

The Ballad of St Helena

Or, The Day the World Stood French



Written by Patrick Painter

Character List

The Chutney Family

Samphire Chutney - Rebellious town mayor's daughter, snappy and frustrated about being stuck on this island, goes by Sam

Kumquat Chutney - Mayor of Jamestown, hard-lipped kinda Nigel Farage like. Very Mr Banks from Mary Poppins

Pomegranate Chutney - Wife of Kumquat, lovely and kind, puts up with Kumquat too much.

Quince Chutney - Cool grandpa who gets on with Samphire and takes the piss out of Kumquat all the time.

Nectarine Chutney - Younger sister to both Samphire and Durian, much more prim and proper and very clever but willing to help her sister out when she really needs it

Durian Chutney - Long suffering middle child of the family

The Townsfolk

Mrs Baker - Massive gossip, founder of the neighbourhood watch

Mr Butcher - Massive gossip, eager member of the neighbourhood watch

Mr Farmer - Proper rural west country stereotype, think a grumpier Hagrid

Mr Fisher - A Fisherman, your classic salty seadog

Mr Sheriff - Acts very cocky, like an old victorian london policeman

Mr Smith - A big burly blacksmith with a no-nonsense attitude

Mr Johnson - The local schoolmaster, incredibly corrupt and stupid but a fan of big words

Prefect - Incredibly smart with a shit-eating grin

Parkinson - A poor child that is beaten for comedic effect

Reverend - A bit father Ted

Nun - Sister Inferior, not a fan of Dracula for the Sebastian fans in the cast

The Judge - A drunkard, but insanely intelligent legal professional

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Mrs. Smarm - A slick, greasy lawyer

The Jailor - Unexplained and unexplainable caveman. Me not like long word, you shut up

Prisoner - A long forgotten prisoner

The Outsiders

Ghost Napoleon - The narrator of the play, nothing but contempt for the bloody English

Real Napoleon - Literally Napoleon

Caesar's Ghost - Tries to be narrator of the play for Act II before Napoleon kicks him off every time

Private - Bloke helping to keep a watch on Napoleon

Lieutenant - Bloke in charge of keeping a watch on Napoleon

Colonel - Most senior military officer on St Helena, and ancestor to the Chutneys.

Jacob - Shipwrecked 'Napoleon enthusiast', actually sailing to St Helena to deliver a part for the time machine and maybe reunite with his long lost mother, the Governor of the island.

The Governor - Governor of Saint Helena, in charge of the Town Mayor but usually lives and works in London.

Richard - Pompous Volcanologist, actually a time travel agent

Rachel - Serious Volcanologist, also actually a time travel agent

Ritchie - No thoughts head empty volcanologist, also actually a time travel agent

Liz - Actually a volcanologist

Ellie - Also actually a volcanologist

See: [BOSH Scene Sheet](#)

Song List

1.1 - Our Island Home

Pomegranate sings about how lovely it is to live with her family on St Helena, Samphire vehemently disagrees and Quince pokes fun at them both.

1.6 - Chugging Along

The townsfolk sing about their marriages, of varying success.

1.8 - Everything You've Done Wrong

The townsfolk sing about Jacob's many crimes, none of which are true, and which get exceedingly far fetched. Jacob protests to no avail.

1.9 - Crime is Bad

The Judge tries to educate Mrs Smarm on how to be a good lawyer, while talking about the case of the missing girls.

2.3 - Dreaming of Escaping St Helena

Napoleon, Samphire, Nectarine, and Durian sing about their dissatisfaction, as Napoleon tries to convince the girls to let him go free.

2.7 - How Did We End Up Here

Jacob and Napoleon lament being stuck in prison, and the wild few days they've just had.

2.10 - Final Song

Classic OULES final song, wrapping everything up, ideally with everyone getting a couple lines.

Scene List

Highlighted scenes contain songs

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ACT 1 SCENES	ACT 1 CHARACTERS	ACT 2 SCENES	ACT 2 CHARACTERS
1.1 - Welcome to Chutneyville	Ghost Napoleon, Kumquat, Samphire, Quince, Pomegranate, Durian	2.1 - Oui oui baguette	Caesar, Ghost Napoleon, Nectarine, Durian, Samphire, Real Napoleon, Lieutenant, Colonel, Private, Quince, Kumquat, Pomegranate, Nun, Butcher, Sheriff
1.2 - Nighttime all sneaky like	Ghost Napoleon, Samphire, Fisher, Smith, Sheriff, Mr Johnson, Prefect, Parkinson, Baker, Butcher, Judge	2.2 - Put the timeline in rice or something	Governor, Judge, Kumquat, Richard, Rachel, Ritchie, Ellie, Liz
1.3 - Clever clever clever	Nectarine, Kumquat, Pomegranate, Quince	2.3 - Ah shit we've kidnapped Napoleon	Real Napoleon, Samphire, Durian, Nectarine, Richard, Rachel
1.4 - Lost at sea?	Samphire, Jacob, Nectarine, Quince, Liz, Ellie	2.4 - I love it when my problems solve themselves	Richard, Rachel, Ritchie, Mr Johnson, Farmer, Nectarine, Samphire, Durian, Real Napoleon
1.5 - Where've you been	Ghost Napoleon, Quince, Kumquat, Nectarine, Pomegranate, Samphire, Jacob	2.5 - Kidnapping what kidnapping	Quince, Governor, Reverend, Nun, Kumquat, Samphire, Nectarine, Durian, Pomegranate
1.6 - The mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell	Mr Johnson, Durian, Prefect, Parkinson, Sheriff, Farmer, Reverend, Fisher, Butcher, Baker	2.6 - Were we French for a week?	Reverend, Nun, Fisher, Smith, Mr Johnson, Farmer, Prefect, Parkinson, Baker, Butcher, Sheriff
1.7 - The bit where the time machine turns on	Samphire, Nectarine, Durian, Pomegranate, Ghost Napoleon, Real Napoleon	2.7 - 2/10 would not be arrested again	Jacob, Real Napoleon, Fisher, Farmer, Jailor, Prisoner, Butcher, Samphire
1.8 - Some explaining to do	Jacob, Fisher, Smith, Mr Johnson,	2.8 - Are they onto something or...	Durian, Nectarine, Quince, Richard

	Sheriff, Farmer, Reverend, Kumquat, Pomegranate, Baker, Butcher, Nun		
1.9 - Bang him up boys	Jailor, Smarm, Judge, Reverend, Jacob, Smith, Farmer, Fisher, Mr. Johnson, Baker, Nun	2.9 - Nighttime all sneaky like v2: Napoleonic boogaloo	Nectarine, Governor, Kumquat, Richard, Rachel, Ritchie, Liz, Ellie, Jacob, Real Napoleon, Jailor, Prisoner
1.10 - Allons y!	Nectarine, Durian, Samphire, Real Napoleon, Lieutenant, Colonel, Private	2.10 - Wrap up the nonsense	Samphire, Durian, Nectarine, Kumquat, Pomegranate, Quince, Jacob, Governor, Judge, Fisher, Farmer, Reverend, Sheriff, Baker, Butcher, Mr Johnson, Prefect, Parkinson, Liz, Ellie, Ritchie, Richard, Rachel, Ghost Napoleon, Caesar

Act I

1.1 - Welcome to Chutneyville

A still, setless stage. Napoleon Bonaparte walks on, clearly bored and sarcastic, talking to the audience.

Ghost Napoleon: Ah, great. The island of St Helena, population, about 4000, and the biggest highlight for any knuckle-dragging birdwatcher who comes to tour the South Atlantic. So here we are again, another boatload of the Great British 'people' have come to gawk at the grave of this pathetic little island's most famous resident. Yes, me! I was once Emperor of the French! Commander of continental Europe! Defender of the French revolution and/or subverter of the French revolution, depending on which history nerd you want to upset. As punishment for losing - the second time that is - the good-for-nothing tea swillers locked me up on this volcanic pebble to rot. And now look at me! Reduced to an ethereal tour guide of this "Overseas Territory" for the viewing pleasure of paltry vermin like yourselves - at least until I complete whatever unfinished business has been tying me here for the last 200 years.

Kumquat and Samphire enter behind, not noticing Napoleon, and silently arguing

Ghost Napoleon: What? Oh for god's sake these two again. If there's one thing two centuries of death has taught me, it's that there are only so many places you can get some peace and quiet on St Helena...

Kumquat: Now you listen here missy! I don't care if I have to nail you down by your cheeks, you're staying on this island!

Ghost Napoleon: And the household of Lord Mayor Kumquat Chutney is certainly not one of those places. He won't take no for an answer. You're better off trying to get some rest in a brothel in an earthquake.

Samphire: You're so small minded! Why do you keep me boxed away on this stupid rock when the world is so much bigger than this!?

Ghost Napoleon: And yes, that's his eldest daughter, Samphire Chutney. Not the biggest fan of her father...

Samphire: I refuse to shack up with some wet little businessman for your political ambition!

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Quince saunters in and sits down

Kumquat: You know Mr Blinkinsop is very sensitive about his incontinence!
Besides, this 'rock' is our home!

Ghost Napoleon: *(unheard)* I'm sorry for your loss.

Kumquat: I can't have you running off exploring when there is a perfectly acceptable amount of work to be done at home!

Samphire: Filing your paperwork for you? Cutting ribbons at some feckless granny's memorial bingo hall? Faxing your bribes to that Cayman Islands shell company?

Quince: Who do you think paid for the bingo hall?

Kumquat: Shut it, the pair of you! I'll have no more arguing under my roof!

Quince: *(simultaneously)* Thank the lord.

Ghost Napoleon: *(simultaneously)* Thank the lord.

Kumquat: You'll be married within the year, and that's that! Whether it's to a fat Luxembourgish aristocrat or some local swineherd, you'll be settling down here and working for the good of the island! We need political alliances if the Chutney dynasty is to remain in power - I hear Mr Johnson is planning to run again next year and I won't lose my job to that ridiculous buffoon!

Kumquat storms off, a pause

Ghost Napoleon: You can see that I'm not the only one here stuck in the 19th century.

Samphire: Grandad, why is dad always so bloody stubborn!

Quince: I wouldn't worry about him, my son's always been a little bit of a... oh what's the phrase... that's it, a massive tool.

Samphire: He's the worst mayor this town has ever had!

Ghost Napoleon: Not even close! *(to audience)* I've been ghosting around this town for over 200 years, and it feels that barely anything has changed! The bosses are just as bonkers and backwards as before, and trust me, there have been quite the collection of nutcases in the top job. This current lot though, I will admit they're hardly the sharpest forks in the microwave. Makes me wonder why the governor doesn't swim over from London more often to slap some sense into them.

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Pomegranate and Durian enter, looking concerned

Pomegranate: Samphire dear, are you alright? We heard the shouting from upstairs! Is your father being a silly little man again?

Samphire: I'm fine.

Durian: No-one who has to listen to dad for that long could ever be 'fine'.

Pomegranate: What?

Quince: He's got a voice that would give aspirin a headache

Quince and Durian hi-five

Samphire: (*strop*) He knows that all I've ever wanted was to see the sights of the world! The glittering skyline of New York. The great pyramids of Giza. The beautiful chemical industries of Middlesbrough! It's not fair! I'm sick and tired of this stupid, ignorant island!

Napoleon: Tell me about it.

Samphire: But all dad wants to do is keep me at the family business, thinks I should just stay here all my life, get married and get involved in local politics. But I don't want to line my pockets all day, I want to see the world! It's not fair.

Pomegranate: Samphire, darling, it's not all that bad! I just feel you need to rethink what makes this island, our home, so...

Samphire: Dull?

Quince: Grim?

Napoleon: Disgustingly British?

Pomegranate: Special.

Music starts

Durian: What's going on?

Quince: I think your mum's about to burst into song

Samphire: Durian! Run!

Durian: Oh god, no, wait!

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SONG - Our Island Home*Pomegranate leaves*

Quince: She does have a point you know.

Samphire: Well what do you expect me to do! I can't just spend my whole life waiting around for dad to pop his clogs so I can finally take the top job and maybe have some independence.

Quince: My dear, independence will come sooner than you think. He won't be mayor for very long. I wasn't.

Durian: I never knew you were mayor, grandad!

Quince: Why, of course I was my boy! Nepotism runs in the family!

Samphire: Well, it had better not be passed down to me! I'd rather swim to Africa than be mayor of this shoddy place.

Quince laughs hysterically

Samphire: Why is that so funny?

Quince: As if you'd be mayor.

Durian: *(pointing)* Hah!

Quince: Either of you.

Durian: What?

Quince: Your sister claimed it for herself a long time ago.

Samphire: What?! How?!

Quince: The traditional selection method: we observed you all perform a ritual of great significance, without you even knowing you were being tested!

Samphire: Really?

Quince: *(Sagely)* Yes. *(A pause)*. She beat both of you in a game of scrabble. We all saw. It was quite embarrassing actually.

Durian: Why, what was so bad about it?

Quince: It was before she could read.

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Exeunt

1.2 - Nighttime all sneaky like

Late evening, a quiet lane on the way to the beach, Samphire enters.

Ghost Napoleon: So there you have it. A young woman out to make her way in the world, trapped in a little box by her tyrannical father. It reminds me of when I was exiled here by those ridiculous Brits - I had so much potential, so much of the world left to see, and instead, they said *adieu* and dumped me in the middle of nowhere.

Exit Ghost Napoleon

Samphire: It boggles my mind how their tiny little walnut brains can even cope with running a tap, never mind an island government. Though if Mr Fisher's left the keys in his boat again, I might just have a ticket out of here!

Fisher and Smith enter talking, unseen by Samphire

Samphire: Yes! He's parked it right where the blacksmith had that affair with the fisherman's...

She turns to go offstage, bumping into Fisher in the process

Samphire: *(stuttering)* ...job is, um, a good...career! Isn't it Mr Fisher?

Fisher: *(shares a look with Smith, bemused)* Aye lassie, never been a happier man than when I'm at sea, I'll tell you that for free.

Smith: You never stop telling me that, you old goat!

Samphire: And you, Mr Smith, you're looking...um...strong today....

Smith: *(posing)* Well, there's nothing like hammering your tool for a bit of forearm exercise

Samphire: Yes...quite.

Fisher: Mind your manners Graham, I wouldn't use such coarse language around the youngsters!

Smith: I didn't peg you for a prude, Malcolm!

Fisher: You haven't pegged me at all! Buy me dinner first!

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Samphire: *(tries to leave)* It's been nice seeing you gentlemen, now I'm afraid I should be -

Smith: Not so fast.

Fisher: Aye, where's a girl like you headed on a night like this?

Smith: It's not safe out here, there are all sorts of dangers around!

Fisher: Snakes in the grass—

Smith: Broken bottles in the sand—

Fisher: Unexploded bombs from your grandad's last birthday boozier—

Smith: Nosy people listening in to whatever noises you might be making with whomever's wife on the beach—

Fisher: What?

Smith: Nothing.

Fisher: Arr, anyway, the point is, you've got to be careful! I'm of a mind to go tell your old man you've been waltzing around out here. And I'm sure he'd love to know where you're off to at this time of night!

Samphire: Why's it so criminal to go on a walk?

Fisher: Some of us might be worried we forgot our keys in our boat, and that you were thinking of nicking the thing!

Smith: Really? Again?

Samphire: N-no, of course not! I just... Umm... This is just a big old misunderstanding. A bunch of kids are planning to steal your dinghy and sail it away, so I was on the way to catch them!

Fisher: *(unconvinced)* Really?

Samphire: And they keep getting port and starboard mixed up!

Fisher: THEY WHAT.

Fisher storms off, dragging Smith with him. Samphire again turns to leave but bumps into Sheriff

Sheriff: 'ello 'ello 'ello, what time and place d'ya call this?

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Samphire: Oh god, not you as well.

Sheriff: Here's me always thinking you were up to no good, sneaking off places where you weren't supposed to be.

Samphire: This is a public road!

Sheriff: Lemme allow myself a little correction, Sammy my girl, you are sneaking off to places that will lead to places where you aren't supposed to be.

Samphire: A road that leads to the beach!

Sheriff: And would this 'beach' of yours be your own private property or would it in fact be somebody else's?

Samphire: (shoving past him) Oh come off it, you pretentious little hobgoblin...

Mr Johnson, Prefect, and Parkinson enter

Samphire: I'm going to hit something...

Mr Johnson: Now remember children, now that this frightfully churlish disagreement has indubitably reached its apex, its peak, its climax if you will, would you say that violence is the answer?

Prefect: No, Mr Johnson Sir, violence is the question. The answer is yes.

Mr Johnson: *(smiling and passing Prefect a stick)* A very good answer indeed.

Prefect chases Parkinson offstage

Samphire: (through gritted teeth) Mr Johnson! How lovely to see you!

Mr Johnson: Ah Samphire my dear! I was just educating those little rascallions about justice and crisis management.

Screaming from offstage

Mr Johnson: Weighty topics I know, hard to elucidate in some so young, so soft and impressionable are their tiny minds. But I think those two have it in them to be great orators in the future.

Sheriff: Fine words professor!

Samphire: Yes, quite. Now, if you'll excuse me.

(She pushes Sheriff and Mr Johnson offstage)

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Samphire: I have somewhere to be.

Butcher and Baker enter

Samphire: I swear, I've had it with these stupid- Mrs Baker! Mr Butcher! What are you up to at this time of night? Why is everyone out at this time of night!

Butcher: We were just out on a stroll.

Baker: Thought we'd keep an eye on things

Butcher: There's been gossip around town about Mr Fisher's boat going missing.

Samphire: What? It's right there!

Butcher: Ah, but it's not the crime that's the crime, it's the fear of crime!

Baker: It's plaguing our streets!

Butcher: That's what our neighbourhood watch is all about!

Samphire: Stoking fear?

Baker: And we're proud of it!

Butcher: *(checking notes)* It would appear you've been out on a wander round this road eighteen times in the last three months. Care to explain?

Samphire: What the hell needs explaining about that?

Baker: Alright, alright, no need to get defensive! We're just curious is all.

Butcher: You see, every other time you've gone home before eight pm.

Samphire: I've had it with you bloody curtain twitchers!

Samphire goes to leave, as Judge enters

Judge: Hello Samphire!

Samphire: Piss off!

Samphire exit

Exeunt

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1.3 - Clever clever clever

The Chutney residence, Nectarine's room, she's fiddling with a remote. Quince is sat keeping her company because he is a nice grandpa

Nectarine: It's surprising really, I would have thought the hardest part of building a time machine would have been the theory behind it.

Quince: And not, I don't know, shipping exotic materials to one of the most remote islands in the world?

Nectarine: It's not my fault the local B&Q has run out of depleted uranium! Thank god that Russian nuclear submarine ran aground last week.

Quince: I was wondering why my new friend Ivan kept bugging me about that radar station.

Nectarine: ...aaaaaand there! I'm waiting on just one more critical component to be delivered and it should be all sorted.

Quince: I thought it all came in that shipping container you had craned in through the wall?

Nectarine: EBay only sells so much I'm afraid. I had to get this from a friend of mine.

Quince: ...is this that dodgy engineering student on his gap year in Madagascar?

Nectarine: (*embarrassed*) You wouldn't know him, he goes to another school.

Quince: I see.

Nectarine: Oh pass me the screwdriver will you, grandad? One of the batteries has come loose.

Quince passes her the screwdriver

Quince: A whole shipping container full of gizmos, and that's your time machine?

Nectarine: This is just the control, most of it's in the attic, apart from the chronological transmitter, that's in the shed outside. Quite the masterclass of design actually, it just about fits!

Quince: What about my Harley Davidson?

Nectarine: I may have used that as a generator..?

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Pomegranate and Kumquat enter, worried

- Pomegranate: Nectarine dear, I'm afraid we have bad news about your sister.
- Kumquat: She's gone missing! She hasn't come home all night!
- Nectarine: Where to? Can I go too?
- Kumquat: This is a very serious issue! We can't just have her wandering around the place at night, it could be very dangerous!
- Quince: I wouldn't get too wound up about it my boy, she needs some time off the leash to blow off steam, surely?
- Kumquat: Off the leash? She's barely on it!
- Pomegranate: Maybe we could send a search party out for her?
- Nectarine: I'll do it!
- Kumquat: No chance! You'll stay here where we can keep an eye on you!
- Pomegranate: I'll ring up a few of the neighbours and ask if any of them have seen her.
- Kumquat: Yes, alright, though I doubt those gibbering cabbages would know her if she shoved them off a stage.
- Pomegranate: You really ought to be less mean to Mr Johnson, his gibbering has gotten a lot better in the past six months.
- Quince: I always saw him as more of a turnip myself. But nevermind, I'm sure she'll turn up eventually.
- Kumquat: With some roughshod rascal in tow no doubt!

Kumquat exits in a huff

- Nectarine: Why is dad so angry at Sammy all the time?
- Pomegranate: Well darling he's just trying to keep us all safe. It can be a dangerous world out there!
- Quince: Ha! That blabbering buffoon has less sense for danger than a blind eight year old playing hopscotch on a train track.
- Pomegranate: Well his heart's in the right place at least.

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Nectarine: I thought he had to have surgery after that freak boating accident

Pomegranate: Oh, yes, well...he's at least keeping a roof over our heads! And food on the table!

Quince: This is true, although the quality of his cooking means that the food tends to *stay* on the table -

Pomegranate: *(really wound up now)* Regardless! He's very stressed at the minute so I suggest you be nice to him!

Pomegranate starts to leave

Pomegranate: And no running off after your sister, do you understand?

Pomegranate leaves

Quince: So, when are we running off after your sister?

Nectarine: No time like the present!

They leave

Exeunt

1.4 - Lost at sea?

The beach at night, Jacob lying unconscious on the floor. Samphire enters nervously, and walks across the stage slowly. Ghost Napoleon follows her onstage and lurks nearby.

Samphire takes a couple of steps and trips over Jacob. She screams

Jacob: Owwwww...

Samphire: Oh my god, are you okay?

She helps him up

Jacob: *(groaning)* No, I'm Jacob, who's 'okay'?

Ghost Napoleon: *(rolling eyes, sighing)* Ah, that classic British humour strikes again.

Samphire: You look pretty hurt!

Jacob: You did just kick me.

Samphire: No I mean, more than that, look at your knee!

Jacob: Oh nothing that a bit of excersiAAAHH *(clears throat, grimaces)*

Ghost Napoleon: Honestly, these English men today are such weaklings. They don't make them like Wellington anymore.

Jacob: -nothing that a bit of exercise wouldn't help with!

Samphire: Don't be stupid.

Jacob: I told you, my name is Jacob!

Samphire: *(glaring at him)* Hold still, you've dislocated it.

She relocates his knee

Jacob: Sweet moTHER Of —

Samphire: SHHH! Someone will hear us.

Jacob: Ah. Right. *(a pause)* So?

Samphire: I'm not supposed to be out this late. And since everyone in town knows my face I don't really want to be spotted.

Jacob: I see! And, um, why would everyone in town know your face?

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Samphire: *(eyes narrowing)* You're not from here are you?

Jacob: Me? Oh no... to be quite honest I'm not entirely sure where 'here' is.

Ghost Napoleon: Useless.

Samphire: Really? This is Longsands Beach.

Jacob: *(stares blankly)*

Samphire: The longest beach on the island?

Jacob: Ah yes! The...island. The island I definitely know the name and location of. That I was totally sailing to on purpose. That island.

Samphire: You washed up here?! Well it would explain a lot.

Ghost Napoleon: Like the dinghy slowly floating out into the Atlantic.

Jacob: Here being...

Samphire: ...St Helena?

Jacob: St Helena?? I've done it! They said I couldn't bring valuable cargo to an island so small, and with a dinghy so full of holes, but I've made it!

Samphire: I'm sorry, what? Deliver to who?

Jacob: Oh, uhhh. I was looking for, uhhh, Napoleon! Yes! I'm a Napoleon enthusiast, you see. I was looking for Napoleon because I'm a Napoleon enthusiast.

Ghost Napoleon: *(suddenly taking an interest)* Aha! Maybe this young man isn't so bad after all, hmm?

Samphire: ...right. You do know he's been dead for the last two hundred years?

Jacob: Yes but uhh... I really wanted to visit his...grave? And house? And...stuff?

Ghost Napoleon: *(nodding proudly)* I truly had such a fine collection of...stuff.

Samphire: You must have banged your head pretty hard during the shipwreck. Come on, I'll take you to my house and get you warm and dry.

She starts leading him off

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Jacob: Oh, you never told me your name?

Samphire: Like I said, not supposed to be out this late; best if you don't know, so no-one else finds out that we're here!

Ghost Napoleon: *(looking offstage)* Famous last words...

Enter Quince and Nectarine

Nectarine: Sammy!

Quince: There you are, you little nuisance.

Jacob: Sammy, I take it?

Samphire: Shut up.

Nectarine: Oh what a fortunate coincidence! Grandad, this is Jacob.

Jacob: A pleasure to meet you at last, but I thought I was delivering to a sixty-eight year old called 'Quince Chutney'?

Quince: Nectarine, have you been using my 'gee-mail' again?

Nectarine: Whoops.

They start moving to exit.

Quince: So is this that dodgy engineering student?

Nectarine: Grandad!?

Samphire: *(Staring alarmed at Jacob)* Dodgy?

Jacob: I did say the dinghy was full of holes!

They exit, with Ghost Napoleon drifting ghostily after them.

Enter Liz and Ellie

Liz: Tell me again, why did we stow away on a dinghy full of holes?

Ellie: It was the only option department expenses would pay for!

Liz: Why couldn't we just get the students to do it? Surely some of them are in the sailing club.

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- Ellie: But that'd be missing the point Liz! We're volcanologists! Don't you love fieldwork?
- Liz: I think I love being warm and dry.
- Ellie: Oh brighten up, will you.
- Liz: Where are we anyway?
- Ellie: St Helena, right on schedule. All we've got to do is check into our hotel and...oh.
- Liz: What? What's with that face? I only ever see that face when we're in catastrophic danger.
- Ellie: I think our booking confirmation is somewhere on the seabed by now.
- Liz: Great. Sleeping on the volcano yet again.

Liz and Ellie exit

Exeunt

1.5 - Where've you been

The Chutney residence, Kumquat is pacing, looking distraught. Pomegranate is sick and tired of his moaning. Napoleon examines him like a hawk examines its prey.

Ghost Napoleon: So here, 'friends', we see a man descending many a flight of stairs into the darkest depths of despair.

Kumquat: How could I have let this happen?

Ghost Napoleon: Here we see a man with more of a burden on his shoulders than the one who takes the last roast potato at the family Christmas dinner, and then has to suffer the judgemental glare of great aunt Gertrude. For what is a father without the knowledge of the safety and health of his children? Surely no father at all!

Kumquat: I'm no father at all!

Ghost Napoleon: Yes, I just said that.

Kumquat: All I've done is try and keep her safe and ready for the trials of adulthood but it's all come to nought!

Ghost Napoleon: What rash act might a man in such a distraught mental state commit? Most men would be driven to the bottle, but for a man like Kumquat Chutney...

Kumquat: I've failed as a father as much as I've failed as a politician, and it's become clear to me now that the only possible recourse is to fake my own death, move to Tibet, devote my life to solemn worship, begin a cult of worship around my own divinity and—

A knock

Kumquat: *(snaps out of the mental spiral)* Is there a knocking without?

Pomegranate: *(sighs)* I'll get it.

Pomegranate opens the door and Quince and Nectarine walk in, almost followed by Samphire and Jacob

Kumquat: Samphire! I was worried sick! Now, you have some explaining to do young lady!

Samphire: What do you mean?

Kumquat: Where have you been, for starters!

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Quince: Ooo I'll have the bruschetta if you're ordering dinner.

Pomegranate: Shut up!

Samphire: I was only at the beach!

Kumquat: And what in god's name inspired you to stay for so long into the evening?

Samphire: It's 8:30!

Kumquat: No matter!

Samphire: I was out longer than planned, it's none of your business.

Kumquat: Doing the horizontal tango with this hornswoggler I don't doubt! I've heard what Mr Fisher's had to say!

Jacob: *(goes for a handshake)* Hi, my name's Jacob!

Kumquat: Don't try and hornswoggle me, you rat faced little frog boy!

Jacob: Excuse me? I've never hornswoggled in my life!

Ghost Napoleon: *(thoughtfully)* Interesting that he does not deny being rat faced...or indeed, a frog boy...

Kumquat: Get out of my house at once!

Nectarine: Dad!

Samphire: What are you talking about?!

Kumquat: Look at him! This man is a vagrant. Now leave before I call the police.

Samphire: Is there not a single rational thought squidging its way through your skull?!

Samphire slams the door and storms off outside with Jacob

Kumquat: Well I think I handled that fairly diplomatically don't you agree?

The looks the others are giving him suggest they do not agree.

Kumquat: What?

:

Ghost Napoleon: *(to the audience)* It's always tricky to tell what someone so fierce and willful as our young Sam will do when the straw finally breaks the camel's back. I'm sure her father will find little solace in his righteous fury should she meet some...unpleasant end. For now though, it's time for you to go and catch up with the rest of the townsfolk - my tour guiding powers are limited to matters surrounding the Chutney family for some reason, so I'll be taking a nap while you're gone. A bientôt!

Exeunt

1.6 - The Mitochondria is the Powerhouse of the Cell

The school, Mr Johnson is giving a lesson to the children (Durian, Prefect and Parkinson), with the help of Sheriff. Both adults are beaming with smiles.

Mr Johnson: Now children, what do we say to Mr Sheriff if he comes asking for your help?

Children: (in unison) Oink oink little piggy!

Mr Johnson: And what about if he asks you questions about the school?

Prefect: No officer, Mr Johnson has not been embezzling funds from the school treasury, what an absurd suggestion!

Mr Johnson: Very good! Aren't they so clever Mr Sheriff?

Sheriff: Truly! These kids are glowing like none I've seen since I last visited Chernobyl!

Mr Johnson: Quite so, Mr Sheriff! Now, I hope you all brought your homework with you! We don't want any more late submissions (*glares at Parkinson*) Do we, Parkinson?

Parkinson: N-n-no Mr. Johnson sir.

Mr Johnson: Quite right!

Mr Johnson collects all of the homework, before stopping to read Parkinson's

Mr Johnson: Now Parkinson, when I asked you to multiply fifteen by seven, which format do you suppose I wanted your answer to be in?

Prefect, the snivelling nerd that they are, has his hand as far into the air as possible

Parkinson: I - I don't know sir.

Mr Johnson: Any other takers?

Prefect: Could it possibly be, a number sir?

Mr Johnson: Very good, very good! An Arabic numeral would have been quite fit for purpose in conveying this little tidbit of mathematical information!

A pause

Sheriff: ...what?

:

Mr Johnson: And yet there's absolutely nothing discernibly mathematic about this idiot boy's mindless drive! These preposterous hieroglyphics, these ancient norse runes, these scrawlings of a deranged lunatic strapped up in Broadmoor!

Mr Johnson, laughing, shows the sheet of paper to Sheriff

Mr Johnson: My dear sir, can you possibly find any sense in this spaghetti of a writing system?

Sheriff turns the paper 180 degrees

Mr Johnson: Ah! My mistake, yes very good Parkinson. Even if your handwriting is a tad shaky. Right then, where were we?

Enter Farmer

Farmer: Right, sorry lads, lesson's over I'm afraid: little Junior's needed home to help granny with the laundry.

Prefect: Really? Now?

Farmer: Yes, now, that money isn't going to launder itself

Prefect: But daaaaaaad, you said I could stay behind after school and go play with the other kids on the beach!

Farmer: Not today, rumour has it scenes not fit for a youngster have been playing out on that beach recently.

Parkinson: Wasn't Durian's sister just there?

Durian: Shut up! (*whacks him*)

Mr Johnson: Please children, there's a time and a place for violence, and while this might be the time it is most certainly not the place.

(He hands Durian a stick)

Mr Johnson: You can have 5 minutes in the yard outside.

Parkinson: Oh not again!

Durian gleefully takes the stick and chases Parkinson offstage

Mr Johnson: Well I guess that's all we have time for today, anyhow. Class dismissed!

:

Prefect exits

Mr Johnson: Now gentlemen, onto the evening's activities.

Mr Johnson pulls a bottle of wine or vodka or something out from somewhere, Fisher, Baker, Butcher and Reverend enter

Mr Johnson: Mr Fisher, Mrs Baker, Mr Butcher, Reverend! Come join us, we were just about to partake of some refreshments

Butcher: Don't mind if I do!

Baker: We all know how you love a refreshment Mr J!

Reverend: Jolly kind of you my good man

Mr Johnson serves them drinks, as Durian enters and decides to eavesdrop

Reverend: *(to Fisher)* As I was saying, on Christmas day we found that the nutty fruitcake we soaked in booze the night before had collapsed in the fridge!

Fisher: Oh dear!

Reverend: But enough about granny - Mr Butcher, Mrs Baker, I was wondering if you'd heard from Mr Candlestick recently?

Butcher: Oh, I'm so sorry, Reverend.

Baker: He met his maker.

Reverend: I'm so sorry to hear that! Did he have a good life insurance policy? My fees won't cover themselves!

Butcher: Reverend, please, must we talk business at such a time?

Baker: Yes, damn it, we've got gossip to discuss! Have you gentlemen heard the news from the mayor?

Farmer: What news?

Baker: His eldest daughter is to be married next Monday.

Sheriff: Samphire?!

Fisher: *(shocked)* Next week?

Butcher: Who to?

:

Reverend: He didn't say, wants to make it a surprise.

Durian exits

Butcher: Too right, I say. Young people shouldn't be making their own decisions at a time like this, wouldn't you agree Mr Johnson?

Mr Johnson: Oh, absolutely, absolutely. If I were involved in any of my children's lives I certainly wouldn't allow them to arrange their own affairs!

Baker: Wasn't 'arranging affairs' how you came by so many children in the first place?

Mr Johnson: Absolutely not, I had a secretary to do all the arranging for me.

Butcher: In any case, it's wise to keep it a secret until the last minute. If she doesn't know who she's marrying, there'll be none of this nonsense about whether it's her 'perfect match'.

Farmer: Perfect match? Fat chance of that I would have thought.

Baker: And why's that?

Reverend: It's not like any of us are perfect, are we?

Fisher: Speak for yourself, I'm flawless.

Baker: I see you as flawful personally.

Fisher: How dare you—

Butcher: Please, everyone, calm down, we're here to spread malicious rumours, there's no need to get uncivilised!

Fisher and Baker mutter

Butcher: That's better.

Reverend: And more importantly, I've got a wedding to plan! I'd get some popcorn first, it's bound to be spicy.

Baker: We all know what that girl's like, she's not going to settle down lightly.

Sheriff: A fool's errand.

Mr Johnson: She's got spirit in her that's for sure.

:

Farmer: Almost as much as yourself on a Saturday night no doubt!

Reverend: Please, that's enough bickering for tonight.

Fisher: Yes, quite, and besides it's not like we can all boast of happy marriages ourselves. I know I could have done with a few more years out on the prowl.

SONG - CHUGGING ALONG

Exeunt

1.7 - The Bit Where the Time Machine Turns On

Nectarine's room. Samphire is distraught. Ghost Napoleon is vibing in the corner.

Samphire: This cannot be happening!

Nectarine: You can say that again.

Samphire: This cannot be happening!

Durian: Well it is, and saying otherwise isn't going to help matters.

Nectarine: You're not helping matters!

Durian: Hey! I'm the one who told you, remember?

Samphire: Oh, and a fat lot of good you are! Do you even know who *it is* that they're shackling me to for the rest of my hopefully short life?

Durian: No, I don't think dad is telling anyone.

Nectarine: He's probably told whichever disgusting groom he's groomed for this occasion.

Samphire: (*frustrated*) God, I have to escape somehow!

Nectarine: And go where?

Durian: In case this is news to you, there are thousands of miles of deadly blue nothing between here and anywhere else.

Samphire: Then I choose death by deadly blue nothing.

Ghost Napoleon: Honestly, valid.

Nectarine: Well that's not constructive now, is it?

Samphire: Oh, I'm sorry, I'm about to be sold off to some turnip sniffing feather-brained old creep!

Durian: Yes, well—

Samphire: Destined to have all the independence of a sentient vending machine! And you want me to be constructive!

She starts ranting and pacing, not looking where she's going

:

Samphire: I'm going to die old and broken and I'll still be thinking back to this day as the day I lost all sense of my own identity!

Ghost Napoleon: You might want to watch out...

Samphire: When people ask me where it all went wrong, where I really dropped the ball, where everything went completely out of my control—

Nectarine: Samphire!

Samphire steps on the time machine (a remote control), accidentally turning it on. Ideally lights and sound go absolutely mental here. During which, Ghost Napoleon exits and Real Napoleon enters.

Samphire: I'll tell them about this—

Real Napoleon: What? *(to offstage)* Who are these people?

Samphire: —moment. Is that?

Private and Lieutenant rush in, following him..

Nectarine: *(pinching the bridge of her nose)* Napoleon, yeah

Durian: But how is that possible? What were all those lights? Why isn't he speaking French?

Nectarine: There's a lot to explain here.

Samphire: *(in unison)* You think?

Durian: *(in unison)* You think?

Real Napoleon: *(in unison)* You think?

Exeunt

1.8 - Some Explaining to Do

The beach, late afternoon, Jacob is bored, salty, and alone

Jacob: Well, this is boring. After all the travelling I've done to get here, now what? All my papers and money are probably at the bottom of the South Atlantic by now. The only person who's shown me a glimpse of compassion, the only person with whom I've had a proper conversation, has now just left me behind on this beach. "Oooh Jacob don't worry" she said. "I'll be back for you I promise" she said. "You're so daring and handsome and not even the slightest bit crazy". And damn right! I'm not crazy! Am I crazy, little baby seagull friend?

A booming voice from the aether: No

Jacob: Thanks little baby seagull friend, I knew I could count on you.

Mr Johnson, Baker, Butcher, Fisher, Smith, Farmer, Sheriff, Reverend, Nun all enter, possibly with pitchforks etc. All looking cross.

Sheriff: 'Ello, 'ello, 'ello, what's all this then?

Reverend: This is a beach, Sheriff, you were here the other day, remember?

Sheriff: Oh, right.

Smith: *(to Fisher)* His amnesia's playing up again.

Farmer: Shut it, you lot. *(to Jacob)* Think you could hide from us, lad?

Jacob: What?

Farmer: This island's not the biggest, and we knows that.

Fisher: It's not the size, it's what you do with it that matters!

Smith: It comes with benefits you see.

Jacob: What are you talking about?

Butcher: No matter how hard you look, there's nowhere to hide!

Reverend: Especially not from - the LORD—

Reverend drops to his knees in overdramatic prayer

Fisher: Arrrgh, stand up you genuflecting fool. Listen boy, we don't want no trouble here.

:

Farmer: And we don't likes it when trouble washes up either.

Jacob: Well, I apologise for getting shipwrecked on this desolate little speck.

Farmer goes to fight him but is held back by Fisher

Fisher: Mighty convenient I thought, that you'd wash up at the time you did...

Jacob: What's that got to do with anything?

Reverend: Funny isn't it? You turn up and less than two days later the Chutney children go missing.

Jacob: Missing?!

Farmer: Don't play smart with us young man.

Jacob: You wouldn't know 'smart' if it rang the doorbell!

Farmer: I'll ring your doorbell if you're not careful!

Fisher: Easy lads.

Nun: I'll spell it out for you since you don't seem to understand us. We're accusing you of kidnapping!

Jacob: What?? You must be mad!

Nun: Mad? What a rude thing to say.

Baker: What do we think of rudeness?

TOWNSFOLK: We hate it!

Smith: Better keep that trap of yours shut, boy!

Baker: Else we'll shut it for you!

SONG - Everything You've Done Wrong

Fisher: Now, I kindly suggest you come with us, and we'll see what the mayor has to say.

They start to manhandle him offstage, when Kumquat and Pomegranate enter

Smith: He's here lads!

:

- Nun: (to Jacob) You're in for it now.
- Farmer: We've caught the ruffian, Mr Mayor sir.
- Kumquat: Aha! Oh look darling, I knew we could rely on our neighbours to help us in our time of great crisis.
- Pomegranate: Such a sense of community!
- Kumquat: Indeed, levelling up truly has done wonders!
- Pomegranate: Oh truly! You must all know how deeply grateful we are for your help.
- Kumquat: And look who it is! Just the scoundrel who seduced my daughter and tried to slip into our house! I knew it, you see, I can smell trouble from a mile away, and it smells of peasant!
- Farmer: Oh sorry sir, I think I ran over a few birds with my quad bike on the way here.
- Mr Johnson: He said peasant, not pheasant!
- Smith: How pleasant.
- Kumquat: Anyway! Do you have anything to say for yourself?
- Jacob: I demand a fair trial!
- Kumquat: Ha! We'll see about that... In the meantime, great work lads! Pack him off to my estate and tie him to a fencepost or something. We'll make a fine supper for you all and deal with all the petty bureaucracy in the morning.
- Reverend: That's all well and good Mr Mayor, but what about our reward?
- Kumquat: Not so fast! You've only done half the work so far. Whoever finds my children first will have the finest roasted fowl on the estate.

The townsfolk all cheer and drag Jacob offstage

- Kumquat: Assuming that rat-brained farmer doesn't make roadkill of the rest of them.

Kumquat and Pomegranate exit

Exeunt

:

1.9 - Bang Him Up Boys

A courtroom, Jailor and Mrs Smarm are having a chat

Smarm: So then I said to the guy, you're not synergizing your true potential. If you want to get this start up off the ground, you gotta start talking some bigger game you know? Really gotta schmooze your way in. That's the secret to sales, my friend.

Jailor: Ug. Me no like sailing. Me hate water.

Smarm: Exactly, it's all about the bigger picture. I may seem like just some slick city lawyer but I got an eye on the business side too. Made fat stacks in my time I'll tell you.

Jailor: Ug. You have big cash?

Smarm: Plenty my friend, it's spilling up through the floorboards if you know who to talk to.

Jailor: Ug!

Jailor drops to his knees and scrabbles around on the floor for non-existent money

Smarm: It's all about charm, the ol' charisma. We both know the score. It's all about looking sharp and putting a good show for when the bigwigs enter the room.

Judge enters, somewhat drunk but still competent

Judge: Get up my stupid little man! And fetch my big wig!

Jailor jumps to his feet and rushes off

Judge: We have quite the case today Mrs Smarm, as I'm sure you'll have read in the briefing.

Smarm: Oh, right, yes. The briefing. The briefing for the Chutneys. The briefing written especially for the case of the missing Chutneys.

A pause

Smarm: That briefing?

Judge: Yes, that briefing! Do you mean to tell me you haven't read it?

Smarm: I had too much mafia - I mean accountancy work to do

:

Judge: Right well. You'll want to know the details I suspect.

SONG - Crime is Bad

Smarm: Ah I see now. But did that have to be in the form of a musical number?

Judge: It's in my contract.

Smarm: Oh. Really? Where?

Judge: Page six thousand two hundred and thirty. Is it not in yours?

Smarm: I've never looked that far.

Judge: What kind of fatcat lawyer do you think you are? Moseying on around here strutting like a crooning peacock. Ha! Not even read your own contract! I have half a mind to think you can't read!

Smarm: How dare you?

They continue arguing in the background. Liz and Ellie enter.

Liz: Do we really have to be here? These people don't really seem welcoming to outsiders.

Ellie: Yes, we do! We have real evidence that this Jacob guy is dealing in stolen radioactive materials - my Geiger counter was going off the scale while we were on the boat!

Liz: Do you just carry a Geiger counter at all times?

Ellie: Of course, don't you?

Liz looks baffled and like she very much does not carry a Geiger counter at all times.

Ellie: Anyway, we have to show this proof to the court. Something needs to be done about the illegal trade in uranium, and this judge seems fairminded and proactive!

Judge: Bring in the criminal so we can send him to jail and go to the pub!

Baker, Smith and Farmer enter, dragging Jacob, followed by Reverend and Nun. During this next segment Liz and Ellie should be clearly trying to get the attention of either the judge or Mrs Smarm, but in a polite British way where they feel they musn't make a fuss.

:

Judge: Right my dear fellow. For the benefit of the court and the transcript please can you state your full name.

Jacob: Transcript? What transcript? Where's your stenographer?

Nun: The Reverend has kindly agreed to write about today's proceedings in his diary when he gets home.

Jacob: That's hardly fair and unbiased!

Reverend starts crying

Nun: Now look at what you've done!

Judge: Would you please just state your name!

Jacob: Nice to meet you, I'm Jacob!

Jacob goes to shake the Judge's hand before being yanked back into place

Judge: Your full name!

Jacob: Oh, um, ah, Jacob, um, RealPerson McSurname?

Judge: Right, that wasn't so difficult was it? Now, tell me Mr McSurname, are you aware of the charges brought forth against you today?

Jacob: Something to do with an alleged kidnapping?

Farmer: Stealing is a crime!

Baker: Stealing people especially so.

Judge: You are charged with the kidnapping of Nectarine, Durian, and Samphire Chutney. How do you plead?

Jacob: Is this some kind of joke?

Farmer: Don't try and be clever with the Judge!

Baker: None of this has been funny at all!

Jacob: *(sarcastically)* Not guilty. There's not a scrap of evidence you can use to convict me.

Ellie: *(quietly)* Excuse me? I have some evidence.

Everyone ignores her. Liz rolls her eyes.

:

Judge: Bring on the first witness!

Reverend leaves and brings on Fisher

Smarm: My good friend Mr Fisher, when was the last time you saw any of the Chutneys?

Fisher: Aye, well, I had some on me toast of an evening, methinks yesterday.

Smarm: The children, Mr Fisher, not the condiment!

Fisher: Oh! Right, yes. The older one, that Sammy, saw her sneaking off to the beach. Thought she was sneaking off to steal my boat.

Smarm: And why were you so sure she was sneaking off? Could she not just have been out on an innocent walk?

Fisher: Aye, well, the girl's father as we all know likes to keep a tight ship in his house. Doesn't want the girls wandering off into the dark you see.

Smarm: So it was to keep her safe?

Fisher: I would think so.

Smarm: And, before say, two or three days ago, had you ever seen Mr McSurname before?

Fisher: Never. And I know everyone here. Me and my trusty binoculars have peeped through every window on the island. Not once have I lain eyes on that man.

Judge: Nor have any of us, I am sure.

Ellie: *(slightly louder than last time)* We have!

Fisher: I wish I could help you, your Judgeship, but the fact is that this man is a stranger to every single person in this courtroom.

Liz: Oh, for god's sake.

Smarm: OK, I think we can move on now.

Judge: Please can the second witness make their way to the stand!

Fisher exits, and Farmer leaves and brings in Mr Johnson, who is incredibly drunk

Mr Johnson: I say, party is it? Party time, woooo!

:

Mr Johnson staggers around in a drunken attempt to dance and generally makes a racket

Judge: (shouting to be heard) Mr Johnson, would you please make your way to the stand!

Mr Johnson: Alright *hiccup* if you're going to like that you be. I'm going to *hiccup* make your way to the *hiccup* stand!

He staggers over to the stand

Smarm: Now Mr Johnson, in your capacity as teacher of St George's School, when was the last time you saw your pupil Durian Chutney?

Mr Johnson: Hmmm...lemme think...in bed with your mother!

Mr Johnson bellows with laughter, everyone else is uncomfortable

Smarm: Right, well, my mother's choice of escort aside, when did you last give him a lesson?

Mr Johnson: Oh yes! Frightfully naughty that one. Just last...Wednesday! Yes, he got a right smack to the head.

Judge: Good lord!

Jacob: This is your evidence?

Smarm: Can we get another one?

Judge: Agreed. Mr Johnson, you are excused.

Mr Johnson: Objection!

Judge: At this time the court does not see fit to sustain your erection - I mean objection! Please, leave the stand Mr Johnson.

Mr Johnson crosses part of the stage and collapses

Ellie: Excuse me, I am a witness to this man's crimes, and I would like-

Mr Johnson starts snoring incredibly loudly

Judge: Bring on the next witness!

Snoring increases in volume

Judge: For god's sake someone kick him!

:

Smarm kicks Mr Johnson

Mr Johnson: Go away!

Mr Johnson rolls over and goes to sleep silently

Judge: That's better.

Ellie: If you please, Your Honour, we have some evidence-

Judge: *(ignoring her)* Right! Now we've established that the children were just out and about and suspiciously bumped into Mr McSurname here in the dead of night—

Jacob: How on Earth did you conclude that?

Judge: And since he's a notoriously shifty character who has no right to be here—

Jacob: Are you dense?

Judge: And since the children somehow went missing the next day—

Jacob: Come off it!

Judge: I see no recourse but to lock him in prison until we can deport him back to whatever den of vice he crawled out of!

Liz: Cambridge?

Judge: All in favour?

Jacob: What!?

Everyone else raises their hand, including Mr Johnson

Judge: Well, that's sorted then! Jailer?

Jailor reenters

Jailor: Ug?

Judge: Take this man away!

Jailor: Ug!

Jailor starts trying to drag Mr Johnson out of the room

:

Judge: No, not him! That man!

Jailor, along with Smith and Farmer, take Jacob offstage

Exeunt

1.10 - Allons-y!

Napoleon's cabin. Napoleon, Lieutenant, Private, Samphire all gathered around Nectarine.

- Nectarine: And that, with a little help from our good friend quantum mechanics, is exactly what is going on.
- Lieutenant: That's all very fascinating my dear, but what's quantum mechanics?
- Durian: Never mind that. Do you believe us now?
- Real Napoleon: Are we supposed to believe that three children from the distant future-
- Samphire: Trust me, things haven't changed *that* much.
- Real Napoleon: *(continuing, clearly unimpressed at having been interrupted by a sarcastic child)* -that three children from the distant future have designed and built a mechanical device capable of transporting the user back centuries in time?
- Private: To be fair, I can believe it.
- Lieutenant: Really??
- Private: Just like visiting Stevenage isn't it?
- Real Napoleon: I don't like this. It sounds just too far-fetched. I've yet to see any proof of your fantastical claims young lady!
- Nectarine: *(to Samphire and Durian)* What could we possibly use as proof?
- Samphire: Oh I know! I read about this in some time travel story. People in the past—
- Real Napoleon: Ahem!
- Samphire: Sorry! The present, absolutely love eclipses. We just need to tell them when the next eclipse is going to happen, and they'll know we're from the future!
- Nectarine: Well, that's what I'd have done, if some klutz hadn't whacked into the start button by accident and sent us here unprepared...
- Samphire: Which I've already apologised for!
- Durian: Just look it up. I'm sure they'll be equally impressed with a smartphone.

:

Nectarine: Oh great idea! Just gotta wait a couple centuries for the first 3G towers to be installed and I'll get right on that!

Durian: Oh OK fine.

Nectarine: That does give me an idea though.

Nectarine pulls out her phone and records a short video of Napoleon and the Lieutenant, playing it back to them.

Real Napoleon: Witchcraft! Sorcery!

Lieutenant: How have you invoked this portrait of me to move, in a most extraordinary replication of my recent expressions!

Nectarine: Sorry, computer science was never really my strong suit.

Lieutenant: I must escalate this to my superior officer! *(calling offstage)* Colonel Chutney, sir!

Nectarine: Did he just say—

Enter Colonel

Colonel: What is it, lieutenant?

Lieutenant: These children from the future are scaring us.

Colonel: What do you mean, you insolent fool! Why on God's green Earth would you be afraid of some children?

Private: But sir, they're doing magics, and horrible things to our souls in some weird little rectangle!

Colonel: What have my basement activities got to do with anything?

Private: Sir, look!

Nectarine replays the footage

Colonel: Extraordinary! And that's you isn't it, but in there! How'd you get in there? Tell me at once!

Private: *(Even more terrified)* But sir, I don't know sir! It's the witches' fault!

Colonel: What, are we partying like it's 1699? There's no such thing as witches!

:

Nectarine: Oh yeah? Now, smile!

Nectarine takes a photo of the three men, ideally with flash

Colonel: A WITCH!

Colonel, Lieutenant and Private run offstage screaming in terror

Durian: Huh, not the most diligent of guards I see

Real Napoleon: No, clearly not. Say, you wouldn't happen to be able to give a disgraced Emperor of the French a hand would you?

Nectarine: I don't know...I feel we shouldn't meddle with the timeline too much

Samphire: Well a little light meddling never hurt anyone?

While they are talking Napoleon sneaks out

Durian: Besides, there's surely only so much impact three twenty-first century kids can have?

Nectarine: I wouldn't be so sure about that. One wrong step and everything goes out of the window.

Napoleon should be miming climbing out of a window

Samphire: What do you mean?

Nectarine: Well, it's the butterfly effect isn't it?

Durian: Oh yes, I remember! But I don't see what this has to do with that time we smeared Lurpak all over dad's helicopter

Nectarine: No, you idiot, the butterfly effect! Small changes now could ripple through time with possibly disastrous consequences.

Durian: Oh right. I'll try not to step on any butterflies then.

Nectarine: That would be wise. Ideally, everything should be in exactly the same place as when we arrived.

Samphire: We might have a problem with that already.

Nectarine: How do you mean?

Samphire: Looks like our little French friend has done a runner.

:

They all look around

Nectarine: Oh god.

Exeunt

Act II

2.1 - Oui oui baguette

St Helena, 1819. The gardens outside of Napoleon's cabin.

Caesar: *(to the audience)* And now, my distinguished guests, may tonight's great performance continue in splendour, fit to rival the great games of the colosseum itself! May we all bask in the glory of Rome as we praise the great god Jupiter -

Ghost Napoleon storms in

Ghost Napoleon: What are you doing!?

Caesar: What?

Ghost Napoleon: This is my play! Bugger off back to your own performance!

Caesar: It's a time travel story isn't it? I don't see the problem—

Ghost Napoleon: No, you're ruining it. The audience are already sick of this meta joke, now get lost before I stab you another 23 times!

Ghost Napoleon starts pushing Caesar offstage

Ghost Napoleon: Come on!

Caesar: But—

Ghost Napoleon pushes Caesar offstage

Ghost Napoleon: And stay out! Right, sorry about that everyone. But you can see the damage time travel can do to a perfectly good timeline. And a little bit of distraction by our time travelling crew has given just enough time for me, well, real me, not ghost me of course! to give my captors the slip...

Ghost Napoleon slinks off

Nectarine, Samphire and Durian enter

Nectarine: Napoleon!

Samphire: Pspspsp come here! Come here!

Durian: Napoooooooooleon!

:

Samphire: Pspspspsp, here lil dictator, come here!

Nectarine: He's not a cat!

Durian: Ugh, I don't see why we're searching for him in the gardens anyway. He's probably long gone by now.

Samphire: Surely he can't have gotten far. This island is crawling with British soldiers.

Colonel, Lieutenant and Private come crawling in, slightly drunk

Durian: What the hell are you three doing?

Lieutenant stands and dusts himself off

Lieutenant: Just having a bit of light fun is all! Me and Private Perkins here had a bet to see who would be the last one to the ol' froggy's cabin from the beach just crawling on our bellies! Haha!

Durian: That's what you lot do for fun?

Colonel: Last man back has to drink five full whiskies and write a letter to the vice-admiral about how much he desires his wife!

Lieutenant: Hahaha! *(Patting Private on the back)* You're going to have to wiggle faster than that in future, Perkins you old sausage!

Samphire: *(aside to Nectarine)* I think he's drunk...

Nectarine: Haven't you got anything better to do?

Colonel: Anything better to do?

Lieutenant: Like what?

Private: Have you seen how boring this island is?

Samphire: He's got a point.

Nectarine: *(to Samphire)* Shut up! *(to the Lieutenant)* Have you thought of, I don't know, searching for our 'distinguished guest'?

He stares blankly at her

Nectarine: Napoleon? He's gone missing?

Napoleon enters, sneaking behind everyone across the stage as they continue talking.

:

Lieutenant: Don't be stupid girl.

Colonel: He'll be in the cabin.

Durian: Well, last we saw he wasn't. He snuck away after you two ran off.

Lieutenant: What a ridiculous notion.

Colonel: Where would he have run off to?

Private: I don't know if you've noticed, my dear, but this is an island!

Nectarine: Yes, an island with a port!

Samphire: Wait, is that not him at the dockyard now?

Real Napoleon: Thank you for your kind hospitality, my flavourless friends, but now I will say 'bonsoir'!

Real Napoleon leaves

Samphire: We've got to do something!

Nectarine: Lieutenant, your prized possession is currently on his way, presumably back to France.

Lieutenant: You are assuming he'd make it through the blockade,

Colonel: And across the atlantic,

Private: And past the monarchist authorities,

Lieutenant: And back into control of the levers of power?

Samphire: Well knowing the quality of the guards around here, I wouldn't put it past him.

Private: How rude!

Colonel: Come along you two, we shan't tolerate these impertinent newcomers any longer.

Lieutenant: Quite right sir!

Lieutenant, Colonel and Private leave

:

Nectarine: Guys, we have to go, there's no telling what damage we could do to our present if we stick around any longer! We've already probably thrown everything into disarray.

Durian: You don't know that!

Nectarine: I've watched enough Doctor Who to be pretty damn sure! Now come on!

Nectarine pulls the remote from her pocket and does time travelly things, they're now back to the Chutney Residence

Samphire: God, that's starting to give me a headache you know!

Nectarine: I just hope no serious damage was done to the timeline, some horrible catastrophe or something...

Durian: Stop worrying! Honestly, I'm sure everything will be fine.

Quince walks in, in a very french costume which includes a beret.

Durian: Grandad?

Quince: Mes petits! J'étais tellement inquiet pour vous!

Samphire: What?

Nectarine: Oh no. Umm, s'il vous plait, une...moment?

Nectarine, Samphire, and Durian go off to the side.

Durian: What is going on?

Nectarine: I have a slight hunch we may have changed things slightly, or well, more than slightly.

Samphire: What gave it away? Grandad speaking French, or the giant picture of Napoleon above the mantelpiece?

Nectarine: I think that by helping Napoleon escape, we've accidentally ushered in an era of French global domination!

Durian: Well? What do we do about it?

Nectarine: We've got to try and fix it. We get information from grandad, and go back before anyone else can see us. Time is sensitive. Bad things will happen if we interfere with this reality.

:

Durian: Okay but how are we going to get information? No offence, but you obviously can't speak French.

Nectarine: Actually, I have something for this. The time machine remote comes with a universal translator. I press this button and...*(presses button)* now everybody will hear us speaking French!

Samphire: Aren't you 12? How is it possible that you built this?

Nectarine: Don't overthink it.

The kids turn back to Quince.

Nectarine: Could you say that again grandad?

Quince: *(still in French accent, but speaking English)* Of course, I was just saying how worried we have all been about you three. But why are you acting so strange, and what have you been doing these past few hours?

Nectarine: Not much.

Durian: We just...went for a walk, right?

Samphire: Yeah! We just got a bit distracted.

Quince: Well in any case, I'm glad you're alright, but you'd better not sneak off again without telling us.

Samphire: We won't!

Quince: And why are you wearing those outfits? They are so...British. I have never seen anything like it.

Durian: Umm...it's a new trend. You know us young people these days. I like your...beret though.

Quince: Well thank you, my dear boy! They are the height of fashion in Paris at the moment.

Nectarine: But we don't live in France....do we?

Quince: Pedantic as always, my dear, but so true! I was talking to Mr Jean-Pierre earlier-

Samphire: Who?

:

Quince: You know, your old schoolmaster! And he didn't half go on about the difference between France and its overseas territories, though he was mostly interested in their different embezzlement laws...

Nectarine: Hmm yes. And when did St. Helena become a French territory? Also, how could it have been prevented?

Quince: Oh don't ask me about history, Nectarine. Aren't *you* supposed to be the smart one of the family? *(turns to the door)* Oh I think I hear your parents coming. They've gathered a search party for you three - I'll just tell them you're here.

Samphire: Wait no! Grandad, you really really can't tell them we're here. We'll explain why later, but could you just pretend you didn't see us?

Quince: You want me to keep a secret from your father about where his missing children are?

Samphire: I-

Quince: Done. Quick, crouch down over there.

(The children behind a table, just before Kumquat, Pomegranate, Sheriff, Butcher, and Nun enter in ridiculously French outfits, smoking cigarettes and drinking wine)

Pomegranate: I just cannot believe it! My own children, missing. Quelle catastrophe!

Sheriff: Please, do not worry Madame Chutney. Monsieur Butcher and Sister Inferior know every spot on this island. The three children will be found tout suite.

Nun: Oui, oui. I must say, this is a very nice house, Kumquat.

Kumquat: Oh thank you, Sister Inferior. You know, it used to belong to Napoleon the first.

Butcher: Bien sur! This was when those idiot British soldiers tried to imprison him, non?

Kumquat: Oui! And the Chutney family still owns the preserved ship he used to escape this island!

Samphire: *(to Nectarine and Durian)* So he did make it back!

Durian: I'm starting to think those soldiers weren't very good at their jobs.

Nectarine: *(whispering to Quince)* Grandad! What was the name of that ship?

:

Quince: Nectarine, my darling! You don't know? *The Royal Baguette*, of course. The pride of the Chutney family.

Samphire: *(to Nectarine)* I remember that one! It had a giant mast, with a French flag on the side.

Pomegranate: Quince, my dear! I didn't see you there. Who are you talking to in the corner?

Samphire: Nectarine, we need to go now. Can you get us on that boat?

Nectarine: *(messing with the remote)* I think-

Sheriff: Who is making noise behind there?

(Kumquat, Pomegranate, Sheriff, Butcher, and Nun go over to inspect)

Samphire: NOW!

(Samphire reaches over and presses the big button, and timey-wimey stuff happens)

Exeunt

2.2 - Put the timeline in rice or something

The courtroom, Governor, Judge and Kumquat are all having a drink

Kumquat: Well governor, I must say it is good timing on your part. I trust your journey was a pleasant one?

Governor: As pleasant as could be hoped given the circumstances.

Judge: Circumstances?

Governor: The man in charge of the Falklands chartered the last plane the government had spare. I had to come via—

She shudders

Governor: EasyJet.

Kumquat: How horrible!

Governor: Truly, but enough of my suffering, let's move on to yours! Any further news of your daughters, Chutney?

Kumquat: No ma'am, Pomegranate is starting to fear the worst.

Judge: Don't worry, I'm sure they'll turn up soon enough. They've probably gotten lost up the mountain or something. The island isn't so big.

Governor: *(very quickly and fluently)* Oui, c'est vrai, c'est toujours possible que les jeunes sont simplement en vacances, et qu'ils vont retourner à la maison bientôt - la chose la plus importante est que nous ne perdons pas notre espoir, n'est-ce pas?

Everyone stares at her, nonplussed.

Governor: What?

Kumquat: Are- are you quite alright, ma'am?

Governor: Well, now that you mention it, I've been having a peculiar problem recently, some kind of sickness? Every so often I start to feel weirdly...French?

Judge: French?

Governor: Exactly, I can't explain it, but more and more frequently I feel an overwhelming urge to drink wine, eat cheese, go on strike...

:

Kumquat: Sounds like a mid-life crisis to me

Judge: I have to say I've been feeling the same, and what's more disturbing, a packet of cheddar I had in my fridge has turned into brie overnight

Governor: How odd, it's like some sort of French infection!

Judge: Is that not the old name for syphilis?

Kumquat: I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.

Judge: What, syphilis? I'll have you know-

Kumquat: We have bigger problems afoot. We've still not found my children!

Governor: *Mon cher* Kumquat, I'm sure Mr. Sheriff's search party will come across them soon enough. For now, I believe we have some visitors to meet.

Kumquat: *Zut alors!*

Judge: What did you say?

Kumquat: I mean...what?

Governor: I'm not really sure who they are, but I was told they were very important and we should greet them with the utmost respect.

Judge: I'll fetch the brie!

Judge exits. Enter Richard, Rachel and Ritchie.

Richard: Ah, Governor! Lovely to meet you. I'm Richard, this is Rachel, and this is, um...

Ritchie is failing comically to zip up his hoodie, he struggles for a few seconds then looks at Richard

Ritchie: It's happened again.

Rachel: *(Groans and fixes Ritchie's zip)* And this is our apprentice Ritchie.

Governor: Pleasure to meet you Ritchie.

Ritchie: *(Smiling like a goldfish with no brain cells, shaking the governor's hand)* Mmm!

While still shaking the governor's hand (for too long) he turns to Richard

:

Ritchie: Who's she?

Richard: *(Embarrassed, pulling Ritchie away from the governor)* This is the governor of the island, she's come all the way from London just like us!

Ritchie: Ohhh!

Another long pause

Ritchie: What's an island?

Richard: *(aside to Ritchie)* Quiet! You mustn't let anyone know you're such an imbecile!

Rachel: How are you my dear governor?

Governor: Em, fine thank you, Rachel. Could you illuminate some small thing for me?

Rachel: Of course!

Governor: What are you doing here?

Ritchie: Well, we think that someone might be messing with the timeline and as top secret government time agents -

Governor: Time agents?

Rachel + Richard: Shhhh!

Governor: Pardon?

Richard: No not you! *(smiles)* We're just here to investigate some unusual...

Rachel: Disturbances, in your...um...

Richard: Yes! Disturbances in the.. Um...

Ritchie: Volcano!

Rachel + Richard: *(Through gritted teeth)* Yes. Volcano.

Richard: *(still through gritted teeth)* Why not?

Rachel: *(attempting a normal voice, but clearly wishing for Ritchie's death)* Yes! That's it, we're, uh, volcano..studiers. You know-

:

Richard: Fire scientists?

Ritchie: Rock-lickers!

Kumquat: Do you mean volcanologists?

Rachel: Absolutely that is what we mean.

Richard: And that is what we are.

Governor: ...d'accord - I mean, (*exaggeratedly English*) RIGHT!. And what sort of disturbances would those be? I thought the volcano had been extinct for decades.

Richard: Well it would seem like the volcano might get a bit...uh...blowy -

Governor: ...blowy?

Ritchie: What's a blowie?

Richard: No! Stop! Eruptive, is what I meant to say.

Kumquat: Oh dear, not in danger are we?

Rachel: Oh no that would be terribly troubling.

Ritchie: And we're always in trouble. Giving our real identities away all the time-

Richard: Shut! Up!

Kumquat: Well, you couldn't have come at a worse time. My children are missing, and what's more, I met a pair of volcanologists just yesterday. Someone reported them for causing a disturbance in the courtroom - trying to present evidence when the judge had already declared the accused guilty! I had to fine them both. Mark my words, your lot are bad news, and I'll be watching you.

Governor: (*trying to smooth things over*) But at least you'll have the opportunity for a lively debate with your fellow academics!

Richard: Oh yes, uh, we'd love a lively debate. About volcanoes, and all the science behind them, that we've studied for many years.

Ritchie: You'd love a lively debate, I'd love to go home and have a nap.

Rachel: Quiet you, before I make you extinct as well!

:

Richard: We just thought it best to let you all know that there is absolutely nothing suspicious whatsoever with our activities.

Ritchie: You can trust us, big man!

Richard hits him

Ritchie: I mean big woman!

Richard facepalms

Governor: Jolly good to hear.

Judge returns with wine and brie.

Governor: Now if you will excuse us, we have some important business to attend to.

Kumquat: And even more important wine to drink.

Judge: *(looks at the bottle and does a double take)* I really thought I'd picked up the whisky...

Richard: Oh, and if you notice anything unusual, about your surroundings, or whatever, don't hesitate to let us know!

Judge: We'll be sure of it.

Governor: *Bien sur!*

Governor, Kumquat and Judge all leave, singing La Marseillaise.

Richard: Ritchie you idiot!

Richard whacks Ritchie

Ritchie: Oww! That hurt!

Richard: Stop whining. Right, I think they're gone now. Christ, the situation is worse than I thought.

Rachel: We're dealing with more than a simple unauthorised trip into the past. Somebody is causing an incredible amount of uncertainty in the timeline. The universe can't seem to decide whether this island is French or British.

Richard: And it looks like we've got trouble on our hands.

:

Ritchie: Trouble? Oh no, not again!

Richard: Calm down, it's alright, I'm just worried about these other volcanologists.

Ritchie: You mean the real ones!

Rachel: SHHH, keep your voice down!

Ritchie: Don't worry, we'll blend right in! I have a cunning plan *(he turns his clipboard around to show that he has been writing three name badges that say 'Hi! My name is VOLCANOLOGIST')*

Richard: That'll never work!

Ritchie: How about now? *(he bends down to pick up some rocks from the ground and hands them one each, then immediately tries to bite his)*

Rachel: You idiot! Who on earth is going to fall for this?

Ellie and Liz enter

Ellie: Is that an ignimbrite I see? You must be volcanologists too!

Richard: Haha, yes. That's us. Mmm! Love a good rock.

Ritchie again goes to bite his rock, but Rachel stops him.

Liz: So where are you guys based?

Rachel: Um...Oxford?

Ellie: Really? Us too!! Isn't that amazing?!

Richard: Oh actually, she meant Oxford Brookes.

Ellie: So did !! That's the *real* Oxford University, if you ask me.

Liz: You three must be new to the department right?

Richard and Rachel are wide eyed in terror but with forced smiles

Richard: That's us!

Ellie: I didn't know we had any positions advertised! God, they really don't tell the rest of us very much.

Liz: What are you guys studying?

:

Rachel: Oh, uh, the hill, shaped, bit. Of the volcano.

Ellie: Well, best of luck with your research! I expect we'll bump into you guys again shortly!

Liz and Ellie start leaving

Ellie: *(aside to Liz)* God, the selection criteria have fallen through the floor recently.

Liz: *(aside to Ellie)* Tell me about it.

Liz and Ellie leave

Richard: Crisis averted, now, back to the main task at hand. How's the French-o-meter looking?

Rachel: Keeps swinging wildly, but it's getting bigger! We've moved from Brie all the way up to Camembert!

Richard: As much as that, eh? We're in real trouble now.

Ritchie: Why? What's it meant to be?

Richard: Well ideally, zero.

Ritchie: Zero?

Richard: This island is, or rather was, a British Overseas Territory in the middle of the South Atlantic. We're thousands of miles from the nearest landmass. If anywhere would have a French reading of zero, it would be here.

Ritchie: Do we know who's messing with the timeline?

Rachel: We're close. I've tracked the chronological disturbances right back to this island, and we may even be able to tap into the transmitter from here.

Ritchie: And do what?

Richard: Give our meddlers a stern talking to.

Rachel: Right before we arrest them.

All three leave, but Liz re-enters, stopping Richard at the door.

:

Liz:

Listen, you. Ellie may be a few strawberries short of a fruit salad, but I know better. I can see straight through your volcanology shtick, and it's making me very *very* curious as to what you're really up to. I'll see you around.

Exeunt

2.3 - Ah Shit We've Kidnapped Napoleon

A ship, carrying Napoleon back to France

Real Napoleon: Ah, finally I'm free of that god forsaken rock. And what luck! All the British frigates sailed right past me without a care in the world. It's like they don't even know I'm missing.

Suddenly, timey wimey stuff happens, enter Durian, Samphire, and Nectarine

Nectarine: We made it!

Real Napoleon: You again?

Samphire: Stop right there! Turn this ship around or so help me -

Nectarine: Hold on Sam, I'm getting a call.

Samphire: You what? A call? I thought you said there was no phone signal in the 1800's?

Nectarine: No not on my phone, on my time machine remote!

Durian: You mean to tell us there's, 'time machine signal' in the 1800's?

Nectarine: Yeah? It's projected into the past by the transmitter I built in the shed? *(A pause)* Honestly, it's like trying to explain chess to a pigeon. *(to Napoleon)* will you excuse me for a second?

Nectarine puts the remote to her ear like a phone

Nectarine: Hello?

Richard and Rachel enter and stand near to the door. Richard is on the phone

Richard: Hello? Is this the errant time traveller speaking?

Nectarine: Ummmm...maybe? What's it to you?

Richard: Oh good, I've found you. From the looks of it you're about...25 miles to my north-west, about 204 years ago. Wait, isn't that in the sea?

Nectarine: We're on a ship, idiot! Hang on, are you on St Helena?

Richard: Indeed.

:

Nectarine: What brought you there? You're not a local. None of them would be smart enough to hack into this thing.

Richard: How rude! These people have been nothing but lovely!

Rachel: *(Grabbing the phone)* To answer your question, *you* brought us here.

Nectarine: What?

Rachel: It wasn't that difficult to find you. That massive transmitter you've built is spraying out chronological energy every which way. You're going to lose control of it faster than a toddler on bath salts.

Nectarine: Ok fine, you caught me. Can I hang up now?

Rachel: No, no no wait!

Nectarine hangs up,

Rachel: Damn it!

Richard and Rachel leave the stage

Nectarine: Right, sorry about that, now where were we?

A pause

Samphire: Get him!

Nectarine, Samphire, and Durian both lunge towards Napoleon

Real Napoleon: Wait!

SONG - Dreaming of Escaping St Helena

Durian: Well, as lovely as that sounds...

Samphire: We still need to fix the timeline.

Real Napoleon: Well you'll have to get through me to do it!

Nectarine, Samphire, and Durian tussle with Real Napoleon, as the lights go down

Exeunt

:

2.4 - I Love It When My Problems Solve Themselves

Ritchie is lounging about. The French-o-meter is clearly reading zero.

Ritchie: I'm so sick and tired of Richard bossing me around all the time. Doesn't he know I'd work twice as hard if he'd just give me an ounce of respect? A little appreciation for all the hard work that I've done, that's all I want. He's always got one harebrained scheme after another, but he doesn't even have the decency to thank me for all the fun little adventures we have along the way! It's always, "No Ritchie, now you've gotten us arrested by the Gestapo" or "No Ritchie I don't think Pharaoh Rameses liked your interpretative dance routine". What's the point of having time travel if you can't have fun with it?

Enter Mr Johnson

Mr Johnson: Fun? What's this I hear about fun? There'll be no fun while I'm around - Oh Ritchie! So nice to see you my boy, how have you been!

Ritchie: Mr Johnson? Is that you?

Mr Johnson: And you still remember me! God you must be at least 6 feet tall now! Last time I saw you I had just been escorted off your school's premises for drunk and disorderly conduct!

Ritchie: Ah those were the days! But why are you on St Helena?

Mr Johnson: Job opportunities! And shall we say, the palms of the education board here are very easily greased!

Ritchie: Goodness me that does sound exciting!

Mr Johnson: What about you, my boy?

Ritchie: No, me, Rachel, and Richard have been posted here on a top secret....volcanology trip.

Mr Johnson: Ah I see. Volcanology, eh? I always knew you were a smart pumpkin.

Enter Farmer, Jailor, and Baker.

Baker: What's all this about pumpkins?

Mr Johnson: Ah, Mrs Baker, Mr Farmer,....*(to the Jailor)* you. Ritchie here is an old student of mine from back in London, come here to study volcanology.

:

Farmer: Volcanology you say? Never been a fan myself. I prefer to sacrifice a goat or perhaps a small child to appease the great lord of the underworld. That's always done the trick for me.

Mr Johnson: *(to Ritchie)* The islanders have some strange views I'm afraid. They can be a little superstitious.

Farmer: Superstitious? Why that's nonsense! It's only common sense.

Jailor: *(nodding wisely)* Ug.

Farmer picks up the French-O-Meter

Farmer: Ey-oh what's this little doohickey here?

Baker: Looks awfully suspicious.

Ritchie: Oh that, that's - um - wait a second...

Mr Johnson: What?

Ritchie: It's on zero?

Baker: What does that mean?

Ritchie: Riiiiichard!

Enter Richard

Richard: What? What is it? Is there a problem?

Ritchie: Well, I don't know, but the French-O-Meter has hit zero!

Richard: Zero?

Richard grabs the French-O-Meter. Farmer, Baker and Jailor wander off stage talking.

Richard: It has! This is excellent?

Mr Johnson: What are you two dribbling about?

Richard: The timeline, it's fixed! Or wait? What? That's very odd.

Enter Rachel

Rachel: What's wrong?

:

Richard: It's jumping around more than a Soviet gymnast escaping from the gulag!

Mr Johnson: Good heavens! That does sound troubling! But remind me...what?

Richard: Something is bringing a lot of uncertainty into the timeline.

(optional) Enter Samphire, Nectarine, Durian and Napoleon, crossing the stage while fighting, the kids should be winning

Richard: There must be some sort of conflict taking place, something with an extraordinary amount of consequence!

Ritchie: Conflict? Oh no! That sounds scary! What could it be?

The fighters fight themselves offstage.

Richard: Your guess is as good as mine. Maybe those time travelling delinquents have been meddling with some historical battle or something?

Rachel: But what does this mean for the island?

Enter Farmer, Jailor, and Baker suddenly in French outfits, walking across the stage talking to each other.

Jailor: Personnellement, je pense que c'est important pour les gens d'apprendre les autres langues. On devrait prendre cette occasion précieuse pour l'échange d'idées interculturelles entre les ennemis historiques.

Farmer: Oui, je suis d'accord.

Farmer, Jailor, and Baker exit.

Rachel: Well, that can't be good.

Richard: Definitely not. The French-o-meter is going crazy, and it's only going to get worse if we don't find out what's causing it. Since we're in a British territory, it's probably responding to one of the many, many, *many* battles we've had with France.

Rachel: So, what? Hastings? Agincourt? Quarter-finals of the 2022 world cup?

Samphire, Durian, Nectarine, and Napoleon return onstage fighting.

:

Richard: This is the odd thing. I tracked the location of their device. They're off the coast of this island, some 200 years in the past.

Ritchie: Mr Johnson, you were a history teacher weren't you?

Mr Johnson: C'est vrai!

Richard: Anything interesting happen on or around the island, say 200 years ago?

At this point in the fight, Napoleon should be winning.

Mr Johnson: *(In a French accent)* Ah! Well I would say that was just when Napoleon was finishing his exile.

Rachel: You mean when he died?

Mr Johnson: *(In a French accent)* Don't be an imbecile! Everyone knows that in 1819, after he was trapped on this island by the stuck-up, phlegmatic British, Napoleon escaped from St Helena on a captured French ship-

Samphire and Durian suddenly pounce on Napoleon, and Nectarine takes the ship's wheel.

(In a British Accent) And was found by some unknown British soldiers, who did their duty to their King and Country and attacked him on his ship, bringing the short, cheese-eating bastard back to-

Napoleon frees himself of Samphire and Durian, and pushes Nectarine out of the way.

(In a French Accent) -the glorious republic of France, where he made a remarkable comeback to end the Napoleonic wars with a sweet French victory. Vive la Republic and-

The children overpower Napoleon again, and he ends up on the ground, with Nectarine again at the ship's wheel.

(In a British Accent) God Save the King! *(starts singing God Save the King)*

The children exit, dragging Napoleon with them.

Rachel: Oh god, I have a feeling I know what they've done. Let me call them.

Richard: Ritchie, get that man out of here. He smells like a pork pie dipped in Merlot.

:

Ritchie leads a still singing Mr Johnson out, while Rachel takes out her phone and makes a call.

Rachel: Hi yes it's me again. Right, yes busy, uhuh. Are you perhaps busy with fighting a certain -, you what sorry? Finished? How have you - wait, you've done what?!

Rachel hangs up.

Rachel: So, they've kidnapped Napoleon.

Exeunt

2.5 - Kidnapping? What kidnapping?

The Chutney household, Kumquat is meeting with the Governor, Reverend, Nun, and Quince

- Kumquat: Governor, are you sure this is the correct way forward!? I'm more than happy to bankroll the rest of the operation myself!
- Governor: I'm sorry Kumquat, it's been too long. My friend, you must understand that their survival chances are exceedingly low at this point.
- Kumquat: I will not give up hope!
- Reverend: Well the rest of the search party is growing tired. We all have other jobs to do that are getting neglected.
- Nun: Us two for example: all the church functions have had to be postponed until after the search is over.
- Reverend: Sister Inferior may have to shut down the convent if earnings don't improve.
- Kumquat: *(sarcastically)* What, by selling cupcakes at the village fete?
- Nun: No, weddings and such.
- Kumquat: Weddings?
- Governor: How many weddings can there be a week on an island of just four thousand people?
- Reverend: You should see the divorce rate!
- Nun: But not just weddings! The church makes money from funerals as well.
- Reverend: Speaking of which, let's talk about the arrangements. Do you want the headstones to be solid gold, or just gold-plated?
- Governor: Regardless, I'm using my authority as Governor to call the search off. I'm sorry Kumquat, they're gone.

Enter Samphire, Nectarine, and Durian

Samphire: We're back!

:

Kumquat: My darlings!

He runs over and hugs them

Samphire: Oh, err, hi dad, nice to see you too.

Kumquat: I'm so glad you're home. Where have you been these past four days?

Durian: Four days?

Nectarine: We...got lost in the woods for a while but we, uh, we've made it home!

Governor: How wonderful!

Quince: Better call off the funeral.

Reverend: Call it off? But it's in the diary now!

Nun: Scrape a pigeon off the road and bury that instead, that'll be something.

Reverend and Nun storm out.

Kumquat: I'd better go tell your mother, she'll be overjoyed with this news!

Kumquat exits

Samphire: *(aside to Nectarine)* I thought you said we'd land exactly where and when we started?

Nectarine: Well there's only so much precision you can have when jumping over such a long distance! Just be glad we didn't land in the ocean.

Durian: Wait, how did you land on that ship so precisely?

Nectarine: I don't want to say blind luck, but...

Pomegranate enters, and runs to the children.

Pomegranate: Oh my dearest children! I'm so happy to see you home again unharmed! Everyone's been worried to death, but we're all glad you're home. Come on, let's get you cleaned up. You all look absolutely awful.

Pomegranate starts dragging Nectarine and only Nectarine off, with Samphire, Durian and then Kumquat following behind.

:

Pomegranate: Now we just need to deal with the legal ramifications of your kidnapping...

The kids share a concerned look

Samphire: I'm sorry what?

Exeunt

2.6 - Were we French for a week?

The school. Reverend is leading a support group for those affected by the Frenchifying of the world, Butcher, Baker, Nun, Sheriff, Fisher, Farmer, Smith, Mr Johnson, Prefect, Parkinson are in attendance.

Reverend: Thank you all for joining me. I'm sure we all have many stories from the very confusing week we've all had.

Fisher: Indeed.

Smith: Sure have.

Mr Johnson: Yes, quite.

Reverend: Mr Johnson, would you like to start?

Mr Johnson: Yes certainly. Hello all, nice to see you again, to any who don't know me, I'm Mr Johnson, and I'm an alcoholic.

Reverend whispers in his ear

Mr Johnson: Oh I see! Wrong meeting. No I've certainly felt peculiar these past few days, as bizarre as it may seem I've almost felt a bit, French?

General murmurings of agreement

Butcher: French? Oh yes certainly.

Reverend: Don't worry, we've all been there!

Farmer: I woke up one day to find my finest flatcap, which my grandpappy once wore, had been turned into a beret!

Everyone gasps

Sheriff: Terrible!

Smith: Bad news indeed.

Fisher: Aye, and I'd found the Union Jack waving proudly from the mast of my ship to be gone, and in its place was fluttering stripes of red white and blue!

Farmer: Those damn Americans!

Fisher: No you halfwit! It was the French flag!

Everyone gasps

:

Parkinson: *(sage/ly)* You know, times of such instability really put everything into context.

Reverend: How do you mean?

Parkinson: Well when you can never be sure what's going to happen next, or how your life will be from day to day, it forces you to live in the moment, in a way.

Smith: I'm not sure, I quite liked the way that my life was before all of this kicked off.

Parkinson: Well yes, but think of all the people whose lives were changed for the better by this week's events!

Prefect: Are you saying we've all been taught a lesson?

Mr Johnson: In my classroom? Never!

Parkinson: Well, in a way, yes.

Prefect: Like what?

Parkinson: Well when you're changing language day to day, not only is violence not the answer, but it's also not the question. Speaking of which, I really want some compensation.

Mr Johnson: Compensation! Now that's a big word, isn't it Parkinson? But I'm still not convinced about this whole "no violence" thing.

Reverend: I think I see what the strange child means. In a world that is crazy enough to turn French for a week, what's the harm in being nice to each other for a change? It's not like it'd have a bigger effect than whatever's currently turning the world upside down!

Baker: Correct me if I'm wrong Reverend, but are you saying that the world is clearly so bizarre that nothing we could ever do would ever compare with the utter insanity of a cold uncaring universe?

Reverend: Yes...I suppose I am...wait that doesn't sound right...would you excuse me for a minute I need to have a few words with a bishop.

Reverend exits

Mr Johnson: Well, I guess we could give that a try.

:

Fisher: You know what, I think you're right. From now on no more needless hostility, no more spreading vicious rumours, and no more mob mentality. All of us are forever changed for the better by what we've been through.

Sombre murmurings of agreement

Prefect: *(conspiratorially)* Hang on.

Farmer: What is it?

Prefect: Is there any chance this French stuff might all be connected?

Smith: In what way?

Prefect: Well this deranged kidnapper rocks up on our shoreline, the Mayor's children go missing and then everything seems to turn French!

Mr Johnson: How could all that possibly be connected?

Prefect: Well nothing interesting ever happens on this island!

Townfolk immediately devolve into angry murmurings

Sheriff: It is a bit of a coincidence you know? Too much if you ask me.

Baker: I always knew he was up to something!

Butcher: It's a conspiracy against the people of St Helena!

Farmer: We need to put a stop to it!

Townfolk all cheer

Fisher: Quite right! Everyone grab your pitchforks! I reckon a couple of us need to go interrogate this little rascal, see if we can find out what he knows about *(dramatic look to the audience)* France.

Exeunt

2.7 - 2/10 would not be arrested again

The dungeon. Jacob and a relatively hidden prisoner somewhere in the corner or something.

Jacob: *(calling out)* Anyone else? No-one? *(normal speaking voice)* I find it hard to believe this island was completely devoid of wrongdoers before I showed up. And it's been awfully lonely these past, what three? Four days? God, who knows how long it's been, wallowing around here in my own filth without even a ghost for company.

Samphire shoves Napoleon on stage, who immediately goes to bang on the walls

Jacob: Samphire, wait!

Real Napoleon: *(yelling)* Come back this instant! That's no way to treat your rightful conqueror!

Jacob: Don't talk to her like that! Wait, you—

Real Napoleon: *(not listening)* Absolutely ridiculous. As Emperor of the French it is entirely unchivalrous to bundle me into a suitcase and lock me in a stinking dungeon.

Jacob: You're Napoleon!

Real Napoleon: Yes yes I've heard it all before. Let me guess, you're my 'biggest fan'.

Jacob: You're dead!

Real Napoleon: Really? I somewhat doubt that. You'd think I would have noticed something like that.

Jacob: No, but I mean, you've famously been dead for over 200 years!

Real Napoleon: Oh great, they've locked me in here with a raving lunatic.

Jacob: I'm not crazy!

Prisoner: Easy for you to say.

Jacob and Real Napoleon scream

Prisoner: Relax, I'm not a ghost, he's the one claiming to be a dead man.

Real Napoleon: So if I'm dead then how am I standing here? I can talk to you, I can touch you... Not that I want to of course.

Jacob: Excuse me?

:

Real Napoleon: You look like a man who's been stuck in a cell for 3 months, and you smell like it too.

Jacob: Charming. I've only been here for four days, I'll have you know.

Prisoner: I've been here 15 years, have they brought me up for trial yet? No siree, I've been left down here to rot, I have, all on my lonesome, with only a couple of troublesome rats for company.

Jacob: What? They forgot about you?

Prisoner: Oh yes, it'd be likely to turn you stark raving mad. Really? Oh yes. Oh no it wouldn't you idiot, stop talking to them, they're only trying to muddle your brain up. Yes, that's right, just talk to me.

Real Napoleon: Is that healthy?

Jacob: What got you sent down here?

Prisoner: I watched BBC iPlayer without a TV licence.

Jacob: You *monster*.

Real Napoleon: And why, pray tell, have you given yourself the moral high ground?

Jacob: I'm an innocent man, accused of a crime I did not commit. They say I'm a kidnapper.

Prisoner: A kidnapper eh?

Real Napoleon: I'm not surprised, it seems to be all the rage these days.

Jacob: What makes you say that?

Real Napoleon: Well why do you think I've been locked in here! I've been abducted of course, entirely against my will, and I'm still not quite sure as to the reason.

Jacob: Oh?

Prisoner: Surely most people in Europe would have a motive to kidnap you?

Real Napoleon: And travel some centuries in time in order to do so? I doubt it. Not that I'm too inclined to believe my kidnappers' story.

Jacob: Wait, you say they've travelled through time?

:

Prisoner: Travelled through what?

Real Napoleon: Terribly embarrassing too. To tell the truth, it was just a few young children. You can tell I'm not the man I used to be.

Jacob: Well I think they're the ones I'm accused of kidnapping!

Real Napoleon: Really? The ones that kidnapped me?

Jacob: It would seem I met them before they fluttered off to kidnap you. Such time travel escapades would explain where they went.

Prisoner: And I thought I was deranged.

Real Napoleon: I personally think we've seen enough time travel escapades for one evening.

Jacob: It must be a matter of time before they realise I'm down here!

Prisoner: I wouldn't be so sure lad.

Real Napoleon: This can't possibly get more convoluted can it?

Jacob: I wouldn't hold your breath.

SONG - How Did We End Up Here

A knocking without

Real Napoleon: There's a knocking without!

Prisoner: It's not like we can open the bloody door can we?

Jailor, Fisher, Farmer, and Butcher enter

Jailor: Ug. Sorry big fish man. Prisoners here.

Fisher: It's alright my boy. Now who've we got here?

Jacob: Hi, my name's Jacob!

Fisher: Silence criminal scum! I know you, we've met!

Butcher: We've come to ask some questions of you.

Jacob: Oh?

Farmer: *(Threatening Jacob)* What do you know about *France*?

:

Jacob: What?

Fisher: No funny business with us boy!

Real Napoleon: Well, funnily enough...

Butcher: Quiet, you.

Jacob: I know nothing about France, never been!

Real Napoleon: You know, I really think...

TOWNSFOLK: We said, shut it!

Fisher: It's no use, the lad's not going to help us.

Real Napoleon: No! I will not shut it! I am Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, conqueror of Europe and I demand the respect and gratitude that my status and position require!

Jacob: And I also demand that same level of respect and gratitude, even though the biggest thing I've ever conquered is getting out of bed when I'm sleepy.

A pause. Jacob tries to make himself look strong and impressive.

Fisher: Jailor?

Jailor: Ug?

Fisher: Throw away the key.

Fisher, Jailor, Farmer, and Butcher exit

Exeunt

2.8 - Are they onto something or...

Nectarine's room. Nectarine is stressed about having kidnapped Napoleon.

Durian: It can't be that bad surely?

Nectarine: No I'm certain, they know. It's all unravelling in front of us!

Durian: What's unravelling? Talk to me!

Nectarine: You know those calls I got on the time remote while we were fighting Napoleon?

Durian: Yeah?

Nectarine: I'm fairly sure they're from the time police.

Durian: There's a time police?!

Nectarine: Yes, very secretive, they act to stop people meddling with history too much. And if you meddle too much, sometimes they erase you from history altogether!

Durian: I'm sorry, what?

Nectarine: And someone sent us back to the nineteenth century before my permit application went through!

Durian: She's already apologised, it was an accident! So what, you think they're after us?

Nectarine: Yes!

Durian: For what though?

Nectarine: I don't know if you've noticed, but we've kidnapped Napoleon! In terms of time crimes, that's the time crimiest of them all! If the time police find him in the prison, he'll tell them everything and then they'll come after us.

Durian: So, what do you suggest we do?

Nectarine: It would be helpful to know who I'm dealing with, if it's that trio of dribbling Richards again, we'll be in luck.

Durian: Richards?

:

Nectarine: How they possibly got let into the Academy I have no idea, they've got one brain cell between them and they've left it in the fridge too long.

Quince enters with Richard

Quince: Nectarine dear, I was wondering if you wanted to have a chat with my new friend Richard! He's a volcanologist you see, come to examine all the strange goings-on on the island, and I told him you and your sharp scientific mind could help his investigation

Richard: Nice to meet you, miss, uh, Nectarine.

They shake hands, Nectarine's eyes narrow

Nectarine: And you, Richard, a man who is totally a volcanologist with nothing sneaky or suspicious about him.

Quince: Yes, a truly remarkable man!

Richard: Have we met before? Your voice sounds familiar

Nectarine: Who, me? No, certainly not.

Richard: Right, well, it's been a pleasure making your acquaintance. Let me know if you notice anything of use.

Richard and Quince leave

Durian: Was that him?

Nectarine: Yep, one of them. That makes our job a bit easier. Just have to stop them from finding where we hid Napoleon.

Durian: And how do we do that? He's already in the most secure place possible. Just have to keep low until these 'time police' leave, surely?

Nectarine: No way! I'm not risking it. I'll keep an eye on the jail, just in case.

Exeunt

2.9 - Nighttime All Sneaky Like v2: Napoleonic Boogaloo

Night, outside the jail, Nectarine sneaks on to check that Napoleon is still where they put him

Nectarine: It's fine, it's fine. Don't psych yourself out. There's no way they can pin this on us, and it's not like there'll be a missing person's report for a man who's been dead for two centuries. I just hope the bugger doesn't escape. And I definitely hope a fantastically beautiful heroine and her two grovelling siblings from two centuries in the future don't come back to jailbreak him.

Enter Kumquat and Governor having a chat

Kumquat: So, as I was saying, the really quite fascinating thing about the blue footed booby is that its mating habits are -

He sees Nectarine

Kumquat: Who goes there?

Nectarine: Ah!! Um? (*comically deep voice, hiding her face from Kumquat*)
No-one! This public courtyard is absolutely deserted with no sneaking or criminal activities whatsoever. Please go about your day Mr. Mayor.

Kumquat: Oh! Well that's good to hear. I do prefer my public courtyards without criminality, don't you Governor?

Governor: Kumquat, you bleeding halfwit! It's your daughter!

Kumquat: Samphire! What have I told you about being out this late!

Governor: No you dribbling baboon, your youngest daughter!

Kumquat: Oh! Nectarine, you had me worried there!

A pause

Kumquat: Wait, you're not supposed to be out this late either!

Nectarine: I, uh, I can explain!

:

Governor: My dear, you'd have thought that, after recent events, you'd be a little more careful about where exactly you'd be wandering.

Kumquat: Indeed! Darling, you know that we're only trying to keep you safe.

Governor: And therefore...

Nectarine: What?

Governor: *(simultaneously)* Explain yourself!

Kumquat: *(simultaneously)* Explain yourself!

Nectarine: Okay okay okay! I'm sorry alright? I was planning to do everything by the book, be perfectly well behaved—

Kumquat: As you should have been!

Nectarine: I promise you I'd already submitted the permit for approval! Sapphire just stood on the remote too early—

Kumquat: *(to Governor)* Permit? What's she talking about?

Nectarine: We just flew back to 1819 with no planning, no clearance, and since we were already there I thought "Oh, sod it, how much more trouble can we get into?"

Enter Richard, dramatically, wearing maybe a long coat that blows in the breeze.

Richard: *(ominously)* A lot of trouble as it turns out. *(more normal voice)* This kidnapping malarkey has gotten everyone back at the Institute into a right old panic, I hope you realise that!

Kumquat: What? Institute? Aren't you one of the volcanologists?

Governor: What do volcanoes have to do with this?

Nectarine: I'm sorry, okay! This was all an accident that went too far! We accidentally let him escape, and went back and fixed it! I'm sorry if there were any unintentional consequences!

Richard: You fixed it by kidnapping him!

Governor: What?

Nectarine: Okay! I confess alright? I'm a kidnapper!

Kumquat: My darling, have you gone quite mad?

:

Governor: I think the time in captivity has muddled her brain a bit.

Kumquat: *(soothingly)* My dear, you're not responsible for the kidnapping.

Governor: Indeed, it's been terribly traumatic for you I know. Stockholm syndrome is nothing to be ashamed of.

Nectarine: Okay, now I'm confused!

Governor: Look, we'll bring him here to prove to you that he is safe behind bars. Jailor!

Enter Jailor

Jailor: Ug! What do big boss want?

Governor: Bring the prisoner here forthwith!

Jailor: Ug.

Exit Jailor, to return immediately with Napoleon, Jacob, and Prisoner

Real Napoleon: Unhand me, foul rogue!

Jacob: Not this again!

Jailor: *(fed up with all this)* Ug! Which prisoner big boss want? Too many to count!

Governor: What? Who's that dressed as Napoleon?

Nectarine: Um, Napoleon?

Governor: And who is...Jacob?!

Jacob: *(moodily)* Hi mum.

Governor: Kumquat, I thought you said the kidnapper was a foul mouthed low life scumbag with no brains, horrific looks and who seems like the kind of dastardly fiend to pleasure himself with a roll of newspapers on a Thursday night?

Jacob: One time!

Kumquat: Am I not correct?

Governor: That's my son!

:

Governor slaps Kumquat. At this point, Real Napoleon begins to sneak away.

Governor: Jailer, release that man at once. Go to the villa and shave, you know where the spare key is. *(Jailer starts releasing Jacob)* As for you, 'Napoleon'.... *(points to where Real Napoleon just was and looks confused to see nobody)*

Rachel enters and immediately captures Real Napoleon.

Rachel: We'll take over from here.

Napoleon: Merde!

Richard whips out a detective's badge. Jacob, now released, exits.

Richard: Chronological detectives Richard Dickman and Rachel Dickwoman, at your service. We've been sent here to undo a little knot in the timeline caused by this young maverick here *(points to Nectarine)*.

Rachel: *(to Napoleon)* Napoleon Bonaparte, we apologise for your unlawful capturing at the hands of three schoolchildren.

Napoleon: Schoolchildren with technology from the future! It's not pathetic.

Rachel: Right. I will now take you back to your own century to serve out your exile. You will not be compensated.

Governor: Wait! So that man is actually Napoleon? Huh, I thought it was a myth that he was short.

Rachel drags Napoleon offstage.

Kumquat: So...the only kidnapping here was committed by my daughter?

Richard: Precisely.

Kumquat: Ah! You're growing up to be just like your grandfather!

Jailer: Ug. What about this one? *(Gesturing at Prisoner)*

Prisoner: Finally the feel of fresh air and a sea breeze on my face. After so long I am so happy to back into the wide world of freedom and civilisation—

Kumquat: Now it clicks! You're the iPlayer man aren't you! Back in the clink with you mister.

Jailer: Ug!

:

Prisoner: No! Please!

Jailor drags the Prisoner offstage. Meanwhile Rachel returns without Napoleon.

Nectarine: *(surreptitiously, while backing away offstage)* Well, all's well that ends well. Don't you love a happy ending. I'll just go over here and-

Richard: Hold on young lady. You're not getting off that easily.

Nectarine: I'm...sorry?

Richard: There's only so much good 'sorry' will do you now, missy! You should know I have it in my authority to confiscate assets should I deem it necessary.

Kumquat: *(nervously)* Well now, Richard, old bean I wouldn't be so sure that that would be necessary...

Richard: Not financial assets my good man; I wouldn't want to compromise the integrity of someone so...generous with his brandy cabinet.

Kumquat: Oh, excellent news.

Rachel: We may however, seize and dismantle any machinery in your possession!

Nectarine: No! Please! I won't do it again!

Richard: Oh, I'm certain you won't. If you wanted to take day trips into the 19th century, you should have done it above board. Now while leaving you on this stuffy little island seems like punishment enough, we do also have to take you into custody for kidnapping a major historical figure.

Governor: What!?

Kumquat: What!?

Nectarine: What!?

Jacob: What!?

Kumquat: You have no right to arrest her!

Richard: Oh, I certainly do. *(Holds up ID)*

Governor: Let me see that!

She grabs Richard's detective's badge, looks at it, and shows it to Kumquat

Kumquat: Good heavens, I didn't know Scotland Yard had a time crimes division!

:

Governor: So, what? You're like a BTEC Torchwood?

Richard: *(grabbing back the badge)* We're very respectable, thank you very much. Now, if you excuse me, I have a time-criminal to deal with.

Richard goes to lead Nectarine offstage.

Liz: *(jumping out from behind a tree or something, triumphantly)*
Respectable? Ha! You pretended to be volcanologists!

Ellie: *(looking genuinely quite crushed)* You took the name of the Oxford Brookes University Earth Sciences Department in vain!

Liz: Is it *respectable* to pretend to be qualified for a job you can't possibly do?

Kumquat: Well, it's worked for my family for generations.

Ellie: We've reported you two - *(wagging finger)*

Richard: What? To the Oxford Brookes Volcanology Department? I'm terrified.

Ellie: Actually, I was thinking we'd go straight to the Chronological Misconduct Agency.

Rachel: How do you even know about-

Liz: Ritchie!

Ritchie enters.

Rachel: You imbecile! What are you doing over there?

Liz: We found your colleague on his own - He was very talkative after we gave him a pack of Haribos.

Ellie: And he told us all about your mission - How you left him without a partner for hours during a crisis situation, how you constantly called him an idiot, and how you've spent the last several days getting drunk on the Mayor's brandy.

Liz: All clear violations of the Welfare Code!

Richard: We...have a Welfare Code?

Rachel: And let's be honest. Ritchie *is* an idiot. He couldn't even read the Welfare Code, let alone know which parts of it were allegedly broken.

:

Ritchie: *(rebelliously)* Sections 6, 14, 27, and 58.

Richard: Ritchie? You can count to 58?

Ritchie: Oh I can count *several* numbers higher than that. I have been in your team for five months. And the disrespect I have faced in that time is... *(Looks to Liz, who mouths a word to him)* astonishing

Rachel: What is happening?

Ritchie: I might not be smart. I might not know the definition of the word 'island.' I might accept bribes from random strangers for only a half-eaten packet of haribos.

A pause

Ellie: Ritchie?

Ritchie: I lost my train of thought.

Liz: The point is, he's a person too!

Ritchie: *(while eating a Haribo)* Yeah!

Liz: And, we called up your boss. Ritchie's not the only one you've bullied. Apparently every single one of your team members before him has made multiple complaints about you two.

Rachel: Well, clearly that's because they're...jealous of our competence.

Richard: Yes exactly. Any allegations of 'bullying' or 'name-calling' or 'taking money out of their wallet to buy cool matching sunglasses' are just hearsay.

Ellie: That's not what your superiors think. I had a little chat with your supervisor. Turns out, she used to be Head of Earth Science at Oxford Brookes.

Rachel: What? A geologist in our ranks? Ridiculous!

Ellie: After our talk, she seemed to agree with us that you two have been left unchecked for too long. I'd give her a call if I were you - She seemed pretty angry.

Richard and Rachel go pale, and Rachel dials a number on her phone and runs out.

Richard: You might think you've won, but mark my words. You haven't seen the last of Richard Dickman.

:

Liz: Oh by the way, I also called your mum and told her you were being mean.

Richard: NOOOOOOO!!!

Richard takes his phone out and runs offstage. Liz and Ellie high five and otherwise celebrate.

Nectarine: Sorry to interrupt, but what about me?

Ellie: You were the one they were trying to arrest earlier? I don't know what you did, but you are a child. Ritchie, you can let her off with a warning right?

Ritchie: Consider yourself warned.

Kumquat and Nectarine celebrate. The Governor also looks vaguely happy.

Kumquat: Thank you. If there's anything you three want from the Chutney family, consider it done.

Everyone begins to walk off

Liz: Well, first-class tickets home might be a start.

Exeunt

2.10 - Wrap up the nonsense

All townsfolk except Smith and Nun, Ghost Napoleon, Judge, Governor, Jacob, Liz, Ellie, Ritchie, and the Chutney family have gathered to listen to Samphire explain everything

Fisher: So, this time machine, how does it work exactly?

Nectarine: Do you want this play to go on forever?

Fisher: Good point. I think I've got the gist

Reverend: And so Mr McSurname here is totally innocent.

Samphire: 100%, completely clear record.

Farmer: But I don't get it, how did you kids, completely bare handed, manage to kidnap Napoleon?

Samphire: Is...girl power explanation enough?

Nectarine: I prefer to call it sheer violence.

Samphire: Same thing.

Durian: You know, I helped as well!

Samphire: You really didn't.

The children bicker among themselves.

Ellie: Ma'am, you are aware that your son was transporting illegal and dangerous materials? We've been following him for quite some time. He's wanted in 14 countries.

Governor: Oh, he always had a little rebellious streak.

Jacob: Mum, you're embarrassing me!

Governor: Well, what you choose to do on your gap year is up to you, as long as you still go into the McSurname family business eventually.

Samphire: Politics?

Jacob: PPE provision.

Kumquat: I'm sorry kids, I was trying to keep you safe, but in my panic at the slightest hint of an exciting adventure I accidentally locked up an innocent man. Will you forgive me?

:

Samphire: Of course, dad!

Nectarine: Yeah, and it's hardly like we haven't done some locking up of our own.

Governor: Too right! *(To Samphire)* Now, I was having a little chat with the Home Secretary back in London, and we felt that if you could muster up a tenner for, say, a small donation to his reelection we could get you a visa sharpish!

Mr Johnson: A tenner! Back in my day it took just 50p to bribe a politician!

Ghost Napoleon: You couldn't even buy a Freddo for that now!

Quince: *(Acknowledging Ghost Napoleon for the first time)* I know! The cost of living crisis is truly brutal.

Samphire: Granddad, who are you talking to?

Quince: *(exchanging panicked look with ghost napoleon)* Oh, just myself, dear, you know how us oldies get.

Kumquat: Look Sam, take this.

Kumquat passes her a tenner

Kumquat: Go. I've kept you here for long enough.

Samphire: Dad, I don't know what to say!

Kumquat: You've earned it!

Fisher: Besides, I think the town could use a bit of peace and quiet. We've had far too many adventures for one week. In fact, take my boat!

Samphire: Wow, really?

Fisher: Yes, yes, I'm retiring from fishing anyway. Besides, I just found out that Mr Smith has been using it to have a torrid affair with my wife, so I don't really want it anymore.

A pause, everyone looks sad/awkward.

Fisher: I just- I just can't believe he would betray me like that! That boat was *our* place!

Exit Fisher glumly.

:

Samphire: O...kay then.

Jacob: I can help you get back to England! I made it all the way here in a stolen dinghy full of holes - I can sail anything!

Liz: So you admit you stole a dinghy?

Jacob: Ummm- time to go I think! Are you coming?

Samphire: Uhh...I guess so. I honestly never thought I'd get the chance. Let's do it!

Jacob: Yes! Come on, Sammy.

Samphire: Call me that again and you'll be dead before we cross the equator.

Durian: Can I come too?

Mr Johnson: My boy, I'm afraid you've not finished your schooling yet. Those exams aren't going to cheat on themselves!

Nectarine goes up to Samphire, and Durian follows.

Nectarine: Are you going now? What about your stuff?

Samphire: Oh, I've had my bags pre-packed since I was 14. Are you two going to be alright though? I can come back and visit.

Durian: We'll be fine. At least I will. I'm pretty sure Nectarine's a time-criminal. *(to Nectarine)* Are more time agents going to show up and arrest you?

Pomegranate: *(suddenly menacing)* God rest the souls of anyone who tries.

Samphire: I'll miss you, mum.

Pomegranate: Oh Samphire! You know I'd do the same for you as well, don't you? If anyone gives you trouble, give me a call and the wrath of the Chutney family will rain down on them with the force of a thousand suns.

Samphire: Yes, I know.

Pomegranate and Samphire hug

Samphire: Goodbye everyone! I won't forget you when I've started my new life!

:

Jacob: I hope I will! (*with double thumbs up and big grin*)

As Samphire is saying goodbye to everyone, Ghost Napoleon stands up in shock

Ghost Napoleon: What's happening to me? I think at last, I can leave this wretched place! Now that another poor soul has been freed from their eternal torment on St Helena, so too have I! I won't waste my freedom!

Samphire: Did anybody else just hear that?

Ghost Napoleon: Adieu, sucker!

Samphire, Jacob, and Ghost Napoleon exit. Richard and Rachel enter from the other side looking forlorn.

Judge: Oh it's you two. Here to give us last-minute devastating news about the timeline?

Rachel: No. Just here to collect Ritchie and leave this god-forsaken island.

Kumquat: Good riddance!

General cheering

Ritchie: Hi guys! How're you doing?

Richard: Shut up Ritchie.

Rachel nudges him angrily.

Richard: I mean...we're doing well. Thank you for asking, treasured colleague and friend.

Ritchie: (*smiling obliviously*) That's no problem! I treasure you two as well! Did you get in trouble with the boss? You didn't lose your jobs did you?

Rachel: Worse than that. We have to take a....two day long anti-bullying course.

Rachel and Richard exit sobbing, with Ritchie following behind.

Pomegranate: Is that it then? All our troubles are over?

Nectarine: Well...there shouldn't be any more gaping holes in the fabric of space-time, at least, but you might still notice a few...oddities, here and there...

Enter Jailor.

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Jailor: Ah! Gott sei dank, dass ich euch endlich gefunden habe! Der Gefangene, er ist geflüchtet! Er könnte wo immer sein, und könnte in diesem Augenblick ohne Lizenz fernsehen! Ihr müsst mitkommen, schnell, schnell!

Exit Jailor, at a run.

Kumquat: Personally, I think getting him to speak in complete sentences can only be an improvement.

Quince: I think a well earned street party is in order!

General cheering. Townsfolk start celebrating. Enter Caesar.

Caesar: I say! Party is it? I love parties! Let me just find my deck of cards...

Enter Ghost Napoleon, talking to Caesar

Ghost Napoleon: Well, I suppose I could stay one more night.

SONG - Final Song

The End