins: (*trying hard to remain calm*) How?

Sam: It's a temporary delay. It's stuck, in the mud.

Mullins: What? Oh no!

Sam: Dylan had to help me take delivery and...

Mullins: (*interrupting*) Dylan? I told you not to involve him.

Sam: He was the only person I could get hold of who had a spare dinghy. He insisted on rowing it himself. The coastguard spotted us entering the bay.

Mullins: Oh my life!

Sam: We had no choice but to dump the case overboard before they reached us.

Mullins: (*He crosses L very agitated*) You did what? It's come all this way only to be thrown overboard! (*turning to Sam*) Did they suspect anything?

Sam: (*enjoying the moment of 'storytelling'*) They circled us like a huge white shark, in this case, a red and blue one. They left after Dylan called out (*raising voice*) 'We're catching flounder!'

Mullins: Keep your voice down, man!

Sam: Mind you it was lucky they didn't know there's not much flounder in the bay these days.

Mullins: Never mind about the flounder. How are you going to retrieve the load? Will it be seen at low tide?

Sam: Shouldn't be a problem. We were in enough water, on the edge of the channel, but I am sure it's stuck on the bottom, in the mud.

Mullins rubs his chin and purses his lips

Mullins: I just can't deal with the matter now. Let's hope the two of you can remember where you actually dumped it.

Sam: You've no need to worry on that score, Mr. Mullins, but we can't leave it there too long. The load might perish, if it is perishable, that is. Is it?

Mullins: That's none of your concern, so don't fish for information. Your job is to deliver it.

Sam: We reckon we've done enough. If you want more help from us, the price goes up.

Mullins: (*waving a finger at him*) Don't play games with me O'Meara. You'll be paid when I receive the consignment. That was the deal. Where have you left the dinghy?

Sam: In the tussock on the edge of the beach. Close to Margaret's Parade.

Mullins: Well at least you didn't lose it. I'll meet you there at seven tonight and we'll sort out the mess (*firmly*) Be there!

Sam: I dunno, I'm going to be busy all day, but I could fit you in if you make it worth my while.

Mullins grasps him by a coat lapel.

Mullins: You'll do as I say. If things go well I might consider raising you pay. In the meantime, you'll keep to the bargain. Understood?

Mullins pushes him away. At that moment Jenks sits at his window and peers at them.

Now I have business to do.

Sam: Right you are Mr. Mullins.

Mullins: Now get out of here!

Mullins approaches the entrance to the Council Chambers, takes keys from his pocket and unlocks the doors. Sam turns to cross R and then turns back at Mullins.

Sam: Any idea how much you would raise our pay?

Mullins: Just go will you and don't forget, seven o'clock, on time.

Mullins enters the Council Chambers. Sam watches him go and scratches his head

Jenks scurries out of his shop and joins him.

Jenks: Do you have a problem, Sam?

Sam: What? No Mr. Jenks I'm fine.

Sam slowly crosses to exit DRR

Jenks: (*calling after him*) Bit of a commotion with Mr. Mullins I see?

Sam: (*without looking back*) No, not at all. I have to go!

Sam exits DRR Jenks watches him go.

Jenks: (*shaking his head*) Strange goings on, I must say.

He scurries back into his shop as the lights go down

Scene 3: The Chiropodist Shop – Interior, later the same morning

The Lighting is down on the shop scenes and back wall. The bench has been placed against the back wall. The lighting is up on the C, DL and DR of stage. There is a counter C at an angle. There are a few items of Chiropody on the counter at which Mrs. Jones is serving Mrs. Crosby.

Mrs. Jones: (*handing Mrs. Crosby a small paper bag*) Here we are Mrs. Crosby, two packets of corn plasters. That should last you for a while, but I do advise you to have the corn removed.

Mrs. Crosby: The thought of it makes me shudder.

Mrs. Jones: The instruments are so sharp; you won't feel a thing.

Mrs. Crosby: Ooh, you'll have me fainting on you.

Mrs. Jones: But your corns have a habit of returning, my dear, like last year's harvest or more to the point, like a boil on the backside of humanity.

Mrs. Crosby snatches the paper bag

Mrs. Crosby: (*angrily*) There's no need for that kind of language Mrs. Jones. How much do I owe you?

Mrs. Jones: that will be one shilling please, but I can assure you I didn't mean to be rude, Mrs. Crosby.

Mrs. Crosby: Huh! Good day to you.

She crosses to exit DLR

Mrs. Jones: (*smiling and shaking her head*) Good day to you Mrs. Crosby.

Mrs. Crosby exits DLR

Mrs. Jones: I shall have to choose my words carefully in future.

She exits UR

Mr. Hilt enters DLR pushing a wheel chair containing the noisy, moaning figure of Ted Sellars. His left foot is naked, except for a bandage wrapped around his big toe. The other foot is encased in a black leather boot.

Hilt: (*calling*) Mrs. Jones, are you there?

Ted: (*miserably*) Don't say she's out?

Mrs. Jones enters from UR and approaches the counter

Hilt: Hope you don't mind my bringing him here, Cecily?

Mrs. Jones: (*surprised at first*) Oh! (*looks at Ted knowingly*) What's wrong with Ted this time?

Ted: I stepped on some rough timber and a nail has gone into my toe.

Mrs. Jones comes from behind the counter to examine the wound.

Mrs. Jones: (*waving a hand in front of her face*) Phew! You've been drinking again.

Hilt: He smells like a distillery!

Ted: A man's got to drink, stops me getting thirsty.

Mrs. Jones: Try water in your scotch Ted. Better still, leave out the scotch.

Ted: Don't go all temperate on me Cecily. I'm in agony.

Hilt: I found him on all fours. He couldn't walk here, so I used my old Mum's wheelchair, God rest her soul.

Ted: (*chuckling*) Yeah, she's got a gold one in heaven, I reckon.

Hilt glares at him and gives him a shove.

Ted: There's no need for that Hilty!

Mrs. Jones: Just behave yourself Ted Sellars.

Mrs. Jones stoops to examine his foot more closely. She takes off the bandage.

Ted winces and pulls his foot away.

Mrs. Jones: Don't be such a baby!

Ted: It hurts!

Mrs. Jones: Come on, let me look at it Ted.

Ted reluctantly allows her to examine the toe

Mrs. Jones: I can't treat this. The nail has almost gone through the toe. You'll have to go to hospital.

Ted: I ain't going to any hospital, besides I'll have lost too much blood by the time I get there.

Mrs. Jones: The bleeding's stopped. Look!

Ted: I daren't look at it!

Mrs. Jones and Hilt raise their eyebrows and shake their heads

June enters shop from DLR in a hurry

June: Excuse me Mrs. Jones, but do you know why there are bundles of newspapers outside Mum's shop?

Mrs. Jones: I've no idea June. Wrapping paper perhaps?

Hilt: They sell dresses, not fish and chips, Cecily.

June: Mum doesn't open until ten o'clock today. If any more are left there, she won't be able to get in the shop.

Ted: Here, what about my toe?

Hilt: I'll come and have a look June, alright Cecily?

Mrs. Jones: Yes of course. Of you go Jim, leave the war hero with me.

June: Thanks Mr. Hilt, Mrs. Jones.

June and Hilt exit DLR

Mrs. Jones: I can't do much for you, Ted. I'm not a surgeon. You'll have to go to hospital.

Ted; No, come on Cecily, all you've got to do is pull it out and patch it up. You've cut off more than half the town's corns in your time.

Mrs. Jones: (*inspecting it again*) Well, it's not too bad, I suppose. It's not a large nail. If I do it and it becomes infected I shall deny all responsibility.

Ted: (*offering her a bottle of scotch*) You'll need this then.

Mrs. Jones: Don't be silly, I don't touch the stuff.

Ted: No, not to drink, to bathe the wound.

Mrs. Jones: Certainly not.

Ted: (*pulling out the cork*) Then I'd better have it, for the pain.

He takes a swig, replaces the cork and puts the bottle by his side in the wheelchair

Mrs. Jones: I reckon you're already anaesthetized enough.

Mrs. Jones goes behind the counter and returns with equipment and a towel. She treats his toe.

Hilt enters DLR

Hilt: There's quite a queue outside Shirley's shop.

Mrs. Jones: Perhaps she has a pre-Christmas sale on.

Hilt: No, they are all carrying bundles of newspapers.

Ted: Come on Cecily, my toe.

Hilt: Can you do anything for him?

Mrs. Jones: Against my better judgment I'm going to pull out the nail. It's neither large nor long. It's not as bad as I thought.

Ted: Good. The anaesthe.....the scotch is wearing off.

Mrs. Jones: Ted, could you slide your bottom down a bit so that I can get at it better?

Hilt: I'll help him.

With Hilt's help Ted moves forward and Mrs. Jones holds his foot in one hand.

Mrs. Jones: Hold still now. Jim, just hold his leg would you?

Hilt does as she asks

She takes a surgical instrument and is about to remove the nail when Ronnie rushes in from DLR

Ronnie: *(shouting)* Help! Fire! Fire!

He runs off DRL. Ted cries out in pain. The wheelchair moves backwards and Ted falls to the floor. Mrs. Jones stands rooted to the spot, trembling and still holding the surgical instrument. Hilt has dropped Ted's leg and stops the wheelchair and knocks his leg on it. He yells in pain.

Ted holds up his leg.

Ted: It's bleeding now alright!

Mrs. Jones hurries to get a towel from the counter and wraps it around his foot

Enter Shirley holding a large cardboard poster

Shirley: That was Ronnie Jackson!

Hilt: *(rubbing his leg)* We know who it was alright!

Shirley: I reckon he was responsible for this poster *(she reads)* 'Shirley's Fashions. Old newspapers wanted. Sixpence a bundle'. I have some very angry customers out there demanding to be paid.

Hilt: At least his spelling has improved since he prepared the fireworks posters last month.

Shirley: The young rascal!

Mrs. Jones: I should say! Look, we need to get Ted to hospital.

Ted: I'll skin that boy alive when I get hold of him.

Mrs. Jones: Not today you won't.

Shirley: As soon as I get rid of those hordes, I'll give you a lift in the car.

Mrs. Jones: Thanks Shirley.

Shirley exits DLR

Hilt: (*examining his shin*) Taken the skin off, it stings like crazy.

Mrs. Jones: You'll survive, Jim. Keep the towel on your foot Ted. We'll just wait for Shirley.

She takes the equipment and towel to the counter

Ted: That boy's a menace! (*miserably*) Now I have to go to the hospital after all.

Mrs. Jones: Wait a minute I'm expecting to see Ronnie's Dad today. He has an appointment. He'll be pleased to hear about his young brat's little games.

Hilt: (*chuckling*) I'd like to be a fly on the wall when he arrives.

Mrs. Jones: Would you be able to go with Shirley to the hospital, Jim?

Hilt: I don't see why not.

Ted: Aren't you going to help me back into the wheelchair? I'm in agony, I am.

Mrs. Jones and Hilt look at him, holding up his and stifle their laughter.

Lights down

Scene 4: The Main Street - outside Jenks Shop

The lights are up on the street scene, with the bench back in position. Sam and Dylan enter DLR. Jenks is sitting at his shop window repairing a watch.

Dylan: I don't like it Sam.

Sam: Come on, we'll go there now.

Dylan: But I don't remember the exact spot.

Sam: There's money in this Dylan and a bit more when we deliver the goods.

Dylan: There could be prison in it too, for both of us.

Sam: All we're doing is delivering cargo. Other than that we know nothing. Come on we'll have a look.

As they exit DLR Mullins enters in a hurry from the Council Chambers and glares after them.

Mullins: What were they doing here?

He hurries back into his chambers.

Jenks scurries out of his shop. He shakes his head.

Jenks: very strange goings on, I must say.

Enter Hilt DRR pushing Ted in the wheelchair, who is singing 'We wish you a Merry Christmas'.

Jenks: What's happening?

Hilt: I won't go into details Mr. Jenks. Ted was supposed to be going to hospital with Shirley in her car, but the car won't start. They can't send an ambulance, so I'm taking him to the doctor's surgery.

Ted: (raising a whisky bottle and singing) We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

He laughs

Hilt: He's had a skinful Mr. Jenks, drunk as a skunk!

Jenks chuckles, as Hilt pushes Ted and exits DLR with Ted in full voice singing 'Jingle Bells'.

Jenks: What a commotion (*shaking head*) it's all very strange.

He enters his shop

The Fun Doctor enters DRR. He wears an oatmeal coloured linen suit, brown shirt and cream cravat. He also wears a panama hat and light coloured canvas shoes. He carries a carpet bag. He surveys the scene and sits on the bench. He rummages through the carpet bag and takes out a book and begins to read.

Ronnie enters furtively DLR. He crosses R past Jenks's shop upon seeing that he is not at the window without first noticing the Fun Doctor who continues reading.

Fun Doctor: (*calmly and from behind his book*) Are you in trouble?

Ronnie stops in his tracks and looks across at the Fun Doctor.

Ronnie: What?

Fun Doctor: (*lowering the book and looking across at Ronnie*) You seemed concerned about the jeweller.

Ronnie: No, not really.

Fun Doctor: He'll be returning to his window soon.

Ronnie: Then I'd better go then.

Fun Doctor: Come and sit down.

Ronnie: What for?

Fun Doctor: (*looks at him sternly*) Do as I say, come and sit down.

Ronnie: (*reluctantly*) Er, alright then.

He crosses to the bench and sits.

Fun Doctor: (*kindly*) Are you in some kind of trouble?

Ronnie looks anxiously across at Jenks's shop.

Fun Doctor: Don't worry he won't be able to see you.

Ronnie: Course he will. We're in full view of his shop.

Fun Doctor: Have you done something to annoy him?

Ronnie: I annoy everyone.

Fun Doctor: (*smiling*) Then you are in trouble.

Ronnie: Why do you want to know for?

Fun Doctor: (*firmly*) I shall ask you again, are you in trouble?

Ronnie looks at him as if mesmerized and then he responds normally.

Ronnie: Yes, I suppose I am.

Fun Doctor: Have you been stealing?

Ronnie: (*suddenly standing*) No, I am not a thief!

Fun Doctor: (*firmly*) Sit down.

Ronnie slowly sits, sulking a little

Ronnie: My Dad says I'm a prankster. He calls me other things as well. I just play tricks on people.

Fun Doctor: Why do you do that?

Ronnie: For fun, I suppose.

Fun Doctor: Some tricks can be fun. Others can cause a great deal of annoyance, even pain.

Ronnie: Yer, I suppose so. (*sighs noisily*). I get bored easily. It's my way of getting over it, but it's fun.

Fun Doctor: At someone else's expense?

Ronnie stands and crosses DC

Ronnie: I don't mean to be a pain. I just wish something exciting would happen. It can be a boring here at times.

Fun Doctor: What about the Christmas Fair? Surely that's something to look forward to?

Ronnie: (*looking out front*) It's OK, but a big colourful street carnival would be much better, you know the ones you see at the pictures; everyone happy, dancing, singing, having a fantastic time, and friendly, forgiving.

Fun Doctor: Forgiving? Do you mean you expect forgiveness for your pranks? You may have to earn forgiveness, Ronnie.

Ronnie: (*turning to him and crossing to bench and sits*) Well, I suppose so.... wait a minute, how do you know my name?

Fun Doctor: You must have told me.

Ronnie: No, I don't think I did.

Fun Doctor: (*firmly*) You did.

The Fun Doctor smiles

Ronnie looks at him quizzically

Jenks sits at his window and peers out. Ronnie is startled. He stands.

Ronnie: Oh no, it's Jenks!

Fun Doctor: He can't see you. Go on wave to him.

Ronnie: What? You're kidding?

Fun Doctor: (*firmly*) Wave!

Ronnie waves at Jenks who peers through the window and then resumes his work.

Ronnie: He didn't even notice me! (*he sits*) He must need new glasses.

Fun Doctor: (*smiling*) Yes, perhaps he does.

Ronnie: Jenks doesn't miss much. He's on the lookout for me, like the others.

Fun Doctor: Perhaps you should consider making amends, apologizing, to everyone you've upset.

Ronnie: How would I do that? If I tried they wouldn't trust me.

Fun Doctor: Perhaps not immediately, but I think it would work in the long run.

Ronnie: I'll think about it. Gee, I'd love to go to a carnival, not a Christmas Fair run by old biddies.

Fun Doctor: (*placing his book in the bag and rising from the bench*) Those old biddies as you call them, do a fine job. However, if it's a carnival you want, why not!

Ronnie: What d'yer mean?

The Fun Doctor crosses to exit DRR

Ronnie: Where are you going?

Fun Doctor: (*raising an arm and clicking his fingers*) I don't want to spoil your fun Ronnie. I want to help.

He exits and as he does so a loud trumpet fanfare is heard. Ronnie looks about absolutely bewildered. He crosses and descends DLR and to L below the stage.

Through the centre aisle shopkeepers, including Shirley and Mrs. Jones enter in a parade, wearing selected party hats. They pass below the front of the stage to L, shaking hands with audience members as they go and congregate L behind Ronnie, to join in the eventual singing. Mrs. Jones kisses Ronnie, who flees and crosses R and enters stage at DRR and in amazement, watches the proceedings.

Streamers are thrown. Two colourful clowns enter through the centre aisle and one of them is carrying two buckets. When they reach the point below the front of the stage he/she places one of them on the ground and dips his hand in the water and flicks it at the other clown, who pulls a face and thumbs his nose at the bucket bearing clown, who in turn aims to throw water over the other, who backs away toward the audience. The water is thrown from the bucket, the other clown ducks and tinsel and paper is showered over the audience. The two clowns exit R at a pace with the buckets.

Tumblers enter through the centre aisle, followed by dancers. The boys wear blue shiny suits, red bootlace ties and white shoes. The girls wear red, white and blue striped fairly short dresses, white tights and red shoes. They have their hair prepared in the styles of the 1950's. They begin jiving to the song 'Great Balls of Fire!' made famous by Jerry Lee Lewis, followed by another, 'Oh Boy!' by Buddy Holly.

Dolly, Lizzie Steve and Dave enter, followed by June, Cheryl, Alice and three male dancers. They join the dancing which flows along the centre aisle and across the front below the stage. The shopkeepers clap and sing along with the songs.

Miss Caffrey and Mrs. Binns enter R followed by two male Villagers and 2 female villagers and join in with the dancing.

At the end of the second song Hilt enters from the back of the hall pushing Ted in the wheelchair and passes through the centre aisle. Ted's foot is wrapped in a bandage; he takes swigs from a whisky bottle and waves enthusiastically. Jenks and Mullins enter from the shop and Council Chambers respectively and shake hands. Sam and Dylan enter L and everyone joins in the dancing and the singing of 'That'll be the Day' sung by Buddy Holly and the Crickets.

The Carnival ends abruptly as it started. The music fades and the participants exit from whence they entered, waving as they leave.

Throughout the carnival Ronnie has not participated, but has been in awe of the spectacle. He is alone in front of the stage at C.

He picks up a hat dropped by a shopkeeper. The owner enters from the centre aisle and snatches the hat from him before running off R. Ronnie looks about; his mouth opens in amazement. He enters the stage by DRR and crosses to the bench. He looks across at Jenks's shop, but Jenks is not at the window. He is about to sit when Mr. Jackson enters from the chiropodist's shop. Upon seeing him, Ronnie backs away L.

Mr. Jackson: *(fiercely)* Ronnie! I've just had my feet checked by Mrs. Jones.

Ronnie: *(cautiously)* Hi Dad!

Mr. Jackson *(crossing to Ronnie who backs away)* Well, what have you got to say for yourself?

Ronnie: *(fearfully)* It was a joke Dad, a prank!

Mr. Jackson: *(pointing DRR)* Home!

Ronnie: But Dad!

Mr. Jackson: Don't argue with me boy!

Ronnie: Yes, Dad.

He crosses in front of Mr. Jackson cautiously before speeding up to exit DRR

Mr. Jackson follows him.

Mr. Jackson: *(calling after him)* I'll give you fire!

Sam and Dylan enter from DLR

Sam: Are you sure the boat will be alright?

Dylan: No worries.

Mullins enters from the Council Chambers carrying a briefcase.

Mullins: (*irritably*) Not you two again, what is it this time?

Mullins looks about in fear of being seen with them.

Dylan: We've just been down to the Bay, to make sure the delivery can't be seen at low tide.

Mullins: And?

Sam: For your peace of mind Mr. Mullins, it can't.

Mullins: Good. Now just stay away from me and the Bay until this evening. I don't want anyone becoming suspicious. Is the boat safe?

Dylan: (*firmly*) As safe as a lighthouse.

Sam: A lighthouse? What lighthouse?

Dylan: Any lighthouse!

Sam and Mullins look at each other and shake their heads. Dylan notices their reaction.

Dylan: You've never heard of a lighthouse catching fire or falling down, have you?

Sam laughs and Mullins rubs his chin and looks at his watch

Mullins: Now get out of here and I'll see you this evening. I've a meeting to go to.

Mullins crosses L and exits DRL.

Sam: (*to Dylan*) Tonight at seven it is then.

Dylan: Come on, I fancy a cup of tea and a Lamington.

Sam: That's a very good idea (*he smiles*) A lighthouse, I dunno.

Dylan: What's wrong with that?

Sam laughs and follows Dylan and they exit DRR as the lights go down

Scene 5: The Main street – later the same day.

The scene is the same as the previous one

Enter Ronnie and Mr. Jackson from DRR.

Mr. Jackson: (*pointing toward the Chiropodist shop*) Right, off you go.

Ronnie: (*sulkily*) But Dad...!

Mr. Jackson: You heard! And don't repeat that crazy story about some carnival.

Ronnie: Why won't you believe me?

Mr. Jackson: (*shaking his head*) I don't know what I'm going to do with you, boy. You've a vivid imagination. Live in the real world son and do us all a favour. I'll wait here until you enter the shop.

Ronnie: (*making a sour face*) She kissed me, Dad!

Mr. Jackson: Ronnie! I don't want to hear any more about it. Just hurry along; your mother and I are visiting your grandma this afternoon. If you make us miss the ferry, you'll be in deeper trouble.

Ronnie: (*forlornly*) Yes Dad.

Ronnie approaches the shop. He stops and turns to his Dad.

Mr. Jackson: Keep going son. Apologise, and mean it.

Ronnie turns disconsolately and enters the shop.

Mr. Jackson turns to the front and raises his arms momentarily.

Mr. Jackson: Kids!

He exits DRR scratching his head.

Alice, Cheryl and June enter from DLR

June: (*wearily*) Are we going to the Vic or not?

Alice: Depends what's on.

June: I told you, South Pacific.

Cheryl: My Mum says it's great!

Alice: Then it can't be good.

Cheryl: Who says?

Alice: I do, for one.

June: You must be the only one then.

Alice: Cheryl's Mum likes soppy films.

June: (*quickly to prevent a terse response from Cheryl*) It's got some lovely songs.

Alice: What, Rock 'n Roll?

June: No, smoochy ones I think.

Alice: Yeah. As I just said, it's a soppy film.

Enter Dolly and Lizzie from DRR

Alice: What do you want?

Dolly: What are you doing?

Lizzie: Are you going to the pictures?

Alice: What's it got to with you where we go? If you're thinking of coming with us, think again kids.

Cheryl and June look at each other a little embarrassed.

Ronnie enters from the Chiropodist shop. He looks back at the shop and scratches his head. He turns and crosses to the girls.

Lizzie: Where have you been? Had your feet checked have you?

Ronnie: Very funny.

Cheryl: Have you been to apologise to my mum?

Ronnie nods

Alice: I reckon you need your head checked from what I've heard. The Mad Fire Raiser of Devonport!

Ronnie: I only shouted fire.

Cheryl: And nearly made my Mum cut off Ted's toe.

Alice and June chuckle. Ronnie glares at them and sits on the bench holding his head in his hands

Alice: (*Dolly and Lizzie*) It'd be best if you went on your own to the pictures girls.

June: (*unimpressed*) Oh come on Alice, they can come with us.

Alice: As I said, they're just kids.

Cheryl: And nice ones too.

Alice: Huh! They're still kids aren't they?

Lizzie: No, it's alright, we'll go on our own.

Dolly: Thanks anyway June.

June gives an awkward smile

Cheryl: *(a little embarrassed)* Come on June. *(to Dolly and Lizzie)* See you girls.

June and Cheryl cross to Alice and the three exit DRL

Ronnie stands

Ronnie: It's been a strange day.

Lizzie: You're the only thing that's strange around here.

Dolly: In what way Ronnie?

Ronnie: My Dad won't believe there was a carnival here earlier.

Lizzie: A what?

Dolly: What carnival Ronnie?

Ronnie: *(crossing DC)* Here, in the street. *(turning to them)* Don't fool around. You were there, dancing!

Lizzie: What are you talking about? I reckon you've been at your Dad's sherry or something.

Ronnie: *(crossing R)* What's wrong with you all?

Lizzie: With us? There's something very wrong with you, that's for sure.

Ronnie: *(pointing to the bench and the girls follow he is line of vision)* There was that man. He was wearing a big hat. We were sitting together talking and then suddenly *(he breaks off and turns to front)*

Lizzie: Well?

Ronnie sighs noisily

Ronnie: *(resolvedly)* It's nothing.

Lizzie: Come on Dolly, he's scary.

Dolly: You go; I'll catch you up.

Lizzie: Ooh, the madman's Dolly's boyfriend.

Dolly: (*dismissively*) Just go Lizzie!

Lizzie: Huh! I'm not going to wait around for you Dolly!

She exits DLR

Dolly: (*smiles*) She'll wait for me. Lizzie's right Ronnie, you are scary. This is not one of your jokes, is it?

Ronnie: No! Something strange happened here today Dolly and I'm sure the man I met on the bench over there had something to do with it.

Dolly: Ooh Ronnie, you've made me go all goosey! Will you be alright? Do you want to spend some time with Lizzie and me? We're going to the pictures

Ronnie: So I heard. I don't think Lizzie would like me around.

Dolly: Perhaps not (*smiles*) You might scare her away. I'll see you later then.

Ronnie: (*deep in thought*) Yer, OK Dolly.

Dolly exits DRL

Jenks enters DRR and approaches his shop. He stops and peers at Ronnie.

Jenks: Oh it's you. Up to no good are we?

Ronnie: Mr. Jenks, earlier today did you see a man wearing a big straw hat sitting on that bench over there?

Jenks: The stranger? Reading? He was there one minute and gone the next.

Ronnie: (*relieved and enthusiastic*) Are you sure you saw him?

Jenks: (*irritably*) I just said so didn't I?

Ronnie skips across R and exits DRR.

Ronnie: (*calling*) Thanks Mr. Jenks! Thank you very much indeed!

Jenks: (*peering after him*) Mark my words, that boy will be up to no good again.

He enters his shop

Miss Caffrey and Mrs. Binns enter from DRR.

Mrs. Binns: Young Ronnie Jackson appeared very happy.

Miss Caffrey: Yes, not a good sign, if I may say so my dear.

The Fun Doctor enters from DLR

Fun Doctor: (*touching his hat*) Good afternoon ladies.

Miss Caffrey: Good afternoon Mr. er... Forgive me I

Fun Doctor: (*interjecting*) How are the preparations for the Christmas Fair going?

Miss Caffrey: (*slightly bewildered*) Very well thank you.

Fun Doctor: Your wonderful fair is widely acclaimed.

Miss Caffrey: You exaggerate, of course. Tell me how did you know we were involved in its preparation?

Fun Doctor: Word gets around in such a tightly knit community.

Miss Caffrey: Yes, of course and thank you.

Jenks appears at his window and becomes busily engaged in his work.

The Fun Doctor notices him

Fun Doctor: I see the jeweller is busy. Has he donated anything to the fair?

Miss Caffrey: (*awkwardly*) Well, I don't like to talk behind his back but....

Mrs. Binns: (*interrupting*) Jenks? Huh! The old skinflint never supports us.

Miss Caffrey: (*admonishingly*) Hush dear!

Fun Doctor: That's a pity.

He smiles and then stares at Jenks who notices him and becomes entranced. Miss Caffrey and Mrs. Binns look at each other bewilderedly. They watch Jenks intently.

Mrs. Binns: What's up with Jenks?

Jenks waves from his window and smiles widely at them.

The ladies wave back half-heartedly.

Jenks disappears from his window.

Fun Doctor: He appears friendly enough.

Miss Caffrey: Oh, he is mostly polite.

Fun Doctor: I think he may have changed his mind.

Miss Caffrey: Changed his mind about what?

Fun Doctor: We shall see Miss Caffrey.

Miss Caffrey: Oh, er, how do you know my name?

Fun Doctor: *(smiling and doffing his hat)* Your fame follows you everywhere.

Miss Caffrey: *(flattered)* Oh really, I say! *(to Mrs. Binns)* Did you hear that my dear?

Mrs. Binns: What?

Miss Caffrey sighs

Miss Caffrey: No matter.

Jenks enters from his shop enthusiastically, smiling broadly. He clutches a small package.

Mrs. Binns: *(surprised)* There is something up with him.

Jenks joins them

Jenks: Ah, Mrs. Binns, Miss Caffrey. I am pleased I have found you.

Miss Caffrey: *(cautiously)* Oh really?

Mrs. Binns: *(dismissively)* Huh!

Jenks: I have been thinking about your request for a donation. *(handing the package to Miss Caffrey)* Here. Please accept this with my full support for your cause.

Miss Caffrey takes the package and is completely dumbfounded.

Miss Caffrey: Mr. Jenks, I, we are so grateful.

Fun Doctor: That's extremely good of you sir.

Jenks: Please, open it.

She does so and holds up a glittering necklace.

Miss Caffrey: A necklace. It's so beautiful. It's expensive, I would suggest.

Jenks: I am sure it will fetch a very good price at the fair.

Mrs. Binns: *(who has been peering at the necklace, turns to him)* Are you alright, Mr. Jenks?

Jenks: *(smiling broadly)* I am delighted!

Miss Caffrey: *(offering him the necklace)* It's far too expensive Mr. Jenks. Much as we appreciate your generosity, we could not accept.

Mrs. Binns: *(to Miss Caffrey with some concern)* Are you alright?

Jenks: I must insist. Please say no more. Please accept it.

Fun Doctor: (*briefly clapping*) I applaud your generosity Mr. Jenks.

Jenks smiles and preens for a moment and then looks at the Fun Doctor quizzically.

Jenks: How do you know my name?

The Fun Doctor: Your work is widely acclaimed Mr. Jenks.

Jenks: (*puzzled*) Is it? (*proudly*) Well that's very nice to know!

The Fun Doctor: Perhaps Miss Caffrey you could use the necklace as a special prize and at the same time acknowledging Mr. Jenks as the donor.

Miss Caffrey: Yes, of course. We shall print another leaflet to that effect.

Fun Doctor: Excellent!

He clicks his fingers into Jenks's line of vision

Good day Mr. Jenks and thank you.

Jenks: A pleasure sir, ladies.

He scurries back into his shop, sits at his window and works.

Miss Caffrey: What a transformation!

Mrs. Binns: I thought I'd never witness such a thing.

Fun Doctor: I wish you every success in your venture to gather funds for the local Children's Home.

Miss Caffrey: (*amazed*) How did you know that? Our committee has only just decided to donate the funds to the home.

Fun Doctor: (*ignoring her question*) It is a very good cause.

Miss Caffrey: Why yes, it is.

Fun Doctor: (*doffing his hat*) Good day ladies.

Miss Caffrey: Good day Mr...er

The Fun Doctor exits DRR

Miss Caffrey: What a remarkable person he is, Mrs. Binns.

Mrs. Binns: Come on let's get that leaflet printed before Jenks changes his mind.

Miss Caffrey: (*smiling broadly*) You are priceless Mrs. Binns.

They exit DLR

Jenks enters from his shop

Jenks peers after the ladies

Jenks: I thought for a minute they were paying me another visit about donating to the fair. Anybody would think I was made of money.

He scurries back into his shop.

Lights down on stage setting and up on area below stage

Billy Barker enters L eating a bread roll. He also clutches a brown paper parcel. He crosses in front of the stage. Ronnie enters L and calls him

Ronnie: Billy Barker!

Billy stops and turns to him

Billy: *(reluctantly)* Hi Ronnie *(quickly)* I can't stop; I've just picked up a pair of pedals from Albury's.

Ronnie: *(crossing to him)* Building your own bike Billy?

Billy: No, they're for my Dad's delivery bike.

Ronnie: I'll walk with you Billy. Still living near the Bay?

Billy: Yes, still there, in Waterview Road. *(concerned)* Look Ronnie my Dad's expecting me. I don't want to get into any trouble. Mum and Dad have promised me a bike for Christmas.

Ronnie: A new one?

Billy: I don't know. I just want a bike.

Ronnie: Don't worry Billy, I won't get you into any trouble. On the way we can sound the Gasometers.

Billy: What d'yer mean?

Ronnie: Throw stones at them; see who gets the best sound. Dave Smith holds the record for an incredible sound *(loudly imitating)* D-o-i-ng!

Billy: I just want to get home.

Ronnie: Alright I'll come with you.

Billy: You don't have to.

Ronnie: Don't worry, I have to behave myself otherwise I'll miss out on my Christmas present too and Albury's won't be pleased about missing out on selling two important bikes, will they?

Billy: You getting a bike too?

Ronnie: I hope so; I've waited long enough. Come on.

They cross R

Billy bites into his roll

Ronnie: Have you any more of those rolls Billy?

Billy: No, sorry.

Ronnie: That's a pity, I'm starving. Can I have a bite?

Billy: *(speaking with his mouth full)* I haven't got much left.

They exit R on Ronnie's next line

Ronnie: Oh go on, just one small bite!

Lights down

Scene 6: The Beach at the local Bay – Later, the same day

The lights are down on the main stage. This is a simple setting below the stage.

L is a dinghy, which contains ropes and oars. R is a pile of old timber and fisherman's nets.

We hear the sound of lapping waves and the cries of seagulls, which fade as the lights up on Sam, Dylan and Mullins. Sam and Dylan are removing ropes from the dinghy. Mullins is looking on very agitated.

Sam: It's well and truly stuck, Mr. Mullins. It won't budge.

Mullins: Well, you should have brought chains or something.

Dylan: We need a larger craft to winch it up.

Mullins: *(angrily)* Oh yes that would bring attention to ourselves. I'll send out invitations for trips around the Bay, shall I? Think man, think!

Sam: We're paid to do, not think.

Mullins: I relied on you to do a job.

Ronnie enters from R and upon seeing the men hides behind the pile of old timber and nets.

Sam: No matter who's thinking or doing, we need to winch it up.

Mullins: And we need money to do it.

Dylan: (*pointing L and chuckling*) Plenty out there in the bay, Mr. Mullins.

Mullins: Cut the smart talk. I'm under contract to deliver by Monday.

Dylan: No problem. Today's Friday. We'll do it. I know someone who has the right craft for the job.

Sam: After dark tomorrow?

Dylan: It'll have to be Sunday.

Mullins: (*angrily*) That's leaving it fine don't you think?

Dylan: I can't get the boat until then. Sunday night's usually quiet.

Mullins: (*exasperated*) I don't have any choice do I?

Sam: No. What time on Sunday night then?

Mullins: Eleven thirty. I'm at a pre-Christmas function until eleven.

Sam: Don't forget to bring a doggy bag for us.

Mullins: If anything goes wrong it could be a body bag for me.

Sam and Dylan laugh

Mullins: (*sharply*) Keep your voices down.

Sam: And we need to be paid on Sunday too.

Mullins: You'll be paid.

Sam: An extra twenty plus the cost of the boat hire.

Mullins: Boat Hire?

Dylan: We shall have to pay the owner of the new boat, Mr. Mullins.

Mullins: How much?

Dylan: Five pounds should see him right.

Mullins: That's a total of twenty-five pounds!

Sam: Take it or leave it Mr. Mullins. We won't accept anything less.

Mullins: Very well, twenty-five it is. A van will arrive no later than midnight to take delivery. It won't wait around.

Dylan: No problem.

Sam: *(brightly)* A box of birds Mr. Mullins!

Mullins: I hope it isn't!

Sam: What?

He laughs as he suddenly realises and nudges Dylan who joins in, without any idea of the reason.

Mullins: *(hissing)* Will you keep your voices down!

Ronnie comes out of hiding and approaches them.

Dylan: Look. It's Jackson's boy.

Mullins: Oh no!

Ronnie: Good evening Mr. Mullins, fancy seeing you here.

Mullins: Well if it isn't Ronnie Jackson, how are you my boy? *(awkwardly)* Mr. O'Meara and Dylan and I were discussing ideas for a ferry service across the bay.

Sam and Dylan nod vigorously

Ronnie: That seems a good idea Mr. Mullins.

Sam: Brilliant, we think.

Mullins: I shall be talking to the mayor about the idea after submitting a report, of course.

Ronnie: Why are you telling me this Mullins? I don't know what goes on

Mullins: *(interjecting)* We thought you might be interested.

Dylan: You being an intelligent schoolboy.

Ronnie: I don't know about that, but I am clever.

False laughter from the men

Mullins: Well, I must be on my way. Thank you Mr. O'Meara, Dylan.

Dylan: Flaherty.

Mullins: What?

Dylan: Mr. Flaherty. My name's Dylan Flaherty.
Mullins glares at him and then puts on the charm

Mullins: Oh yes, of course, thank you Mr. Flaherty. You've both been very helpful.

He holds out his hand. At first Sam and Dylan shake it reluctantly, and then vigorously, much to Mullins annoyance as evidenced by his pained expression.

Ronnie: I suppose I should be going home. I don't want be late tonight. My Dad will murder me. Goodnight then.

The three men mumble their goodbyes.

Ronnie crosses L and exits whistling

Mullins: I'd best me on my way too. Right then, eleven thirty, Sunday night.

Sam: We'll be here.

Mullins strides off R

Dylan: D'yer think the boy heard us talking about you know what?

Sam: No. He said it himself, he's not intelligent. Come on.

They cross to exit R.

Ronnie enters L and watches them exit.

Ronnie: *(in soliloquy)* Wonder what's out there to be winched up? Treasure perhaps? Gold! *(he imitates a pirate and points out front)* There must be treasure out there in the deep me maties! Pots of gold! Enough to make us all rich! *(he rubs his chin and speaks normally)* I must find out about this, tomorrow *(imitating a parrot and crossing to exit L)* Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

He exits as the Lights go down

Scene 7: The Beach at the local Bay – early Saturday Morning.

It is the same scene, as in the previous one. Steve and Dave are sitting on large wooden boxes close to the up turned dinghy. Billy is holding a long metal rod which is 2-3 times his own height. Ronnie is next to him, holding and examining the labelling of a metal can.

Ronnie: *(unimpressed)* Dried Milk? There must be more things in that box out there.

He throws the can to Steve who examines it during the following conversation.

Billy: I'm not going out there again. It's taken us ages to find theses cans.

Dave: *(looking at watch)* One hour and three minutes to be precise.

Billy: I'd better get this back to my Dad's garden.

Dave: You look like Neptune standing there with that thing.

Billy: Neptune?

Dave: You know, the god of the sea.

Billy: Oh yeah?

Steve: What's the rod for?

Billy: My Dad grows runner beans up it. It's part of a frame. I'd better get it back home.

Ronnie: You just can't go Billy. We need your help.

Billy: I don't want any dried milk.

Ronnie: It would be only fair to split the find, four ways.

Billy: What am I going to do with cans of dried milk?

Ronnie: We need to share the load, whether we want it or not. Do you expect me to dump the whole lot, or Dave or Steve? In any case the cans might come in useful, storing things and that.

Billy: But I don't want them.

Ronnie: *(impatiently)* You don't listen, do you?

Steve: Ronnie's right. We must split the load and keep what we want or get rid of what we don't want.

Billy: Which means I shall have to get rid of the lot.

Ronnie: We'll deliver it to your home, Billy, a special delivery.

Billy: *(extremely anxious)* Don't you deliver them to my house!

Ronnie: *(annoyed and crossing R)* Buzz off then! A good friend you are!

Slight pause as Billy considers Ronnie's response. He looks at Dave and Steve who turn away from him.

Billy: OK, I'll stay, but we can come to some kind of agreement about delivering them to me, can't we?

Ronnie: *(relieved and approaching him)* Course we can. Thanks Billy.

Dave approaches Billy and pats his back and smiles reassuringly

Steve has prised the lid off the can. He pours some of the content into his hand. He examines the powder.

Dave: You never know Billy; there could be other things in those cans.

Ronnie: Dave's right Billy.

Billy: I can't think what.

Billy clammers onto the hump of the upturned dinghy and sits watching them, holding the rod.

Steve: *(shaking the can carefully)* Here look, there are some shiny things.

Ronnie approaches him

Ronnie: Let me see.

He takes the can from Steve and pours some of the dried milk into his hand.

Dave: Well?

Ronnie: They're more than just shiny things. I reckon these are diamonds.

Billy: *(scoffing)* Diamonds?

Dave: How could they be Ronnie? They're probably bits of glass. That's why the cans have been dumped in the sea.

Ronnie: Then how would the glass get into the powder?

Dave: Contaminated food, floor sweepings at the milk factory. They sometimes dump things into the sea.

Steve: How do you know?

Dave: *(smiling with mocked conceit)* Cause I'm clever.

*He laughs and Steve nudges him and they start to play fight
Ronnie has thrust his hand into the can. Suddenly he opens his mouth in amazement.*

Ronnie: Dave, Steve I've got hold of something.

Dave and Steve stop play fighting and watch him

He pulls out a string of jewels and holds it up

They all gasp loudly. Billy approaches the others

Ronnie: You don't see bits of glass on a string. They look like diamonds.

Dave: *(scoffing)* Of course, you're the diamond expert aren't you?

Ronnie: I reckon they are diamonds, Dave.

Dave takes the string of jewels off him and examines them.

Dave: (*amazed*) You could be right Ronnie.

He hands back the jewels to Ronnie

Steve: (*scoffs*) Floor sweepings!

Ronnie: D'yer think Sam O'Meara, Dylan and Mr. Mullins are diamond thieves?

Dave: I dunno.

Steve: My dad drinks with Sam at The Masonic Pub.

Dave: I think it's just, what do they call it? Coincidence, that's what it is.

Steve: And I can't see Mullins getting mixed up in something like this. Can you?

Ronnie: You're right Steve.

Billy: We should tell the police, that's what we should do.

Ronnie: Go on then Billy. Explain what you were doing in somebody else's dinghy and what you did with your dad's bean rod. And then tell your Dad. I wonder what he'd say.

Billy: (*nervously*) Alright, alright. What shall we do then?

Ronnie: We'll get the other cans. That's what.

Dave: It's going to be difficult. You and Billy gave that case a good bashing. It's bound to break up and all the cans will just get stuck in the mud.

Steve: Most of them might float!

Dave: And there's another problem.

Billy: It's one big problem if you ask me.

Ronnie: Nobody's asking you. Well, Dave?

Dave: Where are we going to hide them?

Billy: Dave's right, Ronnie.

Ronnie: Oh, I don't know.

He crosses R in thought. He then turns to the others

Ronnie (cont.): We'll just have to dump them then!

Dave: What about finger prints?

Ronnie: Oh yes.

Billy: This is getting too involved Ronnie. It isn't safe.

Ronnie: Well, you are involved Billy.

Steve: Right up to your neck!

All, except Billy laugh. He moves back to the dinghy, picks up a can and sits sulking.

Ronnie, Dave and Steve approach him

Ronnie: With these diamonds Billy you'll be able to buy six bikes!

Billy: I only want one bike. You should listen to what Dave said about fingerprints.

Dave: We should be able to deal with that Billy. No problem.

Ronnie: Of course we can! Look we can't hang around here too long. Let's try and recover as many as we can and start sorting through them?

Dave: We'll need a sieve to separate the jewels from the powder.

Ronnie: Gee, you're clever Dave.

Dave: *(smiling)* It runs in the family.

Steve and Ronnie laugh

Billy: We can't do that here on the beach; people will wonder what we're doing.

Ronnie: That's the most sensible thing you've said all morning, Billy.

The others laugh. Billy glares at them sulkily and prises off the lid to the can

Steve: Have you got any ideas then Billy?

Ronnie: *(enthusiastically)* What about the old boatshed?

Dave: Good thinking Ronnie.

Steve: Pity it doesn't run in your family, Ronnie.

Ronnie: I might not be intelligent *(imitating a pirate)* but oi know oi'm clever!

Steve: *(imitating a pirate)* And we be aloive and rich!
They all make pirate noises except Billy who puts his hand in the can and examines its contents. He suddenly sneezes and sends a cloud of powder into his face. The others stop and laugh, pointing at his face.

Lights down

End of Act One
Act Two

Scene 1: The Village – later in the morning

An Old Man enters through centre aisle carrying sandwich boards advertising the 'Fun Doctor at the Christmas Fair next Saturday at 10am' on the front and 'The Pink Elephant Family Christmas party – next Saturday at 7pm' on the back.

June, Cheryl and Alice enter L in front of the stage and watch the Old Man. He doffs his cap and exits R.

Alice: What's this about a family Christmas party at the Pink Elephant?

Cheryl: It's Milos's idea. He reckons it will bring local families together.

June: I want to see the Fun Doctor.

Alice: That's kid's stuff! I remember seeing him at Primary school *(laughs)* He played the piano with his nose.

Cheryl: I remember him. How he did that I'll never know.

Alice: Who knows!

She laughs at her own joke or pun and the others look at her strangely.

Cheryl: Are you OK Alice?

Alice: *(embarrassedly)* Oh, forget it.

June: It's supposed to be a different Fun Doctor. It's a brand new show. My Mum thinks he'll be great to watch.

Cheryl: Your Mum thought South Pacific was great.

June: Yes she did and I liked it too.

Alice: *(unimpressed)* It was OK, I suppose.

Cheryl: Was it? *(she laughs)* I don't think so.

June pulls a face

June: Well, that's where we are different.

Cheryl: Are you going to the Pink Elephant tonight, girls. Quite a few of us will be there.

Alice: Yeah, why not.

June: I'm not sure. My Mum says that Arnie and his gang are a bad influence.

Alice: (*mimicking her*) My Mum says this, My Mum says that! (*normally*) Why can't you make up your own mind June?

Cheryl: Alright Alice, there's no need to be nasty.

Alice: Well, are we going or not? June?

Cheryl looks at June and silently urges her to agree.

June: Ok then, but I'm not staying out late.

Alice: Don't worry we'll make sure that Cinderella arrives home on time.

Danny and Ray, Jill and Charmaine enter R.

Cheryl crosses L looking upset. June looks across at Cheryl with some concern.

Ray: Hi girls! Are you going tonight?

Alice: The Pink Elephant?

Danny: Sure.

He looks across at Cheryl with some concern.

Ray: We're going aren't we girls?

Girls together: Sure thing!

They giggle

Danny: (*unconvincing*) Should be a fun night.

The music strikes up and the Dancers join Cheryl, Alice, June, Danny, Ray, Jill and Charmaine in the dance, 'At the Hop' sung by Danny and the Juniors, which ends with all the Dancers exiting R and L, and waving to Cheryl, Alice and June.

Danny, Ray, Jill and Charmaine cross R,

They call respectively: See you tonight! See yer! Don't be late! Bye Girls!

Danny: (*awkwardly*) See yer Cheryl

Cheryl glances over her shoulder at him and turns away before Danny exits R with Ray and Charmaine. He walks past Jill who has her hands on her hips, glaring at him as he exits. Jill glares across at Cheryl before exiting behind Danny.

June crosses to Cheryl

June: Are you OK Cheryl?

Alice: Just leave her alone June. Danny has obviously found someone else. I'll see you both tonight. Bye!

Alice exits L

June: (*crossing and looking out after Alice*) A good friend she is, I don't think (*turning to Cheryl who is dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief*) I didn't know you were going out with Danny.

Cheryl: Well I'm not am I?

June: I didn't realise you were keen on him.

Cheryl: Now you know (*turning to June*) Thanks for your concern June, but if you don't mind I'd rather be on my own for a bit.

June: Sure. If you want to talk at any time come and see me. You won't be going tonight then?

Cheryl: Of course I will (*forcing a smile*) I am not letting Danny Bright ruin my fun.

June: (*holding out her arms*) Come here.

Cheryl approaches her and June suddenly hugs her, and Cheryl responds.

Cheryl: Thanks June.

June pulls away.

June: See you tonight.

Cheryl nods.

Cheryl: Sure.

June exits L

Cheryl slowly crosses R to exit as Danny enters R. Cheryl stops and turns away from him

Danny: I'm sorry Cheryl. I should have told you.

Cheryl: It would have been nice if you had.

Danny: I met her at my friend's party..

Cheryl: How nice for you.

Danny: (*approaching her*) It's not serious. I still think you're great.

Cheryl: (*she moves away*) But not great enough obviously!

Danny: Cheryl, please.

Cheryl crosses in front of him towards the R exit

Cheryl: See you around Danny boy!

Danny: *(calling after her)* Cheryl! Wait!

She exits

Danny turns slowly and kicks at an imaginary object in his annoyance and frustration and he slowly crosses and exits L

There is a short reprise of the song 'At the Hop' before the lights go down

Scene 2: The Boatshed, on the Beach at the local Bay – later the same day

The action takes place in front and below the main stage. It is a simple setting. Ronnie, Dave and Steve are working together. Billy is sitting apart from them on a large wooden box examining the contents of a milk powder can. Dave is sifting powder with a kitchen sieve assisted by Ronnie. Steve is holding a small flour sack. Scattered about them are milk powder cans. Their faces and parts of their clothes are daubed with white powder.

Dave: *(sifting)* Is that the last of the cans?

Ronnie: Yep, that's about it.

Dave: *(shaking the sieve)* These are the last of the diamonds.

Steve holds open the sack for Dave to drop them in.

Dave: How many did we find?

Steve: I didn't count them. Was I expected to?

Ronnie and Dave: Yes!

Dave: What do we do now?

Billy: We go to the police.

Ronnie: No we don't!

Billy: Why not? We haven't stolen them.

Dave: Billy's right, but there's still the problem of our taking the boat, breaking open the case and taking the cans.

Billy: Yeah, and the jewels! Ronnie, you know who dumped them there.

Ronnie: From what I could hear, yes.

Dave: Billy, Ronnie has a reputation in the village.

Billy: A what?

The others sigh heavily and shake their heads.

Dave: We mean that nobody will believe him!

Ronnie: That's right. We should do some of our own det.. er detect...

Dave: (*interjecting*) Detective work?

Ronnie: Yes, right.

Billy: What for?

Ronnie: Imagine what the locals would say if we were the ones who caught the thieves.

Billy: What? How would we do that?

Ronnie: (*exasperated*) Oh Billy!

Steve: We could help out, Ronnie means.

Billy: I dunno. I don't like it.

Dave: I can just see the headlines in the local paper, 'Diamond Smugglers caught by Devonport Boys'

They laugh except Billy

Billy: Where do we dump the cans then?

Ronnie: We bury them, simple as that.

Billy: Not in my garden.

Ronnie: No Billy, here under the floor boards.

Steve: What shall we do with the diamonds?

Ronnie: We bury them too, for now.

Dave: Then we'd better start before someone comes.

Billy: Who might come here?

Dave mimics a Boris Karloff character and ghoulishly hovers over him

Dave: You never know Billy; there's been some strange happenings in this boatshed over the years.

Billy: *(rising quickly from the box)* Shut up Dave!

The others laugh ghoulishly and taunt Billy

Billy: Cut it out will yer?

Lights down.

Scene 3: The Pink Elephant Milk Bar – the same day, Saturday evening.

This scene is set on the main stage. The backdrop of the 'Road and Mount Victoria' is exchanged for a view of the window of the café which bears the name 'Pink Elephant Milk Bar', as seen from the inside. UC is a juke box. CR on an angle facing the audience is a counter, painted in candy stripes, with a number of milk shake glasses placed on top. Scattered about L and R are a number of tables and chairs. C and DC is a space for dancing. UR is an exit.

Customers, including Alice, Cheryl and June, Marlene, Danny, Ray, Jill and Charmaine and the Dancers, dance to 'Blue Suede Shoes' sung by Elvis Presley. The Milk Bar owner, Milos, is at the bar cleaning and wiping glasses and moving to the music.

As the song finishes the roar of motor bikes off UR

Marlene: Arnie's here!

Milos: Huh! *(sarcastically)* How wonderful!

The Dancers drift to tables and one or two boys cross to the juke box and look at the selection. Danny, Ray, Jill and Charmaine sit together.

Arnie, Sid, Spanner and Spokes enter from UR.

Ray: Here comes trouble.

Charmaine: Ssh Ray! Talk like that and you'll be the one causing it.

Spanner and Spokes cross to the juke box and push away the two boys who move UL.

Arnie: Hi Milos how's business? Boys and girls don't stop dancing on my account.

Danny: We won't!

He laughs and others do so reluctantly

Arnie: We have a comedian among us.

Spanner crosses to Danny

Spanner: Get up funny man!

Danny rises and confronts him. Jill attempts to pull him away to avoid trouble

Jill: Please, sit down Danny.

Milos: I don't want any trouble Arnie. The kids 'ere like to talk, drink milk shakes and dance.

Arnie: Leave him alone Spanner. You heard the boss. *(to Milos and mimicking his accent)* You won'ta get any trouble OK?

Spanner pushes Danny into his chair and returns to the juke box. Danny goes to follow him but Jill pulls at Danny's arm. He sits and Jill affectionately strokes his arm. Danny looks across at Cheryl who turns away. Danny pushes Jill's hand away. She gives him a harsh look.

Marlene crosses quickly to Arnie in an attempt to hug him, but he side steps her.

Marlene: Oh Arnie!

She manages to drape her arms over him from the rear as he crosses R. He removes her arms from his shoulders.

Arnie: *(quietly)* Don't go mushy on me here.

Marlene: *(whining)* You don't usually mind.

Arnie: I know, but we have company.

Marlene: Ok Arnie, but I wanna dance.

Arnie: Not now.

Marlene: Oh Arnie!

Sid approaches Marlene and looks her straight in the eyes

Sid: You don't listen, do yer.

Marlene: What's up with you, oaf?

Sid: What you call me?

Milos crosses to them and pushes Sid away.

Milos: That's no way to treat a young lady. No trouble, I said.

Sid: *(shocked)* Did you see that Arnie? He was violent!

Arnie: Don't be soft, Sid.

Milos returns to the bar

Milos: Milk shakes Arnie, the same as usual?

Arnie: Yeah, why not.

Sid: Strawberry for me, Milos.

Arnie: (*disgusted*) Strawberry?

Sid: I like Strawberry.

Spanner: Strawberry's not cool Sid.

Milos: (*shaking his head*) Mamma Mia! I give you strawberry, don't you worry Sid.

Marlene crosses to Arnie

Marlene: I wanna dance Arnie.

Arnie: Ask Sid, he'll dance with you.

Marlene: Are you serious?

Sid: What's wrong with me?

Marlene: OK then Sid, let's dance.

Sid: What? No, I can't.

Marlene: Why not?

Sid: I can't dance, I've two left feet.

Marlene: (*moving away from him*) Yeah, two left feet and left your brains behind. I might as well go home.

All Boys in the café: Goodnight Marlene!

They laugh

Marlene glares at them and crosses to juke box

Arnie shakes a fist at them

Arnie: Watch it!

Arnie, Spanner, Spokes and Sid approach a table occupied by four youths, who move quickly when Arnie clicks his fingers at them. They sit.

Arnie: Spokes, play the machine.

Spokes: Sure Arnie.

Spokes crosses to juke box

Marlene: I'll help you choose a song Spokes.

Milos approaches Arnie's table with the milkshakes and sets them out

Milos: Here we are, anything else Arnie?

Arnie: I'm expecting a visitor Milos.

Milos: Oh, you have other friends then?

Arnie: Don't be smart Milos or I'll set Sid on yer.

Milos laughs

Milos: I too have a visitor, about next Saturday's party here. (*calling*) Don't forget everyone, I'm closing early tonight

Some of the customers complain loudly

Milos: How often do I turn you away, eh?

Spanner: When are you closing?

Milos: Soon!

Spanner: We've only just got here!

Milos: Too bad!

He crosses to the bar

Arnie: I hope you're not expecting us to come next Saturday.

Milos: (*positively*) Of course!

Arnie: It's not my scene Milos

Milos groans and dismisses his comment with a wave of a hand.

Arnie: (*calling*) Come on Spokes, play the music!

Spokes: Marlene doesn't like what I like.

Arnie: Leave him alone Marlene!

Marlene: Spokes is a square. Here, I've found one. Here goes. One of this year's hits

'It's Only Make Believe' by Conway Twitty plays. Couples begin to dance.

Marlene crosses to Arnie's table.

Marlene: Come on let's dance Arnie.

Arnie: It's too mushy. Dance with Spokes.

Spokes: Yeah, come on Marlene.

Marlene: *(to Arnie)* Thanks for nothing.

Spokes approaches her and they begin to dance, until he steps on Marlene's foot.

Marlene: You clumsy oaf!

Spokes: Sorry Marlene.

She pushes him away and hobbles over to the juke box

Mullins enters UR

Milos: *(surprised)* Mr. Mullins, what brings you here?

Mullins: Certainly not the music, Milos.

Milos: I hope you're not intending to stay for long.

Mullins: No, I won't be long.

Arnie rises from his chair and slowly approaches Mullins.

Arnie: *(calling)* Sid, stop the music!

Sid approaches the juke box and slaps it. The music stops. There are groans from some couples. The majority drift away to tables.

Milos: *(approaching juke box)* What d'yer think you're doing? Don't you breaka my machine!

Milos and Sid check the juke box. Spokes, Spanner and Marlene sit at their table

Arnie draws Mullins DR

Mullins: We can't talk here.

Arnie: *(firmly)* We talk here and now. When are you going to deliver?

Mullins: We've had problems.

Arnie: So I've heard. I trust everything's OK now?

Mullins: I believe so.

Arnie: So, when can I expect delivery?

Mullins looks about the room to check that no one is in earshot.

Mullins: Midnight, tomorrow.