

SCENE 4.

The Palace Kitchen.

(SPOOKY MUSIC.SPOTLIGHT ON SPINDLE & SHANKS as they appear through the auditorium doors carrying a small three-legged stool and a spinning wheel.)

- SPINDLE. You've got to hand it to Maleficent —coming up with this clever little ploy!
- SHANKS. Oh yeah — proper sneaky!
- SPINDLE. She was right... no one would ever dream of us entering through the cat flap in the castle wall!
- SHANKS. Especially dressed like this. (*shanks is dressed in a pink catsuit*)
- SPINDLE. What the blinking heck are you wearing Shanksie?
- SHANKS. Sorry Spindles got mixed up again, thought she meant cats suits!
- SPINDLE. You numpty (*smacks him round the back of the head*). Come on pass us that wheel.
- SHANKS. Cor blimey though — it's heavier than it looks.
- SPINDLE. That's 'cause you is carryin' the heavy end!
- SHANKS. Yeah!
- SPINDLE. You see — there is no light end. It's all wheely heavy (*laughs at own joke*).
- SHANKS. Wheely heavy! Likes it!
- SPINDLE. Oi! Careful what you're doin' with the boss's wheel! If you prick your finger, you'll end up D.E.D!
- SHANKS. Brown bread?
- SPINDLE. Yeah brown bread, Dead!
- SHANKS. The last time I got a little prick, it was in the cupboard with—
- (*A loud CREAKING NOISE*)
- SPINDLE. QUIET! (*panicking, they freeze*)
- SPINDLE. Sorry — thought I heard someone coming!
- SHANKS. Nah, sorry. That was just me wind from that KATsu curry last night.
- SPINDLE. What?! Aunty Su made you curry?!

SHANKS. Yeah — said it was mild!

SPINDLE. Mild?! That wasn't mild — that was a full-scale flavour attack!

SHANKS. Well, it cleared me sinuses.

SPINDLE. More than that, it cleared half the auditorium!

SHANKS. Sorry about that!

(A loud CREAKING NOISE)

SPINDLE. Oi... that can't be you. It's there again! Did you oil this thing before we left?

SHANKS. Yeah!

SPINDLE. With what?

SHANKS. The boss's finest catnip lotion. *(Sniffs proudly)* Smells lovely, don't it?

SPINDLE. Yeah... lovely *(Goes dreamy)* I just wanna lick it, man.

SHANKS. Yeah... me too. *(They slowly lean in, tongues out, totally hypnotised. Just before contact—)*

SPINDLE. *(snapping out of it)* OI! SHANKSIE! STOP! *(They freeze mid-lick.)* We need to get this thing delivered! If we get caught cat nappin' on the job, she'll have our guts for garters!

SHANKS. Fair point Ebenezer.

SPINDLE. Ebenezer? What you on about? That's the wrong panto!.

SHANKS. Cockney rhyming slang! Ebenezer...Geezer....get it?