

Moon Rock

by Domenic Bradley

Cast

James Moon	
Marie Denton	James girlfriend
Robert Fitzgibbon	James best friend
Victoria Tulip	Robert's girlfriend

Malcolm Moon	James brother
Gloria Moon	James mother
Alfie Moon	James father
Mrs. McMoon	James grandmother
Raymond	Butler

Mr. Nigel Grierson	Neighbour
Shelia Grierson	Neighbour's wife
George	American guest
Sam	American daughter

Dave Denton	Marie's brother
Ronnie Mackire	Drug dealer

Policeman	
Policewoman	Stripper

Workman	
Malcolm's Friends	Little beggar girl

T.V Fantasy

Mal Corgan	Private eye
Daisy Drive	Assistant
Clint Copperplot	Deceased?
Mrs Copperplot	Widow

Stars in their Eyes contestant	
Kung Fu Cowboy Vs the Red Arse Ninja	
Crackheads	Trevor
	Dean
	Julie
	Mervin

Hell's Angels inc	Lucy
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Four's friends	Stacey
	Dan
	Chris
	Gavin

Jehovah's witness	
Party Dancers	

Act 1

Showman: Good evening Guys and Galls. Folks and pals. Welcome to the Moon residence, the home of tonight's performance. A tale of heroes and villains; love and hate, ointment and anointment. **Mr & Mrs Copperplot kiss. 'They went away on holiday** And left their children home to play' We hope you enjoy the show. Now, may I introduce the Gamesmaster. The one and only...Malcolm Moon

Malcolm: (Mono) Every good boy deserves fudge
But what is good and who shall be the judge?
If I were naughty, they should have taught me
Delinquents may induce a grudge

I want to be a Superhero. I am sick of being little Malcolm. When I grow up I'll be famous...

Malcolm's fantasy. Computer game intro.

Malcolm dives on the bed, plays with joystick

Computer: **Game Over**

Gloria enters

Gloria: Malcolm, Mally? Are you in there? (Malcolm hides) It's four thirty; we've got to leave now. Come on son. Where are you?

Gloria leaves, enters kitchen/dining area

Gloria: I can't find him anywhere.

Alf: He's probably hiding under his bed

Gloria: No. I've looked there. What are children like nowadays?

Music pounds through the walls.

Alf: They're playing moderato music again;

Gloria: I don't see why we should have to listen to it

Alf: Tell them to turn it down

Gloria: Why don't you tell them?

Emcee: Dj. King Pin and, Master Blaster x3 Rock the house

Alf: I move for no little brat. Pass me the intercom.

Hello.

Alfie: I want you to turn that music down now.

What.

Alfie: Listen Son, your Mother and I are not punk rockers anymore! We haven't been since 1979.

I can't hear you, Mr. Moon. (Hang up)

Alf: For God's sake woman, go up there and teach that boy some discipline.

Gloria: He's your son,

Alfie: Is he really? Because i'm not sure; he certainly doesn't act like it.

Gloria: I have to get out of this madhouse.

Alfie: Make us a cup of tea on your way out love. And get Malcolm down for tea...

Gloria:(Leaving) And i sought a quiet afternoon

James drops in a tune (Dim lit stage)

DJ KingPin and Master Blaster; now live on Radio Rock!?!

Gloria enters

Gloria: Turn that down! That's better. Hello Robert.

Robert: Hello Mrs. Moon

Gloria: Hi. Son, where is little Mally? (James ignores Mother) Excuse me James, where's your brother???

James: How should I know? I am not his keeper
Gloria: You are for the next 24 hours boy, we want you to ensure Malcolm is safe while we're away
James: I don't see why we have to babysit the little shit
Gloria: James! How dare you speak that way about Mal!
James: But its true, he is...
Gloria: All you have to do is ensure he doesn't get into any mischief tonight. Calvin will be back from his holiday tomorrow before you guys go off on yours. We want you both on your best behaviour... We are trusting you.
James: And i'm trusting you
Gloria: Sure
James: Fine
Gloria: You have Calvin's number. And also Nigel said he'd keep an eye out for you
James: That peeping tom!
Gloria: Please. If you have any problems, give Grandma a buzz
James: The senile old wench!
Gloria: James, I worry about you.
James: B...
Gloria: When your Great Grandfather was alive; many moons, ago he ruled the house firmly. If he could hear you talking like that he'd clip you round the ear.
James: Sorry Mum but...
Gloria: That's better. And make sure Calvin has him ready for school on Monday.
James: I will do
Gloria: Love you
Gloria Leaves
Rob: I'm hungry, can we order pizza.
James: I'll ask Mum to make something; just let me drop another tune in.

Gloria: Oh there you are. Malcolm.
Malcolm: All aboard; full steam ahead
Gloria: Mally, why are you wearing your uniform?
Malcolm: I got to go to school.
Gloria: It's Saturday Son. You're not going to school today.
Malcolm: It is;
Gloria: Yes. Where have you been?
Malcolm: Playing **Malcolm flies on one leg** Superman!
Gloria: Listen, I'll give you ten minutes to change and then i want you to come downstairs and talk with us okay. I'll make you a hot drink.

Gloria: Found him... Playing. He still wants to be a superhero.
Alfie: Was he dressed in his PVC outfit?
Gloria: Do you know what? He was in his school uniform
Alfie: But its Saturday!
Gloria: I know, that's what i told him. Will your Mother be coming down for dinner?
Alfie: I think we best take it up to her.
Gloria James can do that, and perhaps walk her in the garden. Its awefully dim up there. (Pause) It feels so strange leaving the children here
Alfie: If we don't trust our children, how will they ever become trustworthy?
Gloria: Oh I know Alf but little Malcolm's so young and James birthday's tomorrow

Alfie: Yes that's exactly it. The boy's 18 years old. I'm confident our boys are more than capable of looking after themselves for one night! In fact I bet they'll even enjoy the time to themselves without us here - watching over them

Gloria: I suppose you're right

Malcolm enters with bowl on his head

Mal: How's it going folks!

Gloria: Here's your tea. Would you like a biscuit?

Mal: I want some cake

Alfie: You can't eat cake until tomorrow. Your brother's birthday starts then.

James and Rob enter

James: Hi Mum, why is he wearing a bowl on his head?

Gloria: Ask a silly question, get a silly answer

Alf: Our taxi will be here in ten minutes.

James: Are you guys all packed and ready?

Alfie: Absolutely. Can't wait to get away, can we!

Gloria: Your birthday cake is in the fridge; on the top shelf. Out of reach of little hands.

Gloria potters

James: Mum. Why haven't you washed my clothes?

Gloria: I washed what was in the basket.

James: And you didn't wash these!

Gloria: I told you to put your clothes in the basket. How do I know what's clean and what's dirty?

James: If it's on the floor it's dirty.

Gloria: And I suppose you just don't have the energy to put your dirty laundry in its place.

James: I thought you would have done it

Gloria: I haven't got time James. You'll have to do it yourself.

James: Mum, I'm going on holiday.

Gloria: So am I. And I thought I asked you to turn it down

James: Its not that loud

Gloria: Yes but its just thump, thump, thump. Its not even music.

James: Its better than that...

Gloria: Put something nice on. That Field of Dreams I like.

Returns

James: I'll turn that down a bit

Eva Cassidy - Fields of Gold (progressive mix)

Actors Dance and mime

Gloria: Grandma's dinner is in the oven. Be a poppet and take it up to her. Our taxi will be here any minute. (**Honk, honk**) Speak of the devil

Alf and Gloria pick up suitcases, make to leave

Mr Moon hugs James goodbye. Mrs. Moon kisses James.

Gloria: Have a good time; and remember if you must consume alcohol, do not mix your drinks.

Alfie: And do not leave Malcolm on his own. He's bound to throw one of his panic attacks/Tantrums. Are we off then? Toodle pip!

James: Have a great time

Rob: Bye

Gloria and Alf leave

Rob: Now they've gone, let's start to party

James: I'm doing my dirty laundry first, before the girls get here.

Rob: I'm sure Marie would do it for you?

James: It's not difficult. Just takes a bit of application

Rob: Well I'm going to make a mix.

Rob: P-hat Bass, p. P-hat Bass

James: Ssh, its my Mum back already. Put that paraphernalia away and turn it down.

Gloria re-enters, goes to bathroom

Gloria: Sorry forgot the piss port... Bye

Rob: Phew. That was a close call. This is great having the house to ourselves. **Lights up**

James: Would you do that outside?

Rob: Chillax

James: Don't forget Calvin gets back tomorrow

Rob: Calvin?

James: Our housekeeper.

Rob: Your Butler's coming back. That could ruin everything

James: Do you really think my parents would leave us four teenagers on their own for two weeks? They're too worried were going to trash the place. That's why they booked their holiday to coincide with ours.

Minus twenty-four hours... when Butler gets back

Rob: What about Vicki and Marie? Have you called them? Call them.

James: They are on their way.

Rob: **Lights up** Cool!

James: Outside!

Rob: It's too cold out there

James: Out the window then

James: Hold it outside

Rob: Its not going to smell of tobacco in two weeks time

James: Yeah but Gran's here isn't she.

Rob: You reckon that the hot Spanish sun is going work a treat on your bit then?

When was the last time you went to Spain?

James: Six years ago.

Rob: Where did you go?

James: Seville

Rob: So, did you shag anyone then?

James: No. I was only twelve! There was this German girl.

Rob: What happened?

James: She listened to my walkman then I bought her a lolly.

Rob: What?

James: A lollypop

Rob: So, you've never been past first base let alone, third base. Don't worry mate, it will come in its own time.

James: So what! At least I'm not a foot fetish pervert!

Rob: My girlfriend's a therapist. She's got lush ankles. What can I do?

James: What about Paul Rigg? He lost his virginity to a rubber doll! On camera!

Rob: Don't you think; between you and me sex is a taboo?

James: Between you and me sex would be absolutely disgusting.

James does laundry

Rob: (**Monologue**) You see that's the difference between them and me and Vicki. We have an open relationship. We see who we want when we want, it works for us. James claims to be established in that department; but I know he isn't. The fact is he's been trying to shag his girl for going on eight months now; all he's done is licked some titties and one nimble thimble. Everyone at school knows he's still a virgin. Vicki's so much as told me. Marie told her. In fact Marie told everyone at school and they were all laughing behind his back. What a saddo! Now he's got a plan; to romance her on the beach in Spain, get pissed then shag her senseless. I just know its not going to work.

James: It is all very well for you, Mr. Frisk. Having you cake and eating it but my love life has always been blighted because of my impeccable standards.

Rob: I'll take that as a compliment. A word of advice if it doesn't then it doesn't. Either you are or you aren't, either way, it takes time to tango. Look at me and V!

James: How long have you been going with her now?

Rob: Four months. Including a four week cooling off period. We got back together at that party in Devon. Remember?

James: After Dark. Of course! You showed up in Hector's crazy camper van, high as a kite on majics.

Rob: Was I high! I don't recall

James: Do you remember they were playing this tune and it kept going "Gaba techno wacker"? And I almost wrecked my Dad's car. How could you possibly forget?

Rob: Oh yeah, the fat girl in the red dress that fell over! And then Malcolm appeared out of nowhere.

Malcolm: Hello. I'm a martian.

James: He likes to sneak up on people.

Rob: The boy gives me the creeps

Rob: Oh yeah, I still ain't seen the video of that.

James: I've lost it mate, loads of my tapes have gone missing

Malcolm: That's because I taped over them...

James: Lets play hide and seek Malcolm. I'll count to ten, 1,2,3,4,

Malcolm runs off

Rob: Hectors van. Ha. That was a bad mission all the way to Devon. And back again

James: Bad weekend

Rob: When I accidentally set fire to that poor guy's tent

James: Little John. Sorry but it didn't look like an accident. You were drunk; prating around with petrol cans and accidentally...

Rob: Burned the house down. I was drunk, I admit that, but it wasn't deliberate. I am not a pyromaniac. Remember his face though; his singed eyebrows.

James: I caught that on camera too.

Rob: Shame we can't watch it.

James: I think my Mum threw it out, along with some other stuff

Rob: Why don't we watch the video of you and Lisa?

James: Fuck that tape. Forget it okay, the last thing I need is that videotape. I don't want to hear another word, about Lady L. Bury it!

Malcolm: I want to watch Rambo

James: There he is, catch him!

Rob: What about that spaced out bloke, Jonathon.

James: I saw what those thugs did to him! Poor guy

Rob: And that time in Brixton when he was out of it. He was going up, trying to hug people outside the tube station. Compete strangers.

James: The boy is absolutely crazy

Malcolm: I'm back (**fires toy gun**)

Rob: Well I'm skinning' up

James: You're always skinning up, you're going to turn into a roach. Leave me to do all the holiday preparation ready for departure. Can't get off your arse and get organized.

Rob: Organize what?

James: Pack.

Rob: Pack what? I've already got my gear.

James: Where?

Rob: There.

James: That's it. That's all you're taking to Spain!

Rob: Plus a couple of bits that Vicki has in her luggage.

James: Put it all in the garage.

Rob: In a moment, let me just finish this. Can I light up in here?

James: Okay, but do it in the conservatory

Rob: It's cold

James: Out the window then. And lean right out. I'm going to feed Granny and then do some weights. I want to firm up for the holiday.

James takes tray to attic. Fantasy film style starts

James: Hi Gran. She's a bit deaf. Here's your dinner

Grandma: James, I can hear music?

James: Can you?

Grandma: Yes, I can feel the vibrations in my backside.

James: Sit up Grandma, 1,2,3! That's it. How about a cushion for your back?

Grandma: If it is not too much trouble

James: Don't be silly, Gran. And let me clean out these cobwebs.

Malcolm: Yipekyae, Grandmother fucker!

James: I hope she didn't hear that

Malcolm: I don't care. The bitch is gonna die!

James: Cut it out, kid. You'll give her a heart attack.

Malcolm: Don't talk to me like that. Or I'll shoot you down.

James: Listen little brother; behave yourself. You might get away with acting the goat when Mum and Dad are here. But you will not be prating around when the girls arrive. We want some sensible time to ourselves.

Malcolm: You are not sensible

James: If you don't behave I'll lock you up

Doorbell. Marie and Vicki enter

James: And here they are now. You have been warned, Malcolm.

Malcolm: I'll take it as a threat. Don't push me. **James returns**

Rob: That'll be them. They're here

Vicki: Hi,

Hello

They hug

Vicki: That neighbour of yours was staring at us when we came in

James: Was he? Grearson! He's such a snoopy twat.

Rob: I'll give him an eyeful!

Marie: Don't do anything. You'll just make him worse.

James: How was your journey?

Marie: We got a cab. I know it's only down the road but when you've got suitcases to carry.

Rob: You have brought my undergarments haven't you Tulip?

Vicki: Sure

Rob: James could have given you a ride.

Marie: He doesn't have a car.

James: I got my Dad's I guess

Vicki: But he doesn't have a license

Malcolm: Doesn't need one

Girls: Oh! Hello Malcolm

Malcolm: Hi (plays)

Rob: Can I borrow your phone to order a pizza.

James: Will you shut up about the pizza?

Marie: If you're hungry, i'll cook spaghetti bollocks. Or lets have a BBQ and beer.

James: BBQ and beer. Let's save the spag till Spain

Marie: Spain is going to be so nice. A much needed break from all that schooling.

We just broke up last week but it feels like ages don't you think?

Have you done all your coursework?

Vicki: Na. College sucks, man. It'll be great to get away

Sure. Holidays!

Marie: I can't be arsed with a long flight. Having to change planes, the stopover in Shannon.

Rob: Its ten minutes to spread your legs.

Vicki: And have a fag

Marie: Me casa su casa

: Perhaps now is a good time to practice our flamenco dancing on preparation for our grand getaway tomorrow.

(dancers on stage do flamenco)

BRAVO James: Lets hope we make it through customs

I mean it Rob. Those foreign Police don't mess about. Any funny business and we could all end up locked in some dirty Spanish jail with rats and fleas in our beds. Do you know how long you can get for dope smuggling in these foreign countries?

Rob: Chillax. I'm not so stupid, it is only some herbs celotaped to the inside of my Y-fronts!

Vicki: Wrapped in tin foil for the odours!

Marie: Does he wear Y-fronts?

Vicki: Sexy Flash Gordon/cartoon ones!

Marie: Come on then, let's see them

Rob: Get off. (Girls giggle)

James: If you're still into superheroes, you could play good versus evil with Malcolm

Rob: Great, we could all play together?

Vicki: You boys are joking;

Rob: Why don't you put some clothes on, Beach Boy!

James: I'm comfortable like this. But if you'd prefer i...

Marie: You could dress for dinner.

James: sure. Is my laundry done yet?

Marie: I don't know where your washing machine is.

James: It's in the laundry room. I've got to go to the greenhouse. Water the plants.

Marie: We'll start cooking dinner

They walk through conservatory

Rob: I'll help. Let me kill this roach. Its nice in here with these plants. What's this one? It's a terracotta plant. I'm sure of it

Vicki: Oh' I can't wait.

Marie: Hot sandy beaches,

Vicki: Chilled cheap tequila.

Marie: A pinch of salt,

Vicki: And some sliced lemon!

Rob: What are they on about?

James: Something about melons

James: Something smells good. How's my washing doing?

Marie: Twenty minutes. We were just talking about the trip, about how sunny its going to be.

Rob: I'm looking forward to the beach,

James: It's a chance to revise, we have got a-level exams when we get back.

Rob: You're not taking your college thesis on bloody holiday

Yeah, we can rehearse our lines on the beach whilst we sip Sangria

And munch some juicy melons

Rob: I don't need Shakespeare in me ear hole all fortnight.

Marie: My script is nothing like Mr. Shakespear, besides we got to think of our future

Rob: Why? his parents are loaded;

James: So. I want to be a film director and make loads of like Oscar contenders.

Vicki: Oh, I love Oscar

Rob: That's so lame.

Marie: Having ambitions?

Rob: Wanting to be a directuer...

James: Well, sorry!

Vicki: And do you have to take them with you on a two-week boys, booze cruise holiday?

James: No. Not if we can do a full dress rehearsal of the first act before we leave in that taxi tomorrow morning

No chance.

James: Come on guys, this is important!

Oh yeah what would you be doing at A-levels if you weren't doing English, Maths and Theatre Studies

Marie: While you're complaining, what about the girlie groups? I specialize in French, and Vicky is doing a postgraduate in Biology.

Rob: I thought you was doin' hairdressing,

Vicki: I was. I changed courses

Marie: You were in Mr. McKenzie's class last year weren't you?

Vicki: No, I was in Class A

Sing along Song- Karaoke subtitles on screen

PLAY

I don't want to hear your gay laughter lines and offensive jokes.

Marie: I don't know all my lines, have you got the script
James: They're in the case
Vicki: The play's boring
James: It's not one play; it's three plays. I've got to come up with three different stories that all have the same inspiration behind them.
Marie: What inspiration's that?
James: What do you think connects this play and the others we did? Guess
Rob: Don't know. What was the other play? **(pause)**
Marie: It's set in medieval times.
Vicki: And how are you gonna do that?
Marie: All you need is some old tunic type costumes and a castle!!!
James: Absolutely. Now if you would read the lines exactly as they are written. I'll begin, "The Killer of Passion"
Marie: The night of day
Rob: I was the greatest.
James: The greatest loser
Rob: This is boring. I want a decent line
James: You'll have to do it in the toilet. If Malcolm sneaks up on us he'll tell my parents
James: Imagine the scene. Desperate, depraved drug addicts clamming for a fix.
Marie: I don't think its appropriate, do you? Its hardly family entertainment.
James: But Strictly Come Dancing is! It's my play, if I want to pretend to get high before the world that's my personal choice.
Marie: As long as you paint a bad picture of the drugs you're taking. What are you on anyway?
Rob: Just tell it how it is. Look at me, I'm twenty and I am still doing my A-levels.
Marie: You've been to college Robert,
Vicki: He only went to college to sell drugs. That is why they kicked him out
James: Yes, yes Robert is a bit of a nutter.
Vicki: He's hooked that's all
Rob: I got cold chicken... I need to feed

Malcolm: I am the Lord of the Rings
James: Thank you Malcolm, but we'll have Mr. Winster please... Mr. Winster
(Pause)
Rob: What?
James: It's your line.
James: I did my bit
Marie: No, you're supposed to say "that's spiffing" and then James says "no, it's not"
James: No, no no. Mr. Winster says "why are you sniffing" and then I say "It's snot"
Marie: I'm sure he doesn't
James: I think I should know, I wrote this bloody play.
Marie: I helped write half of it.
James: You wrote a bit.
Marie: Well you've obviously changed it
Rob: Perhaps I fumbled my line
Marie: It was Roger's line
James: My script doesn't have Roger in it.
Vicki: Mine does
Marie: So does mine

James: Well Malcolm can be Roger then... Malcolm do you want to be in our play?
Malcolm: No, it's so boring

It's in the fucking script dickwad. This is the story, Mr. Winster. You're the one that agreed to help with my play.

Rob: Yeah, something cool, like that movie we did about the green bandits. Not this mumbo jumbo, artsy fartsy stuff.

James: Panthers and the Vamp was a dud. Lets crack on... Are we gong to do this or just have a laugh?

Rob: Just have a laugh

James: But we need to get the rehearsals done for our A-level exam performance.

Mrs. McKenzie is expecting top marks.

Vicki flings script and picks up TV guide

Vicki: Stars in your Eyes is on tonight

Malcolm: So are the Red Arse Ninjas

Marie: That's too violent for young people

Malcolm: I watched Friday the 14th

Vicki: How about Wogan in Japan?

Malcolm: Not Wogan

James: Guys,

Vicki: We've lost our focus

Marie: Malcolm I think it's time for you to go to bed.

James: It's nearly 8 o'clock Mally. Your bedtime!

Malcolm: Let me stay up late with you.

Vicki: It is late now.

Malcolm: I want to watch TV too.

Marie: 8:01!

Malcolm: But it's Saturday.

All: It's bedtime!

Malcolm goes to bed

Marie: That's better

Rob: Now the grown ups can enjoy their evening in peace.

Vicki: And you've got your lovely big tele. Higher Definition

Marie: Oh look, its Strictly Come Dancing

James: That Karen Hardy's pretty good, isn't she?

Vicki: Yeah, she's brill.

Rob: James has had a tug over her.

Marie: What?

James: Don't be disgusting, Robert

Rob: Let's order a pizza.

James: You got some money, have you?

Rob: Actually, I was hoping to cash a traveller's cheque.

Live Ballroom dance on stage/Stars in eye's/Nat lottery

Rob: Oh Vicki, did you get the ticket?

Vicki: You mean the ticket's for the flight they're in my handbag.

Malcolm runs around stage with toy gun/arsenal. Drops smoke bombs

James: Let them see the dance you're doing for your audition, darling.

Marie dances- take on FlashDance finale. Falls and fails halfway through.

James: You need to rehearse darling. She was good don't you think?

Vicki: Brilliant. Something spoiled it, though. Malcolm

James: Malcolm's a little shit; that's why my parents sent him to boarding school

Marie: They sent you to boarding school too.

Vicki: Well, he does my head in.

Rob: Leave the little guy alone

Marie: Ssh I think he's listening

James: (**spooky**) When Malcolm was three we had a fire. The whole house was sleeping. Mal was trapped in the little bedroom. He almost burned alive.

All: really!

James: He made it out onto the roof. If it wasn't for Vicki's Dad my brother would be dead. We all would, Mum said.

Rob: My Dad!

James: He got here when we dialled 999

Rob: Fireman Sam

Vicki: That's really sad

He's alright now (**Pause**)

Vicki: I think I'll wash up. Would you like to help me Robert?

Robert: Okay, if there's some leftovers

James: Just put it all in the machine, and put all of the junk mail in the waste paper bin

Rob: (Tut) I don't bother with any of that recycling rubbish... I hope Mr. Moon won't mind if I grab a few roots out of his allotment.

Scream

Vicki: Urgh. Creepy crawls! (Swipes rolled up newspaper)

James: What are you doing? Its my brother's exotic ant collection/farm. You've just killed a Lieutenant and a whole squadron of Stormtroopers.

Vicki: Sorry. They're horrible!

Savage Garden – Fly to the Moon

Rozalla – Put your loving arms around me

Bedroom

James: So have you got all your gear.

Marie nods

James: I think it'll be great; this holiday. Are you excited?

Marie: Sure.

James: I want it to be like a little honeymoon for us

Marie: But we're not married

James: No, I know we're not, yet. But we could be soon/next year

Marie: How soon? What happens when you go to Oxford? You might meet someone there.

James: Yes its possible, but I won't. Baby, I want us to stay together, like forever.

Hugs If you could make the grade and get into Oxford

Marie: I don't want to study at Oxford, besides I've never been a straight A student.

You know I'm thick

James: You're not thick. I...

Marie: Why can't you go to Stansted with me?

James: Because Mum and Dad are too proud to let me go there. Daddy's going to buy me a car when I pass my test... Third time lucky, eh.

Rob (**telephone**): Hello Amigo, I'd like to order a takeaway to Moon Mansion. Oh, you know it.

Malcolm changes channel

James: **Sings** I would fly you to the Moon and back if you'll be... If you'll be my baby

Rob: Have you been to the market; did you get any spuds? I need some. And some green beans.

Rod: *I ain't got no breens man.*

Rob: He ain't got Green.

Vick: Ah.

Rob: You got any turnip?

Rod: *No turnips man.*

Rob: So what have you got?

Rod: Potatoes.

Rob: Okay, give me twenty potatoes instead.

Rod: *King Edward*

Rob: No white potatoes. 20 of white.

Rod: Buy 2 get 1 free!

Rob: Okay, let's do that. Vicki, what topping would you like?

Vicki: Pepperoni

Rob: Pepperoni. 12 inch. All right. See ya.

Rod: *See ya*

Rob: He ain't got any green. So, I got some potatoes.

Vicki: Oh well. What can you do?

Rob: But you can't go on holiday without greens.

Vicki: We'll get some in Spain. Its best not to take fresh produce past the airport surveillance anyway.

Rob: Let me try someone else. (Phone) Hello, Moxa, you got any skunk?

James cometh back into house

Rob: I can't believe it, no one's got any.

Vicki: It's dry as a nun's...

James: Oi, What do you think you're doing using the house phone to order drugs?

Rob: I was ordering the fuckin pizza.

James: Pizza from who? Howard Marx Pizza Weed. You said "buy some green" on the phone; I heard you.

Rob: Vicki, did I say 'buy some green?'

Vicki: No he said extra cheese.

James: He said green; weed, the mad monk Use your mobile in future. *PC Plod could have that phone tapped.*

Rob: Boy, is that boy paranoid.(sings) We're going to eat pizza.

James: He's been ordering a takeaway on the phone

Marie: So!

James: An illicit takeaway

Marie: What do you mean?

James: Damn it, he's been buying skunk weed and stuff. Chatting with his chav mates from the council estate.

Rob: My mates aren't all from the council estate

Vicki: And neither are yours

James: Moxa lives there and...

Rob: Moxa hasn't got any anyway.

James: So who were you talking to? **Pause**
Marie: And I bet Jules was with him.
Rob: Jules? Julian's in jail, man.
Haven't you heard? He got out on good behaviour.

Rob: I'm starving
Vicki: You're always feeling hungry
James: I thought you just ordered a pizza
Rob: I did; but they wouldn't cash a traveller's cheque
James: I'll cash the cheque for you. Call them back
Marie: We're cooking beans
Vicki: On toast
James: Well we'll have beans on pizza
We're going to eat pizza
Marie: And Mr. Malcolm. Aren't you concerned for the children?
James: I'm more concerned about the chicken

Cypress Hill *Listen to these bits from the song*

Kitchen Dance (*Malcolm is just in*)

Vicki: Where's the sugar?
In the cupboard
Vicki: I don't think that's sugar

Marie: There's a queer smell in here.
James: Are you burning something?
Marie: No, it is not my cooking! Someone's put the gas on!
James: What the feck! Who was that?

Hand shimmy with cups attached to fingers. Drops one and smashes

James Clumsy, clumsy clean it up
Marie: We're having a smashing time aren't we?
James: That was my Mum's expensive crockery! **Marie laughs** What you laughing at?
Marie puts broken bits in bin. Rob enters

James: Did you leave the gas on!
Rob: No
Marie: Well who was it?
James: Vicki, was it you?
Vicki: No
Rob: Don't accuse my girlfriend
James: Well it wasn't my Marie. Was it you Marie?
Marie: It wasn't me
James: It wasn't her. So who was it? (**Fight**)
Grandma: What is going on, boys?
James: Grandma! What are you doing up?
Gran: Cooking! I'm baking you a birthday cake.
James: Really there's no need to. Did you leave the gas on?
Gran: Perhaps I did
Rob: You dozey old cow

Vicki: Ssh!

James: I've told you if you want anything just ring the bell. I'll make it for you.

Gran: Thanks dear. But I still like to have my independence. Besides I doubt you'd hear me with that music so loud.

James: Sorry Gran... You see, my Grnadmother's deaf as dodo and even she says the music is blaring.

Doorbell

Marie: That's the doorbell

Rob: The pizza

James: It might be Moxa

Rob: Let me speak to him

James: No, I'll answer and I'll say it was a crank call

Wait

James: Hello

Mr. G: Hello James, do you think you could turn the music down.

James: Sorry Mr. Grearson, the music is...

Mr. G: It's that my wife and I are having friends over from the States tonight and we just do not appreciate this kind of volume!

Rob: We wish it was the F'ing pizza!

James: I'll keep it down

Mr. G: I see your parents left this afternoon

James: Yes, at six

Mr. G: We did say we'd keep an eye on you

James: I'm sure you will thanks

Marie: Thank you

Rob makes forking signals from behind the door

James: I can't believe that man has the audacity to come over and complain.

Vicki: He probably just wanted to stare down my top

Rob: I wish it was the pizza deliverer.

Marie: We best keep it down, now.

James: Or turn it off all together

Rob: Your parents go away, leave the house to us and still we have not any freedom.

Vicki: What do they expect from young people?

Put the T.Von instead.

Check out my Dads home cinema scenario

Grierson goes back to home, Talks with his own. BOOM

Night of the Slaughter dancerettes.

Look at it, with the lights out, it's like a skeleton of everything..

James: It's the Moon & Lightning show...

Welcome home Jim

Vicki: Such sexy innuendo.

Rob: That freaky TV series.

James: Yes, it's Moonlighting. You don't even know what it means do you?

Rob: I do. It's when the sun's light is reflected off the moon onto the Earth.

James: The other meaning.

Marie: Working two jobs

James: Moonlighting was when they used to poach and slaughter animals at night. Under moonlight hence the name.

Marie: Great

James: You did enquire.

Vicki: Put the Lottery on. Ant and Dec or Top of the Shops??

Alt scene: Malcolm on Top of the Pops!

Marie: Let's dress him up as a punk rocker.

Marie: Come on then Mally. Let us see your Adam Ant impression...

Rob: Don't put him on the coffee table. He'll go straight through it.

Malcolm: I wanna be a rock star, rock star

Malcolm performs

Wow that was brilliant, (The quartet applaud) **The four judges**

Alt scene: Lottery, strictly or Stars- Annette Valentine sings

Rob: Oh Vicki, did you get the ticket?

Vicki: You mean the ticket's for the flight they're in my handbag.

Rob: No; I'm on about the lottery ticket

Vicki: Oh that. Oops I forgot.

Rob: You see I knew you would. I just knew it; my Birthday, my lucky numbers.

Vicki: Yeah I'm sorry.

Rob: Well it's too late, I bet it's too late now,

James: Five minutes to get to shop.

Rob: Forget it just forget it.

(Silence)

Marie: Listen Rob, I got you your ticket.

Vicki: What.

Marie: Well, I know what your lucky numbers are and I know it's your birthday today, the day before our holiday, 13th of the eleventh twenty-two followed by...

Rob: Two thousand and One three six. Divided by 2 You got the ticket. Ah, Marie, I love you. That's dead nice isn't it?

James: Its hardly bingo is it..

Rob: Oh yeah I bet its starting; can you change the channel?

James: Are you gonna read this or not?

Rob: I wanna watch the lottery; you got my lucky ticket?

Marie: I have it in my back pocket.

James: I it should be down sofa. Press button on video, not video, bloody box thing

Rob: It's the numerology though, isn't it?

Yeah, so try Su Doku

What's that?

The numbers game

It's starting...

James: Oh good

And tonight's numbers are...1,2,3,4,5,6

Rob: I've won. I've won the lottery!

Vivki: We've won

Marie: I'd of given you a tenner myself but I lost the ticket.

Rob: 5 million quid's fallen out your back pocket! And why are you laughing?

James: Sorry. That was a cheap joke.

Rob: Now can i put the music back on?

Marie: Why don't we have a barbeque outside, instead?

Vicki: In this weather
James: Its warm out there with our heat lamps
Marie: And the foods almost ready
Rob: Okay. After dinner we could go out clubbing.
Marie: Clubbing, bars. It's the middle of freezing winter Robert, they'll all be closed.
Rob: We could go to an outdoor party
James: What?
Vicki: An unlicensed party
James: Where?
Vicki: In a squat
Marie: In Spain?
Vicki: No, tonight I mean
Marie: We are planning our holidays
James: A party on the beach.
Marie: In the Sun.
James: And the fresh air.
Marie: Yeah.
Rob: So why not tonight?
Marie: Because stupid. We have a plane to catch tomorrow.
Vicki: So. If we find something local;
James: And what about Malcolm?
Malcolm: Never mind me
Rob: Don't worry about Malcolm. He's "nearly twelve"
James: With the mental age...
Marie: Of a six year old. You do know about what happened, Robert in the fire when the house burnt down. He nearly died up there
Vicki: You guys can stay here and baby sit; we'll go to the party
James: If you guys want to go out tonite do it. You can party all night
Rob: You can bet we will
Marie: And if you get waylaid and miss the flight, we will send you a postcard.

Marie: Okay, time to eat.
James: Dinner is served.
Vicki: It smells good
Rob: I can't smell anything.
Vivki: Urgh! Meat
James: You're not veggie, Vicki?
Vicki: No, I just don't do chicken and i don't do pork.
Chicken's good for you
Vicki: Perhaps it is but I don't like it. My Mum made us some quiche. Have a slice.
Rob: Did you spit in this?
Marie: The thought revolts me
James: Don't mention it then
Rob: We could eat the plants. Hemp contains all essential fatty acids and also all essential amino acids. You can use it as non toxic fuel for cars or electrical items. You can eat it, you can drink it.
Vicki: And it gets you high.

James: All the way to the High Court. Speaking of which, the Ginger's trial is next week.

Ginger?

James: You didn't hear what happened when I invited Psycho Dom round the house?

Vicki: Psycho D, say no more. What did he do this time?

James: He (cooked and killed) only ate the neighbour's cat

Vicki: Urgh!

James: I knew you wouldn't like it

Rob: Imagine eating someone's pussycat.

James: Well he really didn't like Grearson. So he left some fish outside in the garden on this giant mousetrap. He caught the cat, killed it; and then cooked it on our barbecue! They would never have known; hadn't Mrs. Grearson chocked on the collar.

Splutter

So he killed Grearson's pet cat?

That's funny! Funny, how? I mean, tell me what's funny about it

Rob: (Robert De Nero impr) You fuck me up;

Marie: Needless to say, Dom is no longer welcome in the house.

Rob: He's a dick.

James: They still haven't forgiven us for that

Grearson snoops around outside

Mrs. Grearson: I can smell something. (Peering over the fence) Yes, they're cooking something, Nigel.

Mr. G: What is it?

George: Is it a cat?

Mrs. G: I don't think so but they're drinking alcohol and smoking. I think they're drunk

Malcolm comes to the table

Rob: You're eating maggots Malcolm

Vicki: Stop teasing him.

Rob: What's for desert? Birthday cake.

Marie: Martini

James: Let's play tequila killer, and do some lines

Marie: After we've finish eating

Vicki: How about some homemade punch, with fresh fruit.

Rob: (Spits) Did you peel the apples?

I was in a rush!

Tastes alright though,

Have a top up.

Don't mind if I do.

You want some punch

No, I don't wanna punch

Vicki: I want some punch

Rob: I'll give you a kiss.

Sloppy Kiss

Rob: Drink some of this Malcolm.

Malcolm: What is it?

Marie: Mally mustn't have any

He can have a little bit.

No!

Vicki: So guys. After dinner how about we do some of my burlesque?

Marie: Great idea

Rob: Oh no,

James: It could cause indigestion

Vicki: Come on. We've done your play, now let us do our thing

Rob: I haven't finished my meal. I'm still eating

James: It's nearly 8 o'clock Mally. Your bedtime!

Malcolm: Let me stay up late with you.

Vicki: It is late now.

Malcolm: I want to watch TV too.

Marie: 8:01!

Malcolm: But it's Saturday.

All: It's bedtime!

Mally: Let me just finish my meal

Rob eats, plays with Malcolm. Malcolm goes to bed

Gamesmaster: Let little heads sleep as the curtains are closed; teenage nights start when the adults are away on a tropical holiday. Think of Sangria in sun. And now that i've got you in the mood, its time for Daisy Deluxe to do something rude;

3 enter costumed. Thunder sound from washing machine spin

Rob: Oh my god! What a sight!

Marie: How do we look?

Rob: Do you want my honest opinion?

Vicki: Why do you always have to be so negative and immature?

James: Yeah Rob. Why don't you get into it and all that?

Rob: I'm not getting into anything like that. It's gay

James: Instead you're just sitting there like a melon.

Rob: Wait till the guys at school hear about this

Marie: Would you take our picture?

Rob: I'll take a photo but Vicki's not going to be in it dressed like that

Vicki: Yes I am. This is portfolio work

Rob: Its wank material, that's what

You said it cowboy

Rob: Give me the camera... Digital SLR nice. This is so embarrassing. Its stupid, degrading

Marie: Sounds like your washing's done

James goes and gets laundry

James: All my clothes have shrunk!

Marie: The washing machine's set at 90 degrees.

James: Wha.. **(pulls out trousers)**

Vicki: They look more like Malcolm's clothes

James: I can assure you they are all mine

Marie: White cotton. I set it to non-fast colours.

Who's been tampering with our washing machine?

Was it you Robert?

James: Yeah come on dickhead who was it?

Rob: It wasn't me
Marie: Then who was it?
Rob: Your senile Grandma probably thought it was the microwave
So why are you laughing?
Rob: I'm not. It wasn't me
Vicki: He's laughing because those garments look stupid
James: Thanks Vicki, there only my rough stuff. So it wasn't him, was it not?
Vicki: Maybe it was Malcolm
Marie: That's what i was thinking
James: That little shit then look what he's done. I can't wear this in Spain, or this, or
any of them... I'm going to have wear my Dad's shorts
Marie: Those trunks will fit you
James: Maybe if I lose three stone. My brother is grounded! **Storms**
Vicki: Its nearly his bedtime anyway.

Malcolm's woken up

James: (Shouts) Malcolm, have you been messing with the washing machine?
Marie: Don't wake him
James: Was it you?
Malcolm: No
James: Don't lie to me
Rob: And who's nicked my spliff?
Vicki: Tell the truth Malcolm
Malcolm: I am
I don't believe it
Rob: No, you can tell he's lying.
James: I hope you're happy because you've ruined my outfit and very probably, my
whole holiday. I'm going to have to repack, and I'm borrowing Dad's Bermuda shorts
because no others will fit

James storms out, Vicki and Rob follow. Malcolm cries

Marie: Let me talk to you a minute. Your brother doesn't mean to hurt you when he
gets angry but it was really naughty doing that to his clothes.
Malcolm: It wasn't me. I didn't do it
Marie: Of course not. Well hey; you might as well go one holiday, Malcolm. Those
boxing shorts are going to fit you.
Malcolm: I don't want to go to Spain. I want to stay here and play superheroes! Do
you want to play?
Marie: You're going to settle down and be good for me Mally.

James: Hi. How is he?
Marie: He's sleeping
James: You sure he's not pretending?
Marie: Yip, he says it wasn't him.
James: "In his sleep" And you believe that
Marie: Not completey. I was thinking maybe it was Robert!

Rob: What kind of an animal pisses in an ashtray?
Vicki: You've spilt sugar all over the table
Rob: Its not sugar, its salt. We're playing tequila killer
Vicki: Who, you and Malcolm...
Rob: No, you and i. Shall i remind you of the rules? I've got to tell you something.

Vicki: What?

Rob: I puddas in punch, I puddas in the punch

Vicki: You've put acid in the punch

Rob: Yes. I've spiked them, both of them. (Mimics) Oh, I've got your ticket, Rob. Your lucky numbers, seen as it is your birthday.

Vicki: You idiot. I was drinking that, I'm gonna be trippin too (my nut off)

Rob: We're all gonna be trippin. Those two are not gonna know what's trippin and what's not.

Vicki: That's it Rob. I'm supposed to be going on holiday and now you've spiked me.

Rob: Just enjoy it. (Sings) We're all tripping on a Summer Holiday.

Vicki: You're a moron.

Rob: Yours truly.

Vicki: I might die

Rob: You can't die from LSD

I'm trippin'. We're all trippin. I'm gonna trip out I know it.

Vicki: You better tell them what you've done.

Rob: Look they've done some weed. If they haven't done it before they'll just think it's that won't they. Like that time when I put ephedrine in my Dad's coffee.

Marie: I'm feeling a little light-headed

James: Really. Come to think of it, so am I

Marie: It must have been something we ate

James: The quiche

Marie: Great. So now we've got food poisoning.

Marie: I feel dizzy

James: Marie feels dizzy. It's the quiche. You've given us food poisoning.

Rob: Here drink some water. Or some orange juice!

Marie: I don't want any orange juice; I don't even like the stuff. Actually, I might have a drop more punch.

Vicki and Rob: No!

Marie: I just want to wash it down.

James: I'm sick of your crap jokes. Every other word is an insult. You're not funny, I'm not funny yeah you are funny.

I'm funny ha ha. Your funny as in mental, a luni!

(Laughs) A luni

I don't know what's the worst thing you can come up with?

Would you like a list?

James: There you go again; you're doing my head in pal.

Stop arguing. It's not funny.

James: He never is funny

Rob: Shut up Moonie.

James: Shut up Gibbon

Rob: Moonie

James: Oo, oo,oo, the funky gibbon.

Rob: Moonie, Moonie,

James: Fitz, Fitz.

Rob: Screw you Moon boy... Moonie, Moonie,

James: You call me Moonie one more time and I'll...

Rob: (Trousers down) Mooooooooonie!

James: Fiiitzzzzzibbon

James runs and kicks Robert between the legs as he pulls his trousers back up

Marie: t's a fact if I'm working in a bar or theatre I'm going meet some famous people, an opportunity might present itself.

What you're going to be serving bucks fizz to a few big wigs in suites.

I just need to find a classy bar.

And suck some cock like a man-grabbing whore.

Vicki: Robert!

Rob: Which classy bar's is going to give you a job?

Vicki: Someone what serves good alcohol?

Marie: I don't need a job. Thanks

Vicki: I want to try for a job up the West End.

Rob: Yeah, Vicki is gonna pour pints at the Wheatsheaf

James: The place is full of chavs

MALCOM ASLEEP

Vicki: Ssh; I heard something

Rob: Wait. That sounded like Malcolm.

James: Great! I'll go. (Upstairs) Mally, are you asleep? Listen, I'm sorry for getting angry, but them lot's doing my nut in. Look at this stupid stuff. I am going on holiday but... Can you keep a secret? Lucy was on the phone. She was going to go on holiday with her brother, to Amsterdam, tomorrow! Only her brother's ill, and now the doctor says he shouldn't leave the country, in case.. Well, she's asked me to take his place. Believe me, I've thought about it, but I really don't want to let my friends down.

They've had this holiday planned for ages. I know Marie would be gutted if I stood her up on this. She really wants me to meet all her Grandad's family. Buenos dios Senor Gusher.

I don't want to let my friends down, but they are arseholes, prating around with my gear. I know it was Robert who shrunk my clothes. I'm going to get him back for that, for sure. What do you think I should do Mally? Malcolm?

Malcolm snores

James: Sleep tight, little brother. I better get back and see what they're up to;

Act 2

Mal watches TV in bed

Blood red Cabaret channel.

Malcom: (hiding) Oh no! It's Freddy.

PrivatE: It's not Freddy, kid. I am Al Corgan, private eye. Is this the Moon... residence?

Malcolm: I think so. You should speak to my older brother

PE: How old is your brother?

Malcolm: 17

PE: And how old are you, young man?

Malcolm: Nearly twelve

You're watching Al Corgan, private eye *who always seems to be around when someone is gruesomely murdered*. Tonight he faced his toughest, most sinister case ... The Curse of the forlorn Widow. With him on this mission is Miss Daisy Drive, the sexiest sidekick imaginable.

Daisy: Howdy partner

PE: Howdy, Daisy! What have you got for me?

Daisy: So far; not much. Husband gets up in the middle of the night; leaves his wife sleeping in bed. Slips out then disappears. No body, no trace.

PE: So, he was having an affair. His mistress finds out he's married. She goes berserk **(Cracks neck)**

Daisy: It would appear so, only they were happily married for 30 years. Why would you get up and decide to leave just like that. Not even say goodbye.

PE: Did he have life insurance?

Daisy: Not according to his wife. They owned the house, he was retired.

PE: And it was his wife who called our office...

Daisy: Yip

PE: What did the deceased do for a living?

Daisy: Get this; he stuffed dead animals

PE: That explains the cockatoo! So we got a murder... a missing person stroke homicide minus a corpse and a house full of dead animals, stuffed

This is a crime show, I'd presume the guy's dead

Doorbell. Bob enters. Applause.

Bob: Thank you.

Take that stupid hat off.

Malcolm: It's a repeat

Changes channel

Basement. Two Ninjas crawl through grid. Snoop around

Light.

There was this ghost

Trapdoor above opens

James: What's this? Who's down there?

Light on

Trevor: (Jumps out) Its me... Trevor
James: What is going on Trevor?
Trevor: James, my mate. Calm on Down
James: What are you doing down here?
Sheltering from the bad weather!
James: Bad weather. Listen, this is not a homeless refuge centre. Its our basement... In case you didn't know, my parents are away for the weekend. They have left us on our own but, called the Metropolitan Police and told them they were going. They're watching the house night and day. Now I know that some of your friends are... illegal immigrants and I wouldn't want them to be deported.
Dean: Deported where, back to Saint Vincent? Why, they can take me today! (High Five's Trevor)
James: Guys listen; you have got to get out of here
Dean: Just let us stay for five minutes man. It is cold out there
James: I'm sure it is, but you have to go. You can't keep coming here
Trevor: We got some stuff
James: What stuff?
Trevor: Good stuff
Dean: Some fine Jamaican white rum! Why don't you have a little taste?
James: Rum!
Dean: Good shit
James: (Sips it) Good sheet!
Dean: Here take a little bit for yourself;
Trevor: And then let us stay. Its going to start snowing out there
James: Okay you can stay here for half an hour but I want you out of here this evening
Dean: No problem. Be cool. And pay me fifteen pounds
James: Fifteen pounds, that's rather steep isn't it?
Dean: You get what you pay for. I tell you what, you take it away give some to your friends; they don't like it I'll give you your money back.
James: Why, thank you.

Little beggar girl: Please Sir, a penny for the lantern?
James: Get out of my way!

Rob & Vicki enter Malcolm's room

Vicki: Hi Mal, can't you sleep?
Mal: Nope.
Vicki: What you watching?
Mal: Some who dun it!
Vicki: Is it scary?
Mal: A little bit.
Rob: We thought you were in bed.
Mal: I am in bed. I want to stay up till eleven o'clock to watch the Kung Fu Cowboy take on the Red Arse Ninjas;
Vicki: Isn't that an 18 certificate. It is too violent for some people, your brother would tell your parents and you know how your Dad is about certification...
Mal: This is the T.V show so its okay. Dad won't let me watch the movie till I'm twelve so I've got to wait another four and a half months. But we can play the videogame if you want, that's got lots of violence.
Rob: You got the Kung Fu Cowboy video game!

Mal: Mum bought it me for Xmas but Santa tried to steal it so, I hid it under my bed.

Rob: Let's play

Mal: Do you want to play?

Rob: Sure. What's the buttons?

Mal: Here wait I'll show you. Press pause.

Kung Fu Cowboy fights the Real Muay Thai Fighter

Rob: I'm trying to do the special move

Mal: Wait, someone on Facebook wants to join in

Vicki: Wow, those people are really playing the game.

Malcolm: Yip, some from Miami or Hong Kong.

Vicki: Awesome (to Rob) Should we go back and have desert with J & M?

Rob: Screw them and their boring upper-class lifestyle. How about we use the internet for some real entertainment?

Vicki: Entertainment;

Rob: Yeah lets have a party and invite loads of people,

Vicki: When tonite!

Rob: Sure why not?

Vicki: Because this is not your house.

Mal: It is our house x2

Who's house

"My house is bigger than your house" Let's invite some chavs around here tonight?

R: We can put an ad out on FacePage

J: and then be really popular

: loads of our friends will come

:Our high school friends (echo)

Growing up now

At the end you wait and see

V: when did you decide all this?

Rob: During the interval. Can we get online?

Mal: You could register or hack in from the mainframe. Easy

Rob: Could you send an email to all our friends and tell them there's a party on tonight?

Malcolm: I could but my brother would kill me!

Rob: He won't touch you

Vicki: Rob will sort him out

Malcolm: Then my parents, they'd go absolutely mental

Rob: Yes little friend but they are away for two weeks;

Let's invite some council chavs to the party

Marie: Where have you been?

James: Checking the security cameras

Marie: Why?

James: Those crack-heads are back in the basement.

Marie: You're joking.

James: And there's a little beggar on our doorstep.

Marie: Do you want me to speak to them?

James: Who? The beggars

Marie: No, the crackheads in the basement

James: Of course not. Why would I want you going down there? I've dealt with it. Just don't tell Robert or Vicki; we don't want those two joining in.

Marie: If you're sure.

James: The doors are locked. It's not a problem. Let's just pretend they're not there.

Nigel & Sheila Grearson, George and Sam enjoy drinks in the garden next door

Sheila: It is so nice knowing you've done your bit. You can put your feet up and relax
A glass of wine and some French bread

Sam: Dad, I'm going to go and lie down.

George: Okay sweetie.

Mr. G: What on Earth is that racket!

George: According to Arthur C Clarke. The Earth should not be named earth for it is indeed, far more Ocean.

Sheila: Is that so?

George: Indeed, I studied Arthur C. at Uni

Sheila: You went to Harvard.

George: Many times

Nigel: He was the smartest jock on the block, isn't that right, George

George: **Guffaws** Until you moved into the apartment (**High 5**)

Nigel: This was all after he had landed a job at the very first modem computer firm.

Sheila: Wow.

Nigel: We rocked Cambridge.

George: We certainly did

Sheila: Cambridge! I thought you went to Harvard

George: I did **Pause**

Nigel: Harvard is in Cambridge...

George: Cambridge, Massachusetts. Not the one you guys got over here... You know I was working on the Harvard Mark 4, one of the first ever computers to surface in the States. It was bigger than I.

James: Get it out of here, Robert

Mr. G: Ssh! They're up to something

James: Bury it proper so that no one will find it, not even my Father

George: Did you hear that?

Rob buries suitcase

George: What do you think they buried in their garden? Another dead cat.

Mrs G: It could be anything.

Mr. G: They certainly wanted it well hidden

George: It could be drugs, stolen goods maybe.

And who fired the gun?

Mrs G: We definitely heard a gunshot

Mr G: I just hope they didn't shoot their poor Grandmother

Mrs G: They'd give her a heart attack... Do you think we should call the Police?

Mr G: Absolutely

George: Wait; I got an idea

Yoji_biomehanika_ -_Hardstyle_disco

Mr G: I asked them to turn the noise down
Mrs G: I'm sure they will if you go round there again...

Nigel and George crawl to the garden gate. Alarm sounds. Two crawl back like dogs

Doorbell.

James: Uh oh, not next door/Mr. Grearson again.
Marie: Should I answer?
Rob: I don't think that's your neighbour, not this time.
James: Well I don't have money for a pizza
Marie: We've just fed you.
It's not the pizza neither

Swot Party crew bring rig in/on stage
We've got it all running through the hifi
5000 decibels of stereo sound

James: Wait a minute guys, this is not happening?
Gavin: Watch out Moon,
James: This is my house and I'm telling you to get out!
Gavin: Piss off Moonie
Nick: Yeah, piss off Moonie! Rat boy...
James: **Winks** I really wish you hadn't done this

Doorbell – Friends {New bit needs writing up}

Marie: Hi Steve, Rachel. Come on in.

Caller: Hi, do you have a moment to talk about the bible?
Rob: What the ..?
Caller 2: The spirit of Jehovah.
Rob: I'm sorry but this is not a good time. You'd better come back tomorrow.
James: Who was that? Peter the punk, Billy the bully?
Vicki: No, it was a Jehovah's Witness
J & M: Ha, ha.

Mrs G: Their parents certainly didn't mention any gathering
Mr G: That's because they know nothing of it
George: Come on Nigel. Do you not remember the parties we used to have on campus?
Mrs G: Perhaps wild parties at Cambridge College are a regular occurrence but they do not happen here in our neighbourhood
George: We're not at Cambridge now but they do in Spring Lake Heights

Marie: What have you done, inviting people to the house, are you crazy!
Rob: I might be crazy but at least I'm not a pervert,
James: Lock the door, Marie. No one else is getting in. Put the bolt in, that'll do it.
This house has more security than Fort Knox
People continue to enter through garden. Grearson peers through window
Marie: It's Grearson, close the curtain... Peeping tom

James: Enjoy your drinks but please use a coaster and an ashtray to flick your ash.

You're not even supposed to be smoking in here.

T4t4nk4 - Let's Rock

Rob: Who's nicked my smokes? Why are things always going missing in this house?

James: It must be Malcolm.

Rob: (upstairs snooping) Stealing drugs again, Malcolm!

Malcolm: I am Malcolm Moon

Oh no. Its Malcolm again! Go to bed.

Wait, look!

Malcolm's got the bong; Malcolm's smokes the BONG!

Malcolm exhales. The large flame from the disposable lighter catches the décor behind him and sets a blaze. They panic. Rob fills a bucket of water. James cleverly puts the fire out. Rob rushes in with water. Pours it over James.

James: You idiot. I'm fucking soaking.

Rob: It was an accident

Vivki: Get wet and you'll catch cold. Turn the heater on.

Marie: You're going to have to change out of those clothes

Marie: ARE U ENJOYING YOUR COKE MALC?

Mal: YOU KNOW IM REALLY DRINKING WINE

Marie: You haven't taken any of those things that were accidentally left on the table, have you?

Malcolm: No

Marie: You know that it's bad for you, Malcolm.

Rob: Have you hidden them somewhere?

Mal: No

Rob: They were on that table.

Malcolm: Mum lets me have punch.

James: Non alcoholic punch

Marie: If Rob had never left them...

Vicki: It wasn't Rob's fault.

Anyway at least you're safe and sound

Vicki: You don't have to be big to take drugs, Malcolm.

Got to get some sleep Mally.

Malcolm: Are yeah! Let's play superheroes.

Rob: How about a drop of Mr. Moon's homebrew? **Paper sign £1**

James: (~Watching CCTV) My next-door neighbour's snooping around. Look at him on the camera, the peeping tom. And there's Robert...I don't believe it. That arsehole.

Marie: What?

James: He's only gone and let the crack-heads in! That's it, this is the final straw.

Rob dances holding a can of cider, a 'torch' and a smoke. Drunkenly stumbles into bin, spills trash over

James: (**Telephone**) Listen Butler, get your arse back here in the next fifteen minutes and I'll give you a 3% pay rise.

Butler: 3%! Sir, how generous of you.

James: Well it is isn't it, and it's coming straight out of my pocket money fund.

Butler: So, I'll just cut my Christmas holiday short, kiss my wife goodbye and jump in a cab back to work...

James: Why can't you drive back to work?

Butler: Because I am already drunk, Master Moon. If I'd of known that you needed me this evening, I would have stuck to herbal tea.

James: Would you like me to call the chauffeur??? I'll pay the fare when you get here

Butler: How kind of you

James: Excuse me, Are you Polish?

Pae: Da,

James: But, who invited you?

Pae pulls out flyer

James: When and where did you get this? **(To Marie)** This is ridiculous, look.

Marie: He's had this whole thing planned

Lucy enters

James: Lucy! What are you doing here?

Ronnie enters

Partygoer: Can I get a line? Snorted

James: Hi, Big Ronnie. Welcome, is your mate Julian not with you?

Ronnie: That mother fuckers in jail.

James: In jail, eh? I thought he'd been released. Fancy a drink Ron.

Ron: Sure why not. This is a nice house. Is it yours?

James: No, its...

Marie: Mine

Ronnie: You're Delroy Denton's sister, aren't you?

Rachel: Yes

Ronnie: Sorry to hear about his accident

Rachel: Thanks. I'll tell him that

Ronnie: Cheers... Where is that friend of yours, Robert?

James: Why don't you ask his girlfriend?

Vicki: He's in Spain

Ronnie: He owes me money!

Nigel Grearson enters the house, snoops around. Mingles

Nigel: (on mobile) George, come in George, can you hear me? They are definitely up to mischief. I can see them smoking, smells strange. They are drinking and taking drugs. Snorting something, white powder I repeat white powder. You should get over here.

Rob: Excuse me but, are you an actress... I'm sure I've seen u somewhere before

Vicki: It is almost midnight.

Rob: Time for the birthday cake

Malcolm dances with the Vampire Sluts from Hell. The two phat ones try and nab him.

Subtitles are marred by flashing white light. J holds crystal up to the timelight.

All: Happy birthday to James

Gavin: James, the Police are outside!

James: You fool, its not the Police. It's the Papparazzi

Girl: 2: ITV are asking for an interview.

And there's someone shagging on your couch

James: Good God! I hope the head at Oxford Brookes isn't watching... There is nothing to see, I have nothing to say. Just get off my lawn.

Marie: The Police are here now

Vicki: What made them call the police? Noise? Breach of the peace??

James: Probably because he invited half of Holborn High to my house!

Rob: That was a joke, get over it!

James: If it was your house then I'd be laughing, but, oh no it can't be because, you couldn't fit this many people in your little shoe box council flat.

Rob: At least you can flick your ash on the floor in my home.

James: Well now everyone's spilling ash on my Mother's fur rug! It's a Prod Rug as well, they are expensive! I can't believe you were advertising this thing on Twitter for two weeks. It has to be the most ridiculous thing I've heard all evening.

Rob: So,

James: Someone's smeared lipstick on Uncle Albert's painting. It looks like he's French kissed a tart.

Rob: That would have been Marie!

James: And your favourite person's turned up!

Rob: Pamela Anderson's here!

James: No, not Pammy. It's Ronnie "Gutter" Mackire

Rob: Big Ronnie!

James: Yip

Rob: Is he looking for me?

James: I forgot to ask him

Rob: So you don't know if he is or he isn't,

Vicki: And he doesn't know if you're here or you aren't. I said you were in Spain

Rob: that's great

James: Well if you hadn't of invited him

Rob: I didn't invite him

James: But you invited half of Hol...

Marie: Stop arguing both of you. Look, the Police are downstairs and they are looking for James

Better go down and talk to them.

James: And say what?

Vicki: The truth.

James: What truth, that I have been the victim of a horrible prank maliciously instigated by my former best friend! Fuck that, I'm calling Butler back. He should be here by now... Do me a favour, Rob; just go down and tell the Police you broke and entered my house

Rob: I'm not saying that. No, I refuse to go down there

James: You either get arrested for trespassing and vandalism, or stabbed up by Ronnie

Rob: Stop, you've got to help me get rid of this bloody cocaine.

James: Its not cocaine, its crushed up caffeine pills.

Marie: If it is real coke, you are not flushing it down our toilet!

Rob: What else do you suggest we do with it?

Television

Newsreader: Some news Justin, Partygoers have stormed a town house in Holborn and are refusing to leave, against the owners consent. There are fears under license 18 some may be using drugs and drinking excessively. One hoodlum has clearly graffitied "Fuck the Law" on the roof. The owner refused to comment,

James: Just get off my lawn.

Newsreader: Police say they are aware of the situation, keeping an eye out and are expecting it to escalate. And now here's Djay with the weather.

Djay: Yes its going to be a stormy night with thick clouds coming down from the north, some light rain or sleet turning into snow as the temperatures remain bitter.

I know that James McMooned; his house is rocking

Gavin: Like a rat on speed

Hurry up and get here Butler.

James: Butler thank God you're here.

Butler: What's going on Sir?

Marie: Jim Bop, my friends are waiting for their drink,

James: (hands tray) Could you take these drinks to the conservatory?

Butler: Of course sir but I am not happy.

James: Your important friends can stay, darling. But I'm asking everyone else to leave right now(stands on chair) Excuse me everyone be quiet please. Some of our neighbours have complained The Police are outside and there are photographers and journalists on my lawn,

Gavin: And a couple of pros in your bedroom

James: So can you all dispose of yourselves as quickly as possible and vacate the building, taking anything illegal with you on your way out.

No.

Marie: Get out of our house.

James: You can leave the vase. Lucy, the police are here. You better hide in the broom cupboard.

James: That got rid of them! Where's Robert?

Marie: Under the bed

James: Robert, get out now. The press are outside

Rob: Has Ronnie gone?

James: I think so, get up

Rob: I'm not going down there

James: You have to, I need your help

Marie: Come on Robert,

Rob: If Ronnie sees me he'll kill me!

James: Why don't you wear a disguise?

Rob: Me, dressing up! No, I need a gun.

Max B Grant – Hey DJ

Scott Project – Do you wanna get high?

Dan graffittis on wall while James converses. Partygoers mingle, dance, drink, touting fashion. Police enter

Policeman: Who does this belong to? We have had complaints, I am looking for the owner of the house. Turn that music down.

Ronnie: Shit! I'm gonna have to make a sharp exit.

Malcolm: PUSH THE BUTTON (Video cameras the events) **Tune grinds to halt**

James: This is my back yard, yeah! Listen Pal, you don't come in my back yard and start giving my hassle, messing up my night to spoil my evening. The next time i come in your back yard and start giving you...

Vicki: Can everyone please make their way out; and leave. Bye!

Marie: Who the hell's spilt bong water in here? It's all over the carpet.

Vicki: Well that was half of them. And now for the rest.

Red Arse Ninja Crackheads fight the Kung Fu Cowboy. (Trailer) from Act 1

James: Gavin, Nick. Help me kick these Ninjas out my house!

James Cowboy breaks Red ninjas bin; knocks second ninja out with headshot.

3rd Ninja rugby tackles J to the ground. Girl and skinhead chava intervene

Blacks on one side, whites on other, Kids on one side, adults on other

Chavs on one side, posh people on other, boys on one side, girls on other

Good versus Devil {we'll get a couple of members out the audience up there.

They won't know which way to go}

Street Fighter sees stars for 3 seconds. Lunge front kick to abdomen. Flies

offstage. Malcolm presses keypad, game restarts. James, Gavin & Nick chase

Ninjas out the basement.

Vicki: Do the Fung Ku

Suku: You know Gong Fu? Ancient master teaches wisdom.

PG: RRRRRRRRRRRYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNN!

Hero gets hit, flashing lights(halo) drops. GAME OVER

Chad: You lose, punk

James: How's that for a Kill Bill? Thanks guys,

Gavin: No problem bro, You took on The Ninjas 2.

Malcolm: Malcolm is Ninja

James: No more Ninja's Malcolm.

Gavin: We best be off now, we got another party to get to

James: Thanks foe the help guys,

Marie: Swat party, where next?

Dan: Full Moon

Vicki: And do you know where it is?

Dan: To find out just dial 0700 598 2495 after 10pm on Saturday night. Or give us a call, you can follow our car.

Marie: Sure; if we can get this place tidied first. Its going to take us all night

Butler: I think that's all of them Sir

James: What about the crack-heads, have they gone too?

Butler: Yes Sir, they left through the basement

James: The way they came. That's fine.

Marie: Look, Ronnie's left his case.

Rob: What's in it? What's in it?

Vicki: Drugs probably

James: Or laundered money

Marie: Or diamonds

Rob: This is too good. Let's see if we can open it

Marie: Wait, we shouldn't. He's sure to come back for it.
Rob: I'm not going to prize it open with a pair of pliers. Look you see, maybe it isn't even locked.
James: My God
Vicki: That is awesome
James: Hide it somewhere safe
Marie: Put it in your Dad's safe
Vicki: Yeah
James: No, no way. That is not going in my Dad's safe. Just slide it under the sofa and when he comes back for it, which he will. Return it to him and get it out of here.
Rob: Come on. Don't be a chicken! (*& the Chicago Highway Interstate Patrol*)
Vicki: Bury t in the garden! And then (get everyone else out if they aren't already)

Malcolm: Ronnie's been arrested!
Marie: Big Ronnie?
Malcolm: Na little Ronnie!
Marie: What did he do now?
Malcolm: Nothing; he was just being really cheeky.

James: is there any mess left in the bedroom?
Maria: Just dirty socks!
James: We can use them to mop up the puke?
Marie: And all this offensive graffiti;
Rob: A lick of paint and the place will be spick and spam;
James: Spam! I'm not going to spain now; am i; i'm going to have to stay here for the next two weeks and get this house cleaned up for my parents get return. Unless either of you wants to stay here and help me,
Rob: Not really no
Malcolm: I'll help you
Jam: Thanks Mal but you're going back to school
Vicki: Why don't you just get your Butler to do it?
James: (Tut) That Butler's not real is he? That was a joke. Are you there, Marco?
Butler: Of course, i am Sir. I am always here
James: Good job. The house is safe again.
Butler: Safe isn't the word for it Sir. Bombsite i'd say
James: Indeed and its your job to clean it up, i believe
Butler: I am employed by your Father. Until his return, i shall simply put my feet up.

Rob and Vicki help themselves to Vodka. James searches room. Three search kitchen, Marie last.

Marie: Where's Malcolm. I hope he hasn't gone off with those ravers.
Vicki: If he's off to the Full Moon Party. They're not going to bring him back.
Rob: That is tragic. Now, who's hungry?
Vicki: You had better tell the Police he's missing
And have them search all the cupboards and holes of this haunted house
James: That's probably not a good idea
Vicki: (looking out window) There's a car still parked on the street, surveying us.
James: I think Grierson's still making a statment
Rob: Call Gavin, see if he's with them.
James: I did call but they didn't pick up, perhaps they can't hear.

Marie: Listen, if we start the tidying up now, perhaps he'll turn up
He could be under that can tower. Let's crack on
Rob: Its three o'clock in the morning. Can't it wait? I want some sleep
James: You're feeling tired now, you'll be sleeping in a bed of sweat, sick and...
Marie: No, it cannot wait till morning
Rob: Well there's only one thing for it... James has a provisional license, we drive to
the Full Moon Party and pick him up ourselves.

James: You invite a hundred people to my house and now you want to go for a spin in
my Dad's vintage car. Realize what happened last time!

I'll drive

Yeah.

I'm not letting Robert drive my Dad's car.

Trust me

Why don't you get your Butler to drive, i'm sure he's sober

James: (scathing) You live in a fantasy world

F off: I'll drive

Just get in the car.

Let's go party!

Did you lock the house up?

I think most of the valuable stuff's already been stolen

Malcolm (upstage) laughs. Rewinds tape; replays.

James: (scathing) You live in a fantasy world

F off: I'll drive

Just get in the car.

Let's go party!

Did you lock the house up?

I think most of the valuable stuff's already been stolen

Tape goes fuzzy. 4 sit in car. Cuts to home movie. Car cruises city

We're moving now

Vicki: You got your mobile? Let's find the party.

Marie: I thought it'd be busted.

Vick: Parties always get busted. Wait an hour and then they'll relocate. Isn't that
right, D?

James: We're just going to get Malcolm and then we can get out of here... Which way
is it?

Dave: Show me the way to go home,

Vicki: *I'm tired and I want to go to bed.* I'm going to call, Gavin. They know where
it's at, Hello, can you hear me?

Stargazer - Ultimate High [Breeze and Style Remix]

Nanna Mac: James, Malcolm? **Wheels in, helps herself to rum. Dances like a raver**

Hey pull over. We're going to get pigged now PULL OVER.

Yeah Pull over now.

Slow down!

Where is he?

There here, I said we'd meet them outside Domino's.

I thought you wanted a pizza

We'll just meet them and then convoy to the party. I bet he's there.
This is Great Oswald Street.
Where's that hotel come from?
That's the Traveller's Inn. It's been there for thirty years. This is a classical street.
The pigeon shit on that monument, the homeless folk in the doorway. This is London baby.
Well, we need to meet them in the right place, Jim. You'll probably have us waiting at the wrong place for ages.
There's a new Studio on Shoreditch.
I didn't say the Studio I said Domino's.
Fuck it man, let's go to Shoreditch then
Dave's in a wheelchair. How can we take him?
Let's get back in the car.
I'm fine. I need some pills.
Give him his medication.
He's bee drinking. Don't drink so much, D.
Marie: Don't tell my brother not to drink man. How dare you?
James: Listen fuck him and fuck you. Slut!
This is the end of this conversation. Over

Marie: Where are we going?
James: I don't know, which way is it?
Dave: That way!
Vicki: No, this way
James: Which way?
All: The way
James: Just say the way
Everyone: La way.
Marie: Anyway

Police car pulls up behind them

James: This is all we need. I'll deal with this... Hello Officer, what can I do for you?
Policeman: May i see your license; have you been drinking, young man?
James: Nope. Definitely not.
Marie: None of us are drunk
Policeman: (Stern) What are you doing out here?
Vicki: We're looking for the Full Moon Party... You wouldn't happen to know where it is would you?
Policeman: Yes. It's that way

Full Moon Rave Warehouse in Reading or near the beach

Vicki: We're here. We made it!
Marie: Will you help my brother out the back?
James: Just give me one minute to turn the engine off. And then I'll see to it.
What time is it?
10 to 4.
James: Come on Dave! Let's check out the rig.
Marie: Uh-oh. There's Robert Fitzgibbon.
James: Oo-oo-oo, the funky gibbon!

Marie: Ssh! Just ignore him, he's an arsehole.

Emcee: Dj Dom on the decks

Rob: Hi Vicki. Did you just arrive? Please just let me talk to you for a minute.

Vicki: I wouldn't hear a word of it!

Rob: Can we go somewhere quiet?

Vicki: With you. You must be kidding

Mrs. McMoon: Malcolm, James, are you there?

Grandma dances, Grearson snoops around

Malcolm: you're not my brother. What were these people doing in my house? James, Marie. I'm sorry. Oh my God, they've gone on holiday. They've gone and left me. I might die in this house. The front is no exit. I just can't reach the doorknob. What do I do to get out; how do I handle this?

Malcolm climbs to the roof of the house. Mr. Grearson comes to his aid

Mr: Grearson: Malcolm, are you okay? Where's your brother? Malcolm you had better come down from there.

Emcee: Thank you all for coming. We hope you have enjoyed your stay. And for our last dance this evening may we welcome back tonight's winners; Gloria and Alfie Moon from England. The pair ballroom dance.

Dj Balloon – Technorocker (Remix)

BK – Moonrocker (MoonRock Theme)

You destroyed my son's mind with those bleedin' drugs.

(Alternative Scene)

James gets on bike. Cycles through the city and up into the mountains. Finds Malcolm sat admiring the view.

James: How did you get up here this time, Mally?

Malcolm: Hitch hiked

James: Come on little Brother. Jump on

Police car arrives on scene

James: Its no problem officer. My brother and I are just up here for some air, aren't we Malcolm?

Policeman: May I see your I.D?

Beethoven - Moonlight Sonata

James at party passes four sitting down. Stops and talks, shakes hands. 3/4 follow

J: here they come

Big Dance Finale

Act 3

6 clock the boys come out to play in their cars
: Malcolm, stop watching Top Gear

Rob: Hello again. Strange how we keep bumping into each other isn't it?

Vicki: Not really. How did you get here anyway?

Rob: In Hector's van.

Vicki: Are you on mushrooms?

Rob: No! Listen I'd like for us to get back together. I miss you.

Vicki: I need to find James and Marie. They're my lift home.

Rob: Come back with me and Hector and the dog.

Vicki: I wonder where they are...

J&M walk past 4th rig: Freakin hell man. That is like totally out of there
Passes four sitting, lying down. Hi(shakes hands), Here they come
Do you mind if i have a shot on the decks

Marie: It's a nice sunrise.

James: Barmy seasons if you ask me; it is January after all

Marie: Let's go to the beach and watch the sun come up.

James: Just let me roll this spliff first... I think you're really fit.

Marie: You wanna do it in your Dad's car?

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Malcolm: Let me out. Let me out.

Marie: What the hell?

James: (Opens boot) How did you get in there?

Malcolm: I hid.

Marie: You've been in there this whole time!

Malcolm: Yip

Marie: Malcolm! That was dangerous

James: But at least you've turned up safe and sound

Malcolm: This is my friend, Sasha.

Marie: And where did you find her?

Malcolm: At the party. Her Mum had a bad trip and had to go to hospital!

Can we give her a lift to London?

Marie: There's not room.

Sure there is.

Marie: What about my brother Del's wheelchair?

James: Let him lift his own chair then

Ha, ha. That is so not funny

For fuck's sake. Come on Del, let me help you out your chair.

James: Where's Vicki?

Marie: She's with Robert

James: Does she want a lift back or not?

Marie: She said she was going back with him in the van

Del: Hector's van

James: Well, if your sure she doesn't...

Marie: Just go, it's fine

Del: Let me sit in the front.

James: You wanted to sit in the back all the way here.

Marie: It's ok. I want to sit in the back. I can lie down.

Okay

I'll take the bus. that's over 100 miles.

Mr. Grearson: Malcolm, are you alright? Who is looking after you?

Calvin: It's all right, Mr. Grearson, I've got him.

Mr G: What's going on Calvin?

Calvin: I've just got back from the Bahamas Nigel. Cut my holiday short. I hear there was a bit of excitement here yesterday.

Mr G: That is an understatement Calvin, good to see it has all calmed down now

You might have a point!

A point of view- a point of view;

James: Gran! What are you doing here!

Mrs Mc: Keeping an eye on you!

James: How did you find us?

Mrs Mc: With your Father's SatNav device.

James: Amazing. We best be getting back.

Mrs Mc: I'll race you...

Hell's Angels1: You can give us a lift mate. One of our bikes is bust.

James: There's no room, otherwise i would. Where totally up to our eyeballs here as you can see. Why can't you go on 2 cycles?

HA2: Ar, come on. You kids got any weed?

Del: Yeah

James: Na, shut up man. We haven't.

HA2: Are, give us a J's worth.

James: Sorry pal.

I got some base, you know. (Sticks his hand in car)

So, piss off.

Marie: Let's just go, James. Start the engine!

Del: I need a wee.

James: Those fucking nutters might be following us. Besides I need to beat Gran back to the house.

Del: They were at the party.

Yeah I saw them. Those two blokes looked like proper psychos.

Sasha: I need a wee

James: Just hold it in till we get to a garage. How about some music?

Marie hands Del plastic bottle

Marie: Just use a bottle

James: He's not going to...

Malcolm: There's something in the road

"Look out. Look out."

Marie: Watch the sheep!

Sasha: and the little baby;

Cejunk!

James: Oh my god. I didn't see it coming

Malcolm: Cataastrophe.

Sasha: Did he hurt the little lamb?

James: I think I run it over. Poor old ewe.

Sasha: Can we take a pee now?

Marie: Good idea, everyone out; are you just going to sit there???

James: Wel, either I take your brother for a piss and you scrape that squished farm animal off the road or verse visa!

Marie: Vice versa

James: Okay, I'll clean it up. Uh god its stuck to the plates.

Malcolm: They're coming!

Motorbikes approach – (Rear view mirror)

James: It's them. The Hell's angels. Back in a moment

Marie: What? Where you going, what about Del?

James: I'm just turning round. I've got to kids in the car! He's all right where he is...

(in car) He needs to stop for a piss and all hell breaks loose.

Marie: You're the one who hit a baby lamb

(Smash) **Motorbikes pass. James' home movie edit**

Marie: Delroy! (She runs out the car)

Sasha: I'm scared

Malcolm:

James: Close the door. There is someone up ahead.

Lucy: Help me, please.

James: What's going' on? Who were those guys?

Lucy: Just know; we've got to get the hell out of here.

Let's go

I need to get out of this leather

What's your name?

Lucy V. What's yours?

James. Moon, but my friends call me Jim.

I like James,

I don't.

What about you? Do you live round here, Lucy?

I'm from London

Whereabouts?

Over there; by

What really,

Na, near there,

Were you at that party back there?

Yeah,

Oh, I don't think I saw you there.

I was chillin' in the car, getting stoned.

James: You were with those motor-bikers?

Lucy: The tall one is *my brother*. He's a little crazy

James: No kidding... Where you from?

Lucy: Fulham

Sasha: I'm from Fulham too! We're friends of Dick and Tracy

James: I can drop you both off together then

James: That's perfect!

Malcolm: What about Delroy and Mar..?

James: Ssh! Get in

Lucy: Hey, we only live at other ends of the city. I'll meet you at Paddington next month.

James: I'm going away on holiday after Xmas. Not sure if I can make it;

It's gonna take a few hours to get back.

Go girl.

(Passing shots. **Road, moving images**)

Just getting to know you.

Malcolm: Will I see you again?

Sasha: Sure,

Call me!

(They kiss.)

Lucy: What about the video recorder?

James: It's ok, don't worry. We've only got a bout five minutes of battery...(Roll credits)

James: Hey Mally, we still got some driving to do. Let's get home little brother

DJ Scot Project-Scream (or) A (Asian Sunrise)

Camcorder car journey. Road Movie – fuzzy screen turns to wedding video

It's rolling!

Is it on?

They're here. "Just Married"

"Bye bye Kisses."

Cans rattle

James: Am I driving okay?

Marie: I don't think we're moving

James: Are we parked?

Marie: I think so. In fact, we're still in the garage.

James: Good

Vicki: We must have spaced out.

Rob: I hate it when that happens.

I told you we'd have a trip, didn't I?

You tripped out, I tripped over.

I wish we could do it all over again.

All over again.

Vicki: Look it's Road Movie

Rachel: I love that film. Sad ending isn't it, when the musicians get run over by a truck, and the two birds fly off into the sunset over the autobahn?

James: Short but sweet...

James: Wow! Look at the dent in my Dad's car. Can you fix it?

Rob: I don't know the whole panels mangled. Maybe I could hammer it out.

Marie: Your parents aren't back for two weeks.

Vicki: Yeah James. Chillax, he can't fix it when he's wasted.

Rob: I can fix it but its gonna spell a trip to the garage

Vicki: Or you could call a mechanic.

James: Forget it. I put up with everything.
Kicks car, Kung Fu style (spoof of Ferris Bueller)

Marie: My, thank God everyone's gone.

Vicki: but they've completely trashed the place

Rob: Bastards... Rebelling against conformity. Here's one lying on your couch. Hey, you. The parties over. Go home.

Vicki: Is that Steve under all those blankets?

Rob: Lets put a cigarette out on him, see how he likes it; **POP**

We really are going to have to clean this place up.

James: Where's my Butler got to? And more to the point, where is my brother?

The front door's wide open.

Rob: Hang on a minute. I think we've lost the dirt

Marie: What?

Rob: The dirt. The D.I.R.T

Marie: Shit!

Yes

James: What's the matter?

Marie: They've lost the dirt

Vicki: We haven't lost it but someone has

James: What are you on about?

The D.I.R.T

Butler: I wouldn't worry kids, I've taken care of it and also Master Malcolm had a bit of an upset night,

James: Did he wet the bed? Where is he now?

Butler: Watching T.V. (Moonlighting

Butler: Are you and your friends leaving this morning?

James: My god yes.

Marie: In two and a half hours

scene) Clint: Someone is trying to assassinate me. I did not kill me wife,

Victoria: Don't leave me.(Bob dies)

MAL: You set him up and framed him with the murder of your husband. You presumed that if everyone thought your husband was dead the blame would fall on your lover. Your rich, affluent lover Jason. And you knew Jason didn't have an alibi, he was with you the night your husband died... In bed with a headache from drugs you'd given him.

V: Sounds wonderful Detective but where is the proof. *Unfortunately* you don't have a body

Daisy: But it is true

Clint: Half true.

Daisy: Mr. Copperplot!

You're supposed to be...

Daisy & Mal: DEAD!

Clint: He's right, we were blackmailing J, but it was all my idea. It's all been an act.

Victoria: Well done, you two make a great team, shame we'll have to kill you both.

(Gunshot. MAL hits the deck. Victoria scarpers)

Daisy: Oh my God. Mal, you can't be really dead.

Mal: Na, but I had them both fooled.

Oldest trick in the book.
She missed me by a whisker.
Quick let's get her.

Gunshot, bird gets it.

MC: They won't get far. Not without their keys

Daisy: Well done detective. Another case closed,

Mal: Only with your help Daisy, I couldn't have done it without you.

They hug

Mal: There's just one thing that's still bugging me about this case, Daisy.

Daisy: What's that, M.C?

Mal: Well; where the hell did those damn Ninjas come from?

BOOM. Spotlight Ninja. Crime fighting duo leave. Credits

The four tidy up to music with help from Malcolm

Malcolm: Look! I found another penny

Rob: That's not a penny Malcolm

Malcolm: Its not; what is it then?

Rob: (holds) It's a Smartie lid

Malcolm: So it is

Mal: You're supposed to make my breakfast now,

J: Shut up, Malcolm. I'm tidying up.

M: Can i have Special K?

M'slim: of course you can Malcolm.

J: He's having cocopop

James: Are you just going to sit there all day Butler?

Butler: Sir, I have had without doubt- the most exhausting night of my life; and by my watch I am still on holiday

James: I don't want to buy your watch. What time does it officially end? Your holiday

Butler: 2 hours and 20 minutes

James: Two and a half hours, then you can get back to work,

Butler: As if I'm not already

James: Listen, we had a major wapbamboozle last night. So take your two hours and then help us tidy up. Try to remember our holiday is about to start.

Butler: And then I'm left looking after Grandmother

James: Just be thankful Malcolm's back at boarding school

Butler: Oh, I will

James: By the way your Xmas present is under the tree.

Butler: Present sir!

James: Yes, its under the tree in the garden

Marie: Were you pleased with your xmas present?

Butler: What present?

Under the tree

Butler: Its gone

James: Where the bloody hell has it gone?

Butler: Stolen Sir

By whom?

Butler: I wouldn't know would i? Would you mind telling me what it was, anyway?

James: Underwear from Mother, cigar from Father and from me and from Malcolm.

Butler: Three cigars Sir?

James: One cigar Butler, three pairs of latex hipster trunks.

Butler: Wow, I'm sure whoever stole them will have a lot of fun

Meanwhile Vicki and Rob Hoover up the curtains

I didn't recognise half of the people last night.

Neither did I actually. But we had a good time and I think we've learned something from the experience,

What's that?

Don't try too hard to impress your friends

It's what you call growing up, surpassing your parents. It's a phenomenon

Rob: I'm pleased that's done. That's what I call hard work

Marie: Think for a minute, In six months time we are all going to be finished. High School will be over for us. We'll go our separate ways. James will go to Uni.

Vicki will be hairdressing. And what will you be doing, Robert?

Rob: Drinking

Marie: Don't you think that's sad?

James: No I don't. It just means that we are adults now. We have choices to make that will mould our future; the secret is to pick the best option for ourselves.

Marie: But if you are at Oxford and I'm at Stansted, we won't see each other

James: I'll email you everyday

I just know I'm going to miss Holborn High

Lucy: James, where've you been? Its freezing in here.

James: I'm sorry babe. I know its not on. Just another half an hour

Lucy: Hurry up. I miss you

James sees Lucy in broom cupboard then weight trains in Bedroom

James: Listen Maria, I wanted to talk about what you said before. I know I'm going to go away to oxford and you'll stay home and maybe meet a guy and forget about me.

Marie: I will not. You're not gonna want to talk to me on the phone or meet up for coffee on a Saturday.

James: I'll be in halls, you can come and visit. Tonight was the night darling, I just know the beach is gonna be too cold for a bikini over the next two weeks.

Marie: Aren't you excited about the holiday?

James: I am looking forward to the holiday but I don't fancy spending a week with them two; not after last night. I don't even want to go with those tits.

Marie: Why don't we just let them go; stay here and have a quiet time at home just the two of us?

James: I suppose we could do that

Marie: Well go and tell them that. I know they'll be disappointed

James: I will

Guests Room/Lounge

Vicki: You idiot, these are for last year. Look at the date! November '65. We can forget about the holiday now.

Rob: I thought the tickets we're for today's date.

Vicki: Yeah right! You better not be pulling a fast one.

Rob: Do you think I'm that stupid?

Vicki: There's someone else's name on them Robert. It says there. Mr. J & Misses Mean.

Rob: So, You know I'm dyslexic.

James. Jesus, I almost shot myself,

James: What are you doing?

Rob: Nothing

James: You look nervous.

Rob: I got a fright that's all.

Are you still tripping?

I was looking for you where you been?

James: Nowhere.

Rob: Sorry, listen. Where's Marie?

James: She's in my room.

Rob: Did you two..?

James: The boats not in yet.

Rob: Have you said sail?

James: We is not bobbing up and down at the minute.

Where's Malcolm. You know what he's like with those bloody cameras.

Do you not think my Dad's had a tug over half my girlfriends? That's what it's like living with the FBI.

The SAS. Soldier and Sinner

I think it's time to send out the sub.

Thanks for the advice. What do you want?

Rob: Nothing. Just seeing how you're doing.

Marie: What did he want?

James: Forget it. I don't know something about the suitcase.

Marie: What's this; there's a letter for you James

James: From who

Marie: I think its from Robert

James: I can barely read it. Sorry, something holiday over, tickets expected, bye.

Marie: What does that mean?

James: I've no idea.

Marie: go and ask him what he means

Vicki: So,

Rob: Nothing, he's not bothered. He just wants to stay here with his dearly,

Vicki: Robert, don't lie to me. You haven't told him, have you?

Rob: Yes I have

Vicki: Come on boy. The clock is ticking, we all want to see a happy ending

Rob: It's not my fault; it's just another *crap* plot twist in an already overworked and badly written play. Who wrote this shit anyway?

James: I did actually and I heard every word you just said!

Shriek!

James: So you want to ruin our holiday

Marie: By selling us dodgy tickets, Robert... Do better!

James: He hasn't just got the days wrong, he's got the fucking names wrong as well.

Rob: I'm dyslexic; besides what did you expect to do anyhow? Go gallivanting around the night bazaar in the search for fresh mutton?

James: I'm going to hit you buddy.

Marie: So am i

Rob: You wouldn't dare

J & M: Wouldn't we?

Rob: Jokes

James: You're the joke pal,

Rob: No, you are the joke, James. And we're the ones who're laughing.

Vicki: You said yourself it was a crap play...

Rob: With a dodgy ending!

James: Maybe I did; but its not finished yet.

Robert: Let's see what you can do. Mr. Moonie

James: Give me two minutes. Come on Marie & Mal

Mal Com1: Its okay, don't worry, I think I can fix this.

Marie: How?

James: If we go back to scene 9. The bit were Victoria says, "Let me see the tickets" and edit the dialogue so that they have still got the tickets. Then we can still go on holiday and have a happy ending.

Marie: And how will we do that? It's already happened.

James: But has it?

Maire: Well, I would assume so, why don't you ask the audience?

Malcolm: Don't bother about them; we will change all that.

Marie: How?

James: With our secret invention. Malcolm; The Spontaneous Combustion Machine.

James: It was Father's idea. He drew up the design. He used Malcolm as the specimen; that's why he named the thing Mal Com1. If we press this button...

(Explosion) Not that button. This button. (rewind video)

Malcolm: (echo) We can change what happened in the last scene and rewrite history forever.

Marie: Do you think the audience will notice?

James: I doubt it. Why don't we give them a try?

Ring.

Vicki: Go and get the suitcase out the garden

Rob: Which suitcase?

Vicki: Ronnie's

Marie: I was listening too. You just want to ruin our evening don't you?

Rob: Yes, and while we're at it, we might as well mention that you're are not going on holiday anymore, because V has lost the tickets.

James: Ouch, that is a rough one. We weren't expecting that.

Marie: Where did she lose them?

Rob: The same place you lost my winning lottery ticket

V: We can see if there are some more tickets

Mal Com1: This is an extra scene. Its on the DVD

R: Look, James parents are away for two weeks, let's just stay here and party.

V: Brilliant idea. But what happens if Ronnie and his friend come back?

R: Nothing. Are you saying I'm over my head. You think I'm weak

V: Your mouth is going to burst, Its like you've had liposuction.

R: Suck this!

Jam Com: It didn't work
I've realized that. We're going to have to go back further and change it from there.
Malcolm would you?

Malcolm presses button again. The sun rises. Proper, lighting London

Vicki: Its your fault that the tickets have gone amiss and not me.

Rob: Mine not me.

Vicki: Ha, ha. I told you it wasn't a comedy. Its not meant to be funny

Marie is in bed half naked. Out pops one sock, then another, then some underpants. Malcolm has the camcorder.

Malcolm: Tits oot!

Vicki: If you have made a mistake, we could fix it through our agent.

Rob: Oh will you just drop the matter. We're not going to Spain and that's the end of it. Lets just get out of here and go home, before Moon pulls a real wobbly.

Rob and Vicki approach the room to tell them the bad news about the tickets.

Vicki: Go on, knock on their door...

Marie: What was that?

James: Nothing.

Marie: I heard something.

James: (Goes to window) Oh my God. It's my parents!

Marie: Whom?

James: Quick, get dressed.

Door opens

Vicki: (Scream)

James: What are you two doing out here?

Vicki and Rob: Nothing.

James: You were snooping on us!

Rob: No we weren't

Marie: They're here

James: They're back, I don't know how but they're back.

Vicki and Rob: Who?

Marie: His parents

Vicki: Mr and Mrs Moon!

James: Tidy the mess up quick! I need all this shit out of here. Put that cigarette out!
The whole house is going to stink.

Malcolm: I'm going to tell Dad what you've been doing. You are going to be in big trouble when Mum and Dad find out, young man.

Marie: Robert, do something quick?

Rob: Lock him in the cupboard. Give me the broom. Wedge it shut like that, if they ask what; we've trapped a deer. (Robert assumes position. **Gloria and Alfie enter**

That's it? You set off for Lanzerote and now you're back

Alf: Stop swearing.

Gloria: We missed the flight.

Missed the fligh..!

Gloria: Don't sound so depressed.

Marie: Try shocked

James: Devastated, Rob: gutted

Alfie: Turn off this techno crap.

Rob: That's an echo

James: What went wrong?

Alfie: Your Mother was in the shop; I went to use the toilet,
He left the luggage.

You know I've got bladder problems. She was in there buying bloody perfume.

I was getting some make up

When I got back the luggage was gone.

Oh, that's terrible.

So you lost the tickets.

No, they we're in my handbag but I'm not going abroad without clothes. Besides our
passports were stolen

Vicki: And they didn't catch the thief..

Gloria: Unfortunately not. James, where is your little brother. Where's Malcolm???

James shrugs

Gloria: James, where is your brother? Let me go find him

Gloria: What's that smell? Has someone been sick?

Why are your nostrils red?

I hope you two haven't been doing anything naughty up here.

Marie: Honestly, Mrs. Moon we haven't been doing anything.

Gloria: What has happened here?

James: It was him!

Gloria: Who Robert, what on earth did you do?

Maria: Tell them Robert.

Robert I... had an epileptic fit!

Gloria: Oh, you poor boy;

Gloria enters garden

Gloria: Oh! What has happened to my flowerbed?

Rob: A rabbit

Vicki: A dog. A dog and a rabbit

Had a fight!

James: Mum, come back

Grearsons peer over fence

Mrs. Grearson: Good morning Gloria, what you doing back?

Gloria: We had a problem at the airport.

Mrs G: Oh that's terrible. I've got to say you two missed a wild night.

Gloria: Did we?

Stoned partygoers moves out of bush

Gloria: (Shriek) Good greef!

Alfie: What are you two doing in our garden?

SPG: Sorry, we were asleep

George: That boy's on drugs

Nigel Grierson: I think everyone was

George: You know those things totally blew their minds

Nigel: Your boys drew two big lines (on my wall.)

Rob: We did not.

George: I videotaped the whole thing on my cell-phone

Rob: Why, you stuck up American A-hole!

Gloria: They've been taking drugs! That's it Alfred, call the police!

Alf: Drugs really. I never expected that.

Gloria: And we trusted you
James: Mum, i'm;
Marie: Maybe we should... mm; it would be better if we left.
Gloria: Oh my god they're all over the carpet
James: That's not drugs Mother! Its just Rob's dandruff.
Alf: Boys, i'd like a talk with you in private, now.
Mrs. Moon: Are you sure you had nothing to do with these drugs, young lady?
James: Those aren't drugs Mother
Mrs: Moon: Then what are they, paracetamol?
James: Yes, yes that's it, paracetamol. I had a splitting headache and I was going to take it to ease the pain.
Mrs. Moon: Then why is it all crushed up in powder?
Rob: Because Gloria if you take it up your nose it gets to your head more quickly,
James: It's water-soluble. It's water soluble I was going to put it in a drink.
Mrs. Moon: Well; we'll see once the Police have analysed it. Did you ring them Alfie?
Mr Moon: I'm on it now, darling
Mrs Moon: Just dial 999 dear. Emergency services, ask for Police
Operator: Connecting number
Mrs Moon: Give me that... Hello. Can I have the Police please? Yes. Gloria Moon. Moonrise Cottage, Summerfield Drive, Marlow, Buckinghamshire. 38. Brown, blue. 5 ft 6. Excuse me, but are all these questions absolutely necessary, I mean this is an emergency. Oh really. I'll hold.

Alfie takes boys into interrogation room
Alfie: What's been going on boys?
James: Dad, i can explain everything
Alf: I bet you could but first i want to know who drank my vintage Cava. You'd better have an alibi.
James: What kind of alibi?
Rob: Prescription drugs. Medical marijuana
Alfie: Medical marijuana that's a good one. Why don't you tell that to your Mother?
James: Do you think that'd work?
Alfie: *No*.
What then?
Alfie: You could just tell the truth.
Rob: Just say that you're teenagers experimenting in the illicit. We dabbled in dubiousness and didn't think it would...
James: Be quiet
Alf: Look at it from our point of view. Your Mother and i leave you alone with your girlfriends for one night, trusting you in our house and this is what you let happen,
James: Dad, i...
Alf: Sh! You failed son
Rob: Mr. Moon, its getting close to my medication time and if i don't have an...

Gloria: They're on their way. The Polce will be here in a moment. We'll get this sorted out. You might think we don't know James but we have found evidence of drug taking in the house before. Ah yes, we know what you were up to. We're not as dumb as you think son.
Rob: I wouldn't bet on it. (Slap off girl)
Gloria: Not as yet. We know you were hiding cannabis in the attic, don't we Alf?

James: What? How dare you!
Alf: Back me up Alf. We found your little stash
James: Mum, I don't...
Alf: I would just drop this one, darling. We've disposed of it now.
Gloria: Our son is a drug addict
Alf: Do you want him to end up in jail, Gloria?
James: I'm sorry Mum; I admit it. We were taking Acid. (Slap off Rob)
Mrs: (Shriek) LCD!
Vicki: LSD
Mrs: L?
Rob: Magic mushrooms.
Mrs. Shrooms!
Marie: We're tripping Mrs Moon
Mrs. Moon: Tripping! My goodness, that's terrible... I knew we shouldn't have left you on your own.
Alf: Came down dear. Let them learn the hard way
Vicki: Don't worry Mrs. Moon. My Mum done the same thing in our house and I accidentally set fire to the living room carpet...

Doorbell. Police enter

Policeman: Is this your son Sir?
Mr. Moon: Yes, that's correct.
Policeman: How long have you known him?
Mr Moon: Mm 18 years.
Policeman: So that would make you 18 young man.
Young man answer me when I am speaking.
Right then, now is it correct that on the day of the date, today.
Wednesday, 19th May of the year this years year the year of 2000 and 10, you yourself and your friends here before us were caught in the possession of an illicit substance namely marijuana; to be specific this was from a skunk plant of the Northern lights variety. A Class C drug!
Mother: Shriek.
Policeman: Is it true? Right then, then there now. Now then, where was I? Ah Yes. The Northern lights variety; bloody good smoke really, but none the less a Class C drug with psychoactive prop...
Policeman: What is that racket?
Marie: It's your decks James.
James: It's not me; it must be Malcolm.
Mother: Malcolm
Policeman: I will have silence, turn that public noisance off.
Marie: Ow, turn it down.
James & Mother: Turn it off Malcolm
Malcolm:
Mother: Malcolm the police are here now, stop messing around and turn it off. I will be up those stairs in 90 seconds if you don't turn that music down. Sorry Officer please continue.
Policeman: Now, can I take your names?
Gloria and Alfred Moon
Rob: Rob, Rob, Rob Ftzgbbn
P: Yes, I know who you are sonny. Don't be clever. And who is the girl?

Vicki: I am Victoria Tulip.
(They laugh)
Rob: Shut up you two
Policeman: (writing in book) Victoria Tulip. Is your Dad a fireman?
Vivki: Yes.
Marie: I am Marie Den..
James: Gusher. Miss Marie Gusher
P: And you are?
Alfie: This is my son
Gloria: Our son
Malcolm: And I'm their son too.
P: And what's your name young man?
Mal: Me?
Police: Yes you,
Malcolm Button Moon
Come on Rob, no pissing about.
Robert. Robert Williams.
Are you going to sing us a song then?
Rob: La, la, la
Have you've never been in trouble with the Police
No.
What's in the case?

Doorbell.

Mr Grierson: Good morning Mr. Moon. Just a quick call to see how everyone is this morning. We thought you were away on holiday; Is everything all right?
Alfie: Of course Nigel.
But, Sir. Our son has been ill behaved.
Mr: Oh no, that Malcolm is very advanced for his age.
Alfie: No Malcolm had nothing to do with it. He's only eight years old.
Mr: When I saw him last night he was on the roof.
That's our Malcolm for you
Well, the least said about that night the better, eh?
Gloria: What is it, Alf?
James: No it wasn't Malcolm. It was all of us, wasn't it?
Rob, Vicki Rach: Erm.

James and Policeman fight & Rob. Roll around on floor.

Alf: Malcolm stop pressing that button.
Policeman: Call for back up!
Policewoman: I'll call for back up, (**rips open blouse**)
Striptease dance around James. Two officers get truncheons out.
James Traved Stripper
PW pushes J, Mother pushes him, Maria tries to catch him
Celo Green---- Helicopters – feathered ladies
James backs off for 4>
Fight continues. James accidentally knocks Robert out.
James: Oops, that was an accident.
Gloria: Stop fighting boys. I think you've killed Robert.
Vicki cries.

James: Is he dead?

Vicki: No

Policeman: Someone better call an ambulance. (wipes blood off chin)

Rob: I think we should be leaving now.

Vicki: We ...

Alf: One minute,

James: But you still have two flight tickets

Vicki: Two tickets to Lanzerote!

Marie: It's too late; the flight will have taken off by now.

Gloria: Actually there was an eight hour delay.

Rob: (Looks at watch) We can just make it.

It's Sunday lunchtime. The M25 will be choc a block man.

Who said anything about the M25. We'll take the North Circular be there in an hour.

Where you flying from Luton?

Stansted

Call a cab.

Alf: I'll drive you both

All: No

Vicki: We can get there alone.

Rob: Hitchhiking (Vicki elbows Rob)

Alf: It is no trouble kids, come on. Let's all jump in the car

James: Don't worry Daddy. Butler will drive

(Snigger)

Rob: That's got to be the funniest

Marie: We all know that the Butler is a figment of someone's bad imagination. But not to worry, i'm sure Mr. Moon, your father will confirm the he is not under your employment.

Alf: Do you think i would pay someone to wipe his spoiling arse?

Alf: Why, don't you want me to see the car?

James & Marie: No!

Gloria: Why not take my car, Alfie?

Great idea, let's be off

Vicki: But only two of us can go.

Rob: Want to flip a coin?

Marie: We just want rid of you!

Rob: I guess its time to go...

Vicki: Best call and see if it is taking off before we set off?

Rob: Let's just go now and if we make it we make it. You sure you don't want to go?

Alfie: I hope you know those tickets are in someone else's name. You'll have to pay for a whole new ticket.

James: Ssh! Mum. Don't forget your traveller's cheques!

Best be off then

Vicki: We really might miss the flight unless you want the tickets back.

Police: No one is leaving the country until this matter is resolved. Where's Malcolm.

It was the two of you. I can assure you I will be arresting someone today.

He's just a kid.

Policeman: Do you mind if I take a look around?

Policewoman: Such a lovely house you've got... Where are you going on holiday?

All: Lanzerote

Policeman takes a walk, finds spliff, examines.

Policeman: Aha, look what i just found. If i am not mistaken, (**smells roll up**) this must be Class C (**Brandishes lighter**) Best to submit this for analysis.

Continues search for cocaine. Butler enters bedroom and removes illicit suitcase.

Policeman: (Shriek)

Grandma: What are you up to?

Policeman: I am an on duty police officer in pursuit of a possible heinous criminal.

Who are you?

Grandma: I am Mrs McMoon. This is my house.

Policeman: Your house.

Grandma: My son's house. Do you have a search warrant?

Policeman: I do not need a warrant Mrs. Moon, for i was called here by your son, himself

Grandma: Alfie called the Police! Why?

Policeman: You will have to ask him that, but it was one of several calls we have had to this house in the last 24hours. Drugs, Loud music, vandalism and recreational drugs i believe were the reasons. And drink-driving, under age drinking, public nuisance, nudity and one statutory rape

Grandma: That was Robert! He's a bad boy...

Policeman: You aren't perhaps under the influence of anything right now are you, Mrs. Moon?

Grandma: McMoon. And no... Not unless you call Johnniee Walker a criminal.

Policeman: You seem a little bit, hysterical; do you mind if i...

Grandma: Not at all. You can certainly search me if you like, officer but I must warn you I've a very hairy

Policeman: Mrs McMoon, please. Did you see anyone up here last night? Anything suspicious?**Psycho spoof**

Grandma: Now that you mention it. I did see something... odd. Follow me.

Marie **flash**dance audition. BK Remix

And the policeman's running away

Policeman: Little wippersnapper got away.

Shouldn't you go after him.

I'll send out an IPA. Now then where were we. Ah yes, a class A drug. Sensimilia.

Super skunk.

James: No. We've done that bit.

Marie: You've said that. We were at the bit where you chase Ronnie out of our house on the trail of hard criminals.

Policeman: Ronnie! Yes, that's right. And a second ahead ff schedule.

Ding, Dong

Ronnie: All right James. I've come for my case. I was taking a walk in the area and forget i left my briefcase here; all my important documents. How careless of me,

James: Come in, Ronnie

Policeman: Ronnie Mackire. Stop right there

Ronnie: You little bastards. You give that case to the OL' bill.

Policeman: Just one minute... What case is this in question?

Haven't you neen watching?

Is that why you came back here? You mean to say you were laundering the money for Big Pimp D!

James: No. Christ we're not going back over old ground, now.

Marie: This was supposed to be our climatic ending

Rob: It was the ending they were going to get (Elbow from Vicki)

Policeman: I'm bemused

James: Copperplot was laundering money. Mackire was the running man.

Ronnie: He's a lying bast...

Policeman: Its still an offence

Alf: Don't catch a tadpole and miss a big fish

James: The money was being shuffled out the back end. Ronnie was obviously related to Copperplot, Two brothers and a stranger, god could you not see the resemblance?

Policeman: they made it look like a heist, that way he had a motive for the murder.

All: Yes!

J: Where were you during the second act?

Voice offstage: Having a cigarette?

Policeman: Did i miss my cue? **Police sirens.**

Ronnie: Screw you, Coffe(Launches bottle)

Policeman: Oi, come back here you hooligan **Ronnie exit**

Policewoman: Walkie Talkie: Come in HQ. Send out a chopper

James: That's the trouble with B-grade actors.

Marie: Without BBFC funding, what could you do?

Alfred: Oh for Pete's sake, man it was my dope. Well; come on Gloria, you know that fresh coffee that I brought back from Columbia and I said it contained Guarana? It was Cocaine.

Gloria: That explains a ting or two

Alf: Anyway, you hypocrite; what about all the swag you stole from Marks and Spencer?

Policewoman: Okay, i've heard enough. I say you two are the guilty party.

Malcolm; And they abused me, didn't they James;

Policewoman: This way please.

Gloria: No wait. It's not us, it's them; they're tripping. They're on LCD!

Alfie: This is ridiculous

Marie: You better push the button again

James: I hate to waste the electric but I guess they are my parents.

Malcolm: Our parents

Rewind

Policeman: Alfie Moon, this is indeed an honour... and considering that you are both over 45 years of age you may be granted absolution from this crime on the grounds that you And that you didn't know just how dangerous it was. In fact neither do I because I don't do drugs

Alfie: Its never too late to try

Gloria: How about a cup of tea?

Policeman: You mean, me. Try cocaine!

Alfie: I didn't say that. Smoke a spliff

Gloria: I'll put the kettle on

Policeman: What do I know about law? I am not a good person Mr. Moon. I exceed the speed limit. Once, my son failed his A-level exam so I broke into the Headmasters office and stole the test sheet! And I killed my neighbours dog to stop it barking!

Victoria: You killed Fletch!

Policeman: I'm a terrible person

Policewoman: And I'm...

Doorbell

James: If that's Ronnie again, don't bother answering

Rob: He's trespassing, its a crime. We want rid of the Old Bill

Vicki: He's a criminal arrest him

James: Chase again. The plots wearing too thin. (Points at audience) They're bored, they want to go home.

Marie: And you guys have got a plane to catch

Rob: (Irritated voice) Yes but we've got to get the suitcase

Policeman: There's is that word again, suitcase.

Marie: Briefcase

Policeman: I guess i didn't hear that... Did anyone else hear that?? Do you lot want to go home now?

Ding Dong

That'll be Ronnie. I wonder what he wants.

A briefcase perhaps

Policeman: (answers door, brandishing suitcase) Looking for this!

Ronnie: Hi, its me again and this time I want that suitcase

G: What case?

Police: Ronnie Mackire. **Chase. Exit**

Marie: You guys got the tickets

Vicki: Are you sure..?

James: Just get out of here!

Rob: I'm goin' on Holiday. We're going on holiday.

Marie: Have a great time!

James: Don't do anything we wouldn't do

Gloria: I hope you've all learned your lesson. Now, anyone for a nice glass of Sherry?

Malcolm watches TV in games room

Gloria: Are you alright, Malcolm, would you like some warm milk?

Maria and James relax in their bedroom

Butler: Chamomile tea sir,

James: Yes. Chamomile tea sounds lovely Butler. And roll me a Cuban

Lights out/ curtain

Telephone rings.

Vicki: Hi Mrs. Moon, it's Vicki!

Gloria: Hi Victoria darling. Are you all right; where are you?

Vicki: In Spain. (Crying) We're in customs.

Gloria: Customs!

Vicki: We need to speak with James?

Gloria: Of course dear, hold the line

James: Hello, James Moon

Spanish policeman: Ola, Señor Moon. Tu le gustaría decimos acerca de la cocaina

James: I think you've got the wrong number (Hangs up)

Marie: Who was it?

James: It's them/The Police. They've been arrested.

Marie: You're kidding!

Phone rings

James: Don't answer. Its their own damn fault

Marie: Come on James. They must be in trouble. Let me... Hello, Vicki what's going on?

Vicki: We didn't get through customs. They found the suitcase.

Marie: That's terrible

Vicki: We had to tell them it was James' father's case

Marie: You did what?

Vicki: We had no choice! (Phone goes dead)

(Curtain) **Payphone** *Top stage*

Rob: Ring it again.

Vicki: Out of change

Rob: (laughing) Buenos dios Señor Moon.

Rob: Call him back, quick. Let me speak to him

Telephone rings and rings