

Mr Bourne and Mr Bread:

Baron Hardup enters USC from Hardup Hall, as the Broker's Men, Bourne and Bread enter SL.

Bourne: Good morning, sir.
Baron: Morning gentlemen.
Bread: We are here on important business and need to speak immediately with Baron Hardup.
Baron: Well, that's me. Are who are you?
Bourne: I'm Mr Bourne.
Bread: And I'm Mr Bread.
Baron: Bourne and Bread?
Bourne: Yes, yes, we've heard it all before.
Bread: Very funny, ha ha.
Bourne: Do you think you should be mocking us when we're here on such serious business?
Baron: Serious business?
Bread: We're here to collect your debts.
Baron: Debts?
Bourne: Yes, you owe £500 for your Electric bill.
Baron: Come on, gents. You know that times are hard. Cost of living crisis and all that.
Bread: Well, you still need to pay your bills. What have you got on you?
Baron: Well, I've got this rather nice jacket, and I'm very fond of these breeches...
Bourne: *(interrupting)* We meant...financially.
Baron: Oh I see! Let me have a look...

He pats down his pockets and pulls out a handful of notes.

Bread: Now what did you say I owed you again?
£500.
Baron: Oh, that is a lot of dough, Mr Bread. *(He realises what he's said)*
Dough...Mr Bread.

He starts laughing. They do not find it amusing. He peters out.

Ahem. Yes, well... Let's see what I've got.

He counts as he dishes out the notes.

Bourne: One, two. How many years have you two been doing this job?
Thirteen years.
Baron: *(as he counts)* Thirteen? Fourteen, fifteen...

Bread: I want to be just like my grandad. He was in the debt collection business for fifty years.

Baron: Fifty! Fifty-one, fifty-two. And what age did he live to?

Bread: One hundred and seven.

Baron: One hundred and seven! One hundred and eight... So he must have worked a lot of cases in his time then?

Bread: Oh yes, I remember him saying he'd worked three hundred and eighty cases by the time he retired.

Baron: Three hundred and eighty? Three hundred and eighty-one...

Bourne: That's nothing on my grandad though. He worked in debt collection all his life and had worked four hundred and ninety-seven cases by the time he died.

Baron: Four hundred and ninety-seven! Now *that's* an achievement!

Bourne: (*proudly*) It sure is!

Baron: So, four hundred and ninety-seven, four hundred and ninety-eight, four hundred and ninety-nine, five hundred. There you are gentlemen. It's a good job you caught me when you did!

Bread: Well, thank you very much, sir.

Bourne: I wish all our customers were as honest as you.

Bread: Take care and we'll see you again soon.

Baron: I hope not! Good day, gentlemen!

Bourne and Bread exit SR.

I think I got away with it! Phew!

He exits back into Hardup Hall.