

# Heinkel

DAME: But son, you're not funny!

SILLY BILLY: I am funny, aren't I everyone? That wasn't very reassuring!

DAME: We'll just have to go back to the days when we were only a humble flea circus.

SILLY BILLY: You mean...

DAME: Yes son, start from scratch!

SILLY BILLY: That joke was terrible...

DAME: I didn't write it! Now, I have to go and see Baron Wasteland. He's expecting our pitch fees...

SILLY BILLY: Can I come too?

DAME: Why?

SILLY BILLY: Well, I'm head over heels in love with the Baron's daughter!

DAME: The Baron's daughter? Do you mean Goldilocks?

SILLY BILLY: Yes! Every time I hear her name I go weak at the knees!

HE HOLDS A SIGN THAT SAYS '7 DAYS' NEXT TO HIS KNEES. RINGMASTER HEINKEL AND SNOT ENTER: **MUSIC CUE: EVIL ENTRANCE**

HEINKEL: Well, well, well! Dame Gertie! The pleasure is all...yours!

DAME: Billy, who is this burly, frightening – yet strangely attractive – man?

SILLY BILLY: I've no idea. I've never seen him before.

HEINKEL: I am the Ringmaster!

DAME: Oh! They used to call me that!

HEINKEL: Ringmaster Heinkel...

DAME: Heineken?

HEINKEL: Heinkel!

SILLY BILLY: Heinz Beans?

HEINKEL: HEINKEL!

DAME+BILLY: Bless you!

HEINKEL: Ringmaster Heinkel of the Circus of Horrors.

DAME: Oh! Well why didn't you say?!

HEINKEL: ...and this is Snot.

SNOT: Oh yes it is!

SILLY BILLY: Oh no it's *snot*!

DAME: What do you want?

HEINKEL: I've just come to say, you've met your match.

SNOT: You're on our patch!

DAME: Impossible! My circus has been here for years.

HEINKEL: Pity! Then what say you we...combine our assets!

DAME: You keep your hands off my assets! I know your type!

HEINKEL: Your circus is failing and you're ailing Gertie Dollop. Let me take it off your...oddly masculine hands.

SNOT: You're finished.

SILLY BILLY: No we're not...we're English!

HEINKEL: Is that a joke?

SILLY BILLY: No, this is a joke... What is Whitney Houston's favourite type of coordination?

HEINKEL: I don't know...

SILLY BILLY: [*Sang:*] HAND-EYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

HEINKEL: Shut up!

DAME: Woah! No one talks to my boy like that...

SILLY BILLY: Yeah!

DAME: Shut up!

HEINKEL: Do we have a deal?

DAME: No!

HEINKEL: GIVE ME YOUR CIRCUS!

DAME: It's not for sale!

HEINKEL: You're making a BIG mistake!

DAME: Get out of my big top you wicked, nasty – yet strangely attractive – brute or else!

HEINKEL: Or else what?

DAME: I'll set [NAME OF MAN] on you! Look at him. He's vicious. Like a caged whippet!

HEINKEL: Very well Gertie. You win this round but mark my words. You haven't seen the last of me! *You'll be out of cash soon enough, you can't keep this wolf from the door,*  
*Your pathetic circus: closed for good, you've won the battle NOT the war!*

**THEY EXIT LAUGHING: MUSIC CUE: EVIL EXIT**

DAME: Oh! Imagine! Joining forces with that creep? It would be worse than the time Marks & Spencer and Poundstretcher decided to merge.

SILLY BILLY: Oh yeah! What are they called now?

DAME: Stretch Marks!

SILLY BILLY: We don't have a moment to lose Mum. We've got a show to do.

DAME: You're right son. We need every punter and every penny we can get!

**MUSIC CUE: 'MONEY MONEY MONEY' PLAY OFF**

THEY EXIT. BARON WASTELAND AND GOLDBLOCKS ENTER.

GOLDBLOCKS: Isn't it so exciting Daddy? The lights, the popcorn popping, the roar of the crowd, the smell of the sawdust!

BARON: No.

GOLDBLOCKS: How do you know you don't like the circus if you've never been to one?

BARON: Oh, I've been to one...

GOLDBLOCKS: ...and I bet it was the greatest night of your life!

BARON: No.

GOLDBLOCKS: Why do you hate the circus so much? Are you afraid of clowns?

BARON: Of course not!

GOLDBLOCKS: I'd love to join the circus...