

**SPUD FERRET AND THE  
CASE OF THE MISSING  
HYPERGYROCOPTER**

A One Act Play

by

**JEFF GALLAGHER**

**SchoolPlay Productions Ltd**

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

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HYPERGYROCOPTER

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ISBN 978 1 902472 13 3

Printed and published by  
**SchoolPlay Productions Limited,**  
15 Inglis Road,  
Colchester, Essex, CO3 3HU

## CAST

<b>Nobby Charles</b>	<i>A young chap in his early twenties</i>
<b>Charlie Nobbs</b>	<i>His chum, the same age</i>
<b>Huggins</b>	<i>Nobby's faithful manservant</i>
<b>Daphne Dynamo</b>	<i>Nobby's beautiful secretary</i>
<b>Count Von Struwelburger</b>	<i>An arch-criminal</i>
<b>P.C. Boot</b>	<i>A member of the local constabulary</i>
<b>A Sadhu</b>	<i>Alias Jimmy Carruthers</i>
<b>Letitia Levray</b>	<i>A voluptuous female</i>
<b>Hector Heckmondwike</b>	<i>A mechanic</i>
<b>Spud Ferret</b>	<i>The world's greatest detective</i>



**SPUD FERRET AND THE CASE OF THE MISSING  
HYPERGYROCOPTER**

**by Jeff Gallagher**

*As our story unfolds, two young chums, CHARLIE NOBBS and NOBBY CHARLES, are sitting in Nobby's drawing room in his apartment in Mayfair. The decor suggests a bachelor hideout some time during the 1930's. Both men are dressed in lounge suits: of the two CHARLIE looks the more dishevelled: he also, somewhat mysteriously, has a black eye and walks with a crutch.*

**Charlie:** Seven beastly days, Nobby! Seven beastly days since they stood us down, and dashed if I'm not bored already!

**Nobby:** Spot on, Charlie. Still, heigh ho, something'll come up, you'll see. There's always something on the cards for Charlie Nobbs and Nobby Charles!

**Charlie:** What, me? Charlie Nobbs? Bound for some wizard adventure? Not likely! That sort of thing only happens in books!

**Nobby:** Now cheer up, my festive. The squadron only stood us down because things are slack. Looks as if there's no one in the whole of Europe who needs to be shot at or have bombs dropped on them.

**Charlie:** Well, it's just not on! One relies on these foreign fellows to put up a bit of a fight. I mean, dash it all!

**Nobby:** Looks as if you've had a bit of a scrape already.

**Charlie:** Oh, it's just a little private affair. Nothing a chap can't handle. Cigarette?

*He offers one from a cigarette box.*

**Nobby:** Oh, cheers, old man.

*He takes one and eats it. It is made of chocolate. NOBBY does the same, then replaces the box on the table.*

**Nobby:** Awfully good, aren't they?

**Charlie:** Yes. My favourite brand. And best of all, it doesn't burn your throat!

**Nobby:** Absolutely. Now where's that man of mine? Huggins!

**Charlie:** You'd better ring the bell.

**Nobby:** No point. Poor fellow's deaf as a coot ....

*Enter HUGGINS, NOBBY'S manservant, curiously dressed as a nurse.*

**Nobby:** .... and terribly confused.  
**Huggins:** You sent for me, Mr. Charles?  
**Charlie:** No, I didn't. He did.  
**Huggins:** That's right, sir. You sent for me, sir?  
**Charlie:** No, I didn't!  
**Huggins:** Very good, sir.  
**Charlie:** What?  
**Huggins:** Exactly, sir.  
**Nobby:** Be quiet, Huggins! Why in heaven's name are you dressed as a nurse?  
**Huggins:** It's Thursday, sir.  
**Nobby:** Ah, yes, of course .... Now look here, Huggins, how about a drink?  
**Huggins:** Thank you, sir. I'll have a brandy and soda.  
**Nobby:** Not you, Huggins! Me! Us!  
**Huggins:** Oh, right.  
**Nobby:** Two sherbet dabs and a jug of lemonade. And pronto.  
**Huggins:** Yes, sir. Do you want them right away, sir?  
**Nobby:** I said pronto, didn't I?  
**Huggins:** Yes, sir .... Do you want them right away, sir?  
**Nobby:** Oh, be off with you, you useless article!  
**Huggins:** Very good, sir.

*Exit HUGGINS.*

**Charles:** I say, Nobby!  
**Nobby:** What?  
**Charlie:** Well, I mean to say .... why was the silly ass dressed as a woman?  
**Nobby:** It's an old family tradition.  
**Charlie:** Good Lord! Do tell.  
**Nobby:** It's a long tale, I fear. One for the wee small hours when the rest of the world's asleep.  
**Charlie:** Well, it might brighten things up a bit. Life is really awfully drab at the moment.  
**Nobby:** In that case, old kite, I may have the perfect solution!  
**Charlie:** What do you mean?

*NOBBY takes an envelope from his inside pocket. He takes a letter from it.*

**Nobby:** This letter arrived by post this morning.  
**Charlie:** Good Lord! Then that would explain the broken window!  
**Nobby:** Yes. The post came clean through it, with this letter firmly attached.

**Charlie:** Heavens! But what was in it?

**Nobby:** Few nails...spot of woodworm...some specks of paint...

**Charlie:** Not the post, you chump! The letter!

**Nobby:** Thought you'd never ask. The letter contains a rather strange request.

**Charlie:** Let me see.

*NOBBY hands over the letter.*

**Nobby:** There you go.

**Charlie:** Good Lord! It's in code!

**Nobby:** Yes. And as you can see, it's asking me to take off my trousers and attach them to the nearest policeman.

**Charlie:** Gosh! How exciting!

**Nobby:** I'd say it was pretty stupid, actually. What do you make of it?

**Charlie:** Let's see now .... if a equals x, then b must .... Wait a moment! I've got it! What code were we using?

**Nobby:** What else? Codswallop, of course.

**Charlie:** Aha! But suppose we use Absolute Drivel instead?

**Nobby:** Absolute Drivel? But only top brass at the War Office know that code! Unless ....

**Charlie:** You forget my pater is two-i-c at that establishment, and a top drawer military boffin to boot. Naturally he taught me the secret code himself. In fact I am the only man outside the War Office who is familiar with it.

**Nobby:** Then what does it say?

**Charlie:** Well, it's good news and bad news, I'm afraid.

**Nobby:** For pity's sake! Spit it out!

**Charlie:** The good news is .... you can keep your trousers on.

**Nobby:** Thank heavens. To do otherwise wouldn't be British.

**Charlie:** The bad news is .... it seems that the new Hypergyrocopter has been stolen! The plans have also gone! And the chief mechanic, a chap named Heckmondwike, has disappeared without Tracy!

**Nobby:** Without what?

**Charlie:** *(checks again)* Sorry. Trace.

**Nobby:** I see. But that's terrible! What can we do to help?

**Charlie:** There's nothing we can do. We've been thrown on the scrap heap. Nobody wants a couple of stray pilots when the whole of Europe's in a state of abject peace.

**Nobby:** But don't you see what this means? This means war!

**Charlie:** Gosh! Really?

**Nobby:** Absolutely! Now what we need is a tad more information. I'll call my

secretary. Miss Dynamo!

**Charlie:** She's new here, isn't she?

**Nobby:** That's right. Started this morning.

*Enter DAPHNE DYNAMO, NOBBY's stunningly beautiful secretary. She carries a notepad and pencil, ready to write anything down: which is exactly what she proceeds to do.*

**Charlie:** I say, Nobby! What an absolute corker!

**Nobby:** Not bad, eh? Now then, Miss Dynamo ....

**Daphne:** (*writing furiously*) 'Now then, Miss Dynamo ....' Yes, Mr Charles?

**Nobby:** I need some information on the Hypergyrocopter ....

**Daphne:** 'Hypergyrocopter ....'

**Nobby:** Size, fuel type, specifications ....

**Daphne:** '.... specifications ....'

**Nobby:** Test programme, date of launch, estimated lifespan ....

**Daphne:** 'Bomb payload, arc rotation, funny wiggly bits ....'

**Nobby:** Bomb payload, arc rotation .... and, er .... those funny wiggly bits ....

**Daphne:** Right you are, sir.

**Charlie:** Just a moment!

**Daphne:** What?

**Charlie:** You wrote that last bit down before he'd even said it!

**Daphne:** Yes, I know.

**Charlie:** Well, isn't that a bit suspicious? I mean, how did you know what he was going to say before he'd even said it?

**Nobby:** Stead on, Charlie. Miss Dynamo has the fastest shorthand speed of any secretary in the country. She's way ahead of me .... aren't you, Daphne?

**Daphne:** Range, one thousand miles. Speed, five hundred miles per hour. Fuel, a synthetic compound of liquid hydrocarbons and pigeon droppings.

**Nobby:** There you are. What did I tell you?

**Charlie:** Dash it all! Brains as well as beauty!

**Daphne:** Will that be all, sir?

**Charlie:** I say, I'd better watch out! I bet you can tell what I'm thinking before I even say it!

**Daphne:** That's right, sir. And you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Thank you, Mr Charles.

*Exit DAPHNE.*

**Charlie:** Maybe flunking out of active service wasn't such a bad idea after all.

**Nobby:** What do you mean?

**Charles:** Well, if that's the kind of girl you associate with, I'm all for it!

**Nobby:** Steady, Charlie. We've a job to do. We've got to find the Hypergyrocopter!

**Charlie:** Yes, you're right. I'm sorry.

**Nobby:** The problem is, we've got so little to go on.

**Charlie:** Well, actually, we may have more than you think.

**Nobby:** What do you mean?

**Charlie:** I mean I think I may know who stole the Hypergyrocopter.

**Nobby:** You do? But that's incredible! Here. Have a cigarette.

**Charlie:** Thanks.

*They take cigarettes and eat them.*

**Charlie:** Gosh, these are dashed good. Where do you get them?

**Nobby:** Oh, Huggins knows some fellow in the Strand. Name of Sturgeon. But never mind that! Who stole that 'copter?

**Charlie:** Well, old son, what I omitted to tell you while swiftly deciphering that code .... was that I first had to translate it from its native language!

**Nobby:** What? You mean our great invention is at the mercy of some wicked foreign power?

**Charlie:** I'm afraid so, yes.

**Nobby:** One that will stop at nothing to use the machine to further its own evil ends?

**Charlie:** Oh, yes. Absolutely.

**Nobby:** Then tell me who, my festive! Let them feel my fist on the point of their jaw!

**Charlie:** All right. It's Amnesia.

**Nobby:** Amnesia!

**Charlie:** You remember them?

**Nobby:** How could I ever forget our last encounter? So the sinister Count von Struwelburger is still at large?

**Charlie:** Looks like it, yes.

**Nobby:** And you think he could be behind this latest misdeed?

**Charlie:** Why not? He'll stop at nothing, won't he? And he's a foreigner to boot! And what's more, he's never played cricket in his life!

**Nobby:** You're right! I think you'd better ring your pater right away!

*Enter COUNT VON STRUWELBURGER. He is dressed in a long leather coat and wears a monocle. He has a scar across his face.*

**Count:** Not so fast, Mr Charlie, if you please.

**Nobby:** Struwelburger! In person!

**Charlie:** Well, you've got a dashed cheek!

**Count:** Indeed I have. The result of an old duelling scar. And you, Mr Nobbs, have a very big nose. So there.

**Charlie:** Why, you rotten cad! Come here while I biff you one!

**Count:** Come, come, this is no time to trade insults. We have more important business to attend to. Such as the strange and tragic disappearance of the Hypergyrocopter.

**Charlie:** Yes, well, we all know what's happened to that, now, don't we?

**Count:** Oh, really? Please enlighten me.

**Charlie:** You've jolly well pinched it, that's what!

**Count:** You think so? Then where have I managed to hide it? Beneath my coat, perhaps?

**Nobby:** No. But I bet you've got a gun under there.

**Count:** Not this time. I am innocent of any crime. I have no need for such crude self-defence.

**Nobby:** Then why are you here? Come on! Speak up!

**Count:** I am here because, like you, I wish to solve the mystery. I wish to discover the whereabouts of the Hypergyrocopter. And also of the errant chief mechanic.

**Charlie:** That's all very well, von Struwelburger .... but how do we know you're not involved?

**Count:** You'll just have to trust me, won't you?

**Charlie:** A letter was sent here this morning, telling my friend here that the 'copter had been stolen. The message was written in Amnesian!

**Count:** A pathetic attempt to implicate me in the crime. Let me see the letter.

*CHARLIE hands the letter to the COUNT. He glances through it briefly.*

**Nobby:** Well? What do you make of it?

**Count:** It makes no sense. Why should you attach your trousers to the nearest policeman?

*He returns the letter to CHARLIE.*

**Nobby:** You mean you ....?

**Charlie:** Good Lord. He doesn't know the code.

**Nobby:** Then how do you ....?

**Count:** How do I know the machine was stolen? Because I received this telegram

an hour ago. It was thrust into my hand by a one-legged sadhu as I strolled down the Haymarket.

**Charlie:** A what?

**Count:** A sadhu.

**Nobby:** Some sort of Hindu priest.

**Count:** Precisely. The message is quite clear. Look.

*He hands the note to NOBBY. He reads it.*

**Nobby:** "Collect dinner suit from cleaners, Wednesday at noon". Good Lord! Another code!

**Count:** No. I gave you the wrong note. This one.

*The COUNT takes the first note and hands NOBBY another. He reads it.*

**Nobby:** "The new Hypergyrocopter has been stolen and the chief mechanic has mysteriously disappeared. Send help at once. The future of the civilised world may depend upon it". Well, that's pretty clear.

**Count:** Absolutely.

**Charlie:** But why should anyone tell *you* this dreadful news? Does the British government really believe that *you*, its most persistent antagonist, would be ready to assist them in their search for this misappropriated marvel?

**Count:** I'm sorry. Are you speaking in code?

**Charlie:** Maybe I should biff you on the chin in any case.

**Count:** For what reason?

**Charlie:** For being a blinking smarty-pants. You bounder!

**Nobby:** Steady on, Charlie. Mind your language. We have to believe him. For the moment at least. Now the first thing we have to do is find that sadhu.

*Enter DAPHNE.*

**Daphne:** The sadhu is here, sir. I had him apprehended by a constable.

**Nobby:** Excellent work, Miss Dynamo! Send them in at once!

**Daphne:** I'm sorry, sir, but there's someone else. A friend of the count, I believe.

**Count:** Ah, yes. That will be Helga. My personal assistant. I told her to wait outside.

**Daphne:** I'm sorry, sir. She's been causing a disturbance in the street. Marching up and down singing the Amnesia national anthem.

**Count:** Ah, yes. Helga is one of our most loyal patriots.

**Daphne:** Yes, well, she got a bit annoyed, you see, sir. A gang of street urchins ran

past and started throwing fruit at her.

**Count:** No matter. Rumour has it both her parents were orangutans. She adores fruit.

**Daphne:** Yes, sir, but it wasn't real fruit. Most of it came from a nearby display of contemporary sculpture. Your colleague was slightly concussed by a concrete banana. I've managed to dress the wound, but she's still in my office, marching up and down. And saying some pretty unpleasant things about our country, actually. I'd give her a piece of my mind if she wasn't in such a delicate state.

**Count:** You'd better send her up. I will console her with some fresh grapefruit.

**Daphne:** Very good, sir.

*Exit DAPHNE.*

**Count:** Your secretary is most impressive. I admire her efficiency.

**Nobby:** Yes, she's quite remarkable, isn't she? It's almost if she .... but, no .... that would be ridiculous ....

*Enter DAPHNE, followed by P.C. BOOT and the SADHU, who is dressed in rags and wearing a turban. He has no shoes.*

**Daphne:** Police Constable Boot, gentlemen. And his prisoner.

**Nobby:** Thank you, Miss Dynamo. That will be all.

**Daphne:** Very good, sir.

*Exit DAPHNE.*

**Nobby:** Well, constable, it seems you may have apprehended a key witness to a despicable crime.

**P.C. Boot:** Ah, you mean the theft of the Hypergyrocopter. Yes, sir.

**Nobby:** Good Lord! How could you possibly know that?

**P.C. Boot:** Well, sir, by an incredible coincidence, the mechanic who has so regrettably disappeared happens to be my brother-in-law, Hector Heckmondwike.

**Nobby:** But that's incredible! Then can you tell us any more?

**P.C. Boot:** Only this, sir. He's left his poor wife - my sister, sir - in terrible straits, sir. Owing money to all and sundry, and her with no way of paying off the debts. Now if we had one of them aerial contraptions - like what the one he was working on - well, that'd be different, wouldn't it? His poor missus - my sister Gladys, sir - she'd be living in the lap of luxury for the rest of her days.

And me - I could retire and look after me allotment. And him - that rotten blighter of a brother-in-law - well, he could rot in a damp cell for all I care. Ooh, what I wouldn't give to get me hands on him and his blessed Hypergyrocopter!

**Count:** A most eloquent speech, my dear constable. But I fear it will not help in our search for the missing mechanic.

**Charlie:** Indeed, no. And you must cease from harbouring such thoughts, P.C. Boot. You are an officer of the law and a servant to your king and country. As are we all.

**Nobby:** Mr. Nobbs here is absolutely right. Now what can you tell us about your prisoner?

**P.C. Boot:** Not a lot, sir. He doesn't appear to speak English.

**Charlie:** Hmm. I think I have a smattering of Urdu. Cha wallah ramshahla chamjoy?

**Sadhu:** Ha.

*He spits on the floor.*

**Nobby:** Steady, old man. That's my best Axminster.

**Charlie:** Cha wallah ramshahla chamjoy?

**Sadhu:** Ha.

*The SADHU knocks the helmet off P.C. BOOT's head.*

**P.C. Boot:** Oi! I'll have you, my lad!

**Sadhu:** It's quite all right, officer. That won't be necessary.

**Charlie:** Just a minute! I know that voice!

**Sadhu:** I should jolly well hope you do.

**Charlie:** It's Jimmy! Jimmy Carruthers! Good Lord! You were in my house at Eton!

**Sadhu:** Yes. And you still owe me some sock, you bounder.

**Charlie:** Good heavens!

**Sadhu:** Hello, Charles, old bean. How's it going?

*He takes off the turban and shakes hands with CHARLIE. P.C. BOOT retrieves his helmet and puts it back on his head.*

**Charlie:** Not too bad, old chum. Apart from this missing 'copter. Here, let me introduce you. This is Nobby Charles, upon whose venerable pile you have just left your whereabouts.

**Sadhu:** Hello, Charles, old bean. Deuced sorry about that. All part of the disguise, you know.

**Nobby:** Disguise? But why?

**Sadhu:** It's a long story. And we don't have much time.

**Charlie:** What do you mean?

**Sadhu:** Because the Hypergyrocopter is already in enemy hands. They are planning to fill it with sticks of dynamite and drop it on Buckingham Palace. But only after they have secured the blueprint to make their own improved version.

**Nobby:** But how do you know all this?

**Sadhu:** Because I found this message left inside my turban.

*He hands a note to NOBBY, who reads it.*

**Nobby:** "The Hypergyrocopter is already in enemy hands. They are planning to fill it with sticks of dynamite and drop it on Buckingham Palace. But only after .... mm .... etcetera .... and ditto".

*He returns the note.*

**Charlie:** Great Scott! But where *is* this blueprint?

**P.C. Boot:** I believe I can answer that, sir. Hector's got it.

**Charlie:** Your brother-in-law!

**P.C. Boot:** That's right, sir. Find him, and you find your blueprint.

**Charlie:** Good heavens! Nobby! Jimmy! What should we do?

**P.C. Boot:** In the circumstances, sir, I ought to arrest Mr. Carruthers for knocking off my helmet ....

**Charlie:** I say! Steady on, Boot!

**P.C. Boot:** But being as how you're something of a nob, sir, as well as being engaged on some vital business for His Majesty's government, I reckon I'll let you off on this occasion.

**Sadhu:** Thank you, Boot. That's awfully decent of you.

**P.C. Boot:** Yes, well, I'd probably lose my job if I tried to take you in. Especially as your uncle is the Chief Constable.

**Sadhu:** Yes, you may have a point there. Tally-ho!

*He knocks P.C. BOOT's helmet off his head again.*

**Nobby:** Absolutely. Here you go, constable. Have a cigarette.

**P.C. Boot:** No, thank you, sir. Not while I'm on duty.

**Nobby:** Then at least have some lemonade. Huggins! Where are those

refreshments?

*Enter HUGGINS, now dressed in diving gear with helmet and flippers, and carrying a tray bearing a jug of lemonade and some sherbet dabs. He puts the tray down on a nearby table.*

**Count:** Sniffing pumpernickels! What is he wearing?

**Nobby:** Well, Huggins?

**Huggins:** It's Thursday, sir. Bath night.

**Nobby:** Ah, yes. Of course. Carry on, Huggins.

**Count:** Not so fast, Huggins! This is a deliberate insult!

**Huggins:** Beg your pardon, sir?

**Count:** Why are you wearing the Amnesian national costume?

**Huggins:** Am I?

**Count:** You have never been to Amnesia in your life!

**Huggins:** Well, if I have I can't remember.

**Sadhu:** Just a moment - if he's not an Amnesian .... but he's dressed like an Amnesian .... it can only mean one thing! This manservant of yours must be a spy!

**Nobby:** Good Lord! Huggins, is this true?

**Huggins:** Well, I ....

**P.C. Boot:** With respect, sir .... if he really is a spy, he's not likely to tell you, now, is he?

**Nobby:** Well .... no .... I suppose not ....

**P.C. Boot:** But why else would he wear such an obvious disguise?

**Nobby:** Well, Huggins? What have you to say for yourself?

**Huggins:** I'd rather not say anything .... if you don't mind, sir.

**P.C. Boot:** In that case, my lad .... the finger of suspicion is pointing very strongly at you.

**Huggins:** Very good, sir.

**Sadhu:** And I say we don't him out of our sight! That get-up he's wearing will help to convict him of treason! You're likely to end your days at the end of a rope, you bounder!

**Huggins:** Thank you, sir. I've always fancied bell ringing.

**Sadhu:** Or the firing squad.

**Charlie:** He's not getting off that lightly! I say we jolly well biff him on the chin! Right now!

*He is about to do so when voices are heard off stage.*

**Daphne** (*off*): I'm sorry, you can't go in. Mr. Charles is very busy ....

**Letitia** (*off*): Foolish girl! It is not Mr. Charles I wish to see!

*Enter LETITIA LEVRAY, a voluptuous member of the female race.*

**Daphne**: I'm sorry, sir, she pushed straight past me ....

**Letitia**: Where is he? Where is the man I love?

**Charlie**: Good Lord! Right, cancel biffing till later. Slap down hair, straighten tie, say hello ....

**Letitia**: Where is my Adonis? Where is the man of my dreams?

**Charlie**: (*shyly*) Oh, well, you know ....

*LETITIA ignores him and advances on HUGGINS.*

**Letitia**: Archibald! Darling! But why the secret disguise?

**Huggins**: Well, I ....

**Letitia**: No matter. Come with me. We will take the next flight to Amnesia!

**Charlie**: I say! Stood up for a beastly servant! Now I really am going to biff him!

**Nobby**: Just a jolly old second, Charlie .... Madam, what do you mean by walking uninvited on to my premises?

**Letitia**: Allow me to introduce myself. I am Letitia Levray. Cultural Attaché at the Amnesian Embassy. And this .... this is the man I love!

*She puts an arm round HUGGINS's neck*

**Nobby**: Really, Huggins! What on earth is going on?

**Huggins**: It's Thursday, sir. Late night shopping.

**Letitia**: When we get our hands on that money, we can shop until eternity! But first, I have to know .... do you have the secret plans?

**Count**: Plans? What plans?

**Letitia**: The blueprint! For the Hypergyrocopter!

**Charlie**: What? Do you mean to say old Huggins here has stolen the secret plans, and intends to hand them over to some unscrupulous femme fatale working as the agent of a despicable tyranny?

**Count**: I don't know. Tell me what you are trying to say and I may be able to help you.

**Charlie**: Never mind! I'll not be outsmarted by a stupid girl!

**Letitia**: On the contrary .... I think you may have no choice ....

*She produces a gun.*

**Charlie:** I'll biff you both on the chin later! And that's a promise!

**Letitia:** Hands up, everyone ....

*They all raise their hands.*

**Letitia:** It may interest you to know that Huggins has already given me the blueprint. Tonight it will return with me to Amnesia!

**Count:** This is outrageous! You will bring shame upon our country!

**Letitia:** Why should I care about that .... provided the right people pay me enough money?

**Daphne:** Well, it wouldn't surprise me if someone came along very shortly and karate-chopped that gun out of your hand, rendering you powerless and placing you in the safe keeping of P.C. Boot here.

**Letitia:** Who do you think you are? Mystic Meg?

**Daphne:** No. I'm a black belt in karate.

*DAPHNE karate-chops the gun out of LETITIA's hand, renders her powerless and places her in the safe keeping of P.C. BOOT.*

**Letitia:** Curse you, Miss Dynamo!

**Nobby:** I say! That's astounding! What a performance!

**Charlie:** Yes! What a pity we've never met any girls in the course of our adventures! Jolly rotten luck, I'd say.

**Sadhu:** You don't come across girls in adventures like ours! It's far too dangerous! No, they're best left at home in the kitchen.

**Nobby:** I agree. Daphne, I think we could all do with a nice cup of tea.

**Daphne:** Are you sure that's what you want?

**Nobby:** Well, the story's almost over, isn't it? Another successful end to a thrilling adventure!

**Daphne:** With respect, Mr. Charles .... We haven't actually *seen* any blueprint yet. The Hypergyrocopter is still missing. Huggins is behaving very strangely, yes .... and this woman may well be involved, but .... well, some of the explanations we've heard just aren't convincing ....

**Nobby:** What do you mean?

**Charlie:** Yes, hurry up, will you? I'm dying for a cup of tea.

**Daphne:** Well, why is Mr. Nobbs so keen to drop bombs on people? How do we know it was not he who stole this contraption?

**Charlie:** Why, I ....!

**Daphne:** Why did you ask for that information on the Hypergyrocopter? Did you perhaps intend to steal it yourself once you'd found it?

**Nobby:** But that's ridiculous!

**Daphne:** Why did the Count refer to a one-legged sadhu, when our friend here clearly has two?

**Count:** A simple oversight, I assure you ....

**Daphne:** And is Jimmy Carruthers the same sadhu?

**Sadhu:** This is absurd!

**Daphne:** And is that woman marching up and down my office really a maniac...or merely a distraction organised by the Count while he carried out his devilish plan?

*There is a loud roar offstage, and a typewriter flies through the air and crashes on to the stage.*

**Charlie:** (*shouts offstage*) I say! Steady on!

**Daphne:** And what of P.C. Boot? Is he really the long arm of the law? Or merely the grisly hand of fate?

**P.C.Boot:** How dare you, madam!

**Daphne:** And does Letitia really love Huggins? Or is it all part of a devious plan?

**Letitia:** Go take a walk, fishface.

**Daphne:** And Huggins?

**Huggins:** Yes, Miss Dynamo?

**Daphne:** Today is Friday. Not Thursday.

**Huggins:** Oh. Sorry.

**Nobby:** Very impressive, I'm sure. And now let me ask *you* something. It is my belief you have the power to predict the future. Is this true?

**Daphne:** No. I just have a very agile mind.

**Nobby:** Very well. If you're so clever .... then why don't you find the truth and help us to solve this mystery?

**Daphne:** I'm sorry, Mr. Charles. I'm just a silly girl. Solving mysteries is quite beyond me. I must go and make the tea at once. But before I do ....

**Nobby:** (*warily*) Yes, what is it?

**Daphne:** Well, I expect you all thought this adventure was nearly over ....

**Nobby:** Yes, we did, actually.

**Daphne:** Very well. Then how do you account for what is lying behind that sofa?

*Exit DAPHNE with a dramatic flourish.*

**Sadhu:** Behind the sofa? What does she mean?

**Charlie:** Good Lord! I think she means .... behind the sofa!

*SADHU and CHARLIE go behind the sofa. They pick up HECTOR HECKMONDWIKE, who has been lying there throughout, bound and gagged.*

**P.C. Boot:** Blimey! It's my brother-in-law! It's Hector!

**Nobby:** Hector Heckmondwike? Good heavens! Quick! Untie him! And take off that gag!

*They do so.*

**Sadhu:** Here. Let's get this gag off you.

**Hector:** Thanks. Pity really. It's the best gag in the whole show.

**Nobby:** Here you are, old boy. Have a cigarette.

**Hector:** Ooh! Thanks, mate.

*He takes one and eats it.*

**P.C. Boot:** I think you've got some explaining to do, my lad.

**Hector:** How do, Albert? Got your hands full, I see. Shall I tell the missus?

**P.C. Boot:** Never mind all that. What do you mean by tying yourself up like that and hiding behind this gentleman's sofa?

**Hector:** Well, it's a long story ....

**Charlie:** And where on earth is the Hypergyrocopter?

**Hector:** I've no idea. Probably stolen by some evil foreign power, gov'nor, that will stop at nothing to get its wicked way.

**Charlie:** Explain yourself.

**Hector:** It's quite simple, really. There was this Indian bloke who was hanging about the place ....

**Nobby:** A sadhu?

**Hector:** I don't know who, sir. He just looked a bit suspicious.

**Nobby:** Why was that?

**Hector:** Well, he was a foreigner, wasn't he?

**Charlie:** Yes, of course! Good man! Carry on.

**Hector:** Then this real posh bloke come over. Bit like yourself really. Offered me cigarettes. Only they weren't real fags. They were made of blinkin' chocolate!

**Nobby:** Chocolate?

**Hector:** That's right! Chocolate!

**Nobby:** Oh. I see.

**Hector:** Well, then he caught sight of the security guard, and ran off. Few minutes later, this other bloke turns up. Says he wants to know where the 'copter is,

and keeps saying he's going to biff me on the chin.

**Charlie:** Oh, really? How interesting ....

**Nobby:** So what did you do?

**Hector:** I knocked his block off, sir, if you'll pardon my French. I blinkin' well biffed him before he biffed me. I expect he'll have a juicy black eye by now. And he's probably walking with a crutch.

**Charlie:** Good Lord! How extraordinary!

**Hector:** Then these two other foreigners come up. A really dark woman with a daft voice and a bloke she called Count. Von stru .... something or other. That were his name.

**Nobby:** And what did they do?

**Hector:** Huh. Offered me twenty thousand quid to just walk away and leave the Hypergyrocopter unattended.

**Nobby:** And did you accept?

**Hector:** Course not! I'm a loyal British worker, not some perishin' little traitor! Anyway they're good to me down there. They pay me five bob a week on the nail. Why would I want to make off with twenty thousand nicker?

**Charlie:** Good man! That's the spirit!

**Hector:** And that weren't the end of it. This massive women suddenly looms up out of nowhere. Looked like a flippin' gorilla. Said her name was Helga and she had something to give me.

**Count:** Not Helga! Dribbling Doppelgangers! It couldn't be!

**Hector:** Yeah, well, next thing I know, I've been whacked over the head and put in this blinkin' van. Turns out it's an ambulance. And worst of all, when I come round, there's this pretty little nurse leaning over me .... only it's not a woman .... it's a flippin' man!

**Nobby:** A man dressed as a nurse? Really?

**Hector:** Then they knocks me out again and brings me here. Next thing I know, you gentlemen's fetching me out from behind that sofa.

**Nobby:** I see .... Well, it's a remarkable story, Mr Heckmondwike ....

**Hector:** Yes, sir...

**Nobby:** And I suggest you forget every word of it.

**Hector:** Forget it, sir? But it's true!

**Nobby:** Nonsense! It's the most ridiculous story I've ever heard! P.C. Boot, once we've all had some tea, kindly take Miss Levray down to the police station. Our adventure will then be over.

**Charlie:** But don't I get to biff anyone?

**Nobby:** You can biff Huggins later. He's a servant. He's used to it.

**Charlie:** I say! How spiffing!

*Enter DAPHNE, with tea etc. on a tray.*

**Nobby:** That's awfully efficient of you, Miss Dynamo.

**Daphne:** I knew you'd like some tea. So I'd already made some.

**Nobby:** Excellent!

**Daphne:** But I see there is still one more guest who has yet to arrive.

**Nobby:** Really? I'm not expecting anyone.

**Daphne:** Ah, yes. Here he is now.

*There is a wardrobe upstage. Suddenly the door of the wardrobe opens and SPUD FERRET steps out, closing the door behind him.*

**Nobby:** Great Scott! What are you doing in my wardrobe?

**Charlie:** Never mind that! Just who the deuce are you? Come on, man! Speak up!

**Spud:** Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Ferret. Spud Ferret.

**Daphne:** Mr. Ferret lays claim to being the world's greatest detective.

**Charlie:** Oh, does he, indeed?

**Daphne:** Yes. I believe he is the ideal man to solve this mystery.

**Spud:** I'll do my best, madam.

**Count:** Spud Ferret? Isn't that rather a peculiar name?

**Spud:** That may be so, sir. However, as Miss Dynamo will tell you, I combine the hunting skills of the ferret with the handy versatility of the potato.

**Letitia:** Wait a moment! I have heard of this man!

**Count:** You have?

**Letitia:** Yes! He is widely known for his attempts to solve, among others, the case of the Stolen Diamonds and the case of the Disappearing Tea Towel!

**Count:** Suffering sauerkrauts! This is incredible!

**Letitia:** He is also widely regarded as the least successful detective of all time. Gentlemen, this man is a complete idiot.

**Nobby:** I see! Well, in that case, Mr. Ferret, it seems you are ideally qualified to solve this mystery! You are, I take it, in possession of all the facts?

**Spud:** Yes, sir. I've been in that wardrobe for the last three days.

**Charlie:** Good Lord! Why were you stuck in a wardrobe for three whole days?

**Spud:** Mainly because I couldn't find my way out.

**Nobby:** But you have, presumably, heard every word of our conversation?

**Spud:** Oh, yes, sir. I know exactly what's been going on.

**Nobby:** In that case, Ferret ....

*He looks at CHARLIE and SADHU and sniggers rather obviously.*

**Nobby:** In that case, you must tell us at once! Who kidnapped Hector Heckmondwike and stole the Hypergyrocopter?

**Spud:** Well, it's really very simple, sir.

**Charlie:** Blindingly obvious, I'd say ....

**Sadhu:** I say, Charlie, what about my sock?

**Spud:** Sock sir? What sock?

**Charlie:** Later, Jimmy, later.

**Spud:** You see, the first thing to consider is .... who would have a motive for committing such a terrible crime?

**Charlie:** Who, indeed?

*SPUD begins to pace up and down the room.*

**Spud:** First let us begin by eliminating P.C. Boot. He is an officer of the law and as such is above suspicion.

**P.C.Boot:** Thank you, sir.

**Spud:** And also Mr. Heckmondwike. This missing machine is his life's work. He is hardly likely to sell it to some gang of criminals.

**P.C.Boot:** You may be right, Mr Ferret, but he could have set the whole thing up. He could have pretended to be kidnapped and have secretly stolen the device himself.

**Spud:** I'm sorry constable. He had no need to steal it. It was already his.

**P.C.Boot:** Well, not exactly, sir ....

**Spud:** Please .... if I may continue? There is, of course, the infamous Count von Struwelburger. He is well known as an enemy of England and one who will stop at nothing ....

**Count:** It's my eyesight.

**Spud:** I beg your pardon, sir?

**Count:** It's my eyesight, Mr Ferret. It's not so good these days. That is why I stop at nothing.

*SPUD looks at him for a moment, puzzled, then continues.*

**Spud:** .... one who will stop at nothing to fulfil his desires. But the Count is also a patriotic man, entirely devoted to his beloved homeland of Amnesia. He would never do anything to bring shame upon his country.

**Count:** Precisely!

**P.C.Boot:** But everyone knows if Amnesia gets hold of these secret plans, they can build a bigger and better version of the 'copter .... one that will force us to surrender to them after a few short months! Isn't *that* why the Count is so

interested in stealing the machine?

**Spud:** I'm sorry, constable .... but do you mind? I am trying to solve a serious crime. Please stop interrupting!

**P.C.Boot:** All right, sir. Suit yourself.

**Spud:** Now what of the Count's compatriot, the delightful Miss Letitia Levray? Could she be the one who stole the Hypergyrocopter?

**Letitia:** Impossible. I cannot fly.

**Spud:** Exactly, miss. And in any case, you are far too helpless and beautiful. Women who do daring things like stealing helicopters are rather more robust than females of YOUR slender frame. They are always called Betty or Ingrid. And they normally wear overalls and carry a spanner in their pocket.

**Hector:** Huh! You're the spanner, mate. And she's definitely got YOU in her pocket.

**Spud:** I'm sorry, sir. You may be envious of my good looks and personality, but I really must insist that Letitia Levray is innocent.

**Letitia:** Then I really must insist on buying you dinner.

**Spud:** Thank you, madam.

**P.C.Boot:** Mr Ferret, if I might have a word in private?

**Spud:** Later, constable. I must first solve the mystery! Now, what of the manservant Huggins? He seems to spend most of his time dressing up in strange costumes.

**Count:** Indeed. He has insulted the Amnesian nation by wearing the national costume without permission!

**Nobby:** Well, Huggins? What have you to say for yourself?

**Huggins:** (*looks at watch*) Half past four. Time to put the kettle on.

*Exit HUGGINS.*

**Charlie:** Did you see that? He just walked straight out of the room!

**Spud:** That's quite all right, sir. I could do with a nice cup of tea.

**Count:** But Miss Dynamo has just *made* some tea, Mr Ferret! Don't you think that's rather suspicious?

**Spud:** I expect he's gone to change out of his costume. So as not to offend you, sir.

**Charlie:** So you don't think Huggins is a suspect?

**Spud:** On the contrary. He strikes me as a pretty decent sort really.

**P.C.Boot:** Then how do you explain the fact that when Mr. Heckmondwike woke up, he was confronted by a man dressed in a nurse's uniform?

**Spud:** That's simple. Mr Heckmondwike was suffering from concussion. He was seeing things.

**P.C.Boot:** Is that correct, Mr Heckmondwike?

**Hector:** Yeah. I've seen lots of things in my time. Things you'd never believe. And I'm looking at one right now.

**Spud:** Exactly, constable. Now may we continue?

**P.C.Boot:** I've got no choice really. It's either this, or standing under a blue lamp saying "Evening, all".

**Spud:** Right, then. Let us concentrate on the ladies.

**Charlie:** By Jove! A spiffing idea!

**Sadhu:** Yes, I'm still not convinced about Miss Levray. I mean, she came rushing in here and threw her arms around Huggins. Then she demanded that he hand over the secret plans!

**Spud:** Well, Miss Levray?

**Letitia:** Huggins will do anything I say. He is devoted to me.

**Count:** But you have never met this man in your life!

**P.C.Boot:** Aha! Then it WAS you, Miss Levray! You tried to pretend that Huggins had stolen the plans, when all the time it was really YOU!

**Letitia:** No, no! I insist! It was Archibald! My darling Archie! He thought of everything! Mm, I can't HELP loving that man of mine!

**Charlie:** I say! But he's only a servant!

**Letitia:** No matter! He is a greater man than any of you! Archie Huggins .... is a genius!

**Daphne:** What do you think, Mr. Ferret? Was it really Huggins who committed this terrible crime?

**Spud:** I don't know. We'll have to ask him when he comes back.

**Letitia:** You fools! He will NEVER come back! Even now he will be changing into his flying suit, prior to flying the Hypergyrocopter to our secret romantic location!

**P.C.Boot:** Well Mr. Ferret, it's pretty clear to me what's going on. I say we arrest Miss Levray and stop Huggins from making his escape.

**Spud:** I think you'd be making a serious mistake, P.C. Boot. Especially as I have already discovered the identity of the real criminal!

**P.C.Boot:** I thought you'd say that somehow ....

**Daphne:** Then, please! Tell us, Mr. Ferret! Tell us at once! Who stole the Hypergyrocopter?

**Nobby:** Yes, come on, old boy. The suspense is sending me to sleep.

**Spud:** Very well! Miss Levray is innocent .... because she was only obeying orders. Orders given to her by Huggins. But Huggins is also innocent, because I've already said so. And Miss Dynamo is also innocent .... otherwise she would never have asked me to solve the crime in the first place.

**Nobby:** Personally I'd say she's bound to be guilty. Asking YOU to take on the case would guarantee she would never be found out.

**Spud:** And in any case, there is a strong suspicion, in spite of her denials, that Miss Dynamo can predict the future .... in which case, she would already know that she was about to commit the crime and would therefore be able to stop herself from committing it!

**Daphne:** Why, that's brilliant!

**P.C.Boot:** No, it's not. It's pathetic.

**Nobby:** Oh, for heaven's sake, Ferret! Get on with it!

**Spud:** Very well. We are left with our three chief suspects. Mt. Nobbs .... Mr. Charles .... and this foreign-looking gentleman with the posh voice.

**Sadhu:** Carruthers, actually. Secret Service. Oops! I wasn't supposed to say that ....

**Charlie:** I say! You're a beastly spy!

**Sadhu:** But I'm on OUR side, old chap.

**Charlie:** Oh, that's all right, then. Biffed any foreigners lately?

**Sadhu:** Oh, hundreds.

**Charlie:** Good show! Jolly well done!

**Sadhu:** Thanks. I'm rather bucked about it, actually.

**Spud:** Exactly, sir. And that is your alibi. You can't have stolen the Hypergyrocopter. You have only just returned from abroad on official business.

**Sadhu:** Thanks awfully, Ferret.

**Spud:** And it can't have been you, Mr Nobbs.

**Charlie:** Why not?

**Spud:** Well, I think if I accuse you of anything, you're likely to biff me on the chin.

**Charlie:** I probably will anyway.

**Spud:** And in any case, we all know why you were thrown out of your squadron. Because you have never actually learned to fly an aeroplane!

**Charlie:** What! You bounder!

**Spud:** It was only after your fourteenth crash that they began to suspect something was wrong.

**Charlie:** Curses! I've been rumbled!

**Spud:** Therefore there is no way you could possibly have stolen the Hypergyrocopter!

**Charlie:** Right, Ferret! Prepare to be biffed!

**Nobby:** Steady on, Charlie. What about me, Mr Ferret?

**Spud:** You, sir? No, it couldn't possibly be you.

**Nobby:** And why not?

**Spud:** Well, sir .... you're simply too British.

**Nobby:** Yes. That's what I thought.

*A slight pause.*

**P.C.Boot:** Well, that's it, then, isn't it?

**Spud:** What do you mean?

**Daphne:** Oh dear, Mr Ferret. It looks as if you've eliminated all the suspects.

**Spud:** Yes, Miss Dynamo. All except one.

**Daphne:** And who might that be.

**Spud:** The person who threw this lethal typewriter into the room not ten minutes ago!

**Count:** Scintillating Schnitzels! You mean Helga!

**Spud:** Yes! Helga! Even now she is probably halfway to Amnesia in the Hypergyrocopter! I'm afraid we are already to late!

*Enter HUGGINS in overalls, flying helmet, flying boots and goggles.*

**Huggins:** (to Nobby) Right, Mr Charles. I'm all set.

**Nobby:** Not now, you fool!

**Huggins:** The fuel tank's full and we're ready for a quick getaway.

**Nobby:** Shut up, you idiot! Be quiet!

**Huggins:** But I've got the plans! The Hypergyrocopter's waiting outside!

**Nobby:** Huggins! Will you shut up!

**Huggins:** There's only one problem. That Helga woman. She just ran off. Looking really angry.

**Spud:** Ah, yes. She will have overheard me accusing her of stealing the plans and the Hypergyrocopter. Losing her temper and running off like that has served only to confirm her guilt!

**Count:** You fools! You should never have made her angry! Now there is no telling WHAT she will do!

*FX: A loud explosion. The lights flash off and on rapidly. Bits of debris flutter from the ceiling. An old tyre flies through the air and lands on the stage.*

**Spud:** And now it seems she has just destroyed the evidence.

**Charlie:** I say! How beastly!

**Spud:** And that can mean only one thing.

**Daphne:** What's that, Mr Ferret?

**Spud:** Without any evidence, Helga can never be brought to trial.

**P.C.Boot:** You mean you STILL think Helga committed the crime?

**Spud:** Of course I do. I've just proved it by a logical process of deduction.

**Daphne:** Yes, P.C. Boot. He's not the world's greatest detective for nothing, you know.

**Count:** But perhaps you have a different theory, P.C. Boot?

**P.C.Boot:** Yes, I do, actually, sir.

**Count:** Then I would very much like to hear it. If only that I may prove my dear Helga innocent.

**P.C.Boot:** Very well. In my opinion it's not Helga who is guilty. It is all of you.

*A collective gasp of surprise is heard.*

**P.C.Boot:** Except you, of course, Miss Dynamo. You only arrived this morning. Although I DO believe you are not who you say you are.

**Daphne:** Really? Well, thank you, anyway.

**Spud:** And what about me? Am I also some sort of criminal mastermind?

**P.C.Boot:** I hardly think so, sir. But everyone else in this room is definitely guilty.

**Daphne:** Really, P.C. Boot? Do continue.

**P.C.Boot:** Thank you, miss. It's really very simple. You will remember that Mr. Charles told Mr. Heckmondwike to forget everything he'd seen. Just as if it had never happened.

**Hector:** But I WASN'T seeing things!

**P.C.Boot:** Indeed not, sir. ALL of these people approached you at different times in an attempt to steal the Hypergyrocopter. Each of them tried to throw you off the scent, to make us put the blame on someone else.

**Daphne:** Yes, constable! You're absolutely right!

**Spud:** (to DAPHNE) Just a minute! Whose side are you on?

**P.C.Boot:** And when they thought their plan would be discovered, the Count left instructions with Helga to destroy the machine!

**Daphne:** And what signal did he give?

**P.C.Boot:** When Helga threw the typewriter at him, because he did not immediately throw it back, she knew she had to destroy the Hypergyrocopter at an opportune moment!

**Daphne:** And what about Huggins?

**P.C.Boot:** Well, yes .... he did rather give the game away.

**Huggins:** (to NOBBY) Ready for take off now, sir.

**Nobby:** No, Huggins. I don't think so.

**Huggins:** No, sir. These clothes. I'm ready to take them off.

**Nobby:** Yes, Huggins. All in good time.

**Daphne:** So you do all confess to this crime?

**Nobby:** Of course we do! How can we deny it?

**Sadhu:** Not so fast, old boy. Before they cart you off to the clink - what about that blinking sock you owe me?

**P.C.Boot:** Sock, sir?

**Charlie:** Never mind his blasted sock! I'll biff you on the chin if you come near me!

**Sadhu:** (to *NOBBY*) Come on! Let's see that sock!

**P.C.Boot:** Very good, sir.

*He biffs CHARLIE on the chin. CHARLIE falls over in a heap and lies unconscious.*

**Count:** Just a moment, constable! Were you not aware that "sock" is a special word, used only by Old Etonians? It refers to the sweets consumed by children, to what the average public schoolboy knows as tuck!

**P.C.Boot:** I knew that perfectly well, sir. I was a pupil at Eton myself.

**Count:** Good heavens! Was it a scholarship?

**P.C.Boot:** No sir. A typing error.

**Sadhu:** Then why on earth did you biff him on the chin when I said "sock"?

**P.C.Boot:** Gentlemen, you are now aware of that well known expression "the long arm of the law". Would anyone else like a demonstration?

**Count:** No, no! It's all right! We'll come quietly!

**Letitia:** I have one last request. After I am found guilty, please send me to Strangeways.

**P.C.Boot:** Strangeways? But that's a MEN'S prison!

**Letitia:** Precisely.

**P.C.Boot:** And what about you, Huggins!

**Huggins:** I believe that prison uniform's quite trendy, sir. I'm quite looking forward to a change of clothes.

**Nobby:** Huggins!

**Huggins:** Yes, sir, prison sounds like great fun. I can't wait.

**Daphne:** Indeed, Huggins, you will not have to wait very long. Nor will any of you. Even now the house is surrounded by the police. An ambulance waits to attend to Mr. Heckmondwike's injuries. P.C. Boot, will you kindly escort everyone outside?

**P.C.Boot:** Certainly, miss. But how did you manage to organise everything? How were you so sure I would solve the mystery?

**Daphne:** Because, P.C. Boot, for the last six months, I have been watching your every move on behalf of British Intelligence! You are clearly the country's most intelligent policeman!

**P.C.Boot:** Why, thank you, miss.

**Daphne:** And now His Majesty's Government would like you to take on the most difficult job of your career!

**P.C.Boot:** You don't mean ....?

**Daphne:** Yes! We would like you to be .... the policeman who stands outside Number Ten Downing Street!

**P.C.Boot:** I am deeply honoured, Miss Dynamo. But with respect, I still have one

other difficult task left to perform ....

**Daphne:** Which is ....?

**P.C.Boot:** Trying to arrest Helga. (*He holds up the gun*). And I think I'm going to need THIS.

**Count:** No, no, my friend. Do not shoot her. You will only make her annoyed.

**P.C.Boot:** Even so I must try. I must do it for Britain! For freedom! Anyway I need the overtime.

**Daphne:** Very well, P.C. Boot. Take these people away. Now .... goodbye .... and good luck!

*All except SPUD and DAPHNE exit. P.C. BOOT ushers them out, NOBBY getting CHARLIE to his feet and helping him off. Their exit is accompanied by the strains of "The Dam Busters" march.*

**Daphne:** Well, Mr Ferret, it looks like you came to the wrong conclusion.

**Spud:** Not at all, Miss Dynamo. If I had not embarked on my investigation, the real culprit would never have been discovered!

**Daphne:** Hmm. Perhaps you're right. Perhaps, in a strange sort of way, you really ARE the world's greatest detective. It's remarkable, really. I don't know how you do it.

**Spud:** Well, Miss Dynamo, as I always say, you have to expect the unexpected ....

*FX: A loud explosion offstage. Smoke billows into the room. All the lights go out.*

**Daphne:** Oh, no! What's happened?

**Spud:** Don't worry, Miss Dynamo. It's just strange climatic phenomenon known as night time.

**Daphne:** I think not, Mr Ferret. I think our friend Helga may still be at large.

**Spud:** In that case, there is one thing we must do immediately.

**Daphne:** And what's that?

**Spud:** Run for our lives!

*They run off. Various loud bangs and screams are heard offstage.*

**THE END**















