

Ewe Only Live Twice-Draft

1 - Cairo

– James Pond is pacing around the stage with a gun in one hand, a martini in the other, desperately looking for someone. A snake charmer sits with an arabic flute and a basket. Ahmed, a market trader is behind his small stall full of tat. A parrot is perched on the market stall roof? Pond notices the audience.

James Pond : Ah, good evening, I didn't expect Cairo to be so busy. Allow me to introduce myself. The name's Pond... James Pond... British Intelligence. I'm on a mission to capture one of the world's most dangerous assassins. She's beautiful, but deadly... they call her "The Shepherdess". I can't find her, she's a master of disguise, can blend in to any environment.

– He moves closer to the audience as if to whisper

James Pond : This is top secret, by the way, but you seem a trustworthy bunch. If you spot her, would you give me a heads-up? I doubt you'll see her before I do, I've had years of experience in the field, my senses are finely

tuned. (TAKES A SWIG OF MARTINI). Still, no harm in having an extra pair of eyes.

– Shepherdess walks on stage dressed in a massive Little Bo Peep outfit, carrying a crook, which is actually a rifle. Hopefully audience shout behind you etc. Lots of back and forth between Pond and audience. Shepherdess hides offstage. Pond approaches Ahmed.

James Pond : Did YOU see anything?

Ahmed : You buy a fez sir? Very good price.

James Pond : No, I don't need a fez! I need to send a telegram

Ahmed : Eh? A what, sir?

James Pond : A Telegram man. There must be a Telegram Bureau around here somewhere?

– Ahmed has no idea what a telegram is, but offers a camel cuddly toy to Pond

Ahmed : I don't understand sir. You buy camel? Very good price!

James Pond : I knew this place was stuck in the past, but I'd no idea how primitive these people are. I NEED TO SEND A MESSAGE TO ENGLAND

– Mimes various communication methods, scribbling, tapping morse code, folding a paper plane, mimes phone handset to his ear. Ahmed now thinks he wants to buy a mobile phone

Ahmed : Ah... You buy iPhone sir? Definitely not stolen. Very good price.

– He hands him an iPhone. Pond takes it and looks at the phone, confused. Then puts it to his ear.

James Pond : Hello, operator... put me through to MI6 headquarters... No response... Hey, you're trying to fleece me, this is broken. How am I going to contact HQ?

Ahmed : You could ask Siri. She knows how to make things happen.

– Pond smoothes down his hair and eyebrows, looking around eagerly

James Pond : And where do I find this, resourceful, lady?

- Ahmed points at the iPhone

Ahmed : In there

- Pond looks at him suspiciously, but decides to call his bluff

James Pond : Siri... connect me to M at MI6 HQ

- A few seconds elapse and then M appears as if there's a split screen and picks up an old-fashioned telephone handset

N : MI6 Headquarters, M speaking...

- Pond is surprised that M seems to be speaking to him from this small phone

James Pond : M, I tried to send a telegram, but this place is lacking in modern facilities, so I'm speaking to you through a small black box, no bigger than a cigarette case. It may be Chinese, so we must be careful.

N : Pond, where the hell are you?

- The Shepherdess appears from the other side of the stage, and shoots, missing Pond and

hitting the snake

James Pond : I'm in Cairo

– The Shepherdess shoots again and hits the Snake-charmer

N : What on earth are you doing in Cairo? Have you apprehended The Shepherdess yet?

James Pond : Er, not exactly M

– The Shepherdess shoots a third time, killing the parrot. The Shepherdess looks angrily at her rifle and disappears off stage again.

N : Pond, it is imperative you stop her. We believe she has stolen classified plans. You haven't lost her have you?

James Pond : No, I've not lost her... I just don't know where she is! But I must be getting close... a parrot has just been assassinated, right before my eyes.

N : Pond, I told you before you left London, this was your final chance. You've become sloppy, you've let your standards slip. The gambling, the drinking, the womanising! It's affecting your ability to function as an agent. You've let your country down, you've let me down... you've let yourself down Pond. I'm revoking your licence,

report back to London ... I'll decide what to do with you when you get here! What time can I expect you?

– Pond looks at his watch

James Pond : I can be in London after Tennish

N : After Tennis??? This is no time for ball games Bond. I'm booking you on the first flight out of Egypt. Don't be late!

– M hangs up angrily. Pond stares at the iPhone looking deflated, then hands it back to Ahmed

Ahmed : 2000 Qirsh sir, you want a bag?

James Pond : No, I don't want that useless thing... I'll give you 200 for the camel and the fez.

– Ahmed eagerly accepts the money and hands Pond the fez, which he puts on, and the camel which he tucks under his arm before staring sadly at the audience
– Curtains close

2 - Rose Queen Fete

– Frank is doing announcements over the tannoy, there's brass band music in the background. The Rose Queen crown is on a pedestal at the back. As the lights come up, there's a bit of feedback and the vicar is making a speech into a microphone.

Vicar : ...and in particular I'd like to thank Keith for all the work he's done on the gardens here at Crag Hall, I'm sure you'll agree he's made all things bright and beautiful. Well done Keith.

– Keith (Elvis) shuffles up slightly self-consciously to the microphone, then bursts into an impromptu acapella

Elvis : Well that's alright vicar, that's alright with me, that's alright vicar, I love gardening you see, that's alright...

– The vicar interrupts him, easing him gently away from the mic

Vicar : Yes, quite, thank you Keith... is it just me, or does Keith remind you of someone.

Elvis : You're welcome your holiness, uh huh!

Vicar : It's now my great pleasure to announce the winner of the Women's Institute baking competition... Men's category! Now I know that this has been controversial with you ladies, but I really do think that in the interest of inclusivity and diversity you've taken a bold step forward.

– Members of WI don't look particularly happy about any of this. One of them exits and returns carrying a large golden cupcake

Vicar : And we have this impressive trophy for the winner of this new category. So without further ado, it's time to find out who will be... "The Man With The Golden Bun"!

– He opens the envelope and announces the winner

Vicar : For his delicious oatmeal cookies, the winner is Mr Horace Nobb. I'm not sure I know Mr Nobb... is he here, is he, I'm looking for a Nobb, are there any nobbs out there? Where? Oh.. there he is, well done, many congratulations

– The trophy is presented, they pose for a photo

Vicar : Absolutely marvellous biscuits Horace.

Hobb Nobb : Call me Hobb vicar, everyone does

Vicar : Oh, very good, well congratulations again Hobb

– Hobb Nobb walks back and forth across the stage proudly showing off his trophy and milking the applause. Claws takes the opportunity to grab the crown and conceal it in a holdall. He then places a box labelled "Roze Queen Krown" in its place.

Vicar : Well that's the end of the prize giving. So it's time for the highlight of the day. I'd like to introduce Lord and Lady Barbie who will be crowning our Rose Queen

Lady Barbie : Thank you vicar. Ladies and gentlemen, I had the honour of being Rose Queen when I was a young girl, more years ago than I care to remember.

Lord Barbie : You don't look a day older than you did then Geraldine!

Lady Barbie : Thank you Jeremy. Now I know how important it is for the "right sort" of gal to be Rose Queen. There was a terribly common girl in my day who desperately wanted to be crowned, but, it really wouldn't do... She was terribly, terribly common. So I'm delighted to say that this year's Rose Queen will be...

– She looks back and realises there is no Rose Queen

***Lady Barbie* : Who IS it Vicar**

– Vicar checks his notes and looks confused

Vicar : I don't... I think there has been some kind of... Oh dear... Amanda Tebbet is supposed to organise all this. It looks like she may have dropped a bollo....

– Lord Barbie has been looking at his watch and getting more and more frustrated – he interrupts

Lord Barbie : Look man, at this rate I'm going to miss the 4:30 from Newmarket on the old gogglebox. I've got five hundred pounds riding on it. Can't we just get one of the fillies in the throng to do it.

Lady Barbie : Oh but it has to be the right SORT of gal Jeremy. Someone from the right stock, someone with breeding.

Lord Barbie : How about this lady Geraldine?

Lady Barbie : Jeremy! No! Not what we're looking for at all.

Lord Barbie : You madam, near the back, with the glasses and the... mousta... my apologies sir... in a certain light you put me in mind me of a young Miriam Margolyes.

Lady Barbie : Oh Jeremy, we really are scraping the barrel this evening aren't we.

Lord Barbie : How about this one?

Lady Barbie : Mmm. What. Let me take a closer look...
Mmm, well, I suppose she'll have to do. Come along dear.
Quickly, we don't have all day. Jeremy, fetch me the crown.

– Lord Barbie goes to where the crown should be and finds the box which Claws put down.

Lord Barbie : Oh this really is too much. They haven't even had the gumption to take it out of the box, this really won't do. Heads will roll for this, you mark my words.

– He opens the box, pulls out a large bobble hat and holds it up as if it smells. Lady Barbie looks at it and reels in horror. Murmurs of "it's been stolen", "someone's nicked the crown" etc. Lord Barbie tentatively places it on the "Rose Queen". The vicar looks alarmed and addresses the audience.

Vicar : Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls. I'm afraid to say, it appears there will be NO Rose Queen this year.

- Gasps of disbelief from the rest of the cast
- Lights down
- Curtains close
- Audience member is sent back to their seat

3 - MI6 HQ

- Big Ben chimes are heard from outside.
Punnymany is by a drinks cabinet, M is pacing the room with a large pipe, looking concerned. Q is building something complex with Meccano or Lego.

Punnymany : Time for a scotch sir?

N : Mmm? What? Well the sun seems to be over the yardarm... why not.

Punnymany : Very good sir

- Punnymany pours a large scotch and hands it to M, before pouring another. He puts it down on the desk as a door buzzer sounds. Punnymany gets the door and brings in Pond

Punnymany : James Pond for you sir

N : Ah, there you are Pond. You don't appear to have the stolen plans.

James Pond : Ah, no sir... were these plans, particularly important?

N : Particularly important Pond??? Yes they're particularly important.

****_N_**** : – He picks up a folder marked "Top Secret" and thrusts it into Pond's hand. Pond begins idly flicking through the notes inside.

N : The Americans prototyped a weapon during the cold war, codenamed Sheepdog. It affected the signals in the brain, rendering the subject incapable of spacial awareness, logical ability or independent thought.

James Pond : Like a woman M?

N : Indeed... The project was stopped after Reagan left office and the weapon never went into full production. But three days ago the blueprints were stolen from a secret facility in New Mexico.

James Pond : And you believe that The Shepherdess stole Sheepdog? Imagine the RAM-ifications!!

– M snatches back the folder

N : This is no joke Pond, you've lost The Shepherdess, you've lost Sheepdog, frankly, you've lost your job. Q, take Mr Pond's equipment.

– He motions towards Q, Pond approaches and Q checks items off on a clipboard as Bond hands in his gun, a set of car keys, a rubber chicken etc

P : One Walther PPK... tick... 7.65mm ammunition, 7 rounds... tick. Car keys, Aston Martin DB5.

– He looks up from the clipboard

P : I've checked the car Pond...The ejector seat appears to be damaged, we'll be taking that from your wages.

James Pond : But Q, I only put my Martini down on the passenger seat for a moment whilst I was lighting a cigarette. Then an old lady on a bicycle pulled out in front of me and I...

P : Do be quiet Pond. Now then, one attaché case, black leather... exploding catches.

James Pond : Careful Q....

– As Q opens the case Pond takes cover under the table with his fingers in his ears. The

case opens without incident and Q shakes his head as he waits for Pond to re-emerge.

P : I DO know what I'm doing Pond. I was designing these whilst you were still struggling through basic training. Now, what do we have? Mont Blanc fountain pen, releases hydrochloric acid when twisted...

– Tries twisting the pen, but it's stuck. Q makes a note on the checklist

P : no longer working.

James Pond : I guess you could say it failed the acid test Q?

P : Rolex wrist watch with laser-beam cutting tool... What's this Pond? What is Micky Mouse doing in here.

James Pond : He's telling the time Q, you see his little hand is pointing at the hour, and his big hand.....

P : I know how a watch works Pond! I'm wondering what happened to the very expensive Rolex we issued you?

James Pond : I'm afraid it was dislodged in mid air as I threw Coldfinger from his airship. I suppose you could say, time flies when you're having fun.

P : Mmmm. And finally, one rubber chicken.

- Examines the chicken closely, shakes it, listens to it, looking up at Pond suspiciously until eventually accepting that the rubber chicken is still fine

P : Well, at least you haven't destroyed EVERYTHING Pond.

- Angrily thrusts a carbon copy of the checklist at Pond as a receipt. Punnymany grabs his arm to lead him from the office

Punnymany : Come along Pond

- Pond grabs the glass of scotch as he passes the desk and downs it in one.

Punnymany : Pond!

James Pond : Well, it's been an honour gentlemen. When you need me, I'll be in the bar.

- He exits

Punnymany : What will you do with him sir?

N : The man's a washed up drunk. He's fit for nothing. A complete waste of... hold on...

– He suddenly has an idea and directs Punnymany to pick up the telephone

N : Get hold of my sister

Punnymany : Hello? Yes. Put me through to Dame Trudy Stench please... Yes, hold please. Dame Trudy for you sir.

– Passes the handset to M

N : Trudy? It's Toby. How are you? Yes, yes, I know I haven't phoned in ages, I've been incredibly busy keeping Britain safe. Anyway, let's not argue m'dear, you were complaining that you're short staffed... Well I have some good news for you. Yes, yes, one of our top agents... Oh he'll be exactly what you're looking for... His field work is legendary... Excellent, well I'll send him over... Not at all. Good day!

– M passes the handset back to Punnymany who puts it down

Punnymany : Problem solved sir?

– Punnymany refills M's scotch glass, and he takes a swig

N : Problem very much solved. Shall we nip down for a long lunch at the Blaze Club.

– Curtains

4 - Cragneto Receives The Crown

– Cragneto has an air fryer on a table and is busy adjusting it with a screwdriver, and a multimeter. He's consulting the blueprints to Sheepdog (perhaps taped onto the backdrop). An urn sits on the table, perhaps with a photograph of his mother next to it?

Cragneto : Excellent. The stolen plans appear to be genuine. I have almost built Sheepdog!

Klipp : Have you bought an airfryer Colin?

Klopp : Are we having chips Colin?

Klipp : Your mother wouldn't have approved of an airfryer Colin.

Klopp : No, no, SHE was a very good cook.

Cragneto : It's NOT an airfryer auntie Klopp. I mean it IS an airfryer, but I have rebuilt the insides. This is one of the most powerful weapons ever designed. And it's mine!

– Solitaire has been turning over cards and now speaks

Solitaire : Mother says you shouldn't waste your money on kitchen gadgets Colin

– Cragneto replies to the urn on the table

Cragneto : It's not a kitchen gadget. It is my key to ultimate power. I shall make you proud mother.

Solitaire : Mother says she hopes you're not going to do anything silly Colin.

Cragneto : I am no longer Colin...From this day forward, I shall be called Cragneto

Solitaire : But your name is Colin, Colin

Cragneto : Cragneto will be my supervillain name. A supervillain cannot be called Colin. It doesn't sound right.

Solitaire : Hush Colin, the cards have spoken. We have visitors.

– Claws and HobNob enter

Cragneto : Who are you, what do you want

Claws : Colin Balderstone?

Cragneto : What?

Claws : Are YOU Colin Balderstone?

Cragneto : No! I AM CRAGNETO, supervillain and all round evil-doer

Hobb Nobb : Oh, right, sorry, there must have been some mixup on the app.

Cragneto : The App??? What App???

– Claws shows him the Hench App on his phone

Claws : No no, not WhatsApp. "Hench". It's an App for Henchmen. Like a dating app, but, you know, for naughty lads!

Hobb Nobb : Anyway, we saw a posting on Hench from a Colin Balderstone, saying he wanted a crown stealing...

Claws : So we did it, it's in here.

Hobb Nobb : Anyway, sorry to bother you, we'll have a wander round the area and see if we can find this "Colin Balderstone" fella...

Cragneto : No, no... That's ME! I'm Colin Balderstone...
Cragneto is my supervillain name.

– Claws and Hobb Nobb look at each other slightly puzzled, wondering if they should trust him

Claws : Oh, I see.

Hobb Nobb : Well, if you're sure it's you, then we'll just take our fee and, erm, leave you to it. You obviously have a lot on.

Cragneto : Yes, yes of course. What was it now, fifteen pounds?

Claws : Each

Cragneto : Each!!!!????! Yes, yes, of course, I'll just get my purse... I mean I shall just have to access my incredibly secure vault, deep in the heart of Shuttlingsloe.

– He leaves stage. Hobb Nobb and Claws look around a bit, avoiding Solitaire's eyeline, and whispering to each other

Hobb Nobb : Hey, Claws, he doesn't look short of a bob or two does he? All this hi-tech equipment. Do you reckon he's one of them footballers?

Claws : Of COURSE he's not a footballer Hobb Nobb.
How many footballers post a jewel robbery on HENCH?

Hobb Nobb : Fair point. Here, do you reckon he needs more henching done? I mean, we could do with the work.

Claws : Not a bad idea my biscuity little friend. Oooh, shhh, he's coming back.

– Cragneto reappears with two brown envelopes

Cragneto : Well gentlemen, I have returned from my extremely secure vault and I have your fifteen pounds - each! I will need to examine "the merchandise" of course

Claws : Of course. Hobb Nobb...

– Hobb Nobb takes the crown from the holdall and passes it to Cragneto

Cragneto : At last, I have it, it's mine, all mine.

– He places it on the urn

Cragneto : There mother, you're finally Rose Queen, and there's nothing that "Lady" Barbie can do about it. You're not so common now Mother... You have my gratitude gentlemen.

– Claws goes into fancy business–speak–mode

Claws : My business partner and I were just discussing whether there may be potential further synergistic collaborations which would be of "mutual benefit" to both parties?

– Cragneto didn't understand a word of that

Cragneto : Eh????

Hobb Nobb : We wondered if you needed more bad stuff doing?

Cragneto : Oh. I see. Well what can you do, Mr...?

Claws : Claws sir, Mr Claws. As in... Santa... no relation, ha!!

– He digs into the holdall and produces a pair of gloves with "blades" attached and puts them on

Claws : I mostly specialise in the "intimidation game" if you get my meaning sir.

– He does a lion claw motion, gritting his teeth whilst making "grrrrrr" noises

Claws : And at a pinch I can do a spot of topiary!

Hobb Nobb : And I make biscuits

Cragneto : Biscuits????!!!!

Hobb Nobb : Well, sometimes I make em with razor blades in, and I throw them... Like a ninja

Cragneto : I see. Well gentlemen, I WILL need some henchmen as I am about to embark on some evil-doing. You're hired. Your first engagement will be to fetch a sheep.

- Claws and Hobb Nobb look at each other, confused, but then, not wishing to mess up their first task, wander offstage looking for a sheep
- Meanwhile Cragneto removes the gemstone from the crown and places it his airfryer drawer

Cragneto : Now mother, I just need to borrow this jewel from your crown. The final piece of the jigsaw, this will act as a refractifier both refracting and amplifying the energy.

- Claws returns. Hobb Nobb is still offstage huffing and puffing and trying to control the "sheep". Lots of bleating noises.

Claws : We've found a sheep sir... Come on Hobb Nobb, get it in here

Hobb Nobb : It's struggling quite a bit. I don't think it wants to come any further

Cragneto : No matter. I will test the power of Sheepdog on the "medium range" setting...

– he adjusts the dial and presses the switch. The airfryer bursts into life. There are flashing lights offstage and the sheep noises become deeper, longer and more sinister. Hobb Nobb reappears looking a little frightened

Hobb Nobb : Ooooh.... I don't like that. That sheep's just stood up on it's hind legs... And it's looking at me in a funny way, like it wants to fight me.

– Cragneto is smiling and he pats the airfryer, very pleased with the test

Cragneto : Excellent.

– Lights down
– Curtains close

5 - Village Meeting

– Punnymany is behind the bar, the vicar and P are sat at a table, other locals are gathered, chattering away noisily, Klipp and Klopp are knitting. The vicar taps a teacup with a spoon to try getting everyone's attention.

Vicar : If I can have your attention please, shh, everyone please, can we get started? Well, thank you all for attending this village meeting. The first item on the agenda is the Wildboarclough Rose Queen Fete.

– Mumbling and tutting from the rest of the pub

Vicar : An inauspicious day I think we'll all agree. Shocking, absolutely shocking. I'll hand you over to Maureen who has finalised the accounts.

P : Thank you vicar. Well, I'm afraid to say, takings were low, very low indeed. I think it's safe to say that this was the worst Rose Queen Fete since the infamous Wellie Wanging accident in 1975. We've fallen a long way short of what is required to keep St Saviours church functioning.

Vicar : We're desperately short of toilet rolls... desperately short

P : Indeed vicar, very troubling, a huge black hole.

Vicar : Now, I'd hoped it wouldn't come to this but we cannot continue without doing something radical.

– locals start offering suggestions

Local 1 : A jumble sale vicar?

Local 2 : A quiz night vicar?

Local 1 : Male striptease vicar?

Punnymany : Oooh, yes, we could get Chris Fenton to do some of his poledancing again!

– Murmurings of excitement from the ladies in the pub

Vicar : These are all valid ideas... but, we've been working in the background on a solution... The flyer please Maureen...

– She passes him a small leaflet which he holds up

Vicar : Ladies and Gentlemen, on Saturday evening I shall be inviting you all along to the opening night of... "Saviours Palace"! Wildboarclough's first casino. We shall have roulette wheels, we shall have blackjack, we shall have dancing girls.

– Everyone is excited

Vicar : Oh and I have managed to secure some musical entertainment. Keith, who I'm sure you all know does a superb job managing the gardens at Crag Hall... where's Keith.

Elvis : Uh, right over here vicar, right over here

Vicar : Ah, hello Keith. Well I understand you've agreed to sing for us?

Elvis : I'll do my best sir. I'll do my best.

Local 1 : He REALLY reminds me of someone but I can't put my finger on it.

Punnymany : I know what you mean love. It's not Paddy McGuinness is it?

Vicar : Keith has a lovely singing voice so I'm sure we're all very much looking forward to that.

– Someone raises their hand and asks

Local 2 : Will there still be church services vicar?

Vicar : Not for the moment, no. Until further notice I shall be running St Saviours chur... Saviours Palace as a full time casino enterprise. God willing, one day, I shall

welcome back my flock. Now unless there's any other business...

– P notices that Ken Bidd has raised his hand and points this out to the vicar

Vicar : Ah, Ken Bidd, yes, you wanted to raise something?

Ken Bidd : What are we going to do about the strange noises coming from Shuttlingsloe

Local 1 : Yeah, my sheep are starting to act funny. It was so loud last night I thought it'd make the Skyfall in.

Local 2 : Mine too. My sheepdog Jess is terrified. Won't come out of her kennel. It's scared The Living Daylights out of her.

Punnymany : Someone should do something. We can't have this Spectre hanging over the village.

Local 1 : Where are the WI when you need them?

Ken Bidd : Alright, alright, calm down everybody. We've all heard the noises, we've all seen changes in our sheep. I say we form a team of vigilantes, get ourselves tooled up, and go up Shuttlingsloe to find out what's going on! Who's with me?

Local 1 : Mmm, I'm quite busy actually

Local 2 : The weather forecast doesn't look great for tonight

Local 1 : I really think this is the sort of thing the WI should be dealing with... not us.

– Lord Barbie bursts in

Lord Barbie : Something terrible has happened. I don't know what to do... it's awful

Punnymany : What's the matter hun? What's happened?

Lord Barbie : I can't find my car keys... for the Jag!

Punnymany : You left them on the bar last night love, just after you'd finished off my last bottle of Forest Gin. I've got them in the lost property box.

– She retrieves his carkeys from behind the bar and returns them

Lord Barbie : Oh thank goodness. Oh wait... I almost forgot... There's something else.

Punnymany : What is it dear?

Lord Barbie : Geraldine has gone missing. I haven't seen her all weekend. I don't know how to work the washing machine, I'm down to my last pair of Y-fronts.

Local 1 : Lady Barbie - missing since Friday

Local 2 : That's when the strange noises started

Local 1 : Ooooooh I don't like the sound of this

Ken Bidd : Right, this is the final straw. If the rest of you are too scared, I suppose it's up to me. I'll go up there on my own and sort it out!

- Ken leaves the pub. Klipp and Klopp look knowingly at each other, nod, take out their special knitting needles, and follow him out
- Curtains close

6 - WI5 HQ Send In Jane Blonde

- Dame Stench is standing centre-stage holding her cat Mr Puggles. P is checking various measuring instruments and typing data into a laptop. Punnymany is pouring tea from a china teapot

N : Good morning ladies, apologies for the short notice but something unpleasant seems to be bubbling up.

- SFX: Fart noise
- Punnymany and P look at each other trying

not to overreact

– Dame Trudy strokes Mr Puggles as if to imply that he did the fart

N : There seems to be a spot of bother up at Shuttlingsloe, strange noises, the top of the hill has started glowing, sheep are behaving unusually. As head of WI5 Intelligence Services, Rural Division, I feel we should investigate. Punnymany, any intel?

Punnymany : Not much from any of my contacts Maam.

P : I've been monitoring the seismic impact Maam. I had a reading of 5.7 last night. That's the equivalent of a moderate earthquake.

N : It was incredibly WINDY too.

– P looks confused/dubious

P : I'm not sure I observed THAT Maam

Punnymany : Maybe just at YOUR house Maam?

– SFX: Another fart noise

N : Well, it certainly gives me cause for concern. My gut tells me something's not right.

– P and Punnymany make wafting actions and screw up their noses

P : Indeed Maam

Punnymany : Not right at all Maam

– The postlady appears

Postperson Patricia : Cooeeee! Only me! Morning ladies. Hope I'm not interrupting one of your secret meetings?

N : Actually Patricia, you...

– ignoring this and carrying on regardless

Postperson Patricia : I've got your post. Something from His Majesty's Government, sounds important. Your Saga magazine... ooh, it's got an interview with that Daniel Crag, from the films... Oh, I like him. I might be borrowing that when you're done. And there's a parcel for you, from the ScrewFix people... I think it might be a new extractor fan.

– Punnymany and P both look at each other, hoping this is the case

N : Extractor fan? I didn't order any...

P : Oh that was me Maam

Punnymany : We thought it might be a good idea to get a bit more ventilation in the basement Maam

N : You two DO have some funny ideas sometimes, I really don't know where they come from...

Postperson Patricia : Oh, I nearly forgot, a leaflet from the vicar.

– N takes the leaflet and reads it aloud

N : "Reverend Smythe cordially invites you to the opening night of Saviour's Palace - A gambler's paradise"... Oh, It's REALLY not our sort of thing Patricia.

Postperson Patricia : Oh, are you sure, what a pity. The rest of the village are going and I'm sure the man who lives in Shuttlingsloe will be interested. Him and his lady-friend are always playing card games.

N : Shuttlingsloe? No one lives IN Shuttlingsloe!! Do they?

Postperson Patricia : Oh yes, Colin lives in there... oh, except he seems to be calling himself Cragneto now

– She looks at some of Cragneto's post in her bag just to check she's getting the name right

Postperson Patricia : He's very clever, some kind of scientist or inventor I think. He's always getting packages from fancy places like China or North Korea or... Langley. "Handle with care..." "Caution, radioactive..." you know the sort of thing. I delivered a great big tube yesterday, full of blueprints - I had a quick peep but they made no sense to me.

N : Blueprints?

Postperson Patricia : Mmm, he's probably building another one of his gadgets. He's got all sorts up there. His electric bills would make you faint... Not that I look at them of course. Anyway, I'm off up there now with his invitation.

– She heads towards the door

Postperson Patricia : I'll tell the vicar you're a "maybe"!

– Postperson Patricia leaves

N : Shuttlingsloe eh?

Punnymany : Should we send an agent up there to investigate Maam?

N : Yes Punnymany, we should. P, where is agent Blonde?

P : She's practicing her wellie wanging in the firing range
Maam, shall I bring her in.

– N nods, P leaves and returns with Jane
Blonde carrying a wellington boot

Jane Blonde : Maam, you have a mission for me?

N : I do Jane. An extremely dangerous mission.

Jane Blonde : My favourite sort Maam

N : That's my girl. P will sort you out with some lady
gadgets.

– Jane moves to P's gadget bench. P pulls out
a posh handbag

P : Now look here Blonde, listen carefully. Luxury Gucci
handbag, classic half-moon top handle, retractable metal
wire ideal for booby-trapping an enemy agent's lair... or for
hanging out emergency washing.

Jane Blonde : Clever P... Trip-spy... or Drip-dry!

P : Inside I've provided two lipsticks. This one, Fiery
Fuchsia, twist clockwise, sets a timer which detonates 10
millilitres of nitroglycerin. Enough to blow your way out of
any situation.

Jane Blonde : Lethal Lippy P!

P : And this one... is Ravishing Red.

Jane Blonde : And what does IT do P?

– P sighs, as if Blonde is an imbecile

P : It's a lipstick Blonde, bold, long-lasting, perfect for a night out on the town. Try not to mix them up!

Jane Blonde : I'll make a mental note P... for my FUCHSIA self!

P : Now I've hidden a tiny two-way radio in the lining. You're unlikely to get a mobile signal inside Shuttlingsloe. This uses ultrasonic technology which will let you send messages... and listen to Womens Hour.

– P pulls out a bath bomb

P : And I'm particularly pleased with these. Lavender-infused bath-bombs. Can be used for a lovely relaxing soak... or thrown into an enclosed space. Releases a thick purple haze, impossible to see through.

Jane Blonde : A Purple Haze P?

– She pauses expecting some music to blast out

P : Yes Blonde... A PURPLE HAZE!

– Blonde is still expecting some kind of musical "joke"

N : Is there a problem Jane?

Jane Blonde : No Maam, I just thought the scriptwriters might have done some kind of musical "joke" there.

N : Scriptwriters??? Musical Joke??? What on earth are you talking about. Have you been overworking Jane???

Jane Blonde : No Maam, I'm fine.

N : Good, we need you on top form. Now, your mission is simple. Scale the east-face of Shuttlingsloe without being noticed, find out what's going on and if necessary, deal with it.

Jane Blonde : Very good Maam. I'd better go and change

– Blonde exits
– Punnymany picks up the Saviours Palace flyer

Punnymany : Maam, do you think we should send someone to this Casino? If Patricia is correct, we may learn more about this Cragneto fellow.

N : But we don't have anyone who knows the first thing about casinos Punnymany. Who on earth would we send?

– Pond enters and approaches Punnymany

James Pond : Excuse me sweetheart. I'm looking for Dame Trudy Stench.

Punnymany : Don't you "sweetheart" me you sexist pig. And you will refer to Dame Trudy by her codename "N". N, there's a sexist pig here to see you.

N : Who are you?

James Pond : The name's Pond... James Pond. MI6 sent me.

N : Oh, you're the field agent Toby mentioned. Tea?

– She waves to Punnymany, who pours tea into a cup and brings it over on a tray with scones and jam

James Pond : Oh, scones.

N : They're pronounced scon Mr Pond. Anyone with a modicum of class knows that.

James Pond : I think you'll find it's scone

– He asks the audience

James Pond : What do you people think? It's scone isn't it

– Banter with audience until N puts a stop to it

N : Look Pond, her majesty always pronounced it scon, and if it was good enough for her it's good enough for me. I hope you're a better agent than your etiquette would suggest? What can you do Mr Pond?

James Pond : Well, I can sweet-talk the ladies.

N : I've seen no evidence of that.

James Pond : I can drink large quantities of martini

N : Hmmmm... We don't approve of drinking... do we girls?

– Punnymany and P both look awkward and embarrassed. In union they lie...

Punnymany : No Dame Trudy

P : No Dame Trudy

– Pond is now struggling to think of anything else he's good at

James Pond : I can play the spoons

N : Play The Spoons???!!!! I think I'm starting to understand why my insufferable brother was so keen to foist you on us!

James Pond : Oh... and I can gamble!

– They all exchange knowing looks, whilst Pond takes a spoonful of clotted cream and begins to put it on his scone

N : Well Mr Pond. We may have just the job for you!

– She notices his scone

N : Jam first Mr Pond... It's JAM FIRST!!!

Punnymany : What an obnoxious MAN!

– SONG: Oldswinger

Oldswinger, he's a man
A man who is out of touch
He drinks too much
Such an Oldswinger
In his dreams, the girls all fall to their
knees

He's such a sleaze

Olden words he will pour in your ear
Dated stories of birds fags and beer
But a modern girl, knows what he's after
He's a lazy sexist, bas..(BLEEP), Oldswinger

Fools around, imagines you can't resist
This Chauvinist

Just don't be cajoled
He's just getting old
His soul has been sold
He's so very old
He's so old

7 - Ken Bidd is Mind-Zapped

– Cragneto is tinkering with Sheepdog.
Solitaire is reading cards.

Solitaire : Mr Bun, The Baker... Mr Waller, The Farmer...
Mr Fenton, The Waller... Mmm, powerful men.

– She looks up, a concerned expression on her face and addresses Cragneto

Solitaire : The cards warn us of danger Colin. The locals are revolting.

– Klipp and Klopp force Ken Bidd on stage with their knitting needles (like cattle prods)

Cragneto : You can say that again! Look at this one...

Klopp : Over there prisoner

Klipp : And button your shirt up lad

Ken Bidd : I will not, I like it like this

Cragneto : Don't worry auntie Klipp, this will be an excellent test of Sheepdog

– He aims Sheepdog at Ken Bidd, powers it on, Ken shudders and becomes zombie-like

Cragneto : Now auntie Klipp, perhaps you could ask him again?

Klipp : Button your shirt up

Ken Bidd : I shall button my shirt up

Klopp : Oooh Colin. It works. You ARE clever

Cragneto : Claws, fetch our other "guest" from the dungeon

– Claws exits and returns, pushing Lady Barbie (who is gagged and bound) in front

Hobb Nobb : Would you like a biscuit Lady Barbie, fresh out of the oven?

– Lady Barbie attempts to speak but can only mumble

Cragneto : Quiet Hobb Nobb. So Lady Barbie, I finally have the chance for revenge. Mother always wanted to be Rose Queen, but you wouldn't let her would you? Didn't think she was posh enough. I will make you regret that.

Solitaire : The cards have spoken... Mrs Pat The Postperson. She brings messages from afar, and an invitation to salvation.

– There's a knock at the door, Claws goes to block the entrance, as the Patricia appears

Postperson Patricia : Coo-ee... Only me! Ooh, hello, I don't think we've met. Is Colin in?

Claws : Cragneto is busy at the moment...

– She barges past Claws

Postperson Patricia : Oh, don't worry, I won't be a minute, just delivering the post. Morning Colin... Ooooooh, have you got an airfryer? Is it good?

Cragneto : What? No! I mean yes! But no, it's not an airfryer... I mean it IS an airfryer, but I have modified it to create... the most devastating weapon known to mankind

Postperson Patricia : Oh lovely! I've got one of those George Formby grills myself... but I hardly ever use it. Anyway, here's your post. Mostly bills I'm afraid. Oh, and a postcard from Ibiza from your friend Bloefeld... sounds like he's been up to all sorts!!!

– Cragneto grabs the postcard, annoyed that she's reading his personal correspondence.

Postperson Patricia : Oh, and there's a leaflet from the vicar. He's putting on a casino night at the church. Saviours Palace he's calling it. I'd go myself but... well... I've a problem with gambling.

– Cragneto has no interest in this and wishes she would leave...

Cragneto : Really?

Postperson Patricia : Oh yes, I was into it all. Scratch cards, underground bare-knuckle boxing... The Flash Duck Race. But it was the Bingo that really got out of hand. Got very competitive. I'd have a marker in my left hand, a marker in my right hand, and one in my mouth. I got into a brawl with two fat ladies. I knew it had to stop.

– She pauses to remember the horror of it all.
No one else can think of anything to say

Postperson Patricia : Anyway, you should take your girlfriend, she seems to love playing cards.

Cragneto : She's my HALF SISTER!!!

Postperson Patricia : Oh, sorry, I just assumed!

– There's an awkward silence

Postperson Patricia : Okaaaay... I'd best be off, I can't be chatting with you all day.

– Speaking to Solitaire she "whispers" loudly

Postperson Patricia : Honestly, he could talk the hind-legs off a donkey. Bye Colin.

– She notices Ken Bidd in a daze with his shirt buttoned up, and Lady Barbie.

Postperson Patricia : Oh, Morning Ken, didn't see you there... you're looking very smart! Morning Lady Barbie, lovely day for it.

– She exits, Jane Blonde has sneaked in unnoticed, dressed completely in black, wearing a diving mask and snorkel, carrying her Gucci handbag

Cragneto : Thank goodness she's gone. Now, where was I. Oh yes, Lady Barbie...

Jane Blonde : Not so fast Cragneto.

Cragneto : Who are you?

Jane Blonde : The name's Blonde... Jane Blonde... W15, British Intelligence, Rural Division.

Cragneto : Intelligence??? Ha!

Jane Blonde : I'm here to put an end to this nonsense. Take cover Lady Barbie.

– She takes one of her lavender bath bombs from her handbag, the lights go down, there is

a flash, a bang, and the curtains close. From behind the curtain we hear Cragneto

Cragneto : No! Not lavender! I have allergies. My eyes, my eyes.

8 - Casino - Saviours Palace

– Curtains open as Elvis starts to sing Viva St Saviours. Everyone's having a good time, except Lord Barbie who is wandering around trying to find his wife.

Lord Barbie : Has anyone seen my wife?

– Cragneto walks in and is greeted by the Vicar, who shows him to the top table. As the music finishes, the lights go down and N, Punymany and Pond enter with a spotlight on them, speaking so that only they (and the audience) can hear

N : Now listen closely Mr Pond. We've still had no contact from Jane Blond. The local sheep are behaving in a very alarming way. We continue to observe strange phenomena being emitted from the heart of Shuttlingsloe and I have growing suspicions about this so-called Cragneto

James Pond : Perhaps this Cragneto is the one who has stolen the blueprints for Sheepdog?

N : What on earth is Sheepdog?

James Pond : It's a secret mind-control weapon. The blueprints were stolen last week. I assumed M would have briefed you.

N : Toby never tells me anything, unless it suits his own ends.

Punnymany : Maam, if this is true, we've sent our best agent into a potential death-trap!

James Pond : Your BEST agent? I don't think so, honey-muffin. That Blonde girl might have made a first-rate secretary, but I think you're LOOKING at your BEST agent.

Punnymany : Why you out-of-date male chauvinist p...

N : Calm down, both of you. We have a job to do. P has created fake identity papers to corroborate your cover. You are an international businessman, specialising in aquarium supplies. Exotic fish, chemicals, err...

James Pond : Tanks N?

N : You're welcome Pond. Now, Punnymany is in charge of the money. We're lending you our WI5 Christmas Party

fund, thirty-two pounds and fifty pence. Don't think this is yours to lose Pond, I expect it to be returned in full.

James Pond : You can trust me with your kitty N

N : You're not taking Mr Puggles! Punnymany... make sure he doesn't do anything silly.

– Punnymany and Pond walk to Cragneto's table.
Punnymany is extremely irate

James Pond : May I join you Mr?

Cragneto : Mr Cragneto... Please do Mr?

James Pond : The name's Pond... James Pond. And this is my companion. Err... Tiggy... Tiggy Bits

– Punnymany looks furious at the name Pond has just come up with off the top of his head

Cragneto : Enchanting, a pleasure to meet you Tiggy! And what do you do, Mr Pond?

James Pond : I, er, I import exotic fish.

Cragneto : Do you operate at a large SCALE?

James Pond : No, just myself. You might say I'm a...
SOLE trader. Perhaps I could show you my PLAICE

sometime.

Cragneto : An interesting offer Mr Pond. I shall... MULLET over.

James Pond : And you, Mr Cragneto. Are you an entrePRAWNer?

Cragneto : Don't be KOI Mr Pond. I suspect you know EXACTLY what I do. But I fear YOU may be out of your depth. Shall we gamble?

James Pond : What did you have in mind? Connect Four? Hungry Hippos...?

Cragneto : Snakes... and... Ladders?

James Pond : Ah, Snakes and Ladders... the game of kings. Sounds excellent.

Cragneto : Shall we say 5 pence per square Mr Pond?

James Pond : 5 pence? Come come Mr Cragneto, I thought you were a serious man. What do you say to... 20 pence per square?

– There are gasps from the other casino patrons

Punnymany : Pond, what are you doing? You're out of control!

James Pond : Quiet Tiggy and open your jar!

– Pond scoops some loose change from the jar and places it on the table. Punnymany looks furious.

Cragneto : You are a reckless man, Mr Pond. I will enjoy separating you from your money.

– P who is acting as the croupier, sets out the board and places two markers on the first square

P : Mr Pond is red, Mr Cragneto is blue. The stakes are set at 20 pence, per square

James Pond : Might I suggest Moscow rules?

Cragneto : You mean?

James Pond : Yes. Every time one of us slides down a snake, we must answer a question truthfully

Cragneto : I have no objection

– P takes two colanders from beneath the table, both have wires and lights attached. She places one on Cragneto's head, the other on Pond's. She then holds both hands in front, clenching a dice in each...

P : Mr Pond, choose your dice

James Pond : I'll choose the left hand, anonymous casino employee who I have definitely never ever met before.

– She passes Pond a dice and gives the other to Cragneto

P : Mr Cragneto will be first to roll.

– Cragneto rolls the dice

P : One for Mr Cragneto. Ladder. Mr Cragneto moves up to square 14. Mr Pond...

– Punnymany slides some change over to Cragneto's side of the table.
– Pond rolls his dice

P : Six for Mr Pond

– Cragneto rolls the dice

P : One more for Mr Cragneto. Ladder. Mr Cragneto moves up to square 18.

James Pond : Two ladders already Mr Cragneto. How very fortunate.

Cragneto : Oh do stop CARPING on Mr Pond.

– Pond rolls his dice

P : Mr Pond... six!

James Pond : Still no ladders for me.

- Cragneto rolls the dice

P : Mr Cragneto... One, again. Another ladder. Mr Cragneto is on square 36

– Cragneto is starting to get excited

Cragneto : I said you were out of your depth, Mr Pond! This is a game for gentlemen. Perhaps YOU should have chosen Hungry Hippos? Ha ha ha.

James Pond : A gentleman might not be so quick to claim victory Cragneto. Sometimes one must play the long game

– Pond rolls his dice

P : Mr Pond, six... Mr Cragneto, one... Snake!

James Pond : Oh, bad luck Cragneto... I get to ask a question... What do you know about Sheepdog?

Cragneto : I don't know what you're talking about Mr Aaaaaaghhhh!

– His helmet emits a painful charge, and he looks distressed

Cragneto : Alright, alright... I have stolen the plans and modified a standard domestic air fryer to make a devastating mind-control weapon, capable of turning a flock of sheep into my own personal army!

– Punnymany begins scribbling furiously in her notebook. Pond rolls his dice

P : Mr Pond, six, still no ladders. Mr Cragneto, one... Snake!

James Pond : Another snake, another question Mr Cragneto. Do you know the whereabouts of Ken Bidd?

Cragneto : Ken Bi... I don't know who that.. Aaaaaaghhhh! Ok, Ok. He got too close to the truth, so I zapped him with

Sheepdog.

P : Mr Pond, six... Ladder! Mr Cragneto... One. Snake!!

James Pond : What have you done with Lady Barbie?

Cragneto : Gaaaaaahh...THAT woman, she took my mother's dreams and she ripped them up like cheap toilet paper, then flushed them down the... the toilet. Lady Barbie deserves everything that is coming to her. As does your colleague, Miss Jane Blonde. Your so-called intelligence agency is surprisingly stupid. This game is finished, I have been treated disgracefully, and I will not forget this insult. Enjoy your moment Mr Pond... it may be your last.

– Cragneto storms out of the casino

P : The house pays five pounds and twenty pence to Mr Pond.

James Pond : Looks like the drinks are on me Tiggy?

– Pond moves to collect his winnings, but Punnymany slaps his hand, gives him a stern look and puts the money back in her jar Keith approaches.

Elvis : James? I thought it was you! What in the name of Kentucky Fried Chicken are you doing in a casino in Wildboardclough?

James Pond : What the... Elvis? Elvis Presley... Is that really you?

Elvis : Shhhh! My name's "Keith" now James. I faked my own death back in 1977 and disappeared. A couple of army buddies smuggled me out and set me up in the shed at Crag Hall. Well since then, I've just been looking after the gardens. I've never felt happier James.

– The vicar makes another announcement

Vicar : I hope you're all having an enjoyable night here at Saviours Palace. It's time for a little more entertainment.

Elvis : Gotta go. It sure is good to see you again my friend, join me for a carrot juice later?

James Pond : I'd be delighted Elvi... er Keith.

Vicar : Take it away Keith.

– Song: A little less conversation?

9 - WI5 Send in Blind Bond and Bonjour

– P and Punnymany stand to attention, whilst N paces back and forth

N : So, ladies. The casino. Update me

P : Well Mr Pond certainly came up trumps

– SFX: Fart noise

Punnymany : Are you serious? He nearly lost our savings

P : But he ended up winning us money, and he got valuable information out of Cragneto

Punnymany : The man's a loose canon. Did you hear the name he invented for me? Tiggy Bits! TIGGY BITS.

N : I'm not sure I see the problem Punnymany

Punnymany : TIGGY BITS!!!??? It's a spoonerism Maam

N : He did say he played the spoons! Anyway, still no news from Jane Blonde?

Punnymany : No Maam

N : We're going to have to send in another agent

P : We only have MEN left Maam.

N : Tell me...

P : There's James Pond.

Punnymany : That misogynist dinosaur. Surely not N?

– N doesn't necessarily share Punnymany's extreme feelings, but can tell she's upset

N : Mm, Who else is there?

P : There's Blind Bond. He's completely blind, but has an excellent sense of smell.

N : Blind? Well surely he won't be of any use. Oh it couldn't get any worse, is that it?

P : No Maam, there's one more... a Frenchman.

– N rolls her eyes. Treats that suggestion as not even worth discussing, sighs...

N : Tell me more about this Blind chap...

– P signals for Blind Bond to enter. He taps his way over with a white stick

N : They tell me you're blind.

Blind Bond : Completely blind sir.

N : Sir?? Oh for goodness sake. Well why should I trust you with our sensitive mission man?

Blind Bond : My other senses are almost superhuman sir. I can hear a mouse drop a pin, should that ever be necessary. And my sense of smell has helped find hidden explosive devices and...

– SFX: Tiny squeaky fart noise

Blind Bond : Oh my lord, what the.. let me out, let me out...

– He rushes from the room holding his nose

N : Where's he going, what's wrong with him?

Punnymany : No idea Maam, perhaps he finds you intimidating?

– He returns wiping his mouth with a handkerchief

Blind Bond : Apologies sir, I suddenly felt a little unwell.

N : Well it seems you're the best we have, so we're sending you up to Shuttlingsloe. It's a difficult climb, I'd feel

better if someone accompanied you. Who did you say our other agent was P?

P : James Bonjour Maam

Blind Bond : A Frenchman!!!??? I'd rather take my chances alone if it's all the same to you.

N : That's a direct order man. Don't make such a stink about it.

- Another massive fart causes Blind Bond to rush off stage again
- Curtains close

10 - Onion Torture

- Solitaire is sitting at her usual table and Cragneto is pacing around. Behind them, Kenn Bidd, Lady Barbie and Jane Blonde are behind bars. Only Blonde is still not-zapped.

Solitaire : The cards are confusing. One blinded by arrogance, another just blind. I do not understand.

Cragneto : I do hope you are not losing your powers Solitaire. You are no use to me if you cannot read the

cards. Where are those henchmen. If they are on another tea break, I shall have their guts for...

- Cragneto storms off to find Claws and Hobb Nobb.
- James Bonjour and Blind Bond come up the aisle, lots of white stick tapping, and complaining about the mud.

James Bonjour : Zis is outrageous. Zis hill is so muddy. I 'ave just stepped in some sheep dung. Look at my shoes. They are by Christian Louboutin and zey are ruined! Zut alors, sacre blue, quelle fromage!

Blind Bond : Tais-toi, Mr Bonjour, keep quiet. We are approaching the lair. I smell danger.

James Bonjour : You smell my shoes... Zey will never recovaire. C'est catastrophique!

- They climb onto the stage

Solitaire : A blind man and a frenchman, now I see what the cards predicted.

Jane Blonde : Hey, you, over here, we're over here.

- Blind starts tapping his way to the prison bars. Bonjour starts chatting up Solitaire

James Bonjour : Bonjour Mademoiselle, I am James Bonjour. I suppose you are wondering how it is that I am so devastatingly handsome? It is because I am French you see. My shoes? Oui they ARE Christian Louboutin... The smell? Well, you see, I stepped in some sheep dung...

– Hobb Nobb enters carrying a tray of biscuits

Hobb Nobb : Oh, I didn't know we were expecting guests. Would you like a biscuit. Freshly baked.

– He offers the plate to Bonjour who takes one, sniffs it suspiciously and takes a small bite

James Bonjour : Eeeeugh... Zis is not patisserie, zis is not Parisian standard, zis tastes like sheep dung. And it has a soggy bottom.

Hobb Nobb : How rude, I spent hours making these...

– Claws enters

Claws : Intruders... Hobb Nobb, what are you waiting for, get them!

– Biscuits are thrown, claws are waved around and the two agents are captured.

– Cragneto enters

Cragneto : Solitaire! Why did you not foresee this?

Solitaire : I apologise brother, the cards were unclear.

Cragneto : Is this the best your so-called intelligence service can do. Jane Blonde, Blind Bond and James Bonjour, I presume. Who next? James Bon Jovi?

– MUSIC CLIP: Shot through the heart. Everyone looks confused

Cragneto : Perhaps a demonstration of the power of Sheepdog will deter further expeditions. Ms Blonde first, I think.

– Sheepdog zaps Jane Blonde
– He then turns it on Blind Bond, but nothing happens

Cragneto : It's not working

Blind Bond : The weapon must use some kind of refractified light beam. Quick, Bonjour, close your eyes!

– Bonjour makes a great show of having screwed his eyes shut

James Bonjour : You cannot use your Sheepdog on me Monsieur Cragneto. You will never force me to open my eyes, as I am incredibly brave... because I am French, you see...

- Cragneto signals to Claws who snips an onion from Bonjour's neck

Cragneto : Begin the chopping

- Claws starts chopping the onion

Blind Bond : sniffs... I smell... Onions!!!!

James Bonjour : What is happening? What is that chopping noise? Mr Cragneto, do you expect me to talk?

Cragneto : No Mr Bonjour... I expect you to CRY!!!

- Lights down
- Curtains close

11 - Siege Of Crag Hall

- N has set up a war room in Crag Hall. Lots of activity, bleeping radios, a table with a map of the area and various models of sheep being pushed around. P is looking through a

periscope and Punnymany is sat at a shortwave radio.

Punnymany : Mayday, Mayday, This is an emergency broadcast from WI5 HQ. We have been locked inside the war room for 2 days. We have water and a small supply of food... but Pond has run out of martini ingredients. The sheep forces have now captured all local farms and their numbers are increasing as flocks from further afield join. If anyone hears this message, please, send assistance.

Elvis : James, how you holdin' up there?

James Pond : Elvis, it's not easy, I haven't been this sober since 1964. I'm beginning to wonder if I might have been a more effective secret agent if I'd stopped gambling and womanising and drinking.

– Elvis pats Pond on the shoulder sympathetically.

Elvis : Amen to that my friend, amen to that. Ever since I faked my own death, cleaned myself up and moved to Wildboarclough, I've never felt better. Maybe that could happen for you too?

– Pond decides he needs to do something helpful

James Pond : Would any of you brave ladies like a nice cup of tea?

– N has been pacing around anxiously and is now getting desperate

N : Punnymany... What news from our field agents?

Punnymany : Still no word Maam

– Pond takes a cup of tea over to Punnymany, who seems shocked but pleased to receive it. He takes another cup to P.

N : This is a disaster. P... Give me a status update from the battlefield.

– P takes another look through the telescope

P : Edinburgh cottages have fallen Maam. The sheep army is advancing up towards St Saviours and The Schoolrooms. The Vicar is doing his best to hold them back. He's locked himself in the vestry and he's throwing hymn books through the window.

N : That's the last line of defence. If they take the church they'll have a platform to attack Crag Hall and if WE surrender... it's over.

Punnymany : Maam, we're receiving a transmission from 005

N : Jane Blonde? What does it say?

Punnymany : Cragneto controlling sheep STOP.
Sheepdog is the key STOP. Must stop STOP.
(Hammertime!?!)

James Pond : We need to rescue her, she's a damn fine agent but she needs help. I have to find a way to get to Shuttlingsloe

Lord Barbie : You could use my private cable car

N : What? You've never mentioned this before Jeremy

Lord Barbie : Well, I have to keep some secrets from you ladies. I had it built in the '70s when I started to compete in the fell run. Gave me quite an advantage over my rivals, what!!!

– He seems very pleased with himself but then realises that no-one else shares his pride in cheating

Lord Barbie : Ah, I mean, obviously I was bending the rules slightly, but you don't get to where I am by running up and down hills, eh, what? Anyway, the keys to the lower

stables are here... just press the big red button and you'll be at the top of Shuttlingsloe in no time.

– The Vicar bursts in and runs up the aisle, breathless, he exclaims

Vicar : They've taken the church. I tried to hold them off as long as I could, but I ran out of hymn books... and throwing bibles... well that's a step too far... That flock is unstoppable!

Elvis : I was in the US Army, special operations, right around the time they were testing Sheepdog. It can take over a sheep's mind... or even the mind of a man. There was only one thing that could bring anyone back from being Sheepdogged.

Vicar : The power of faith in our saviour Jesus Christ, my boy?

Elvis : No sir... The power of Rock and Roll.

– Pond looks knowingly at Elvis

James Pond : Looks like we're taking a cable car up to Shuttlingsloe Elvis

– Punnymany and P suddenly realise who he is (N knew all along)

Punnymany : I THOUGHT I recognised him.

P : Of course, I just couldn't put a name to the face!

– N opens a box and takes out a small gun

N : You'd better take this Pond. It's a Beretta 418. It was my father's. I wouldn't have trusted you with this when you first arrived, but... you seem to have sorted yourself out since then.

James Pond : Thank you N

– Elvis looks expectantly at N, waiting for his gun to be issued

N : We're not in the habit of issuing guns to Americans Mr Presley... No telling what they might do with them! Here, you can take this.

– She hands him a small plate of cupcakes

Elvis : Why thank you Maam. Don't worry, we won't let you down. Come on James, there's no time to lose.

– Punnymany seems to have had a change of heart towards Pond

Punnymany : Be careful James, we'd hate to lose you.

– Pond and Elvis exit, the sheep noises get louder

Punnymany : Maam, I have a message from Field Marshall Bleatington, head of the Sheep Army outside. He's demanding we surrender immediately. What should I tell him?

– N looks downcast and defeated, but the vicar steps forward heroically, as some suitably Zimmer-esque music plays (The Battle, from Gladiator Soundtrack)

Vicar : Tell him this... My name is Maximus Bartholomew Smythe, member of the clergy, ordained by the Bishop of Chester, owner of St Saviours Casino, loyal servant to Lord and Lady Barbie, commander of the parishioners of Wildboarclough and I will have my victory... in this life... or the next. Wellie Wangers... At my signal... Unleash HELL!

– Everyone grabs a wellie and prepares to wang.
– Solitaire bursts in

Solitaire : Stop!!!

Vicar : Wangers! Stand down. That's no SHEEP! Who are you?

Solitaire : I come from above the clouds. The cards have spoken. My step-brother's behaviour troubles me. I know how Sheepdog works. I need to help make things right.

– Big, emotional music number

SONG: Crag Hall

This is the end
Sheepdog's just been turned to ten
Shuttlingsloe has moved again
Soon the sheep will burst right in
For this is the end
We've feared and planned this moment
Since the blueprints vanished then
The Rose Queen Crown was stolen

We're in Crag Hall
We're in trouble
When the sheep call
We'll face them all with wellies
We're in Crag Hall
We're in trouble
When the sheep call

We'll face them all with wellies
At Crag Hall

– Lights down, curtains close, Crag Hall
instrumental continues during Ascent To
Shuttlingsloe

12 - Ascent To Shuttlingsloe

- Front of Curtain
- Model cable car makes the dramatic ascent to the peak of Shuttlingsloe.
- Music: Craghall

13 - Bond and Elvis Save The Day

– Ken Bidd, Lady Barbie and Jane Blonde are
zombified – Bonjour and Blind are both unable
to see. All are behind bars.
– Cragneto enters, looking irritated

Cragneto : I can't find those buffoons anywhere. They
must be the worst henchmen a supervillain could wish for.
And where is my step-sister?

– Elvis and Pond enter the lair, Pond has his
gun to Claws' head, whilst Elvis has given one

of his cupcakes to Hobb Nobb, who is eagerly chomping away, chatting to Elvis and asking for the recipe.

Cragneto : Solitaire?! It seems I have been betrayed. We meet again, Mr Pond.

James Pond : The game's up Cragneto. Hand over Sheepdog, or I shoot your friend

Cragneto : Oh, be my guest Mr Pond. You can shoot them both if you like, they have been completely useless to me. All they do is take tea breaks. You can shoot my step-sister too, she's no longer part of my family.

– angrily aims a remark at Solitaire

Cragneto : I was always mother's favourite... No I don't need any of these idiots... I have Sheepdog!

Claws : Well... if that's how you feel then we shall take our business elsewhere. Hobb Nobb, take a look on Hench... see if there are any supervillains who will appreciate our services.

– Hobb Nobb finishes his cupcake, takes out his mobile phone and starts swiping. Finds something, shows Claws, they both nod at each other and make for the exit. Hobb Nobb, comes

back to grab a cupcake for the journey and looks angrily at Cragneto

Hobb Nobb : Good day to you, sir! How rude!

James Pond : Looks like you win Mr Cragneto, I appear to have very little bargaining power. Sheepdog has completely taken over their minds and there's nothing I can do about it... Unless... Elvis... Now!

- Jailhouse Rock plays, Elvis sings, Cragneto is taken aback, confused about the source of the music. In the confusion, Solitaire removes the gem from Sheepdog. The mind-zapped prisoners begin to regain their senses.
- Ken Bidd begins to unbutton his shirt, immediately looking much more comfortable
- The song ends.
- Lady Barbie rubs her head and turns to Jane Blonde

Lady Barbie : Oh Jane, I feel like I've had 3 too many G&T's. Where are we, what's going on, why am I behind bars. I say, you... Yes you! Why am I behind bars?!? Don't you know who I am...

Jane Blonde : Don't worry Geraldine. It's time to employ my secret weapon. Exploding lipstick, stand back everyone.

- She blows the lock with her exploding lipstick and they are free

Cragneto : I see you will not give up. Perhaps I was too careful with Sheepdog last time. I shall turn it up to maximum deep-fry setting.

- He switches Sheepdog on, but there is a disappointing fizzing sound

Cragneto : Nothing is happening!?!

- He opens the airfryer, pulls out the cupcake, then looks accusingly at Solitaire. She smiles and shows him the gem which is now in her possession.

James Pond : Well Cragneto, it looks like, There's Just No Time To Fry!

- Blind Bond begins tapping his way towards the urn. Cragneto is suddenly alarmed

Cragneto : Mother!!!!

- He moves to the urn and grabs it, cradling it in both hands

– Pond moves to Sheepdog and Solitaire passes (or throws) the gem to him, which he replaces and points the machine at Cragneto

James Pond : Live and let fry, Cragneto

– Pond activates Sheepdog, Cragneto shudders and twitches, then becomes passive. Solitaire approaches him.

Solitaire : Why don't you sit down Colin?

Cragneto : Mmmm? Yes, I think I will. Don't worry Mother, Colin has you, you're safe now. Look at all these visitors. Would you like some tea?

14 - Wrap Up

- Rose Queen crown is recovered and a Rose Queen can be crowned
- Cragneto is pruning roses timidly, whilst Lord Barbie chats to him about how well the garden is doing this year (bit Fast Show?)
- GBBO wrap up, Hobb Nobb entered Bake Off and got to the final?
- Closing song - Suspicious Minds led by Elvis?
- Location - could also be Pub or Casino, ???

○ What else could be / needs to be, wrapped up?