

PIERROTTERS SCRIPT

WE'RE ONLY HERE FOR THE PIER!

EPISODE 1 "A LOVELY DAY"

Music: FAST BY THE SEA INSTRUMENTAL.

SFX The sea, some music, seagull cries fade into...

Voice 1: Where've you been?

Voice 2: Down South for the Winter

Voice 1: Alright for some, I've been stuck here since last season

Voice 2: Well it's Summertime now, what's yer problem? We can have a laugh

Voice 1: Suppose so.

Voice 2: Here, look at him over there

Voice 1: Where?

Voice 2: There by the pier – that little, shabby-looking feller

Voice 1: The one with the banjo case?

Voice 2: That's him

Voice 1: Bet I can get 'im

Voice 2: From here? Never!

Voice 1: Watch me, here I go – guide me in...

Voice 2: Left a bit, right a bit, up a bit – FIRE!

SFX Swanee sound descending to a splat sound. Laughs from Voices 1 & 2 turn into seagull cries...

Uncle Doh! Those blessed seagulls..still, it's supposed to be good luck.

Security Guard: Excuse me, Sir, have you paid?

U I beg your pardon?

SG Can I see your ticket?

U Look, have you any idea to whom you are talking, young man?

SG Sorry, mate, I haven't a clue, you have to pay to come on this pier now

U Pay for the pier?

SC Yup

U Says who?

SG Mr Suede

U Keith Suede (*Horror fanfare - this goes-off every time his name is said, like Moriarty*) You mean he's bought the pier?

SG That's right, last Autumn and now it's 50p to go on, mate

U Fifty pence? That's ten shillings – more if you count inflation. And I'm not your "mate"

SG Look I don't want any trouble, mate

U O, all right – there you are (SFX lots of change) – but I'm warning you, chum, don't call me "mate" again

(Matron arrives)

Mtrn Oooo, well blow me down if it isn't you - Uncle Tacko!

U Matron, Matron, I'm so pleased you're here. You'll never guess who's bought the pier

Mtrn Who?

U Keith Suede (Horror fanfare)

Mtrn Not him!

U Who?

Mtrn Keith Suede (*Horror fanfare*)

U Yes, that suave seaside gangster

Mtrn That penny-pinching

U Thin-moustached

Mtrn Hairy-chested

U Waist 42

Mtrn Nasty man

U Yes

Both Keith Suede (*Horror fanfare*)

U He's back again, with his plans to modernise the seaside with his money-making schemes. Tearing the living heart and soul from the seaside with his wicked plans

Mtrn No, that's terrible news. I hope he doesn't ruin the season for us all.

U I'd never let him do that, Matron?

Mtrn So, another season on the Old Pier with The Pierrotters, then?

U Of course- being a thespian is my life. Come, let's walk to our spot at the end of the pier

Mtrn Oh you old romantic

SFX *Walking up the pier*

U Ah Matron!
Here we shall perform and lift hearts once more
To bring light and gaiety
To the sparkling seashore...

Mtrn You always had such a way with words, Uncle

U And you always had such a way with wounds, Matron. Tell me, how have you been keeping, Uncle? I've missed you and your funny ways

U I've missed you too, Matron. Life just isn't the same without your starched apron and girlish charms

Mtrn Ooo you are a one! (catch phrase) How are you after that terrible explosion in your dressing room last year?

U Oh, it was just a leaky valve on the gas boiler - I'd just slipped-in to make a quick cuppa and kaboom! I was blown to kingdom come

Mtrn But are you alright now, Uncle?

U Yes, although my "little problem" has come back to haunt me again

Mtrn Oh dear. Do you still have the ointment I gave you?

U Of course, and I always follow your instructions...

Together Twice daily round the rim
Keeps the Uncle's insides in!

Mtrn So where on earth are you boys changing this year?

U We're back at our usual spot on the end of the pier!

Mtrn How fortunate

U And here we are...

SFX Exterior of sea, seagulls etc., unlocking and unbolting of security devices, then creaking of door

U There you are, Matron...the Rotterdam!

Mtrn Yuk! There's filth and muck everywhere

U It's got everything we need

Mtrn You mirrors, sinks and a lavatory?

U 48 music stands and a large tuba actually, it's been used as a store over the Winter, you see.

Mtrn But it's full of old junk and mattresses - there's buckets and spades and old tin baths, three cardboard palm trees and that's the biggest aspidistra
I've seen in years

U Thank you. Do you fancy a cup of tea, Matron?

Mtrn Why, thank you, Uncle. have you got a new boiler?

U Heavens no, I just mended the boiler with some old socks and sticky-backed plastic...

SFX Match striking followed by explosion and seagulls

Mtrn You can't possibly stay here now *he* owns the pier

U I'll never leave, I've got my rights - I inherited the concession on this little room from my Great Uncle Tacko – the first of the Brightsea Pierrots: the contract states “this room is for the use of Pierrot troupes so long as there are Pierrots in Brightsea”

Mtrn But he'll try and destroy you, Uncle. Why, I bet he's got a plan to get rid of you even now

U He has, he's running a string of bogus fortune telling ladies on the prom
between the piers

Mtrn How do you know they are bogus?

U Because they all have a beard

Mtrn Sounds a bit odd to me - I'll pop along and have a closer look

U Be careful Matron, those bogus bearded fortune-telling ladies are a mean-looking bunch

Mtrn I'll be back

SFX Door shuts. Seaside Atmosphere. As Matron wanders along pier we pass sounds of fairground organs, amusement arcades, children at play, bingo callers and unaccountably, a lion.

Barker Toffee Apples, get your toffee apples...

Bkr2 Sticks of seaside rock.

Bkr3 Ice creams, candy floss...

Bkr4 Dental floss, fillings, root canal work while you wait...

Mtrn Still no sign of the bogus fortune tellers.

Gacko Erm,excuse me

Mtrn Yes love, what can I do you for?

Gacko Ey, aright there A was wond'ring like, ye naw, if tha's knows weea the problem is baht this ear gas

Mtrn I beg your pardon, sweetie

G I ses - dya know baht the gas...eh? I'm looking for the gas problem you've got at the end of the pier. T'boss says there's a geyser with a leaky valve and something isn't done about it soon then there'll be a big problem

Mtrn Oh well that'll be that Uncle Tacko you want - he's a got a leaky valve and a problem with his gas.

SFX The sound of horse's hooves

G The end of the pier, you say?

Mtrn That's right, dearie

G Uncle who? (horse louder)

Mtrn (shouting) Tacko!

(Horses go past with a whinny and Doppler effect, maybe the jangling of metal, the hooves clatter into the distance up the pier)

G What was that?

Mtrn I'm not sure, it looked like a knight

G On 'ossback

Mtrn On the pier

G In armour

Mtrn I wonder what he's doing here?

G Probably looking for a damsel to slay or a dragon to wed. No, wait a minute, that's a dams...

Mtrn Oh well, either way I'm in with a chance

G Aye mebbe you are

Mtrn Anyway, I'd better be going

G: Er, yeah, good luck with your dragon

SFX As Matron goes, we hear the sounds of the barkers and loudspeakers...

Loudspeaker This is Keith Suede offering YOU the chance to invest in the future of the seaside. Roll up! Roll up! Ladies and gentlemen, enter one of our booths and see into the future! See what Suede can do for you! Roll up! Roll up! Fortunes to be made with Suede investments...etc.

Bkr5 Invisible Ink, get your invisible ink here. Buy three and get a free invisible pen...

Bkr6 Roll up, roll up, come and see Brightsea's very own Elephant Man: looks like a man, talks like a man, but it's actually an elephant...

SFX Internal of Rotterdam

U I wonder where the other pierrots have got to.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

U: Who is it?

M: It's me Uncle, Mister Macko.

U: Mister Macko! My dear old chum! Come in come in.

SFX: DOOR RATTLED

M: Erm, it won't open Uncle.

U: Turn the knob.

SFX: KNOB RATTLED

M: It's not working.

U: No, the knob on your side.

M: I haven't got a knob on my side.

U: On the door.

M: Ah.

SFX: DOOR RATTLED. DOOR FLYING OPEN. CLATTER OF FALLING POTS, PANS AND PLATES.

U: Oh for the old pier's sake Macko, you've just broken my favourite tea set.

M: Sorry Uncle, was it very special?

U: It was Victorian.

M: Oh that's alright, from the fuss you were making I thought it must be a new one.

U: (Exasperated sigh) I suppose I'd better get the kettle on now you're here.

SFX: STRUCK TINDERBOX. ROAR OF GAS FLAME. Explosion, seagulls

M: Ah it's good to be back on the old Pier.

U So what have you been doing since last year, Mister Macko?

- M: Well let me see. First I was in Bournemouth with Bessie. Then Tessa got leave from Tesco's so I had to go to Taunton. Then Saucy Susie from Surbiton turned up so I had to lay low for a while with Kennington Katie. Then who should I bump into but Prudence from Penza...
- U: Yes I think I get the picture. Now, to business: it's the beginning of another season for The Pierrotters.
- M: Ah yes!
- U: But I'm afraid I have some rather bad news, Mister Macko.
- M: What? Has Naughty Nina been looking for me?
- U: No, Macko, you and I are the only remaining members of The Pierrotters.
- M: You mean the others are all....
- U: Yes. They've all three gone to a better place.
- M: Oh no, oh those poor boys.
- U: Oh I don't know, I'm sure they're enjoying themselves. There's a lot of money to be made in Bournemouth for a trio of female impersonators.
- M: What? They've formed another act? The traitors!
- U: Don't trouble yourself Mister Macko, I've already set about securing replacements. In fact the first potential new pierrot should be here any moment.

Pause

- M: When exactly did you say they should all arrive?
- U: Well, in the advertisement, I just put "meet at the end of the pier at the start of the new season".
- M: So we could be here a while then

U That means there's time to reminisce, Mister Macko; whatever happened to that old Punch & Judy man?

M The one with dark glasses that sweated a lot in the mornings and swore a lot at the children?

U That's him

M Went into his booth one day, cut a hole in the decking and jumped into the briny with his puppets tied to his feet. Never came back up

U That's the way to do it

M There's a new chap doing it now, but it's not the same

U Does he swazzle?

M No, he seems fairly sober to me

SFX The pier with arcade noises, seagulls, tannoys, etc.

Mtrn Oh, there 's the Pier security guard with his nice dog, they'rebound to have seen something. Excuse me?

Well-spoken vox Yes, can I help you?

Mtrn Have you seen them Suede people about?

WSV Well I must confess I'm more of an Oasis fan myself.

Mtrn No, I mean the people from Suede Enterprises.

WSV Oh, Keith Suede.

FX Horror Fanfare

Mtrn The very same.

WSV No I'm afraid not. You could try asking my owner.

Mtrn Ooh that's a good idea. Have you seen him Mr Security Guard?

SG (Inarticulate) Nah luv. Ain't seen nuffink. Phwoooar look at that bird over there.

WSV Down boy.

SG Sorry Rover.

Mtrn Biscuit?

WSV Well I wouldn't say no.

Mtrn Beg

FX Dog panting

Mtrn Good boy. There we are.

SFX Sound of dog eating biscuit

WSV Now then, Matron. Here comes someone with a big beard now.

Mtrn Now let's see if that beard's real...excuse me, young man, do mind if I just...

SFX Tug of a beard

Male voice Ouch! Get off me woman

Mtrn Oo you are a one - a real one, and those balls are definitely not crystal (moving into the distance) Well there must be one of them around somewhere...excuse me, Sir, do mind if I just...

Another male voice Ooof!

Yet another Ow! (into the distance)

SFX Back to Rotterdam

M ...and that's when Brown Owl found me in the Guides' tent?

U ...and all the time I'd been tied upside down with Akela tickling my tummy?

(They both laugh)

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

U There we are, Mister Macko, it's our first new recruit

M Splendid, come in

*SFX DOOR OPENING. MASSIVE CLATTER OF POTS, PANS
AND PORCELAIN*

-
McF (Darkly) Hello. I'm looking for someone called "Uncle Tacky"

U Tacko, young man, Tacko - I'm not Tacky

McF Yes well, let's reserve judgement on that

U I'm Uncle Tacko and this is my good friend Mister Macko

M Good morning

U Right then sit down. Before we can enlist you into our Pierrot troupe, I need to take down your particulars

McF Oh no you won't

M We need to ask you a couple of questions

McF Oh that's alright

U Now what is your name?

McF I am El Senor McForbsey of The McForbseys

M El Senor - that's Spanish isn't it?

McF Och aye

M But you're a Scottish-type person aren't you?

McF Si, but my Grandmother had a lot of Spanish blood in her, she was a vampire based in Barcelona

U Well I'm afraid "McForbsey" won't do at all, all our names have to end

in “Acko”, it’s part of the contract signed with the pier years ago.

M What about “McForbseyacko”?

U Bit of a mouthful

M McFacko?

U McFacko! El Senor McFacko, yes I like that.

McF Call me what you like as long as I get paid

SFX Scribbling

U There, that looks nice

M You’ve written it on your trousers, Uncle

U Oh yes, sorry

SFX Scribbling

McF Shall I do my audition piece now? I’ll start with my Shakespeare.: Is this a dagger I see before me, the handle towards my hand?

U (Hastily) Yes thank you, but we were a little more interested in your musical prowess. What instruments do you play?

McF: Tenor Saxophone, Clarinet and these ...

SFX: DRONING BAGPIPES STARTING UP AND HORSES HOOVES IN DISTANCE

U: What on earth's that?

M: I think it's some sort of labour-saving device Uncle.

U: I see. I'll be very glad when it stops.

M: Yes. (TO McF) Ahh, thank you that'll do. I said that'll do thank you sir. Excuse me, but would you ... could you ... WILL YOU STOP MAKING THAT HORRIBLE NOISE?!

SFX: PIPES DRONE TO A HALT AND LEAVE HORSES' HOOVES GETTING LOUDER

McF: Sorry, were you saying something?

U: Yes, if you'd just put those down and come over here.

SFX: BAG OF TOOLS DROPPED ON FLOOR. HORSES' HOOVES VERY LOUD

U (Shouting) A couple more questions...

SFX: LOUD HOOVES. CRASH OF SPLINTERING WOOD. NEIGHING.

U: What ... what on earth's going on.

Sq: Ha ha! It is I, the mighty Prince! Bow before me minions!

U: I'm sorry?

M: Can we help you at all?

SFX: HORSE REARING UP AND WHINNYING.

Sq: I am the noble Prince of Porridge and this is my mighty steed - Throbber.

U: I think you want the race course. Just go back up the pier, turn right, go up the hill and...

Sq: Nay nay.

SFX: HORSE NEIGHING

Sq: Silence Throbber. Nay, old man. I seek not the race course. I am in search of that bold band of knights known as The Pierrotters.

M: That's us.

Sq: Aha, ist so? Then my quest is at an end.

U: But why have you come on a horse?

Sq: I was simply following the mystical commandments set out in the small ads section of the Evening Bugle
(SFX of a naff bugle each time the paper is mentioned - ie once each episode).

U: But I placed that advertisement, and I don't remember putting anything about bringing a horse.

Sq: See here you foolish old man, printed in black and indeed, white.

SFX: RUSTLE OF PAPER.

M: Let's have a look Uncle. (READS) "Experienced Pierrots required for seaside Concert Party troupe. Mares preferred."

U: Ah, that should be "Males preferred". It's because we share changing facilities and soap you see. Prevents any unpleasantness.

M: Yes, so if you could just take your armour off and tie the horse up outside.

Sq: Never minion, I never go anywhere without my proud Throbber under my jodhpurs.

U: Suit yourself. Now just a few questions first. Name?

Sq: Sir Quester, the Prince of Porridge.

M: Sorry, Prince of ...?

Sq: Porridge.

U: Well the name'll have to change for a start.

Sq: Why, you horribly seedy man?

U: You see all our names have to end in "Acko".

Sq: Nonsense. I refuse to renounce the royal title of Porridge.

M: (DIPLOMATICALLY) The Porridge bit's fine, we could even go with the Prince. But Sir Quester won't do at all.

Sq: (ANGRY) Well that's fine, and what are you suggesting as a replacement?

M: Let me see, Sir Questeracko, Sir Questacko, Sircustacko ... erm, how about Squacko?

U: Squacko. Excellent, Squacko it is.

SFX: *SCRIBBLING PEN*

Sq: I am not answering to a stupid name like Squacko.

M: How about a compromise - Sir Squacko.

Sq: Sir Squacko, the mighty Prince of Porridge.

U: (TESTILY) Oh very well.

SFX: *CROSSING OUT. SCRIBBLING.*

Sq: And I get to keep the horse.

U: Yes alright.

Sq: And the armour.

U: Yes alright, now shut up. All of you just go back there and change

M: Where are the costumes, Uncle?

U: They're over there in a pile in the corner.

Sq: What are these horrible sheets for?

U: That'll be our costumes

McF: But they are all covered in stains

U: That'll be our costumes

M: And there's a funny smell

U: That'll be our costumes

All What?!

U These are last year's costumes, I kept them especially

McF You mean we are supposed to be wearing costumes left in a fetid and rotting heap, exposed to the damp and ravages of an entire Winter?

U Yes, people like a whiff of nostalgia

McF They won't like a whiff of these costumes

U Just try them on for size at least

Sq I refuse to change in front of minions, where is my dressing room and valet?

U You can go behind the screen like everyone else. Now please hurry along, we need to get ready

(Murmured grudging assent by all)

SFX Rummaging of clothing

M Uncle, these costumes really hum

U I know

M No, I mean *really* hum, listen...

SFX There is some jolly harmonious humming

U Well I say, whatever next?

SFX Knock at the door

U Aha! that will be number five - our last member. Keep changing, you lot and I'll make sure he's welcome

SFX Knocking at door in a chirpy sort of way

U Coming, coming

SFX Door opens

Gacko 'Ullo

U Come in, come in, how are you my fine fellow?

G Fine. Is this the right place then?

U Yes, yes, I'm glad you made it in time

G Well I came as fast as I could. Now where's the equipment?

U It's with the others behind the screen

G What others?

U The other boys - say hello chaps

M Hello young man

Sq Greetings, minion

McF Hello wee laddie

U There you are, that's who you're working with

G Er, well if it's all the same to you I'll come back later and do the job

U You can't

G No it's OK I'm not busy, I'll go down the arcade until you er blokes have finished whatever it is you're er doing

U You can't

G I can

U We need you now!

M Yes, come along and be a good chap, get your clothes off - I know it smells a bit but we're all grown men

G I er think I'd better be going, I've obviously come to the wrong place, I like girls me

U No you can't go, we've got a costume for you and we're on stage in half an hour

M ...and I like girls too

G Costume? On stage? I don't get it, I've only come to mend the boiler and gas stove

Omnes Gas stove?

G Yes, there was an explosion earlier and the gaffer said I should come here and check-out the boiler piping. I'm the gasman

M The gasman cometh

G What did you think I was doing?

U We thought you were our fifth member

M We're a Pierrot troupe, you see

G A Pierrot troupe?

M Yes, silly. You know - white satin, pom-poms, conical hats

G Oh, you mean like an act or a turn

U Yes, with songs and sketches and jokes old and new...

G Well I like a good ol' sing-song. Me and our mam we always sang songs as we practised our welding

McF Do you play an instrument?

G Well a bit of pipe tapping when working the drains

U Perfect! You can be our drummer. We've found our fifth member!

G Now look, I don't want to be rude or owt, but I only came to fix your pipes

U But think of the glory, think of the fame! Bringing happiness and joy to the fun and sun seekers at the seaside. Seeing the tearful face of a child lightup with delight at our jolly japes. The nostalgic gleam in the

eye of a dear little granny as she remembers the heyday of the Pierrots before the good old days were swept away by the baubles of television, electricity and soap. Just think of it, our harmonious voices crooning into the deepening twilight, surrounded by hundreds of adoring, beautiful girls.

G Girls, you say?

M Yes

G Beautiful and lovelorn?

M Most definitely

G Hundreds?

M Yep

G I'll do it!

(General agreement and excitement)

U Now I'll just do the formalities. Who exactly are you?

G I'm the boiler and gas man

U Sorry, Boil O'Gashman?

G No, I said boiler...

M Just spell it for him, Uncle's a bit hard of hearing sometimes

G Er...B....er ...O...er...Y?...er, er...

U Aha! B-O-Y, spells BOY!

Sq All our names have to end in "Acko", spong-brain, everybody knows that

M Spell your second name

G G....er...G...er....

U G-G , we can't call you G, how about Gacko?

- M Boy Gacko! Perfect!
- G Boy Gacko? That's stupid..
- Sq A stupid name for a stupid person
- G Alright mate, c'mon then, want to make something of it do ya?
- Sq Careful, minion, or you will taste the might of my weapon
- U Stop it at once boys. now hurry up and change, Boy Gacko, everyone else is ready.
- M McFacko isn't. Look, his trousers are still on the floor.
- McF Don't worry, Boys, I thought I'd wear this!
- G Haha! he's wearing a skirt! Yuk you're weird.
- McF (aggressively) Who are you calling weird, you stithy-brained sassanach?
- G Well you, you were wearing a skirt and talking funny
- McF (increasingly menacing) A skirt? A skirt! This, laddie, is a kilt. I'll teach you to make fun of a fine Scottish tartan.
- G Yeah, but you look stupid, mate...
- McF I eat we little tatties like you for my breakfast, I pull their hearts through their noses and their eyes through their asses. I'll boil your liver in aspic and I'll sit on your nose until it bleeds.
- G Oh
- McF Now are you going to get changed or not?
- G Er, aye then alright...
- U Now everybody has to be ready to rehearse in 5 minutes, so get yourselves sorted. We've only got a couple of hours before we are due to perform on the sundeck outside the Ibiza Bar. While you're all doing that, I'll put the kettle on...

SFX Explosion and seagulls which take the atmosphere back outside

Keith Suede This is Keith Suede enterprises, the enterprises of Keith Suede offering YOU the chance to invest in a new vision of the seaside – no more annoying sun to shade your eyes from, no more rain to huddle away from, an entirely artificial environment with plastic palm tree and a regulated environment the virtual experience of the sea, a weather-proof environment to be built here on the site of the old pier. Come into this booth NOW and see how YOU can buy shares in this dynamic new scheme. Remember the future's bright, the future's SUEDE

Mtrn That sounds like him alright – what does this notice say? Aha! here we are (reading the sign) Suede Enterprises present Beaver Letyourpengrow the authentic Romany daughter of Topsy Joe's Pee...hmmm, sounds fishy to me...

SFX The sound of a beaded curtain opening and maybe some strange music

Keith Suede Welcome to the Suede emporium, what is it that you wish to know?

Mtrn I want to know whether you're a fake or not!

KS Aargh, get off my face!

Mtrn Aha! So the beard's a fake, how about the ball?

SFX of a scrunching sound

KS Oof!

Mtrn It is you

KS Who?

Mtrn Keith Suede (*Horror Fanfare*)

KS Alright, I admit it, I am Keith Suede (*Horror Fanfare*) I'll tell you what you want!

Mtrn What is your plan?

KS To demolish the Old Pier and turn it into a theme park

Mtrn What theme?

KS Chicken World!

Mtrn So that's your game, eh? Wait until I tell Uncle Tacko about all this...

KS You'll never stop me, you interfering old nurse

SFX Sound of Matron hitting KS

KS Ow, my hooter!

*SFX Matron leaving the beaded booth.
Then, The Pierrotters are making an unfathomable racket as they rehearse*

U Now then, quieten down, quieten down (*the bagpipes are the last to stop*) Here we are again and don't you all look lovely?

G Can I wear me boots?

U No, I'm afraid not, we must be uniform in appearance and our neat little ballet slippers are just the job

P I don't feel awfully Princely in this get-up, you know.

U Nonsense, you look magnificent! A finer set of Pierrots I've not seen Since... since...last year

Enter Matron

Mtrn Oh Uncle, Uncle

U Aha, Matron, I'd like you to meet the new line-up of The Pierrotters

Mtrn Hello, boys

Omnes Hello Matron

U Any news of the bearded fortune-telling ladies, Matron?

Mtrn: Ooh yes, and you were right. I had a close look at their balls and they were definitely fake.

M: The rotten cheats.

Mtrn: That Keith Suede is up to no good. I've heard it his own lips, he's planning to sell-off the Old Pier as a theme park called Chicken World

U: The blackguard! This Pier belongs to everyone. There's only one thing to do lads, we have to fight Suede every step of the way. At first light tomorrow we storm his offices and force him to concede to our demands.

M: Yes. Squacko and McFacko can cover his right flank and the rest of us can take him from behind

Mtrn: Ooh Mister Macko, you are a one.

U We'll have to take care of Suede later, because we're already late for our first performance of the season. I know we haven't had much time to rehearse, but we're late so we have to get out there quickly. Are we all ready? Right then, off we go!

SFX DOOR OPENS, FEET RUNNING

U After 3 – 1,2,3

SFX THUNDER AND RAIN.

Omnes Oh no

M We can't stay out here, the instruments will get ruined!

SFX FEET RUNNING, DOOR SHUTS

U Not to worry chaps, there'll be plenty of other days

Mtrn Oh dear, Boys, don't look so down, it's only a shower

U But not one song on our first day, it's so frustrating

Mtrn Never mind, my dears, you can always give me a song

M I'd love to give you one, Matron

U That's enough of that, Macko. Come on chaps, let's do the show right here!

(They do the song - "Isn't It A Lovely Day To Be Caught In The Rain?")

Mtrn (Applauds) That was beautiful, boys

U: Thank you, Matron. So, the end of our first day and wasn't it lovely, chaps?

M: No it wasn't. It poured with rain and no one came to see us.

G: And where were all these girls you were going on about?

McF: And where are my wages?

Sq: And where is my hotel?

U: You won't be in a hotel Sir Squacko, all of us snuggle down in the Rotterdam together

Sq: What? In here?

M: Yes, you are sleeping under Boy Gacko

Sq What?

M It's a bunk

Sq (Rising) If you think I'm going to...

Mtrn Now now, boys, don't argue. You gave me a lovely song

Mtrn Oooh it's so nice to have The Pierrotters back again. You always know it's Summertime when the Pierrots play

U: How charming of you to say so. Come on everyone, I'll make us all a nice cup of tea

Omnes Nooo!

SFX MATCH AND EXPLOSION!

MUSIC - TITLE SEQUENCE

END