



Preview Script

**Slap And Tickle  
At  
The Pig And Whistle**

# **Slap And Tickle At The Pig And Whistle**

by John Bartlett

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**NOTE : This is a preview version, and does not contain the full script.**

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# SLAP AND TICKLE AT THE PIG AND WHISTLE

## Synopsis

A story concerning the misappropriation of private love letters belonging to Isabella and Lelio and the debauched selfish interest of Pulcinella, the publican of 'The Pig And Whistle'. The crazy antics of Arlecchino, Colombina's quick thinking lover and the thwarted, elicited love affair between Isabella and Lelio, all add up to a rollicking, uproarious comedy that crashes like a comic avalanche to its ultimate conclusion.

## Cast (in order of appearance)

<b>Colombina</b>	Pulcinella's daughter, in love with Arlecchino
<b>Arlecchino</b>	Servant to Pantalone
<b>Pulcinella</b>	Publican of 'The Pig And Whistle'
<b>Pierrot</b>	Servant to Isabella
<b>Isabella</b>	A Countess. In love with Lelio
<b>Franceschina</b>	Servant to Lelio
<b>Pantalone</b>	A wealthy businessman
<b>Dr Boil</b>	Isabella's private doctor

## Set

A mock Tudor pub. The first floor is the outside of a bedroom with a practical mullioned window at the centre. Below this is the 'cutaway' interior of the bar (ie the external wall is not visible). The upper storey is supported by two pillars SL and SR. An imaginary staircase is situated behind the SL door. Two tongue and groove doors are situated either side of the bar, USR and USL. In front of the bar are two bar stools. The door to the street is DSL. A small part of the street, nearest the door, should be visible. (The door however, could be mimed).

## **Conventions Used**

Text in upper case is shouted, and underlined text is spoken with emphasis.

Note : The scene numbers are shown to aid rehearsals only, the action throughout being continuous.

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## **Also by John Bartlett ...**

### **Flumes And Fumes** (5m, 6f), 60 mins

Madcap mayhem, debauchery, lust and mistaken identity, all this and more! The play is set in 'Floaters Leisure Centre' just prior to an inspection by the local senior councillor, Mr Pantalone. Isabella, the Centre's Manageress, is in a flap; however her dysfunctional staff are not perturbed in the slightest, add a good measure of lunacy to this theatrical pot of nonsense and you have all the ingredients for a crazy rollercoaster ride that builds and builds into an insane, ludicrous, climax that would not be amiss within the walls of Bedlam!

### **The Village Hall** (9m, 8f), three 30 min one-act plays or one 90 min three-act play

That hallowed institution - the Village Hall, scene of unparalleled local country dramas is the setting for these three comedy plays. Each play stands up in its own right, but the trilogy could be played together as a single three act play. Each play features one or two main characters and their particular use of the Hall, a Jumble Sale, the Amateur Dramatics group and the scout's Gang Show.

# SLAP AND TICKLE AT THE PIG AND WHISTLE

## Scene 1

### In Which We Are Introduced To Pulcinella's Public House: 'The Pig And Whistle'

*Colombina and Arlecchino enter running SL outside The Pig And Whistle. They kiss and cuddle.*

**Arlecchino** *(Pleading)* Colombina! Just one more kiss!

**Colombina** No, I've got to go Arlecchino! We've been up all night and I'm completely knackered! Besides I must creep in before dad wakes up!

**Arlecchino** Oh please Colombina, just one more!

**Colombina** Father will kill me if he catches us! *(Laughing)* I still can't believe you threw that brick at him last night, it only just missed him!

**Arlecchino** Well he deserved it, shouting and screaming at us like that! Miserable old git!

**Colombina** Arlecchino I really must go! *(She opens the front door and creeps in. Arlecchino follows her, and to her delight, he grabs her posterior).* No! Stop it! Look I'll meet you here later. Now please go!

*Half asleep, Pulcinella calls out. Colombina and Arlecchino momentarily freeze.*

**Pulcinella** Colombina!

**Colombina** Quick, you must go!

*They blow each other a kiss and both exit. Pulcinella enters USL. He is still half asleep and unaware of the audience. In his hand he is holding a brick which he throws on a heap USL.*

**Pulcinella** What a terrible night! *(He yawns and scratches followed by a loud burp. Waking up, he eventually becomes aware of the audience).* Oh hello! Welcome to my humble abode the Pig and Whistle. Well known for it's excellent food, unparalleled beer and charming landlord ... moi! Mr Pulcinella at your service. What a terrible night I've had, you wouldn't believe it! Dogs barking, doors slamming and a crowd of rude obnoxious yobbo's shouting obscenities underneath my window! I had a few choice words to say to them. *(He mimes shouting out of the window).* "Oi! You lousy carbunkles clear off out of it! Bugger off you slugs! You worms! You pimple squishers!" Then would you believe it, they had the audacity to lob a brick at me, bastards! That's the tenth one this week! I'll be able to build my own house at this rate! *(He is momentarily quiet, then, outraged, he realises that he is hungry).* Where's my porridge! That good for nothing girl ... *(He suddenly changes his mood).* Where is my beautiful daughter Colombina, she always brings my breakfast, all I have to do is call her and she'll bring it to me directly. *(He calls sweetly and softly, first to the right then to the left).* Colombina? I say, Colombina? *(His good humour changes to anger as quickly as it appeared).* Colombina! Colombina! *(He exits USL in a great rage as Colombina enters USL. They chase each other between the two doors, while Pulcinella rants and rages).* Colombina, where are you? Just you get here when your father calls! Colombina! I know you're hiding from me, well it won't work; I'll find you in the end! Colombina! Just you wait till I get hold of you ... I'll ... I'll beat you black and blue with my little stick! You won't be able to sit down for a week! *(Finally, exhausted with the chase, he hides behind the counter).* Right that's it! *(Colombina enters and creeps towards the DS door).* And just where do you think you are going?

*As Pulcinella shouts at her, Colombina freezes, then slowly turns round smiling.*

**Colombina** Daddykins!

**Pulcinella** *(Sweetly)* Colombina! Come to Papa! *(He motions that she must kiss him on both cheeks. When she is close enough he grabs her by the throat).* I'm waiting! Where were you going?

**Colombina** I was just fetching the milk for your porridge.

**Pulcinella** *(Slightly taken aback, but quickly recovering)* Well, why didn't you get it earlier?

**Colombina** I had to wash your sheets.

**Pulcinella** Wash my sheets? What for, they were clean on yesterday!

**Colombina** But you're forgetting your accident!

**Pulcinella** Accident? What accident?

**Colombina** Don't you remember, your little mis-hap!

**Pulcinella** Did I? Oh so I did! *(Not expecting this, Colombina reacts with disgust).* Well shout it from the roof tops why don't you! *(Colombina exits and returns with the milk. She begins to exit USL).* And while you're out there get my paper!

*Colombina exits and returns with the newspaper, Pulcinella farts. Colombina looks horrified and exits. Pulcinella reads his paper. He continues farting until he is compelled to relieve himself. He exits USR, still farting. The disgusting farting continues off. Colombina enters USL with a bowl of steaming porridge which she places on the table and exits.*

**Pulcinella** (Off) Colombina! Colombina! This mop stick's filthy, Colombina get me another one quick, quick! Colombina! Help!

*With some urgency, Colombina enters USL with a mop stick. She crosses to the USR door, whilst Pulcinella screams for help. Arlecchino stage whispers through the letter box.*

**Arlecchino** Colombina! Colombina! (He peers through the letter box and spies the porridge). Mmmm, porridge!

*Arlecchino enters and begins to greedily devour the porridge. He hides as Colombina returns to the kitchen. When she has gone, he finishes licking the bowl and exits DSL.*

**Pulcinella** (Off) Coming ready or not! (Very pleased with himself Pulcinella enters USR). Now where's my porridge! (Seeing the empty bowl, he loses his temper, throws the paper on the table, and bellows). Colombina! Colombina!

*Colombina enters USL, and thinking that Pulcinella has finished, she picks up the tray to exit.*

**Colombina** You've eaten it already, that was quick! (She exits).

**Pulcinella** Colombina! Come back here at once!

**Colombina** What do you want now?

**Pulcinella** I want my porridge!

**Colombina** You've eaten your porridge!

**Pulcinella** Have I? Well I want some more!

**Colombina** Some more?

**Pulcinella** Yes, 'me want seconds'!

*Colombina exits. She returns with more porridge, and exits once more. Pulcinella stirs the porridge but before he can taste it Arlecchino stage whispers through the letter box as before.*

**Arlecchino** Colombina! (Pulcinella looks around to see where the whispering is coming from). Colombina! (He peers through the letter box, then, seeing that Pulcinella has spotted him he knocks on the door loudly speaking at the same time). Knock knock!

**Pulcinella** Who's there?

**Arlecchino** You-who

**Pulcinella** You-who,who?

**Arlecchino** You-who is anybody there?

**Pulcinella** Right you little swine that's it, you'll be laughing on the other side of your face when I get hold of you!

*Enraged, Pulcinella rushes over to the door. Arlecchino runs away almost knocking Pantalone flying. Recovering quickly, he knocks on the door.*

## Scene 2

### In Which Pantalone Discusses 'The Dowry'

**Pulcinella** (Shouting in Pantalone's face) I'm gonna wring your scrawny little neck! ... Ah! My very good friend Pantalone! Do come in! (Before closing the door Pulcinella peers up and down the street). Please, please take a seat. (As Pantalone sits, Arlecchino returns and beats on the door. Enraged, Pulcinella knocks the chair away and opens the door. Pantalone falls to the ground). You've had it this time! (Arlecchino escapes once more). Damn it! (He looks round). Pantalone! What are you doing on the floor? Let me help you up! There, that's better, now, er ...

*Pulcinella sits down opposite Pantalone. An awkward silence ensues. Then, impatiently, Pantalone looks at his watch.*

**Pantalone** (Clearing his throat) Nice weather we're having at the moment.

**Pulcinella** Weather? How would I know, I was just having my breakfast when you knocked.

**Pantalone** Breakfast?

**Pulcinella** Yes, breakfast ... er, have you? Er ... would you ..?

**Pantalone** Don't mind if I do! (He tucks into the porridge). Excellent! Excellent!

**Pulcinella** Tell me Pantalone, what can I, er, do for you?

**Pantalone** Do for me? I'm here for our meeting, Pulcinella.

**Pulcinella** (Sudden recognition) Oh, of course, the meeting ... what meeting?

**Pantalone** You know!  
**Pulcinella** Do I?  
**Pantalone** Of course you do!  
**Pulcinella** Oh that meeting, why didn't you say so before!

*A silence ensues.*

**Pantalone** Well?  
**Pulcinella** Well, well.  
**Pantalone** Well, well, well.  
**Pulcinella** Well, well, well ... well!  
**Pantalone** Well?  
**Pulcinella** Well, what do you want?  
**Pantalone** I'm here to discuss the dowry man, what do you think I'm here for?  
**Pulcinella** *(Suddenly realising)* Oh, the dowry! Of course, of course! *(He rummages around behind the bar and finally takes out a strongbox with bundles of notes inside).* Now how much did we say? Er ...

**Pantalone** Oh, that will do nicely, oh yes, more than generous.  
**Pulcinella** Well I suppose this calls for a celebration ... *(Sweetly)* Colombina! Oh Colombina! *(Aggressively)* Colombina! Bring some champagne at once! *(Colombina enters with a champagne bottle and two glasses. Pantalone tries to give his bride-to-be a kiss, but she turns quickly to pour the champagne. Pantalone missing his mark topples onto Pulcinella, who quickly pushes him off).* Aaagh! get off! Get off! *(Regaining their composure they sip champagne).* Now tell me Pantalone, how's the new extension coming along? Nothing but the best for my little girl you know!

**Pantalone** Oh, so so.  
**Pulcinella** What do you mean, "so so"?  
**Pantalone** Well it's the bricks you see.  
**Pulcinella** Bricks?  
**Pantalone** Yes, as fast as I order them they seem to get used up.  
**Pulcinella** Well of course they get used up, that's what bricks are for ... using up! What do you expect?  
**Pantalone** Well, I suppose what I mean to say, is that they don't seem to go very far, that's all.  
**Pulcinella** My dear Pantalone, I just might be in a position to help you out.  
**Pantalone** Help me out?  
**Pulcinella** Yes, I just happen to have a pile of bricks for sale.  
**Pantalone** Going cheap?  
**Pulcinella** Well, you're as good as family ...  
**Pantalone** Where are these bricks?  
**Pulcinella** I have a small sample over here. Walk this way and I'll show you. *(Pulcinella does a silly walk and Pantalone follows suit).* There we are, you couldn't find a better prick ...

**Pantalone** What's that?  
**Pulcinella** I said you couldn't find a better brick anywhere in the whole of Padua.  
**Pantalone** Mmm, I agree and by an amazing stroke of luck they match perfectly. How many do you have? Fifty? *(Pulcinella indicates he might have fifty).* A hundred? *(Pulcinella indicates he might have).* Two hundred? *(Pulcinella indicates again).* Five hundred? *(Pulcinella indicates again).* A thousand? *(Pulcinella indicates to Pantalone that he might indeed have a thousand bricks).* Well as we're family I'm sure we can come to some arrangement. How much do you want for them, I mean ... *(Pantalone takes out Pulcinella's wallet).* I'd be doing you a favour taking them off your hands wouldn't I? Er, shall we say ...

**Pulcinella** Oh that will do very nicely. *(Pulcinella snatches his wallet back.)* Apart from the delivery costs of, er, shall we say fifty pounds ...

**Pantalone** Fifty pounds!  
**Pulcinella** But as we're family, let's make it a mere twenty.  
**Pantalone** Well that seems fair enough, you rub my back and I'll rub yours!

**Pulcinella** *(Aside)* Not on your nelly!  
**Pantalone** Do I like jelly?  
**Pulcinella** What? Just give me the money! *(Both parties are pleased with the deal. Pantalone hands over £20 believing it to be money well spent).* Now be sure to send Arlecchino round to collect them, wont you?

**Pantalone** *(Slightly confused)* Oh yes of course, certainly.

**Pulcinella** Bye! Have a nice day! Bye! (*He hustles Pantalone out before he realises he has been duped. Pulcinella shouts after him.*) Weak-brained, lily-livered, numbskull!

**Pantalone** (*Off*) Eh? What's that you say?

*Colombina enters and begins to clear away the porridge bowl.*

**Pulcinella** Ah, Colombina! (*In baby talk.*) My sweet, my liddle iddle diddle ... Is there any porridgy-worridgy for liddle-old daddykins?

**Colombina** You want more? But ..!

**Pulcinella** Just get me some more and be quick about it! (*He sits down and Colombina exits, returning with more porridge.*) Thank you my iddle liddle sweetie pops!

### Scene 3

#### In Which The Lady Isabel I a And Her Servant, Pedrolino, Arrive.

*Pulcinella savours his porridge. He stirs it, breathing in the steam with ecstasy and delight. There is a tapping at the door.*

**Arlecchino** (*Stage whisper from outside the street door*) Colombina!

*Arlecchino, seeing Pulcinella through the letter box advancing towards the door, makes a hasty retreat bumping into Pedrolino as he does so. Pedrolino recovers and knocks on the door.*

**Pulcinella** Right! (*He flings open the door and throws his porridge in Pedrolino's face.*) Ha! Take that! (*He slams the door shut. Pedrolino, wiping the porridge from his face, knocks again.*) Sorry, no tramps! (*Again he slams the door shut. Pedrolino, somewhat exasperated, attempts for a third time, to gain entry. Expecting Pulcinella to repeat his actions, this time Pedrolino is ready.*) You again!

**Pedrolino** Excuse me, this is The Pig And Whistle?

**Pulcinella** Yes, what of it?

**Pedrolino** I've been sent by my Mistress to enquire if you have any vacancies.

**Pulcinella** (*Amazed*) What here?

**Pedrolino** Yes here. She's looking for something quaint and out of the way you see, and your establishment is perfect, in every way!

**Pulcinella** Why didn't you say so before. Please, (*grandly*) do come in.

**Pedrolino** Oh yes, this will do very nicely.

**Pulcinella** How long does she intend on staying?

**Pedrolino** Oh, only the one night.

**Pulcinella** I see ... (*beginning to realise the implications*) well, it's er ... thir ... for ... fifty pounds a night ... in advance.

**Pedrolino** Yes, that will be in order.

**Pulcinella** Plus extras!

**Pedrolino** Extras?

**Pulcinella** (*Shrugging his shoulders*) Overheads!

**Pedrolino** (*Resigned*) How much?

**Pulcinella** Twenty pounds should cover it.

**Pedrolino** Let's make it thirty to be on the safe side.

**Pulcinella** Yes, lets.

*From a bulging wallet, Pedrolino counts out the money.*

**Pedrolino** Now, you understand my Mistress does not want to be disturbed.

**Pulcinella** Of course Mr, er, Mr ..?

**Pedrolino** I'm just her servant ... Pedrolino.

**Pulcinella** And your Mistress?

**Pedrolino** She's travelling, incognito. However, er ... she may be entertaining, at some point in the evening, if you know what I mean!

*He taps his nose and winks.*

**Pulcinella** But of course, rest assured, your Mistress's secret is safe with me. If you would just like to sign the register ... (*He writes*) ... "Mistress Incognito and her servant!"

**Pedrolino** No, no that's not her ...

**Pulcinella** Sign here please! (*Pedrolino shrugs his shoulders and signs the register*). Good! Now there's just the little matter of the tariff.

**Pedrolino** But I've already ...

**Pulcinella** Under the circumstances ... (*Now he taps his nose and winks*). As we agreed ... in advance! (*Pedrolino counts out the money as before*). Thank you! Now if you don't mind I've got better things to do than hang about talking to you!

**Pedrolino** Well I'll be going then.

**Pulcinella** Good, and be quick about it.

**Pedrolino** I'll just fetch my mistress's luggage.

**Pulcinella** You do that! Good-bye! (*With utter delight, he laughs at his good fortune, until it gradually dawns upon him that he has rented out a room and there is nowhere for the lady to stay. Slowly an idea begins to form in Pulcinella's unpleasant devious mind. He laughs maniacally*). Ha ha ha ha! Money! Money! Ha! Ha! Ha! Lovely, lovely money! Hang on a minute where's the old trollop going to stay? I know, Colombina will just have to shift her arse, and move out for the night! Yes, that's the answer, but how am I going to tell her? What am I worried about, I'm her father aren't I, she'll jolly well do as she's told! (*Calling sweetly*) Oh, Colombina! Colombina! Would you mind coming down here a minute, dear? I say, Colombina! Drat the girl! (*Becoming impatient Pulcinella moves to the USL door and shouts for Colombina, whilst at the same time, Colombina enters through the other door USR*). Colombina! ... Colombina! Shift your lazy fat carcass and get down here at once!

**Colombina** (*Irritated*) What do you want?

**Pulcinella** Ah, there you are. (*To audience*) Isn't she sweet! Come and sit down my iddle-liddle piddle-kins!

**Colombina** (*Suspicious*) What do you want?

**Pulcinella** Well my little sweetie-pops, I don't quite know how to put this, but ...

**Colombina** I'm busy, what is it?

**Pulcinella** You and I need to have a little talk.

**Colombina** Yes, what about?

**Pulcinella** Well, as you're old enough to behave sensibly ...

**Colombina** Yes, go on.

**Pulcinella** Well, there comes a time in everybody's life when we all have to face up to life's little foibles and eccentricities.

**Colombina** Eccentricities?

**Pulcinella** Now, you're nearly a married woman, and I'm sure you'll understand if I tell you, as your father, that it is my duty to ...

**Colombina** Oh that! Don't worry, I already know.

**Pulcinella** You do?

**Colombina** Of course I do, I've known for ages.

**Pulcinella** You have? Just a minute, have you been peeking through the keyhole and eavesdropping?

**Colombina** No, certainly not!

**Pulcinella** Well how do you know then?

**Colombina** I just do, that's all! In fact all my friends know as well.

**Pulcinella** Do they?

**Colombina** Of course they do!

**Pulcinella** Extraordinary, doesn't news travel fast! Well you had better tell them to keep it to themselves! We can't have everybody knowing now can we?

**Colombina** What?

**Pulcinella** Here, as you've been so understanding, take this.

*He gives her a £10 note.*

**Colombina** What's that for? You only give me money when you want something.

**Pulcinella** Let's just say that little 'Miss Incognito' (*Pulcinella winks and taps his nose*) will be coming before you know it!

**Colombina** Don't be disgusting! (*She exits*).

**Pulcinella** That was easier than I expected! (*Pedrolino appearing in the street outside with a large quantity of luggage, slips and drops everything, Pulcinella jumps*). What on earth was that! (*He opens the door*). Not you again. I thought I told you to clear off! What do you want this time, and what are you doing down there on the ground?

**Pedrolino** I'm here with my Mistress's bags.

**Pulcinella** Whose an old bag? You shouldn't go around saying things like that, even if she is an old bag!  
**Pedrolino** No, no, this is my Mistress's luggage.  
**Pulcinella** Well, you had better pick it up and bring it in then hadn't you!  
**Pedrolino** (*Picking up the luggage and entering the bar*) Where would you like me to put it?  
**Pulcinella** You can stick it up your ar...  
**Pedrolino** Over here?  
**Pulcinella** No!  
**Pedrolino** Well over here then?  
**Pulcinella** No!  
**Pedrolino** Well where then?  
**Pulcinella** Put it anywhere you like!  
**Pedrolino** I'll just go and get the rest of it.  
**Pulcinella** Rest of it? How long is she staying, a month!  
**Pedrolino** No just the one night.

*Pedrolino exits and returns with a large trunk on his back. Pulcinella watches him suspiciously.*

**Pulcinella** What's that?  
**Pedrolino** A trunk!  
**Pulcinella** I can see it's a trunk, what's in it?  
**Pedrolino** My mistress's smalls and such like.  
**Pulcinella** Smalls! More like bigs!

*Enter Isabella., She ignores Pulcinella*

**Isabella** Take my coat. (*Surveying the room*). Is this the very best you could do?  
**Pedrolino** Under the circumstances, yes, I'm afraid so. Everywhere else was either full up or far too public.  
**Isabella** Well I suppose it will have to do. (*She sits, and notices the drooling Pulcinella for the first time*). And who are you?  
**Pedrolino** Oh, this is Mr ...  
**Pulcinella** Shhh! Shut up! I can introduce myself, thank you very much! Hello my dear!  
**Isabella** Go away, you disgusting little man!  
**Pulcinella** Allow me to introduce myself. (*He spits on his hand and wipes it*). I am the proprietor ... Mr Pulcinella, at your service.

*He grabs her hand and kisses it. She withdraws it, and, after an uncomfortable silence, she speaks.*

**Isabella** Haven't you got anything to do? Is my room ready?  
**Pulcinella** I'll go and see. (*Pulcinella begins to exit USL*). May I just say, it will be a pleasure ... having you in my humble abode! Dinner's at sex, er, I mean six. Spotted Dick and cream. Toodle-loo! See you later! (*He exits*).  
**Isabella** That horrible little man was drooling!

*While Pedrolino and Isabella are left on stage, Pulcinella and Colombina can be heard rowing off stage.*

**Pulcinella** (*Off*) Colombina! Colombina! Why haven't you packed up your stuff and moved out for the night?  
**Colombina** (*Off*) Packed up my stuff? What are you talking about?  
**Pulcinella** (*Off*) You know, we were only talking about it a moment ago!  
**Colombina** (*Off*) What do you mean?

*Isabella rings the service bell.*

**Pulcinella** (*Off*) Damn! Just wait here! (*He enters USR*). How can I help you?  
**Isabella** Is there a problem with my room?  
**Pulcinella** No problem, no problem at all! Your room will be ready in no time at all!

*Pulcinella exits USR.*

**Isabella** Pedrolino, are you absolutely sure there was nowhere else?  
**Pedrolino** I enquired everywhere, and I'm afraid every room was taken. I know this is not quite what you are accustomed to Madam, but it's only for one night after all and besides, nobody would dream of looking for you here.  
**Isabella** I suppose you're right, but I'm not happy Pedrolino, I'm not happy at all!

*Pulcinella and Colombina continue off stage.*

**Colombina** (Off) About time too!  
**Pulcinella** (Off) Colombina I need your room, you've got to move out.  
**Colombina** (Off) Why should I?  
**Pulcinella** (Off) It's only for one night!  
**Colombina** (Off) One night? Well, I'm not going anywhere so there!  
**Pulcinella** (Off) But they've already paid ...  
**Colombina** (Off) Who's already paid?  
**Pulcinella** (Off) Mistress Incognito!  
**Colombina** (Off) What a bloody cheek!  
**Pulcinella** (Off) Well, you'll have to lump it! I'm certainly not giving the money back, an agreement is an agreement!  
**Colombina** (Off) Agreement?  
**Pulcinella** (Off) Yes I agreed ...  
**Colombina** (Off. *Outraged*) You agreed! What about me? Don't I have a say?  
**Pulcinella** (Off) Er, well ...  
**Colombina** (Off) How much did she pay you anyway? If you want me to move out for the night you can give me half ...  
**Pulcinella** (Off) But ...  
**Colombina** (Off) ... and not a penny less.  
**Pulcinella** (Off) Oh, very well. (*Isabella rings the bell*). Blast, get down there see what the old trollop wants.

*Enter Colombina USR.*

**Colombina** You rang, how can I help you madam?  
**Isabella** I would some tea please.

*Behind her back Colombina mimics her.*

**Colombina** Certainly.  
**Isabella** Do you have Earl Grey?  
**Colombina** (*Ingratiatingly*) Sorry, we're right out of that.  
**Isabella** Oh well, what do you have?  
**Colombina** Assam, Ceylon, Lap Sang Su Shon, Darjeeling, Orange Pekoe ...  
**Isabella** I see, well, I'll have the Assam then.  
**Colombina** Sorry we're out of that as well!  
**Isabella** Orange Pekoe?  
**Colombina** I'm afraid we're waiting for a delivery.  
**Isabella** Well what do you have?  
**Colombina** Cocoa, or boiled wheat frumenty!

*Colombina exits USR before Isabella can respond. Pulcinella pokes his head out from the other door USL.*

**Pulcinella** Pedro, bring the bags up. (*There is some confusion between Pulcinella and Pedrolino as they try to pass each other*). Get out of my way!  
**Colombina** (*Bringing in the tea*) Here we are. (*She exits*).  
**Pulcinella** Would madam like anything else?  
**Isabella** Yes I would, do you have any cake?  
**Pulcinella** Cake?  
**Isabella** Yes, cake! Patisserie! Pastries!  
**Pulcinella** (*Exclaiming*) Pastry! Sorry, we don't do pastry but what do you say ... to crumpet?  
**Isabella** Crumpet will do nicely, thank you.  
**Pulcinella** It certainly will, hot buttered crumpet ... mmm ... mmm!  
**Isabella** I'm not sure if I like your tone.  
**Pulcinella** Really? Colombina!  
**Colombina** What do you want?  
**Pulcinella** Our guest would like hot succulent crumpet ...  
**Colombina** Are you sure she doesn't want ... tart? (*She exits*).  
**Pulcinella** Or could I tempt you with muffin?

**Isabella** Crumpet will be fine.  
**Pulcinella** Make it two, I'll have one as well. (*Isabella looks at him in disgust. He smiles back at her in a lecherous fashion. Surreptitiously, he gradually moves his chair closer to her until, putting his hand over hers, he offers to pour the tea*). Allow me. (*Whilst lecherously gazing at her, he pours the tea, missing the cup completely*). I hope you don't mind, but I cannot help saying, I feel strangely attracted to you.

**Isabella** What?  
**Pulcinella** Does it hurt?  
**Isabella** What are you talking about?  
**Pulcinella** When you fell from heaven.  
**Isabella** Don't be ridiculous.  
**Pulcinella** Was your father a thief?  
**Isabella** Certainly not!  
**Pulcinella** Because he must have stolen the stars from the sky and put them in your eyes.  
**Isabella** Don't be so infantile you nasty little man, now leave me alone!  
**Pulcinella** Would you like to see the colour of my bedroom ceiling? We could have a quick game of hide the weasel. I'll tell you what, you can do the 'oohs' and I'll do the 'ahhhs'!

**Isabella** I beg your pardon?  
**Pulcinella** Did I tell you I'm related to Pinocchio?  
**Isabella** What?  
**Pulcinella** Sit on my face and I'll tell you a lie!  
**Isabella** How dare you!

*With utter disgust she slaps his face and exits USL. Colombina enters USR with the crumpets.*

**Colombina** Where's she gone?  
**Pulcinella** I think she felt tired so she went to her room. Give me those, I'll take them up myself.  
**Colombina** What about this mess, whose going to clear it up?  
**Pulcinella** You are! (*He exits*).

#### Scene 4

### On The Subject Of Bricks And Heart Attacks!

*Enter Pedrolino USL with a letter from Isabella to her lover Lelio. As before, Pulcinella and Pedrolino bump into each other.*

**Pedrolino** Er, excuse me you don't happen to know where this might be, do you?  
**Colombina** Thirty-one Cockspur Lane. Oh it's not far from here, just around the corner. Look I'll show you. Now, you see that dilapidated old shop?  
**Pedrolino** Yes.  
**Colombina** Well it's nowhere near there.  
**Pedrolino** Oh.  
**Colombina** Can you see the old oak tree on the green?  
**Pedrolino** Yes.  
**Colombina** Well it's nowhere near there either!  
**Pedrolino** Are you sure you know where Cockspur Lane is?  
**Colombina** Of course I do! Take the first on the left and second on the right, keep going until you come to a fork in the road, bear left and follow the path until you come to a cross-roads, go straight over and you can't miss it.

*Somewhat confused, Pedrolino exits SR. Arlecchino enters SL. Seeing Colombina, he creeps up behind her and puts his hands on her breasts. Colombina jumps and turns to see who it is.*

**Colombina** Arlecchino! What are you doing here? If we're caught I'll be locked in the closet for a week!  
**Arlecchino** Don't worry Colombina, it's all right, Pantalone has sent me round to collect some bricks.  
**Colombina** Bricks? What bricks?  
**Arlecchino** I can hardly wait to tell you!  
**Colombina** Tell me, tell me what? I don't know what you are talking about.  
**Arlecchino** Well, you know those bricks I've been throwing at your father, Pulcinella?  
**Colombina** What the ones from the pile in Pantalone's garden?

**Arlecchino** (*Nodding his head*) Your scheming old father's sold them back to the old duffer and what's more he doesn't suspect a thing!

**Colombina** (*Sarcastically*) What all ten of them!

**Arlecchino** No, he's told Pantalone he's got over a thousand!

**Colombina** Over a thousand!

**Arlecchino** And the silly old duffer's paid in advance! I can't wait to see the look on his face when he finds out he's been tricked.

**Colombina** Look, we'll have to help him. After all, when all is said and done, he's still my father.

**Arlecchino** So?

**Colombina** If we form a chain and pass the bricks down the line then you can take them round the back.

*Enter Pantalone from the street.*

**Pantalone** Arlecchino! Come here at once, what are you doing sniffing around my fiancé!

**Arlecchino** Sniffing, I wasn't sniffing!

**Pantalone** Well it looked very suspicious to me!

**Arlecchino** I was talking to Colombina about bricks.

**Pantalone** What! Oh, of course, of course, how silly of me! I thought you said ... well never mind what I thought you said. Come along they're through here.

*Pantalone leads the way followed by Colombina and Arlecchino. As they approach the USL door, it bursts open. Pulcinella falls out backwards knocking everybody down like dominoes.*

**Isabella** (*Off*) Get out of my room you disgusting creepy little pervert!

*They pick themselves up.*

**Pantalone** Ah Pulcinella, what a surprise! I've brought Arlecchino to collect the bricks as we agreed.

**Pulcinella** Ah, yes ... er, certainly, er ... the bricks. Excuse me one moment. (*Pulcinella, in a panic, crosses to SR, then, in a stage whisper*). Colombina! Quick come over here.

**Colombina** What do you want?

**Pulcinella** I'm in trouble!

**Colombina** What?

**Pulcinella** I'm in big trouble!

**Colombina** What sort of trouble?

**Pulcinella** I'm in big, big trouble. I've sold Pantalone ...

**Colombina** You've sold Pantalone?

**Pulcinella** No, I've sold him a thousand bricks and he's brought Arlecchino round to pick them up!

**Colombina** Relax, I know all about it.

**Pulcinella** Know? How do you know?

**Colombina** Never you mind, don't worry about a thing. Everything's under control ... but it'll cost you!

**Pulcinella** Anything!

*Pulcinella takes out his wallet Colombina takes a large wedge of money.*

**Colombina** That'll do nicely, now leave it to us!

*Pulcinella hands a brick to Pantalone who staggers slowly with it, announcing "One!". He hands it to Colombina. Pantalone turns upstage to get another brick. Seeing their chance Arlecchino and Colombina have a quick kiss and cuddle. Before Pantalone returns with a second brick, Arlecchino has replaced the first one on the pile. Repeat.*

**Pantalone** One! ... Two! ... Three! ...

*With buckling knees Pantalone clutches his chest and staggers across the stage.*

**Pulcinella** What's the matter with you?

**Pantalone** Oh dear, I feel very peculiar, I've got pains in my chest! I think I'll have to sit down.

**Pulcinella** Would you like some water?

**Pantalone** Yes please.

**Pulcinella** Here! (*He throws a glass of water in Pantalone's face, which instantly brings on a mild heart attack*). Aaahh! (*He throws his hands in the air and looks skywards*). Why me? This will definitely be bad for business! Pantalone! I say Pantalone you can't die here! Pantalone! Sod it, I think the old duffers snuffed it! Arlecchino! Colombina! Come quickly.

**Colombina** What is it?

**Pulcinella** It's him!  
**Colombina** Quick, give him the kiss of life!  
**Pulcinella** Certainly not. *(To Colombina)*. You do it!  
**Colombina** I'm not doing it. *(To Arlecchino)*. You do it!  
**Arlecchino** Not a chance, *(To Colombina)*. You do it!  
**Pulcinella** Oh very well, you go and fetch Doctor Boil and I'll do it, but if I catch anything I'll blame you!

*Exit Colombina and Arlecchino. In a very exaggerated way, Pulcinella begins mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. With each breath Pantalone, rises off the ground before collapsing again. Dramatically, Pulcinella presses three times on Pantalone's chest before resuming mouth-to-mouth. Enter Franceschina with a letter, she recoils in mock horror at the sight that greets her.*

**Franceschina** Er, excuse me are you the landlord of The Pig And Whistle?  
**Pulcinella** Can't you see I'm busy!

*Pulcinella resumes mouth-to-mouth etc.*

**Franceschina** You do seem to have your hands full, but ...  
**Pulcinella** What? Can't you come back later?  
**Franceschina** I'm afraid not, my Master has given me strict instructions to deliver this letter to his lov... I mean Mistress Isabella.

*Pulcinella resumes mouth-to-mouth etc.*

**Pulcinella** Who?  
**Franceschina** She's definitely staying here.  
**Pulcinella** No she isn't, the only person staying here is a Mistress Incognito.  
**Franceschina** That's her.

*Pulcinella resumes mouth-to-mouth etc.*

**Pulcinella** In that case give it to me and I'll see she gets it.  
**Franceschina** I was instructed to deliver it personally.  
**Pulcinella** *(Frantically)* Can't you see there's a man dying here? Just give it to me and push off!

*Pulcinella snatches the letter and Franceschina exits hurriedly. Pulcinella continues mouth-to-mouth. Enter Dr Boil.*

**Dr Boil** Don't recoil, it's Dr Boil! Stand aside! *(He almost stands on Pantalone)*. Where's the patient!  
*(Pulling Pulcinella off, he takes a cursory look at Pantalone before replacing Pulcinella. Throughout the next section Pulcinella frenetically continues the resuscitation process)*. Oh yes it looks bad, very bad and very expensive. Somebody will have to sign.

**Colombina** What?  
**Dr Boil** *(Holding up a large document)* This!  
**Colombina** Where?  
**Dr Boil** Here, here, here ... and here! *(Turning the page)*. And ... here, here, here ... and here!  
**Colombina** Where was that again?  
**Dr Boil** Here, here, here ... and here! *(Turning the page)*. And ... here, here, here ... and here!  
**Colombina** What? ... Here, here, here ... and here? *(Turning the page)* And ... here, here, here ... and here?  
**Dr Boil** That's correct. I don't suppose you have a pen by any chance?  
**Colombina** Pen? Pen? Whose got a pen? Arlecchino, quick, look for a pen! *(They rush round the stage looking for a pen)*. Where do I sign?  
**Dr Boil** Here, here, here ... and here! *(Turning the page)*. And ... here, here, here ... and here!  
**Colombina** What here?  
**Arlecchino** No! Here, here, here ... and here! *(Turning the page)*. And ... here, here, here ... and here!  
**Colombina** Oh, right! *(She is about to sign)*. Just a minute, exactly what am I signing?  
**Dr Boil** An affidavit Nisei Corporandum.  
**Arlecchino** A what?  
**Dr Boil** It just means if the patient dies, all his goods and chattels belong to me.  
**Arlecchino** What if he lives?  
**Dr Boil** I only get his chattels.  
**Colombina** Oh, well that's all right then.

*She signs.*

**Dr Boil** Right, out of my way.  
**Pulcinella** *(Almost on his last breath)* Doctor Boil, your credentials are exemplary, even sublime! Pray, cure Pantalone, but do it in rhyme!

**Dr Boil** Certainly, stand aside and I'll see what I can do.  
Pantalone is dead which you already knew.  
His heckythumper's swollen and ready to split  
And his rectum is splattered with sputum and ... grit,  
There's a diddlysquat attached to his lip  
And nasty wart on his hooge-a-ma-flip!

**Pulcinella** This sounds serious do you think he'll survive?  
**Dr Boil** Of course he will, he'll soon be alive!  
I'm a magniloquent doctor who can cure all ills,  
With this amazing nostrum, a packet of pills!  
Right, I'll just remove these tubes from his colostomy  
And force this down his open lobotomy  
Arise Pantalone, and live again,  
Move among men, the mad and insane!

**Pulcinella** Amazing!  
**Dr Boil** Right, he'll be fine in the morning.  
**Pulcinella** Pantalone! Pantalone!  
**Pantalone** What's that?  
**Pulcinella** Don't worry about a thing, we'll make sure the bricks are delivered safely.  
**Pantalone** Dribble, dribble, trickle, trickle, what a lot of sawdust!  
**Pulcinella** He's gone ga-ga! Look after the silly old goat and take him home.

*Arlecchino, Colombina and Pantalone exit. Dr Boil picks up his bag. Enter Isabella.*

**Isabella** What is the meaning of this racket?

*Dr Boil and Isabella recognise each other.*

**Dr Boil** My Lady Isabella!  
**Isabella** Dr Boil!  
**Dr Boil** What an unexpected, perniciously pleasant surprise to see you so soon!  
**Isabella** Yes, isn't it.  
**Dr Boil** But what on earth are you doing in this part of town?  
**Isabella** Oh ... I ... er, I ... um, I'm arranging for the landlord of the er ...  
**Pulcinella** Pig And Whistle.  
**Isabella** Yes, Mr ... er, Mr ...  
**Pulcinella** Pulcinella.  
**Isabella** To organise the catering arrangements for a little soiree I'm hosting at Stanstead Hall.  
**Dr Boil** I see, the hostess with the mostest. *(He laughs at his own joke. Isabella laughs politely. Then, aside to Isabella).* Excuse me for saying so, but this establishment, if you know what I mean, is not exactly the finest in town.

**Pulcinella** *(Listening)* Cheek!  
**Dr Boil** It has a reputation, a carbuncular past, a history! Good-day! *(He crosses DSL to exit, then he turns).*  
Oh, by the way, I trust everything has cleared up since your last visit?

**Isabella** Almost.  
**Dr Boil** Good, if you need any more ointment you know where to come. *(He bows slightly).* Mr Pulcinella, Mistress Isabella.

*Exit Dr Boil.*

## Scene 5

### In Which We Are Reminded That The Course Of True Love Never Runs Smooth.

**Isabella** Mr Pulcinella, I am sure you are a man of discretion ... *(She hands Pulcinella some money)* ... take it from me, that conversation never took place, did it?  
**Pulcinella** Didn't it?

**Isabella** *(Handing over more cash)* No, I assure you it didn't.  
**Pulcinella** Conversation? What conversation, my lips are sealed!  
**Isabella** Good!  
**Pulcinella** I have no idea what you are talking about.  
**Isabella** Splendid! Now, to business, Mr Pulcinella. I am expecting a very important letter from er, ... from a gentlemen friend of mine.  
**Pulcinella** Are you really?  
**Isabella** *(More cash)* Yes I am, now please see to it, that it's delivered to my room the moment it arrives.  
**Pulcinella** By all means, I'll deliver it myself.  
**Isabella** I'll be in my room.

*Exit Isabella USL. Pulcinella waits until she has gone then spies the discarded letter on the floor.*

**Pulcinella** A letter! *(Reading)* "To Mistress Isabella ... Personal ... In strictest confidence". Ah-ha! *(He taps the letter, musing)*. So that's her game. She wants to use The Pig And Whistle for a bit of slap and tickle! Mmmm, I wonder who's written this? Whoops, it just opened in my hand ... well I'm sure it won't do any harm to ... *(he quickly peruses the contents)* ... take a little peak now, would it. Bah! What a load of old tosh, call this a love letter! A child of six could do better! *(He screws it up and writes on a fresh piece of paper)*. "Dear Isabella" ... No! No! ... "My dearest Isabella. Your eyes are blue, like the ocean ... and now I'm all lost at sea ... Help! Save me, save me, my sweet ... I'm drowning in a sea of love ... Darling, you're so full of passion ... you make me melt like a hot fudge sundae ... My little sugar plum, you said ... you wanted to see the stars ... well I've got the rocket if you want the ride ... If I said you had a beautiful body ... would you hold it against me? ... I'm going to have sex with you tonight ... so you might as well be there ... Make sure you turn out the lights and leave your door open so I can creep in unnoticed!" ... He! He! He! There's going to be rumpy-pumpy in The Old Piggy-Wiggy tonight and it won't be with him! *(Waving the original letter)* "Love and kisses, from your rampant sex-bomb ...", er, what's his name? *(He examines the letter for the author's name)*. Ah! ... "Lelio ... PS My love for you is like ...", er, ... is like ... "diarrhoea, I just can't hold it back!". There, that should do it. By tonight she'll be hornier than a rhino on heat or my name isn't Pulcinella! *(He seals the letter with a bang)*. What's more, all I have to do is creep in, and Bob's your uncle! *(He laughs a wicked, salacious, laugh)*. Ha! Ha! Ha!

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**... in this Preview Script, the remainder of the play has been deleted ...**

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