

Seeing Through the Grime.

Characters:

Rufus Grimes: Inspector from Bethlehem Environmental Health Department

Beeran Pullit: Inn Keeper,

Mora Pullit: Inn Keeper's wife.

Man:

Sound effects.

Opening bars of Hallelujah chorus.

Baby crying.

Scene:

Stable at back of stage with Nativity scene already formed. To one side and front is a table and benches and a Pub sign saying: "The Ewe and Lamb."

Beer and Mora enter through stable scene, Look at the baby, say a few words to Mary and Joseph, and then mime going through stable door on way out, exiting to front of stage.

Mora: O they all look so happy don't they Beeran.

Beer: They do that Mora, they certainly do that.

Mora: And such a baby, such a baby in our little stable. Go on Beeran, do it again, just once more.

Beer: Well I don't know if I should you know. They did say ... But oh well, just once more won't hurt. Err hem.... in our stable there is a KING!

Lights flash and Music from Hallelujah Chorus plays

Mora: Strange though isn't it that they were happy to use the stable, don't you think. Very strange to think a King...

Lights and music

Beer: Oh Mora.

Mora: Ooops, I didn't mean to. But a baby like that, in our stable... it's..... it's...

Beer: Well it's all right for now. But I just hope that the baby keeps quiet all night. You know what the neighbours are like around here. If they hear even a whimper from the stable they'll be on to the Environmental Health lot before you could change a nappy!

Mora: Oh don't worry Beeran. Who would do that eh? Who would want to turn a young mum and her new baby out on to the street? Don't worry, everything will be ...

Enter Rufus looking at clipboard

Ruf: (with a huff) Ah.. Good evening. Is this the ...err.... (looks at clipboard again) is this the Ewe and Lamb public house?

Mora and Beer look nervously at each other

Beer: Err... well... err...

Mora: (nervously) Err.... Ye... Ye... Yes, Err.. Yes it is sir. The Ewe and Lamb. The err... finest hostelry in these parts, even though I do say so myself.

Ruf: Yes I'm sure... are you then (Looks at clipboard again) er... Beeran and Mora Pullit, the err. Landlord and Landlady of this err. (sniffs and turns up nose) ... establishment?

Beer: Beeran and Mora did you say?

Ruf: Yes, Beeran and Mora Pullit, the couple that run this dreadful place.

Beer: Beeran and Mora (rubs chin) ... Well I'm not so sure when I saw them last you know....Err it could have been ...(Looks at Mora).

Mora: Ooooo. ..err... last week sometime I think, yes definitely last...

Man walks across stage as if leaving the pub

Man: Goodnight Beeran! Good night Mora! That's fine Ale you've got in you know, I'll be back tomorrow.

Ruf: Well, well! So it is Mr and Mrs Pullit, is it?

Mora: Err. (with a curtsey) Yes, sir, at your service, sir.

Beer: What can I get you. We've got the finest Ales in the whole of Bethlehem.

Ruf: I don't want anything thank you, I just want to get down to business, all right?

Beer: And... er.... what business would that be?

Ruf: My name is Grimes, Rufus Grimes, from the Bethlehem Town Council Environmental Health Department. According to my notes my colleague, Mr Scrubit, inspected this property about six months ago. Although it does say in my notes that you were both rather the worse for wear at the time, so I doubt you can remember it eh?

Beer: Oh.. err. well.. err.. I don't know about....

Ruf: (interrupting) Well, you were left with a list of improvements to make, do you remember that?

Beer and Mora look at each other blankly, then with a flash of recognition

Mora: Oh ...err. Yes. Err. I cleaned the kitchen ... and got rid of the dead rat, and err... that funny black stuff as well.

Beer: Oh, and I got rid of the Cockroaches and the mice, and the slugs, and err.. most of the fleas.

Ruf: Oh yes I'm sure you did, but quite frankly I couldn't care less whether you have or not. Anyone who is stupid enough to stay in a God forsaken hole like this deserves whatever they get in my opinion.

Beer and Mora: That's not fair!

Ruf: Well anyway, that's not why I'm here. No, I'm here because we've had a complaint.

Mora: A complaint?

Beer: A complaint? A complaint about what?

Ruf: (turning over page on clipboard) Someone has told us that you have a ... (reads from clipboard as if not believing what he is reading).. That you have a baby in your stable?...Is this true?

Beer: Well err...

Mora: A err.... A err..., Baby, did you say?

Ruf: Yes, A BABY. You know, little thing, arms and legs, bald head, walnut face, smells a lot and screams a lot. Have you seen one in your stable recently?