

**Kidnapped at Christmas**

*Two convicts, GILBERT and CROSBY, are chatting in a prison cell...but they catch sight of the audience.*

**GILBERT:** *(Singing)* Good King Wenceslas knocked a bobby senseless, right in the middle of Marks and Spencers...

**CROSBY:** Shut up!

**GILBERT:** Sorry...I'm only trying to cheer us up Crosby.

**CROSBY:** Don't bother. This is no place to be on Christmas Eve.

**GILBERT:** Shall I sing: 'While shepherds watched their turnip tops'?

**CROSBY:** No! You know where we should be tonight, don't you? Out there, doing evil things. This could be the best night of the year for us, and where are we? In flipping clink!

**GILBERT:** Chicken dinner tomorrow Crosby, and Christmas pud!

**CROSBY:** Chicken dinner? Chicken dinner? I don't want no chicken dinner; not PRISON chicken dinner, all cold and greasy, horrible clammy sprouts, lumpy mashed spuds. I want my freedom matey, that's what I want. I want to enjoy myself...What prison are we in?

**GILBERT:** Maximum security.

**CROSBY:** I thought we must be. *(Spotting the audience)* They've put us in with a load of rascals and villains! Look at 'em! Fancy being stuck here at Christmas with them ugly mugs staring at you!

**GILBERT:** The little ones aren't too bad. It's the big ones that are ugly.

**CROSBY:** They all look ugly. What are they in for?

**GILBERT:** They're the audience...mums, dads and kids...they could help us to escape!

**CROSBY:** Escape?

**GILBERT:** Yes, tonight!

**CROSBY:** Do you think they would?

**GILBERT:** If you stop calling them names, they might. You could try being nice to them.

**CROSBY:** Hello kiddies, mums and dads! Are you all enjoying yourselves? Hands up all the little boys and girls who came in Daddy's car this afternoon...good. Now, I want you to slip your hand nice and gently into Daddy's pocket and nick the car keys!

**GILBERT:** That's awful!

**CROSBY:** But if we're going to make a quick getaway, we're going to need some wheels.

**GILBERT:** Listen to this! I create a fuss, we start shouting until the Warder comes in. We say: 'Help us! There's a big hairy spider climbing up the wall!'

**CROSBY:** Where? Where? I'll smash it! I'll stamp on it! I hate spiders...

**GILBERT:** There isn't really a spider. That's just what we tell him. The Warder comes in. We snatch his truncheon, then when he's bending down to find the spider, we bop him on the nut!

**CROSBY:** With his truncheon?

**GILBERT:** Yes.

**CROSBY:** Great Gilbert!

**GILBERT:** Do you like it?

**CROSBY:** Fantastic. I'll give it to him! Wham! Bang!

**GILBERT:** Off we go then...

*By Willis Hall*