

# **King Tut.**

**Written By King Tut**

## Characters

*I would personally multi role certain parts, but that's a decision for the director and company. I have put the parts next to each other that I think go well together*

**Solly:** Jewish young man, intense erratic, and a very open book.

**King Tut:** A despot. Completely self centred. Believes he is the divine ruler of Tutland.

**Bill:** Reserved young man, self assured, serious but down for fun in the right situation.

**Becky:** A designer. Believes in creating a better more harmonious world. Probably smashes a bit of yoga.

**Shaun:** The queen of queens. Successful small clothes business owner (the business is small clothes are normal sized). You will find him and his business card at London, New York and Milan fashion week.

**Pig:** Humiliated human being who knows how to wear the mask, but has frankly had enough.

**Lawyer Pig:** Knows his place, but realises these are changing times.

**Judge:** Wears a wig. Takes no shit.

**Richmond:** A righteous warrior of the people.

**Polly:** A cleaner. A normal person. A decent hard working citizen. Been knocked too many times to not have a tough skin.

**OMP:** The online market place. A computer personified.

**Kingston:** A man ready to hunt down his prey.

**Prosecution:** A Lawyer, who's realised this is his opportunity to save his country from the tyranny of Tut.

*The rest of the parts I don't have an opinion on so that's up to you. Sorry.*

## Setting

*The play takes place in between London, Hampstead/Marylebone/Forest Hill, and the modern/classic dream reality of Tutland.*

## Act 1 Scene 1

*Fan fare, regal walk down to throne, finally after a prince Ali a Baba entrance King Tut sits down.*

King Tut: Come here little piggy.

Pig: Your worship.

King Tut: I have an ache, in my shoulder my spine and my bum.

Pig: Your eminence, it would be my honour.

King Tut: Well your welcome.

*Pig starts massaging.*

King Tut: Good, good.

Pig: And how was your day today your jubilant majesty?

King Tut: I've been a happy little elephant. I awoke in the midst of the most gentle of orgies, ate my breakfast, and I didn't just break my fast I snapped it like a tree splits in a hurricane, crack! Went into the gardens. Shot a pigeon. Bathed with my chirpy river minnows, and then I waddled up here to sit resplendent, on my jewel encrusted throne and have my favourite pig, massage my muscular indignities away.

Pig: A truly opulent day your effervescence.

King Tut: Yes, twas, truly it twas... Did you call me effervescent?

Pig: I did, your sparkling majesty.

King Tut: Do you liken me to a vitamin, Pig? Effervescence is a little too reminiscent of fizzy get well drinks, which I don't think are quite in keeping as a description of my regal-

Pig: I must admit that was the metaphor that I hoped to land upon, for you are the tonic of our nation. Circular and orange, you represent for the country one big pill.

King Tut: Enough enough. You should be very very careful my potbellied companion. For no one knows the squalid games of the court better than I. Dressing up spiteful attacks to look like fluffy compliments. You are skating on very thin ice considering you are such a fat pig.

Pig: Am I so fat your majesty? You do yourself a disservice, modest as ever, I think anyone with two eyes and a brain could see that you are far more voluptuous than I.

King Tut: That is it! You shall not play me as you would your piggy fiddle. Instead you shall receive punishment of the most severe kind.

Pig: Of the most severe kind?

King Tut: Indeed the most! You quiver now don't you porky.

Pig: You wish death upon me your majesty.

King Tut: I do Pork chop. Unless you apologise and kiss my little red boots.

*Pig thinks for a moment, and then stabs himself falling onto King Tut.*

King Tut: Oh god no! Not like that. I didn't mean. Oh good god. Don't die you poorly little pig. Guards!  
Doctors! Doctors and Guards!

*Screams rushing music, colours.*

*Blackout.*

Act 1 Scene 2

*Dark Room, Solly opens the door light floods in.*

Solly: Bill, Bill... Bill? Are you awake?

Bill: No.

Solly: Oh.

*Solly closes door. Opens it again.*

Solly: The thing is mate.

Bill: I'm asleep mate.

Solly: Yeah yeah, of course yeah.

*Solly closes door. Opens it.*

Solly: It's just honestly you'll/ want to hear this.

Bill: /I'm asleep! The lights are off and I'm in bed. Please mate. Go away I was up very late with work, I just need a couple more hours its only 7 fucking/ a.m. you fucking

Solly: /I know mate, but you're talking to me now so I feel like you must be a little bit awake and I know you want to hear this. Because, trust me, you do, you've got to hear this mate... Yeah, so I wake up, and I'm naked in this garden, like literally. I'm a nude. Bit chilly, obviously, thank god its summer, but anyway I'm like crap, what happened. Maybe I was at a party went into the garden to have a smoke passed out got molested by a badger or something? I was wearing my new lemon cologne and so I did smell like, I mean I'd ravish me if I was a moose or something. Anyway, I'm like, shit gotta find cover, and so I run my little pegs off, and this garden is massive, and I'm thinking what the tits is going on, its a bloody never ending garden of wonder, and then, guess where I am, guess.

Bill: No.

Solly: Guess please.

Bill: NO.

Solly: You will NEVER guess it pleasssee just try! Just try you are going to be gob smacked.

Bill: Hampstead heath?

Solly: ... Yeah. Hampstead Heath. How did you know?

Bill: Please get out of my room mate. I've got the sleepy fuzz, I can still make it if/ you just fuck off

Solly: Bro bro bro bro brooooo. I do need to know how you knew I was on the Heath man because.

Bill: I guessed it you pillock. You asked me to guess, so I guessed. Okay? Fuck off!

Solly: Mate, I feel like you're being really hostile about this actually.

Bill: I'm honestly not. I'm just very tired, I know you're excited about this story but surely it can wait a couple of hours. I didn't get to bed till 3! PLEASE MATE!

Solly: Don't "please mate" me, I don't think there's anyway you could guess I was on the Heath in one unless you put me there.

Bill: Yes way. There is a way. I'm sorry I guessed it in one. It's actually very obvious though, you said a massive unrecognisable-

Solly: Because If you put me there, naked, that's really not cool man.

Bill: Mate I didn't.

Solly: I'm alright now but I was actually really cold.

Bill: Look. Mate. It was not me. As much as you fucking piss me off, I wouldn't do that to you. I'm sorry you got cold. I have absolutely no idea how you got there.

Solly: Pinkie promise?

Bill: Pinkie promise mate.

Solly: Alright well. I'm sorry. Sleep well.

Bill: It's alright, I'm completely awake now. What happened next then?

Solly: Right, so I'm running along yeah, one hand covering Mr winky, the other hand covering Mr tushy, and then this group of hot yoga mummies are running towards me with their buggies, and I think, oh shit hole, they'll probably think I'm a perv so I jumped over this railing fall into these bastard thorns, roll out of them after they literally pulled chunks off me and I fall in what I now know to be the women's ponds!

Bill: Oh no!

Solly: Mate. Freezing mate. I was literally screaming my head off, not in a fun I'm in the water way, in a help me I'm going to die kind of AAAAAA

Bill: Mate mate mate shhh. People are sleeping.

Solly: Sorry, you're right. But anyway the timing was mental because, I hear this voice apologising, and look around and I see this, she was like some kind of goddess, our age, long flowing hair, and she just looked so healthy. And then I realise she's saying "Oh god, I'm so sorry, I thought this was the ladies pond, I've never done this before" and I was like "No no, I don't know where I am, I've been assaulted by brambles" And I've got all the blood on me from the thorns so she's like "shit, give me your hand" and you know she was just so helpful. Gave me her towel, took me to a nearby charity shop, which opens 24/7 madness, but she only goes and buys me this pair of trousers and this top.

Bill: That shirt is fucking hideous.

Solly: 100% but it was only 20p. She gave me her number and I was like come round for tea, and I'll obviously get you back, because the trousers were fucking £5!

Bill: Solid cords though. You get what you pay for.

Solly: Do you reckon, yeah they're not bad hey. But mate, she's coming round, later today, 3:30! I mean, we really got on. And it was such a mad situation. How romantic is that? I think I've found a wife.

Bill: That's quite a jump. What was her name?

Solly: .... Her name.

Act 1 Scene 3

*Becky and Shaun working out.*

Shaun: Yeah but why was he naked.

Becky: He said he didn't know.

Shaun: I think he knew he just didn't want to tell you.

Becky: I don't know. He was very believable. I reckon it was just some savage prank.

Shaun: Mm. That's sort of life threateningly savage though isn't it? What kind of friends do that. You should always judge someone on the company they keep.

Becky: It is July though.

Shaun: Babe.

Becky: It's not too cold!

Shaun: Babe!

Becky: I know. I do think I would find that funny though.

Shaun: Think of it this way though, would you do that to me?

Becky: Um...

Shaun: You little bitch.

Becky: I was thinking.

Shaun: That is not something you need to think about!

Becky: I'm sorry, I wouldn't ever do that to you.

Shaun: You'd better not. I think it's pretty bad either way. If his friends did it, or if his enemies did, he's still living a wild and unsustainable life style.

Becky: That kind of sounds delicious though doesn't it? A wild unsustainable life.

Shaun: Listen, I'm worried about you. We're not about that life anymore Becky. Clean living, emotionally, psychologically, socially, romantically. Every decision has consequences and you-

Becky: Oh my god! No no no. I'm going to stop you right there. Shut up your boring. Shut up. I'm going to his place for tea. If you're so worried you can come and look after me.

Shaun: Ok ok, I'll come. But only if we abide to the fuckboy rule book.

Becky: To the letter dear Shaunie Shaun.



Act 1 Scene 4

Solly: This hat or this hat?

Bill: Maybe no hat?

Solly: That wasn't an option was it?

Bill: We're indoors mate.

Solly: Mmm maybe you're right.

Bill: Just be yourself. That's enough.

Solly: Myself? I've got no idea who the fuck I am?

Bill: Well fuck it then, wear the hat.

Solly: It feels like you don't want me to be a hat person.

Bill: I don't care mate. Honestly I don't care.

Solly: I've gone off them both now.

Bill: Ok. Well, you look great without a hat.

Solly: Cheers man. I will wear them, I just haven't found the right outfit yet. Just so you know that.

Bill: Ok. Cool man.

Solly: Yeah cool.

*Knock Knock!*

Solly: Oh fuck, name mate, name name name!

Bill: I won't let you down.

*Solly runs off stage, and Bill opens the door. Bill opens the door to Becky and Shaun.*

Bill: Hello, hello, come in, oh its raining!

Becky: Hiya, yeah can I give you my umbrella?

Bill: Of course of course, I'll just pop that here. Sorry I'm Bill by the way.

Becky: Hi Bill, is Solly in?

Bill: I think he's just in his room. Sorry I didn't catch your name.

Shaun: No you didn't.

*Shaun and Becky nod at each other.*

Bill: Well what is it then?

Shaun: Solly didn't tell you?

Bill: He probably did, and I just didn't fully catch it.

Becky: Ahhh right right. Well my name is Bathsheba.

Bill: Very very nice... You're taking the piss.

Becky: I'm not, are you taking the piss?

Bill: Absolutely not. Sorry, pleased to meet you Bathsheba, and ..?

Shaun: Rumpelstiltskin.

Bill: For fuck... Rumpelstiltskin. Like the fairytale?

Shaun: Like the fairytale.

Bill: Right.... Solly?

Solly: (Offstage) Yeah?

Bill: Bathsheba and Rumpelstiltskin to see you.

Solly: .....Excuse me?

Bill: Bathsheba and Rumpelstiltskin.

Solly: .....Just coming.

*Solly enters wearing a deeply extravagant hat.*

Solly: Well hello there.

Shaun: Nice hat.

Solly: Oh this? Thanks very much.

*Bill makes a cut the hat gesture.*

Becky: It's rude to wear hats indoors though isn't it?

Solly: So true

*Solly throws the hat as far away from him as possible.*

Solly: Hey Bathsheba! Pleased to meet you, Rumpelwimple? Sorry I didn't really-

Shaun: Rumpelstiltskin.

Bill: Like the fairy tale.

Solly: Like the fairytale. We've got lots of different teas, any preference?

Becky: Peppermint, please.

Shaun: Yes peppermint.

Solly: Aha. No problem. Could you give me a hand mate, we'll just be with you in a moment.

Bill: Yup yup.

*Once they're aside with the tea.*

Solly: This isn't fucking funny mate, you and her are bantering with me aren't you. Yes, I have literally no idea of what her bloody name is! But I do know one thing, is it was not fucking Bathsheba. Fucking Bathsheba?! You're a real prick you know that, it makes me look like I don't care and I do care!

Bill: I swear to god mate, I said to her "You must be joking", and she was like "no, I'm not are you joking" and I was like "no obviously not".

Solly: Fuck.

Bill: Yeah. She looks really familiar though you know.

Solly: Do you think you might have met her before?

Bill: Maybe. I can't put my finger on it.

Solly: Well put your fucking finger on it. Grab that finger, pull it out of your arse and put it on the fucking name mate. Cause I'm fucked if its Bathsheba.

*Bill thinks.*

Bill: Arghh, sorry man, no nothing. Maybe she's a model and I've seen her in an ad or something.

Solly: Yeah maybe. She probably does do adverts with all that glorious hair.

Bill: So glorious! What do we do then?

Solly: Play the long game. Go with it for now.

Bill: You're so right mate, keep it respectful, let's all have a nice time. Long game. You get chatting. I'll bring the teas over.

Solly: Cheers mate.

Bill: All good mate.

*Solly walks over to Becky and Shaun.*

Solly: Bills going to finish off the tea's.

Becky: Cool cool.

*Silence.*

Solly: I like your top, where's it from?

Shaun: I made it.

Solly: Oh! Wow.

Shaun: Mmm

*Silence.*

Solly: I'm sorry your names can't possibly be fucking Rumpelstiltskin and Bathsheba.

Becky: What are they then?

Solly: Well you're the one's who should know?

Shaun: I think you should know, she told you her name when you met. Which proves, wether you like it or not that you're a fuckboy. It's rule one in the fuckboy rule book, can they remember your name? No? Tick.

Solly: I'm not a fuckboy?

Shaun: Rule number two? Check to see if fuckboy is completely self obsessed, I think that's going to be a big old tick as well.

Becky: Shaun lets stop. It's just a joke. We're just having some fun.

Shaun: It is not a joke. The rule book is very important, it's saved us untold heart break. Rules are rules.

Becky: His names Shaun and mine is-

Shaun: NOO! No I forbid you to.

Solly: Ok Shaun! At least that's a start.

Shaun: Is my name Shaun, or is it really Steven? Or Michael?

Solly: I'm not a fuckboy. I'm a sweet young man!

Bill: Woah woah woah, lets all just take a breath shall we. The teas are ready.

Becky: Oh lovely. Yes yes let's take a breath.

Shaun: My friend will continue to be called Bathsheba to you because she doesn't need to get played do you understand that? She's not a game. She's not an object, she's a beautiful radiant wonderful human being, and she doesn't have time to waste on little boys like you.

Solly: Now you listen to me mate. No one realises she's a human more than I do. I think you're sounding quite possessive yourself. Which I reckon you should keep an eye on because nobody needs toxic friends like this!

Shaun: You're calling me toxic. Awh hun.

Solly: Oh my god oh my god, I will not be "hun'd"! Do you want a fight? Is that what you want because I feel like that's what you want?

Shaun: Does fuckboy overcompensate with aggression when he can't have his way? Tick! I don't want to fight you, I'd break your weedy little back and I'm not here to catch a case.

Solly: Break my back? You're no straw and I'm no camel sir. Stand up and let's get to it then!

*Shaun stands up and Solly and Shaun circle each other.*

Bill: Guys guys guys!

Becky: Maybe we should just let them get it out of their systems.

Bill: Mmm. Yeah maybe.

Shaun: Come on then fuckboy!

*Solly lunges at Shaun who puts him on the floor in a lock immediately.*

Shaun: Say "I'm sorry I'm a fuckboy".

Solly: I'm not a fucking fuckboy! I just misheard her name, as Beth? It's not Beth is it?

Shaun: Nope.

Solly: Beatrice?

Becky: No.

Solly: Bessie?

Becky: No.

Solly: Bernice?

Shaun: Bernice?!

Solly: Is it a B?

Becky: Maybe.

Solly: Gwendolyn?

Shaun: What the hell are these names?

Solly: They're names! I don't know what her name is! I'm so terribly terribly sorry! I didn't catch it! So sue me! Kill me! I didn't catch her name! I'm a mortal! What is your name!?!

Bill: Ohh my god, it's Becky isn't it?

Becky: Yes!

*Shaun lets go of Solly in surprise.*

Solly: Ohhh great timing mate.

Becky: How did you know?

Bill: I was in a band with your brother, Joseph? I think we rehearsed at yours one time?

Becky: Oh no way, the Shallow Waters?

Bill: Yeah yeah the shallow waters.

Solly: Mate where was this five fucking minutes ago?

Shaun: Don't blame him.

Solly: You know what you took that way too far, what a sad and pathetic kind of a self-righteous twat are you? I was really looking forward to her coming round, because I'm very grateful to you for sorting me out when I was in a very desperate situation which god knows how I got into. And if we're being honest, yes I think there was a bit of a vibe between us. I wasn't planning anything untoward today, or another day, I just wanted to hang out and have some tea. Some boys are horrible, I know that. We're not about that are we Bill? We just want to get to know people and have a nice time. Right?

Bill: Yep that's right.

Shaun: Yeah long game right?

*Beat.*

Solly: Yeah long game, what's wrong with a long game? Do you not like scrabble?

Shaun: The problem is she's not a game. But it's alright. You can't help it. You're a fuckboy.

Solly: Oh my god, just get out.

Becky: Ohh no, lets not get too serious. It was just meant to be a joke with the names. They're just silly names.

Solly: Great joke really funny. HA HA HA! I'm not laughing. Get out, Becky?

Becky: Yeah Becky.

Solly: Becky, get out. Unbelievable.

Bill: Mate.

Becky: Sorry, we'll go.

Shaun: No don't be sorry, we've got absolutely nothing to be sorry about!

Solly: Yeah keep telling yourself that you perfect little porcelain doll. Here's the door. Out you go.

Becky: Bye then.

*Becky leaves first, and then as Shaun is going Solly trips him so he falls out through the door, as he goes to close it, Shaun bursts back through the door, wedgies Solly hard leaving him curled on the floor and slamming the door.*

Bill: Well that was that then!

Act 1 Scene 5

*King Tut, has the dead bleeding pig, in his arms. Guard enters.*

Guard: Your grace what happened?

King Tut: It's all my fault!

Guard: With a knife your grace?

King Tut: With a knife how could he! He was my favourite pig, and then he became insubordinate, and I was just warning him, well teasing him really for being a naughty little pig and then-

Guard: King Tut of Tutland. I do hereby arrest you for the murder of Perseus Mcpig.

King Tut: Woah woah woah! Steady on there. I didn't kill him? I just, I wasn't very nice to him, and then he died by killing himself.

Guard: You do not have to say anything, but anything you do say will be written down and may be used as evidence against you in court.

King Tut: I'm not going to court! Foh foh foh. Be sensible please. He stabbed himself! Then he fell on me, and now he's dead. I'm holding him to be nice and tearful to him. He was my favourite pig!

Guard: Everything must be orderly. I'm sure if your majesty is truly innocent, it will be discovered so in court.

King Tut: You are making a grave grave error today burly guard boy. Where's my lawyer pig? LAWYER PIG! Get your hand off me.

Guard: You're not leaving this room.

King Tut: I beg your pardon. I'm your KING! I'm the one and only King of Tutland.

Guard: And you are under arrest.

King Tut: LAWYER PIGGGGGG!



Act 1 Scene 6

*Bill is on his phone, Solly comes in and stares at him.*

Solly: Oi twat!

Bill: What?

Solly: Get off your phone twat!

Bill: Fuck off.

Solly: I'm just trying to save your life.

Bill: Really, fuck off.

Solly: What are you even looking at?

Bill: Instagram.

Solly: Oooooo, you sad turgid cunt.

*Solly grabs Bills phone.*

Bill: Give it back!

Solly: I can guarantee you this is pointless boring dangerous shit you're looking at.

Bill: No some of its quite good actually.

Solly: A picture of a plate of food. An advert. Ohhh this ones a video on how to make a cranberry flan. I didn't know you were so into cooking? You've never made me anything like this flan.

Bill: Well, I'll learn how to if you give me my phone back.

Solly: Hot girl at the gym. Guy talking and driving in a car, which is definitely not safe.

Bill: Okay! I get it. Well done to you and your pure life.

Solly: Cleaner finds 300k in cash on a bus and returns it to the police... Fucking hell.

Bill: Ohh you like it now do you?

Solly: That is actually mad though isn't it?

Bill: I wonder if whoever lost it got it back?

Solly: Just says it was in a brown envelope on a bus. Gosh. A brown envelope holding a small fortune, and they just turned it in. What a fucking idiot. I'd definitely keep it.

Bill: You say that, but imagine the stress of the person who lost it.

Solly: You don't know the situation, they might be glad it's gone.

Bill: It's probably someone's life bloody savings and they're having a a meltdown, they've lost track of it on the bus and now they're probably thinking what's the fucking point of it all.

Solly: What a load of bollocks, it's probably Benedict the banker's party money for the weekend, and he was too drunk to remember how to book a cab, fell onto a bus dropped the money. Saw its missing and thought whoopsie daisy, better pop back to the cash point for a bit more then.

Bill: You can't take 300 grand out of a cashpoint mate.

Solly: No you're right you can't, but you're missing my point. I wouldn't be going around making up situations that don't suit me, when I don't know what the situation is. I'd think, bloody hell, I've been blessed here and I need to accept it. 300 grand. 300 large, 300... Mate.

Bill: What?

Solly: MATE!

Bill: WHAT?!

Solly: I'm going to the police station, in a suit. I'll draft up some paperwork that makes sense. I'm going to claim that money baby.

Bill: Sol. Don't. Don't do that.

Solly: It would be rude not to.

Bill: No no no no no, don't joke around with this kind of shit man.

A) Some arsehole like you but quicker and smarter has probably already done that, and it's gone.

B) It's a horribly immoral thing to do.

C) You'll probably fuck it, and if you do you'll get arrested.

Solly: Mate this is life. This is living, these are the moments I live for. Lambeth police station here I come.

*Solly Exits.*

Bill: Oh my god! SOLLY! Don't do this mate!

*Bill shakes his head, pause, goes back on Instagram.*

## Act 1 Scene 7

*Tut in medias res with Lawyer.*

King Tut: No no no, this has all gone too far now.

Lawyer: I'm afraid if we're not careful your majesty it could go a lot further.

King Tut: Pish. No it won't. Really?

Lawyer: Yes your majesty, these are completely lawful and very serious claims. But let us not get bogged down in that. I think we should treat this, if I may be so bold your glorious grace, as an opportunity to speak to the people, and show them just how much you cared about that poor little pig. Then you can tell them how much you care about each of them. Many a legacy has been made from the dock.

King Tut: But I don't have to go do I?

Lawyer: No man need do anything, least of all King Tut of Tutland. All I will say is actions have consequences my liege. I do strongly suggest that we take control of this case, and make sure the story the people hear, is your story, and not a yarn spun by your detractors, your grace.

King Tut: My detractors? What detractors? The people love me.

Lawyer: Mostly yes, absolutely. But, as much as it pains me to say it, it would be remiss of me not to inform you that there are some, only a small few, but a very real and present few, who certainly don't see you the same way, your magnificence.

King Tut: Who certainly don't love me? What some are these. Their pig heads, must be taken off their pig bodies. Kill them all at once.

Lawyer: Perhaps rather than be killed, they could be educated, your utter nobility.

King Tut: Perhaps. But that's rather generous isn't it?

Lawyer: Oh it's terribly generous. Horribly generous, but that is rather the modern way.

King Tut: The modern way?

Lawyer: The modern way.

King Tut: The modern way. Hmmm how saccharine, and coarse. To mollycoddle a dirty pig seems a bit absurd, they have sharp teeth and fat bellies, I don't want them getting greedy.

Lawyer: No that would be no good at all. But to make them starve would also not be wise. Your ebullient wonder.

King Tut: Hmhmhmhmhmhm. Hmhmhm. Hmm. Okay. Fine. I'll go to the courtly court.

Lawyer: They will be honoured by your presence sir, and the people will applaud you louder than ever before.

Act 1 Scene 8

*Bill is doing some washing up, yellow gloves on. Knock Knock. He answers the door, it's Becky.*

Bill: Oh hello

Becky: Hey hey, I'm sorry I left my umbrella! I was just in the area and I thought I would stop by and see if you still had it?

Bill: Oh right, what does it look like.

Becky: It's brown.

Bill: Brown umbrella ok.

Becky: Yeah, thank you.

Bill: One secondddd. Erm, this one?

Becky: Oh great. Thanks.

Bill: Do you want to stay for a bit of cake, I've got some left over from my birthday. To make it up to you for last time.

Becky: Ermm... Ok yeah why not. Happy Birthday when was it yesterday?

Bill: Well actually today, but my parents came round for tea, and I've sort of done it now.

Becky: Oh my godddd, HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Bill: Oh wow, hug ok hug.

Becky: Sorry are you not a hug person?

Bill: Not really but it's fine.

Becky: Sorry, I'm a hugger. Love a hug.

Bill: That's nice. I'm just a bit too awkward to function. Anyway. Sorry, I know it was a bit of a car crash last time.

Becky: No I'm sorry, we were probably a bit mean to play that game.

Bill: I had a funny feeling your name wasn't Bathsheba.

Becky: Awhh he got so upset though didn't he, we took it too far.

Bill: No no, its' fine. I think he just likes being in control or something. He got bullied a bit in school.

Becky: Oh fuck right, yeah yeah. Shaun can be a bit vicious. I think he got a bit jealous that I was making new friends or something.

Bill: Bloody hell, everyones got their stuff haven't they.

Becky: Yeah.

Bill: At least we're fairly normal.

Becky: Haha yeah... Except of course I am an alien.

Bill: Oh you are as well, that's good, me too.

Becky: (as alien) Balalalalalala laaa

Bill: What was that?

Becky: I don't know!

*They laugh. The door blasts open. Solly comes in and throws a huge amount of money up into the air.*

Solly: I'm fucking rich babyyyyyy... What are you doing here?

Becky: I forgot my umbrella.

Solly: Oh. You're having cake?

Becky: Yeah, Bill had some left over from his birthday.

Solly: His birthday! Thats what, when, what!?

Bill: The 8th.

Solly: Oh FUCK! MATE!

Bill: It's fine mate.

Solly: NOOOOO. Oh my god I'm such a fucking dopey shit cunt.

Bill: It's fine.

Becky: Looks like you've got enough to get him a nice birthday present.

Solly: Yeah, yeah yeah I do. What do you want?

Bill: I'm good mate. Get me a drink.

Becky: Don't get him a drink, get a jacket.

Solly: Who's this your agent?

Bill: A drinks fine.

Becky: Get him a nice jacket.

Solly: Yeah alright I'll get him a jacket. A nice jacket. I'm going to get you a very chic something from I don't know where yet. Probably a market.

Becky: How much have you got there?

Bill: You shouldn't really be looking at that.

Becky: But I've kind of seen it now.

Solly: Yeah Bills right, I'm sorry, I just didn't know you'd be here.

Becky: How much is it, go on I won't tell anyone?

Bill: Don't.

Solly: She has seen it now.

Bill: I can't believe you actually did it.

Becky: Did what?

Solly: Yeah did what, what are you talking about?

Becky: Oh my god did you rob a bank?

Solly: No of course I didn't rob a bank.

Becky: How much is it?

Solly: 300 thousand pounds.

Becky: Erm. Fuck. Wow.

Solly: Yeah.

Becky: Are you sure you didn't rob a bank?

Solly: No I just came into it.

Becky: From family?

Solly: Yeah.

Becky: In cash.

Solly: No no, I just got it out in cash, can't trust the banks anymore can you.

Becky: Right.

Bill: Do you want a slice of cake?

Solly: Yeah I'd love one. Sorry about the birthday mate.

Bill: It's alright. You're getting me a jacket.

Solly: Yes I will, I promise you I will.

Bill: Can I decide on it though.

Solly: That's not how presents work mate.

Bill: Just nothing too garish though please mate.

Solly: I said chic didn't I.

Bill: Yeah but your idea of chic is pretty...

Solly: Pretty what?

Bill: Quirky. Which you pull off really well but-

Becky: Yeah quirky in a good way.

Solly: Quirky. I'll take it.

Bill: Just, don't waste money on something I'm not going to wear.

Solly: I've got money to waste mate, look at it!

Bill: No you don't because you're going to take that straight back and put it where it belongs. Where you found it. Then your going to get me a very simple practical, modestly priced jacket, and I will be very grateful.

Becky: Wow there's definitely nothing your not telling me hey! Where did you get the money?

Solly: You need to zip that up big time mate nobody likes a blab blab blabber boy. Listen Becky, yes, stuff has happened, we're not going to tell you about it. It's all fine. It's just good business. I've done well for myself and I'm very lucky, Bill just feels uncomfortable around money. That's all.

*Becky looks at Bill, he zips his mouth shut and shrugs.*

Becky: I could help you find a jacket if you like, I know a really good shop.

Bill: Would you?

Solly: I'll be fine.

Bill: Let her help mate, it will be fun.

Solly: You can come with me if you like but I don't need your help. I've got this. Don't worry mate. It's going to be something refined, muted, like a little, puffin.

Bill: Not a fucking puffin mate.

Solly: Ok an ostrich.

Bill: Mate, just let her pick something.

Solly: A toucan? A pigeon? A sparrow?

Becky: Ooh a sparrow could work.

Bill: Yes, fine, a sparrow. As simple as a sparrow would be fine.



Act 1 Scene 9

*Becky and Solly enter, Shaun's boutique faux fashion shop.*

Becky: Have you never been here before?

Solly: No, no I, no. What is it?

Becky: Faux Fashion. Just a boutique you know, but such nice cuts. It's Shaun's place.

Solly: Who's Shaun?

Becky: You know, my friend who called himself Rumpelstiltskin.

Solly: Ohh no.

Becky: Listen I think this could be really healthy.

Solly: No let's go somewhere else.

Becky: It's fine.

Solly: I don't want to see him. I don't want to look at him. Is this some kind of trap. Is he going to jump out and throw custard at me or something horrible.

Becky: No no. You're just going to buy Bill a Jacket that's all.

Solly: These jackets are really nice.

Becky: Aren't they!

Solly: Just nice material.

Becky: All made from recycled plastic.

Solly: Incredible.

Becky: Yeah.

*Pause*

Solly: You and Bill dating now then?

Becky: What? Dating? What?

Solly: You were eating cake together?

Becky: We're not dating. He just asked me to eat some cake.

Solly: I bet he did.

Becky: What the hell does that mean?

Solly: Just I bet he was all like. "Oo I don't suppose you'd like some cake, you know only if you want to", and you were like "ermm yeah ok then".

Becky: You're being really weird. I thought it was nice of him to offer.

Solly: You only came round for an umbrella.

Becky: Oh my god you're so weird.

Solly: Can you stop calling me weird. I really don't like that.

Becky: Well, stop being weird then.

Solly: Touché.

Becky: Oh my godddd. What about this?

Solly: Mmm yeah maybe. I met you first that's all.

Becky: What are you saying?

Solly: I'm saying it doesn't really seem fair of him, to be all friendly giving you cake, when I'm the person who actually met you, and I know I had a bit of a strop and I'm not proud of that, but I feel like I've come out of this looking like some sort of arsehole and I'm not really that bad. I'm just very passionate. I really like you, and you know, well, I would have liked to get to know you more, or whatever.

Becky: Well we're here now aren't we.

Solly: Yeah, but you think I'm a prick.

Becky: I don't think you're a prick, but I do think you acted like a prick.

Solly: I did yeah. But just because I think you're really cool. I don't think the name game was very fair.

Becky: Should have remembered my name then.

Solly: I swear you never told me.

Becky: I absolutely did.

Solly: Well. Sorry. Sorry I snapped.

Becky: It's alright. Oh this one's good.

Shaun: Becky?

Becky: Hey hey Shaunsie!

Shaun: What are you doing here?

Becky: Solly's buying a Jacket for Bill.

Shaun: Did you bring him here?

Becky: Yes I did.

Shaun: Awhh your the best. I should literally sack my PR agent, and hire you instead.

Solly: Hello.

*Shaun gives him flick eye.*

Shaun: Hey.

Solly: Awhh for fuck sake, don't give me the flicky eye.

Shaun: I didn't give you flicky eye. You wish I'd give you flicky eye.

Becky: You did give him flicky eye.

Shaun: Maybe a little one. Nothing really.

Solly: Don't treat me like an idiot mate, that's not me.

Shaun: Until you work out how to be polite, I'm going to have to treat you like an idiot, because you're being an idiot.

Becky: No no! Let's not start this. Positive energy hey. Solly, weren't you just saying how nice you think the designs here are.

Solly: Yeah. Yeah they're alright.

Shaun: Mmm. Sure you can afford it?

Becky: Oh he can definitely afford it.

Shaun: Oh yeah?

Solly: Yeah I could buy your whole fucking shop, so you better start showing a bit more respect to a paying customer.

Shaun: I highly doubt you could buy the whole shop.

Becky: Yeah probably not the whole shop.

Solly: Well, a good bit of it anyway.

Becky: At least half.

Solly: Right well yeah, half. I could bluy half your bloody shop mate.

Shaun: You could bluy it? I really don't understand why you're hanging out with this guy.

Becky: Listen. You and I can be a bit catty sometimes Shaun. That's something you, ( and I ) need to work on. I don't think any of us behaved perfectly the other day. And we could let the negativity eat us up, and get really bogged down in it and start hating each other and get all, he said, she said. But at the end of the day, I think this is an opportunity for all of us to grow. If you live with positivity, and have open communication we can work everything out and all be happy and harmonious together. Solly. What do you really want to say to Shaun?

*Pause*

Solly: Erm. I'm sorry, I lost it the other day, but I felt quite threatened by you because I like Becky a lot and I'm really excited to have met her and it feels weirdly meant to be in some way. And so I feel very vulnerable around that, and want to make a good impression on her, and it seemed like you just came to take the piss and bring me down, and yeah I didn't appreciate that so I tried to give you a bit of banter back but it came out all wrong and aggressive and weird.

Becky: Wow. Solly. That was beautiful.

Solly: Thanks.

Becky: Shaun, what do you really want to say to Solly.

Shaun: How about get out of my shop?

Becky: Shaun?

Shaun: He thinks he's a nice boy, but really he's a thug. I can't believe you're spending time with someone like that. A) Your breaking the code of the code of the fuckboy rule book, B) It's not your job to save the world. Some people are just pricks, he's never going to change. I don't want you, or any of your little friends wearing my clothes. You don't deserve to be that fabulous.

Becky: Fuck sake Shaun!

Solly: Alright, I'll go. It's all shit anyway.

Shaun: Oh please, you love it.

Solly: I was just being polite to her, it's shit, looks like a cross between a vomit and a bin bag.

Shaun: Get the fuck out.

*Solly exits, throws a rail on the floor as he leaves.*

Shaun: Pick that up! PICK THAT UP!

Becky: Shaun. What the hell?

Shaun: You can go too.

Becky: Yeah I will.

Shaun: Good.

Becky: Good.

*She exits, Shaun picks up the rail and shakes his head.*

Shaun: What a child.

Act 1 Scene 10

*Knock knock. Bill comes to the door.*

Becky: Is Solly here?

Bill: Oh god what happened?

Becky: Ohh I've really messed up.

Bill: Are you coming in then?

Becky: Yeah yeah I will. I should tell you what happened.

Bill: Come on then. Do you want a tea?

Becky: No no, I'm good thanks. Oh god. I took him to Shaun's boutique shop.

Bill: Shaun?

Becky: Your as bad as he is! Shaun! My friend who came round. Rumpelstiltskin.

Bill: You brought Rumpelstiltskin back into Solly's life. Wow. That was brave.

Becky: I was thinking that maybe they could talk it out, and I don't know. He was defensive at first but then he actually really opened up, and then, Shaun just bit his head off. It was really horrible, I shouldn't have created that situation. It wasn't fair, I expect too much of people sometimes. I just feel like, if we could all just communicate properly, you know, really talk it out, nothing would ever be a problem.

Bill: People just don't want to hear it do they.

Becky: They really don't.

Bill: How bad was it?

Becky: He threw a clothes rail on the floor as he left.

Bill: Did he. Oh dear. Well, he usually doesn't hold on to grudges for too long. I broke his gameboy once and he was talking to me again a week later.

Becky: Ohh well that's good to hear, I was worried he might have been really hurt.

Bill: No no no it will be fine.

*Solly bursts through the door.*

Solly: Happy birthday!

Bill: Hello!

Solly: Oh you're here again.

Becky: Yeah I just wanted to apologise for creating that situation.

Solly: Cool cool.

Becky: I really have never seen Shaun snap that way.

Solly: Oh really?

Becky: Yeah I'm really sorry, I think you just trigger him for some reason, in quite a big way.

Solly: Whatever. It's fine. He probably fancies me or something.

*Becky and Bill look at each other, confused.*

Solly: Anyway I got you a jacket.

Bill: Oh thanks man.

Solly: Are you going to open it?

Bill: Yeah yeah.

Becky: Where did you go in the end?

Solly: A place called Crazy Twot. It's in Shoreditch.

*Pause.*

Bill: Great.

*Bill opens it up. The jacket is completely inappropriate and has wings sewn into the back.*

Solly: See its got wings. Which is, like a sparrow.

Bill: Mmm yes it does.

Solly: Try it on!

Bill: I'm not going to do that mate.

Solly: You hate it.

Bill: I don't hate it.

Solly: You do, you hate it.

Bill: I don't hate it. I'm just not going wear it.

Solly: Well the fucking receipts in the bag. You can go and exchange it for whatever you like at Crazy Twot. I'm going to bed, I'm fucking exhausted.

*Solly exits.*

Becky: What on earth is that?

Bill: I have no idea, this is why I was like, please let me buy it!

Becky: It's kind of amazing though.

Bill: You have it.

Becky: No it's yours. He got it for you.

Bill: It's fine, he'll get over it, I'm just, I can't wear that.

Becky: You've got the receipt though?

Bill: You can have that as well. It's all yours.

Becky: Ok. Thanks.



## Act 2 Scene 1

*A court room, King Tut is in the dock.*

Judge: The court is in session to hear the case of his majesty, divine leader of the realm, King Tut. Accused of murder in the first degree of his serving man, Perseus McPig. We will start with a statement from the defence.

Lawyer Pig: I will keep it brief your honour, we are all flattered that his majesty has allowed for this trial to take place to put to bed once and for all the malicious rumours which have been biting his heels -

*Judge hammers 3 times.*

Judge: This is an entirely lawful hearing. I would advise the defence to realise, that though the law is made under his graceful worships name, the law is the law of the land, and therefore every person who resides in this land, be they royal or otherwise is under a legal obligation to the attend and enable the proceedings of this court to go forwards, in the name of the protection of the greater justice, peace, and prosperity of everyone who calls themselves a patriot of Tutland. Such as it works in a game of chess, had I written the rules of the game, I would not be above the rules of the game, otherwise what I would be playing would not be able to call itself chess. We are this day and every other day, playing the game of being a law abiding country, and I suggest you stick to the rules.

Lawyer Pig: I apologise your honour, if it seemed like I was implying any such thing. What I meant was, his majesty is a terribly busy man, working on all our accounts every hour god sends him. I will finish with this statement. The speed and vigour in which these allegations have been placed upon the royal head of his elegant benevolence, will at the end of proceedings, I trust, seem nothing less than a hasty act of treasonous liable.

Judge: The prosecution.

Prosecution: I thank your honour, and the defence for doing my work for me. It's a clear inditement of the state of a nation when our Royal class, are prepared to tell us they are doing us a favour by turning up in court. Today is a day when the whole country is listening, and today I doubt not that they shall weep for shame when they hear the evidences I have to show us of the true sickness that has riddled its way through the blood of our state, and hid from criticism till now under the flowery name of monarchy. This so called King-

King Tut: So called? So called, thou black and white badger, I hope your judgeship has noted this fiend has committed treason already. Which you shall remember I know is a crime because I wrote the laws of this land with this hand I wave before you! Am I not king? Do you not see the crown on my head. Badger, I didn't kill the pig or I would not be here. I don't care what my officious oink or that hairy wombat would like me to say. I'll say what I want, and I say I AM THE KING and there's nothing "so called" about it!

Judge: (Hammer) I would advise the kingly king, that no such claim from the prosecution can be deemed as any kind of slander, defamation or treason in this court until the case is closed. If it turns out that the prosecutions allegations are falsom, then yes, your Graceful grace may charge this man as a traitor, but if it is determined that you are as is suspected a murderer, of cold heart and sharp steel, you shall no longer be deemed by this court, as fit to be called or even call yourself a monarch, a king, or any kind of ruler of this land.

King Tut: I AM THE KING TODAY! TOMORROW! AND FOREVER!

Judge: That's one case of contempt of court, shall I keep my pen wet for more?

Lawyer Pig: I beg your worship, hush now and let me do the talking.

## Act 2 Scene 2

*Solly is online.*

OMP: Welcome to the online market place, the best deals, ready for you, ready and waiting. It's time for you to BUY NOW! Offer ends in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 you missed it! Bad luck, it was a great offer, gone now but wait! Where are you going? I've got something even better, an incredible deal better than the last its yours (price does not reflect VAT+Premium postage costs) ONE TIME OFFER ONLY. Buy now. Click here to buy now. Hurry! Ends soon. 3! 2! 1!

Solly: I don't want another pair of sunglasses you made me buy 5 last month.

OMP: Golden rimmed tortoiseshell FAN!TAS!TIQUE

Solly: NO! I want a house. A nice cheap house.

OMP: Just looking! Nice cheap house, nice cheap house, nice cheap house.

Solly: In London.

OMP: Hmm... Has it got to be in London?

Solly: Yeah.

OMP: What about Newcastle?

Solly: No.

OMP: Reading?

Solly: No.

OMP: Bury St Edmonds?

Solly: No, London!

OMP: London. London ok. Nice cheap house, London.... Hmmmmmmmm how about Chesham? Wow its lovely. Village vibe, bustling little market.

Solly: Chesham, is that in London?

OMP: Yeah! It's in London. It's Zone 9 in London.

Solly: Zone 9, I didn't realise there were that many. How much is a zone 9 travel card for the year?

OMP: It's only 4 thousand pounds per year!

Solly: Ermmm. Anything else?

OMP: How do you feel about auctions?

Solly: Ooh I love an auction.

OMP: Make sure you're the highest bidder, don't lose. You must win! Set that bid, set it high, or you'll get pipped to the post.

Solly: Yeah yeah yeah I know. Show me some of these auctions then.

OMP: Let me see, we have Finchley, in your price range, big garden. No roof.

Solly: No roof. No.

OMP: How about Tottenham, 3 bedrooms but they are quite small rooms.

Solly: How small?

OMP: 2ft by 4ft, 5ft by 3ft, and the master bedroom 6ft by 1ft.

Solly: What are they cupboards?

OMP: At one point yes I think they were.

Solly: Right. Let's keep that one on the back burner.

OMP: Hang on, what about Zone 1?

Solly: I wouldn't hold your breath if I was you.

OMP: Marylebone! 5 bedrooms, this is no flat, it's a house, very spacious, 2500 Square foot. A garage, 3 bathrooms. Cute roof garden. God look at these windows; and you can buy it now for 300 thousand great British pounds exactly.

Solly: Is this actually real?

OMP: Tucked away in a quiet little backstreet. Everything about this says shut up and take my money!

Solly: Why's it so cheap?

OMP: Well it failed at auction, so they're just desperate to get rid of it. They need quick cash now.

Solly: Wow.

OMP: Do I even get a thank you or?

Solly: I'm thinking.

OMP: Oh wait.

Solly: Please, shut up.

OMP: Buy it now, or its going to be taken off the auction houses's listing.

Solly: What when?

OMP: 5

Solly: Fuck

OMP: 4

Solly: Fuck fuck!

OMP: 3

Solly: Put it in my basket.

OMP: 2 Check out?

Solly: Yes yes yes!

OMP: Welcome to your basket. You have 10 minutes to check out.

Solly: Phew!

OMP: 9 minutes fifty nine, fifty eight, fifty seven.

Solly: Oh god is there any more details I can get?

OMP: Are you sure you want to leave this page?

Solly: Yes of course, no I mean, no I don't. Open another tab, with the info, show me more deets.

OMP: Ad no longer found.

Solly: Oh for, really?

OMP: Tricky situation. Did I mention its 2500 square feet, or should I say 8 football pitches of living space?

Solly: I know I shouldn't really rush into something like this but, I mean, even if its got asbestos or something, I'll just bloody, sort it out.

OMP: Buy or die!

Solly: I think we both know that's a tad hyperbolic.

OMP: BUY OR DIE! BUY OR DIE! BUY OR DIE! BUY/ OR

Solly: /Fuck.

OMP: DIE

Solly: BUY!....

OMP: Thank you for your purchase, your funds have been processed.

Solly: .... Oh shit.

### Act 2 Scene 3

*A key in a door, Solly enters followed by Becky and Bill.*

Bill: Bloody hell.

Becky: This is incredible.

Solly: I know.

Becky: Fucking incredible.

Bill: You were worried there would be something wrong with it weren't you.

Becky: The wall paper is a bit dated.

Solly: Yeah it is a bit isn't it, but, I mean, look its massive.

Bill: This is pretty unbelievable.

Becky: It needs a deep clean, in certain areas.

Solly: And a good deep clean in certain areas.

Becky: I'd put a table here if I was you.

Solly: Yeah, I was thinking-

Becky: And move this slightly weird sofa here. If you're keeping it?

Solly: Oh right, I was thinking probably more have the telly over-

Becky: Can't have the telly as a centre piece, no you'd want want telly room upstairs. But downstairs sofa coffee reception area. Nice friendly and neutral.

Bill: She's got her designer hat on.

Solly: Are you a designer? I didn't realise.

Becky: Are you serious? Have you never looked at my instagram.

Solly: Don't have it, it's the devils work.

Bill: Except that one time aye?

Solly: Oh yeah! My hat channel! I wish that had got more momentum.

Bill: No not the- it doesn't matter. You know what her stuff is really great actually, you would love it. I mean have a look but you should get her to do a number on this place man.

Becky: Thanks Bill.

Solly: Let me have a look.

Bill: Here.

Solly: Ohhh nice, this this is yours yeah?

Becky: Yeah yeah. It would be a lot of work, but I could easily get this looking, I mean I was going to say a million dollars, but when you think where we are located, I think significantly more than a million dollars.

Bill: Well.

Solly: Well, why don't you then?

Becky: Seriously?

Solly: I don't have any money though, to pay you. I've literally got no money for anything at the moment.

Becky: Well how about this, are you going to rent some of the rooms out, down the line?

Solly: Yeah I suppose so, I mean there's only two of us, and then-

Bill: Oh I'm moving am I?

Solly: Yeah I mean if you want to?

Bill: Of course I fucking want to mate, this is what, 5 times larger than where we are now.

Solly: So yeah we'd probably rent out a couple of rooms at least.

Becky: You'll be making a fortune. Listen, I do design, but I'm trained in housing management, **I can set up everything, bills, wifi, all of it.** Then you can just get me back when it's all sorted, and you've got a cash flow coming in. God you know Solly, I would really love to do this. Its a really inspirational place. It's got a really good energy.

Solly: Well that's fantastic, I honestly wouldn't know where to begin with any of that. Are you sure, I mean I literally, let me look. Yeah I've got six quid to my name at the moment.

Becky: It's no problem, I'm lucky to be in the position right now where I can totally do this.

Solly: Perfect.

Bill: This is all going strangely well isn't it?

Solly: So I did the right thing?

Bill: Well, we'll have to see.

Solly: I think it was the right decision.

Becky: Wait what are you talking about, getting the house?

Solly: Yeah getting the house.

Becky: Oh I mean, this is the biggest steal I've ever even heard of in my life.

Bill: Yeah...

Becky: Oh come on Bill, whatever happens from now, surely, this can only be a good choice.

Solly: Bill?

Bill: Yeah maybe it was mate, maybe it was.

*Noise at the door.*

Solly: Oo! bloody hell that made me jump.

Bill: It's a leaflet for a cleaner.

Becky: Perfect.

Solly: It could do with a blitz.

Bill: Good rate as well. £9 an hour.

Becky: Bloody hell that is good.

Solly: I might check on them now see if they could do today. They can't have got far down the road.

*Open the door, boom, Poppy is standing framed in the door, like she was waiting for them to open it.*

Solly: FUCKKKK!!

Bill: OH MY GOD!

Solly: Sorry sorry you gave me a scare, just stood there.

Polly: Oh did I? Sorry, I was just checking something on my phone.

Solly: Are you maximum cleaning then?

Polly: Yes I am.

Solly: Amazing, would you mind stepping in for a minute.

Polly: Alright. Nice place.

Solly: It is isn't it.

Becky: He just bought it.

Polly: Did ya? Thats nice.

Solly: Yes yes, very lucky, very very lucky.



Polly: Mmm.

Solly: So we had a look at your advert and just had to grab you in because, you know, well the flyer looks great and seems like a very reasonable price.

Polly: It's cheap isn't it.

Solly: Yes, yes it is.

Polly: Right, would you want to be starting this week then?

Solly: Yeah well, I mean probably impossible, but if today was at all doable.

Polly: Can't do today, I ain't got my bits, but I can do tomorrow morning though.

Solly: Yeah. Yeah great. Fantastic.

Polly: How long would you be wanting.

Solly: I don't know how long do you think?

Becky: Well its a big place.

Polly: Yeah.

Polly: How many rooms upstairs.

Becky: 3 and a roof garden.

Polly: Right. Yeah, probably would want a whole day on it to be fair.

Becky: Yeah I think we'll definitely need a whole day certainly at first. See where we're at.

Solly: I love how she's saying we.

Becky: Oh sorry I thought?

Solly: No no I'm just, its great. It's great you're jumping into the role. No its good.

Becky: Ok, sorry I don't want it to seem like I'm presuming.

Solly: No god no. Not at all. I'm just being twat, don't worry about it.

Becky: Alright.

Polly: Right. So I'll see you tomorrow at 9am then.

Solly: Ooo 9.

Polly: I can do 8 if you'd prefer.

Solly: No it's not too late. No that's.. Is that normal? I mean that's seems gratuitously early to start cleaning.

Polly: Right well I can't do much later because I'll be doing night shift at the hospital.

Becky: Don't worry I'll be up. I'll let you in.

Polly: Great I'll see you tomorrow then.

Becky: Ok great.

Solly: Thank you. Bye bye.

*Polly exits.*

Solly: How are you going to get here by 9? That's pretty brutal.

Becky: It's fine, I'm going to do a proper job here.

Bill: That's so nice of you. You're just amazing.

Solly: Why are you so amazing?

Becky: To be totally honest, it would look amazing on my portfolio.

Solly: Oh sweet. Well the beds are still in upstairs so we could all crash here tonight you know.

Bill: Did someone one say sleepover?

Becky: Would that be cool? I'm going to get started on the admin things though, start as you mean to go on aye?

Bill: Oh my god you're just amazing. Shall we go and do a bit of shop mate? Get some stuff in?

Solly: Yeah yeah, ok lets do it.

Becky: Ok perfect, can you grab me a tooth brush? I'm going to get my head down and crack through as much of this as possible, and once your back we can have a little drink to celebrate.

Bill: What a plan.

Act 2 Scene 4

*King Tut receives his sentence.*

Judge: The court is in session. Mr Boarface Oinkman of the Jury, how do you find the accused?

Jury: It was an unanimous decision your honour. Guilty!

King Tut: No! No! NO! Off with their heads! You are treasonous swinelings!

Judge: Order! Order! Mr Tut, you will from this day forth be known no longer as his Majestic Holy Graceship of the Mighty Tutland, no more as King Tut, but Tut the obscure. Tut the nobody. Or as I will personally refer to you, Tut the twat. You are hereby sentenced, not to death, as it would be too easy for you, but to a life of servitude to those you used so cheaply in the past. You will be paid, nothing, your labours will last till your breath ceases to lift your chest into life.

*Hammer.*

Judge: You are henceforth, slave to the realm, so don't waste a second, my boots need a polish.

Tut: Guards, seize this infidel! This usurper this, NOOOO! You will all pay! All payyy! This is against god its wrong, after everything I've done! EVERYTHING I've done for all of you!

Guard: Get on your knees and shine my boots.

Judge: That's it, on your hands and knees, you are the pig now. Shine it! SHINE HIS BOOTIES!

Crowd: Shine his booties! Shine his booties! Shine his booties!

*Tut sobs and shines his booties.*

Act 2 Scene 5

*Bill and Solly return with bags of bits. Becky meets them.*

Becky: Right, I've done insurance, wifi, gas an electric (all 100% green renewables) and the bloody council tax!

Bill: Whaaaaaat!

Becky: Still need to do the TV license, and I'm sure there will be other things.

Bill: Shut up! Drink this, let's party, you're a hero.

Becky: I ammmmm. Ohh Solly one thing one thing, it's a freehold isn't it?

Solly: No no, it's a leasehold.

Becky: Ooh ok that's good, because, is this freehold or leasehold? Because if its leasehold the ground rent might be covering the insurance of the roof.

Solly: Right yeah probably.

Becky: Is it a leasehold though?

Solly: I don't know? I'll check it right now.

Becky: You don't know.

Solly: Erm. I think yeah, leasehold yeah. Someone said leasehold.

Becky: It's over 90 years isn't it?

Solly: I can't 100% remember.

Becky: I kind of can't believe you don't know that.

Solly: It was all quite rushed, it was just about to be taken off the listing.

Becky: So you haven't seen it?

Solly: I have seen it yeah I must have done. I'm just not 100% sure what it was?

Becky: Erm right, well can you check that while I try and not have a panic attack?

Solly: Stop worrying! It'll be fine.

Becky: Will you just check it now yeah?

Solly: Relax, relax. I'm serious, it will be completely fine. Ok, get drinking, get dancing, we're going to have a good time! It's all good.

*Solly leaves, Becky and Bill look at each other concerned.*

Becky: I can not believe that. That is the most irresponsible thing I've ever heard of in my life.

Bill: Yes. Yes it is. But there's not much we can do now. Is there?

Becky: No. But I swear to god I'm going to kill him, if-

Bill: I'm not responsible, you're not responsible. Take that pressure off. You don't need it. I've learnt through being friends with Solly over the years that unless they're your dog, never touch someone else's shit.

Becky: Yeah well, I just hope all my work today hasn't gone to waste.

Bill: It can't have done, at the very least, you've made two very loyal friends who are very impressed with just how capable you are.

Becky: Oh yeah?

Bill: 100%, you nailed it.

Becky: Give me a drink.

Bill: Here.

*He pours her a drink. Turn on some music. They start dancing, it builds and builds and builds until, Solly comes in looking sheepish and turns off the music.*

Bill: Well?

Solly: The good news, is that yes, the roof maintenance is covered by the ground rent of the leasehold.

Bill: Good.

Solly: The bad news is the leasehold runs out in 3 years.

Becky: 3 years.

Solly: I was thinking that might be an 8 but-

Bill: No that's a zero.

Solly: Yeah it is isn't it.

Becky: Oh my fucking god.

Solly: Surely I can just buy a bit more time on the lease no? Extend the lease. What are you doing?

Becky: I'm just looking up how much it will cost to extend the lease. For this area! Christ. It's just loading, the thing is at this stage, the chances are the freeholder won't let you extend the lease for two years until they're legally obliged too, because as the time runs down on the lease the price goes up and up and oh my god!

Solly: How much is it to extend it. Please say 6 pounds.

Becky: It's a bit more than that. If you were to do it today, that would be 1.2 million.

*Solly crumples to the floor.*

Becky: Who knows how much it's going to be in 2 years time.

Solly: Noooo no no no nooooo.

Bill: Solly!

Solly: NOOOOOO!!!!

Bill: Solly. Get up.

Solly: FUCKKKKKKK FUCK. I'M SUCH A STUPID STUPID STUPID FUCKING CUNT!

Bill: Listen get up now. Look at me. Look at me. This is what happens, everything's going good and then bang there's a bump in the road, there's a bump in every road, you can't avoid them, you made a mistake, you should have looked at that lease properly before you bought it, you will do if there's a next time. Maybe you were an idiot, maybe you got excited, maybe you got manipulated by the advertising, none of that matters now, this is the situation you are in. If we're being honest, you shouldn't have this place at all. Ok? Look at me! You're going to go to bed now, have a sleep, we're all tired, we've been doing stuff all day. You're going to have a sleep, and think about what's the best thing to do with this in the morning. At the end of the day. If it comes down to three years of not paying rent, if I'd told you that was an option when we first moved in together, that would have been fucking sweet wouldn't it. Ok? So let's keep grateful, never forget how lucky we are. We'll sort this out. Now go to bed.

*Solly nods. Exits.*

Becky: That was pretty hot.

Bill: What?

*Becky grabs him and kisses him, they exit.*

Act 2 Scene 6

*It's morning, loud Knock knock knock. Pause. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!*

*Bill emerges from a room looking very bedraggled, buttoning up a shirt. He's only got boxers on. He goes to the door and lets Polly in.*

Polly: Where's the gal?

Bill: She's erm. Still in bed. Sorry, sorry, we had a few drinks, I totally forgot you were coming round.

Polly: That's alright. I'll get started then shall I?

Bill: Just so you know there's been a little, erm, there's a situation, so I don't know how long we're going to be able to afford your services.

Polly: You won't find cheaper, believe me.

Bill: No no, it's not your rate.

Polly: Unless you want to go for one of these eastern europeans.

Bill: No no, we think you're great.

Polly: Cos their prices seem unbelievable, but you always get what you pay for. I do a proper job, I always do.

Bill: You probably shouldn't say that about eastern europeans, but no it's really not about anything like that. Unfortunately, Solly, may be in a bit of financial difficulty, so, we, we'll just have to see how it all goes I'm afraid.

Polly: Oh... Say no more. Say no more.

Bill: I won't.

Polly: I am getting paid for today though?

Bill: Of course, of course, I'll make sure of that.

Polly: I'm just checking because you know, I've had it all happen before.

Bill: I'm sorry to hear that.

Polly: One time I never got paid for a whole two months work.

Bill: That's shocking.

Polly: This lot never even had money trouble, I don't reckon, they just didn't want to pay me.

Bill: I'm sure it's really tough.

Polly: It's just a liberty you know what I mean? Anyway, I'll get started.

Bill: Can I get you a tea or a coffee?

Polly: Yeah, I'll go for a coffee yeah.

Bill: Do you take milk or sugar?

Polly: Yeah milk two sugars. Thank you.

Bill: No problem, coming right up.

Polly: I'll start at the top of the stairs and work down.

Bill: Sounds good.

*Bill sets about to work in the kitchen. Becky stumbles out looking equally bedraggled. She walks over to Bill and gives him a kiss.*

Bill: Oh good morning.

Becky: I'm sleepy.

Bill: Yeah, yeah.

Becky: Who was it?

Bill: The cleaner.

Becky: I completely forgot she was coming!

Bill: Yeah I know, so did I.

Becky: Fuck.

Bill: I told her that, she'll probably not be here long.

Becky: Did you ohh yeah, she probably won't, how did she take that?

Bill: Fine fine, like a champ. Shall we adjourn to the sofa.

Becky: Yes, let's adjourn.

Bill: Mmmm good good.

*They sit down.*

Becky: So last night happened.

Bill: Yes it did.

Becky: I feel like it was coming for a little while though.



Bill: Yeah yeah, Solly's going to fucking kill me.

Becky: Mmm. Will that upset you?

Bill: Ahh, he'll be fine, he's just, I guess if you click you click. He'll get that right.

*Becky clicks her fingers and the kettle goes off with a ding.*

Becky: What was that?

Bill: The kettle. It's your alien super powers right?

Becky: Yeah yeah. Look I've got more super powers "Hot young man, bring me an earl grey tea, with one spoon of sugar"

Bill: Stop it you're making me blush.

*He brings the teas over on a tray to the sofa, and then takes the coffee for Polly to wherever Polly exited.*

Bill: Polly?

Polly: Ye?

Bill: I'm just leaving your coffee at the bottom of the stairs ok? I don't want to drop it coming up the stairs, I've got slightly shaky hands.

Polly: Alright. I'll get it in a minute.

*Bill goes back to sit next to Polly.*

Becky: You've got shaky hands?

Bill: Yeah just a little bit.

Becky: No you don't.

Bill: Yeah I do look.

Becky: "Human your hands will shake no more"

Bill: Oh my god?

Becky: See.

Bill: Are you actually an alien?

Becky: No you just can't be arsed to take that coffee upstairs.

Bill: I can't! God that's so bad isn't it. I'm a terrible person.

Becky: You are, but it's ok I'll look after you.

Bill: I don't need looking after.

Becky: I know you're a very handsome, strong, grown up level headed adult.

Bill: I'm really not any of those things you know. So if that's what you're looking for, I'm not the one.

Becky: Mmm, but because you think you're not, that sort of means you are.

Bill: Well I am then.

Becky: See I am an alien, I've changed you again!

Bill: Fuck sake. Haha.

*They kiss.*

Becky: Bill.

Bill: Yes.

Becky: Where did Solly get the money from?

Bill: I really don't want to say.

Becky: Mmm. I've seen you naked now. You can trust me.

*Polly comes down and hears them talking she takes her coffee, and stays quiet. Bill and Becky can't see her.*

Bill: You really want to know.

Becky: "Tell me human mortal"

Bill: He erm. He did sort of steal it.

Becky: I knew it.

Bill: But not from a bank, he saw this story of a cleaner who found 300 thousand pounds on a bus in a brown envelope, and handed it in to the police. He was like, "That's fucking stupid I would have taken it", and then he was like, "I'm going put a suit on, draft up some paperwork and claim that money". Scarily it was as easy as that. When he came in and threw the money all over the place, he'd just got back from the police station.

Becky: That's illegal isn't it.

Bill: Yeah, of course, it's someone else's money.

Becky: But they did loose it. Snooze you loose.

Bill: Yeah, but that doesn't make it fair game does it? If anything it should go to charity or the person who found it or something. I mean we're both very privileged anyway, you know what I mean?

Becky: Yeah, I know, but a part of me almost respects him for having the guts to do that.

Bill: I know what you mean! I would never ever tell him, but the cast iron balls to go and do that is just unbelievable. 300 thousand pounds.

*Polly exits.*

Becky: The only problem is he's bought a house with a three year lease.

Bill: Yeah, that was a bit silly wasn't it.

Becky: It was it was.

*They kiss.*

Becky: "Human mortal you will take me back to bed and kiss me many many times"

Bill: "My wish is your every command"

Becky: Oiii what was that?

Bill: Sort of robot, robot thing.

Becky: Slacking slacking, go on get in there.

*Becky slaps his bum, they both go back into the bedroom.*

*Polly enters. Looks where they've gone. She's holding a broom.*

*She goes and sits on the sofa. A noise, Solly emerges completely naked, he is sleep walking and talking.*

Solly: You don't who I am? I'm your master!

Polly: Oi.

Solly: What do you want piglet?

Polly: What did call me?

Solly: Piggy wants a backy?

Polly: Put some clothes on.

*She prods him with the broom, he loses balance and falls back on his arse waking up.*

Solly: Who am I? Where are you? What have you done to me?

Polly: I'm the cleaner Polly? You hired me yesterday remember?

Solly: Oh god yes, your lovely hello. I'm so sorry I don't have any clothes on.

**Polly: You've made a few mistakes 'aven't ya?**

Solly: What are you talking about? My hat channel? It was a disaster I know.

Polly: No I ain't talking about that.

Solly: No I didn't think so, that was a while ago anyway.

Polly: I'm talking about this, all of this, you stole all this didn't ya. And you've wasted all that money, that 300 thousand pound. Because this ain't got no lease is that right? It's gone in three year I heard.

Solly: Where did you hear that from, who told you?

Polly: Your mate. I don't know his name.

Solly: Bill?

Polly: Yeah I heard him telling his bird.

Solly: What bird? Bill hates all birds, even sparrows?

Polly: The bird what he was necking on the sofa. She was meant to meet me this morning, but she was still in bed weren't she with him 'avin' a lovely time I'm sure.

Solly: This is all some kind of nightmare. I want you to go. Go away.

Polly: I ain't no nightmare, I'm very fucking real, and d'you know why I came here? Right? Do you know who sent me over here? You ain't going to like it.

Solly: Who sent you over here? I don't know. The devil?

Polly: The police.

Solly: The police, you're the police?

Polly: No, I ain't the Police, fucking hell you ain't the sharpest knife in shed are ya?

Solly: I think I might be struggling to understand what you're saying, is that some sort of cockney rhyming slang?

Polly: Fuckin hell. I'm the cleaner!

Solly: Yes I know you're the cleaner, are you perfectly well madam?

Polly: No, I'm THE fuckin' cleaner! I'm the fuckin' one who found the money on the bus, I'm the fuckin' one what nearly had a heart attack when I counted all that money. I'm the mug, who spoke it through with my family, realised what the right thing to do was, and how much that money would mean to us if we lost it, I'm the one that gave it in, and your the jarring little maggot that decided to come and take it all.

Solly: Allegedly.

Polly: Don't try that shit with me. I know it was you, I'll tell you for why, I asked them to tell me when someone claimed it and they did, and its completely against protocol, but when I asked them to tell me who it was, they told me who you were, because they understood what it took for me to give that money in. So I did a bit of digging, and I found you'd just moved here. But I thought you was the actual genuine person that lost the money, I never thought you'd be a thief.

Solly: Again allegedly.

Polly: You're a thief, you 'ave stolen what was never yours, you're a thief. Wether you like it or not that's what you are. I was getting that money clean mate, if no one had claimed it after 28 days, I was getting that, all legit, it was coming to me. No problems, it was going to be mine, for me and my family.

Solly: I can understand why you're upset.

Polly: Oh can ya? That's amazing. Do you know how long I'd have to work to earn that much money? I worked this out, I charge 9 pound an hour right, say I'm doing 14 hours of cleaning a day, which is about on average what I am doing, cos I 'ave to. So that's 126 pound I'm making a day, divide three hundred thousand by 126.

Solly: I'm terrible at maths.

Polly: Don't worry I know the answer. That's over 7 straight years I'd have to do just to earn 300,000 pound, but it ain't even as simple as that is it, you've got to have the odd day off, to feel human, I've got to pay for food, rent all the random shit, bills, that's around 10 grand for me a year, so if you put all that into it. I'm looking at least 10 years of fucking gruelling hard work you've just stolen from me. Just put a little suit on did ya, it was as easy as that. "Oh I'm terribly silly, I've mislaid my wonga, please help me officer". You're not fuckin' silly, you're not fuckin' innocent. You're a fuckin' parasite, and you're eating my belly out in front of me. You know before it happened I got on my knees, and I said lord, I said Jesus, help me, I can't take this fucking life, just give me something, anything, it doesn't have to be huge, just give me hope. I had my palms out stretched, and god was going wash them in gold, sort all of my family out, sort out everything, and then I look up and see you've come along eaten all my gold and shat in my face. So what I want to know is, what the fuck are you going to do for me? Because you owe me. You owe me so fucking big, you owe me more then a child owes its parents. I'll tell you what, I'm going to give you a little time to think, then I'm going to come back right, and you and your little friend, and his little girlfriend, your going to find a way to sort me out. Because if you don't, you understand, things will happen. Alright? Don't fuck around with me. I'll be back 6.

*Polly exits.*

Solly: Shit.

*He breathes in a moment, and then storms over to Bills room, opens the door.*

Solly: Oh my god!

*Quickly shuts it again.*

Solly: Alright, both of you need to stop whatever the fuck that is you were doing, get dressed and come out here right now!

*Solly sits on the sofa and puts his head in his hand.*

Solly: Oh christ, oh christ, christ!!

*Bill and Becky enter.*

Bill: Solly.

Solly: Mate. What. The. Fuck.

Bill: First off, I'm not even going to say sorry because, I think, listen we just really get on, and I don't think it was ever going to work out with you two if I'm totally honest. Was it Becky?

Becky: It wasn't Solly, I just don't find you attractive. I'm sorry but I don't!

Solly: Fuck, fuck no! No that's not what I'm saying, although you should say sorry because you are a total fucking cunt. You know how much I liked her, and you cracked right on without even telling me, but I fucking knew you were, and I would never ever ever fucking do that to you ever. I've said that, you know that.

Bill: I know you wouldn't mate. I am sorry for that, but we've honestly got a really amazing connection.

Becky: Solly, I like you, but I just don't find you attractive!

Solly: Oh my god ok! I get it! You've said that a million billion times, you don't need to say it again. That's not even what I'm even pissed off about.

Becky: No.

Solly: How many times do I have to tell you Bill, no one likes a blabber mouth blabber boy. What do you do? You tell your new alien friend and god knows who else, exactly how I got the money!

Bill: I didn't-

Solly: You DID!

Bill: Ok I did tell Becky, but look at that face. How can you say no to that face.

Solly: The cleaner overheard you.

Bill: Oh shit.

Solly: Oh and also guess what? She's THE cleaner. She threatened all our lives and left. So I hope you'll be happy when we're all dead.

Becky: Hold on what?

Bill: Shit shit shit.

Solly: Yes.

Bill: I don't know what we can do.

Solly: Neither do I. What were you thinking man?

Bill: Don't do that, don't stick this on me like that.

Becky: Remember how nice he was about the lease last night?

Solly: No no no. The lease doesn't effect him, it effects me. I've gone from a frustrating financial situation to a criminal, to who knows, maybe she will kill me.

Becky: Don't talk to him like that.

Solly: What do you mean don't talk to him like that? I'll talk to him however I fucking like. What the fucks it got do with you?

Becky: Do you think you're a tough guy.

Solly: No I'm not, I never have been, and neither has he, that's why I thought we had each other's backs, because I thought we both realised, we both make mistakes, we're both weak, and I thought we'd both do anything to protect each other, but it seems like you've decided to look after yourself first, and look where its got me. Probably dead that's where. Thanks very much. Fuck you both, I'm going for a walk.

*Solly exits.*

Becky: Fuck him.

Bill: No no. He's right, I have screwed up here.

Act 2 Scene 7

*Tutland a market, a farmer is raking some leaves. Suddenly an explosion of noise.*

Mob: (Offstage) Quick he went that way. Get him! That way that way!

*Tut runs across the stage, the farmer puts out his rake trips Tut, who falls, gets up grapples with the farmer and manages to throw him off.*

Farmer: That way! He went that way!



Act 2 Scene 8

*The house. Knock knock, Bill enters and answers the door.*

Bill: You're a bit early aren't you, we thought you were coming at 6?

Polly: I had some work come up. Is he in then?

Bill: He's just in the bath.

Polly: What's this little thing here?

Bill: That's a mezuzah?

Polly: What's that, some kind of bell?

Bill: No it's a Jewish thing. It's got a little prayer scroll wrapped up in it.

Polly: You Jewish then?

Bill: No, I'm not.

Polly: You look it. Who's Jewish then?

Bill: Solly you know short for Solomon, he is pretty Jewish.

Polly: Oh right, it's Solomon is it? I thought it was some kind of hipster name.

Bill: Nope.

Polly: I didn't realise he was Jewish, makes sense.

Bill: Why's that?

Polly: I don't know he's got a big fucking nose. I'm joking, obviously I'm joking. Big place like this, he's very young, they always land up on their feet don't they.

Bill: I think that's a bit of a generalisation.

Polly: Course it is, course it is. Don't mean it ain't true though does it. Get him out the tub would ya. I need to leave soon.

Bill: Alright, hold on.

*Bill exits, Polly looks around, takes a picture of something. Pockets something else.*

Solly: Hi Polly.

Polly: Hello Solomon. I didn't realise you was Jewish.

Solly: The name didn't give it away?

Polly: I had a boyfriend once who was Jewish, whenever we went in a pool together I used to do that song, and splash on the water like this, you know that na naaa na na na nah naaa na na na nah na. He used to fucking hate it. I just couldn't help myself you know, I wasn't being racist I just loved it. Whats that song called then Naaa naaa nah nah nah.

Solly: Sounds like the Hava Nagila, big tune.

Polly: Hava Nagila yeah? Right. I'll never fucking remember that but anyway, you thought about what I said?

Solly: Yeah we've talked about it a lot haven't we.

Bill: Yeah yeah we have.

Solly: The thing is, your going to have to trust us, that we're going to sort this out, and I totally realise I have to sort this out, but currently, I don't have anything I can give you, literally nothing.

Polly: Are you yanking my chain?

Solly: No no, I'm not you're going to have to bear with me, because this is a lot of money.

Polly: Yeah I know it is!

Solly: It is, but I've fucked up, and I'm not in the position to give you that money, or any kind of money right now.

Polly: This is fucking unbelievable.

Solly: Listen to me though, I can hear in your voice you're going to start getting forceful, and I'm telling you now, don't do that, let's keep this respectful and we can sort it out. But if you start pressuring me, there's nothing you can do. Unless you've got a recording of Bill talking to Becky? Have you got a recording?

Polly: No, that don't mean I can't do nothing. My cousin likes to wear balaclavas, I've not seen his face for years, even I've forgotten what he looks like, but one thing I do know is he's got a really affinity with scaffolding pipes, and using them in inventive ways. This is the last time I'll say this don't mug me off, what have you got for me?

Solly: At this moment in time nothing, but before you know it-

*Polly takes her bag off, opens it, and starts putting things in her bag, a phone charger, speakers, cutlery.*

Solly: Stop that, don't do that. Put that down! What are you. NO!

*Polly takes Bills ukulele which had been out on the sofa.*

Bill: Hey that's mine!

*Bill grabs Polly, and Solly joins him holding her arm.*

Solly: Put that down and give them back!

Polly: Go fuck yourself.

*She falls to the ground, they jump on top of her.*

Polly: HELP HELP!!! HELPPPPP!

*Bill and Solly jump off her she runs out the door. Silence.*

Bill: My fucking ukulele mate.

Solly: Sorry man this is all my fault.

Bill: It's alright we're going to work this out.

Solly: Yeah. I love you man.

Bill: I love you too.

Solly: Hey if we can get through this we can get through anything right.

Bill: Absolutely it can't get much worse than this!

*A small explosion sound. The fire alarm goes off!*

Solly: Oh my god what the fuck was that?

*The sound of fire, Bill goes to open the door, and woosh fire sound booms.*

Bill: Oh my god mate, get out get out, it's a really fucking bad bad bad fire. We need to get out! Now. Call 9 9 9 now!

*They run out of the building.*

## Act 3 Scene 1

*Tut staggers on to the stage.*

Tut: Aaaaa! Through storms have I stumbled. Prised my way through a spike a filled forest. Crawled through bog and mire and nothing is ahead of me but mother nature with her fists outstretched spoiling for war.

*Tut swings his fists at an imaginary opponent.*

Tut: When she is not tamed she is a viscous mother, a cruel wild animal. Aaaaa! My skin is soft, and breaks easily. Aaaaa! Sharp stones find me everyday and slit me open. But I must go on, for the jackals behind me want me dead, and would call that justice. I never killed the pig! I never killed him. Jack Frost must think I am tasty because he bites me every hour of every day, I am cold cold cold. Even when it is warm I am cold. I shiver in the sun. In the sun! I shiver! I must be soon to adapt. The agony of it all will be too great for me otherwise. This couldn't be this forever. Perhaps I have a saviour looking for me at this very moment, wishing to save their king. Reinstatate the state. I am the king. Yet I am not the king. For Kings are made by the people who serve them. Whats that, a noise. Some pigs perhaps, come to kill me and eat me at last and end my humiliation. No, no I must not die. Not yet. Hide king, hide your head.

Richmond: Oh where has he gone? Our fabulous majesty, perhaps he is lost forever?

Kingston: What a terrible thought don't entertain it Richmond.

Richmond: But I must, our sun may have gone out dear friend, extinguished, and the country is in a night that will last who knows how long.

Kingston: Who knows.

Richmond: We shall find him.

Kingston: We shall. And when we do we shall save him.

Richmond: We shall.

Kingston: Love him and praise him and rejoice him.

Richmond: Oh how I did love praising our benevolent monarch.

Kingston: It gave me a warm feeling in my heart.

Richmond: A warm feeling indeed, for the very blessing of him taking the time to listen to us praise him was an honour the gravity of which I have not felt since his dethroning.

Kingston: So sweetly put.

Richmond: Thank you.

Kingston: Thank you.

Tut: I'm HERE!

Kingston: He's THERE!

Tut: I'm HERE, oh lord, I thought, oh what terrible things I thought. I knew I must stay alive, I knew you would find me. Know that I bless and love you, my two subjects, more than any two subjects I have ever loved. For you have come to me in my greatest hour of need.

Richmond: Dear Royal, how blessed we are to have found you, but my heart I must confess cracks to see you brought so low.

Tut: I was chased.

Kingston: After the false trial. We were in the gallery. So unjust.

Tut: So unjust! The court was nothing more than a trap which I was foolish enough to walk straight into. Everything I said was wrong, everything I did was a criminal offence! At first I spent 3 of the most miserable days any man spent, working, through the day and through the night, ordered around like a donkey. My strength fading, and I knew there would be no relief, so as I was carrying forty boxes of eggs across a bridge. I stopped and looked upon the river that ran beneath, and I flung myself into the waves, as the hawk dives for its supper.

Kingston: A brave act.

Richmond: Most valiant.

Kingston: Most kingly.

Richmond: It was it was.

Kingston: Your majesty I can't help but realise, that your clothes are sodden as fish.

Tut: They have been that way so long I hardly notice now.

Richmond: Well my liege, if you would do me the honour, I have some clean dry clothes with me, Perhaps you could put them on.

Tut: No no. The honour would be mine, bring them to me at once I am dangerously cold.

Richmond: Of course most hallowed one.

*Tut grabs the clothes and pulls them on, desperate to get warm. It is a full pig outfit.*

Kingston: I have a mask for you good King, I fear you may need to wear it whilst we are in the open, lest you are recognised and all our lives are put in danger.

Tut: A mask, most wise most wise.

*Tut puts the pig mask on.*

Richmond: Oh that suits him wouldn't you say.

Kingston: Almost as if it were made by your majesty for your majesty.

*They nod at each other and suddenly viscously trust Tut up, tying him to a spit, and preparing fire wood underneath him.*

Tut: Aaaaa! No!!!

Kingston/Richmond: Coo coo coo little king king king, we want to take you in in in.  
For our bellies are hungry and you're very fat, what do you make of that that that.  
We're going to eat you up good my lord, and that's the last time you'll be adored,  
Because so very tasty you will taste taste taste, when we turn you into royal paste paste paste.

Tut: Oh god! You have forsaken me altogether, you who granted my every whim. I must have been a sinner, I accept that now, and I am sorry. Good god forgive me, torment me no further. I have learnt my lesson! Spare me! Spare me!

Richmond: You do not know torment, this is justice. You will never have known true torment, even once the flames have burnt your body and you have screamed your last. It's impossible for you to comprehend suffering. But don't worry we understand, you have lived a life that hasn't allowed it. We are not your tormenters, instead your therapists. This fire is your friend, cleansing you of your greed, sweating out all your evil. Your death, is the greatest gift you have received. As we eat your perfectly cooked flesh, we give you the opportunity of having meaning. For you are feeding the hungry bellies of not one but two humble victims of your regime.

Kingston: You have never known friendship, you have competed and won with poorer versions of yourself. Who will have the biggest diamonds, who will ride the strongest horse, who will serve the tastiest banquet, of course you won every time. Your friendship is nothing more than a hollow mask covering your competition and endless desire to be the best, which makes you the loneliest man in Tutland.

Tut: Perhaps you're right.

Kingston: Perhaps I am.

Tut: I did not kill him, I want you to know that before I die. They said I did, but he killed himself. My hands are clean, I have never touched the blood of a single subject.

Kingston: If he killed himself, have you asked yourself why?

Tut: To spite me?

Kingston: He killed himself. Your logic is broken. Ask yourself the question again. Why would he kill himself?

Tut: I never thought of him having a life. Until he took it. I suppose he did have a life, and I suppose it must have been of less value to him than the relief of taking it away. A situation I created.

Kingston: Yes you did. Do you weep.

Tut: I do.

Richmond: For yourself?

Tut: Not this time.

Kingston: It all makes sense then.

Tut: Yes it does.

Richmond: You see why we must eat you?

Tut: I do. And you are indeed the saviours I had prayed for. I look forward to nourishing your bodies from hunger.

Richmond: Good.

Tut: So light the flame.

Kingston: We shall

*They do*

Act 3 Scene 2

*A dark bedroom in Bills mums house in Forest Hill , Solly wakes up.*

Solly: AAAAA!

*Bill bursts in light streaming in from the door.*

Bill: Solly! What's happened?

*Bill turns the lights on in the room.*

Solly: Oh! Thank god!

Bill: What's happened?

Solly: I've been dreaming mate.

Bill: Oh mate! Don't do that! Mum's asleep just next door.

Solly: I'm sorry. I hope I didn't wake her up.

Bill: It's fine. You scared the shit out of me, I thought you'd been murdered!

Solly: I have. I was! I saw myself as a king.

Bill: There's a surprise.

Solly: Mate, I mean, exactly! Of course that's what I would think about myself, I do live like a king.

Bill: Well your currently homeless living in my Mums spare room but-

Solly: Mate, I've never struggled for anything!

Bill: Right. How long's this going to take because I'd like to get back to bed to be honest.

Solly: Bill. You need to take this seriously man, I think I've realised something really profound, that I've known all along, but now I see the truth as clearly as- its more then I see it, I feel it and I know it to be true. I've finally understood, we live in a capitalist society!

*A beat.*

Bill: Yes. Yes we do.

Solly: I benefit from this system immeasurably.

Bill: Yes, yes you do.

Solly: And it's not fair.

Bill: No mate it's not.



Solly: But even with those benefits I'm not really happy, because the system is cheating us all of life real riches. We all think it, we all say it don't we. Ohh yeah, rah rah rah. I'm a socialist. Corbyn till I die. But none of us ever do anything about it. Well I certainly don't. I should have never taken that money man. If I could go back in time. Mate, I would give that house, or maybe not that house because of the ridiculously short lease on it, but a proper house to that... cleaner, the girl the, what was her name?

Bill: Polly mate.

Solly: To Polly. Polly has had the piss taken out of her, just because the rules allowed it mate, its not fair! What does it take for a man to realise he has duties, he has responsibilities to his fellow man. The burning down of my house. The house I stole! Signs don't get much clearer than that.

Bill: You didn't exactly steal it from her, she'd given it to the police.

Solly: No mate. Mate! I looked it up. She was right. If no one had claimed it the police would have given it to her!

Bill: Really?

Solly: Yeah mate, 28 days, no claims, she'd be perfectly entitled to it.

Bill: Brother, she still burnt the fucking house down, that's worse isn't it. She could have killed you. She could have killed all three of us.

Solly: But she didn't did she. I'll admit it, the fire was a bit dodge, and probably yes, too far. But we all got away. I totally understand why she did it. It wasn't mine and I was waving it in front of her face. It should have been hers.

Bill: Right. Maybe it should. But she took that risk when she gave it in.

Solly: And I took it away. That was her blessing man and I took it. Nobody lost that money, I just know it, that was a gift, that was meant for her, with love from the universe. If I ever own a house again, which I probably won't, but mate, I'd have to give it all to her.

Bill: You say that. But you wouldn't.

Solly: I would. I honestly would. I'd have to.

Bill: Mate. I don't think you really realised what you were doing. You made a colossal greedy mistake. But it doesn't matter.

Solly: It does matter! It's the only thing that matters, and I swear to god! To GOD! I will repay that debt I owe to... shit her names just slipped through my fingers again,

Bill: Polly mate.

Solly: Polly!

*BANG BANG BANG!*

Solly: Who the fucks that at this time?

Bill: Maybe Polly's going to burn down my parents house as well?

Solly: Do you think it might be her.

Bill: No no, Dad's probably just got drunk and lost his keys.

Solly: Oh right, yeah yeah.

Bill: One second.

*Bill Leaves Solly, who stays very still. Suddenly, Becky bursts into the room.*

Becky: Your are not going to believe what I'm about to tell you.

Solly: You're pregnant?

Becky: No! Fuck sake, shut up. I've been on the phone to the insurance people, and the policy I got, it has us completely covered. I mean completely.

Solly: What so what, it's. What happens now?

Becky: Well its pretty simple they give us the 300k, because that's how much you paid for it. We could try and rebuild it, but to be honest, especially in that area, a ground up rebuild will be such a huge project I don't think 300 would even nearly cover it. So I reckon we're better off just splitting it 150 each.

Solly: Hold on. What are you talking about each?

Becky: Ermm. You just had nothing? Now you have 150 grand. If it wasn't for me you would still have nothing? I'm taking at least half. What are you talking about?

Solly: It was my fucking house!

Becky: Don't speak to me like that.

Solly: What do you fucking mean speak to you like what, you're not my wife, I hardly fucking know you and you're trying to take half of my house.

Becky: I set up the policy!

Solly: This is disgusting do you not see that?

Becky: What because I want what's fair? Should I not get half because I'm a woman?

Solly: What the fuck are you talking about! Because you're a woman! It's got absolutely fucking nothing to do with that.

Becky: Oh hasn't it?

Solly: Absolutely fucking nothing.

Becky: I bet if Bill had saved your arse like this you'd be giving him half.

Solly: If Bill was asking me for half of my fucking house, because he'd done something that I'd asked him to do, and he'd agreed to do it, then I'd probably punch him in the mouth.

Bill: No you wouldn't.

Solly: I might!

Becky: You're pathetic.

Solly: Am I?

Becky: I'm having half

Solly: No you're not.

Becky: At least half!

Solly: No, no your fucking not.

Becky: You greedy bitch.

Solly: I'll show you greedy. I'm going to give the money to that cleaner, who's name is- shit

Bill: Mate! Polly.

Solly: Polly! Right exactly, Polly is getting a house. I'm grateful for your help obviously, thank you very much, but I'll buy you a few drinks, I'm not giving you half a house. You must be completely mad.

Becky: You would have nothing! Nothing if I hadn't set that policy up.

Solly: And I'll have nothing again, I'm giving it all to-

Bill: -Polly

Solly: I know! I was going to get there! To Polly. It's all going to Polly.

Becky: What seriously?

Solly: Yes.

Becky: She tried to kill us.

Bill: That's what I said.

Solly: She may have set the house on fire. But none of us died.

Becky: You're giving all the of that money to her, and you want to give none to me! Wow!

Solly: Oh my god. You've lost the plot. You know what I'm so glad you've been like this because it makes it so clear that I'm doing the right thing. You're a disgrace, I'm a disgrace, and Bill your a bit of a twat sometimes as well.

Act 3 Scene 3

*Bill and Solly arrive outside Polly's house holding a maximum cleaning leaflet.*

Bill: This has got to be the right place hasn't it. I mean it doesn't look like a business address.

Solly: It probably is her business address, she's self employed. Sends the letters home.

Bill: She won't be in.

Solly: Mate, you're getting tense, I understand it. We've been taught our whole life to get property, and hang on to it. But you know what, fuck that. Today is a day of peace.

Bill: Yeah, no I know but, it just feels a bit weird round here man.

Solly: Trust me, as soon as she opens that door, and I give her, this little brown envelope, it won't feel weird anymore, it will feel like the right thing to do.

Bill: It is the right thing. It really is.

Solly: It is.

Bill: I'm proud of you man.

Solly: Thanks man.

Bill: Alright.

Solly: Let's do it.

*Knock knock.*

Polly: Ruby! Put that down, JUST COMING!

*Polly opens the door.*

Solly: Hello.

Polly: Alright?

Solly: Can I come in?

Polly: No.

Solly: Oh, right.

Polly: I've got my niece over, what is it?

Solly: Listen, I actually got quite a good insurance policy and well, when the house burnt down I got the the money back.

Polly: Well done.

Solly: But I've been thinking about what you said. You're right, it's your money, it's yours. I put it back in a brown envelope like before, I did keep the old one, but that went in the fire, so this is a different brown envelope, but still it's a brown envelope like before. When you found it.

Polly: Oh, ok great.

*Polly puts her hand out.*

Solly: I know you started the fire you know?

Polly: What are you talking about?

Solly: You started it, and I don't blame you but-

Polly: That's a very serious accusation you're making.

Solly: But I'm not making it, that's my whole point here. I'm not pressing charges. I don't blame you. I understand. I'm not going to say it was the right thing to do. You obviously could've killed me and Bill and -

Polly: You come here to give me a little lecture have ya?

Solly: Can you please just give me a singular minute. I'm about to give you 300,000 pounds.

Polly: I think you'd do better to just shut up, hand it over and sling your hook.

Solly: Yeah I'm sure you'd love that.

Polly: I would.

Solly: I don't have to do this you know?

Polly: Oh you don't?

Solly: No I don't, but I'm saying I will because I understand and I suppose I just want you to hear that! You did the right thing, I did the wrong thing, then you did the wrong thing and now I'm doing the right thing.

Polly: So you win.

Solly: That's not what I'm saying, I'm saying we're equal. Now.

Polly: Can you give me the money now please?

Solly: Fucking hell this is not what-. Why do you have to be like this?

Polly: How do you want it to be? Do you want me to beg on my knees?

Solly: No, no get up.

Polly: Do you want me to say, I could never have imagined this? Let me suck your massive generous cock!

Solly: No, fuck off. I'm not going to give you this, until you stop bullying me.

Polly: I'm bullying you?

Solly: Yes you are! Isn't she mate?

Bill: I'm staying out of this mate, you've got this one.

Polly: I'm the bully yeah? That's quite a fucking lot of my lunch money you've got there isn't it?

Solly: Please! Can we just-

Polly: Awhh "PLEASSEEEEE. Can we just."

Solly: Don't.

Polly: "Don't."

Solly: You're a fucking prick do you know that?

Polly: No you're a fucking prick do you know that?

Solly: Yes I do. Fuck sake. Just fucking take it then.

*Polly takes the money and shuts the door.*

Solly: Ungrateful little bitch.

*Polly opens the door.*

Polly: What did you call me?

Bill: Oooo dear.

Solly: I called you an ungrateful little bitch.

*Polly leaps on to Solly, throwing him to the floor and rolling around, ad lib swearing. Bill comes running in, manages to break up the fight and keep them both apart. They pant.*

Polly: Everything you think you are, you're not, your fucking not. You are everything you wish you weren't.

Solly: Then make me understand, tell me how I want to learn!

Polly: It's not my fucking job to educate you is it.

Solly: That's such a fucking cop out.

Polly: You're a fucking cop out. Read you cunt.

*Solly leans forward to kiss Polly on the lips, she backs away, looks at him. Slaps him and leaves with the envelope.*

Bill: Well, that didn't exactly go according to plan.

Solly: I've embarrassed myself haven't I.

Bill: Come on. Let's get a drink.

*Solly puts his arm over Bills Shoulder, they walk off together.*

*End.*