

## 'E'Scape

**Martin Tyler:** Quiet, modest, inventor. 20's

**Martha Madeup:** Billionaire business woman, cold, mid 50's

**Sir 'Dicky' Richards:** Eccentric socialite, Heir to the seat of Bartholimeaux Hall, extravagant moustache. 60's

**Peter Steel:** Millionaire, made his money in metal, bald and short tempered, Yorkshire accent. 50's

**Set:** A TV set designed as a loft, for the regular program 'Lions Lair'. (Unashamedly a rival broadcasters rip off of Dragons Den.) There are 3 chairs to one side for the 'Lions', Martin stands to one side, next to a high round table. Dark walls. Upstage center should be a tall window leading to a suggested balcony. Low beams, one of which is head height. To one side a set of steps leading down out of the loft. On the table are three pairs of over designed 'sun' glasses. Soft lighting.

Note: 'Lamb to the Lions' is the catchphrase of the show.

/ indicates interrupted dialogue.

*(As the TV theme music fades, the curtains are slowly opened to reveal all cast in position. Martin is clearly nervous. Martha is scathing, Dicky is smiling broadly, Peter is impatient.)*

**Martha:** So, today we have Martin...(looks to her notes.) Martin Taylor.

**Martin:** Tyler.

**Martha:** Yes, Martin Taylor. What have you got for us today Michael?

**Martin:** Martin.

**Martha:** OK Mr.Tiller, we hardly have time for this. Kindly bring your 'Lamb to the Lions.'

**Martin:** Yes, erm....well what I have for you is my latest intervention.

**Peter:** Intervention?

**Martin:** Intention.

**Dicky:** Haha!

**Peter:** What?

**Martin:** Erm.

**Peter:** Spit it out man!

**Martin:** Invention.

**Dicky:** Yes! Well done 'ol chap! Got there in the end!

**Martha:** So present us your inventon, invention.

**Martin:** *(Takes a deep breath preparing for his rehearsed speech.)* Lions, May I present to you my invention: 'E'Scape. They may look like a simple pairs of sunglasses/

**Peter:** They don't look simple at all. Completely over engineered.

**Martha:** They look like traps!

**Dicky:** Oh, let the pour man speak!

**Martin:** ...Simple sunglasses, but they are far more. By wearing 'E'Scape glasses you are instantly drawn into a world of your own imagination, a world of your making, a world of imagery far beyond any imagination your mind can imagine. Imagine if you will, sat at your desks at work, boring and mundane no doubt/

**Peter:** No doubt there.

**Martha:** As boring as this?

**Dicky:** Oh, let the poor man speak!

**Martin:** A world of imagery only imagined by the imaginations of the greatest interventors! Inventors. An imaginary/

**Martha:** Yes yes yes, enough of the spiel.....what do they actually do Mr.Toller?

**Peter:** Yes, kindly explain!

**Martin:** Once the wearer is wearing these 'E'Scape glasses the wearer is instantly aware that they have been transported into a world of which only they are aware!

**Peter:** Oh, for heaven's sake!

**Martha:** Yes, I think we are all aware of that by now!

**Dicky:** Oh, let the poor man speak!

**Martin:** Well...

**Peter:** Why don't you let us try them on?

**Dicky:** Jolly good idea!

**Martin:** Yes, of course. *(He picks up the glasses one by one and hands them to the judges individually, during the following dialogue.)* Here you are Martha, please don't put them on until I say so.

**Martha:** Yes, of course Marvin.

**Martin:** Sir Dicky? Here are yours.

**Dicky:** Why thank you sir!

**Martin:** Peter, for you.

**Peter:** Bowt time.

**Martin:** Now everyone, before you put them on, be aware of the imagery you are about to imagine.

**Martha:** Enough with the imaginations!

**Martin:** OK, firstly I have set each one to a preset imagination, to save your imaginations from having to imagine too much imagery for now. It will get you used to the imagery.

**Peter:** Oh, bloody Nora!

**Martin:** Once you put on your 'E'Scape glasses, you will imagine an imaginary menagerie manager, imagining an imaginary menagerie.

**Peter:** What the f/

**Dicky:** Sounds wonderful!

**Martha:** I beg your pardon?

**Martin:** You will imagine/

**Peter:** Get on with it man! Let's just put the damn things on!

**Dicky:** Yes!

**Martha:** Very well.

*(All three judges put on their glasses.)*

**Peter:** Nothing. What is this?

**Martin:** Let me turn them on for you, only when you are ready. *(All three nod.)* You will now imagine an imaginary menagerie manager imagining an imaginary menagerie...

*(A few moments of silence)*

**Martha:** Oh, I see something, someone.

**Peter:** Yes, me too, a man. Wearing a suit. Looks like a manager.

**Dicky:** Oh yes! What a fine fellow. Wow, it's like I'm seeing inside his head!

**Martha:** Yes! I can see him thinking!

**Peter:** I can see *what* he's thinking!

**Martin:** Imagining.

**Peter:** Yes, *imagining*.

**Martha:** Oh, it's like a huge orangery or something, lots of plants and animals!

**Dicky:** Oh, it's beautiful!

**Martha:** It is, I can hear lots of sounds too!

**Dicky:** What a *stunning* menagerie!

**Peter:** Nice steel work, that welding is perfect!

**Martha:** Look there's a horse!

**Dicky:** What a great imagination this imaginary manager man has!

**Martin:** (*Pleased with how it is going.*) That's the idea!

**Martha:** Such a realistic tree, wow!

**Dicky:** (*holding out his right arm as if to shake hands with someone.*) Nice to meet you 'Ol chap! This is a mighty fine menagerie you've er...imagined!

**Martha:** Is that a baobab?

**Martin:** I'm now going to switch the glasses, one by one, so you can enter a world of your very own imagination. (*He does so, one by one during the following dialogue.*) As I do this think of your most special imagination, a world that you can only dream of, a world/

**Peter:** Just get on with it!

**Dicky:** Oh, let the poor man speak!

**Martin:** Now, I have switched your glasses, take your time imagining, I kindly suggest you remain seated, now let your imaginary world welcome you in...

**Martha:** (*Holding her arms up.*) Oh my, so much beautiful money!

**Dicky:** Bartholimeaux Hall, can it be? Really? All mine? It's been restored!

**Peter:** Steel, Iron, Copper!

**Martha:** A mountain of money! (*She stands.*)

**Martin:** Please stay seated Martha.

**Dicky:** (*arms up in the air.*) Such beautiful architecture! Did you help with this Peter?

**Martha:** Seas of money, all fifties!

**Peter:** Zinc!

**Dicky:** (*Stands up, walks around.*) What a stunning staircase!

**Martin:** Please remain seated, you must stay still!

**Peter:** Ah look at all that liquid steel, smoldering, glowing, sexy! (*Stands, slowly walks around.*)

**Martin:** Everyone stay still!

**Dicky:** I'm going upstairs! *(Walks as if climbing stairs.)*

**Martha:** I'm going for a swim, *(starts to remove her clothes.)* A swim in magnificent money!

**Peter:** Brass, bronze and titanium....Gold?

**Dicky:** I'm upstairs in MY bedroom, the master bedroom, my very own balcony!

*(All three are now walking around in wonder, all enjoying being engrossed in their imaginations, the following should take place quickly but not overlapping.)*

**Martha:** I'm going in, I'm going for a swim in beautiful money!

**Martin:** No! Stay still.

**Martha:** Here I go! *(She launches herself face first down the stairs and out of the loft, crashing sound effects as she does so.)*

**Dicky:** What is that I hear? My people? I must go to my balcony so my people can see me!

**Peter:** Such a huge, stunning furnace! *(Walks quickly into the low beam, hitting his head on it, knocking him out and he falls to the stage.)*

**Dicky:** *(Marches to the window, opens it quickly.)* People of Barth....*(falls out of the window, crashing sound effect.)*

*(Silence. Martin faces the audience.)*

**Martin:** Oh dear.

**The End.**