



PAC A MACS & SOMBREROS

by James Cass

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

Pac a Macs

&

Sombreros

A play

By

James Cass

Characters

All the characters except David Perkins are in their mid to late 50s

Roger	Gentle and always 'nice'
Phyllis	Wife of Roger, pleasant
Jim	An outspoken Shop Steward
Sheila	No nonsense wife of Jim
Alf	A bore
Julie	An incurable romantic
David Perkins	Male 40ish. Son of the Company owner, a senior manager at the 'firm' & a ladies man

Run Time Approx 1 hour

Pac a Macs & Sombreros

Act One

Scene One

The year is 1975.

The scene is a rainswept seaside shelter on the promenade.

There are two bench seats side by side in the shelter with the three couples.

The order left to right is Roger, Phyllis, Sheila, Jim, Julie, Alf

They are dressed 1970s style and the women have their hair covered in clear plastic rain hoods. They are all wearing pac a macs.

In both acts, the Spanish names and words used are pronounced with a typical English mispronunciation. e.g. MaJorca as opposed to Mallorca.

They are all just sitting there looking straight ahead except for one man, Alf, who is looking through binoculars again ahead but is scanning around the scene.

After a few moments

Roger stands up and walks to the front edge of the shelter and holds his hand out from the cover of the shelter roof.

Roger I think it's clearing up, I think I can even see a bit of blue sky
over

 there and the rain certainly is warmer and doesn't seem
 quite so hard.

He returns to sit down

There is then a flash of lightning and a loud thunderclap.

Roger Oh well - ever the optimist.

Roger sits down after a short sigh and silence, he starts softly singing

 I'm H.a.p.p.y

 I'm H.a.p.p.y

 I know I am

 I'm sure I am

 I'm H.a.p.p.y

And then,

As this goes on the females all start joining in (together with actions)

If you're happy and you know it clap your hands

Clap, clap

If you're happy and you know it clap your hands

Clap, clap

If you're happy and you know it

And you really want to show it

If you're happy and you know it clap your hands

Clap, clap

If you're happy and you know it stamp your feet

Stamp, stamp

If you're happy and you know it stamp your feet

Stamp, stamp

If you're happy and you know it

And you really want to show it

If you're happy and you know it stamp your feet

Stamp, stamp

Jim

Bah bloody humbug

Roger

What?

Jim

I said Bah, bloody humbug

Roger But why? That's a Christmas thing, isn't it? You know from Scrooge, that's what he said at Christmas. He said 'Bah Humbug', because he didn't like Christmas. So, I don't see why you're saying 'Bah Humbug' when we're on our summer holidays.

Jim All the same to me, Christmas, summer holidays. Neither live up to their promise.

Both are always a total and utter let down. Never the same as in the films or even those ruddy adverts.

All a bloody washout and bah humbug just sums up this flaming holiday.

(Mockingly) If you're happy and you know it?

Well, what about 'if you're absolutely bored silly, cold, wet and miserable and feel like you'd have more fun at a funeral, what then?

Jim mockingly sings.

If you're naffed off and you know it, scratch your arse

Jim stands and in time scratches his backside twice

If you're naffed off and you know it, scratch your arse

And again he scratches his backside

If you're naffed off and you know it and you really want to show it, if you're naffed off and you know it scratch your arse

Jim sits back down

Jim So please shut up Roger, stop acting so bleeding happy all the time.

There is absolutely nothing worse than someone who's always bloody cheerful.

Roger But what's wrong with being happy? I sometimes feel that I'm the only happy person on this planet, well definitely the only happy person in Leicester.

I just want to see the good side in people and things. I don't want to live my life as a misery guts.

Jim Are you saying I'm a misery guts, Heh? Heh?

Roger Well you're not exactly known for your sunny disposition are you?

Jim What do you expect? I'm a bloody shop steward. Since when have you ever known a happy shop steward?

Where would we all be if I went into the bosses to negotiate your pay and your bonus with a smile on my face.

You lot wouldn't be able afford a day out, let alone a holiday if it weren't for us shop stewards making the bosses' life hell

Sheila I was enjoying that little sing-song. I felt quite happy as well you know.

Jim Yeah, well you weren't on the receiving end of your singing.

Sheila It wasn't that bad.

Was it?

They sit silently for a few more moments, there is another clap of thunder.

Julie Can you see anything through those binoculars?

Alf No.

Julie Why not?