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Holiday Snap

A comedy

Michael Pertwee
and
John Chapman

Samuel French – London
New York – Sydney – Toronto – Hollywood



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ISBN 0 573 11284 3

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HOLIDAY SNAP

First presented at the Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford with the following cast of characters:

Commander Chittenden (Chitto)	Neil Stacy
Leslie	Keith Barron
Eve	Anita Graham
Henry	John Quayle
Mary	Wanda Ventham
Celia	Eleanor Summerfield
Perky	Royce Mills
Kit	Ginni Barlow

The play was directed by Ray Cooney
Designed by Joe Vanek

The action takes place in the living room of a luxury time-share villa in Portugal

Time– the present

ACT I Late afternoon in July
ACT II Immediately following

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(See also page ii)

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ACT I

The living-room of a well appointed, brand new villa in Portugal. Marble steps go UL *to big, solid-looking double doors through which (when open) can be seen a porch with bougainvillea and a distant view of mountains.* UR *are french windows opening onto a wide, curved balcony. The tops of pine and palm trees are visible over the parapet of the balcony. Steps* R *on balcony (unseen) lead down to the garden and swimming pool. On wall* DR *an archway leads to a bedroom. Above this archway a door leads to the kitchen. Between french windows and front doors is a trolley with drinks.* US *of trolley is a stool with a food hamper on it. On wall* DL *is a door to another bedroom. Above this bedroom door is a door to a large, walk-in cupboard. The furnishings are cool and modern. The main items of furniture are a large sofa and an armchair. There are at least two occasional tables: on one is a telephone and directory, on another, beside the armchair, is a bowl of fruit and a handbell. There is a wall light and one or two lamps*

As the CURTAIN *rises the stage is empty and in half light. It is late afternoon. The french windows are covered by long, light curtains. One of the front doors is open and a shaft of bright sunlight further lightens the room*

Commander Chittenden (Chitto) enters. He is a good-hearted but not too bright ex-naval officer, who has taken early retirement and is now the local representative for Share-a-Lux Ltd. Portugal's ever-open bars are a source of constant comfort to Chitto, who is permanently well-oiled, but manages to conceal this with extreme dignity and only the occasional slip of the tongue or foot. He carries a briefcase and a clipboard with notepad on it, which he uses extensively. In his pocket he carries a small dictation recorder. He wears a Panama hat and glasses

Chitto walks straight to the telephone as if he knows where it is, lifts the receiver and prepares to dial. His glasses are evidently unsuitable for reading telephone dials. He removes them and puts them aside on the arm of the armchair. He then dials a number and waits, humming contentedly

Chitto (*speaking into the phone*) Ola? Share-a-Lux Timeshare? (*Friendly tone*) Hello there. I want Miss Mogardo per favore ... my secretary ... tck! ... secretario mio ... This is me, dear, Commander Chittenden ... *Chittenden*! (*Raising his voice even more*) No, I know he's not there. I'm here, aren't I?! (*Slowly*) I—wish—to—parler—mit Senorita Mogardo, capisch? (*Pause*) Oh, well done! (*Pause*) Hello, Miss Mogardo. Just reporting in. I'm at L'Aranjina, awaiting the arrival of the first tenants and checking everything's in working order. Then I'll come back to the office. Yes, I've got the tenants' names on my clipboard ... I think ... I

hope. Obrigado, Miss Mogardo. (*He hangs up and prepares to move away but his legs have got caught up in the wire which connects to a jack in the wall. In disentangling himself he inadvertently pulls the jack out of its socket. He does not notice this. Then preparing to consult his clipboard he sits on the arm of the armchair and smashes his glasses*) Oh, damn! (*As he gets up to look at the damage he knocks the glasses into the chair. This will enable him to pull out a pre-set pair of obviously wrecked glasses, which he peers at myopically. From now on he acts like Mr Magoo*) Oh, really! What a sorry spectacle! (*He manages to locate a waste basket and drops the glasses into it. He moves back and collides with chair. He peers closely at his clipboard*) Check lights, furnishings, curtains. (*He goes to a light switch, finds it with some difficulty and turns it on. There is a silent flash and a puff of smoke from a wall fitting behind him. He does not see this*) No problems there. (*He then casually straightens a picture on the wall and one next to it falls off the wall*) Oh, dear. (*He tries to re-hang the picture but it won't oblige*) Blasted thing. (*He looks around, then, a trifle furtively, goes to cupboard door, opens it, and places picture inside*) What the eyes don't see ... (*He moves* R *and now searches for a button on the wall* R *of entrance*) Now, electric curtains. (*He finds button, presses it and turns towards window curtains which promptly glide open*) Thank Heaven for that! (*The curtains continue to glide and drop clean off the rail. He looks disconsolate. He gathers up the fallen curtains then, again a bit furtively and hurriedly, crosses to* L *and throws the curtains into the cupboard. He takes a small dictation recorder from his pocket and speaks into it*) Miss Mogardo, please note. Check stops on living-room curtain rail stop. By the way, the last stop is a full stop not a rail stop stop. Obrigado, Miss Mogardo. (*He pockets recorder, thinks*) Check kitchen.

Chitto exits R *into the kitchen colliding with the wall on his way*

Leslie and Eve enter through the front door

Leslie carries two suitcases. He is a diffident man from a modest background. He is wearing a white shirt and looks nervous. Eve is a pretty, self-assured girl. She teeters on high-heeled shoes and her clothes are disturbingly tight. Their clothes are more Costa Brava than Cap d'Antibes. Eve gives Leslie a little shove which propels him further into the room.

Eve Well, go on! It isn't going to bite. (*She looks around*) Oh, this is smashing! Brilliant! (*Dreamily*) And it's all mine for a week every year, for ever. What do you say, Leslie?

Leslie Yes, very nice.

Eve More than nice! (*She touches a piece of furniture*) This isn't rubbish, you know.

Leslie moves L *and opens the bedroom door. He peers inside*

Leslie No, it's very grand. (*He puts a suitcase through the door and closes it*)

Eve Now this is what I call a sofa. (*She sits down*) Ooh! Come and try it.

Leslie (*innocently*) Oh yes.

Leslie sits beside Eve. She immediately lays him flat and starts to kiss him

Steady! Someone might come in.

Eve shuts his mouth with another kiss

Chitto enters from kitchen and stops at the end of sofa but does not see them

Chitto Now, what next?

Eve screams causing Chitto to yell. Eve jumps up and faces Chitto. Leslie sits up

Sorry if I startled you. Didn't hear you come in. I'm Commander Chittenden and how are you, sir?

Chitto extends a hand which Eve takes

Eve I'm not a sir. I'm a madam.

Chitto Good Lord! So sorry. Just broken my specs and I'm blind as a bat without 'em.

Leslie now stands up beside Eve. Chitto dimly takes him in

Ah, and how are you Mister—ah—(*He tries to read clipboard and fails*) sir?

Leslie Very well. (*He points to sofa*) We were just—er—only . . .

Eve Never mind, Leslie. (*To Chitto*) I'm very pleased, Commander Chittenden.

Chitto Glad you approve. I can honestly say we are the undisputed leaders in the time-share field. The beauty of Share-a-Lux is that you don't have to be a millionaire to enjoy this. For one week it's all yours and nothing and nobody can take it away from you.

Eve And your company say we are the first people to live here in L'Aranjina?

Chitto Yes, indeed. (*He leans with his hand against the wall*) The paint's hardly dry. (*He notices there is wet paint on his hand. He wipes it off surreptitiously with his handkerchief whilst trying to distract their attention*) Just look at the furnishings. Untouched by human hand. (*He takes out his pocket recorder*) Excuse me. (*To recorder*) Want a quick touch-up.

Eve moves quickly away from Chitto

Eve Pardon?

Chitto No! No! Giving notes to my secretary on this recorder. (*He indicates dictation recorder*) Tremendous gadget if the memory's not too hot.

Eve nods then notices Leslie who is peering nervously out of the window. She moves to him

Eve What are you doing, Leslie?

Leslie Oh, just checking.

Eve What a smashing view!

Chitto Unique, isn't it?

Eve Commander, there don't seem to be any curtains.

Chitto Er—no, you have shutters, louvered shutters. Very handy. You could have curtains, of course, but I don't advise them.

Chitto pulls a shutter into view

Eve Why not?
Chitto Why not? Er—well—they're open weave and the mosquitoes fly straight through them.
Leslie Oh, I see. (*He frowns*) Half a mo. What about all those great gaps in the shutters?
Chitto What about them?
Leslie Won't the mosquitoes fly straight through them as well?
Chitto Not if they're Portuguese.
Leslie The shutters?
Chitto No, the mosquitoes.
Eve (*suspiciously*) What's so special about Portuguese mosquitoes?
Chitto They can't change altitude, y'see, and go up and down—except when mating, but that's another story. So they aim straight for a crack in the slats and stun themselves. (*Quickly as Leslie looks like asking a question*) Now, you'll be wanting to meet your staff. They'll be in their quarters round the back. After you, Mrs Charlesworth.
Eve Thank you, but if you don't mind, the name is Smith.
Chitto (*consulting clipboard*) Are you sure?
Eve Of course I'm sure.
Chitto It certainly looks like Charlesworth to me.
Leslie I expect it's just a typing error.
Eve Charlesworth for Smith! A bloody monkey wouldn't get it that wrong.
Chitto Must be a computer error. Your week is from the tenth to the seventeenth, isn't it?
Eve Yes.
Chitto Splendid! No problem. (*Ushering them out*) This way Mrs Charver . . . Charvis . . .
Leslie (*as they go*) Smith!

Eve, Leslie and Chitto exit via the balcony

The front door opens and Henry enters followed by Mary

Henry is in his early forties. He is expensively dressed in quality summer clothes—a smart edition of what Leslie is wearing. He keeps a pompous and irascible nature in check most of the time. Mary wears elegant summer clothes. She is good-looking and in her thirties. Both are obviously upper crust

Henry Hello! Charlesworth here. Chittenden! Commander Chittenden! He doesn't seem to be around.
Mary He didn't seem to be at the airport either. I hate unreliability.
Henry Well, you know what they say out here. It's always "Mañana".
Mary No, it isn't. That's Spain. This is Portugal and they should know better.
Henry (*looking around*) Well, what do you think of our little "Time-share by the Sea"?
Mary Super, darling. Rather fun, being the first people to live here.
Henry Great. Shall I bring the luggage in?

Mary No. You've paid for the staff, so let them do it.
Henry Yes, but they don't seem to be around.
Mary (*imperiously*) Staff! Staff!
Henry Darling, they won't understand that.
Mary They will if you shout it loudly enough. Staff! Staff!
Henry As far as I can remember from the phrase book, it's "servidor". (*He calls out*) Servidor! Servidor!
Mary They're obviously not here. (*She shows him a sheet of paper*) The servants' quarters are round the back. Let's dig them out. They're probably snoring their heads off.
Henry Right.

They go through onto the balcony

Servidor!
Mary Staff!
Henry Servidor!
Mary Staff!

Henry and Mary exit from the balcony

Eve and Leslie enter through the front door

Eve I'm boiling. (*She makes for the sofa*) I hope he finds the staff. I'm dying for a drink.
Leslie Can I give you one?
Eve (*cheeky laugh*) Oh, yes please!

Eve pulls Leslie to her

Chitto enters through the front door

Chitto Oh! I do beg your pardon.
Leslie We were only . . . just . . .
Eve All right, Leslie! (*To Chitto*) Any sign of the staff?
Chitto Nowhere about but they'll be along soon. Meanwhile, here is an interesting feature.

Chitto moves up to the drinks trolley and during ensuing speech brings it DC

One of the unique perks you get with Share-a-Lux is a ready-stocked drinks trolley and a hamper of food.
Leslie Now, that's really pushing the boat out.
Chitto And we start with the Share-a-Lux complimentary cocktail.
Eve Ooh, lovely!

Chitto picks up a bottle without a label on it and from it pours two glasses of jet black liquid, which he hands to Eve and Leslie

(*Uncertainly*) Ta.
Chitto No, not tar. It's a prune base, actually.
Leslie Well, that should keep us going.
Eve And have one yourself, Commander.

Chitto Thank you but no. Saw the light two years ago and haven't touched a drop since.
Eve Pity there aren't more like you. Help yourself to a tonic or something, then.
Chitto How very kind. A small gin would be just the tonic I need.

Chitto picks up a tumber which he holds up and then proceeds to fill to the top with gin. Eve and Leslie stare, goggle-eyed

Leslie (*involuntarily*) When!
Chitto Where?
Leslie (*pointing*) There!
Chitto Thanks. Cheers. What do you do for a living, old man?
Leslie I'm in the motor trade.
Chitto Oh, well, never mind. Now if you encounter any problems, you have my number. Just pick up this phone and dial . . . (*He walks to the phone with his glass. He picks up the phone, puts it to his ear and frowns. He jiggles the knobs on the base of the receiver*) Ola! Ola! Ola! Oh dear!

Leslie moves near the phone and points to the floor between the telephone and the wall

Leslie Hasn't the jack come out of the socket in the wall?
Chitto (*peering myopically*) By Jove, you're right! Well spotted. Problem solved.

Chitto gets to his knees, picks up the jack at the end of the cable and approaches the single hole

Well, nearly solved it. Which of these holes does it go into?
Leslie There is only one.
Chitto Really? Looks like two to me. Anyway, I'll take a chance with the one in the middle. (*After a couple of misses, he finds the hole*) Got you! (*He drinks deeply*) That's better. First of the day.
Leslie (*in an undertone*) Glad we weren't here yesterday.

Eve giggles, and digs Leslie in the ribs

Chitto Now for the rest of the royal tour. First the bedrooms. They take the breath away.
Leslie (*close to him*) Promise?
Eve Bedrooms! Now he's talking. Isn't he, Les?
Leslie He seems to be drinking.
Chitto One bedroom has a magnificent antique fourposter, and the other has two singles. Which do you prefer, sir?
Leslie (*confused*) I couldn't say. We've never actually . . .
Chitto Ah! Now I know what's going on.
Leslie No, you don't!
Chitto Yes, I do! You're on your honeymoon. (*He nudges Eve*) Nudge, nudge! Wink, wink!
Eve Clever clogs! Right first time. We'll have the fourposter, won't we, Leslie?

Leslie If you say so.
Chitto You won't regret it. It's the *pièce de . . . pièce de . . .*
Eve Pieced as a newt.
Leslie Ssssh!
Chitto I'd better give the room a quick tour of inspection. We don't want any nasty surprises. Stay there. I'll be back before you can say Jack—er—Jack—er . . .
Leslie Ta.
Chitto Oh, well, he'll do. (*To himself*) Jack Tar?

Chitto exits DL *into the bedroom*

Eve Soon as we get rid of that old soak, we'll give the fourposter a trial run.
Leslie Shouldn't we wait a bit? It's broad daylight. Not even supper time yet.
Eve Where have you been all your life?
Leslie Wakefield.
Eve I meant, haven't you ever played around?
Leslie I'm not a virgin, if that's what you mean, but I've had quite a few rather nasty experiences.
Eve Nasty?
Leslie Well, things are apt to go wrong for me when I . . . during—er . . .

Eve illustrates his possible failure to rise to the occasion

Eve You mean you can't . . . ? It doesn't . . . ?
Leslie No! *That's* all right—all things being equal.
Eve So what goes wrong?
Leslie (*shy*) Things. Like I . . . well . . . we were in this field and there was a cloudburst. Another time a bed-spring sprung out and put me in hospital for a week.

Eve struggles to keep a straight face

Then there was this little dog. (*He taps his rear*) Kept biting me every time I . . .
Eve (*laughing as she hugs him*) I think I'm going to find you very refreshing.
Leslie I hope so. I just—worry. When we get back to England, what would happen if I called you "Eve" in front of your husband? I mean, I've only just started calling him "Syd".
Eve I think you're an angel for putting up with the way he treats you.
Leslie I'm not exactly treating him too well right now.
Eve Don't worry. He invented the game, and he never checks on me anyway.
Leslie You've done this before, haven't you?
Eve No. Well, yes. Once.
Leslie That salesman who was there when I first came? Charley?

Eve nods, a bit embarrassed

Whatever happened to him?
Eve Dunno. He disappeared.

Leslie I don't like the sound of that.
Eve Well, not *disappeared* exactly. He just went to ground.
Leslie (*glumly*) Six feet under?
Eve I have sometimes wondered.

There is a crash from the bedroom and a yell of pain from Chitto

What's that? (*She opens the door* DL) He's lying on the floor covered in curtains.

Eve exits DL

Leslie I've got a funny feeling about this holiday.

Leslie exits DL, *closing the door behind him*

Henry enters through the front door

Henry I have an uneasy feeling about this place. It's like the *Marie Celeste.*

Mary enters through the front door

Mary Maybe the staff have sloped off to Mass, or something.
Henry It's too bad. We're going straight down to the office in the village and get some sense out of them. I signed a cast-iron contract and I want it carried out to the letter. Come on.
Mary Can't you forget you're a lawyer for five minutes?
Henry If there's any kind of muddle I'll sue them for damages and misrepresentation.
Mary You'll burst a blood vessel.
Henry Good. I'll sue them for that as well.

Henry and Mary exit through the front door

Eve and Leslie enter DL *from the bedroom*

Leslie That curtain rod could have knocked his brains out.
Eve What's left of them.
Leslie I shudder to think what'll happen if we start bouncing about on that fourposter.

Chitto enters from bedroom DL *carrying a pair of curtains and a rod*

Chitto I do apologize on behalf of the curtains, but I'm told that the maid's husband, Pedro, is a first-class handyman. He'll fix them. In the meantime, I'll just pop them into the—er—curtain cupboard. (*He opens the cupboard door and slings the rods and curtains inside*)
Eve Where are the staff, Commander Chittenden?
Chitto Call me Chitto, please. Everybody does.
Eve Chitto, then. Where are they?
Chitto Should have been here but I'm afraid they may have had trouble with the bus.
Eve Didn't catch it, you mean?
Chitto No, they probably *did.*

Leslie has wandered to the window to take some breaths of air

Leslie It's a huge garden. Is it easy for someone to get in from outside?

Chitto Absolutely. Let me show you. (*He joins Leslie*) Now, you see that gate at the end? That leads to a cliff path which is a short cut to the village.

Chitto leads Leslie onto the balcony

And below the balcony here is your swimming pool.

Leslie Very green water.

Chitto Yes, lovely isn't it?

Eve (*joining them*) Shouldn't it be blue?

Chitto Absolutely! And Pedro will keep it that way. If you want to summon him just ring this bell. (*He picks up a handbell and tinkles it*) And give him his orders.

Eve Does he speak English?

Chitto You may have a problem there. There's very little English spoken in these parts.

Leslie I only know one word: obri . . . obrigado; so how do we communicate?

Chitto For a start speak slowly and distinctly as though addressing a toddler or a drunk. (*He puts down his glass*) But this won't get the beds washed, will it? Talking of which I'll just go and make sure everything is tickety-boo in the second bedroom. (*He chuckles*) We don't want any more curtain problems.

Chitto walks straight into the kitchen and straight out again

That, of course is your kitchen. (*He opens the bedroom door* DR) Ah! Bedroom.

Chitto exits DR

Leslie I'd hate to be his liver. (*He looks at the windows*) You know, I'd feel a lot safer if we had curtains in here. I mean, supposing someone sneaked in and spotted us—together?

Eve Who's going to walk in here? There's not a soul around. Now relax and give me a kiss.

Leslie gives Eve a peck on the cheek

I said a kiss.

Eve pulls Leslie down on top of her on the sofa and gives him a passionate kiss. He makes two tentative attempts to put his leg over her thigh. Finally Eve grabs his leg and puts it firmly over her thigh

Leslie (*coming up for air*) Careful!

Eve Now what's the matter?

Leslie Suppose Syd *has* followed you out from England and walks in?

Eve He's not going to follow me, is he? Not after me telling him where I was going.

Leslie Eve, I hate to say this, but if I was Syd and married to you, looking like you do, I don't think I'd believe you'd gone to visit your old geography mistress in a Portuguese nunnery.

Eve Why not? Sister Esperanza *did* teach me, and has moved to a convent in Portugal. So stop being an old worryguts. I'm safely in a nunnery here, and you're touring Wales for Syd, looking for good second-hand cars.
Leslie I still have this nasty empty feeling in my tummy.
Eve That's hunger. I feel peckish, too. See what there is to eat in that hamper.

Leslie goes to the hamper and opens it

Leslie (*reacts*) It's all bottles.
Eve Oh, Gawd! Chitto's struck again!
Leslie (*taking out a bottle*) No. It's not booze.
Eve Must be.
Leslie It's got a picture of a loo on the label.
Eve Get away! It'll be a wine press.
Leslie I never saw a wine press with a cistern and a lavatory chain.

Eve moves over and examines the bottle

Eve Disinfectant! A dozen bottles of disinfectant. That's all we need. What next?

The telephone rings. It has a loud bell. Leslie jumps about a foot in the air

Leslie It's the phone!
Eve Yes.
Leslie It's ringing.
Eve Yes, I can hear it.
Leslie But why?
Eve Somebody's making a call.
Leslie Who?
Eve How should I know? It won't be for us, will it? Probably for Chitto. Answer it, then.
Leslie What shall I say?
Eve Ola.
Leslie Olé?
Eve Ol*a*.

Leslie picks up the phone and puts it to his ear

Leslie (*on the phone*) Olé . . . Ola . . . (*He freezes*) Oh, Lord!

Leslie stuffs receiver between his legs and is paralysed, incapable of movement or speech. His mouth opens but no sound emerges

Eve What's the matter?

Leslie's voice fails him again

What's up?
Leslie (*at last*) It's him!
Eve Who?
Leslie Syd.
Eve (*moving to him*) You're joking.

Leslie I tell you it's him. I'd know that snarl anywhere.

Leslie still has the receiver wedged between his legs. Eve now pulls it out, causing him considerable renewed pain

Eve (*on the phone*) Hello? . . . Syd, darling! What a lovely surprise? . . . Yes, I got to the nunnery safe and sound . . . What? . . . A man answered the phone? . . . No, that wasn't a man. That was sister Amelia. She teaches unarmed combat . . . Yes, Syd, I know what you'd do if ever I cheated on you.

Leslie nearly faints

But I wouldn't in a nunnery, would I? Sister Esperanza sends her love. She's here beside me. We're just going in to Vespers.

Leslie seizes the little handbell and rings it frantically, at the same time starting to sing a Gregorian chant dreadfully off-key, and finishing with a very long "Amen". He starts again, marching round

(*To Leslie*) Oh, shut up! . . . No, not you, Syd. By the way, how on earth did you get the convent number? . . . I left it on a pad? . . . (*She mouths something unrepeatable*) Of course I did. On purpose, for you, in case of emergencies. I must have forgot to tell you. So what do you want, Syd? . . . You're *checking*?

Leslie groans audibly

(*Waving angrily at Leslie*) Checking on what, Syd? . . . Oh, to see if it was the right number. Well, it is. Look, lover, I have to go now. They'll be sounding the last bell.

Leslie loudly rings the bell, which flies out of his hand

And there it goes. Good-bye darling. Thanks for calling. (*She hangs up and grimaces*) Whew!

Leslie I knew it. I knew something would go wrong.

Eve It'll be okay if we keep our wits about us.

Leslie And where was he phoning from, may I ask?

Eve The showroom, I suppose.

Leslie You *suppose*. He could be in a phone box round the corner, waiting to pounce. I'm going to find out.

Leslie moves to the phone and picks up a booklet with dialling codes. He leafs through it

England . . . Great Britain . . . four-seven-two-two.

Eve What are you doing?

Leslie I'm going to ring him at the office. That way at least I'll know if he's there. (*He starts to dial*)

Eve You're mad. He'll recognize your voice.

Leslie Of course he will. I'm going to tell him I'm in Wales.

Eve You'll muck it up.

Leslie Sssh! (*He cups his hand over the phone*) It's him. (*He uncups the phone and adopts an appalling Welsh accent*) 'Ullo! 'Ullo! May I speak to Sydney Travis of Mile End Motors . . . Oh it's himself indeed to goodness . . . Well, this is the Three Leaks Hotel whateffer and there's a feller in room thirteen who is after talking to you begorrah. Hold on. (*He pauses*)

Eve (*hissing at Leslie*) Begorrah! That's Irish, you twit.

Leslie Sssh! (*Into the phone, in his own voice*) Hello, Syd? Is that you? This is me. Leslie . . . Leslie Boothroyd . . . Yes, that berk . . . Just thought you'd like to know that I'm safely in Wales . . . Whereabouts in Wales? (*This temperarily stumps him*) Er—um . . . er . . . in . . . er . . .

Eve (*hissing*) Prestatyn.

Leslie (*panicking*) Press what in?

Eve grabs the phone from him and speaks into it in a sort of Welsh accent

Eve I'm sorry caller your time is up. (*She slams the phone down*) Idiot!

Leslie Never mind. I feel better.

There is a crash and a cry from Chitto offstage in the bedroom DR

Eve Oh, Gawd! Chitto doesn't.

Chitto, draped in a pair of curtains and carrying a rod, enters DR

Leslie obligingly opens the cupboard door for him

Leslie This way, sir.

Chitto Good job I checked.

Eve I'm beginning to see why we have a curtain cupboard.

Chitto Yes, very useful. (*He throws the curtains into the cupboard and closes the door*)

Leslie Commander, how would you say: "This is the Convent of Santa Maria" on the telephone?

Chitto I'd say . . . (*He thinks hard*) . . . I'd say: "This is the Convent of Santa Maria".

Leslie No, I meant how would you say it in Portuguese?

Chitto In Portuguese? Oh. (*He thinks again*) Well, I'd probably say: "Ola, this is the Convent of Santa Maria".

Eve (*sarcastically*) Thanks very much. Now, are you well enough to hear about another cock-up?

Chitto Depends. What would that be?

Eve You said there was a food hamper.

Chitto Mouthwatering. I check every item myself. One of the many surprises you get when you open it . . .

Eve Is a dozen bottles of disinfectant.

Chitto picks up a bottle and examines it

Chitto This is ridiculous! You can't be expected to eat disinfectant. One can barely drink the stuff except in dire emergencies. (*He puts the disinfectant in the pocket of his jacket*)

Leslie Never mind. We'll go down to the village and stock-up.

Chitto Good grief! You want more? You won't get through a dozen bottles in a week.
Eve He was talking about *food.* You know, the hamper.
Chitto The food, yes. And if you get thirsty down there there's the Castello bar, the one opposite or the one round the corner. My car's here so if you'd like me to drive you . . .
Eve No, thanks.
Chitto No, probably less dangerous if you take the cliff path. Lovely view but a mugger's paradise.
Eve (*sarcastically*) Thanks for telling us!
Leslie (*ever nervous*) What is it like for burglars round here?
Chitto (*enthusiastic*) Tremendous.
Eve Thanks again, Commander!
Chitto Chitto, please, Mrs Charlesworth.
Eve *Smith*!
Chitto Yes, yes, of course. I'm so sorry. How stupid of me. I know it's a frightful cheek but names are not my strong suit. Would you object terribly if I called you Charlesworth from time to time?
Eve Yes, I would.

Eve walks away irritably. Leslie moves to where she has been standing. Chitto rubs his eyes as if suffering from a bad headache

Chitto Say no more. Charlesworth it shall not be. (*To Leslie*) I'm extremely sorry Mrs Smith. I'm not usually as addlepated as this.
Leslie Good. Because I'm not Mrs Smith.
Chitto Oh, God! Now I'm seeing things. Between you, me and the gatepost that last curtain rod cracked me on the head. I was wondering if I might stay and have ten minutes shut-eye?

Leslie looks at Eve, who nods

Leslie Sure. Help yourself.
Chitto How very kind.

Chitto heads straight for the bar to pour himself a drink. Leslie stops him

Leslie Excuse me. I meant feel free to use the sofa or the spare bed for a few minutes.

Leslie moves the drinks trolley back to its original position

Chitto Most thoughtful.

Leslie and Eve move towards the french windows

Leslie (*to Chitto*) Oh, is there a chemist in the village?
Chitto Yes, next door to the Castello bar.
Leslie Good. (*To Eve*) There's something I forgot to bring.
Eve There's no problem. I'm on the Pill.
Leslie But are they any good for a sore throat?

Eve and Leslie exit via the balcony

Chitto takes out his tape recorder and speaks into it

Chitto Miss Mogardo. When I bump into you, say: "Charlesworth and disinfectant," or "Smith and disinfectant". I can't remember which or why.

Chitto exits into the bedroom DR *and closes the door*

Henry and Mary enter through the front door

Henry Commander Chittenden? Commander Chittenden?
Mary That Share-a-Lux woman, Miss Mogadon or whatever she's called, said he's bound to show up here any moment, so for Heaven's sake do calm down.
Henry Yes, you're right. No point in upsetting oneself. (*He sinks into the sofa with a sigh*) Ah, that's better.
Mary Henry, that sofa worries me.
Henry What's the matter with it?
Mary It's facing the wrong way for the view. Help me switch it round with the chair.

Henry helps Mary to change the position of sofa and chair

Henry Why do women always want to shift furniture around?
Mary We only do when it's in the wrong place.
Henry They probably shoved it down when they delivered it. We're the first owners, remember.
Mary (*adjusting the position of a chair*) There! That's better.
Henry Got to admit it. It *is* an improvement.

Mary moves to the window and goes onto the balcony

Mary Here's something I couldn't even try to improve—the view.

Henry joins her on the balcony

Henry Not bad. Not bad at all. (*He chuckles*) Ah, well, that's one question answered.
Mary What?
Henry (*pointing*) They do go topless in Portugal.
Mary (*slapping his arm down*) Henry!
Henry Ouch! (*He rubs his tummy*) Careful. You nearly ruined our holiday.
Mary Like you ruined it last year in Cannes.
Henry Oh, not that old song again! For the last time, I never touched the girl. I was helping her look for her contact lens.
Mary Down her front?
Henry Well, it wouldn't be down her back, would it?
Mary There are other things to look at apart from bare tops.
Henry Yes, but very few countries allow the full frontal on their beaches.
Mary Sometimes I despair of you. You behave more like a smutty schoolboy than a successful barrister.
Henry (*teasing*) Sorry, my dear. I promise I won't make any more boobs. (*He pats her bottom*) And you can make me a cup of tea.

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