



LITTLE ANGELS

by Neville Judson

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A Monologue
by
Neville Judson

Running time about 3 minutes

LITTLE ANGELS

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

She's a little madam, our Lucy.

I said to her, "Don't you come that with me, young lady. Angels do not suck your tapers. You've been sticking them end-up in the flower vase again."

The gas fire in her room's a cantankerous old thing. One minute you put a match to it and nothing happens. The next and there's a bang loud enough to wake the dead and a burst of flame fit to blow your head off. Our Alfred don't do anything about it. He says there's nowt wrong with it but he's not the one as has to light it. It frightens me to death. Anyway, we keep some long tapers in her room so as I can light one of them with a match and then poke at the gas fire from a safe distance. Well, I say safe – you still have to watch you don't lose your eyebrows.

It was about a month ago I come to light the thing and could I get a taper to burn? I tried three or four but they just spluttered when I put a match to them and then went out. "That old rogue, Jack Jacklyn, I thought. Just like him to be selling tapers as is no good. I'll have a thing or two to say to him when I go into his shop next time." Only then it struck me the tapers seemed to be wet. And they smelt a bit funny, too – sort of earthy-cum-vegetable, if you know what I mean. I glanced at our Lucy and she was looking sheepish.

"Now then," I said. "What you been doing with these tapers?"