

**MUSIC          PLAY ON**

*HEATHER DUSTER and MUDDLES enter in a taxi.*

**SFX              TAXI ARRIVES, SCREECHES TO A STOP**

*ENSEMBLE scatter and exit. HEATHER DUSTER and MUDDLES get out of the taxi carrying an old fashioned suitcase each.*

**SFX              TAXI DRIVES OFF**

HEATHER D. Thanks Drive'! Hello \*performance venue\*!

*AUDIENCE response.*

MUDDLES    Hiya kids!

*AUDIENCE response.*

My name's Muddles. What's my name?

*AUDIENCE response.*

You're allowed to shout out, this isn't TikTok. I said: "What's my name?"

*AUDIENCE response.*

That's right. My name's Muddles and I want to be a court jester when I grow up.

HEATHER D. You are grown up! Look at you, you're \*age of actor\*.

MUDDLES    Mum! Don't embarrass me.

HEATHER D. I on the other hand have a real profession. A vocation if you will. I'm a cleaner by the name of Heather Duster. I come highly recommended, I've worked for all sorts of famous people over the years. Wiping their walls, mopping their halls, washing their smalls. If there's one thing you should know about me, I always give customers a full service. Well, I've never had any complaints.

MUDDLES    Notable clients include Captain Hook.

HEATHER D. His undies were rip proof, with extra room around the back for storing booty.

MUDDLES    Dawn French.

HEATHER D. She had a sheepdog bra. It rounds them up and points them in the right direction.

MUDDLES    Donald Trump.

HEATHER D. His underwear had a flap on the back so that you could hear him speak.

MUDDLES    I wonder what Queen Malevolent's pants will be like, Mum.

HEATHER D. We'll soon find out! It might be tricky drying all the washing up here in the mountains with all this snow. I saw on the weather forecast we're getting ten inches tomorrow. Although it was a male weather presenter so probably nearer four.

MUDDLES Are we facing the right way Mum? This lot are about as enthusiastic as the customers at \*local funeral parlour\*.

HEATHER D. I think it's the cold. I look out at the men in the audience and their faces are frozen like this.

*HEATHER DUSTER pulls a terrified face.*

MUDDLES I think that's fear, Mum.

HEATHER D. No, son. I know what they're all thinking. Who's that drop-dead gorgeous supermodel standing on stage in front of their very eyes.

MUDDLES A drop-dead gorgeous supermodel? Where?

*MUDDLES turns around looking for the supermodel.*

HEATHER D. I was talking about me.

MUDDLES Whoops.

HEATHER D. He's a good boy really. Just gets a bit muddled sometimes.

MUDDLES That's why she named me Muddles.

HEATHER D. It's always been just me and Muddles ever since my late husband left us.

*AUDIENCE response*

He's not dead. Just never arrived on time.

MUDDLES I hear a lovely Princess lives around here, Mum. Perhaps I'll ask her to marry me.

HEATHER D. What makes you think she'd say yes? You've barely had any girlfriends.

MUDDLES I've had loads of girlfriends. At least three.

HEATHER D. There was Grace -

MUDDLES - with the lovely face.

HEATHER D. Freya -

MUDDLES - with the lovely hair.

HEATHER D. Annie -

MUDDLES - with the lovely -

HEATHER D. - sense of humour.

MUDDLES Exactly.

HEATHER D. I'll show you how it's done, son. I'm going to pick a man from the audience and ask him to be my boyfriend.

MUDDLES Did you see that? All the men in the front row shrank down in their seats.

HEATHER D. No need to be afraid fellas. I know how to handle a man.

MUDDLES That's what they were worried about!

*HEATHER DUSTER picks a man on one side of the audience.*

HEATHER D. I like the look of you. What's your name?