

NUTS AND CRACKERS

OR

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

BY E W RHODES

MAY 1943

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However, it has been scanned and reproduced here in a form which is the best available.

Nuts and Crackers

or

Midsummer Madness.

by E.W. Rhodes

May 1943.

CHARACTERS

PROPS.

John Strong
Ben.
Voice
Gordon
Beacham
Pistol
Mrs Mop
Caretaker
Hlewella
Ramsbottom
Spring
Winter
Hoad
Hoad
Lickbottom
Snow
Fidness
Winterbottom
Jack Hobbs
Madame Valentine
Pumpkin
Claude.
Ceil.

2 iron
matches

gown
telephone

6 heave
gas mask

Tin Hat

Whistle

Money-bag

Mop.

large cup and saucer

1 large stuffed bag

Cricket ball and bat

Half crown.

cushion

Note

Boke.

3 stuffed bags

Jack shop decorations

glasses and

Bottle

ladder

Combs

Torch

Sword.

Mop



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NUTS AND CRACKERS.
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OR
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MIDSUMMER MADNESS.
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SCENE: The Head's Room, Chestnut Academy,

TIME: Just about now.

+++++
CHARACTERS (IN ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE).
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John Strong	E.W.Rhodes.
Ben Gunn	Gibbs J.H.
Voice on Phone	Blankfield M.
Gordon	Ascher M.C.
Beacham	Coumbe J.N.
Pistol	Waters R.W.
Lovely Lizzie	Wilson A.H.B.
Caretaker	Mr.Johnson
Llewellyn	Williams I.
Pumpelkin	Brown E.
Jack Hobbs	Hobbs J.
Winter	Archer R.G.
Hoare	Wilcox A.W.
Frost	Jackson G.D.
Ramsbottom	Mildred G.F.
Winterbottom	Sandon P.T.S.
Snow	Chilton J.R.
Furness	Geary R.H.J.
Spring	Smith N.J.
Mlle.Valentine	Blankfield M.
Sissle	Wayman J.
Claude	Geary R.H.J.

and CHORUS from IIA.

CURTAINS:	Chadderton W.F.
PROMPTER:	Girling F.W.

SCENE I.

John Strong & Ben Gunn. (are ironing) They sing:
 (together) Yo-o heave ho (John Strong) Done a sleeve ho
 Press the front and let the back go!
 Yo-o heave ho Yo-o heave ho
 Ironing so and so and so
 Ironing fast and ironing slow

(Strong) Chinese Laundry.....

Ben: Say, boss, somep'n terrible's happened!

Strong: Dont tell me the iron's entered your soul!

Ben: No, boss, I haven't finished the black-out and there's no curtain!

Strong: Well! I'll eat my black beret. Or is it my mortar-board I'm ironing?

Ben: No, boss, your gown.

Strong: That's an idea. The Headmaster's gown. (picking up gown from table) Hang this up! (coming to front and standing on chair) This will stop the gap. It's always been in holes anyway.

Ben: Yes, boss.

Strong: We'll be having a complaint from Gordon the Warden and then we'll have to beg his pordon. (Strong holds up the gown and Ben walks in front striking a match)

Ben: The centre's secure, boss. (blows out match) But it's this persistent penumbra round the periphery that's perplexing!

Strong: (coughs) Quite. Quite. (telephone rings. Strong drops gown on Ben's head and shoulders and goes to phone. Ben wraps gown round himself and sits on chair.)

(at the phone) Yes.....Oh, no. Not at all! No, sir, we have no Brazils or Barcelonas. No cob-nuts or common or garden conkers.....No, sir, this is Chestnut Academy; Chestnut Academy....Plenty of young monkeys but no nuts..... We have a nice line in Kilburn Brights and Polytechnic coke.What's that? Oh, thanks galore. And nuts to you, sir. (putting down receiver) That was sweet Colonel Crackem coming out of his shell. He lives with Aunt Sally down Cocoonut Alley. (Ben comes out of his shroud. The phone rings.) Well. Tickle my telephone wires. (lifting receiver)....Yes.. The headmaster of Chestnut Academy. The new headmaster.What's that? I've taken yor place? Pon my soul! I haven't been to the fishmongers this morning..... ...Oh, I'm a butcher, am I?...Who would want to bone this joint anyway? It's one of the worst dumps I've ever been down in.....I know, I know, I know.....What?...You wont take "no" for an answer? "You're coming round? I thought you sounded faint. (putting down receiver) That was Doctor Beacham peddling pink pills for pale puppls. Gee. Boss. He's coming for the dough and we've only got a few bucks.

Ben: Gee. Boss. He's coming for the dough and we've only got a few bucks.

Strong: Never mind, Ben my boy, we'll raise the wind somehow. (They both pace the floor. The phone rings. Ben lifts the receiver)

Voice:

Scene I. (continued)

Voice: nopokoratoksu shnitch chirahki iozokluvem shnitch neveropska
at

iah shnitch shnitch ahdonowitch astobol shnitch chessmen
pratsovniki shnitch an once again a shnitch niomina sloshki

Strong: What did he say, Benny?

Ben: I think he said, boss, "A shnitch in time gathers no moss."

Strong: Oh, no. I've got it. That was Shnitch Teenytich, the Big Fat
Czech, saying "by jingo" in his own lingo.

Ben: Gee. Boss. We've got somep'n there. (picking up sheet of paper)

Strong: What's that, Benny Boy?

Ben: (putting paper in front of Strong who sits down at table)
What you said, boss, a big fat cheque! (Exit Ben back right)

Strong: (writing and using stamp) That's right, and to be on the safe
side I'll make out cheque and counter-check

Strong: That's right and to be on the safe side, I'll make out a cheque and counter-check.

SCENE II.

(Gordon back left)

Strong: Here's your cheque mate. (sings) Chessmate of mine.

Gordon: But I do not want your cheek. (taking cheque and tearing it up)

Strong: Well, I'll take a ticket to Morden, if it isn't Gordon the Warden.

(sings) I know what you've come for dear Gordon the Warden,
I know what you've come for, dear Gordon, come for.

(they sing together) S. There's a hole in my black-out, dear Gordon the W.

G. There's a hole in your black-out, and bats in your belfry.

S. There's a hole in in my black-out, dear Gordon, a hole.

G. There's a hole in your black-out out, Headmaster, a hole.

Gordon: You shall bulk your windows better.

Strong: Oh. You mean "block" b-l-o-c-k, block.

Gordon: No. No. No. I mean b-l-a-c-k, "white"

Strong: Quite. Quite. (after a pause) What?

Gordon: Your panes give me an "atch"

Strong: Oh. You mean my panes give you an ache. A-c-h-e, ache.

Gordon: That's right. A-c-h-e. "atch" (exit back left)

Strong: I don't like that man. He's atching something. I believe he has dark designs on my windows. I'm feeling browned off anyway with all this black-out. I'm certainly in a brown study. I must think out some purple passages. (a knock)

That must be Pink Pills after his pound of flesh.

SCENE III.

(Enter Tom Beacham back right)

Beacham: Good evening.

Strong: Good gracious.

Beacham: I'm Beacham. I said Beacham.

Strong: I'm Strong. I said weak.

Beacham: Any diplomas or degrees? I said, degrees.

Strong: I'll have half-a-dozen, I said six.

Beacham: I mean, have you any already, I said already.

Strong: Let me see. I've three. P.D. D.T. RSVP.

Beacham: Ah! Three degrees of frost. I said, frost.

Strong: All right. You win. I said, lost.

Beacham: And now to business. I said, business. I want my money. You promised me five pounds, I said a thousand; provided I would let you take over Chestnut Academy, I said, asylum.

Strong: Keep calm, your Nibs. You'll get the dubs. Open the kitty Sam.

(Enter Sam Pistol, front left, propelled, with a bang) Enter Pistol with a bang.

Pistol: All hail. Great master, grave sir, hail

Strong: Not all hail, surely. Some sleet and snow. And a White Christmas to you, my turkey-cock.

Pistol: I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fight,
To parry, thrust, assail, to cut
Some wretches gizzards to thy strong bidding task
Pistol and all his pellets.

Strong: You son of a gun.

SCENE III (continued)

Pistol: Through all the vasty fields of France Pistol has ranged
Like a just, avenging angel: receiving from all
Egregious ransom. Here, master, is a thousand crowns.

Strong: (taking the bag of crowns) And I thought there was only one
Crown in Cricklewood. (aside) I'll get it back out of School
Fees. (handing the crowns to Beacham) (to Beacham) And now, sir,
sign here please, or make a blot on the spotted line.
(Beacham goes behind table) (enter Lovely Lizzie front right)

Lizzie: Can I do you now, sir?

Strong: Oh, no. Not now. I'm busy, Lizzie. Some other time.

Lizzie: If not you, sir, then him. (Hits Beacham on head with broom: he
falls forward on the table)

Beacham: (slowly recovering) Where shall I go with all this dough?

Strong: Go to Utah on your scooter.

Pistol: See Tobruk in a truck.

Lizzie: Chase Rommel on a camel.

Pistol: Bo-Peep in a jeep.

Strong: And now the curtain Sir Montague Burton.

SCENE IV.

Strong(snores in bed: wakes and says sleepily) Six o'clock. Get out the right side of the bed. Take the prefects a cup of tea. No. Too early to get up. Go back to bed and sleep on the left side.
(enter caretaker in gum-boots and cap) (Strong sits up) Ah! There's your cup of tea.(drinks) I thought you'd like it.

Caretaker: Velly tasty. Velly sweet. Yes? No? I come back. (exit)

Strong: Now I must think out the programme for the day. Seven o'clock. Fire-watch at an end. That means my watch has stopped. Send a boy to look at the Jubilee Clock.(Ramsbottom slowly crosses stage from back right to left frnt and exit) No. That's no good. Send a boy to see Big Ben's clock.(Spring slowly crosses stage from back left to front right.) No. That's no good either. Send a boy to look at Maria Grey's clock. (Winter, Hoare, Frost, Sidebotham, Snow, Furness and Winterbottom enter at various places and all exit back right) I must see Maria Grey sometime myself. Twenty to one she's wrong.Meantime, work out the Paddington mean timeSeven-thirty - Find out where the Staff room is and the nearest local...library. (enter Llewellyn)

Llewellyn: The Staff-room of which you speak is exiguous, the passages that lead to it are as tortuous as the Wye between Simond's Yat and Monmouth, and were it not for the Staff, which is indispensable, the Staff-room, look you, would be superfluous.

Strong: Well, if it isn't Tony Pandy from Harlech, who made Pistol eat garlic

Llewellyn: I am fully cognisant of the Welsh Marches, but I do assure you, I am not the Men of Harlech. My name is Llewellyn. I am the English master. And I have not come all the way from Welsh Wales to be laughed at. Why, man, I do bestride the narrow world like a Colossus. One foot in Swansea and one in Paddington, I am determined, so I am, to keep the Welsh corridor open for the Welsh milk to flow without let or hindrance, from the Welsh Hills to the Welsh Harp and the dairies of Paddington. It is my unshakable resolve to plant leeks on the School field and makes the boys eat them, and moreover like them. In that way their breath will be purified and with it their accent.

(enter Pumpelkin with large bag) Pump. Ach! Guten Morgen, mein Herr.

Strong: Ah! Guten Morgen, mein rabbit.

Llewellyn: My friend is no rodent but a gentleman. This is Herr Pumpelkin the German master.

Strong: Well. Conjugate my irregular verbs! Glad to meet you Pumpnickel. What have you there? A bag full of bombs?

Pumpelkin: Ach! Nein! There was better ways than bombs to blow your dump sky high. Nein! I was also the music master and this was the music lesson.

Enter Choir. Song.

SCENE V.

(Enter Jack Hobbs) ~~left~~

Strong: Is this a member of Staff?

Hobbs: Please sir, I'm Jack Hobbs.

Strong: I suppose you've been batting on Willesden Green. Did you carry out your bat?

Hobbs: No, sir! Carried it in.

Strong: Indoor cricket! Well, we've got cabbages growing on the cricket table but you might try a little cricket on the hearth.

Hobbs: Please sir, the Late Prefect sent me.

Strong: Oh the Late Prefect sent you, did he? Detention Tuesday and Friday.

Hobbs: No, sir. Please, sir. I do come late once in a while, but to-day I'm too early. The early train was late, and I caught it at Sudbury for Wembley.

Strong: Sudbury for Wembley? What heresy is this? You mean Wembley for Sudbury. (sings)

It's Wembley for Sudbury, not Sudbury for Wembley.

Choir: You are a dud-bury!

Strong: Pray don't sling mud-bury.

Choir: It's Kilburn and Brondesbury: Bournville and Cadbury

Strong and choir: But Wembley for Sudbury, yes, Wembley for Sudbury.

That's all the tune we know: switch off the radio.

If we can't stop it, we'll have to drop it.

Prestoprestissimo, motion in perpetuo

No one can stop it Strong: Why don't you hop it.

Strong: Well. It's a pity to break off that ditty. A witty ditty, ~~it's~~ *pretty!*
Now Jack, we'll settle your score. Pay me half-a-crown and we'll let you off late detention.

Hobbs: I'm sure I thank you very much, Sir. Good bye, sir. (aside) You old so-and-so!

SCENE VI.

Strong: Well now - we'll have a history lesson. But, first, I'll call the roll. (Each boy rises in turn, calls out his name and then sits down:-) Winter! sir. Hoare! Frost! Ramsbottom! Sidebottom! Winterbottom! Snow!

Strong: Yes, but who's that standing between Winterbottom and Snow?
The boys: Furness, sir.

Strong: Furness? Oh! We can't have that! It's all right for Winterbottom, but we can't have Furness next to Snow. We might have an accident. (Boys laugh) Go stand at the back! (Furness weeps) Well, then, come and sit on my knee! (Furness comes forward still weeping)

Furness: P-p-please, sir, I can't sit down.

Strong: Oh! but I've got such a lovely knee! (Boys laugh)

Furness: No, sir, please, sir! My mother wrote a note, sir (handing a note)

Strong: (opens the note and reads) "Dear Doctor Beacham"- (aside) This is meant for my predecessor. (reads) What's this? "My husband has to spend every evening at the local on account of (repeating) on account of... a bruise on my son's... (coughs) (Boys laugh) Will you please investigate the seat of the trouble and oblige ever yours Fanny Furness (Boys laugh) Well-now, this bruise. Do you think you could lower your dignity and show me it. (Boys laugh)

Furness: (shocked) Oh! no! not here, sir!

Strong: What happened? Did some one push you in the playground?

Furness: No! sir. In the pants. (Boys laugh)

Strong: So then you fell back on your own jurisdiction? (Boys laugh)

Furness: Oh, no! sir. Doctor Beacham whacked me with a gym-shoe below the Plimsoll line.

Strong: Did he? the brute!

Furness: And please, sir, there's only one chair I can sit down on, and that's father's. That's why he goes to the Velvet Cushion every night.

Strong: I say! I must speak to the Staff about this! We can't have husbands driven from home like this!

SCENE VII.

Strong: Well! there's not much time left for history! (Boys cheer) So we'll have a geography lesson instead! (Boys jeer) Now where were we? In the Alps, weren't we? climbing the Jungfrau! Well it doesn't Matterhorn.

Ramsbottom: Please, sir, the mountains of Germany! The Iron Chain and its foothills, or I've got spurs that jingle jangle jingle (boys laugh)

Strong: No, that's not quite right. (Winterbottom raises his hand) Well, Winterbottom?

Winterbottom: Please, sir, "Goering and his Parachute" or "Ups and Downs in the Luftwaffe" (boys laugh)

Strong: Yes, that's right! Now.... "ups and downs" (coughs to conceal the transition) Epsom Downs... what does that remind you of?

Ramsbottom: (tentatively) Medicine! (the other boys laugh)

Strong: No. Now come, come! Can't you think?... Come, there's only one Derby

SCENE VII (continued)

Ramsbottom: (eagerly) Do you mean the Derby, sir?

Winterbottom: Oh! sir! Do you know a good thing for the three-o'clock?

Ramsbottom: (coming forward followed by Snow and Winterbottom) What's the favourite for the Cross Country stakes?

Ramsbottom: Is "Pay Off" any good?

Spring: Kilburn Queen's a beauty isn't she?

Snow: The Grand National's the best race!

Furness: Don't tell us you've backed Bobtail!

Strong: Now, hold your horses, boys! hold your horses! Go back to your stalls! (the boys comply) And I'll tell you about yesterday's race!

Ramsbottom: Oh! goody! goody!

Spring: I like geography!

Snow: This is going to be good.

Furness: Fine! Mighty fine!

Strong: Well, now, they're lining up at the start. Steady! Steady! They're ready!

The boys: They're off!

Strong: No! no! not yet! Now they're ready. They're off!

The boys: Hurray!

Strong: I go back to the Pavilion and in the meantime they've raced up the Aylstone straight and rounded Milverton Bend passing the Allotment Gate. Now I see... Yes! No! Yes! (the boys react to what Strong says) It's a Short Head coming round Cabbage Corner making for the Pavilion Rails.

Snow: It sounds like a knight on a chess-board. Was there a horse attached to the head?

Strong: Of course the field was full of horses.

Snow: Had the horse legs?

Strong: Why! It had the legs of the whole field!

Snow: Phew! It must have been a centipede! (boys laugh) Who won the race, sr

Strong: Quite correct. Hoo won the race!

The boys: How do we know?

Strong: Hoo was riding A Short Head, and he was the winner.

Snow: What won the race?

Strong: No! not Watt! Watt was riding My Fancy, He came second. Hoo rode A Short Head in front.

Snow: What was up?

Strong: Naturally, Watt was up. Watt was riding My Fancy. Then came Bobtail third. Behind Watt was Bobtail!

Snow: Your fancy's tail of course!

Strong: No, it wasn't your fancy and it wasn't his tail. The second horse was My Fancy and Bobtail was a horse. He came third!

Snow: How did they finish anyway?

Ramsbottom: My Fancy was beaten by a Short Head of course!

Snow: But who won the race? Ramsb: Quite right. Hoo won it by a short head from Watt.

Snow: What Watt? (The class bursts into fits of laughter)

SCENE VIII

Ben: Say, boss! remember the Arsenal!
 Strong: Dont tell me they've packed their London Combinations.
 Ben: No! boss!
 Strong: Dont tell me they're at the bottom of the League then.
 Ben: No! boss! at the top of the hill!
 Pistol: The busy arsenal that crowns yon bosky hill! Where Vulcan plies
 His blasted furnaces and with bloody flames and hammer blows
 Forges the weapons of Lethe. Situate as we are perilously o
 Beneath the smoky crater: who knows when from the mighty smithy
 White belching fire may not consume us utterly.
 Strong: Well darn my hose-pipes!
 Ben: That's right, boss, we must have a fire-drill!
 Strong: It is rather cold! We'll have a fire first and then some drill.
 Meanwhile we must think of dinner. Go down to the High Road
 Benny boy and order a case of combustible Cambridge convivialities
 or corresponding culinary concoctional concatenations with the
 customary concomitants.
 Ben: Yes, boss, "customer's compliments"
 Strong: Now, for the first sitting! — There'll be a hatch of course.
 Ben: Yes! boss!
 Strong: Well, hatch a few duck-eggs for the first sitting.
 Ben: Yes, boss.
 Strong: Get some hard-boiled chickens for the second sitting and then
 we can have some hard-boiled eggs. Then for the third sitting we'll
 have rabbit. Now eating rabbit is an arduous anatomical exercise
 for adolescents. We mustn't be too hard on the boys! Serve cosy
 cushions with the rabbits.
 Ben: But, suppose thy dont like rabbit, boss. *Toy with a rifle!*
 Strong: Then let them wrestle with a rissole. Put out the cheese Sam
 let them have a Cheddar Gorge.

SCENE IX.

Llewelyn: (to Pistol) What ho! thou saucy knave!
 Pistol: What ho! thou overweening coxcomb! (flourishing his sword) Have
 at thee thou wild and woolly mountain sheep from Wales!
 Llewelyn: Did I not chastise thee last December in this very place? and
 now you come with y our loud-mouthed boastings. Go in the
 yard, dog, and eat coke!
 Strong: Come back-stage, boys, old Pistol is going to stage a come-back.
 Pistol: I go, I come back.
 Strong: On my left battling Llewelyn. On my right Pug Pistol. (they spar
 without touching one another) Two to one on Llewelyn! (they spar
 again without touching one another) Odds are even! (they spar
 again and as a result they both sit down) End of the first sitting
 And now we'll call it a day! Shake hands my hearties!
 Pistol: Not until first Llewelyn has eaten of this Poly coke
 A hard and crusty morsel picked at random from the pile
 Eat! Or I'll belabour thee yet again. (Llewelyn eats)
 Lizzie: Can I do you now, sir? Strong: Oh! no! not now! I'm busy, Lizzie!
 Some other time!
 Lizzie: If not you, sir, then him! (administers coup de grace to Llewelyn)
 To eat a leek's no harmless freak; so much this fight has surely
 taught us.
 Though Llewelyn now should choke with coke, 'tis pouring oil on
 troubled waters.

SCENE X.

Llewellyn at the tuck-shop table. He is busy with accounts and only occasionally looks up. Enter Snow and Ramsbottom, back right
Snow: (to Ramsbottom) Good morning! Nice day!

Ramsbottom: Good morning! It would be a nice day if we had some bananas, biscuits, bull's eyes, bath buns, butter nuts and black puddings. (to Llewellyn) Have you any bananas, biscuits, bull's eyes, bath buns, butter nuts or black puddings?

(Llewellyn shakes his head.)

Snow: No? Quite a calamity! What? Well! it's been a nice day! Good morning!

(Enter Winterbottom and Furness) front left)

Snow and Ramsbottom (together): I'll call again! Do! (Both exeunt back right.)

Furness (to Winterbottom) Good morning! Nice day!

Winterbottom: Good morning! It would be nice if we had some caramels, coffee creams, cocoanut ice, candytufts and crimson chrysanthemums. (to Llewellyn) Have you any caramels, coffee creams, cocoanut ice, candytufts and crimson chrysanthemums?

(Llewellyn shakes his head.)

Furness: No? Quite a calamity! What? Well! it's been a nice day! Good morning!

(Enter John Strong and Frost back right)

Furness and Winterbottom (together): I'll call again! Do! (Both exeunt front left)

Frost (to Strong) Good morning! Nice day!

Llewellyn (without looking up) It would be nice if we had some pronouns, pluperfects and precise paraphrases with pithy paragraphs in parenthesis. But we haven't. So take that! (throwing a bag of flour) And that! (throwing more flour) And that!

Strong: Stop!

Frost: Semi-colon!

Strong: And dash! (Frost runs off back right) Now pack your bag

Llewellyn, you're sacked!

SCENE XI.

John Strong is seated at the left side of a table on which there are three or four bottles and two glasses)(Enter Mlle Valentine)L

Mlle.Valentine: Bonjour,monsieur le proviseur.
 Strong: Bonjour,Mam'selle Flanelette.
 Mlle Valentine: C'est bien vous le proviseur?
 Strong: Ah,oui,mademoiselle,c'est la meme chose!
 Mlle Valentine(sitting on the table at which Strong is seated) Et moi, je suis Mademoiselle Valentine,votre nouvelle maitresse
 Strong: Ah oui, mademoiselle,c'est la meme chose!
 Mlle Valentine: Je vais apprendre a vos elèves a parler francais.
 Strong: Ah oui, mademoiselle,c'est la meme chose.
 Mlle.Valentine: Mais d'abord vous allez me dire comment on appelle "la bouche" en anglais.
 Strong: "La bouche"?
 Mlle.Valentine(pointing to her mouth) Oui,"la bouche"
 Strong: Oh'you mean the"mouth"
 Mlle.Valentine(repeating)"Ze mouse " - et"le menton"?
 Strong: The "rum-tum"? (pointing) This is the "rum-tum"!
 Mlle.Valentine: Non,non,"le menton."(pointing)
 Strong: Oh!you mean "the chin".
 Mademoiselle Valentine:(repeating) Ze tchine! Voyons! ze mouse,ze tchin - et maintenant, "les petons"
 Strong: Les petons?
 Mlle.Valentine: Mais oui,les petons(pointing to her toes)
 Strong: Oh' you mean: tootsy wootsies.
 Mlle.Valentine : C'est drole,ca! ze tousi-outsises.Voila! ze ma-ousse, ze tchine,zetousi-ou-outaises. Oh!c'est rigolo!
 Strong: Did you meet Toto in Bordeau?
 Mlle.Valentine: Du Bordeaux? Je veux bien!Strong pours,they drink)
 A Bordeaux j'ai une petite maison a la campagne.
 Strong: Champagne? Pardon!C'est napoo! But we have a petit vin blanc de Montrouge!
 Mlle.Valentine: Moi,je prefere un petit vin rouge de Mont Blanc.(Strong pours,they drink) Mais ca m'est egal!
 Strong: A bas Laval.
 Mlle.Valentine: Je l'avale.(drinks and holds out her glass for more.
 Strong:(pouring out wine) Ce n'est pas mal!
 Mlle.Valentine: How do you say? Eet eez top-ole.Through the port-ole
 Strong: With all dispatch! Down the 'atch. (they drink)
 Mlle Valentine: Voila une heure que j'attends a la porte!
 Strong: Port? I dont mind if I do! (Strong pours)
 Mlle.Valentine: A toi!
 Strong: A moi!
 Mlle.Valentine: Quelle delicatesses!
 Strong: Toujours la polytechnic!
 Mlle.Valentine: Voila une heure que j'attends en vain!
 Strong: Un vin! (he pours) ce n'est rien'.
 Mlle Valentine: Tiens! C'est du bien! *C'est fait de bien*
 Strong: You'll have me tipsy,you little gipsy! and then I'll sing,and if I sing, Ah!si je chante:ce sera "Valentine" (sings)

SCENE XI.

(Enter from left front Sissle and Claude and from right front Strong and Ben.)

Sissle: After you, Claude!

Claude: No! After you, Sissle! (They bring in ladder and container.)

Sissle: We're from the A.R.P. Mr. Ponsonby.

Claude: We've come to clean the ~~air-raid~~ siren Lord Byron.

Strong: What? Sally the Siren? Why! I love her as my daughter, Tod Slaught-
-ter.

Ben: Oh yes! boss! We can't have an air-raid if there's no siren.

Strong: All right, make it snappy, Morose and Happy.

Sissle: We'll give her the works, Mr. Perks.

(Claude and Sissle pass along front of stage and exeunt right. Ben follow them)

Strong: I hope they'll deal gently with the maiden!

(Enter Beacham back right)

Beacham: I ~~say~~! your black-out's a knock-out, I said, wash-out. And when I say wash-out, I mean wash-out.

Strong: Then, why do you say knock-out? By the way, I thought you went for a ride round Port Said.

Beacham: As a matter of fact, I was flying to Cairo in my auto-giro.

I was flying over Chestnut Academy, when I saw morse signals,

I said semaphore, flashing from the port-holes, I said windows.

I mean roof-windows. (The alert sounds) Strong: There goes Sally!

(Enter Ben.) sounding the réveillée!

Ben: I say, boss, something terrible's happened! We caught Gordon and Pumpelkin signalling to the enemy.

(Enter Gordon and Pumpelkin being driven by Sam Pistol)

Pumpelkin: (to Sam) Oh! no! it was only a joke.

Gordon: (to Strong) We was only tiring out the black-out'.

Ben: Spies, boss! That's what they are. Spies!

Beacham: Enemy agents, that's what they are! So you're John Strong of the Secret Service, that's why you took over the Academy: to catch these agents. I see it all, I said everything. (enter L)

Strong: Yes! and thanks to my two henchmen, Pistol and Gunn Lizzie left we've caught them at last. Our work is done

Lizzie: Can I do you now, sir?

Strong: Well, perhaps now, Lizzie. (Lizzie administers a blow to Strong who falls in the arms of Pistol and Ben.)

Curtain.