MEET THE TWITS

*Curtain up.*

*The CAST, all except MR and MRS TWIT, assemble in a semicircle. Drum roll.*

ACTOR 1: They're shocking!

ACTOR 2: They’re smelly!

ACTOR 3: They’re silly!

ACTOR 4: They’re stupefyingly stupid!

ACTOR 5: Get ready to meet . . .

ACTOR 6: The one and only

 ACTOR 7: Thank goodness!

ALL: The Twits!

*Fanfare*

The semicircle splits to admit MR and MRs TWIT, who enter with show-bizflair. MRS TWIT caries a w stick. They act out the words ofthe NARRATORS)

ACTOR 8: The best way to describe the Twits is . . . ALL: Disgusting!

ACTOR 9'. Mr Twit…

*MR TWIT steps forward.*

 . was a very hairy-faced man.

ACTOR 10: His thick, spiky hair stuck out straight like the bristles of a nailbrush.

ACTOR 11: The stuff even sprouted in revolång tufts out of his nostrils and ear-holes.

MR TWIT: My hairiness . . .

ACTOR 12: thought Mr Twit . . .

MR TWIT: …makes me look terrifically and grand!

ACTORS 1, 2, 3 and 4: But in truth he was neither of these things.

ACTORS 5, 6, 7 and 8: Mr Twit was a twit.

ACTORS 9, 10, 11 and 12: He was born a twit.

MRS TWIT: [Coming forward] And now, at the age of sixty, he's a bigger mit than ever!

[MR TWIT looks angrily at MRS TWIT]

ACTOR 1: How often, you may ask, did Mr Twit wash this bristly, nailbrushy face of his?

ACTOR 2: The answer is ALL: Never!

MR TWIT: [Proudly] Not even on Sundays!

ACTOR 3: As a result there were always hundreds of bits of old breakfasts . . .

MEE HE

ACTOR 4'. . . . and lunches . . .

ACTOR 5: . . . andsuppers . . .

ACTOR 6' sticking to the hairs.

[MR TWIT licks eagerly round his face]

ACTOR 7: Specks of gravy!

ACTOR 8: Dried-up scrambled egg!

ACTOR 9'. Spinach!

ACTOR 10: Tomato ketchup!

ACTOR 11: Fish fingers!

MR TWIT: [With delight] Minced chicken livers!

ACTOR 12: If you delved deeper still — hold your noses, ladies and gentlemen — you'd discover things that had been there for months and months.

[MR TWIT delves in his beard and finds . . .]

MR TWIT: A piece of maggoty green cheese! [He eats it noisily]

ACTOR 1: A mouldy old cornflake! [MR rrw1Tfmds it and eats it]

ACTOR 2: Or even . . .

MR TWIT: [Digging it out] . . . the slimy tail of a tinned sardine. [He holds it aloft

*MRS TWIT grabs it and eats it with delight.*

MRS TWIT: Mmmm. Tasty.

*MR TWIT scowls at her.*

ACTOR 3: Mrs Twit was no better than her husband.

MR TWIT: You . . . you ugly old hag!

MRS TWIT reacts firiously, making herself look even uglier than usual.

ACTOR 4: Ugly, yes.

ACTOR 5: But not born ugly.

ACTOR 6: When she was young, she had quite a pretty face.

*MRS TWIT smiles 'prettily'.*

ACTOR 7: But she had ugly thoughts every day. . .

ACTOR 8: …of every week…

ACTOR 9: …of every year.

ACTOR 10.' And so her face got uglier . . .

MR TWIT' and uglier . . .

ACTOR 11• and uglier . . .

*MRS TWIT demonstrates.*

MR TWIT: So ugly I can hardly bear to look at it!

*MRS TWIT scowls at MR TWIT. Then she hits him with her stick.*

Ow! [He holds his am up threateningly

[Both freeze]

ACTOR 12: Mr and Mrs Twit were a very happy couple.

ACTOR 1: But seldom happy at the same time!

ACTOR 2: For what really made them happy was . . .

 ALL: . . . playing nasty tricks on one another!

*A drum roll as ACTORS or STAGE MANAGERS posiEon a small table and åøo chairs to one sue of the acing area*

*[MR TWIT unfreezes and tiptoes to MRS TWIT, putting his finger to his lips as if to tell the audience not to say anything. Unseen by MRS TWIT, he snaps off half of her walking stick. He hands it to an ACTOR or STAGE MANAGER, then takes, from another ACTOR or STAGE MANAGER, two glasses of beer. He sits at the table]*

MR TWIT: [Wamb'] A glass of beer, my dear?

*[MRS TWIT unfreezes]*

MRS TWIT: Mmmm. Lovely.

*She goes to walk, usözg her stick, but it is so short she crashes to the floor.*

*MR TWIT laughs.*

Aaaah! [She struggles up, forced to stoop because of the short walking stick] What's happened?

*MR TWIT quickly removes his shoes, kneels down into them and towards her.*

MR TWIT: You seem to be growing, my sweet.

MRS TWIT: Growing?

MR TWIT: [Aniving and looking shorter than her] Growing. Take a look at your sdck, you old goat, and see how much you've grown in comparison.

MRS TWIT: [Looking at her stick in amazement] Never!

MR TWIT: You always said you wanted me to look up to you! Your wish has been granted. MRS TWIT: I don't want to grow!

MR TWIT: No?

MRS TWIT: No! Do something!

MR TWIT: Do something? Anything?

MRS TWIT: Anything! Stop me growing!

MR TWIT: Of course, my pet.

*MR TWIT stands up, unseen by MRS TWIT, and fetches an enormous joke mallet, which he brings crashing down on her head.*

MRS TWIT: Aaah!

*MR TWIT laughs and, seen by MRS TWIT, takes the bottom half of her walking stick from the ACTOR or STAGE MANAGER and replaces it.*

MR TWIT: Just a little joke, my honey-bunny!

*MRS TWIT growls in fury. Both go to sit at the table and drink their beer. MR TWIT belches.*

ACTOR 3: Mrs Twit was determined to pay back MrTwit.

*[Musical ping! MRS TWIT smiles]*

ACTOR 4: Suddenly she had an idea.

*[MRS TWIT checks that MR TWIT is not looking]*

ACTOR 5: Into her beer she dropped . . . the [MRS TWIT pretends to remove her eye, revealing glass cye (marble) and closing her real

ACTOR 6: . . . her glass eye

*[A rhythmic drumbeat for tension. MR TWIT looks round with a hint of suspicion. MRS TWIT smiles innocently. MR TWIT drinks from his glass. MRS TWIT pretends to drink from hers. Then she pretends to notice something behind MR TWIT. He turns to follow her gaze. Quickly, MRS TWIT swaps the two glasses round. MR TWIT tums back, suspicious. MRS TWIT drinks from his glass, he drinks from hers]*

MR TWIT: What are you plotting?

MRS TWIT: Me plotting? You're the rotter what plots. But I'm watching you. Oh, yes!

[Smugly she tums briefly away]

[MR TWIT quickly swaps the glasses round. MRS TWIT tums back, suspicious. MR TWIT drinks. MRS TWIT drinks, unsure of which glass she has. MR TWIT suddenly starts to sneeze]

MR TWIT: Ah, ah, ah . . . [He looks for a hanky but can't find one] . . . Mshoo!

[While MR TWIT holds up his beard, sneezes into it, then wipes his nose on his sleeve, MRS TWIT quickly swaps round the glasses again. MR TWIT picks up his glass – in fact her glass — and starts to drink. The drumbeat builds]

MRS TWIT: Oh, yes, I'm watching you like a wombat!

MR TWIT: [Spraying her with beer as he talks] Oh, do shut up, you old hag. [He drains the glass and suddenly sees the glass eye at the bottom. The drumbeat stops. MR TWIT jumps with shock] Aaaaah!

*[MRS TWIT cackles with laughter.]*

MRS TWIT: I told you I was watching you! I've got eyes everywhere, so you'd better be careful!

*She retrieves the glass eye from the glass and holds it towards MR TWIT meaningfully, tha replaces it in her eye-socket] [MR TWIT roars and chases MRS TWIT round and round as the ACTORS narrate.*

ACTOR 7: They're shocking!

ACTOR 8: They're smelly!

ACTOR 9: They're silly!

ACTOR 10: They're stupefyingly stupid!

ACTOR 11: The one and only . . .

ACTOR 12.' Thank goodness!

ALL: THE TWITS!

[MR and MRS TWIT take a bow, still fighting]

[Curtain down]