

Cloak and Swagger

Swagger: Right then you ol' bird, where are your taxes?

Cloak: *(Peering around)* are they hidden?

Swagger: Or do we need to shake them out of you

(Dame Trot Puffs up her chest)

Dame Trott: I'll shake you in a minute sunshine

Swagger: I beg your Pardon

(Swagger dances his way around to the other side of Dame Trot)

Cloak: We won't be shaken, only stirred

Swagger: What he means is, if you don't pay your taxes soon, we are going to get really angry

Cloak: And you don't want to see us when we are angry

Swagger: It isn't pretty

Cloak: The master won't be happy

Dame Trott: Well you can tell him that I'm not paying and that I request a meeting with him...

Swagger: A meeting?

Cloak: Is that allowed?

Dame Trott: Of course it's allowed

Swagger: Well then....

Dame Trott: Now get out of here, the pair of you *(She ushers them out the door)*

Cloak: We'll be back... *(hisses)* soooooooooooooon

Swagger: *(Dropping out of macho character)* I think that went rather well

Cloak: Oh yeahh....