

“NORFOLK POLICE INTERCEPTORS”

By

G.D. Bartle, Tim Travers and Matt Warrington.

Based on an original idea by Helen Simmons.

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Written for, and dedicated to, John Meikle.

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A Glossary is provided to assist.

CAST: (in order of appearance)

NARRATOR:

Gender, Age Unimportant. Introduces and commentates on the programme in the over-dramatic tones of a police fly-on-the wall documentary. Best broadcast over the theatre PA system.

INSP CROSSLEY:

F, Age 30 – 50, speaks RP with a tone that could cut glass. In the Control Room.

SGT GRAVELING¹:

M, Age 60+, Broad Norfolk speaker. In the twilight of his career. Drives the car.

PC BUMPHREY²:

F, Age 20 - 30, speaks Broad Norfolk to SGT GRAVELING, RP otherwise. Front seat passenger.

STEVENSON:

Gender, Age Unimportant. Rear seat passenger, filming events in the car for “Norfolk Police Interceptors”, a fly-on-the-wall TV show. A non-speaking part.

PETROL STATION ATTENDANT:

Gender, Age Unimportant, off stage. May have a slight Norfolk accent or none at all, but not a Broad Norfolk speaker. One line off-stage.

ARTHUR:

M, Age 40 - 60, Broad Norfolk speaker. A local ‘gamekeeper’ and police informant.

‘BOY’ DARREN PEGG³:

M, Age 18 – 30, a local career criminal. A non-speaking part.

NOTE:

This work has not, in general, been written attempting to reproduce the Broad Norfolk dialect. That is for the actors to interpret.

STAGE IN DARKNESS:

(Sound FX 01: 'Age of Blows' by Spandau Ballet, which fades to...)

NARRATOR: In this week's episode of Norfolk Police Interceptors, we find ourselves in the badlands of North Norfolk, where violent crime is rife. Tonight, we follow a typical shift of Sierra Hotel India Tango, the elite Sheringham Interceptor Team, backed up by Cromer Ambulance Patrol, call-sign Charlie Romeo Alpha Papa, where the unexpected is only one step away. We start as Sergeant Graveling and officer Bumphrey prepare their vehicle for the arduous morning shift ahead. A word of caution: some scenes may not be suitable for viewers of a nervous disposition.

(Sound FX 02: 'Age of Blows' by Spandau Ballet.)

LIGHTS FADE UP:

Centre Stage is occupied by a light blue mock-up of the front of a Morris Minor. Front and rear seats are required, as is a bonnet. STEVENSON is in the rear seat, filming. SGT GRAVELING is in the driving seat. PC BUMPHREY is outside, filling the car with petrol while smoking a cigarette.

Rear stage Left is a police Control Room occupied by INSP CROSSLEY. This is only lit when INSP CROSSLEY speaks.

INSP CROSSLEY: Sierra Hotel India Tango!

SGT GRAVELING: *(Surprised from a doze.)* What's that!

INSP CROSSLEY: *(With more urgency.)* Sierra Hotel India Tango!

PC BUMPHREY: That's us, you great daft lummo.

INSP CROSSLEY: *(Irritated.)* Sierra Hotel India Tango! 6-7 Graveling, where are you? Come in 6-7, 6-7, can you hear me?

SGT GRAVELING: *(Into police radio handset.)* Control, this is 6-7 here. I can hear you loud and I can hear you clear.

INSP CROSSLEY: Good morning, 6-7, good morning. Bit of a late start, isn't it?

SGT GRAVELING: *(Into police radio handset.)* Is there something that you want me to do, my old mucker?

INSP CROSSLEY: Yes, we have a job for you.

SGT GRAVELING: *(Into police radio handset.)* You know I'm only here so we can get on together. *(To PC BUMPHREY.)* Sierra Hotel India Tango?

PC BUMPHREY: Sheringham Interceptor Team. Stick on North Norfolk Radio.

(Sound FX 03: 'Car 67' by 'Driver 67' plays over the car radio. It finishes when the car radio is switched off at the line "You know I'm only here to please you". The officers stare at each other in suspicious confusion.)

SGT GRAVELING: Turn that squirt⁴ off.

INSP CROSSLEY: Sierra Hotel India Tango. Reported theft of a vehicle in Cockthorpe⁵. Turkey lorry. No further details.

SGT GRAVELING: *(Into police radio handset.)* Right you are, my beauty⁶. *(To PC BUMPHREY, who has finished filling the petrol tank and is getting back into the car.)* Oil!

PC BUMPHREY: What!

SGT GRAVELING: Have you checked the oil?

PC BUMPHREY: What?

SGT GRAVELING: The oil. (*Nodding to STEVENSON.*) Them *procedures* we been learnt⁷.

PC BUMPHREY: Oh.

(PC BUMPHREY gets out and opens the bonnet. She removes the dipstick and sticks her finger in the reservoir (a concealed bowl of Worcestershire Sauce, Soy Sauce or similar). She checks her finger, puts the dipstick back, sucks the 'oil' from her finger and wipes it on the seat of her trousers.)

Atwin⁸ half and full.

SGT GRAVELING: Water?

PC BUMPHREY: (*She removes the dipstick and sticks her finger in the reservoir. She checks her finger, puts the dipstick back and wipes her finger on the seat of her trousers.*)

Load of old faff⁹. That'll do.

(Shuts the bonnet).

SGT GRAVELING: Tyres!

(PC BUMPHREY walks round the car, muttering, kicking the tyres.)

SGT GRAVELING: Do you get a wriggle on!¹⁰ We got an emergency, so stop your jollifications¹¹. (*Sighs.*) Give a mawther¹² a man's job...

PC BUMPHREY: (*Getting in and belting up.*) Don't you go putting your parts on¹³. We're only a titty-totty¹⁴ behind, so don't you go getting all a-puckaterry¹⁵. (*To STEVENSON.*) All necessary precautions are always taken to ensure the vehicle is roadworthy.

(STEVENSON looks confused. Sound FX 04: Old car starting up and pulling away.)

PETROL STATION ATTENDANT: Oi! Come back! You haven't paid!

(STEVENSON'S eyes roll.)

(Pause. Car sound fades down, but not out. Sound FX 05: There is a thud.)

PC BUMPHREY: (*Con conversationally.*) One of Old Kittle's hens has just gone off the lay.

SGT GRAVELING: Oh, ar?

PC BUMPHREY: You just run the bugger over. (*To STEVENSON.*) We were just discussing the difficulties of negotiating Norfolk's narrow country lanes.

NARRATOR: The team receives new information about a possible suspect. They decide it could be one of two local men of a similar age, one with a long string of convictions and the other studying Quantum Physics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

INSP CROSSLEY: Sierra Hotel India Tango. Information update. Information received that firearms may be involved. Reports of a bicycle at the scene identified as probably the property of a Mr Darren Pegg.

PC BUMPHREY: *(Into police radio handset.)* VK¹⁶, received, out.

SGT GRAVELING: What she say, boy?¹⁷

PC BUMPHREY: That's Boy Darren and he's got a gun.

SGT GRAVELING: Darren the rum 'un¹⁸, or high learning¹⁹ Darren?

PC BUMPHREY: *Boy* Darren!

SGT GRAVELING: *(With certainty.)* Darren the rum 'un, then.

PC BUMPHREY: That's the little shit. *(To STEVENSON.)* We believe the probable identity of the suspect has been ascertained.

(Pause.)

INSP CROSSLEY: VK to all mobile units. Any unit in possession of a Stinger to inform VK.

SGT GRAVELING: Hold you hard!²⁰

(Sound FX 06: screeching tyres. Occupants lurch forward as if coming to a sudden stop. SGT GRAVELING gets out of the car, hurries offstage and returns a few seconds later carrying a bunch of nettles.)

(Leaning into the car.) Do they want dock leaves and all?

PC BUMPHREY: Get you back in, you soft old tool. *(To STEVENSON.)* He may have misinterpreted that instruction.

(Sound FX 07: car setting off again. Pause.)

(Into police radio handset.) VK, VK, this is Sierra Hotel India Tango. Request air support.

SGT GRAVELING: What you say?

PC BUMPHREY: Have they got a helicopter!

SGT GRAVELING: Well why didn't you say?

INSP CROSSLEY: Sierra Hotel India Tango, this is VK. Air Support Unit grounded due to failure of the Heisenberg Compensator²¹.

PC BUMPHREY: Heisenberg Compensator? I see one of them in Blyth and Wright²² yesterday! Next to the bath plugs.

SGT GRAVELING: We'll have to get them to give them a bell. Sharon'll²³ put it to one side.

PC BUMPHREY: *(To STEVENSON.)* The helicopter is grounded due to a mechanical defect. However, we have sourced the necessary component and will inform Control forthwith.

(Pause.)

SGT GRAVELING: Hold you hard!

(Sound FX 08: screeching tyres. Occupants lurch forward as if coming to a sudden stop. ARTHUR slowly pushes a wheelbarrow onto Stage from L.)

SGT GRAVELING: My heart alive²⁴, Arthur, I nearly had you!

GLOSSARY

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- ¹ Graveling: a common North Norfolk surname.
 - ² Bumphrey: another common North Norfolk surname.
 - ³ Pegg: a well-known Salvation Army family in Sheringham, necessary for one joke.
 - ⁴ Squit: rubbish, specifically when heard, i.e. "Do you talk a load o'squit."
 - ⁵ Cockthorpe: a tiny hamlet.
 - ⁶ My beauty: an expression of friendship.
 - ⁷ Learnt: taught.
 - ⁸ Atwin: between.
 - ⁹ Faff: something pointless.
 - ¹⁰ Do you get a wriggle on!: Hurry up! The *do* makes it an instruction.
 - ¹¹ Jollifications: messing around.
 - ¹² Mawther: a young woman, a not entirely respectful form of address.
 - ¹³ Putting your parts on: having a tantrum.
 - ¹⁴ Titty-totty: little bit.
 - ¹⁵ A-puckaterry: stressed.
 - ¹⁶ VK: Norfolk Police callsign.
 - ¹⁷ Boy: any male in Norfolk is 'Boy'. Used by itself, equivalent to 'mate'. Used as a pronoun, implies disapproval.
 - ¹⁸ Rum 'un: of a person, to be a rogue.
 - ¹⁹ High learning: well-educated.
 - ²⁰ Hold you hard: brace yourself.
 - ²¹ Heisenberg Compensator: a piece of *Star Trek* technology.
 - ²² Blyth and Wright: A hardware store and ironmongers in Sheringham, known for its extensive array of stock.
 - ²³ Sharon: a long-serving and well-known employee of Blyth and Wright.
 - ²⁴ My Heart Alive!: expression of surprise, similar to "good gracious me!"