

The travel agent is sitting at a desk in the travel agency. The phone rings.

Travel agent: **(On the phone)** Happy Harry's Terrific Travels LTD. Can I be of assistance? Oh, it's you Sir... **(In a whisper)** It's the boss... **(Smiles)** How are you Sir...? Oh dear... How's the wife...? She has left you...? Oh dear... Yes... Oh no... no... But your mother-in-law is still there? Oh, dear that is unfortunate, isn't it Sir...? Yes... Where...? Clacton... **(Laughs)** Nobody wants to go to Clact_ ... Yes Sir... I will do my best... Goodbye Sir. **(Puts the phone down)** This is not going to be easy.

Customer: **(Enters)** Good morning.

Travel agent: Oh, good morning, madam. **(Big smile)**

Customer: Is this a travel agency?

Travel agent: Oh no... This is a sex shop. **(Smiles)**

Customer: A sex shop... A sex shop?! Oh dear... **(Quickly moves towards the exit)**
Goodbye...

Travel agent: **(Laughs)** No, no! This isn't a sex shop. Look around you... does this look like a sex shop?

Customer: Well, no... **(Looks around)** It doesn't, I can't see any of those wobbly things...

Travel agent: Wobbly things? What wobbly thin_ Ah...no, no... **(Laughs)** I was just joking... **(Clears throat)** Welcome to Happy Harry's Terrible Oops... **(Laughs)** I mean Terrific Travel LTD. (limited) Please... sit down.

Customer: Thank you... **(Sits)**

Travel agent: How can I help you?

Customer: Well, I am alone. **(Smiles timidly)**

Travel agent: Oh... yes, I can see that. So, how can I help you?

Customer: Well, I thought I might treat myself to the holiday of a lifetime.

Travel agent: Well, madam / sir?

Customer: Bagarre... Miss. I am not married. **(Laughs timidly)**

Travel agent: Oh... **(Smiles sweetly)** Bagarre...that's French, isn't it?

Customer: Yes... I have French origins... It means to fight... but I'm not an aggressive person...No. **(Laughs timidly)** Bagarre by name but not by nature... **(Smiles)** but you can call me Petunia / Julien, if you wish?

Travel agent: Then Petunia / Julien, it is... You may call me Mable. Hello Petunia.

Customer: Hello Mable... Mable is my mother's name...

Travel agent: Oh well, that's nice, isn't it?

Customer: No... She's in prison.

Travel agent: Oh dear, I am sorry to hear that.

Customer: We were on holiday together.

Travel agent: Were you?

Customer: Yes...In Clacton.

Travel agent: Clacton? Oh dear.

Customer: We always go to Clacton... We have been going to Clacton for 20 years.

Travel agent: Ah...

Customer: She likes the rain, you see. It rains a lot in Clacton...

Travel agent: So, you wouldn't be interested in a 7-day holiday in Clacton...

Customer: No. I think it's time for a change... My mother got arrested in Clacton.

Travel agent: Oh, how awful.

Customer: Yes... We were sitting on a damp bench seat on a cold, wet and windy afternoon on the sea front eating our fish n' chips...

Travel agent: Oh, that sounds nice...

Customer: Well, my mother had fish n' chips... I only had the chips...

Travel agent: Don't you like fish? Clacton is famous for its fish n' chips.

Customer: I used to love fish n' chips... but so did the seagulls. **(Mimes)** This big seagull swooped down just as I was going to bite into my nice crispy cod fillet.

Travel agent: Oh dear. And it took your fish?

Customer: Yes, and five minutes later **(Mimes)** it came back and did a woopsy on my head.

Travel agent: A woopsy?

Customer: Yes, Splouugh! On my head! I did not find that very amusing.

Travel agent: **(Trying not to laugh)** Why is your mother in prison Petunia?

Customer: Well, we decided to take a bus back to our guest house because of a thunder storm.

Travel agent: Oh dear.

Customer: Yes...The bus was full...Nowhere to sit.

Travel agent: Oh... dear.

Customer: This young man refused to give my mother his seat... It was my mother's birthday last Wednesday... 84 years old. (Eighty-four)

Travel agent: Well, that wasn't very gallant of him, was it? So, you had to stand.

Customer: No, at the next bus stop, **(mimes)** she lifted him off his seat and threw him off the bus.

Mable Good for her! **(Laughs)** So why is your mother in prison?

Customer: Well, as he came flying out of the bus, he hit his head on a lamppost... He is in hospital with a fractured skull.

Travel agent: So, in your mother's case it's Bagarre by name and Bagarre by nature. **(Laughs)**

Customer: Yes, but I am not aggressive. **(Laughs timidly)**

Travel agent: Yes, well Petunia, you have come to the right place.

Customer: Yes? I hope so... I am looking for somewhere different.

Travel agent: Different...

Customer: Yes somewhere... cool. **(Smiles)**

Travel agent: Ah...hum... What about the Arctic?

Customer: The Arctic?

Travel agent: Fifteen days in the Arctic. Only... **(Looks in the catalogue)** Only a thousand pounds. (£1000)

Customer: A thousand pounds?

Travel agent: Yes, a special offer... as long as you leave tomorrow morning.

Customer: Tomorrow morning?

Travel agent: Yes. 15 days with an Eskimo tribe.

Customer: Eskimo tribe?

Travel agent: Yes.

Customer: No, you don't understand, when I say cool, I don't mean somewhere cold... I mean cool... sympathetic, laidback...

Travel agent: You can learn their language. Did you know that the Eskimos have at least 50 words to describe snow?

Customer: No, I didn't know that.

Travel agent: Aput... Mangokpok, means slush or wet snow.

Customer: Pardon?

Travel agent: and Aput. That means snow on the ground.

Customer: Aput...How do I get there?

Travel agent: **(Large smile)** This is the exciting bit...We parachute you from_

Customer: **(Shock)** Parachute you?!

Travel agent: No, you not me! **(Grins)** From 2500 feet. (Two thousand five hundred feet)

Customer: 2500 feet?!

Travel agent: Yes, right into the middle of the Eskimo camp.

Travel agent: Eskimo camp?!

Travel agent: Yes well, as long as there isn't too much wind... There is no problem. **(Smiles)**

Customer: Too much wind?

Travel agent: Yes, you could be blown miles off course. But don't worry.

Customer: Don't worry?

Travel agent: We will supply you with a rifle... Bang!!

Customer: A rifle? What for?

Travel agent: Polar bears. **(Smiles)**

Customer: Polar bears?! Isn't that a little dangerous?

Travel agent: Oh yes, but it's very exciting! **(Grins)**

Customer: I have a phobia for heights... I suffer from vertigo.

Mabel: Close your eyes.

Customer: Close my eyes!?

Travel agent: You'll learn how to fish, make igloos, make clothing from seal skins... eating seals.

Customer: Eating seals? I'm a vegetarian.

Travel agent: Oh... Why didn't you tell me? **(Sits down)**

Customer: You didn't ask. **(Sits)** I became a vegetarian after the seagull stole my fish and did a ploppy on my head!

Travel agent: Ah... This sounds good... 7 days in Paris.

Customer: Yes, I like the sound of that.

Travel agent: Can you speak French?

Customer: Well... just a little... Now let me see... Le train part à midi.

Travel agent: What?

Customer: The train leaves at mid-day. **(Smiles)** Il est né le divine enfant... sur le pont d'Avignon... he horr he hoor, he horr.

Travel agent: Excellent !

Customer: Je t'aime moi non plus... Sacré blue... Ooh la, la. **(Smiles)**

Travel agent: Marvelous! 7 days in Paris driving an articulated bus.

Customer: But_

Travel agent: Only £700 (seven hundred pounds) There is a strike on in Paris, **(Smiles)** so you will be made most welcome.

Customer: I can't drive.

Travel agent: **(Doesn't listen)** I can picture it now... Les Champs-Élysées... L'Arc de Triumph...

Customer: I can't drive!

Travel agent: Oh dear... **(Sits back and thinks)** hum...Oh, I have a great idea!

Customer: Yes? **(Hopeful)**

Travel agent: How about 5 days in Walton on the Naze? It's very cheap... Only £400. **(Smiles)**

Customer: I've never heard of Walton-on-the-Naze...But it sounds very reasonable.

Travel agent: Yes... Well, it's not exactly in Walton-on-the-Naze... Hum... It's in **(Coughs)** Clacton.

Customer: Pardon?

Travel agent: **(Smiles)** Clacton?

Clacton? Clacton?! But I don't want to go to Clacton! I have been going to Clacton for 20 years! I'm fed up of being cold wet and windswept and bombarded by seagulls and_

Travel agent: It's hot and sunny in Clacton... For the next eight days. You'll get a marvelous suntan.

Customer: A suntan? I have never had a suntan... I go red like a lobster.

Travel agent: No problem... **(Takes out a tube of suntan cream)** Here, take this... Hawaiian tropical suntan lotion. N°85 Try it...

Customer: **(Puts it on her face)** There... how do I look?

Travel agent: Like a woman who is determined not to look like a red lobster... Very... feminine... very... British, I must say. **(Smiles)**

Customer: Do you really think so? **(Laughs timidly)**

Travel agent: Oh, yes... You will have all the men running after you

Customer: Oh... **(Smiles and blushes)** Yes but what about the seagulls?

Travel agent: Oh yes. **(Smiles)** and this is to stop the seagulls eating your fish... I mean chips. **(Gives the customer a fly swatter)**

Customer: Oh well... I suppose I could give Clacton another try.

Travel agent: Splendid! **(Takes a form out from the desk)** Sign here please... **(Signs)** and here... here... and... here. You will be staying at the Sea-Spray Guest house.

Customer: That sounds good.

Travel agent: Here are the details. **(Gives the info)**

Customer: Mrs. Chuckle... **(Chuckles)** That's a nice name for a landlady.

Travel agent: Yes... She is a wonderful cook... She does a lovely Steak_ I mean Stew...stew vegetable stew... That's £500 please.

Customer: Oh... I thought you said £400...

Travel agent: Commission... Services rendered? (*Smiles sweetly*)

Customer: Oh yes, of course.

Travel agent: Oh sorry...I forgot about the suntan lotion. That's £50 So that's a total of £550. Er... the seagull swatter is free. (*Smiles*)

Customer: Oh yes, of course... (*Takes out check book*) Who do I make it out to?

Travel agent: Me. (*Sweet smile*) Mable Force-it.

Customer: Right... (*Fills in the check*) £550... Mable Force-it (*Stands*) Well Mrs. Force-it, you have been most helpful... (*Shakes hand*)

Travel agent: It's Mable and Miss. You can send me a postcard if you wish. (*Smiles sweetly*)

Customer: Yes, I'll do that. (*Waves*) Goodbye Mable. (*Leaves*)

Travel agent: Goodbye Petunia. (*Waves. The phone rings. Picks up*) Happy Harry's Terrific Travels LTD. Can I be of assistance?