

# Saturday Morning at the Market

## The characters

Mr. Peach: grocer

Mrs. Peach: grocer

Mr. Higgins: first customer

Mrs. Notterfield: mother of Archibald

Archibald: son of Mrs. Notterfield

Mrs. Duffinworth: lady with a purse

Mr. Dobbs: young man who can't decide

Patricia: young woman

M. Perlot: French tourist

Mrs. Connery: old lady who is hard of hearing

Kimberly: Mrs. Connery's nurse

Constable Yonkers: the local policeman

*Mr. and Mrs. Peach stand at their market stand. They sell groceries.  
Mr. Higgins comes.*

Mr. Higgins: Good morning, Mrs. Peach, good morning Mr. Peach!

Mr. Peach: Good morning, Mr. Higgins! How are you today?

Mr. Higgins: Oh, not very well. My wife fell down the stairs yesterday and broke her arm. Now I have to do all the housework. Here, she gave me a list what I should buy.

Mrs. Peach: Let me see. Yes, very good. I will put together a basket for you. If you like you can do your other shopping and come back later to pick it up.

Mr. Higgins: Thank you very much. I will be back soon.

*He goes away. Mrs. Peach goes to the back to put together the basket for Mr. Higgins. Mrs. Duffinworth arrives and looks at the groceries. Then Mrs. Notterfield and her son Archibald walk by the stand. Mrs. Notterfield does not want to buy anything.*

Archibald: Look, mother, there are lollipops. I want a lollipop!

Mrs. Notterfield: No, Archibald. You have had enough sweets for today.

Archibald: But I want one! I want two! Right now!

Mrs. Notterfield: Now hold your horses, little man. You better watch your tongue!

Mrs. Duffinworth: Is that you, Mrs. Notterfield? What a surprise! How nice to see you. And this must be Mr. Notterfield junior. What a fine young lad!

Mrs. Notterfield: Archibald, say hello to Mrs. Duffinworth.

Archibald: How do you do, Mrs. Duffinworth.

Mrs. Duffinworth: Such a well-mannered boy! But before I forget, Mrs. Notterfield, I have to tell you about my daughter's wedding last week. That was such a splendid affair!

*She begins to tell Mrs. Notterfield all about the wedding. Absentmindedly she puts her purse on the counter. While his mother is not watching him, Archibald sneaks under the counter. Mr. Dobbs comes and looks at the groceries. He goes from side to side. Patricia comes.*

Patricia: Can you give me three pounds of potatoes, a bundle of onions and ...

Mr. Dobbs: Excuse me, miss, but I believe I was here first.

Patricia: But you haven't said anything. Sorry. Please, go ahead.

Mr. Dobbs: Thank you. Em, I will have..., no, rather let me take, eh..

Mr. Peach: If you don't mind, I will help the young lady while you are deciding.

Mr. Dobbs: Em, yes, that's fine. Just one question: the apples, are they organic?

*Just at this moment Mrs. Peach comes back with a large basket. She puts it on the counter, right on top of Mrs. Duffinworth's purse.*

Mrs. Peach: Certainly, Sir. All our fruits and vegetables are organic.

Mr. Peach: I can help you over here, miss.

Patricia: As I said, three pounds of potatoes, a bundle of onions and two cucumbers, please.

Mrs. Peach: Would you like some of the apples?

Mr. Dobbs: Yes, but, just a minute, please. Em ...

Mr. Peach: There you go. That's six fifty.

*M. Perlot comes with a street map and a purse in one hand and a suitcase in the other. He puts down his suitcase. As he opens the map, his purse falls to the ground.*

M. Perlot: Excusez-moi, je suis perdu. Is this the right way to Paddington Station?

Mr. Peach: Well, not quite. You have to go this way, to the street corner, make a left turn, then a right turn and then follow London Street all the way until you see the station.

Patricia: But it will be much easier if you walk down Cherry Lane, turn right on Mills Road, left again on Cannery, then straight at the crossing, down Baker Street and there you are!

M. Perlot: Je ne comprends pas. I don't understand.

Patricia: Come with me. I will take you there. I am going in the same direction.

*Patricia and M. Perlot go to the station.*

Mrs. Duffinworth: I am standing here, chatting, and there is so much work to do at home. And I still haven't bought the groceries! Now, where is my purse?

Mrs. Notterfield: Archibald! Where is Archibald?

Mrs. Duffinworth: Where is my purse? Somebody stole my purse!

Mr. Dobbs: I didn't do it. I didn't do it!

Mr. Peach: Nobody said you did. Why are you so nervous?

Mr. Dobbs: I promise you. I never stole anything.

Mrs. Peach: But you are nervous. Something is wrong with you.

*Mrs. Notterfield looks for her son, Mrs. Duffinworth looks for her purse.*

Mrs. Notterfield: Where is my Archibald?

Mrs. Duffinworth: Maybe he ran off with my purse.

Mrs. Notterfield: Nonsense. He would never do such a thing.

Mrs. Duffinworth: Police! Police! Somebody stole my purse!

*Mr. Dobbs runs away. Just then Mrs. Connery walks by.*

Mrs. Connery: Thank you, thank you, but I don't need a nurse.

Mr. Peach: Constable Yonkers, please come here. We need your assistance.

Mrs. Connery: I don't see well in the distance.

*Kimberly and Constable Yonkers arrive.*

Kimberly: Mrs. Connery, where have you run off to?  
I am looking for you everywhere!

Constable Yonkers: Yes, Mr. Peach. What is the problem?

Mrs. Duffinworth: Officer, my purse has been stolen. It's gone.

Kimberly: There it is. It's lying here on the ground.

*Kimberly picks up the purse and holds it in the air.*

Constable Yonkers: Look, Madam, there is your purse.

Mrs. Duffinworth: Oh, Mr. Constable, thank you so much!

*Kimberly gives the purse to Mrs. Duffinworth.*

Kimberly: You're welcome, Lady, I found it!

Mrs. Duffinworth: But this is not my purse!

Mrs. Connery: I do not want a nurse!

Kimberly: Don't be silly, Mrs. Connery.  
If it's not yours, whose is it?

Mrs. Peach: Yes, whose purse is it?

Constable Yonkers: May I see it, Madam?

Mrs. Duffinworth: But where is my purse?

Mrs. Connery:           What is this there, under the table?

Kimberly:                Come, Mrs. Connery, we have to go back to the nursing home.

Mrs. Notterfield:       Archibald! What are you doing there? Come out from under the table, right now!

*Archibald comes out from under the counter. He holds his hand behind his back. Kimberly and Mrs. Connery leave.*

Constable Yonkers:     Who is this boy?

Mrs. Notterfield:       This is Archibald, my misbehaving son.

Constable Yonkers:     What do you have in your hand, Archibald?

*Archibald has some lollipops in his hand.*

Archibald:               My mother did not want to buy me lollipops!

Mrs. Duffinworth:      Do you have my purse?

Archibald:               No, Madam. I don't have your purse.

Mrs. Notterfield:       Give back those lollipops. Just wait, until we get home.

*Archibald gives the lollipops back to Mrs. Peach. Just then M. Perlot and Patricia come back.*

M. Perlot:                J'ai perdu mon porte-monnaie!

Patricia:                 He's lost his purse.

Mrs. Duffinworth:      I lost my purse!

Constable Yonkers:     Is this your purse?

*M. Perlot is happy to get his purse back. Mr. Higgins comes back.*

Mrs. Peach:              Mr. Higgins, you're back! I've got your groceries ready.

Mr. Higgins:           How much do I owe you?  
Mrs. Peach:            Thirty-five pounds, please.  
Mr. Higgins:           There you go. Thank you very much.  
Mrs. Peach:            You're welcome. Here is your basket.

*Mr. Higgins takes the basket and goes away.*

Archibald:            Look there!  
Constable Yonkers:   Where?  
Archibald:            There, on the table!  
Mr. Peach:            A purse!  
Mrs. Notterfield:     A purse!  
Constable Yonkers:   Another purse!  
Mrs. Duffinworth:    It's my purse! How did it get there?  
Mrs. Peach:           You probably put it there yourself.  
Mrs. Duffinworth:    Archibald, you're such a good boy! Come, I'll buy you a lollipop.  
Mrs. Notterfield:     Oh no!  
Mrs. Duffinworth:    Which one do you want?  
Archibald:            All of them!

*They all stare at Archibald.*

**The End**