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Based on original characters by Dave Wood and Dave Ludlow

Members of 1st Virtual Scout Group are allowed to use this script and distribute it to their section members and use it to enhance/ruin their online meetings.

**NOTES:**

* To run in a virtual setting, you can allocate roles to individuals, with an additional person responsible for making sound effects.
* ‘Spare’ members at the meeting can take part in a second play and just sit back and enjoy this one!
* No preparation is required at all – cast members can read their lines from a shared screen script.
* Suitable for Scouts and Explorers really, although some Cubs may get some of the jokes (as may some Leaders if used as an icebreaker for a training or Leader meeting).
* You could prepare in advance and get people to dress up according to their roles, and the SFX engineer can prepare some sound effects.
* It should take about 12 minutes to perform, or longer if anyone laughs.
* Change the genders and relating text references etc. as required.

# The great lockdown virus crime

**By Dave Wood**

## The Cast

**N:** Narrator

**W:** Sergeant Whitsun
**I:** Inspector Thinkalott
**P:** Pam Demmick, a member of the public

**M:** Malcolm Ware, a computer expert

**J:** Joe King, a farmer

**PC:** Police Constable Whirled

## The Play

**N:** It was a quiet day in the sleepy village of Little Dooing. Inspector Thinkalott and his assistant, Sergeant Whitsun, were in their homes holding a Zoom meeting.

**W:** This fruity ice lolly is terrific, guv. I especially like the strawberry bit at the top.

**I:** You’re right. I prefer the whippy cone version though.

**W:** 99?

**I:** No, just the one is enough for me.

**W:** I like the different toppings you get on those whipped ice creams.

**I:** Me too – I’ve got crushed nuts.

**W:** That’s the trouble with standing so close to the machine. Anyway, are there any nasty crimes afoot today?

**I:** Crime rates appear to have dropped enormously thanks to lockdown.

**W:** I hear the only burglaries going on are from burglars raiding their own homes as they’re not allowed out.

**I:** Yes – strange that they phone in to report them…

**N:** Just then, a video call came in from a concerned member of the public.

**P:** Hello. My name’s Pam Demmick. I’d like to report a crime please.

**I:** Certainly. What is it?

**P:** It’s when someone does something that’s against the law – I’d have thought as police officers you’d have known that? In this case, someone’s created a virus that makes all computers lockdown if infected with it.

**I:** This is terrible

**P:** I know, but it’s the best the scriptwriter could come up with during these times.

**W:** Crikey! We’d better go and find out who’s created it, and why, or millions of people will have to go outside and get some fresh air.

**I:** Yes, although I’m personally doing fine for exercise. I managed to crack that all-elusive 250 steps yesterday.

**N:** The two detectives arranged to meet up at the local park, where they would also meet Pam.

**P:** Thank goodness you’re here officers. At first, I thought it was just user error at my end. My computer’s been playing Up.

**W:** Excellent movie, especially the Boy Scout character who befriends the old man in the balloon topped house.

**P:** I mean my computer was late getting going for my work this morning

**I:** Why was that?

**P:** It had a hard drive.

**N:** The detectives interviewed Pam and quickly found out the problem.

**I:** So, someone has created a despicable virus… we have to find a cleaner fast.

**W:** My cousin does the school and some local offices – he’s got his own mop and sanitiser spray.

**N:** They went to the police station and fired up the PC.

**I:** Sorry constable – just me being careless with my flamethrower. Whitsun, start the computer.

**W:** Righto guv. Let’s video call a computer specialist. Have you got Skype?

**I:** Yes, but the ointment keeps it at bay.

**N:** They quickly found a seemingly reputable contact and dialled up the number.

**M:** Hi - my name’s Ware. Malcolm Ware. My friends call me Mal.

**I:** Mal Ware – are you a computer expert? Especially knowledgeable about Zoom software?

**M:** Yes I am

**W:** What’s your background?

**M:** Usually the standard beach or starry sky.

**W:** I mean, how long have you been a computer expert?

**M:** Since I was 16. Although I got fired from my first job at the computer keyboard factory. They told me I wasn't putting in enough shifts.

**I:** We have a global computer virus problem we need your help with.

**M:** I may be able to assist. Can you share your screen?

**W:** I was told we should only use our own ones in case of contamination.

**M:** I mean, let me see what you have on your screen.

**W:** Just a plastic Lego minifigure and a photo of the Chief Scout.

**M:** Bear Grylls?

**W:** No – he’s completely clothed.

**M:** Never mind. What exactly is the problem?

**I:** Some evil fiend has unleashed a computer virus, which steals your personal data and deletes your hard drive if you type in the word ‘Hello’ when using Zoom’s chat function.

**M:** Ah, that old one. Don’t worry at all. It’s a conspiracy theory that’s been doing the rounds on Facebook for a while. Ignore it – simply put a mask on your mouse and carry on exactly as before and the virus will just disappear.

**I:** That’s really comforting to know Mal. Thanks. Come on Whitsun – off to the beach we go!

**N:** Just then, another call came in on the hotline.

**W:** Ouch! We really must keep the phone out of the sunlight guv.

**J:** Hi there - my name’s Joseph King, I’m a farmer. You can call me Joe.

**I:** You must be Joe King.

**J:** No, it’s true. I’ve got my own cows, sheep, pigs and chickens. Anyway, I’d like to report the theft of my personal data, and the deletion of my hard drive.

**W:** Hmmm. That’s a coincidence.

**J:** Really? You’ve come across this before?

W: Yes – I have my own chickens as well.

**I:** Tell me Joe, Did you ever go online and use Zoom?

**J:** Well… the internet connection was terrible here for a while so I couldn’t. Then I moved the router in with the horses.

**I:** Did that help?

**J:** Yes – I now have stable wifi. Anyway, I was on a Zoom call with the vet and typed ‘Hello’ into the chat and everything went dead. I’m really worried that my identity has been stolen.

**W:** My mate Sid’s been a victim of ID theft – he’s now just called ‘S’.

**I:** This is terrible.

**W:** Don’t worry guv – not long to go…

**I:** Alright Joe. We’re onto it – it looks like Mal was wrong. Did you spot anything wrong with his credentials Whitsun?

**W:** No guv, the webcam only showed his face.

**I:** Wash your hands and we’ll go off and do some investigating. Actually, can you put some deodorant on too please? You’re beginning to whiff a bit.

**W:** I’ve run out – how do I find out where to order some more online guv?

**I:** Just click on the Lynx. Oh, and bring your smartphone so we can access the internet on the move. Hey, why has it got a pair of glasses glued to the front?

**W:** It’s lost its contacts.

**N:** The officers ran to their car, started it up and sped off to the specialist Police computer forensics department.

**I:** Ah – PC World.

**PC:** That’s me. Police Constable Whirled. Hello ‘ello ‘ello.

**W:** Not you as well? That’s exactly the virus we’re investigating. The deadly ‘Hello’ virus.

**I:** Tell me Constable, can I take a look at your collection of desktop computers please?

**PC:** We’ve got this pile of ruined computers here. All had their hard disks got wiped recently.

**W:** …with the appropriate sanitizer cloths I trust?

**I:** Tell me, do they all have that same sticker on them?

**PC:** Why yes. It carries the name of the last person to have performed a repair on them.

**I:** Everything’s falling into place Whitsun.

**W:** Sorry guv – I just leant against the pile of computers.

**I:** Let’s go and pay a visit…

**W:** Phew – I need to as well after all those mugs of tea.

**N:** Before long, the officers were knocking on the door of Malcolm Ware.

**I:** Mal Ware – you’re under a vest.

**M:** Sorry, I’ll take it off my head.

**I:** You are now under **arrest** for unleashing a deadly virus into the computer world. My blonde haired assistant, Whitsun, will handcuff you.

**M:** It’s a fair cop.

**W:** Yes I am.

**N:** Inspector Thinkalott read the charges and explained how they knew it was him, especially the identical repair stickers on the infected machines.

**M:** But how did you find out that my ‘**Hello’** virus started out on my home computer?

**I:** It’s **a Dell**.

**W:** That, plus the strange keyboards you’d returned, each with the same parts missing. How did you spot that, guv?

**I:** **L and M Key**, my dear Whitsun

**W:** Another case solved. Let me finish eating this gingerbread man and we can get back to work. I’ve eaten both the legs so far.

**I:** Glad to see you’re disabling cookies, Whitsun.

**W:** And don’t we need to go and Solve the mystery of the giant killer Butterfly on the loose in major cities.

**I:** Personally I think it's just an urban moth.

**W:** Finally, we’ve got to go and interview that man who’s a road worker, who’s been stealing from his job. When I first visited him, all the signs were there.