

TRACK 14:**PICKLES' THEME****SCENE SIX:****A LONDON POLICE STATION 1966**

(In a police station in London 1966, Mr. Dave Corbett enters carrying a small dog (Pickles) and a parcel wrapped in newspaper. At the desk are two bored looking Constables while a woman, holding a cat, reads a magazine as she waits on a seat in the corner.)

- DAVE: *(To the Constables)* Excuse me, I think my dog has found the World Cup!
- P.C. 1: *(Sarcastically)* Is that right sir? Well I'm afraid you'll just have to wait in line, this lady's cat has just recovered the crown jewels! *(They both laugh.)*
- LADY: *(Pointing to her cat)* He's a cat burglar! *(They all laugh.)*
- DAVE: *(Seriously)* No really, he has, look! *(Hands him the object in newspaper.)*
- P.C. 2: *(Examining it)* It's a bit small to be the World Cup, isn't it?
- DAVE: *(Seriously)* It's the Jules Rimet trophy, I recognised it from the picture in the newspaper.
- P.C. 1: *(Patronising him)* Are you sure this isn't just a prank, sir?
- P.C. 2: *(Not convinced)* I suppose we'd better start by taking down some details!
- DAVE: *(Excited)* Well, I was just out walking my dog when he started sniffing at something in a garden.
- P.C. 1: *(Ignoring him)* Name?
- DAVE: Pickles!
- P.C. 1: *(Confused)* Mr. Pickles?
- DAVE: *(Laughing)* Oh you mean **MY** name!
- P.C. 2: *(Sarcastically)* Yes sir that is the traditional way! We usually find it easier to contact humans rather than dogs; they tend to not answer their phones!
- P.C. 1: *(Joining in the fun)* ... and they seldom read their mail either!
- P.C. 2: *(Trying not to laugh)* No...humans are generally our first port of call!
- DAVE: I'm sorry. My name is Mr. Corbett.
- P.C. 1: *(Laughing)* Not the Mr. Corbett who does Sooty and Sweep are you?
- P.C. 2: *(Excited)* My little boy loves that *(does impression with squeaky voice)* Hello Sooty! *(They both fall about laughing doing more impressions.)*
- P.C. 1: *(Laughing)* Perhaps Pickles isn't a pup after all, perhaps he's a puppet!
- P.C. 2: *(Pointing at Mr. Corbett)* I knew he'd have a HAND in it! *(They laugh.)*
- P.C. 1: *(Calming down)* Ah I'm sorry sir, but you've got to laugh though haven't you? *(Starts writing on his pad)* So it's Mr. Corbett isn't it?
- P.C. 2: *(To Police Constable 1)* I think I prefer Mr. Pickles! *(They giggle.)*
- P.C. 1: *(Laughing)* I expect the Football Association will be in a right **PICKLE** themselves at the moment!
- P.C. 2: Yes, I mean fancy losing the World Cup!