

Diamonds are for Trevor
by Simon Tytherleigh and Roger Mortimer

CAST LIST

M

Pratt

Miss Spendapenny

Q

Trevor Bond

James Bond (Voice only)

Fanny Stravaganza

Bigjob

Fred Goldfinger

The Queen

Ena Slobby

Norman Slobby

Prince Philip

Reporter

Vicar on bicycle

Various henchmen.

Various security people

Assorted TV crewmembers

Act 1

Scene 1

MI6 HQ, M's office. Two desks, chairs. PRATT, M's lowly, camp assistant, is seated at M's desk. Two black telephones on desk plus a brightly-coloured feather duster on a stick. Reaching for a telephone, PRATT lifts the receiver and speaks in a deep, fruity voice.

PRATT: (*ad lib*) World facing nuclear war, you say? Ooh, no, I haven't got anyone spare until next Wednesday at the earliest. Why don't you try the CIA, they're always very helpful? (*Replaces receiver and picks up other one.*) Spendapenny? Get me the Prime Minister on the scrambler!

He replaces the receiver and sits back with a happy smile, which is wiped from his face as the door opens and MISS SPENDAPENNY enters, looking thunderous.

MISS S: *Mister Pratt!* I might have guessed. How many times must I tell you to stop *pratt*ing about with the phones!

PRATT (*v contrite*) Oh, I'm sorry, Miss S. I didn't realise you were in yet! But - I never get to do anything exciting. Chaps like 007 get all the glamour and all I ever do is the dusting!

MISS S: Precisely. Now I suggest you get on with it. M will be here any minute.

She crosses and sits at her desk. PRATT reluctantly relinquishes the seat of power, and starts dusting in a sulky, flouncy passive-aggressive manner. MISS S files her nails desultorily. Her phone rings. A love song ringtone.

MISS S: Hello? Oh...hello James! How's...err... 'bigboy' today? Oh it was wonderful, I just love your old-fashioned way of showing a girl a good *time*....(*PRATT pulls faces in reaction*) Oh, James, you sound so sexy, give me more...

PRATT: (*making vomit noises*) Oh yuck! Not this early! It's too much..... *They both spring to attention as M enters.*

Enter M. Head of the secret service. Imposing, very authoritative manner. He strides to desk.

M: (*cordially*) Good morning, Spendapenny, (*with marked distaste*)morning, Pratt.

PRATT (*sulkily*) and MISS S (*brightly*): Good morning, Sir.

M: (*seating himself*) Cancel my appointments for this afternoon, Spendapenny – I have to play golf with the Russian Military Attache -again.

MISS S: The Russian...!

M: Yes. Damn nuisance. Something to do with high jinks at the last office party.

PRATT, *dusting, raises eyes to heaven.*

MISS S: Oh! You don't mean –

M: Yes.

MISS S: Not when he –

M: Yes.

MISS S: And I –

M: Oh yes.

MISS S: And the photocopier?

PRATT: Oh, dear!

MISS S: Oh, no!

M: Oh yes! We'll just have to raid the petty cash again. Apart from that, we ought to be in for a quiet day.

PRATT: Uhh oh, don't tempt fate, ducky.

M: Be quiet, Pratt. Dust.

One of the black telephones rings.

PRATT: Told you so.

M picks up the receiver. It goes on ringing.

SPENDAPENNY: Incoming call on the red phone, Sir!

M picks up the receiver of the other black phone.

M: M speaking.

He listens. As horror dawns on his face, he slowly rises to his feet.

M: I see. Yes, Prime Minister. At once, Prime Minister.

He slumps back into his seat and replaces the receiver.

MISS S: What is it, sir?

PRATT: *(gleefully)* He's found out about you at the office party!

M: If only it were that simple. Spendapenny, Pratt – prepare yourselves for terrible news.

MISS S: *(gasps)* Nuclear war?

PRATT: Police commissioner in kinky 3-in-a-bed romp with Rebecca Brooks and a horse?

M: No, that was last week. *(Pause)* It's Her Majesty. She's been kidnapped.

MISS S gasps and claps hand to mouth.

PRATT: *(thrilled to bits)* Oh, my days! Like, that is soooo exciting! I mean - nothing's happened like this for ages! Not since the Ruskies found our spy-rock in Gorky Park! Ooh, Sir, what are we going to do?

M: *(trying to concentrate)* Shut up, Pratt!

PRATT: Oh, sorry, it's just... *(Pause, he just can't keep it to himself)* I mean, fancy, the Queen getting kidnapped! Ohh! *(Runs around in mock panic)*

M: Pratt, the gravity of the situation has not been lost on me.

PRATT: No, sir, of course not. But if you want a special agent – I'm free!

M: Oh, for heaven's sake!

PRATT: Look, I've just had this brilliant idea!

M: What is it? (*knowing it will be rubbish*)

PRATT: Well, it's very simple. We just get everybody to look for her. I'll make a poster with a nice big photo of the Queen which we can stick up all over the place. What do you think?

M: (*Furious*) A poster? With a photo? Pratt, has it ever entered your dimwitted skull that everyone *knows* what the Queen looks like? From postage stamps and fivers? She has possibly the best-known face on the planet! Oh, how on earth did we ever come to employ someone like you?

PRATT: Well, it just sort of happened really, after that mysterious episode of the photographs of you with the Duke of Cumberland's sausage. Bit of a coincidence...

MISS S: What was that?

M: Nothing, nothing! All right, Pratt, but don't you realise that by sticking up 'Missing' posters a week before the Diamond Jubilee we would cause a national outcry and panic throughout the land?

PRATT: Oh....

M: Yes, oh! Heads would roll! And if my head is on the block, then so is yours.

PRATT: (*Gulp*)

M: (*to MISS S*): And yours.

MISS S: (*aside*) And not just my head....

M: Two things are paramount right now: get the Queen back safe and sound, and avoid a panic. Now, let me think - we can get a lookalike to stand in for a couple of days – that shouldn't be difficult, as long as we keep it hush-hush. Pratt, you go and sort that one out, and don't mess it up. Spendapenny, contact 007. This is a job for Bond!

Exeunt M, MISS S, PRATT. MUSIC strikes up. DUM DE DUM DUM, the Bond theme. Lights go down. Silhouettes appear, doing a wobbly dance. Leotards, floaty material etc. BOND appears upstage, walks to centre. Two dancers hold up a hoop. BOND turns and fires his gun. They pull a bit of sheer red cloth down, then whirl away.

ON SCREEN during the dance: Bradninch Players Present.... In association with Etherleon and Abinormal studiosA DAFT Production..... produced by Cuddly Broccoli and F Arty Sprouts.....

DIAMONDS ARE FOR..... TREVOR (this comes in on a wobbly card)

Written by Simon Tytherleigh and Roger Mortimer....Musical direction by Adam Montague...Theme tune performed by Burly Chassis....Directed by Simon T. Spielburp

Music reaches a climax.

On comes Burly Chassis to sing Diamonds song. TREVOR is surrounded by the girls, stands very confidently at first, but looks increasingly uncomfortable.

At the end of the song BURLY takes TREVOR in hand and walks him offstage, clasping his buttock as they go.

Scene 2

The SLOBBYs' flat, somewhere in the Midlands.

NORMAN and ENA SLOBBY are watching Strictly Come Dancing. NORMAN is slouched on the sofa. ENA is glued to the box, which is offstage. NORMAN takes some pills. They both have broad Brummy accents.

NORMAN: Oof! *(bit of gastric pain)*

ENA: Ooh! *(reacting to the telly)*

ENA: Have yow stopped taking yer medicine?

NORMAN: Oi'm alright, stop worrying.

ENA: *(Faces TV)* Aow, look at 'er. I don't think she's half as good as Ann Widdecombe. Hasn't got the style. I mean, Ann was like a graceful....

NORMAN:hippopotamus. *(He's not that interested in Strictly)*

ENA: Aow, Norm, you just don't take it seriously!

NORMAN: Oh yes I do. I remember how you used to foxtrot, Ena. Everybody said you were fantastic, just like a Queen....

ENA: Oh, those were the days.

Knock at the door.

NORMAN: Who the 'eck's that?

ENA: Bloomin' inconsiderate if you ask me, fancy coming knocking, right in the middle of Strictly. You go, I don't want to miss this bit.

NORMAN *huffs, then gets up to open the door. It is PRATT.*

ENA *(Shouts to NORMAN, offstage)* Who is it, love?

NORMAN: He says he's from the ministry.

ENA: Give 'im 50p, then, and tell 'im to shove off.

NORMAN: He says it's important official business.

ENA: Tell 'im Jesus'll have to wait until Strictly's over. Ooh, I'd give him a nine any day.

PRATT: *(bursting in, looks like Philip Marlowe, trilby and raincoat. Strikes a pose.)* Not that sort of

ministry, duckie. Ohh, what a lovely room! Don't change a thing! Now, do excuse me, Mrs ...err. *(consults clipboard, aside)* No, that can't be right....Slowby, but this really is important, top secret... *(aside, to audience)* Oh my days, this is sooo exciting. I feel like a real secret dick!

NORMAN: Well, yow certainly look like one.

ENA:Shh, the world isn't going to end before my programme finishes. Ohh... look at that. Anton's amazing, isn't he?

NORMAN: I'm Slobby, *(PRATT stares.)* Norman Slobby. That's my wife Ena. Who are you?

PRATT: Pratt.

NORMAN: Yes, we can see that. Well, if you're not going to go, you'd better have a seat. Won't be long. The one in the tassels'll win, you'll see.

PRATT: *(gusty sigh)* Oh, all right.

PRATT clears some rubbish off a seat and sits gingerly down

PRATT: Ooh, look at his spangly bits.... I wonder if he sews them on himself..

ENA oohs and ahhs at the TV. This lasts about 5 seconds.

ENA: *(finally, turns to Pratt)* Right, now - what do you want?

PRATT: Well! It's a national emergency. And we need your assistance.

BOTH SLOBBYS: Our assistance?

PRATT: Yes! You see – oh, silly me, nearly forgot. You have to sign the Official Secrets Act. *(gets a huge document out of his briefcase).*

NORMAN: I knew it, he's from B-sky-B! I'm not signin' anything, and don't you neither Ena, it won't work and it'll cost us a bloomin' fortune.

PRATT: No, no.

NORMAN: Insurance?

PRATT: No.

NORMAN: Double glazing, then? We are on the sixteenth floor, you know?

PRATT: Look, I'm not selling you anything. I'm from MI6, and Your Country Needs You! Now, Mrs Slobby. Ena. Cast your mind back. Do you remember winning a competition once for looking like the Queen?

NORMAN: Blimey! That were in nineteen-sixty-four! She's knocked around a bit since then. Well, I s'pose she might pass for the Queen Mum on a dark night...

ENA: Aow, give over, Norm. Anyway she's dead.

NORMAN: That's what I mean.

PRATT: Look, Mrs Slobby, I'll be straight with you. *(aside)* How can I put it? We are desperate... no that's too strong. *(to her)* We need you to stand in for the Queen, just for a couple of days....

ENA: Ooooh! What a surprise! Will I get to wear all them lovely frocks, and a blue sash....oh, and a crown?

PRATT: Of course, my lovely! The frocks are at the cleaner's - *aside*: being let out! - and I polished the crown myself! Now just sign here.

ENA: Ooh, I can't wait. *(She does, willingly.)* Come on Norm...mm...mmm... *(he signs suspiciously)*

PRATT: Right, now I can tell you that the Queen has err... gone missing... no, no err, walkabout... and that's why we need you to do a little standing in.

NORMAN: Gone missing? Walkabout... what, like Stephen Fry? Here - I bet she's been kidnapped!

ENA: Kidnapped! Oh! That's terrible!

PRATT: No, no... it's nothing like that! *(Aside)* Oh, Lord, what have I said?

ENA: What about the Jubilee? Oh it's tragic, just wait till I tell Sheila about this, she'll never believe it!

PRATT: Oooh, no, no, no! You can't. You've just signed the Official Secrets Act, and it's strictly hush hush.

ENA: *(disappointed)* Oh. Oh, dear. *(perks up)* But what about little me, eh? Standing in for her Majesty? What an honour! My moment of fame in the spotlight! I told you, Norm, my time would come.

PRATT: Yes, yes, all that... and we need to go to London. Right now. First class on the train - and you'll get a big fat reward from a grateful nation.

ENA: Like my own reality TV show?

NORMAN: Oh, give over, Ena. What'll she have to do?

PRATT: Oh, just a bit of hand-waving and a broadcast – mmmm - you might need some elocution...

ENA: Oh blimey! They're not going to stick wires up me bum are they?

PRATT: No, no, *elocution*. Oh, never mind.

ENA: I'll just go and pack a bag. Come on, Norman; and don't forget your flatulence pills or it'll be Torremolinos all over again. Won't be a minute, Mr Pratt. ... *(As she goes)* What a nice man!

Scene 3 – Bond's apartment. Deodorant spray, mobile phone by sofa. James is offstage getting ready to go out. Trevor is idling on the sofa, playing a computer game – shoot'em up. Sound effects. The CHORUS are parts of the furniture, arms of the sofa , lampstands etc.

JAMES: (off) Pass my special deodorant, will you, Trevor?

TREVOR: (tossing him a can of Lynx spray) And I thought it was all down to your natural charisma. Where are you off to this evening, anyway, James?

Sound of deodorant being liberally sprayed offstage.

JAMES: If I told you, I'd have to kill you (TREVOR mouths along to the last bit). Just saving the world from another power-crazed lunatic and making some lucky women very happy.

TREVOR: Down the Dog and Duck as usual then? ... I wish I was a spy! Secret Service – bang bang, saving the world for democracy. I could do it.... Doctor No — Rupert Murdoch – they'd never get the better of me!

JAMES: Ha! Not a chance, little brother. You haven't a clue. Your games aren't like the real world, you know. Right, have a good evening, enjoy your fantasies! (Door closes as he exits)

TREVOR: (sees mobile phone and gun on table) Oh, James, you left your.... oh never mind.

TREVOR looks crestfallen. The game has lost its appeal.

SONG – LIVE AND LET DIE

He sits and wonders about what to do. The mobile phone on the table rings. Ringtone is 007 theme.

TREVOR jumps then gingerly picks it up and looks at it suspiciously...

TREVOR: Hello...er...hello. (trying to sound more like James)

FILMED SEQUENCE: M appears on the screen, on the other end of the phone, swings away from view (so it doesn't have to be lip-synced)

M: Bond, is that you?

TREVOR: Yes (again trying to lower his voice) Yes, Bond here, err... licensed to thrill, I mean, kill

M: (shuts him up tetchily) Be quiet, double-o-seven, and listen. There's a grade A flap on. A code red national emergency with knobs on. So get on your formula one mobility scooter and I shall expect to see you at the beginning of the next scene. Understood?

TREVOR: (excitement dawns) Er...yes, sir! Absolutely, sir! On my way!

He rushes round, picks up gun, sprays some Lynx and puts the can in his pocket. Sweeps back his hair; puts on a hat.

TREVOR: Here we go. At last! Exits.

Scene 4 - M's Office.

M is seated at his desk. SPENDAPENNY, notebook at the ready, is seated on the edge of the desk. M leans.

M: Now, Spendapenny, are you ready to take something down?

MISS S: Oh yes, Sir!

TREVOR enters. M coughs with embarrassment and turns away.

MISS S: *(jumps up, accosts him)* Just a minute. Who are you?

TREVOR: Why hello, Spendapenny. It's Bond, Trevor Bond. Aren't you going to swoon at the sight of me?

MISS S: Not a chance. Agent number?

TREVOR: Err....double-eight-one?

MISS S: Hmm. And don't come on with any of that chauvinist nonsense with me, matey. It's so last century. *(As if to an idiot)* Over there. *(Gestures to where M is waiting. MISS S returns to her own desk)*

M *(in swivel chair, not looking at him)* Bond, you're late. We have no time to lose. We don't have much to go on. The Queen was abducted last night....

TREVOR: The Queen??

M: Yes, small woman, eighty-six, rules the Commonwealth. ... and a corgi, apparently.

TREVOR: She rules a corgi?

M: No. Shut up and listen! The Queen and one of her corgis have been abducted and are being held by persons unknown at a secret location.

TREVOR: So you don't actually know anything?

M: There is a video sent by the kidnappers...Spendapenny, run the tape. Sit down double-oh-seven.

TREVOR: Actually, it's double-eight-one...

M: *(looking up at him)* You're not very familiar. Do we have a double-eight-one?

TREVOR: You do now. *(Grins, and sits DS facing screen)*

FILMED SEQUENCE: Ransom Demand . A figure appears in front of a curtain, wearing a Guy

Fawkes/Vendetta mask. It is FRED Goldfinger, but the audience do not know this. Cockney accent, city wideboy.

FRED: Evenin' all! I bet this has put the wind up MI6 something proper! I reckon you're all running around getting your best agents on the case! Well don't worry, her Maj is quite safe with me. I'd put 'er on, but she's a little tied up at the moment.

Cut to shot of Queen, complete with handbag, trussed up, then to (toy) corgi similarly.

I'm sure we can do a little trade to sort this out! How about you give me the Koh-I-Noor diamond, you know, the whacking big one in 'er crown..... *(Muffled protests from Queen)* ... Shut it, ma'am! ...and I'll let you have her back in good time for the Jubilee? Is that a deal? *(Laughs)* Do you have a choice?

Your agent will rendezvous with mine tomorrow at 1400. Dahn in Devon, Haldon Hill. Make sure he's alone or the deal's orf. Hand over the diamond. When we've checked it's for real, you can have your 'er nibs back. Any funny business and it won't go well for her, or her nasty little mouse-hound. Pleasure doin' business with you. Cheerio!

TREVOR: *(clenches fists)* Fiendish swine!

M: No need to get personal.

TREVOR: Not you, sir – him! *(indicates screen)*

M: Oh, I see. Now look here, double-eight-one. We don't know who the kidnappers are, but it's either the Occupy protesters or the Bradninch Climate Group. Both deuced dangerous. We're up a gum-tree, on a sticky wicket in a tight corner.

TREVOR: With a mixed metaphor.

M: What was that?

TREVOR: Nothing, sir.

M: Right. Double-eight-one, you will deliver the diamond in person. Spendapenny, get someone to nip over to the Tower of London for it, here's authorisation. *(Scribbles a note and hands it to MISS S)* Bond, you'll need some equipment, so go and see Q. Oh...and...er, take care, he's gone a little strange recently.

Scene 5 - Q's workshop. *On table are a glass with liquid and an ice cube, a rose and a small meat pie.*

Heavy rap music. Q is busy with something pointless. TREVOR enters. Music fades.

Q: *(usual brusque manner)* Ah, there you are, Bond. Now pay attention.

(Music. Q whips on shades and chants in character of a rapper. CHORUS enter)

Well my name is Q
And I know what to do

'Cos I work for the ministry
If you're in a fix
I got plenty of tricks
If you're in a spot
I'll get you out like a shot
You see this rose – (*TREVOR leans in to sniff*)
Squirts poison up your nose (*TREVOR recoils*)
You eat this pie (*TREVOR reaches eagerly – Q whips it away*)
You'll be dead by an' by
This cube of ice
Is a nuclear device
As for this glass
You just stick it up your -

TREVOR: (*Hastily*) Yes! Well, thanks, Q.

Q: (*reverts to normal brusque persona*) Did you get all that? Good. Oh, and here's a tracking device. No Bond story is complete without one. A watch with a little knife in it. Careful! (*As Trevor picks it up to try it, then slips it on his wrist*). It cost a fortune to develop. You'll need this (*hand shim a wetsuit*) And the latest underwater breathing apparatus. (*Holds up goggles and a drinking straw*) Amazing how I always anticipate just the gadgets that you need. Now, ready for the piece de resistance? We've been working on it for some time. State of the art, designed to be completely inconspicuous, but of course bristling with all the latest toys. Your new car, double-eight-one! It awaits you outside (*hands TREVOR the keys*)

MISS S enters.

MISS S: Just a moment. We have the diamond for you, double-eight-one. (*Q places his hand on MISS S's bum*) Please sign here, and here....and here. And take your hand off my bum, you sexist pig!

TREVOR: Oh... (*Like, how could I possibly have done that with my arms full of stuff???*)

She hands him the diamond.

MISS S: Whatever you do, bring it back. It's priceless.

TREVOR: Like you, Spendapenny...

MISS S: Give it a break.

Q: But, as you might expect, we've made you an exact replica, which you can substitute for the real thing as soon as they've authenticated it. (*Hands him another big diamond, which TREVOR is about to put into his pocket with the real one*). No, not in your pocket! There's a special compartment in these shoes to conceal it perfectly (*Hands him a pair of shoes*).... Good luck, double-eight-one. You can leave by the rear exit.

Exit Q and SPENDAPENNY

TREVOR: Thanks. (*puts fake diamond into shoe. Gets up and can hardly stand for the pain of the diamond*) Well, this is it! Now for the dream machine! I wonder what it'll be... BMW M6? Mercedes SLR? Aston Martin DBS? I can't wait!

He hobbles off through the auditorium, closing the door as he goes.

FILM SEQUENCE: We see TREVOR outside the hall, closing the door and looking for his car. Cut to shot of Gary's A40. TREVOR raises an eyebrow in scepticism. There are rubber toy heads on the roofrack. He opens the door and climbs in. There is an old-fashioned telephone on the dashboard. A drop-down flap reveals some switches with old dymo tape next to them, Oil Slick, Tyre Shredders, Machine Gun. He presses Machine Gun, and on the roof rack a dinosaur's mouth opens and a barrel protrudes. A quick burst of machine gun fire is heard, and a pot of flowers on a wall down the road explodes. A passing vicar on a bicycle falls off and stares in amazement, looks heavenward, then makes a hasty getaway.

TREVOR starts the car, which makes a sound like a Ferrari, rorty roar. He bumps uncertainly off down the road.

We see TREVOR in the car looking at a map, which he cannot fold again properly so discards. He is in a wooded area, and parks the car by a tree, gets out, hides behind the tree and observes...

A bright red convertible PORSCHE pulls up, and a sexy-looking woman gets out, looks about. She is FANNY STRAVAGANZA, henchwoman to FRED. She wears sunglasses and a scarf. She has not seen TREVOR, checks the time, and walks off down the road.

TREVOR sprays himself liberally with Lynx, including down his trousers, then creeps up to the SMART car and places the tracking device on it. He then gets up and walks towards FANNY.

Scene 6 – Haldon Hill. A deserted layby in a wood.

TREVOR approaches FANNY

TREVOR: Hello, the name's Bond....Trevor Bond.

FANNY: And I'm... Fanny Stravaganza.

TREVOR: Oh wow!

FANNY: But don't get any ideas. Have you got the diamond?

TREVOR: Yes, here. *(reaches into pocket and hands it to her)*.

FANNY approaches him, sniffs the Lynx, reaches for the diamond and ends up right up close. TREVOR doesn't really know what to do...

FANNY *(holding the diamond and looking at it over TREVOR's shoulder)* My, what a big one!

TREVOR: Well, I'm just pleased to meet you, Fanny.

FANNY: And it's so hard. It must be the real thing.

TREVOR: Steady on. I've heard about you Bond girls, but this is ridiculous!

SONG – PULL UP TO MY BUMPER

TREVOR reacts to the song, realising he is way out of his depth, rather excited by this dangerous woman, and tries not to let it show.

FANNY: *(knees him in the groin, laughs)* Catch me if you can!

She runs off.

FILM SEQUENCE: FANNY runs to her car and speeds away. TREVOR follows in the A40. Animation of cars over hills and down dales. On a cliff road, the cars dislodge rocks. They reach the sea, FANNY'S car floats on the water and goes off. TREVOR parks up, unable to do the same. TREVOR gets out and goes 'Wow!'. He changes into a mankini and puts on the goggles and straw, then makes his way down to the water's edge. It is very cold and he rushes back up the beach. Next shot has TREVOR in a wetsuit with the mankini over the top. He swims out towards the horizon. We see FANNY's car speeding across the water towards the ISLAND LAIR. She exits the water and parks the car in front of the buildings. They bristle with strange antennae on top. Cut to iconic Bond shot of TREVOR rising from the sea, wearing a wetsuit and mankini, with a bit of seaweed dangling over it. He tries to look cool, walks up the beach and behind a rock. In a continuous shot he emerges from the other side immaculately dressed in a tuxedo and bow-tie. Adjusts his tie, looks at the tracker and heads off. Music over all the above.

LIVE ACTION: TREVOR is stalking the island. Actually, he is stalking his way round the auditorium. Various black clad guards are summarily despatched. BIGJOB, a thick thug with a bowler hat and moustache follows him up onto the stage and eventually downs TREVOR with a Frisbee. He falls to the ground, conveniently onto a low trolley, and BIGJOB drags him away, laughing evilly.

Scene 6a -The Royal Walkabout

REPORTER enters with mike with 'BBC' around it. Fiddles with earpiece etc.

REPORTER: About here? Lippy OK? Ready.

TV PRODUCER: Ready. Three...two... *(silence, then points to start broadcast)*

REPORTER turns to audience and puts on a prolonged false smile.

REPORTER: *(silver-tongued)* The crowds are expectantly awaiting the arrival in Bradninch of the Queen and Prince Philip on this the latest stop on their Diamond Jubilee tour, so suddenly and worryingly interrupted last week by her Majesty's recent unexpected illness.

A person from the crowd waving a Union Jack inches towards the REPORTER and waves the flag. Gets a sour look.

ENA enters with PRATT, NORMAN and PHILIP and a security man at back of auditorium.

PRATT: So whatever you do, just don't say a word. Smile and wave, smile and wave, just like the Queen, OK, luvvie?

ENA: *(ignoring him)* Ooh, isn't it wonderful? I just want to meet my adoring public! *(She rushes forward, arms outstretched, more like Edna Everage than Her Maj)* Come on, Phil, keep up!

PHILIP: What is going on? Who the hell is that ruddy woman? I've never seen her before in me life. And who the hell are you?

NORMAN: I'm Slobby. Norman Slobby. Pleased to meet you, your err... Highness. *(holding out his hand)*

PHILIP: Well, just slobby off back behind the barriers, will you? Bloody peasants! Goodness sakes, where's security when you need them? Privatised, like everything else, I expect. Fat chance of getting the old girl back.

PRATT: Sir, I'll explain everything later. If you could just go with the flow....

PHILIP: Go with the flow?! Go with the FLOW?.... Don't have to be civil to the old bat as well, do I? Country's gone to the dogs, if you ask me.... *(follows on, grumbling)*

ENA has reached the front, turns and bellows out:

ENA: Ooh, I just love yow all! *(blows kisses)*

PRATT: Oh. Lord!

PRATT and NORMAN and some security people rush up and bundle her away very unceremoniously. The whole party exits in disarray.

REPORTER: Well, it's a novel approach, but doubtless all part of the plan to get right down there among her people. and as the royal party hurry away to their next destination, it's back to you in the studio, John.

REPORTER finishes broadcast and drops her smile, to replace it with a sneer. Goes off disconsolately, clearly hates this job.

Scene 7 - The Lair.

FRED is in the lair. FANNY arrives.

FRED: Ah, there you are, Fanny my love.

Gets her to kiss him on the cheek.

TREVOR is brought in by BIGJOB.

FRED: Ah, Mister Bond. Welcome to my 'umble abode on the Silly Isles. We call this one Tesco.

TREVOR: Why?

BIGJOB: Because it's a Lidl island, har, har,har! Need any Morrisons (*more reasons*), geddit??

FRED: I believe you already know my personal assistant Miss Stravaganza and the –er – gentleman presently grasping your person in a not so tender embrace is my security consultant, Bigjob.

TREVOR: How appropriate, given what he's got for brains.

BIGJOB: (*tightens grip*) I make the jokes.

FRED: Did you get the diamond?

FANNY: Yes. It's real alright. (*holds it up*)

FRED: (*admiring it*) Oh, at last.. Put it over there for safe keeping will you, Fanny. *FANNY puts the diamond backstage.* Now we can proceed.

TREVOR: And who are you?

FRED: Ah. I am a man of many disguises. The world knows me as Sir Fred Goldfinger, the ingenious banker who brought a certain mega-rich financial institution crashing to the ground – oh, what larks, while we collected millions in bonuses and payoffs! (*He crosses to curtain during this last sentence and reveals the QUEEN, bound and gagged as before, but still with her handbag. FRED and QUEEN glare mutually*) But then the knighthood bestowed upon me by a grateful sovereign was cruelly swiped away.

TREVOR: You dastardly swine! I demand that you release Her Majesty immediately.

FRED (*chuckling*) My dear Mr Bond, you are in no position to demand anything. Besides, I haven't finished boasting about my incredible cleverness. As I was saying, it's all part of a grand plan. I built up RBSBos to be the biggest bank in the world, just to teach everyone a little lesson. Did you seriously imagine that a great bank like that just collapsed through bad luck? No! It takes enormous skill to destroy such an institution! And such skill can only be obtained by – (*he adopts Russian accent*) – training with the Russian Secret Service!

(*furious squeaks from QUEEN*)

TREVOR: You mean –

FRED: Yes! My codename is Fredskykov Goldfingervitch, First Directorate of KFC!

TREVOR: But –

FRED: Yes! Cheap fried chicken restaurants are a front for our international spy network – there is a bug in every bargain bucket! And my role is Chief of Special Executive for Counter-intelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion.

TREVOR: You don't mean –

FRED: Yes! SPECTRE!

(*Supercrash of doom-laden chords from piano*)

(To audience) You get it... S..P..E..C Hang on, what's the 'P' stand for?..... Oh well, never mind. Where was I? Oh, yes....My philosophy, Mr Bond, is very simple. If you've got plenty of money then you're never short of friends. And Bigjob here, he's my devoted helper and friend. Eh, Bigjob?

BIGJOB: Yes, Boss.

SONG: FRED, BIGJOB

'Friendship', comic number by Cole Porter.

FRED: Ach, who needs friends, anyway? (*Laughs manically*) You see Mr Bond, if you've got lots of dosh then you don't even have to pay taxes like the little people! Do you pay tax Mr. Bond?

TREVOR: You're completely insane!

FRED: Oh yes, being nuts just goes with the territory. I am your all-purpose Bond villain! 'Mr Bond, I don't expect you to talk, I expect you to die'.....Ha, ha! Oh, I love it! It's so much more fun being the baddie, don't you think?

TREVOR: OK, stop playing games. You've got what you wanted – a bank destroyed, the country collapsing under insupportable debt – what do you want with the Queen?

FRED: (*Suddenly serious*) Only she can put right the scandalous wrong that was done to me – the wicked humiliation – one day you will all recognise my greatness...

TREVOR: What are you on about?

FANNY: He wants his knighthood back, don't you, dear?

FRED: Yes! The Queen must restore my knighthood!

FANNY: Like they say – once a queen always a queen –

BIGJOB: But once a knight is enough! Har, har, d' you geddit?

FRED: Shut it, Bigjob!

BIGJOB: Sorry, Boss.

FRED: Second time lucky, I say. So, soon as she's done the biz, she can go 'ome to Buck House an' live 'appy ever after.

TREVOR: Fanny! Can't you see he's mad? Can't you persuade him to let the queen go?

FRED: My dear Mr Bond – Fanny is loyal only to me. A woman of many talents – black belt in judo, a dead shot with a rifle and a superb cook. Oh yes, there are many chefs who can only dream of making vol-au-vents like Fanny's.

BIGJOB: Say, boss – how about we untie the old queen and let her do the knighting thing now we've got a witless?

FANNY: It's witness....

BIGJOB: What?...

FRED: Good idea. See to it, Bigjob.

(BIGJOB releases the QUEEN, who stands shakily, massaging feeling back into arms, etc)

QUEEN: Hands orf!

FRED: Right, your Highness. Fanny, get the sword, there's a good girl.
(FANNY exits, returning with a toy sword)

FRED: *(kneels)* So! Now you can knight me all over again!

QUEEN: Over one's dead body! You despicable little man. No knighthood for you. And if you were even hoping for an invitation to one's next garden party, you can think again, so tough toenails and ya boo sucks.

FRED: Ha! So – you refuse! Bigjob – turn the camera on!

BIGJOB: Right, Boss.

FILM SEQUENCE – corgi on rack with circular saw approaching.

BIGJOB: Best do as he says, marm, or it'll be sliced corgi for breakfast.

QUEEN: Stop! Very well. Poor Tinky-Winky. You have forced one's hand.

The corgi relaxes as the circular saw stops. He lets out a little poo. Video ends.

TREVOR: Swine!

BIGJOB: Nah, it's a dog, not a pig. Tch! *(as if TREVOR's stupid)*

(QUEEN knights FRED, but with back to audience so they can see her fingers crossed.)

QUEEN: There. Arise, Sir – whatever your horrible name is – Fred the Shred.

FRED: Thank you, your Majesty. Your most 'umble servant.

TREVOR: Happy now? You've got your knighthood back, and the Koh-i-Noor diamond. Er – why did you want that, by the way? I assume it wasn't just to decorate your Fanny?

FRED: For the next phase of my plans for world domination, of course! *TREVOR stares hard.* Ah, Mr Bond. I see I have your undivided attention. With this diamond I can construct the most powerful laser the world has ever seen. I shall destroy my enemies with one burst of its mighty beam.

TREVOR: What enemies, you deluded psycho?

FRED: The three people who conspired my downfall!

TREVOR: You mean Gordon Brown, Vince Cable and the governor of the Bank of England?

FRED: No! I mean John Humphreys, Robert Peston and Stephanie Flanders! But thank you for adding some more names to the list.

TREVOR: And how will you get rid of them?

FRED: Simple! By vaporising the BBC and the Houses of Parliament, and the Bank of England for good measure! Using my incredibly sophisticated locating device the laser is bounced off the surface of the moon to destroy any target on earth that I choose. Ha, ha, ha! Our first test will be on somewhere useless like Cullompton.

FILM SEQUENCE: Animated shot of laser gun, with box and switches with label 'Incredibly Sophisticated Locating Device', moon and shot of cut-outs of Peston etc being blasted. Like a powerpoint presentation.

TREVOR: This is truly evil. Let the Queen go, you have no more use for her.

FRED: Fools! Can't you see why I can't let you go? Once off this island, you would report my whereabouts and I would be finished. Instead it is you who are finished! But at least you will have the pleasure of witnessing the destruction of my enemies and the world financial markets going into meltdown. I, meanwhile, will prepare the laser – with this! (*holds up diamond and laughs hideously*) Now, Bigjob, Fanny – take Mr Bond and the Queen to the cellar and tie them up.

FRED sits in his chair, lights a large cigar. Puffs on it and counts out his money. Swigs from the whisky occasionally.

SONG: Goldfinger performed by Burlly Chassis.

INTERVAL

ACT 2

Scene 8

TV studio. ENA sitting on a chair centre stage. Make-up and costume people fussing about. Powder, wraps, preening, mirrors etc. PRATT striding round looking like a director. Cameraman in audience etc. Boom mike held over on pole. Spotlight practising picking her out, but missing just for now. Lighting man checking exposure etc.

ENA: Oooh, it's so exciting, Norm. I feel like a Queen.

NORMAN: Calm down, love. Ohhh. *He clutches his stomach, waddles off. Crunches pills.*

PRATT: (*To the make-up artist*) Look, just do your best, duckie. Trowel it on.

ENA: I'll have you know my face has been much sought after.

PRATT: Oh yes? What for? Advertising polyfilla?

ENA: (*pleading*) Oh, I've always wanted to be on the telly. Norman, are you sure yow's taken your pills?

NORMAN: Shh, please. Yes, of course. (*crunches some more*)

PRATT: Now we really must rehearse. Sit up and read from the script. Posture, posture. That's it, luvvie. And remember – you are the Queen, and this is your special jubilee message to the world!

ENA: Oh, righty-oh. Now let's see...(*looks at script*) Moy oosband an oi...

PRATT: Oh, no!

ENA: What was wrong with that? That's what it says.

PRATT: Remember the exercises. Just do them again. After me: 'The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain'.

ENA: The rine in Spine falls minely on the pline.

PRATT: Again. Try harder.

ENA: The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain.

PRATT: Good. Now, it's not moy oosband an oi – it's (*affects overdone queen voice*) may husband and ay.

ENA: Oh. All right, I'll try it again. May – hoosband –and – ay.

PRATT: Nearly – once again!

ENA: May harsband and ay!

PRATT: She's got it! By George, she's got it! Say it again!

ENA: My husband and I...

PRATT: Perfect!

SONG from My Fair Lady- The Rain in Spain

PRATT: (*Claps hands, rushes round yelling orders*) Wonderful, wonderful! Studio! Sound on! Lights up. Stand by to roll cameras! Ready to record take one. (*ENA gasps with stage fright*) Ready? Quiet, studio, please – everyone quiet! And.... action!!
Lights come full up on ENA. She looks just passable as a caricature of the Queen. Terrible wig.

ENA: (*expression of panic on face, attempts a smile, looks around at everyone for a long pause*)
Moy oosband 'an oi.....!

PRATT: Oh no! Cut! Cut it! It's no good. We're running out of time, what am I going to do? We'll have to come clean! I can just imagine the headlines.....

Filmed sequence: Newspapers spin on screen – headlines: Daily Torygraph: Queen missing! The Grauniad: Queen abducted! Sunday Scum: Big Tits! Spooks cock-up over Queen Boob!

Norman farts noisily.

NORMAN: Ohhh. Very sorry.

ENA: I warned you, Norm.

PRATT sighs deeply.

Scene 9

Back in the lair. TREVOR and QUEEN are tied up in the dimly-lit cellar.

TREVOR: Sorry, ma'am. I didn't handle that terribly well. Fact is, I'm just not my brother.

QUEEN: One can see that. But one doesn't think that James could have done better.

TREVOR: Really? Gosh! Er – thanks, ma'am.

QUEEN: Not at all. There is a terrible smell down here.

TREVOR: I think it might be my deodorant. It's supposed to attract women.

QUEEN: Well, don't let Charles get hold of it. Now, how do you suggest we get out of here?

TREVOR: Back at Headquarters, I got some stuff from Q. He's the boffin. He makes –

QUEEN: One knows who Q is. One has seen the films.

TREVOR: Oh, right. Well. If I can just get my watch off – *(he struggles to undo his watch with his teeth)* it has a secret button that releases a tiny blade.

QUEEN: Most ingenious. Though one can't help thinking that a small pen-knife would be simpler.

TREVOR: Oh. Yes. But I've got the special watch, it cost millions to develop – ah! I can't reach it.

QUEEN: Would this help? *(Holds out small penknife)* Always handy!

TREVOR: Oh, right. Thank you ... Now, if we can just get back to back... *(he shuffles round, but the QUEEN has already released herself, and proceeds to cut TREVOR loose.)* How did you get loose, ma'am?

QUEEN: It was quite straightforward. Don't know why you all make such a fuss. There you are, Mr Bond. Now, if you can get us away from this horrid place, there just might be a little reward in it for you.

TREVOR: Gosh. Thanks! Err...Ma'am. Right, well – oh no! Listen! *(sound of keys in lock from*

outside) Hide!

Enter FANNY with corgi. TREVOR grabs her, hand over mouth. QUEEN holds penknife to FANNY's throat.

TREVOR: Quietly now... *(releases her mouth)*

FANNY: It's all right. I'm with you. Fred's gone completely mad, and we've got to stop him. He wants to paint me gold next week. How did you get free?

TREVOR: Well, you know – when your name's Bond

QUEEN: Oh! *(Squeak of protest from Queen.)*

FANNY: Oh, Trevor, you're so brave, and manly – I love you so much! *(kisses him - romantic piano music)* I loved you the first moment I clapped eyes on you! *(kisses him some more)*

SONG – I got you Babe, FANNY and TREVOR

Plus I'm potty about dogs, and I couldn't let him do that to the corgi. Here is your corgi, ma'am. *(curtseys)*

QUEEN: Oh, you have brought one's Tinky-Winky back! Come to one! *(Clasps the dog to her)*
But now we have to effect an escape. What is that madman doing?

FANNY: He's upstairs – getting his stupid laser-gun ready. He told me to bring you two up there so he can show off what he's doing, so just pretend you're still tied up. First off he's going to zap Cullompton then he's going to take out Bradninch Guildhall, and then the BBC.

TREVOR: No! We haven't a moment to lose! Fanny, here in my shoe is a fake diamond. It's been killing me. To stop the laser all we need to do is substitute it for the real one. Can you do that?

FANNY: For you, Trevor, anything. *(kisses him again)*

QUEEN: Oh, please desist. One is starting to feel somewhat queasy.

TREVOR puts shoe back on.

TREVOR: Oh, that's better. *(Walks normally at last)*

(FANNY leads the way off, TREVOR and QUEEN roped up)

Scene 10

The Lair. Upstairs. FRED is discovered setting up laser-gun. BIGJOB stands beside him. FANNY, TREVOR and QUEEN enter, the prisoners pretending to be tied up.

BIGJOB: One minute and ...errr... *(uses his finger to count)* thirty seconds until it locks on, Boss.

FRED: Now! The crowning moment of my career! The laser is aimed at Cullompton. All I need now is the diamond to ensure total destruction! Bigjob – fetch the diamond!

BIGJOB (*takes diamond from table?, hands it to FRED*) Here you are, Boss. Will there be a big bang?

FRED: (*inserting the diamond into the laser, electronic hum starts*) The biggest bang you've ever heard, Bigjob.

BIGJOB: I don't like bangs, bad for me nerves. (*Puts earplugs into ears*)

FRED: Ah, my guests have arrived. Ready for the fireworks?

TREVOR: Aren't you going to show us how it works first?

FRED: Of course, Mr Bond, a pleasure. How could I possibly turn down your last request? Ha, ha, ha! Now this is the unit where the laser light is generated, turbo-charged V8 of course, and further down is where the beam gets concentrated. That's where the diamond comes in. We need one of sufficient size and purity to intensify the beam six million times. Fortunately the Koh-I-Noor is just right for the purpose....

TREVOR: And that sits just in here?

FRED: Yes, it requires absolute precision, otherwise the extreme power of the weapon will cause it to self-destruct.

FANNY fumbles the diamond out and drops it on the floor.

FANNY: Oops!

FRED: The diamond! Get it! Bigjob! BIGJOB! Fanny!

Everyone scrambles around on the floor.

FANNY: Here it is, Fred! (*holds up diamond*)

FRED: Good. Panic over. Then let the fireworks begin! (*Puts the diamond into the gun*)

BIGJOB: The big hand's nearly at the top now, Boss.

FRED: Perfect. We are locking on to target. And ...Fire!

FRED pulls trigger. Nothing happens. Then a Microsoft Windows 'Didn't work' sound. Onscreen we see 'Error report: Laser has encountered an error.'

AMERICAN V/O: Please insert correct diamond or the laser will self destruct in two minutes, and counting.

FRED: Why doesn't it work? What's gone wrong?

FANNY: Probably because I gave you the wrong diamond.
(*FRED swings round and stares in horror. She takes second diamond from pocket*) You see, Fred, this is the real diamond. The one I gave you was a cunning fake, supplied by MI6.

FRED: But – but – why are you betraying me, Fanny?

FANNY: Because you are a heartless crook, Fred. And about to be a mass murderer.

AMERICAN V/O (*calmly*) One minute, and counting. You should think about leaving the building.

FRED: Never mind all that. Wealth and power is irresistibly attractive to you, isn't it? Just give us back the sparkler, there's a good girl, and make it quick. Bigjob....

BIGJOB fails to hear at first because of his earplugs, then tries to get the diamond. TREVOR leaps forward, and brings him down to the ground, out cold. Blows on his fists, adjusts cuffs etc.

(Suddenly, FRED dashes across, grabs QUEEN and holds her as human shield)

FRED: Stand back, all of you. I'm getting out and taking her with me. I shall be hailed as the hero, bravely rescuing the Queen. So sad the witnesses all perished. In sixty seconds this island will be blasted into atoms – and you with it! Goodbye!

He is about to exit with QUEEN when she squirms round and knees him in the nuts. As he collapses, howling, she thumps him with her handbag.

QUEEN: Take that, you scurvy knave! (*He collapses, unconscious.*) You horrid little man – you think you're a knight but you're not. One crawssed ones fingers while doing the dubbing.

TREVOR: I say!

FANNY: Good show, ma'am.

QUEEN: One rather enjoyed that.

SONG – Killer Queen, all plus CHORUS

AMERICAN V/O: Self destruct in twenty seconds. You really should be leaving now.

FANNY: We can take my car!

TREVOR: Yes! Hurry! (*picks up diamonds*)

QUEEN: Don't forget one's Tinky-Winky, Fanny!

FANNY: *to TREVOR* You get the dog.... Oh, have you got the fake diamond?

TREVOR: Oh yes!

Exeunt.

FILMED SEQUENCE – ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND. Fanny leads the way to the car outside, followed by the QUEEN and TREVOR, carrying TINKY-WINKY, who does a poo. TREVOR wipes down his jacket, but the QUEEN has noticed. She turns back, opens her handbag and pulls out a dog-poo bag, with which she scoops up the mess, then replaces it in her handbag and follows to the car.

FRED comes round, but cannot move much.

FRED: Ah, Bigjob, looks like we'll be interred together.

BIGJOB: Boss, You said I make the jokes....

SONG – My Way, FRED and BIGJOB

Blackout

FILMED SEQUENCE – . Countdown clock to zero. Miniature sets, the Island explodes in characteristic Bond fashion. As the debris rains down, we recognise a bowler hat falling onto the beach.)

Scene 11 – corridor at MI6

Enter M and MISS S. Pratt is rushing past.

M: How's it going, Pratt?

PRATT: Fine, Sir, fine. I'm just off to record the message now.

M: This had better be good, Pratt. We don't want a repeat of that disastrous walkabout. The reputation of the service depends on you.

PRATT: Yessir. All in hand sir. Final touches, and no one will know the difference. She's quite remarkable, you'll see. The rain in Spain, and all that...

M: The world waits, Pratt. Now go...

PRATT exits

M: No word from Bond yet, Spendapenny?

MISS S: Something just came through, Sir. 'Queen and Tinky-Winky safe. Too late to save diamond or Cullompton'.

M; Oh dear, pity about the diamond. And I don't suppose her Majesty will be in any state to deliver her Jubilee message ... just as well we have a plan B.

MISS S: Sir, do you think Pratt can make it work...?

M: What can possibly go wrong?

Scene 12 - The BBC studio. Background painted to look like Sandringham etc. PRATT, NORMAN and ENA. She is at the table, still trying... Lights are low. NORMAN still struggling with his irritable bowel.

ENA: Moi oosband an oi...May harsband and oiy... and ay.

PRATT: NOOOO! For the thousandth time.....

ENA: I don't understand it. I had it perfect before.

PRATT: Well, you haven't got it perfect now. You sound like a pregnant heifer. *Goes down to front of stage.*

ENA: There's no call to be rude, young man. I'm sure I'm doing my best. I'll just try it again.

PRATT groans, buries head in hands.

But just as ENA draws breath, the QUEEN enters. WE cannot see her clearly. The two ladies look at one another. QUEEN gestures 'out'; ENA scrambles up, drops a curtsey and retreats. QUEEN sits in throne. Make-up artist and costumier 'shield' her, and gesture towards PRATT.

ENA: *(Stagey whisper)* Norman, you'll never guess.... *Tries to go back with an autograph book. The QUEEN wafts her away. We see just her dismissive arm.*

QUEEN: My husband and I –

PRATT: *(takes head out of hands; faces front with look of astonishment)* Oh my days! That is like sooo amazing! You could almost *be* the old trout! Get ready to record. Take sixty-three!

QUEEN: But one is the old trout.

PRATT: *(still looking front)* All right, all right, save it for the speech. Don't forget posture – chin up, tits out. I'll admit it – you're a bigger queen than I am, duckie.

QUEEN: That might be difficult. And now, if you don't mind, young man, one should like to get on with one's special jubilee broadcast to the Commonwealth.

PRATT: *(realisation dawns. Slowly turns – gasps.)* Oh, no! *(suddenly sheepish)* I mean yes, ma'am. Lights ...roll cameras....action, ..err...if you please, ma'am.

Lights suddenly up bright to reveal the QUEEN completely mussed up, blackened face, dress ripped, hair on end, leaves in hair, but regal to her fingertips.

During the 'broadcast' ENA and NORMAN creep on US to wave to their friends and upstage the QUEEN. Others restrain them.

QUEEN: My husband and I would like to greet you all on the occasion of One's diamond jubilee. It, has turned out to be quite an exciting little adventure, and all appears to have gone orf with something of a bang.... And speaking of diamonds – One would like to send a personal message to Mr Trevor Bond. Mr Bond, if you are listening to this... that scoundrel One clobbered with One's handbag might not be able to tell a real sparkler from a fake - but *One* certainly can! So if you still want that knighthood, you will kindly return the real Koh-i-Nor. At once!

BLACKOUT

FILMED SEQUENCE: TREVOR, grinning wickedly, places sparkling necklace round FANNY's neck. They recline against the bonnet of TREVOR's car, with the Cerne Abbas giant. FANNY's fingers slide towards the painted penis. Cut to interior of car. Phone on dashboard. Telephone

rings. A hand picks it up.

M (V/O): Bond, is that you? Bring that diamond back at once, and the car! It's state of the art technology and needs to be signed back in immediately. I hope you haven't damaged it?

TREVOR (OFF): Just touching up the bodywork, M.

FANNY (OFF): Tell him to go away, Trevor.

Exterior car. The door opens and the phone is placed on the ground, M still squawking. The car has steamed up windows. A hand scrapes ecstatically down the glass. Zoom out. We can see her booted legs in the car, and it rocks gently, squeaking on the suspension. The zoom out reveals the car parked in a layby above Bradninch. 'THE END' appears on screen. Fade to B/O. 'Bradninch Players will return.'

BURLY CHASSIS enters, takes the QUEEN by the hand, and comes forward. The rest of the cast assemble for the REPRISE of DIAMONDS ARE FOR TREVOR.

THE END