



# Around The World In 80 Days - The Panto

by Dave Crump

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## **Characters:**

<b>Saturn Nirvana:</b>	Female - Fairy Sat-Nav for short. Good fairy, an immortal in the panto tradition. She is St Christopher's representative on earth and looks after any unsuspecting travellers. She helps Fogg on his way throughout.
<b>Gringeworthy:</b>	Male - The Baddie and Governor of the Bank of England. Fogg's so-called friend who makes the bet, then attempts to thwart his plan by setting the police on his trail.
<b>Passpartout:</b>	Male or Female, audience participation character in the 'Buttons' style. He is French. He is nice but dim, fiercely loyal to his master but he frightens easily.
<b>Amanda Cook:</b>	Male - The Dame. Typical panto dame she is after any man she can get. She is Fogg's travel agent, and tour rep and constantly pops up along the way to 'help'.
<b>Surfina:</b>	Female - Principal Girl – she is an Egyptian beauty who captures Fogg's heart.
<b>Phileas Fogg:</b>	Female - Principal Boy – Fogg is quiet and reserved, stoic but heroic when needed. A typical English gentleman who comes over as pompous, but has a strong sense of right and wrong.
<b>Fix and Break:</b>	Male - Comedy Double Act – they are two inept policemen of 'The Yard' they pursue Fogg around the world under the instruction of Gringeworthy. Constable Fix is the idiot of the pairing but Sergeant Break gives him a run for his money.
<b>BBC Correspondent:</b>	Female – The BBC correspondent in each place Fogg visits – she is an intrepid roving reporter, the same actress in each case but in a different local outfit and hat.

## **Small Speaking Parts in each location:**

<b>Nobby the Knit</b>	The bank robbers' accomplice and lookout.
<b>Three Cockneys:</b>	Cockneys in opening scene
<b>Thompson:</b>	A member of the Reform Club, a gentleman about town and friend of Phileas Fogg.
<b>Flannagan:</b>	A member of the Reform Club, a gentleman about town and friend of Phileas Fogg. Fogg's whist partner.
<b>Pirate Captain:</b>	The leader of a ruthless band of pirates.
<b>Helena Carter:</b>	British Archaeologist working in Egypt.
<b>Indian Maharina:</b>	Well educated wife of the Maharaja of Bombay, speaks with a posh British accent.
<b>Dalai Lama:</b>	Mystical and worldly-wise leader of Nepal.
<b>Abominable Snowman:</b>	Shaggy and scary, but secretly a softy.
<b>Rusty Spoke:</b>	Typical wild western cowboy, the stagecoach driver.
<b>General Custer:</b>	The hero of the Little Bighorn, an arrogant cavalry officer.
<b>Captain Speedy:</b>	Steamship captain
<b>Father:</b>	Surfina's father.

## **Chorus:**

Inhabitants of every corner of the globe and some of the edges. London gents, beggars and townsfolk, Parisians, pirates, Egyptians, sherpas, Native Americans, cowboys, cavalry men.

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

### Act 1

- Scene 1 – London, 1872, Reform Club exterior.
- Scene 2 – The dockside.
- Scene 3 – Outside a cafe in Paris.
- Scene 4 – Through the Suez Canal.
- Scene 5 – A market in Cairo.
- Scene 6 – Tabs ‘The Immortals’.
- Scene 7 – The Maharaja’s Palace Bombay.
- Scene 8 – The foothills of the Himalayas.
- Scene 9 – On top of Mount Everest.

### Act 2

- Scene 1 – A street in Hong Kong.
- Scene 2 – A ship bound for Alaska.
- Scene 3 – A street in San Francisco.
- Scene 4 – The stagecoach to Sacramento.
- Scene 5 – The Cherokee Camp.
- Scene 6 – A raft in the Atlantic.
- Scene 7 – London, outside the Reform Club.
- Scene 8 – Community Song.
- Walkdown

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

These songs are suggestions that have been selected as they fit the story. However, subject to copyright restrictions, you may choose any appropriate songs you wish. Note that consideration should always be given to how the song fits into the dialogue and **minor** changes to introduce the song should be made if necessary.

### ACT 1

1. It's a Fine Life – Company.
2. Don't Rain on My Parade – Fogg & Passpartout & Company.
3. One Way or Another – Gringeworthy, Fix and Break.
4. Professional Pirate – Pirate Captain & Passpartout & Company.
5. Night Boat to Cairo – Company.
6. You Belong to Me – Surfina.
7. When You're Good to Mama – Amanda.
8. Come Fly With Me – Fogg and Company.

### ACT 2

9. Mad Dogs and Englishmen – BBC Reporter and Company.
10. Around the World – Fogg and Surfina.
11. Just Haven't Met You Yet – Passpartout and Surfina.
12. I'm an Indian Too – Fix & Break & Company.
13. A Foggy Day in London Town – Fogg.
14. Walking on Sunshine – Company.
15. Community Song.
16. Walkdown .

## Act 1

### Scene 1 – London, Street Scene – Reform Club Exterior

*Wednesday October 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1872 – 5pm. The scene is a bustling Victorian London Street, it is the outside of the Reform Club, a typical grand Victorian building and home to the most exclusive Gentlemen's club in England. Londoners are going about their business, a wheel seller, a flower girl and 'Toffs' in top hats, promenade with ladies on their arm. A ragtag band of Cockneys, ladies of the night and beggars make up the opening chorus.*

#### SONG1: It's a Fine Life - Company

*Nobby runs across the stage behind them, he is carrying some knitting, he is dressed as a typical burglar, black cap, black eye mask, striped top, etc. He is chased by Fix and Break. They run across upstage and exit*

Cockney 1: *(Reading paper)* 'Ere, there's been a robbery at the Bank of England!

Cockney 2: What did they nick?

Cockney 1: Twenty thousand pounds.

Cockney 2: *(Taking the paper)* It says here that the villain is tall with a top hat. That narrows it down.

Cockney 3: And he had an accomplice, a little fella with a stripy top and a bag marked 'swag'.

Cockney 1: What a cunning disguise.

*They blend into the crowd who gradually disperse. Nobby runs on again still carrying his knitting, chased around the stage by Fix and Break, they stop for a rest all exhausted. Passpartout enters opposite side – Nobby exits as Passpartout bumps into Fix and Break.*

Fix: What d'you think you're doin'?

Break: Obstructing an officer in the course of his duties Constable Fix, very serious

Passpt: Sorry, I was just...

Fix: Arguing with a police officer Sergeant Break, dear dear.

Passpt: I wouldn't argue with someone as intelligent as you officer.

Break: That's where you're wrong sonny, you see Constable Fix here is an idiot.

Fix: Lucky for you we're chasing Nobby The Knit - the Bank of England robber.

Break: And we were delayed trying to get our flashing blue light to work.

Fix: Well it did, then it didn't, then it did, then it didn't.

Passpt: Shouldn't you be getting after him?

Break: Blimey you're right – which way did he go?

Fix: Did he go that way?

Audience: No!

Fix: Did he go this way?

Audience: Yes!

Break: I'll radio control. (*Speaking into radio*) Control this is Sergeant Break, Nobby the Knit has run down Holdme Close and is turning left into Letsbe Avenue.

Fix: I haven't run like this since I got stuck in a revolving door with Usain Bolt (*or other well known athlete*).

*They exit at a run*

Passpt: Wow, my first day in London and I'm already in trouble! Oh hello – what are you doing here? I said hello. (*Audience respond*) That's better. I've come to London to find a job – I'm a valet you see, that's like a gentleman's personal assistant. Oh I should introduce myself – my name is Passpartout Fillupayogob, it's a bit of a mouthful isn't it? My mother was English and my father was French so I'm half English, half coward. I'm new in town and I'm a bit lonely. I know, will you be my friends? (*Audience respond*) You will? Great! Then when I come on I'll shout 'hello folks' – and will you shout 'Hello Passpartout'? You will? Great, let's try it (*Repeat till the audience are replying with Gusto!*). Brilliant, thanks kids - and the moms and dads weren't bad either. I'd better get on with the job hunting – see you later! Bye!

*Passpartout exits. Thompson enters, Flannagan enters opposite side. They are both smart Victorian gents about town.*

Flannagan: Morning Thompson!

Thompson: Flannagan – the Reform Club's finest card table awaits us.

Flannagan: Was your wife happy for you to join our Bridge club?

Thompson: Oh yes, she just wants to know when I jump off.

Flannagan: Just waiting for our partners, I wonder what's keeping Gringeworthy.

Thompson: Not the best day to be Governor of the Bank of England is it?

Flannagan: Jolly glad I'm only the assistant manager!

Thompson: Here he is now.

*Gringeworthy enters s.l., an old woman is hot on his heels.*

Gringe: Stop bothering me.

Old woman: Mr Gringeworthy, has all our money been stolen?

Gringe: Make an appointment to see me at the bank.

Old woman: Can you just check my balance?

*He pushes her over.*

Gringe: You're balance is hopeless, now be off with you.

Thompson: Gringeworthy – as benevolent as ever!

Gringe: Ever since the robbery at the bank, I've had these irritating poor people nagging me about their meagre savings. *(Imitating them)* Oh Mr Gringeworthy what are we to do? Idiots!

Thompson: You can both tell me all about this robbery over our game of cards.

Gringe: Yes, I need a place to lay low I mean, I need to get away, *(hurriedly)* from the old desk, for an hour you know.

Flannagan: We're just waiting on our fourth - Phileas Fogg.

Thompson: Not like Fogg to be late, he's the most punctual man in England!

*Fogg enters*

Thompson: Ah – right on cue.

Gringe: Fogg! What kept you?

Fogg: My valet drowned this morning in the washing machine.

Flannagan: Goodness!

Thompson: At least he died in comfort.

Fogg: It made me eight seconds late for my train. For once I had reason to curse the amazing punctuality of British Rail, the pride of the Empire.

Thompson: I doubt they're as punctual in far flung regions of the Empire Fogg?



Fogg: On the contrary (*He opens a newspaper*) According to The Telegraph, with the opening of the cross-Indian rail line the entire globe can now be circumnavigated in a few months.

Flannagan: How long exactly?

Fogg: (*Reading*) Seventy nine days, twenty three hours and fourteen minutes.

Gringe: Eighty days? Impossible! I'd bet twenty thousand pounds you couldn't do it!

Fogg: I accept your challenge.

Flannagan: That's half your entire fortune!

Fogg: Don't trouble yourself Flannagan – I am going to win! And what's more I'm going to donate my winnings to the orphanage.

Gringe: I hate orphans even more than poor people, always running round the streets making the place look untidy.

Flannagan: So if you win what will you do?

Gringe: I'm a banker - I'll spend some on wine, women and gambling – and probably waste the rest.

Thompson: When do you intend to start?

Fogg: At once.

Flannagan: But you have no companion, no servant!

Thompson: It would be impossible alone.

*Passpartout enters looking at a newspaper absent mindedly.*

Passpt: Hello folks!

Fogg: I suppose you're right. What I require is someone in need of a position at very short notice.

*Passpartout bumps into him.*

Passpt: Apologies, I was distracted on account of how I am looking for a position at very short notice.

Fogg: I need a valet.

Passpt: I'm your man - I've got an NVQ.

Flannagan: What's that?

Passpt: Not very qualified.

Fogg: You'll have to do - what's your name?

Passpt: Passpartout.

Fogg: Capital!

Passpt: P

Fogg: No time to waste - you are to accompany me on a trip around the entire globe in eighty days with limited resources, no ticket and no idea of the route.

Passpt: I see.

Fogg: Gentlemen it is 5.00pm, Wednesday the second of October 1872. I will meet you here in exactly eighty days – which will be Passpartout?

Passpt: *(Thinking for a moment)* December 21st 4.58pm. I'll keep track of our time on this watch, it was my grandfather's and never loses a minute.

Fogg: Excellent, we'll grab a few things, buy a ticket and we're off!

Thompson: It's Impossible!

Flannagan: You'll never do it!

Fogg: Gentlemen, if I agreed with you we'd both be wrong.

## **SONG 2: Don't Rain on My Parade – Fogg and Passpartout (and Company)**

*Flannagan and Thompson shake Fogg's hand. Fogg and Passpartout exit. Flannagan and Thompson exit opposite side. Gringeworthy steps down to stage left into spotlight.*

Gringe: So! Fogg thinks he's going to win the bet does he? Around the world in eighty days, why I'll see that he doesn't get eighty miles!

*Fairy Sat Nav enters Stage right.*

Sat Nav: I wouldn't count on that Grumpy Drawers.

Gringe: I beg your pardon?

Sat Nav: I'm here to help our brave travellers in their adventure.

Gringe: Who on earth are you?

Sat Nav: Actually I'm not from Earth. I am a supernatural spirit.

Gringe: Well I never touch spirits, whatever your name is.

Sat Nav: I am Saint Christopher's right-hand woman. My name is Fairy Saturn Nirvana – Sat Nav for short. I take care of travellers everywhere but especially ones doing it for a good cause.

Gringe: A good cause! Ha! The orphanage? I'd lock 'em in the workhouse and throw away the key.

Sat Nav: You're a terrible heartless money grabber.

Gringe: No - I'm a very good heartless money grabber, I'm so greedy I even robbed my own bank!

Sat Nav: What? You'll never get away with it.

Gringe: Oh but I will, we live in a world where pizza gets to your house quicker than the police.

Sat Nav: Me and the boys and girls will stop you – won't we?

Audience: Yes!

Gringe: Ha! I've got the loot from the robbery and now I'm going to win another twenty thousand off Phileas Fogg. I will win won't I? (*Oh no you wont! From audience*) Oh yes I will (*Repeat*) Oh shut up, you pathetic excuse for an audience! Never mind the orphans, if I have my way – you lot will end up in the workhouse too! Ha ha ha! (*exits*).

Sat Nav: Goodness me boys and girls – he's a right baddie isn't he? I said – he's a right baddie isn't he? (*Audience respond*) That's better – don't forget to boo and hiss when he comes on. I wonder - will you help me? You will? Great. Well whenever someone says that they don't know the way, all you have to do is shout for me – got that? Remember, when they say 'I don't know the way' you shout 'Sat Nav!! Got it? Right let's get our friends started, and I know just the person they need to see! Wish me luck! Bye!

*Lights back up on stage. Fix and Break enter with Nobby who they were chasing at the start of the scene, he is still carrying his knitting.*

Fix: Gotcha! I think this is our man Sarge!

Break: Try not to think Constable, you know it hurts your head. (*To Nobby*) Now then Nobby, you were seen, outside the Bank of England, at the reins of the getaway cart.

Fix: Ready to roar away in a cloud of dust, manure and knitting needles.

Break: You'll get life for this.

Fix: Or longer.

Break: What was your part in the caper?

*Gringe enters.*

Nobby: Lookout.

Fix: I see.

*He hits them.*

Nobby: I told you to look out!

*Fix and Break see Gringeworthy and snap to attention. While they are distracted Nobby makes a run for it and exits.*

Gringe: Fix and Break – just the men!

Fix: We can't stop, Mr Governor sir.

Break: We spotted the robber and are in hot pursuit.

Fix: I'm very hot in my suit.

Break: We followed him driving along in the getaway cart, knitting he was – while driving.

Fix: I shouted 'pullover'.

Break: And he said, no – it's a pair of socks.

Gringe: That's not your man.

Fix: Why not?

Gringe: I have a hunch.

Break: I didn't like to mention that sir.

Gringe: The robber is none other than Phileas Fogg.

Fix: Bilious who?

Gringe: Fogg.

Break: I can see it all so clearly now – Fogg.

Fix: The bloke who's just announced he's off round the world in eighty days?

Gringe: News travels fast.

Fix: It's on your twitter feed.

Break: Oh yes sir – we've always followed you. You're a complete twit sir.

Gringe: The trip is an elaborate ruse.

Fix: A halibut what?

Break: Roux, it's like a sauce.

Fix: Why is he going around the world with a halibut Roux?

Gringe: I want you to trace him for me.

*Break passes Fix some tracing paper and a pencil from his pocket*

Gringe: What's that?

Break: Tracing paper and pencil sir.

Gringe: I mean get after him.

Fix: You know my father tried to walk around the world once.

Break: How did he get on?

Fix: He drowned.

Gringe: If you hurry you could still grab him before he leaves England – he'll be at the port by now.

Fix: I could do with a drink myself.

Break: Oh yes, it's a tough job being a policeman these days. So many things have changed – violence, drunkenness, attacks on the defenceless, obscene language.

Fix: And the criminals are no better.

Gringe: If you don't manage to grab Fogg before he sets sail, follow on the next boat and arrest him when he lands in France.

Break: Can't do that sir, it's outside of our jury, juris...

Fix: He's having problems with his diction.

Break: That's it – jurisdiction.

Fix: We can't arrest him unless he's on British territory.

Break: And only with a warrant which has to be sent from England.

Gringe: The bank is offering a two thousand pound reward, it's yours if you capture him.

Fix: In that case we're your men!

Break: Crikey Constable Fix, that's five hundred pounds each!

Fix: Oooooo!

Gringe: Have you ever heard anything make such a ridiculous sound? I mean what goes Ooooo? Oooooo?

Fix: A cow with no lips.

Break: Don't worry sir, we'll get your man one way or another.

**SONG 3: One Way or Another – Gringeworthy, Fix and Break.**

Gringe: Just get after him!

*Fix and Break exit.*

Gringe: *(To audience)* Ha! I'll win the wager, and Fogg will be ruined – oh and everyone will think I've also solved the bank robbery - a triple whammy! Ha! *(Audience boo!)*

*He exits s.l. – as Fogg and Passpartout enter opposite side.*

Passpt: Hello folks! *(Audience respond).*

Fogg: Right Passpartout, I have my carpet bag ready.

Passpt: Must be a small carpet.

Fogg: Here *(Passes him the bag which is obviously really heavy, Passpartout struggles under the weight).*

Passpt: It's a bit heavy.

Fogg: *(Putting in a torch)* I'll put this torch in, that should lighten your load.

Passpt: What will we do for money?

Fogg: I have deposited half my fortune to cover the wager, and the rest is here in my bag.

Passpt: But that's everything you've got. What if you lose?

Fogg: I'll still have enough to last me the rest of my life – as long as I don't buy anything.

Passpt: All we need now are two tickets for France.

Fogg: I wonder where the nearest travel agency is?

Passpt: I don't know the way *(to audience)* I said 'I don't know the way' *(encourages them to shout for the Sat-Nav)*.

Audience: Sat-Nav!

*Fairy Sat-Nav enters and gives the audience a big wink and a thumbs up.*

Fogg: I say, could you give us some directions?

Sat Nav: Please state your destination.

Fogg: Nearest Travel Agent?

Sat Nav: Continue on this route and she will appear! *(She waves her wand)* Well done kids *(exits)*.

*Amanda enters, she is dressed in a uniform of a travel agent/ holiday rep.*

Amanda: Did I hear someone saying they wanted to buy a ticket? You've come to the right girl.

Fogg: Girl?

Amanda: I am Amanda Cook, the finest travel agent this side of Erdington *(Some local place)*. You might have heard of my husband Thomas? He passed away recently.

Fogg: How did he die?

Amanda: Twenty eight bumps on the head – they found him hanging from a piece of elastic.

Passpt: You must miss him?

Amanda: Yes, I've preserved his room just how he left it, while I work out how to make it look like suicide.

Fogg: No-one would blame him.

Amanda: So I'm available. *(Cuddling up to Fogg)* You know you look a lot like my next boyfriend.

Fogg: I doubt that very much.

Amanda: What do you like most about me, my pretty face or my sexy body?

Fogg: You're sense of humour.

Passpt: We're looking for advice on a trip.

Amanda: Look no further, I've been all over the world – Walsall, Kingstanding, Tamworth (*All local places*).

Passpt: (*Gasps*) Tamworth!

Amanda: Yes, it's like Mogadishu with a Morrisons.

Fogg: We need round the world tickets.

Amanda: One way?

Fogg: Good grief.

Amanda: (*Passes him a guidebook*) Here's a guidebook, it's full of useless information.

Passpt: (*Reading it*) Look there's a beauty contest on - Miss Bridlington, Miss Swansea, Miss Birmingham.

Amanda: That's the chapter on places to avoid.

Fogg: France first?

Amanda: Eurostar?

Fogg: Well I expect I'll be in the papers, but I'm no Russell Brand (*any well known celebrity*).

Amanda: We'll stick to the ferry - my favourite type – roll on roll off. (*She notices the audience*) Ooh hello? It's rent-a-crowd. What happened? Has Gala chucked out early? I'm Amanda and I help travellers with their little needs. (*To Fogg seductively*) do you have any little needs?

Fogg: None that I wish to discuss with you madam.

Amanda: Please yourself. (*To audience*) Are you coming along on the trip too? Oh good - now there might be a chance we'll be taking a flight later so I've got some sweeties here – they're to suck so that your ears don't go pop. Would you like one? (*Throws out sweeties*) Now don't forget if you drop one, blame it on the person next to you. And if you drop a sweet make sure you pick the fluff off before you eat it – 'cause we had a dog show in this afternoon.

(*They all help throw out the sweets*)



Fogg: Madame – please! Can we get cracking?

Amanda: He's not backwards in coming forwards is he?

Passpt: Tickets?

Amanda: Oh yes.

*She claps her hands and Sat Nav brings on two very large tickets.*

Sat Nav: Two tickets for Paris.

Amanda: Such a sweet girl, no idea where she came from but she's very useful.

Fogg: They're very large.

Amanda: How nice of you to say so. Now, do you know how to get hold of me if you have any problems?

Fogg: No.

Amanda: Good.

Sat Nav: Cooks Travel Agency is ATOL protected.

Fogg: What does that mean?

Amanda: A. T. O. L. it stands for 'Amanda Takes Over Locally' – I'll be wherever there's trouble.

Sat Nav: She's usually causing it.

Amanda: We're always on the end of the phone – so I'm afraid it'll be engaged.

Fogg: I'm sure we won't need your help.

Amanda: In that case if the phone doesn't ring I know it'll be you. Best of luck! Bye kids! *(exits)*.

Fogg: Come along Passpartout – our adventure begins!

*Fogg slaps his thigh and exits, Passpartout copies him and exits limping badly.*

Sat Nav: So we've got them started. Do you think they'll make it? I said do you think they'll make it? *(Audience shout yes!)* Great. And don't forget to shout me whenever they don't know the way. *(Exit)*

## Scene 2 – The Docks

*Tabs. Fogg and Passpartout enter s.l. and run across the stage.*

Passpt: Hello folks! (*Audience respond*) Hurry sir, we have only a moment before she sails!

Fogg: That Amanda's still chasing me, I think it's her idea of speed dating.

*They exit at a run s.r. Gringeworthy enters s.l.*

Gringe: I've arranged to meet those two nincompoops Fix and Break here at the docks, hopefully they already have Fogg in their grasp!

*Fix and Break enter, Break is carrying two suitcases wrapped up in xmas paper.*

Gringe: Where's Fogg? Don't tell me you've lost him?

Fix: Do you want me to write it down?

Break: We couldn't follow Fogg sir until we'd wrapped up our other cases (*Fix shows the cases*)

Fix: We've still not caught Nobby the Knit sir.

Break: It's wasn't just the bank sir, he's suspected of a string of crimes, and is always seen knitting.

Fix: We think he's following some sort of pattern.

Gringe: Are you policemen or comedians?

Fix: I know a joke about a policeman. Do you want to hear it?

Gringe: No.

Fix: It's the one about the copper who every night walks down this street banging his truncheon on the railings, ding ding ding ding. Have you heard it?

Gringe: No

Fix: Well he's not been down your street yet.

Gringe: Are you a complete idiot?

Break: No he's got some bits missing.

Gringe: Fogg will have sailed by now - I can't trust you two to get this right. I'll have to come with you, there's another boat in an hour.

Fix: Right oh. We'll nab him in Paris

Gringe: But you said – he had to be on British soil.

Break: We've had an idea about that

Gringe: Must have been beginners' luck.

Break: Show him Constable.

*Fix gets out a bag of soil*

Gringe: What's that?

Break: British soil sir.

Fix: All we've got to do is get him to stand on this and we can arrest him.

Gringe: Good grief.

Break: We used a similar technique to catch a gang of burglars by getting them to step into wet concrete.

Fix: They were hardened criminals.

Gringe: Never mind that. Look, the first time he'll be in British territory will be the Suez canal. A warrant is already on its way to the embassy in Cairo. Now come on – we have a boat to catch.

*Blackout*

### Scene 3 – Outside a Café in Paris

*A Parisian Street. The Eiffel Tower is in the distance. There is a little café table with two chairs set d.s. BBC Correspondent enters, she has a beret, large glasses, a typical French dress/scarf and a microphone with BBC in large letters on it.*

BBC: Hello and welcome to BBC news. Phileas Fogg has arrived safely here in Paris on the first leg of his record breaking attempt around the world. We'll be keeping you up to date with his progress from all our correspondents in far flung places, if only to justify the licence fee. Two days down, seventy eight to go. This is Julie Verne. BBC French correspondent (*exits*).

*Passpartout and Fogg enter opposite side.*

Passpt: Hello folks! First leg successfully completed, a two hour train from London, a three hour ferry, and nine hours to get our passports stamped - 'France'.

Fogg: Things really are so much easier since Brexit. Now, we have a little time before our connection.

Passpt: Ah yes, the French connection.

Fogg: Train to Italy then a boat across to the Suez canal and Cairo.

Passpt: Ooh, can we stop at Venice?

Fogg: I went there once, place was completely flooded.

*They sit at the café table.*

Fogg: Garçon?

*Fix and Break enter dressed as French waiters*

Passpt: Do you speak French sir?

Fogg: Not really - although, I once went out to dinner and ordered everything in French and surprised everybody.

Passpt: Why?

Fogg: It was a Chinese restaurant.

Fix: Bonjour, Bonjour, Bonjour.

Fogg: What did he say?

Passpt: Hello hello hello.

Fogg: I heard you the first time.

Break: Ce qui est tout cela alors?

Passpt: What's all this then?

Fogg: Can you help us?

Break: Oui oui.

Fogg: No I don't need the toilet.

Passpt: Do you serve snails?

Fix: We'll serve anyone 'monsewer'.

Fogg: I'll have the goat's cheese tart.

*Fix and Break exit.*

Fogg: The French are completely obsessed with food, it's meat and drink to them.

Passpt: I know that sir, I am French.

Fogg: Are you really? I had no idea.

*Amanda enters, she is carrying a large bag which has a stuffed parrot in it.*

Amanda: Ooh its 'Alias Bog' and 'Passed the Loo', how's the round the world trip?

Fogg: What are you doing here?

Amanda: I've been trying out all the cafes for our new brochure. The wine's good at this place – I passed it myself.

*Fix enters with plate of snails.*

Fix: Your tart 'monsewer'?

Passpt: No she just keeps following us.

Fogg: Can we get you a drink Amanda?

Amanda: Ooh (*giggling*) a man buying a young girl a drink.

Passpt: Where?

Amanda: A tell you what saucy, why don't you choose something you think suits me?

Fogg: (*to Fix*) Large diet coke.

Amanda: Cheek – I'll have a gin and tonic. And some nibbles. (*To Fogg*) Would you like a nibble handsome?

Fix: Olives?

Amanda: I don't care who's they are (*Fix exits*). You know I'm watching my figure.

Passpt: It's hard to miss it.

Amanda: I had a horse burger here last week – I've still got a bit between my teeth.

Passpt: Some people won't eat horse meat.

Amanda: They're just blinkered, the French have been eating it for donkeys' years - mind you it gave me the trots.

Fogg: I believe it's very low in fat.

Amanda: Yes but it has a very high Shergar content. (*Fix brings on a drink for Amanda.*) Ooh look here he comes, (*takes drink*) my condiments to the chef.

Fogg: You know I'm sure I've seen your face somewhere else.

Fix: No its always been here on top of my neck (*exits*).

*Amanda drinks it on one.*

Amanda: You know I love you.

Fogg: Is that you or the gin talking?

Amanda: No it's me talking – to the gin. I drink to forget.

Fogg: Forget what?

Amanda: Can't remember.

Passpt: Her lines mostly.

Amanda: I can't stand here sitting with you pair - I've got urgent Rep's business to attend to. One of my punters is in trouble.

Fogg: What sort of trouble?

Amanda: A young lady, booked a ticket to come and run a cookery course at the University here in Paris.

Passpt: Sorbonne?

Amanda: Yes but I've got some cream for it.

Fogg: What happened to the young lady?

Amanda: Kidnapped by pirates. She was in a queue waiting to see Jesus Christ Superstar.

Fogg: Then she had a lucky escape.

Passpt: And she was grabbed by the buccaneers?

Amanda: Yes, she'll never hear properly again.

Fogg: How do you know it was pirates?

Amanda: They sent a note by homing parrot (*puts the stuffed parrot on the table*).

Passpt: It's dead.

Amanda: I can't understand why, I've been taking good care of it - feeding it Polyfilla (*she bangs it on the table – it is like concrete*). Anyway, this girl's father has sent me here with this ransom money (*indicating the bag*).

Passpt: So you're off to deliver the cash?

Amanda: No I'm off to spend it, I've seen a lovely dress in my size in the camping section at Millets (*or some local outdoor shop*). Bye for now!

*Amanda exits.*

Passpt: I hope it's bye for good – trouble seems to follow her about.

Fogg: We must keep our eyes open Passpartout, let me know if you see anything unusual.

Passpt: You mean like that gang of pirates who've just come in? Ooh Eck!

*Pirate Captain and pirates enter with a hostage tied up – she wears a thick veil, it is Surfina.*

Pirate Capt: 'Ere lads – another one of these poncey cafes, let's smash the place up!

Pirates: Aye!

Fogg: Excuse me are you pirates?

Pirate Capt: Yes we arrrrrrgh. We is Semolina pirates.

Fogg: Don't you mean Somalian pirates?

Pirate 1: No Semolina Pirates, we're demanding more Semolina.

Passpt: What?

Pirate 2: Whenever we get into a French port it's all posh puddings. Crepe Suzette and Crème Brulee with raspberry coulis.

Pirate Capt: I've not had Spotted Dick for months.

Fogg: That must be a relief.

Pirate Capt: So we've kidnapped this cookery teacher till they agree to start teaching English cooking – Treacle tart, apple pie and custard – that kind of thing. It's a big issue.

Fogg: Surely it's a mere trifle?

Pirate Capt: I mean look at this menu. Profiteroles – disgusting! (*pirates gather round him looking at the menu in disgust*).

Passpt: (*Aside to Fogg*) That's the girl. The one with the sore bum, I mean from the Sorbonne.

Fogg: We must rescue her! Nothing is more important than defending a lady's honour.

Passpt: There are no ladies here sir, this is Boldmere (*local place*).

Fogg: Passpartout, you keep them occupied till I can free the girl, then we'll make a run for the station.

*Fogg exits.*

Passpt: The station? But I don't know the way!

Audience: Sat Nav!!

*Fairy Sat Nav enters.*

Sat Nav: Don't worry boys and girls. (*To Passpartout*) Excuse me my friend, but what you need to do is start a singsong, pirates can't resist that.

Passpt: I don't think so – I can't sing you see.

Sat Nav: Oh I think you can. Do you think he can kids? (*Encouraging the audience to shout yes!*) Oh Mr Pirate – how about a song?

Pirate Capt: What a good idea!

#### **SONG 4: Professional Pirate – Pirate Captain and Company**

*During the song, Fogg manages to take Surfina off stage hidden by the chorus. At the end Fogg re-enters, this time with Amanda dressed as Surfina but still with the veil.*



Pirate Capt: That was a right good sing song – but now back to business, where's that wench? (*He grabs her*) How about a kiss?

*He rips off Amanda's veil – she puckers up, they all scream and exit.*

Amanda: Spoilsport. You know some people think I'm man mad, but I've not had the love of a good man for ages.

Fogg: How long?

Amanda: What time is it now? Trouble is you see, my father was a lighthouse keeper - he never let me go out at night.

*Surfina enters.*

Surfina: How can I repay you for saving me?

Fogg: No need, any gentleman would rescue a maiden in distress.

Amanda: Well I'm in this dress, what's that got to do with it?

Passpt: (*To audience*) Gosh kids she's gorgeous.

Amanda: Thanks.

Passpt: Not you.

Surfina: (*To Amanda*) That was so clever of you to secrete yourself in my dress.

Amanda: Don't worry, it'll wash out.

Fogg: What will you do now mademoiselle?

Surfina: I would like to return home but I cannot afford the fare.

Passpt: What about Amanda's ATOL cover?

Amanda: Trust you to bring that up (*clips him round the ear*). Sadly clause forty three, paragraph six subsection nine - we don't cover kidnap if the victim is queuing for Godspell or Jesus Christ Superstar.

Passpt: Why not?

Amanda: They're acts of God.

Fogg: I am Phileas Fogg, and this is Passpartout.

Surfina: I am Surfina.

Amanda: Sounds like a washing powder.

Fogg: Do you have any family?

Surfina: My father.

Amanda: What's his name – Daz?

Surfina: Our home is in Egypt.

Fogg: Far from Cairo?

Surfina: Three hours camel ride.

Fogg: Luxor?

Passpt: You'd look sore after a three hour camel ride.

Surfina: It's a small town called Macarena. *(Dramatically)* Oh will I ever see - my beautiful Macarena?

*The Macarena theme starts and Amanda and Passpartout do a couple of moves before silencing the orchestra.*

Amanda: That'll do – we don't want to spoil them.

Fogg: You must come with us – we leave for Cairo immediately!

Surfina: I can't thank you enough.

Fogg: Have a little try at it.

Passpt: Sir, I regret to inform you that in all the excitement we have missed our steam train.

Amanda: I bet you're not chuffed about that.

Fogg: *(Checking the guidebook)* That will set us back three hours. We'll be on the midnight crossing. It sails via Corsica.

Passpt: Can you tell me what you call someone from Corsica?

Amanda: Course I can

Fogg: Let's head to the Med!

Amanda: Ooh, a midnight cruise with the soft lapping of the water, the cool air of the sea breeze and a dense fog.

Fogg: I'm not sure what the weather forecast is.

Amanda: I wasn't talking about the weather.

Passpt: The night boat it is then!

*Blackout*

#### **Scene 4 – Through the Suez Canal**

*Chorus of Egyptians carrying luggage etc. enter for the song. BBC Correspondent enters, she is dressed in Arab robes and wears a Fez.*

BBC: Here on the banks of the Nile, Egypt is buzzing with the story of this round the world record attempt – or it might just be the flies. Either way, we hear that Fogg does not appear on the passenger list of the boat which landed this morning. We can only suppose that he is already falling behind time and must now be crossing by the more dangerous night boat – it has to sound its horn when it reaches the dock in the dark, so we're waiting for him to 'Toot and come in'. This is Dusty Tomb, for BBC news channel – Cairo.

#### **SONG 5: Night Boat to Cairo – BBC Correspondent and Company**