

# Roy the Robber

## And The Taming Of The Sausage

A Short romp in two acts

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## Cast

ROY THE ROBBER - Our hero, steal anything that's not nailed down, especially sheep and cows. Master swordsman.

HAMISH - Roy's trusty sidekick... not the sharpest tool in the box but a loyal friend.

BIG JESSIE - Roy's wife... her father was a Viking chieftain but she sounds more Polish

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE - The cruel, evil, baddie of the piece.

HOTDOG - The Duke's assistant

MORAG - loving and devoted wife to Hamish. She is a worldly woman and makes a lot of soup.

Running time 60minutes in total plus one interval.

*As the houselights dim we hear some pretty rocky bagpipe music. The curtains open in the middle of a very exciting and dramatic sword fight with much shouting and chasing about the stage. There are two people involved in this swashbuckling Roy the Robber and his trusty sidekick Hamish. Both men are kilted and wear “See you Jimmy” hats.*

ROY THE ROBBER

*(holding his massive claymore above his head)*

Aaagh!!

HAMISH

*(cowering slightly behind his cardboard sword)*

Aaagh!!

*HAMISH runs off with ROY THE ROBBER in pursuit. They run in circles around the stage.*

ROY THE ROBBER

Aaagh!!

HAMISH

Aaagh!!

ROY THE ROBBER

Aaagh!!

*Suddenly HAMISH stops running.*

HAMISH

I've forgotten ma line...

ROY THE ROBBER

*(stopping behind him)*

...it's “aaagh!!”

HAMISH

*(remembering)*

Oh aye... AAAGH!

ROY THE ROBBER

Aaagh!! Stand and fight me!

HAMISH

No... I'm feart.

ROY THE ROBBER

Awa wae ye, ye big Jessie...

HAMISH

I'm no' Big Jessie. Big Jessie's yer wife!

ROY THE ROBBER

Oh aye, so she is... stand and fight me anyway... Aaagh!!

HAMISH

Aaagh!!

ROY THE ROBBER

Show me you're a man... and I dinnae mean like the other day when yer kilt fell aff on yer way back fae the midden.

HAMISH

No... I telt ye, I'm feart.

ROY THE ROBBER

Stand and fight me now!

*HAMISH suddenly stops, turns to face ROY THE ROBBER and holds his cardboard sword up in front of him and tightly shuts his eyes. ROY THE ROBBER takes a swipe at Hamish's sword with his claymore. Hamish's sword crumples in two.*

ROY THE ROBBER

Och, Hamish man, what's the matter wae yer sword?

HAMISH

*(slowly opening his eyes)*

It's cardboard.

ROY THE ROBBER

Cardboard?

HAMISH

Aye... cardboard.

ROY THE ROBBER

But what happened to your family claymore, handed down through generations of Hamish's, reputed to have first been carried into battle by Bonnie Prince Hamish himself of that ilk?

HAMISH

Morag's using it tae stir the soup.

ROY THE ROBBER

Morag's makin' soup?

HAMISH

Aye, she ay' maks soup on a Monday.

ROY THE ROBBER

What kind is it the day?

HAMISH

What dae ye mean what kind is it? It's lentil of course... what other kind is there?

ROY THE ROBBER

True, true... this is Scotland efter a'. Whaur does she get the lentils?

HAMISH

I dinnae ken.

ROY THE ROBBER

Whaur does she get the neeps?

HAMISH

She goes doon tae the shore and they're washed up every noo and again.

ROY THE ROBBER

Ah, that'll be on the neep tide?

HAMISH

Aye... They're ready salted as well. Man they taste braw. I think I must eat about twa neeps a week, that's about a hunder neeps a year.

ROY THE ROBBER

That's a lot o' neeps for a wee nyaff like yersel...

HAMISH

Eh?

ROY THE ROBBER

I said, man that's fair interesting that Hamish...

HAMISH

... dae ye think so Roy?

ROY THE ROBBER

Aye... whit about carrots?

HAMISH

Whit about them?

ROY THE ROBBER

Well, how many carrots dae ye think ye eat a year?

HAMISH

Oh, that's a tricky one Roy... it'll be about ten a week. Whit's that? About five hunder a year maybe?

ROY THE ROBBER

Man, that's a hell o' a lot of carrots, Hamish.

HAMISH

Aye... a hell o' a lot. I eat mair carrots than neeps, but I think that's because carrots urnae as big as neeps eh no'?

ROY THE ROBBER

Ye ken, Hamish, I like having you as a pal...

HAMISH

... thanks Roy...

ROY THE ROBBER

... naw, I do. I think it's important tae hae pals that are intellectually inferior to yersel' It makes me feel good when I hear you going an about how many neeps you eat in a year...

HAMISH

... thanks Roy.

ROY THE ROBBER

Dae ye fancy anither fight?

HAMISH

Na... ma swords gone a' floppy.

ROY THE ROBBER

Dae ye think we should go and steal a coo?

HAMISH

Naw, Roy... we're no allowed tae dae that any mair.

ROY THE ROBBER

Och we're no allowed tae dae anything any mair. It's no' fair. Ye ken Hamish... *(he takes off his "See You Jimmy" hat)* I'm bored.

HAMISH

*(looking in amazement)*

Roy, your hair... *(points)* what's happened tae yer hair?

ROY THE ROBBER

What this? It's a "See You Jimmy" hat...

HAMISH

A what?... But I thocht...

ROY THE ROBBER

... Hamish! You're wearing one as well.

HAMISH

I am never!

*ROY THE ROBBER nods. HAMISH slowly slides the hat from his head.*

HAMISH

Oh good grief... that is amazing. Roy I thocht this wuz ma ane hair.

ROY THE ROBBER

'Fraid not Hamish. It's a hat.

HAMISH

I could have sworn this wuz ma ane hair... How long have I been wearing this?

ROY THE ROBBER

About four years noo.

HAMISH

Four years eh? A'that time and I didnae ken.

ROY THE ROBBER

Me and the boys pit it on ye when you were drunk at yer stag do. *(Beat)* How is your stag by the way?

HAMISH

Och, he's fine. The sheep poke fun at him but I think they're just jealous.

ROY THE ROBBER

It'll be his antlers...

HAMISH

... probably. But what about the twins?

ROY THE ROBBER

What twins is that, Hamish?

HAMISH

Ma twins, Wee Morag and Wee Hamish?

ROY THE ROBBER

What about them?

HAMISH

Well their hair's the same as mine...

ROY THE ROBBER

...ah!

HAMISH

Aw, they're no' wearing hats tae?

ROY THE ROBBER

I'm afraid they are, Hamish. I think you'll find that maist folk are noo. We started wearing them for a joke but noo... well it's kind o' expected. Nothing is what it seems, Hamish.

HAMISH

I suppose no'... I was fair prood o' the family resemblance.

ROY THE ROBBER

Hamish, I've heard that The Duke of Cumberland Sausage will be passing through the glen this efternin.

HAMISH

Oh, I dinnae like him... he's no a nice man.

ROY THE ROBBER

No, he isnae... and I've got an old score tae settle wae him. Twa years I was locked up in the Slightly Squint Tower for nothing!

HAMISH

Well, no exactly for nothing Roy... you stole a' o' The Duke of Cumberland Sausage's sheep.

ROY THE ROBBER

No them a'!

HAMISH

A' o' them except the wan that fell off that cliff...

ROY THE ROBBER

... and?

HAMISH

... and the wan that Rupert The Strange took back to his place.

ROY THE ROBBER

Aye well there yea go then... get yer facts right.

HAMISH

Well nearly them a'. Oh Roy, you're no' going tae dae onything daft are yea?

ROY THE ROBBER

I jist nicht. I'm fair in the mood.

HAMISH

Whit are yea gonnae dae Roy?

ROY THE ROBBER

Well, I heard that The Duke of Cumberland Sausage has got a secret weapon...



HAMISH

...aye, and what are yea going tae dae, Roy?

ROY THE ROBBER

I'm going to steal it of course!

HAMISH

Roy, how do yea ken about it?

ROY THE ROBBER

About whit?

HAMISH

The Duke of Cumberland Sausage's secret weapon?

ROY THE ROBBER

I jist do, Hamish. Man you ask the daftest o' questions!

HAMISH

Well I jist thocht... I mean... it isnae actually a "secret" secret weapon?

ROY THE ROBBER

Oh... I take yer point, Hamish. Eh no, I doubt it cannae be...

*There is a call from off stage.*

BIG JESSIE

Roy, are you there?

ROY THE ROBBER

... oh no! It's Big Jessie.

BIG JESSIE

It's time for my special cuddles!

HAMISH

Ho ho... and she's after special cuddles!

ROY THE ROBBER

She's ay' efter special cuddles. She'll no' leave me at peace. How can she no' be like Morag and mak soup every noo and again. Man cannot live on special cuddles alone. Mind you there's something about that Viking accent.

*Big Jessie enters and is actually quite petite...*

BIG JESSIE

Ah there you are... I was wondering where you were hiding. Hi Hamish, Morag makin soup the day?

HAMISH

Hiya Big Jessie... aye she ay maks soup on a Monday.

BIG JESSIE

You'll have to get her to give me the recipe.

ROY THE ROBBER

Steady on Jess... dinnae get carried away. I mean it'll involve a pot and a stove and everything.

BIG JESSIE

Och, I'm no' feart o' cooking or baking. I used to mak the best Danish Pastries in the village.

HAMISH

Are you fae Denmark, Big Jessie?

BIG JESSIE

No! I'm fae Trondheim, it's in Norway.

HAMISH

Really? You sound mair Polish...

BIG JESSIE

It only accent I can do.

HAMISH

Fair enough.

BIG JESSIE

My father was Viking Chieftain. He have huge longboat and fifteen children.

HAMISH

Did he by Jove... or is that a metaphor?

BIG JESSIE

Is what a metaphor?

HAMISH

The huge longboat thing?

BIG JESSIE

No... no, he had huge longboat, power steering, electric windows, aircon, heated mirrors, and Bluetooth...

HAMISH

Bluetooth?

BIG JESSIE

Yes his dental hygiene left lot to be desired... his breath smelled of dead herring. Dead, decaying herring, like cesspit, it was horrible... oh, and he have tiny winkle... you know? The small sea creature... I think it was why my mother ran off with village baker, Piecrust the Third.

HAMISH

Your mother ran off because of... the... breath thing... or the?

BIG JESSIE

...the breath thing. Still it helped keep midgies at bay in the summer...

HAMISH

... the breath thing... or the tiny...?

BIG JESSIE

... the breath thing. Onyway I canna stand here blethering to you all day, Hamish. I am here to see my man.

ROY THE ROBBER

Oh dear...

BIG JESSIE

Because it is time for my special cuddles...

HAMISH

Ho, ho, ho... well I'd better leave you two to get on with it. In any case I fair fancy some lentil soup and an oatcake, I'll awa and see how Morag's getting on...

*Hamish exits stage right*

ROY THE ROBBER

*(looking nervously at his watch)*

Oh, wow, is that the time... I said I'd nick into the smiddy and get ma sword sharpened.

BIG JESSIE

Give it to me, Roy, give it to me now...

ROY THE ROBBER

You want me to give you ma sword?

BIG JESSIE

It's no' your sword I'm interested in, Roy...

ROY THE ROBBER

*(holding his massive claymore above his head)*

Aaagh!!

BIG JESSIE

Aaagh!!

*ROY THE ROBBER runs off with BIG JESSIE in pursuit. They run in circles around the stage.*

BIG JESSIE

Aaagh!!

ROY THE ROBBER

Aaagh!!

BIG JESSIE

Aaagh!!

*Suddenly ROY THE ROBBER stops running.*

ROY THE ROBBER

I've forgotten ma line...

BIG JESSIE

*(stopping behind him)*

...it's "aaagh!!"

ROY THE ROBBER

*(remembering)*

Oh aye... AAAGH!

BIG JESSIE

Aaagh!! Lie with me now, and give me cuddles!

ROY THE ROBBER

No... I'm feart.

BIG JESSIE

Awa wae ye, you'd rather be merried to Hamish...

ROY THE ROBBER

It's no' like that Jess, it's no' like that at a'... and besides he's merried a'ready...

BIG JESSIE

Oh aye, so he is... stop and cuddle me anyway... Aaagh!!

ROY THE ROBBER

Aaagh!!

BIG JESSIE

Show me you're a man... and I dinnae mean like the other day when yer kilt fell aff on yer way back fae the co-op.

ROY THE ROBBER

No... I telt ye, I'm feart.

BIG JESSIE

Cuddle me now!

*Big Jessie stops and spins round to face the other way just as Roy the Robber runs into her arms. She grabs him and gives him a quick snog.*

There now, that was nice, wasn't it?

*Roy the Robber spins around and runs off again in the opposite direction...*

ROY THE ROBBER

Aaagh!!!

BIG JESSIE

*(in pursuit)*

Aaagh!!

*Hamish enters and joins in so the three of them are now running in a circle.*

HAMISH

Aaagh!

ROY THE ROBBER

Aaagh!

BIG JESSIE

Aaagh!

HAMISH

Aaagh!!!

ROY THE ROBBER

Aaagh... wait, wait, wait a minute. Wait a minute...

*They all stop running*

Hamish, man, what are you doing?

HAMISH

Aaagh!

ROY THE ROBBER

What do you mean, Aaagh?

HAMISH

I mean Aaagh! as in... MORAG'S GONE!

*Dan dan tah!! SFX*

... what was that music?

ROY THE ROBBER

Dunno, don't let it put you off... what was that you said? Morag's gone?

*Dan dan tah!! SFX*

That was it again eh?

HAMISH

Yea...

BIG JESSIE

I don't understand, Hamish... Morag's gone?

*They stand looking up and around for the music but there's none*

HAMISH

Aye, gone...

*They have another quick look up and around for the music but still nothing...*

... I think that must be it, just the two. Aye, I went into the kitchen and there was nae sign o' her. Soup pot a' cowed o'er onto its side, lentils scattered about the floor. She hudnae peeled a neep or even topped or tailed a carrot. WHAT AM A GONNAE DAE?

ROY THE ROBBER

Just mak yersel a jam piece.

HAMISH

No' about the soup, Roy... What am I gonnae dae.... Morag's gone!

*Dan dan tah! SFX*

Oh, it did it that time...

ROY THE ROBBER

Aye, I noticed that, must just be kindo random. Well she cannae be far away. She's maybe gone for a walk or something.

HAMISH

Morag never goes for a walk. She's mair a mak soup or pancakes kindo a person and she certainly wouldnae leave the kitchen in such a boorach. There's something no' right and I dinnae like it.

BIG JESSIE

We'll find her Hamish, dinnae you worry. Wherever she is we'll find her, we'll search every crook and nannie until she's sound and safe. We will make it our quest.

HAMISH

There's something else. The legendary family claymore, handed down through generations of Hamish's, reputed to have first been carried into battle by Bonnie Prince Hamish himself of that ilk... is gone too.

ROY THE ROBBER

Naw...

HAMISH

Aye...

ROY THE ROBBER

Naw...

HAMISH

Aye, and wait for it... there was a wee dollop of sausage meat on the garden path...

*Dan dan tah!! SFX*

ROY THE ROBBER

Now that one was really needed... SAUSAGE MEAT? Oh Hamish, man there can be no doubt about it... your Morag has been kidnapped by the Duke O' Cumberland Sausage. He'll probably take her back to his place and lock her up in the slightly squint tower, manacle her to a wall in a rat infested room and ruthlessly torture her for ages...

*Hamish bursts into tears...*

Oh pull yourself together...

BIG JESSIE

Roy you are idiot... (*putting her arm round Hamish's shoulder*) It's okay Hamish, try not to cry. You must be strong. We will leave at once... Roy, saddle the horses!

ROY THE ROBBER

We don't have any horses.

BIG JESSIE

What none?

ROY THE ROBBER

No, when have we ever had a horse?

BIG JESSIE

I just thought...

ROY THE ROBBER

Have you ever seen a horse about the place? I mean they're massive... where do you think we've had them stored all these years. Have we ever mention horse before? Have I ever said to you "a funny thing happened when I was grooming one of the horses this morning" or "I'm just a way out to give the horse a handfull of hay" or "I think Dobbin's a bit lame..."

BIG JESSIE

Aye okay, okay...do we have bikes?

ROY THE ROBBER

What?

BIG JESSIE

Pushbikes or a tandem or something?

ROY THE ROBBER

No.

BIG JESSIE

*(with big sigh)*

Right, well... we'll go on foot then.

*She moves towards stage left with Roy the Robber tagging along...*

ROY THE ROBBER

What was all that, saddle the horses stuff, I mean where'd that come from? Were you just showing off or what?

BIG JESSIE

*(in a normal voice)*

I thought it might be more dramatic...

ROY THE ROBBER

...and what if I'd said, yea okay Jess, I'll just go and do that... what would you have done then? I mean how were you going to cover that?

BIG JESSIE

What do you mean?

ROY THE ROBBER

Well we can't bring even one horse on here can we, especially not two or three...

BIG JESSIE

You know sometimes Roy, you can be a total pain in the arse... *(or backside, bum etc)*

*Big Jessie and Roy the Robber exit stage left and Hamish runs off stage right. Roy the Robber pokes his head around the curtain and in a stage whisper...*



ROY THE ROBBER

Hamish? Hamish?

HAMISH

*(poking his head around the curtain his side)*

Yes?

ROY THE ROBBER

This way son... quick as you can... c'mon, they won't notice...

HAMISH

...really? But I feel such a twit...

ROY THE ROBBER

Yea, yea, c'mon.

HAMISH

Aw...

ROY THE ROBBER

C'mon...

*Hamish enters stage right and sidles over across the stage to exit stage left. Just as he disappears The Duke of Cumberland Sausage enters upstage right...*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Oh, this is a dark and foreboding forest I must say. But I'm not scared... and do you know why that is? No? It's because I'm a baddie, a real rotten egg, a good for nothing bad un and nothing, NOTHING is as frightening as I am, d'ye hear me nothing... oooh I need a sausage, just a little chipolata to keep me going...

*He rummages around in his pocket, finds a small sausage and pops it in his mouth...*

Ah, nice and spicy... just like you my dear!

*He spins around pointing to upstage right but there's no-one there...*

Oh, good grief. Hotdog?

HOTDOG

*(offstage right)*

Yeth mathter...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Where are you?

HOT DOG

Coming mathter.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Do try and keep up man...

*Hotdog enters upstage right and is leading Morag, her hands tied and with a bag over head.*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Ah, so nice of you to join us... Tie her to a tree, Hotdog.

HOTDOG

*(looking about - there are no trees)*

Tree, mathter?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Yes, a tree... and stop doing that voice thing, this isn't Frankenstein...

HOT DOG

Sorry...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

That's okay.. yes a tree. Tie her to a tree...

*Hotdog has a quick look around and shrugs his shoulders... The Duke nods over to stage left but still Hotdog looks bewildered...*

In the wings man, in the wings, oh I'll get it myself... honestly I don't know why I bother...

*The Duke disappears into the wings stage left and enters again carrying a hardboard tree. He thrusts it towards Hotdog who takes it.*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Tie her to a tree, Hotdog.

HOTDOG

Very good master.

*Hotdog unties Morag's hands then ties her to the tree, with the tree at her back.*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Nice and tight, Hotdog. We don't want her escaping do we? Then cock my crossbow...

HOTDOG

*(moving downstage beside the Duke)*

I beg your pardon?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

It means get it ready to fire.

HOTDOG

Oh right I see, very good master...

*Hotdog un-slings a crossbow from behind his back and pulls back the string. It takes quite a bit of effort and all the time he's doing this the Duke is looking evil, and Morag is wandering off stage right with the tree still tied to her back...*

... Bernie, the bolt.

*He places a bolt on the crossbow...*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Now... place this chipolata on her head.

HOTDOG

Right ye are chief.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Don't call me chief.

HOTDOG

Sorry master... on her head right, em... she's gone master and so's the tree...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

What!?!?

HOTDOG

*(pointing off stage right)*

Oh no, there she is...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Well don't just stand there, go and get her and bring her back again.

HOTDOG

Very good... your voice is my command.

*Hotdog exits stage right leaving the Duke alone... after a moment...*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

*(in a luvvy actor's voice)*

I used to be with the RSC you know. Ah many happy days at Stratford, happy, happy days... the Scottish play, the eh, the Danish play, the one set in Cornwall, can't remember what it was called. Poldark or something... Happy days... I was a close chum of Larry. Dear old Larry. Darling Larry, till he went oft to do the Generation Game. Didn't see him much after that. Yes, happy days indeed. Now look at me, forced to play these titchy little backwaters with this bunch of amateurs in this god awful rubbish... oh here we go...

*Hotdog enters guiding Morag by the arm.*

Well done Hotdog... now then, lets have a look at you my dear...

*Hotdog strikes a pose.*

Not you, her! Your not my dear... And she's running away again, Hotdog.

*Hotdog quickly grabs her again and the Duke removes the bag from Morag's head.*

MORAG

Mornin'

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

What? Oh yes, morning... Tell me, are you frightened my dear?

MORAG

Nope.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Well you should be...

MORAG

Well I'm no'.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

So be it. You leave me no alternative... Hotdog? The chipolata!

*Huge intake of breath from Morag...*

Place it on her head.

MORAG

Phew!

*Hotdog places the tiny sausage on Morag's head.*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

I am the Duke of Cumberland Sausage, and this is my... my... this is Hotdog. And you my dear, unless I'm very much mistaken, are the one known to all as Big Jessie.

MORAG

Wrong!

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

What do you mean wrong? Wrong! I'm never wrong...

MORAG

Well, ye are this time. I'm Morag, how d'ye do.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Morag? Morag? Who is this Morag of whom you speak?

MORAG

Me.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Hotdog you idiot, you kidnapped the wrong woman... why I ought to...

*The Duke raises the crossbow and points it at Hotdog*

HOTDOG

No, master, no! Point it at her your dukeship.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Very well, I'll deal with you later, idiot...

*The Duke marches across the stage and raises the crossbow and points it at Morag.*

Now, I am aiming for the chipolata obviously, but it's awfully small... not nearly as big as your face!

MORAG

Let me go, let me go, mama mia let me go. Beelzebub has the devil put aside for me.

HOTDOG

For me?

MORAG

*(singing in a screechy high voice)*

For Me!

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Well what's that supposed to mean?

MORAG

I don't know, but I quite like it.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Huh! Any last requests?

MORAG

Yes, don't fire the crossbow at me.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Oh I am so sorry, but that one's not allowed, never mind. Bye bye.

*He takes aim slowly and the tension builds until...*

Wait a minute. Did you say Morag?

MORAG

Aye.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

*(lowering the crossbow)*

You're not the famous soup making Morag of Inver Glen Big Bogie?

MORAG

I might be, who wants to know?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

*(raising the crossbow again)*

I want to know, I want to know... it was me that asked... I just said it there just now...  
You're not the famous soup making Morag of Inver Glen Big Bogie?

MORAG

Oh aye... Yes, I am she.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Ah, then I am indeed fortunate. Hotdog, consider yourself let off for the meantime.  
You may not have kidnapped the wrong woman after all... *(laughs evilly)* You my  
dear will suit our purposes rather well. I've decided not to shoot with my crossbow  
after all.

MORAG

So, my last request worked...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

No, it didn't... I just decided not to shoot you, that's all... I could still shoot you if I  
wanted to and I might sometime, I'll see, I'm quite fickle... Yes this will work out  
better than I thought. You're that buffoon Hamish's wife aren't you? And that means  
this is your family claymore, handed down through generations of Hamish's, reputed  
to have first been carried into battle by Bonnie Prince Hamish himself of that ilk?

MORAG

It certainly looks like it, but they all look the same to me... But Hamish'll no' like you  
handling his claymore, I'm the only person he likes touching it, other than him  
footering with it himself of course...

DULE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Yes... quite. And used in action lately going by the bits of dried blood on it...

MORAG

Eh, no that'll be red pepper. I sometimes put one in the soup... high days and holidays.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

How ghastly. Anyway, be that as it may... your husband Hamish is best friends with  
that Roy the Robber and he's the one that I want, he's the one I long for...

HOTDOG

...Ooh, ooh, ooh, honey!

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

He stole all my sheep you know every last, little, fluffy, woolly, sheepy meh. (*He bursts into tears for a second then recovers.*) I have no doubt that the sheep stealing Roy the Robber, Big Jessie and Hamish the buffoon are at this very moment searching the land high and low to bring you to safety. Well, they'll find you my dear, oh yes, they'll find you, but on my terms. I will use you as bait. Bait in a trap. And that sheep stealing villain will walk innocently and unsuspecting into it. And do you know what I will do when he is in my trap?

HOTDOG

Shut your trap!

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Careful Hotdog, that wasn't even an original joke.

HOTDOG

No, master...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

No... I'm Sorry I'll Read That Again, 1968.

HOTDOG

A classic, master, if ever there was one.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Indeed. Where are they all now, eh?

HOTDOG

Still doing it I think.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Ah, good for them. Anyway enough of this nostalgia... It's the slightly squint tower for you.

MORAG

Would it be okay if I knit?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

What?

MORAG

To pass the time?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Em... No, I don't think it'll be possible. You'll probably be manacled to a wall, like this...

*He demonstrates with his arms outstretched.*

MORAG

Fair enough.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Right, we must make haste.

HOTDOG

You wot?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Get going... we have the secret weapon to work on. And it's miles to go and I'd like to be back in time for tipping point and the chase...

HOTDOG

Oh yea, they're great eh?

*The Duke and Hotdog wander off stage left and just before exiting...*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

This way, Morag...

*She shrugs...*

Oh, just bring the tree with you.

*Morag crosses with the tree and exits stage left. Just as she disappears Big Jessie enters stage right and flits about the stage like a ballet dancer sniffing the air...*

BIG JESSIE

Onion...

*She flits about some more...*

...carrots... lentils. Morag has been here and not that long ago...

*she is suddenly startled from stage right...*

Halt,

*she draws back an arrow on her bow*

who goes there?

*She twangs an arrow off into the wings stage right...*

ROY THE ROBBER

Oh ya!!

*He walks out casually with an arrow, with a little sucker, stuck on his forehead.*

What was wrong with the friend or foe bit?



BIG JESSIE

Sorry Roy, I forget that bit. In Norway you can't afford to wait for answer from Polar Bear as he is running at you, half a ton in weight doing fifty miles an hour, all teeth and claws... did you tie up the horses? Oh yes I remember, sorry, no horses. Where's Hamish?

ROY THE ROBBER

He's answering the call.

BIG JESSIE

He become monk?

ROY THE ROBBER

What no, he's... he'll be here in a minute.

BIG JESSIE

I think Morag been here... and recently, there is definite smell of lentil soup in the air... onions that's for sure.

ROY THE ROBBER

Looks like we were right then, Jess. It is that big sausage faced git that's got her. Poor Morag and this wood is directly en route to the Slightly Squint Tower. That's obviously where he's taking her.

BIG JESSIE

How far is Slightly Squint Tower?

ROY THE ROBBER

A full day's ride from here...

BIG JESSIE

Eh...

ROY THE ROBBER

Oh yea, no horses... and couple of days walk maybe. If we walked really fast, you know like the folk at the Olympics when their bum wiggles side to side, like this.

*He demonstrates.*

BIG JESSIE

No, it look stupid, Roy. We just jog, with FitBit and water bottle with hole in middle so we can carry it and maybe listen to music through tiny, tiny earphones and go on and on and on and on about our latest times.

ROY THE ROBBER

Doesnae matter either way, Jess, because as soon as we get to within a mile of the Slightly Squint Tower, we'll be spotted. The tower stands on an open plain... well it's maistly bog really, peat.

BIG JESSIE

Who is Pete? Did Pete built tower? He maybe draw up the plans? Pete was civil engineer, yes?

ROY THE ROBBER

No, no it's a peat bog, but it's as flat as a pancake and anybody up that tower gets a clear view in a' directions we'll have tae find a way to get close to the tower without drawin' attention to oorsels...

BIG JESSIE

But just how will we do that, Roy?

ROY THE ROBBER

I don't know... we'll need some kind of disguise or other tae let us get close enough.

BIG JESSIE

But where are we going to get disguise out here in this dark foreboding forest?

ROY THE ROBBER

I don't know, Jess...

BIG JESSIE

I order on eBay

ROY THE ROBBER

Naw...

BIG JESSIE

Amazon Prime?

ROY THE ROBBER

Naw... Aw...we'll never find a disguise oot here in the middle of naewhere.

*Just then Hamish enters upstage right. He has a Highland Cow head on his head*

HAMISH

Moo!!!

ROY THE ROBBER

Aaagh!

BIG JESSIE

Aaagh!

*She fires an arrow at Hamish, but misses. Hamish, thinking he is being attacked...*

HAMISH

Aaagh!

*They set off running around in a circle, Hamish chasing the other two until he eventually stops and removes the head. He stands for a while until the other two notice him and they all grind to an embarrassing halt...*

ROY THE ROBBER

Hamish, was that you, wae the coo's heid on?

HAMISH

Aye.

ROY THE ROBBER

Ye daft eejit, ye nearly scared the poop out o' me... Where d'ye get the coo's heid, Hamish?

HAMISH

It was in a big basket roond the back.

BIG JESSIE

*(having a quick glance at the audience)*

You mean you found it in woods, Hamish?

HAMISH

What? Oh aye, I found it, Roy... in the woods... like she said.

ROY THE ROBBER

Is there just the heid?

HAMISH

Em... naw there's a whole Highland Cow costume.

ROY THE ROBBER

In... the woods?

HAMISH

Aye, in the woods...

ROY THE ROBBER

Why would there be...

HAMISH

...don't think we should question it too much, Roy... It's a bit weird, I grant ye. But we should maybe just take it a face value, accept it, and move on. Who knows, maybe we could use it for something.

ROY THE ROBBER

Aye, maybe we could but it'll hae tae wait the noo, cos we're trying to think of a disguise we could use to get up to the Slightly Squint Tower without drawing attention to oorsels.

HAMISH

Oh, right... that's a tricky one, Roy... nae ideas at a'?

ROY THE ROBBER

Naw

BIG JESSIE

Wait a minute! I got idea.

ROY THE ROBBER

Brilliant, Jess, what is it?

BIG JESSIE

Maybe if I alter number of bananas I eat a day... maybe I get better time in Parkrun.

ROY THE ROBBER

You're obsessed.

BIG JESSIE

Yes, I know... I like running as well...

ROY THE ROBBER

No, that's what I meant... oh never mind.

HAMISH

Do you think we could cut up the Highland Cow costume and maybe make like, squirrel costumes for us a'?

ROY THE ROBBER

D'ye think that would work, Hamish? I mean squirrels are pretty wee things are they no'? I'm five foot ten. I think dressing up as squirrels that were about a hunder times bigger than yer actual squirrel would maybe draw **mair** attention to wursels. We want to be as inconspicuous as a coo in a coo field.

HAMISH

Aw, right... How about we cut it up...

ROY THE ROBBER

...aye?

HAMISH

... we cut it up... and make red deer costumes? A couple o' wee branches either side o' wur heids tae look like antlers...

ROY THE ROBBER

Ye ken whut would happen, Hamish, the gamie would be oot for a walk and he'd shoot the baith o' us and we'd be in the Duke O' Cumberland Sausage's venison stew pot within ten minutes... dinnae fancy that, dae you?

HAMISH

Naw, I dinnae think, I'd like tae be in a stew.

ROY THE ROBBER

Naw, me neither.

BIG JESSIE

I don't know why two of you don't just dress up in cow costume and I pretend to be milkmaid and we walk up to door of Slightly Squint Tower and rescue Morag?

ROY THE ROBBER

Dinnae be daft, Jess. Me and Hamish dress up as a Highland Cow, using this costume here that Hamish found in the woods and you pretend tae be a milkmaid?? Oh no, wait a minute, that could work eh?

HAMISH

Bagsie I'm in the front...

*Hamish sprints off stage right and comes back with the full costume and dumps it on the floor, rummages about and picks up the back end of the cow and puts it on. Roy puts on the front and the head and they arrange themselves with Hamish standing at the front and Roy bent over behind him so the cow's head is head butting Hamish on the backside.*

HAMISH

Wait a minute, that's no right, I should hae the heid.

ROY THE ROBBER

Naw... you've got the tail. Ye cannae hae the tail and the heid, unless you were some sort of two legged mutant coo like the ones up near Dounreay.

HAMISH

I wanted to be at the front.

ROY THE ROBBER

Well you picked up the wrong bit.

HAMISH

I dinnae want to be a coo's bum.

ROY THE ROBBER

Och, come on, Hamish you'd be great at it...

HAMISH

You think so?

ROBBER THE ROBBER

Aye, you're half way there already... d'ye no think, Jess?

BIG JESSIE

Absolutely... you make beautiful cow's bottom, Hamish.

HAMISH

Oh, awright then. You say the most loveliest o' things, Big Jessie.

*They swap over and they look like a pretty awesome Highland Cow.*

BIG JESSIE

Okay, boys are you ready?

ROY THE ROBBER/HAMISH

Aye.

BIG JESSIE

No, wait boys, wait. Yous canna speak. You are supposed to be cow. You'd be better to moo.

ROY THE ROOBER

Moo!

HAMISH

Meh!

ROY THE ROBBER

You sounded mair like a sheep there, Hamish. C'mon, try and get into character.

HAMISH

And what sort of character does a coo's bum hae?

ROY THE ROBBER

Well, what's your motivation?

HAMISH

I huvvnae the faintest idea.

BIG JESSIE

Maybe it be better if just you mooed, Roy. I mean it would be really weird for cow to moo out its bum.

ROY THE ROBBER

They do up at Doureay...

BIG JESSIE

Okay are you ready boys? One moo for yes and two moos for no.

ROY THE ROBBER

Moo.

BIG JESSIE

Okay, let's go... what could possibly go wrong?

*She leads Roy off stage, leaving Hamish bent over on his own. She pokes her head around the curtain...*

BIG JESSIE

Hamish... this way.

*He stands up and walks off stage left. Just as he disappears Morag enters up stage right. She is manacled to a section of wall which she carries on herself and there's a rat scurrying about at her feet. Morag seems quite content and is humming quietly to herself. The Duke enters stage left with Hotdog snivelling along behind...*

MORAG

Hello.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

What? Oh yes... hello... I trust you are uncomfortable?

MORAG

No, I'm fine actually. I can stand like this for hours. My mum was a great knitter and I used to have to stand like this for ages when I was a wee girl to hold wool for her while she wound it into a ball. Hours and hours I used to stand with my arms out. It hurt a bit a first but after a while my muscles must have got used to it and now, well, you know, I cannae think of a comfier position to be in.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Really? How fascinating. Well you might be standing like that for a hundred years if that's what I decide.

MORAG

Suits me. But I don't think so. Hamish and Roy will come and free me. They wouldnae leave me locked up here.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Oh yes, and how do you think they'll manage that? They couldn't even open a can of beans. And in any case we have finished our secret weapon haven't we, Hotdog?

HOTDOG

Yeth Mathter.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

You're doing the voice thing again.

HOTDOG

I just thought it would be appropriate at this bit...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

More fiendish do you mean?

HOTDOG

Mmm...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Aye, okay, give it a try.

HOTDOG

Yeth, okay mathter...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Where was I? Oh yes... haven't we, Hotdog?

HOTDOG

Yeth mathter.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

And this secret weapon will guard the tower. Won't it Hotdog?

HOTDOG

Yeth indeedy mathter...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

A truly awesome, self thinking weapon with a power the likes of which the world has never seen. Yes, that shrewd, slimy, shifty, sneaky sheep stealer will soon be in my grasp and then??? **Wa ha ha ha ha!** (*hideous evil laugh*) Oh, and I've run out of sausages... you don't know anything about sausages do you?

MORAG

Nope.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Never made any?

MORAG

Certainly not.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Not even a tiny one?

MORAG

Eugh! I could make you a pot of soup?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Sausage soup?

MORAG

Eh? No... lentil and veg.



DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

No thanks.

MORAG

It's nice.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

I'll take your word for it. I don't think your pot of soup is quite my cup of tea. Although I am getting a bit peckish. And impatient, is there no sign of them, Hotdog?

*Hotdog raises a pair of binoculars to his eyes and has a scan about...*

HOTDOG

No, mathter... not a thothage...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

What?

HOTDOG

Thorry.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Where are they? Well maybe they'd get here a bit quicker if they were to hear your screams of agony blowing in the wind of despair as I torture you cruelly for ages.

MORAG

Maybe... and how are you going to torture me?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Well I thought about poking you a bit with Hamish's claymore, for starters.

MORAG

Hamish'll no' like that.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Maybe not, but then he's not here is he? Maybe a little poke on the tum-tum, like this...

*He gives her a gentle poke.*

...and one here... and here... and here.

MORAG

*(shouting)*

Aaagh! Help! Help! I'm being cruelly tortured at the top of the Slightly Squint Tower for ages and ages and it's quite pokey Ouch! Ouch!

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

*(laughs evilly)*

**Wa ha ha ha ha.**

MORAG

Ouch! Ouch!

*The Duke continues to poke at Morag who overacts pain and despair while Hotdog, over the theme to Dick Barton, turns to the audience and says...*

HOTDOG

Will Big Jessie, Roy the Robber and Hamish get to the Slightly Squint Tower in time to save Morag from the evil clutches of the Duke of Cumberland Sausage? Just what is this secret weapon thing that people have mentioned a few times in the first act. Will Morag ever make soup again? Don't miss the next exciting instalment and tune in next time we play **Just A Minute!!**

*The lights fade as The Minute Waltz takes over...*

*CURTAIN*

*End of Act One... continued...*

Act Two.

*The houselights fade and the curtain opens and the Duke is sitting centre stage on a directors chair. He's reading a magazine and smoking a pipe. Morag and Big Jessie are standing blethering and having a cigarette upstage right. There is a hardboard slightly squint tower upstage centre. The Duke suddenly notices the lights are up and the curtains are open. He leaps to his feet. Morag and Big Jessie dash off stage right...*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

*(in his luvvy actor's voice)*

Blimey have we started... what happened to my two minute call? It'll be that stage manager, she hates me...

*He folds up the chair and carries it off stage left and dumps the pipe and magazine. He enters again.*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

**Wa ha ha ha ha...** Hotdog, we've started! Hotdog? Hotdog are you there?? **Wa ha ha ha ha.** Oh come on Hotdog, there's only so much evil laughing I can do **Wa...** oh there you are...

*Hotdog enters stage left, wiping his mouth on his hankie and chewing on something...*

HOTDOG

Sorry, was just having a sandwich... are we on?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Yes, yes.

HOTDOG

Very good mathter. Thall I bring on the thecret weapon now mathter. It'th looking thooper...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Yes,, Hotdog, why not? I'm sure everyone here is keen to see it. Yes, bring it on. **Wa ha ha ha ha.**

HOTDOG

Very good mathter...

*Hotdog exits upstage left...*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

*(conversationally to the audience)*

Wait ye see this... it's brilliant! Took ages. Worth waiting for though... Are you nearly there, Hotdog?

HOTDOG  
(*offstage left*)

Yup.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Ok, prepare to feast your eyes on the most deadly secret weapon in the entire world. And it's mine... mine, d'ye hear me? **Mine! Wa ha ha ha ha.** Oh this Roy the Robber's only the beginning. He's small fry. I have my evil sights set much higher than just him, although he did steal all my sheepy mehs... Today, Inver Glen Big Bogie, tomorrow the world. **Wa ha ha ha ha.**

*Hotdog enters upstage left leading on a Highland Cow. (This is using the same costume as before but it is decked out with a turret and missiles and possibly a tin hat...and has two un-credited actors inside)*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Told you it was worth waiting for. This... is a military coo. And it took a heck of a manipulation of the dialogue and plot just to get to that punch line.

HOTDOG

Worth it though mathter... they laughed.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

They did indeed, Hotdog. They did indeed... thank you so much ladies and gentlemen. Now pay attention...

*The Duke now becomes "Q" from the Bond movies...*

Standard adult highland cow. Fitted with this radar guided, fifty millimetre gun capable of firing 10 rounds per minute of high explosive or armour piercing or coloured smoke shells. Two forward firing, half inch calibre, machine guns. Two heat seeking sidewinder missiles capable of twice the speed of sound with a range of up to twenty miles. And one rearward facing twenty millimetre canon firing directly through it's arse... (*backside, bum, bottom etc...*) Fully autonomous this weapon selects its own targets and picks its method of destroying them... whatever would seem appropriate. And with it... **I will rule the world!! Wa ha ha**, oh, I can't be bothered doing the laugh any more. Now if that Roy The Robber, Big Jessie and Hamish the buffoon would just play ball and turn up then I could set my evil plan in action. Still no sign of them, Hotdog?

HOTDOG

(*having a scan about with the binoculars*)

No mathter... oh, wait a minute...

*He is looking into the wings stage right...*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

What? What is it? Tell me what you can see. Is it them?

HOTDOG

I'm not thure mathter...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Oh, gonnae stop doing the voice thing, it's annoying me. Well, is it them?

HOTDOG

I'm no' sure. Doesnae look like them... looks mair like a milk maid leading a highland coo. They're heading this way...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Range?

HOTDOG

A thousand metres... maybe less.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

At last it has begun. Winter is coming...

*He strokes the Military Coo's ears...*

Okay my beauty. You and I will rule the world together, and it begins now!!

*He points stage right...*

**Seek and destroy!! Seek and destroy!!**

*The Military Coo paws at the ground for a moment or two then charges off into the wings stage right.*

Tell me what you can see, Hotdog.

HOTDOG

*(looking stage right with the binoculars)*

Well... oor coo is running towards the other coo...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Yes, yes...

HOTDOG

It's getting closer... and closer...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Has it fired any of its missiles?

HOTDOG

Em... naw.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Fired any shells?

HOTDOG

Not as such...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

What's happening now?

HOTDOG

Well, I think the other coo has seen oor coo and it's turned tail and is legging it, but oor coo is catching it up and ooooh!!! Ooooh!!!

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

What? What's happening?

HOTDOG

Ooooh!! Oh! Hae a look yerself...

*He hands the Duke the binoculars...*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Ooooh!! Ooooh!! I see what you mean. It's destroying it by a completely different method. Ooooh!! It huddnae crossed my mind it would do that...

HOTDOG

Well, it was maybe because it was another coo eh? That was the problem... That was horrible by the way.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

It sure was... I think I need a wee lie down.

HOTDOG

Aye me tae...

*They exit painfully stage left. Just as they disappear, Big Jessie runs on from stage right. She is out of puff but checks her wrist...*

BIG JESSIE

Yes! fastest time yet...

*Roy and Hamish then stagger on from stage right exhausted. There are just a few tattered remains of the highland cow costume hanging from them and Hamish is rubbing his backside...*

ROY THE ROBBER

Who's idea was it to dress up as a highland coo again?

BIG JESSIE

Sorry Roy, it seem like good idea at time. I didn't know Duke's secret weapon would take a fancy for Hamish.

ROY THE ROBBER

Are ye awright, Hamish?

HAMISH

*(in a high pitched voice)*

Yes.

ROY THE ROBBER

Dae ye want to sit doon?

HAMISH

*(in a high pitched voice)*

No.

ROY THE ROBBER

I think it took a wee shine to you eh?

HAMISH

*(in a high pitched voice)*

Yes.

ROY THE ROBBER

Aye... you obviously got the character just spot on, well done, very convincing. I think you can ease off a wee bit on the motivation though. I thought you were very brave, Hamish.

HAMISH

*(in a high pitched voice)*

Thanks... but what about Morag?

ROY THE ROBBER

Sorry?

HAMISH

*(in normal voice)*

What about Morag?

ROY THE ROBBER

We'll hae tae formulate a plan tae get her back. We're within striking distance o' The Slightly Squint Tower.

*Roy exits stage right for a moment and brings back a blackboard and an easel which he positions on stage...*

ROY THE ROBBER

Okay...

*He chalks out the outline of the slightly squint tower and draws a matchstick Morag at the top...*

This is The Slightly Squint Tower, and Morag's at the top... Any questions so far?

*Hamish raises his hand...*

Yes, Hamish?

HAMISH

Where d'ye get the blackboard?

ROY THE ROBBER

Does that matter?

HAMISH

Did you steal it, Roy?

ROY THE ROBBER

No, I found it.

HAMISH

I don't believe you.

ROY THE ROBBER

Hamish, man it was there...

*He points into the wings*

...there, look, next the fire extinguisher. Aw... look, we've been through this, Hamish, loads of times at rehearsals, you've got to let the blackboard thing go. It was a long, long time ago. I said I was sorry...

HAMISH

It's still very raw for me, Roy.

ROY THE ROBBER

What are we talking about now?

HAMISH

My blackboard, Roy!

ROY THE ROBBER

Hamish, we were five. I've said I was sorry now please just let it go and move on.

HAMISH

It looks very like mine...

ROY THE ROBBER

Hamish, it looks nothing like yours...

HAMISH

It's black.



ROY THE ROBBER

It's blackboard! They're all black... Yours was this size...

*He gestures with is hands.*

HAMISH

It was bigger than that.

ROY THE ROBBER

Naw, it just seemed bigger cos you were wee... let it go, Hamish... Please.

HAMISH

Where d'ye get the chalk?

ROY THE ROBBER

Yep, fair enough, I did steal the chalk from you, but not the blackboard... okay? This is not your blackboard... okay?

HAMISH

Okay.

ROY THE ROBBER

Good. Can we move on now?

HAMISH

S'pose...

BIG JESSIE

Where d'you get easel?

ROY THE ROBBER

I made it alright?

BIG JESSIE

Yes alright... continue.

ROY THE ROBBER

I've forgotten where I was now...

BIG JESSIE

Morag, up top of tower...

ROY THE ROBBER

Yes of course, Morag at the top of the tower. Now it's a hell o' a height up. Anybody got any ideas?

HAMISH

Maybe I could stand on your shoulders, Roy?

ROY THE ROBBER

Ah, but you're taller than me, Hamish... maybe it would be better if I stood on your shoulders.

HAMISH

Oh, aye, maybe...

BIG JESSIE

Either way it would not be high enough... tower is too tall.

ROY THE ROBBER

Aye your maybe right, Jess. Could you stand at the bottom and fire an arrow up to the top with a bit o' string attached.

BIG JESSIE

I no arrows left. I fire them all at crazy cow.

HAMISH

Could we use a ladder?

ROY THE ROBBER

We could, I suppose, but I've got a bit of a height thing...

BIG JESSIE

What you mean, Roy?

ROY THE ROBBER

Well, any higher than a coffee table and I get a bit wobbly, sorry.

BIG JESSIE

Could we use ram, to batter down door?

ROY THE ROBBER

Brilliant idea, Jess...

HAMISH

I ken where there is one... I saw it just a minute ago...

*Hamish exits stage right and returns with a sheep...*

ROY THE ROBBER

Eh, I dinnae think it was that kind o' ram, Jess was meaning, Hamish.

HAMISH

Eh?

ROY THE ROBBER

I think she meant battering ram. Ye can hardly batter a door doon wae a sheep.

HAMISH

How no'?

ROY THE ROBBER

Oh what the heck, aye okay, let's gi'e it a try...

*Roy and Hamish hold the sheep like a battering ram...*

ROY THE ROBBER

Naw, wait a minute, Hamish, it would be better heid first would it no'?

HAMISH

*(has a wee think)*

Aye you're right...

*They turn the sheep around.*

Right where is the tower?

ROY THE ROBBER

*(points to hardboard tower upstage)*

It's just there, can ye no see it?

HAMISH

What? Is that the actual tower? Just there? What was a' the stuff wae the blackboard? Could you no' have just pointed? Interesting construction eh? Looks like a leaning tower of pizza...

ROY THE ROBBER

Right are ye ready?

HAMISH

Ready as I'll ever be, Roy.

ROY THE ROBBER

Right, charge!!

*They take a run at the door and batter it with the sheep's head. With each batter the sheep lets out a loud meh! until after several attempts they give up...*

ROY THE ROBBER

Hamish, I don't even think that's a proper door.

HAMISH

How d'ye mean?

ROY THE ROBBER

Well it looks just painted on eh?

*He examines it...*

Aye, it's just painted on right enough. It doesnae even open. The whole thing's just hardboard by the looks o' things... aye wae some strengthening bits o' wood at the back... quite clever eh?

HAMISH

Aye I suppose so, doesnae help us get Morag back.

ROY THE ROBBER

Naw.

HAMISH

What'll we do wae the sheep? Tak it hame?

ROY THE ROBBER

Naw, no' the noo. Just let it go.

*They let go the sheep and it falls over...*

HAMISH

It's fainted.

ROY THE ROBBER

It's maybe concussed. Just put it back where you found, Hamish. We'll have to think o' something else.

*Hamish picks up the sheep and throws it into the wings. We hear a loud meh as it hits the floor. They walk back to the blackboard.*

HAMISH

How about deliveroo?

BIG JESSIE

How'd you mean, Hamish?

HAMISH

Well, I'll get a bike eh? wae one o' them deliveroo boxes on my back and I go to the door and say that I've got a sausage delivery for the Duke O' Cumberland Sausage. And while the door's open I sneak in and rescue Morag.

ROY THE ROBBER

But the door's just painted on, Hamish.

HAMISH

Oh aye, I forgot... I've got another idea...

*He wanders over to the tower and looks up...*

HAMISH

Morag, oh Morag, let down your hair...

*A rabbit comes sailing over the top of the tower. Hamish picks it up.*

It's a rabbit!

BIG JESSIE  
*(shouting over)*

It look like hare from a distance.

*Hamish throws the rabbit into the wings stage right and it lands with a squeak.*

HAMISH

Morag, oh Morag, let down you hair.

*This time a See You Jimmy hat comes flying over and Hamish kicks it into the wings. He wanders back to join the other two...*

What are we going to do? I cannae bear to think of my poor Morag locked up in there wae that sausage eating monster. She'll be manacled to a wall, the rats will be gnawing her dainty wee toes to the bone. He'll be ruthlessly torturing her for ages wae metal spikes and things and thae big pointy contraptions that get clamped on yer heid and thumb screws and a'thing... she'll be in agony. She'll be screaming at the top o' her voice. He'll probably end up flailing her alive and then feeding her tae the dogs like in Game o' Thrones. We're doomed!

*The lights fade slightly on the group downstage right and Hotdog emerges stage left with a small table. He places it downstage right and the Duke enters with a chair, sets it at the table and sits down. Morag enters, carrying a bowl of her soup. She places it on the table in front of him.*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE  
*(In his luvvy actor's voice)*

Now, just to be clear, although we're sitting here, and it looks like the tower is behind us there *(points)* we're actually in the tower, is that right?

MORAG

That's right your Dukeship.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

I see, I think I've got it. We're here... but we're actually up there...

MORAG

That's it.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

It's very clever isn't it? And what do we do now?

MORAG

The little scene with the soup, like we did at rehearsals?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Oh yes, I remember, shall I start now?

MORAG

If you would.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Okay... **Wa ha ha ha ha!** what's this?

MORAG

It's some of my soup for you.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

I want sausages!

MORAG

You've no sausages left. You've run out of sausages...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

I want sausages! I'm not called the Duke of Cumberland Sausage for nothing. I want sausages and I want them now. Huge big curly ones, dripping with fat...

MORAG

...and salt, and cholesterol, and growth hormones and antibiotics and goodness knows what else

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

I don't care, I want sausages

MORAG

Well you can't have any because they're all gone, because you've gobbled them all up, haven't you, you greedy boy. Now have some delicious soup.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Shant, it's horrible.

MORAG

How d'you know it's horrible? You haven't even tasted it yet.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

It looks like sick. What's in it? Vomit? Is it vomit soup?

MORAG

I'll tell you what's in it. There's carrots..

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Carrot's are eugh...

MORAG

Onions, tatties, a neep, a parsnip, oh and a leek...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Leak?

MORAG

Oh aye, I always like to hae a leek in my soup and some lentils and a wee drop of broth mix and some salt and pepper.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Is that it?

MORAG

Aye.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

What no bits of dead animals?

MORAG

No.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

None? That is disgusting. There's bound to be a bit of a sheep? Some of it's internal organs, surely... or it's brain?

MORAG

No.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

You must have at least cut the feet off a pig and flung them in for a bit of flavour?

MORAG

Nope. Now, c'mon, have a wee taste.

*She picks up the spoon and tries him with a mouthful but he clamps his lips tightly shut.*

Aw, come on...

*He shakes his head...*

Just one little teensy weensy spoonful...

*He shakes is head...*

Look, I'll try a little bit.

*She takes a wee bit...*

Mmm... yum yum. Now you... look, look it's an aeroplane...

*She flies the spoon around and makes aeroplane noises...*

...and her we go!

*He still keeps his lips clamped.*

EAT YOUR SOUP!

*The duke takes a mouthful and screws up his face but eats it just the same.*

Another one?

*He shakes his head.*

Aw come on.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Do an aeroplane.

MORAG

An aeroplane? Yes, alright...

*She repeats the aeroplane trick and the Duke has another spoonful.*

MORAG

Good boy. Well, is it nice? Do you like Morag's soup?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Actually... it's not bad.

MORAG

Another one?

*He nods and she starts to do another aeroplane...*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

No, it's okay, Morag, I'll manage...

*He takes the spoon and has another couple of mouthfuls...*

Mmm... it's very... very, wholesome isn't it?

*He continues to eat...*

Very nourishing... and this is entirely plant based?

MORAG

It is indeed. Would you like an oatcake?



DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE  
*(slightly sheepishly)*

Is it vegan?

MORAG

Yes, but I think it might contain palm oil and I'm not sure if it's sustainable or not.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Oh that's a pity. It's sooooo difficult isn't it to shop ethically. But surely a woman of your talents could make home made oatcakes using only the finest locally grown organic ingredients...

MORAG

Aye, I could maybe dig out an old recipe...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

It would cut down on the packaging too... Oh my goodness!

MORAG

What is it your dukeship?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

I'm becoming nice... I've had one bowl of your miracle soup, Morag and I'm turning into a thoroughly lovely chap. I think before, when I was horrible I was just reflecting all the violence that was there on my plate. I have a strong urge... oh my god this is fantastic... an urge to buy a Volkswagon campervan and paint flowers on it.

MORAG

Well there's a turn up for the books The Duke of Cumberland Sausage is turning into a hippo

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Hippie, Morag, not a hippo you silly girl. And I hate that name...

MORAG

Hippo? Hippie?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

No, the Duke of Cumberland Sausage... from now on I'd like to be known as The Laird of Lentil.

*He spies Roy, Jessie and Hamish still sitting downstage right...*

...and you three. What are you doing sitting there moping? Come and join us....

HAMISH

Look out, Roy, it's a trick!

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

No tricks, Hamish.

HAMISH

But you're the Duke Of Cumberland Sausage, you stole my legendary family claymore, handed down through generations of Hamish's, reputed to have first been carried into battle by Bonnie Prince Hamish himself of that ilk... oh aye and you kidnapped my wife.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

I can only apologise, Hamish. That was a different me altogether. I did take your sword but look, I'll pop it along to the local smiddy for a clean up and a sharpen and you'll get it back good as new. And as for the other matter... I think you are the luckiest man in the world. And I'm the second luckiest. Morag is absolutely wonderful. She has shown me, naughty old Duke that I was, the error of my ways. Go to her Hamish and cherish her dearly she is an absolutely wonderful person.

*Hamish and Morag embrace with a big cuddle...*

And Roy the Robber..

ROY THE ROBBER

Och, just call me Roy. I think my robbing days are over... so are ye a good lad noo, right enough?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

I am indeed. Who would have thought diet could make such a difference?

ROY THE ROBBER

Well, I think several studies have hinted at such... eh... have you met Big Jessie?

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

I'm very pleased to meet you Jessie.

BIG JESSIE

And you Mr Duke.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

No, no Duke no longer... I'm now the Laird of Lentil. Oh, you know what? I'm going to drop the laird bit too. Titles eh? what are they all about? Just call me Lentil. Now can I interest you in some soup? It's marvellous... Is there any more soup, Morag?

MORAG

Yes, there's a whole pot full. I'll just go and get it...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

No, no... I'll get it. Men are just as capable about the house as women... We'll have some soup eh? Then I'll tell you my plans for this place. I'm going to have all this pushed through... open it up a bit and turn the whole place into an organic market garden run as a co-operative and I'd like you, Roy and you, Jessie and you, Hamish and especially you, Morag to come and live here with me and we'll live out the rest of days as equal partners in a pretty groovy laid back kind of a way... what do you say?

ROY THE ROBBER

Brilliant, Lentil, sounds cool man.

HAMISH

Awesome dude...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

You'll join us too won't you Hotdog?

HOTDOG

Aye, count me in but I want to known as Buttermilk Squash from now on.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Butternut Squash... how lovely, of course. Right! Soup, then we can discuss the finer details.

*The Duke exits stage left, we then hear a sort of drumming noise, no a sort of galloping noise. It is getting louder and louder. Hotdog raises his binoculars and looks across to the wings stage right...*

HOTDOG

Oh no... it's the Military Coo!

ROY THE ROBBER

Eh? Are ye sure?

HOTDOG

Aye, and it's coming this way...

*The Duke returns with the soup pot and places it on the table...*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

There now, some nice hot soup for us all.

HOTDOG

Lentil man!

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Yes dude...? What is it? What's the matter?

HOTDOG

It's the Military Coo!

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

What? Where?

HOTDOG

*(pointing)*

O'er there and it's closing fast. Doesn't look very pleased either. It'll be coming to get you, Lentil.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

Me? Me? Why me?

HOTDOG

Because you're its creator...

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE

But I'm nice now... I'm a good person...

HOTDOG

Good luck trying to explain that tae it... This always happens. Happened in Dr Who. The Daleks ended up destroying their creator. The cyberdog in Wallace and Gromit did the same. Frankenstien... and there's a few others I cannae quite recall at the moment... always happens, classic story line. Oh, it's nearly here by the way.... RUN!!

*The six of them then run in a circle, all shouting Aaaagh!! Then the Military Coo runs out from the wings stage right and joins in. They all stop and reverse direction and continue shouting Aaaagh!! until a fine Scottish Reel is heard over the sound system and the chase morphs into an eightsome reel. The cow seperates into two and all eight on stage dance an eightsome reel until it's time to shut the curtains...*

THE END