

# FRANK AND MOUSTIQUE GET A LIFE by Peter Stickland

Frank is read by Peter Stickland

Moustique is read by Christine Fasse

Introductions and shipping news – Lena Tutunjian

Sound - David Cunningham.

THE PROLOGUE (Sound effects from postscript of the previous play)

(Rowing sounds, wind and rain)

**Lena.** Moderate or good, occasionally poor.

M. So where are we?

F. In the shipping lane. (For horn)

**Lena.** Rough, occasionally very rough at first.

M. We were fine in the bus lane. (Car horn)

**Lena.** Mostly variable for a time later.

F. I can't afford a fine now or later.

M. Mé dis donc, where was the bus going?

F. I thought it said Mama Mia. (Mama Mia)

M. So much for turning left.

**Lena.** Moderate or rough. Fair.

F. I joined the Navy to see the world.

M. That's Algiers ahead. Ca c'est sur. (Arabic music)

**Lena.** Rough or very rough.

F. No Miss Cheek, that's sea mist.

M. No it is definitely the Kasbah.

F. Then I've slept through the Arabian nights. (High winds)

**Lena.** Veering and decreasing. Rough or very rough.

M. Paddle harder; we're veering away, Frankness.

F. Frankness? Is that like Loch Ness?

**Lena.** Perhaps gales later. Very rough or high.

M. It's a life on the ocean waves for us mon ami. (A life on the ocean waves)

F. Uncle Tom's cabin more like it.

**Lena.** Moderate or good, occasionally rough later.

M. Alors we will be fine when the tide changes. (Waves on the beach)

F. That was Canute's line, minus the alors.

**Lena.** Slight, occasionally moderate at first.

M. Come on Jonah. Make for the bank.

F. You mean shore.

M. Now I'm seeing white cliffs. (White cliffs of Dover)

F. I said your Kasbah was sea mist.

**Lena.** Thundery, then occasionally poor.

M. May the sea fairies carry you off.

F. One sea ferry will suffice.

M. Oh get a life boat.

F. No problem, I'll send a distress signal. (SOS Morse code)

**Lena.** Hello, you called.

M. Oh yes, bonjour, we need to get a life.

**Lena.** Certainly Madame, follow me. (Fog horn and applause)

# ACT ONE; CATERING WITHOUT DINERS

## *A refurbished dairy in Kentish Town*

(Here comes the bride played on the xylophone)

(Thunder and rain. A door slams)

F. No sign of them yet, Moussaka. (Greek music)

M. So what, I'm on the menu now?

F. Simmer down, I meant Mustique. (Caribbean sounds)

M. And now I'm a Caribbean Island.

F. No man's an Island.

M. The woman before you is Moustique.

F. In English it's Mustique. (A life on the ocean waves)

M. Do I sound English, ou quoi?

F. It means the same thing.

M. Do you know what Frank means in French? (French accordion music)

F. Frank means Frank everywhere.

M. It means posting something with a stamp.

F. Then call me Stamp.

M. En fait, I will call you Direct. (Rocket)

F. Anything but that, my second name is Derek.

M. Mais oui, you look like a Derek.

F. And you look like a failed soufflé.

M. To be frank you've lost your palate. (Police whistle)

F. We'll all lose our palate if the guests don't arrive.

M. Are you still after the applause?

F. I don't know. What comes before the applause? (Applause)

M. The hors-d'oeuvres comes before everything.

F. Is that the first course?

M. No, we're starting with the canapés.

F. We don't have a can of peas.

(Fireworks)

M. Like pearls before swine.

F. And not an oyster in sight.

M. A fiery cocktail would suit me better.

(Wolf whistle)

F. You don't have the figure for it.

M. Your sauce has turned cold, ma parole!

F. What will we do if they don't come soon?

M. We'll have to skip the hors-d'oeuvres.

(Marie's wedding)

F. That's skip we gaily, a Highland fling.

M. Can you cut the crepe suzette?

F. Please don't call me Suzette.

M. Do you know how we started in this business?

F. Is that what you call it?

M. I suggested that you go into a cave to sing.

F. I'm sure you said catering.

M. Voila.

F. Not everything proceeds in a straight line.

(Spring)

M. You should at least take off the gorilla costume.

F. It's a hirsute accessory.

M. Wearing her suit to work doesn't work.

F. I think you could take one work out.

M. No, no, no, I never do aerobics. Jamais de la vie.

F. That takes the biscuit.

M. A Madeleine if I remember correctly.

F. No, it was a bourbon.

(French national anthem)

M. Historical references don't impress me.

F. Are you applying for the position of spit roast?

M. If you can't stand the heat get out of the... (Thunder)

F. Do you have a cooling tray?

M. Just pass me the flan ring.

F. The bride will bring her own.

M. Franchement Frank, I need to dust it. (Hoover)

F. Dust it after putting flour in?

M. Ecoute, the flour stops it sticking.

F. A stick in time saves nine.

M. You mean stitch.

F. Only if it's coming apart. (Suspense music)

M. Stew in your own pot.

F. Steam in your kettle.

M. You're grating on my nerves – barka maintenant.

F. And you're frothing at the mouth.

M. Will you never stop grinding? (Grinding machine)

F. It beats glazing over?

M. So the pot calls the kettle black, eh?

F. I'd rather steep in my own... (Kettle whistle)

M. Shh, did you hear that?

F. Sounds like the kettle has boiled. (Arabic music)

M. Sounds more like the Arabian nights.

F. You said that just for effect.

M. And this carrot is on its last legs. (Running)

F. Don't let the job run away with you.

M. You're reducing me to shreds now.

F. Don't even think of shredding.

M. Then stop straining the point.

F. I'm not the sieve you take me for. (Sawing wood)

M. I'll whip the cream.

F. I'll stud the onions.

M. How S & M, put your stamp on it.

F. Are you calling me Stamp now? (Machinery)

M. You don't have the stamp of a chef.

F. No, but I have the temper of an orang-utan. (Orang-utan)

M. Does it run in the family? (Mosquito)

F. I don't know where it runs.

M. That joke was runny.

F. Did you mean funny?

M. No, I meant uncooked. (Slap)

F. That was one of your family.

M. Are you referring to genetics?

F. Not me, I'm a throw back.

M. Is that like a right back?

F. Yes, right back to the beginning. (2001)

M. Before cookery.

F. Even before spoons. (mobile phone)

M. I've got a text.

F. What does it say?

M. Nothing, but I'll read it.

F. It's the common thread that ties us together.

M. We're not trussed up yet.

F. Just toss me the phone. (phone conversation)

M. There was no bride or groom – j’y crois pas.

F. Is that a reason to stop eating?

M. Come on, tidy up, it’s the end.

F. What! Not even a doggy bag?

(Dog barks)

M. Not even a hole in the wall, meme pas.

F. That was in the last play.

M. Mais dis donc, You want me to make sense?

F. No, just dust your own dusting.

M. Maybe we should open a tapas bar.

(Spanish music)

F. Not me, I was forced into catering.

M. Forced into a cave to sing?

F. We must discover where we go astray.

M. I’m waiting for another text.

(Big Ben)

F. That’s me.

M. Are you going to read it?

F. Could be bad news.

(This is the ten o’clock news)

M. Could be another job.

F. I’d go anywhere to avoid that.

M. Then take up cave singing.

(My old man said follow the van/with echo)

F. It’s in Cyrillic script.

M. Aller Frank let me read it.

F. Can we do a Russian/Indian wedding?

(Russian/Indian music)

M. Caviar on popadoms?

F. Steak tartar and bringal bahji?

M. Dumplings and tarka dall?

F. Herring tikka and bhindi bahji?

M. Borscht vindaloo and aloo gobi?

F. It will go down a storm. (Explosion)

M. Is that you singing Fred.

F. Maybe gardening would be easier.

M. You'll eat your words, ma parole.

F. Mountains of food and I must eat my words?

M. I was talking of the future.

F. Like a psychic? (Ghost music)

M. Yes, I'd like a side kick.

F. Is that the same as a side dish?

M. You avoid the essence of cooking.

F. I have no taste for it.

M. You've used it too sparingly.

F. I feel like a pudding cloth.

M. The sediment gets you down?

F. I can't pluck up the chicken. (Chicken)

M. Did you mean courage?

F. No, I've always said chicken.

M. You just forgot to duck. (Duck)

F. Don't soup so low.

M. You get no Marx for that. (Marx Brothers)

F. It was a shot in the dark.

M. You forgot to season it.

F. You choose the season, I'll change my costume.

M. Bottled colourings could do the job.

F. You could colour a fruit cake my dear froggy. (Frog)

M. And you've lost your concentrated extract.

F. Not me, I'm a puree.

M. Don't you mean purist.

F. One can always adjust it afterwards. (Politician's speech)

M. Better to temper the flavour beforehand.

F. I never learned beforehand.

M. Maybe the dish wasn't up to it.

F. The pickle made me sneeze. (Sneeze)

M. Is that the caper?

F. Could be. Can you dance the caper? (Knees up mother Brown)

M. Maybe, if you play it. (Sand dance)

## ACT TWO; GARDENING WITH INTENT

### *A piece of waste ground in Hackney*

(Chain saw and tree falling)

F. Bonjour Mascara.

M. Are we walking along together? (Marching)

F. Mais oui.

M. Then what's wrong with my name?

F. Moustique! It's too long for two syllables.

M. And the virtue of Mascara?

F. You Mascara and I'll Moussaka. (Greek music)

M. Frank also needs more syllables.

F. No, Frank is short and sweet.

M. Frankly, Frankly sounds better.

F. Is that four syllables or two?

M. Four. Repetition suits you, ma parole. (Echo)

F. I'm beginning to see double.

M. That was last night's extravagance.

F. A beer is a beer is a beer.

M. Or a rose is a rose is a rose?

F. No, a briar is a briar is a briar.

M. I get your point, this place is a jungle. (Jungle)

F. What are we supposed to do with it?

M. Turn it into a garden pardi.

F. What kind of garden party?

M. Not party, pardi.

F. And you said gardening would be easier.

M. Not me. I was happy catering. (Whistle while you work)

F. You live in the past my kitchen wizard.

M. A coup sûr, I can walk backwards.

F. Perhaps we should set fire to it. (Fire engine)

M. And be convicted of arson?

F. It needs cutting right back.

M. Is that right back to the beginning?

F. No, behind every right back there's a goalkeeper. (Football crowd)

M. Some of my best friends are goalkeepers.

F. You can't beat a safe pair of hands.

M. I'll put my gloves on. (Round one, bell, boxing)

F. Are you addressing me?

M. No you must dress yourself, mon cher.

F. Then I'll take my gloves off.

M. Wait, I'll pay you to clear the land.

F. I intend to be well clear of the land. (Motor racing)

M. A pound an hour and every other day off.

F. I'll have today off.

M. You can only have yesterday or tomorrow off.

F. Will that be the same tomorrow?

M. Mais oui. We either go backwards or forwards.

F. Did you walk through a looking glass? (Glass shattering)

M. No, but my memory works both ways.

F. What's your happiest memory?

M. In two weeks time when the garden is complete. (Bird song)

F. There's a mistake here somewhere.

M. Ouch! I've pricked my finger.

F. But you didn't move.

M. I know, but I will have to move some time. (Mystery music)

F. Couldn't you employ some goalkeepers?

M. No, they scream louder than I do.

F. Will you come out in a bruise?

M. No, I only bruise inside.

F. Have you tried homeopathy? (Fog horn)

M. I never trusted apathy.

F. I prefer alcohol.

M. You need the 40 proof.

F. Percentage or Wittgenstein?

M. Maybe it's Frankenstein.

F. Maybe it's Jock Stein? (Football crowd)

M. Actually it's Gertrude Stein.

F. So it's a modern garden after all.

M. The best of Picasso's green period. (Auctioneer)

F. We must earmark it for listing.

M. Earmarks put you back at the beginning. (2001)

F. Are you ahead or behind?

M. Either way, we've only one pair of secateurs.

F. I never saw a sack of tears.

M. I should have brought my knitting. (Sawing wood)

F. You could be raking it in while I cut.

M. Not on a gardener's wage.

F. I know about gardener's rage.

M. The more you cut the more it grows.

F. It's not the same as birthdays. (Happy birthday to you)

M. Especially if you have six a year.

F. It's time for a cooked breakfast.

M. I never had a crooked breakfast, jamais.

F. I never had a straight croissant.

M. I still have the wedding breakfast. (Echo)

F. It keeps repeating on me.

M. That's your wild lifestyle. (Mosquito)

F. No, it's the wildlife in the leftovers.

M. Like aphids and butterflies?

F. No, maggots and worms.

M. Please don't mention spiders.

F. Sliders. (Slap)

M. Oh lala, that was a close shave.

F. Did you bring any weed killer?

M. Do I look like a weed killer? (Suspense)

F. Perhaps we could talk to them.

M. Come to some sort of arrangement.  
F. Preferably a flower arrangement.  
M. It's no good we must start to cut back. (Politicians speech)  
F. Just when we were ahead.  
M. Two heads are better than one.  
F. Then cut away my dear chopstick. (Chinese music)  
M. You can be very sweet and sour.  
F. Oh Sum Luck.  
M. I'm thinking about the garden.  
F. And the outcome?  
M. There's more to this than pruning.  
F. We have to tackle it from the ground up.  
M. Will you do the ground work? (Bulldozer)  
F. If you put your back into it.  
M. It's a back breaking business.  
F. I've gone back as far as I can. (Laughter)  
M. Then put your best foot forward.  
F. It's time to move on.  
M. To better times ahead?  
F. That sounds like politics.  
M. If poly ticks it's an alarm clock. (Alarm clock)  
F. That was a crocodile.  
M. This job gets more dangerous every minute.  
F. Take a leaf from my book.  
M. And nip it in the bud?  
F. I had breakfast in mind.  
M. Breakfast, in a fairy tale?

F. Don't tell me you're a princess now.

M. Mais oui and you're the frog ma parole. (French national anthem)

F. But I don't speak French.

M. Well you can't play the lady.

F. You could write me in as a unicorn?

M. No, I'm the Capricorn.

F. But that's astrology? (Spooky music)

M. Oh forget the apology.

F. Be yourself then.

M. What, I'm not acting now?

F. This is a real post. Don't take offence.

M. Wire fence?

F. I don't know, why a fence?

M. Why a French what?

F. Your English is incorrect. (Land of hope and glory)

M. But my British is good.

F. UK?

M. Yes fine, you OK?

F. You seem a little touchy?

M. Did you say touché.

F. It may have been cache.

M. They don't pay us enough for that.

F. They don't even have a cash register. (Cash register)

M. We should accept the garden as it is.

F. Will they pay us for that?

M. No, but we can't destroy the life here. (Machine gun)

F. Are you worried about the snails?

M. No, they are fresh. Tout fais tout lous.

F. Escargot? (Accordion)

M. Yes, we'll go for another career.

F. Career into the decorating business?

M. Is that like de curating business?

F. It's the one with the paint. (Splash)

M. Can you picture that?

F. Only if I close my eyes.

M. The audience won't stand for it.

F. Are you sure they're listening? (Applause)

M. It's a standing ovation.

F. Then let's call it a day.

M. D'accord, you choose which one. (Tell me why I don't like Mondays)

F. Now let me think.

M. We've been through that before.

F. We've covered a lot of ground since. (Motor racing)

M. Ah, the beauty of our inaction.

F. Now we can go to ground.

M. What will we do with the ladder? (Crashing furniture)

F. Wittgenstein suggested throwing it away.

M. He never worked as a decorator, ca c'est sur.

## ACT THREE; A NEW DECOR

### *A squat in St. John's Wood*

(Splashing sounds)

M. Decorating a squat must be a first.

F. I thirst for many things, but not that.

M. Only squat teams get decorated these days. (Machine gun)

F. Did you say squash teams?

M. Kevin McCloud never got decorated.

F. But stars rise above the clouds.

M. Look at this place, it's worth a fortune. (Fireworks)

F. Why look, I didn't have my eyes closed.

M. Some earn a fortune with their eyes closed.

F. Some earn a fortune by guerrilla tactics.

M. You use gorilla tactics my dear orang-utan? (Gorilla)

F. I don't use antiques of any kind.

M. But you use old words.

F. I find it useful to re-use words. (Echo)

M. And where do you find it?

F. I lied about finding it.

M. Let's try guerrilla decoration.

F. Sabotage our own supplies? (Explosion)

M. Make the odd strike here and there.

F. Brushes have strokes not strikes.

M. I don't belong on this journey. (Train)

F. What journey are you on?

M. Who knows? It's like a dream within a dream.

F. Do you judge by intentions or consequences?

M. Maybe the feel good factor should determine it. (Applause)

F. Oh La Di Da.

M. Please don't call me Ladida s'il te plait!

F. Squatters are rather keen on new names.

M. What kind of names?

F. Beautiful Adorable Celebrity. (Children playing)

M. Even while they squat a squat?

F. Even while they squat in it and squat over it.

M. I'd rather be called Ladida. (Cuckoo)

F. If you answer to it, it works.

M. What would you answer to?

F. The door bell and the telephone. (Knock on the door)

M. There's a knock at the door.

F. I'm not answering that.

M. It might be the postman.

F. The postman always rings twice. (Church bells)

M. I wonder who that is.

F. Well it's not the Rabbi.

M. Could be the Rabbit.

F. It has a familiar ring. (School bell)

M. Frankly...

F. Yes Mascara.

M. You are open to suggestion.

F. Our visitor needs a suggestion.

M. OK, I'll answer it. (Footsteps, door slam, footsteps)

F. Who was it?

M. A couple selling reincarnation.

F. Did you sell them redecoration?  
M. I tried, but they don't believe in it.  
F. I hope they come back as a trompe l'oeil.  
M. You're galloping ahead, ma parole. (Horse galloping)  
F. How far have I gone?  
M. Who knows? Give me a clue. (Bagpipes)  
F. Did you hear that?  
M. That's quite far enough.  
F. We should start to rub down. (Sand paper)  
M. Mais non, we're doing a colour wash.  
F. Does that involve a shower? (Water down plughole)  
M. No, no, no, it's watering down the paint.  
F. Do we do that when the paint is up?  
M. No, we do it beforehand.  
F. Is it an underhand solution?  
M. No, we use emulsion.  
F. Water means less paint.  
M. You are learning fast, quand-meme.  
F. I'm getting there by degrees. (Degree speech)  
M. What degrees?  
F. A BA in action painting.  
M. Learning to throw the can?  
F. No, it's about speed painting.  
M. The thinner the paint, the more solvent we are. (Cash register)  
F. Nothing diluted about your emulsion, Mischief.  
M. This time we'll see a profit.  
F. Maybe he'll come to the door.

M. How will we recognise him?

F. He'll probably wear a carnation.

M. Will he teach flower arrangement?

F. I think you still have far to go. (Star Trek intro)

M. Not me. Do you have vertigo?

F. Where's the ceiling?

M. You'll be fine. Just don't look up. (Spooky music)

F. You've got all the best lines.

M. Is that a compliment?

F. Do you want accompaniment?

M. No, but you might. (Xylophone – my old man etc)

F. I'm not singing to that.

M. It's 'my old man said, follow the van.'

F. Where was he going?

M. He probably went into a cave to sing.

F. My mother went into catering.

M. Was she a dinner lady?

F. No, she met my dad on a lunch date. (Arabic music)

M. Suddenly couscous springs to mind.

F. You have me eating out of your hand.

M. Straight from the horse's mouth. (Horse)

F. What do we do about the Dodo alors?

M. Ignore it; it's extinct.

F. To be truthful, I meant dado.

M. Treat the dado as you would the Dodo.

F. Now you're really getting up steam.

M. Like a resurgent soufflé.

F. It's the gorilla costume that holds me back.

M. It's an overall after all.

F. I've finished the wall. (Fog horn)

M. Then answer the door.

F. We should have installed a lighthouse. (Footsteps, door slam, footsteps)

M. Who was it?

F. It was a prophet.

M. Did he wear a carnation?

F. No he wore a false beard.

M. How did you know he was a prophet?

F. He predicted rain.

M. Is that what he came to tell you?

F. No, he asked if we could paint his ark. (Waves on the beach)

M. Noah. Were you Frank?

F. He thought I was an orang-utan.

M. What did you tell him?

F. I offered to paint his architrave.

M. How did he know we were in the house?

F. He read the signs.

M. Do we get to ride in his ark?

F. No, he only accepts animals.

M. But I'm Moustique, mosquito, remember? (Mosquito)

F. But you're unique, it must be two by two. (Slap)

M. Then it's back into the water.

F. An hour ago it was water that saved us.

M. Maybe it's a storm in a teacup. (Thunder and rain)

F. Perhaps we could film it.

M. Does Noah want it filmed mon ami?

F. Yes, he gave me a script.

M. Is it the script for the film, ca, ce truc?

F. Who knows, we must wait 'til it's finished.

M. What's it called?

F. A shot in the ark. (Gunfire)

M. What's it about?

F. Two orang-utans painting the ark. (Gorilla)

M. Do we act in this film?

F. We do everything.

M. This is Goddard's work.

F. Did you add a rogue syllable there?

M. Are you talking Mouse and Stick again?

F. Have you ever been in a movie? (Action movie)

M. No, I overslept.

F. Will you be awake this time?

M. Mais oui, how do we start?

F. We start tomorrow.

M. Why not today?

F. Tomorrow is my day off.

M. I had a moment of déjà vu just then. (Fireworks)

F. Hardly credible; we only have one gorilla costume.

M. What? You want me to share your gorilla costume?

F. We have to take it in turns to use the camera.

M. And take it in turns to perform a gorilla?

F. Yes. Suddenly I'm giddy.

M. It was you who started the turns.

F. I didn't realise I went so deep. (Splashing)

M. Oulala, the depth of your shallows. (Laughter)

## ACT FOUR; A SHOT IN THE ARK

### *A Ship's Chandlers in Wapping*

(Sounds of the river, followed by gunfire)

F. Take cover in here.

M. Franchement Frank, you should have had me covered.

F. You should not have lost the gorilla costume. (Gorilla)

M. It wasn't me, I was on camera.

F. The gorilla costume is exclusive to the sound man?

M. Mais oui, the fur is on the microphone.

F. Not so loud, this is a covert operation. (Wolf whistle)

M. I thought it was a cover story.

F. Now you've blown our cover.

M. Did you mean couverture?

F. No Miss Tick, I meant clover. (Horse neigh)

M. So you're thinking of retiring already?

F. Our communication is without hope, Mozilla.

M. So Thunderbird, you're calling me Mozilla now eh? (Thunderbirds)

F. Yes, Mozilla Firefox should inspire you to action.

M. You think of me as a web browser?

F. No, I think of you as boat painter.

M. It's an ark and I'm a marine artist. (Dog bark)

F. Was that a bark from the ark?

M. Maybe someone else is making a movie.

F. The ark's too dark to make a movie.

M. And too slippery ma parole.

F. Non-skid paint, that's what we need. (Gunfire and glass shattering)

M. I thought this was a safe oven.

F. There's no such thing as a safe oven.

M. I meant haven. Trust you to eat it raw.

F. We are not catering again are we?

M. No, we are detectives. (Police siren)

F. Some are born detectives and some have detectives thrust...

M. Shh... Think of the dead, we must proceed with caution.

F. OK, who shot the penguin?

M. Frankly, we suspect the camel. (Snake charmer)

F. You're a snake, but who invited the snake charmer?

M. Only the charmer can get the snakes on board.

F. OK, so who shot the camel?

M. To be Frank, the evidence points to the polar bear.

F. You're blowing hot and cold, mon petit français détective. (Maigrette music)

M. Monsieur, I am in charge of this investigation.

F. OK, so, what was the motive?

M. Love and money.

F. Surely, Inspector Cluestique, it's one or the other.

M. No, it was for the love of money. (I want money, that's what I want)

F. Noah suspects illegal ticket sales.

M. Anything for a place on the ark, eh Constable?

F. You do realise I am also working undercover?

M. Does that come before the undercoat or after it?

F. Before everything. I am head of the Yard. (Whistling; Dixon of Dock Green)

M. Sounds like a back street organisation.

F. Nevertheless, you must call me sir. (Mosquito)

M. As in yes sir?

F. Precisely. So, do you know who the culprit is?

M. Yes Sir, Yasar.

F. A single yes sir will suffice, inspector.

M. Not yes sir, Yasar.

F. No, not yes sir, yes sir, just the single yes sir.

M. Yasar is the man's name sir.

F. Oh I see. Is he also working undercover? (Slap)

M. Who knows, he stole the gorilla costume. (Gorilla)

F. To implicate us?

M. Yes sir and Yasar has no alibi.

F. I must congratulate him on his disguise.

M. He hasn't a friend in the world, le pauvre. (Gong)

F. Nor Noah by all accounts and he suspects us.

M. Nor Noah, then it could have been Yasah or Noah.

F. Or Yasah and Noah. (Applause)

M. Did we just finish something?

F. Yasah and Noah, but we didn't start the film yet.

M. Then why not shoot it from here. (Fireworks)

F. The telephoto lens won't reach the ark.

M. With our cover blown it's too dangerous to get closer.

F. We must change our disguise.

M. How about this valet uniform. (Wolf Whistle)

F. Have you seen the mess below decks?

M. OK, but we must work undercover.

F. How about a cagoule and sowester?

M. Is that like the Cagney and Lacy?

F. No, the lacy is bound to stand out. (Spring)

M. So will the *mic* if you wear PVC, mon cher.

F. Don't call me Cher. Can we fix the *mic* to the camera?

M. Yes, but we'll lose surround sound.

F. How about 3D sound imaging? (Machinery)

M. I've never seen sound images.

F. Can you CD LCD screen?

M. The movie in here is different to the real movie. (Rain forest)

F. It's called playback.

M. I don't deserve payback? I've been good.

F. Be a Mosquito and try a close up.

M. Why don't I switch to wide angle?

F. No now Mozilla, you're low on battery. (Heart beat)

M. Frankly you're losing your exposure.

F. Did you mean composure?

M. It's fine with me. Which composer? (Beethoven)

F. Forget it; I'll use the power zoom.

M. That increases the magnification.

F. You have a problem with sharp focus? (Alarm clock)

M. Only when we're doing fade out.

F. Where's the self-timer button?

M. Search me. I've searched the view finder.

F. This film business is very complicated. (Gong)

M. How about a radio programme, tu crois pas?

**Lena.** This week's question time comes from Wapping. (Applause)

F. Any questions? I thought you were the weather woman.

**Lena.** I'm a reader and a host.

M. What kind of ghost ma chérie? (Ghost music)

**Lena.** A ghost writer for a reader.

F. Is that a career?

**Lena.** No, but it's a life.

M. I must make my mark on the ark.

F. Like a shark, having a lark in the dark. (Water splashing)

**Lena.** The first question comes from my second cousin.

**Peter.** *A peach in the Co-op costs 9p and in M & S it costs 30p.*

**Lena.** Thank you. And now over to her second cousin.

**Peter.** *We know your game and where you live.*

M. These questions are too difficult, vraiment.

F. If it was a radio play we could write our own questions.

**Lena.** I could offer my services as a ghost writer. (Thunder)

M. I think you're needed at the Met Office.

F. And we must run for cover.

M. I'm not running anywhere.

F. Is this French resistance? (French national anthem)

M. You could call it insistence.

**Lena.** Did you call for assistance? (Cry in the distance)

F. No. it was a cry in the distance.

**Lena.** I was wrong in this instance.

M. I arrest you on suspicion.

**Lena.** Of what; being a secret agent? (James Bond)

F. Yes, your agency takes hidden commission.

M. Then the charge is false pretences.

**Lena.** But these are my own clothes. (Cash register)

F. But that's Noah's beard. (Running)

M. We'll never catch her wearing cagoules.

F. Complain to the props department.

M. You are the props department.

F. Then you should have checked the weather? (Mainly fair. Moderate or good)

M. Are you saying this was my fault?

F. No, but I'm blaming you anyway.

M. You were mistaken about the weather.

F. If I agreed, we'd both be wrong.

M. When it's four o'clock it's four o'clock. (Big Ben)

F. I'll tell you what occurs to me.

M. Are you hearing voices again?

F. Yes, they advise extreme caution.

M. You're never too old to learn something stupid. (Phone ringing)

F. I can never find my phone when I want it.

M. That was my phone. It was Noah. He's leaving.

F. We have no time to lose, Mozilla.

M. Speak for yourself, Thunderclap. (Thunder)

F. Now do you believe me?

M. Very Impressive. Do it again.

F. You must wait 'til we're in the ark. (Gun shot)

M. A shot in the dark.

F. They've stolen my thunder. (Fog horn)

M. Capture that sound then.

F. Sea mist?

M. No, I can't see a thing. Rien de rien.

F. The ark was definitely here when we left.

(Mystery music)

M. It's a sea-mist mystery.

F. And we've missed the boat.

M. Noah has disappeared without trace.

(Thunder and downpour)

F. A man and his zoo; all lost at sea.

M. We should steal the life boat.

F. We'll never get away with it.

M. Then we'll steal this canoe.

F. And spend the rest of our life rowing?

M. Did you say rowing or rowing?

(Thunder and downpour)

F. I meant paddling.

M. And I meant to get a life.

(Ghost music)

## THE EPILOGUE

(Sound effects from postscript of the previous play)

(Rowing sounds, wind and rain)

F. Back on the ocean waves then.

**Lena.** Variable. Slight or moderate, occasionally rough.

M. Frankly, we must take the rough with the smooth.

F. Not if my name changes with the weather.

**Lena.** Occasionally gales, otherwise variable.

M. You're a moveable feast, ma parole.

F. Aint no cure for the summertime blues.

(Summertime blues)

**Lena.** Cyclonic, otherwise moderate or rough.

M. Good idea, I'll call you Cyclone.

F. The Cyclone Kid sails again.

(The Lone Ranger)

**Lena.** Thundery and then occasionally poor.

M. How many times can you have the same déjà vu?

F. After the first time it's simply life as we know it.

**Lena.** Increasing for a time. Moderate or rough.

M. She's very profound, this weather girl.

F. Kafka's great granddaughter.

(Fireworks)

**Lena.** Increasing for a time. Slight or moderate, but rough.

M. No relation to Gertrude Stein?

F. And no relation to Wittgenstein.

**Lena.** Moderate, occasionally poor.

(Audience booing)

M. She's very critical.

F. Maybe we should row faster.

M. I can't grow any faster.

F. Nothing helps when you're at sea.

**Lena.** Slight or moderate, occasionally rough at first.

M. Look, it's a sea ferry

F. Better send a distress signal. (SOS Morse code)

**Lena.** Did you call for the sea fairy?

M. Yes we're still looking for a life.

F. And a wage packet if that's possible. (cash register)

**Lena.** It's moderate and occasionally poor.

M. Every little helps.

**Lena.** Cyclonic. Occasional gales, with severe gales later. (Gales)

F. No that's too much.

**Lena.** Moderate or rough. Mainly fair.

M. Yes that's fine. Can we go on a world cruise? (Ship's horn)

**Lena.** Occasionally low or high.

F. Oh definitely high. Make it a world tour.

M. First to Algiers and then to the jungle.

**Lena.** Good, occasionally moderate later.

F. I can hear the birds singing. (Bird song)

M. It's the roses growing in Picardy. (Roses in Picardy)

(Ship's horn)