

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an excerpt - an appetiser, if you will - from a full Samuel French title.

This sample is just for you to try out, and it can't be used for performance, downloaded, printed or distributed in any way.

Take it for a whirl and see if it tickles your fancy!

For more information about licensing this or other shows, or to browse thousands more plays and theatre books to buy please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

VICE VERSA

or

The Rise and Fall of General Braggadocio
at the Hands of His Canny Servant Dexter
and Terence the Monkey

by Phil Porter

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

samuelfrench.co.uk

Copyright © 2018 by Phil Porter
All Rights Reserved

VICE VERSA is fully protected under the copyright laws of the British Commonwealth, including Canada, the United States of America, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-11624-7
www.samuelfrench.co.uk
www.samuelfrench.com

FOR AMATEUR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED KINGDOM AND WORLD
EXCLUDING NORTH AMERICA

plays@samuelfrench.co.uk

020 7255 4302/01

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French,
depending upon country of performance.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *VICE VERSA* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

The professional rights in this play are controlled by United Agents LLP, 12-26 Lexington Street, London W1F 0LE.

No one shall make any changes in this title for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title, or part of this title, to any social media websites.

The right of Phil Porter to be identified as author of this work has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

THINKING ABOUT PERFORMING A SHOW?

There are thousands of plays and musicals available to perform from Samuel French right now, and applying for a licence is easier and more affordable than you might think

From classic plays to brand new musicals, from monologues to epic dramas, there are shows for everyone.

Plays and musicals are protected by copyright law, so if you want to perform them, the first thing you'll need is a licence. This simple process helps support the playwright by ensuring they get paid for their work and means that you'll have the documents you need to stage the show in public.

Not all our shows are available to perform all the time, so it's important to check and apply for a licence before you start rehearsals or commit to doing the show.

LEARN MORE & FIND THOUSANDS OF SHOWS

Browse our full range of plays and musicals, and find out more about how to license a show

www.samuelfrench.co.uk/perform

Talk to the friendly experts in our Licensing team for advice on choosing a show and help with licensing

plays@samuelfrench.co.uk 020 7387 9373

Acting Editions

BORN TO PERFORM

**Playscripts designed from the ground up
to work the way you do in rehearsal,
performance and study**

Larger, clearer text for easier reading



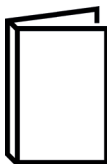
Wider margins for notes



Performance features such as character and props
lists, sound and lighting cues, and more

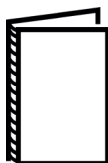


+ CHOOSE A SIZE AND STYLE TO SUIT YOU



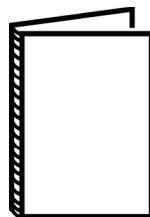
STANDARD EDITION

Our regular
paperback book at
our regular size



SPIRAL-BOUND EDITION

The same size
as the Standard
Edition, but with a
sturdy, easy-to-fold,
easy-to-hold
spiral-bound spine



LARGE EDITION

A4 size and spiral
bound, with larger text
and a blank page for
notes opposite every
page of text – perfect
for technical and
directing use

LEARN MORE

samuelfrench.co.uk/actingeditions

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

USE OF COPYRIGHT MUSIC

A licence issued by Samuel French Ltd to perform this play does not include permission to use the incidental music specified in this copy.

Where the place of performance is already licensed by the PERFORMING RIGHT SOCIETY (PRS) a return of the music used must be made to them. If the place of performance is not so licensed then application should be made to the PRS, 2 Pancras Square, London, N1C 4AG.

A separate and additional licence from
PHONOGRAPHIC PERFORMANCE LTD,
1 Upper James Street, London W1F 9DE (www.ppluk.com)
is needed whenever commercial recordings are used.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

**Other plays by PHIL PORTER
published and licensed by Samuel French**

Blink

Smashed Eggs

**FIND PERFECT PLAYS TO PERFORM AT
www.samuelfrench.co.uk/perform**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Phil Porter's original plays include *Vice Versa* and *The Christmas Truce* for the RSC and *God of Chaos* and *The Man with the Hammer* for Plymouth Theatre Royal. *Blink*, originally written for Soho Theatre, has been performed extensively around the world. *The Cracks in My Skin* won a Bruntwood Award and was produced at Manchester Royal Exchange. *Stealing Sweets & Punching People* was produced at Theatre503 and Off-Broadway. His version of Moliere's *The Miser*, co-adapted with Sean Foley, was produced in the West End and nominated for an Olivier Award. Other adaptations include Middleton's *A Mad World*, *My Masters* and Shakespeare's *The Tempest* for the RSC, Janos Hay's *The Stonewatcher* for the National Theatre and *Pinocchio* for the Royal Opera House. Plays for young audiences include *The Empress & The Nightingale* for Haddangse Theatre in Seoul and *The Flying Machine* for the Unicorn Theatre. *Smashed Eggs* was produced by Pentabus Theatre and won the Arts Council Children's Award.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

In the summer of 2017 the RSC staged a “Rome” season, producing several great plays such as Shakespeare’s *Julius Caesar* and *Coriolanus*, Marlowe’s *Dido, Queen of Carthage* and Wilde’s *Salomé*. As a contrast to these fantastic but largely quite serious titles, and in recognition of Ancient Roman theatre’s enormous contribution to the evolution of theatrical comedy, I was commissioned to write something funny for the season. Working closely with the company’s literary department, I decided to explore the work of Plautus, a writer whose plays I remembered fondly from reading them as a student twenty years before. Of all the plays we read, *Miles Gloriosus* was the one that excited us most. Here was a play that combined a brilliant comic situation, ingenious plotting and skilful manipulation of “stock” Roman characters, with an irresistibly appalling central character – the self-glorifying soldier of the title.

I would, however, hesitate to describe *Vice Versa* as an adaptation of *Miles Gloriosus* since I have taken many considerable liberties with the original idea. Plautus’ play would seem quite short by modern standards, so I expanded and further complicated the plot. In particular, the final third of *Vice Versa* is almost entirely of my own invention. I created and conflated various characters, added new comic sequences that are nowhere to be found in the original and ignored topical/satirical passages that I suspected would be somewhat opaque to a contemporary audience. I also set the play in Rome itself while Plautus set his play in Ephesus in Greece. *Miles Gloriosus* was my jumping off point rather than my blueprint.

I hope very much that the practical/production requirements of *Vice Versa* are not off-putting to would-be producers. It was a great pleasure to see it produced by such a well-resourced company as the RSC, who gave great consideration to every set, prop and costume detail, but this is not a play that requires a complex design to be effective. Just as the servants in *Vice Versa* live by their wits, so should the play itself – a somewhat knockabout, unrefined feeling is essential to proceedings (though, of course, this must be underpinned by substantial rehearsal, especially of the more farcical moments). The original

production was directed by Janice Honeyman, a brilliant director with a fabulous gift for comedy. She worked tirelessly to create a coherent, dynamic, detailed, hilarious production, but she also recognised that for the show to be effective it must have one essential quality: it must be good-natured. If you can build a production that is warm and meets its audience as a friend it will succeed.

This play is not entirely without political or contemporary relevance. The entitled and sexually presumptuous conduct of powerful men, as typified by the actions of General Braggadocio, was very much in the news when *Vice Versa* was first produced. The play seeks to call out and rebuke this kind of behaviour. But make no mistake, its primary purpose, its unequivocal reason for being, is to provoke laughter. To put all of one's eggs in one basket like this can be quite scary – what if the audience don't find it funny? But the recompense for facing down this anxiety is enormous. There can be no greater feeling in the theatre than being part of an audience that is laughing as one, except perhaps for being part of a team inducing such laughter. To experience either is to receive a gift from the gods, or as Dexter, the wily servant at the heart of the play would put it, “flipping divine”!

Phil Porter, 2019.

This production of *Vice Versa* was first performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company in the Swan Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, on 11 May 2017. The cast was as follows:

VOLUPTUA	Ellie Beaven
PHILOPROXIMUS	Nicholas Day
MARSUPIUS	Bally Gill
CLIMAX	Kim Hartman
GENERAL BRAGGADOCIO	Felix Hayes
IMPETUS	Laura Kirman
FECLUS	Steven Kynman
VALENTIN	Geoffrey Lumb
OMNIVORUS	Byron Mondahl
LEANDRA	Esther Niles
DEXTER	Sophia Nomvete
MERETRIX	Harriet Slater
MELODIA	Katherine Toy
TERENCE	Jon Trenchard
OCADUS	Johnson Willis

All other parts played by members of the Company.

Director	Janice Honeyman
Designer	Colin Richmond
Lighting Designer	Caroline Burrell
Composer	Sam Kenyon
Lyrics by	Phil Porter and Sam Kenyon
Sound Designer	Jonathan Ruddick
Movement Director	Michael Ashcroft
Fight Director	Terry King
Text and Voice Work	Cathleen McCarron
Assistant Director	Emma Butler
Music Director	John Woolf
Rehearsal Assistant Music Director	Jon Trenchard

Casting by	Hannah Miller CDG
	Matthew Dewsbury
Dramaturg	Pippa Hill
Production Manager	Mark Graham
Costume Supervisor	Chris Cahill
Company Manager	Michael Dembowicz
Stage Manager	Pip Horobin
Deputy Stage Manager	Joanna Vimpany
Assistant Stage Manager	Polly Rowe
Producer	Zoë Donegan

MUSICIANS

Music performed live by:

Sousaphone	Ian Foster
Uilleann Pipes	Max Gittings
Violin	Samantha Norman
Percussion	Kevin Waterman
Keyboards	John Woolf

This text may differ slightly from the play as performed.

CHARACTERS

GENERAL BRAGGADOCIO (m) – A high-ranking military officer who loves to boast of his military and romantic conquests. A bully and all-round scumbag to his staff. 40s/50s.

DEXTER (f) – A witty and streetwise slave employed by the General. 20s/30s.

VOLUPTUA (f) – A sweet, kind-hearted and quick-witted young woman kept as a concubine by the General against her will. 20s/30s.

FECLUS (m) – An irritating and stupid but fundamentally good-natured slave employed by the General. Any age.

PHILOPROXIMUS (m) – The General's neighbour. A fun-loving old magistrate who loves the company of younger people. 60+.

OMNIVORUS (m/f) – A slave with an endless appetite. The General's official drummer. Any age.

IMPETUS (m/f) – A cheerfully violent slave employed by Philoproximus. 20s/30s.

CLIMAX (f) – An elderly prostitute. Heavily pregnant. 60+.

VALENTIN (m) – A sweet-natured and thoroughly simple-witted young lover. 20s/30s.

TERENCE (m/f) – The General's pet monkey. Endlessly mischievous. Any age.

OCADUS (m/f) – A cheerful supermarket/grocery delivery person. 40s/50s.

SET

The houses of General Braggadocio and Philoproximus are next door to one another on a well-to-do street on the outskirts of Ancient Rome. A single roof covers both properties and each has a skylight set into the roof. Beneath the skylights each has a window looking out onto the street. Each property has a doorbell requiring its user to pull a rope. And each has a sign bearing its name: Braggadocio lives at “Domus Braggadocio” while Philoproximus lives at “Villa Philoproximus”. Other decorative details suggest a world both ancient and modern: an old poster in Philoproximus’ window encouraging voters to support him in a Magistrates’ election (1st Maius, Vote Philoproximus for Magistrate); a trellis on the wall of Philoproximus’ house with climbing flowers; a potted cypress tree pruned into a phallic shape outside Braggadocio’s front door; a postbox outside each house full of letters on parchment or rolled papyrus. Somewhere on the side of the road there is an altar bearing a statue of Diana installed for the purposes of worship.

ACT THE FIRST!

A street in Ancient Rome. Two pleasant-looking houses side-by-side with a shared roof. A scene of suburban domesticity that feels both ancient and modern. A marching band can be heard a short way off, approaching. DEXTER, a servant, comes out of one of the houses and addresses the audience...

DEXTER Oh, the gods! It's General Braggadocio, back home early! Just laugh at his jokes if you spot one and don't give him any lip, all right? He'll probably chop your head off if you do!

More SERVANTS arrive, wearily marching and playing their instruments – triangles, whistles, drums, kazoos, etc. – drawing people's attention to the arrival of their master. The SERVANTS include FECLUS, OMNIVORUS and TERENCE THE MONKEY. DEXTER encourages the audience to join in or clap along...

SERVANTS (*sing*)

UPON A TIME A SOLDIER TRUE
INSPIRED WITH ACTS OF DERRING-DO
A PEOPLE'S HERO THROUGH AND THROUGH
WAS GENERAL BRAGGADOCIO!

THE MEDALS ON HIS VASTY CHEST
TO LEGENDARY DEEDS ATTEST
ON BATTLEFIELDS FROM EAST TO WEST
FOUGHT GENERAL BRAGGADOCIO!

GENERAL BRAGGADOCIO *enters on his chariot, waving to the audience like royalty.*

ALL HAIL THAT DEMIGOD:
GENERAL BRAGGADOCIO!

BRAGGADOCIO *climbs from his vehicle and parades about with great pride and enjoyment, flirting with female audience members and very much leading from the pelvis.*

BRAGGADOCIO *(to audience)* Well, applaud me then, plebs!
It's not every day you see a military man with his privates standing to attention. I say, you're rather nice. If I said you had a beautiful body would you hold it against me? Of course she would, she's a saucy minx!

(sings)

MY GLEAMING SHIELD WITHOUT A DENT
MY SPEAR IS LONG IF SLIGHTLY BENT
A GIFT TO LADIES HEAVEN SENT
IS GENERAL BRAGGADOCIO!

SERVANTS *(sing)*

HIS SWORD IS BROAD, ITS TIP IS KEEN
WITH RIVALS' BLOOD ITS EDGES GLEAM
THE FINEST SOLDIER EVER SEEN
IS GENERAL BRAGGADOCIO!

ALL HAIL THAT DEMIGOD:
GENERAL BRAGGADOCIO!

BRAGGADOCIO *signals for the song to stop, but FECLUS' attention is elsewhere and he continues alone...*

FECLUS His teeth are green, his nose-hair thick
His undies smell like donkey sick—

BRAGGADOCIO Silence! Approved lyrics only! Fall in.

DEXTER Sir!

OMNIVORUS Sir!

FECLUS Sir!

TERENCE THE MONKEY Ooga!

BRAGGADOCIO By the gods, look what the goat dragged in by the knackers. Never did I see such a pitiful aggregation of sweat-soaked, grovelling jobbards!

FECLUS It's hot work, sir, marching and singing.

BRAGGADOCIO Hot work?! Jupiter's jodhpurs! Try slaughtering a hundred Macedonians single-handed on the slopes of an erupting volcano—

OMNIVORUS As you did, sir.

BRAGGADOCIO As I did, sir, then you'll know hot work! There'll be no sweating unless ordered by me. Call yourselves soldiers?!

FECLUS Not really, sir, we're servants, sir—

BRAGGADOCIO I know that, damn you to Hades, I'm the fool that feeds you! I say, did you notice the way they were looking at me?

DEXTER Who's that, sir?

BRAGGADOCIO The women as we came through town.

OMNIVORUS Couldn't get enough of you, sir!

BRAGGADOCIO Libidinous sluts!

DEXTER They think you pathetic, sir.

BRAGGADOCIO What was that?

DEXTER They find you magnetic, sir.

BRAGGADOCIO They certainly do.

FECLUS I thought they came to complain about the noise, sir.

BRAGGADOCIO That was just an excuse to be near me. You can see it in their eyes, smell it on some of 'em. Pure animal lust. Dexter, tell the cook to make my supper. Something meaty with lots of sauce! And fetch me some olives in the meantime.

DEXTER Sir.

Exit DEXTER into house.

BRAGGADOCIO And Feclus...

FECLUS Sir?

BRAGGADOCIO Do your blasted job and check on my concubine.
You did lock her in?

FECLUS Ay, sir.

BRAGGADOCIO I shall pay her a visit later on, lucky strumpet.

Exit FECLUS into the house; DEXTER enters with a bowl of olives, places them at BRAGGADOCIO's feet and exits into the house...

Where's Omnivorus?

OMNIVORUS Here, sir! Near his master! His brave, noble master, to whose all-round splendour Mars himself could not hold a candle, sir!

BRAGGADOCIO Quite so, have an olive.

OMNIVORUS *(takes an olive)* Most typically generous, sir. And I hope you'll forgive me, sir, when I say the triumphs of General Braggadocio are quite without equal, as are his good looks.

BRAGGADOCIO I forgive you, slave, for you can only say what is in your heart. Take more.

OMNIVORUS *(takes more olives)* Thank you, sir!

BRAGGADOCIO Now polish my weapon.

OMNIVORUS Sir?

BRAGGADOCIO My weapon, damn you, polish it!

His weapon might be a sword or even a small cannon.

Although, on second thoughts, perhaps I should do it myself. That's the thing with weapon polishing: one imagines it

better if another does it for one, but one always knows one's own weapon best. Lubricant!

TERENCE THE MONKEY *puts lubricant on a rag.*
BRAGGADOCIO *polishes his weapon in unavoidably suggestive fashion.*

OMNIVORUS (*pockets more olives*) Did I tell you sir? A pretty girl passed you in the street this morning and so overwhelmed was she that she asked if you were Achilles himself.

The weapon stands to attention.

BRAGGADOCIO Your answer?

OMNIVORUS I said you were thought to be a close relation, sir, hence your magnificent physique and reputation as the world's greatest warrior and lover, sir.

BRAGGADOCIO Well, that's my weapon well and truly polished, what's in the postbox?

OMNIVORUS *takes BRAGGADOCIO's post from the postbox.*

OMNIVORUS The usual junk. "Have you considered unlocking the value in your villa...?"

BRAGGADOCIO Next.

OMNIVORUS "Our records tell us you were in a chariot accident that wasn't your fault..."

BRAGGADOCIO What about that one? That's the imperial seal! (*snatches, reads*) "General Braggadocio, come at once to the forum where the Emperor desires your company." When did that arrive?

OMNIVORUS Just this morning?

BRAGGADOCIO Fat booby, why didn't you tell me?! Give me back my olives!

OMNIVORUS *reluctantly returns the olives.*

I shall discipline you later. (*very loudly, so the neighbours can hear*) But first we shall visit the Emperor! For I have received an invitation from the Emperor! And as the Emperor is an old friend I shall do as he requests and go at once to the forum, to see the Emperor!

BRAGGADOCIO *marches in the direction of the forum.*
OMNIVORUS *grabs his drum and follows, drumming a march, hoping to make up for his error.*

OMNIVORUS (*singing loudly*)

ALL HAIL, THAT DEMIGOD...

Enter DEXTER.

DEXTER Well, that's just flipping divine, that is! See, it's my job to do the bloody prologue. Only that swaggering gasbag's gone on so long you've probably figured out what you need to know. Tell you what: balls to it. We'll skip the prologue and push on. As you were! (*moves to exit*) Although, on second thoughts, sometimes you plebs are massively thick. All right, we'll do it, just to be safe. Oh, and it's rhyming couplets too, sorry about that, weren't my choice, so anyhow: That twonk was my "master", a soldier by trade,
 As noxious a sleazebag as ever gods made.

(Well, you saw, didn't you?)

He's a braggart, a blowhard, he think he's a vision
 Divine, when in truth, he's a source of derision,
 Contempt and disgust; why, just ask the ladies
 Who shrink from his stink like the vapours of Hades.
 Truth is, I don't like him, and now that's made clear
 I'll tell you what's happened to bring us all here.

(Are you with me so far? I hope so cos that's the easy bit.
 Now...)

As characters are introduced through the prologue we meet them on stage.

My old master, Valentin, well, he's a sweet kind of chap

And he loved Voluptua and she loved him back
Meaning all was sweet peaches til one fateful day
When a message came through what did call him away.
(And we were sad, of course, but these things happen, it
was fine, or would've been, 'cept...)

While he was off on this urgent commission
Old pigshit makes use of my lord's disposition
By hanging around like a rotten old smell,
Sweet-talking my lady, her mother as well.
The first chance he had he made off with that slip
Of a girl, the sly git, stuck her onboard his ship,
Then brought her back here, now his bed to lie in,
Imagine, poor thing, it's a fate worse than dying.
(I know, what a bastard!)

Well, I had to do something. A boat I acquired
To track down my master and say what transpired,
But I needn't have bothered cos just out of port
My vessel gets captured by pirates! I thought
This was curtains for muggins, but wouldn't you know,
They owed that old slimeball a favour, and so
They gifted me to him, to slave and to serve
And tend to the needs of the puffed-up old perv.
(Couldn't write it, could you? Me and my old mistress back
under the same roof, all this way from home!)

A message we sent to our master at sea,
And prayed to the gods and were answered when he
Did arrive just this morning and now is ensconced
In the house of our neighbour, a greybeard who once
Was a pal of his father, and so is delighted
To help see these young lovers now reunited.

(Amazing, eh?! The coincidences just keep coming! Nearly
there, mate...)

Our ultimate goal is to scarper from Rome
And find our way back to that place we call home,

But while we're still plotting I've worked out this plan,
 Enabling my lady to "meet" with her man.
 The skylights I've altered to open and close,
 Allowing safe passage—

VOLUPTUA *emerges from BRAGGADOCIO's skylight,
 makes her way across the roof and is welcomed through
 PHILOPROXIMUS' skylight by VALENTIN.*

In fact, there she goes!
 Safe into the welcoming arms of her beau,
 To whisper sweet nothings and then, well, you know!
 While Feclus, her turn-key, knows diddly squat
 But don't you suppose we're content with our lot.
 I have but one mistress and but one true master
 And if the gods will it so, barring disaster,
 We'll soon 'scape the grip of that bastard – all three:
 My mistress...

VOLUPTUA *pops up from the skylight, tousled and happy,
 smoking a post-coital cigarette...*

...my master...

VALENTIN *pops up next to VOLUPTUA also smoking a
 post-coital cigarette...*

...and little old me!

Exit DEXTER.

VALENTIN Oh my dear sweet fluffymuffin, I don't know how
 I lived without you.

VOLUPTUA Nor I without you, my love.

VALENTIN What a dashed silly noodle I was to leave you like
 that, and let you be kidnapped.

VOLUPTUA You mustn't blame yourself, dear.

VALENTIN Oh, but I do. And now you must share a bed with that contemptible tripe-hound next door, it's positively monstrous!

VOLUPTUA I told you, dear, I have methods for avoiding too much unpleasantness.

VALENTIN Well, that's something, I suppose. I only wish I had the gumption to get us out of here. But you know me, I'm as thick as the city walls.

VOLUPTUA That's all right. That's what makes you my dorky bear.

VALENTIN Oh jigglepuss, I love you so very much!

VOLUPTUA We must trust in Dexter, she'll come up with an escape plan.

VALENTIN Trust in Dexter, right!

VOLUPTUA Now what say we go back inside and... (*whispers seductively in his ear*)

VALENTIN Already? All right!

He disappears into the bedroom with her and they close the skylight. Enter FECLUS from BRAGGADOCIO's house. He appears worried and is calling out to TERENCE THE MONKEY who is nowhere to be seen. He carries a bowl of fruit including apples and a banana.

FECLUS (*calls*) Here monkey-monkey! Here monkey-monkey...! (*to audience*) Well, I've really gone and loused things up this time. See, as well as keeping watch over our master's concubine, I'm meant to keep tabs on his pet monkey Terence. 'Cept the little sod keeps escaping! And the General said he'd cover my arse with jam and leave me for the wasps if this happened again! (*calls*) Here monkey-monkey-monkey-monkey...

TERENCE THE MONKEY *makes a noise from the other side of the roof.*

Terence, is that you?

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and enjoy other theatre-related larks, do follow us on our spangley social media channels.



Samuel French London



SamuelFrenchLtd