

A Smashing Time at the Palace

A Radio Play by
Kate Broad & Toni Neobard

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toni@neobard.plus.com
katebroad01@yahoo.co.uk

Summary

A number of U3A groups have been selected to attend a reception at Buckingham Palace to meet the Queen. This is in recognition that the U3A does so much for the senior generation. “Our” U3A has been chosen by the Third Age Trust because they were voted “The Friendliest U3A” by their members. Four committee members plus five ballot-winning ordinary members have arrived at the Palace and receive a briefing from a palace equerry before attending the reception, where they get to meet Her Majesty.

<i>Character Name</i>	<i>Character Summary</i>	<i>Notes</i>
Steve, the Palace Security guard	Thinks he is a bit of a comedian (but he’s not). He likes to big himself up a bit and make himself look more important than he really is.	
Hilary Travers, a Palace equerry	Sharp, officious, aloof with no real warmth, has done this sort of thing many times and has heard it all. Well spoken, somewhat pompous and a stickler for the rules.	Preferably male character but could be female if necessary
Elizabeth Dear, Chairperson U3A	Leader of this diverse group. Not nervous or worried just wants to ensure the visit goes smoothly. Is keen to ensure that everyone enjoys the occasion but doesn’t get overwhelmed. Practical and calm. She’s happy and friendly and sets the tone of the group.	
Helen Parsons, Vice Chair	Is super-organised and is the one who has got everyone there on time (or even early). Is very astute and quick thinking.	
Lucy Bustle, Membership sec	A lovely, kind and caring person but is very nervous. Has a natural way about her and everyone warms to her. Is very in tune with people. Has panic attack and faints	
Claire Whittaker, Social events coordinator	Nice but accident prone – trips over everything at every opportunity, knocks over ornaments, apologises in advance. Made worse by anxiety and is very nervous about meeting the queen. Feels sick with nerves.	
Charlie Carpenter (Ballot winner 1)	Has some historical knowledge. His particular passion is antique furniture and he is very dull and boring on the subject, but can be snobby and sarcastic. He likes to think he is an expert, but his knowledge is superficial.	Preferably male character but could be female if necessary
Shirley Winkle (Ballot winner 2)	Jolly cockney type who always tells people that things were better in the past. Wants to take photographs of the Queen and the Palace for the grandkids. Has a bit of the blitz spirit about her.	
Brenda Smeaton (Ballot winner 3)	One of the most miserable people on planet earth. Finds fault with everything, nothing is any good and has terrible medical problems (hope the Queen isn’t expecting me to stand with these feet). Has allergies.	
Emma Batley (Ballot winner 4)	From Yorkshire – tells it like it is. Calls a spade a spade. You can always tell a Yorkshireman (or woman) but you can’t tell them much – thinks that’s a compliment. Blunt and dour. Has a very weak bladder.	
Jane Simpson (Ballot winner 5)	Is not very nice, has a nasty streak. She is hard work. Is mean and giggles when someone has an accident (schadenfreude).	
Stella Grey, Tea lady	Jolly typical tea lady, likes to banter and a bit flirty.	Can be combined with Queen role
Reg Bigger (Ballot winner 6)	Smutty, joker of the pack. Likes a laugh – always says “Bigger by name, Bigger by nature”, if you know what I mean.” Mostly harmless, all talk and no trousers.	
Queen	As herself.	Can be combined with Stella role
Walkie talkie voice	Just a remote voice.	Can be done by foley artist or someone who wants a very small part

RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT: [*BBC voice, crackles [1] in background*]
The producers of this play would like it to be known that any similarity or resemblance of any character to anyone living or dead is purely coincidental.

HILARY: Good afternoon.

U3A GROUP: [Together] Good afternoon.

HELEN: I trust we are not too early.

HILARY: You are a little early, but you can wait in here. I have arranged for some refreshments to be brought in.

FX Door opening [2]

[The U3A group visiting the palace all put on an affected voice when talking to palace staff and the Queen, yet revert to normal voices amongst themselves]

ELIZABETH: Oh, thank you. This is so exciting, none of us have been to the Palace before!

HILARY: Well, I'm sure you will enjoy the experience.

REG: Oh, always up for a new experience, me.

CLAIRE: I'm sure it will be something we will all enjoy.

HILARY: Please do go in. I will return shortly to run through Palace protocol with you all.

ELIZABETH: Sounds very formal.

HILARY: Well, you are meeting the Queen, madam.

CLAIRE: I am so looking forward to that! I hope she likes the gifts we have brought.

HILARY: A member of our security team will return these to you for presentation, once they have screened them.

BRENDA: Can't we sit down now? My feet are giving me gyp.

HILARY: Yes, of course. Make yourselves comfortable.

FX Door closing [3]

EMMA: Eee, Brenda, do you have to go on about your ruddy feet all the time!

BRENDA: I'm a martyr to my feet. If you had my problems, you'd want to sit down as well.

LUCY: Oh dear, we have had a long journey, we are probably all in need of a sit down.

EMMA: Aye, it were a long journey and now I need t'loo.

BRENDA: And you have the nerve to criticise my feet. All you ever do is bang on about your dodgy bladder.

ELIZABETH: Now, don't forget we have been asked here because we have been voted the friendliest U3A in the country.

HELEN: There doesn't seem to be any toilets here. I don't think we are allowed to just wander around, we will have to keep our legs crossed.

SHIRLEY: If you're desperate you can always use one of those old vases!

CLAIRE: Do you mean one of these?

U3A GROUP: [*All call out, randomly*] Claire! No! Put that down! Careful! Gently! Eeek!

[*Cast go quiet*]

FX sound of loud crash [4]

[*All give sharp intake of breath*]

JANE: [*Giggles*]

SHIRLEY: Oh, bugger.

CHARLIE: Oh, bugger indeed. That was most likely an 18th century famille rose vase with a book value of about £1,500.

CLAIRE: Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry. Do you think I am going to have to pay for it?

SHIRLEY: Stick the bits in your handbag, they might not notice!

CHARLIE: It is one of a pair, so it seems unlikely you would get away with it, unless you want to smash the other one as well.

ELIZABETH Oh you are a card Charlie. I don't think we need to do that.

HELEN: That vase is likely to be insured, but we will need to own up about this.

CLAIRE: I don't know what I was thinking of. I know how clumsy I can be!

LUCY: It was just an accident! We can tell the Queen we'll glue it back together for her. Charlie, your antiques group could have a go!

CHARLIE: [*Sarcastically*] I'm sure her Majesty will be delighted. Perhaps she'll lend us a bag to take the bits home in.

FX Door opens [5]

STEVE: [*Breezily*] Good afternoon, ladies (and gents*). I'm Steve, the security manager for your visit today.

U3A GROUP: [*Mixture of:*] Good afternoon, hello, hi, hiya etc.

STEVE: Ah, I can see you are a good crowd. I've got a few do's and don'ts for you this afternoon. Well, I say do's and don'ts but they really are just don'ts.

REG: You sound just like the missus, she always has a list of don'ts!

EMMA: Before you get down t'matter, I need to use t'facilities.

STEVE: I'm sorry, but you haven't had clearance for that yet.

EMMA: You'll have a different type of clearance, love, if you don't let me go now. One involving a mop and bucket.

JANE: That would be one for the newsletter.

STEVE: Only joking, love, just go down the corridor and you'll see them on the right.

[FX fast footsteps clicking down a long corridor [6] and in distance, a door opening and shutting] [7]

So, whilst we are waiting for that lady to return, I need to return your passports and documents, thank you all very much for bringing them along today.

HELEN: I trust you had everything you needed.

STEVE: Nice and easy, you lot, no one for the Duke to offend, if you get my drift.

JANE: [*Giggles*]

STEVE: Nice to have an appreciative audience, I should do stand-up, me.

[*Pause - nobody comments*]

OK, then, who wants to hand these around?

HELEN: Give them here, I'll sort it.

STEVE: There you go. I've also got your basket of goodies here, looks very tempting.

LUCY: Oh, thank you. It's all produced by local specialist companies, except for the biscuits and toffees, which some of our members made.

STEVE: Delightful. I am going to have to try a bit of everything, just to make sure it's not poisoned. Lucky I've been appointed the Queen's official taster.

CLAIRE: Oh, are you really? What an interesting job, do you try everything before she does?

REG: I hope that didn't include Prince Phillip as well.

STEVE: Ha ha, get your drift, but no, I'm only joking, Her Majesty doesn't have a taster. The corgis do that, ha ha.

CLAIRE: [*Disappointed*] Oh.

STEVE: The basket checked out fine - no sharp implements, explosive devices and so on. So you can take it back now.

U3A GROUP: [Clamour] Don't give it to her. No. I'll take it. Give it here. Wait. Hang on. Hold on.

[FX Basket of goodies dropped onto the floor, some breaking of glass[8A], rolling of lids [8B]

JANE: [Laughs] Look, everything has broken. It's all ruined!

REG: We're certainly having a smashing time here!

CLAIRE: Oh, I am so sorry. I think I'm going to be sick.

FX: Very fast running footsteps down the long corridor.[9] Stops, sound of retching and splash.[10]

LUCY: Oh, dear, poor Claire. Seems like she didn't make it.

CHARLIE: Yes, and all over the Louis Quinze as well. They won't forget our visit in a hurry.

STEVE: I had better get someone to deal with that.

FX Walkie talkie crackle [11a]

[As if speaking into walkie talkie]

Ahh, this is blue leader, blue leader to control room. We have a code D in sector nine. Do you copy, over?

FX Walkie talkie crackle.[b] Distant voice "Is that you, Steve? What are you on about? What's sector nine? Or a code D for that matter. Over.

FX Walkie talkie crackle [c]

STEVE: Err, control, I'm with a visiting party, and there has been an incident in the west entrance corridor.

FX Walkie talkie crackle[d] An incident? Are you telling me to scramble the rapid response team?

STEVE: **FX Walkie talkie crackle [e]** No, no, don't do that! Just send a cleaner with some sawdust, someone's been sick.

FX Walkie talkie crackle [f] Well, why didn't you say so then? I'll send someone over. Over and out. Here, Jim, did you hear that plonker . . . [cuts off with] **FX Walkie talkie crackle [g]**

STEVE: Those lads always love a bit of banter! Ah, here's your ladies back now. All ok?

LUCY: You feeling a bit better now, Claire?

CLAIRE: Not really, Lucy, I'm feeling a bit wobbly.

REG: Always like my ladies to have a bit of wobble.

EMMA: Reg, behave yourself. Claire, better it's out now, you don't want to be throwing up over t'Queen.

JANE: That would be so funny, could you imagine her face?

LUCY: Oh Jane, that's not very nice.

JANE: *[Giggles]*

BRENDA: What are we going to do about our gift now? We can't give the Queen a basket of smashed-up stuff.

ELIZABETH: First things first, let's hear what instructions Steve has for us.

STEVE: Yes, now that you are all here.

FX rustle of paper. [12]

[Clears throat] Firstly, mobile devices. These must all be switched off before you leave this room.

SHIRLEY: But I wanted to get a nice photo of the Queen, and of the Palace.

STEVE: You should have already been told that under no circumstances are photographs to be taken anywhere within the premises.

SHIRLEY: I promised my grandson that I'd get a selfie with the Queen!

STEVE: [Pompous] There is an official photographer who will record your audience with her Majesty. Selfies are not allowed.

HELEN: We understand entirely - rules are rules.

STEVE: Precisely. Secondly, you are not to approach the Queen directly, but wait until she comes to speak to you. The equerry will run through how you should address Her Majesty.

BRENDA: Will there be somewhere to sit?

STEVE: Yes. Thirdly, do not crowd around any member of the Royal family when they are speaking to someone. Any questions?

BRENDA: What about my allergies? If the Queen is wearing perfume I can't be responsible. I hope someone's told her she can't have any on.

STEVE: I think you might need to talk to Hilary about that. Now, I can hear the tea trolley approaching.

FX Sound of tea trolley getting slowly nearer along a long corridor. Rattle of cups and a squeaky wheel.[13]

STELLA: Hello, who would like something to drink?

STEVE: Hello Stella, you're speedy today.

STELLA: Yes, I'm getting too old for rushing about like this.

STEVE: [To group] I will leave you in Stella's capable hands, if you've no more questions for me.

ELIZABETH: Thank you, Steve.

FX door shutting [14]

Well, I think we're all looking forward to a nice cup of tea.

REG: Oh, I'd like to get me hands on your lovely buns, Stella, me darling!

STELLA: Oh, he's a bit of a one, ain't he. Cheeky!

LUCY: Pay no attention to Reg, he likes to be a bit naughty.

STELLA: Are you up first, then Reg?

REG: Better have a cup of tea beforehand, though!

[FX sounds of tea being poured [15], cast taking it in turn to ask for tea/coffee, slowly fading into background]

HELEN: Elizabeth, what are we going to do about the gifts for the Queen? We can't hand the basket over like that.

ELIZABETH: Let's see if there's anything salvageable from the wreckage.

FX Wicker basket being opened [16]

Oh dear.

LUCY: It's a bit of a mess.

CLAIRE: Let me see . . . oh, dear, I am so sorry.

ELIZABETH: Can't be helped, Claire. Well, I think we can safely say that the jam and pickles are off the menu.

HELEN: Oh, dear, look at the biscuits. Oh, crumbs.

LUCY: Precisely.

CLAIRE: What about Jenny's lovely home-made toffee? Surely that survived?

ELIZABETH: Mmm, well, it's currently cuddled up with the cockles in vinegar. Probably a bit of an acquired taste.

LUCY: Oh, this is hopeless. We can't give the Queen a wicker basket filled only with straw and reeking of pickle.

REG: I've got an open bag of marshmallows, if that's any good? Haven't had many out of it.

ELIZABETH: Well, thanks for the offer Reg, but I don't think that would be suitable.

CLAIRE: I could see if there's a Tesco nearby? I could nip out?

CHARLIE: A Tesco? I imagine that would be a novelty for her Majesty. Maybe a trip to Fortnums would be a bit more appropriate.

STELLA: Has everyone got a cuppa now? Yes?
[all cast murmur assent]
In that case, I'll be off, then. Nice to meet you all, especially you, Reg.

REG: I'd come back for a second go at your French fancies any day!

STELLA: [Giggles] Oh, you are a bad boy.

FX Door opening [17A], trolley slowly squeaking out of hearing over dialogue [17B]

SHIRLEY: Come on, you lot, where's your Blitz spirit? We have to make do and mend, there's not enough time to go shopping.

HELEN: Blitz spirit? What do you mean?

SHIRLEY: Look around the room, is there anything we could wrap up and give as a present?

HELEN: We can't do that, it's stealing.

SHIRLEY: No, it's not, it can't be stealing if we aren't taking it away from her Majesty. We will just be re-purposing something. I bet she's got no idea what she already owns.

CHARLIE: It won't work, everything in the Palace will be catalogued.

SHIRLEY: Yes, but by the time they discover what we've done, we'll be long gone. Come on, let's see what we can find.

BRENDA: What a ridiculous idea.

ELIZABETH: You know, it might work. The Queen is expecting a gift, we can't go empty-handed.

BRENDA: I suppose you'll be suggesting we use the flowers from the table display.

ELIZABETH: What a jolly good idea. We could wrap them in the cellophane from the wicker basket! Well done you, Brenda!

BRENDA: Don't blame me when it all goes wrong.

EMMA: [Sarcastically] We can always rely on you t'put a positive spin on things, Brenda.

CLAIRE: Supposing we get arrested?

CHARLIE: Yes, you'll probably end up in the Tower.

ELIZABETH: No, don't worry, it'll be fine. Now, come on, what else can we give her?

JANE: How about the standard lamp?

EMMA: No, we're not going to be lugging that about.

LUCY: That's a nice rug.

REG: Why not roll me up in it? That'll be a surprise she hasn't had before.

HELEN: I think not.

EMMA: How about that painting, there?

CHARLIE: I imagine she'll recognise her own direct ancestor. That's Henry the eighth, when he was younger.

REG: Was that before or after he got his Hampton Court?

CHARLIE: Oh, good grief, man.

ELIZABETH: I think Charlie is correct, the picture would be a bit too obvious.

CLAIRE: There is the other vase, the twin of the one I broke.

EMMA: That's about t'first sensible thing you've said all day.

CLAIRE: Shall I go and get it?

CAST: NO!

HELEN: I'll get it. Brenda, as you are nearest, could you sort out the best of the straw in the basket to pack the vase with, please.

BRENDA: Not on your nelly, I don't want my hayfever setting off. Unless you want me sneezing over the Royals.

JANE: [Laughs] That would ruin your chances of an O.B.E.

EMMA: Come on, Shirley, we can give it a go. There's lots of straw, we can just pull out the pickle-ly bits.

FX rustling [18A] and broken glass noises [18B]

SHIRLEY: Where are we going to put all this stuff? There's glass and everything.

JANE: We could stuff some down the back of one of these sofas or hide it in plant pots.

HELEN: No, we can't do that! I've got an emergency carrier bag - we can put it in that. We'll find a bin to put it in.

LUCY: Hand me the cellophane, Emma, I'll wrap the flower display. Jane, I could do with a hand.

JANE: Why, you have two already [*giggles at her own joke*].

FX Rustling of cellophane [19]

LUCY: [*Gritted teeth*] Can you just put your finger there, please, so I can tie this together.

[FX rustling cellophane [20]

[*Slightly sarcastic*] Thank you.

EMMA: What's that noise?

[FX Scratching of claws [21A], panting [21B]]

BRENDA: Bloody hell, it's a pack of corgis.

[FX growling [22A], barking [22B]

EMMA: Aye, hardly a pack, there's only two of them.

BRENDA: The damn things will set off my allergies. Eurgh, go away, shoo, shoo.

CHARLIE: Here, I'll chase them off . . . sit . . . QUIET . . . SIT . . . NO, stop that! Get off my leg, you dirty animal.

FX heavy fast panting [23A], whining [23B]

REG: He seems to have taken a bit of a fancy to you, Charlie.

JANE: [Laughing madly] Charlie, look at your face!

CHARLIE: [Angry] Never mind my ruddy face, get this animal off my leg!

EMMA: [Commanding] Gerroff, you stupid dog.

REG: Blimey, thought the wife was here for a moment!

CHARLIE: [Angry] This is no laughing matter.

FX Loud whistle to the dogs [24A]. Scrabble of claws fading away [24B]

JANE: Quick, I have had an idea. Get those broken vase pieces and put them into the carrier bag.

SHIRLEY: I can see that equerry heading this way!

HELEN: Hide the flowers behind the sofa!

HILARY: Hello again everyone. I trust the Corgis weren't bothering you?

JANE: I'm sorry to say they knocked over the table with the pair of vases.

CAST: [Collectively sharp intake of breath]

JANE: They're broken - I hope they weren't valuable? We have cleared them up, they are in that carrier bag over there.

HILARY: No matter, we don't keep the originals in the visitor reception area, they were copies. You get all sorts in here, you know.

ELIZABETH: Will we be meeting the Queen soon?

HILARY: Yes, in just a few minutes, I just need to run through a few things with you.

ELIZABETH: We're all ears.

HILARY: Thank you. People get very confused about how one should address Her Majesty. The simple rule is on the first instance, you refer to her as Your Majesty, then subsequently as Ma'am - to rhyme with 'jam' and not Marm as in 'marmalade'. Only shake her Majesty's . . .

LUCY: [Starts to breathe rapidly over Hilary's dialogue]. Oh, dear.

HELEN: Are you alright, Lucy?

EMMA: She's hyperventilating, she does this sometimes. Probably a bit of nerves. Anyone got a paper bag?

HELEN: Here you are, I'll just take my toffees out first.

FX rustling paper bag. Sound of person breathing into it. [25]

HILARY: If I may continue . . . do not offer to shake her Majesty's hand unless she proffers it to you. Likewise, don't speak to her unless she speaks to you first and keep your conversation to small talk, do not ask anything personal. Any questions so far?

REG: So, I can't say, "Hey Lizzie, didn't I see you in Poundland the other day?"

HILARY: I think not. Now, which one of you is Elizabeth Dear?

ELIZABETH: That's me.

HILARY: I will introduce you to the Queen and then it is up to you to introduce the other members of your party.

ELIZABETH: I understand.

HILARY: Finally, everyone, please do not turn your back on the Queen and do not leave the reception room until she has departed.

BRENDA: I can't curtesy, I've got knees, you know.

HILARY: I understood that having knees was quite useful when curtsying, but you don't have to do that.

BRENDA: You will have to tell her that she can't wear perfume near me, I'm allergic.

HILARY: I believe her Majesty wears a small dab of eau-de-cologne, so hopefully that won't cause you a problem. But if you think it will, you can always remain here.

BRENDA: Oh no, I'm not missing this, you're not leaving me here on my own.

HILARY: Very well. Now, if there is nothing else, then please follow me. Don't forget to bring your gifts.

FX Picking up gifts [26A] rustling cellophane [26B]. People walking a short way, door opening [27]

Please go through. The Royal Party will join you shortly.

[People entering a room, murmuring]

Please relax and enjoy your visit, and remember, no photography.

FX Door closing [28]

CHARLIE: Oh, what a wonderful room, such style. John Nash at his finest. We are so privileged to be here.

CLAIRE: I am so excited. Shirley, what are you doing? What have you got there?

SHIRLEY: It's called a selfish stick. My granddaughter gave it to me. I put my phone on the end so I can take a picture of me with the Queen.

HELEN: [Horrified] Put that away now! You've been told no photographs!

SHIRLEY: Surely one won't hurt!

FX sound of body slumping to floor [29]

ELIZABETH: Oh, my Lord, Lucy's fainted!

JANE: [Laughs] This is all going well!

EMMA: Come on, Reg! Give me a hand t'get her behind the sofa so she can't be seen.

REG: You take her legs, I'll take her arms.

FX Body being dragged [30].

EMMA: By heck, all that effort's made me want to go t'toilet again.

HELEN: You'll have to wait, she'll be here any second! I think I can hear someone coming!

REG: [Makes trumpet fanfare noise]

CAST: Shhhh!

ELIZABETH: This is it, everyone, get yourselves ready!

FX Doors opening [31].

HILARY: Your Majesty, I would like to introduce you to Elizabeth Dear, Chairperson of Huckwell Village U3A Group.

THE QUEEN: Good afternoon. I believe that your organisation is regarded as the friendliest one of its type. That's something to live up to.

ELIZABETH: Yes, Your Majesty. We were delighted that so many of our members voted for us.

LUCY: [Groans]

THE QUEEN: Good heavens, what was that?

REG: Pardon me, a heavy lunch.

EMMA: I'm sorry, I've got to go. I can't wait.

FX door flung open [32A], footsteps running down corridor [32B], door opening in distance [32C]

THE QUEEN: That was rather a short visit. Was it something I said?

LUCY: [Groans longer and louder]

THE QUEEN: Oh dear, you are suffering. One finds that warm boiled water can bring relief.

BRENDA: Atishoo. Ahh, ahh, ahh, atishoo.

THE QUEEN: Gesundheit.

ELIZABETH: Oh, er, may I introduce you to our Vice-Chair, Helen Parsons, who has some small gifts from the membership.

THE QUEEN: What pretty flowers, how charming. And one does enjoy a surprise, what is in the hamper?

HELEN: Would you like me to open it for you, Ma'am?

THE QUEEN: Please do.

FX of wicker basket being opened [33].

THE QUEEN: Oh, a vase, how jolly, it will match the pair that we have in the visitor reception room, don't you think, Hilary?

HILARY: Such a happy coincidence, Ma'am.

THE QUEEN: And Hilary, would you be so kind as to investigate whom is on the other end of those feet that are protruding from behind that sofa?

FX sweet bag rustling [34]

REG: Marshmallow, Marm?

THE END

FX No.	SOUND EFFECT NEEDED	PAGE NO.	HOW TO ACHIEVE	NOTES
1	Radio crackles	2		
2	Door opening	2		
3	Door closing	2		
4	Loud crash	3		
5	Door opening	4		
6	Fast footsteps down corridor	5		
7	Door opening & shutting (distant)	5		
8A	Basket dropped onto floor with contents	6		
8B	rolling of lids	6		
9	Fast running down corridor	6		
10	Retching and splash	6		
11a..g	Walkie Talkie crackle	6&7		
12	Rustle of paper	7		
13	Squeaky trolley wheeling down corridor towards us, cups rattling			
14	Door closing	8		
15	Tea being poured	9		
16	Wicker Basket opening	9		
17A	Door opening	10		
17B	Trolley slowly going	10		
18A	Straw rustling	12		
18B	Broken glass noises	12		
19	Rustling cellophane	12		
20	Rustling cellophane	12		
21A	Scratching of dog claws	12		
21B	Corgi panting	12		
22A	Corgi growling	12		
22B	Corgi barking	12		
23A	Corgi fast panting	13		
23B	Corgi whining	13		
24A	Whistle (to dogs)	13		
24B	Scrabble of claws (fading)	13		
25	Rustle paper bag & breathing into it	14		
26A	Wicker basket picked up	15		
26B	Rustling cellophane	15		
27	Door opening	15		
28	Door closing	15		
29	Body slumping to floor	15		
30	Body being dragged	16		

31	Door opening	16		
32A	Door flung open	16		
32B	Footsteps running down corridor	16		
32C	Door opening in distance	16		
33	Wicker basket opened	17		
34	Sweet bag rustling	17		