

# **THE TRUTH ABOUT GEORGE**

by

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Music by

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**SchoolPlay Productions Ltd**

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

THE TRUTH ABOUT GEORGE

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ISBN 978 1 872475 95 0

Printed and published by  
**SchoolPlay Productions Limited,**  
15 Inglis Road,  
Colchester, Essex, CO3 3HU

## CAST

Main speaking parts:-

**Mayor**  
**Mayoress**  
**Deputy**  
**Scribe**  
**Villager 1**  
**Villager 2**  
**Villager 3**  
**Villager 4**  
**Mary-Anne** }  
**Elizabeth** }  
**Susannah** }  
**Jennifer** } *Young village maidens*  
**Margery** }  
**Rachel** }  
**Abigail** }  
**George**  
**Dragon**

Smaller speaking parts:-

**Knight 1** }  
**Knight 2** } *Quite elderly*  
**Knight 3** }  
**Old maiden 1**  
**Old maiden 2**  
**Old maiden 3**  
**Old maiden 4**  
**Robert** }  
**Peter** } *Young husbands*  
**Priest**  
**Cook 1**  
**Cook 2**  
**Villager 5**  
**Villager 6**

Non-speaking parts:-

**Another 4 young husbands**  
**Villagers**  
**Old maidens**  
  
**Chorus of Little dragons**

*The action mostly takes place in the Village Square;  
there is one scene change, to the Mountainside.*

There are eight songs:-

*Any Excuse for a Feast.*

*The Dragon on the Mountainside.*

*George, the Dragon Man.*

*Off to Fight the Dragon.*

*A Vegetarian Dragon.*

*A Very Nice Line.*

*Look Out for the Dragons.*

*Peace in the Valley.*

# THE TRUTH ABOUT GEORGE

by Liz Stockley

Music by Chris Wilcock

*SCENE 1 The Village Square.*

*(The MAYOR, MAYORESS, DEPUTY and SCRIBE enter. The SCRIBE is writing a list. A crowd of VILLAGERS follows them in).*

**Mayor:** How many's that then?

**Scribe:** That makes six, your worship. We still need one more.

**Villager 1:** There must be one more maiden somewhere in the village.

**Villager 2:** What about the blacksmith's daughter, Rachel?

**Villager 3:** She's a bit young, isn't she?

**Villager 4:** I should think the dragon prefers them young. Not so tough!

**Villager 1:** Oh, shut up!

**Villager 2:** Don't talk like that!

**Villager 3:** It's awful enough anyway!

**Deputy:** All right! We know it's dreadful, but you know what will happen if we don't send the dragon his seven maidens before Wednesday.

**Villager 1:** The whole village will go up in a puff of smoke.

**Villager 2:** Just like that!

**Villager 3:** And us with it.

**Villager 4:** It's true; we simply haven't any choice.

**Mayor:** Right. Add her to the list, Master Scribe.

**Scribe:** Yes, your worship.

**Mayor:** And then summon the people. We'll tell them that we've chosen seven maidens.

**Mayoress:** And that preparations for the feast can begin!

*(The rest of the VILLAGERS enter).*

## *MUSIC 1 - ANY EXCUSE FOR A FEAST*

*Any excuse, any excuse,  
Any excuse for a feast!  
A part, a disco, a little soiree,  
A seven course dinner at least!*

*With various gateaux, and melon to start  
Boeuf bourgignon and a strawberry tart,  
Throw away caution and be a real beast -  
Any excuse for a feast!*

*Any excuse, any excuse,  
Any excuse for a feast!  
Bring all your friends from the country around,  
North, South and West, and the East,  
Let down your hair, you can dance 'neath the stars,  
Eat what you want and sink several jars,  
Farmer or peasant or tradesman or priest  
Any excuse for a feast!*

*Any excuse, any excuse,  
Any excuse for a feast!  
Fetch flour and sugar, some eggs and some rum,  
Treacle and apples and yeast,  
We'll have salmon to start in a white oyster sauce,  
And roast a few oxen to be the main course,  
And by morning our worries will all be decreased,  
Any excuse for a feast!*

*(At the end of the song, the SCRIBE calls them all to enter).*

**Scribe:** Pray silence, for His Worship the Mayor.

**Mayor:** Good people, listen. The village scribe will now read out the names of the seven lucky maidens who have been chosen to be given to the dragon on Wednesday morning.

**Villager 5:** Lucky!

**Villager 6:** I don't call it lucky to be chosen for a dragon's dinner.

**All:** No! Nor do I! Certainly not!

**Deputy:** Please! Please! Don't forget that it is a great honour to be chosen for the dragon. And not only that, but these seven young maidens will be saving the entire village from terrible destruction!

**All:** Yes! That's true. I suppose so.

**Mayoress:** Now, Master Scribe.

*(As each name is read out, the chosen girl comes forward with a certain amount of protestation, lamentation and so on, and attempts by the MAYOR and the*

*SCRIBE to keep everyone quiet).*

**Scribe:** Mary-Anne the butcher's daughter,  
Abigail Jones from the farm,  
Elizabeth, the goose girl,  
Jennifer and Susannah the twins,  
Margery from the bakehouse,  
and young Rachel White, the blacksmith's daughter.

**Mayor:** Thank you. Now, my dears, you all know what is expected of you, don't you? So we'll leave you to say goodbye, do your packing and that sort of thing, and we can all get ready for the festivities.

**Mayoress:** Let's see now.... today is Monday. So it's feast tomorrow and then off up the mountain so you'll be there first thing on Wednesday morning.

*(Exit all except the 7 MAIDENS).*

**Mary-Anne:** A great honour!

**Elizabeth:** You lucky girls!

**Susannah:** Saving the entire village!

**Abigail:** Well I think it's quite nice to have been chosen. After all it is a great honour.

**Mary-Anne:** Oh, don't be so wet, Abigail! You don't really want to be eaten by a dragon, do you?

**Abigail:** Well, no, but ....

**Margery:** It's too bad! I've been brought up for something better than a dragon's dinner.

**Jennifer:** That's right. It's such a waste. We've all got a lot of potential.

**Rachel:** I might have known I'd be chosen. Everything always happens to me.

**Mary-Anne:** Well, it's no good moaning. Isn't there anything we can do?

## *MUSIC 2 - THE DRAGON ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE*

*The sky is bright, the day is fair,  
So why should we have any care?  
Our days are full, our worries small,  
But there's a shadow over all,  
It makes us gasp and run inside -  
The dragon on the mountainside.*

*When summer shines and all seems well,  
The mountain flowers, the tinkling bell,  
A sudden breeze will chill the grass,  
A shadow through the bushes pass,  
A distant howl that rose and died -  
The dragon on the mountainside.*

*And sometimes when the night is long,  
The mountain holds an eerie song  
Black wings cast shades across the hill,  
And then we know he's up there still,  
A cloud that leaves us terrified -  
The dragon on the mountainside.*

*Now fear comes close and darkness calls,  
And over all a shadow falls,  
The sun that shared our childhood days  
Has turned across the sky away,  
From this our fate we cannot hide -  
The dragon on the mountainside.*

**Margery:** Oh, I don't know! I really don't want to be sacrificed to any dragon.

**All:** No. Nor do I.

**Abigail:** I still think it's quite nice though. I mean, we ought to be proud to have been chosen really.

**All:** Oh, shut up, Abigail!

**Abigail:** But it's always been an honour to be chosen. They don't choose just anyone, you know.

**Elizabeth:** Well these days it's just ridiculous and it's time it was stopped.

**Rachel:** I just knew it'd be me. Nothing nice ever happens to me.

**Margery:** And what about poor Robert? He was on the very verge of proposing to me, I know he was.

**All:** It's not fair! It's awful! Oh dear!

**Margery:** He's going to be most frightfully upset.

**Mary-Anne:** Wait a minute! Maybe that's the answer!

**All:** What? What do you mean?

**Mary-Anne:** Well, listen. The dragon wants maidens. right?

**Susannah:** Yes. Us. So what?

**Mary-Anne:** This is what, girls .... we'll get married!

**All:** Married? How? What?

**Mary-Anne:** We'll all become married ladies and then we won't be at all suitable for sacrificing to the dragon. Everyone knows that he only likes young maidens.

**Elizabeth:** That's all very well, but who do we get married to?

**Jennifer:** Yes, I can't think of anybody. And I wanted to be a career girl anyway.

**Susannah:** Well you can't have much of a career inside a dragon, can you?

**Jennifer:** I suppose not.

**Rachel:** So it's just a question of finding seven eligible men.

**Margery:** Six. I've already got one lined up.

**All:** Oh, it's all right for some! Lucky you!

**Rachel:** And I don't suppose anyone would want me.

**Margery:** Oh, don't be so gloomy. Of course someone will want you. Just turn on a bit of irresistible charm.

**Elizabeth:** Right girls! There's no time to lose if we're to save ourselves from the dragon's cooking pot. I'll tell the priest to be here at dawn and we'll all meet again then - with our men - to be married!

*Reprise of a verse of SONG 2.*

*(Exit MAIDENS).*

*SCENE 2. The Village Square. Dawn.*

*(A COCKEREL crows. The PRIEST enters with six COUPLES - All the MAIDENS except RACHEL, with their MEN - newly married and in festive mood).*

**Priest:** Well there you are, my children. I now pronounce you all men and wives!

*(General clapping, cheering, hugging).*

**Priest:** But I understood that there were seven couples to be married this morning.

**Mary-Anne:** There should be, but Rachel hasn't arrived yet.

**Elizabeth:** Wait a minute. Here she comes.

*(Enter RACHEL, in tears).*

**Rachel:** It's no good. I simply can't find anyone to marry me. I'm going to have to

be sacrificed to the dragon.... all by myself!

**All:** Oh no! Oh dear! Don't cry!

**Susannah:** Look, girls. Here come the Mayor and Mayoress. Who's going to tell them the good news?

*(Enter MAYOR, MAYORESS, DEPUTY and SCRIBE with two COOKS who are scribbling notes of orders of food for the feast).*

**Deputy:** .... And then we'll need at least twenty white loaves. Oh, and what sort of gateaux can you do?

**Cook 1:** Vanilla, coffee, pineapple and mandarin, your worship.

**Cook 2:** And Black Forest. The Black Forest's very good.

**Mayoress:** Yes, Black Forest sounds tempting. I think we'll have half a dozen of those. And then .... *(Addressing the CROWD whom she's just noticed)* .... This is going to be the best feast yet!

**Jennifer:** But, there isn't going to be a feast, your worship!

**Mayoress:** What?

**Margery:** We're not going to be sacrificed to the dragon!

**Deputy:** Don't be silly. I've just ordered six dozen mince pies.

**Abigail:** You'll have to cancel the order, then.

**Mary-Anne:** You see, the dragon wouldn't want us, your worship.

**Mayor:** Oh yes he would. Beautiful maidens like you . Whatever do you mean?

**Mary-Anne:** Well, you see, your worship, we're all married!

**Mayor:** Married? What are you talking about?

**Margery:** It's true, your worship. We've all got married.

**Rachel:** All except me.

**Elizabeth:** And there's no point in sending only one maiden to the dragon; I expect it'd just make him angry.

**Mary-Anne:** So you're going to have to think of something else!

*(The rest of the CITIZENS enter).*

**Mayor:** Whatever are we going to do?

**All:** I don't know. Oh dear!

**Scribe:** The only thing we can do is to get rid of the dragon, your worship.

**Deputy:** And however do you suggest that we should do that? He's quite fearsomely fierce, you know.

**Scribe:** I know. But there is just one possibility. What about George, the dragon slayer?

**Villager 1:** George! But he's about ninety-three. He hasn't killed any dragons for

years.

**Villager 2:** He's got a son though, hasn't he?

**Villager 3:** He did have, but he's left the country. Went off on a crusade, I believe.

**Villager 2:** Well, what about his grandson, Young George. I'm sure he's still around somewhere.

**Villager 3:** Isn't he a bit too young? Would he know how to kill a dragon?

**Villager 4:** Oh, I think so. These things run in families, you know.

**Mayoress:** Anyway, he seems to be our only hope. Send for Young George, the dragon slayer's grandson!

**Scribe:** Send for Young George!

### SONG 3 - GEORGE THE DRAGON MAN

*Dragons are his passion,  
Dragons are his thing,  
Dragons in their castles,  
In the sea or on the wing,  
He can seek out any dragon  
From a hundred miles away,  
And the minute that it sees him,  
You will find it will not stay.*

*Dragons are his passion,  
Dragons make his day,  
And he earns himself a living  
When he makes them go away,  
The dragons of the mountains,  
The monsters of the gorge  
Are immobilised with terror  
When they catch a glimpse of George.*

*Dragons are his passion,  
Dragons are his joy,  
He has always fought with dragons  
Since he was a little boy,  
Dinosaurs and serpents,  
The effect is just the same,  
Their knees all turn to jelly  
At the mention of his name.  
Dragons are his passion,*

*Dragons are his job,  
So wipe away that frightened tear,  
No need to cry and sob,  
If there's anyone we know of  
To save us if he can,  
Strong and handsome, bold and brave,  
It's George the dragon man!*

*(At the end of the song, GEORGE enters).*

**George:** You sent for me, your worship?

**Mayor:** Ah, yes, George, my dear fellow. We seem to have a tiny bit of a problem here, and we wondered if you could possibly help.

**Villager 1:** Killed any good dragons recently?

**George:** What?

**Mayor:** Well, you see, we've got a bit of a shortage of maidens.

**Villager 2:** And if we don't send the usual seven to the dragon by Wednesday morning, you know what will happen.

**Villager 3:** Whoosh!

**Villager 4:** So we thought, maybe, with your family history and all that, maybe you could just pop up the mountain and deal with the dragon for us.

**George:** Dragons, mate? Oh no, I don't think so.

**Mayor:** We would, of course, be prepared to make it well worth your while.

**George:** No. I'm not getting involved with dragons. I'm too young to die.

**Mayor:** Very well worth your while, George.

**George:** Very well worth it, you say? Well, I am a bit hard up at the moment. I suppose .... all right then .... why not, mate? It'd make a change. There's never anything happening around here anyway. So what do I have to do?

**Mayoress:** Well, I think you need to practise a few dragon-slaying phrases, like ....

**Villager 1:** Begone, you terrible creature!

**Villager 2:** Prepare to meet your end, you worm!

**Mayoress:** Thankyou. Yes, that's the sort of thing

**George:** Begone, you .... your end, you worm! Right, I think I've got that.

**Deputy:** And then, I suppose, you just .... gird up your loins .... and kill the dragon.

**George:** With a cosh? Or a knuckle duster or something?

**Scribe:** I believe a sword is the usual thing.

**George:** Right, mate. A sword. Right. I'll see what I can do.

**Mayor:** Jolly good! So you run along and practise a bit of loin girding and so forth, and we'll see if we can rustle up a few knights to come along.

**Scribe:** There used to be some in the village, your worship, but I rather think

they're retired now.

**Mayoress:** Well, go and get them out of retirement then!

**Mayor:** And then it's off up the mountain to get rid of that dragon once and for all!

*MUSIC 4 - OFF TO FIGHT THE DRAGON*

*Bring the sword and bring the spear,  
Bring the bow and arrow,  
The time is come, the hour is near,  
The path ahead is narrow,  
The mountain waits, our aim is clear,  
And as we go we'll sing a song,  
We'll say goodbye to doubt and fear,  
And right will triumph over wrong.*

**Chorus:** *So bring the sword and bring the spear,  
Fill the jar and flagon,  
And say goodbye to all that's dear,  
We're off to fight the dragon!*

*The slope ahead is dark and wet,  
The path is not inviting,  
But on it all our hopes are set,  
And minds are bent on fighting,  
And though the night is dark and cold,  
It will not find us sad,  
The cause will make us more than bold,  
And good will triumph over bad.*

*So well before the break of day,  
With sunrise on the valley,  
We'll meet the foe without delay  
And to the cause we'll rally,  
And when the evil dragon's dead  
Our lives will fill with song,  
The living grass be streaked with red,  
And right have triumphed over wrong.*

*(All exit except a small group of VILLAGERS).*

**Villager 1:** What do you make of that then?

**Villager 2:** Well, all I know is that Young George once spent three days up a tree because there was a mouse at the bottom of it.

**Villager 3:** Yes, he may pretend to be hard as nails, but I wouldn't fancy his chances against a dragon.

**Villager 4:** Well, I don't want to miss the fun. Come on.

*(Exeunt).*

### *SCENE 3. The Mountainside.*

*(There is the entrance to a cave. Sounds of someone singing and clattering pans about is coming from inside. The DRAGON-FIGHTING PARTY arrive, breathless and dishevelled from the climb. GEORGE is looking very worried).*

**Mayor:** Well, here we are then.

**George:** Are you sure this is the place, mate?

**Scribe:** Yes, quite sure. Look at the map.

**George:** No, I don't think so. We might as well go home. *(He turns as if to leave).*

**Scribe:** Oh no, you don't! Look, it's definitely here.

*(ALL study the map for a moment).*

**Knight 1:** This looks like it, all right.

**Knight 2:** But where's the dragon?

**George:** I'd better.... er just nip behind that tree and.... gird up my loins.

**Scribe:** *(Suspiciously).* I think I'd better just come with you and help then.

*(MAYOR steps up to the cave entrance).*

**Mayor:** Hallo there! Is there anyone in?

*(A face peers round the entrance. THE DRAGON! He takes one look at the PARTY, and disappears back into the cave).*

**Mayor:** George! Say something!

**George:** St....st....stand and f....fight, you fearsome reptile!

*(Silence. They all look at each other).*

**Mayoress:** That's no good. Can't you sound a bit more as if you mean it?

**George:** *(Stepping up to the cave entrance again).* P....p....please!

**Knight 3:** We'd better try again.

**Deputy:** Excuse me!

*(There is another pause and then the DRAGON reappears, brandishing a saucepan defensively).*

**Dragon:** Yes?

**Mayor:** George?

**George:** Oh yes, right. St....stand forth to meet your m....match, oh t....t....terrible creature!

**Dragon:** Are you looking for someone?

**George:** Oh loathsome and g....ghastly dragon, take up your weapons and....

*(The DRAGON looks nonplussed)*

**Mayor:** I don't think he quite understands.

**George:** Prepare to meet thy doom!

*(The DRAGON, looking quite bored, turns back towards the inside of the cave).*

**Mayoress:** No, don't go! Look, this doesn't seem to be getting us very far. Let me try. *(She takes a scroll which the SCRIBE hands to her, and reads aloud).* "Oh dragon, on behalf of all the villagers of this mountain, we have been asked to notify you that you have been sentenced to extermination due to your antisocial habit of eating maidens." Now if you would care to step out into the open and put that saucepan down, George here is ready for the fight.

**Dragon:** *(Looking at GEORGE).* You must be joking!

**All:** What?

**Dragon:** It's some kind of joke, isn't it? I mean, you lot. Turning up here out of the blue and offering to exterminate me. I mean, for one thing, I suppose you are aware that this is a conservation area; you can't just exterminate me without official permission.

**Mayor:** But ....

**Dragon:** And for another thing, I'm in the middle of cooking my dinner and I must get back to it or my artichokes will go soggy.

**Knight 1:** Artichokes? Dragons don't eat artichokes!

**Dragon:** Well, I do!

**Knight 2:** What about maidens?

**Dragon:** What? To eat? I couldn't possibly, thank you. I'm strictly vegetarian.

**All:** Vegetarian!

**Dragon:** Yes, of course. Most dragons are these days.

*MUSIC 5 - A VEGETARIAN DRAGON*

*(DRAGON sings verses, EVERYONE the choruses).*

**Dragon:** *If you offered me a chop  
With some gravy on the top,  
Or a juicy slice of chicken or of pheasant,  
I'd say thank you very much,  
But I really couldn't touch  
Anything that's so disgusting and unpleasant.*

**Chorus:** *It's a fact of which this dragon's really sure,  
He's a vegetarian, a herbivore,  
He will turn down steaks of beef,  
And eat carrots with relief,  
He's a vegetable-eating epicure.*

**Dragon:** *If you cook a joint of pork,  
And give me a knife and fork,  
I'm afraid I really couldn't get excited,  
I'd be happier about  
A delicious brussel sprout  
And a cauliflower could make me quite delighted.*

**Chorus:** *It's a fact of which this dragon's really sure  
He's a vegetarian, a herbivore,  
He'd rather have a dish  
Of tomatoes than of fish,  
He'd a vegetable-eating epicure.*

**Dragon:** *I just cannot fancy snail,  
Neither venison nor quail,  
And a casserole of beef would make me mutter,  
Chopping onions makes me smile,*

*I eat salad all the while,  
And potatoes sauted gently in some butter.*

**Chorus:** *It's a fact of which this dragon's really sure  
He's a vegetarian, a herbivore,  
He's left meat-eating behind,  
He's got marrow on his mind,  
He's a vegetable-eating epicure.*

**Mayor:** But what I don't understand is what happened to the seven beautiful maidens we've been sending you every seven years.

**Dragon:** Oh, so you lot were responsible for that too, were you? Well please could you stop it? I've had a dreadful problem deciding what to do with droves of maidens turning up not knowing where they'd come from or where they were going to, or even what their names were!

**Scribe:** That's because we always put them in a trance.

**Deputy:** They always said they preferred to be in a trance to be eaten.

**Dragon:** Eaten indeed! Well, you'll find them all - or at least the last seventy years' worth - in the factory on the other side of the mountain. I've had to set up a cottage industry to keep them all.

*(The sound of singing is heard, approaching).*

**Dragon:** In fact here they are. It's their dinner break.

*(A group of MAIDENS, of very assorted ages, enter, singing. They stop in amazement when they see the others).*

**Mayor:** Good heavens! I really don't know what to say. This puts things in a very different light.

**George:** *(Sulkily).* He's still a dragon, mate. I was just getting into my stride there. Couldn't we just have a little fight? *(He starts to shout again).* Come forth, oh horrible and wicked ....

**All:** Oh do shut up!

**Maiden 1:** But who are you all?

**Maiden 2:** What's going on?

**Deputy:** Don't you remember? You used to live in the village down the mountain, and then ....

**Scribe:** You came up the mountain to be .... er ....

**Mayor:** (*Hurriedly*). In a trance of course, and ....

**Maiden 3:** Yes! Yes! It's all coming back now.

**Maiden 4:** (*Pointing to one of the KNIGHTS*). And you.... you must be my nephew. You were only small when we left, but I'd know that nose anywhere.

(*The OTHERS recognise members of their family, and there is a general melee of hugging, handshaking*).

**Mayor:** This calls for a celebration. I suggest we all go back down to the village and have a feast.

**Mayoress:** And everyone can be reunited with their families.

**Dragon:** Perhaps you would like me to lend a hand with the vegetables? I do a particularly fine cabbage hot pot.

**Mayoress:** What a very good idea. Is that what you make in the factory?

**Dragon:** No. We've tried several things. For the first thousand years or so we made stone age clubs but then everyone stopped beating their women so that was no good. Then we tried a nice line in bearskin tunics, but the bears started to object. And then .... but the girls will tell you all about it if you like. Listen.

*MUSIC 6 - A VERY NICE LINE*

**Old Maidens:** *We can do a very nice line for your dinner,  
In iron age gruel that makes you thinner,  
The meat of the mammoth makes an excellent stew,  
But they're nearly extinct now, so what can we do?  
Dinosaur teeth make a good souvenir,  
But when you pull them out it's not a brilliant idea,  
And the general trend now towards being green  
Means that not all of our customers are ever so keen.*

*We've got water we have bottled from the river  
And a neolithic scent to make you quiver,  
A battering ram for demolishing walls,  
And a set of remarkable cannon and balls,  
Crossbows for shooting from castle and keep,  
Potions which will kill you or will send you to sleep,  
But the fashion is passing for fighting and war,*

*And recently we have to say our sales have been poor.*

*We'll arrange your weekend outing to the caverns  
Or take you on a mystery tour of taverns,  
We've a dinosaur model to send for by mail,  
His eyes turn to red when you pull on his tail,  
We've a catalogue full of the gifts you can send  
Back home to all the family, a lover or friend,  
But inflation has hit us and now we are poor,  
The tourists can't afford to come away any more.*

*We no longer find that people are euphoric,  
Over anything that's old or prehistoric,  
So we're looking for something that's startling and new,  
Asking for help and appealing to you,  
A product that's cheap but is easy to sell,  
A product that's environmental friendly as well,  
Suggestions are welcome, so send them in please  
And on recycled paper which will save on the trees.*

**Mayor:** How absolutely fascinating! But you know, my dear fellow, this is the middle ages. Perhaps you need to move on with the times a bit?

**Dragon:** As a matter of fact we were thinking of updating our products.

**Mayor:** Well, come on down to the village and you can do a bit of market research.

*(Exeunt).*

*SCENE 4. The Village Square.*

*(VILLAGERS, MAIDENS, and HUSBANDS all enter discussing the feast).*

*MUSIC 7 - PEACE IN THE VALLEY*

*Peace in the valley,  
The village is singing,  
The people are happy,  
The mountains are ringing.*

*On the horizon  
The stars are more bright,  
Fear and terror are ended tonight.*

*Peace in the valley,  
The village is saved,  
George has brought light  
To the dark of the cave,  
The dragon we feared  
Is revealed as a friend,  
Fear and terror have come to an end.*

*Peace in the valley,  
And love's in the air,  
Young men are handsome  
And maidens are fair,  
There's no longer reason  
To cry or to moan,  
Fear and terror have been overthrown.*

*Peace in the valley,  
The village is singing,  
The people are happy,  
The mountains are ringing  
The moon on the mountain's a glorious sight  
Fear and terror are ended tonight.*

**Villager 1:** I couldn't eat another thing!

**Villager 2:** No. That was without doubt the best feast yet.

**Villager 3:** Did you try that cabbage hot pot?

**Villager 4:** And the Black Forest gateau. Wow!

**Mary-Anne:** They say there's to be dancing next.

**Elizabeth:** But I'm so full I can hardly move!

**Margery:** And the dragon's going to give a display of fire eating.

**Abigail:** I thought dragons were supposed to breathe fire out, not swallow it.

**Jennifer:** Well, you have to admit this dragon's not quite what we all expected.

**George:** Too right he isn't. I was really looking forward to a good punch up. I'd have shown him!

**Susannah:** Never mind, George. Something else will turn up.

**George:** And I don't suppose I'm even going to get paid. I did a lot of training for

this, you know. The thing is, he knew he wouldn't have stood a chance.

**Susannah:** Well, maybe we can think of something to cheer you up. Girls!

*(The 7 MAIDENS go into a huddle with much giggling. Then they push RACHEL out in the direction of GEORGE).*

**George:** What the ....? Oh, right. Hallo darling.

**Rachel:** Hallo George.

*(They start to walk off together but MARY-ANNE runs after them as the LITTLE DRAGONS enter).*

**Mary Anne:** Come on, you two. It's time for the dancing.

**Elizabeth:** And there's going to be a cabaret!

*(EVERYONE either exits or moves to sides of stage as the LITTLE DRAGONS enter to do their song and dance. At least some VILLAGERS remain to sing choruses).*

#### **MUSIC 8 - LOOK OUT FOR THE DRAGONS**

*(Verses sung by LITTLE DRAGONS. Choruses sung by VILLAGERS. Opportunity for LITTLE DRAGONS to dance).*

**Little Dragons:** *You may think that dragons are  
Much too frightening by far,  
But we really wouldn't want to scare you.  
We're quite friendly as you see,  
We're as gentle as can be,  
We just like to play at being frightening.*

**Chorus:** *Look out for the dragons, they are out to kill!  
Look out for the dragons living on the hill!  
Dragons never keep their word,  
Don't believe what you have heard,  
Look out for the dragons,  
They are out to kill!*

**Little Dragons:** *You may think that we are fierce,  
Claws that rip and teeth that pierce,*

*But we really wouldn't want to scare you.  
We like people, yes we do!  
And especially you!  
We just like to play at being frightening.*

**Chorus.**

*(Enter MAYOR, DEPUTY and DRAGON. They stand up on stage, deep in business discussion. GEORGE and RACHEL enter from the other side, downstage).*

**Rachel:** So when he saw you, he just ran back into his cave, terrified?

**George:** That's right. Absolutely PETRIFIED, he was. Of course he looks docile enough now, but that's only because he knows I'm here. Knows I'm keeping an eye on him.

**Rachel:** Oh, George, you're just so brave!

**George:** Oh, it was nothing. All in a day's work, as they say. I mean, you should have seen some of the dragons I've dealt with; make this one look like a tiny lizard!

**Rachel:** Oh, George! I don't know how you could! Just think, you'll go down in history as a great hero who saved the village from a terrible dragon. How wonderful!

*(They move away, GEORGE still boasting about his exploits. MAYOR and MAYORESS, DEPUTY and DRAGON move downstage. MAIDENS, HUSBANDS and other CITIZENS who are not already on stage enter).*

**Mayoress:** So what I would suggest is a few of your latest recipes dried or tinned perhaps. I mean, that cabbage hot pot would no doubt sell well as an instant meal - properly marketed of course.

**Dragon:** And we could send a batch down here, say once a week, and you could take a small commission for dealing with the sales side.

**Deputy:** Well, not too small, you know.

**Jennifer:** Can I be sales manager, your worship?

**Peter:** Hang on a minute. You're my wife now; aren't you going to stay at home and look after the house?

**Jennifer:** No, I'm not! I always said I was going to have a career, and this is the perfect opportunity for me. Don't worry - I'll look after you as well.

**Robert:** And what's all this about instant cabbage hot pot? I like my dinners freshly cooked.

**Margery:** Well you're a bit behind the times then, my dear. I'm not going to spend

all my time cooking if there's perfectly good cabbage hot pot for sale.

**Mary-Anne:** Don't worry. You'll all be fed and looked after.

**George:** (*Sadly*). Except me.

**Rachel:** Well, I could look after you if you asked me nicely enough.

**George:** You mean you'd marry me?

**Rachel:** I could be persuaded.

**George:** Right, you're on! Not much else to do round here anyway.

**Rachel:** Oh, George! I never thought I'd be marrying a real hero. I can hardly believe it!

**Mayor:** That all seems to be sorted out then. Perhaps a little dancing would be in order now.

**Mayoress:** First I think I might just go back and sample a little more of that delicious artichoke soup.

(*MAYORESS exits*).

**All:** Dancing! Yes! Come on!

(*ALL exit excitedly, except MARY-ANNE and ELIZABETH*).

**Mary-Anne:** Did you hear him? All that rubbish about frightening the dragon!

**Elizabeth:** A hero! So...o... brave!

**Mary-Anne:** Poor Rachel!

**Elizabeth:** Yes, but it doesn't matter so long as she's happy. And even if anyone tells her the truth, she won't believe them.

**Mary-Anne:** Well, I'm not going to tell her. If she ever does find out the truth about George, it won't be from me.

**Elizabeth:** Nor me. Look, here come the others. Let's go and join in the dancing!

(*Everyone enters for*

*MUSIC 9 - ANY EXCUSE FOR A FEAST*

*[Reprise of MUSIC 1]*

**THE END**