

# **Where There's A Will**

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# 1 - Intro - Ghosts

- A ghostly figure wafts around the stage carrying her head
- Norman the electrician (also a ghost) enters

*Norman* : Hilda, Hilda, I wanted to, I mean, I thought you might... I mean... these are for you Hilda.

- He produces a bunch of dead-looking flowers

*Hildegard* : Norman!!! You will use my correct title if you please.

*Norman* : Oh, sorry... Queen Hildegard of Hockflugenstein... I've brought you some flowers.

- He tries to give them to her but she has no free hands

*Hildegard* : Those are dead!

*Norman* : Well, so are we. I wondered if you'd like to go on a date with me.

*Hildegard* : No, you are a common man.

*Norman* : Well yeah, but that doesn't mean I can't be your boyfriend, does it.

*Hildegard* : Of course you cannot be friend-boy with me. I am a queen.

*Norman* : Well maybe you'll change you mind after you see my magic act. Have you decided what you're going to do in the talent show?

*Hildegard* : I have. And sharing this with you, I will not be.

*Norman* : Alright, keep your hair on... I mean... don't lose your head... I mean...

*Hildegard* : You always are putting your mouth in your foot. This I do not find amusing.

- Cicely wanders in with a champagne bottle

*Cicely* : You really need to get a sense of humour Hilda.

*Hildegard* : Cicely! Have you been out partying again.

*Cicely* : I have. It's been a wonderful night of drinking, dancing... flirting.

*Hildegard* : You are drunk!

*Cicely* : Mmmm. I must admit, I AM feeling a little "light headed" ha!

*Norman* : Cicely!!!!

*Hildegard* : Your behaviour is most inappropriate. You dress like a strumpet. I can almost see your knees.

*Cicely* : Get with the times Hildegard, or should I say, Kill-joy-gard. I'm from the roaring twenties, not the boring 1670's.

*Hildegard* : The 1670s were NOT boring. In 1674, a pig ran into our castle. And in 1679 we were invaded by Latvia.

*Norman* : Cicely, will you leave us alone. I'm trying to talk to Hilda...

*Cicely* : Oh, Norman, have you told her you're head over heels in love? Ha!

*Hildegard* : Enough of this, I am heading off.

- Hildegard exits angrily

*Cicely* : Heading... Off... Good one!

- Norman gives Cicely a hard stare

*Cicely* : How DID she lose her head Norman? In battle perhaps? A guillotine? Or did YOU bore it off her?

*Norman* : Cicely! You know she doesn't like to talk about it.

- Norman then chases after Hilda
- Cicely shouts offstage to him

*Cicely* : Ah well, tell her to try and keep her chin up! Ha!

- She goes to take a swig from her bottle but it's empty

*Cicely* : I say, chaps, we've run out of champagne.... I say!!!

- Cicely leaves
  - Curtains close
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## 2 - FOC Gideon and Candice

- Live Aid intro is heard on the radio
- Gideon appears, with a massive mobile phone
- He looks annoyed at the radio and switches it off
- He starts dialling whilst absentmindedly singing to himself

**Gideon** : Feed my face... Don't give them a second thought... Hello? Crispin? Yeah, how's the market looking? What..? Woolworths? In trouble? Sell, sell...

- Candice enters carrying bags full of purchases from expensive shops

**Candice** : Hiya babes. Oh, you look awful, what's happened?

**Gideon** : The market's crashing. Woolworths, Amstrad, C&A. All down. I'm haemorrhaging money.

**Candice** : Yeah. I don't know what hemjurring means. Anyway... I've seen the perfect place for my nail bar. On the high street. What was it called? Hardys? No. Harry's? No that's not it... Oh yeah, I remember... Harrods!

**Gideon** : You want me to buy Harrods!?!?!

**Candice** : Oh babes, would you? Oh I'm so excited, this nail bar idea of mine, it's gonna be massive. I'll be the queen of nail bars. I'll be in all the papers, Candice Jones, entrebr.. entrerpor.. enterer... business-woman. Can we make an offer now, I've got the phone number, ring em now Gid, I could have the interior designers in by the weekend...

**Gideon** : But Candice, I'm busy trying to rescue my portfolio...

**Candice** : But you promised I could open a nail bar! You know it's my dream.

**Gideon** : Candice, the markets... I'm almost broke

**Candice** : What about your relatives, I thought your Mum's uncle was royalty or something?

**Gideon** : Great Uncle Clive? I don't even know the geezer. He'd never lend me money... Or would he?

**Candice** : You're family Gid, he'd have to help out, you'd just have to work on him, like you worked on me... you've always had a way with words...

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## 3 - Lord Naff Passes On

- Lord Naff is in bed

*Lord Naff* : Freddie... Freddie... Where's Freddie?

- Freddie enters

*Freddie* : Just coming Lord Naff. How are you feeling?

*Lord Naff* : I'm feeling tired Freddie.

*Freddie* : Well you are 113 sir. Should I pour your nightcap?

*Lord Naff* : That would be most kind. Easy on the absinthe Freddie... I fear it affects my dreams.

- Freddie mixes his drink and passes it to him
- Lord Naff necks it

*Freddie* : One more your lordship?

*Lord Naff* : No no no! Well maybe just one. A little larger this time?

- Freddie goes back to the drinks trolley
- Mrs Buttermuffin enters carrying a basket with a teacloth covering

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : How's my favourite lord of the manor this evening?

*Lord Naff* : All the better for seeing your lovely baps Mrs Buttermuffin.

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Well they're not ALL for you. I've made sandwiches for Freddie and Gerald too.

- She places two large oven-bottom-muffins on the bedside table
- Freddie delivers the second nightcap, this time in a pint glass
- Lord Naff drinks it eagerly, then coughs violently and falls limply as if dead

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Freddie! Oh my, you've killed him, I told you not to give him spirits after 9 o'clock. Oh it's awful, Lord Naff, dead. Look, he hasn't even touched my baps! Oh your lordship, what a shock. He'd only just turned 113... had his whole life ahead of him. And now, he's gone.

- Lord Naff sits back up abruptly

*Lord Naff* : No, no, I'm not gone, just resting my eyes. Building up the strength to face these whoppers.

- He picks up a sandwich and takes a bite

*Lord Naff* : I really don't know what I'd do without you two. You're both so good to me, as were your parents before you, and grandparents before them. Your families have looked after the Naffs for as long as anyone can remember. I'm so sorry for the way things have turned out.

*Freddie* : No need to apologise, your lordship. It has been an honour.

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : An absolute pleasure dear.

*Lord Naff* : Yes, but the problem is, I have no heirs, no-one to hand things over to. I fear that when I'm gone, you will be without employment. Without a home. Without hope. That's why I've decided to leave everything I own, including Naff Hall, to you two. It really is the least I can do.

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Oh your lordship...

*Freddie* : That's extremely kind of you sir...

**Lord Naff**: I've instructed my solicitors, Barclay and Barclay to draw up the necessary papers.

- Outside a car screeches to a halt, sounds of brakes, gravel and a narrowly missed cat

**Lord Naff**: Ah, that will be Barclay and Barclay arriving now - with all the legal documents.

- Gideon bursts in

**Gideon** : Uncle! I came as fast as the Capri would get me here.

- Trying not to let anyone notice, he places a photograph of himself on the bedside table

**Lord Naff**: Who are you?

- Gideon points at the photo

**Gideon** : Oh Uncle, you are a rascal, it's me, your favourite nephew, Gideon.

**Lord Naff**: Gideon!? Marjorie's lad, the malingering neer-do-well? The good-for-nothing work-shy slouch? The treacherous two-faced con-man?

**Gideon** : Woah woah, that's a bit strong guv.

- He swipes a large gold candlestick from the table and attempts to hide it behind his back

**Lord Naff**: A bit strong? You were sent to prison for theft and forgery. Your mother was heartbroken, she never recovered. You're a disgrace boy.

**Gideon** : Well I've always been very fond of YOU!

**Lord Naff**: No you haven't. You've never once even visited me.

**Gideon** : Well I'm here now, aren't I? Ready to accept my inheritance.

**Lord Naff**: Inheritance!?! Inheritance!!! You've as much chance of inheriting Naff Hall as I have of beating Boris Becker at Pickleball.

- Candice enters

**Candice** : Gideon, how long are you gonna be babe? I hate it here, it's damp and it smells... And it's SPOOKY. You promised to take me shopping. (whispers) Is he giving you the money?

- Gideon drops the candlestick he's nicked

**Candice** : Oh, Gid, you've dropped somefink'

- Candice bends over to pick it up giving Lord Naff an eyeful of her behind
  - Lord Naff screams, chokes then falls back presumably dead
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## 4 - FOC Breaking News - Lord Naff is Dead

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Our main story tonight - the sudden death of 113 year old Lord Naff. The shocking news was received just moments ago. He was in excellent health and expected to run the Shutlingsloe fell race next week. A morning of mourning will take place in the morning. Elsewhere, another pothole has opened up on the main road. The shape of this latest pothole bears a remarkable similarity to Rod Stewart. We asked the Council if they intend to fill the pothole but they declined to comment. However, insiders say they are considering charging visitors to look at it. Now let's get the weather forecast from Stormy Spaniels.

**Stormy Spaniels** : Thanks Roxy. Well if you ARE thinking of visiting the Rod Stewart pothole over the weekend, do bring an umbrella as it might rain... But also it might not... We don't really know. Back to you Roxy.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Thanks Stormy. Back to the breaking news and people are already starting to arrive for the funeral of Lord Naff who has died suddenly at the age of 113. We'll try to grab a few words. Excuse me madam, how well did you know Lord Naff?

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Oh we worked for him our whole lives, it's so sad, taken too soon, I can't even....

**Tripps** : He was such a kind man... always enjoyed shooting things... but very very kind.

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Oh he was so kind, the kindest man I've ever known.

**Tripps** : Oh he was kinder than that.

- Both ladies cry ridiculously, trying to out-blub each other!

**Freddie** : It really is very upsetting, he never got round to his third nightcap. Come on now ladies, let's get you into the church... I'm sorry, we really must move on...

**Roxy Belmeadows** : I appreciate you speaking to us at this upsetting time, sir! Excuse me sir. Can I have a few words Mr....??

**Gerald** : Gerald!

**Roxy Belmeadows** : And what did Lord Naff mean to you, Gerald?

**Gerald** : Well, ee, you see, iz wassname n then wen I arskd to go to the old sparsnaar with 'orses and whatnot feed em manglewurzel you see and tells me to fix the crankletanker and anyhow eee had em playing Twister, ha!

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Indeed, thank you Gerald, clearly an important figure in your life. Sir, a few words if I may? Did you work for Lord Naff?

**Gideon** : Work? Cor blimey no! I'm Gideon, his nephew... and only heir. Oh we had a terrific relationship, I was always visiting and helping out especially as he got old, you know? I mean I probably did TOO much for him, but you know, I had to cos of how much I loved him n that

**Candice** : Yeah Gideon was always goin' on about him. Uncle Naff this, Uncle Naff that, it got a bit annoying to be honest but...

- Gideon nudges her to shut up

**Candice** : But, yeah, I didn't mind cos he's got a load of cash.. I mean a massive house.. I mean, what a lovely man.

**Gideon** : Look we can't stop. We need to give him a big send him off. Before we get to the good bit. As the new Lord Naff, I've got plans... Big plans. I'll be making a statement later.

- They go into "the church"

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Well there you have it. A day of sadness and turmoil for the people of Wildboarclough. Clive Ignatious Maximillian Naff, a man who did so much for this village. He will be sorely missed.

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## 5 - Funeral

- Church organ music is playing

**Vicar** : Welcome everyone to this sad occasion as we bid farewell to Clive Ignatious Maximillian Naff. He was born in 1862, a very different time, long before the invention of the filofax or the video-recorder. A popular man, always treating those below him with dignity and kindness. He cared for those less fortunate than himself, even if they were dirty and smelly. Most of all, he was a well liked employer, looking after those who looked after him, Freddie his butler, Mrs Buttermuffin the housekeeper, Mrs Tripps the cleaner, Geraldine who looked after his horses and of course Gerald who was his... well no-one seems sure, but we shall hear a few words now from Gerald.

**Gerald** : NONSENSE\_GOES\_HERE

**Vicar** : Have you finished? You have? Oh, right, well thank you Gerald, I'm sure we all found that very moving. Now Geraldine has written a poem which she hopes will help us all on this sad day, Geraldine...

**Geraldine** : No longer shall we laugh Your loyal, devoted staff Our hearts broken in half Like a cow without a calf

Like a plug without a bath A neck, without a scarf A frame without a photograph Or a badly hurt giraffe

Oh Clive, Clive, We wish you were alive Your horses sit idle Like a groom without a bride-el

Though you may think me daft This is your epitaph The final paragraph We'll miss you, dear Lord Naff

**Vicar** : Thank you Geraldine. We will now join together and sing Lord Naff's favourite song which you will find on the back of your order of service.

- Organ music starts

All: Are you going to take me home tonight. Ahhh down beside that red fire light. Are you gonna let it all hang out, Fat Bottomed Girls you make the rocking world go round.

- Gideon turns off the organ abruptly

**Gideon** : Right, I think we've had enough of this. We need to move on, there's a new Lord in town, and I've got plans... Big plans! Vicar, let's jump to the end. I want to get back for the will reading.

- Ghost of Lord Naff drifts in, begins to try speaking to the others, waving his hand in their faces etc
- He points at the coffin

**Lord Naff** : Who's in there? I say, Freddie, what's going on. Freddie, why are you ignoring me? Mrs B, why won't anyone speak to me? Can you see me?

- He has banter with audience
  - Ella, an urchin ghost comes in
  - Curtains close behind them
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## 6 - FOC Ghost Introduction

- Lord Naff and Ella are already FOC

*Ella* : You're dead

*Lord Naff* : Nonsense, I've never felt better.

- Ella does a whistle to alert the others
- Hildegard enters

*Hildegard* : Well hello. Ella, who zis is please?

- Ella shrugs

*Lord Naff* : I'm Lord Naff, apparently, I've just passed on, though I can't quite believe it, I'm only 113...

*Hildegard* : Handsome AND a Lord? Very happy this is making me!

*Lord Naff* : Oh this is terrible, what am I to do, I was supposed to be going on the grouse shoot tomorrow. Oh, oh no, I'm getting one of my headaches!!!

*Hildegard* : Headaches? No idea do you have about headaches. My head has been aching for over 400 years.

*Lord Naff* : I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend. Might I enquire what happened, I mean how you lost the err...

*Hildegard* : I don't like to talk about it. I want to talk about YOU. Oh, allow me to introduce myself. Queen Hildegard of Hockflugenstein at your service I am being. If you are needing anything...and I MEAN anything...

*Lord Naff* : Queen Hildegard? THE Queen Hildegard? Feared across the lands of The North, ruler of the Sweinstein Empire, undefeated in battle, The Killer Queen???

*Hildegard* : Oh, I'm quite nice, when you get to know me.

- Norman walks up the aisle

*Norman* : Well take me to the bottom of me Mam's staircase... It's you, you're finally here.

*Lord Naff* : I'm sorry I don't think we've met...

*Norman* : Oh, we've met alright fella. We've met alright.

*Hildegard* : Zis is only Norman. Norman thinks he is a sorcerer. A harnesser of dark forces. A consort of the devil. A hexenmeister. He conjures light from thin air. In my day, we would have burned him for witchcraft.

- Lord Naff suddenly recognises him

*Lord Naff* : Oh, you're the electrician. Good lord, I haven't seen you since you were rewiring the Hall. How are you?

*Norman* : I'm dead mate!

*Lord Naff* : Oh dear, I'm sorry to hear that. Do you mind my asking, how, I mean when, I mean...

*Norman* : YOU KILLED ME, you great stuck up sack of lard

*Lord Naff* : I killed you? I have no idea what you're talking about. You were rewiring the basement, but you only did half the job. This is the problem with the working-classes. You can't rely on them.

*Norman* : Allow me to jog your memory. It was a gloomy Monday afternoon back in 1974. I was working in the basement. I'd removed the big fuse, I was just about to reconnect the new wiring, I was up me step ladder, I took me screwdriver and bang! Lights out.

*Lord Naff* : The lights went out? Do you know why?

*Norman* : Not the actual lights mate, Me!!! Zapped me shoes, frazzled me flares, melted me denim jacket, game over. SOMEONE had put the big fuse back in...

*Lord Naff* : Had they?... oh... ah... well I can explain you see. Monday afternoon did you say? Yes I remember. I was about to settle down and watch Sale Of The Century. Have you seen it? Oh it's very good... "And Now, From Norwich, It's The Quiz of The Week" ha!... anyway, I tried to switch on the tellybox but it wasn't working. So, I went to see what was going on, and that's when I noticed the fuse had been removed from the, the thingy, with all the wires... So I put it back in.

*Hildegard* : And then what happened?

*Lord Naff* : Well there was a gentleman from Aldershot, he got a teasmade, a speedboat and a set of golf clubs. Lord knows why he'd want those. No one normal likes golf...

*Hildegard* : I MEAN, what happened to Norman here?

*Lord Naff* : Oh, I, err, well, I'm not...

*Norman* : Well isn't it obvious? There was a massive spark, then I sparked out.

*Lord Naff* : Oh dear, that is rather unfortunate.

*Hildegard* : Well these things can happen. No harm done. Ella, where is the other member of our happy group? She should be here to greet our wonderful new Lord.

- Ushers Ella off

*Hildegard* : Now, this afternoon is book club, tonight is Karaoke, then tomorrow of course is Blind Date on ITV. Wednesday we play badminton, we can lend you a racket if you don't have one. Oh and of course, we have our talent contest...

- Norman interrupts, annoyed that she is giving Lord Naff this much attention

*Norman* : Hilda, Hilda, I err, I fixed your hairdryer, you know, the one you were having trouble with like...

*Hildegard* : What? Oh my dry-hairer, yes, thank you.

- She's not in the slightest bit bothered and leaves Norman holding the hairdryer

*Hildegard* : Now then Lord Naff, you must be joining me for dinner, I insist. We have herring.

*Norman* : Shall I join you for dinner Hilda??? Hilda? I like herring...

- Ella returns with Cicely, maybe with a long cigarette holder?
- Hildegard is focussed on Lord Naff (who has his back to the new arrival)
- Norman is trying to get Hildegard's attention without success
- Cicely notices this

*Cicely* : Oh Norman, are you still trying to woo her? You're delusional, your head's in the clouds. Whereas HER head...ha!

- Hildegard hears Cicely laugh

*Hildegard* : Ah there you are. Come, we have a new member of the family.

- Lord Naff turns round and is shocked to see Cicely
- Cicely is not pleased to see him

*Lord Naff* : Cicely!!!!

*Cicely* : Oh... no!

- The stare at each other in shock
  - Curtains
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## 7 - Kitchen

**Freddie** : Oh, the house seems so quiet now Lord Naff has gone. I don't know what I'll do next. I never chose to be a butler, but it runs in the family. I always liked the idea of being a rock star, I'm probably too old for that kind of thing now. Everyone says I should settle down with someone nice and stop dreaming, but I've never met the right person...

- Mrs Tripps shuffles in

**Tripps** : Are you alright Freddie? You look ever so down.

**Freddie** : I know what you're all thinking, but I can assure you, THIS is not "the right person". At least not in anything resembling "real life", it may be her fantasy. Oh Mrs Tripps, I feel like I'm caught in a landslide, there's no escape from reality.

**Tripps** : You're such a poor boy

**Freddie** : I need no sympathy

- Mrs Buttermuffin marches in, looking annoyed

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Freddie! Mrs Tripps! Stop all this chit-chattering. I need you to help me bake one of my cakes.

- Freddie and Mrs Tripps both look alarmed

**Freddie** : You're going to bake one of your cakes?

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : For goodness sake, of course I'm going to bake a cake for the wake, make no mistake. My cakes are fabulous, everyone agrees. Now you can help me with the ingredients.

- Freddie and Mrs Tripps take turns in fetching ingredients as they are requested

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Eggs... thank you, flour... butter... jam... sausages.

- Mrs Tripps holds up two strings of sausages

**Tripps** : Pork and apple... or Lincolnshire?

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Well Lincolnshire, obviously! This is a cake! I'd only put pork and apple in my scones.

**Tripps** : You mean scones?

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : It's pronounced scones, isn't it ladies and gentlemen?

- Scone vs scon audience banter

**Freddie** : Let's not go through all that again... Mrs B, are you sure you want to go to all this trouble, I mean, what if no one is in the mood for cake.

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Not in the mood for cake? Who on earth wouldn't be in the mood for a slice of my delicious cake? Now, tabasco sauce, sugar, 2 tins of tuna... Freddie, be a love and turn the mixer on...

- Freddie goes off stage
- We hear the sound of a cement mixer starting up
- Mrs B shouts to Freddie

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : 3 buckets of sugar to one of cement Freddie.

- We hear stuff being thrown into the mixer and a slop, slop sound

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Now then, will minced beef make it a bit too rich? Oh why not, life's too short. Oh! I nearly forgot... cream. Mrs Tripps, would you fetch some cream?

- Mrs Tripps shuffles off

- Candice arrives

*Candice* : Hiya babes, Gid sent me to make sure you're doin' all the food right and whatnot.

- She takes a moment to look around the place

*Candice* : I don't know how you can work in here... don't you think it's spooky? Ooooh, it puts the willies right up me I...

- She then notices Mrs Buttermuffin's huge Dame-Brows

*Candice* : Woah! Where d'ya get your eyebrows done babe? They are a-maze-ing!

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : My eye...? I, I, don't know what you mean...

*Candice* : Oh babes, they are the best-est. Gideon's said I can open a beauty salon here once he's inherited the hall, and I am TOTALLY gonna do those brows at my new place.

- Freddie returns carrying heavy builders buckets

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Gideon, inheriting...? Oh, dear, I'm afraid Lord Naff has bequeathed everything to Me and Freddie. Everything. Oh I'm so sorry love, I'm afraid you've had a wasted journey.

*Candice* : He left it all to you two????!!

*Freddie* : He did, I'm very sorry.

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Still, at least stay for a bit of cake

- Candice looks flustered

*Candice* : I need, I need.. to speak to Gideon... I have to...

- Candice turns to leave, and as she does runs straight into a big plate of cream which Mrs Tripps is carrying in
  - Everyone looks shocked as Candice stares out at the audience, face covered in cream
  - Curtains
-

## 8 - Lord Naff and Cicely

- Starts front of curtain
- Scratchy gramophone record of 1920s music
- Cicely and Lord Naff enter through curtain, the atmosphere is tense

*Lord Naff*: How have you been?

*Cicely* : How do you THINK I've been

*Lord Naff*: Look, Cicely, I do hope you're not blaming me for your situation

*Cicely* : Well, given that YOU shot me Clive... Yes, I AM blaming you.

*Lord Naff*: Oh Cicely... I was simply cleaning my weapon in the drawing room after a splendid shoot on the moors. Then you wandered in as if you owned the place. You startled me. It went off in my hand. If anything, it was YOUR fault.

*Cicely* : That's typical of you, always blaming someone else. I never wanted to marry you in the first place, but Daddy insisted. You ruined my career. I'd just been offered the lead role in a big Hollywood Picture. I was about to become a star. That Greta Garbage ended up getting the part.

*Lord Naff*: Greta Garbage? I think you mean Greta Garbo?

*Cicely* : I know what I mean!

*Lord Naff*: It wasn't ALL bad Cicely, was it?

- Cicely is exasperated

*Cicely* : Honestly Clive... we were married for five days and they were the most boring five days of my life. You spent most of the time shooting things with your silly friends and their silly guns in their silly tweed trousers. I was so bored living here in the middle of nowhere. There were no parties, no dancing... no fun.

*Lord Naff*: You're so ungrateful... You were working as a waitress in a cocktail bar when I met you. I picked you out, I shook you up and turned you round. Granted, I then shot you, but you can't have everything.

*Lord Naff*: Oh Cicely, don't you think you and I could patch things up, maybe try again?

*Cicely* : Patch things up... how do you suppose we patch THIS up?

- She points at her gunshot wound

*Lord Naff*: Very well, I apologise for shooting you. Perhaps it WAS my fault. But strictly speaking we ARE still husband and wife.

- He goes to try to embrace her, but she jumps away.

*Cicely* : No Clive! For the last time, it's over. I've moved on, I've, errr, met someone, he's funny, and talented, and young and fashionable... and he has hair!

*Lord Naff*: Who is this fellow?

- Cicely is making this up and looks around in desperation.

*Cicely* : Errr... Norman.

*Lord Naff*: What? The labourer, he's from the lower classes, you can't, he can't, it's not decent. Are you intending to marry?

- Curtains open

*Cicely* : Well, I haven't told him how I feel yet but...

- Hildegard enters, looking for LN

**Hildegard** : Oh, THERE you are, I think you have been maybe avoiding me?

- Norman enters carrying his toolbag

**Norman** : Has anyone seen my big screwdriver?

**Cicely** : Oh, Norman, I'm sorry, I picked it up, I've been admiring it, It's very impressive.

**Norman** : Oh, I...err...

- Norman notices Hildegard has been talking to Lord Naff

**Norman** : Oi, what's going on here? Are you trying to chat her up?

**Lord Naff** : How dare you sir. I should be asking you the same question. What business do you have with MY wife?

- Hildegard and Norman are both taken aback by this revelation and both exclaim;

**Norman** : Your wife?!? **Hildegard** : Your wife?!?

**Cicely** : Clive... I can speak to whomever I like. I'm a free spirit. I have been ever since you killed me.

**Norman** : Oh, he killed you too did he? He seems to have a bit of a reputation for that. Doing people in, then muscling in on their girlfriends.

**Hildegard** : For the last time Norman, I am NOT your girlfriend.

**Cicely** : Norman, why don't you and I go somewhere more fun. The Montague-Smythes are hosting a cocktail party, you could take me there.

- Norman ignores her

**Norman** : I'm putting an end to this... outside mate, let's sort this.

**Lord Naff** : Are you challenging me to a duel sir? If so... I accept. Choose your weapon.

**Norman** : This screwdriver's all I need.

- Lord Naff sees a large spirit level in Norman's toolbag
- He holds it aloft

**Lord Naff** : Well, then. THIS shall be MY spirit-leveller.

- They dance around waving their tools about

**Hildegard** : Boys, boys, stop this, you are being ridiculous. You're both dead already.

**Cicely** : This is typical of you Clive. You kill us both by mistake, but when you challenge a man to a duel you're impotent. You really are a Naff Lord.

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## 9 - FOC Gideon Meets Barclay and Barclay

- Gideon is speaking into a large mobile phone
- In his other hand he holds a sheet of paper (a fake will he's just made)

**Gideon** : The old fool's left everything to his servants. I know. I know. Don't worry, you'll get your money, I just need a bit more time... There's no need to threaten me George, it'll all work out, I promise

- Gideon finishes his call
- Barclay and Barclay arrive
- Gideon attempts to conceal the fake will behind his back

**Gideon** : Ah, gentlemen, Barclay and Barclay I presume?

**Barclay One** : Yes

**Barclay Two** : And you are???

**Gideon** : Oh, my apologies, Gideon Goldgrabber, entrepreneur, philanthropist and err... grieving nephew.

**Barclay One** : Oh dear

**Barclay Two** : Our condolences

**Gideon** : Oh yeah, he was a dear, dear uncle, I will miss him so... he always had such beautiful... handwriting

- Barclay and Barclay both look at each other, then together say:

**Barclay One** : Handwriting? **Barclay Two** : Handwriting?

**Gideon** : If I could just see his handwriting, one last time, it would mean so much to me... is THAT his will? Oh could I just have a quick butchers?

**Barclay One** : Quick butchers?

**Barclay Two** : It's highly irregular

- They look at Gideon, then at each other, then whisper to each other and finally say together;

**Barclay One** : But given the circumstances **Barclay Two** : But given the circumstances

- They pass him the file containing the will
- Gideon takes a quick look and begins ooh-ing and ahh-ing about the handwriting

**Gideon** : Oh, yeah, that's the stuff, beautiful handwriting... wait... what's that over there?

- He points offstage
- Barclay and Barclay both whip binoculars from their briefcases

**Barclay One** : Is it a bird **Barclay Two** : Is it a bird

**Gideon** : Errr, yeah, maybe it's a Lesser-Spotted Winkle-Warbler?

- Gideon switches the fake will with the real one making sure that the audience sees

**Barclay One** : Can you see a Winkle-Warbler.

**Barclay Two** : No, I cannot. How disappointing.

**Gideon** : Ah, well, maybe you just missed it. Very quick, the Lesser-Spotted-Winkle-Warbler. It don't like being spotted.

- He passes back the file containing the fake will and smiles an evil smile at the audience
- They both look at Gideon with suspicion, but are not sure what just happened

**Barclay One** : Mmm, very quick.

**Barclay Two** : Mmmm, they DON'T like being spotted.

**Gideon** : Anyway, I'd better not delay you gentlemen, I assume you charge by the hour? Ha. In you go... that will ain't gonna read itself.

- He ushers them through the curtains
  - He then waves the will at the audience and gives an evil laugh, before leaving through curtains
-

## 10 - Will Reading

- Gideon appears FOC holding the real will which has been stolen from B&B
- Ella follows Gideon, wondering what's going on
- Gideon begins to read the real will to the audience

**Gideon** : "I hereby leave everything to Freddie and Mrs Buttermuffin, my faithful servants, and friends" ... Can you believe uncle Clive was going to give everything to those complete strangers. I'm family! I deserve everything. And I'm going to GET everything.

- The curtains open
- Mrs Tripps wheels the cake in (wearing goggles, rubber gloves, facemask etc)
- Freddie and Mrs Buttermuffin enter, loudly chattering
- Gideon sees them, looks at the real will he's holding, looks around for somewhere to hide it, and as the only resort, shoves it in the cake
- Ella sees this and tries to bring it to someone's attention (but obviously no one can see her)

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Would either of you gentlemen like a slice of cake

- Barclay and Barclay both look at the cake, then at each other, then at Mrs Buttermuffin

**Barclay One** : Well we really shouldn't.

**Barclay Two** : Trying to lose weight.

**Barclay One** : But I suppose on THIS occasion...

**Barclay Two** : It would be rude not to...

- Gideon panics, steps in and interrupts

**Gideon** : Nah, it's too early for cake. These gentlemen charge by the hour. We really need to get on with it.

**Barclay One** : Oh. How disappointing.

- Barclay Two clears his throat and begins to address the others

**Barclay Two** : We're here today to read the last will and testament of Lord Naff.

**Barclay One** : I would have liked some cake!

**Barclay Two** : Cecil...! The will please!

- Barclay One takes the will from his briefcase and looks at it

**Barclay One** : This handwriting is terrible

- He passes it to Barclay Two who begins to read it out loudly

**Barclay Two** : Never mind that Cecil, we're not here to admire his handwriting. Let me read... oh, I see. My glasses please Cecil

- Barclay One, hands reading glasses to Barclay Two

**Barclay Two** : That's a bit better. "I, Lord Naff, would like to thank my nephew Gideon, who's really great and has lovely hair"

**Candice** : You DO have lovely hair babes, he's right about that.

- Barclay and Barclay look annoyed at Candice and indicate that she needs to be quiet

**Barclay Two** : "...has lovely hair, for always looking after me. Gideon is dead kind and thoughtful"

**Candice** : Oh, dead kind and thoughtful. Yeah, that's very true, that's you all over Gid.

- Barclay and Barclay look even more annoyed at Candice

**Barclay Two** : Mmm... "dead kind and thoughtful and his hair is always looking triffic"

**Barclay One** : What does "triffic" mean?

**Barclay Two** : I have no idea... "And so because he's so great and everything, I leave all my things including this big house to my nephew, Gideon"

**Candice** : Oh Gid babes, we've won, we've won...

**Gideon** : Oh uncle Naff, what an absolute gent.

**Candice** : We're rich. I'm rich. I can open my nail bar.

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : He said he was leaving everything to us.

**Freddie** : There's something suspicious happening here.

**Barclay One** : Shhhh! We haven't finished.

**Barclay Two** : "I mustn't forget the guy with the teeth... and the big bird in the dress..."

**Freddie** : Oh, this is us...

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Big bird in the dress!!!!????

**Barclay One** : Shhhh!

**Barclay Two** : I leave to them... this rubber chicken, and this lovely picture of my nephew, Gideon.

- Gideon hands Freddie a rubber chicken, and Mrs B gets the photo.

**Gideon** : Oh, ain't that nice of him, you see, he didn't forget you, what an absolute gent. Well that's all done and dusted then. Thank you gentlemen, don't want to keep you any longer than necessary.

**Barclay One** : But we were promised cake

**Gideon** : Come on, I know you charge by the hour...

**Barclay Two** : Oh, how disappointing!

- They are escorted out by Gideon and Candice
- Ghost Lord Naff enters

**Freddie** : This doesn't seem right, does it?

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Do you think his Lordship was going a bit funny?

**Lord Naff** : A bit funny! How dare you Mrs B. Oh, you can't hear me, I'm dead, what a nuisance. But that wasn't MY will. I don't understand what's happening.

- Ella appears and starts pointing at the cake

**Lord Naff** : This is no time for cake child, there has been some kind of legal mix-up, and I need to get to the bottom of it.

**Ella** : The man... the cake... paper...

**Lord Naff** : Oh, the poor wretched child. Clearly never received an education. I can't understand a word you're saying. Do you have rickets? Or scurvy?

- Lord Naff addresses the audience

**Lord Naff**: Do YOU understand what's going on? No? Well you need to concentrate, honestly, the script gets even harder to follow soon.

- Gideon returns

**Gideon** : Well, it looks like I'm the new Lord Naff, and I've got big plans. Starting with some cost cutting. I'm going to shake things up, trim the fat, make this a leaner organisation. You, who are you?

**Tripps** : Oh, I'm Mrs Tripps, the cleaning lady.

- She does a very ungainly curtsey

**Gideon** : And how long have you been with us Mrs Tripps?

**Tripps** : Oh, let me think, oh as long as I can remember, now, let me think, I was 16 when I started, I'm 86 now, so that's, oh, dear, now don't rush me. I'd have been 26 after 10 years. Then after 20 years I'd have been 36, and then, oh hang on, where did I get to...

**Gideon** : I think you've been here long enough... You're fired!

**Freddie** : But you can't fire Mrs Tripps, who'll do all the cleaning?

**Gideon** : Well you don't seem very busy, you can do it.

- He picks up the feather duster, thrusts it at Freddie

**Gideon** : And anyone else who don't want to be fired better start thinking of ways to make this place turn a profit. Things need to change round here, I've got plans... Big plans.

- He storms out

**Freddie** : But I've nothing to wear, I can't do the cleaning dressed like this, it's not dignified.

- Everyone looks concerned and upset as the curtains close
-

## 11 - FOC Breaking News - Gideon is New Lord

***Roxy Belmeadows*** : I'm Roxy Belmeadows and these are the news headlines. We have a new Lord Naff. Gideon Goldgrabber, an entrepreneur from London who has lovely hair, has inherited Naff Hall. His fiancee, Candice Jones is expected to be given the title of Lady Naff. Reactions have been mixed. Meanwhile, crowds continue to gather around the Rod Stewart Pothole, causing traffic chaos on the busy route between Wildboarclough and Forest Chapel. Police have asked people to only travel if absolutely necessary. Now the weather from Stormy Spaniels.

***Stormy Spaniels*** : Thanks Roxy. Well, it's going to be a lovely day if you're a Scorpio, a Leo or a Gemini with temperatures expected to reach 25 degrees. However if you're a Pisces then there's a high chance of snow later in the day. Capricorns can expect to meet a tall dark stranger but it's bad news if you're Libra, or Asparagus. I'll be back with more weatherscopes after 9.

***Roxy Belmeadows*** : Oh dear, I'm an Asparagus myself, sounds like I'd better stay indoors. And finally... a man from Bosley has set a new record for putting ferrets down his trousers. Mr Reg Compost managed to keep 43 ferrets in his pants for 5 minutes, breaking the previous record held by Yorkshireman, Seth Arkinstall. Reg says he's delighted to be a world record holder and looks forward to celebrating with his wife Mavis as soon as he's released from Macclesfield General Hospital.

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## 12 - Freddie Wants To Break Free

- Mrs B is onstage reading the newspaper
- Freddie is offstage shouting at Mrs B

*Freddie* : This is a total humiliation, this doesn't even fit properly

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : You just need to get used to it Freddie, we can't afford to lose our jobs too.

*Freddie* : I know you offered to find me something to do the cleaning in, but this really isn't on.

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : We just have to do as he says until we can find a better solution

- Freddie comes on dressed in "I Want To Break Free" outfit, pushing a vacuum cleaner

SONG: I Want To Break Free

- Mrs Tripps walks in, coat on, bags packed

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Mrs Tripps, what are you doing?

*Tripps* : I'm leaving, I've been sacked haven't I?

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Now don't be silly dear, we'll find a way for you to stay, don't you worry. We just need to have a bit of a think. Maybe a slice of my cake will help?

- They both look at the cake and then look disgusted

*Tripps* : Err, no, you're alright, I've just brushed my teeth.

*Freddie* : Erm, no, I, err, I don't want to get crumbs on my new top.

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## 13 - FOC Newsnight - Gideon Reveals Plans

- MUSIC: Newsnight theme tune

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Tonight, on Newsnight, after dramatic scenes at Naff Hall, I'll be speaking to the new Lord Naff. We'll be discussing his plans for the future and asking local politician Dr Chris O'Really what it might mean for the local economy. And given the popularity of the "Rod Stewart Pothole", we'll bring you a special report on a new scheme to open up MORE potholes around the area. But first, I'm joined by Gideon Goldgrabber, the new Lord Naff.

**Gideon** : Good evening Roxy, it's a pleasure to be here.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : You released a statement earlier saying you had "Big Plans". Perhaps you could explain these big plans in more detail?

**Gideon** : Of course. Well I'm delighted to say that I shall be digging up the entire Naff Hall estate and reshaping it into an exclusive golf course.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : How would you respond to critics who say that "most normal people don't like golf"?

**Gideon** : Well it's not for normal people is it? Membership will only be offered to the very very wealthy. I've already had interest from some very high profile poshos. It only needs a few very rich old blokes to make ME a very rich young bloke, do you see? It's a win win.

- We see Chris appear at the side of the curtains

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Mmm, well we're able to speak now with Councillor Chris O'Really, via video link from his, err, yacht? Thanks for taking the time to speak to us, I know you're incredibly busy.

**Chris O'Really** : Good evening Roxy, no problem at all. I always like to do what I can for my constituents.

- Someone passes him a cocktail. He takes a sip

**Roxy Belmeadows** : These golf course proposals have been somewhat controversial. Will they be allowed to go ahead.

**Chris O'Really** : I don't see why not. I think it will be good for the local economy. We've seen how tourism can give the area a boost - you only have to look at the success of the Rod Stewart Pothole to see what a lift THAT has given us. So yes, I think this golf course will be a good thing. I've been assured that the environmental impact will be negligible. I intend to visit the site, review the plans and then hopefully we can "get the ball rolling" Ha!

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Well it seems that Wildboarclough will be getting a new exclusive golf course. Dr Chris O'Really, Gideon Goldgr.. I mean Lord Naff, thanks both of you for joining us tonight.

- Gideon and Chris both leave

**Roxy Belmeadows** : And finally with news of a troubling weather outlook, here's Stormy Spaniels.

**Stormy Spaniels** : Thanks Roxy, yes, well, Storm Maggie has been moving across the Atlantic over the past 24 hours and is due to hit the UK tomorrow afternoon. It might reach Wildboarclough later that evening... or it might not.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Thanks Stormy, well that's all for tonight, just a quick look at tomorrow's papers.

- She picks up a few newspapers, and one-by-one, shows them to the audience
  - She then goes back through the curtain
-

## 14 - Mrs PG Tipps is Fired

- Mrs Buttermuffin and Mrs Tripps are on stage, looking around nervously
- Mrs B is giving Mrs T a tray, teapot etc
- She then puts some glasses on Mrs Tripps' face

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : There now, Mrs Tripps, you're now Mrs Tipps, the tea lady. A perfect disguise.

**Tripps** : Are you sure he won't recognise me?

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Of course not, he's too wrapped up in his silly golf course idea to notice anyone else.

**Tripps** : I don't understand what he's thinking. Nobody normal likes golf!

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : I agree. "A good walk spoiled" I always say. I hope Mr O'Really will put a stop to it.

**Tripps** : Oh Mr O'Really. Did you see him on the television. Oh he's lovely.

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : He's gorgeous, oh what a dreamboat.

**Tripps** : Lovely...

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Oh... Shhh, Gideon's coming. Good luck!

- She rushes off
- Gideon walks on

**Gideon** : What's this? Who are you?

**Tripps** : The name's Tipps. P G Tipps. I'm the tea lady.

- She hands him a cup

**Gideon** : Tea lady? Why have I never seen you before?

**Tripps** : Oh, I, err, I usually work nights.

**Gideon** : You look familiar, have you been on the telly?

**Tripps** : Oh, no sir, I couldn't get on the television... Not with my bad back. And I'm not good with heights.

- He takes a sip of tea and almost chokes on it

**Gideon** : What's this??? It tastes like mud.

**Tripps** : It's Earl CLAY, we dig it out of the back garden. It's refreshing isn't it?

**Gideon** : How much do I pay you for this?

**Tripps** : Oh, well, I err, I'm not really sure you see, I used to get paid three and six a day, but that was when I first started for the old Lord Naff, and then, let me think....

**Gideon** : Never mind, you don't need to think about it any more... You're fired!

- Mrs Tripps bursts into tears and rushes out
- Gideon baits the audience a bit more before leaving
- Freddie rushes in

**Freddie** : What's just happened. He hasn't fired someone again has he???

- Banter with audience, oh no he hasn't etc?
- Mrs B rushes in

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Have you heard, it's awful

**Freddie** : I know, he's fired Mrs Tripps again.

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Not that. We'll find Mrs Tripps a new job somewhere round here... This is worse, It's all over the news. Gideon is going to turn the gardens into a luxury golf-course

**Freddie** : But nobody normal likes golf.

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : I know, oh it's awful, just think of the type of person it'll bring here.

**Freddie** : Weird looking men with moustaches, dressed up in silly clothing, prancing around with their little sticks. This is a disaster darling.

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Our Lord Naff would never have done something like this. We have to stop this golf course.

- Mrs Tripps walks back on with bags packed.

**Tripps** : Well I'll be off. Try and find another job. Won't be easy at my age.

**Freddie** : Where will you go Mrs T?

**Tripps** : Oh, I don't know. I'll probably live on the streets. At least I've still got my looks, might make a few quid table-dancing at the Hanging Gate.

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Don't be silly Mrs Tripps, table-dancing at the Hanging Gate? With those low ceilings? It wouldn't be safe. Now, stop all this talk about living on the streets. That man has taken what's ours. I'm not having it. We're going to fight back. We're going to ruin his plans.

**Freddie** : But what can we do Mrs B. We can't stop this golf course. Pretty soon we'll be overrun with annoying rich men who won't stop talking about their handicaps and sand-wedges and helipads and fund-hedges and swingers and strokes and inappropriate jokes and roughs and shanks and buying up banks with sycophant caddies who egg-on these baddies dressed in Rupert-bear pants obsessed with the chance of getting a hole in one

- He pauses for breath
- Buttermuffin and Tripps attempt to interrupt, but he restarts

With their big woods, and irons The sort of men you can rely-on To rock up in a foursome And pretend that they're sportsmen It'll all be about Albatrosses and turkeys and eagles and birdies ... it will be... unbearable darlings!

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : What did you just say Freddie?

**Freddie** : I said we'll be overrun with annoying rich men who...

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : No! The last bit.

**Freddie** : What? Albatrosses and turkeys and eagles and birdies?

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : That's it!... you've given me an idea. I know how we can put an end to this stupid golf course.

- Whispers instructions in Mrs Tripps' ear

**Tripps** : I like it. I'll get Gerald to drive me down to the fancy dress shop.

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## **15 - FOC End of Act 1 - News Recap**

- Bar is open
  - Then Interval
-

## 16 - Ex Factor

- Cicely, Hildegard and Norman are on stage
- Ghosts are arguing about who goes first
- Lord Naff wanders in

*Lord Naff*: I say, what's all the commotion?

*Hildegard* : We cannot agree who goes first.

*Lord Naff* : First? First in what?

*Norman* : Ex Factor.

*Lord Naff* : Excuse me?

*Hildegard* : The talent show.

*Lord Naff* : What talent show.

*Cicely* : (Sigh)... Every week we hold a talent show. We call it Ex Factor because, well, you know we're all "Ex-animis"

*Lord Naff* : Ex-what-a-what?

*Cicely* : It's latin! It means, lifeless, departed, expired. Like our marriage.

- Hildegard and Norman look awkwardly at each other, sensing the increased tension
- Hildegard tries to lighten the atmosphere

*Hildegard* : Anyway, the talent show... We wondered if you'd take part?

*Lord Naff* : Oh, I don't think so, I'm not really very talented.

*Cicely* : You can say that again.

*Hildegard* : You are not understanding me. We don't want you to be performing. We want you to be judging.

*Lord Naff* : Well I don't really think it's a\_\_\_\_\_

*Hildegard* : Excellent, that's settled then. Our first act will be Queen Hildegard of Hockflugenstein, that is me. I sing a song especially for you...

- Hildegard sings opera - sound of breaking glass?
- Flirts with Lord Naff?

*Hildegard* : Well, what the verdict is? Is it the winner I am?

*Lord Naff* : Well I have to see the other acts first. Now it says here that Cicely will be doing an exciting new dance.

*Cicely* : I shall be doing the Charleston which is a new dance from America. It's the absolute bees-knees.

- Cicely does Charleston dance routine

*Lord Naff* : Well that was very exciting, though obviously the opera singing was excellent too. Now Norman, apparently you're doing some magic tricks?

*Norman* : Good evening ladies and gentlemen, I am Norman the Abnormal. Could I have a volunteer from the audience please?

- He selects someone convenient

*Norman* : Pick a card, any card.

- He attempts to influence the victim by only allowing them to select his preferred card

**Norman** : Now, don't let me see it. It's an eight isn't it.

- Audience member confirms that it ISN'T an 8

**Norman** : Not an eight, a nine? No, a six? Jack? King? 2... yes! I knew it. The 2 of hearts.

- It ISN'T the 2 of hearts

**Norman** : 2 of clubs? spades? Oh forget it, I should have picked someone who knew what they were doing, you're rubbish at this. Now ladies and gentlemen I'll need another volunteer please.

- He returns to the stage and pulls out a big saw
- The audience are not keen
- He looks at Lord Naff, then at the saw, then back at Lord Naff

**Norman** : You'll do...

- Freddie wanders in dressed in one-piece leotard. He obviously can't see the ghosts and starts talking to the audience

**Freddie** : I really thought I had it all worked out but everything's gone wrong. I was happy looking after Lord Naff but then that young upstart arrived and started throwing his weight around. Firing poor old Mrs Tripps, Leaving me to do the cleaning. Did you see the outfit I had to wear?! I'm trying a new look now - something a bit more macho - what do you think? Anyway, I can't work for that man, I don't trust him. There's definitely something fishy going on with that will.

**Norman** : What's this smart-alec doing, interrupting our talent show.

**Hildegard** : Very rude he is being.

**Cicely** : Indeed, how arrogant. Men... they're all the same. Think the world revolves around them.

**Freddie** : Oh this big old house feels so empty. I'm so lonely... I'm more lonely than that. Stuck here with no companionship. I mean, there's Mrs Buttermuffin, but I think of her as one of the boys really, I don't know why, I just always have... If only I had someone to talk to, a shoulder to cry on, somebody to love.

- SONG: Somebody to Love (Ghosts provide backing vocals)

**Lord Naff** : Well I think we have a winner. Well done Freddie.

**Hildegard** : He can't win OUR talent competition. He's not even a ghost.

**Norman** : It's a disgrace. Who put HIM in charge?

**Cicely** : This is outrageous. I was clearly the best. This is typical Clive.

- Curtains close with Freddie left FOC

**Freddie** : This house, so empty, so quiet, so lonely.

---

## 17 - FOC Gideon Fires Freddie

- Following on from previous scene, Freddie is FOC
- Gideon appears through curtains

**Gideon** : What do you think you're doing, dressed like that?

**Freddie** : I've broken free darling, from now on, I'm going to be myself

**Gideon** : Well I'm not paying you to be yourself. You're fired.

**Freddie** : Oh no I'm not

**Gideon** : Oh YES you are... (etc etc)

**Freddie** : You can't fire me

**Gideon** : Why not?

**Freddie** : Because I quit darling! I will not work at a golf club. Nobody normal likes golf, and I will not put up with people who aren't normal. You can shove your golf club up your...

**Gideon** : Get out of my house!

- Freddie leaves through curtain
- Gideon left standing in front but continues shouting at Freddie

**Gideon** : Good riddance. I'll be firing all of you soon. I don't need any of you. Once my golf course is ready, I'll be rich. I'll settle my debt with Big George, I'll be lord of the manor, hob-nobbing with the rich and influential. Captains of industry, global players, Prime Ministers and Presidents. I'll be part of the elite. I'll know their secrets, maybe catch a few with their trousers down, and then... blackmail.

---

## 18 - Penguins

- Gideon is still ranting at the audience

**Gideon** : I just need to make sure this O'Really fella approves my plans. I tried bribing him, but he wasn't having it, said he "only wanted what's best for his constituents".

- The curtains open
- Chris O'Really is standing there with a clipboard, looking shocked at Gideon's behaviour

**Gideon** : I can't stand HONEST politicians. What's the point of being a politician if you won't accept a brown envelope full of cash every now and then. I need to keep an eye on him... hold on...

- He asks the audience

**Gideon** : He's behind me, isn't he?

- He turns slowly to greet Chris O'Really

**Gideon** : Mr O'Really, what a pleasure it is to see you again.

**Chris O'Really** : Oh really?

**Gideon** : Yeah... O'Really.

**Chris O'Really** : Well, you know why I'm here of course?

**Gideon** : Of course? Oh, yeah, of course, the course, my golf course. Well this will be the 18th hole.

- Chris scribbles notes on his clipboard

**Chris O'Really** : Oh really?

**Gideon** : Yeah, and we'll dig a bunker there...

- Chris scribbles more notes

**Chris O'Really** : Oh really?

**Gideon** : Yeah, and...

- Barclay and Barclay wander in with binoculars in hand

**Gideon** : What are you two doing here?

**Barclay One** : Haven't you heard?

**Barclay Two** : It's very exciting.

**Barclay One** : Apparently there is a rare species of bird nesting here.

**Gideon** : Rare species of bird?

- Mrs Tripps walks on wearing something to disguise her (badly)

**Tripps** : Good morning, isn't this wonderful? You're very lucky, they're incredibly rare.

**Gideon** : What are? Who are you? What's going on? What's this bird doin' on my land?

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Oh, she's the "bird expert" sir. It's all part of the planning process. You have to have a bird inspection. Isn't that right Mr O'Really?

**Chris O'Really** : Oh really? Erm, yes, that's probably necessary, yes. Very difficult for us to grant permission without a, errr, "bird inspection". Just a formality, I'm sure...

**Tripps** : Well that's just it. You see I've found an extremely rare breed of birds nesting on the site. Extremely rare, especially around here.

**Barclay One** : Oh, how exciting!

**Barclay Two** : I wonder what they can be!

**Barclay One** : Peregrine falcons perhaps?

**Barclay Two** : Or white-tailed eagles maybe?

- Gerald and Geraldine waddle on dressed as penguins
- Barclay and Barclay both look at each other, then back at the penguins and together say;

**Barclay One** : Or... Penguins!?!?!

**Gideon** : Penguins????!!

- Mrs B looks accusingly at Mrs Tripps and whispers;

**Mrs Buttermuffin** : Penguins?

**Tripps** : It was all they had at the fancy dress shop. I got a good deal, hire one, get the second one free.

- Chris scribbles more notes and looks concerned

**Chris O'Really** : Well I'm afraid if there are penguins nesting here then I have to declare this a site of special scientific interest. I won't be able to approve any changes to the grounds.

**Gideon** : Not even a golf course?

**Chris O'Really** : Especially, not a golf course!

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## 19 - FOC News Update - Super Prison

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Plans to build Wildboarclough's first luxury golf course have been refused after a rare breed of penguins were discovered nesting in the area. Councillor Chris O'Really has declared it a site of special scientific interest. Bird-watchers have been flocking into the village. We'll speak now to Gideon Goldgrabber, the man behind the golf course plans. Mr Goldgrabber, are you angry that the golf course has been stopped.

**Gideon** : Angry? Course I'm angry darlin'. I was gonna be rich, very rich, and now I find out I've got an infestation... of penguins.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Indeed, are you considering a planning appeal?

**Gideon** : No need darlin, I've already come up with a better idea. As I'm sure you know, crime is on the rise, the news is full of it, the government's getting tough. Locking em up, throwing away the key, that sort of thing. So, it's a real growth area. And I'm getting in to it.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : You're taking up crime?

**Gideon** : Nah darlin, prisons! Prisons are a growth area. I'm gonna knock down Naff Hall and build an 84 story super-prison on the footprint. The government'll pay me for every criminal I take in. And best of all, super-criminals aren't allowed outside, so I don't have to worry about no penguins.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Well there you have it. It looks like Wildboarclough will soon have its first "super-prison"

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## 20 - Thwarting of the Super-Prison

- The ghosts are on stage

*Hildegard* : Everyone, pay attention, I have bad news.

*Cicely* : Give us the headlines Hildy... Head-lines, get it?

*Norman* : Cicely! That's not funny! You know she doesn't like people mentioning it. Go on Hilda, what's the bad news?

*Hildegard* : That evil man wants to knock down Naff Hall and build here ein Super-Prison.

*Lord Naff* : They can't knock down my house.

*Cicely* : Indeed, where will I keep my champagne?

*Norman* : What'll happen to my wiring? I'll have been electrocuted for nothing.

*Hildegard* : And I am NOT approving of super-criminals.

*Lord Naff* : Look, I know we've all had our differences, but we need to stick together, use our talents, be a team, defeat our common enemy.

- Gideon and Chris O'Really enter
- Chris is carrying his clipboard again

*Chris O'Really* : Well, the place isn't listed or anything and nothing of any historical interest ever happened here so...

*Gideon* : So I can knock it down and build my super-prison?

*Chris O'Really* : I see no reason... oh!

- Norman makes the lights flicker and spark
- Hildegard concentrates on a large book on a shelf, making it move and fall off
- A single lamp is left shining on the book
- Chris notices this book on the floor and picks it up

*Chris O'Really* : I almost stepped on this... wait, these are official records from the olden days, how fascinating... it says here that the house was visited by Queen Hildegard of Hockflugenstein on her "Campaign of Cruelty" tour - oh I'm a big fan of that one, that was at the height of her power... It says she stopped here to make use of the facilities. The servants reported hearing "a loud groan from behind the latrine door... as if a demon had posessed her. Therein followed the sound of creaking and splintering. Ye olde wooden seat collaps-ed and she fell with a huge splatter into the dark filthiness below. One servant was heard to say... 'better give that ten minutes'".

- The ghosts are all looking at Hildegard and each other and wondering how she lost her head
- She looks embarrassed

*Gideon* : Yeah, very interesting, can we just get on with signing off my plans, so I can start making super-prison-cash?

*Chris O'Really* : I don't think you understand, this suggests that Queen Hildegard fell down the toilet... and died... here, in this very place... that is of the utmost historical importance, an incredible discovery, we'll need to speak to English Heritage right away.

*Gideon* : Does this mean, what I think it means? You're not gonna let me build my super-prison are you?

*Chris O'Really* : Oh my dear Gideon, of course not. You can't demolish this place. This is the only recorded instance of a famous person meeting their end on the toilet.

- Elvis wanders in

*Elvis* : Can I just stop you there sir? You said the ONLY famous person to die on the toilet?

**Gideon** : Keith! Not now! Sorry, this is Keith our gardener, he hangs around in the shed, I haven't got round to firing him... Yet!

**Chris O'Really** : Don't I recognise you from somewhere. Have you been in films?

**Elvis** : Err, no, your holiness. I'm definitely Keith the gardener from the deep south of errr, Macclesfield.

**Chris O'Really** : Oh Really? Well, I must say, there seem to have been some unusual events around here recently.

**Elvis** : You can say that again, your holiness... Crazy Things in Wildboarclough... take it away Freddie

SONG: Crazy Things In Wildboarclough

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## 21 - FOC Newsnight - Candice Announces Plans For Spa

- Newsnight theme
- Roxy and Candice are both sporting ridiculous dame-brows

**Roxy Belmeadows** : After plans were rejected for his exclusive golf course, and for a potential super-prison, Lord Gideon Naff has handed over responsibility for the future direction of Naff Hall to Lady Naff. She joins me in the studio now.

**Candice** : Hiya Roxy babes.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : I understand that you have been appointed head of ideas at Naff Hall.

**Candice** : Yeah, head of ideas babe, that's right, it's exciting. I'm really excited.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Can you tell us anything about your plans.

**Candice** : Yeah, I'm gonna open a luxury spa, for the super-rich. It's gonna have a pool, and a sauna and I'll be doing makeovers.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Your plans will certainly raise eyebrows round here!

**Candice** : Exactly, raising eyebrows, raising bums, raising anything I can really.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Are you concerned about the local road problems. Will that not stop the super-rich visiting your spa?

**Candice** : Oh no babes, it's not a problem. We're gonna put a helipad on the roof for their helicopters and that. And I'm gonna build a marina for their luxury super-yachts.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : A marina? Are you sure you can sail to Wildboarclough in a super-yacht?

**Candice** : Mmmmm?? Sorry, wasn't listening, Super-yachts, yeah. And I'm gonna redecorate all the rooms, in my own unique style. Make it really tasteful babes. Leopardskin 'n that.

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Well, there you have it. It looks like Wildboarclough will soon have its first luxury spa. Before we have a look at tomorrow's papers, a quick update on Storm Maggie.

- Stormy appears wearing a massive raincoat, hat, umbrella, sou-wester, etc or diving suit, snorkel etc?
- She looks terrified

**Stormy Spaniels** : It's coming!!!!

- She disappears again

**Roxy Belmeadows** : Thanks Stormy

- Roxy holds up some more newspapers, lights down
  - Roxy and Candice exit through curtain
-

## 22 - 2 Bedsheets and a Haunting

- Section A

**Lord Naff**: Excellent work everyone, we stopped the Super-Prison. But we're not out of the woods yet. That woman wants to turn the house into a spa. These fraudsters need to be brought to justice.

- Ella tugs at his sleeve

**Lord Naff**: I don't have time to join in your games you young ragamuffin. Now we need to find a way to punish them.

**Hildegard**: What is spa please?

**Norman**: It's a place where posh people come and sit with towels on their heads and cucumbers on their eyes.

**Cicely**: Shhhh, the living are coming.

- Mrs Tripps, Gerald and Geraldine enter
- The ghosts move to the left
- Mrs Tripps hands bedsheets to G&G

**Tripps**: Here are your outfits. Now, remember what I told you to do.

**Gerald**: Mumbled RUBBISH

**Tripps**: Exactly. Well come on then, action stations.

- They put on their bedsheets

**Geraldine**: Are you sure this will work Gerald?

**Gerald**: Mumbled RUBBISH

**Geraldine**: Mmmmm... well, if you say so.

- Mrs Tripps, Gerald and Geraldine all "freeze"

**Cicely**: This will never work, they don't look in the slightest bit scary. No one is going to believe this place is haunted by those two. You can see right through them. Well, actually you can't, that's part of the problem.

**Lord Naff**: Well maybe we need to give them some help, use our talents.

**Norman**: I can do my thing with the lights again.

**Hildegard**: And I can be moving things in a spooky way.

**Cicely**: And I can make a spectre-cle of myself ha!

**Lord Naff**: And I can, I can, I... what shall I do?

**Cicely**: Nothing Clive. You have no talent!

- Mrs Tripps "unfreezes" and ushers the bedsheets ghosts offstage
- G&G leave
- Gideon arrives and sees Mrs Tripps
- Section B

**Gideon**: Who are you?

- Tripps hurriedly puts on a scruffy hat and a fake moustache and starts speaking in a lower voice

*Tripps* : I'm Mr Gripps the plumber.

*Gideon* : Why would I need a plumber?

*Tripps* : You've got a leak in your basement.

*Gideon* : A leak, I've not noticed any leaks, are you sure?

*Tripps* : Oh yes, look, there's a box full of them just here.

- Tripps picks up a veg box and holds up a leek
- He and Gideon continue to hold up items as each pun is spoken

*Tripps* : And there's onions, some dirty carrots, and a tin of peaches. Who'll start me off at 5 pounds?

- Some harvest auction banter with the audience?
- Gideon has grown very suspicious of this so-called plumber.

*Gideon* : Stop it, stop it... There's something suspicious about you. Have you BEAN here before?

*Tripps* : Oh yes, the previous owner often asked me to TURNIP, I mean, turn up here all the time.

*Gideon* : Mmmmm... what was his name?

*Tripps* : CHIVE... I mean Clive.

*Gideon* : If you were a real plumber, you'd be wearing overalls.

*Tripps* : Not nece-CELERY!

*Gideon* : Well where are all your tools.

*Tripps* : I've left them in the van, there's not MUSHROOM in here!

*Gideon* : I'm not having this... who writes this rubbish? Is it supposed to be some kind of ARTY JOKE?... You're not a proper plumber. You're fired!

*Tripps* : Well, I'm still going to have to CHARD you... I mean charge you.

- Mrs Tripps leaves carrying the veg box
- Candice enters
- Section C

*Candice* : Why are we in the basement babes, I don't like it down here.

*Gideon* : Because Candice, Mr O'Really is on his way to do an inspection before he approves YOUR spa plans. Now I need to speak to Big George, calm him down. YOU need to work your magic on Mr O'Really, sweet-talk him, make sure he signs off the plans.

*Candice* : Oh Gid, don't leave me alone down here, it's all dark and dingy, I don't like it.

*Gideon* : You won't BE alone. I've asked Barclay and Barclay to come along and make sure all the legal mumbo jumbo is done right. I don't want him to have any excuse to reject our plans. Ah... here they are now.

- Barclay and Barclay enter

*Gideon* : Don't mess this up.

- Gideon leaves
- Chris O'Really arrives, Barclay & Barclay follow him and Candice around

*Chris O'Really* : Good afternoon Lady Naff, oh my, what a fascinating space, so much character.

**Candice** : I hate it. I think it's creepy. I can't wait to get it redecorated, make it less spooky and more classy.

**Chris O'Really** : Oh Really? What did you have in mind?

**Candice** : I'm gonna put this on all the walls.

- She shows him her mood-board full of weird coloured leopardskin wallpapers and fabrics

**Candice** : And the carpet'll be pink. Shagpile. Tasteful 'n that.

**Chris O'Really** : Oh Really?... I... see... mmm... very...nice. Well I'm just here to check that everything complies with the appropriate building standards, shouldn't take long. Now I understand that the swimming pool and steam room will be down here?

**Candice** : That's correct Mr O'Really.

**Chris O'Really** : Oh, call me Chris, Lady Naff.

**Candice** : Well, call me Candice Chris.

**Chris O'Really** : Well, Candice, it all seems structurally sound. Humidity levels are high, you will need to fit an extractor fan. Now I just need to.

- Norman makes the lights flicker

**Chris O'Really** : Oh..! I'm afraid it looks like the wiring is quite old, pre 1974 I should imagine.

**Norman** : Well it would have been rewired if SOMEONE hadn't put the big fuse back in and electrocuted me.

**Chris O'Really** : It shouldn't be a problem, I can recommend a good electrician if you don't already have one.

**Norman** : Oh they've got one mate, they've got one. He's an absolute magician!

- Norman makes the lights go out completely

**Candice** : Ooooh Chris, I don't like it, I'm afraid of the dark. Oh it absolutely puts the willies up me. And I don't like that. Oh no, oh no.

**Chris O'Really** : No need to panic, I've got a torch somewhere... there it is, now, ah that's better. Right everyone, stay close to me, I'm sure we can sort this out, I suspect the fusebox is through here.

- They shuffle off in line then moments later shuffle back on
- The 2 bedsheets ghosts tag on at the back
- Barclay Two has gone missing

**Chris O'Really** : No, maybe it's over here.

**Barclay One** : Barclay? Where's Barclay?

- The ghost behind Barclay One taps him on the back, which appears to reassure him

**Barclay One** : Ah there you are old chap.

- Barclay One looks around and sees the "ghost"
- Barclay One screams and runs off

**Chris O'Really** : Now your legal team should probably check the deeds just in case there are any...

- He looks around (without seeing the ghosts)

**Chris O'Really** : Where ARE they?

**Candice** : There were here a minute ago. (to the audience) Did YOU see them leave?

- The "ghosts" tap Chris on the shoulder

- He screams and runs off

*Candice* : Can we leave now Chris? I really don't like it here. Chris? Chris? Mr O'Really, where are you?

- Chris's hi-viz vest floats back on stage as if possessed
- Candice sees it and is frozen with fear
- The "ghosts" tap her on the shoulders, she looks round, screams and runs off
- Bedsheet ghosts fist-bump in celebration at the plan succeeding

*Cicely* : I can't believe people were taken in by those two.

*Hildegard* : Cicely, it doesn't matter.

*Norman* : They've scared off those idiots.

*Cicely* : But it's the principle! We have standards. One can't just throw on a bedsheets and call oneself a ghost. One needs to act, bring a little sparkle to the part, entertain the audience, make them feel something. I'm going to show these imposters what a real actress can do.

- Cicely manifests herself! Does some ghostly whoooooing.
- Bedsheet ghosts look round see her and run off screaming.

*Cicely* : Now THAT's haunting.

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## 23 - FOC Spa Rejection Fax

- Gideon appears FOC, has a go at the audience (what you all lookin' at etc)
- Mrs Tripps appears holding a sheet of paper

**Gideon** : Who are you?

**Tripps** : I'm Mrs Paperclips, I'm in charge of the office here at Naff Hall.

**Gideon** : Office? I didn't even know we had an office.

**Tripps** : Oh yes sir, it's round the back. Anyway, this fax has just come through. It's not good news I'm afraid.

**Gideon** : Not good news? Not good news... I don't need people bringing me "Not good news"...

**Tripps** : Let me guess...

**Gideon** : You're fired!

- Mrs Tripps is getting used to this by now and doesn't even bother looking upset
- To the audience

**Tripps** : I thought so. See you in a bit.

**Gideon** : Right, what's this fax say?

- A voice-over is heard?

**Chris O'Really** : Dear Gideon, with respect to my visit earlier today, I noted, with some concern, that Naff Hall appears to be haunted by two extremely frightening ghosts. Not that I myself was scared you understand. I have subsequently consulted the council's "Big Book Of Rules" and the following came to my attention. Regulation 17, paragraph b, subsection 3 states: "A spa cannot be opened in a building which is known, or thought to be, haunted". As I'm sure you will understand, it is with regret that I must decline your delightful fiancees plans for her luxury spa.

**Gideon** : Gaaahhhhhh! Oh, what's this? P.S....

**Chris O'Really** : P.S. I did a little more research and discovered the following addendum... Should any slash all ghost slash ghosts be removed by a registered specialist, then, on production of an authenticated certificate of exorcism, permission would be given... permission would be given... perm...

- Chris's voice echoes away
- Candice enters and overhears

**Gideon** : An exorcism certificate? Right, I've no idea what one is, but I need to arrange an exorcism...

**Candice** : Oh I know someone who does that, she's really good

**Gideon** : Really? Well this was your idea in the first place, so here... you deal with it. I've got a loan shark called Big George who needs calming down.

- He shoves the phone and the fax into Candice's hands and storms off through curtains
- Candice makes a phone call

**Candice** : Hiya, is that Diane? It's Candice... Listen babes, I need you to do that thing again. Yeah, as soon as possible. Quick as you can. ASAP.

- Candice leaves through curtains
-

## 24 - The Exorcist

- Freddie, Mrs Buttermuffin, Mrs Tripps, Barclay and Barclay and Candice are all onstage dressed for aerobics
- The ghosts look on, confused but amused

*Freddie* : I thought he'd asked for an exorcism?

*Tripps* : I think someone's made a mistake.

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Quiet you two. Neither of you are supposed to be here anymore. Try to blend in, just in case HE shows up.

- Diane, the fitness instructor, bursts in carrying a ghetto-blaster

*Diane* : Sorry I'm late everyone. I had terrible trouble parking the Mini Metro. Anyway, I'm here now. Candy's told me all about you and asked me to go easy to start with. You must be Freddie, and Mrs Tripps and Mrs Buttermuffin, and the little gentlemen, Stanley and Cecil? Right well I think we're all here, let's get warmed up shall we?

- Diane hits play on her ghetto blaster, but all we hear is some ambient calming sounds

*Diane* : Oh, that's not right, that's for my hypnotherapy... hang on...

- She changes cassette, presses play again and some loud 80's music blares out
- Everyone starts to do various levels of star jumps, bends and stretches

*Diane* : That's it Freddie love, work those triceps, come on Mrs B, I know you can give me more...

- Gideon storms on, having been disturbed by the loud music
- He hits the stop button and the music dies
- Freddie and Mrs Tripps both shuffle off trying to look inconspicuous

*Gideon* : What the 'ell's all this. I needed an exorcism doing and I'm pretty sure this isn't it.

*Diane* : Oh... an EXORCISM. Sorry love Candy over there said you wanted exercise-ism, didn't you love?

*Candice* : I did babes, yeah, sorry!

*Gideon* : Well I'm not paying for this!

*Diane* : Well just hold on a minute, anyone who knows me knows I'm one thing more than anything. I'm resourceful, isn't that right Candy? Now let me think. Exorcism... well, I've seen the film, oh what's it called, the one with the man who does the exorcisms in it? Oh, it's on the tip of my tongue, that film.

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : The Exorcist?

*Diane* : Mmmm, no, I don't think that was it... Oh, it'll come to me when I'm least expecting it. Anyway, I've seen the film, I remember what he did, that man, he was a priest I think, anyway, to be honest, it didn't look difficult. I'll need some candles. I've got some for the yoga class I do, they're in the Metro, I won't be a mo...

- She leaves and we hear the sound of the storm reaching its peak

*Gideon* : Right you two, haven't you got contracts to read through or something? Clear off.

- Barclay and Barclay leave

*Gideon* : And I don't pay you to take dance classes all day - back to work.

- Mrs Buttermuffin leaves
- Candice is the only one left (apart from the ghosts)
- Gideon turns to leave and as he does so...

*Gideon* : Candice... a word in my office please!

- The lights dim, the sounds of the storm start to be heard
- Ghosts do Bohemian Rhapsody with torches lighting up their faces
- Offstage there is a flash and a thunderclap, followed by a sizzling noise
- Diane returns, her face slightly sooty and her hair huge and frizzy
- She sees the ghosts

**Diane** : Oh hello, have you just arrived? Are you here for aerobics? I'm sorry, it's been cancelled.

**Hildegard** : You can see us?

**Diane** : Yes?!?

**Cicely** : But you're still alive!

**Diane** : Well I should hope so. If I wasn't, I'd have had trouble getting these candles from the Metro!

**Hildegard** : You can see ALL of us?

**Diane** : Yes, I can see ALL of you

**Norman** : Even me?

**Diane** : Look, I don't know whether you think I'm daft or something but I've an exorcism that needs doing. If you want to make yourselves useful you can help me lay out these candles, I need a five pointy star shape.

**Hildegard** : But we are all dead... we are ghosts!

**Diane** : Oh, that explains it. I wondered what had happened to your head, I didn't like to say anything. Did you lose it in battle? No? Was it the guillotine? No?

- The other ghosts are trying to discourage her from this line of questioning

**Diane** : Oh, right, well, I mean it's none of my business really. So. You're all ghosts, and I can see you... just like my Auntie Eileen.

**Cicely** : Who?

**Diane** : Auntie Eileen. She lived in Morecambe. Had a lovely bungalow, sea-view, and a built in washer-dryer. Anyway, she reckoned she were a conduit to the spirit world. We always said it were the sherry talking.

- The ghosts huddle together and whisper excitedly to each other

**Lord Naff** : Well my dear. I think you may be exactly who we need. You see, there's been a misunderstanding over my inheritance and I need to get a message to my legal representatives. Maybe you could help?

**Diane** : Well, strictly speaking I've been hired by that cockney bloke to get rid of you all. But he seems like he's a bit of a...

- Loud rumble of thunder obscures what she says next

**Lord Naff** : Well, quite, quite... So, you'll help me to commune with the living?

**Diane** : Oh why not? You only live once.

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## 25 - Seance

- Diane has now embellished her outfit, gypsy headscarf etc.
- She sits in the centre.
- Freddie, Mrs Buttermuffin and Mrs Tripps are seated either side, holding hands

*Diane* : I'm connected to the spirit world, but the signal is not good, the message is unclear, I'm getting the name Barry, is there a Barry here? No? Harry maybe? Larry? Carry?

- Everyone looks out into the audience and confirms there IS a Carry here

*Diane* : Oh, Carry love, apparently your monster truck is blocking everyone in dear... You'll need to move it.

- Ella has been tugging at the other ghosts clothing
- She whispers in Hildegaard's ear

*Hildegaard* : The vill?

- Then in Lord Naff's ear

*Lord Naff* : The will's fake?

- Then Norman

*Norman* : It's in the cake?

- Cicely puts it all together and exclaims;

*Cicely* : The will's in the cake!!!!

- Diane still hasn't quite got the connection working

*Diane* : Something about Will and Kate. Does anyone know Will and Kate?

- The living all look at each other and shrug
- The ghosts are furiously miming and pointing

*Diane* : I think the spirits are angry

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Oh dear, angry spirits, that's not good

- The ghosts are pointing at the cake and miming "eating"

*Diane* : Oh, sorry, not angry, hungry. Oh... I think they want cake.

*Freddie* : They're welcome to it

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : How dare you, everyone loves my cake

*Tripps* : Hold on, Will, Cake...

- Tripps, Buttermuffin and Freddie all look at each other and together shout;

*Freddie* : The will's in the cake *Mrs Buttermuffin* : The will's in the cake *Tripps* : The will's in the cake

- Freddie reaches into the cake and pulls out the will
- He brushes it clean and hands it to Mrs BM who reads it out

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : I hereby leave everything to Freddie and Mrs Buttermuffin, my faithful servants, and friends... Oh my!

*Freddie* : Well, this proves it. This is the real will, the other one is a fake.

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Gideon must have switched them.

*Tripps* : Well that means you get the house and Gideon gets nothing.

- Barclay and Barclay walk in

*Barclay One* : It's not that simple I'm afraid

*Barclay Two* : Legal precedents

*Barclay One* : Very complex

*Barclay Two* : We need proof that Gideon hid the real will

*Freddie* : Well he must know the real will still exists. If it's found he'll be in trouble. He'll be desperate to destroy it.

*Tripps* : We need to set a trap.

*Freddie* : Catch him red handed.

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : And I know exactly how to do it.

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## **26 - FOC News - Cake For The Needy**

***Roxy Belmeadows*** : ...And finally, a local Wildboarclough group is donating a huge cake to feed the hungry, impoverished and entitled folk of... Sutton and Langley. The event, dedicated to the late Lord Naff, will be named... Clive Aid. We can speak now to the creator of the cake, Mrs Buttermuffin. Mrs Buttermuffin, would you perhaps tell us a little more about the cake itself?

***Mrs Buttermuffin*** : Well, it's the usual ingredients really... flour, butter, margarine, lard, chip-fat, eggs, Marmite, cream, vinegar, two types of jam... raspberry and pilchard, a little bit of sharp sand for texture, and I dust the top with a mixture of icing sugar and Shake-n-Vac.

***Roxy Belmeadows*** : And what do you use to make it rise so much?

***Mrs Buttermuffin*** : Baking powder?

***Roxy Belmeadows*** : I said, what do you use to make it rise so much?

***Mrs Buttermuffin*** : Oh! Well, that's a little secret passed down the generations. I always add 2 pints of bleach, it gives it a lovely light fluffy texture, and it helps keep my kitchen surfaces clean.

***Roxy Belmeadows*** : Well I must say Mrs Buttermuffin, it all sounds delicious and I'm sure the starving folk in Sutton and Langley will be very grateful for this generous donation.

***Mrs Buttermuffin*** : Oh, one more thing, it will be stored in my pantry overnight to make sure no-one can steal it. That's very important... It will be left in the pantry, for safekeeping. In... The... Pantry

***Roxy Belmeadows*** : Well there you have it, just time for a quick look at tomorrow's papers. The Times goes with, "Cake will be in pantry". The Telegraph says "Pantry contains cake" and also an in-depth piece on the Rod Stewart Pothole. The Guardian leads with "Cake-Gate cover-up" and finally, The Sun, "Cor, what a whopper!"... a picture of the cake there. That's all from me on the day we learned that the cake will be in the pantry.

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## 27 - Mission Not Possible

- Gideon descends from the ceiling to try to get to the cake.
- Alarms go off, everyone rushes in

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Well, well, well. What do we have here?

*Freddie* : It looks like someone is desperate to get to this cake.

*Tripps* : I wonder why they're so interested in a cake?

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Maybe because it contained... The Real Will.

*Freddie* : Mrs Tripps, unmask this mystery man.

- Gideon is unmasked
- She snatches the real will from Gideon
- Mrs Tripps holds up the fake will

*Tripps* : You created a fake will...

*Freddie* : Then you hid the real will in this cake...

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : Then you stopped everyone tasting my lovely cake...

- Everyone else looks at each other to suggest that the last bit wasn't exactly true

*Gideon* : And I would have got away with it if it hadn't been for you meddling kids

*Barclay One* : Well that seems to be the proof we need

*Barclay Two* : We shall change our documents in your favour

*Mrs Buttermuffin* : So we inherit Naff Hall?

*Freddie* : And YOU inherit naff-all, ha ha ha...

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## **28 - Wrap Up**

- 2 Years in the future
- Naff Hall zoo is a great success
- Mrs Buttermuffin has started a building firm?
- Gideon and Candice are picking up Penguin Poo as their community service, having left prison
- Rod Stewart Bowl - major concert venue
- Mrs Whips?
- Big George?
- Eeeeeeeoooooo... We Are The Champions
- Happiness!