

I'll Have You Know This Is A Serious Play!

This is a stage play set in a radio recording studio. The door bursts open and the 2 waiting actors are joined on stage by the self-important, playwrite/director. She busily walks on stage, in a pair of ridiculously high heels, power dressed in a suit with shoulder pads more suited to the 1980s, not paying any attention to anything going on around her.

Self-important director (S.I.D)- Ok, no need to panic. I'm here now. The incompetent taxi driver drove a ridiculously long way round to get here. Can you believe he drove me round the one way system behind B&Q? He wouldn't listen when I told him Vicarage Road was the other way! Mumbling some nonsense about new road layout. Anyway enough time has been wasted, let's get started straight away.

2 actors look at each other as if to say who's panicking and shrug.

S.I.D - I trust you have all got and have learned your scripts?

Bobbie - Give us a chance. We only got them 5 minutes ago?

S.I.D - 5 minutes! You were meant to get the scripts over a week ago!! Doesn't anyone know how to do their jobs properly anymore?

Kennedy - *in upbeat, motivated, can do attitude, cheerleader fashion*

Well at least we have them now. I'm sure we're all super eager and we'll pick it up as we go along. Now, tell us what it's all about?

Bobbie – It's a comedy from what I can make out

S.I.D - *Splutters* - A Comedy! I'll have you know this is a very serious play!

Bobbie - A serious play! Either you're having a laugh or you're deluded. How can you have a serious play about time travel and a talking horse?

S.I.D - I'm surrounded by Morons! Ned isn't actually a talking horse. She's a symbol, a metaphor, a physical body for our lead's inner voice.

Bobbie - Oh! You mean like Jimmy Krankie in Pinocchio?

Kennedy - No that's Jimmy Cricket! Jimmy Krankie was a middle aged woman, dressed up like a naughty school boy to entertain children.

Bobbie – That's disturbing!

S.I.D - Ned is neither a Scottish woman nor an Irish oaf wearing his wellingtons on the wrong feet. But yes, she is a symbol of conscience, like Jimmeny Cricket in Pinocchio.

Roberta, you are playing our lead Martina, she is an astro ...

Bobbie - (*she interrupts S.I.D*) um, actually, I prefer to be called Bobbie.

S.I.D - Nonsense girl, if you want to be taken seriously in this game you need a strong name.

Bobbie - You sound just like me mum.

S.I.D - Clearly a sensible woman. Now as I was saying, Roberta, you are playing an astrophysicist. After years of searching she has finally found a hole in the space time continuum. Many scoffed, saying her pursuit wasn't real science, some even went as far as saying it was fanciful fiction. But she knew she was right. The question is, is the world ready for her to reveal her findings and prove her critics wrong? After all, the consequences could be catastrophic if used incorrectly.

Bobbie - Surely there is no correct way to use time travel? The sliding door effect, show us that changing one tiny thing could change history forever.

S.I.D - Yes dear heart, you've got it. Now you understand her dilemma. Kennedy, this is where you come in. You'll be playing Ned, Martina's pet horse, who she confides in and shares her thoughts. You will voice Martina's conscience.

Bobbie - (*whinneys and stiffls a laugh*) Nahhhh.

(Both girls giggle.)

S.I.D - (*looking over glasses*) ha humm!

Bobbie - With these names aren't you a bit worried about someone shouting plagiarism?

S.I.D - Whatever do you mean?

Bobbie - Ned the talking horse and Martina or Marty the time traveller? Please tell me she doesn't drive a DeLorean?

S.I.D - Of course she doesn't! This is my own original work! How dare

(While S.I.D is talking Bobbie looks over to a sleeping baby in the corner of the room.)

S.I.D - Are you listening to me?

Bobbie - Oh yes sorry

S.I.D (*following Bobbie's gaze*) - What is that?
(*Pointing to the sleeping bundle*)

Kennedy - *(now also looking at the baby, speaks in a very high, baby talk voice)*

- Ahhhhhhhh. He's a cutie.

Bobbie - Oh this is my baby, Don't worry he should sleep until we've finished the read through.

S.I.D - A Baby! Who brings a baby to a rehearsal?

Kennedy - Mariah Carey, Angelina Jolie, Madonna.....

S.I.D - *(interrupts)* – Don't be flippant! These are all big names. YOU are not big names! You have not earned the right to Diva status. Do not bring it with you again.

Bobbie - Err yeah but those big names were being paid big bucks, We're not! I don't have an army of nannies to leave him with. You get both of us or neither of us!

S.I.D - *(slaps her own head and walks around the studio, talking to herself)* - I went to a prestigious writing school yet here I am working with ungrateful amateurs!

Bobbie - Who are you calling amateurs! I'll have you know I've worked with Collin Firth and Ricky Gervais!

Kennedy - You were an extra!

Bobbie - Oh shut up you talking donkey!

Kennedy - *(lifts up coconut shells and bangs them together in the style of Ross from friends banging his hands together. With a look of disdain on her face)*

S.I.D - Will you put those blasted coconuts down. This is going to be testing enough without you playing with the sound effects!

Kennedy - Oh is that what they are, I did wonder?

Bobbie - Yeah no radio play is complete without the sound of horses' hooves and someone walking on gravel. *(shakes gravel tray)* all high tech stuff!

S.I.D - Scoff all you like. I'll have you know this play was due to be performed in a top West End theatre until Andrew Lloyd-Webber wrote another one of his sodding musicals and stole my slot.

Kennedy - From west end to Watford General Hospital radio, wow, that's one hell of a fall.

Bobbie - *(laughs under her hand)*

S.I.D - *(continues talking as if she hasn't heard Kennedy, while pacing the room)* - Seriously, who wants to listen to a bunch of X Factor rejects singing a load of Cliff Richard songs,

shoehorned into a weak plot line?! Having to suffer Summer Holiday back in the 60's was bad enough!

Bobbie - My Mum loves that film

Kennedy - Mine too.

S.I.D - Well forgive me if I don't take the opinion of someone who thinks it's ok to bring a baby to a rehearsal and someone who was named after an American President.

Kennedy - I was named after a character in a sitcom, actually.

S.I.D - Oh, even more Charming, than I thought

Kennedy - *(bangs the coconuts together again)*

S.I.D - *(shouts)* will you put those blasted things down!

Bobbie *(tries to shush the director as she's shouting)*

(The baby cries)

Bobbie - Oh now look what you've gone and done, you've woken the baby! I'll have to take him home and feed him now.

Kennedy - Oooooow can I come? He's so adorable *(Kennedy continues to make quiet cute baby noises directly to the baby)*

S.I.D - But, but what about my play?

Bobbie - Sorry, we'll have to do it another time?

S.I.D - But, but, but

(Both actors walk off stage leaving S.I.D stuttering)

The End