

Jack and Mrs Sprockett

Mrs Sprockett: *(off Stage singing)* Every littl' lambeth gal,

Jack: What was that?

Mrs Sprockett: *(Sings)* with her little lambeth pal, you'll find em all

Jack Sounds like Danny Dyers Aunty!

(Jack panics and tries to find somewhere to hide but ultimately just ends up grabbing the mop and coats, frozen in the middle of the room, pretending to be a hat stand)

Mrs Sprockett: Doin' the Lambeth Walk

(Mrs Sprockett is initially oblivious to Jack)

Mrs Sprockett: Now where did I put that Mop... I know it's around here somewhere

Jack: Oh here it is

Mrs Sprockett: Cheers luv

Jack: You're very welcome

Mrs Sprockett: Hold up... this isn't beauty and the beast... the furniture isn't supposed to talk

(she lunges and attacks with the mop)

Jack: *(Leaps back)* OW! What did you do that for...?

Mrs Sprockett: TRESPASSER! You just wait until the master hears about this

Jack: what, Someone lives here?

Mrs Sprockett: Of course someone lives here, what kind of idiot are you!

Jack: So this is your home?

Mrs Sprockett: No luv, luckily for you I'm just the housekeeper

Jack: Phew! Wait... whats a housekeeper?