

# THE DOOR

Because this is a very visual sketch, there is necessarily a lot of stage direction. Feel free to improvise.

SCENE: A door set in a wall. It is essential that the door is capable of opening.

Enter two “robbers” dressed in striped jumpers, caps and black eye-masks (as in the Beano comic). They are likeable “larger than life” characters.

CHARLIE carries a sack marked “LOOT”.

BERT carries a tool-bag marked “TOOLS”. He places the tool-bag in such a position that he can take out a succession of props – which in total would never have fitted into the bag. (It may be possible to rig up a small screen to achieve this effect.) As there are quite a few props, some of which may be difficult to obtain, it may be easier to draw them (in black and white) and cut them out of stiff card, so that they are deliberately two-dimensional. This particular ploy, rather than detracting from the sketch, actually adds to the “cartoon” effect.

With a nifty look over his shoulder, CHARLIE swaggers confidently across to the door.

*Charlie scans the door and its surrounds.*

**CHARLIE** What do you reckon, Bert?

**BERT** Dunno, Charlie. You’re the expert.

**CHARLIE** No alarm system. No bolts. No padlocks. No nuffing.

**BERT** You’re right, Charlie.

**CHARLIE** A doddle.

**BERT** To work?

**CHARLIE** To work.

*BERT takes out from the bag a small collapsible card-table and sets it up centre-stage. From the bag, BERT takes out a tool-roll and unrolls it onto the table. Meanwhile, CHARLIE is methodically putting on a pair of rubber gloves and flexing his fingers. The two adopt an air of professionalism, as if they were surgeons at an operation. CHARLIE is the “chief surgeon”, BERT is his assistant.*

*CHARLIE holds out hand to BERT.*

*BERT clasps his hands and bows his head in prayer. CHARLIE looks wonderingly at BERT - then cuffs him round the head.*

**CHARLIE** Spray.

*BERT takes an aerosol can from the tool-roll and hands it to CHARLIE.*

*CHARLIE sprays into the keyhole of the door.*

**CHARLIE** I said, “Spray” ... the spray!

**BERT** Sorry, I thought ... Spray

*BERT hands CHARLIE a large bunch of keys.*

*CHARLIE looks expertly at the keys before choosing one. He tries it in the lock – only to find that it doesn’t fit. He glances over his shoulder to see if BERT has noticed before*

**CHARLIE** Keys.

**BERT** Keys.

*selecting a second key – then a third  
– then a fourth (none of which fit)  
BERT has lost interest and is  
reading a comic.  
CHARLIE eventually hands back the  
keys with a casual toss of the head.  
BERT hands CHARLIE a bunch of  
angled wires of various sizes.  
CHARLIE flexes his fingers before  
delicately selecting a pick. He tries  
this in the lock with no success. As  
before, he tries various others to no  
avail.  
BERT is picking his fingernails  
meticulously.*

*BERT hands CHARLIE a  
screwdriver from the tool-roll.  
CHARLIE makes an attempt to  
unscrew the lock. No success.  
BERT looks puzzled.*

*BERT hunts for the Philips  
screwdriver and passes it to  
CHARLIE.  
CHARLIE now works his way  
through a succession of tools,  
becoming slightly more frantic with  
each new demand. He shields what  
he is doing from BERT – and from  
the audience – but loud thumping,  
clanking, bashing noises etc. betray  
a lack of finesse.*

*BERT produces a snow-sledge from  
the tool-bag. (How? That's your  
problem!)*

*BERT hunts in the toolbag to  
produce the sledgehammer.  
CHARLIE now sets about trying to  
demolish the door – to no avail. He  
turns his attention to digging around  
the base of the door.*

*CHARLIE finally turns from the door,  
exhausted. Tools litter the ground,  
Sweat drips from his forehead.*

**CHARLIE** I ... er ... think we'll try the picks.

**BERT** Right you are, Charlie. Picks.

**CHARLIE** Of course ... should have seen it earlier.  
Screwdriver.

**BERT** Of course. Screwdriver.

**CHARLIE** Philips screwdriver.

**BERT** Philip's got it.

**CHARLIE** Doh! Philips screwdriver ... with the little  
star thingy on the end of it.

**BERT** Ooops! My mistake. Philips screwdriver.

**CHARLIE** Pliers.

**BERT** Pliers.

**CHARLIE** Hammer.

**BERT** Hammer.

**CHARLIE** Chisel.

**BERT** Chisel.

**CHARLIE** Drill.

**BERT** Drill.

**CHARLIE** Jemmy.

**BERT** Jemmy.

**CHARLIE** Sledge.

**BERT** Sledge.

**CHARLIE** Sledge-HAMMER!

**BERT** As you were, Charlie. Sledgehammer.

**CHARLIE** Spade.

**BERT** Spade.

**CHARLIE** Pickaxe.

**BERT** Pickaxe.

**CHARLIE** Pneumatic drill.

**BERT** Pneumatic drill.

**CHARLIE** This one's slightly more difficult than  
usual, Bert.

*BERT is still chirpy – he has every faith in CHARLIE.*

*BERT reaches into the toolbag to produce a plate of jelly.*

*BERT roots in the toolbag to find the gelignite. (You could use putty or blu-tak.)*

*CHARLIE fixes the gelignite to the door.*

*BERT hands CHARLIE a small detonator.*

*CHARLIE presses the detonator into the gelignite.*

*BERT hands CHARLIE a length of cable (perhaps with crocodile clips on each end)*

*CHARLIE attaches the cable to the detonator.*

*BERT produces a sink-plunger.*

*CHARLIE is exasperated and forms his hands into fists. He starts to advance on BERT but checks himself and turns his fists downwards to mime the plunging action.*

*BERT looks quizzical – then likewise makes a plunging action – realises – and turns to produce a plunger-detonator from the tool-bag.*

*CHARLIE attaches the end of the cable to the plunger mechanism.*

*Carrying the plunger, CHARLIE and BERT retreat to the far side of the stage – perhaps even to the back of the hall.*

*BERT puts his fingers in his ears.*

*BERT does not hear, because he has his fingers in his ears.*

*CHARLIE removes BERT's fingers and repeats...*

*BERT now stands dutifully behind CHARLIE and places his fingers in CHARLIE's ears as CHARLIE prepares to operate the plunger to detonate the explosive.*

*CHARLIE plunges! There is a loud explosion! Bursting a balloon just offstage is quite effective.*

*Alternatively, a large jagged "flash-card" printed with the word "BANG" appears near the door. The door stands intact.*

*CHARLIE and BERT make their way back to the door.*

*CHARLIE sinks to a seated position on the floor.*

*Weakly, he says ...*

*BERT produces a bucket of water from the toolbag.*

*BERT produces a sponge from the bucket.*

**BERT** If you say so, Charlie.

**CHARLIE** It's a little extreme, perhaps, but ... Pass me the jelly!

**BERT** Ho-ho. Jelly, eh, Charlie.

**CHARLIE** Not jelly! Gelly ... Gelignite!

**BERT** Sorry, Charlie, my mistake. Gelignite.

**CHARLIE** Detonator.

**BERT** Detonator.

**CHARLIE** Cable.

**BERT** Cable.

**CHARLIE** Plunger.

**BERT** Plunger.

**CHARLIE** Fingers.

**CHARLIE** Fingers!

**CHARLIE** Bucket.

**BERT** Bucket.

**CHARLIE** Sponge.

**BERT** Sponge.

*BERT squeezes the wet sponge  
over CHARLIE's head.  
BERT sinks to the ground beside  
CHARLIE.*

**CHARLIE** (Sighs)

**BERT** (Sighs)

*Without a word, a young CHILD  
enters and walks across to the door.  
The CHILD steps over BERT and  
CHARLIE and knocks firmly on the  
door. The door opens and the  
CHILD enters.  
CHARLIE collapses even further to  
lay full-stretch on the ground.  
BERT takes CHARLIE's legs and  
drags him from the scene.*

**- END -**

Jesus said, "I am the door." (JOHN 10:9)  
"...to him who knocks it will be opened." (LUKE 10:10)