**Meet the Twits**

**Actor 1:** They’re shocking!

**Actor 2:** They’re smelly!

**Actor 3:** They’re stupefyingly stupid!

**Actor 1:** Get ready to meet …

**Actor 2:** The one and only …

**All:** The Twits!

*(Fanfare. Mr and Mrs Twit, enter like they’re celebrities)*

**Actor 3:** The best way to describe the Twits is …

**All:** Disgusting!

**Actor 1:** Mr Twit … *(Mr Twit steps forward)* … was a very hairy-faced man.

**Actor 2:** His think, spiky hair stuck out straight like the bristles of a nailbrush.

**Actor 3:** The stuff even sprouted in revolting tuffs out of his nostrils and ear-holes.

**Mr Twit:** My Hairiness ….

**Actor 1:** … thought Mr Twit …

**Mr Twit:** … makes me look terrifically wise and grand!

**All:** But in truth he was neither of these things. Mr Twit was a twit. He was born a twit.

**Mrs Twit:** *(coming forward)* And now, at the age of sixty, he’s a bigger twit than ever!

*(Mr Twit looks angrily at Mrs Twit)*

**Actor 3:** Mrs Twit was no better than her husband.

**Mr Twit:** You … you ugly old hag!

*(Mrs Twit reacts furiously, making herself look even uglier than usual)*

**Actor 1:** Ugly, yes.

**Actor 2:** But not born ugly.

**Actor 3:** When she was young, she had quite a pretty face.

*(Mrs Twit smiles ‘prettily’)*

**Actor 1:** But she had ugly thought every day …

**Actor 2:** …of every week….

**Actor 3:** …of every year.

**Actor 1:** And so her face got uglier ….

**Mr Twit:** and uglier….. So ugly I can hardly bear to look at it!

*(Mrs Twit scowls at Mr Twit)*

**Actor 3:** Mr and Mrs Twit were a very happy couple.

**Actor 1:** What really made them happy was…

**All:** playing nasty tricks on one another!

*(A drum roll as actors position a small table and two chairs on stage)*

**Mrs Twit:** A glass of beer, my hideousness?

**Mr Twit:** Yes please, my old witch.

*(Mrs Twit has an idea. She smiles as she gets and pours two beers and removes her glass eye and drops it into Mr Twit’s beer).*

**Actor 2:** Into his beer she dropped …

**Actor 3…** her glass eye…

*(Mr Twit drinks from his glass, Mrs Twit tries to hide her laughter)*

**Mr Twit:** What are you plotting?

**Mrs Twit:** Me plotting? You’re the rotter what plots. But I’m watching you. Oh, yes! *(Again, trying to hide laughter by turning away)*

**Mr Twit:** Oh, do shut up, you old hag. *(He drains the glass and suddenly sees the glass eye at the bottom. Mr Twit jumps with shock.)* Aaaah!

*(Mrs Twit cackles with laughter)*

**Mrs Twit:** I told you I was watching you! I’ve got eyes everywhere, so you’d better be careful! *(She retrieves the glass eye from the glass and holds it towards Mr Twit, then replaces it in her eye-socket)*

*(Mr Twit chases Mrs Twit round and round as the actors narrate)*

**Actor 1:** They’re shocking!

**Actor 2:** They’re smelly!

**Actor 3:** They’re stupefyingly stupid!

**Actor 1:** The one and only …

**All:** The Twits! *(Mr and Mrs Twit take a bow, still fighting)*