



“STAND AND DELIVER!”

By

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## CHARACTERS

**FRANK GOLDENBOY**, father of Paris and Antwerp. Has a secret dream of becoming a highwayman.

**ULRIKA PEARCE**, Veteran commentator and TV Anchor. Can be playful and flirtatious but often oversteps the mark.

**MMBOP! HANSEN**, An ex-footballer, now a TV pundit. Friendly and mysterious character.

**PARIS GOLDENBOY**, FRANK's teenage daughter.

**ANTWERP GOLDENBOY**, FRANK's teenage son. Thinks he will be a rap star.

**RENATO**, Also known as Clive Urinal, Official referee who yearns to be acknowledged as a chart-topping '80s singer.

**BOSCOMBE CHART**. Former Oakwood Forest FC defender. An inspirational character who is set to become a successful soccer manager in the future.

**PENNY FLATS**, Chief Executive of Potters BarCelona FC. Ruthless and evil businesswoman. Eats live rabbits and kittens.

**NELL CLEAVIDGE**, Busty tavern-worker. Loves innuendo.

**MARTIN FENTON**, A crude football supporter.

**MRS FENTON**, Martin's wife

**ROBIN HOODIE**, a thief

### TERRACE CHOIR

Terrace Choir consists of Fenton, Mrs Fenton/Robin, Nell, Penny, Frank, Antwerp

## TIME

Today, making reference to life in the 1980s. Includes a sequence in 1731.

## ACT ONE

### SCENE ONE – LOUNGE IN THE FENTONS' HOUSE

[MRS FENTON is singing to herself as she tidies the house. Suddenly, she stops and screws up her face in orgasmic pleasure before taking her mobile phone from her pocket.]

MRS FENTON: Oh God! My life has got so much better since I found the vibrate setting on this phone. [She answers the phone] Hello mum....I'm okay thanks. How are you?...He went out to get a take away but he's been gone nearly two hours!...I will – he'll get what for when he comes home...yes, we fly out on Tuesday...Stansted Airport...I know! That might stop Martin from boasting...I can't wait - well, we it makes a change from arguing at home – we can argue abroad now as well...ooh I think he's back, I'll call you later, mum. Bye.

[Exit MRS FENTON] [Enter FRANK and FENTON]

FRANK: I can't believe they wouldn't serve us in the Greek Taverna. Accusing me of being drunk because I asked if he had a wife called Donna Kebab.

FENTON: He only got annoyed because his wife's called Nell and you kept calling her Large Donna. Make yourself comfy, Frank. I've got that box for you around here somewhere!

FRANK: Great! Do you mind if I put the telly on?

FENTON: Go ahead, mate.

[Enter MRS FENTON]

FENTON: Mary, babe!

MRS FENTON: Don't you "Mary babe" me. Coming home stinking of drink. You only went out for a kebab. Hello, Frank.

FRANK: Hello.

FENTON: Ah yes, there was a bit of a problem with that. You see, I met Frank...

MRS FENTON: So, you've got no food? You're a waste of space! Why didn't you phone? [smiles orgasmically and then returns to a more grumpy facade] Don't think you're getting anything from me tonight.

[Exit MRS FENTON]

[FENTON makes hand gestures to mimic his wife's mouth]

FRANK: Football's on! It's not like how it used to be, is it, eh Fenton?

FENTON: You're not wrong Frank. [finding the box] Ah, here it is! I think there's a couple of old football programmes in there from when we used to watch Oakwood Forest.

FRANK: Those were the days! Do you remember that day our full back punched the referee? What was that ref's name? He worked as an insurance broker. He should've been shot for some of the decisions he gave against us! Mind you, he used to get some barracking!

FENTON: The Irish fella? O'Barmer - I think we used to barrack O'Barmer.

FRANK: That's right and the full back was Boscombe Chart! He was suspended for more games than he played. He was my all-time favourite player.

FENTON: Oh yeah! Boscombe Chart! Didn't he go to Italy to get his coaching badge?

FRANK: Yeah. I heard he shacked up with that estate agent bird who wanted to buy the club.

FENTON: Oh! Do you remember those terrible adverts she made:  
[sings] If your house is full of rats, Make the move with Penny Flats.

FRANK: Makes me think of the good times I had with the wife...you know, before she passed on.

FENTON: Come on, mate, count your blessings! You've got two great kids at home. I know what will cheer you up, I've got a DVD of Camberwick Green somewhere.

FRANK: I was always more of a Trumpton man, actually. [He farts] See what I mean? [FRANK clicks on the remote control] Ooh, look at this – Carry on Camping!

FENTON: Classic comedy. And here comes my own Hattie Jacques. We'll carry on loving a bit later, eh Mary?

[Enter MRS FENTON carrying a microwave meal in the packaging]

MRS FENTON: You haven't got a clue! There's your dinner!

FENTON: What? I can't eat this, it's still frozen.

[Exit MRS FENTON]

FENTON: How do I cook this? Where are the instructions? [reads instructions, then rips the arm from his shirt] Ok, first bit done, now where's the video camera?

FRANK: What are you doing, mate?

FENTON: It says 'remove sleeve and film'. This is no job for a man, let's see if I remember where the kitchen is.

[Exit FENTON]

MRS FENTON: [offstage] Hope you enjoy your sausage and mash.

FENTON: [offstage, shouting] If you want to see a quality sausage, get a load of this! [zipping noise] Yeah, I'm the big man around here! Stansted Airport, love! Stansted Airport!

FRANK: Oh no! Not again...Fenton! Fenton! Oh, Jesus Christ! I'm going back home to the relative peace and quiet of my children. [shouting] Good night Fenton! Thanks for the box of bits!

MRS FENTON: [offstage] Use a frying pan, then. Like this! [sound of pan on a hard surface]

FENTON: [offstage] Ow! That was totally unnecessary. Bye Frank.

[Exit FRANK with box]

## SCENE TWO – FRANK’s garage

[ANTWERP and PARIS are in the garage]

ANTWERP: I hate cleaning the garage. What are these?

[He picks up two DVDs] “Red Hot Gamunjas!” “Girls With Whips and That”!

PARIS: No wonder dad spends so long in here.

ANTWERP: Where is he, anyway?

PARIS: He said he was going to see Fenton to get a break from his [makes air quotes] nasty bickering kids who can’t stop arguing.

ANTWERP: So he chose to see the Fentons? They argue even more than we do.

PARIS: [facing away from ANTWERP] We just seem to bicker all the time since mum died.

**[MAD WORLD Slow version**

**Musical Cue: Paris – “bicker all the time”]**

*All around me are familiar faces  
Worn out places Worn out faces  
Bright and early for their daily races  
Going nowhere Going nowhere  
Their tears are filling up their glasses  
No expression No expression  
Hide my head I wanna drown my sorrow  
No tomorrow No tomorrow  
And I find it kind of funny  
I find it kind of sad  
The dreams in which I'm dying are the best I've ever had  
I find it hard to tell you  
'Cos I find it hard to take  
When people run in circles it's a very very  
Mad world Mad world  
Mad World Mad world*

[Enter FRANK, distraught]

FRANK: Paris! Antwerp! Help me. I’ve been attacked!

PARIS: Oh my god! What happened?

FRANK: He came out of nowhere and tripped me up when I was carrying this box, then he pulled at my legs. I’m sure he was trying to nick my trainers.

ANTWERP: Dad! Nobody under the age of sixty is going to want those trainers. Did this mugger have a Zimmer frame?

PARIS: He's had a drink.

ANTWERP: I reckon he fell over in the garden.

PARIS: He's bumped his head.

[PARIS sits FRANK in the chair]

**[MAD WORLD Up tempo version**  
Musical Cue: Paris – “bumped his head”

[Enter Cast]

ULRIKA	<i>Children waiting for the day they feel good Happy birthday Happy birthday</i>
MMBOP	<i>And to feel the way that every child should Sits and listen Sits and listen</i>
NELL	<i>Went to school and I was very nervous No one knew me No one knew me</i>
RENATO	<i>Hello teacher tell me what's my lesson Look right through me Look right through me</i>
PENNY	<i>And I find it kind of funny I find it kind of sad</i>
ALL	<i>The dreams in which I'm dying are the best I've ever had I find it hard to tell you 'Cos I find it hard to take When people run in circles it's a very very Mad world Mad world Mad World Mad world And I find it kind of funny, I find it kind of sad The dreams in which I'm dying are the best I've ever had I find it hard to tell you, 'Cos I find it hard to take When people run in circles it's a very very Mad world Mad world Mad World Mad world</i>

**Exit TERRACE CHOIR, Exit RENATO, Exit PENNY**

ULRIKA and MMBOP sit at a desk, FRANK, ANTWERP and PARIS are in the garage area

[Lights focus on desk area]

ULRIKA: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the first edition of our new show, Mad World of Sport! My name is Ulrika Pearce and with me tonight is the former footballer of the year and current BabeStation presenter, Mmbop Hansen.

MMBOP: Hello and Katanga.

ULRIKA: We've got an exciting show tonight and there'll be plenty for Mmbop to comment on with his unique brand of punditry.

MMBOP: Yes indeed! Who's on tonight's show, Uli?

ULRIKA: We will be hearing from Clive Urinal, the UK's top referee and Penny Flats, Chief Executive of Potters BarCelona FC joins us live later in the programme. There'll be the usual studio banter of course and no doubt the guys will continue teasing me about the variety of condoms I buy. Truth be told, I've been getting ribbed all week.

[Lights focus on garage]

FRANK: I couldn't handle staying with the Fentons; they argue all the time. So I decided to come home to my nice peaceful house and be amongst people who care for me and don't question me all the time.

ANTWERP: Are you drunk? How much have you had to drink?

FRANK: Not much.

PARIS: What's in that box? What have you been up to?

FRANK: Fenton gave me a load of old programmes and records. We had a bit of a sing-song too, reminiscing about the old days.

[singing like a pub singer]  
Do dooby do diddly doo  
Scubba diddly dosey do  
Duggy wiggly something boggy goo goo-  
On fields of fire

ANTWERP: What are you trying to sing?

FRANK. You know nothing about quality music, son. This was an '80s classic.

PARIS. Not the way you sing it!

ANTWERP: [looking at his phone] 80s music, 80s music... aah, this is interesting! According to Wikipedia, in the 80s, the first two syllables of a band's name was often a description of the band's lead singer.

FRANK. [Looking puzzled] Eh?

ANTWERP: It's simple innit? You get the name of the band. You take the first two syllables of the band's name. Those first two syllables describe the lead singer. It's easy.

[FRANK gestures a complete lack of understanding]

ANTWERP: Listen, there's some examples here: Simple Minds

FRANK: Simple Minds? First two syllables would be sim-ple. The lead singer was simple. A bit harsh!

ANTWERP: Bad Manners?

FRANK: Okay. Bad Manners. The lead singer was a bad man. Well, maybe.

ANTWERP: There you go! Works every time! There's also Twisted Sister and Dire Straits!

FRANK: But no, no, it doesn't work all the time – the song I was singing was by Big Country.

[PARIS and ANTWERP look at each other pause and giggle]

[Lights on desk area]

ULRIKA: Tonight's special fly-on-the-wall report comes to you live from outside an ordinary house in North London. Inside is an ordinary football supporter – his team is not in the Premier League, not even in the Championship. We have found for you non-league Oakwood Forest's greatest fan - Frank Goldenboy and his two lovely children, Paris and Antwerp.

MMBOP: Frank's wife passed away some years ago and he has devoted his time to bringing up his children on his own. Top lad.

ULRIKA: I am going to speak to the housemates now. Goldenboy House, this is Ulrika. You are live in this theatre, please do not swear or say any words that might relate to a lady's special parts...They're ignoring me! Bunch of twats!

[Lights focus on garage area]

ANTWERP: [looking in box] There's loads of different stuff in this box, not just records.

FRANK: Ah, yes, it's all stuff from the '80s that Fenton's collated for me. This [taps box] is full of my memories.

ANTWERP: How can a box be full of memories?

FRANK: Watch and learn, my boy...

[They begin to rummage through. Lights focus on desk area]

ULRIKA: We've all got a box of memories tucked away somewhere haven't we? I've got a box full of photographs of my previous boyfriends, concert tickets, and fluffy rosettes. Have you got a box tucked away somewhere Mmbop?

MMBOP: Yes, of course, it lives under my bed.

ULRIKA: I bet your box is full of football medals.

MMBOP: No, I never won any medals.

ULRIKA: International caps?

MMBOP: No, I never played for my country.

ULRIKA: Tight underpants?

MMBOP: No, no, no, I either go commando or wear an adult nappy.

ULRIKA: Oh! So what is in your box?

MMBOP: Let's just say it's full of magic.

ULRIKA: OMG! You mean like African voodoo dolls, human bones and special magic flasks filled with mystical bodily fluids?

MMBOP: No, it's my Paul Daniels' Magic set. I loved watching Paul Daniels on television. Do you remember his catchphrase? How much talent did he have?

ULRIKA: Not a lot. Not a lot.

[Lights focus on garage area]

ANTWERP: There's all sorts of old magazines in here

PARIS: [Taking magazines from case] What're these? Razzle? Butt-man?

FRANK: [taking Razzle] Cor yeah...Razzle [adjusts himself but stops when he realises the kids are watching him] ...That was a disgusting magazine [puts magazine to one side] and, er, Butt-man was the monthly publication for people who wanted to become butlers... [winks] pass that one over here!

PARIS: [Holding magazine at arms length] Ugh! I think something must have leaked into the case – Was there something about '80s magazines that made the pages stick together?

ANTWERP: There's a woman's wig in here

FRANK: No no, that's a man's wig from the '80s – big hair was all the rage.

ANTWERP: And this is old 80s vinyl. People sell these on e-bay!

FRANK: I won't be selling those – they are musical classics! Not like the rubbish you kids listen to these days on your 1-Pods. Who is it – Puff Diddy? Nicki Minge? I have in on good authority that Professor Green is not even a real professor and as for Kanye West, he sounds more like a service station on the M4.

ANTWERP: [Annoyed] Don't you dare be dissing Kanye, he da man, innit.

FRANK: I will! It is a fact that the likes of Mr West would not have lasted five minutes in top '80s bands like Bucks Fizz or Dollar.

ANTWERP: You need to face facts! Dr Fox was not a real doctor! And the top radio stations don't play '80s music nowadays.

FRANK: [Annoyed] Don't you dare be dissing Dr Fox, he da real thing, innit.

ANTWERP: Pah! You wouldn't know cool if it walked up to you and stuck its hand up your cardigan.

PARIS: He's got a point.

FRANK: I'll have you know I was a right raver in the 80s. I was the epitome of cool.

PARIS: [amazed] You were a party animal?

ANTWERP: Not real parties! More like bingo or chess club, I reckon.

FRANK: I remember I once went to a fancy dress party as a highwayman! Now, if I'd have been alive in the 1700s, that would have been me - a highwayman: glamorous, handsome, sexy, and feared.

PARIS: What was the party like?

FRANK: The place was full of the stars of the 80s music scene - unforgettable, sing-a-long songs with memorable lyrics performed by talented, attractive artists.

[Enter RENATO dressed as a referee]

RENATO:  
*Save your love my darling, save your love*  
*For summer nights with moon and stars above*

FRANK: Woah woah woah, Sweet Child O'Mine! That was not the '80s music I had in mind. Now get out of my garage. [pointing to band] Play some Martha and the Muffins!

[Exit RENATO]

**[ECHO BEACH**

**Musical cue:** Frank: Play some Martha and the Muffins!

*FRANK: I know it's out of fashion And a trifle uncool  
But I can't help it I'm a romantic fool  
It's a habit of mine To watch the sun go down  
On Echo Beach, I watch the sun go down*

*BOTH: From nine to five, I have to spend my time at work  
My job is very boring, I'm an office clerk  
The only thing that helps me pass the time away  
Is knowing I'll be back at Echo Beach someday*

*PARIS: On a silent summer evening    The sky's alive with lights  
A building in the distance    Surrealistic sight  
On Echo Beach    Waves make the only sound  
On Echo Beach    There's not a soul around*

*BOTH: From nine to five, I have to spend my time at work  
My job is very boring, I'm an office clerk  
The only thing that helps me pass the time away  
Is knowing I'll be back at Echo Beach someday*

**[Frank plays air guitar during instrumental]**

*Echo Beach, far away in time  
Echo Beach, far away in time  
Echo Beach, far away in time  
Echo Beach, far away in time*

ANTWERP: [Confused] What is going on? First of all, music comes from nowhere and then you and dad suddenly burst into song and do a fully-choreographed dance routine...[turning to audience]...and why are you lot watching us clearing out the garage? [shrugs].

[Lights focus on desk area]

MMBOP: It looks like the teenager might have rumbled us!

ULRIKA: Oh really? And we've both been working so hard to keep such a low profile...

MMBOP: [Reaching under desk for his rifle] Shall I eliminate him?

ULRIKA: Put that down! You're not Oscar Pistorius, you know. Let's get back to the action. Paris appears to have found – I don't believe it, this is amazing – it looks like a vintage copy of Naughty Sport from the 1980s

MMBOP: Naughty Sport?

ULRIKA: Naughty Sport – the award winning fanzine – Oakwood Forest’s version of Sunday Sport – a cross between Private Eye and Viz.

[Lights focus on garage area]

PARIS: [Holding copy of magazine] Naughty Sport?

FRANK: Ah yes...Naughty Sport was a fanzine for Oakwood Forest Football Club. I wrote it. It was a shoddy publication but there was something magical about it.

[Frank strokes it lovingly and a magical heavenly sound is heard]

ANTWERP: And here’s an old football programme. Oakwood Forest versus Barnsley.

FRANK: I remember that game. My boys, Oakwood, managed to get to the fourth round of the FA Cup. That was a big deal for us – we had the chance of playing one of the giants of the day. In fact, if I remember rightly, that was the year I was invited to make the FA Cup draw with Johan Cruyff [dreamily] cup draw, cup draw.

PARIS: Dad? Dad? What’s going on? Are you ok?

[FRANK walks over to desk area. Lights focus on desk area. MMBOP stands to side of desk and greets FRANK with a handshake]

ULRIKA: Non-leaguers Oakwood Forest are into the draw for the fourth round of the FA Cup and will be dreaming of drawing one of the big boys

MMBOP: Thank you Uli. This is the draw for the fourth round of the FA Cup. Home teams will be drawn by an ordinary bloke called Frank Goldenboy.

FRANK: [overawed at being on television] Hello there... [whispering] kids, can you see me? I’m on live TV!

ANTWERP: How do we know it’s live?

FRANK: I can say what I like, for example, plumber’s flange.

[Enter RENATO who blows his whistle, pulls a yellow card from his pocket and shows it to FRANK]

RENATO: One more like that and you’re off, is that clear?

FRANK: Oh come on! It’s not like I said “fuck”.

[Exit RENATO]

MMBOP: The away teams were to be drawn by former European Player of the Year, Johan Cruyff. We understand that Johan is in hospital following an incident earlier today and a press release has been issued. [Holds up press release]

ULRIKA: What happened?

MMBOP: It appears that Johan was playing the part of Windy Miller in a Dutch charity version of Camberwick Green.

ULRIKA: Windy Miller, who lived in a windmill?

MMBOP: Fans of the show will know Windy always narrowly avoids being hit by the sails of his windmill as he enters and exits through the front door.

ULRIKA: Ah yes, that always looks really dangerous

MMBOP: It appears that Mr Cruyff does not possess the same timing as Mr Miller and as a consequence, he was bonked on the head by the first windmill sail and as he fell was collected by the second windmill sail and was lifted high into the air.

ULRIKA: Is he badly hurt?

MMBOP: Fortunately for him, Mrs Honeyman was passing by and stopped the mechanism of the sails by wedging her baby into the turning cogs.

ULRIKA: She used her baby as a wedge to stop the cogs? She deserves a medal but all she'll get is a visit from the Dutch child protection unit!

MMBOP: Captain Snort and PC McGarry number 452 were soon on the scene and enacted a full rescue with the aid of Trumpton's elite fire fighting and rescue team.

[Enter RENATO. He blows the whistle]

ALL: Pugh, Pugh, Barney McGrew, Cuthbert, Dibble, Grub.

[RENATO blows whistle again. Exit RENATO]

ULRIKA: So who will do the draw?

MMBOP: I have an idea. Is there a member of the audience who would like to be Johan Cruyff?

ULRIKA: You'll never get away with it!

MMBOP: Does anybody know who Johan Cruyff is? Anybody dreamt of being Johan? Anybody want to help out today? [Scours the audience and chooses one person] How about you Sir/Madam? Big round of applause for our replacement Johan Cruyff as he comes up on stage.

ULRIKA: Let's start the draw.

[The draw is displayed on screen]

[They start to choose balls]

FRANK: Number 7

MMBOP: Manchester United

FRANK: Go on, that would be the perfect draw for Oakwood

CRUYFF: Number 4

MMBOP: Will play Wolverhampton Wanderers

FRANK: Shame. Number 29

MMBOP: Barnsley

FRANK: Not much glamour there. Leave us in the hat this time Johan

CRUYFF: Number ???

MMBOP: Will play Oakwood Forest.

FRANK: [sarcastically] Oh, thanks very much Johan. We had a chance to play Spurs or Arsenal or Liverpool and you've drawn us away to Barnsley. Go and sit down and think about what you've done.

MMBOP: Big round of applause for Johan!

FRANK: About twenty coaches of Oakwood supporters headed up to Barnsley and we were in fine voice that day.

(Enter TERRACE CHOIR. Lights on Terrace. FRANK joins TERRACE CHOIR and sings ' **Oakwood Forest's Blue and white army**')

*Oakwood Forest's blue and white army x 2*

*[Start clapping]*

*Oakwood Forest's blue and white army x 2*

*Forest! Forest! Forest! Forest!*

ALL FANS: Go on! Oh for feck sake! Referee, get a grip! Ooooh, ahh! Ooooooh, you're shit aaaaaah! No! No! Hit it, hit it!

FENTON: Nearly half-time, we've held them so far...Hang on, this is a chance...bugger, they've scored. Let's get behind the team guys...

(TERRACE CHOIR sing '**Time flies by when you're the driver of a train**')  
*Time flies by when you're the driver of a train*

*And you're watching the Oakwood in the pouring rain*  
*Under bridges, over bridges*

*To our destination*  
*Rushing through the countryside*

*There's so much to be seen*  
*Time flies by when you're the driver of a train*  
*And you're watching the Oakwood in the pouring rain*

[Enter RENATO. He blows the half time whistle]

[Terrace Choir queue in front of ULRIKA]

ULRIKA: Half-time here at Barnsley and the home team are a tad fortunate to be leading 1-0. Oakwood have been by far the better looking team in this half. The Oakwood fans in front of me are highly amused that there is the same queue for both the toilet and the refreshment huts and most of the Oakwood faithful are in line for a half-time pie or a poo.

FENTON: The same queue? What do you think the pies are made from?

FRANK: It's recycling in its purest form! Ha ha ha!

FENTON: Reminds me of a story involving two girls and one cup...but probably best I don't mention that while we're in polite company!

FRANK: The crap that comes out of your mouth! [FENTON goes to say something but thinks better of it] Referee's out. The second half is about to start.

[TERRACE CHOIR return to terrace]

ALL FANS: Go on! Oh for feck sake! Referee, get a grip! Ooooh, ahh!  
Ooooooh, you're shit aaaaaah! No! No!

FENTON: Into the last minute, one last attack...go on! Hit it! hit it!

FRANK: It's going in! It's going in! Yeeeeeeeeesssssss!!!

[TERRACE CHOIR bouncing up and down cheer and hug]

**(TERRACE CHOIR sing 'We're the kings of non-league football')**

*We're the Kings of Non-League Football*

*La la la la la la la la*

*We're the Kings of Non-League Football*

*La la la la la la la la*

FENTON: Barnsley, you're coming for a replay in London and we have separate queues, you bastards!

ANTWERP: [Appearing on terrace] But before the replay, the draw for the fifth round was made.

FRANK: That's right, how do you know that?

ANTWERP: It's in the script! [Returns to garage area]

MMBOP: And here to make the fifth round draw, chart-topping sensation Renato!

[Enter RENATO]

TERRACE CHOIR: Who are ya? Who are ya? Who are ya?

MMBOP: Renato, I'll give my ball bag a good shake and then I'll invite you to stick your hand in.

RENATO: Number 14

MMBOP: Middlesbrough

RENATO: Number 2

FENTON: Ha! He said number 2! Pfft!

MMBOP: Will play the winner of the replay between Barnsley and Oakwood Forest.

[Exit RENATO]

TERRACE CHOIR: Come on you 'wood! Come on you 'wood!

ULRIKA: I'm excited about this game because I've got Barnsley in the office sweepstake.

MMBOP: I'm excited too. I've got 'wood.

[RENATO blows full time whistle offstage]

ULRIKA: The game has ended and so has Oakwood's dream of progressing in this year's FA Cup. The final score here at The Sir Jimmy Savile Stadium: Oakwood Forest nil Barnsley three.

MMBOP: My cousin, Alan Hansen, always said that you win nothing with kids.

FENTON: [flicking the Vs as he EXITS] Stick yer pies up yer arse!

[Exit FENTON, TERRACE CHOIR]

FRANK: [returning to garage, to ANTWERP] To be fair, their 'keeper was class. He made made save after save after...

[Enter RENATO]

RENATO: [Appearing in garage]  
*Save your love my darling, save your love  
For summer nights with moon and stars above*

PARIS: Oh no! Stop! Nobody wants to hear that song!

RENATO: Young lady, this is a musical (of sorts). If you don't like this, maybe you should try some operatic arias! Go on! I'm listening.

PARIS: All right. If it shuts you up!

[PARIS sings an operatic scale]

RENATO: Well, I suppose some of that was okay...

[Exit RENATO]

FRANK: That was beautiful... [wiping away a tear]

ANTWERP: Don't get all emotional about it, man!

FRANK: Your mother used to sing like that...oh the memories. This box of bits and pieces and old football programmes has brought it all back.

PARIS: OMG, look at this! [opens football programme] Is this you in the programme? [reading from programme] Frank Goldenboy presents the player of the year trophy to Boscombe Chart!

FRANK: Yeah! He was a legend – at Oakwood, Boscombe Chart was known as The Wizard of Bosh [he punches the air like a boxer] and there were some great songs about him. Terrace choir! Do you remember Boscombe Chart?

[Enter TERRACE CHOIR nod enthusiastically and mutter to each other]

FRANK: [conducting the choir] 1,2,3,4....  
[Choir sing **Boscombe Chart song**; MMBOP and ULRIKA sing backing vocals]

*Boscombe Chart, Boscombe Chart running through the glen*  
*(MMBOP & ULRIKA: Running through the glen)*  
*Boscombe Chart, Boscombe Chart with his Oakwood men*  
*(MMBOP & ULRIKA: With his Oakwood men)*  
*Loved by the fans*  
*Plays with great heart*  
*Boscombe Chart, Boscombe Chart, Boscombe Chart*

[Exit TERRACE CHOIR]  
[Exit ANTWERP with Naughty Sport]

FRANK: Boscombe was a one-off! He was my hero. A fine player but a big ugly beast of a bloke with no fashion sense.

PARIS: Where did Antwerp go? .

FRANK: Has he disappeared again? And where's that copy of Razzle gone? Oh, this must be him.

[Enter ROBIN]

ROBIN: I'll have your wallet please, mate.

FRANK: Oh no! It's happening again.

ROBIN: I take from the rich and keep it all myself. [Exit ROBIN]

PARIS: Who was that? Robin Hood?

FRANK: Worse - Robbin' Hoodie.

PARIS: He should be arrested but he's going to get away with it!

FRANK: The penal system does have a number of issues.

PARIS: The penal system? Are you talking about your problem with being unable to get to the toilet in time?

FRANK: Don't say that out loud – I told you that was in confidence.

PARIS: You told me that was incontinence!

FRANK: For your information, the penal system is all about crime and punishment. Prison is no deterrent these days. Sometimes, I think about becoming a criminal but I'm just too nice.

[Enter ROBIN]

ROBIN: Right, this time, I'll have twenty house bricks and any devices you have for carrying bricks.

FRANK: Oh, you'll want the builder's merchant two doors up, mate. There'll be nobody there this time of night and their alarm doesn't work.

ROBIN: Thanks!

PARIS: Who was that?

FRANK: [to audience] Anybody? Robin Hod.

[Enter ANTWERP with BOSCOMBE]

ANTWERP: Dad, I've got a surprise for you!

FRANK: Blimey, it's...no can't be! Boscombe, Boscombe Chart! Is that really you? The former Oakwood Forest fullback, feared by the fans, played like a tart. Boscombe, Boscombe, it is you, isn't it? [Getting carried away] The legendary Boscombe Chart who once knocked out three defenders with one punch and only got a yellow card. What a guy!

BOSCOMBE: Yes, yes, it's me, Boscombe Chart. Now who are you and what's going on?

FRANK: I'm Frank Goldenboy, an Oakwood fan who used to watch you play back in the old days. I know it sounds weird, but we just sang your song and you appeared like [pauses] like the shopkeeper in Mr Benn.

BOSCOMBE: I can't explain it, I was coaching my AC Milan squad when suddenly this kid came up to me, said "Wagwann Boscombe" grabbed my hand and we ended up back here.

FRANK: But you look so young, just like when you were playing in the 80s. How can that be?

BOSCOMBE: Ah, now that I can explain! I moisturise every morning and drink plenty of water.

MMBOP: This sounds highly unlikely! What has happened?

ULRIKA: [reading] Well, according to the script, Antwerp has discovered that Naughty Sport possesses time travelling properties. Frank did say that there was something magical about it!

MMBOP: And this dimwit, Antwerp, has stumbled upon the method to travel to any place in any time period past, present, or future, simply by holding Naughty Sport in a certain way and adjusting the staples?

ULRIKA: It's incredibly exciting that we are here live outside his house on the very night that this discovery has been made!

MMBOP: [sceptical]. That's an amazing coincidence, don't you think? What can you tell us about this Boscombe Chart fellow?

ULRIKA: Oh, it appears that he became a coach in Italy after leaving Oakwood and he has become a great success. In 2020, as manager of AC Milan, his team were unbeaten all season and won the Champions League.

MMBOP: And he has been brought back from the future in the hope that he will use his expert management skills to guide Oakwood Forest football club to future success.

ULRIKA: Exactly!

MMBOP: But if Boscombe becomes Oakwood manager, he will arrive at work on his first day and see himself 30 years ago as a player but that would mean that he is in the future and the past at the same time and no amount of moisturising or water is going to explain that.

ULRIKA: Mmbop, it's best you don't dwell on things like that [looks to audience] and that goes for you too!

[MMBOP nods]

FRANK: So Bosh, d'you want to give it a go? Go back to 1985 and manage the Oakwood team? You can be a hero again! What do you say?

BOSCOMBE: Are you mad? I have a successful career as a top European manager in 2022. I've been offered the England job more times than Terry Venables and I live in the beautiful city of Milan, all alone. Are you seriously asking me to travel back in time to take over a non-league club and base myself in a dirty bedsit in Tottenham High Road?

FRANK: No! You could base yourself in Islington and all your dreams could come true.

BOSCOMBE: Frank, Frank ...I dream about, er, good times with the ladies.

FRANK: Don't worry about that! They'll be queuing up for you!

BOSCOMBE: [Nodding] You are awful...but I like you! [goes to shake Frank's hand and pushes him in the shoulder. They embrace to seal the deal] I'm in!

[Enter MRS FENTON with press release]

MMBOP: Breaking news from Naughty Sport. This just in from a Potters BarCelona FC fan.

MRS FENTON: The ground just disappeared from beneath our feet...it was like a giant sinkhole appeared and sucked everything into it. The club is lost in space.

ULRIKA: Potters Barcelona FC in Plughole Shocker

MMBOP: More news – the insider at Potters Barcelona FC has claimed that Chief Executive, Penny Flats, accidentally sold the club’s ground.

MRS FENTON: Ms Flats was gobsmacked when told that she had sold the club. She even considered not accepting the big bag of cash on offer.

ULRIKA: Do we have any background on this extraordinarily nasty woman?

[Enter PENNY behind MMBOP. Exit MRS FENTON]

MMBOP: Well, the newspaper claims that Penny Flats is the mother of Colonel Gaddafi, Saddam Hussein, Osama Bin Laden, Adolf Hitler, Fred West and Simon Cowell. [sees PENNY]. Oh, good evening Ms Flats.

ULRIKA: Let’s give her a big welcome, everybody! Boo!

PENNY: Let the people boo and hiss  
They all call you “You’ll reek of piss”

ULRIKA: Bitch!

PENNY: [ignoring MMBOP]  
Frank, help me take over Oakwood Forest FC.  
They are the only club that interests me!

FRANK: Eh?

PENNY: I met the Oakwood chairman somewhere in London Town  
He told me that his great club was on the way down  
He said he could take no more of all the gloom and the doom  
I laughed and whispered to him let’s meet in the Oakwood  
boardroom

The lovely pitch and the land  
The bar in the stand  
Soon as I come along  
You’ll see I can do no wrong  
Seems like a dream  
but stick to the facts  
I’ll be squeaky clean  
no problems with tax

FRANK: Look love, it’s a musical, not a poetry competition. Sorry, it’s a no from me.

PENNY: In that case...

Boscombe, come and join the top local team –  
Potters BarCelona can realise your dream  
I can promise you that I will not sell the club  
And build lots of houses or a Wetherspoon's pub

Remember my name – I am Penny Flats  
I do not eat bunnies, I do not eat cats.

BOSCOMBE: I like what you've done with that verse. You've really made that your own...but I'll stick with Oakwood Forest for the time being. I'm going to say no.

PENNY: [angry] I curse you! I curse you! You're beyond belief!  
You will bear no children and lose all your teeth  
As for you, Goldenboy, I'll be watching you, sonny  
Now I'm off to eat kittens and one fluffy bunny.  
Mwahahaha [exit]

ULRIKA: What a nasty piece of work!

MMBOP: I really don't know why I still go out with her.

[Lights on garage area]

BOSCOMBE: Frank, don't you realise that with these time-travelling properties of Naughty Sport, we've got access to immense knowledge and power. We could eradicate disease or avoid worldwide conflict and the power is in your hands. Where do we start – have you any great unfulfilled desires?

FRANK: Well, I've got two dreams. One is a bit silly but one is deadly serious. I always wanted Oakwood Forest to win the FA Cup.

BOSCOMBE: [dismissive] Not gonna happen. What's the serious one?

FRANK: That was the serious one! [mumbling]...I always wanted to be a highwayman.

BOSCOMBE: Don't be shy – speak up, man.

FRANK: I want to be a highwayman.

BOSCOMBE: [Laughing] A highwayman?

ANTWERP: What? Like mending potholes in the road and stuff? Wearing one of those fluorescent yellow jackets? Putting out cones on the motorway and stuff? Why don't you apply to the council...? Me mate Dave got a job with them no problem and he can only count to seven...

FRANK: No, no, a highwayman in the 1700s like Dick Turpin. The glamour of holding up stagecoaches, wearing the mask, shouting “Stand and Deliver”

BOSCOMBE: Well, if that’s really what you want to do, then we can eradicate disease another day, I suppose. I believe in you! Now go and realise your dream.

FRANK: [nervously] Boscombe, will you come with me, if you’ve nothing better to do?

BOSCOMBE: Well, I was just about to start work on the Israeli-Palestinian border conflict, but that can wait ‘til Tuesday. Let’s go and prepare!

[Exit FRANK, BOSCOMBE, PARIS, ANTWERP]

[Enter RENATO]

[Exit MMBOP. He sees RENATO who is smacking a monkey puppet]

MMBOP: Renato, will you never learn? This is a public place. You cannot go around spanking your monkey!

[Lights on RENATO, dressed as a referee, realises he is alone on stage and gives thumbs-up to band]

**SAVE YOUR LOVE** Musical cue: RENATO gives thumbs-up

RENATO: *Save your love my darling, save your love*

[Enter MRS FENTON, interrupting him. MRS F and ULRIKA sing to RENATO]

MRS F: *For summer nights with moon and stars above*

*A serenade I long to sing you,  
the reddest rose I always bring you  
Save your love for Roma and for me*

ULRIKA: *Darling I will love you endlessly  
Even though you're far away from me  
I can't forget the words I told you  
How it felt to love and hold you  
Love like ours will last eternally*

MRS F/ULI: *Save your love my darling, save your love  
For summer nights with moon and stars above  
A serenade I long to sing you, the reddest rose I always bring  
you  
Save your love for Roma and for me*

[Enter FENTON]

FENTON: Oi, that’s my wife!

[FENTON drags RENATO offstage. Exit ULRIKA]

## ACT TWO

### SCENE ONE – in front of Frank's garage

[Enter TERRACE CHOIR in football shirts and finally RENATO]

MRS FENTON: Tonight's half time entertainment will be provided by the Oakwood Forest Fans Literary Appreciation Society who present great quotes from The Naughty Sport Fanzine Book of Facts.

[They come to the front of the stage and dramatically overact the quote before returning to the line]

NELL: Can it be right to suppose that absence of pain is pleasure? Plato, the Republic

MRS FENTON: Work is the curse of the drinking classes. Oscar Wilde

RENATO: My view was obstructed. I did not see the incident. Arsene Wenger, Match of the Day

NELL: Let us toss, as men do. Thomas Hardy, Far From The Madding Crowd.

MRS FENTON: Give me my longsword, ho. William Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet.

FENTON: My todger is bigger than Stansted Airport. Martin Fenton, Islington Removals.

NELL: We Tibetans have a reputation of being very spiritual though we consider ourselves quite down-to-earth. The Dalai Lama

MRS FENTON: Martin Fenton is a very small man, especially in the todger department. Mrs Fenton ha ha

RENATO: To infinity and beyond. Buzz Lightyear

FENTON: You never measure from the right place, even now, it's at least seven centimetres or even more. [all stare at him] Martin Fenton, Islington Removals

MRS FENTON: Even if that was the case, that's not as big as Stansted Airport. Mrs Fenton, long suffering wife

FENTON: I wasn't talking about when I get in from work all stressed and tired. I was talking aroused [pauses] Martin Fenton, larger than the average man. [to audience] She knows!

MRS FENTON: So you really believe it's going to grow from seven centimetres to nine square miles just by rubbing it a bit? Mrs Fenton, desperate housewife.

FENTON: Why don't you just get back in the kitchen, my dinner won't cook itself you know. Martin Fenton, Renaissance man

RENATO: War doesn't determine who's right. War determines who's left.  
Bertrand Russell

FENTON: Shut it, you slag. Inspector Regan, The Sweeney.

MRS FENTON: I've had enough. I hope you find the right girl to flick it for you. The soon to be ex-Mrs Fenton.

NELL: [to FENTON] Don't worry friend, plenty more fish in the sea!

[Enter PARIS, PENNY]

FENTON: [to PARIS] 'Allo darling. I'm Fenton – Capricorn. What's your sign?

PARIS: No entry

RENATO: Foolish boy! You must treat a lady with respect. Watch and learn!  
[to PENNY] What say I spend tonight at yours, baby?

PENNY:       A weasel like you deserves no fun  
              You can clean my kitchen with your tongue!  
              Meet me later on today  
              And in my dungeon you shall stay!

FENTON:     Back of the net!

RENATO: But you and I have a lot in common, Ms Flats. We both love fame and cash and power...and football.

PENNY:       I hate football, so you're not so clever,  
              I just want to get rid of Frank forever.  
              But you're right, I do love money  
              So let us work together, honey  
              We shall trap Frank back in time

RENATO: Why do you always speak in rhyme? Do you mean we should catch up with him, steal his Naughty Sport, and leave him stuck forever in the 18<sup>th</sup> Century?

PENNY:       That's exactly what we shall do,  
              And you shall be my number 2

RENATO: You are pure evil, come, I'll show you the sights of London Town

PENNY: London? Well, as I'm not working,  
You can take me up the Gherkin!

RENATO: I like the sound of that

[Exit RENATO]

[Enter ANTWERP]

ANTWERP: The paramedics are on their way

MRS FENTON: Ladies and gentlemen. We conclude our half time show with  
a musical number from Penny Flats and the Goldenboy kids.

**IF I COULD TURN BACK TIME**

**Musical cue:** MRS F: KIDS

PARIS: *If I could turn back time If I could find a way  
I'd take back those words that hurt you and you'd stay*

ANTWERP: *I don't know why I did the things I did  
I don't know why I said the things I said  
Pride's like a knife it can cut deep inside  
Words are like weapons they wound sometimes.*

PENNY *I didn't really mean to hurt you  
I didn't wanna see you go  
I know I made you cry, but baby*

ALL *If I could turn back time If I could find a way  
I'd take back those words that hurt you  
And you'd stay  
If I could reach the stars  
I'd give them all to you  
Then you'd love me, love me  
Like you used to do  
If I could turn back time*

[Exit TERRACE CHOIR, ANTWERP, PARIS, PENNY]

[Enter ULRIKA and MMBOP]

ULRIKA: The second half starts in great style! A warm welcome to top  
referee, Clive Urinal! Hello again, Handsome!

[Enter RENATO]

RENATO: Hello, I am Clive Urinal, I used to be known in the 80s by my stage  
name Renato but I don't like to talk about it. I had a number one, you know.

MMBOP: Did you really? I hope you lifted the seat up!

ULRIKA: Clive, why did you change your name in the '80s from Clive Urinal to Renato?

RENATO: The kids used to tease me about the name Clive.

ULRIKA: I see. How do you keep yourself in such good condition?

RENATO: Well, fitness is important to me plus I moisturise every day and drink plenty of water.

ULRIKA: You have a difficult job as a referee. What are you striving for each game?

### **PERFECT**

**Musical cue:** ULRIKA: What are you striving for each game?

RENATO: *I don't want to give you yellow cards  
I need someone who'll retreat the 10 yards  
Ninety minutes is too short for playing this game  
I'll add on injury time again and again*

ULRIKA: *You've got to be perfect  
You've got to be worth it  
Too many people give you a dirty look  
So you write their name in the book  
You've got to be (like me) perfect.*

RENATO: *Some like diving to win a free kick  
Some hold their face and say they've been hit  
Video replays will show they have lied  
And I was correct to call them offside*

ULRIKA: *You've got to be perfect  
You've got to be worth it  
Too many people give you a dirty look  
So you write their name in the book  
You've got to be perfect*

BOTH: *You've got to be perfect*

[ULRIKA flirts with RENATO. MMBOP separates them at the end of the song]

MMBOP: Clive, are you aware of the story about you in Naughty Sport?

RENATO: [angry] That publication is full of speculation and tittle-tattle. It is not to be trusted as the fans from Oakwood Forest hate me as much as I hate them.

MMBOP: The headline is 'Faking it'

[RENATO looks horrified]

ULRIKA: [reading from magazine] Naughty Sport has discovered that TV show 'Faking It' has ruined several football matches this season. The hit show throws members of the public into strange situations after being trained in the hope of fooling a panel of experts.

MMBOP: I love that show. I particularly enjoyed the celebrity special when Jose Mourinho became a circus clown. He was nowhere near as good as the previous clown.

ULRIKA: It was a tough job - he did have big shoes to fill!

RENATO: I remember when they tried to convince everybody that Louis Walsh was a good judge of musical talent.

ULRIKA: [Reading from magazine] Naughty Sport can reveal that an actor has been masquerading as a referee in Oakwood's league.

MMBOP: The faker has been trained by none other than Clive Urinal, the renowned referee.

RENATO: Ah!

ULRIKA: It says here: 'Clive Urinal had only trained him to run backwards, wave his arms and send players off. But still, he let the fake referee take control of a match.' What a fake!

RENATO: I am not a fake. I even think about refereeing when I sing in the shower. [produces a showerhead and speaks into it like Elvis]

*Maybe I didn't play advantage quite as often as I should have  
Maybe I didn't book you quite as often as I could have  
When you wasted seconds trying to take a throw  
I added extra time...*

ULRIKA: That's all very well but what about this Faking It debacle, you faking faker?

RENATO: Huh! This interview has ended. I'm off to start the match [Exit]

MMBOP: It's all going to kick off now!

[Enter PENNY]

ULRIKA: Joining us now is Penny Flats. Penny, there were rumours aplenty in the half-time queue for a pie and a poo regarding your club, Potters BarCelona FC. What's the latest?

PENNY: The fans have turned against me, Uli..  
They don't understand what I've done.  
They say I want to kill the club  
But I just want to have some fun

ULRIKA: What have you done?

PENNY: I have sold the club's ground for 99 pence.  
I know what you're thinking, but this does make sense  
That was a good price, and was within the law.  
Biro Builders would not have paid any more.

MMBOP: Is that the same Biro Builders that is a subsidiary of Penny Flats Holdings?

PENNY: [flustered, in the style of Vicky Pollard]  
Oh, my God! That is so unfair! This is like, well sexual harassment! If you like, fancy me why don't you just say so? God, this is exactly like the time Ted Biro's mum, who everyone knows is a total lesbian, made Raymond Challis stay behind after a meeting because she wanted to get off with him and show him her marzipan snowman.

PENNY: [regains her composure]  
But now I'm going to travel back in time  
To get Frank accused of a capital crime!  
Unless he gives me a considerable bung  
By the end of Act 2 he'll find himself well hung.  
Muhahahaha!

[Enter FRANK dressed as highwayman but wearing trainers, PARIS, ANTWERP and BOSCOMBE. Exit PENNY who growls at FRANK]

FRANK: I'll have you know that I'm already well hung!

ANTWERP: Don't kid yourself. You're no Stansted Airport.

FRANK: [ignoring him] Guys, I'm ready.

PARIS: Dad, you're still wearing your trainers!

FRANK: I need to be comfortable when I'm robbing and nobody will notice anyway.

ANTWERP: If we're going back in time your trainers might even be fashionable again

BOSCOMBE: Don't knock his confidence, lad. Are you sure you want to do this, Frank?

FRANK: Yes, I'm sure, I'm completely certain, in fact I'm AdamAnt

MMBOP: [appearing behind the family] A moment's silence please as a mark of respect for that joke, which died in 1987.

ANTWERP: Naughty Sport is ready. We're going to go back in time!

PARIS: Countdown from five, four,

ALL: Three, two one!

### **THE FINAL COUNTDOWN**

**Musical cue:** ALL: ...four

*We're leaving together, But still it's farewell*

*And maybe we'll come back, To earth, who can tell ?*

*With so many light years to go and things to be found (we're leaving ground)*

*Will things ever be the same again?*

*It's the final countdown...*

[As the song ends there is a blackout.]

[EXIT ULRIKA and MMBOP]

## SCENE TWO – A dark forest

### WE CLOSE OUR EYES

**Musical cue:** Immediately after Final Countdown

PARIS: *Inside everyone hides one desire  
Outside no one would know  
Danger close to the edge of the knife  
Safer not to let go  
And while We miss chances*

ALL: *You can almost hear Time slipping away  
We close our eyes, we never lose a game  
Imagination never lets us take the blame  
We close our eyes to see the final frame  
We close our eyes to time slipping away*

B/A/F: *Heroes never give in to the night  
He knows how far he can run  
And as he surrenders*

ALL: *You can almost hear time slipping away*

[ENTER TERRACE CHOIR as trees, use audience as extra trees]

ALL: *We close our eyes, we never lose a game  
Imagination never lets us take the blame  
We close our eyes to see the final frame  
We close our eyes*

ANTWERP: See, I told you I knew how it worked. This is the year 1731 and this is the main road into London near Oakwood Forest.

BOSCOMBE: [gesturing to TERRACE CHOIR] And these are trees in the forest, are they? [to audience] Are you guys still following this because I'm having a bit of trouble. Okay...! Hark! I can hear a carriage even though the wind is whistling through the branches of the trees here, let's see how you get on, Frank. We'll hide behind this, er, tree.

[Everyone hides except FRANK]

FRANK: This is such an adrenaline rush, it's everything I dreamed it would be. Stand! It's actually stopping, this is it, I'm about to become a highwayman. Guys, guys, they're flashing their lights, what does that mean?

BOSCOMBE: Focus, Frank, focus!

[Enter PENNY and RENATO]

FRANK: Stand and deliver!

PENNY: Renato, Renato, stop the car!  
Brigand, tell me who you are!

## **STAND AND DELIVER**

**Musical cue:** FRANK: Stand and Deliver!

*FRANK:*

*I'm the dandy highwayman who you're too scared to mention  
I spend my cash on looking flash and grabbing your attention  
the devil take your stereo and your record collection!  
the way you look you'll qualify for next year's old age pension!*

*ALL:*

*Stand and deliver your money or your life!  
try and use a mirror no bullet or a knife!*

*FRANK:*

*I'm the dandy highwayman so sick of easy fashion  
the clumsy boots, peek-a-boo roots that people think so dashing  
so what's the point of robbery when nothing is worth taking?  
it's kind of tough to tell a scruff the big mistake he's making*

*ALL:*

*Stand and deliver your money or your life!  
try and use a mirror no bullet or a knife!  
and even though you fool your soul  
your conscience will be mine – all mine*

*FRANK: Stand and deliver!*

RENATO: Ms Flats, I think this is Frank Goldenboy from the future; I recognise the low quality trainers he's wearing.

FRANK: Hey! Penny? Penny Flats, is that you?

PENNY: My name is *Lady Penny Flats*  
As you recall, I don't eat cats.

FRANK: Err, the carriage has stopped, stand and deliver m'lady

PENNY: The reason we stopped our horses from jogging  
Was because this site is used for dogging  
We flashed our lights and saw you proud  
And assumed you were one of the dogging crowd!

FRANK: What? No!

PENNY: And with me is Sheriff Renato, a man of power –  
You'll be in prison within the hour!

BOSCOMBE: Leg it, Frank!

**THE RACE**

**Musical cue:** BOSCOMBE: Leg it, Frank!

[BOSCOMBE leads FRANK, PARIS and ANTWERP offstage. RENATO and PENNY follow]

[TERRACE CHOIR and NELL set up Nell's tavern]

### SCENE THREE - Nell's Tavern

[Terrace Choir are in the tavern drinking]  
[Enter BOSCOMBE, FRANK, PARIS, ANTWERP]

BOSCOMBE: Quick, Frank! Into this tavern which looks suspiciously like your garage!

NELL: Slow down, boys, plenty of time to get a drink.

#### **NELL'S TAVERN**

**Musical cue:** NELL: Plenty of time to get a drink.

NELL: *Come on in, just ring the bell  
There's no need to be polite  
This is my tavern, My name is Nell  
At your service, day and night*

*I'll make sure that you're up in the morning  
I'll listen to your plight  
My all night team will stop you from yawning  
And satisfy your appetite*

*At Nell's Tavern! Nell's Tavern!  
Innuendo has its place  
Nell's Tavern! Nell's Tavern!  
You'll leave with a smile on your face  
Nell's Tavern! Nell's Tavern!  
You're sure to have a lot of fun  
When you need a smile, Nell will give you one!*

*[Next four singers appear in doorways and sing out to the crowd then leave]*

MMBOP: *Go on in, what're you waiting for?  
The staff have special powers*

ULRIKA: *And when Nell says she'll give you more  
She means that she's open all hours*

PENNY: *They say that it's fabulous, here  
Though I must say I am a cynic*

RENATO: *I left with a case of gonorrhoea  
And directions to the local STI clinic.*

ALL: *Nell's Tavern! Nell's Tavern!*

NELL: *Innuendo has its place*

ALL: *Nell's Tavern! Nell's Tavern!*

NELL: *You'll leave with a smile on your face*

ALL: *Nell's Tavern! Nell's Tavern!*

NELL: *You're sure to have a lot of fun*

NELL: *When you need a smile, I will give you one!*

NELL: Hello! My name is Nell Cleavidge. You'll find me very accommodating to your needs. The locals call me Popular Nell.

PARIS: Are you popular with everyone?

NELL: Most people, but I do have my knockers.

FRANK: So I see.

NELL: What do you need, handsome? I've got a couple of things you might be interested in.

FRANK: I can see that, madam. I need a place to hide.

NELL: Well, there's nowhere to hide where you're looking, sir.

FRANK. Okay, I'll have two large beers, please

NELL: I can't seem to find any clean glasses. Has anybody seen my big jugs?

BOSCOMBE: Practically everybody!

MRS FENTON: She doesn't even know she's doing it! Oi, Barbara Windsor, can you do anything modern?

NELL: Oi, you, get out of my pub! [EXIT TERRACE CHOIR]

[To FRANK] We do food as well. I've got lovely round melons.

FRANK: Clearly!

NELL: Can you hear those dogs barking, sir? Has someone got my puppies out?

ANTWERP: [spotting sign] Oh, yes, now I understand - innuendo... [the rest motion him to make an innuendo]... and I'd like to order a chocolate spread and gherkin bap please.

[All stare at him]

FRANK: You dirty little boy. You disgust me!

NELL: I have a place where you can hide around the back. But Sir, don't ever wear those trainers in here again; they are rank.

FRANK: Can everyone please stop having a go at my trainers. The Sheriff may be here at any moment. Please don't give us up.

NELL: Be quick Sir.

FRANK: [To all] Quick, everyone, into Nell's back passage. Boscombe, if it's too crushed in your corner, you can always come up my end.

BOSCOMBE: Easy!

[All look at ANTWERP]

ANTWERP: You want us to hide in this lady's bottom?

BOSCOMBE: You stupid boy, Pike.

ANTWERP: What? I still don't get it.

[RENATO enters tavern]

PARIS: It's too late! Sheriff Renato is here!

RENATO: I am Sheriff Renato! I arrest you all...

FRANK: Oh no, my friend - I know who you really are.

RENATO: I really don't know what you mean.

[Offstage – the sound of a crash]

FRANK: What was that?

[PENNY enters tavern]

FRANK: This will help explain it!

PENNY: Sheriff,  
I've just crashed my carriage into a tree.  
My no-claims bonus gone, oh woe is me.  
My insurance will cost a fortune to renew  
Whatever on earth do you think I should do?

FRANK: Go on big lad, sing your proper song.

RENATO: *Go compare, go compare,  
When you insure, just be sure, go compare.*

ALL *No cars or scooters, there's no computers.  
So I really don't know where you're gonna go compare*

PARIS: Dad, he keeps interrupting!

FRANK: It's okay Paris – I'll deal with him. Go Compare man, this is for the British public [Shoots RENATO]

[RENATO staggers offstage]

RENATO: I am hurt, but I think I will survive. I still have my self-respect and I will never wear bad trainers like those.

FRANK: Excuse me for just a moment. [walks offstage]

[3 more shots are heard offstage, then FRANK returns]

NELL: That's quite a potent weapon you've got, sir. Can I hold it for you?

FRANK: I thought you'd never ask!

[FRANK hands it to NELL but PENNY rushes on and tries to grab it]

NELL: Don't play with his weapon, it might go off in your hand.

[PENNY wrestles the gun away from NELL – it goes off and NELL falls backwards dramatically into the chair with much ooooh-ing and aaah-ing]

NELL: I have taken the full force of his weapon. The pain, the agony!

### **YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME**

**Musical cue:** NELL: The agony!

*NELL: Ooooooooooooooooooh.*

*ANTWERP: Shot through the heart and you're to blame*

*PARIS: Darlin' you give love, a bad name*

*BOSCOMBE: Whoa! You're a loaded gun, yeah,*

*FRANK: Whoa...There's nowhere to run*

*NELL: No one can save me. The damage is done*

*ALL: Shot through the heart and you're to blame  
You give love a bad name*

*PENNY: I play my part and you play your game*

*ALL: You give love a bad name*

*FRANK: (whoa) You give love...huh a bad name*

NELL: [sitting up] Oh, no blood. I'm not hurt at all. It's almost as if we stage managed that part just to add in a song! So if I'm okay, Renato must be okay as well?

[ENTER RENATO]

RENATO: You're right! You are under arrest and I'll take that! [Grabs NS] I've got it Miss Flats! [passes Naughty Sport to PENNY]

[ENTER ULRIKA and MMBOP wearing medieval hats]

PENNY: Let us see what now befalls  
You'll soon be judged by Mmbop's balls!

ULRIKA: This is the year 1731. Silence in court. Let justice be done.

MMBOP: We shall draw balls to determine the name of the criminal, the punishment and the nature of the crime.

ULRIKA: Mmbop-ius will you draw the first ball.

MMBOP: Lovely lady, I will. Gadzooks – 'tis number 2

ULRIKA: Boscombe Chart

MMBOP: Number 4,

ULRIKA: Will be placed in the stocks for seven days

MMBOP: Hey nonny nonny Number 6

ULRIKA: For aiding and abetting a known highwayman

MMBOP: Sphere number 5

ULRIKA: That's Frank Goldenboy

MMBOP: Lorks-a-lordy, Number 1

ULRIKA: Who will be hanged by the neck

MMBOP: Number 3

ULRIKA: For attempted dogging in a public place

FRANK: What?! I can't go down in history as a failed sexual deviant

PENNY: Believe it Frank, that's how it's going to be.  
You'll have the reputation of a Tory MP

FRANK: Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

[EXIT PENNY and RENATO but ANTWERP silently grabs the NS from her]

FRANK: So this is it, there's no escape

PARIS: Certainly not in those trainers.

ANTWERP: [Whispers] I've got Naughty Sport back! Let's go back go the future!

ALL: Yes! Back to the future!

FRANK: Do it son! Everyone gather round.

NELL: Ooh, how exciting! – what do we have to do Frank?

FRANK: Hang onto this with both hands, grip it tight, shake it up and down a few times but stop when I make a face and you hear a strange noise.

NELL: That sounds familiar!

FRANK: 3-2-1- Go!

[Everyone jumps. MMBOP and ULRIKA are staring at each other lovingly and holding hands.]

FRANK: [To audience] Come on, we haven't got the budget for special effects. This time, blink your eyes three times when we say go and it will work.

FRANK: 3-2-1- Go

[Everyone jumps **Blackout.**] EXIT MMBOP AND ULRIKA, hand in hand.

## SCENE FOUR – Frank’s Garage

BOSCOMBE: [removing Tavern sign] There you go, magic! The dimwit actually did it!

ANTWERP: I did it, I did it!

BOSCOMBE: Antwerp, that was fantastic and deserving of a celebratory song. Are you with me Frank?

FRANK: Sure thing Daddio! What have you got in mind - something butch and manly like The Clash, The Stranglers or Joe Dolce?

BOSCOMBE: Even better than that!

### **(I’VE HAD) THE TIME OF MY LIFE**

**Musical cue:** BOSCOMBE: Even better than that!

*BOSCOMBE:*

*Now I've had the time of my life  
No I never felt like this before  
Yes I swear it's the truth  
and I owe it all to you*

*FRANK:*

*'Cause I've had the time of my life  
and I owe it all to you*

*BOSCOMBE:*

*I've been waiting for so long  
Now I've finally found someone  
To stand by me*

*FRANK:*

*We saw the writing on the wall  
As we felt this magical fantasy*

*BOTH:*

*Now with passion in our eyes  
There's no way we could disguise it secretly  
So we take each other's hand  
'Cause we seem to understand the urgency  
just remember  
You're the one thing  
I can't get enough of  
So I'll tell you something  
This could be brotherly love because*

*I've had the time of my life  
No I never felt this way before  
Yes I swear it's the truth  
And I owe it all to you*

[Enter PENNY]

PENNY: I've purchased your club for just one pound  
And within 10 minutes have sold the ground.

FRANK: Right, well...we're gonna go back in time to stop you

BOSCOMBE: Right with you, Frank.

PENNY: I really don't think so  
[shoots FRANK and BOSCOMBE]  
Anybody else want a go?

ANTWERP: Me! [PENNY shoots him]

PARIS and NELL: Girl power! [PENNY shoots both with one shot]

PENNY: Two girls killed with just one shot!  
These 2 for 1s I like a lot!  
This has become a splendid habit  
Now I think I'll roast a bunny rabbit.  
Mwahahahahahahaha.  
I've got my own way, my work is done.  
Once again, Penny Flats has won.

[EXIT PENNY]

[blackout]

[ENTER MMBOP, covered in lipstick and hurriedly getting dressed, and  
ULRIKA]

ULRIKA: Welcome back everybody. What's going on, have we missed  
something?

MMBOP: I told you we didn't have time for those backstage shenanigans.

ULRIKA: This is Ulrika Pearce, reporting live from the scene. The news is,  
well, nobody is alive, everyone's dead!

MMBOP: No look, Frank's moving; I'm not sure if that's in the script or if he's  
just a bad actor.

ULRIKA: [shaking Frank] Frank, Frank, it doesn't have to end like this. Wake  
up, we can carry on regardless,

FRANK: [in Kenneth Williams voice] Infamy, infamy, they've all got it in for me! Matron!? Dr Nookie?

ULRIKA: He's hysterical

MMBOP: I've seen this. It's called Carry On temporary madness. He'll be okay so long as we don't mention the name of any Carry On movie.

ULRIKA: Did I mention a carry on film?

MMBOP: You said "Carry On Regardless"

FRANK: Infamy, infamy, Matron!? Barbara?

MMBOP: See? Fortunately I have been carrying around the wand from my Paul Daniels' magic set.

ULRIKA: Oh! Is that what it was? How disappointing.

MMBOP:...and I will use it to resurrect everybody!

ULRIKA: I don't think that's going to work.

MMBOP: Please have some faith. I am a great performer!

ULRIKA: Well, you're certainly not a great actor.

MMBOP: Oh come on! I nearly had a part in Harry Potter.

ULRIKA: What? You auditioned for the film?

MMBOP: Well, not exactly.

ULRIKA: Well, what do you mean, you nearly had a part in Harry Potter?

MMBOP: Well, I was on a crowded tube last week and Daniel Radcliffe pushed against me. [looks ashamed and waves his wand] Anyway, just go with it, otherwise we'll never get to the end of this play.

ULRIKA: Very well. You carry on doctor.

FRANK: [Leslie Phillips voice] Oh I say!

MMBOP: Everybody, please be careful what you say! [he revives BOSH and NELL]

BOSCOMBE: [revived] I'm alive... but a bit confused.

ULRIKA: You are the new manager of Oakwood Forest. You joined from Milan.

BOSCOMBE: Yeah, I remember now. I didn't want to carry on abroad

FRANK: Ding dong!

[MMBOP revives PARIS and ANTWERP]

ANTWERP: [revived] What's happened? Do I need to do something now?

PARIS: No. You carry on at your convenience.

FRANK: [Sid James voice] hahahahahahah. Come over here!

NELL: [running to Frank] Frank!

FRANK: Cor, what a lovely pair!

NELL: What's happening? I've lost the plot.

ANTWERP: There was a plot?

BOSCOMBE: Nell, you've travelled through time and you are here with us in the year [confused look] whatever. We all died but then that man from the television brought us back to life by waving the wand from his Paul Daniels magic set. [grabs wand from MMBOP] I'm going to magic myself up a girlfriend. [waves wand but nothing happens] Oh no, my wand is all floppy. The great Wizard of Bosh has spoken! [MMBOP and ULRIKA hide] Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

NELL: You're a very bad man!

BOSCOMBE: No, I'm a very good man – I'm just a very bad wizard

ANTWERP: What about the heart that you promised Nell?

NELL: It's true. Oh Wizard of Bosh, I need a heart because mine has been broken many times

BOSCOMBE: Nell, you need to seek an honest, brave and reliable man. There is such a man amongst us. [points to FRANK with the wand]

NELL: But will he have me, sir?

BOSCOMBE: Regularly, Nell, regularly!

**ZOOM**

**Musical cue:** NELL: Regularly, Nell, regularly!

NELL:

*Zoom, you chase the day away  
High noon, the moon  
And stars came out to play  
Then my whole wide world went zoom*

*Moonbeams dancing in the afternoon  
Shadows blowing as the roses bloom  
Looking down on a wonderland, oh*

*Smack, just one kiss and I was outta whack  
All at once there was no turnin' back  
Oh so far above the brightest star, oh*

*Zoom, you chase the day away  
High noon, the moon  
And stars came out to play  
Zoom, you chase the day away  
High noon, the moon  
And stars came out to play  
Then my whole wide world went zoom*

### **IT MUST BE LOVE**

**Musical cue:** End of Zoom

FRANK

*I never thought I'd miss you  
Half as much as I do  
And I never thought I'd feel this way  
The way I feel About you  
As soon as I wake up  
Every night, every day  
I know that it's you I need  
To take the blues away*

ALL

*It must be love, love, love,  
It must be love, love, love,  
Nothing more, nothing less  
Love is the best*

[PENNY staggers on, coughing and spluttering]

FRANK: It's the witch of the west and she's speaking in tongues.

PENNY:       Everybody please take note!  
                  I have a bunny in my throat!

ANTWERP: Leave this to me, I'm a trained first aider.

[He attempts the Heimlich manoeuvre]

BOSCOMBE: Why didn't I think of that?

[PENNY coughs up the bunny]

PENNY: You have saved my life, and that's for real...  
[spots that her skirt is ablaze]  
...And set me on fire you imbecile!

ANTWERP: Oops, must have been the friction against your crimplene skirt.

FRANK: Quick, water, water.

[ANTWERP throws streamers into the crowd]

[PARIS throws glass of water at PENNY]

PENNY: [screams]  
Take that back - do a full reversal  
You didn't throw that much in rehearsal  
What have you done? That wasn't Highland Spring!  
I'll get you, my pretty...I'm melting! Melting! Melting...

[She melts]

PARIS: Nobody messes with my family!

BOSCOMBE: Sorted! It seems that all your dreams have come true, Frank! Is there anything else you want?

ANTWERP: I'd ask for some new trainers if I were you!

FRANK: [scowls at Antwerp] When I was a highwayman it was great, but when I was threatened with execution all I kept thinking was 'I want to get home'. Now I am home, surrounded by people that love me and I have the melted body of an evil woman in my garage and a footballing legend with a plastic wand that he thinks will get him a girlfriend. That's just what I always wanted. There's no place like home!

[BOSCOMBE tries to revive PENNY with his wand]

BOSCOMBE: Revive! Come back to life and be mine forever!

[ENTER RENATO]

RENATO: What have you done to her? [gets out red card] Chart! You're off.

BOSCOMBE: I've had enough of this [goes to punch RENATO but hits FRANK instead]

[Blackout. All exit except the Goldenboys]

PARIS: Dad, Dad, can you hear me? He's coming round.

FRANK: [waking up] There's no place like home! Oh my, what an honour. Boscombe Chart knocked me out.

ANTWERP: Oh look, here's the paramedics! They'll sort out your bloody head.

FRANK: I'll speak to you later young man – there will be no filthy language in this house!

[ENTER NELL and RENATO in hi-vis jackets]

RENATO: Okay kids, give me some room - let's have you back ten yards. [he marks out ten yards with the vanishing spray]

NELL: Bump on the head, sir? Let's get you a bit more comfortable – I'll give you a hand. Let me take a look at your swelling. You must have had one helluva big bang! My word! I've not seen one as big as that for a long time!

FRANK: Nell Cleavidge, I know you... and you're Clive Urinal.

RENATO: No, Sir. Let me take your name.

FRANK: I haven't done anything, ref. What's going on? I'm so confused!

PARIS: Relax, dad, I'll put the TV on.

ULRIKA: We're almost at the end of this week's Mad World Of Sport

MMBOP: But we finish today with some good news for non-league Oakwood Forest.

FRANK: Shush, everyone, they're talking about my club on TV.

MMBOP: The club has announced that local businesswoman Penny Flats has purchased the club.

FRANK: Oh no!

MMBOP: The generous property developer has handed full control of the club to her fiancé and former Oakwood favourite Boscombe Chart, who becomes the new manager with immediate effect.

ULRIKA: And the club's fanzine, Naughty Sport, has won the prize for soccer magazine of the year. The original writer, an ordinary bloke called Frank Goldenboy, will receive £5,000 in prize money and a pair of Nike Air trainers.

FRANK: Wahey! [tries to start a Mexican wave]

ULRIKA: That's all for this week, everyone, good night!

MMBOP: Good night!

[Curtain. All exit – outro music Nell's Tavern] [blackout]

### **MEDLEY FINALE**

**Musical cue:** When MMBOP gets in position

GROUP 1 FRANK, NELL, PARIS, ANT, ULRIKA, MMBOP

GROUP 2 BOSCOMBE, RENATO, PENNY, FENTON, MRS FENTON,

#### GROUP 1

*All around me are familiar faces  
Worn out places Worn out faces  
Bright and early for their daily races  
Going no where Going no where  
Their tears are filling up their glasses  
No expression No expression  
Hide my head I wanna drown my sorrow  
No tomorrow No tomorrow*

#### GROUP 2

*Zoom, you chase the day away  
High noon, the moon  
And stars came out to play*

#### GROUP 1

*And I find it kind of funny  
I find it kind of sad  
The dreams in which I'm dying are the best I've ever had  
I find it hard to tell you I find it hard to take  
When people run in circles it's a very very*

#### GROUP 2

*just remember  
You're the one thing I can't get enough of  
So I'll tell you something This could be love  
because I've had the time of my life  
No I never felt this way before  
Yes I swear it's the truth, And I owe it all to*

*GROUP 1*

*Whoa! You're a loaded gun, yeah,  
Whoa...There's nowhere to run  
No one can save me. The damage is done  
Shot through the heart and you're to blame  
You give love a bad name  
I play my part and you play your game  
You give love  
You give love a bad name*

*GROUP 2*

*And while We miss chances  
You can almost hear Time slipping away  
Inside everyone hides one desire  
Outside no one would know  
Danger close to the edge of the knife  
Safer not to let go*

*ALL*

*Stand and Deliver  
Your money or your life  
Try and use a mirror  
No bullet or a knife  
and even though you fool your soul  
your conscience will be mine – all mine  
Mad world  
Mad world  
Mad world  
Stand and Deliver!*

**END**