



TWINS & TRIPLETS
BY
DAVE JEANES

Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

This script is protected by copyright laws.
No performance of this script -IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without
payment of the appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.
For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at
info@smithscripts.co.uk

Twins & Triplets

(Or “Twos and Threes.”)

A musical play

By

Dave Jeanes

Characters

Abel)
Baker) Identical Triplets
Charlie)

Eggy Betty – A Market Stall Holder

Old Bill – A Policeman

The Judge – A Judger of Men

Boy – A Schoolboy

Girl – A Schoolgirl

Act 1

Scene 1 – Home Sweet Home

(Abel enters downstage left & crosses to centre.)

(Baker enters downstage right & crosses to centre.)

Song 1

(Baker exits downstage left.)

(Abel exits downstage right.)

(Charlie enters downstage left & crosses to centre.)

Charlie: (To Audience.) Hallo there! (He exits downstage right.)

(Abel enters downstage right & crosses to centre.)

(Baker enters downstage left & crosses to centre.)

Abel: (To Baker.) Hallo there!

Baker: (To Abel.) And the same to you!

Abel: Your friend was just here.

Baker: Yours too.

Abel: What's-his-name?

Baker: Can't call him that. There was a name. What was it now?

Abel: Not at all sure.

Baker: Not at all?

Abel: Sure.

(Charlie enters downstage right & crosses to centre.)

Charlie: You two here again?

Baker: Seems so.

Abel: (To Charlie.) Excuse me.

Charlie: Any time.

Abel: I'm sorry?

Charlie: Then you are to be forgiven. Excuse *me*. (He exits downstage left.)

Baker: Didn't give his name.

Abel: Nor did we.

Baker: Strange. I noticed that. Fellow seemed familiar somehow.

Abel: I get that a lot. It's almost as if...

Baker: What?

Abel: We'd met before.

Baker: You and I?

Abel: No, no, of course not that. Nothing could be further from the truth, as it goes.

Baker: And does it go?

Abel: No. It stands.

Baker: Why mention it then?

Abel: Can't think.

Baker: That explains that. This other fellow?

Abel: Which one?

Baker: The one just here. Reminded me of somebody.

Abel: Me too! Here he comes again!

(Charlie enters downstage left & crosses to centre.)

Baker: Yes, that's him. Now's your chance.

Charlie: Well?

Abel: Fine, thank you.

Charlie: And your friend?

Abel: About the same.

Baker: Excuse me for just one moment.

Charlie: Said that before. One of you did.

Abel: That was me!

Baker: I wish to interject.

Abel: Carry on.

Charlie: Yes, go on. Let's see you do it.

Baker: Can I ask what we are all doing here?

Charlie: By all means.

Abel: (To Baker.) Go on then. Now's *your* chance.

Baker: (To Abel.) Well aware of that small fact, thank you very much indeed.
(To Charlie.) Now then, you.

Charlie: Go ahead. We're all listening. You. Me. This other fellow.

Abel: Hallo there!

Baker: Hallo. Well, it's just, it seems to me as though... you, me and this other fellow, bear a slight resemblance. Uncanny, some may call it.

Charlie: It's a fair point.

Abel: Very well said.

Baker: Oh, well, you know.

Charlie: Indeed I do. Good lord! Is that the hour of day? I must away. See you shortly. (He exits downstage right.)

Baker: What a peculiar fellow. Comes and goes as though he owns the place.

Abel: Maybe he does!

Baker: No card on him. Still, needn't necessarily carry one. I mean, I don't.

Abel: Don't what?

Baker: Carry a card. With my name on.

Abel: Me either.

Baker: That's settled then. Glad we took the time to get to the bottom of that.

Abel: Wait a minute there! Maybe that's what we should be getting to the bottom of. Our names.

Baker: *Both* our names?

Abel: Why not? One's no good without the other.

Baker: If you say so. Don't see how it would help matters, personally.

Abel: Look at it this way.

Baker: Alright.

Abel: Suppose our friend reappears.

Baker: Go on.

Abel: I could tell him my name and you tell him yours. Then he might have something to say for himself! Seen it myself before with others.

Baker: Others?

Abel: Exactly! Why hallo there. One would say. My name's such-and-such. What's yours? Goes on after that fashion.

Baker: I see. Well, I suppose we could give it a try. Who starts?

Abel: Starts what?

Baker: This whole name-calling malarkey. Who goes first?

Abel: Oh, see what you mean. Let's think. Generally we proceed in an alphabetical order.

Baker: How's that?

Abel: Well, whosoever's name comes first in the alpha-beta table order, goes first.

Baker: What if we don't know any of the names to put into any such order? What then?

Abel: Good questions these. We must have missed something. Often the way.

Baker: I think, all things being equal, it would be best if you tell me your name first.

Abel: If you're sure.

Baker: No doubt in my mind.

Abel: Abel.

Baker: Abel. As in table?

Abel: No, no. Rhymes with table but spelled differently. A B E L.

Baker: I see. Ah! Lucky that. Falls in with the whole alpha-beta thingummy-bob that you were referring to earlier.

Abel: So it does. Lucky that. And yours?

Baker: My what?

Abel: Your name. What is it?

Baker: Baker. See? There's the alphabetical thing cutting in there again. You're Abel. I'm Baker.

Abel: Baker, Baker. How do you do?

Baker: Very well indeed, since you ask.

Abel: And I do.

Baker: Indeed you do. Well, that's all as clear as day. Our friend won't know what's hit him when he reappears.

Abel: A very good morning to you, I'll say. My friend's name here is Baker, and I'm Abel.

Baker: Hmm, better be the other way about, don't you agree? A being before B at all counts.

Abel: I do believe you may have hit on something there. I'll go again.

Baker: Or I could?

Abel: No, no. Give me a second. I am Abel, I'll say. And this is my friend, Baker. Got it!

Baker: Nailed it there precisely. Well now, all we need is the other fellow and we can press on.

Abel: Here he comes now.

(Charlie enters downstage right & crosses to centre.)

Charlie: Come on Abel. Come on Baker. No use the two of you standing about here all the time. There are other things you know.

Abel: Oh, it's you! Proper Charlie! It's all coming back to me now.

Charlie: Good. Takes a while, I realise that.

Baker: Aren't we brothers? Or some-such?

Charlie: Something along those lines. All will become clear, in time. Talking of time...

Abel: Yes?

Charlie: We don't have much. Hurry along.

Abel: I'm right behind you!

Baker: Me too! What's the plan?

Charlie: I'll let you know, in due course. We are new to this neck of the woods. No-one knows us and neither do we. We'll have to see what's what.

Abel: We're not going to get into trouble, like last time, are we?

Charlie: Not like last time, no.

Abel: Well! That's a relief!

Baker: I too, am also relieved!

Charlie: Thought you might be. Come on. Follow me! (He exits downstage left.)

Baker: What do you think?

Abel: Seems to know what's what.

Baker: I think we'd better do as we were told.

Abel: Often the best way.

Charlie: (Off.) Come on!

Baker: Come on.

Abel: After you, Baker, my dear friend.

Baker: No, no, Abel. I would be after you. A being before B.

Abel: So you would! Well, here goes!

Baker: Right behind you!

(They exit downstage left.)

Scene 2 – The Classroom

(Charlie is onstage up centre before a Blackboard. On it is chalked Plan A. He holds a cane.)

(Abel & Baker enter downstage left.)

Song 2

Charlie: Now then, now then!

Baker: Well, make up your mind.

Charlie: Are we all here?

Abel: I am.

Baker: And so am I.

Charlie: And I am too so we are three. Good. We can begin.

Abel: That's a relief.

Baker: Had me worried there for a minute.

Charlie: Class, class! Now, the reason I've called us all here is this. (Points to Blackboard.) Plan A.

Abel: A for Abel!

Baker: B is for Baker!

Charlie: And I, C for Charlie. Plan A explains itself in this way. It involves you two, the two of you, disguising yourselves as twins.

Baker: Question!

Abel: Answer!

Charlie: Go ahead, Baker.

Baker: My question is this. How do we two disguise ourselves as twins when we're not?

Abel: Yes! I wondered that as well.

Charlie: Only natural for you to do so. Let me ask you, Baker. When you're alone, how do you see yourself?

Baker: With a mirror.

Charlie: Of course you do. But. How do others see you?

Baker: Not sure I follow. When I'm alone, no-one else can see me.

Abel: Except in a selfie!

Charlie: I will explain. When you're on your own, people don't see you as a twin, do they?

Baker: Not necessarily, no. Unless they know me.

Abel: Question!

Baker: Then answer!

Abel: People don't see him as a twin because he isn't one. There are three of us. Triplets!

Baker: Bless you!

Charlie: Good! You've nearly got it. Remember our motto.

Baker: No.

Abel: Me neither!

Charlie: Yes you do, you must do. Remember? United we stand, divided we fall. Now, Abel?

Abel: United we stand!

Charlie: Baker?

Baker: Divided we fall!

Abel: The oath of Kentucky, if I remember correctly.

Charlie: You do.

Abel: If memory serves.

Charlie: It does.

Baker: First attributed to Aesop!

Abel: Thought as much.

Charlie: Excellent! Now, remember, people don't see you as anything other than an individual, if you're by yourself.

Baker: Got it!

Charlie: Soo... for plan A to work, you must let people see less of us than there actually are. If they see only two, they will naturally assume that you are twins.

Abel: Yes, that's a fair point. When the three of us are seen together, people don't assume that we are seventy-five percent of a quadruped, do they? Unless they do and it's me that's wrong.

Baker: Quadruplets!

Abel: Granted.

Charlie: You are very nearly correct, Abel.

Abel: Good. That's close enough for me.

Baker: Me too!

Abel: Question though.

Baker: Not another one?

Charlie: What is it now?

Abel: I don't see how the two of us pretending to be twins is going to help plan A.

Baker: Neither do I!

Charlie: Said I'd explain and I meant it. You are going to the market to buy three eggs. One. Two. Three.

Abel: Eggs.

Charlie: That. Exactly.

Abel: Why?

Charlie: That, I will explain later. You may be sure that we are going to make something with them.

Baker: Oh, good! I hope it's a cake.

Charlie: It may very well be.

Abel: Or an omelette. You make those with eggs.

Baker: What's the difference?

Charlie: It's when two things are not the same.

Baker: True though. Can't make an omelette without eggs. Unless you can and it's me that's wrong.

Abel: I'll bet a vegan can.

Baker: Canned eggs? Whatever next?

Charlie: All of this *can* wait. First, we *need* the eggs.

Baker: No, no. That's dough.

Abel: What?

Baker: For bread. You *knead* dough.

Charlie: Oh, I see. *Knead* with a K. Spelling bee!

Baker: That's right, I'm B. He's A.

Abel: Hallo there!

Charlie: What I really mean is we have to *buy* the eggs, first.

Baker: Right. What with? I mean, of course, with what?

Charlie: Money, of course.

Abel: Got any?

Baker: No. You?

Charlie: Class, class. The important part of the plan is that the eggs are acquired. Bought. You two, go to the market and get them. There's a woman there who keeps hens. She sells their eggs. Eggy Betty is the name. Speaks for itself. I'll finish off here. (He exits downstage left.)

Abel: Well, that's all as clear as mud. What do we do now?

Baker: It's all very well saying, go to the market and buy three eggs. But we'll need money. Obviously.

Abel: Maybe we'll find some on the way!

Baker: Money? Or eggs?

Abel: Either! Or both! Often I've seen small amounts in hedgerows.

Baker: Money?

Abel: No, eggs. Come on! This could be our lucky day!

Baker: Cue for a song?

Abel: No, no. No time. Let's get going.

(They exit downstage right.)

Scene 3 – Marketplace

(Stalls are set upstage.)

(Eggy Betty is upstage centre by her Market Stall.)

Song 3

(Abel enters downstage right.)

Eggy Betty: Good day to you.

(Baker enters downstage right.)

Eggy Betty: Oh. Two of you are there?

Abel: No.

Baker: (To Abel.) Sshh!

Abel: Sorry.

Eggy Betty: And it's a good day to you too.

Abel: Let's hope so, good woman. You are the egg-seller? I'm led to believe.

Eggy Betty: That's right. You could say that.

Abel: I do, I do. Eggs, eh? Family business, I'm thinking. Going back generations?

Eggy Betty: That you could say too. I have to be in the egg-selling business. To provide food and clothing to my children, four and five.

Abel: Nine children, eh? Yes, they must need a lot of looking after. Have no fear! We don't need many eggs.

Baker: Three, to be precise.

Eggy Betty: Three?

Baker: That is the number.

Eggy Betty: All my eggs come in sixes.

Abel: Six eggs? Why, that's twice as many as we need! Unless it isn't and it's me that's wrong.

Eggy Betty: What for?

Baker: You may well ask.

Abel: We are not too sure at this moment. All we knows is that we were sent here for three eggs.

Eggy Betty: White or brown?

Baker: Now, there's a good question. (To Abel.) Are we sure?

Abel: No.

Baker: (To Eggy Betty.) We are not sure.

Eggy Betty: Not that it matters.

Abel: Why bring it up then?

Eggy Betty: I mean of course, most eggs taste the same, once you break them open. The colour of the shell is irrelevant.

Baker: I'm sure you're right.

Eggy Betty: Believe I am. There are those that say they can tell the difference, but I find it hard.

Abel: You do?

Eggy Betty: Certainly. Were you to break an egg into a glass and get them to sample same. I doubt they could. Tell the difference, I mean.

Abel: Into a glass?

Eggy Betty: Well, a cup then.

Abel: That's better.

Baker: Why?

Abel: Doesn't say.

Baker: Alright then. Where were we?

Abel: Right here.

Eggy Betty: About the purchase of six eggs.

Baker: Three.

Abel: This purchase. Need it be that?

Eggy Betty: (To Baker.) Odd way of speaking, your friend here. What does he mean?

Baker: Why not ask?

Eggy Betty: I just did.

Baker: No, no. I mean, why not ask him?

Eggy Betty: I don't like him.

Baker: Why is that?

Eggy Betty: I just don't. I don't have to give a reason. I can't like everybody.

Abel: I don't!

Baker: I mean, we look the same. Why would you like me and not him?

Eggy Betty: Who says I like you?

Baker: Well, no, doesn't necessarily follow. I'll give you that.

Abel: (To Eggy Betty.) Who says we think anything of you?

Baker: Now, now. Let's calm down. It isn't important what we all think of each other. All we need is three eggs.

Eggy Betty: Six.

Baker: Alright six. We can always throw three away.

Abel: No! That would be a waste!

Baker: Alright. We'll buy six, use three and keep the other three somewhere safe. For another time.

Abel: In the fridge!

Baker: If we had one.

Eggy Betty: You are not in possession of a refrigerator?

Baker: No. No need for one. All our eggs we buy fresh. As required.

Eggy Betty: Sensible.

Baker: Quite.

Abel: Why are eggs sold in sixes anyway?

Eggy Betty: Just are.

Abel: But say the hen only laid five. What then?

Baker: What hen?

Eggy Betty: In that case I would wait for another egg to be laid.

Baker: Wait! I have an idea.

Abel: Aha! This'll be good.

Eggy Betty: Go on.

Baker: How many eggs have the hens laid today? So far?

Eggy Betty: Let me see. Three.

Baker: That's it then! Why not sell us those three?

Eggy Betty: Because all my eggs come in boxes of six!

Baker: There's no need to shout. I fully understand. (To Abel.) We have a problem here.

Abel: You're telling me?

Baker: (To Eggy Betty.) When will the box of six eggs be available?

Eggy Betty: It's available now.

Abel: But there are only three eggs in it.

Baker: That doesn't have to matter. We only want three.

Eggy Betty: I'll tell you what I'll do. As the box is not full, I'll knock a bit off.

Abel: No! The eggs will fall out.

Eggy Betty: I meant, I'll knock a bit off the price, not the box. (To Baker.)
Kind of jumpy, your friend.

Baker: I know. He worries. This price?

Eggy Betty: Yes?

Baker: What will it be?

Eggy Betty: Tell you what. As it's you. I'll knock off fifty percent.

Baker: Can't say fairer than that.

Abel: Fairer than that!

Baker: Well, yes. You can.

Abel: It's a deal!

Eggy Betty: Alright. I usually sell six eggs for a pound. But, as I'm knocking off fifty percent, I'll sell them to you for fifty English pence.