

**JEREMY TELFER AND CHRIS GRAHAM PROUDLY PRESENT:
A spoof of a spoof 70's TV show. First written when we were 12, now
rewritten in places, cause the jokes were too bad.**

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RATMAN AND BOBIN - THE ORIGINAL

**Ratman and Bobin in: Danger (mass murderer loose in winkle village)
Book 1, Part 1, subsection 1a(i), etc, etc.**

Act 1, Scene 1 : Fred's Garden

Fred Bodget and Bill Rickshaw are standing by a stone wall and a couple of trees and bushes are by the sides of the stage and clouds are floating by in the background. It seems like a very pleasant Sunday afternoon during summer.

Fred: (Sitting down on the wall.) So I says to this 'ere producer, 'If you don't pay me more, I won't learn my lines proper.' I tell you, this new guy's rubbish at plays. And the playwright? Hmmph! He's just as bad. I mean, fancy calling you Bill Rickshaw. Rickshaw? And he says it's to put a bit of an oriental feel into the play. For Pete's sake! And have you seen that wife of his...

Bill: (Noticing that the curtain is open.) Ahem!

Fred: Whatcha say Bill?

Bill: Oh. Hello Fred! (Loudly and obviously. Fred notices the curtain is open.)

Fred: Oh...Hello, Bill. Nice day isn't it?

Bill: Yes it is Fred. Nice weather we're having.

Fred: Yes, the skies are blue, the grass is green, the soil is rich and brown, the...the...er...

Bill: The pond, Fred, the pond!

Fred: And the pond is clear and all's well with the world.

Bill: (Relieved.) I can't wait for the cricket this afternoon.

Fred: (Surprised.) Sorry? Cricket? That's not in the script, is it?

Bill: Er...yes it is, Fred

Fred: (Sighing.) Well, I told that geezer, if he didn't pay me...grumble. Well, might as well improvise.

Bill: (Seeing a young lad with an orange bag.) Oh look, here's the paperboy. (Taking a paper.)

Fred: Blimey, those bum bags get bigger every day!

Bill: Look what the paper says, Fred: 'Mass murderer loose in Winkle Village. Innocent citizens under threat of killer!' Oh, my!

Fred: Hah! Good thing we're in Basingstoke!

Bill: (Getting annoyed.) No we're not, Fred. We're in Winkle Village, and look, here's a stranger to our village. He's got a large friend with him.

Enter Kevin and Blobb. Kevin has a red jumper with 'Kevin' on the front in large black letters, and small round sunglasses. Blobb is wearing a black and white striped jumper with Blobb on the front. Blobb is smoking.

Kevin: Oi, Blobb, put that out. I've told you before, it's a fire hazard. If that new producer see's you smoking...

Blobb: (Flicking it into a tree.) Sorry, Kevin. (The tree screams and runs off.)
Fred: Hello, I'm Fred Bodget, welcome to Winkle Village. Who may you be?
Kevin: (Looking casually down at his jumper.) I'm Kevin, the mass murderer. This play sure is dull...yawn.
Bill: And you must be Blobb.
Blobb: Yeah s'right. How'd you know?
Bill: It's written on your jumper.
Blobb: (Looking down.) Hey, you're right. Kevin, look, my name's on my jumper!
Fred: (He looks a bit panic stricken.) not Kevin, the mass murderer!
Bill: And Blobb, the massive murderer?!!
Kevin: Yeah. (He pulls out a gun.)
Blobb: This is the fun bit isn't it Kevin?
Kevin: Yeah, watch. (He fires three shots right into Fred's face.)
Bill: You...you...you killed Fred! (Staring in disbelief.)
Blobb: Yeah, so? Wanna make something of it?
Kevin: No, he's right, someone's switched my blanks! (Checking the gun. It has real bullets in it.)
Blobb: Well, kill the other one then, before he tells anyone.
Bill: No! Please! Help! (Blobb grabs him before he can run off.)
Kevin: (A bit shocked still.) Fred, Fred, can you hear me? (Talking to the remains of Fred's face.) Blast! He's not moving!
Blobb: Look, he's dead. Now kill the other one quick. He's calling for help.
Bill: Help!
Kevin: Oh, alright! After all, we're only doing this play once. We won't need him again. (He aims and fires. Bill's brains spurt out of his head and all over the wall.) Haha! Now everyone in Winkle Village is in danger from me!

Scene 2: The Police Station

A small, but neat brick house with about enough room for a table in one room and a desk in the other. Two policemen are here, one old and tough, the other is younger and excitable. The younger one is on the phone.

Plod: (Putting the phone down.) Sergeant! We've just had an urgent call form PC Boots. There's been two murders at Fred Bodget's house. Fred Bodget and Bill Rickshaw!

Killem: Call Clive down at forensic. Tell him to be there in twenty minutes.

Plod: Okay Sarge. (Dialling randomly on the phone.) Hi Clive? It's Plod here. There's been two murders at Fred Bodget's house. The sarge wants you to check it out. Be there in twenty minutes...I don't care if it's your tea break. Just get there!

Killem: We've just got time for a quick tea break before we go. Put the kettle on. (As PC Plod fills the kettle, PC Boots walks in.)

Boots: Hiya chums. Busy day isn't it?

Plod: Yeah, two murders in one day. A bit high for this time of year.

Boots: Ah, tea. I could do with a rest. I've been on my feet for a whole half-hour this morning.

Plod: I'll go hang the 'closed' sign on the door. (Suddenly, there is a knock at the door)

Killem: Who can that be?

Plod: Its Granny Crumble and Granny Wrinkly. What the hell do those stupid old fogies want?! Can't they see we're closed?! (Both Killem and Boots look at him.) Sorry...I'll open the door and see what we can do for them.

Wrinkly: Oh dear, oh dear. Mr Boots, Mr Plod!

Crumble: PC Boots Deirdre, and PC Plod.

Wrinkly: We've just got an urgent message for you. (She shows it to PC Plod.)

Killem: What does it say, Plod?

Plod: It says: 'Come to the scene of the crime or Clive gets it. You've got five minutes.'

Killem: I say, that's a bit off-putting.

Boots: Yeah, I'll say. Clive getting there early for once, cor!

Plod: That's only the half of it...we're going to have to miss our tea break!

Killem: Who gave this note to you?

Crumble: A man with 'Henrietta' written on his jumper.

Wrinkly: She means 'Kevin'

Crumble: Oh yes, that's right. I always get those two mixed up. They sound so similar.

Killem: Let's go, men. (Groaning as he gets to his feet.)

Boots: What about the tea?

Killem: You can have an extra biscuit tomorrow.

Plod: Okay, then. Come on, Boots.

Scene 3: Fred's Garden

Blobb is holding Clive and Kevin has a gun to his head. Clive's head, that is.

Blobb: Don't worry Clive, as soon as Killem gets here, we'll kill you both and then no one can stop us wreaking havoc in Winkle Village.

Clive: You'll never do it. Killem won't be fooled easily. He's a hardened cop.

Kevin: Wanna bet? Killem is on his way now with PC Plod and PC Boots.

Blobb: The village will be all ours for the picking.

Clive: Ay oop! Here's Killem and his two hard-nut recruits. You don't stand a chance!

Killem: (Stopping a few metres away.) Okay Kevin, give up now, while you still can. I'm giving you till 5. (He pauses.) 10...9...8...7-and-a-half..

Kevin: Don't waste your time, Killem, we'll never surrender!

Killem: Okay. What's the ransom?

Blobb: There is none. We just wanted to kill you all. Hur, hur!

Clive: Get him Sarge! He's going to kill us!

Ratman: (Stepping out of the shadows.) Not this time, Kevin.

Kevin: Ratman!

Blobb: And Bobin, the boy blunder!

Clive: Hooray! We're saved. (He jumps up and runs over to Killlem.)

Killem: Ratman! How did you know about Kevin?

Ratman: I've been following him ever since he escaped from jail.

Kevin: You dirty rat!

Ratman: Thank you.

Blobb: You're welcome.

Bobin: What now, Ratman? If we take them in, then the play's finished.

Ratman: You're right, Bobin. Let them go.

Kevin: Cough!...You mean...you're letting us go?

Bobin: Yeah! Now shoo, before we change our minds.

Killem: Hey! You can't do that. They're killers, remember.

Boots: Oh Sarge, let them go. Then we can go back and have an extended tea-break.

Plod: Yeah. C'mon Sarge. Let them go. Two sugars or one, Clive?

Clive: None thanks, I'm vegetarian.

Kevin: Blobb, get in the van, quick. Let's get out of here.

Blobb: Okay, Kevin. (They leave.)

Bobin: What do we do now, Ratman?

Ratman: I know the way Kevin works. He always leaves a clue to when he is going to strike next. (Ratman and Bobin look around as the police leave.)

Bobin: Look, I found a message.

Ratman: What does it say?

Bobin: It says: 'On Monday morning, we will slaughter everyone playing cricket on the village green.'

Ratman: (Rubbing his chin.) Hmm. It's a tricky one.

Bobin: Sure is. Let's start with the word 'green'. Now, what else is green?

Ratman: Brussel sprouts.

Bobin: So what does that mean, Ratman?

Ratman: Well, it's obvious isn't it...He's going to murder someone in Brussels, isn't he?

Bobin: But who?

Ratman: Well, it's also got the word 'slaughter', which when the 's' is removed, becomes 'laughter', so it must be a comedian of some sort.

Bobin: And the words 'playing' and 'village' could mean a village play.

Ratman: Rather like this play.

Bobin: What about the word 'cricket'?

Ratman: That's a bit harder. Now...cricket is a sport. So is golf. Golf spelt backwards is flog. Flogging is a type of punishment. In the word punishment, there are the letters 'i', 'e', and 't'. They are also in the name 'Juliet'. So obviously there must be a production of Romeo and Juliet in Brussels and Kevin's going to kill the half-time comedian.

Bobin: Obviously.

Ratman: Well, let's go. To the Ratmobile!

Act 2, Scene 1: Back at the Police Station, Monday Morning

Plod: I wonder where Ratman and Bobin are now?

Boots: Why did they have to let Kevin go? Now no one will sleep peacefully. I'm on my feet all day answering phone calls.

Killem: Boots, check your mike, there's a message coming in. (Boots puts the head-set on and listens.)

Plod: Who is it? What are they saying?

Boots: (Listening.) Oh my God! That's terrible! Gasp! (He puts it down.)

Killem: Well, who was it?

Boots: It was anonymous.

Plod: But who was it?

Boots: It was Kevin the mass murderer. He said that he and Blobb have just killed everyone on the village green.

Plod: That's terrible!

Boots: That's what I said when I heard the news.

Killem: Well, where's Ratman?

Plod: I'll get him on the Ratphone. (PC Plod takes the lid off the purple and yellow Ratphone and presses the green button.) It's not working.

Boots: Well, take it off the hook for a start.

Plod: Oh. (He lifts the mouthpiece to his ear. Or whatever.) I'm getting through...Hello, Ratman? It's PC Plod here. Where are you? Cough...Where?

Killem: Where is he?

Plod: In Brussels...watching Romeo and Juliet at a theatre.

Cut to Brussels.

Ratman: Kevin and Blobb did what? Bobin, something terrible has happened. Kevin just murdered everyone on the village green.

Bobin: The message must have been phoney to throw us off his trail.

Ratman: Blast! These crooks get craftier everyday.

Cutting back to the Winkle Village police station.

Plod: (Putting the phone down) They're on their way.

Boots: I'll get Clive and we can all go down there and see just how bad it really is.

Scene 2: The Village Green

A large expanse of red liquid and lumps of steaming human flesh. A set of stumps and a cricket bat are present.

Boots: Look at all that blood!

Clive: (Looking carefully.) I'd say Kevin was using his favourite weapon, an automatic rifle with exploding bullets.

Plod: What are we going to do now?

Killem: Put our wellies on and go for a paddle?

Ratman: How about looking for another clue?

Plod: Ratman! How did you get here so quickly?

Bobin: The turbo-charged Ratplane. (Pointing to a huge plane in the next field.)

Boots: That was quick.

Killem: Boots, you and Plod get a couple of mops and a large bucket and start clearing up. (They go off to fetch their mops and bucket.)

Clive: Wait! I think I've found a clue.

Bobin: Pass it over. (Bobin takes the note from Clive.) It says: 'Our secret hideout is in a barn at Hilltop House down by Crook Creek.' Signed Kevin.

Ratman: This one's even harder than the last.

Bobin: Then again, it could be another trick. Let's go right there and see for ourselves. He won't fool us this time.

Ratman: To the Ratmobile! (They rush off.)

Plod: (Returning with a mop and bucket.) Those two are always rushing about like that.

Boots: Seems like they never stop.

Killem: Okay lads, start mopping up. This is terrible.

Clive: You're right. The circus is coming to town on Saturday and we can't have the village green looking like this. What a mess!

Scene 3: The Old Abandoned Barn (Monday night 9:00pm)

It is dark and all that can be seen is a pair of windows, one of which is completely smashed. The other is intact...until Ratman punches it out and climbs in.

Bobin: Watch it. We've got to be quiet. This could be a trap.

Ratman: But we have out-smarted them. By taking the note literally and not decoding it we may have infiltrated their secret hideout.

Bobin: I don't think so, Ratman, this place looks empty.

Ratman: So it may seem, Bobin, but things aren't always what they seem.

Bobin: Well, I've seen crooks' hideouts in my time, and this doesn't seem like something that isn't what it seems.

Ratman: It seems like you've seen too many violent TV shows with seemingly gratuitous scenes of unseemly grotesque killing.

Bobin: So it may seem, in the scheme of things, but the scenes I've seen gleam with the sheen of professional realism. (Ratman scratches his head and follows Bobin off.)

Hood: (Appearing nearby.) This scene doesn't seem to be any good.

Clive: I'm keen on this scene, but it's yet to be seen if the outcome is clean.

Hood: Clean?

Clive: Sorry, it's the only word I could think of that rhymed...hey, who are you, anyway?

Hood: Err...I'm the Hood. This scene looks kind of unfamiliar come to think of it. I haven't rehearsed this at all. I do believe I'm not in this play.

Clive: You're right. And I shouldn't be here either. Let me introduce myself. I'm Clive, the forensic investigator.

Hood: Hi, I'm The Hood, an international villain.

Clive: I could murder a cup of tea.

Hood: I could murder a couple of tea ladies. In fact, I did, just this morning. Good idea though. I know this great little tea shop, down Bagel street.

Clive: Yeah, let's check it out. Nice disguise, by the way. (They walk off.)

Ratman and Bobin wander around for a bit, yawn, then sit down and go to sleep. After a while, Kevin emerges through a hidden door. Blobb follows. They are startled by the sleeping super-heroes.

Kevin: (Whispering loudly.) Quick, Blobb, call in the others. I wonder how they found us?

Blobb: (Cupping his hands around his mouth.) Hey! You lot! In here!

Kevin: Shhhh! Don't shout, or you'll wake them.

Blobb: What are they doing asleep? They were awake a moment ago.

Kevin: Not them. (He points at Ratman and Bobin.) Them.

Blobb: Oh, them!

Kevin: Here they come now.

Four figures walk in. The first is dressed in black with the letters DM on his back in strips of torn white silk. He is NOT Danger Mouse, in case you are wondering. The second villain has a purple top hat, a black bow tie and a white dinner jacket and purple trousers. He has on blue suede shoes. And he ain't Elvis, so don't ask. The third guy has an old apricot-coloured skin-tight suit with shades and a hideous green and red chequered cape. He looks about sixty. The last person is very thin with a dirty trench coat and big bags under his eyes. He looks like he needs some sleep. He could be either a tramp or an overworked doctor...or both.

Quack: (Taking off his hat and speaking like a duck. Well, like a duck would if it could speak.) Quack! It's Ratman and Bobin, the most powerful superheroes the world has ever known!

Fiend: (In the coat.) Yawn...Shut up your stupid duck face, Quack, and have cigar.

Apricot Man: Golly-gosh, he's right! It is them.

Death Man: (Speaking with a thick American accent. Funny isn't it, how most Americans speak with thick accents...) Sure is.

Kevin: Keep it down, you lot, or you'll wake them. (Ratman stirs.)

Quack: Oh, no!

Ratman: Where am I?

Fiend: You're in a barn, Kevin's secret hideout.

Apricot Man: With a bunch of vicious killers.

Death Man: We're going to kill you. Hur, hur.

Ratman: Oh. That's all. (He starts to go back to sleep. Suddenly, he leaps to his feet.) Kevin!?!

Kevin: Yes! And if you move a muscle, I'll shoot you right away.

Ratman: With what, Kevin, you don't appear to have a gun. (Bobin is still sound asleep.)

Kevin: Err...Good point. Blobb?

Blobb: (Pulling a gun.) This is when we kill him, Kevin, isn't it? The fun bit. (Bobin is a heavy sleeper.)

Ratman: Your bullets will not harm me, my cape is like a shield of steel. (Pulling his cape around him. Bobin once slept through a rock concert, by the way.)

Blobb: Can I shoot him in the head now, Kevin?

Kevin: Not just yet. Maybe we can ransom him or something. When we get the money, then we can kill him.

Ratman: Oh well, my mask isn't bullet-proof. In that case, I surrender. (Ratman kicks Bobin to see if he is actually dead.)

Kevin: Really? Oh wow! We've caught the most powerful superhero of all time.

Blobb: Cool!

Quack: Well done, Kevin.

Apricot Man: Jolly good show.

Death Man: Right on, dude.

Fiend: Not bad for a petty criminal like you, Kevin.

Quack: At last, we can find out who he really is.

Apricot Man: Take off the mask, Ratman.

Death Man: So the world can see who you truly are.

Fiend: Then we can sell the story to the papers and make more money. He rubs his hands together and cackles evilly.)

Ratman: Never! Bobin, wake up! (He presses a button on his belt. An alarm clock goes off.)

Bobin: Arrrgh! What's going on? (Leaping to his feet. Bobin may be a heavy sleeper, but when he wakes up, he sure does it fast.)

Blobb: Can I shoot them now, Kevin?

Kevin: Yes! Shoot. We've got them at last. If it's a fight they want, it's a fight they'll get.

Quack: Go get them, men. (As they advance, Ratman throws his Ratknife at the light switch and the lights go out.

Ratman: It's only 2 to 6, Bobin. Pretty fair odds in our favour, I'd say.

Bobin: This'll be a piece of cake, Ratman.

Apricot Man: Oh no! Ratman has infra-red vision. He can see in the dark!

Death Man: But Bobin can't. Let's get them, guys.

They all dive forward. There are sounds of a struggle, and blows, the sound of crashing boxes and then, silence. The light comes back on. Death Man is holding the unconscious Ratman. Apricot Man is trapped underneath Blobb.

Fiend: Well done, Death Man.

Apricot Man: Help! Blobb is killing me. (He wriggles free.)

Quack: Now, back to business. We'll deal with Ratman later. Death Man, tie him up.

Kevin: (Looking around.) Where's Bobin?

Death Man: The coward must have run off.

Quack: Right, down to business. Did you bring the diamonds, Kevin?

Kevin: (Digging in his pocket.) Right here. Where's the cash? (Apricot man comes over and checks the diamonds with his eyeglass.)

Apricot Man: These are the stolen diamonds alright. Top quality.

Quack: Okay, kill them now, Fiend.

Kevin: Hey! (The Fiend advances.) That ain't fair! (The Fiend grins.) Where's my money?

Fiend: You get only death.

Blobb: But we're the mass murderers, aren't we Kevin?

Fiend: (Stopping.) He's right, you know, Doctor.

Quack: Yes, he is. But I didn't bring the money anyway.

Kevin: Then I'll just have to kill you all. Ha-ha! (Pulling his gun.)

Fiend: (Cringing.) No! Please! Don't kill me!

Apricot man dives for the light switch, grunting and wheezing. There are three shots in the dark and the sound of people diving for cover. The light comes back on.

Bobin: Nobody move. (He is holding a can marked 'Freeze Spray' in big letters.)

Quack: Drat! (Everyone is on the floor, except Death Man, who is standing.)

Kevin: (Dropping his gun.) You won this time, Bobin.

Apricot Man: What happened to Death Man? (As he speaks, Death Man falls flat on his face with three big holes in his back.)

Kevin: I shot him. He wasn't called Death Man for nothing, you know.

Quack: Well, I give up. I've heard about the amazing properties of Ratman and Bobin's freeze spray.

Fiend: Me too.

Apricot Man: And me.

Blobb: Make that two.

Ratman: (Waking up.) What's going on?

Bobin: I caught them all, Ratman. But Kevin shot Death Man.

Ratman: I wondered why he was called that. Right, I'll call the police. You stay and guard them.

Bobin: Sure thing Ratman. (Ratman dashes off, tripping over his cape.)

Ratman: (To himself.) Blasted capes, don't do anything except get in the way. Why can't mine be short and fetching like Bobin's?

Act 3, Scene 1: The Old Abandoned Barn Again (9:30pm)

Blobb, Kevin, Apricot Man, Dr Quack and Fiend are all tied together sitting on the floor. Blobb is asleep and Fiend is leaning forward dozing. It is early in the morning. Dr Quack is trying not to look bored and Apricot Man is counting dust grains. Bobin is asleep on a bail of hay, with Kevin's gun held loosely. Kevin is looking thoughtful. He leans over and whispers to Dr Quack.

Kevin: I think he's asleep.

Quack: (Looking carefully.) Yes, I believe he is. Shall we make a break?

Kevin: Yes, have a break, have a Kit-Kat. Want one?

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Quack: No thanks, I'm allergic to food.

Kevin: Well that's alright then. I didn't have one anyway.

Quack: How are we going to get out?

Apricot Man: Why don't we use my knife?

Kevin: Good idea, Peach Man.

Quack: Where is it? (Apricot Man wriggles an arm free of the rope and takes a knife out of his belt. He presses the button on the handle and the knife blade flicks out. Right out, in fact, and across the room, stabbing into a pillar half-an-inch from Bobin's head.)

Kevin: Careful, you could have woken him.

Quack: You could have killed him if you'd aimed straight.

Apricot Man: Never mind, I'll bite my way through. (Apricot Man starts to chew on the rope. Dr Quack and Kevin talk.)

Kevin: What about the deal. I still haven't got any money.

Quack: Err..um...Let's put that to one side for the moment. Getting out is more important.

Kevin: You're right. How's it going, Apricot Man?

Apricot Man: Crunch, crunch, munch, chew, gulp.

Quack: Hurry up. Ratman could come back with the police at any moment.

Apricot Man: Slurp! Yum! Finished. Let's go.

Kevin: Be quiet.

Blobb: (Having a nightmare.) No. No. I won't let you. Never. Besides I have to ask my mummykins first. (He grabs hold of Apricot Man's leg.)

Apricot Man: Let go off my leg. And keep quiet!

Blobb: No. I won't let you take my teddy bear away! Never!

Apricot Man: Shut up you fat lump. (He jumps on Blobb and starts shouting at him. I mentioned earlier that Bobin was a sound sleeper.)

Blobb: (Waking up.) Phew, what a nightmare.

Kevin: Quiet. Bobin's waking up. (Bobin rolls over and falls over the bale.)

Quack: Quick, hide. (They all run behind other bales of hay and crates, except Fiend who is still dozing.)

Ratman: That's far enough, Kevin.

Quack, Kevin, Blobb and Apricot Man: Ratman, Gasp!

Blobb: Ratman, Gasp!

Bobin: (Waking up.) Ratman! Hey, what's happening?

Ratman: You were asleep on the job, Bobin. Shame on you. The police will be here any minute.

Quack: Oh no. We don't stand a chance now.

Kevin: Well, I'm not hanging around to find out. (He makes a dash for the door.)

Ratman: You're not going anywhere Kevin. Bobin, the Ratarang! (Bobin pulls out a bat-shaped boomerang from his belt, and throws it at Kevin. It misses and hits the barn door instead.) Blast! I'll have to do this myself. (Ratman throws his, and it entangles Kevin with a loop of wire, tripping him up.)

Bobin: Sorry about that, Ratman.

Ratman: Bobin, you have a hopeless throw. I bet you couldn't hit a barn door with that Ratarang of yours. (The villains all look at each other.)

Kevin: Drat! (Police sirens can be heard.)

Ratman: Start tying them up again, Bobin. We want this to look good when the police get here.

Bobin: Okay Ratman.

Ratman: On second thoughts, maybe I should do it as you are having an off day.

Bobin: Okay Ratman.

Ratman: Your incompetence has caused enough trouble. You hold the gun on them.

Bobin: Okay Ratman.

Ratman: Come here Bobin.

Bobin: Okay Ratman. (He moves over.)

Ratman: Closer.

Bobin: Okay Ratmaaaa...(Ratman has punched Bobin.)

Ratman: Shut up.

Bobin: Sure thing, Ratman. (Ratman gives him an evil stare. In the confusion, though, the others have started to run off. There is the screech of brakes and a flashing blue light can be seen coming in through the windows. Apricot Man runs out. Blobb has trouble getting through the door. Fiend jumps through the window.)

Kevin: Oh great. The police. (From outside, car doors slam and Killlem, Boots and Plod march in. They grab Blobb and handcuff him.)

Ratman: I'm afraid that Apricot Man and Fiend have escaped, Sergeant.

Bobin: We're going to have to interrogate the others to find out where they will have gone.

Killem: Okay. Men, help Ratman and Bobin get Kevin and Dr Quack into the Ratmobile.

Ratman: And put these blindfolds on. We can't have anyone finding out where the Ratcave is. (He hands over two blindfolds from his utility belt.)

Scene 2: The Ratcave (10:00 pm)

A Rocky hole in the face of a cliff. All around the walls and in the middle of the room are lots of large boxes with millions of flashing lights on them. It looks like an explosion in a Christmas decorations factory. They have no apparent use. Kevin and Dr. Quack are tied up, gagged and blind-folded in a corner.

Ratman: Alright, you two...talk!

Kevin: Mmmph!

Quack: Mmmph!

Ratman: Are you two going to talk or will I have to beat it out of you?

Kevin and Quack: Mmph?

Ratman: Alright then. If it has to be this way, take this! (Ratman hits Kevin hard in the face. Kevin's chair falls onto it's back, and his nose is bleeding viciously.)

Kevin: Mmmrrrrgh!

Ratman: Still not talking, eh? Well, we'll soon see about that. (He kicks Kevin in the face with his spiked Ratboot. His face is a mass of blood.) Hmm, still not talking, eh? What about you, Dr Quack? Think you can take the same punishment as Kevin?

Bobin: Err...Ratman?

Ratman: Quiet Bobin, he's about to confess! Well, Dr Quack?

Quack: Mmmph!

Ratman: Tough guy as well, eh? Then try this out for size. (Ratman picks up a mallet that just happens to be lying around and starts beating the hell out of Dr Quack with it. After a few blows, it breaks, and Ratman carries on with his fists and boots.)

Bobin: Ehem. (BAM, BIFF, POW!) Ratman? (CRACK, SMACK, SLAP!) Ratman!

Ratman: (He stops and gives Bobin an evil stare.) What is it Bobin? Can't you see I'm enjoying myself?

Bobin: If you want them to talk, why don't you take their gags off?

Ratman: Oh. Sorry. (He puts their chairs upright and dusts them off, then removes their blindfolds and gags. Kevin spits out a bloody tooth..)

Kevin: You're mad! You should be locked up. It's people like you who...(Ratman butts in.)

Ratman: Shut up! Now, what's this play about?

Kevin: Huh?

Ratman: This play, what's the plot? I'm lost.

Quack: Plot? Search me, I just work here.

Kevin: Well, I think I just go round shooting people and you and Bobin come and save the day.

Bobin: Sounds good to me.

Ratman: Now, Dr Quack, why do you have such a silly name?

Quack: It's not my fault, I was born with it. I come from a long line of Quacks.

Bobin: Well, why don't you use your first name instead, like Kevin?

Kevin: Yeah.

Quack: My first name is...Allerdyce. My mother had a strange sense of humour.

Kevin: Allerdyce? (Kevin breaks into hysterical laughter. Then he starts coughing on all the blood in his nose.)

Ratman: That's not funny, Kevin. I think Allerdyce is a very respectable name.

Bobin: I don't. (Bobin rolls around on floor clutching his sides.)

Ratman: Quiet Bobin. Let's get on with this interrogation. Kevin, where would Apricot Man and Fiend run off to?

Kevin: Alright, I'll tell you. But only because this play would be even more boring and pointless than it already is if I didn't...

Ratman: And that beating I gave you already is only a taster. I used to do bare-back shark wrestling when I was in high school.

Kevin: ...plus I really want to keep my nose. They will have gone to the hide-out of our contact, and master brain behind this whole operation, well I say operation, it's more like an amputation, but...

Ratman: Tell me!

Kevin: ...okay, okay, the big boss is...

Bobin: Yes?

Kevin: ...is...

Ratman: Yes?

Kevin: ...is...oh, what was that big green guy called again?

Bobin: Which big green guy? Ulp! Ratman, is this such a good idea?

Ratman: Pull yourself together, Bobin. And do up your fly, too. (Bobin looks down.) You can't be serious, Kevin. Not the Incredible...

Kevin: Yup! That's him.

Bobin: Oh no! We're doomed. The Incredible Leprechaun!

Ratman: We might as well turn ourselves into little pots of gold right now.

Bobin: No! The Incredible Leprechaun! The Mega-Villain!

Ratman: It's unbelievable! The Incredible Leprechaun! The Ultra-Super-Hyper-Villain!

Bobin: Yes! The Incredible Leprechaun! The Master-Super-Hyper-Ultra-Mega-Supreme-Arch-Super...

Ratman: Yes, okay! They get the point now.

Bobin: Sorry Ratman.

Ratman: Right, now, Dr Quack. Kevin has done his bit. Where is this hide-out of The Leprechaun's?

Quack: You won't get a thing out of me!

Ratman: Bobin, bring me a bucket of ice cold water, and a large marrow.

Bobin: (Giving Ratman a funny look) Err..

Quack: No! I'll talk!

Ratman: I knew you would.

Quack: Alright. You go left, right, 2nd left, left again, straight down the road till you pass a white house, go right at the next corner, 1st left, past the school,

onto the overpass, through the underpass, turn 1st right, 2nd left, and 6th right, round the roundabout till you are going back the way you came, and 2nd turning after the tennis club, and you come to a large block of flats. He's staying at the top. That's from the warehouse, of course.

Ratman: Did you get all that, Bobin?

Bobin: Sure did, Ratman.

Ratman: Good, because I can't remember a word. Let's take these two to the police station. We'll check out The Leprechaun tomorrow morning.

Bobin: Looks like blind-fold time again.

Dr Quack and Kevin: Groan...

Act 4, Scene 1: Up a Wall (Tuesday morning)

The wall of a building. The hideout of The Leprechaun is at the top. There are a couple of windows in the wall and there are two hanging ropes. Ratman and Bobin are walking up it.

Ratman: Puff...wheeze!...Why can't we just take the lift?

Boy: (Poking his head out the window.) Mummy, mummy! There's a man climbing up the wall.

Mother: (From inside.) Don't be silly, Harold. Go and do your homework.

Boy: Aw, Mum. (The boy disappears.)

Man: (From the next window.) Hey! I know you. You're Ratman! Gee, can I have your autograph? (He holds out a pen and paper.)

Ratman: Of course. (Ratman takes the pen and paper, starts to fall, waving his arms in the air, and grabs hold of the rope again.) Arrgh! I hate it when they do that.

Bobin: What are you talking about Ratman? No one's ever asked for your auto...

Ratman: (To Bobin.) Shhh! Don't tell the whole world, Bobin.

Bobin: Sorry, Ratman. (He stops for a rest.) Boy, am I tired. Trust it to be the penthouse suite.

Ratman: Come on Bobin, there's work to be done.

Scene 2: The Hide-Out of the Master Villain

A room in a luxurious penthouse suite. There is a sofa, three armchairs and an open window in the back. There is a television set in a corner, but other than this the room is empty. Ratman appears at the window, scans the room, then climbs in. Bobin follows.

Ratman: Coast seems clear.

Bobin: But we're fifty miles from the sea! You're amazing, Ratman!

They venture further into the room, until two men jump out at them. The first has overlapping armoured plates on his back, the second has a bald head and a bright red skin-suit. They are Armadilloman and Eggbonce. They are both carrying guns.

Ratman: It's a trap!

Bobin: They've got guns! (A third figure walks in. He is 5'24" tall and is wearing a green suit and pixie boots. He speaks with a soft Irish accent.)

Leprechaun: Greetings. I am the famed Leprechaun. You must have heard of me. You have walked right into my trap.

Ratman and Bobin: Gasp! The Incredible Leprechaun! The Master-Super-Hyper-Ultra-Mega-Supreme-Arch-Villain!

Leprechaun: That's me alright. Let me introduce you to my two trusty henchmen, Armadilloman and Eggbonce.

Eggbonce: Wibble.

Armadilloman: (He speaks like a true yokel.) Never mind him. He just says funny things sometimes. Oo-ar!

Eggbonce: Pleased to meet you, Ratman. (He shakes his hand.) I've heard so much about you.

Armadilloman: Aye!

Bobin: Hey! Have you heard the one about the sailor, the soldier and the pilot?

Ratman: What?!

Bobin: Sorry, I just thought it was getting a bit boring there, and I wanted to brighten things up.

Leprechaun: That's enough! Take these two to the basement.

Music: Du! Du! Duuuuuh!

Everyone: (Looking around.) What was that?

Music: Du! Du! Duuuuuh!

Bobin: There's two of them.

Ratman: Nah. It was just an echo. (They are taken down to the basement.)

Scene 3: The Typical Trap Scene

There is a cement truck here, with a rope attached to its lever, which goes across to a pulley with a weight on it. A candle burns under the rope. Tied up in a bowl under the cement mixer are Ratman and Bobin.

Leprechaun: It's too good to be true, I've captured the amazing Ratman and Bobin.

Ratman: You won't get away with this!

Leprechaun: Don't be stupid, of course I will. I have outsmarted you with my daring and cunning. Now, above you, you will see a trap. When that candle burns through the rope, the weights will drop, pulling the release lever on the mixer, and the bowl will fill to the brim with cold, lumpy custard.

Bobin: A trap, eh? Is that what you call it?

Ratman: This is no time for sarcasm, Bobin.

Bobin: Okay, tell me when, then. We haven't had much so far.

Leprechaun: Light the candle. (Eggbonce lights it.)

Bobin: Oh no!

Ratman: Why are you doing this? You could just pull the lever yourself.

Leprechaun: Hah! That would be no fun at all. Anyway, I'd love to watch, but I have some dodgy deals to make and some crimes to commit. Besides, I'm a bit squeamish. Armadilloman and Eggbonce will make sure you don't try to escape.

Armadilloman: Right ho, Mr Leprechaun, sir.

Eggbonce: As you wish. (The Leprechaun leaves.)

Bobin: Ratman, we have to do something.

Ratman: I know...get out your anti-knot spray.

Bobin: (He struggles with the ropes round his wrists). I can't, Ratman. My hands are tied.

Ratman: Then cut the rope, Bobin.

Bobin: With what, Ratman?

Ratman: Your knife, Bobin.

Bobin: My knife is in my boot, Ratman.

Ratman: Then take off your boot, Bobin.

Bobin: But my feet are tied, Ratman.

Ratman: So use your anti-knot spray.

Bobin: Shut up, Ratman. How are we going to get out of here?

Armadilloman: You can't. It's extra thick custard with lumps the size of meatballs. (His stomach grumbles.) All this excitement has made me hungry. I'm off for lunch. Guard them, won't you Eggbonce.

Eggbonce: Not likely. I'm off to play squash down at the leisure centre. See you later at the pub. Ta-ta. (They both go off. Eggbonce switches off the light and shuts the door.)

Ratman: Well, they don't make villains like they used to, do they Bobin?

Bobin: No. But that still hasn't answered my question, how are we going to get out of here? The rope is almost burnt through.

Ratman: Quick! Blow out the candle.

Bobin: Puff! Wheeze! It's no use. I can't even see the candle in this gloom. It's too dark...(There is a snapping noise and the sound of weights dropping.) Never mind. The rope has burnt through anyway. (Cold custard pours into the bowl.)

Ratman: See if you can climb up over me.

Bobin: Okay Ratman. (He kneels on Ratman's back and tries to stand up, but they slip in the custard and Bobin smacks his head against the side of the bowl.) Arrrgh!

Ratman: Bobin? Are you okay? (Bobin is unconscious.) This is no time for games, Bobin. Wake up! (He kicks Bobin in the side of the head, and Bobin, who was just stirring, is kicked unconscious again.) Come on, wake up, Bobin, you'll drown. (The custard starts to flow over Bobin.)

Bobin: (Sitting up.) Ow, my head!. Where am I? Who are you? (He has amnesia.)

Ratman: I'm Ratman, your crime-fighting buddy.

Bobin: Who am I?

Ratman: You're Bobin, my trusty side-kick. Surely you know that. Bobin, my you have a bad memory. You haven't been eating Cuthbert's haemorrhoid tablets again have you?

Bobin: Something is coming back to me...I must have banged my head. Why am I in this huge bowl of custard?

Ratman: It's a trap, and if we don't do something, we're going to die.

Bobin: But I can't remember anything.

Ratman: This might help. (He head-butts Bobin in the head and sends him flying. Bobin gets up.) Arrrgh! Ratman, we're going to die! That evil Leprechaun has won!

Ratman: Bobin! Stop shouting and get to work on these ropes. Bite through them! (Bobin starts chewing on Ratman's ties.)

Bobin: Crunch, crunch, chew...could do with some salt...munch, bite!

Ratman: (The rope falls off.) I'm free! Now, if I can just reach that lever. (The lever is a hair's width away from his outstretched hand. He is getting covered in custard. It is up to their waists.) Quick, Bobin, let me stand on your back. (He jumps onto Bobin's back and pushes the lever back up. Bobin is totally submerged.)

Bobin: Glug!

Ratman: Yes! Now to untie my feet. Bobin? Bobin, where are you?

Bobin: Bloop, splut!

Ratman: Bobin, get up here. Air is easier to breathe, believe me. (He pulls Bobin to his feet.) Come on, let me untie you and then we can get out of here. The Leprechaun is getting away.

Bobin: (Getting untied and climbing out of the bowl.) Can I say it this time?

Ratman: Go on then.

Bobin: To the Ratmobile!

Scene 4: On the Road

The Ratmobile is racing along. In the distance is the Leprechaun's pot-of-gold-shaped car. The Ratmobile pulls alongside.

Leprechaun: Ratman and Bobin...gasp! They're free!

Bobin: I think that The Leprechaun is surprised to see us.

Leprechaun: How on Earth did you escape?!!

Ratman: Hey, it was a piece of cake. They don't call me Ratman, escaper of traps for nothing!

Bobin: In fact, they don't call him Ratman, escaper of traps at all!

Leprechaun: You won't take me alive, Ratman. (The pot-of-gold car pulls ahead of the Ratmobile.)

Ratman: Quick, Bobin. Pull us back alongside. I'll try to jump on the back and block his exhaust pipe with a banana.

Bobin: Where will you get a banana from?

Ratman: Think man, I always carry a spare banana in the glove compartment of the Ratmobile. (Ratman leans over and pulls an old, black banana from the glove box.) Hmm, it's a bit mouldy, but it should still work.

Bobin: I'm pulling alongside now.

Ratman: Hold her steady...Here we go! (He jumps onto the back of The Leprechaun's car, but the Leprechaun accelerates at the last minute, and Ratman falls onto the road, holding onto the car bumper.) Ow!

Bobin: Ratman! Are you okay!

Ratman: I'm being dragged along a rough road at high speed holding on by the tips of my fingers, with a face full of exhaust gases, while the cold lumpy custard is slowly drying, forming a cement, making me unable to move the lower half of my body...And you ask me if I'm okay?

Bobin: Is that a no, then?

Ratman: Arrgh! He's going even faster. I'd better get back up or my outfit will be ruined. (Ratman pulls himself back onto the car.)

Bobin: Well done, Ratman. Now, don't forget the banana.

Ratman: Right. (He leans over and pushed the banana firmly into the exhaust pipe.) Hah! Let's see you drive with that in! (Suddenly the exhaust pipe drops off and another one comes out.)

Leprechaun: Ha, Ha, ha! I knew you'd try to use the old banana in the exhaust pipe trick. That's why I have an extra exhaust pipe. I'm too clever for you Ratman.

Ratman: You fiend! (Before he can do anything else, The Leprechaun presses a button and Ratman is flung off into the Ratmobile. Then, the pot-of-gold grows wings and takes off.) Wow!

Bobin: I wish the Ratmobile could do that.

Ratman: (Getting into his seat properly.) This is no time for idle chit-chat, Bobin. I must use my Ratarang on a rope to prevent The Leprechaun from escaping. (Ratman pulls out his rat-shaped boomerang and swings it after the pot-of-gold car and it catches the bumper, but the force pulls the rope out of Ratman's hands.) On no!

Bobin: He's getting away!

Ratman: And he's got my Ratarang!

Bobin: What about The Leprechaun? What are we going to do?

Ratman: Who cares? Do you know how much those things cost? Almost brand new it was.

Bobin: What now?

Ratman: Looks like we head back to the Ratcave.

Bobin: Right-ho Ratman. (Bobin spins the car around and heads back the other way.)

Ratman: Fancy move, Bobin. Where did you learn to drive like that?

Bobin: Learn? I'm not old enough to drive yet Ratman...but it seems easy enough so far.

Act 5, Scene 1: The Mansion (Wednesday)

A large mansion somewhere in the country, just six miles from Winkle Village. Home of the millionaire playboy Bruce Brucely and his lifelong companion Dick Richardson. Bruce, Dick and Aunt Eileen are in the sitting room and Cuthbert is dusting in the study. Aunt Eileen is knitting.

Eileen: So, I hear this master villain is still at large. (Click, click.)

Bruce: ...millions of dollars it cost me...years of research all gone to waste...

Dick: Yes, The Leprechaun I think his name is.

Eileen: I find it all quite scary. You can't be safe anywhere these days. (Clickety click.)

Bruce: ...made from the rarest hardwood and hand painted...

Dick: I shouldn't worry about it Auntie. I'm sure the police can take care of it.

Eileen: What about those Rathead and Bottom people. I here they are on the case too.

Dick: (Annoyed.) Ratman and Bobin I think they are known as.

Eileen: Yes, that's right.

Bruce: ...aerodynamically designed by the top scientists in spacecraft technology... (In the study, a telephone flashes red and plays the first four bars of the American national anthem. Cuthbert answers it.)

Cuthbert: (On phone.) Yes, I'll just get him for you. (He wanders into the living room and whispers in Bruce's ear.)

Bruce: Ahh, Aunt Eileen, something has just come up. Cuthbert has reminded me that it's time to make a particularly poor excuse to go off and become Ratman.

Eileen: I see.

Bruce: So, I have to go and change the air in my car tyres. (Bruce heads for the study.)

Eileen: Doesn't the chauffeur normally do that?

Dick: It's his day off. I'll help you, Bruce. (He follows Bruce.)

Eileen: Okay. See you later for tea, boys. (She continues knitting.)

Bruce: (Picking up the phone.) Hello...yes...Don't worry, we'll be there right away. (Putting the phone down,) Dick that was the Commissioner. The Leprechaun has struck again! To the Ratcave! (Bruce presses the nipple on a statue of Venus and a secret door opens in a bookcase. There is only one pole with Bruce written by it.)

Dick: Where's my pole?!

Bruce: I think Cuthbert must be having it cleaned. Come on, you'll have to use mine. (The both slide down Bruce's pole.)

Scene 2: The Ratcave Again

A hole in the side of a cliff. There are various machines with coloured lights on. At one end there is a pole. Ratman and Bobin come down. They are wearing the wrong clothes.

Ratman: I told you I was supposed to go first. Now look what's happened!

Bobin: Quick, change. (They quickly change.)

Ratman: Come on, Winkle Village needs us. To the Ratmobile!

Scene 3: The Commissioner's Office

An office. There is an old man in a suit with glasses talking to Sergeant Killem. Ratman and Bobin burst in.

Commissioner: Ahh, Ratman.

Bobin: And Bobin.

Commissioner: And Bobin, yes.

Ratman: What is it, Commissioner?

Commissioner: This is Sergeant Killem. He has been working on the Leprechaun case.

Killem: There is a rumour that The Leprechaun might be linking up with his two old accomplices, The Politician and Lollipopman, who escaped from their maximum security cell at Winkle Village prison. Personally, I think he helped them escape.

Bobin: Oh no!

Ratman: Where were they last seen?

Commissioner: Well, they were last seen at the Thirteenth National Bank this morning, when they robbed it.

Bobin: Those dirty thieving crooks.

Ratman: We'll start there. Come on, Dick...err...Bobin. Let's go to the scene of the crime. (They dash out.)

Scene 4: The Scene of the Crime

The Thirteenth National Bank. Inside are the manager, Ratman and Bobin. The bank is shut for investigations.

Ratman: So you could identify the robbers if you saw them again, could you?

Manager: Yeah. One was four feet tall with an enormous belly and pockets full of bribe money, smoking a huge cigar, smiling evilly and wearing a bowler hat and the other was seven feet tall and wearing a bright yellow mackintosh and carrying an enormous lollipop with 'I like children but I can't always eat a whole one' on it.

Bobin: But could you pick them out from a police line-up?

Manager: Easily!

Ratman: What Bobin is trying to say is that if you saw these men in a crowd of normal citizens, could you pick them out.

Manager: Look, they were unique! There could never be anyone else remotely similar to them.

Bobin: What about with one eye held shut?

Manager: Yes! (At this point two men come in. The first is short and fat and smoking a cigar and wearing a bowler hat. The second is wearing a bright yellow mac and carrying a big lollipop.)

Politician: Is this the Fourteenth National Bank?

Ratman: No, this is the Thirteenth National Bank, and it's shut. Didn't you see the sign? (The manager starts coughing profusely.)

Lollipopman: Oh. (Turning to The Politician,) We did this place already, half-an-hour ago. Come on, shorty. Let's find that other bank. (They walk out.)

Bobin: Are you okay? (The manager is pointing at the two men. He is coughing so hard that he is crying.)

Ratman: Must be delayed shock. Look Mr manager, I think you've been working too hard. Take a day off.

Manager: No, you don't understand. It was them! (He continues pointing at the two men, who are getting into a taxi and leaving.)

Bobin: Now see here, you're just looking for someone to blame. It's nobody's fault, you have to learn to accept that.

Ratman: Bobin's right. Look, here's a leaflet on Yoga classes that the community centre run. You can go on Friday. Won't that be nice. (The manager breaks into big sobs and buries his face in his hands.)

Bobin: Take the rest of the day off. (Bobin shows the manager out.)

Ratman: Right. Let's start looking for clues.

Bobin: Good idea, Ratman. (They wander around a bit.) Ah ha! Look what I've found. It's a cigarette butt. You know what this means, don't you?

Ratman: That the manager smokes?

Bobin: ...Oh... (Bobin drops the butt and they keep searching.)

Ratman: Ah ha! (Picking up the butt that Bobin just dropped.)

Bobin: What is it?

Ratman: A cigarette butt.

Bobin: Well done, Ratman.

Ratman: This is a vital piece of evidence. Back to the Ratcave for some analysis. (They run out.)

Scene 5: The Ratcave, Yet Again

Ratman and Bobin are standing in front of one of the many machines with lots of flashing lights all over it. This one also has a round screen on the front. Bobin is pressing buttons in an apparently random order.

Bobin: There, finished. Our spare outfits should be clean in half-an-hour. (The machine makes a swishing noise.)

Ratman: Well, I've finished programming the spectro-analyser. We'll know who smoked that cigarette when I press this button.

Bobin: That's clever, how does it work?

Ratman: Search me, I just work here. (He presses the button. The machine hums and a picture comes up on the screen.)

Bobin: Gosh...it's Cuthbert!

Ratman: Yes, it is. We'd better go and speak to him right away. (They head off. An old man, with long, straggly hair and a long cloak and staff wanders on.)

Wanderer: Listen to me, O Great One! I summon up the power that was given to me, that liveth on in my veins. I need power, O Great One. (He taps his staff on the ground three times.) O rise up and deliver to me this power, O Master...(While he is talking, a man dressed ordinarily and carrying a clipboard runs on and whispers to the old man. The Wanderer stops and looks about.) Oh, I'm most frightfully fully. Ha ha. It seems as if I'm in the wrong play. Sorry about this. (He leaves.)

Scene 6: The Mansion Again

It is afternoon tea. Bruce, Dick and Cuthbert are all in the living room. Aunt Eileen is in the next room, cutting the cake.

Bruce: Cuthbert, why were you at the Thirteenth National Bank?

Cuthbert: But I wasn't. I...

Dick: Yes you were, we found evidence, didn't we Ratman? I mean Bruce.

Bruce: Yes, Dick. A cigarette butt. And it was yours, Cuthbert.

Cuthbert: But I don't smoke.

Dick: Don't lie to try to save yourself, Cuthbert. Our computer says it was yours and our computer never lies.

Bruce: Besides, the evidence is overwhelming. It is yours.

Cuthbert: I've already told you, I don't smoke. And I wasn't at the bank. I...

Dick: If you're not guilty, how come we've never seen you, The Leprechaun, The Politician and Lollipopman at the same time. Explain that.

Cuthbert: Because we are never all together at the same time. And even if we were...

Bruce: How would you know that you've never all been together? Unless you have inside information...

Dick: And you tried to kill me this morning.

Cuthbert: I never...

Bruce: Don't try to play innocent with us, Cuthbert.

Dick: You pinched my pole so I would fall to my doom. Very clever, but I outsmarted you. I used Bruce's pole instead.

Cuthbert: But I was having it polished. (At this point, Aunt Eileen calls and Cuthbert rushes off to help.)

Bruce: Crafty old fool, isn't he Dick?

Dick: He sure is.

Bruce: Almost as crafty as Aunt Eileen.

Dick: You can't mean...

Bruce: Yes, she's one of them too.

Dick: It sounds to me like you are getting paranoid, Bruce.

Bruce: Maybe, but that doesn't stop Aunt Eileen from killing us and burying our bodies in the cabbage patch. I'm going to stop this right now. (He goes into the room where Cuthbert and Aunt Eileen are drinking tea.)

Bruce: Alright, you fiends, I'm taking you in! (Dick sighs and goes off somewhere.)

Eileen: (Laughing.) Oh Bruce, you are funny.

Bruce: I'm being serious, so don't try anything. You wouldn't stand a chance.

Cuthbert: Mr Brucely, I'm sure you've made a mistake.

Bruce: I'm taking you both down the station.

Eileen: (Still laughing.) It's a fair cop guv. (Bruce picks up the phone.)

Bruce: Hello, Police please.

Cuthbert: Don't you think you're taking this joke a bit far, sir?

Bruce: This is no joke, Cuthbert. (To the phone,) Yes, Police, I have caught the master villains you are after. (Dick enters.)

Dick: Bruce!

Bruce: Not now, Dick, I'm on the phone...Yes, I would like a police car sent round straight away.

Dick: But Bruce!

Bruce: Oh, what is it?

Dick: I think the Ratcomputer has malfunctioned.

Bruce: Ah. Police? Yes, forget everything I just said. They've just escaped. Good-bye. (Turning to Dick.) Go on.

Dick: Cuthbert didn't smoke this cigarette butt. But I know who did. Let's go. (They rush off.)

Eileen: Oh, those two are always rushing about.

Scene 7: Home of the Master Villain

Ratman and Bobin go up to the door of a house. Bobin rings the doorbell and a man answers.

Bobin: Oh, hello. Err.

Ratman: It's the bank manager.

Manager: Oh no, not you two again!

Bobin: Sorry, wrong address. (The manager groans and slams the door.)

Ratman: Let's go back to the Commissioner and tell him what we've learned.

Scene 8: The Commissioner's Office Again

The Commissioner is sitting behind his desk, smoking a pipe. Sergeant Killem is here too. Ratman and Bobin come in.

Commissioner: So, you two, what have you found out?

Ratman: Well...err...

Bobin: Nothing actually.

Commissioner: What happened to that famous Ratcomputer of yours?

Ratman: One of the bulbs blew and now it doesn't work. (Suddenly PC Plod bursts in.)

Bobin: PC Plod, what are you doing here?

Plod: I might ask you that same question, Ratman, or should I say Bruce, or should I say Lollipopman? (There are gasps from all round.)

Ratman: What are you talking about?

Bobin: And I suppose that makes me The Politician?

Killem: And that makes me a pink mushroom, does it?

Plod: That's right, you're a pink mushroom! (He falls flat on his face. He has a bullet hole in the back of his head.)

Killem: He's dead!

Commissioner: He must have been delirious.

Ratman: Phew!

Killem: Look, he's holding a scrap of paper.

Commissioner: What does it say? (Ratman grabs it and starts reading.)

Ratman: The Leprechaun and his evil friends have broken into Billy's bon-bon factory. They've taken the workers hostage.

Bobin: Gasp!

Commissioner: This calls for some quick thinking. Killem, take ten of your best men over there right away.

Killem: Err...sure sir, but I only have one man left as it is.

Commissioner: Whatever. Ratman, you go ahead and see if you can reason with them. I'll be along shortly after I've made an important phone call.

Ratman: Right. (They dash off.)

Commissioner: Yes, Pizza Shack? I'd like to order a large ham and mushroom pizza please...

Act 6, Scene 1: Outside the Factory

There are several police cars and the Ratmobile parked outside. A few people are running about in panic. Ratman and Bobin are talking to PC Boots.

Boots: They're in there, Ratman. They've taken several hostages.

Ratman: Hand me the megaphone. (PC Boots hands Ratman a megaphone.) Give yourselves up! I'm giving you five seconds to surrender before we're coming in. Five...four...three...two...one-and-a-half...one-and-a-quarter...one...seven eighths?

Bobin: I don't think they're going to come out. We're going to have to go in, Ratman.

Ratman: Well, let's not be hasty, Bobin. They have hostages in there. We're going to have to play it safe. (Picking up the megaphone again.) Okay, then, you've made your point. What are your demands for the release of the hostages?

Leprechaun: (From inside.) Demands? Oh, let's see. We'll start with all the money in Winkle Village. Then, a really fast car for me. Lollipopman wants a helicopter and The Politician says he uses public transport and it's really great, but he'd appreciate the most fuel uneconomic vehicle you can get, such as a ship. A spaceship, preferably.

Ratman: You can't be serious. Where are we going to get a spaceship from?

Leprechaun: I'm giving you five minutes or I throw out the first hostage, from the top floor window.

Bobin: Ratman! What are we going to do?

Ratman: Put on your steal underwear, Bobin. We're going in.

Scene 2: The Showdown

Inside the factory there are various machines going back and forward, and millions on bon-bons are pouring off the production line into a large tank, where the hostages are. It is quite dark inside, and every so often a shower of sparks come from somewhere, for no particular reason except dramatic effect.

Bobin: Those evil villains! They're planning to drown the workers in their own bon-bons, anyway. Let me at them.

Ratman: Quiet Bobin. We have a duty to perform. We must uphold the law at all costs...(Patriotic humming starts.)...to fight the forces of evil, to beat this threat back to where it belongs, to go ever forward, fighting for truth, justice...

Bobin: Aww, shut up! (The humming stops.)

Ratman: Let's get on with it. You free the hostages and I'll find those villains.

Leprechaun: Look no further, Ratman. (Emerging from the shadows, followed by Lollipopman, The Politician, Eggbounce, Armadilloman, Apricot Man and Fiend.

Bobin: Holy grail, Ratman! Look at all those crooks, all gathered in one spot.

Ratman: We're taking you in, Leprechaun, and all your evil henchmen.

Fiend: Is that so? You and who's army?

Bobin: We outnumber you two-to-one.

Apricot Man: Oh? And how did you work that out?

Ratman: Well, there's two of us, him and me. That's four of us already.

Bobin: And there's...seven of you, plus us, that's...(Counting on his fingers.)...over ten of us. We've easily got you outnumbered. (The villains look at each other, puzzled.)

Armadilloman: No, no, you've got it all wrong. There's seven of us...And only two of you. You don't stand a chance.

Ratman: On the contrary, you don't stand a chance. Get them Bobin! (Ratman and Bobin dash forward.)

Eggbounce and Armadilloman rush forward to meet them and they stand around for a while hitting each other. When it looks like the villains almost have our heroes beat, they make a dramatic comeback, and double-punch their opponents, knocking them out. Fiend attacks, but Ratman and Bobin pick him up, and throwing him at Apricot Man, drop both of them into a vat of bon-bon mix. They sink up to their waists and then get stuck. Lollipopman runs forward, knocking Bobin over the edge of a steaming pot of molten sugar. Bobin grabs hold of the railing with one hand and hangs on with his tips of his fingers.

Bobin: Ratman, help me!

Ratman: I'm a bit busy at the moment...(The Leprechaun has picked up Ratman by his neck and is shaking him.)...cough, choke! I'll be there as soon as superhumanly possible.

Bobin: Hurry, Ratman. (His fingers are slipping. Below him, the vat boils menacingly.)

Ratman: Take this, Leprechaun! (Ratman strikes the Leprechaun on either side of the neck with the edges of his hands, but to no avail.)

Leprechaun: I'm too tough for you, Ratman. Admit defeat.

Ratman: Never! (Ratman pulls a can of spray from his belt.) Try this for size, Incredible Leprechaun! (He sprays it in The Leprechaun's face.)

Leprechaun: Arrgh! (He drops Ratman.) My eyes, my eyes! I can't see, I can't breathe! Cough!

The Politician makes a break for the front door, being too scared to fight, but gets caught by Killem and Boots, because he's also too fat to run. Lollipopman drops his lollipop and holds his arms in the air.

Lollipopman: I give up. You're too tough for me.

Bobin: Ratman, help me. (Ratman dashes over and pulls Bobin to safety.) What was that spray you used? Some new Leprechaun incapacitant, no doubt.

Ratman: No. It's a military mixture of CS and mustard gas, from the first world war. Cuthbert gave it to me. Although it's strictly illegal to use it, I always carry it for such dangerous missions. Now to save the hostages. You take Lollipopman and the others outside. Quick, this place is going to blow. (The shower of sparks suddenly grows bigger, and there is a deep rumble.)

Bobin: How come?

Ratman: The Leprechaun is a twisted criminal, who knows why he does these things? (He runs off in the direction of the hostages. Bobin takes Lollipopman out to the police and then drags away the now unconscious Leprechaun, Armadilloman and Eggbonce. Fiend and Apricot Man have managed to crawl out of the bon-bon mix, but it sticks to them and slows them down.)

Fiend: This stuff is horrible. Arrest me, and take me straight to the shower room.

Apricot Man: Me too. I surrender.

Ratman: (Running out, followed by the workers.) Quick, everyone, get down!

Bobin: Hit the deck. (A huge bang is heard and a big shower of sparks comes from inside.) It's going to blow!

Ratman dives behind the Ratmobile just as the factory explodes, causing a big cloud of smoke and a big plume of flame. Then it starts raining sweets. Millions of bon-bons pour down over the scene.

Ratman: What a sweet ending.

Eggbonce: Yes, and I have learned an important lesson today, that crime doesn't pay.

Politician: And I have learnt that you shouldn't try to deceive people, because it's fundamentally and morally wrong.

Fiend: Yes, and I will be law abiding when I get out of jail.

Apricot Man: I want to get a really long sentence, to make right what I have done wrong in my crooked life.

Armadilloman: (Now conscious.) And I will be kind to old ladies from now on, and help them cross the road, and make them cups of tea.

Lollipopman: And I will help children cross the road, instead of eating them from now on.

Leprechaun: And I promise to start a charity fund to feed starving homeless children in Africa, and give away all my old clothes and books so they can learn to read. Then they can buy my new book, *The Incredible Leprechaun Tells All*, priced fourteen ninety-nine from all good bookshops. All proceeds from my books will go into my fund, really.

Commissioner: That's very good news. Take them away, Sergeant.

Killem: Right, you lot, into the van.

Commissioner: (Turning to Ratman and Bobin.) You've done it again, Ratman. You two are a formidable pair.

Bobin: Thank you, Commissioner.

Commissioner: Not you. Ratman and his ego.

Ratman: Thank you, Commissioner.

Commissioner: I'd like to present you with this small reward as a token of our gratitude. (He pulls out a large wad of hundred dollar bills.)

Ratman: Well, it was nothing really. I can't accept that, Commissioner.

Commissioner: Oh. Okay, well, I'll just have to buy myself a new car then. (He puts it back into his wallet and walks off.)

Bobin: What did you have to say that for, Ratman? I could do with a bit more pocket money.

Ratman: We don't do this job for the money, Bobin. We do it to rid the world of vermin like The Leprechaun and his accomplices.

Bobin: And we get to choose our own hours.

Ratman: Yes, I guess so.

Bobin: And the perks are good, like being allowed to go over the speed limit, and having a reserved parking place outside City Hall.

Ratman: Yes, that's true, the perks are good too.

Bobin: And the money is good, it pays for all our expenses and more.

Ratman: Bobin, you're right. (He runs up to the commissioner, hits him and steals the money.) I'll have this, now. Let's go, Bobin.

Bobin: To the Ratmobile! (They jump in and drive off.)

Voice: And that is the tale of how Ratman and Bobin saved Winkle Village from the threat of the mass murderer Kevin and evil arch-fiend The Incredible Leprechaun, and all those other guys too.

Commissioner: Ow, my head.

THE END