

Dotty's Inheritance

COPYRIGHT

These plays are fully protected by copyright. All enquiries concerning the rights for professional or amateur stage production should be directed to:



The Editor,
Maverick Musicals and Plays Pty. Ltd.,
editor@maverickmusicals.com
Ph: + 61 0427 477 338

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's consent in any form or binding or cover than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

This publication is copyright. Other than for the purposes of and subject to the conditions prescribed under the Copyright Act, no part of it may be, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, microcopying, photocopying, recording or otherwise) reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted without prior written permission.

Enquiries should be addressed to the publishers.

PLEASE NOTE

Permission to perform any play must be obtained from the agents. **Royalties must be paid to the Agents for each and every performance.** Photocopying of any part of the playscript or music contained therein is expressly forbidden under the Copyright Act except where written permission has been obtained from the Publisher.

Copyright	©	2015 Maverick Musicals and Plays Pty Ltd
Script	©	2015 Debra Chalmers

All enquiries regarding performance rights and sales should be addressed to:

EDITOR,

MAVERICK MUSICALS and Plays Pty. Ltd.,
Website: <http://www.maverickmusicals.com>
email: editor@maverickmusicals.com

ABN: 83 010 760 513



ISBN 978 0 9942740 7 6

DOTTY'S INHERITANCE

By Debra Chalmers

A comedy in one act.

Upon receiving the news that her dear brother Victor has passed, Dotty, a woman of advancing years, now finds herself the owner of the family business. A business that her daughters want to offload before they all end up in the headlines of the local paper.

CAST

(In order of appearance)

The Mother (Rachel)	Female (40-50 yrs) – Daughter to Dotty, Mother of Robbie and sister to Joan. Rachel sees everyone for who they really are especially her mother. She knows that there is only one place for a woman like Dotty, and that's behind bars.
The Son (Robbie)	Male (19) – A young man whose street cred is in danger of becoming epic with his Facebook video uploads.
The Grandmother (Dotty)	Female (70's) – A seemingly sweet and harmless old woman who uses dementia as a tool to get her own way. Just how devious she really is, no one really knows.
The Solicitor (Richard)	Male (40's) – A nervous man whose clients include Brothel Owners and Russian Mobsters. It would appear that a debt has got him into some serious trouble.
The Aunty (Joan)	Female (30-40 yrs) – Who believes that her Mum should be properly cared for as long as it is someone else who is doing the caring.
The Policeman (Trevor)	Male (30-40 yrs) – Joan's boyfriend who has a soft spot for Dotty and her antics.
The Prostitute (Candy)	Female (20's) – Sexy Office Manager of a Brothel with ambitions of taking over the business along with her co-workers. Even if it means seducing the new owners grandson.

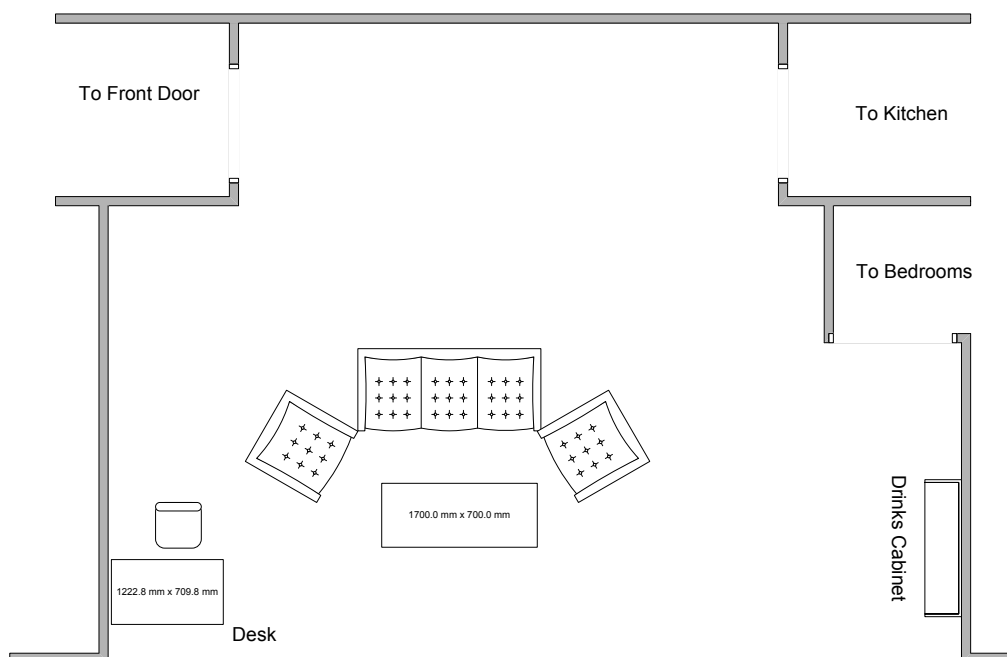
GENRE: Farce

TIME: Present Day

PLACE: Rachel's home.

RUNNING TIME: Approximately thirty minutes

THE SET



FURNITURE

Desk and chair
Lounge
Lounge Chairs

Drinks Cabinet
Coffee Table

PROPS

Telephone	Dotty	Rachel
TV Remote Control	Suitcase	Handbag
Cup and Saucer	Walking cane	Car keys
Plate of cookies	Large Handbag	Richard
Assorted bottles of alcohol	Coin purse	Briefcase filled with Documents
Assorted glasses	Pen	Business cards
Garden hose	Bundles of thick envelopes	Death Certificate
Toilet plunger	2 x Contracts	Mobile Phone
Tool box	Bag of gold coins	Robbie
Bath sheet	Bag of assorted jewelry	I Phone
Hand towel	Assorted Men's Wallets	Candy
Xbox remote controls	Trevor	Handbag
Table Lamp	Gun	Mobile phone
		Bank Cheque

SOUND EFFECTS

- Telephone ring
- Front Door bell
- Mobile phone ring
- Gunshot
- Water from hose spraying in bathroom, with crashing sounds of someone slipping and falling against a door.
- Xbox Game Sounds

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Curtain rises with Rachel on the telephone in the midst of an angry conversation.

RACHEL:

WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHE'S MISSING...!
YOU LOST HER!! HOW! She's an eighty year old woman; she needs a cane to get to and from the freakin' toilet... How is this possible! What did she do? Out run you? ... I know she's a handful that's why she's a resident at your facility there... Well, where were you taking her...? TO CHURCH!! The woman is an atheist! She bursts into flames if she goes anywhere near consecrated ground... I don't care how sorry you are, I just want to know what you're doing about finding her... Look I am going to have to ring my sister and let her know what's happened... alright... ring me back the minute you know something.

She hangs up and immediately dials her sister's number. She mutters to herself.

I can't believe this..... It's me, she's out... What do you mean who? Our Mother! She's loose; she's skipped lockup... I don't know; she talked them into taking her to Church... Stop laughing, this is serious... If they knew they wouldn't have the police out looking for her now would they... I haven't a clue, she could be anywhere.

Dotty enters from the front door and crosses upstage and exits to Kitchen. She is carrying an old brown suitcase, a handbag and walking cane.

RACHEL:

You know how slippery she can be... She could be half way to Melbourne by now... I think you should get over here... She's your mother too! ...

Robbie enters from the bedroom and jumps onto the lounge and grabs the remote control, turns on the TV and picks up the Xbox remote control and starts playing a game.

RACHEL: I don't care where your car is... I'm coming to get you, and then you and I are going to turn this town upside-down until we get her back behind bars... home... I mean back in the home.

SFX: *Xbox Game Sounds*

RACHEL: I am not over reacting! Look I just don't feel comfortable knowing that she is out there somewhere, roaming around, watching... *(Rachel indicates to Robbie to turn off the sound and he mutes his game)* You know what she's like... Just be ready when I get there... I'll see you shortly. Come on, you're coming with me. *(She takes the Xbox control out of Robbie's hand, picks up the TV remote and turns off the TV)*

ROBBIE: What? Why? Where are we going?

RACHEL: *She grabs her handbag and car keys from the desk.*

It's your Grandmother, she's escaped again.

ROBBIE: Aw Mum... you don't need me?

RACHEL: Yes I do, I 'm going to need you to help me hog tie the old woman. You know what she's like when she's cornered. She's a bloody wild cat.

ROBBIE: But... but my game! I'm at a crucial point!

RACHEL: Move.

They both exit.

DOTTY: *Quietly enters from the kitchen carrying her*

handbag and watches them as they leave. She turns and shuffles down to the lounge and sits. She sees the TV remote control on the coffee table picks it up and puts it in her purse.

SFX:

Phone Rings

DOTTY:

She looks around wondering where the sound is coming from, she opens up her purse and looks in, she pulls out the remote and holds it up to her ear. She then realizes that it is the phone on the desk. She puts the remote back in her purse and goes over to the desk, picks up the receiver, listens for a moment then hangs up and moves back to the lounge. As she starts to sit she is interrupted by the doorbell.

SFX:

Doorbell

DOTTY:

She goes back to the desk and stares at the phone before realizing that it is the doorbell and she goes to answer the front door.

RICHARD:

(offstage) Hello my name is... Hello... um
(Dottie enters followed by a slightly nervous gentleman in a suit.) excuse me... Ma'am,
excuse me...

DOTTY:

(She stops and turns) Don't just stand there, come and sit down; been on my feet all day.

RICHARD:

(awkwardly) Oh... ok. Thank you.

DOTTY:

Do I know you?

RICHARD:

No, we've not met before.

DOTTY:

Yes we have, you're Margaret's boy.

RICHARD:

No, sorry I'm not.

DOTTY:

Are you sure... you look just like Margaret.

RICHARD: Quite sure. I'm Richard Smythe from Smythe and Raine Solicitors. I am looking for Mrs. Dorothy Wells. Would that be you?

DOTTY: Who's asking?

RICHARD: *(He raises his voice a little)* I'm Richard Smythe from Smythe and Raine Solicitors.

DOTTY: I know that... you don't have to tell me twice.

RICHARD: *(confused)* But you asked...

DOTTY: I'm Dorothy, but everyone calls me Dotty. *(She sits)*

RICHARD: *(relieved)* Oh good. We've been trying to contact you for some weeks.

DOTTY: We?

RICHARD: Yes, we... I mean me, the firm. But we had your address as the Greenslopes Retirement village...

DOTTY: So why are you here?

RICHARD: This is your daughters address isn't it?

DOTTY: *(She looks around)* Oh... yes... yes it is.

RICHARD: I came *here* hoping that your daughter could tell me how to contact *you*.

DOTTY: Yes she would know how to contact me... would you like to speak to her? I'm sure she could tell you anything you want to know about me. *(She goes to stand)*

RICHARD: No, no I came to see you. As I said before we have been trying to contact you for weeks. Had we known that you were living here we would have sent all our correspondence to this address.

DOTTY: Correspondence?

RICHARD: Yes correspondence... letters... we sent you quite a bit.

DOTTY: Oh you mean these... *(She pulls out a large bundle of mail from her purse)*

RICHARD: Ah yes... that would be them. Mrs. Wells didn't you read any of them?

DOTTY: Dotty..,

RICHARD: Pardon?

DOTTY: Dotty, you have to call me Dotty.

RICHARD: Dotty, these were important documents. You needed to read them.

DOTTY: Oh did you send these?

RICHARD: Yes... Dotty I'm afraid I have some bad news for you. Your brother Victor has passed away.

DOTTY: Victor died?

RICHARD: I'm afraid so... I am very sorry for your loss.

DOTTY: When did he pass?

RICHARD: Six weeks ago.

DOTTY: Are you sure, because I had lunch with him yesterday.

RICHARD: That's quite impossible he died of a heart attack six weeks ago.

DOTTY: Then who did I have lunch with yesterday?

RICHARD: I wouldn't know Mrs... Dotty.

DOTTY: Well if you don't know who I had lunch with then how do you know it wasn't Victor?

RICHARD: Because he's dead! ...

DOTTY: But he looked so well.

RICHARD: I have a copy of his death certificate here. *(He rummages through his brief case and extracts a death certificate)* Look... It says that Victor passed away on the 10th of March of a heart attack.

DOTTY: Oh dear, that is a shame... Well thank you for letting me know. *(She stands)*

RICHARD: You don't understand... Mrs... Dotty, you have been named as his beneficiary in his will. He has left you a substantial amount of money and... a business. It was all explained in the documents that I sent you.

DOTTY: Did you send me some documents?

RICHARD: Yes they are in your hand.

DOTTY: Oh these. What should I do with them?

RICHARD: You need to have a solicitor go through them with you and you need to sign them.

DOTTY: Aren't you a solicitor?

RICHARD: Yes, but you really should have your own solicitor look at them.

DOTTY: Look at what?

RICHARD: The documents!

DOTTY: What documents?

RICHARD: The ones in your hand!

DOTTY: But these are letters... from a nice person called Smythe and Raine. What a strange surname.

RICHARD: That's me... and they aren't letters they are the documents you need to sign.

DOTTY: You wrote to me, aren't you sweet. You're just like Margaret, such a dear. But I must warn you I am quite a bit older than you dear boy.

RICHARD: *(With extreme frustration he grabs the bundle of letters and opens one of them)* Here... let me show you. *(He pulls out two large documents.)* Now if you can just sign... *(He goes to look for a pen. He searches his pockets and pulls his mobile and wallet and puts them on the coffee table. Dotty extracts a pen from her purse and hands it to him)* Sign here and here... and here. And if you could do the same on this copy.... and I will just witness everything... *(He madly scribbles his signature in the appropriate parts of the documents)* Excellent! This will be your copy and I will keep this one. And all is done.

Rachel, Robbie and Joan all enter from the front door. Robbie makes his way to the coffee table picks up the Xbox remote and looks for the TV remote which has disappeared. He starts searching for the remote in the chair cushions, and when unable to find it collapse back into the chair and pulls out his iPhone.

RACHEL: MUM!

JOAN: What are you doing here! We've had every man and his dog out looking for you. And who the hell are you!

DOTTY: *(Excitedly)* You have?

RACHEL: But more importantly, what's all done?

DOTTY: Oh this is Margaret's son. *(Dotty returns to her*

handbag her pen, Richards wallet and mobile)

RICHARD: No I'm not Margaret's son. I'm Richard Smythe from Smythe and Raine Solicitors.

JOAN: What do you want with my mother?

RICHARD: Dorothy has been named a beneficiary in her brother's will.

RACHEL: Brother! ... What brother? Mum doesn't have a brother.

DOTTY: Yes I do... Victor.

RACHEL: Since when!

DOTTY: For a long time... I think. *(She turns to Richard)*
Do you know how long?

JOAN: MUM... why didn't you tell us you had a brother?

DOTTY: Didn't I? I'm sure I would have mentioned it.

RACHEL: No Mum... you have never said a word about having a brother. Not in my entire life have you ever mentioned having a brother. The word brother has never ever passed your lips.

JOAN: Why didn't you tell us?

DOTTY: Not sure... I don't think we were talking; although I had lunch with him yesterday.

RICHARD: Dotty I thought we had all that straightened out. Victor passed away six weeks ago.

DOTTY: If you say so. Are you staying for lunch? *(She stands)*

RICHARD: Oh no thank you I have to get back to the office.
(He starts to exit)

RACHEL: Oh no you don't... what did my mother just sign?

RICHARD: The transfer documents of the business that her brother left her.

JOAN: Mum inherited a business?

RICHARD: Along with some money.

ROBBIE: *(looks up from his iPhone)* How much?

JOAN: Yes, how much?

RACHEL: Quiet you two... how much?

RICHARD: Five hundred thousand.

RACHEL: Five..?

JOAN: Hundred..?

ROBBIE: Thousand..?

JOAN: Mum, sit down you must be tired.

DOTTY: I already am dear.

JOAN: Then would you like a cup of tea?

DOTTY: That would be nice.

ROBBIE: I'll get it. *(He rushes off to the kitchen)*

RACHEL: What sort of business did mum's brother have?

RICHARD: Well... it's all described in the documents there. I will give the ... umm... Manager your contact details, there are things that I am sure she will need to discuss with you.

RACHEL: She...?

RICHARD: Ah... look at the time. I am going to have to get

back to the office, but if you need anything here is my card. Again, sorry for your loss Dotty.
(He hurriedly exits)

DOTTY: Say hello to your mother for me. He is such a lovely boy.

JOAN: Mum, do you know what sort of business your brother had?

DOTTY: Yes.

Pause

JOAN: And....

DOTTY: Now let me see, it was the family business. It was left to him by our parents. No... No it was left to him by our Uncle my Father's brother. Your great uncle; his name escapes me at the moment. But I can remember that there was always lots, and lots of people there.

Rachel drops the business card on the coffee table and picks up the document and leaves through the pages.

JOAN: Was it a grocery store?

DOTTY: No...

JOAN: A video store?

DOTTY: I want to say yes... but no.

Dotty picks up the Richards business card and puts it in her hand bag.

JOAN: It must have been doing well to leave you five hundred thousand in cash. What are you going to do with the money Mum?

DOTTY: What money?

JOAN: The money left to Argh... It's like talking... Never mind Mum. Have you found anything in that?

RACHEL: Lots of legal crap... an address, and a name but it sounds like a holding company or something... nothing to say what it is... or does.

JOAN: A holding company?

SFX: *Doorbell*

DOTTY: *She stands to answer the door.*

JOAN: Oh, sit down Mum, I'll get it... you'll take forever. *(She exits to front door)*

ROBBIE: *(Enters carrying the cup of tea)* There you go Nan, black with two sugars?

DOTTY: You're such a good boy... *(She reaches into her coin purse and pulls out a gold coin and hands it to Robbie)*

ROBBIE: So... Nan, now that you have all this money...

RACHEL: Robbie! Stop pestering your Grandmother.

ROBBIE: But Mum...

RACHEL: Quiet... there's a phone number here. I think I'll give them a ring.

DOTTY: Robbie, would you be a pet and get me a biscuit?

ROBBIE: Sure... anything for my favorite Grandmother. *(Jumps up and exits to kitchen)*

RACHEL: *(Calls out to Robbie)* Don't give her any of the real sugary ones, or we will never get her down for a nap later. *(The call connects)* I'm sorry...

can you say that again...? And *(she gulps)* ... what... is it you do there?

Horror spreads slowly across her face as the caller goes into great detail the services they provide. She hangs up unable to listen any further and she steps away from the phone.

ROBBIE: *(enters with a plate of biscuits and places them on the table in front of Dotty)* Here ya go Nan... Mum, what's the matter? You look... weird.

Joan enters arm in arm with a Policeman both are smiling up at each other.

JOAN: Rachel... Trevor's here about Mum. I told him that she was here all the time and to call off the search... what... what's wrong?

TREVOR: You ok Rachel?

RACHEL: I... I'm fine; thank you.

DOTTY: I think she got some disturbing news.

JOAN: What are you talking about Mum?

TREVOR: You look a little pale, do you want to sit down.

DOTTY: Her uncle Victor, my dear brother, just passed away.

TREVOR: Oh I'm so sorry... My condolences to everyone; especially to you Dotty. *(He sits next to her)* Are you ok?

DOTTY: Yes... perfectly fine.

TREVOR: I hear you caused everyone some concern today, disappearing like that. You have to remember to tell people when you go off on your little adventures.

DOTTY: *(excitedly)* Did you really have search dogs out for me?

TREVOR: *(with American accent)* Why yes ma'am, we had a hard target search of every gas station, residence, warehouse, farmhouse, henhouse, and whorehouse *(Rachel visibly reacts)* in the area.

Dotty giggles with delight.

ROBBIE: Its outhouse... he said outhouse in the movie.

JOAN: What movie.

TREVOR: The Fugitive.

ROBBIE: *(Grins and nods)* Whorehouse... nice.

RACHEL: Thank you for coming around Trev, but as you can see Mum's fine, so we can call off the dogs. We'll get her back to the Village when she's all... settled down.

DOTTY: Piff! Not going back there. They keep trying to take me to church.

JOAN: That's cause you keep asking them to.

DOTTY: Do not! They keep getting me mixed up with all the Jesus freaks we have staying there.

JOAN: Well with all the money you have now we might be able to find a nicer place for you. Without the Jesus freaks.

TREVOR: Money?

ROBBIE: Yeah, Nan was left heaps of cash and a business by her brother. How awesome is that?

JOAN: Actually, Trevor you might know where this is? There's a name and an address here... *(She grabs*

the document and goes to show him the address of the business) Do you know where...?

RACHEL: *(Takes the document from Joan) No need to bother Trevor with this. It's probably in the Yellow Pages.*

ROBBIE: But Mum, he will be able to tell you if he's heard of it.

TREVOR: If you need to find out anything... just let me know. I can get access to all sorts of information.

RACHEL: I think we can manage. But thanks anyway.

TREVOR: Ok then, I'll head back and call off the "*search and apprehend dangerous granny*" order... and Dotty, please tell people when you want to go somewhere. Ok?

DOTTY: *(Unimpressed)* If you say so.

TREVOR: If you promise to behave I'll take you for a ride in the police car.

DOTTY: *(grins)* With the sirens on?

TREVOR: *(smiles indulgently)* I'll think about it. *(To Joan)* And I'll see you later tonight. *(He quickly kisses her and goes to leave but turns back suddenly holding his stomach looking slightly uncomfortable)* Ahh... before I go, do you think I can use the bathroom?

JOAN: Sure, you know where it is.

Trevor exits to the bathroom.

RACHEL: We have to get rid of Trevor. *(Heads to the bar pours a shot and skulls it)*

JOAN: *(Smiles)* I hope you don't mean permanently; he's kind of grown on me.

RACHEL: I'm serious...

JOAN: So am I... Why are you drinking... you never drink.

RACHEL: *(She takes another swig)* This... *(She waves the document in the air)* there was a number... I phoned them.

JOAN: And?

RACHEL: It's a... It's a... *(She takes another drink)*

JOAN: It's a what?

RACHEL: ... Brothel. It's a brothel. Our mother inherited a brothel.

ROBBIE: *(throws his arm up and punches the air excitedly)*
Yes! Yes! Yes!

RACHEL: No, no, no... No yeses.

ROBBIE: *(to himself)* Sweeeet! *(Robbie pulls out his phone and starts texting)*

JOAN: Are you sure?

RACHEL: Yes I'm sure! They gave me a list of their services when I stupidly asked what they did there.

JOAN: Oh.

RACHEL: Joanie... they said stuff that I have never even heard of before.

ROBBIE: What did they say Mum, we can Google it.

RACHEL: I'll Google you in a minute.

JOAN: *(She turns to Dotty)* Did you know about this?

DOTTY: About what dear?

JOAN: About the brothel Mum... Did you know your brother ran a brothel?

DOTTY: Of course. It's been in the family for generations. Mainly run by the men... Although I hear that there was a great, great, great Aunt that sat at the helm for a time. She doubled the size of the business, and had quite the market share back in the day.

RACHEL: Market share?

DOTTY: But since Victor took over... he's had to downsize the business. He mentioned something about the Asians or the Russians... possibly the Italians? He said that they were moving in. I don't see how that could be possible... he only lived in an apartment, he had no room for any house guests.

JOAN: *(flabbergasted)* A brothel in the family... run by my Uncle... your brother. *(A terrible thought crosses her mind)* Mum, did you...you... umm...

DOTTY: What dear...

JOAN: I don't think I want to ask this... but did you... you know...

DOTTY: Know what dear...

RACHEL: I think she wants to know if you worked in the business. Did you Mum?

DOTTY: Oh heavens no...

Pause

But your father did.

RACHEL/JOAN: What!

JOAN: Dad!

RACHEL: You can't be serious!

DOTTY: Hmm very serious. That's how we met.

JOAN: You said that you both met at his works Christmas party!

DOTTY: We did... he worked at the Brothel and I met him at a Christmas Party that was being thrown by our Uncle. All the family was there... I remember it as though it were yesterday. Mum, Dad, Victor and me all dressed up and arriving at my Uncle's boat. We sailed up and down the river all night. It was magical...

RACHEL: You told us our Father sold vacuum cleaners and that he died in a car accident going to work!

DOTTY: No dear, I said that he was in sales and that he died in a car accident on the job.

JOAN: So, are you telling us... Dad was a male prostitute?

DOTTY: Joan! Really... how can you say such a thing!

Pause

He was an escort.

RACHEL/JOAN: Arrgh!

ROBBIE: *(sits on the couch beside Dotty)* So Nan... does this mean that I can...

RACHEL/JOAN: NO!

ROBBIE: What about my friends?

RACHEL/JOAN: NO!

JOAN: Ok, ok, ok... let's think about this, calmly... Mum has inherited a brothel from a brother that we never knew existed; who in turn, inherited it from an uncle that we never knew existed; who apparently employed our father who we believed to be a vacuum cleaner salesman but who was in fact an escort ... MUM HOW COULD YOU! HOW COULD YOU KEEP THIS FROM US!

RACHEL: Great recap Joan but you have forgotten about our other problem. The one peeing in my toilet.

ROBBIE: I don't think he's peeing.

JOAN: *(panics)* Trevor... He can't know about this. He's a cop! He can't be involved with anyone whose family owns a brothel.

RACHEL: *(Sarcastically)* Ya think!

JOAN: No, you don't understand. He has to disclose to the department anything about him, his family or friends that could put him in a compromising position.

RACHEL: And what, you think my friends aren't going to give me a world of crap when they find out about this? I will never be invited to another charity function, opening night or spa day ever again!

JOAN: Really, that's what you're worried about, your social standing with your snobby socialite friends? Trevor will never think of proposing to me now! Why would he? I will be forever tainted... associated with the seedy underbelly of Brisbane's criminal activities.

RACHEL: Listen here, my socialite friends have given us...

ROBBIE: *(interrupts)* Soooo, you're not telling Trev that Nan owns a brothel?

JOAN: Ugh! That word... I feel like I need to take a shower.

RACHEL: Get used to it Joan, I don't know what else you can call it.

DOTTY: *(Smiles)* House of ill repute?

ROBBIE: Den of iniquity? *(Dotty and Robbie grin at each other. Dotty hands Robbie another gold coin)*

RACHEL: That's enough outta you two. And the answer is no, we're not telling Trevor! We will just have to keep a lid on this till we find a way to get rid of it.

ROBBIE: You're not going to sell it are you?

RACHEL: *(smiles)* Of course...

JOAN: How? Real Estate dot com? The last time I looked I can't remember seeing a section for...

Trevor enters from the bathroom.

TREVOR: Ah, Joanie *(he pulls her aside)* ... Look, I kinda clogged up the toilet. Would you have a plunger ... it won't take me long to clear it. Think it was all that Indian food we had last night.

RACHEL: Don't worry about it... I'll get Robbie to clear it.

ROBBIE: No you won't!

TREVOR: Really, I can do it. Are the tools out back in the shed?

RACHEL: Yes, they are... Robbie will show you where...

(Trevor exits through the kitchen. Rachel pulls Robbie aside) Stay with him and keep him out of the way and for God's sake, keep your mouth shut. *(She crosses to the coffee table to look for the business card)*

JOAN: *(Calls out to Trevor)* So no Indian for dinner tonight then?

RACHEL: Hey do you know where that Solicitors card is? I thought I put it on the table. *(She searches the coffee table, then the desk)*

JOAN: What do you need it for?

RACHEL: I'm going to ring that Richard... whatever... and find out how we can off load the family business before we all become headlines in the local newspaper.

JOAN: Mum have you seen the business card?

DOTTY: Card?

JOAN: Yes, the business card for that solicitor who was here earlier.

DOTTY: Was there a visitor here?

JOAN: Not VISITOR Mum... SOLICITOR.

RACHEL: Richard Smythe from Smythe and something or other.

DOTTY: Who?

JOAN: Smythe... Richard Smythe. *(Exasperated)* Oh for God's sake... Margaret's boy.

DOTTY: Oh yes. *(She extracts the business card from her purse)* Is this what you're after?

RACHEL: Yes.

Trevor and Robbie enter carrying a tool box and toilet plunger.

TREVOR: *(Holds up the plunger and smiles) This should do it. (He exits to the bathroom followed by Robbie)*

RACHEL: Joan, keep watch while I call this Mr Smythe. I don't want Trevor overhearing this conversation.

SFX4: *Doorbell*

Joan struggles between answering the door and keeping watch for Trevor. She gives up and goes to the front door.

RACHEL: Hello? Yes, can I speak to Richard Smythe? ... Do you know when he'll be back...? ... Yes it's important... Tell him that this is Mrs Wells' daughter and I want to talk to him about the little bombshell he left at my door. Can you please get him to call me the minute he gets back and... She hung up! How rude!

Dotty stands and exits to the kitchen with her cup and saucer.

RACHEL: Mum, where are you going?

DOTTY: Thought I would make another cup of tea. Would you like one dear?

RACHEL: No thanks. Just... don't go far; we may need you to sign something.

Trevor runs out of the bathroom, accidentally collides with Dotty, he spins her around and exits out through the kitchen, leaving Dotty facing the wrong direction. Dotty gets her bearings and exits to the kitchen. Rachel witnesses all this and collapses at the desk with her head in her hands.

JOAN: *(Enters followed by a young girl in a tight sexy dress)* Rachel... There is someone here who wants to talk to us.

RACHEL: We really don't have any time for visitors Joan.

JOAN: Yeah we do...

RACHEL: What are you talking...

CANDY: Hello, it's so lovely to meet you. *(She shakes Rachel's hand)* In fact I am looking forward to meeting all of the family. I'm Candy, I worked for Victor.

RACHEL: Candy?

CANDY: Yes... it's short for Candice. May I... *(She sits on the lounge)*

RACHEL: Umm... ok.

Joan and Rachel sit either side of Candy.

CANDY: I hope you don't mind me popping in like this but Richard... Victor's solicitor gave me your address. I was hoping to talk to Victor's sister. Is she here?

RACHEL: So you're the *Office Manager* that Richard mentioned.

CANDY: Yes.

JOAN: And not one of the... workers at the establishment?

CANDY: I also have a select group of clients that I like to look after as well.

JOAN: So you're a prostitute.

CANDY: Our Industry prefers the title Sex Worker.

JOAN: And you want to see our Mum.

CANDY: Yes, if I could.

RACHEL: Look... Candy, I don't think it would be a good idea for our Mum to meet... you.

Trevor enters pulling the garden hose and calls over his shoulder. Joan tries to mask Candy from Trevor with her body.

TREVOR: Just going to need the hose for a minute Rach....
(He runs into the toilet dragging the hose behind him)

JOAN: Plumbing problems...

CANDY: Was that a policeman?

JOAN: NO! Yes... no. It's my boyfriend; he... likes to dress up for me.

CANDY: Phew! Thought I was going to have to make a hasty retreat there for a moment.

RACHEL: Speaking of hasty... can we hurry this along. We have a number of things to do this afternoon. One of which is to call a plumber.

CANDY: I'm sorry... let me start again. I am here on behalf of all the girls who worked for Victor. We want to put forward a business proposal to his sister to buy the business. Of course we can't afford to purchase it outright straight away but we were hoping that we could buy in at say fifty percent and pay off the balance over the next two years.

TREVOR: *(Enters and calls out to Robbie who is still in the bathroom) Yell out when you want me to stop. (Joan tries to mask Candy's view as Trevor runs out through the kitchen)*

ROBBIE: *(offstage) OK!*

RACHEL: So what sort of money are we talking?

CANDY: I hope you don't think me too presumptuous, but I have a bank cheque made out for fifty percent of what we think the business is worth.

She pulls out a cheque and hands it to Rachel who gasps when she sees the amount. She passes the cheque to Joan.

JOAN: Oh my God. This is what all the girls chipped in...? They must be really good at what they do.

CANDY: *(Smiles)* They are.

JOAN: So... how does one calculate the value of a business like... well you know... the one you're in? Just out of curiosity.

CANDY: Well with the house getting fifty percent of the revenue bought in by ten full time girls plus three independent contractors and of course basing it on a 14 hour day and 60 percent utilization...

JOAN: Only sixty percent?

CANDY: Yes a lot of time is spent just sitting around. I think you will find that this is a very fair offer. I can let you and Mrs Wells have a look at the books anytime.

JOAN: Sorry, Candy but I am having difficulty picturing you as a Sex Worker... not that I am trying to picture anything. It's just that you don't sound like someone who would work in the particular

field you're in.

CANDY: I don't understand.

RACHEL: What she is saying is that you don't sound like a Whore. No Offence.

CANDY: None taken.

RACHEL: You just sound a little too educated.

CANDY: Oh that's probably because I am also studying for my Business Degree at university.

JOAN: When do you sleep...?

RACHEL: So back to this. *(She waves the cheque in the air)* Don't know about you Joanie, but I think our Mother would agree to this very agreeable offer.

CANDY: Wonderful, I will ring the girls and let them know. *(She opens her handbag)* Damn, I think left my phone in the car. Do you mind if I just go and get it?

RACHEL: Sure.

Candy exits. Rachel and Joan stand in shocked silence then burst into a silent happy dance.

RACHEL: *(stops suddenly)* Wait a sec... this doesn't solve our problem.

JOAN: Yes it does... we have money.

RACHEL: You don't understand... Mum would still have fifty percent ownership in a Brothel!

JOAN: Does it mean that we have to give this back?

Pause

RACHEL: We'll work something out.

ROBBIE: *(offstage)* STOP! STOP! STOP!!! Arrgh!

SFX: *Sounds of spraying water and hoses exploding offstage can be heard followed with the sounds of someone slipping and falling against a door.*

TREVOR: *(Trevor runs in from the kitchen)* Robbie! You ok?

ROBBIE: *(Robbie enters from the bathroom covered in water)* You don't know what STOP means!

TREVOR: *(grimaces)* Sorry dude.

RACHEL: Just get yourself cleaned up; you're dripping everywhere. *(Robbie exits)*

SFX: ***Phone Rings***

TREVOR: Rachel I am so sorry. This is all my fault. I will clean everything up I promise.

RACHEL: Hello?

TREVOR: Really sorry...

JOAN: Don't worry about it honey, we'll take care of it...

RACHEL: Umm sure, just a minute. *(She holds out the phone for Trevor)* It's for you.

TREVOR: Hello? *(Becomes authoritative)* Yes Chief, we found Dotty, um... Mrs Wells, at her daughters home... Yes she's fine. I am just finishing up with them now and... sorry? A robbery... at the Greenslopes Retirement Village... no I hadn't heard, what was stolen? ... Do you want me to head around there? ... Ok... will do. *(He goes to hang up)* What was that? ... Yes Chief... I will remember to carry my two-way radio with me at all times; Sir. *(He hangs up)*

RACHEL: A Robbery?

TREVOR: Yes.

JOAN: Where Mum lives?

TREVOR: Yes.

RACHEL: Oh my God, she's a thief.

TREVOR: Now don't jump to any conclusions, let's just ask Dotty a few questions and see what she knows. I'm sure that her disappearance and the robbery are totally unrelated.

JOAN: Hey... where is Mum?

RACHEL: She's in the Kitchen. *(She places the bank check on the desk)*

TREVOR: I didn't see her.

RACHEL: Is she out back, in the yard? *(They exit through the kitchen)*

Dotty enters from the front door, crosses the stage and exits to the bedrooms. Rachel and Joan enter from the Kitchen.

RACHEL: *(runs to the phone)* Go and check the front yard. I'll ring the retirement home in case she headed back there.

JOAN: *(Exits to front door and returns)* Can't see her.

RACHEL: *(With the phone to her ear)* Why aren't they answering?

ROBBIE: *(Enters wet and naked except for a towel wrapped around his waist. He is escorting Dotty.)* Is this who you're looking for?

JOAN: Where was she?

ROBBIE: In the bathroom... looking at me... showering.
(He exits back to the bedroom) I'm gonna have nightmares for the rest of my life.

JOAN: Mum, what were you thinking? Here... come sit down.

The three of them sit on the lounge with Dotty sitting in the middle.

RACHEL: So Mum... Do you know anything about a robbery at your Retirement Village?

JOAN: Rach!

RACHEL: Seriously Mum is that why you took off? Did you take something that doesn't belong to you? Are you up to your old tricks again?

JOAN: Rach, back off...

DOTTY: Don't get angry with your sister, she's under a lot of pressure at the moment.

RACHEL: Oh give me a break!

JOAN: Rach, I don't give a toss about what was allegedly stolen. I am more concerned with the fact that the Retirement Village has absolutely no security. How easy was it for Mum to just walk out of that place? We can't have her staying in a home that can't keep track of their residents. So Mum... I think that it's time that we have that discussion.

RACHEL: They won't let you put her down Joan.

JOAN: Mum, I think that you should... well... move in with Rachel.

RACHEL: Like Hell!

JOAN: Sorry but I won't feel better until I know that you are safely under Rachel's roof.

RACHEL: Being under my roof is no guarantee of safety, believe me.

DOTTY: You worry too much dear. *(Dotty accidentally on purpose drops her handbag under the coffee table)* Oh I am so clumsy.

JOAN: It's ok Mum. *(Joan bends and struggles to pick up the bag)* Rach... It's closer to you can you reach? *(Rachel tries to reach the bag but Dottie moves it away with her foot)*

TREVOR: *(Enters and turns back to look out into the kitchen)* She's nowhere out back. I looked everywhere.

CANDY: *(Enters from front door with a mobile at her ear signing off from her call)* Ok... bye.
Candy and Trevor both unaware of each other turn and collide.

TREVOR: Oh sorry... *(Trevor raises his hands to stop himself and accidentally grabs her breasts. They stand frozen staring at each other)*

CANDY: Trevor!

TREVOR: Miss Kane!

Upon hearing their voices Rachel and Joan's heads snap up.

ROBBIE: *Enters dressed in clean clothes toweling his hair dry.)* Trev...why have you got your hands on that nice lady's boobs? *(Joan and Rachel leap out of*

their seats.

JOAN: You know her?

TREVOR: NO!

JOAN: You said her name.

TREVOR: No I didn't.

RACHEL: Yes you did.

TREVOR: No I didn't.

ALL: Yes you did.

TREVOR: *(awkwardly)* Oh that ... yes. *(He suddenly realises where his hands are and jerks them away)* Miss Kane and I have met.

Pause

RACHEL: *(She looks from Trevor to Jane)* Sorry, but I'm going to have to ask. Tell us Trevor how do you know Candy?

ROBBIE: *(Grins)* Candy...? Kane...? Oh this is gonna be good. *(He pulls out his phone and starts filming everyone)*

TREVOR: Miss Kane was assisting us with some investigations a few months back. It was police business.

DOTTY: Piff!

TREVOR: Really! She and her boss were instrumental in helping us apprehend members of a drug cartel trying to set up business here.

CANDY: Yes, we all worked very closely with Trevor on this. Me and the girls helped him set up a sting operation.

JOAN: *(thorough gritted teeth)* All the girls?

TREVOR: Yes, It was all... very... professional.

DOTTY: Piff!

TREVOR: I'm serious. We had information that this group of Russians wanted to take over the local brothels and business's in the area and use them to push their drugs. So we enlisted Victor, and all his *(gulps)* girls to help apprehend them.

JOAN: And did you?

TREVOR: What?

JOAN: Did you? Apprehend them? In this big sting operation?

TREVOR: Well... no, not all of them.

JOAN: *(With suppressed anger)* I see.

DOTTY: I told you Victor was complaining about the Russians.

TREVOR: Dotty... are you telling me that your brother Victor and the owner of the Brothel we enlisted to help in the investigation are one and the same?

DOTTY: Yes, I had lunch with him yesterday.

RACHEL: *(exasperated)* No Mum, you didn't!

DOTTY: You know I am getting pretty tired of people telling me what I did and didn't do. I think I just might be better off back at the Retirement home. At least there they pretend to agree with me. *(She stands to leave)*

RACHEL: Mum... sit down.

DOTTY: No! I have had enough of people telling me what to do. Do this, go there, take this it will help you

sleep. Take this it will help you poop. Well I've slept and pooped enough. I'm outta here! *(She exits to the kitchen leaving her handbag)*

RACHEL: *(follows Dotty)* Now Mum...

DOTTY: No!

RACHEL: ...come on...

DOTTY: No!

RACHEL: ...let's talk about this.

DOTTY: No!

RACHEL: Where do you think you're going?

TREVOR: *(pleading)* Joanie..?

JOAN: I don't want to hear it. I don't think I can even look at you.

TREVOR: But sweetheart let me explain...

JOAN: You don't have to... I understand perfectly well.
(Visibly upset she exits out the front door)

TREVOR: Honey! Please, don't do this... where are you going? You don't have your car here.

He follows her out the front door leaving Robby and Candy alone in the room. Robbie continues filming on his phone and moves around to Candy who smiles and starts to pose for him.

CANDY: You know people usually pay me to do this.

ROBBIE: *(he stops suddenly)* Oh... sorry.

Pause

ROBBIE: So how much do you charge.

CANDY: Depends... what's this for?

ROBBIE: My Video?

CANDY: Ah huh...

ROBBIE: I was going to send it to all my mates.

CANDY: Why?

ROBBIE: If I don't document this then they won't believe me. And what better way to document something than to film it and put it on Facebook.

CANDY: Well if it's just for your friends, then I suppose it will be ok. Let's call this a freebie for the boss's grandson.

ROBBIE: *(he continues filming)* This is better than sexting.

CANDY: You sending this to all your friends?

ROBBIE: Yep.

CANDY: How many do you have?

ROBBIE: About five hundred I think.

CANDY: Hmm, you know... this could be a great marketing tool.

ROBBIE: What?

CANDY: Your little film here. Five hundred or so friends could mean dozens of new clients for me and the girls.

ROBBIE: So...

CANDY: *(She makes herself comfortable on the couch and lounges back provocatively)* So let's see if we can do something to make your stock rise. I assume your friends have some disposable cash?

ROBBIE: How do you feel about bitcoins?

CANDY: Not as comfortable with them as I am with gold coins... but we can discuss. *(Robbie starts filming again)* Now what do you think your friends would like to see.

ROBBIE: *(Awkwardly)* Ahh... I don't know something sexy I suppose.

CANDY: Something like this? *(She poses suggestively on the couch)* and what about this *(she changes position)* and this?

ROBBIE: Oh God they are going to love this. Umm can you turn your head a little this way; bit of a shadow on your face.

CANDY: *(She turns her face)* Better?

ROBBIE: Perfect... *(He moves for a close up of her face)* Really... perrrfect.

CANDY: So... what's your name?

ROBBIE: Robbie... Rob... *(in a lower voice)* I mean Robert.

CANDY: You're kind of cute Robbie... I like Robbie. Do you mind if I call you that. *(She moves closer staring into his eyes)*

ROBBIE: *(nervously)* Robbie's good...

CANDY: Not too good I hope. *(She moves in to kiss him)*

ROBBIE: Oh God! *(They kiss. Whilst still in an embrace, Robbie slowly raises his arm holding the mobile and continues filming the kiss)*

RACHEL: *(Enters from Kitchen and sees them kissing)* NO! NO! NO! *(They break apart)* What the hell! What are you thinking!

ROBBIE: Don't have a cow mum... it was just a kiss.

RACHEL: *(Incredulously)* Just a... Do you know where that... that... mouth has been? *(She turns on Candy)* And you... he's only eighteen. He's just boy, too young for the likes of ... and for doing that sort of stuff.

ROBBIE: Mum! You're embarrassing me! And I have done that stuff before.

RACHEL: Not the kind of stuff that they mentioned on the phone earlier. Not the kind of stuff that I couldn't even imagine... or spell. *(She turns to Candy)* I think you should leave.

CANDY: But our business deal!

Robbie quickly uploads his video up onto Facebook.

RACHEL: I will get that Solicitor person to handle everything. And Robbie, stop playing with that phone and... go to your room..! Alone!

DOTTY: *(enters from kitchen)* Rachel, did you get my handbag?

ROBBIE: *(sees it on the floor)* Here it is Nan.

He picks it up and drops it spilling the contents on the floor just as Trevor, Joan and Richard enter from the front door. Robbie drops to his knees and commences retrieving all the contents and putting them back in the bag.

JOAN: Rach, Mr Smythe is here.

RICHARD: Hello again... I seem to have misplaced my wallet and my phone, would they be here by any chance?

RACHEL: Haven't seen them.

CANDY: Here, you can use mine to call yours. *(He takes the phone and dials his number)*

JOAN: Good to see you're not on speed dial.

SFX: ***Mobile Rings***

ROBBIE: *(picks up the phone)* Yours?

RICHARD: Yes.

ROBBIE: ... and would this be your wallet?

RICHARD: No... but that other one is.

JOAN: Mum?

RACHEL: See I told you she was up to her old tricks again.

ROBBIE: You've got a bit of a haul here Nan. We have some men's leather wallets, *(he picks up a clear plastic box)* and I think these are someone's dentures, some drugs, jewelry, and a bag of coins. You running a scam Nan. *(Trevor takes the bag of coins from Robbie)*

TREVOR: They sound like some of the items that were stolen from the Retirement Home. Dotty? What's going on?

DOTTY: Stolen shmolen! I didn't steal anything! I won those at poker.

JOAN: You won someone's dentures playing poker?

DOTTY: Yep.

RACHEL: If you won all this then why are the police involved? Why are the residents claiming that they were robbed?

DOTTY: Because they're a bunch of sore losers and pissed off because they are stuck in that home with no money, no drugs and no teeth. And because I'm a better card player than they are.

RACHEL: That's cause you cheat.

RICHARD: I think I should go and leave you all to it.

RACHEL: Oh no you won't. Since you arrived this morning my whole day has gone from crap to absolute hell. We have a brothel to off load and you're the person who is going to arrange it.

RICHARD: I... I...

TREVOR: Dotty I'm going to have to take you back to the home and sort this out, because right now it looks like you're guilty of theft.

RICHARD: If you need a Solicitor...

JOAN: She won't go to jail will she?

RACHEL: Don't be stupid... I couldn't be that lucky.

JOAN: What if she just gives everything back?

TREVOR: Well...

JOAN: Mum, who did you get all this stuff from; maybe we can call them and take it all back if they promise not to press charges.

TREVOR: I don't know...

JOAN: Mum...

DOTTY: Well the wallets belong to Jack Hunter, Peter Doyle and the little short Asian fellow what's his name. Won them playing Texas Holdem. And all the pills... the owners' names are on the bottles, except for the purple ones, they are mine.

The dentures belong to Alice, no wait; she won them from Shirley who won them from Linda. So they could belong to Max... cause Linda and Max share everything.

RACHEL: *(Repulsed)* Oh God!

JOAN: What about these Coins?

DOTTY: Oh I got those from Victor. He gave them to me when we had lunch yesterday.

TREVOR: Yesterday...

DOTTY: Yes, He said that I was to hold on to them for him.

TREVOR: Your dead brother gave you the coins yesterday...

DOTTY: Yes... except for the dead part. He was quite alive, all pink and flushed.

RICHARD: I really should go...

RACHEL: Move and I break your legs!

TREVOR: Where did you have lunch yesterday?

DOTTY: In the city. It was a little café with a funny Russian name. Nev..it..ski or something like that.

TREVOR: Nevsky?

DOTTY: That could be it, but it was so funny seeing Victor there. I wasn't expecting him. I had just sat down and ordered a drink when he plopped himself beside me and handed me that bag. He muttered something about me keeping this for him and that he would collect it later. Then he up and left.

RACHEL: Mum, are you sure it was Victor?

DOTTY: Of course I'm sure, what...you think I wouldn't recognize my own brother? Although he was a lot shorter than I remember, thinner too, and the red hair was new.

TREVOR: Dotty, I don't think he was your brother. I think he may have been one of the Russian Mob and the coins that he gave you were probably stolen. *(He looks in the bag and takes out a few coins)* Yep these are Russian Roubles... 1897... 1899... 1900. Don't know for certain, but I think these could be pretty rare.

Robbie pulls out one of the coins from his pocket and looks at it.

JOAN: Worth some money then?

TREVOR: Probably.

Robbie puts the coin back in his pocket.

JOAN: Who do you think he was?

TREVOR: By that description...and I can't be certain, it could be a really nasty character called Alexei Bortsov.

RICHARD: *(reacts to the name)* Bortsov?

TREVOR: And he works for an even nastier character called "The Iceman".

RICHARD: *(Gulps)* The Iceman?

TREVOR: Have you heard of them?

RICHARD: Victor had mentioned them a few times. I tried not to get involved in all that.

CANDY: They were both regulars at the brothel... Oh not mine. Not my type.

JOAN: You have a type?

RACHEL: But why would this Bortsov character give Mum the coins?

TREVOR: Well maybe someone was after him, and he thought that Dotty was just a little old lady who he could track down later and retrieve the coins from. He may not have realized that Dotty was Victor's sister.

JOAN: And this "Paddlepop" person?

TREVOR: The Iceman..? He's into illegal gambling amongst other things. You certainly don't want to owe him any money.

RICHARD: *(nervously)* Would I be able to have a look at those coins?

TREVOR: Have you seen these before?

RICHARD: No, no... just interested.

TREVOR: *(He puts them back in the bag)* Actually, I think I should get back to the station and book this into evidence.

RICHARD: *(starts getting a bit anxious)* Would you like a lift? I am heading that way.

TREVOR: No, I have my car here. *(He moves towards Joan)* Joan, I think that you and your Mum should come with me, Bortsov maybe keeping an eye on Dotty and we need to make sure she's safe.

RACHEL: What do you mean?

JOAN: Do you think he would hurt Mum?

TREVOR: I don't know, but we should take some precautions.

ROBBIE: Yeah Mum, you guys go with Trev and Candy and I will stay here and hold the fort.

RACHEL: Yeah... I don't think so. You're coming with.
JOAN: Come on mum.

DOTTY: *(excitedly)* Are we going in the police car?

RICHARD: ARGH!

Richard suddenly charges Trevor and pushes him into Joan. He then grabs Trevor's gun from his holster.

TREVOR: Ugh!

RICHARD: *(Nervously points the gun around the room at everyone)* Ok Ok...

TREVOR: What the hell!

RICHARD: *(Waving the gun and everyone ducks)* I am sorry... but I need those coins. Hand them over!

TREVOR: Sorry can't do that.

JOAN: Yes you can, he has your gun!
DOTTY: You should give the gun back young man. What would your mother say if she saw you behaving like this? It would break dear old Margaret's heart.

RICHARD: For the last freakin' time I am NOT Margaret's son! Now give me the coins and no one will get hurt!

TREVOR: Ok, but if I give you the coins, what then? Where do you think you can go? Do you seriously think that we won't be able to track you down? This isn't a big town.

RICHARD: I'll take my chances, now hand them over.

RACHEL: Sorry but I'm a bit lost here, why do you want the coins?

RICHARD: I have a gambling debt, and I owe "The Iceman" money, a lot of money, and... and if I give him back the coins, then he might wipe my debt.

TREVOR: You can't possibly believe that he would do that? The man is an animal; he will take the coins then break your legs. You know that!

RICHARD: I'll take my chances...and if... if you don't hand them over... then the Granny gets it.

He pulls Dotty in front of him as a human shield and holds the gun to her head.

JOAN: MUM!

TREVOR: Take it easy man! Don't do anything stupid!

ROBBIE: Nan, don't move!

JOAN: Rachel! Do something!

Rachel calmly walks over to Dotty and pulls her out of the way and replaces her with Joan.

JOAN: Really! That's the plan?

Trevor suddenly rushes over and shoulders Richard out of the way and struggles with him over the gun. Joan pulls Dotty out of the way and everyone runs for cover. Candy clings to Robbie. Trevor and Richard both have their hands on the gun which is raised in the air and then suddenly they swing it around the room and everyone ducks.

Dialogue during fight scene:

JOAN: Mum, you ok? Stay here.

RACHEL: My furniture! you break it you replace it.

DOTTY: Oh dear! Such excitement!

ROBBIE: Mum look out!

CANDY: Oh My God!

Rachel runs over and the three of them wrestle over the gun. Robbie goes to help his mum but Candy pulls him back into an embrace. Joan then rushes over to join the three struggling over the gun but accidentally knocks over a table lamp sending the stage into black.

Blackout

SFX: *Gunshot*

ROBBIE: Ow.

Spot light slowly comes up on Dotty down stage who is talking on a mobile phone. In one hand she has the bag of coins and at her feet is her suitcase.

DOTTY: Hello Margaret..? Yes it's me... Of course I have the coins. You don't think my brother and his criminal friends could steal anything without my knowing do you...? They were never any good at keeping secrets.
The poker game...? Of course it's still on, tell everyone at the home to get ready to lose their shirts, I feel extraordinarily lucky at the moment. Dodged a bullet you might say... What was that..? Oh Victor's death..? Yes that was very sudden wasn't it... and convenient. But he was always considerate like that... Ok dear, put the kettle on, I'll see you shortly. Oh and by the way Margaret, that boy of yours... did you know that he has a gambling problem? Oh really... when did he die? I could have sworn that he was your boy. **Blackout.**

