

This was 'performed' as a double-act at the 2001 Burns Supper - Kai Hopkins and Jenny Randall did the honours. They have their own copies; this is the only other one, so I'm donating it to the archives!
AJ

LADDIES AND LASSES

For Kai Hopkins and Jenny Randall

26th January 2001

(ROMEO and JULIET stand on cue and take their places at the lectern. They should react to the script as appropriate, but remain within range of the microphone.)

(They eye each other up with interest, and in silence for a moment or two.)

JULIET: *(shyly)* Hi there.

ROMEO: Hi there.

JULIET: I've seen you around, haven't I?

ROMEO: *(carnally)* Maybe.

JULIET: You were in the play, weren't you. Were you Tybalt?

ROMEO: Certainly not! I'd only had two pints!

JULIET: No, I mean, didn't you play the part of Tybalt?

ROMEO: No, that was Sean Howie. I'm Romeo.

JULIET: *(fascinated)* Really? Were you named after the Shakespeare play, then?

ROMEO: Naw. I was named after the Rector's new car. Actually, Romeo's my second name.

JULIET: So what's your first name?

ROMEO: Alfie.

JULIET: Alfie Romeo? Your parents must have had a weird sense of humour.

ROMEO: Aye, they were car daft. Or maybe just daft. How about your family?

JULIET: They're crazy too. Actually, my grandfather's in hospital at the moment.

ROMEO: Sorry to hear that. How's he getting on?

JULIET: It's funny really. The first day they gave him haggis to eat. The second day it was haggis again. When they gave him haggis three days running he called the nurse and said 'What's with all this haggis?'

ROMEO: And what did she say?

JULIET: She said 'What do you expect? You're in the Burns unit!'

ROMEO: Oh. What about your gran?

JULIET: She's a bit eccentric. She's ninety-five, and she still slides down the bannisters. We had to wrap barbed wire round them in the end.

ROMEO: Did that stop her?

JULIET: Well no, but it certainly slowed her down.

ROMEO: What's your name, anyway?

JULIET: Juliet.

(She picks up a Tunnock's Caramel Wafer and starts to unwrap it.)

ROMEO: What's that you've got there, Juliet? Is it a Caramel Wafer or a meringue?

JULIET: No, you're right enough.

ROMEO: I mean, is that a Caramel Wafer? Or *(with heavy emphasis)* a MERINGUE?

JULIET: I telt ye, you're right enough.

ROMEO: You don't get this, do you. I asked you whether that was a Caramel Wafer, or whether it was a meringue?

JULIET: Oh, I thought you were wondering whether you were *wrang!* It's a Caramel Wafer. *(offering it)* Do you want a bit?

ROMEO: *(wearily)* Forget it. Any other relatives?

JULIET: Just my mum and my dad. He's in the police.

ROMEO: *(a little alarmed)* Oh. My dad's in the steel business.

JULIET: *(impressed)* Really?

ROMEO: Yes, he'll steal anything he can get his hands on. I've got a wee brother. He's got the gift of foretelling the future?

JULIET: That's amazing. How do you mean, foretell the future?

ROMEO: Well, every night the wee lad says his prayers. Every night he says, 'God bless mummy; God bless daddy, and God bless Tweety-pie.'

JULIET: Tweety-pie?

ROMEO: That's the budgie. Anyway, two nights ago, when he was saying his prayers, he said 'God bless mummy, and God bless daddy.' He never mentioned the budgie.

(He gives her a meaningful look)

JULIET: *(fascinated)* And?

ROMEO: *(playing it up for all it is worth)* In the morning . . . Tweety-pie was dead. Stiff and cold on the bottom of his cage!

JULIET: Oh no!

ROMEO: Oh yes. Anyway, the next night my dad overheard him at his prayers again. This time all he said was 'God bless mummv.' He never mentioned his dad!

JULIET: Gosh, I bet he was really worried in case he ended up the same way as the budgie!

ROMEO: Exactly. He was just about demented. He went through the whole day convinced that something terrible was going to happen to him. By the time he came home at night he was a nervous wreck. So my mum said 'What's the matter?' And he said 'I've had a really horrible day.'

JULIET: What did your mum say?

ROMEO: She said 'That's nothing compared with the day I've had. The milkman dropped dead on the front doorstep!'

JULIET: Oh.

ROMEO: You know, I really fancy you. Could I come round to your place some time? Have you got a balcony?

JULIET: Aye. But I live in a multistorey block. My balcony's about three hundred feet up!

ROMEO: (*thinking hard*) Three hundred feet? Is that high?

JULIET: Imagine all the girls in S6 laid end to end ...

ROMEO: (*wickedly*) Now that's an interesting prospect!

JULIET: Calm down! I think you must be a bit sex mad!

ROMEO: Sorry. How would I get up to your balcony, then?

JULIET: You'd need a ladder.

ROMEO: A ladder?

JULIET: Yes, a ladder, (patiently) L - A - double D - E - R.

ROMEO: Double D! Suit you sir! Oooh!

JULIET: There you go again. Maybe you should think of becoming a priest.

ROMEO: Funny you should say that. I've got a pal called Lawrence. He's a friar.

JULIET: You mean he works in a chip shop?

ROMEO: No! He's a real friar. He lives in his cell.

JULIET: Poor soul. He must be awfully lonely.

ROMEO: No, there are others with him.

JULIET: But I thought you said he was in hissel'?

ROMEO: So he is.

JULIET: But if he's in hissel' how can there be other people in with him?

ROMEO: Not 'in hissel'! In his cell. It's a room monks live in.

JULIET: I see.

ROMEO: I like you. I think I'm maybe your type. What kind of bloke do you go for?

JULIET: Do you really want to know?

ROMEO: Yes.

JULIET: OK then. Sit down, Mr Romeo, and I'll tell you what I think of men.

(ROMEO sits. JULIET takes the lectern. This is where she makes her Toast to the Laddies, finishing -)

So please stand, Ladies, and join with me in a Toast — To the Laddies!

(The AUDIENCE will respond, and applaud. JULIET remains standing. When the applause dies down, ROMEO stands and joins JULIET at the lectern.)

JULIET: Well, Mr Alfie Romeo, I've had my say. Now it's your turn. What do you think of the fair sex? It's time for you to have your say. Are you up to it?

ROMEO: Why don't you have a seat and find out?

(JULIET sits. ROMEO takes the lectern. This is where he makes his Toast to the Lasses, finishing -)

So please stand, Gentlemen, and join with me in a Toast — To the Lasses!

(The AUDIENCE will respond, and applaud. ROMEO remains standing. When the applause dies down, JULIET stands and joins ROMEO at the lectern.)

ROMEO: Well, what did you think?

JULIET: Interesting.

ROMEO: Do you fancy coming down to the disco with me tonight?

JULIET: OK.

ROMEO: This could be the start of something beautiful.

JULIET: Yes, and . . . who knows ?

BOTH: Maybe some day, someone will write a play about us!

*A. Lindsay
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