

**SLEEPING JACK
WHITTINGTON
AND
THE SEVEN BEARS**

A Pantomime

by

Nigel Flynn

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

SLEEPING JACK WHITTINGTON & THE SEVEN BEARS

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CAST *in order of appearance*

Teacher
Jacqueline
Fairy Godmother
Cow (*2 people*)
Beanman
Dwarf 1 (*Sneezy*)
Dwarf 2 (*Doc*)
Dwarf 3 (*Happy*)
Dwarf 4 (*Grumpy*)
Dwarf 5 (*Dopey*)
Dwarf 6 (*Sleepy*)
Dwarf 7 (*Bashful*)
Snow White
Dick Whittington
His Dog
Wicked Witch
Handsome Prince
King
Queen
Archbishop
Sleeping Beauty
Younger Prince
Roderick
Narrator (*if interval sketch used*)
Ugly Sisters 1 & 2
Zips
White Rabbit
King of Hearts
Queen of Hearts
Jack of Hearts
Guards 1 & 2
Usher
Judge
Prosecutor
Rapunzel
Another Handsome Prince and Frenchman (*possibly doubled*)
Chorus of Wedding Guests, Croquet Players and Jury
(*Voices off*) Daddy Bear, Mummy Bear, Baby Bear and
(*Possibly taped*) Commentator and Radio Producer

ORIGINAL CAST PRODUCTION

This Pantomime was originally performed at Danes Hill School, Oxshott, Surrey on 9th and 10th December 1986 with the following cast:

Teacher	M.T.B.
Jacqueline	Claire Bosworth
Fairy Godmother	Sally Walker
Cow	Paul Metzger/Nicholas Smith
Beanman	Ben Hawkins
Dwarf 1	Ian Simons
Dwarf 2	Mark Edsall
Dwarf 3	Timothy Angus
Dwarf 4	Alastair Morgan
Dwarf 5	Marcus Josey
Dwarf 6	Tristan Ward
Dwarf 7	Carlo Gray
Snow White	Tracy O'Hara
Dick Whittington	Matthew Stacey
His Dog	Bonco
Wicked Witch	Sophie Harris
Handsome Prince	Duncan Tiplady
King	James Ware
Queen	Stephanie Moore
Archbishop	Clovis Reese
Sleeping Beauty	Victoria Small
Younger Prince	Mark Bembridge
Roderick	William Casselton
Ugly Sister 1	Christopher Schiel
Ugly Sister 2	John Parker
Zips	Katie Day
White Rabbit	Christopher Clarke
King of Hearts	Thomas Levene
Queen of Hearts	Lorraine Cox
Jack of Hearts	Adam King
Guard 1	James Cole
Guard 2	Andrew Gaunt
Usher	Paul Dondos
Judge	Mark Burrows

Rapunzel

Alexander Moulden

Another Handsome Prince **Robert Doggett**

Chorus of Wedding Guests, Croquet Players and Jury:

Lucy Clapp, Daniel Stocks, Natasha Gillett,

Susannah Prain, Christopher McLean,

Jemma Winterton, Timothy Hubbard,

Zoe Jenkins, Neil Graham, Katy Ward.

Costumes: **Vivienne Mitchell, Penny Harris, Rita Goodwin.**

Set: **Maureen Sykes, Sylvia Ware.**

Lighting: **Robin Buchan.**

Effects: **Simon Moll.**

Pyrotechnics: **Huw Morgan.**

Make- up: **Val Woodford, Pauline Stonehill, Carole Cotton,
Sue Walker, Claire, Janet.**

Stage Manager: **Joe Jones.**

Musical Director: **Valerie Beynon.**

Produced and Directed by: **Nigel Flynn.**

Many thanks to Graham Mumane for “A Bean Seed” and other ideas for the script and songs,
and to Valerie Beynon for help with tunes and songs.

PRODUCTION NOTES

This pantomime was written especially for young people in schools or young groups. It can be performed by a large cast having one part each, with extra chorus for the wedding, croquet, and court scenes, or by a small group doubling up parts. In many places, in script and songs, there are opportunities for topical and local references, and you are welcome to make any changes you like. The length (about 45 minutes each half) is more suitable for schools than most adult pantomimes. It has been performed successfully both very simply and on a large scale with extravagant effects, costumes and sets. As a result, directions in the script have been kept to a minimum, and the production notes below are only guides. Good luck!

MUSIC:

The easiest method of song accompaniment is a piano, though a band and particularly percussion could be used. It is also simpler if the pianist provides the incidental music, as it is often there to cover scene change time and so is of variable length! Otherwise it can be taped.

SONGS:

OH DEAR to the tune of *Oh dear, what can the matter be?*

- Fairy Godmother and Chorus.

HEIGH HO! from 'Snow White'

- Seven Dwarves. (*Dance*).

OH PLEASE MY DARLING to the tune of *O Sole Mio*

- Handsome Prince & Jacqueline.

RODERICK'S LAMENT - monologue with suitably doleful accompaniment.

or ***I GOT MARRIED ONE FRIDAY*** [see page 28] to the tune of *Side By Side*

- Roderick

SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN / WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

- Audience song contest.

Words (choruses only) to be printed in the programme or held up on large cards .

THE GRAND OLD KING OF HEARTS to the tune of *The Grand old Duke of York*

- Yesterday (The Beatles)*
- King & Queen of Hearts + Chorus.
 - Jacqueline.
- Jingle Bells*
- Full cast with various solos.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC:

The Blue Danube (Strauss)

Regal Music

Music before the wedding.

Wedding March (Mendelssohn) - optional

Grand Legal Music.

Chase Music.

Magic Music.

Anything else required to cover scene changes.

SCENERY AND STAGE FURNITURE:

As there are so many different scenes, you may want to play it all with a "general" pantomime backcloth and flats. A number of scenes can be played in front of the curtain; the opening scene and the Prison / Three Bears scene have to be in front. If you choose to have different scenes they could be:

1. *Beanstalk, going into Snow White's Cottage.*
2. *The Palace.*
3. *The Cathedral.*
4. *Cinderella's House - with large "tin-foil-in-frame" mirror and two chairs.*
5. *The Croquet Lawn.*
6. *The Law Court - with chairs for the Jury and bench and table for the Judge.*
7. *Rapunzel's House - with chair and table behind her head.*

Other scenes on a bare stage, or in front of the curtain.

LIGHTING:

Most of this will be obvious - and dependent on your resources. A strobe can be effective in the chase scene but should not be used for too long. *If used, a note to the effect must be placed in the programme or front of house.*

Various effects could be used when climbing the beanstalk through the clouds; for the Wicked Witch; and in the Prison / Three Bears scene.

SOUND:

Unless any of the music is taped (*see above*), the only effects are:

1: *A doorbell for the Wicked Witch* - (or it can be said: "Ding-Dong").

2: *Before the Wedding scene - bells, cheering, etc.*, with the Commentator and Radio Producer super-imposed if you wish.

It is more straightforward to tape the voices and bells / cheering together, otherwise there can be problems in balancing volumes, feedback, etc.

COSTUMES/MAKE-UP:

The costumes and make-up can be exaggerated for greater effect - especially the Ugly Sisters and Zips. The Cow and White Rabbit may need to be hired. The dwarves should have shoes tied under their knees. The King, Queen and Jack of Hearts usually have cards "sandwich-board" style over the rest their costume. The Queen of Hearts needs trousers under her long dress. All the rest are traditional.

EFFECTS:

The various bangs and flashes can be made by the percussion and lighting; hired theatrical flash equipment, however, is much more effective and is neither expensive, hard to use, nor dangerous. Dry ice also adds considerably to the effect when Jacqueline climbs through the clouds - again, easy to use with practice beforehand. The beanstalk requires a large pot to hide the foliage and nylon fishing line. It is best to have a taut piece of line, up which the plant grows, and another length used to pull it up, through a metal ring at the top.

PROPS LIST:

Wand (Fairy Godmother)

Large pot (*see EFFECTS*)

Various signs re. heaven (*offstage*)

Crayon (Wicked Witch)

Flowers (Handsome Prince)

Bucket with tin-foil pieces (Handsome Prince)

Various signs re. months (*before wedding*)

Bottle marked "Eat Me" and **Cake marked "Drink Me"** (*on-stage for Jacqueline*)

Croquet mallets and balls (Chorus of cards, etc.)

Box marked "Tarts Specially Baked" (Jack of Hearts)

Rope in a bowl for Rapunzel's hair

Bean seeds (Beanman)

Bottle of Baby Bio [*huge*] (Jacqueline)

7 paper bags (Snow White)

Pear (Wicked Witch)

Watering can (Handsome Prince)

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SLEEPING JACK WHITTINGTON AND THE SEVEN BEARS

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ACT I

In front of Curtain.

(Enter a TEACHER, flustered, with JACQUELINE following).

Teacher: Yes, what is it?

Jacqueline: Please sir, it's about the Pantomime.

Teacher: Pantomime?

Jacqueline: Yes sir, I want to be in a Pantomime.

Teacher: Huh! I've been in a Pantomime for umpteen years - they call it *[name of school]*. I wouldn't recommend it.

Jacqueline: Oh you know what I mean sir. We always have a Pantomime at Christmas. Can't you organise it?

Teacher: I'm far too busy. If it's a Pantomime you want - ask your Fairy Godmother.

Jacqueline: Who is that? Mrs. *[name of female teacher]*? Fairy Godmother indeed!

(Bang and flash. Enter FAIRY GODMOTHER).

Fairy Godmother: Did someone call?

Jacqueline: Crikey! Who are you?

Fairy G: I am your good fairy. My name is Nuff.

Jacqueline: Fair enough. Can you help me? I want to do a Pantomime.

Fairy G: Well, you can't do it by yourself.

Jacqueline: I know. All my friends are ready too. Curtain!

(Curtain opens to reveal CHORUS on stage with some main parts).

Fairy G: So what's the problem?

Jacqueline: We don't know how to start.

Fairy G: Oh dear, neither do I. We didn't study that on our G.C.S.E. in Fairy-Godmothering.

SONG : OH DEAR

[To the tune of Oh Dear, What Can The Matter Be?]

Fairy G: *Oh dear, how can we start if off?
I can't think how to start it off.
It should be easy to start it off,
But I just can't work out how.*

(As she sings the next verse, CHORUS shake heads and turn up noses etc.).

Fairy G: *We could have a boy who is granted three wishes
We could have a servant girl washing the dishes
We could have an evil man acting suspicious
Oh don't you like any of these?*

(Music pauses. CHORUS shouts "NO!" and then calls out "Boring.... done it before....old hat..." etc.).

Chorus: *Oh dear, how can we start it off?
You don't know how to start it off.
You must think how to start it off,
Now that we're all of us here.*

Fairy G: *Then why don't we start with an ordinary girlie?
Who goes off to market one morning quite early,
She's told by her mother in manner so surly: (wagging finger)
"Now get a good price for the cow!"*

(Music pauses. CHORUS nod approval and show interest).

Jacqueline: *(Spoken)* A GIRL going off to market to sell a cow! That sounds an interesting way to start. What do we need, then, to get going?

Fairy G: *(Sung)* *Well first we require a girl to play Jackie*

(JACQUELINE volunteers and exits).

And one man with magic bean seeds in his sackie

(BEANMAN volunteers and exits).

And then we'll be ready to go.

Chorus: *Oh good, now we can start it off*
 Here's a great way to start it off
 You thought we'd never start it off
 But we are going to (shouted) NOW!

Fairy G: So there you are. We'll sort out parts for the rest of you later. Off you go!

(Exeunt except FAIRY GODMOTHER).

Fairy G: So we've got a story, we've had a song - now all we need is a dance with Jacqueline and the cow. I think a suitable tune would be the "*The Moo Danube*". Music please!

(JACQUELINE and COW enter. They dance to "The Blue Danube", watched by the BEANMAN who enters as they start).

Jacqueline: Not bad, but we still need to practise before the finals of Cow Dancing. You're going to have to steer a little better in the final bit - it reminds me of a bull in a china shop.

(COW gets excited).

Jacqueline: Sorry, shouldn't have mentioned bulls.

Beanman: Very good, your cow. I'm most impressed. I wonder if I could purchase her from you for a little show of my own?

Jacqueline: What are you - a circus owner?

Beanman: Not quite - I'm the producer for *[topical T.V. programme]* actually, but it comes to the same thing. We could do with something a little different to show our viewer *(corrects himself)* viewers - viewers.

Jacqueline: Well how much is it worth?

Beanman: Ah finances are a bit low at the moment so I can't let you have cash. Do you take American Express? Barclaycow? or how about these five magic bean seeds?

Jacqueline: Magic? What do they do?

Beanman: Um - if you watched our programme on Saturday you'd find out! It's a secret really; but I can tell you it's really worth your while taking them.

Jacqueline: It's a deal!

Beanman: One born every minute. Come on Rover!

Jacqueline: Her name's Ermintrudelina actually.

Beanman: You try getting *[Presenter of topical T.V. programme]* to pronounce that. He/She can't get anything right. We'll stick to Rover. Bye!

Jacqueline: Bye! What an adventure! I'd better plant them now so they'll be up before the Horticultural Show. (*Plants seeds and pours from a huge bottle of "Baby Bio"*) "Most Unusual Plant". I've always wanted to win a prize Well nothing seems to be happening

(*Big bang and plant shoots up to the roof. JACQUELINE falls over, and gets back up again, looking at sky. Growing music as plant goes on growing*).

Jacqueline: Wow! That man was right. I can't see the top. Now if I climb it I find a giant guarding a crock of gold - or is that the end of the rainbow? Or is it a goose with golden eggs? I get them all confused! Anyway, no harm in climbing.

(*Climbing music is heard as she "climbs" and a bang as she reaches the top*).

Jacqueline: Good Heavens! Where am I?

(*Signpost saying "HEAVEN" appears*).

Jacqueline: Oh, I am in Heaven.

(*An arrow appears by it pointing up and saying "THAT WAY"*).

Jacqueline: Not quite.

(*Signs appear with "WELCOME TO HIRE PURCHASE" and "H.P. WELCOMES CAREFUL DRIVERS"*).

Jacqueline: H.P. welcomes careful drivers? Hire Purchase? Ah, I must be in Never-Never Land. Where could the giant's castle be?

(*Enter DWARVES 1 and 2 on knees*).

Dwarf 1: Oh no! It's a giant!

Dwarf 2: Run for it!

Dwarf 1: I can't!

Dwarf 2: Then knee for it!

Jacqueline: I'm not a giant.

Dwarf 1 and Dwarf 2: You aren't?

Jacqueline: But I'm looking for one. Could you help me?

Dwarf 1: She must be mad.

Dwarf 2: Do you mean you are voluntarily seeking a giant's company?

Jacqueline: I thought he might have golden eggs I could steal.

Dwarf 1: She is mad.

Dwarf 2: No, she's just been watching too much "Neighbours" [or other soap opera]. You'd believe any old fairy story now, wouldn't you?

Jacqueline: It's not true then? About giants?

Dwarf 2: Look, if you had golden eggs to sell, would you go round in a bad temper, eating people and knocking their houses down?

Jacqueline: I suppose not.

Dwarf 1: Exactly! (*Sneezes*). Do like we do and avoid giants. But if you aren't a giant - then you must be a dwarf.

Dwarf 2: Bit big, Sneezy, don't you think?

Jacqueline: That's because I'm a girl.

Dwarf 1: Well I'd keep that quiet if I were you.

Dwarf 2: Yes - Snow White's a very jealous woman at times - I don't think she'd take too kindly to a bit of competition in the area - particularly from a younger woman!

Dwarf 1: And giants eat girls. All in all, it'd be better for you if you were a dwarf.

Jacqueline: But I can't just become one, can I?

Dwarf 1: No problem! Just get down on your knees like the rest of us.... put your shoes under your knees - we keep them there with elastic bands - sort that out later!.... put on the false beard; and not a word to the others.

(Enter five other DWARVES).

Dwarf 3: Hello, who's this?

Dwarf 2: This is the New Dwarf in Town, lads.

Dwarf 4: Oh, is he coming to stay with us?

Jacqueline: I couldn't impose on you, really.

Dwarf 5: I wish you would come. You'd be doing us a favour. Imagine trying to divide cakes or pies into seven.

Jacqueline: What about Snow White?

Dwarf 6: She's always "watching her figure". (*Imitating*). You never know when Prince Right will come along.

Dwarf 7: And whenever we play bridge she has to make up the second table.

Dwarf 4: Hopeless!

Dwarf 5: And she's terrible at Under Table Football.

Dwarf 1: You see? They'd love you to stay.

Jacqueline: Oh - very well, if you insist. But only for a little while.

(The others cheer).

Dwarf 2: That's good but we must be off to work.

Jacqueline: With your little picks and shovels, mining for gold.

(DWARVES laugh).

Dwarf 6: Oh, we gave up mining years ago.

Dwarf 7: With the redundancy payments they were offering we'd have been fools not to.

Jacqueline: What do you do now then?

Dwarf 7: We all commute up to Town now. I'm at the Gnome Office.

Dwarf 4: And I work for British Gnome Stores.

Dwarf 3: And I'm on the Underground - a sort of Metrognome. Sleepy here - wake up! - works for a dwarf shrub nursery. He likes the beds.

Dwarf 2: The rest of us work for Lambeth Council, in their Department of Dimensional Equality - checking up on reports of heightism and size discrimination etc.

Jacqueline: Oh dear! Not so romantic.

Dwarf 1: But a lot safer. No silicosis, nothing falling on you.

Dwarf 4: Except for the bills - train fares, new clothes....

Other Dwarves: Shut up Grumpy!

(Enter SNOW WHITE).

Snow White: Now, now - don't be unpleasant to Grumpy. You know he had a bad night.

Dwarf 3: So did we, with all his moaning.

Snow: Quiet! Here are your bags - they've got your umbrellas and sandwiches in - it's smoked salmon, by the way.

Dwarf 4: Not again!

Snow: Oh really, Grumpy! I think you'd complain whatever I gave you. It's a week since you had salmon last. *(SNOW WHITE hands out bags and is puzzled).* Just a moment *(she counts up).* Eight?

Dwarf 1: Ah yes, Snow. This is a friend of ours. Please meet - er -

Dwarf 2: Bumpy.

Dwarf 1: Yes, Bumpy. She - er - HE's hoping to stay for a few days.

Jacqueline: Not if it's too much trouble.

Snow: Not at all, though it's nice if someone tells me in advance of these things instead of just treating the house like a hotel. Do you have a job in London too?

Jacqueline: No.

Snow: Then perhaps you can stay and help me around the house. There are one or two low parts I can't quite reach - ha ha! Don't forget Dopey and Sneezy - your turn on the washing-up this evening.

Dwarf 5: It can't be my turn AGAIN.

(Enter DICK WHITTINGTON and his DOG).

Dick: Did I hear a voice saying “Turn Again”? Then turn I shall, and return to London to win my fame and fortune.

Dwarves: *(groan)* “Oh no not him again” - *etc etc.*

Jacqueline: Who’s this?

Dwarf 1: Dick Whittington and his dog. He walks up and down the A3 *[or local road to London]* pretending he’s going to be Lord Mayor or something. It’s a sad case.

Jacqueline: His dog? Shouldn’t he have a cat?

Dwarf 1: What? If he were to wander round saying things like that *and* taking a cat on a lead they’d have him in a straight jacket before you could say “Thrice Lord Mayor of London”.

Snow: Yes Dick, very good, off you go to London.

(Exit DICK).

Snow: And you must go too boys, or you’ll miss the train. Just do your dance and then go down to the station.

(DWARVES dance on their knees to “Heigh Ho” possibly whistling, then all exit saying goodbye).

Snow: So now it’s just us two. I do think they might have told me you were coming - still, that’s just like them. I must be off to market. I’ll have to remember there’s an extra mouth to feed. Do you think you could be so kind as to help a little?

Jacqueline: Certainly.

Snow: Good, then you can make the beds, do the washing, finish the ironing and clean the bedrooms and kitchen before I get back. Thanks so much - I must hurry or I’ll miss the best fish. Bye! *(Exit).*

Jacqueline: Well! *(She stands up)* At least it’s nice to get off my knees - they were starting to hurt. I never knew it was so hard to be a dwarf. I suppose I’d better get down to work.

(She begins dusting and the WICKED WITCH enters).

Witch: Aha, this is the house. *(Listens)* No, none of those nasty little dwarves to get in the way. I’ll be able to do my evil deeds with no interruptions. This is a black day for Snow White - ha ha ha. *(Rings bell or says “Ding-dong”).* Avon calling!

Jacqueline: Hello, can I help you?

Witch: Oh no - can I help you? And from the look of it you need me. Look at those bags

under your eyes. And these lines on your face. (*Draws lines on face*). No doubt the pressure of looking after seven growing - or rather non-growing - dwarves has ruined your looks.

Jacqueline: Well no - actually

Witch: Your hands seem soft - but perhaps you've been using that liquid the fairies produce. Anyway, you need to bring back the beauty to your face - being ugly is 'snow' good, Snow White eh? Ha ha ha.

Jacqueline: Yes, but in fact I'm not

Witch: Never fear. I can put the pallor back into your pure white cheeks. Just eat this magic pear to make yourself the most beautiful woman in the world.

Jacqueline: A pear - shouldn't it be an apple?

Witch: Pears are much more powerful - after all it wasn't the apple in the tree that caused the trouble in the Garden of Eden - it was the "Pair" on the ground! Ha ha ha. Go on - eat it!

Jacqueline: Well, the last person who told me something was magic was telling the truth, so I don't suppose there's any harm. (*She bites the pear*).

Witch: That's the way, my proud beauty - Ha ha ha! (*She sneaks off*).

Jacqueline: Tastes much like any other pear. Oh look there's writing inside it, like rock. Bournemouth - Tory Party 1986. Must be a Conference Pear. Very nice. Back to work though I think I'll just take a short break (*Yawns*). Then I'll be able to work harder when (*gradually falls to floor and sleeps, snoring*).

(*Enter HANDSOME PRINCE*).

Prince: I saw that wicked witch leaving - I hope I'm not too late. Oh no! (*Kneels by JACQUELINE*) I hope I can revive her with the kiss of life - it'll be fun trying, at any rate! (*Winks to AUDIENCE and kisses JACQUELINE*).

SONG: OH PLEASE MY DARLING
(*To the tune 'O sole mio'*)

Prince: *Oh please my darling, you must wake up.
I love you even without make-up.
I hope I'm not too late.
It's now or never, my love can't wait.
Now that I see you, with your hair so flowing
How I adore you, my love is growing.
I've searched for hours,
I've even bought flowers,
If you wake up, I will take up my love.*

(JACQUELINE wakes up).

Jacqueline: *You are a good Prince, that I can tell,
To wake me up from the witches spell.
I look into your eyes
And I see love there, what a surprise!*

(PRINCE gives her the flowers).

*What lovely flowers! Oh but I wish you
Had brought some others - ah ah ahtishoo.
I love a rose stem - I'm allergic to them.
Take them away, but then please stay with me.*

Together: *It's now or never, come hold me tight.
Kiss me my darling, be mine tonight.
Tomorrow will be too late,
It's now or never, my love won't wait.*

(Music continues during which PRINCE tries to water flowers with a bucket and ends up soaking JACQUELINE).

Jacqueline: I think it still needs some water.

(PRINCE picks up another bucket and throws the contents over the flowers in the direction of the AUDIENCE. It contains tiny pieces of silver foil).

Prince: So now you are mine, Sleeping Beauty, to have forever. You will marry me won't you?

Jacqueline: Are you really a Prince?

Prince: Of course I am. Can't you tell from the way I talk, and stand with my hands behind my back?

Jacqueline: Then I will marry you.

Prince: Oh goody goody. Let's go off to the Palace. I'm dying for you to meet Mummy and Daddy. They've been waiting for me to find SLEEPING BEAUTY for so long. (*He runs off and does not hear her*).

Jacqueline: Oh I'm not Sleeping Beauty He didn't hear. I wonder - should I tell him or not? What do you think? (*To AUDIENCE ... ad lib ... "You think I should? Should I be honest? But he might not want me then", etc*). He's very handsome - and no doubt very rich. He might not want to marry me if I wasn't Sleeping Beauty. I'd love to live in a Palace with lots of servants and beautiful clothes and carriages. Oh - and get married! I suppose you're right - I won't tell him. Oh lucky me!

(Regal Music - Enter KING, QUEEN and PRINCE).

King: So this is the girl you've found, Humphrey. Very pleased to meet you. My name's William Henry George Charles Windsor Plantagenet Saxe-Coburg Smith, but you can call me King for short.

Jacqueline: Oh thank you Your Majesty .. er .. Highness - Oh I don't know the right words.

Queen: Don't worry dear. You'll soon learn. You're bound to be a little nervous at first Miss er

Jacqueline: Beauty, Sleeping Beauty.

King: Funny name! *(QUEEN coughs and KING looks at her)*. Oh sorry, where was I? Oh yes. When's the happy day going to be, then?

Prince: We hadn't quite decided Father - when would it be suitable for you?

King: Tuesday I'm playing golf - Thursday's the Common Market Kings' Conference.

Queen: Wednesday you're opening Parliament.

King: And Friday I'm opening the new Sainsbury's.

Prince: Oh Pater - do you have to?

King: Listen son, if you want a decent wedding - cathedral costs a bit, those clergy rob you something rotten, and the reception - I've got to bring in every penny I can. It's either that or you give up your polo.

Jacqueline: Surely you can afford that. They're only 10p a packet.

King: Anyway, that being the case, with all the other things it'd better be

Prince: As soon as possible, Father.

King: Saturday July 21st.

Prince: But it's December now.

King: I was never in favour of short engagements. Must be off - got to take the corgis for a walk.

(Exit KING and QUEEN).

Prince: Could you wait that long?

Jacqueline: I could wait for you forever. *(Exit arm in arm).*

CURTAIN

(MUSIC. Sign held through the curtains for each month DECEMBER - JUNE, then "MAY AGAIN - SORRY WE'RE NOT QUITE READY", "JUNE - NICE SIGNS THESE", "TUM-TE-TUM", "AH, JULY AT LAST". Cacophony of bells, wedding marches, cheering etc.).

Off-stage Commentator: And what a wonderful atmosphere there is on this truly wonderful day. The flags, the flowers, the crowds cheering, the carriages, the horses - and the little man following them with a shovel - *(Hissed)* sorry! I thought I'd turned my microphone off *(Coughs)*. And what a true family occasion it is - if you've got a family of 500, with millions more watching - what? The mike wasn't on again! Oh no!

(A buzz or click interrupts him).

Radio Producer: I'm afraid we appear to have lost commentary so we'll go over live to the ceremony.

CURTAIN opens. Wedding March for entrance if desired.

Archbishop: We are gathered here today to witness the marriage of Humphrey, Prince of Dolphins, and Sleeping Beauty. Before Humphrey and Sleeping take their vows, I must ask that if anyone here present knows of any reason why these two may not be lawfully joined together, they should speak now, or forever hold their peace.

(A moment of silence; then SLEEPING BEAUTY rushes in).

Sleeping Beauty: Yes, I have a reason. *(Gasps of horror).*

Archbishop: What is it?

Beauty: This girl is an impostor. I am Sleeping Beauty!

(Cries of "Oh no" etc. and tears from JACQUELINE).

King: Is this true?

Jacqueline: Yes, it was all a misunderstanding.

Prince: You you aren't Sleeping Beauty?

Jacqueline: No. I thought it was me you had fallen in love with, not just the person you thought was Sleeping Beauty.

Prince: Oh no! I was just following the established script. You don't think we Princes get a free hand in whom we marry? Sorry, old girl, but you'll have to push off now - this is the one I'll have to marry.

(JACQUELINE rushes out leaving her shoe).

King: Well, a right mess-up you made of that, didn't you son?

Prince: All's well that ends well, Papa. I've got the right girl in the end.

Beauty: You've got the right girl? A fat lot YOU had to do with it. If I hadn't turned up just then you'd have been married to some nobody. Where have you been? I've been lying in my cottage pretending to be asleep for the last year waiting for you to arrive.

Prince: You mean you weren't asleep, near death, all the time?

Beauty: Of course not - all those things wear off once you're used to them. Honestly, you don't know anything! *(To AUDIENCE)*. As dim as the rest of them.

Prince: Er Father, I think I've changed my mind. I don't think I want to be the Prince who marries Sleeping Beauty. Couldn't I have the Princess Who Never Laughs? She'd probably be better tempered than this one.

King: I see what you mean. *(To EVERYONE)*. I think we'd better go back to the Palace and sort things out.

Queen: Over a nice cup of tea.

King: Oh no! Not another one! It's the middle of the garden party season, you know, and I get sick of tea and cucumber sandwiches.

(Exeunt except for YOUNGER PRINCE and SERVANT, RODERICK).

Young Prince: My older brother may have cast off that beautiful maiden, but I have fallen deeply in love with her. I must find her and have her as my own. What can I do, faithful Roderick?

Roderick: Do you really want to get married, Sire?

Young Prince: Oh yes!

Roderick: Haven't I ever told you about the time I got married, Sire?

Young Prince: No, but I think you're going to.

SONG: RODERICK'S LAMENT

(To be spoken as a monologue with piano accompaniment).

[For alternative song: "I Got Married One Friday", see end of script - Page 29].

Roderick: I first saw my love at a dance hall
I was stunned by her beauty and grace.
An elegant dress on her body -
And a mask in front of her face.
When she spoke, all her words were like honey,
They made my poor heart start to glow.
I'll never forget what she said then:
"Oi there mate, can't you get off my toe?!"

We danced on for hours and hours,
By the end I was feeling all weak.

I walked her home in expectation -
All I got was a peck on the cheek.
We started to go out in earnest,
Though I can't say we liked the same things,
I wanted to go and watch Arsenal,
She liked shopping and (*significantly*) looking at rings .

I was kneeling down tying my shoelace, (*goes on knee*)
When I thought I'd ask her to a bar. I said
"Will you..?" - I got no further,
She squealed "Ooh yes - I'll go and tell Ma!"
Well, there wasn't a way out of that one;
In an hour the whole thing was planned.
Next week they were reading the BANNNS out;
I just wanted the whole wedding BANNED!

It was Friday when I got married,
I stood there in terror and dread,
In a jacket too tight for me stomach,
'N a top hat too big for me head.
And when it was finally over:
The service, the speeches, the cake,
I tried to drive off in the Mini -
Some joker had glued on the brake!

I couldn't get hold of a taxi,
So her mother said "I'll drive you there,"
She thought the hotel was so lovely,
She stayed in the room down the stair!
And now we've been married for ages
She tells me it's only two years,
(*To PRINCE*) So if YOU find the girl that you're after,
Don't ask me to give you three cheers!

Roderick: So you see, Sire, marriage isn't a very good idea. (*To AUDIENCE*) Is it? Not to mention children who make it worse. (*To AUDIENCE*) Don't they?

Young Prince: No Roderick, I cannot listen to your cynicism.

Roderick: Realism more like.

Yount Prince: No, my love is too great. I will marry this lovely maiden. But what can I do?

Roderick: Well if you're really sure (*PRINCE nods*) you must issue a decree throughout

the Kingdom asking for her to return, Your Highness..

Young Prince: Er - won't that be a little difficult - we don't know her real name, so it could be somewhat embarrassing: "Would the girl the Crown Prince jilted at the altar because she had the wrong name, please come back as the Prince's younger brother would like to marry her instead." It would sound a bit strange.

Roderick: Wait a minute, Sire. This is her shoe, which she left as she ran out. You have only to find the person this shoe fits and you will have found your love. (*Aside*) Fat lot of good it will do you.

Young Prince: That's it! I will take this shoe and roam the Kingdom. I will search far and high, low and wide, until I discover the person this shoe fits.

I will climb every mountain -
Ford every stream -
Follow every byway,
Till I find my dream.

(*Begins to sing*) *A dream that will last, for as long as I live ..*

Roderick: Please Sire, not that again.

Young Prince: Well anyway, I will go a long way and you must come too, Roderick, to help me find this angel.

(*Exeunt*).

End of Act I

ACT II

[Note: Schools which have a staff sketch, dance group, or other presentation as part of the production may want to use this introduction. Otherwise go straight to CINDERELLA'S HOUSE SCENE].

JACQUELINE wanders on - looking around.

Jacqueline: Oh no, I'm lost. Where on earth am I?

Narrator: You are in the land of [name of school, pronounced strangely] where strange and wonderful things do come to pass.

Jacqueline: [Name of school]? Sounds familiar.

Narrator: You may know it's other name of Groanland.

Jacqueline: Why is it called that?

Narrator: Because that is what the audience do when they realise this is just a subtle link to the [sketch, dance]. Sit over here and see what amazing events shall take place.

(Staff sketch, dance etc.).

CINDERELLA'S HOUSE.

(Enter two UGLY SISTERS).

Sister 1: So, what are you going to wear to the ball tonight?

Sister 2: No, what are YOU going to wear?

Sister 1: You tell me.

Sister 2: No, you tell me.

Sister 1: I asked first.

Sister 2: So what? I asked last.

Sister 1: It's the person who asked first who gets answered first.

Sister 2: No it isn't.

Sister 1: Oh yes it is.

Sister 2: Oh no it isn't. (etc. with AUDIENCE until)

Sister 1: Oh no it isn't.

Sister 2: Oh yes it is Oh blast, you tricked me.

Sister 1: See I won.

Sister 2: Oh no you didn't.

Sister 1: Oh don't let's start all that again.

Sister 2: Anyway, I don't know what I'm wearing tonight.

Sister 1: Neither do I - so why are we arguing?

Sister 2: Because we always do.

Sister 1: No we don't.

Sister 2: Oh shut up. Anyway, it's traditional for us to argue.

Sister 1: What, like Ugly Sisters' songs are traditional?

Sister 2: That's right. Only we won't try to sing on our own - I know what your voice is like. Instead

Sisters 1 & 2: (*point to AUDIENCE*) You're going to help us.

(Ad lib. through singing competition between halves of audience singing "SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN" and "WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN". SISTER 1 sings one song with her half of the AUDIENCE, then SISTER 2 sings the other song with the other half - words on programme or cards held up. They argue about who sang the best, then agree the only way to decide is to sing at the same time. SISTER 1 sings first song with her half, then as they start the second time through, SISTER 2 plus her half join in, singing their song. Go through three or so times then appeal to the pianist for a verdict. The result is always a draw!).

Sister 1: Now about our clothes for tonight. I just don't know

Sister 2: Oh wear your red dress.

Sister 1: Do you think so?

Sister 2: Yes it matches your eyes.

Sister 1: Oh you! I think YOU should wear the same thing you wore to last week's ball.

Sister 2: I can't. It hasn't been washed and ironed yet - it's all creased and wrinkled.

Sister 1: Go well with your face then won't it?

Sister 2: Grr! I know, we'll ask Zips what we should wear. Zips! Zips! Ooh, if only Buttons were still here he'd know what to suggest.

Sister 1: I know Worse thing Mother ever did getting rid of him. I mean, it was only one pumpkin he stole.

Sister 2: Yes, and lots of young men keep pet mice. I know they smell a bit, but so do you!

Sister 1: How dare you? I'll

(Enter ZIPS in punk gear).

Zips: Yeah!

Sister 1: Ooh, isn't she coarse?

Sister 2: You can't find the staff these days.

Sister 1: If you ask me she's just typical of the young people of today. They're a bunch of scruffy, useless, dirty layabouts.

Zips: Oh no we aren't (*etc. with AUDIENCE*)

Sisters 1 & 2: Oh yes they are.

Sister 1: Well anyway, Griselda and I just wondered if you had any ideas as to what we could wear for the Ball tonight.

Sister 2: Tell us, what's in fashion these days?

Zips: Well I suggest a pair of leather trousers, black leather jacket

Sister 2: Ooh, imagine me in leather trousers - no, you silly girl, you've obviously no idea.

(Knock at the door).

Sister 2: Someone at the door. Let the new maid answer it.

Sister 1: Is she still snivelling around and sobbing in corners?

Sister 2: Yes, and going on about the Prince who jilted her at the altar - load of rubbish.

(Enter YOUNG PRINCE and RODERICK).

Sister 1: Oh my godfathers - it's the younger Prince.

Sister 2: Heaven's above!

(Panic among the SISTERS. Eventually they compose themselves).

Sister 1: How lovely to see you in our humble abode, Your highness. I'm afraid you've caught us unawares.

Sister 2: Haven't got our make-up on yet this morning! Would you like a cup of tea or something your highness?

Young Prince: I have no time for refreshment on my great quest. I must traipse the kingdom until I find the lady whose foot fits this shoe, the one she left when she ran from the Palace.

Sister 1: Oh that could have been me - I'm always losing things. What will you do when you find her?

Young Prince: I shall take her away and marry her.

(Excitement among the SISTERS).

Sister 1: It probably is me then. Zips, bring chairs for us. I'll sit down and try it on.

(The two SISTERS sit with ZIPS standing between them, RODERICK puts shoe on first foot).

Roderick: No Sire, not this foot.

Sister 1: Just hold on a moment - it does fit, but it just takes a little time. (*Gives up*) Grr!

Sister 2: Try mine then, Your Highness. I'm several sizes smaller than her.

(RODERICK moves over to the next foot which is ZIP'S).

Roderick; It fits perfectly!

Sister 2: Oh wonderful! But you haven't put it on yet!

(They realise it is ZIP'S).

Young Prince: My - my wife?

Zips: Oh well, if you insist Squire; not quite what I had in mind, but better than cleaning dishes for these dragons.

Sisters 1 & 2: How dare you? You rude little thing.

Zips: Shall we head off then mate?

Young Prince: I don't know what Daddy's going to say.

(Exit YOUNG PRINCE, RODERICK and ZIPS).

Sister 1: Well! Isn't that just terrible? Asherella? Ashes! Ashes! *(Enter JACQUELINE)*
Ashes, you're going to have a lot more work to do. Zips has just gone off with the Prince.

Jacqueline: Prince?

Sister 2: Yes, the younger one. Said he'd found the shoe of a girl who ran away from the Palace and swore to marry her when he found her.

Jacqueline: But that was my shoe! I left it when I was jilted at the altar.

Sister 1: Oh yes! Pull the other one!

Jacqueline: It's true! Oh how awful! I've lost one Prince and now another. *(She cries).*

Sister 2: Stop that sobbing and start on your new job straight away. Take these films down to the chemist for processing.

Sister 1: Oh there's no point. Haven't you heard? Kodak are on strike.

Jacqueline: Oh no! Now my Prince will never come.

Sister 2: Well we must go and prepare for the Ball. Where is it tonight?

Sister 1: That dreadfully out of the way place, the one we can never find.

Sister 2: You mean we'll have to play "Spot the Ball" tonight?

Sister 1: Oh that's a good one. I'll remember that.

Sister 2: And no doubt use it and claim you thought of it.

(SISTERS exit - JACQUELINE left crying).

Jacqueline: Oh why is life so cruel?! Mirror, mirror on the wall, WHY have I no luck at all?

(No answer). A fat lot of good you are. (She goes to the mirror and passes right through when she hits it - the mirror is tin foil in a wooden frame). Mmm. I seem to have come through the Looking Glass. What a strange place.

(She comes down stage and the curtain closes).

Jacqueline: Look - a bottle with with "Eat Me" written on it - and a cake with "Drink Me". Someone's been messing about with the labels.

(Enter WHITE RABBIT).

Rabbit: I'm late. I'm late. Oh my ears and whiskers. I'm late, I'm late. Oh my! Oh my!

Jacqueline: He's mad.

Rabbit: No I'm not. I'm just late that's all. And you know what happened to the last man who was late for the Queen of Hearts' garden party?

Jacqueline: No, what?

Rabbit: Right there, on the spot the Queen shouted out: "Off with his trousers".

Jacqueline: Don't you mean "Off with his head"?

Rabbit: No, the Queen thinks it's much more fun. And another latecomer was fed to the flamingoes, the ones they use instead of croquet sticks. I've got an idea - you come with me.

(Curtains open - KING, QUEEN and JACK OF HEARTS are there with other guests, laughing. They stop to look at the WHITE RABBIT).

Queen: You're late You're late. OFF WITH HIS

Rabbit: Please Your Majesty, I have an excuse. I had to wait for my guest.

Queen: Oh, you've brought someone new have you? *(To others)* Someone who doesn't know our jokes! *(To WHITE RABBIT).* I suppose that's all right then. We were a bit late anyway - been playing Crazy Croquet.

Jacqueline: Crazy Croquet?

Queen: Well, the flamingoes get pretty mad about it! *(Laughter).*

King: We'd have brought them along, only they're out.

Jacqueline: Visiting?

King: No, unconscious. Ha ha - she falls for all of them, doesn't she?

Queen: That reminds me. Have you brought a tissue?

Jacqueline: A tissue?

All: Bless you!

Queen: Oh I do like you my dear - you're such a sport. Nothing like the last visitor. Would you believe what he did? He swore at ME!

Jacqueline: At you?

All: Bless you! (*Laughter*).

Jacqueline: Do they think these jokes are funny? (*To AUDIENCE*) Do you?

King: I haven't laughed so much since Max Bygraves sang at the Royal Variety Performance!

Queen: Look at the time. We must be off - another croquet match in ten minutes.

Jacqueline: You seem to be mad on croquet.

King: Oh we are; we love playing croquet - or rather we love winning at croquet, and for some reason we usually do.

SONG: THE GOOD OLD KING OF HEARTS

(*To the tune of "The Grand Old Duke of York" with occasional changes*)

King: *I'm the good old King of Hearts
I rule ten thousand men
And when I've done all the marching about,,
It's croquet I play then.
And whenever I play I win.
Yes, whenever I play I win.
'Cos if anyone should beat me then
What trouble they'd be in. (Cuts finger across throat)*

Chorus: *Oh the good old King of Hearts,
Plays croquet like he said
If he should lose to anyone at all,
Then they would lose their head.*

Queen: *Now I'm the Queen of Hearts,
And I rule over HIM,
He thinks he's boss but he's such a dead loss
All old and weak and dim.
It started when he was at school,
'Cos [Name of rival school] was his old school,
And so you can see it's no surprise
He'd become a silly old fool.*

Chorus: *Yes she's the Queen of Hearts,
The one we really fear
If she gets cross then we know we'd be cut
From ear to ear to 'ere. (Finger right round throat).*

Jacqueline: Oh dear! Looks as if I'll have to watch my step.

Queen: Don't worry my dear. You keep on falling for the jokes and you'll be all right. *(To OTHERS)*. Time for another game. Last one to the croquet lawn loses their head.

(ALL exit quickly, after KING and QUEEN, pushing to avoid being last. JACQUELINE is left alone).

Jacqueline: Oh goodbye funny they didn't ask me to go with them - a bit impolite I think

Jack of Hearts: Psst! *(Enters looking carefully around)*.

Jacqueline: Pardon?

Jack: I said Psst! Over here.

Jacqueline: What is it?

Jack: Sssh! Keep your voice down. Now, do you want to make a quick profit?

Jacqueline: I don't think so.

Jack: Oh I think you do. Once people stop falling for the royal jokes unpleasant things happen to them! If I were you, I'd get some ready cash behind you, just in case you need to make a quick getaway.

Jacqueline: I suppose I'd better then. What do you suggest?

Jack: Take tip from me and invest in TSB.

Jacqueline: TSB?

Jack: Tarts Specially Baked. *(Shows box)* Now these are very highly sought after, because they aren't supposed to be available outside the Palace grounds; so if you took these away and sold them you'd make a huge profit. If you buy them from me for - let's say - ten pounds, you'll be able to sell them for five times that much outside.

Jacqueline: But I haven't got any money at all.

Jack: *(Looks around worried)* I must get rid of them so say you sell them and come back to me later and we'll split the profits.

Jacqueline: Why don't you sell them?

Jack: They get suspicious if I'm away for more than five minutes. I don't know why they don't trust me. *(Looks around)* Oops! Must be off. *(Exit)*.

Jacqueline: What funny people! *(Opens box and takes tart out)*.

(Enter TWO GUARDS).

Guard 1: Gotcha!

Guard 2: Caught red-handed with jam all over you!

Jacqueline: But I was given these by the Prince!

Guard 1: Oho! Trying to put the blame on a member of the Royal Household, are we?

Guard 2: I think you'd better accompany us to the station, Miss, before you get yourself in

even more trouble.

(They take off JACQUELINE, protesting).

CURTAIN.

Grand Legal MUSIC.

Usher: Pray be upstanding for His Honour Justice Once - Oh there's no-one here. Well I'll be upstanding.

(Enter JUDGE, PROSECUTOR, GUARDS pulling JACQUELINE. The JUDGE sits).

Usher: All right, all right. Quiet please! This case is being heard by His Honour Justice Once M.A., O.B.E., Q.C., M.T. M.T. M.T. M.T.

Jacqueline: What are all those M.T.'s for?

Judge: I get 5p back on each of them. Ha ha ha - always fall for that one don't they?

Usher: Yes, M'lud.

Judge: Well, swear in the Jury.

Usher: Come in here, you flaming berks!

(Enter various JURY and CARDS).

Judge: Now Miss er

Jacqueline: Jacqueline.

Judge: You are charged with the theft of at least one tart. How do you plead?

Jacqueline: Not guilty. It's all a mistake - please listen!

Usher: Quiet!

Judge: Now who is prosecuting?

Prosecutor: I am M'lud.

Judge: Well get on with it.

Prosecutor: Very well M'lud. As you know the Black Market in Royal tarts - or the Red Market as it is known - has been one of the scourges of our land. Time and again we have caught the minor characters in this horrible - but profitable trade. Now at last we have brought to justice one of the central figures in this criminal organisation.

Judge: What do you have to say to that?

Jacqueline: It's not fair. I mean apart from the fact you seem to make an awful fuss about a few cakes.

Judge: *(incredulous)* You don't think it's important?

Jacqueline: Perhaps it is to you, but in any case, it's not the point at issue.

Judge: The point at what?

Jacqueline: At issue.

All: Bless you! (*Laughter*).

Prosecutor: If I may continue with the case for the prosecution. M'lud, this lady you see before you claims to be called Jacqueline. But in fact that is merely an alias. She is really that arch-criminal, friend and confidante of Goldfinger himself, Alice of Sunderland - er Wonderland. (*Shock from all present*).

Judge: Well in that case - Jury?

Jury: Guilty!

Jacqueline: Stop! I'm allowed to defend myself.

All: Oh no you're not.

Jacqueline: Oh yes I am. (*etc.*)

Judge: I rule that you're not, so there!

Jacqueline: This trial is a farce!

Judge: Nonsense! It's not in the West End and everyone's got their trousers on - it can't be a farce.

Prosecutor: M'lud I would press for the longest possible sentence.

Judge: Well you won't get it from me - I get confused if I try to speak in long sentences. Oh, I see what you mean! Prisoner at the bar - stop drinking! Have you anything to say?

Jacqueline: Yes I have.

Judge: Over-ruled! I sentence you to what they call in the trade five years PORRIDGE in a BARE cell.

(*JACQUELINE protests, others applaud*).

CURTAIN.

JACQUELINE stands in front of the Curtain and sings a sad song - possibly "Yesterday").

Jacqueline: It's not fair! I've done nothing wrong and yet I've got to spend five years in this dreary prison. (*She cries*) Still, I suppose it could be worse. There was plenty of food in the other room - three bowls full - so I suppose I'm going to have two companions. I've picked my bed - had to try all of them but one was just right. Oh, what AM I going to do for five years? I can't BEAR the thought.

(*Sound of people in the background*)

Jacqueline: These are probably my cellmates. I hope they're not nasty criminal types - though I expect they will be.

(Voices off - loud).

Daddy Bear: Ho ho ho! Isn't it nice to be home again?

Mummy Bear: Wait a minute - someone's been trying my porridge.

Daddy Bear: And mine!

Baby Bear: And someone's eaten all of mine!

Daddy Bear: What a bare-faced liberty!

Baby Bear: If I don't get my vitamins, I'll catch Beari-Beari.

Mummy Bear: Don't worry - we'll give you some of ours.

Jacqueline: Oh dear - I seem to be in the wrong place.

Daddy Bear: But look over here - the bed's all crumpled. Whoever it is must have been lying on it.

Mummy Bear: They've done the same to my bed - the nerve!

Baby Bear: But they've pulled the covers back on mine and put their pyjamas in. Boo Hoo!

Daddy Bear: Don't worry - we'll find whoever it is.

(Sound of footsteps).

Jacqueline: Quick! I'd better run away otherwise they might find the money to buy some bear costumes and come chasing after me!

(She runs out. Sounds of chase and chasing music. [Possible use of strobe light as well]. CHARACTERS, including some from other scenes and possibly staff, appear chasing through hall and stage. Eventually the curtains open to reveal RAPUNZEL washing her hair. JACQUELINE rushes in).

Jacqueline: Oh, sorry to disturb you.

Rapunzel: It's all right. I'm only washing my hair - be finished soon. I've been doing it for three hours already.

Jacqueline: Three hours!

Rapunzel: Yes - when your hair's 32 feet long, shampooing takes a bit of time. And the cost of conditioners and so on is terrible! Oh I'm sorry, I haven't introduced myself. My name's Rapunzel dear. You are?

Jacqueline: Jacqueline.

Rapunzel: Well, Jacqueline, perhaps you can help me arrange my hair when I've just rinsed it once more.

Jacqueline: Certainly. *(Aside)* I should be safe with her and perhaps she can help me escape.

Rapunzel: Now what style shall I try this time? I've let it go "fly-away", but it nearly took me with it!

Jacqueline: How about a beehive?

Rapunzel: No. Tried that last year - the NOISE!

Jacqueline: Noise?

Rapunzel: From all the bees swarming in it. And a bun's no use either - you need fifteen foot hairpins to keep it in place and the weight is something dreadful. Last time I did that I nearly toppled over.

Jacqueline: I know! Why don't you let me plait it?

Rapunzel: Plaits! Now there's an idea. So let's have a try. It would be so useful. I could tie one end to a tree and use it as a washing line. Get a bit boring after a while I suppose. Or I could put a bucket on the end and let it down the well; the handle's always breaking on the one they have.

Jacqueline: Yes it would be useful wouldn't it? *(Aside)* At last I have a chance to escape. When I've plaited her hair, I'll persuade her to let it out of the window then climb down it and away! Though where to I've no idea, since I've no idea where I actually am. *(To RAPUNZEL)* Now we'd better let it dry out of the window hadn't we?

Rapunzel: Yes that's a good idea.

(JACQUELINE walks over and leans hair out of the window - it is actually a rope that is attached to the chair and has been hidden behind it).

Jacqueline: I'd better just check for split ends.

(She climbs out of the window. RAPUNZEL'S head is jerked back and she grips on the chair).

Rapunzel: Hey, what do you think you are doing? Come back! You'll ruin my hair! Ouch!

CURTAIN

(JACQUELINE runs in from side).

Jacqueline: Phew, now I'm finally clear of that weird and rather dangerous land. Let's hope I can find my way back home - I'm getting homesick.

(BANG! Enter FAIRY GODMOTHER).

Fairy G: Young Lady!

Jacqueline: Oh no! Not another stranger to meet - I hope she won't treat me as badly.

Fairy G: Fear not, fair maiden. It is I, your good fairy. My name is Nuff.

Jacqueline: *(resigned)* Fair enough.

Fairy G: Oh dear, have we done that one before?

Jacqueline: Yes, but how can you help me?

Fairy G: I will grant you three wishes. Whatever you desire I will give you.

Jacqueline: How can you do that?

Fairy G: Because I'm a fairy of course.

Jacqueline: How stupid of me. I wish I'd thought of that.

Fairy G: You did think of it.

Jacqueline: Pardon?

Fairy G: That was your first wish - so I've made it that you did think of it.

Jacqueline: Oh that's not fair. I wish I hadn't said that now.

Fairy G: You didn't - there's your second wish gone. Only one wish left. You'd better be careful.

Jacqueline: Right... I wish I had a Prince to marry - only a Prince not like the ones in the fairy stories.

Fairy G: Very well. *(She waves her wand)* Abracadabra, After Eight mints, bring this girl a different Prince.

(Bang! A HANDSOME PRINCE enters).

Handsome Prince: My darling.

Jacqueline: Ooh he is lovely - but he does seem rather like the other fairy tale princes.

Fairy G: Mmm yes, my dear, but there's one distinct difference.

(Magic MUSIC. PRINCE disappears and in his place is a FRENCH MAN saying "Oooh là là, je t'adore ma chérie", etc.

[Alternatively, the PRINCE can throw off his cloak to reveal a FRENCHMAN'S costume].

Jacqueline: Oh no, my prince is different - he's turned into a frog! Dear fairy, please let me have another wish.

Fairy G: Oh all right - since I was a little hard on the first two.

Jacqueline: I wish this pantomime would end.

Fairy G: *(Points to AUDIENCE)* So do they! And so it shall - but not until we've had a grand finale song.

Jacqueline: Do we have to?

Fairy G: I'm afraid we do! Curtain!

(Whole CAST on stage as curtain opens).

GRAND FINALE SONG: *JINGLE BELLS*

All: *Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
(to chorus tune) Jingle all the way.
Oh what fun it was to be
In a pantomime today.
Guys'n gels, magic spells,
So much in our play.
We hope you enjoyed yourselves
In the good old-fashioned way!*

Dwarves: *Walking on our knees
(to verse) Is a silly thing to do,
They all start to seize,
And go black and blue.*

Jacqueline: *It was worse for me,
Dancing with a cow,
She quick-stepped on to my foot
So my toes are broken now!*

All: *Ring the bells, ring the bells
(to chorus tune) Ring them loud and clear.
School bells ringing through the day
Saying holidays are near.
Shouts and yells, it all tells
We will soon be free.
Then our parents moan and groan
While the teachers shout "Yippee!"*

All: *(Or different groups if desired, to verse)
Everyone worked well
On the costumes and the set.
Though as they will tell,
They ain't been paid yet.
We learned all the lines,
You'll've noticed that,
And we tried to sing the songs
Even when we sang them FLAT. (sung flat!)*

All: *Jingle bells, Jingle bells,*
(Chorus tune) *Jingle all the way,*
 Oh what fun it was to be
 In the pantomime today.
 Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 Now the end is here.
 We hope you will come again
 To our pantomime next year. (Sing the last line slowly)

CURTAIN

SONG: *I GOT MARRIED ONE FRIDAY*
[To the tune of *Side By Side*]

Alternative to *RODERICK'S LAMENT* (Page 13)

Roderick: *I got married one Friday*
 Vicar said it was my day
 When the guests had gone home
 We were alone
 Side by side.
 We got ready for bed then,
 I had the shock of my life when
 Her teeth and her hair
 She laid on a chair
 Side by side.
 Imagine my surprised look
 When one glass eye so small,
 A leg, an arm, an ear,
 She placed on the chest near the wall.
 I was so broken hearted
 Most of my wife had departed.
 So I sat on a chair -
 There was more of her there,
 Side by side,
 Side by side,
 Side by side.