



**ORDER! ORDER!**

**By  
Garry Bailey**

**A SMITHS SCRIPT**

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# Order! Order!

A Farce  
By  
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EXTRACT

## ACT ONE

*(The scene is the Speaker's private office in the House of Commons. The decor is oak panelled and is dominated by a large oak door upstage centre. Upstage left of the door is a large stained glass window. To the left of the door is a large portrait of a former speaker of the house in wig and gold braid gown. It is somewhat caricatured in design. There are two oak doors stage left and right. Upstage left leads to the Speaker's bedroom and downstage left to a shower room. Up stage right leads off to the chamber of the House of Commons and downstage right is into another office.)*

*On stage there is a three piece chesterfield suite downstage left, in front of which is an ornate coffee table. Downstage right is the Speaker's desk on which sits a telephone, a desk lamp and some files and papers. Behind the desk is a wing backed leather chair. Under the stained glass window is an occasional table on which sits a wooden wig stand two red despatch boxes. Another table sits behind the chesterfield on which sits a decanter of port, a bottle of whiskey and of sherry with assorted glasses.*

*As the tabs open, from upstage right Hubert Golightly MP. Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Speaker enters, from off stage we hear the jeering of MP's in session. Suddenly from off stage we hear the voice of the Speaker the Rt. Hon Sir Freddy Horrocks MP.)*

Sir Freddy: Order! Order! *(The jeering subsides.)* The Foreign Secretary, Sir William Mainwaring-Brown.

*(More jeers.)*

*(Hubert closes the door and crosses to the desk picks up the receiver and begins to dial.)*

Hubert: Oh come on, come on answer your phone will you... *(From the main entrance at centre stage, The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Lt. General Sir Desmond Rampant VC DSO and Bar enters.)* You idiot, you cretin, you absolute moron ... You steaming great pile of shi...

Black Rod: I beg your pardon?

Hubert: *(Turning around.)* Oh I didn't mean you, Black Rod. I'm ever so sorry Sir Desmond. *(He puts the phone down.)* Is there any sign of him?

Black Rod: Not a dicky bird I'm afraid not Golightly.

Hubert: The leader of the House is doing her nut. He's been asked to move the motion for the State Opening tomorrow and it's almost as though he's vanished into thin air.

Black Rod: *(eyeing up the gin and tonic on the drinks table.)* It doesn't surprise me in the slightest. Are you sure he's back in the country?

Hubert: Most definitely, he was seen coming through customs at Heathrow. How is it he gets all the good jobs? I mean he's just been on this so-called fact-finding mission to Bangkok.

Black Rod: Bangkok hmm. Bang-Kok, eh?

Hubert: And I know what facts he's been finding out, don't you worry.

Black Rod: Perhaps he forgot!

Hubert: Forgot what?

Black Rod: *(With a vacant air)* I haven't the foggiest. You did message him, didn't you?

Hubert: I've text and emailed repeatedly, dammit I even got messages in the diplomatic bag.

Black Rod: And what did you say?

Hubert: I told him that once he'd landed her was to come straight to the house and not get held up with some strumpet.

Black Rod: It wouldn't surprise me if he's got held up with some strum... I say do you mind if I? *(Without waiting for the reply, Black Rod helps himself to a large G&T)*

Hubert: *(Sarcastically)* Oh no, help yourself. Oh I see you already have. *(Watching him pour the gin)* I say, steady on.

Black Rod: What are you worried about you don't pay for it? It's all free.

Hubert: We do have to pay for it.

Black Rod: Yes, but you can claim it all back. Here's mud up your whatsit.

Hubert: And up yours too. Typical isn't it. We've got protesters baying for our blood at the front gate, The Queen is opening parliament tomorrow, I've got the 21<sup>st</sup> Century's answer to Giacomo Casanova out on the loose in the Metropolis doing goodness knows what to goodness knows who and goodness knows where. And to top it off we've got you know who coming to do you know what as well.

Black Rod: Golightly that makes absolutely no sense whatsoever.

Hubert: (*Taking it as a compliment*) Oh thank you very much.

Black Rod: It wasn't meant as a compliment. Who is coming here to do what?

Hubert: (*Sotto Voce*) The auditor.

Black Rod: Oh dear that could be a tricky one for you chaps.

Hubert: You're telling me. It was alright in the old days, you could claim for everything. Just try and claim for an Onion Bhaji, a three pack of lightbulbs and a new Pidgeon loft and see where it gets you. Mr. Speaker is like a cat on hot coals about it. He breaks out into a sweat every time someone mentions expenses.

Black Rod: Poor old Freddy. Mathematics was never his strong point.

Hubert: To be fair Sir Freddy is at a disadvantage he did study classics at Oxford.

Black Rod: He should pass it on to the Clerk of the Fee's office, after all that's what she's there for.

Hubert: I think the Clerk of the Fee's office is at an even bigger disadvantage, she studied economics. I don't think he minds so much for himself. He says it's the integrity of parliament he's more concerned with.

Black Rod: I see, nothing to do with Harrods bill Lady Horrocks runs up each month then?

Hubert: My lips are sealed. (*Gives him a knowing look.*) Oh where the hell is he?

Black Rod: I can't even begin to fathom out how on earth Roddy Gangoolie managed to bag himself the Under-secretary's job at the foreign office?

Hubert: Oh that's easy, he's a duplicitous little bastard who's lied, cheated and greased his way up the slippery pole, he's determined to get to the top. And he'll get there too.

Black Rod: Sound like his over qualified to me.

Hubert: Why is this all happening tonight?

Black Rod: Something to do with the fates I should imagine. (*Hubert nods*) The fates or the Germans, (*he thinks*) or the French, or most of Europe come to that. Mark my words, young Golightly. If there is any trouble brewing you can bet your last farthing there is a European behind it.

Hubert: But we're all part of Europe now. Well we were.

Black Rod: Were what?

Hubert: Part of Europe.

Black Rod: When did that happen?

Hubert: 1975.

Black Rod: You know, now you mention it I do recall Ted Heath banging on about joining some market, I thought he was going to open a Whelk stall down at Camden. Anyway you know what they say.

Hubert: No?

Black Rod: Funny that, neither do I. Ah no, now wait a minute, that's it, a week is a long time in politics.

Hubert: The last two hours have been long enough.

Black Rod: No, no, I'm sure it's a week.

Hubert: I mean, oh well never mind.

Black Rod: I say, do you want me to send the Sergeant-at-Arms to do a reccie of all the Lap-dancing clubs, massage parlours, strip joints and brothels between here and Soho? He'd quite enjoy that.

Hubert: No, I'll give him another couple of minutes and then I'll (*The telephone rings. He picks it up.*) Where the bloody hell are you! The Leader is incandescent with rage; you're supposed to be here to.... (*His manner immediately changes.*) Oh I do beg your pardon Inspector. Yes, yes of course I'll tell Mr. Speaker. They're what? ... Well can't you do something to stop them? .... Good grief, I haven't got the authority to do...

Black Rod: (*Looking at the gin bottle and his now empty glass*) I say, do you mind?

Hubert: Yes, go on, go on..... *(Into the phone)* No, no...Not *(his voice peters out.)* You. *(He puts the phone down.)*

Black Rod: I say old boy are you alright, you look positively ashen.

Hubert: *(Shell shocked)* I've just authorised the Metropolitan Police force to bring in a SWAT team to shoot down the protesters who have now chained themselves to the Elizabeth tower.

Black Rod: Oh well jolly good, you've saved me a job.

Hubert: Excuse me Black Rod, but do you realise that this could jeopardise all the security arrangements for tomorrow's State Opening of Parliament.

Black Rod: Oh I shouldn't worry about that if I were you Hubert. Tradition demands that I send the Yeoman of the Guard around for a quick shuffy about tomorrow morning and all will be fine I'm sure. Never had a problem before, except for some chap called Fawkes and that was years ago. Anyway knowing the old girl as I do, you may rest assured that nothing that will faze HMQ.

Hubert: *(aghast)* Do you actually live on this planet?

Black Rod: Oh good lord no. No, no it's Esher I think. Yes it's definitely Esher. Or somewhere like that.

Hubert: I'm glad we've got that sorted out.

Black Rod: Who's protesting this time; Not the "legalise cannabis league" again? Do you remember last time, they got into a frightful stew about the police raiding their garden shed. I don't know what a lot of fuss over a few pot plants.

Hubert: No it's not them, nor is it the society for disaffected circus clowns.

Black Rod: Clowns?

Hubert: Yes clowns, you know the sort; funny costumes, red noses and big feet *(He looks down at Black Rod's feet)* In fact you could be....forget it.

Black Rod: What were they protesting about?

Hubert: They said they could do a better job than the clowns in here!

Black Rod: My god. I don't believe it, I mean I've served this house as Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod for the past fourteen years and finally there has been a protest that actually has some credence. So who is protesting this time?

Hubert: It's CRAP

Black Rod: I don't doubt that one little bit. But what organisation has chained itself to the ramparts.

Hubert: CRAP.

Black Rod: So you keep saying.

Hubert: CRAP. C.R.A.P. The Criminal Rights Action Party. It's all about that Bates man.

Black Rod: Bates? Bates? Never heard of him.

Hubert: Bates was the fellow who got sent down for eighteen years for GBH. CRAP have always protested he got far too long and that he should have been let out by now.

Black Rod: And that's what they're protesting about?

Hubert: Yes.

Black Rod: So it's these fellows who have chained themselves to the tower?

Hubert: Yes!

Black Rod: *(Mulling it over)* Hmm. CRAP. Sounds like they're talking out of their arse to me.

Hubert: *(aside)* Not the only ones. And I've just given the order that the Police can shoot them down. I need to tell Mr. Speaker. Do you think you think you could talk to the police?

Black Rod: And tell them what?

Hubert: That we don't need the SWAT team.

Black Rod: Of course I can old boy.

Hubert: And can you keep an eye out for Mr. Gangoolie?

Black Rod: Of course I will, you can rely on me old fruit. Soon as he sets foot in the place, I'll send him straight into the bear pit.

Hubert: Thank you Black Rod.

Black Rod: *(As he exits through the main door.)* Not at all old boy don't you worry about it; I'll get those snipers to shoot Gangoolie on site.

*(He exits through the main door.)*

Hubert: *(Calling after him)* No!!! Oh crikey. I suppose it's time to face the music.

*(He opens the door to the chamber of the House of Commons, once more we hear jeering and the voice of the Speaker.)*

Sir Freddy: *(off)* Wilfred Potts. *(More cheers.)*

Potts: *(off)* Thank you Mr. Speaker.....

*(Hubert exits and closes the door as he does the main door opens and the Rt. Hon. Roddy Gangoolie MP, Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs sticks his head around the door.)*

Roddy: Hello? Anyone at home. *(He calls back off stage)* It's alright darling, the coast is clear.

*(He enters; swarve sophisticated wearing a pinstriped suit and Tory blue tie. He is followed on by Summer Breaks, a very good-looking, but somewhat over made up Essex Glamour Model. She is typical of the type big blond hair and big everything else for that matter, but she isn't as dumb as she first appears. She carries a holdall. They have been drinking champagne and she is giggling somewhat too loudly.)*

Roddy: Shush! You'll wake the whole house.

Summer: *(Giggling)* It'll take some waking.

Roddy: What do you mean by that?

Summer: It's hardly the most riveting place now is it? When I watch you lot on the telly you all look like you're half dead.

Roddy: You think we're bad, you should see that lot in the House of Lords. Positively mausoleum.

Summer: Yeah a bit like that old geezer we just dodged in the corridor.

Roddy: That's Black Rod.

Summer: No it ain't.

Roddy: Yes it is.

Summer: Well he ain't the Black Rod I know.

Roddy: What?

Summer: Black Road, come all the way from America he did, just to f...

Roddy: *(cutting in)* Find his granny?

Summer: No film a movie. He'd got the biggest....

Roddy: I don't think I want to know.

Summer: ...Hands I'd ever seen. I met him on a film set.

Roddy: What film?

Summer: It was a real classic.

Roddy: Oh? Pride and Prejudice perhaps.

Summer: No.

Roddy: In your case I suspect it's more like Debbie does Dallas.

Summer: No Summer does Stepney actually.

Roddy: I had to ask.

Summer: What is this place? Bleak House or something?

Roddy: Bleak House! My goodness Summer you are well read!

Summer: Yeah it's by my favourite author Dickens.

Roddy: Why doesn't that surprise me? So, are you enjoying the grand tour?

Summer: *(sarcastically)* Oh I'm thrilled! *(She takes the champagne bottle)* This is helping, so where are we now Roddy? *(She takes a swig and hands it back.)*

Roddy: This is the Speakers private apartments, the Speaker of the House lives here.

Summer: Who?

Roddy: The Speaker of the House of Commons, Summer, don't tell me you don't know what the Speaker does?

Summer: Speak?

Roddy: Well yes, but he does more than that, he's the voice of parliament. He chairs the house. He is the first commoner in the land.

Summer: Oh I see. Give me the champagne. *(She takes the bottle and swigs it once more.)* Fancy meeting you outside that nightclub Roddy. It's been ages since I've seen you.

Roddy: Well you are lucky, I've literally just returned from a fact-finding mission to Bangkok.

Summer: And did you?

Roddy: Did I what?

Summer: Find facts?

Roddy: I certainly did. I did my upmost best to cement cultural relations.

Summer: Oh yeah?

Roddy: I got my cementing tool out.

Summer: Laid a few then?

Roddy: What?

Summer: Bricks.

Roddy: Now Summer, you know I'm not that way inclined.

Summer: I said Bricks not pri...

Roddy: *(Cutting in)* Oh I see. It's the jet-lag, my ears haven't popped properly. It was a long time on that plane and it's been even longer since I've seen you.

Summer: It's been ages, not since that terrible night at my flat.

Roddy: Terrible is the word Summer. I shall never forget it, never. I had to flee for my life.

Summer: Yeah you disappeared like a thingy that disappears into the night.

Roddy: Summer you're so literate.

Summer: I'm attending night school.

Roddy: School. Got the uniform?

Summer: Sort of.

Roddy: Sort of?

Summer: It's a shame you weren't about last Wednesday it was sexy schoolgirls then. It's naughty nurses tomorrow.

Roddy: You're joking?

Summer: No, I got a photo-shoot for the Daily Scum in the morning. Naughty Nurses. So we need to get a wriggle on. Us glamour models have early starts you know. I got to be there by six.

Roddy: Six in the morning?

Summer: Yeah.

Roddy: That's positively indecent.

Summer: And then I've got my night class.

Roddy: *(crestfallen.)* Oh I thought we could have met up again tomorrow night at your flat.

Summer: *(shaking her head.)* Night class. Not free.

Roddy: Well I wasn't planning on paying for it.

Summer: Cheeky git. I told you, I'm studying great works of literature. That's my night class.

Roddy: That's a real shame Summer; after all you used to do all your best work at night.

Summer: I told you, I'm improving myself.

Roddy: From where I'm standing you don't need any improvement what so ever. Darling you're perfection.

Summer: If I'm so perfect why haven't you been in touch for the past two years?

Roddy: Pressure of work my sweet. I've been very busy, I'm under-secretary now.

Summer: That's an unusual position for you.

Roddy: Eh?

Summer: Well normally it's the secretary under you!

Roddy: I don't mean that.... *(He puts his arms around her waist.)* It's been a long time since you were under me Summer.

Summer: Yes it is, but last time we nearly got caught by Basher remember?

Roddy: Basher?

Summer: Yeah my boyfriend, you remember Basher Bates the boxer. Big, butch...

Roddy: Brainless...

Summer: Yeah and built like a brick shi.....

Roddy: *(cutting in.)* Yes I remember, all too well.

Summer: No and you don't want to either. Great big hulking brute. When we made love it was like being flattened by a farmhouse door.

Roddy: (*resenting this remark.*) Oh thank you very much.

Summer: No, not you. Him - Basher.

Roddy: Sorry, Jet-lag.

Summer: Oh no you're a good lover.

Roddy: (*simpering.*) Am I?

Summer: Well you're OK.

Roddy: OK! OK! Is that it? I'm just OK?

Summer: Listen darling, an OK from me is a highly commended from most other girls.

Roddy: So I come highly recommended then?

Summer: Yeah, as far as MP's go, you come highly recommended.

Roddy: As far as MPs go? Just how many have you had?

Summer: I've had a few members in my time.

Roddy: I bet you have.

Summer: And I don't care what party.

Roddy: A floating voter then!

Summer: You're all the same to me. (*Aside*) Thieving, money-grabbing bastards!

Roddy: Sorry I didn't catch that

Summer:

Roddy : (*Together*) ... Jet-lag.

Summer: You should think yourself lucky, if Basher had got hold of you that night in my flat he's have stopped your love making one and for all.

Roddy: Oh yeah and how would he have done that?

Summer: He'd have killed you.

Roddy: (*Suddenly becoming very wary*) He's...erm...he's not around now is he?

Summer: Who Basher? Oh no, me and Basher's were through a long time ago. Actually after that night in the flat I told him it was over. I'd have enough of his uncontrollable jealousy, his raging tempers and manipulating ways. Anyway he's long gone.

Roddy: Gone?

Summer: Gone.

Roddy: Oh you mean he's departed?

Summer: Hmmm.

Roddy: To that great boxing ring in the sky?

Summer: No Wormwood Scrubs. He's doing a stretch for GBH.

Roddy: Oh my god! And there's no chance of him coming out?

Summer: Naw; don't be silly, Basher was a bit odd, kinky if you like but ain't gay. At least he wasn't when he went in.

Roddy: I mean he isn't coming out of prison?

Summer: Oh no, he's got ages to go. Mr. Justice Marchbanks recommended that he should serve the maximum.

Roddy: Good old Charlie Marchbanks. So Summer, so what say you and I re-live old times?

Summer: What, you shining down the drainpipe of my flat in your y-fronts whilst Basher bursts through the door with his thing in his hand.

Roddy: His what?

Summer: That thing he'd got.

Roddy: What thing?

Summer: Oh you know, it's long and....

Roddy: No I don't know and I don't want to.

Summer: Oh what's it called?

Roddy: Well if you don't know nobody else will.

Summer: It's got a bend in it.

Roddy: Novel.

Summer: A Crowbar that's it. That's right; he'd got a crowbar in his hand.

Roddy: Thank goodness for that.

Summer: (*laughing at the memory.*) He was going to beat your brains out with it.

Roddy: Summer, you are one dangerous girl to know.



Summer: It's all in the past now.  
Roddy: *(swigging the champagne.)* Exactly. I was thinking more about reliving what we were up to before Basher burst in, with his 'thing' in his hand - as you call it  
Summer: Oh I see. Well Roddy, that sounds like a very good idea. *(She crosses over and kisses him passionately.)* Well where are we going to do it? My flat's over an hour away.  
Roddy: *(Pointing left.)* Well there's a bedroom through there.  
Summer: Yes, but that belongs to 'whatshisname' surely?  
Roddy: Who?  
Summer: Erm....Oh yeah, the talker of the house.  
Roddy: The Speaker. Well yes technically it does, but it's a grace and favour apartment so it actually belongs to the tax-payer, you and me. Anyway he's currently away at his constituency in the shires.  
Summer: Are you sure we won't get into trouble for doing it here?  
Roddy: Only if we get caught, and besides it won't be the first time someone's got screwed over in this place. So, what do you say Summer, you and me on the Speaker's four poster bed?  
Summer: Sounds good to me, but as I said I can't stay too long as I've got this photo-shoot in the morning.  
Roddy: Oh don't you worry I've got no intention of hanging around.  
Summer: That's right; as I remember you were very quick about it last time.  
Roddy: What?  
Summer: Do you suffer from premature-adjudication?  
Roddy: Only when I'm making my mind up.  
Summer: Well I've made my mind up. *(Grabbing his tie and pulling him towards the bedroom door.)* Come on.  
Roddy: Oh I like the sound of that. And the Naughty-Nurses outfit?  
Summer: Yeah, why not.  
Roddy: As long as you don't take my temperature like they did in that film.  
Summer: Don't worry, I haven't got a daffodil.  
Roddy: *(As he exits.)* Am I really only OK as a lover?  
Summer: *(Pushing him through the door and following.)* I've had better.

*(They exit. Hubert Golightly re-enters from upstage right, we hear 'rhubarb' from the chamber. He is now carrying a huge bundle of files, which he dumps on the desk. He stretches out his back and exits into the ante-chamber downstage right. As he exits, Roddy re-enters from the bedroom now minus his shirt but still trousered. He leaves the door open.)*

Roddy: *(looking through the drinks table and calling back.)* The old boy's got whiskey, port or sherry. *(He picks up the near empty gin-bottle)* There's some gin, but it's nearly all gone. *(To Himself)* and I know who's given that a hammering.  
Summer: *(off)* Ain't he got any champagne?  
Roddy: No.  
Summer: *(off)* It doesn't matter. Anything  
Roddy: Anything it is then.

*(Roddy picks up the whiskey and two tumblers and exits back into the bedroom. Hubert now re-enters from downstage right.)*

Hubert: Funny, I could have sworn I'd heard voices. *(He crosses to the drinks table.)* Hmm! I could do with a warm one inside me. That's odd; The Speaker normally has a bottle of scotch on the table. I bet that old soak Black Rod's has swiped it. I'll break a new one out of the filing cabinet.

*(He exits back downstage right as Roddy once more from the bedroom carrying the bottle of whiskey, however he is now minus his trousers.)*

Roddy: *(to himself.)* She doesn't like whiskey. *(Calling off.)* Will sherry do?

Summer: (off) Is it wet?  
Roddy: Of course it's wet!  
Summer: (off) Then it'll do.

*(Roddy exchanges the whiskey for the sherry and exits back into the bedroom upstage left. As he exits Hubert re-enters with another bottle of whiskey. He crosses to the table and begins to pour himself a drink. He then notices that the original whiskey bottle is back but the sherry is gone.)*

Hubert: *(picking up the other whiskey bottle.)* I could have sworn... I hate the bloody late night sittings. *(He knocks the whiskey he's poured into the glass back in one, and reacts to the shock. He then crosses to the chamber door upstage right.)* I wish Gangoolie would get his arse into gear.

*(He exits, as he does we hear the Speaker once more.)*

Sir Freddy: (off) Sir Justin Holbrooke.

*(Hubert exits. As he does the main door opens a trolley enters full of cleaning implements behind which is Mrs. Bulstrode the char lady at the House of Commons.)*

Mrs B: Can I do you now Sir Fred? Oh, he's in with that lot. Well I got a few things he can put down to expenses. I hate shopping at this time of year. *(She produces a very long receipt; she takes her time to peruse it.)* Hmm. Loo rolls and Vim. Yes, yes he can claim it all back. *(She puts the receipt onto the desk. She looks warily around and then crosses to the drinks table.)* Time for a quick one before I get down to it. *(She crosses to the drinks table and picks up the gin-bottle once more.)* I see Black Rod's been at the Mothers' ruin. Oh and there's no sherry! I'll just break one out of the stores.

*(She crosses down stage left and exits through to the ante-chamber down stage right. As she exits Roddy re-enters in his underwear carrying the sherry bottle.)*

Roddy: *(mimicking Summer)* Ooh, I don't like sherry. *(Calling off)* there's some port left?  
Summer: (off) Yes and I'm still waiting for you to dock!  
Roddy: You will keep changing your mind.

*(Roddy puts down the sherry and picks up the port and exits back into the bedroom. As he goes Mrs. Bulstrode re-enters.)*

Mrs B: Fancy there being no bleedin' Sherry.

*(She crosses to the drinks table and pours herself a whiskey; she then notices the sherry bottle has returned.)*

Mrs B: I could have sworn that.... Oh it must be me. I'm going balmy. Me plates of meat are killing me. Oooh it's been a long old day. *(She picks up her sherry and sits on the chesterfield, slipping off her shoes in the process.)* Oh me dogs aren't 'arf barking. What a bleeding relief. *(She raises her glass)* Here's mud in your eye Sir Fred. *(As she takes a sip of her whiskey and places it on the occasional table next to the chesterfield. She picks up a news-paper and begins to read it.)*

*(As she reclines back, Roddy re-enters with the port.)*

Roddy: I don't..... *(He sees Mrs. Bulstrode and dives down behind the sofa.)*  
Mrs B: What did you say dear? *(She turns to look upstage but there is no one there.)* I could have sworn I'd heard .... My gawd this place is enough to put more than one up you.

*(She takes a fortifying sip of Sherry, replacing the glass on the table. and picks up a news-paper and carries on reading. Roddy's head appears from behind the sofa and he replaces the port. Mrs. Bulstrode reclines back on the sofa, her empty glass on the coffee table in front of her. Assured that she isn't going to turn around Roddy stands up behind her, gives a couple of pelvic thrusts in her direction. He is about to sneak back to the bedroom when Mrs. Bulstrode without removing her head from her News-paper reaches behind her for the Sherry, instead she grabs one of Roddy's buttocks.)*

Mrs B: I see the pounds up and the knickers down... *(Roddy freezes, Mrs. Bulstrode squeezes.)* Here what's that? *(She lets go, Roddy dives behind the sofa once more, she turns her head once more to see what she grabs hold of.)* I could have sworn I'd grabbed a handful. *(She stands up and moves down stage. Roddy sticks his head up over the sofa.)* I knew it, I knew this place was haunted. *(She turns back; Roddy ducks down behind the sofa once more.)* I think I need more than a stiff drink. This place is possessed!

*(She hastily picks up her shoes and pushes her trolley towards the exit and with a wail she and the trolley exits quickly through the main door at centre stage. As she exits Roddy hightails it back to the bedroom.*

*As the bedroom door closes, the centre stage door slowly opens and a young woman in her twenties enters, she is wearing a rain man and beret and she carries a shoulder strapped handbag. She is Angie Dent, a reporter with the Daily Scum; she looks furtively around the room. Making sure that the coast is clear she crosses over to the desk. She starts to sift through the piles of papers and files which are on the Speakers desk.)*

Angie: Oh my god! ... I mean .... Wow! This is dynamite, pure bloody dynamite. *(She picks up another piece of paper but discards it back onto the desk.)* Oh that's no good. *(She picks up another piece of paper and reads.)*The Summery of MP's who have claimed over their allotted.... This is it. The scoop of the century.

Summer: *(from off)* What do you mean we've gotta go?

*(Angie hears the voice, and in a panic she heads off into the anti-chamber downstage right. As she exit, Roddy and Summer re-enter. Roddy still in his underpants and Summer now in her Naughty Nurses outfit. Both carry their clothes.)*

Roddy: I'm sorry but... *(He sees the door upstage right open and Hubert begins to enter.)*  
Back, back, back...

*(They double back into the bedroom as Hubert enters followed by the Speaker of the House of Commons the Rt. Hon. Sir Freddy Horrocks. He is dressed in full regalia, wig, court dress and robed.)*

Sir Freddy: Now Hubert, Calm down. There is nothing that cannot be sorted out by keeping a clear head. Help me off with this clobber will you. *(As Hubert helps Sir Freddy off with his gown and wig, and places it by the bedroom door. Sir Freddy's eyes wander to the pile of papers on the desk.)* What's all this?

Hubert: *(looking around furtively)* It's them.

Sir Freddy: *(whispering back)* What? *(Hubert whispers in his ear.)* What?! *(He goes into a semi-faint.)* Good lord I'd forgotten she was coming.

Hubert: Huh! She's the least of our worries.

Sir Freddy: What do you mean our?

Hubert: It's all going terribly wrong Mr. Speaker. The protesters have now chained themselves half-way up the Elizabeth Tower, the Police are out there in droves and a swat team of snipers are on their way. It's the state opening tomorrow, the Queen will be livid and the press will have a field day

Sir Freddy: Don't tell me that idiot Black Rod gave the order for a SWAT team?

Hubert: I'm afraid not Mr Speaker .... *(Meekly)* It was me.

Sir Freddy: *(exploding)* What did you do that for?

Hubert: It was an accident Mr Speaker. I didn't mean too. Please keep calm Sir Freddy.

Sir Freddy: Calm! Calm! It'll be traitors' gate for me and you tomorrow morning mate.  
Hubert: And that's not all.  
Sir Freddy: There's more?  
Hubert: The one MP who is required to deliver the motion has disappeared into thin air.  
Sir Freddy: Don't tell me .... Gangoolie. Unless he gets on his hind legs in that chamber and proposed the motion, The Queen cannot enter Parliament. We'll be the laughing stock of the civilised world. Nothing like this has happened since Charles the first was told by Speaker Lenthall to sling his hook. Gangoolie must be found.

*(Summer's hand appears from the bedroom door and she whips Sir Freddy's Gown and wig.)*

Hubert: *(breaking down into sobs)* What do you think I've been trying to do?  
Sir Freddy: *(soothingly.)* I know, I know you've tried to do your best Hubert, much good it's done us. I'll deal with the SWAT team, and I'm sure that Gangoolie will turn up like the bad penny he is. Now turning our attention to the other matter in hand. *(He points to the pile of papers on the desk)* What time is the auditor arriving?  
Hubert: Sometime this evening. Apparently Miss Granger likes to work through the night. Less interruptions.  
Sir Freddy: She'll be damn lucky tonight.

*(Summer enters from the bedroom wrapped in Sir Freddy's gown and crosses downstage and exits into the bathroom down stage left, giving a little wave to Sir Freddy and Hubert as she passes through. As she crosses the stage, the door downstage right opens slightly, but no-one sees it.)*

Sir Freddy: Looks like someone else likes working the nightshift too.  
Hubert: Who was that? *(An idea dawns, he looks horrified at Sir Freddy.)* Sir Freddy! Really Mr. Speaker I'm shocked!  
Sir Freddy: You're shocked; you're not half as shocked as I am.  
Hubert: If someone had told me I would never have believed it. Never! I mean I've worked with you for two years now, you think you know a person and I ... I... well words fail me!  
Sir Freddy: Oh I don't know, you seem to be doing very well for words. Golightly what are you babbling on about?  
Hubert: And you the Speaker of the House of Commons. You with a sacred trust. The First commoner of the land and you've got your floozy waiting for you in your bed. *(He looks aghast)* And on the night before the state opening of Parliament. You ought to be ashamed.  
Sir Freddy: *(Astonished at the outburst)* My what?  
Hubert: Floozy.  
Sir Freddy: Floozy?  
Hubert: That's what I said... Floozy.  
Sir Freddy: Don't be ridiculous Golightly. I'm old enough to be that girl's father.  
Hubert: Grandfather.  
Sir Freddy: You can go off people you know.  
Hubert: Better to be an old man's sweetheart than a young man's slave, that's what my old granny says.  
Sir Freddy: My old granny was fond of sayings too. The first of which was if you don't shut up I'll batter you. How dare you accuse me of such a thing! Can I remind you that Lady Horrocks is on her way down from the country for the opening of Parliament, consequently I am hardly likely to have a paramour or floozy in my bed tonight?  
Hubert: Oh!  
Sir Freddy: I may be stupid, but I'm not that stupid....Not another word Golightly.  
Hubert: Of course, I'm sorry Mr. Speaker.  
Sir Freddy: I should think so too. All that righteous indignation about .... Wait a minute.... She's your bit of crumpet isn't she! Yes I can see how your devious politician's mind works. You were trying to deflect your misdemeanour onto me. Oh yes I can see it all now.

You bought her down here thinking that I'd be sitting all night and you could get on with some horizontal jogging.

Hubert: Certainly not. She's not my type.

Sir Freddy: Hmm there is some truth in that.

Hubert: Me, I've never set eyes on her before in my life and believe me I'd have remembered.

Sir Freddy: Well if she's not yours' and she's not mine then ... then this is a fiendish plot to discredit me. There are those, Hubert, who look upon the Speaker's chair with very beady and greedy eyes. It wouldn't surprise me if there's a reporter from the Daily Scum knocking around here somewhere.

*(The door downstage right slowly closes.)*

Hubert: Shouldn't we find out who this young lady is Sir Freddy?

Sir Freddy: Hubert, your ability for pointing out the bloody obvious is astounding. *(He nods to Hubert, who nods back.)* Well.

Hubert: *(Feeling his collar)* No not really.

Sir Freddy: I didn't mean that. Go on.

Hubert: Go on? *(Realising)* What me?

Sir Freddy: Yes you, go on.

Hubert: No fear. Besides you're the Speaker.

Sir Freddy: Which is exactly why I shouldn't do it? Go on.

Hubert: I really don't think I've got the right qualifications.

Sir Freddy: I'm sure she'll be an excellent teacher.

Hubert: She'll eat me for breakfast.

Sir Freddy: Which is why you're going to find out who she is rather than me. Besides if Lady Horrocks every finds out it'll be she who'll be eating me for breakfast.

Hubert: Yes... but...

Sir Freddy: Go on, what have you got to lose?

Hubert: Everything!

Sir Freddy: I'm sure she'll help you find it. Off you pop.

*(Hubert slowly crosses to the door downstage left, he looks back at Sir Freddy, who ushers him on. Hubert gulps and very timidly knocks on the door.)*

Hubert: There's no one there.

Sir Freddy: Try again.

Hubert: *(To himself)* Try again, it's your bloody bathroom. *(He knocks again a little louder.)* There you see I told you she'd gone.

Sir Freddy: Oh and how has she made her escape? Through the bathroom window and shinned down the ramparts I suppose?

Hubert: She might have done.

Sir Freddy: Oh for goodness sake.

*(He crosses to the door and raps it loudly.)*

Hubert: I keep telling you that.... *(Summer's arm appears from around the door and pulls him into the bathroom. He wails.)* Ahhh!

Sir Freddy: If anyone can make a man out of him, it's her.

*(The bedroom door upstage left opens and Roddy sticks his head out of the door.)*

Roddy: Pist! Pist!

Sir Freddy: Now there's a bloody gas leak!

Roddy: Mr. Speaker, Sir Freddy.

*(Sir Freddy turns and sees Roddy.)*

Sir Freddy: You!  
Roddy: *(With a sheepish giggle)* Me.

*(He enters still in his underpants and carrying his clothes.)*

Sir Freddy: Gangoolie! What are you doing in there with that young lady and with no clothes on?  
Roddy: If you don't mind me saying so that's a stupid bloody question Mr Speaker.  
Sir Freddy: And on my four poster?  
Roddy: I'm afraid so.  
Sir Freddy: I shall raise this with the standards and privileges committee.  
Roddy: Well the standard was certainly raised and the privilege was all hers. Or it would have been if I hadn't been rudely interrupted.  
Sir Freddy: Don't tell me you were caught at it?  
Roddy: No, but someone had a good old grope.  
Sir Freddy: What?  
Roddy: Your char lady, *(He laughs)* don't worry she thinks the place is haunted.  
Sir Freddy: Haunted?  
Roddy: It's not so far from the truth, there's been many an old Queen knocking around here.  
Sir Freddy: Hmmm. And they'll be one more tomorrow.  
Roddy: Tomorrow? No you've got that all wrong Sir Freddy, it's the day after tomorrow.  
Sir Freddy: Really? Well this'll wipe that self-satisfying smirk of your mug. You were supposed to be here two hours ago to propose the Royal progress.  
Roddy: It's tomorrow I tell you.  
Sir Freddy: What's the time difference between London and Bangkok Gangoolie?  
Roddy: Seven hours *(It suddenly dawns)* Oh my god I forgot to put my watch back! I'm supposed to be delivering the speech and instead I was...  
Sir Freddy: *(nodding his head)* Delivering something else. You prick!

*(From off stage, there comes a squeal of surprise from Hubert.)*

Roddy: What was that?  
Sir Freddy: One old Queen.  
Roddy: No, that sounded like that dipstick Hubert Golightly. He's in there isn't he? With her, my Summer.  
Sir Freddy: Looking at her she may well be everyone's Summer. Steady on now, he's only finding out who she is.  
Roddy: Yeah and it sounds like she's finding out all about him. I'll kill him.  
Sir Freddy: You bloody hypocrite. What about Mrs. Gangoolie and all the little Gangoolie's?  
Roddy: What about them?  
Sir Freddy: My god, haven't you got a conscience?  
Roddy: No, I'm a Member of Parliament  
Sir Freddy: Oh you're one of them alright. As soon as you lot walk into this place, they perform an operation to remove all traces of a conscience. They did a marvellous job on you.  
Roddy: Did they do it to you too?  
Sir Freddy: I got mine back when I was elevated  
Roddy: Oh right!  
Sir Freddy: Don't you think you should put some clothes on?  
Roddy: You're right. Just grab hold of these. *(Roddy hands Sir Freddy his clothes and takes his trousers.)* While I slip them on.  
Sir Freddy: For anyone overhearing this conversation the mind would boggle.

*(He is about to put them on when voices are heard from off stage.)*

McClang: *(off)* It's just through here Miss Granger.  
Felicity: *(off)* It's Mizz. Granger, Inspector.  
Roddy:  
Sir Freddy: *(Together)* The rozzers!

*(In a blind panic, he throws Sir Freddy his trousers and exits upstage left into the bedroom. Sir Freddy is left holding Roddy's crumpled suit into his hands. Inspector McClang of Scotland Yard enters, dressed in uniform enters. He holds the door open for Felicity Granger, a young woman in her twenties. She wears glasses and her hair is scraped back into a bun. She gives the impression that she's somewhat formidable, which she is.)*

McClang: *(As he enters.)* I'm sorry about that Miss, Mizz, Madame, The Speaker is apparently expecting you. *(He sees Sir Freddy.)* Ah, good evening Mr. Speaker.  
Sir Freddy: Good evening Inspector ... Erm ...?  
McClang: McClang sir, Inspector McClang.  
Sir Freddy: I thought the face rang a bell.  
McClang: This is Mizz Felicity Granger, Sir. Mizz Granger, the Rt. Honourable Sir Freddy Horrocks MP, Speaker of the House of Commons.  
Felicity: Good evening Sir Freddy.  
Sir Freddy: Good evening. *(He struggles to take her hand because of the clothes.)* I was ... I was just going to get out of the fancy dress.  
Felicity: Don't let me stop you.  
Sir Freddy: *(Crossing down stage right.)* That's most awfully kind of you. I won't be two ticks. *(He gets to the door stage right.)*  
Felicity: Where are the papers and I can get started?  
Sir Freddy: If you could just give me...  
Felicity: Time is money Sir Freddy. As an MP you should know that better than anyone.  
Sir Freddy: *(Drops the clothes at the door down stage right and turns back and crosses to Felicity.)* Of course. Well Mr. Golightly, my PPS has got the first lot of papers on my desk.

*(As he is showing Felicity and McClang to the desk, the door downstage right slowly opens and Angie's arm removes the clothes and takes them off stage.)*

McClang: Well all looks alright to me. I must be off to control proceedings outside the building.  
Felicity: Don't let me stop you Inspector.  
McClang: Right thank you ma'am, Sir Freddy. *(He makes to exit.)*  
Sir Freddy: Inspector, about those protesters...  
McClang: *(As he goes)* Ah yes indeed sir, what about them? CRAP sir that's what they are CRAP. Well I can't hang around Sir, I've a SWAT team setting up on Parliament Green and they're as keen as mustard to bag a few.

*(He exits.)*

Sir Freddy: *(Calling after him)* But I need to... Does no one seem to understand the urgency here?  
Felicity: Pardon? *(She begins to search through her handbag.)*  
Sir Freddy: Obviously not.  
Felicity: I could have sworn that I'd bought it with me.... Oh honestly.  
Sir Freddy: Have you lost something? *(Aside)* Apart from your manners.  
Felicity: Yes. I don't seem to have my calculator with me.  
Sir Freddy: *(with undisguised glee)* Oh how unfortunate for you.  
Felicity: It's most unlike me, I never leave home without it.  
Sir Freddy: Just like the American Express card.  
Felicity: *(Turning on Sir Freddy.)* And that is exactly why this place and the country is in the mess it's in. Credit cards are the ruination of this great nation of ours. We should be able to stand on our own two feet and march boldly forward into a new debt ridden age of hope and prosperity.  
Sir Freddy: *(aghast)* You should go into parliament.  
Felicity: I may just do that Sir Freddy; I may very well. I'd sort out you supposed bastions of morality.  
Sir Freddy: Oh I'm not one of them, I know who my father was.  
Felicity: Bastion. That's the problem, everything is a big joke to you lot.

Sir Freddy: The internal workings of government is a very serious business, we need some levity or we'd all go stark staring mad. Some of us already have!

Felicity: Well, have you got one?

Sir Freddy: I beg your pardon?

Felicity: Have you got one?

Sir Freddy: Two actually! One what?

Felicity: A calculator.

Sir Freddy: Oh no. Never use them. *(Laughing)* That's why you're here.

*(His laughter peters out on stony silence.)*

Felicity: Where can I find one?

Sir Freddy: You might try the fees office; they do all the counting around here. I'm sure they'll have one.

Felicity: You think so?

Sir Freddy: Doubtful. You could try the Chief Secretary of the Treasury His office is just down the next corridor, three doors on the left.

Felicity: I'm surprised that you can count to three.

Sir Freddy: *(automatically)* One, two, three.

Felicity: I'll go and see if I can find one. *(She moves towards the main door.)*

Sir Freddy: That's a good idea.

Felicity: I'll be back.

Sir Freddy: *(through gritted teeth)* There's no rush!

*(She exits through the main door. As she goes Roddy re-enters from the bedroom, still in his underpants.)*