

# THE ZORON

by  
MARK BILLEN



## Characters

Jonquil Smuglee  
Maria )  
Henrietta ) *Jonquil's friends*  
Clarissa )  
Leonora )  
Cuthbert Smuglee *Jonquil's annoying brother*  
Potter *A butler*  
Claire *A maid*  
Sir Giles Smuglee  
Lady Violet Smuglee  
Leader )  
Sludge )  
Trunks ) *A gang of criminals*  
Blackeye )  
Morbid )  
Slipper )  
News Reader *(Voice only)*  
Sally Spender  
Chief Inspector Gorse  
Camera Technician  
Policeman 1  
Policeman 2  
Professor Spyke *An expert*  
The Alien

*The action of the play takes place in the luxurious home of the Smuglee family and in the impoverished headquarters of a gang of crooks.*

## Script sample 1

### *A computer game dominates a happy family scene!*

**Lady Violet:** Well, we still need drinks.

**Sir Giles:** Yes drinks. I can't settle without a nice cup of hot chocolate. It settles my nerves.

**Cuthbert:** Three ninety-nine! This is brilliant. This is great. I'm going to do it. Peterson doesn't stand a chance! Pow! *(Loudly.)* Four hundred! Four hundred! Four hundred!

**Sir Giles:** Make mine a big choccy *(Softly.)* and put a drop of something in it. I need it!

**Claire:** Right Sir Giles. What would you like Miss Jonquil?  
**Jonquil:** Peace and quiet, But instead I'll make do with a hot chocolate.  
**Lady Violet:** I'll have the same.  
**Claire:** What will Master Cuthbert be having?  
**Lady Violet:** Hot chocolate Cuthbert darling?  
**Cuthbert:** Not for me I'm too busy. Four hundred and six!  
**Lady Violet:** But you've got to have a drink.  
**Cuthbert:** *I'm too busy.*  
**Sir Giles:** But you need a drink.  
**Cuthbert:** If I must. Pow! Four hundred and seven. Whisky and soda.  
**Sir Giles:** No you don't.  
**Cuthbert:** I need it to keep my senses... Beroom! Four hundred and eight... alert!  
**Sir Giles:** *(Understanding.)* Of course!  
**Lady Violet:** I think it would be better if.....  
**Cuthbert:** Don't argue with me mother, you know you never win.  
**Lady Violet:** *(She sighs.)* There we are Claire, three hot chocolates and a whisky and soda.  
**Claire:** Very good your ladyship. *(She leaves.)*  
**Sir Giles:** You are spoiling that boy.  
**Lady Violet:** Oh I don't think so. He seems to know what he's doing.  
**Sir Giles:** I'm glad he does, because I'm blowed if I can understand him.  
**Jonquil:** He's just a spoilt little beast.  
**Cuthbert:** Four twenty! Great, superb!  
**Lady Violet:** *(Crossly.)* You shouldn't say that about Cuthbert. He's your brother.  
**Jonquil:** I can and I will. *(Louder.)* He's just a spoilt little beast. Look at the way he controls you.  
**Lady Violet:** Oh, he doesn't.  
**Sir Giles:** Certainly not.  
**Lady Violet:** We wouldn't let him.  
**Sir Giles:** The same as we don't let you control us.  
**Cuthbert:** Four hundred and fifty. Four hundred and fifty!  
**Jonquil:** Well he's certainly not controlling me. Why do we have that wretched computer down here at all?  
**Sir Giles:** *(Placidly, soothingly.)* We have to be together in the evenings. Enjoying a happy family life.  
**Lady Violet:** If it was upstairs poor Cuthbert would be on his own and we'd never see him.  
**Jonquil:** *(Softly.)* Oh what bliss.

*(POTTER and CLAIRE enter, Potter carrying a tray of drinks.)*

**Potter:** Here are your drinks. *(To SIR GILES.)* Whisky and soda for you, sir.  
**Sir Giles:** Not for me.  
**Claire:** Here's yours, sir. *(She passes a large mug.)* Just as you requested.  
**Lady Violet:** What's the news about Benny?  
**Potter:** Most peculiar; he normally comes quickly when I call.  
**Sir Giles:** Quicker than you come to us.  
**Potter:** But tonight I called and called.  
**Claire:** So did I.

**Potter:** } (*Together.*)  
**Claire:** } We both called.  
**Jonquil:** We heard you.  
**Potter:** Indeed Miss Jonquil. And Benny would not come. Then as I stood under the tree he just dropped into my arms.  
**Lady Violet:** Oh the poor dear thing. Was he hurt?  
**Potter:** Not at all your ladyship. He seemed surprised - so was I. But all is well now and I don't think we shall ...  
**Cuthbert:** (*Shouting.*) Five hundred. Five hundred! Five hundred Zorons!  
**Potter:** What is happening here?  
**Jonquil:** (*Bored.*) Cuthbert is using all the intelligence he can muster to shatter the world record for blowing up Zorons.  
**Claire:** Oh he is so clever. Saving us from an attack of the Zorgons.  
**Sir Giles:** I wouldn't put it quite like that.  
**Claire:** What is one of these er...Zorgons?  
**Cuthbert:** (*Shouting.*) Zorons. Zorons!  
**Jonquil:** (*Sarcastically.*) Creatures with big heads full of nothing. (*Indicating Cuthbert.*) A bit like my dear brother.  
**Claire:** Ooh, I say.  
**Jonquil:** Only their heads are green and shiny.  
**Claire:** I hope I don't meet one. They don't sound very nice. Are they aliens from space?  
**Jonquil:** Of course they're meant to be aliens  
**Claire:** I'd better look out for them then. Here's your drink Master Cuthbert.  
**Cuthbert:** I can't stop now. Pow! Five hundred and twenty!  
**Claire:** Fancy that. You saving us from the Zorons.  
**Cuthbert:** They're coming thick and fast.  
**Lady Violet:** He must have his drink or he'll lose concentration.  
**Sir Giles:** And then he'll have to start all over again.  
**Lady Violet:** I know, fetch a straw please Potter.  
*(POTTER exits.)*  
**Sir Giles:** A straw, whatever for?  
**Lady Violet:** So that he can have his drink but not lose his concentration.  
**Jonquil:** (*Exasperated.*) That's ridiculous!  
**Lady Violet:** Just you see.  
**Sir Giles:** Anything to stop him having to start again.  
**Cuthbert:** Pow! Five hundred and twenty nine.  
*(POTTER returns.)*  
**Potter:** Here we are.  
*(The straw is put in the drink and it is held for CUTHBERT as he continues to play.)*  
**Lady Violet:** There darling, how's that?  
**Cuthbert:** Five hundred and forty! (*He drinks.*) Five forty one. (*He drinks.*) Five forty two. (*He drinks.*) Yes! Yes! Yes! (*He drinks.*)  
**Jonquil:** And you say he doesn't control you.  
**Claire:** I think he's so clever saving us from those Zoron aliens.  
**Jonquil:** This is mad.  
**Claire:** (*Thoughtfully, to herself.*) Thinking about it I'm sure I saw one in Tesco's the other day. Big bulbous heads you say? Mmmm.. I'm sure that it was buying rice pudding.

**Potter:** Is that all? Is there anything else that anyone needs?

**Cuthbert:** Pow! Five hundred and forty nine! Food, I must have some food... Five hundred and fifty! ... to keep me going. This is crucial.

**Potter:** Very good Master Cuthbert.

**Claire:** I know, I'll get one of his favourite chocolate éclairs. *(She exits.)*

**Jonquil:** How will he eat it?

**Lady Violet:** We'll just have to help him.

**Cuthbert:** Five sixty! Wow!

**Jonquil:** This is crazy - everything is geared up to what Cuthbert likes, what Cuthbert needs, what Cuthbert says he must have.

**Lady Violet:** And why not? The boy is a genius.  
*(CLAIRE returns with a large chocolate éclair.)*

**Sir Giles:** A genius. He kills the Zorons faster than anyone else.

**Claire:** Well, I think we should all be on our guard.

**Potter:** An éclair.

**Cuthbert:** I can't stop. Five sixty-seven.

**Lady Violet:** We'll have to feed it to him.

**Jonquil:** *(Softly to herself.)* Mmmm... Yes...

**Sir Giles:** That's going a bit too far. He may be a genius but surely he can feed himself?

**Cuthbert:** I can't stop to feed.... Five sixty-three... but I need the food for energy.

**Lady Violet:** He's right; we'll just have to feed him.

**Claire:** Ooooh yes, or he won't save us from the terrible Zorons. .... *(To herself.)* Maybe it was Rice Krispies that one was buying.

**Sir Giles:** I still say feeding him is going too far. He should do it himself.

**Cuthbert:** Five seventy-seven. Pow! Pow!

**Jonquil:** *(Speaking softly but with a hint of menace.)* I'll feed him.

**Lady Violet:** You Jonquil? That's good of you.  
*(JONQUIL calmly takes the éclair and begins to feed it to CUTHBERT.)*

**Cuthbert:** *(Speaking between bites.)* Five nine eight... Five nine nine... Six hundred!

**Jonquil:** *(Sweetly.)* Have some more!

**Cuthbert:** I'm going to break my record. I'm on top form! I'm going to do it.

**Jonquil:** *(Ramming the remainder of the éclair into CUTHBERT'S mouth.)* Oh no you're not!

*(JONQUIL forces all of the éclair on to CUTHBERT'S face and pushes his head back and causing his hand to leave the controls. SIR GILES, LADY VIOLET and POTTER pull her away but she escapes their clutches and attacks CUTHBERT again with the éclair. He shouts loudly and flails his arms in protest. Eventually JONQUIL pulled away. CUTHBERT has lost control of the game and the ZORONS are heard to gain the upper hand. There is a multitude of firing, space noises and explosions then the sound of a disembodied voice.)*

**Zoron voice:** You have failed. The Zorons cannot be defeated. We shall return and fight again!

*(There is the amplified sound of a space ship leaving.)*

**Claire:** *(Who is cowering under a table.)* I don't like the sound of that.

**Cuthbert:** *(Ranting.)* See what you've made me do! Just when I was on top form! I'd have broken my record! I'd have broken the world record!

**Claire:** *(Quaking.)* They're going to come back too.

**Lady Violet:** *(Turning JONQUIL to her.)* That really was rather silly Jonquil.  
**Jonquil:** I'm just sick of him. He dominates us.  
**Sir Giles:** *(Turning JONQUIL to him.)* But don't you see, he's a genius?  
**Lady Violet:** *(Turning JONQUIL to her.)* We must do all that we can for him.  
**Jonquil:** Don't you see how he controls you?  
**Sir Giles:** *(Turning JONQUIL to him.)* He's going to be famous soon.  
**Cuthbert:** Now I'll have to begin all over again.  
**Claire:** I expect there will be more of them next time.  
**Potter:** I'm sure everything will be all right.  
**Cuthbert:** All right! All right? You've simply no idea what all this is about. This isn't just a game. This is deadly. This is serious.  
**Claire:** Deadly serious. I should say so if they've started shopping at Tesco's.  
**Cuthbert:** It's not just a case of starting again. The Zorons are so sophisticated that every time you're in action their strategy is different. If you don't spot the strategy you're finished.  
**Jonquil:** That would be wonderful.  
**Cuthbert:** This time I'd spotted the strategy and I was winning.  
**Sir Giles:** } *(Together.)* He was winning. See what you've done.  
**Lady Violet:** } He was winning. See what you've done.  
**Cuthbert:** It could be weeks before I do that again. *(Melodramatically.)* You've ruined me, ruined me, ruined me!

## Script sample 2

*Cuthbert returns interrupting a party his sister is holding to celebrate his departing!*

**Maria:** But can you be sure aliens have taken him?  
**Jonquil:** How can I be sure? But as each day passes the signs are more and more hopeful. Cuthbert's taken away!  
**Others:** Cuthbert's taken away!  
**Jonquil:** I'm feeling happy as Cuthbert's taken away.  
**Henrietta:** That's like a song.  
**Jonquil:** So it is! Why don't we sing it?  
**Others:** Together.  
**Jonquil:** Together!  
**All:** *(Laughing.)*  
 Cuthbert's taken away!  
 Cuthbert's taken away!  
 We're feeling happy as Cuthbert's taken away!  
**Maria:** Again more!  
**Jonquil:** Cuthbert's up in space!  
**Others:** Cuthbert's up in space!  
 We're feeling happy as Cuthbert's up in space!  
**Henrietta:** Another verse. More!  
**Jonquil:** He's never coming back!  
**Others:** He's never coming back!  
 We're feeling happy he's never coming back!  
**Jonquil:** Let's sing it again.  
**Clarissa:** But louder!

**Others:** Much louder!

**All:** Cuthbert's taken away! Etc.

*(The verses are repeated as they get louder and louder and eventually march out of the room singing at the tops of their voices. The singing fades as they leave the room. There is a moment of peace and quiet and the SIR GILES, MOTHER, SALLY SPENDER, THE POLICE, INSPECTOR GORSE, CLAIRE and the TELEVISION CREW enter.)*

**Sally:** This really is astonishing Sir Giles.

**Sir Giles:** I've made up my mind. There's nothing else for it.

**Sally:** We've got here just in time. The news is just about to begin. Are you ready fellows?

**Technician:** All's ready Sally.

**Sally:** Miss Spender to you!

**Technician:** Sorry Miss Spender. *(He makes a face behind her back.)*

**Lady Violet:** I do hope your idea will work.

**Sir Giles:** Well if this doesn't nothing will.

*(There is loud News music.)*

**Sally:** Hush, it's starting.

**Newsreader:** Boy captured by aliens now missing for a week.  
Still more alien sitings.  
Rice products banned.  
After a week of searching and anxiety there has been no sign of the missing boy Cuthbert Smuglee who is believed to have been captured by aliens. The reward for the return of Cuthbert was today increased to one million pounds. Over now to Sally Spender who is at the home of Sir Giles and Lady Smuglee, Cuthbert's parents. One million pounds Sally, that's a lot of money.

**Sally:** Indeed it is. And here to talk about is Sir Giles and his wife. Sir Giles, why this dramatic increase in the reward?

**Sir Giles:** A week has passed and we have had no news.

**Lady Violet:** No news.

**Sir Giles:** And we thought...

**Lady Violet:** Yes, we thought...

**Sir Giles:** That if we increased the reward...

**Lady Violet:** Increased the reward...

**Sir Giles:** We might have some new information.

**Lady Violet:** New information.

**Sally:** Lady Smuglee, do you agree with your husband?

**Sir Giles:** She echoes my every word.

**Lady Violet:** Every word.

**Sally:** And has there been any news?

**Sir Giles:** Not a thing.

**Lady Violet:** Not a thing.

**Sally:** Inspector Gorse, do you think any thing will come of this increased reward?

**Inspector:** You never know, a million pounds is a lot of money.

**Sally:** Have you had any more clues?

**Inspector:** There's been a lot more sightings but so far we haven't ....

*(Suddenly the room is plunged into darkness there is a sound of struggle and voices heard from the garden. The curtains are drawn back but there is only a little light.)*

**Technician:** There's a blackout, the cameras have stopped working.  
*(The silhouette of a ZORON figure is seen running across.)*

**Claire:** That's one of them, those space aliens, they're here again.  
*(There are more sounds of struggle, CUTHBERT'S voice is clear.)*

**Cuthbert:** Save me! Save me! They're trying to take me away!

**Zoron voice:** Come with us! Come with us!

**Cuthbert:** No! NO! You shan't take me! Save me!

**Sir Giles:** Save him!

**Lady Violet:** Save my precious boy!  
*(SIR GILES is about to dash into the garden but INSPECTOR GORSE prevents him.)*

**Inspector:** You can't go out there sir, it's too dangerous. We must call up reinforcements. *(He does so.)*

**Sir Giles:** But that may be too late, They're trying to take him away.

**Zoron voice:** You have failed. The Zorons cannot be defeated. We shall return and fight again.

**Claire:** That's it. That's the voice it is them again.

**Sir Giles:** Too late inspector they've taken him.  
*(There are more sounds of struggle then there are the sounds of a space ship departing as lights flash and there are clouds of smoke. The lights come back on and JONQUIL and friends enter.)*

**Jonquil :** } *(Together.)*

**Friends:** } *(They scream loudly.)* What's going on what's happening?

**Sir Giles:** Your brother has finally been taken from us by those aliens.

**Jonquil:** *(Giggling.)* Far away to a distant planet? I hope those aliens have computer games.

**Lady Violet:** Jonquil, that's a very odd thing to say.

**Jonquil:** He'll soon be back if they don't have computer games.

**Lady Violet:** Why?

**Jonquil:** Because dear Cuthbert will be utterly unbearable. They'll bring him back to stop him grumbling.

**Lady Violet:** Jonquil! That's an awful thing to say. This is serious. Cuthbert's taken away

**Jonquil:** *(As her Mother's words sink in.)* Yes. Cuthbert's taken away! *(To her friends, happily.)* Cuthbert's taken away! Cuthbert's taken away!

**Friends:** Cuthbert's taken away!  
 We're feeling happy as Cuthbert's taken away!  
*(JONQUIL and FRIENDS march round the room.)*

**Jonquil:** Cuthbert's up in space!

**Lady Violet:** *(Frantically.)* Jonquil! Stop it!

**Friends:** Cuthbert's up in space!  
 We're feeling happy as Cuthbert's up in space!

**Lady Violet:** *(Desperately.)* Giles! Stop them! This is dreadful!

**Jonquil:** He's never coming back!

**Friends:** He's never coming back!  
 We're feeling happy he's never coming back!  
*(JONQUIL and FRIENDS march out of the room still singing.)*

**Sir Giles:** Potter, where have you been?

**Potter:** Checking the fuses sir. For some reason the main switch had thrown.

**Technician:** Just as an alien space ship was taking off I've missed my big chance. No one will ever believe this happened.

**Sally:** I could have been the first person to interview a space alien.

**Inspector:** (*Looking out to the garden.*) There's people in the garden.

**Sir Giles:** Who are you what are you doing?  
(*CUTHBERT is heard calling.*)

**Cuthbert:** It's me father! I'm here, safe and sound.  
(*JONQUIL and FRIENDS march in to the room still singing.*)

**Friends:** Cuthbert's taken away!  
We're feeling happy as Cuthbert's taken away!  
(*CUTHBERT enters.*)

**Jonquil:** (*Not seeing CUTHBERT.*) Cuthbert's up in space! (*She sees him; screeching.*) Cuthbert!

**Friends:** (*Screeching.*) Cuthbert!

**Inspector:** I must go and look for clues. (*He goes out in to the garden.*)

**Jonquil:** (*Furious.*) What are you doing here? You've ruined another party. Fancy coming back when we were all so happy.

**Cuthbert:** I've been rescued.

**Sir Giles:** } (*Together.*)

**Lady Violet:** } Rescued, how?

**Jonquil:** (*Exasperated.*) What stupid people had to rescue you?  
(*The faces of the GANG appear at the window.*)

**Gang:** We rescued him!  
(*CHIEF INSPECTOR, LEADER and GANG enter.*)

**Inspector:** I found these people in the garden, Sir Giles.

**Cuthbert:** These kind people rescued me.

**Sir Giles:** What were you doing here?

**Leader:** We are from the U.F.O. Agency.

**Sir Giles:** The U.F.O. Agency? Whatever's that?

**Leader:** A top-secret government department.

**Slipper:** So secret.

**Morbid:** So deadly secret.

**Trunks:** That no one's ever heard of it.

**Blackeye:** (*Aside.*) Not even us

**Cuthbert:** I'd heard of it.

**Jonquil:** (*Sarcastically.*) You would have.

**Leader:** Because our work is so secret we had been tracking a U.F.O.

**Blackeye:** (*Aside.*) That's what we were doing.

**Leader:** And knew it had come to land in this vicinity so we came to investigate.

**Sir Giles:** Fortunately in the nick of time.

**Leader:** Exactly. We had the U.F.O. under surveillance...

**Blackeye:** (*Aside.*) Whatever that means.

**Leader:** ...when alien figures appeared with this boy here.

**Claire:** I saw one.

**Inspector:** We must have another search in the garden for clues.  
(*CHIEF INSPECTOR and POLICEMEN go out to the garden.*)

**Cuthbert:** I couldn't escape because they were holding me so tight.

**Lady Violet:** Were you hurt?

**Cuthbert:** Oh, no. They were all very kind to me.  
(*GANG all nod their heads.*)

**Sally:** What did they look like?

**Cuthbert:** They had big bulbous heads, big feet and big hands.

*(GANG all look at each other.)*

**Sally:** And how did they speak?

**Cuthbert:** Nearly all of them used short simple words. They couldn't cope with long words.

*(GANG silently look offended.)*

**Leader:** I'm sure that's true.

**Cuthbert:** The leader was much cleverer than the rest.

**Leader:** That's why he was the leader.

*(GANG nod until they realise what's been said then shake their heads CHIEF INSPECTOR and POLICEMEN enter from the garden.)*

**Inspector:** There's no sign of any thing out there. Not a sign.

**Policeman 1:** No scorch marks.

**Policeman 2:** No prints of alien feet.

**Jonquil:** I wonder why.

**Inspector:** We must come back in the morning and investigate more closely.

**Sir Giles:** Of course.

**Leader:** But I doubt if you'll find anything.

**Inspector:** Nevertheless we must have a serious close inspection and search for significant special clues.

**Sir Giles:** Naturally. Well good night inspector.

**Inspector:** Good night, Sir Giles.

*(CHIEF INSPECTOR and POLICEMEN leave.)*

**Leader:** These space aliens are obviously very sophisticated.

**Gang:** Yeah!

**Blackeye:** What does that mean?

**Lady Violet:** Who cares what they are like? Our darling Cuthbert is safely home.

**Jonquil:** Well he's at home, but I'm not sure that he's safe.

**Lady Violet:** Jonquil!

**Sir Giles:** And you gentlemen are heroes.

**Gang:** Heroes! *(They pose briefly in heroic positions.)*

**Sir Giles:** You'll go down in History.

**Gang:** History!

**Sir Giles:** I must give you your reward.

**Gang:** A reward! *(Chanting.)* We didn't know there was a reward.

**Sir Giles:** Oh yes, a million pounds.

**Cuthbert:** You'll be rich and famous!

**Sally:** You'll be on the television!

**Trunks:** I've always wanted to be on television.

**Leader:** We are pleased to accept the reward but because of the secret nature of our work we cannot risk being on television.

**Trunks:** *(Petulant.)* But I want to be on television.

**Blackeye:** I'm desperate to be on television. I want to be a star.

**Others:** Yes. We want to be stars.

**Leader:** But our work is so secret.

**Morbid:** We'll never have another chance to be heroes.

**Sally:** We'll not mention your secret work.

**Sir Giles:** We'll give you a special presentation.

**Sally:** And we'll film it for the news.

**Blackeye:** And I'll be a star.

**Leader:** Very well, provided our secret work is not mentioned.

**Gang:** Great.

**Leader:** And provided we are paid a suitable fee.

**Sally:** Shall we say another million? This story will sell all round the world.  
We'll interview Cuthbert and he can tell us more about these aliens.

**Cuthbert:** I've lots to tell you.

**Girls:** Oh no!

**Jonquil:** We'll never hear the last of this.

**Lady Violet:** Cuthbert, it's very late. It's time you went to bed.

**Cuthbert:** But I must have a game on my computer. You know I can't sleep unless I've played some computer games.

**Sir Giles:** (*Firmly.*) You must be exhausted after all you've endured. Up to bed now.  
(*LADY VIOLET takes a reluctant CUTHBERT from the room.*)

**Sir Giles:** Jonquil, you and your friends can go to bed now as well.

**Jonquil:** It's not fair. Just because that little squirt's going to bed why do we have to?

**Maria:** Can we raid the kitchens and have a bedroom feast?

**Sir Giles:** Anything.

**Girls:** Thanks!  
(*JONQUIL and her FRIENDS leave noisily discussing food.*)

**Sally:** When will you be making the award?

**Sir Giles:** Would here at eleven o'clock tomorrow suit everyone?

**Sally:** Very good. We'll be here in good time. Good night see you tomorrow.  
(*SALLY and TECHNICIAN leave.*)

**Leader:** That's fine. Could we be paid in cash?

**Sir Giles:** Certainly. And you must have some refreshment. You are welcome to have anything you choose.

**Leader:** You are very kind but I know that I speak for all when I make a simple request.

**Sir Giles:** Anything, anything.

**Leader:** Could we have some tea?

**Sir Giles:** Certainly. Anything else?

**Gang:** Choccy biccies.

**Claire:** I'll go and put the kettle on. (*She leaves.*)

**Sir Giles:** Now I must say good night to my family. Thank you for saving our son.  
Take good care of these wonderful people Potter.

**Potter:** Very good Sir Giles.

**Leader:** That's a pleasure.

**Sir Giles:** Well good night.  
(*SIR GILES leaves shaking hands with the GANG.*)

**Gang:** Good night, see you tomorrow.

**Potter:** If you'd like to follow me tea and chocolate biscuits are served.

**Leader:** Thank you.  
(*POTTER leads the way and with much chatter the GANG and LEADER leave. The last one puts out the lights and the stage is gloomy. The windows at the back are still open. The clock ticks. CUTHBERT, now in zombified state enters, switches on the computer and begins playing his favourite game.*)

**Cuthbert:** I must defeat the Zorons... Catch them when they least expect it... Defeat them... (*He switches on the computer; the light from the screen illuminates his*

*face. He begins to play again.)* Nothing can stop me now. Here we go. Pe..ow!  
Boom! One... Pe....ow! Boom! Two...

And the Zorons are martialling their forces but they don't know that they face the might of Captain Cuthbert Smuglee. Now here comes a wave in close formation.

Captain Smuglee seizes his controls and with a deft semi-circular sweep of his deadly devastating fire power... Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!  
... obliterates the first attack.

*(CUTHBERT is totally absorbed in his game and does not notice a gentle bleeping sound and lights flashing that are different from before. Suddenly a weird space alien is standing framed by the window. It stays long enough to register with audience before the lights black out.)*

**CURTAIN**

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