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Terry Pratchett's
Making Money

A play

Adapted for the stage by
Stephen Briggs

Samuel French — London
www.samuelfrench-london.co.uk



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Terry Pratchett's MAKING MONEY
dramatized by Stephen Briggs

First presented by the Studio Theatre Club at the Unicorn Theatre, Abingdon, on Tuesday 20th November 2007, with the following cast:

Moist von Lipwig	Jamie Crowther
Drumknott	Sara Danesh-Pour
Lord Vetinari	Stephen Briggs
Mr Bent	Nigel Tait
Mr Shady	Gaurav Kumar
Topsy Lavish	Julie Pearson
Hubert	Chris Edwards
Cosmo Lavish	Matthew Kirk
Heretofore	Sarah Hickingbottom
Pucci Lavish	Heather Neary
Gladys	John Kirchhoff
Harry King	Mark Pritchard
Sacharissa Cripslock	Emily Leonard
Sgt Angua	Kath Leighton
Constable Visit (Nobby Nobbs in the script)	Alison Hodgkinson
Mr Slant	Graham Cook
Adora Belle Dearheart	Nina Banks
Miss Drapes	Judy Leonard
Ponder Stibbons	Ieuan James
Dr Hicks	Andy Tatem
Cribbins	Simon Cooper
Roberta Spittle	Elena Wright
Proust	Kathy Whysall
Cusper	Kellie-Ann Takenaka
Keen-Bidder	Jodie Pickett
Digger	Steve Liddle
Peggy	Lucy Potter
Nurse	Briony Tatem
Mint Workers, Customers, Citizens, Mental patient	Member of the cast

Directed by	Stephen Briggs
Lighting/Effects	Colin James
Props	Julie Pearson
Sound	Jon Viner, Tom Fenton
Stage Manager	Kath Leighton
ASM (A)	Briony Tatem
ASM (S)	Lucy Potter



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CHARACTERS

Lord Vetinari
Moist von Lipwig
Drumknott
Mr Bent
Cosmo Lavish
Heretofore
Adora Belle
Mr Shady
Mrs Lavish
Hubert
Igor
Gladys
Pucci Lavish
Miss Drapes
Angua
Nobby Nobbs
Slant
Cribbins
Saccharissa
Ponder Stibbons
Dr Hicks
Peggy
Proust
Harry King
Robert
New Investor
Keen Bidder
Bargain Hunter 1
Bargain Hunter 2
Worried Investor
Civic Leader
Wag in Crowd
Nurse





SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1	Darkness
Scene 2	The Bank of Ankh-Morpork
Scene 3	The Undercroft of the Bank
Scene 4	The Post Office
Scene 5	The Palace
Scene 6	The Bank
Scene 7	Cosmo Lavish's House
Scene 8	A Street in Ankh-Morpork
Scene 9	Another Room in Cosmo Lavish's House
Scene 10	The Bank
Scene 11	Night time. A Street in the City
Scene 12	The Palace
Scene 13	Back Outside the Bank
Scene 14	Unseen University
Scene 15	Cosmo Lavish's House
Scene 16	The Glooper Room

ACT II

Scene 1	Moist von Lipwig's Office
Scene 2	The Bank
Scene 3	The Palace
Scene 4	Field Outside the City
Scene 5	The Lavish House
Scene 6	The Court Room
Scene 7	The Post Office
Scene 8	The Mental Hospital



ADAPTER'S INTRODUCTION

All The Discworld's A Stage

As I never tire of reminding people, the first people *ever* to dramatise the Discworld, in any form, were the Studio Theatre Club in Abingdon, Oxfordshire. That was in 1991, with *Wyrd Sisters*.

We had already staged our own adaptations of other works: Monty Python's *Life of Brian* and *Holy Grail* — and Tom Sharpe's *Porterhouse Blue* and *Blott on the Landscape*. We were looking for something new when someone said, "Try Terry Pratchett — you'll like him". So I ventured into the previously uncharted territory of the "Fantasy" section of the local bookstore ("Here Be Dragons"). I read a Terry Pratchett book; I liked it. I read all of them. I wrote to Terry and asked if we could stage *Wyrd Sisters*. He said yes.

Wyrd Sisters sold out.

So did *Mort* the year after.

So did *Guards! Guards!*, *Men at Arms*, *Maskerade*, *Jingo*, *Carpe Jugulum*, *The Fifth Elephant*, *The Truth*, *Night Watch*, *Interesting Times*, *Monstrous Regiment*, *Going Postal* and *Feet of Clay* in the years after that. In fact, "sold out" is too modest a phrase. "Oversold very quickly so that by the time the local newspaper mentioned it was on we'd had to close the booking office" is nearer the mark.

My casts were all happy enough to read whichever book we were staging, and to read others in the canon, too. The books stand on their own, but some knowledge of the wider Discworld ethos is essential when adapting the stories, and can also help Directors to find out where it's all coming from, and the actors with their characterisations.

The Discworld novels have been getting longer, more complex and darker as the years have passed and it is an increasing problem to try to put over the main plot while still meeting the overriding target for amdram — getting into the pub before closing. The important thing is to decide what is the basic plot: anything which didn't contribute to that was liable to be dropped in order to keep the play flowing. Favourite scenes, even favourite characters, have on occasions had to be dumped. These are hard decisions but the book has to work as a *play*. You can't get 400 pages of novel into 2.5 hours on stage without sacrifices.

Each play also offers a challenge to directors in working out who can double for whom in order to stage them with a smaller cast. You'll see from the cast list which follows this introduction how *we* covered all the roles.

Although the majority of our audiences are “fans”, I’ve tried to remember when writing the plays that not *all* the audience will be steeped in Discworld lore. Some of them may just be normal theatre-goers who’d never read a fantasy novel in their whole lives — humorous fantasy may not be their “thing”. *Making Money* is definitely a plot more suited to companies with a core of Discworld regulars in their audiences; it is, after all, the second book in what may turn out to be the “Moist von Lipwig Trilogy”. Even so, I wouldn’t want “newbies” to feel they were watching something which had been typed on an Enigma machine.

The books are episodic and have a sort of “cinematic” construction; I have retained this format in *Making Money* and used different stage areas and levels with brisk lighting changes to keep the action flowing. Set changes slow down the action, even when they’re really slick. A 30 second black-out between each scene, accompanied by rustling, crashing and muffled swearing from your stage crew means you’re in danger of losing the audience. Even *ten*-second changes, if repeated often enough, will lead to loss of interest. I’ve been to see many productions of the plays and the best have been those that have used bare stages or composite sets — leaving the majority of the “scene changing” to the lighting technician. The golden rule is — if you *can* do it without scene shifting, *do* it without scene shifting. It’s a concept that has served radio drama very well (everyone *knows* that radio has the best scenery). And Shakespeare managed very well without it, too.

The plays do, however, call for some unusual props. Over the years, many of these have been made by my casts and crew: large hourglasses for Death’s house, shadow puppets, archaic rifles, dragon-scorched books, and a golem and puppet Mr Fusspot in *Making Money*. Other, more specialised props were put “out to contract”: Death’s sword and scythe, an orang-utan, Detritus’ head and hands, a Death of Rats, a Greebo, Scraps the dog and two swamp dragons (one an elaborate hand puppet and one with a fire-proof compartment in its bottom for a flight scene).

Since the Studio Theatre Club started the trend in 1991, Terry and I have had many enquiries about staging the books — from as far afield as Finland, Zimbabwe, Indonesia, Australia, Bermuda and the Czech Republic (as well as Sheffield, Aberdeen, Exeter and the Isle of Man). I even licensed a production of *Wyrd Sisters* in Antarctica! Royalties from the five plays administered by *me* have raised well over £60,000 so far for the Orangutan Foundation.

So how did our productions actually go? We enjoyed them. Our audiences seemed to enjoy them — after all, some of them were prepared, year after year, to travel to Abingdon in Oxfordshire from as far afield as Taunton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Ipswich, Basingstoke and ... well, Oxford. We have even attracted visitors from the Netherlands, Germany and the

USA to see our shows. Terry seems to enjoy them, too. He says that many of our members looked as though they had been recruited straight off the streets of Ankh-Morpork. He said that several of them were born to play the “rude mechanicals” in Vitoller’s troupe in *Wyrd Sisters*. He said that in his mind’s eye the famous Ankh-Morpork City Watch *are* the players of the Studio Theatre Club.

I’m sure these were meant to be compliments.

MAKING MONEY

By the time we staged *Making Money* in 2007, we knew from long experience that the Discworld plays were a winner ... though we’d also learned that the flourishing trade in other groups staging the plays meant that we couldn’t afford to take full houses for granted. They’re still full, but we do have to work a bit now to achieve that.

As with all the adaptations, there were difficult choices about which scenes should be sacrificed to try and keep the play down to a reasonable running time. We had also realized that Abingdon’s medieval Unicorn Theatre was a part of the package; it has its shortcomings, but its ambience contributed much to the original success of the shows.

This dramatization was written with the Unicorn Theatre’s restrictions, and the number of players I expected to have available, in mind. Really complicated scenic effects were virtually impossible. Basically, we had a bare stage with an onstage balcony at the back of the stage with a small curtained area beneath it. Anyone thinking of staging a Discworld play can be as imaginative as they like — call upon the might of Industrial Light and Magic, if it’s within their budget. But *Making Money* can be staged with only a relatively modest outlay on special effects. Bigger groups, with teams of experts on hand, can let their imaginations run wild!

In short, though, our experience and that of other groups is that it pays to work hard on getting the costumes and lighting right, and to keep the scenery to little more than, perhaps, a few changes of level enhanced by lighting effects and carefully chosen background music. There’s room for all sorts of ideas here. The Discworld, as it says in the books, is your mollusc.

Characterization

Within the constraints of what is known and vital about each character, there is still room for flexibility of interpretation. With the main roles, though, you have to recognize that your audiences will expect them to look as much like the book descriptions as possible. Most drama clubs don’t have a vast range from which to choose, though, and it’s the acting that’s more important than the look of the player when it comes down to it!

Costumes

Ankh-Morpork has now settled into a sort of generic Dickensian Victorian — although the City Watch “style” is English Civil War, and Vetinari wears a long, ecclesiastical-looking black robe and a black skull cap.

Scenery

Virtually none. On stage throughout was a desk and chair on one side of the stage, covered in clutter, which mainly served as Moist’s desk at the bank, and a large chair for Vetinari on the other side. Other props were brought on and removed by the stage manager and cast as appropriate. Apart from that, a virtually bare stage.

Oh, and a Word on Pronunciation...

Having seen many of the plays staged, pronunciation of the names seems sometimes to be a stumbling block. Here are some pointers:

Ankh-Morpork: Ankh, as in “bank”, Morpork as in “more pork”, with the stress in the city’s name on the second syllable — Ankh-*Morpork*.

Vetinari: Long “a” and stress the third syllable — Vetinah-ri.

Angua: With a hard “g” — “An-Gwa” or “An-Gewa”, stress on the first syllable

Wuffles: “Wuff” to rhyme with “rough”, not as in “woof”.

Igor: “Egor” — NOT “Eyegor”.

Saccharissa: Hard “c”. Stress on the third syllable — “Sakarissa”.

Stephen Briggs

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Terry Pratchett and Stephen Briggs take an active interest in amateur productions of their work and may wish to attend such performances. It would be appreciated if groups planning productions could write to Stephen Briggs to let them know when they are planning to stage *Making Money*. Stephen Briggs can be contacted at PO Box 1486, Oxford, OX4 9DQ (e-mail — sbriggs@cix.co.uk).



Other Terry Pratchett novels dramatized by
Stephen Briggs and published by Samuel French Ltd:

Carpe Jugulum
Maskerade





ACT I

SCENE 1

Bare stage. Darkness

Lord Vetinari (*recorded voice; off*) Albert Stanley Spangler, you have pleaded guilty to the charges brought by this court, and it is now my duty to pass sentence. You are a habitual criminal, who accepts arrest as an occupational hazard, and presumably accepts imprisonment in the same casual manner. We therefore feel constrained to commit you to the maximum term allowed for these offences — you will go to prison for seven days. You will then be taken to a place of public execution where you will be hanged by the neck until you are dead. Take him away.

Prison doors clang shut. Music link. Night time

Slowly, Moist von Lipwig's — or so we assume, his face is obscured by a black mask — head appears in the balcony. He pushes a small suitcase out onto the stage and starts to ease himself up. When he is out from the waist up, the lights come on full beam

Trooper, wearing an executioner's hood, enters. He puts the rope around the hooded Moist von Lipwig's neck and reaches for "the lever"

Black-out

In the dark, Moist von Lipwig cries out

Lights up

The Palace

Lord Vetinari is sitting onstage, reading. Moist von Lipwig is standing, looking like a man who's just come to, after a vivid daydream. Beside him stands Drumknott, holding a file





Drumknott Are you all right, Mr Lipwig?

Lord Vetinari Ah, Mr Lipwig. I trust the day goes well with you? Up until now, that is?

Moist von Lipwig Look, I can explain.

Lord Vetinari lifts an eyebrow with the care of one who, having found a piece of caterpillar in his salad, raises the rest of the lettuce

We got a bit carried away. We encouraged mongooses to breed in the letter boxes to keep down the snakes...

Lord Vetinari remains silent

Er...which, admittedly, we introduced into the letter boxes to reduce the numbers of toads...

No reaction from Lord Vetinari

Er...which we encouraged to hunt the snails... These, I must in fairness point out, got into the boxes of their own accord, in order to eat the glue on the stamps.

Lord Vetinari (*cheerfully*) Well, at least you were saved the trouble of having to introduce them yourselves. As you indicate, this may well have been a case where chilly logic should have been replaced by the common sense of, perhaps, the average chicken. But that is not the reason I asked you to come here today... Tell me, Mr Lipwig, would you like to make some *real* money?

Moist von Lipwig What will happen to me if I say yes?

Lord Vetinari You will start a new career of challenge and adventure, Mr Lipwig.

Moist von Lipwig I'm very happy at the Post Office, you know.

Lord Vetinari I'm sure you are. You make a superb Postmaster General. (*He turns away and start reading again*)

Moist von Lipwig Is that all?

Lord Vetinari turns back to Moist von Lipwig

I mean, there's not some kind of problem, is there?

Lord Vetinari No, not at all. You have become an exemplary citizen, Mr Lipwig. You have turned the Post Office from a calamity into a smoothly running machine. Now run along, do. The Post Office opens in ten minutes.





Act I, Scene 1

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Moist von Lipwig nods and exits

Drumknott passes a file to Lord Vetinari. It is headed "Albert Spangler/Moist von Lipwig"

Thank you, Drumknott, but why?

Drumknott The death warrant on Albert Spangler is still extant, my lord.

Lord Vetinari Ah. I understand. You think that I will point out to Mr Lipwig that under his *nomme de felonie* of Albert Spangler he could still be hanged? You think that I might suggest to him that all I would need to do is inform the newspapers of my shock at finding that our honourable Mr Lipwig is none other than the master thief, forger and confidence trickster Albert Spangler? Is that what you assumed, Drumknott?

Drumknott *(after a short pause)* Yes, my lord. That about covers it, I believe.

Lord Vetinari Ah, but there is more than one way of racking a man, Drumknott.

Drumknott *(after a moment's thought)* Face up or face down, my lord?

Lord Vetinari Thank you, Drumknott. I value your cultivated lack of imagination, as you know.

Drumknott Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Lord Vetinari In fact Drumknott. You get him to build his own rack, and let him turn the screw all by himself.

Drumknott looks quizzical

You have consider the psychology of the individual, Drumknott. *(He holds up a finger)*

Small pause, then Moist von Lipwig bursts in

Moist von Lipwig What is it you want?

Lord Vetinari You are restless, Mr Lipwig. Life has lost its flavour, has it not? Let us talk about angels.

Moist von Lipwig We had this conversation before my lord. When you hanged me...

Lord Vetinari Only *mostly* hanged. To within an inch of your life. *And* as Albert Spangler, not as Moist von Lipwig.

Moist von Lipwig Yes, but I wasn't expecting an afterlife like this! I have to do what I'm told for the rest of my life?

Lord Vetinari Yes. Ahead of you, Mr Lipwig, is a life of respectable





quiet contentment, of civic dignity and, of course, in the fullness of time a pension.

Moist von Lipwig And if I *don't* do what you say?

Lord Vetinari You misunderstand me. That is what will happen to you if you *decline* my offer. If you accept it, you will survive on your wits against powerful and dangerous enemies, with every day presenting fresh challenges. Someone may even try to kill you.

Moist von Lipwig What? Why?

Lord Vetinari You annoy people. The job is Master of the Royal Mint. It is attached to a senior post at the Bank of Ankh-Morpork, which will occupy most of your day. You can make money, as it were, in your spare time.

Moist von Lipwig But I don't know anything about managing a bank! (*New thought*) I've *robbed* banks!

Lord Vetinari Capital! Just reverse your thinking. The money should be on the *inside*. When you took over the Post Office, Mr Lipwig, it was a disgrace. Now it works efficiently enough to be boring, in fact. You're like a caged animal, dreaming of the jungle! I'd like to give you what you long for. I'd like to throw you to the lions.

Moist von Lipwig starts to protest, but Lord Vetinari holds up a hand

The banks of Ankh-Morpork, sir, are stuck in the mud, they live in the past, they think gold is important.

Moist von Lipwig Er...isn't it?

Lord Vetinari No. And thief and swindler that you are, pardon me, once *were*, you know it, deep down. For you, it was just a way of keeping score. This is a large city, full of ingenious people spinning wealth out of the common clay of the world. But they keep their money in old socks. They trust their socks better than they trust banks. Our banking system is a mess. A joke, in fact.

Moist von Lipwig It'll be a bigger joke if you put *me* in charge.

Lord Vetinari Will it? Well, we all need a smile sometimes.

Moist von Lipwig What happened to the man who used to occupy the post.

Lord Vetinari Sir Jacob Lavish? He died six months ago in his own bed, aged eighty.

Moist von Lipwig A man can die in some very unpleasant ways in his own bed.

Lord Vetinari So I believe. In this case, however, it was in the arms of a young woman called Honey, after a very large meal of devilled oysters. How unpleasant that was I suppose we shall never know.

Moist von Lipwig He was at home?





Act I, Scene 2

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Lord Vetinari He had an apartment in the Bank. A traditional perk that was useful when he was — working late.

Moist von Lipwig Did he often “work” late?

Lord Vetinari With astonishing regularity for his age, I understand.

Moist von Lipwig Look, sir, what is it you would want me to *do*? I know a bit about banking, but how do I run a mint? And why will anyone want to kill me?

Lord Vetinari I couldn’t say, Mr Lipwig. But there was at least one attempt on your life when you were innocently delivering letters, so I expect your career in banking will be an interesting one... Meet me at the bank tomorrow at eight.

Black-out

SCENE 2

The Bank of Ankh-Morpork

Moist von Lipwig is onstage, waiting outside the bank. He checks his watch

A clock chimes the hour. On the last stroke of eight Lord Vetinari breezes in, followed by Drumknott

Lord Vetinari Good morning, Mr Lipwig.

Moist von Lipwig I’m just going to have a look around, all right? I really haven’t had time to think about this.

Lord Vetinari That is understood.

Moist von Lipwig I’m committing myself to nothing by it, right?

Lord Vetinari Nothing.

They enter the bank. Sound of a clock, ticking away the hours

How is Miss Dearheart?

Moist von Lipwig She’s away.

Lord Vetinari Ah, the Trust has located another buried Golem, no doubt. Still trying to carry out orders given to it thousands of years ago? She is doing the city a great service. And the Golem Trust, too.

Moist von Lipwig Yes.

Lord Vetinari But your tone says otherwise.

Moist von Lipwig Well... She’s always rushing off because they’ve traced another Golem in some ancient sewer or something —

Lord Vetinari And not rushing off after you, as it were?





Moist von Lipwig And she's been away for weeks on this one. She just says it's very important. Something new.

Mr Bent rushes in

Mr Bent Lord Vetinari, I am *so* sorry! I'm afraid there was unfinished business——

Lord Vetinari Mr Mavolio Bent, allow me to present Mr Moist von Lipwig. Mr Bent is the Chief Cashier.

Mr Bent Ah, the inventor of the revolutionary unsecured one penny note? Such audacity! I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr Lipwig.

Moist von Lipwig One penny note?

Lord Vetinari Your *stamps*, Mr Lipwig.

Moist von Lipwig What do you mean by "unsecured"?

Mr Bent How do you validate its claim to be worth a penny?

Moist von Lipwig Er, if you stick it on a letter you get a penny's worth of travel? I don't see ——

Lord Vetinari Mr Lipwig. I shall leave you now, and await your decision with, ah, *compound* interest.

Lord Vetinari exits, followed by Drumnott

Mr Bent I suppose I must show you around...sir. Let's start with the gold, shall we?

Moist von Lipwig Ooo, yes — Let's!

They move around the stage and come to the gold. It is in an onstage cellar — when the trap door is opened by Mr Bent, an impressive golden glow suffuses them

Somehow I was expecting something...bigger.

Mr Bent That is almost ten tons of gold. It does not have to look big. And it is also the only basis of a sound financial system. There is Value! There is Worth! Without the anchor of gold, all would be chaos.

Moist von Lipwig Why?

Mr Bent Who would set the value of the dollar?

Moist von Lipwig But our dollars are not pure gold, though.

Mr Bent Aha, yes. Gold *coloured*, Mr Lipwig. Less gold than seawater, Gold-ish. We adulterated our own currency! Infamy! There can be no greater crime!

Moist von Lipwig How about murder?

Mr Bent Murder only happens once. But when the trust in gold breaks





Act I, Scene 2

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down, chaos rules. The Ankh-Morpork dollars are, admittedly, only gold-ish, but they are at least a solid token of true gold in the reserves. And only I have a key to that door! (*An unwelcome afterthought*) And the manager has one too, of course.

Moist von Lipwig So the coins represent a promise to hand over a dollar's worth of gold?

Mr Bent In theory, yes. It is, you see, about trust.

Moist von Lipwig You mean, trust us, we've got a big expensive building?

Mr Bent You jest, Mr Lipwig, but there maybe a grain of truth there. And now, I think, you would like to see the Mint. It's twenty-seven minutes and thirty-six seconds past one, so they should have finished their lunch hour. Ah, here comes everyone...

A group of workers amble past. At the end of them is Mr Shady

This is Mr Shady the eighteenth, Mr Lipwig.

Moist von Lipwig The eighteenth? There are another seventeen of you?

Mr Shady Not any more, sir.

Mr Bent Mr Shady is the hereditary foreman, sir.

Mr Shady Hundreds of years ago, the Master of the Mint was a job handed to a drinking pal of the current ruler, who used it as a moneybox and did nothing more than turn up now and again with a big sack, a hangover and a meaningful look. The post of hereditary foreman was created because it was realized that someone ought to be in charge and, if possible, sober.

Moist von Lipwig So you actually run it all?

Mr Shady That's right, sir. Pro tem. There hasn't been a Master for a hundred years.

Moist von Lipwig So how do you get paid?

Mr Bent and Mr Shady chuckle

Mr Shady This *is* a mint, sir.

Moist von Lipwig You make your own wages?

Mr Shady Who else is going to, sir? But it's all official, isn't that right, Mr Bent? He gets all the dockets. We cut out the middle man, really.

Moist von Lipwig Well, at least you're in a profitable business. I mean, you must be making money hand over fist! (*He laughs*)

Mr Shady We manage to break even, sir, yes.

Moist von Lipwig Break even? You're a mint! How can you not make a profit by making money?





Mr Shady Overheads, sir. Y'see, it costs a ha'penny to make a farthin' an' nearly a penny to make a ha'penny. A penny comes in at a penny farthin'. Sixpences costs tuppence farthin', so we're in pocket there. Half a dollar costs seven pence. And it's only sixpence to make a dollar, a definite improvement, but that's cos we does 'em here. The real buggers are the mites, cos they're worth half a farthin' but cost sixpence cos it's fiddly work, bein' so small and have got that hole in the middle. The thrupenny bit, sir, we've only got a couple of people makin' those, a lot of work which runs out at seven pence. And don't ask me about the tupenny piece!

Moist von Lipwig What about the tupenny piece?

Mr Shady I'm glad you asked me that, sir. Fine work, sir, tots up to seven and one one-sixteenth pence.

Moist von Lipwig You don't seem to need many people.

Mr Shady Ah, well, we only do the silver and gold —

Mr Bent Gold-ish.

Mr Shady — gold-ish coins here, you see. We make the blanks for the copper and brass, but the outworkers do the rest.

Moist von Lipwig Outworkers? A mint with *outworkers*? But what about security?

Mr Bent If they steal so much as a farthing they can be hanged. It counts as treason, you know.

Mr Shady Is that all, sir? Only we've got stuff to finish before our knocking-off time, you see, and if we stay late we have to make more money to pay our overtime, and if the lads is a bit tired we ends up earning the money faster'n we can make it, which leads to a bit of what I can only call a conundrum...

Moist von Lipwig You mean that if you do overtime you have to do more overtime to pay for it?

Mr Shady That's right, sir. And down that road madness lies.

Moist von Lipwig It's a very short road. But one last thing, if I may. What do you do about security?

Mr Bent The Mint is impossible to get into from outside the bank once it is locked, Mr Lipwig. At night, off-duty watch officers patrol both buildings.

Moist von Lipwig And during the day?

Mr Shady Oh, *that*. We take turns. Boy Charlie's the security this week. Show him your truncheon, Charlie.

Charlie does

And when we're leaving, he's sure to remind us not to steal anything.

Moist von Lipwig Well, thank you, gentlemen!



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