

## SECOND CHANCE

### SCENE ONE

*(It's Christmas. A Living Room. Decorated appropriately. A small desk in the back corner. A man is seen with his back to the audience going through the desk draws and the papers on top. He then kneels down and starts to check out the Xmas presents under the tree. Nigel enters, quietly. Wearing a dressing gown and carrying a "Santa Stop Here" sign as a weapon)*

**NIGEL:** *(Creeps up behind the burglar and whacks him over the head with the Sign)*  
Got you, you bastard.  
*(Takes off his dressing gown cord and ties the burglars hands behind his back)*  
That should hold you.  
*(His dressing gown now flaps open to reveal ridiculous pajamas, Rupert Bear or some such. Goes to drinks cabinet and pours a large glass of Malt. Picks up the phone and dials 999)*  
Police please. *(Pause)* Ah Police? I want to report a burglary. *(pause)* I said. Can you hear me? *(Straining to hear)* I said I want to report a burglary. What? I can't hear a word your... *(Pause)* A burglary. I want to report a burglary *(Pause)* What the hells that it sounds like a disco? *(Pause)* That is the Police station isn't it? What do you mean am I sure I want the Police station of course I do I've caught a burglar. *(Pause)* What? Eh?, a what? Oh right yes *(Looks over at Burglar)* He's about my height. What? No, oh sorry, of course you don't now how tall I am, about five foot eleven *(or insert height of actor if different)* with a dirty overcoat and unshaven. A big Mack and a beard. No I don't want a Bigmac and a beer. That's what he's wearing. What do you mean who is. He is. Look I've called to report a break in and I've caught the culprit red-handed. *(Pause)* Of course I'm sure. *(Pause)* He's laying on my floor. *(Pause)* I haven't done anything to him, much. What's he look like. I've told you he looks like a drug addict to me. I mean he could be a mad axe murderer for all I know, you're not missing anybody are you. No, I was kidding, no don't, no don't go and check. Hello. Hello. *(To him self)* Bloody hell

**BURGLAR:** *(Gives a little groan and lifts his head slightly)* Urrrgh!

**NIGEL:** *(Hits him over the head again with the phone receiver. Knocking him out)*  
Hello, yes I'm still here. You haven't got anybody missing. Oh good I am glad. Well I've got one for you. No it can't wait 'till tomorrow. Just get somebody round here to take him away. *(Pause)* Look, can you turn that music down I can't here a word your... What? Yes I do know it's Christmas eve. *(Pause)* No this is not Watkins from Traffic. I'm serious. *(Pause)* I don't know his name and address do I. What a stupid question to ask, if by some chance you haven't noticed villains don't go around in stripped jerseys with a bag with Swag written on. Although if they did you lot might actually catch the odd one every now and again. I've told you I don't know his name and address if I knew his name and... Ah! right, sorry, yes, my name and address. Yes of course, my name is Spink, Nigel Spink. Are you Ok? *(Pause)* It sounded like sniggering to me. That's OK then. Nothing wrong with the name Spink. I heard that. The address is 37, Letsby Avenue. Where all the Police men live ha, ha very funny

I've not heard that one before. Let me speak to someone in charge. *(Pause)*  
Oh, you're in charge are you. I'll have you know that the chief constable is a  
good friend of mine. *(Pause)* What? I can't hear. *(Pause)* Oh, he is, is he, put  
him on. *(Pause)* You can't? What? *(Pause)* It's his party. No I didn't get an  
invite. *(Pause)* I know I said he's a good friend. He is. He goes to the same  
Lodge. *(Pause)* Not the Travel Lodge. The Lodge. You know the Free... Just  
put him on will you. *(Pause)* He's where? In the interview room. Well I'm  
pleased to hear at least one person is still hard at it seeing somebody gets their  
comeuppance. *(Pause)* What? *(Pause)* It's WPC Johnson that's getting her  
comeuppance *(Holds telephone away from his ear)* Jesus! Well tell whoever to  
stop...*(Holds telephone away from his ear)* To stop doing that. *(Pause)* Yes, I  
could hear it was a party popper. Well just get a Copper to popper around here  
ASAP. *(Pause)* How long? *(Pause)* Half an hour. Half an hour. What am I  
supposed to do with... *(Phone goes dead)* Hello!, Hello! Hello!

**BURGLAR:** *(Starts to come round. Gives a groan)* Uhhhh!

**NIGEL:** Bloody hell *(Goes over to the burglar and helps him up, roughly)* Come here  
you. Right, sit there... *(Pushes him onto the sofa)*...and don't move. The  
police are on their way.

**BURGLAR:** *(Still a bit groggy. Shaking his head)* Good God, what the..

**NIGEL:** I've called the police so don't try anything.

**BURGLAR:** What did you have to do that for?

**NIGEL:** Well call me old fashioned but, I think it's sort of traditional to call the police  
when your house is being robbed.

**BURGLAR:** I don't mean that. What the hell did you hit me over the head for?

**NIGEL:** Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just supposed to ask you nicely to leave am I?

**BURGLAR:** You could have tried that.

**NIGEL:** And you would have gone?

**BURGLAR:** No

**NIGEL:** I thought not.

**BURGLAR:** So you hit me. With what? A bloody baseball bat?

**NIGEL:** No, this. *(Picks up the now broken sign)* Look at it, ruined. It cost me ten quid  
that. I'll have that back out of you in compensation.

**BURGLAR:** Huh, you'll be lucky.

**NIGEL:** What?

**BURGLAR:** Nothing

**NIGEL:** Yes. Compensation. Now there's a thought. You'll get six months and I'll put in a claim for compo. Criminal damage, stress, pain and suffering.

**BURGLAR:** Oh that's rich. Pain and suffering. It's me that's got the pain and suffering and probably a fractured skull.

**NIGEL:** So what? *(Goes to drinks cabinet and pour another drink)*

**BURGLAR:** I'll tell you so what. I could sue you for actual bodily harm.

**NIGEL:** Yeah right

**BURGLAR:** That's a good idea that. I think I'll do you, you'll have to pay me compo. Where there's blame there's a claim.

**NIGEL:** How about, where there's crime there's time.

**BURGLAR:** Remember what happened to Tony Martin.

**NIGEL:** Think your self lucky I don't have a shotgun

**BURGLAR:** You didn't have to hit me so hard. In fact I feel a bit, woozy.

**NIGEL:** Serves you right. I know the law. I can use reasonable force.

**BURGLAR:** Bloody unreasonable I thought.

**NIGEL:** A man's got the right to defend his own property.

**BURGLAR:** Yours, Ha!

**NIGEL:** What?

**BURGLAR:** Nothing. I could have concussion. Funny thing concussion. It can affect you days later. Might even have caused a blood clot. I could drop down dead.

**NIGEL:** Good.

**BURGLAR:** That's manslaughter.

**NIGEL:** Shut up.

**BURGLAR:** Five years at least.

**NIGEL:** *(Getting angry. Grabs Burglar by the lapels with one hand and raises the other in a fist)* Just shut up or I'll...

**BURGLAR:** That's right go on hit me again, I want you to.

**NIGEL:** *(Letting him go)* No, you're not worth it.

**BURGLAR:** Nasty temper that. It'll get you into trouble one day

**NIGEL:** I need another drink. You just sit there and be quiet. *(pour another glass of scotch)*

**BURGLAR:** That'll not do you any good either

**NIGEL:** Shut up.

**BURGLAR:** It'll destroy your liver.

**NIGEL:** I'm not the least bit interested in the opinions of a petty villain. Anyway, I thought I told you to be quiet.

**BURGLAR:** Suit your self. Just offering a bit of advice.

**NIGEL:** Well don't. I don't need advice, not now, not in the future and certainly not from you.

**BURGLAR:** Done well for your self haven't you? Nice house, nice car, nice kids, nice wife.

**NIGEL:** Not that it's any of your business but, yes all achieved by hard graft. Something you've no idea about. You probably think manual labour is a Spanish bullfighter At least what I've got is mine.

**BURGLAR:** Pull the other one.

**NIGEL:** What do you mean?

**BURGLAR:** Well. I bet this nice house is mortgaged up to the hilt, the Beamer is on HP, the tele's rented and your flexible friend is bent double.

**NIGEL:** It's just a temporary situation, things will turn round when I... What the hell am I doing engaging in conversation with the likes of you. Just keep your nose out and that shut.

**BURGLAR:** The likes of me eh! What are "The likes of me?"

**NIGEL:** All right *(Getting up to pour another drink)* Since you ask, I'll tell you what the likes of you are. Scum of the earth, a good for nothing sponger, a parasite on society. You've never done a honest days work in your life. You claim your dole money, which incidentally is paid for out of my taxes, to keep, yes, the likes of you, in Carlesberg Special Brew, drugs and what ever else it is you take. Then when that's gone you've got to start thieving. If I had my way they'd bring back the birch or hanging or both

**BURGLAR:** Oh just listen at Mister completely law abiding citizen?

**NIGEL:** Absolutely.

**BURGLAR:** Not even a speeding ticket?

**NIGEL:** Look, if you had to stick to speed limits you'd never get anywhere. Never get any business done, beside which everybody does it.

**BURGLAR:** (*Sarcastic*) That makes it alright then.

**NIGEL:** You've some need to talk. At least I don't go around breaking into other peoples homes.

**BURGLAR:** Neither do I.

**NIGEL:** I beg your pardon.

**BURGLAR:** I said neither do I.

**NIGEL:** Very funny. You broke in here.

**BURGLAR:** As a matter of fact I didn't break...

**NIGEL:** I suppose you've got a key.

**BURGLAR:** Well...

**NIGEL:** He's got me at it again. I don't even know why I'm wasting my breath on you. Just shut up. (*Looking out of the window*) Where the hell have the police got to. (*Picks up a cigarette and lights it*)

**BURGLAR:** They're not bothered.

**NIGEL:** Be quiet

**BURGLAR:** You ought to pack that in

**NIGEL:** Eh?

**BURGLAR:** That. Smoking. Just look at the packet

**NIGEL:** Smoke contains nitrosamines, benzene, pentechloroethane and dioxin which will cause your lungs to shrivel to old maggoty boot leather and you will die a horrible, long excruciating, painful, writhing in agony type death. (*turns packet over to read the other side*) P.S. so will everybody around you. I think they're going a bit over the top with these heath warnings.

**BURGLAR:** Told you it's no good for you.

**NIGEL:** Ha! Health tips from your friendly local drug addict, that's a laugh. We'll have the gay Mafia next coming round and criticiseing your curtains.

**BURGLAR:** Oh no. Oh dear.

**NIGEL:** Shut up

**BURGLAR:** Oh God!

**NIGEL:** Look I won't tell you again. What's up?

**BURGLAR:** I don't feel too good. I think I'm going to..

**NIGEL:** To what?

**BURGLAR:** I think I'm going to... *(leans over side of sofa away from audience and throws up)*

**NIGEL:** You dirty bleeder. Do you know how much that carpet cost?

**BURGLAR:** Phew! I feel better for that. It must be the concussion. I've gone light headed.

**NIGEL:** My carpet, just look at my carpet, my beautiful carpet.

**BURGLAR:** Fifty two pounds thirty seven pence a square yard.

**NIGEL:** Exactly...How the...

**BURGLAR:** Could I have a glass of water?

**NIGEL:** Get stuffed. Just look at it, just look at the mess. What the hell have you been eating?

**BURGLAR:** I think I'll really need a glass of water, or else...

**NIGEL:** Don't threaten me.

**BURGLAR:** Or else I'm going to be sick again. *(Starts to lean over)*

**NIGEL:** All right, all right, hold it. Just stay there and don't move *(Nigel exits)*

**BURGLAR:** *(Leans over side of the sofa to have a look at the mess)* I don't remember having carrots!

**NIGEL:** *(Enters carrying a glass of water in one hand and a bucket with a cloth in the other)* Here *(Offers Burglar the glass of water)*

**BURGLAR:** Erm! *(Gesticulates his hands are tied behind his back)*

**NIGEL:** Ok I'll untie you but, no tricks *(Puts his Cig in his mouth and starts to unfasten him)*

**BURGLAR:** Ok, Ok, Just be quick will you, only I think I might...

**NIGEL:** *(Talking with Cig in his mouth)* All right hold your horses. *(Cig falls out of his mouth behind Burglar burning Burglars hands)* Shit!

**BURGLAR:** Ow, Ow, what the bloody hell are doing.

**NIGEL:** I've dropped my cigarette. Hold still it's dropped behind you. *(business)* There I've got it. Bugger, just look at my sofa. There's a dirty great burn hole in it.

**BURGLAR:** Never mind your sofa, just look at that *(showing his hand to Nigel)* Bloody third degree burns that is.

**NIGEL:** Where? I can't see anything. A bit of a red mark that's all. Here *(hands him the cord)* Now tie it round your legs. I don't want you running off. *(As Burglar ties up his own legs Nigel picks up the glass of water and bucket. He hands the glass to Burglar)*

**BURGLAR:** *(Looking at the bucket whilst taking sips of water)* Good idea, I should get that cleaned up as quick as possible.

**NIGEL:** Oh, I'm not going to do it, you are.

**BURGLAR:** Eh?

**NIGEL:** That is if you want to leave here in one piece

**BURGLAR:** Ah right, batter me again. Go on, that's just what I want you to do. Makes my case better.

**NIGEL:** Your case, what do you mean. Your case for what?

**BURGLAR:** When the police arrive. I'll just tell them how you beat me up, bound me hand a foot, held me against my will and tortured me.

**NIGEL:** Don't be ridiculous

**BURGLAR:** Really, ridiculous is it. Just wait until they examine me, huge contusion on my head where you belted me, twice, wheal marks on my wrists and ankles from being tied up...

**NIGEL:** But...

**BURGLAR:** And then there's the cigarette burns.

**NIGEL:** That was an accident. *(Pouring yet another large whisky)*

**BURGLAR:** Not the way I'll tell it

**NIGEL:** Nobody'll believe you.

**BURGLAR:** Won't they?

**NIGEL:** No. It just so happens that the Magistrate and the Chief Constable are in the same lodge as me.

**BURGLAR:** Ah! The Freemasons. I wondered when we'd get round to them. They're going to help you are they? Your big buddies. The Brethren. So called friends. When the chips are down you know where to go. All for one, one for all, trouser legs rolled up. I wouldn't count on it if I were you.