

Going Postal
Character Descriptions

The Post Office:

Moist Von Lipwig	Native to Lipwig, in the country of Uberwald, "natural-born criminal, a fraudster by vocation, a habitual liar, a perverted genius, and totally untrustworthy" (thus perfect for government service); dies at the beginning of our play as Albert Spangler, er. . . mostly dies. Now, working for wages as the unwilling new postmaster of the old Ankh-Morpork Post Office complete with keys and a hat. Our hero, con man, liar, sinner, thief, too too clever, kind and decent despite himself, makes connections quickly and is always looking for the con. Which makes him perfect for the post office. Still has the capacity for remorse. Thinks his sins are benign.
Tolliver Groat	Junior Postman Groat who knows all and keeps it all running even though he has been passed up for advancement since the postoffice went under many, many....many, years ago. Junior postman Tolliver Groat measures a spoonful of his elixir down his gullet (tincture of rhubarb and cayenne pepper to keep the tubes open), checks the dead mole around his neck (to ward off any sudden attack of doctors), adds fresh sulfur in his socks (he could feel it doing him good), and sucks on Number Three lozenges ("very mild, nat'ral remedies from nat'ral ingredients, I make 'em meself") before he reads passages out of The Regulations to keep the mail quiet. He wouldn't think of throwing any of it away. Tampering with the mail is a sin. No, worse than a sin. For sins you are only in trouble with a god. But if you interfered with the mail, you'd be up against Chief Postal Inspector Rumbelow. And that's a big difference. God's <i>forgive</i> . Tolliver groats is an old, old man but he's got to keep the mail quiet and keep Stanley in line. Besides he's still only a junior postman. All the Groats are at least Senior Postman when they retire or die. Which amounts to the same thing doesn't it?
Stanley Peas	Assistant to Groat, mad about pins, conscientious in the extreme. He has 'Little Moments' to which he cannot be held accountable. Mad about pins. Very protective of Groat and the post office, not particularly bright but very keen. Did we say mad about pins?
Letter #1	voice only - must be delivered
Letter #2	voice only - must be delivered
Letter #3	voice only - must be delivered
George Aggy	Delivery man with leg armor, outsmarts dogs, spry, about a thousand years old, Worshipful Master of the Secret order of the Post, hereditarily (yes, the spelling is correct) wary of dogs. It's a postman thing.
Elderly Postman #2	Delivery man who misses the good old times, retired by force when postoffice shut down, about five hundred years old.
Miss Maccalariat	The Office Manager of the Post Office back from retirement. Fact checker, penny pincher, arbiter and enforcer of law and order. Under her eye, the floors and fittings will shine like the sun. She approves of Moist with reservations.

Robed Man with Boots/Elderly Postman #1	He is very proud of his handmade petrified turtle skin boots. He sleeps with them, and bathes with them. He never takes them off. NEVER. He is also about a million years old and was forcibly retired when the post office shut down.
Voice of the Poet	Voice only. Part conscience, part nag. All business.
The Patrician's Palace:	
Lord Vetinari	Idiosyncratically despotic ruler (Patrician) of Ankh-Morpork, expert player of THUD, Benevolent Tyrant, Scary intelligent, Graduate of the Assassins guild (cum laude), black is color of choice and lifestyle, a "good guy" on the side of Angels and Ankh-Morpork. A firm believer in the appearance of choice. A wickedly sardonic sense of humor. Pretends to be humorless.
Drumknott	The Perfect Assistant to a Tyrant. If you need a dagger, he will be at your shoulder holding it at the perfect height. Vetinari's sounding board. Hears all and sees all and is still constantly amazed at Vetinari. Wears black with style. His own man.
Wikinson	Goalie extraordinaire, quick (but not quick enough) with a bacon sandwich. The comic in the hangman comedy team.
Trooper	A hangman with a perfect record. Quick, efficient, concerned with the smallest detail. Sells small rope signatures of dead convicts on the side, the straight man of the hangman comedy team
The Bad Guys:	
Reacher Gilt	"Some said he owned a gold mine, others swore that he was a pirate. And he certainly looked like a pirate, with his long, curly black hair, pointed beard, and eye patch. He was even said to have a parrot. Certainly, the piracy rumor might explain the apparently bottomless fortune and the fact that no one, absolutely no one, knew anything about him prior to his arrival in the city. Perhaps he'd sold his past, people joked, just like he bought himself a new one." The kingpin of the baddies. The brains behind the bunch. Finds most of his time is spent playing one side against the other and trying to keep the right and the left hands from knowing there is another hand. He has plans that have plans.
Crispin Horsefly	Arrogant and not too smart. He makes the mistake of talking too much and too boldly to Vetinari. He is disappeared by Gilt and Gryle.
Mr. Gryle	Mr. Gryle flies. Mr. Gryle assassinates. Mr. Gryle is a bad, bad thing. Sly, violent, quick, slight, sees exceedingly well in the dark. Banshee. Unlicensed flying assassin-for-hire. Wings, vicious teeth, claws, habitual pigeon eater. "Everything is in the pounce, when teeth, claws, and body weight all bear down at once. Instinct wins over intellect. Leaping at things with your claws out has worked for a million years, so why stop now?"
Mr. Pony	Mr. Pony might be an honest man with dishonest bosses. He wants the best for the clack system, he knows his job which is mending the clacks, but he allows himself to be purchased in the end.
Mr. Slant	Slant makes the mistake of being very detail oriented. He keeps accounts of EVERYTHING. Including all the things that Gilt would rather he didn't keep records of. He is disappeared as well. But Reacher keeps his accounts.

Trunk Board - Greenyham	Greedy and unscrupulous. They've got a good thing going and their going to milk it for all their worth.
Trunk Board - Nutmeg	
Trunk Board - Stowley	
Banker #1	Greedy, Rich and looking to get richer, Banker 1 hooks his star to Reacher Gilt's Clacks.
Banker #2	Greedy, Rich and looking to get richer, Banker 2 follows where Banker 1 leads. He has a more finely developed sense of self preservation than his comrade.
Igor	An inherited family retainer to Reacher Gilt. Igor's never die, they just get willed in pieces to other Igors. At hearts (he has two) he is a genuinely traditional kind of Igor and doesn't really take to how newfangled and rude this younger generation of master can be. Kind hearted but doing his duty to his master.
The Golem Trust:	
Adorabelle Dearheart	"There was a definite feel about Adora Belle Dearheart that a lid was only barely holding down an entire womanful of anger." Beautiful daughter and sister of the murdered Clacks creators, girl revolutionist, regards all men with suspicion, rigidly in control, wild romantic at heart. Her favorite people are made of pottery.
Mr. Pump (#19)	Golem, Underground water pump for 250 years, Bodyguard/Jailer for Moist, Enforcer for Vetinari, Enabler for the Post Office clan, a rather fun sense of humor. Golems are thousands of years old baked clay, brought to life by a scroll put inside their heads. Never to wear out, always to work. "They are the hidden wheels that go around, down in the dark. They are, almost by definition, honest. But now, the golems are freeing themselves. It is the quietest, most socially responsible revolution in history. They were property, and so they saved up and bought themselves."
Anghammarad	18,000 year old Golem that was the kings herald before he was buried in the sand for a long, long time.
The City:	
Old Mr. Parker	One of those old men who turned into teak in old age. Finally found his first love again after Moist delivers the letter from his true love 50 years late.
Young Mr. Parker	The young son of the first wife of Old Mr. Parker. Deeply suspicious of anyone bringing something around and not asking for money.
Young Mrs. Parker	Her husband is right. Except when he is wrong. But he's right about this. Anyone that leaves something and wants nothing has to be a criminal.
Pin Customer	Addicted to pin smut and deeply terrified that his gorilla of a wife will find out he hoards pin magazines in the back shed.
Deaconness of Offlar	Her life dream is to be a priest of Offlar but she is the wrong gender. Worried she will be demoted by taking the sausage sacrifice but also has an eye towards promotion by bagging a new penitent.
Big Dave	Proprietor of the Pin Shop, Purveyor of pin smut. Underground pin pimp and pusher. Keeps a hidden shelf and back room of the "good stuff".

Mr. Spools	The master of printing for the city. In fact, he prints the money. Small, trim, detail oriented to the point of extremes. Carries around a sizeable magnifying glass. Knows Moist and appreciates his business. <u>Scrupulously honest.</u> But Moist knows him very well.
Reacher Gilt Guest	Rival city Clacks board member. Quite a beautiful woman as well. Snappy dresser, more money than her salary can account for...
Sacharissa Crisplock	Ankh-Morpork's Star Reporter for <i>The Times</i> , think Lois Lane, clever, intelligent, sarcastic, enjoys a really good smutty headline
Maitre 'd to Le Foie Heureaux	Discriminating and discriminatory, he rubs shoulders with the hoi paloi but not the poor of pocketbook. He appreciates a good tip but is too well bred to take offense if you beat him at his own game. He takes great joy at seeing Moist exposed by Gilt.

The Coachmen:

Harry "Slugger" Upwright - The Coachman	The mail coaches hadn't been exactly stolen and they hadn't been exactly inherited. . . They just drifted into the possession of first Harry's father Big Jim "Still Standing" Upwright, and then to his sons, Harry and Jim. He and his brother Jim both are big, big men who look as if they have been built of pork and fat bacon. Striking a deal to start taking the mail again seems sensible when Moist brings the golem's to help negotiate.
Little Jim "Leadpipe" the Coachman	Jim has a temper and less sense than his brother. He is more apt to think with his massive fists than his puny brain. Later, Jim joins his brother, Harry, to watch the fire. The horses and carriages seem to be coming back to them again!
Bill the Coachman	A driver for Harry and Jim.

The Crowds:

Fire Crowd #1	Who doesn't love a good fire? Lookie Lou with Smores
Fire Crowd #2	Hoping for some carnage but will settle for a few good pulls of hooch and maybe a fried pie.

The Smoking Gnu:

Mad Alex	Crackers of the Clack's system, Mad Alex and Sane AI once worked with John Dearheart - before he had take the fall from the Mark 2 tower. Between them, they have figure out how to use the Clacks for fee AND (possibly more importantly) how to break the entire system, it's called <i>The Woodpecker</i> . They are long-haired, surfer dude types or broken glasses, high-water nerd types. Above all, they are cool.
Sane AI	

The Unseen University:

Ridcully	Archchancellor, Wizard, Survives assassination attempts, food poisoning, bad magic, and imbeciles that are Wizards. Which is all of them.
Devious Collabone	The Wizard on the other side of the Omniscope. He is more techie and less wizard. Think long haired, hippy techie
Ponder Stibbons - Wizard	The wizard that does the work to make the machine work, general dogsbody and much more intelligent but less well connected and socially aware than Archchancellor Ridcully. His baby is the Omniscope.

Monologues for Going Postal

Character Descriptions:

Discworld

Ankh-Morpork in the century of the Anchovy

Lord Havelock Vetinari - idiosyncratically despotic ruler of Ankh-Morpork, expert player of THUD, graduate cum-laude of the Guild of Assassins.

Moist von Lipwig – native Lipwig, to the country of Uberwald, natural-born criminal, a fraudster by vocation, a habitual liar, a perverted genius, and totally untrustworthy (thus perfect for government service); died at the beginning of our play *Albert Spangler, er. . . mostly* died. Now, working for wages as the unwilling new postmaster of the old Ankh-Morpork Post Office complete with keys and a hat.

Adora Belle Dearheart – Brother, murdered. Father, ruined. There was a definite feel about Adora Belle Dearheart that a lid was only barely holding down an entire womanful of anger.

Reacher Gilt – Some said he owned a gold mine, others swore that he was a pirate. And he certainly looked like a pirate, with his long, curly black hair, pointed beard, and eye patch. He was even said to have a parrot. Certainly, the piracy rumor might explain the apparently bottomless fortune and the fact that no one, absolutely no one, knew anything about him prior to his arrival in the city. Perhaps he'd sold his past, people joked, just like he bought himself a new one.

Stanley Peas - Conscientious in the extreme. He has 'Little Moments' to which he cannot be held accountable. Otherwise, he is passionate about pins.

Mr. Gryle: Banshee. Unlicensed flying assassin-for-hire. Wings, vicious teeth, claws, habitual pigeon eater. Everything is in the *pounce*, when teeth, claws, and body weight all bear down at once. Instinct wins over intellect. Leaping at things with your claws out has worked for a million years, so why stop now?

Mr. Pump – A golem. Thousands of years old baked clay, brought to life by a scroll put inside their heads. Never to wear out, always to work. They are the hidden wheels that go around, down in the dark. They are, almost by definition, honest. But now, the golems are freeing themselves. It is the quietest, most socially responsible revolution in history. They were property, and so they saved up and *bought* themselves.

Tolliver Groat – Junior postman Stanley Groat measures a spoonful of his elixir down his gullet (tincture of rhubarb and cayenne pepper to keep the tubes open), checks the dead mole around his neck (to ward off any sudden attack of doctors), adds fresh sulfur in his socks (he could feel it doing him good), and sucks on Number Three lozenges ("very mild, nat'ral remedies from nat'ral ingredients, I make 'em meself"), and reads passages out of *The Regulations* to keep the mail safe. He wouldn't think of throwing any of it away. Tampering

with the mail is a sin. No, worse than a sin. For sins you are only in trouble with a god. But if you interfered with the mail, you'd be up against Chief Postal Inspector Rumbelow. And that's a *big* difference. God's *forgive*. Tolliver groats is an old, old man but he's got to keep the mail quiet and keep Stanley in line. Besides he's still only a junior postman. All the Groats are at least Senior Postman when they retire or die. Which amounts to the same thing doesn't it?

Mr. Parker – one of those old men who turned into teak in old age.

Vetinary:

Shall I tell you about angels, Mr. Lipwig? I know two interesting facts about them. The first interesting thing about angels, Mr. Lipwig, is that sometimes, very rarely, at a point in a man's career where he has made such a foul and tangled mess of his life that death appears to be the only sensible option, an angel appears to him, or, I should say, *unto* him, and offers him a chance to go back to the moment when it all went wrong, and this time do it right. Mr. Lipwig, I should like you to think of me as an angel. I offer you a light desk job, comparative freedom of movement, working in the fresh air. . . no, I feel that my offer might be unusual but . . . cruel? I think not. However, I believe down the cellars we do have some ancient punishments which are extremely cruel, and in many cases quite unusual, if you would like to try them for the purposes of comparison. And, of course, there is always the option of dancing the sisal two-step. Oh, I do apologize, I meant, of course, the hemp fandango. It is your choice Mr. Lipwig. There is *always* a choice, Mr. Lipwig. Oh, and by the way. . . do you know the *second* interesting thing about angels? The *second* interesting thing about angels, Mr. Lipwig, is that *you only ever get one*.

Adora Belle Dearheart (#1): (*There was a movement under the table, a small, fleshy kind of noise, and the drunk suddenly bent forward, color draining from his face.*): What is sticking in your foot is a Mitzie 'Pretty Lucretia' 4-inch heel, the most dangerous footwear in the world. Considered as pounds per square inch, it's like being trodden on by a very pointy elephant. Now I know what you're thinking: your thinking, could she press it all the way through to the floor? And, you know, I'm not sure about that myself. The sole of your boot might give me a little bit of trouble, but nothing else will. But that's not the worrying part. The worrying part is that I was forced practically at *knifepoint* to take ballet lessons as a child, which means I can kick like a mule; You are sitting in front of me; *and I have another shoe*. Good, I can see you've worked that out. I'm going to withdraw the heel now.

Adora Belle Dearheart (#2): I'd better warn you, enjoy the meal. It may be your last period the Grand Trunk company kills people, Mr Lipwig. In all kinds of ways. You must be getting on Reacher Gilts nerves. A wasp at a picnic? And what do people do to wasps, do you think? The Trunk is in trouble Mr Lipwig. The company has been running it as a machine for making money. They thought repair would be cheaper than maintenance they cut everything to the bone, to the *bone*. They're people who can't take a joke. Do you think Reacher Gilt will hesitate for one minute to swat you? Do you think you're playing a *game* with them? Ringing doorbells and running away? Gilt's aiming to become Patrician one day, everyone says so. And suddenly there's this ... this *idiot* in a big old hat reminding everyone what a mess the clacks is, pointing fun at it, getting the Post Office working again. Oh, *he* won't kill you. He won't even bother with the formality of going through the Guild of Assassins. You'll just die. Just like my brother. And he'll be behind it.

Adora Belle Dearheart (#3): You'll just die. Just like my brother. And he'll be behind it. My brother and some of the people who used to work on the trunk before it was pirated—*pirated*, Mr. Lipwig—were going to start up a new Trunk . They had scraped up funding somehow for a few demonstration towers. It was going to be more than four times as fast as the old system, they were going to do all kinds of clever things with the cooling, it was going to be wonderful. A lot of people gave them their savings, people who had worked for my father. Most of the good engineers left when my father lost the Trunk, you see. They couldn't stand Gilt and his bunch of looters. My brother was going to get all our money back. And three months ago, John finally raised enough to start a rival to the Trunk. That took some doing. Guilt has got tentacles everywhere. Well, John ended up dead in a field. They said he hadn't clipped his safety rope on. He always did. And now my father just sits and stares at the wall. He even lost his workshop when everything was taken away. We lost the house, of course. Now we live with my aunt in Dolly Sisters. Dolly Sisters! That's what we've come to. When Reacher Gilt talks about freedom he means his, not anyone else's. And now you pop up, Mr. Moist von Lipwig, all shiny and new, running around doing everything at once. Why?

Mr. Parker (roaring):

You delivered me this' letter from Aggie here! I'm Antimony Parker! Now, there's s'ome people'd say it wa's a little bit on the late side! That took a bit of nerve, young man! More fool me thinking she didn't care, eh? Hah, I was so down hearted, lad, I went right out and joined the ... you know... camels, funny hats, sand, where you go to forget ...hah, the Katchian Foreign Legion, that was it! And when I came back I met Sadie, and Aggie had met her Frederick, and we both got 'settled and forgot the other one was alive and then blow me down if this letter didn't arrive from Aggie! Me and my lad have s'pent half the morning tracking or down! And to cut a long s'tory short, lad, we're getting married Sat'day! 'cause of you, boy! Frederick and Sadie won't object cuz Frederick pas'sed away 10 years ago and Sadie's been buried up in S'mall God's for the last five! And we were s'orry to see them go, but, as Aggie say's, it was all meant to be and you wa's sent by a higher power. And I say it took a man with real backbone to come and deliver that letter after all thi's time. There's many that would have tos'sed it aside like it was of no account! You'd do me and the future second Mrs Parker a great favor if you wa's to be the guest of honor at our wedding, and I won't take no for an ans'wer! I'm the Grandma'ster of the Guild of Merchant's this year, too! We might not be pos'h like the Assassins of the Alchemists but there's a lot of u's and I shall put in a word on your behalf, so you can depend on that! My lad George here will be down later on with the invitation's for you to deliver, now you're back in busines's! It will be a great honor for me, my boy, if you would s'hake me by the hand.

Groat

Stanley Peas (*It was like pulling a lever and Stanley's expression went from agonized grief to scholarly cogitation in an instant. He slid into the voice of an academic*):

"Commercially? Leaving aside those special pins made for exhibitions and trade shows, including the Great Pin of 1899, then probably it is the No. 3 Broad-headed 'Chicken' Extra Longs made for the lace-making market by the noted pinner Josiah Doldrum, I would say. They were hand-drawn and had his trademark silver head with a microscopic engraving of a cockerel. It is believed that fewer than 100 were made before his death, Sir. According to Hubert Spindar's *Pin Catalog*, examples can fetch between fifty and sixty-five dollars, depending on the condition. A No. 3 Broad-headed Extra Long would grace any true pinhead's collection. While most 'pinheads' do indeed begin with a casually acquired flashing novelty pin, followed by the contents of their grandmothers pincushions, haha, the path to a truly worthwhile collection lies not in this simple disbursement of money in the nearest pin emporium, oh no. Any dilettante can become 'kingpin' with enough expenditure, but for the true 'pinhead' the real pleasure is in the joy of the chase, the pin fairs, the house clearances, and, who knows, a casual glint in the gutter that turns out to be a well-preserved Double Fast or an unbroken two-pointer. Well it is said: 'See a pin and pick it up, and all the day long you'll have a pin.'"

Junior Postman Groat (heading quickly towards 200 years old):

"---appointed, right? Never mind what The Order says! He can promote anyone, right? That means I get the extra gold button on m'sleeve *and* the pay, right? None of the others called me *Senior* Postman! And when all's said and done, he delivered a letter. Had the letter, saw the address, delivered it, just like that! Maybe he has got postman's blood! And he got them metal letters back! Letters again, see? That's a sign, sure enough. Hah, the way he got them letters back for us...very good. Maybe it's true that one day will get a true Postmaster again, just like they say,

*'Yea, he will tread the Abandoned Roller Skates beneath his Boots,
and Lo! The Dogs of the World will Break their Teeth upon Him.'*

And he did show us a sign, right? OK, it was over a posh haircut shop for ladies, but it was a sign, you can't argue with that. I mean, if it was *obvious*, anyone could show it to us.

And I ain't getting any younger, that's a fact. Probationary, though, that's not good, *that's not good*. What would happen if I pop my clogs tomorrow? I'd stand there before my forefathers, and they'd say, "Art thou Senior Postman Inspector Groat? And I'd say no, and they'd say, "Art thou then Postal Inspector Groat?" And I'd say not as such, and they'd say, "Then surely thou art Senior Postman Groat?" And I'd say not in point of fact, and they'd say, "Stone the crows, Tolliver, are you telling us you never got further than Junior Postman, what kind of Groat are you?" And my face will be red and I will be knee deep in the ignominy. Dun't matter that I've been runnin' this place for years, oh no. You've got to have that gold button!