

Selsdon Mowbray (Burglar)

50

NOISES OFF

SELSDON. We're obviously thinking along the same lines.

(Exit SELSDON through the window.)

LLOYD. Am I putting him on or is he putting me on? Right, Freddie, from your exit.

PHILIP. *(Flapping the tax demand.)* I've heard of people getting stuck with a *problem*, but this is ridiculous.

(Exit PHILIP into downstairs bathroom.)

Enter BURGLAR as before, but on time.)

Start //

BURGLAR. No bars, no burglar alarms. They ought to be prosecuted for incitement. *(He climbs in.)* No, but sometimes it makes me want to sit down and weep. When I think I used to do banks! When I remember I used to do bullion vaults! What am I doing now? I'm breaking into paper bags! So what are they offering? *(He peers at the television.)* One microwave oven. *(He unplugs it and puts it on the sofa.)* What? Fifty quid? Hardly worth lifting it. *(He inspects the paintings and ornaments.)* Junk ... Junk... If you insist... *(He pockets some small item.)* Where's his desk? No, they all say the same thing... They all say the same thing...

SELSDON. Yes? Line?

POPPY. *(Off.)* 'It's hard to adjust to retirement.'

SELSDON. What?

LLOYD. *(Wearily.)* 'It's hard to adjust to retirement.'

SELSDON. Hard to what?

OTHERS. *(Variously, off.)* 'Adjust to retirement.'

SELSDON. It's also very hard to hear if everyone talks at once.

(Exit BURGLAR into the study.)

Enter ROGER from the service quarters, followed by MRS. CLACKETT, who is holding another plate of sardines.)

ROGER. ... And the prospective tenant naturally wishes to know if there is any previous history of paranormal phenomena.

MRS. CLACKETT. Oh, yes, dear, it's all nice and paranormal.

~~(Exit MRS. CLACKETT into the service quarters.)~~

~~ROGER. Vicki! Vicki!~~

~~(Exit ROGER into the mezzanine bathroom.~~

~~Enter BURGLAR from the study, carrying an armful of silver cups, etc.)~~

In **BURGLAR.** No, I miss the violence. I miss having other human beings around to terrify...

~~(He dumps the silverware on the sofa, and exits into the study.
Enter ROGER from mezzanine bathroom.)~~

~~ROGER. Where's she gone? Vicki?~~

~~(Exit ROGER into the linen cupboard.)~~

~~Enter BURGLAR from the study, carrying PHILIP's box and bag. He empties the contents of the box out behind the sofa, and loads the silverware into the box.)~~

In **BURGLAR.** It's nice to hear a bit of shouting and screaming around you. All this silence gets you down...

~~(Enter ROGER from the linen cupboard, still holding the sardines.)~~

~~ROGER. (Calls.) Vicki! Vicki!~~

~~(Exit ROGER into the bedroom.)~~

In **BURGLAR.** I'm going to end up talking to myself... **// Stop**

~~(Exit the BURGLAR into study, unaware of ROGER.~~

~~Enter PHILIP from the downstairs bathroom. His right hand is still stuck to the tax demand, his left to the plate of sardines.)~~

~~PHILIP. Darling, this stuff that eats through anything. It eats through trousers! (He examines holes burnt in the front of them.) Dar-~~