

## ENGLISH PEOPLE IN ENGLAND

Joan Fluvà

English Day 2007 - 2008

\*\*\*\*\* 1: CEIP Besalú (3 personages)

*Mrs Smith:*

Look! It's nine o'clock. What a lovely evening!

*Mr Smith:*

Except for the dinner. You know I don't like this fish and chips, darling!

*Mrs Smith:*

You don't like fish and chips?

*Grandma:*

Then you are not English.

*Mr Smith:*

You mean, if I don't like fish and chips, I'm... Spanish? or French?

*Mrs Smith:*

Of course not!

*Mr Smith:*

Perhaps... Russian? Oh, no! I can't be Russian. I don't like snow.  
And, you don't like whisky. Then, you are not English, either.

*Grandma:*

My God, we're strangers in our own country.

*Mrs Smith:*

Don't be silly! Of course I'm English. And you are not Russian. But it's strange you don't like fish and chips.

*Grandma:*

All English men like fish and chips.

*Mr Smith:*

No, it's not true.

*Grandma:*

Yes, it is.

*Mr Smith:*

No, it isn't

*Mrs Smith:*

Why not?

*Mr Smith:*

I've got a new friend at work. He doesn't like fish and chips.

*Grandma:*

How strange!

*Mr Smith:*

His name is Mustafa. He comes from Morocco.

*Mrs Smith:*

He's not English! You see, grandma is right.

*Grandma:*

All English men like fish and chips.

*Mr Smith:*

Of course he's English. He lives in the suburbs of London.

*Grandma:*

Where, exactly? In the north or the south?, east, or west?

*Mr Smith:*

65, Murrow Gardens.

*Mrs Smith:*

This is our address, darling!

*Mr Smith:*

Yes, I know. He lives on the second floor. We live on the third.

*Mrs Smith:*

Then, he's our neighbour!

\*\*\*\*\* 2: CEIP Verntallat (3 personages)

*Mr Smith:*

Yes, that's right. Look, it's ten past nine. It's late.

*Grandma:*

Why do you think it's late? You never go to bed before half-past ten.

*Mr Smith:*

But it's ten past nine!

*Mrs Smith:*

Yes, it is. But I can't see where the problem is!

*Mr Smith:*

Well, darling. Mustafa and his family...

*Grandma:*

What's the matter with Mustafa?

*Mr Smith:*

I said... quarter past nine... for a last cup of tea.

*Mrs Smith:*

Today?

*Mr Smith:*

Yes, today. Why not?

*Mrs Smith:*

Where? I hope you didn't invite them home?

*Mr Smith:*

I'm afraid I did, darling.

*Mrs Smith:*

John, you are an ass!

Do you understand the words "I'm tired"?

Do you understand the words "I don't like tea"?

*Mr Smith*

You don't like tea? Then you are not English.

*Mrs Smith:*

Oh, come on John. It's not a good idea to invite your friend today.

*Grandma:*

It's late.

*Mr Smith:*

But it's Friday! We don't go to work tomorrow.

*Mrs Smith:*

You don't go to work tomorrow. I must go shopping to the butcher's, the supermarket and everywhere.

*(The doorbell rings)*

\*\*\*\*\* 3: CEIP Escola Llar (5 personages)

*Grandma:*

I'll go.

*Mrs Smith:*

Can you do me a favour, John?

*Mr Smith:*

Of course, darling.

*Mrs Smith:*

Why don't you go away with Mohamed and his wife?

*Mr Smith:*

Mustafa. His name is Mustafa.

And, darling, please. Be kind with them. He works with me!

*Mrs Smith:*

Yes, but **I** live with **you**.

*Grandma opens the door. Mustafa and his wife come in.*

*Mustafa:*

Good evening everybody!

*Mr Smith:*

Hello! Thank you for coming.

*Mrs Smith:*

Yes, thank you. It's a pleasure for us.

*Fatima:*

It's very kind of you to invite us this evening. I suppose you are very tired.

*Mrs Smith:*

No, we are not. And tomorrow is Saturday. We don't go to work.

*Fatima:*

These biscuits are for you. They are typical from our country.

*Mrs Smith:*

Thank you darling.

*Grandma:*

I'm going to prepare some tea. Do you all like tea?

*Fatima:*

Yes, of course. We are English.

*Mrs Smith:*

You see, John?! They like tea and you don't like fish and chips.

*Fatima:*

Oh! I love fish and chips.

*Mr Smith:*

So do I.

*Mrs Smith*

No, you don't. You always say you don't like fish and chips.

*Mr Smith:*

No, it's not true. I like fish and chips, but I don't like *your* fish and chips. I like going to a fish-and-chip shop.

*Mrs Smith:*

Yes, you love going to a fish-and-chip shop, but you never eat fish and chips. You eat sausage in butter.

\*\*\*\*\* 4: CEIP Camprodon (7 personages)

*(The doorbell rings)*

*Grandma:*

Who is at the door?

*Mrs Smith:*

We'll never know unless someone opens the door.

*Mr Smith:*

OK. I'll go.

*(Mr Smith opens the door. There is a police inspector and a policeman/woman)*

*Mr Smith:*

Good evening, inspector. Can I help you?

*Inspector:*

Good evening, sir. Yes. Can I ask you a few questions?

*Mr Smith:*

Yes, of course. Why? Is there any problem?

*Policeman/woman*

No, we don't think so. It's daily routine.

*Mr Smith:*

Daily routine? You don't come every evening to my door.

*Inspector:*

It's routine for us, of course.

*Policeman/woman:*

The question is, sir... Can you inform us about your neighbours?

*Mr Smith:*

Our neighbours? Well, can you tell me their names, please?

*Inspector:*

Mr and Mrs Singateh.

*Mr Smith:*

Singateh? I don't know. Who are they?

*Policeman/woman*

Mustafa and Fatima, I think.

*Mr Smith:*

I've no idea.

*Inspector:*

Yes, you must know them. They live on the second floor.

*Mr Smith:*

You mean... the second floor? This second floor?

*Policeman:*

Yes, this second floor! Of course! They are your neighbours.

*Mr Smith:*

I know they must be our neighbours. But... did you say Singateh?

*Policeman:*

Singateh. That's right. Mustafa and Fatima. Do you know them?

*Mr Smith:*

I've no idea, sirs.

\*\*\*\*\* 5: CC Cor de Maria (7 personages)

*Mrs Smith (from the sitting room):*

Who's at the door, John?

*Mr Smith:*

Oh, it's nothing. The fire brigade, darling.

*Inspector:*

Why did you say the fire brigade?

*Mr Smith:*

Because my wife is afraid of policemen.

*Policeman/woman:*

Why? Has she got any problem with the Police?

*Mr Smith:*

No, of course not. It's only that nobody likes the police at home.

*Policeman/woman:*

Isn't there any policeman in your family?

*Mr Smith:*

No!

*Policeman/woman:*

Policewoman?

*Mr Smith:*

No!

Well, sirs, it's getting late and I can't tell you anything about my neighbours.

*Inspector:*

Are you sure, sir?

*Mr Smith:*

Yes, of course. Why don't you go downstairs and knock at their door?

*Inspector:*

We did. Nobody answered.

*Mrs Smith:*

Darling! Your tea is ready!

*Mr Smith:*

You see, inspector. My family and I are going to take a last cup of tea before we go to bed. You can understand.

*Grandma (she comes to the door):*

John, you are always late.

*(She sees the Police)*

Oh, good evening inspectors. John, why did you say the fire brigade? Would you like a cup of tea?

*Mr Smith:*

No, I don't think ... It's late and ...

*Inspector:*

Oh yes! Thank you very much. A good cup of tea will help us. We have a lot of work to do, tonight.

*(They all come in. John closes the door. There are seven characters on stage.)*

\*\*\*\*\* 6: CC Petit Plançó (7 personages)

*Policeman/woman:*

Good evening everybody. Many thanks for your tea.

*All:*

Good evening.

*Mr Smith:*

Let me introduce... She is my mother Jane. And Helen, my wife.

*Inspector:*

And...?

*Mr Smith:*

Oh yes. I forgot. They are our friends, Mus...er...hammed

*Policeman/woman:*

Mushammed? It's a very funny name.

*Mustafa:*

Tafa.

*Inspector:*

Tafa?

*Mustafa:*

No! Mustafa. My name is Mustafa.

*Mr Smith:*

Mustafa? No, you said your name was Mushammed.

*Mustafa:*

Mushammed does not exist. Oh, come on John. You know my name is Mustafa.

And she is my wife.

*(The doorbell rings.)*

*Inspector:*

Good evening, Fatima.

*Mustafa:*

Fatima? How do you know her name?

Fatima, have you met this man before?

*Fatima:*

No. I, I can't understand how he knows my name

*(The doorbell rings, again.)*

*Mrs Smith:*

I'll go and open the door. Don't you think, darling?

*Mr Smith:*

No, I'll go.

*Mrs Smith:*

I'm sorry, darling; but I'll open the door.

\*\*\*\*\* 7: CEIP Pla de Dalt (8 personages)

*(Mrs Smith goes to the door. There's a fireman)*

*Mrs Smith:*

Good evening, Mr Fire Chief.

*Fire Chief:*

Good evening.

*Mrs Smith:*

Good evening. What can we do for you?

*Fire Chief:*

Is there a fire, here?

*Mrs Smith:*

Is there a fire, here!??? Why do you ask me that?

*Fire Chief:*

I have orders to extinguish all the fires in the city. So, Mrs Smith, is there a fire, here?

*Mrs Smith:*

I don't know. I'll ask my husband.

*(She goes in)*

John, is there a fire, here?

*Mr Smith:*

A fire? Why do you ask me that?

*Mrs Smith:*

Mr Fire Chief wants to know.

*Inspector*

Why does he ask us that?

*Mrs Smith:*

Mr Fire Chief has orders to extinguish all the fires in the city.

*Mr Smith:*

Mr Fire Chief? Who's Mr Fire Chief? Who's at the door?

*Mrs Smith:*

A fireman. Mr Fire Chief.

*Mr Smith:*

You must be kidding! A fireman at home? Is it daily routine, as well?

What's happening, today, in London?

*Mrs Smith:*

I don't know. He wants to know whether there is a fire in our home.

*Mr Smith:*

Tell him there's no fire at all but we have some tea.

*Policeman / Policewoman:*

Listen, Inspector. It all looks quite strange.

*Inspector:*

Strange? Why? The fireman is doing his job.

*Mrs Smith:*

All right.

Mr Fire Chief. There's no fire in my home.

*Mr Fire Chief:*

Are you sure? It's very important. You must know that I have orders to extinguish all the fires in the city.

*Mrs Smith:*

Yes, I know.

I promise I will notify you when we have a fire.

Meanwhile we can only offer a cup of tea.

Would you like a cup of tea, Mr Fire Chief?

*Mr Fire Chief:*

No thanks. I'm in a hurry. I have a lot of houses to visit.

*(The fireman leaves the stage. A thief appears)*

\*\*\*\*\* 8: CEIP Malagrida (8 personages)

*Inspector:*

Well. Let's see.

Mr and Mrs Singateh. Your names are Mustafa and Fatima, aren't they?

*Mustafa:*

Yes, they are...

But I don't understand...

*Inspector:*

OK, OK. Don't worry.

Mustafa, where do you live?

*(A thief rushes in. He's holding a gun in his hand.)*

*Thief:*

Nobody move!

*Grandma:*

Would you like a cup of tea, sir?

*Thief:*

I said nobody move! Are you deaf?

Oh, I can see a couple of silly policemen to hit a couple of times. Or shall I kill them?. What do you think, dear deaf grandma?

*Grandma:*

No, no... Don't kill anybody.

*Fatima:*

I think we all should sit down and take a cup of tea. I brought some typical biscuits from our country. They are delicious with tea.

*Thief:*

Ha, ha. This is an excellent idea. I'll take your biscuits, your tea and all your money, jewels....

*Mr Smith:*

I'm sorry sir, but we haven't got any money at home. I've only got my pocket money: three pounds.

*Thief:*

What do you think I can do with three pounds?

*Inspector:*

If you want, I have some money in my pocket.

*Thief:*

Be quiet! Don't move one finger. I'm getting nervous.

*Fatima:*

Nervous? Why don't we take a cup of tea. Tea is good.

*Mrs Smith:*

Yes! Please, sit down.

*Thief:*

No. Nobody sit down. And there's no tea for you. I'll take some tea.

You (*refers Fatima*), prepare a cup of tea for me.

*Fatima:*

Ok sir. Would you like some milk?

*Thief:*

No. No milk. I don't like it.

*(Fatima takes a cup, and pours some tea for the thief.)*

You, silly policemen, be quiet. And *you (refers Fatima)*, bring me the cup of tea.

*(Fatima walks towards the thief. When she is near him, she acts as if she trips over and runs into the thief. She hits the thief's gun and it falls down the floor.)*

*Thief:*

What are you doing?

*(Immediately, Mustafa captures the thief. The two policemen are amazed.)*

\*\*\*\*\* 9: CEIP Sant Roc (8 personages)

*Inspector:*

Brilliant! How did you do it?

*Grandma:*

Oh Fatima, you are great!

*Mr Smith:*

Congratulations. We caught the thief!

*Mrs Smith:*

We? You didn't move a hand, John.

*Mr Smith:*

Because the thief said "nobody move".

*Thief:*

Nobody move!

*(The policeman hits the thief)*

*Grandma:*

Finally, it seems it's teatime.

*Fatima:*

Yes. And our biscuits.

*Inspector:*

Yes, thank you. But I don't like tea.

*All:*

You don't like tea?

*Inspector:*

No. I only came in because we wanted to see Mr and Mrs Singateh.

*Mustafa:*

What can we do for you, inspector?

*Inspector:*

We know that you and your wife worked for the police in Morocco.

*Fatima:*

Yes, that's right.

*Mr Smith:*

You were policemen?

*Fatima:*

Well. He was a policeman. I was a policewoman.

*Mrs Smith:*

Why didn't you say it before?

*Fatima:*

Why?

*Inspector:*

We wanted you to work for us. We need good detectives in Scotland Yard.

*Mustafa:*

Oh, thank you. Is it possible?

*Inspector:*

Tomorrow. At seven o'clock. Sharp.

*(The policemen and the thief, leave the stage.)*

*Mustafa:*

OK. Seven o'clock, sharp.

*Fatima:*

Oh, darling. This is what we wanted. We'll do our job in England.

*Mrs Smith:*

Congratulations. I'm so happy you are our neighbours. John, you see, Mustafa and Fatima will work in Scotland Yard.

*Mr Smith:*

Very good. Very good.

I always say that, in England, we have the best police in the world.

*Grandma:*

And the best tea!

All English men like fish and chips.

**END**

Olot, 2008