

# **WITCHES!**

A Musical Comedy

by

**JEREMY JAMES TAYLOR**

Music by

**DAVID NIELD**

**SchoolPlay Productions Ltd**

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

WITCHES!

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(Commissioned by Granda Television)

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## **WITCHES!**

**Book and lyrics by Jeremy James Taylor.**

**Music by David Nield.**

**Orchestrations by Denis Bloodworth.**

*(Commissioned by Granada Television).*

### ***THE CAST***

#### **THE WITCHES:**

JEZEBEL *(The Arch Witch)*

BELINDA *(The Good Witch)*

WITCH WINDBAG *(The Noisy Witch)*

WITCH CHATTERBOX *(The Argumentative Witch)*

WITCH HAZEL

BROOMWYN AP BRYSH *(The Welsh Witch)*

WITCH ONE

WITCH TWO

DAME SYBIL DEMDYKE *(The Theatrical Witch)*

WIDDERSHINS *(The Contrary Witch)*

WART-WANGLER *(The Witch Doctor)*

BRIDGET THE MIDGET *(The Irish Witch)*

HEATHER McBROOM *(The Scottish Witch)*

#### **THE PENDLE POLICE-FORCE, FAMILY AND FRIENDS:**

CHIEF CONSTABLE PERCIVAL PLODTHWAITE

PATRICIA PLODTHWAITE *(His Wife)*

PAUL PLODTHWAITE *(Percival's Son)*

PAMELA PLODTHWAITE *(Paul's Wife)*

PETER PLODTHWAITE *(Percival's Son)*

POLLY PLODTHWAITE *(Peter's Wife)*

PHILIP PLODTHWAITE *(Percival's Son)*

PIP PLODTHWAITE *(Percival's Son)*

PATRICK PLODTHWAITE *(Percival's Son)*

GREAT AUNT PERSEPHONE PLODTHWAITE

PENELOPE PLODTHWAITE

PANSY PLODTHWAITE

CYRIL PLODTHWAITE }  
GEORGIE PLODTHWAITE } (*Percival's Grand-Children*)  
WILLIE PLODTHWAITE }  
UNCLE JASPER PLODTHWAITE (*The Black Sheep*)  
FLOSSIE (*His little bit of relaxation*)  
FLASH HARRY (*A Photographer*)  
ERIC MARTIN (*The Compère*)  
SANDY CASTLE (*The Star*)

In 1612 at the trial of The Lancashire Witches, a number of ageing crones from the Pendle Valley, including Nan Chattox and Mother Demdyke, were found guilty of witchcraft and were executed.

But witchcraft can never be totally suppressed and even today in 1930, despite the continued and tireless vigilance of the Pendle Police-Force, the craft is still practised...

## **WITCHES!**

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### **ACT I**

*AUGUST 1930. A clearing in the forest on Pendle Hill. It is night time. Eleven witches are circling round a steaming cauldron. In the centre is Arch Priestess JEZEBEL, a hideous and toothless crone.*

#### **MUSIC 1 - PROCLAIM THE CURSE OF PENDLE HILL**

##### **CHORUS:**

**Jezebel:** *Sisters, bow down before the demon*  
**Sisters:** *Abase yourselves before the demon*  
**Jezebel:** *Sisters, bow down before the demon*  
**Sisters:** *Incant your spells before the demon*  
**Jezebel:** *From Pendle Hill*  
**Sisters:** *Abase yourselves, etc.*  
**Jezebel:** *The sacrifice...*  
**Sisters:** *Incant your spells, etc.*  
**Jezebel:** *...For ill and worse we cast a curse to never end*  
*We cast a curse to pester Pendle*  
**Sisters:** *We cast a curse to never end*  
*We cast a curse to pester Pendle.*

**Jezebel:** *We've a helluva good brew against the boys in blue,*  
**Sisters:** *O hocus. O pocus.*  
**Jezebel:** *Take a motherwort or two to taint the evil stew*  
**Sisters:** *A toadstool or a locust.*  
**Jezebel:** *(Holding up a pair of handcuffs)*  
*Take a pair of cuffs,*  
*When you've spat at them enough,*  
**Tutti:** *Moving widdershin.*  
*We cry to Woden and throw them in.*  
*(She throws the cuffs into the cauldron. It bubbles furiously).*

**CHORUS REPEAT**

**Jezebel:** *We've a helluva good charm. It's a septic psalm.*  
**Sisters:** *O helmet. O treacle.*

**Jezebel:** *Yell and holler in alarm to feel our magic harm*

**Sisters:** *O gout. O blackbeetle.*

**Jezebel:** *Hold the helmet high to the devil in the sky*

**Tutti:** *Moving widdershin.*

*We cry to Woden and throw them in.*

*(She throws the helmet in. The cauldron bubbles violently and explodes. They douse it with a fire extinguisher).*

**CHORUS REPEAT** until...

**Tutti:** *Proclaim the curse of Pendle. Proclaim the curse of Pendle.*

*Proclaim the curse of Pendle...curse of Pendle...curse of Pendle*

*Send them ill, Pendle Hill, send them ill, [hill,*

*Pendle Hill, send them ill, Pendle Hill, send them ill,*

*Pendle Hi...ll!*

*Immediately the Coven start a gentle rhythm, clacking bones together. JEZEBEL makes magic passes.*

### **MUSIC 1a - CHANT OF WITCHES**

**Jezebel:** *(With the rhythm of the clicking).*

*Black spirits and white. Red spirits and grey.*

*Mingle, mingle, mingle. You that mingle may.*

**Witches:** *(Whispering) Saday, Adonay, Belial Amator.*

*Saday, Ra, Tetragramaton, Creator.*

*(The whispered chant continues under JEZEBEL'S voice).*

**Jezebel:** *Head of monkey. Brain of cat. Eye of weasel. Toe of rat.*

*Tripe and onions. Sting of bee. Take this whistle, shrink its pea.*

*Take these cursed cycle clips, stolen i' the moon's eclipse,*

*Stir it in the witches' brew. Salt and pepper. Gas mark two.*

*(She holds up a waxen effigy of a policeman).*

*In his likeness it is moulded. In his vestments 'tis enfolded.*

*In his breast sharp pins we stick, and we drive them to the quick.*

*(She drives in pins as do the other witches).*

*They are in. They are in. Now the wretch's pains begin (ouch).*

*By this strong suffumigation, by this potent invocation*

*Spirits! I compel you here. All who list my call*

**All:** *Appear!*

*The charm has built to a crescendo and an air of great expectancy which culminates in the arrival of BELINDA carrying the tea tray.*

**Belinda:** *Tea up.*

**Jezebel:** *(Screaming) Pins and Needles!!!! (She hurls the effigy at BELINDA who*

*drops the tray with a clang*). You half-witted featherbrain, Belinda! Can't you see we're busy?

**Windbag:** Foolish idiot...

**Jezebel:** Devils and dunghills! Won't she ever learn? We're just giving th' Pendle Police Force the nastiest time they've had in years and she brings in the tea!

**Belinda:** I'll go and make some more. *(She picks up the wreckage)*.

**Sybil:** *(Kindly)* Just one sugar and a little sour milk for me, dear. *(BELINDA goes)*.

**Jezebel:** Oh, for hell's sake, Sybil, don't be nice to th' fool...

**Windbag:** Aye. She's more trouble than she's worth...

**Chatterbox:** Bet she ain't repaired my broomstick yet.

**Windbag:** Your broomstick? No chance of that! It had Dutch Elm Disease. Wharrabout mine?

**Chatterbox:** She 'ad mine first...

**Broomwyn:** Leeks and Eistedfodds, can't you two shut your gums for once?

**Jezebel:** Dammit. Now we've lost track! Where was I?

**Witch 1:** *(Picking up the model)* Police Constable Plodthwaite. We'd just pricked him.

**Witch 2:** 'EE! 'Is 'at's bin flattened.

**Widdershins:** And 'is truncheon's bent.

**Jezebel:** Let's see. Let's see. *(They crowd round)*.

**Wart-Wangler:** By all that's smelly! It's true.

**Jezebel:** *(Shouts)* An Augury.

**Witches:** *(Joining in)* An Augury!

*They start up a rhythm with their bones.*

**Witches:** Around. Around. About. About. All ill come in. All good keep out. When they hear the password 'SMILE'....

**Jezebel:** May they suffer spasms vile! *(JEZEBEL throws the effigy into the cauldron. There is a flash and a puff of smoke. They all look up and sigh with glee)*. Spit and scratch... 'tis accomplished!

*Murmurs of satisfaction all round.*

**Witch Hazel:** *(Blowing on a whistle)* Roight. Tea break!

**Chatterbox:** Aye. Where's that idle girl now? BELINDA!!!

**Widdershins:** *(Jumping)* Eee! I wish you wouldn't keep doin' that. Fuses me deaf aid.

**Windbag:** *(Screeching)* Belinda! Where's th' tea, girl?

**Belinda:** *(Entering with another trayful)* It's here. I've made some more.

**Bridget:** Ah! Top o' the milk to you. *(She takes a cup)*.

**Windbag:** What kept you?

**Witch 1:** A watched cauldron never boils, y'know.

**Sybil:** *(Taking tea)* Thank you dear.

**Chatterbox:** 'Ave you fed the cats, girl?

**Witch 2:** And dusted the bats?

**Windbag:** And wharrabout my broomstick? Ready, is it?

**Belinda:** (*Confused*) I'm sorry. No, I haven't...

**Chatterbox:** Eeee! Didn't they teach you any discipline at school?

**Jezebel:** At school! That's a rich one! Didn't you know, she's AT school! Her mother and father sent her here!

**Chatterbox:** What? Instead of school?

**Jezebel:** No! Dumb idiots couldn't spell 'convent' could they? (*Hysterical laughter*) And she learns nothing - do you? (*BELINDA says nothing*). Listen. Where's the one place in the world where black magic and witchcraft of any kind will never ever work, girl. Eh! (*They all listen*).

**Belinda:** I...I don't know.

**Jezebel:** Vampires and vomit! Over water, of course.

**All:** Over water.

**Jezebel:** Won't you ever learn?

**Bridget:** (*Suddenly enlightened*) A convent, begorrah! Imagine. A witch in a wimple.

**Sybil:** (*Reminiscing*) I wore a wimple once upon the stage. Dunsinane Rep. it was. Summer season, eighty three. (*All the witches look at her*) I was de-frocked!

**Broomwyn:** (*Suddenly*) Yachidaffy! By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes...

**Sybil:** Oh, really, Broomwyn, I have asked you before. Please don't keep quoting from that play. It's most awfully unlucky, you know.

**Broomwyn:** Who's bloomin' well quoting? It's true, I tell you. My thumbs are giving me hell.

**Belinda:** There's one cup left. Where's Heather MacBroom?

**Windbag:** Probably down th' Slow Worm and Broomstick Public Bar, if I know her!

**Jezebel:** Whaaat! You mean we're one short? The Pendle Police force out of town on their annual holiday; the spirits of evil abroad in full force and we conduct a coven with one short? Hellfire and haggis!

*There is a shrill whistle off, followed by the sound of a Spitfire landing.*

**Broomwyn:** Here she comes now. Clear the runway! (*The coven scatter as HEATHER screams into land with a volley of Scottish oaths*).

**Heather:** Och and away the confounded noo!!! Sporrans and spit. Have I got bad news!

**Hazel:** Croipes! Wha's-the-marrer with her?

**Heather:** Kilts and cats-eyes. I've just flown in from Blackpool. That man, Sandy Castle, he's at it again. (*A fearful gasp from all the witches*) ...Only this time,

it's worse.

**Jezebel:** Treachery and toilets!

**Heather:** The theatre is packed, twice daily.

**Chatterbox:** To listen to him!

**Heather:** Aye! And his anti-witch jokes.

**Jezebel:** Curses upon you, Sandy Castle!

**Widdershins:** Tear out his tongue, tear out his tongue.

**All:** Make him suffer as day is long.

**Jezebel:** Tell us the worst.

**Heather:** It's the North Pier Pavilion Theatre. 'Broomsticks over Blackpool Pier', a family entertainment featuring the one and only Sandy Castle and his Cauldron Cackles! (*Much muttering and hatred*). Endless jokes about The Witches of Pendle Hill. Games and competitions with broomsticks and cauldrons. And his latest song.

**Hazel:** About uzz?

**Heather:** About us. And it's a smash hit.

**Jezebel:** He'll get smashed and hit for this. What's it about?

**Heather:** A witch he once loved.

**Hazel:** Oh, groovy!

**Witch 2:** Oh, that's not so bad.

**Heather:** Just you wait 'til you hear it!

**Bridget:** Give us a few bars.

## MUSIC 2 - IT'S JUST THAT OLD FAMILIAR FEELING

**Heather:** Och, if you must...

*It's just that old familiar feeling coming over me*

**Windbag:** Disgusting!

**Heather:** *I love those long and black curling finger-nails you grow for me*

**Broomwyn:** I'll give him finger-nails.

**Heather:** *The way you shave your chin in the twilight  
And those bats that hang from your skylight.  
As those ravens fly in a moonless sky?  
How they crow for me!*

**Hazel:** Eee! Great! (*JEZEBEL* bristles visibly).

**Heather:** *And when that old familiar feeling's coming over me,  
It's when you're wafting over your own home-grown B.O. for*

**Witch 1:** Oh, lovely. *[me.*

**Heather:** *Remember how we got the champagne out  
When you had that varicose vein out, long ago for me.*

*I love those brews you brew in your cauldron.  
Do a spell for me. Please make a smell for me.  
My wish is granted me, for you've enchanted me...*

*(Most of the witches are, by now, in seventh heavens of delight, except JEZEBEL who yowls).*

**Jezebel:** Sto...p! (*CHORD*) Long, black, curling finger-nails! They'll scratch his eyes out! (*CHORD. The witches move into position around the cauldron...*) We're goin' to sink that Pier, that theatre and that louse, Sandy Castle into the Irish Sea right now!!!

### *MUSIC .3 - JEZEBEL'S CURSE*

**Jezebel:** *He's gonna learn the meaning of an eye for an eye,  
So let me sharpen my nails and scratch - won't know what hit  
You bet he'd be better off in hell [him  
He'll never get away with it. The vermin must die.  
I take a tooth for a tooth, that's all. Won't know what hit him.  
Beware the vengeance of Jezebel.  
So get that broomstick out,  
Get it roaring and ready to go.  
Get on and give it a tune up,  
Ready for take-off with the moon up.  
Get those evil spells out,  
Give us a hideous yell and we'll fly.*

**Tutti:** *He's gonna learn the meaning of an eye for an eye.  
Will he survive it? Who can tell?  
Forget all your hoodoo. Forget all your voodoo.  
Come on sisters, hounds of hell,  
Summon ev'ry decibel,  
In the name of Jezebel, let's fly.*

**Jezebel:** Right. I want twelve witches back here in ten minutes flat, shaved, fully armed, broomsticks fuelled and ready for total war. It's destination Blackpool. Move!!!

*They scurry out muttering evil mutters. SYBIL sees BELINDA cowering.*

**Sybil:** Isn't this exciting, dear? (*BELINDA makes no reply*). Oh, come along, dear, do smile just this once. Blackpool can be simply wonderful at this time of year - and just imagine that pier tumbling into the sea! How dramatic! I just can't wait 'til tomorrow. (*She suddenly takes up a theatrical pose and starts quoting*). Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow...

**Jezebel:** (*Looking up from the cauldron and realising that SYBIL is being a*

*nuisance*). Dame Sybil! Gutter hell and pump at thunder, will yer? On thi' broomstick and leave her alone!

**Sybil:** *(Terribly upset)* Charming! *(And she weeps out. JEZEBEL approaches BELINDA).*

**Jezebel:** Belinda! A motherly word! If a nasty little prate such as you intends to laze around Pendle Hill Coven then it's time a few changes were made - startin' with that pretty little face on you! *(BELINDA turns away).* LOOK AT ME!!! *(BELINDA turns frightened, and looks at JEZEBEL who has gone into a kind of trance. She points a shrivelled hand at BELINDA as if putting the fluence on her).* May thy flesh shrivel from thy cheeks; may thy teeth blacken and crumble. May thy hair fall out. may thy face wrinkle. Cramps and agues wrack thy flesh and blight thy beauty, and may all thy family wither and suffer with thee. So may it be. *(MUSIC 3a - JEZEBEL'S EXIT (Instrumental) A pause).* Now get yourself ready for tomorrow's work. *(And she leaves).*

#### **MUSIC 4 - WHO NEEDS TO THINK ABOUT TOMORROW?**

*BELINDA looks after the departing figure of JEZEBEL. She picks up various remains of the evening's magical business and reflects:-*

**Belinda:** *Who needs to think about tomorrow?  
Today is full enough with sadness and sorrow.  
Who needs to think about tomorrow?  
For hatred, like a poison cloud infects the air...  
For their hatred is the only thing they'll gladly share,  
For they've plenty there to spare.  
They curse me. But I know that, now, despite them all,  
I must fight them all alone.  
Fight them, never fear them,  
I'm determined to keep firm and true,  
I'm determined to...  
When you're abandoned and defenceless,  
All the heartache and the tears are never ending here,  
I'm abandoned in a world that's cold and friendless here  
That's the endless fear for me.  
But I must face them, though I'm all alone and stranded here.  
I'll disgrace them. I must fight them single handed here.  
I must face them, make a stand, I know I'll beat them all,  
I'll defy them all. I'll defeat them all.  
I must try.*

*Who cares for others' desperation?  
No-one to share my desolation.  
Only maybe, though your faith in good is undermined,  
Only maybe, though you doubt your faith in humankind,  
Only maybe there's a chance, while your belief is strong,  
You can conquer wrong, and soon you'll find,  
Though skies be dark, though no light comes through,  
You can still believe that even dreams come true.  
You can dream the sun maybe still has beams.  
You can close your eyes and believe in dreams.  
And if you believe and you know you're right,  
You can stand alone and you can stand and fight,  
As long as you stay strong, you'll conquer all their wrong,  
If you believe.*

*(She retires to her stool. CHATTERBOX is talking to HAZEL).*

**Chatterbox:** Eee - that's disgusting! *(Laughter. The witches are filtering back with their broomsticks).*

**Hazel:** Well, all oi've brought is me bathers and a spare pair of frillies. Oi loike Blackpool.

**Chatterbox:** You what? She'll never stand for that. This is a business trip, norra holiday! Grief, Windbag, what the devil's that?

**Windbag:** *(Who has a modern-looking carpet sweeper)* Only th' latest model, in't it?

**Witch 1:** Looks like one of them New Model T Ewebanks.

**Sybil:** *(Who has arrived garbed in full leather flying helmet, etc.)* Dear me. Never catch me going up in one of those new-fangled things.

**Jezebel:** *(Entering briskly)* Right. All present and correct? Got that spare packet of pins, Broomwyn?

**Broomwyn:** Freshly sharpened!

**Jezebel:** Checked your lights, Heather?

**Sybil:** I must say, it's a good job it's a broad bricht, moonlicht nicht tonicht, wouldn't you say? *(She pronounces it with an impeccable English accent - They all look at her, astonished).*

**Heather:** *(Bristling)* What was that?

**Sybil:** Scots, you know. My speciality. I played the Scottish Lady in '22. Then gave my Hecate in '23; 'Enchanting performance', the critics said...

**Jezebel:** Thank you, Sybil dear. We'll have the memoirs later! Let's go!

**Widdershins:** Do you mind if I walk? Get terrible airsick you see.

**Jezebel:** Well just make sure you're not flying above me at the time! The Witch-Doctor'll sort you out. What you got for air-sickness, Wart-Wangler?

**Wart-Wangler:** Well, nothing works better than a table-spoonful of bat's blood.

**Bridget:** So take nothing! (*Roars with laughter*).

**Belinda:** So don't go!

**Jezebel:** (*Turning on BELINDA*) Belinda! How dare you! Get yourself ready, girl. Time is precious. (*BELINDA goes*) Now then, sisters, Blackpool Pier and Sandy Castle are the target. Destruction is the key-word. They won't know what's hit them.

### *MUSIC 5 - THE PIER BUSTERS*

**Jezebel:** (*Talking over the music*) Pay attention. We fly in formation. Groups of three with me leading. Windspeed twelve knots. Flying height 400 feet. Cruising speed, seventeen knots. Proceed West-Sou-West to Preston and The Ribble Valley, then due North over Lytham St. Anne's. Look out for th' Tower. We land on the North Shore promenade at 1400 hours. Synchronise chronometers. It's now 6.32 a.m precisely. Have a good flight.

**Jezebel:**       *Come Pendle Pilots, let us get it together,  
For birds of a feather are we.  
Gird up those loins as you embark on your quest,  
And you wing it out west to the sea.  
A fine flotilla. See their crack aviation.  
They fly in formation, like birds on the wing.  
Get those thunderbirds in tune  
And raise your voices to the skies and sing:*

**Tutti:**       *Ladies, obey the instruction.  
Hell-bent on destruction and fear.  
All those who stand in our way  
Know the price they will pay could be dear.  
Vengeance is heading for Blackpool.  
Get ready for meeting your doom,  
For revenge is descending tomorrow  
And it's riding a black Pendle broom!*

**Jezebel:** ...and remember, an air-strip is NOT another word for removing all your clothes in mid-air, Witch Hazel, it's something used for taking off.

**Hazel:** Same difference!

**Sybil:** This IS exciting. I'm mad about flying!

**Bridget:** A wing-nut! (*Much laughter*).

**Jezebel:** SILENCE!!! Now fly without mercy! Ten points for a seagull, fifty for a sparrow and one thousand for a manned monoplane. Ravens and bats are, of course, exempt. Prepare to mount.

**All:**                   *Come Pendle pilots, let us get it together,  
For birds of a feather are we.  
Gird up those loins as we embark on our quest  
And we wing it out west to the sea.  
We don't confine ourselves to mere acrobatics.  
We're magic with static electricity.  
As we cast a curse on Sandy Castle,  
May the evil of the plague attack you.  
May the devil with an ague wrack you.  
For while you're joking at us,  
You'll get a soaking from us.*

*And as the music swells and the sun rises, the engines roar into life. Led by JEZEBEL on her four litre hoover, the squadron take off one by one into the West. As their silhouettes grow smaller into the distance, BELINDA, sad and pathetic with her two-stroke feather duster, splutters off after them, alone and solitary, as the curtain falls.*

**END OF ACT I**

## ACT II

*The promenade on the North Pier, Blackpool. Noon. Saturday. The entire Plodthwaite family fill the foreground. They are sunbathing, sleeping, eating, etc. All the brothers, wives and children are there. So is Aunt Persephone, defying the sun in full dress. She is the only one not in bathing suit. In the background, the pier-rail; various posters advertising 'Sandy Castle in Broomsticks over Blackpool Pier' and a solitary fisherman, dozing with his rod in the sea. On the horizon, Blackpool Tower and the Big Wheel, slowly revolving. It is clear to the audience that this is the Pendle Police force since all the men are sporting their helmets and boots. They are writing a postcard.*

### MUSIC 6 - HAVING A LOVELY TIME

*The postcard is passed along the line. Eventually, PERCIVAL sings.*

**Percival:** *Plodding along the promenade in Blackpool.  
Weather is lovely for the time of year.  
Planning to spend an hour  
With the Mrs in Blackpool Tower,  
And taking a gentle stroll along the pier.  
Soaking up sunshine with the kids in Blackpool,  
Filling ourselves with fish and chips and beer,  
And the kids are always squealing,  
Aunt Polly's started peeling.  
Ee, we're having a lovely time, wish you were here.  
Let's have a knees-up:  
We're having a lovely time, wish you were here!*

*They collapse into their deck-chairs, etc. The postcard has now been completed.  
PERCIVAL holds it up.*

**Percival:** Right. Who's going to lick th' stamp?

**Children:** Me. Me. Me. I want to. It's my turn, etc., etc.

**Percival:** Hang on! Hang on! Slow down! Flippin' Henry; there'll be plenty more cards to send before th' weekend's out, so don't panic. *(Turns to Mum)*  
Mother?

**Patricia:** Pansy. You're Uncle Jasper's favourite, so you lick it.

**Cyril:** Yeah. Let her lick it. She's the wettest.

**Penelope:** Don't like Uncle Jasper, anyway. He's creepy.

**Polly:** Penelope, really!! Don't talk of your Uncle Jasper like that. That's not nice.

**Cyril:** Nor's Uncle Jasper.

**Pam:** Cyril. Shut thi' gob, or I'll banjo thee!

**Patricia:** Ee, let him speak his mind, Pamela, love. Better out than in; tell the truth and shame the devil, that's my motto, come what may.

**Percival:** (*Resigned*) Flippin' Henry!

**Patricia:** Anyway, if your Uncle Jasper wants to desert his family and spend all his life away down in London, who are we to stop him?

**Penelope:** I don't miss him as much as me lovely Auntie...

**Pam:** Penny! Sssh!

**Aunt:** (*Changing the subject*) Here. Give us the card, Percival. I'll address it.

**Percival:** Give the card to your great Aunt Persephone then, Pansy.

**Aunt:** (*Taking it*) Where's the stamp?

**Willy:** She swallered it.

**Pam:** Oh, Pansy, honestly!

**Paul:** (*To the children*) Go on, run off and play, you lot.

**Peter:** (*As the children go*) You know, I wish I could get these ruddy boots off. I've been tryin' for a week!

**Patrick:** Aye. Mine are stuck on too.

**Pip:** (*Amazed*) And mine! Makes paddlin' sheer hell!

**Philip:** It's the same with me 'elmet! Like it's glued on. *They all mutter "Me too".*

**Paul:** Aye! They won't come off. It's murder in bed.

**Pamela:** As your wife, I'll second that.

**Percival:** Can't for the life of me think what's caused it.

**Polly:** Probably all that beer. (*All look at her, amazed*).

**Peter:** You what?

**Polly:** Sunshine and beer. Makes your brain swell up.

**Percival:** Oh yeah! Who says?

**Polly:** That old dame who runs th' Pendle Post office wi' all them cats, you know. Said to me Tuesday, she said, 'Watch out', she said. 'If them menfolk of yours mix beer and sunshine on holiday', she said, 'things could get sticky!'

**Pam:** Go on!

**Polly:** Guide's honour.

**Pat:** Silly old rat-bag!

**Pip:** That's old Mother Chattox or whatever she's called, i'nt it?

**Percival:** Oh, her. Keep catching her scrawling graffiti on th' Police Station wall. Weird old hag wi' two teeth and one eye.

**Pam:** I've heard say she's a witch.

**Polly:** A witch? Never!

**Patricia:** Mind you, I don't know what to make of all them cats.

**Pip:** How 'bout a Lancashire Hot Pot! (*Laughter*).

**Patricia:** (*Laughing too*). Well! You have to smile!  
*The Policemen, to a man, yowl in agony on the word 'smile'.*

**Polly:** (*Shocked*) What were that?

**Patricia:** All I said was 'You have to smile'  
*Another yowl.*

**Polly:** It's all that beer working!

**Pamela:** (*Glowering at PAUL*) Or eating cheese in bed!  
*AUNT PERSEPHONE has been avidly reading the postcard and is, therefore, oblivious. She looks up.*

**Aunt:** Percival! You're not intending to send this card through the public post are you?

**Percival:** Ee. What now?

**Aunt:** It's disgusting! And you a Policeman.

**Polly:** Oo! let's see! (*Grabs for it*)

**Aunt:** (*Holding on to it*) Just a minute. I haven't finished reading it!  
*Unseen to the family a dandy figure - UNCLE JASPER - has strolled onto the pier behind them. He has a young and prettily dressed girl, Flossie, on his arm. He bumps into the young, dozing fisherman.*

**Sandy:** Hey. Watch it!

**Jasper:** Eee. Sorry, lad.

**Flossie:** Keep smiling, Johnny. (*She's a cockney sparrer*). Fishin' are ya?

**Sandy:** Nay. Drownin' worms!

**Peter:** Hey, Dad! Who needs stamps?

**Percival:** What?

**Cyril:** (*Pointing at him*) Oh no!  
*They all turn and see JASPER. JASPER sees them. There is a horrified pause.*

**Jasper:** Well I'll be blowed!

**Percival:** (*To the family*) Well, bang goes our holiday.

**Jasper:** (*To FLOSSIE*) Well bang goes our little weekend.

**Patricia:** Well, it's a black sheep that does nobody any good. That's what I say.

**Jasper:** (*Moving to them with false heartiness*) Percival! Patricia! What a nice surprise!

**Percival:** Hello Jasper. What the heck are you doing here?

**Jasper:** Oh! Just here for a little relaxation.

**Aunt:** What's that on his arm?

**Cyril:** Just his little bit of relaxation!

**Jasper:** Well, if it isn't little Cyril. Flossie, meet my great nephew, Cyril!

**Flossie:** Never!

**Jasper:** 'Fraid so. And this is Percival, me brother, his wife, his sons, his daughters-in-law, and this is Great Aunt Persephone.

**Flossie:** Strewth!

**Jasper:** Well, give them a smile, Flossie.

*The men yowl. FLOSSIE jumps.*

**Jasper:** And these are my great nephews and nieces. Say hello to Flossie.

**Children:** Hello to Flossie.

**Flossie:** Hello, kids.

**Pansy:** We just done a postcard to you.

**Georgie:** But Pansy ate the stamp.

**Penelope:** Aunt said it was too rude.

**Willy:** But Mum said nothin's too rude for you.

**Flossie:** We just been on the trams and had a quick cha cha cha at the Tower Ballroom...

**Cyril:** I'll bet you did!

**Jasper:** Tango, Floss, Tango. Geraldo and his Groucho Band. Works up a thirst! We're just poppin' along to the Pavilion for some tickets. Thought we'd do Sandy Castle's show this afternoon.

**Patricia:** Ee, Sandy Castle. He's done that lovely song hasn't he? *(She starts to hum it)*

**Jasper:** Tell you what, I'll treat you all. *(Gasps from the family)*

**Polly:** What! he must be rollin' in it.

**Pamela:** He must be daft.

**Flossie:** All of them, Jasper?

**Jasper:** Well, me private weekend away from it all with you, Flossie, has gone for a right burton, so we may as well make the best of a bad job... *(He spots FLASH HARRY, a seaside photographer)* Ah, Harry! Just the job. Come on over here and give us all a quick flash! *(He laughs raucously at his own joke).*

**Harry:** *(A timid little man with a very large tripod)* Trouble is, I don't think the sun's in the right direction...

**Jasper:** Oh damn the light! Patricia will solve it wi' her famous dazzling smile. *(A yowl)* Ee! What did I say?

**Flossie:** What a funny lot!

**Jasper:** Here we are, Harry, boy. Stick your tripod right here.

**Aunt:** He's not pointing that thing at me!

**Jasper:** No such luck, Grandma! Tell you what. We'll have the whole lot done! *(Ooos all round)* Come on Patricia. Form a group; then the rest o' th' family can form another group around you! *(Laughs)* Come on. You too, Flossie, love. *(Whooping, he pinches her backside. She squeals and jumps into the group).* How are we doin' Harry? Ready to give us an exposure?

**Harry:** Trouble is, there's a gap there...

**Jasper:** A gap? Percival! Do your flies up! (*Laughs*) By George, he's right. There is a gap there... (*A pause as he realises there is someone missing*) Hey!! ...there's someone missing! Percival; where's Belinda, eh? Where's your lovely daughter?

**Percival:** Jasper! (*The whole family glower at him except PATRICIA who bursts into tears*).

**Flossie:** Who's Belinda?

**Patricia:** Ee! Trust him! Why did he have to mention her name?

**Polly:** (*Beading at JASPER*) I knew someone would spoil the holiday.

**Jasper:** Hey! What have I said?

#### MUSIC 7 - BELINDA

**Percival:** (*Sadly*) You've been away too long, Jasper. We haven't seen Belinda for two years.

**Percival:** *Belinda! Wherever you are, we pray...*

**& Brothers:** *Belinda! We pray you'll return one day...*

**Patricia:** *Belinda! I hope and I wish...*

**Children:** *Belinda! We're feeding your fish*

**Adults:** *Belinda! Each one of us wants to say...*

**All:** *Wherever you are, if you hear your dear Father,  
Come home now, Belinda, return.*

*We're agreed that we need you, Belinda.*

*How we've missed you. How we've yearned.*

*If only you'd known how we'd all feel so lonely*

*Without you, no doubt you'd explain*

*Why you left us bereft of Belinda.*

*Won't you come back home again?*

*PATRICIA blasts into her handkerchief.*

**Percival:** Now don't upset yourself, Mother.

**Polly:** Trust him to put his great boot in it.

**Jasper:** Look, what did I say?

**Flossie:** Yeah! What did I say?

**Peter:** You only mentioned Belinda, that's all.

**Flossie:** Who's Belinda?

**Percival:** She's our daughter -

**Patrick:** She's our sister -

**Pansy:** She's our Aunty -

**Cyril:** And she runned away two year ago...

**Flossie:** (*Sadly*) Oh, I see.

**Harry:** (*Shouts*) Here! What's goin' on?

**Percival:** (*Ignoring HARRY and reading from his notebook*) Last seen proceeding along Clitheroe Road on her way to her new school with a letter addressed to Mother Superior...

**Paul:** Dark hair. Brown eyes...

**Peter:** New school uniform...

**Patrick:** Gone, wi'out trace.

**Pip:** A right rum do.

**Patricia:** She'll come back though. I know she will. (*The whole family blast into handkerchiefs*).

**Harry:** (*Getting impatient*) Ee, come on! Cheer up everyone. How about a nice big...

**Percival:** Wherever you are, if you hear your dear Father.

**& Patricia:** Come home now, Belinda, return.

*While the music continues....*

**Jasper:** (*Sarcastically*) Well, this is smashing fun, I must say!

**Aunt:** Jasper!... Put a sock in it.

**Family:** (*Sing*) Belinda!

**Patricia:** (*Moving to get up out of her deck-chair*) I think I'll get back to the Guest House...

**Sons:** No, Mother, stay there.

*FLOSSIE, now overcome too, blasts into JASPER'S handkerchief.*

**Jasper:** Skennin' heck! Now she's off!

**Family:** (*Sing*) *If only you'd known how we'd all feel so lonely  
Without you, no doubt you'd explain  
Why you left us bereft of Belinda.  
Won't you come back home again?*

**Flossie:** (*To JASPER*) Trust you to mention Belinda. (*PATRICIA cries again*)

**Jasper:** Oh, ruddy hell... I'm off to get those tickets... (*He strides off*).

**Persephone:** ...Has he taken it yet?

**Flossie:** Hey! Jas! Wait for me, will you? (*She scurries after him. HARRY looks at the forlorn family group, wiping their noses*).

**Harry:** Well, there's a jolly seaside snap! Pardon me ladies and gents. I'm just off to the cemetery to cheer meself up. Tara!

*Having picked up his tripod, he moves off. Suddenly there is a low rumble, like distant thunder.*

**Polly:** *(Looking up)* Eee, no! Looks like rain.

**Peter:** 'Eee, that's all we needed! *(They gather their things together).*

**Cyril:** Hey, Dad! Look at that funny cloud...

**Peter:** Come on Cyril, we're off. Dinner time.

**Cyril:** But Dad, there's things flyin'...

**Pamela:** Cyril! Do as your father says, or I'll paste thee ear'ole!

*There is a huge crash of thunder. Reluctantly, CYRIL follows the rest of the family off up the pier. SANDY puts up his large fishing broly. He is whistling cheerfully to himself. He looks up as the drone roars overhead.*

**Sandy:** Good grief!!! What the devil...?

*The roar passes overhead. Distant sounds of singing (reprise of MUSIC 5 - THE PIER-BUSTERS). This is followed by a huge flash of lightning, a monumental thunderclap, and the sound of a human cry. There is a loud splash as something falls into the sea near the Pier. SANDY rushes to the side and looks over. There is the sound of distant laughter as the droning dies to silence.*

**Sandy:** *(Yells)* Hang on! Don't go away! *(He grabs a lifebelt on the Pier and hurls it over the side. There is a splash as it lands in the sea).* Here. Grab this. Good. Now swim this way. Hang on! *(He seizes his fishing rod and winds it in. On the end of the hook is a soaking wet feather duster. He then heaves the lifebelt up).* That's it. Hang on tight. *(He leans over and grabs the victim and heaves her over the rail. There, soaking wet and frightened, is BELINDA. He looks at her).* What the devil were you doing? How on earth did you get there?

**Belinda:** *(Almost to herself; angry)* I missed the promenade.

**Sandy:** What?

**Belinda:** THEY conjured up a thunderstorm and blinded me with lightning so I would land in the sea...

**Sandy:** Who did? Who conjured up a storm? *(BELINDA sneezes suddenly)* Oh dear. I'm sorry. Look, take this. *(He takes off his jacket and wraps it round her).* There we are. Now, have a drop of this. It'll warm you up. *(He offers her his hip-flask. She drinks. He watches her).* Better? *(She nods gloomily and drinks again).* Now don't look so miserable. Give me a smile. *(No reaction).* Will you tell me who you are and how you got there? *(Silence).* Where have you come from? *(More silence).* Come on. Cheer up! *(He whistles her a snippet of tune. She wraps herself up more in the coat).*

MUSIC 8 - TRY OUT A GRIN

**Sandy:** Tell you what. Let's try a song. That should make you feel better.

**Sandy:** *(Somewhat tentatively to start with).*

*No good in hiding away on your own.  
Come on. Come out of your shell.  
No good pretending you're here all alone.  
Smile now. You do it so well.*

**Belinda:** *(Still involved in her own thoughts).*

*If only, for a moment I could end it all.  
Oh, if only, for a day I could pretend it all  
Didn't matter, but I know that now, despite them all  
I must fight them all alone.*

SANDY views her quizzically and tries again - a bit faster.

**Sandy:** *No good in hiding away on your own.  
Come on. Come out of your shell.  
No good pretending you're here all alone.  
Smile now. You do it so well.*

*She smiles - reluctantly.*

*Honest to goodness, you could miss all the fun,  
Laughing was never a crime, so  
You'd be surprised how a smile on your face,  
Soon finds you falling into rhyme.  
Try out a grin, you'll begin to have a real good time.*

*(Spoken)* Now come on. Cheer up and have a sing.

*... No good in hiding away on your own.  
Come on come out of your shell...*

*She hasn't joined in but he soldiers on.*

*No good pretending you're here all alone.  
Smile now. You do it so well.  
Honest to goodness you could miss all the fun*

**Belinda:** *(If only for a moment it could all be done)*

**Sandy &:** *Laughing was never a crime...*

**Belinda:** *(Oh if only from the moment when it all began)...*

*(He stops, looks at her).* That's the wrong tune - and you're making the wrong face!

That face wasn't made for looking miserable and singing gloomy songs.

Come on, join in - and cheer up!...

**Both:** *(Hesitatingly)* *You'd be surprised how a smile on your face*

**Sandy:** Good!

**Both:** *Soon has you falling into rhyme.*

**Sandy:** Now grin!

**Both:** *Try out a grin, you'll begin to have a real good time.*

**Sandy:** Feeling better?

**Belinda:** (*Grins*) Feeling better.

**Sandy:** Good.

**Belinda:** *No good hiding away on your own.  
Come on, come out of your shell.*

**Sandy:** *Always known the world was prone to needing magic spells*

**Belinda:** *No good pretending you're here all alone.  
Smile now. You do it so well.*

**Sandy:** *Just as good fighting on your own,  
So smile and I'll enjoy it as well.*

**Belinda:** *Honest to goodness, you could miss all the fun.  
Laughing was never a crime.*

**Sandy:** *Promise me honestly the day is won.  
Can't go back now you've begun. Time to cheer up.*

**Belinda:** *So you'd be surprised how a smile on your face  
Soon finds you falling into rhyme,*

**Sandy:** *So you'd be surprised, a smile on your face  
Soon finds you falling into rhyme.*

*They stop as they hear the theatre band playing in the distance.*

**Sandy:** (*As he goes*) *Try out a grin, you'll begin to have a real good time.*

*(Spoken) I must go. I hadn't realised the time. (And he rushes off clutching his fishing bits and pieces leaving BELINDA alone, but happy and confident. She tries out the song on her own).*

**Belinda:** *No good in trying to cover your eyes.  
No good in turning away.*

*No good defying the words of the wise.  
Listen to all that they say.*

*Now I am sure that the more that we live, we learn  
Good will prevail and the tide must turn.*

*Stand up and face them. Resist them. Disgrace them.  
Be steadfast and firm in resolve and determine*

*To fight the fight.*

*Spurn them and battle for good and right.*

*The sun comes out.*

*No cloud can hide his silver lining...*

*SANDY rushes back. She is delighted.*

**Sandy:** I'll see you later! (*And he rushes off again*).



**Tutti:** *Flamenco. Just follow the sound and pirouette smoothly with a*  
*[spin*  
*And then go the other way round and do it tangoing widdershin.*  
*Just tilt that old Spanish sombrero:*  
*Abandon that boring bolero.*  
*Can't think who needs Borodin. Oh wharradin!*

*DANCE*

*They finish with an outrageous Tango routine then fall about cackling with glee.*

**Hazel:** *(Oblivious of the fact that the dance has finished) Ha ha, haha ha haha.*  
*Olé!*

**Windbag:** *(Regarding her)* I don't know 'bout you, Witch hazel, but the rest of us  
are about to change partners!

**Hazel:** *(Grinding to a halt)* Eh? Oh drat! Oi'm gerrin quoite attached to me  
broomstick!

**Bridget:** Well, you're the lucky one. Mine just gave me the brush off.

**Jezebel:** Ee, WE just made a clean sweep at the Tower Ballroom! Geraldo and his  
Grouchos are down to their bandanas!

**Widdershins:** *(Freaking out)* Ha ha. Ha ha ha ha ha ha!

**Tutti:** Olé!

**Chatterbox:** Grief, Windbag. Wharrav you come as? You look like Dracula's  
mother!

**Windbag:** D'you mind? I AM Dracula's mother!

**Broomwyn:** *(Under her white sheet - a ghost)* OOOooo! Yachidafyo! Olé!

**Witch 1:** Och. It's the Welsh Wailer.

**Jezebel:** Where have you been, Broomwyn?

**Broomwyn:** *(Emerging)* Been to the Ghost Train, 'aven't I? Scared the hell out of  
those spooks.

**Witch 2:** And you should have seen what Wart-Wangler did to that snake-charmer.

**Windbag:** Oh! It's a snake-charmer is it? *(Looks at her)* 'Bout as charming as a  
python, I'd say.

**Wart-Wangler:** Ssssh. *(Wart-Wangler is about to 'perform' when they hear a*  
*sneeze).*

**Belinda:** Atchoo!

**Sybil:** *(Automatically)* Bless you.

**Jezebel:** Shurrap, Sybil.

**Chatterbox:** Hey, it's Belinda. *(They all see her for the first time).*

**Windbag:** Skennin' heck. Her's sogginwet through.

**Chatterbox:** Have a bad landin' did you? *(Laughter).*

**Jezebel:** Well, she managed to float - more's the pity. Still, God's good to gobbins,  
so they say! Just ignore her. Now then. It's down to business. There's the

theatre. We gerrin there and it's muck or nettles. Right?

**Windbag:** Muck'll do me fine!

**Jezebel:** We don't hang about. Soon as he's on that stage we electrify his microphone, we don't laugh at his jokes, we make the band go out of tune during that ruddy song and, top o' t' bill - when it's competition time - Tug O' War or wharrever...

**Heather:** That's it. Tug O' War, wi' a bell that rings when the winner wins...

**Jezebel:** Right, well when it rings, on your broomsticks, right? Cos that pier is tumblin' right down into't sea while we fly to safety. Gorrit?

**Hazel:** Olé!

**Jezebel:** Right! Prepare for action.

**Windbag:** (*In rhythm*) Tango-time Widdershin.

**Tutti:** We'll finish him. Olé!

#### MUSIC 10 - TANGO REPRISE AND EXIT OF WITCHES

**Jezebel:** (*In time with the music*)

*Tango together in line and follow Senora Jethebel  
Fandango you'll certainly find you'll find a broomstick  
Just give me a Spanish guitar. [carethable,  
They'll be amazed, they'll be hailing me far.  
Away the best, the most heavenly star.  
I'm irreprethable. Olé!*

*And they have gone, leaving BELINDA alone again. However, she is now more resolved. She looks after them with disinterest.*

#### MUSIC 11 - THAT'S WHAT MY MOTHER USED TO SAY

**Belinda:** *When I was young, when I was childish  
I'd hear a dozen times a day:  
'Be sure, tell truth and shame the devil, dear.'  
That's what my Mother used to say.  
That's what my Mother used to say.  
'Know every cloud's a silver lining  
And every dog will have his day.  
Be wise and prize these words of wisdom, dear.'  
That's what my Mother used to say.  
That's what my Mother used to say.*

*When I recall how I'd ignore her,  
And hide my head, if skies were grey,  
I know it's best to face the sun-rising,  
Those words I've understood to-day.  
To-day I know she told me wisely  
'Where you've a will you'll find a way.  
There's always hope beyond the rainbow, dear'  
That's what my Mother used to say.  
That's what my Mother used to say.*

**END OF ACT II**

### ACT III

*The stage and auditorium of the North Pier Pavilion, Blackpool. The second act of 'BROOMSTICKS OVER BLACKPOOL PIER' is just starting. The front two rows of the stalls are full of the PLODTHWAITE family, including JASPER and FLOSSIE. On stage is ERIC MARTIN, the show's compère.*

#### MUSIC 12 - BROOMSTICKS OVER BLACKPOOL PIER

**Eric:** *Welcome to one and all, Broomsticks Over Blackpool Pier!  
We give away simply sun-shine: simply fun-time;  
Simply one big smile-time (Yowl).  
Welcome. Come to the ball. Come on in and lend an ear.  
We'll know the magic's beginning, we'll know we're winning  
To see you grin.  
So welcome to one and all for show-time for you is here.*

(SPOKEN) All together now, boys and girls!

**Tutti:** *Welcome to one and all, Broomsticks Over Blackpool Pier!  
We give away simply sun-shine: simply fun-time;  
Simply one big smile-time (Yowl).  
Welcome. Come to the ball. Come on in and lend an ear.  
We'll know the magic's beginning, we'll know we're winning  
To see you grin.  
So welcome to one and all,  
Yes welcome, come to the ball,  
Yes welcome to one and all  
To Broomsticks over Blackpool Pier!*

*There is tumultuous applause as ERIC takes his bow. Unnoticed by him, but in full view of everyone else, the WITCHES have arrived during the chorus. Somehow they have come through the stage-door and have been tip-toeing across the stage behind him. JEZEBEL has the tickets in her hand and she eventually locates the stage left box into which all twelve of them pile - though SYBIL is last in - she is transfixed by the lights and the theatre and is temporarily hypnotised on stage. BELINDA comes last and is rejected by the rest who point their bony fingers in the direction of the box on the other side. BELINDA sits there in Coventry. The entire proceedings cast enormous shadows across the back-cloth.*

*As the song ends, both the audience and ERIC applaud each other.*

**Eric:** Bravo. Bravo! Well sung. Noisiest this season. Ee wharradin!

**Hazel:** *(Automatically)* Olé!

**Witches:** Ssshh!

**Windbag:** Control yourself, Hazel, you chump.

**Chatterbox:** We don't want to draw attention to ourselves.

**Eric:** *(Oblivious)* Now then... 'ave we gorra show for you?...

**Audience:** *(In chorus - it's his catchphrase).* YOU BET WE 'AVE!!

**Eric:** Aha! You've been 'ere before *(Laughter)*. Oh well, no accountin' for taste!  
*(He notices SYBIL who is wandering around upstage in a kind of daze).*  
'Ello, darlin'. Lost are you?

**Jezebel:** Psst. Sybil! Come here!

**Eric:** Lookin' for the fancy-dress ball?

**Sybil:** *(Muttering)* Tomorrow...and tomorrow...

**Eric:** Hey, this is the North Pier Pavilion, Blackpool, love, not Sadler's Vic!

**Sybil:** Ah, the smell of the greasepaint!

**Windbag:** Stupid pratt.

**Percival:** Gerronwithit!

**Eric:** And the roar of the crowd. Gerroff. *(He shoves her towards the box where she is captured by the WITCHES and hauled in).*

**Eric:** *(Relieved)* Sorry 'bout that. These stage-hands'll do anything for a laugh!  
*(No response)* Or a titter. Anyway, let's get on. Tell you what, I hear we've a party from Pendle tonight. Is that true?

**Plodthwaites:** YOU BET WE 'AVE!

**Eric:** Ah, good. You're still there!

**Jezebel:** What were that? A party from Pendle? Who's grassed on us?

**Witch 1:** Even money, Belinda.

**Eric:** *(Looking for the 'Pendle-ites' in the audience)* Where are you then?

**Broomwyn:** *(Doomily)* I don't like this. I smell danger in the air!

**Chatterbox:** *(Drily)* That's Windbag's B.O.

**Eric:** *(Seeing the Plodthwaites waving to him)* Ah, there you are. Well, you are in for a laff now, what with you and your Pendle Witches 'cos here, with 'is Cauldron Cackles, is the man you've all been waiting for - Lancashire's very own... Sandy Castle!!!

### *MUSIC 13 - SANDY CASTLE'S ENTRY*

*To tumultuous applause, whistles, cheers, etc. from the PLODTHWAITES and uncontrollable boos and hisses from the WITCHES, which JEZEBEL tries, unsuccessfully, to quieten down, SANDY arrives, smiling and waving. BELINDA is, of course, astonished to recognise her Fisherman.*

**Sandy:** Thank you. Thank you. *(In the metre of the catchphrase used by the*

*compère*). You all been 'avin' a wonderful time?

**Plodthwaites:** YOU BET WE 'AVE!

*Suddenly SANDY notices BELINDA in her box. BELINDA signals to him to be quiet.*

**Heather:** Och, come away! Let's get cracking.

**Cyril:** Hey, Mum, that's the feller was fishin' on't pier this mornin'.

**Flossie:** Yeah! Lovely in'ee?

**Sandy:** It's Cauldron Cackles time, so here's a little rhyme!

**Jezebel:** Ready sisters? Plan A (*All chant*) Saday, Adonay, Belial, Amator...

**Sandy:** A witch stood on the bridge one night, 'er bones were all a quiver. She gave a cough, her leg fell off, and floated down the river! (*Roars of laughter from the PLODTHWAITES*).

**Jezebel:** (*Still in rhythm*) Charge his cursed microphone. Static shock him to the bone.

*They all put the 'fluence' on SANDY, but nothing happens. SANDY looks at them.*

**Sandy:** You all right, ladies? Grief! They've come as witches! Now that's what I call entering into the spirit of the thing!

**Windbag:** Nothing's happened.

**Broomwyn:** There's something funny in the air!

**Sandy:** I hear there's a group in from Pendle. (*Cheers*).

**Witch 2:** Try collapsing the stage.

**Sandy:** Well this act's specially for you - you and those crazy Witches they say live up Pendle Hill. Right Witches Kitchen there is up there you know. Specialists in new recipes. I hear there's a new one for Toad in the Hole. Uses real toads! (*Laughter*) With a coven who needs an oven?

**Jezebel:** (*Getting hysterical*) Stop him!!!

**Witches:** About about, around around,

**Jezebel:** Send him crashing to the ground!

*They put the 'fluence' on him again. Again nothing happens.*

**Sandy:** Do you mind, ladies. This is my act!

**Widdershins:** It still won't work.

**Sandy:** Look, it's Pendle Hill you want if you're looking for the Black Magic Show.

**Witches:** (*Hiss*)

**Sandy:** (*To the audience*) I think it must be a rival act from Morecombe Pier! (*To the WITCHES*) I should forget the magic spells anyways darlin's. None o' that ever works over water - you're daft if you don't know that!

**Jezebel:** What did he say?

**Sandy:** Now let me tell you about a little witch I once fell in love with.

**Windbag:** (*Furious*) We're over water!

**Jezebel:** What????

**Sandy:** ...had me under her spell. I thought she were beautiful...

**Windbag:** That means nowt'll work.

**Sandy:** ...Fact was she 'ad a face like a melted welly! Gob-stopper eyes and only one tooth. She never needed a dentist - only a nightwatchman! (*Laughter*).

**Chatterbox:** I'm goin' home. (*JEZEBEL restrains her*).

**Sandy:** Suffered from every disease from dandruff to athlete's foot.

**Broomwyn:** What did I tell you...

**Sandy:** ...in fact hypochondria was the only disease she didn't suffer from! Always airsick after a trip on her broomstick. "Flu" she called it!

**Jezebel:** Someone stop him...

**Sandy:** And she was crazy about her familiar - completely bats you might say! Yet, for all that, I was potty about HER - warts and all!

**Sybil:** (*Musing*) Fair is foul and foul is fair...

**Windbag:** Oh, wrap up, Sybil!

**Sandy:** So I wrote a little song about her...

**Polly:** It's your song, Mother!

**Sandy:** (*To the WITCHES*) ...and I'll dedicate this one specially to you, ladies...

**Patricia:** He's going to sing it!

**Heather:** Auchtermuchty!!!

**Windbag:** Skennin' 'eck!!!

**Sandy:** Thank you, maestro...

#### MUSIC 14 - IT'S JUST THAT OLD FAMILIAR FEELING

**Sandy:** *Maybe it's your black magic charm makes me desperate for you,  
Maybe it's that wart on your nose makes me so adore you.*

**Jezebel:** I could kill him!

**Sandy:** *Maybe with those looks of a vampire's mother  
That's, maybe why I'm scared to look for another.*

**Windbag:** Gerroff!

**Sandy:** *And maybe, though your tooth is all black and mouldy,  
That's maybe - maybe why I love you so much.  
It's just that old familiar feeling coming over me.  
I love those long and black curling fingernails you grow for me,  
The way you shave your chin in the twilight,  
And those bats that hang from your skylight:  
As those ravens fly in a moonless sky, how they grow for me!*

**Patricia:** Eee, lovely!

**Sandy:** *And when that old familiar feeling's coming over me,  
It's when you're wafting over your own home grown B.O. for  
Remember how we got the champagne out [me.  
When you had that varicose vein out, long ago for me.  
I love those brews you brew in your cauldron,  
Do a spell for me. Please make a smell for me.  
My wish is granted me, for you've enchanted me.*

*Applause from the PLODTHWAITES. Seething from the WITCHES.*

**Sandy:** And we won't keep you waiting a moment longer for the bit you've all been waiting for, it's Cauldron Cackle's Competition Time.

*MUSIC 15 - INTRODUCTION TO COMPETITION as ERIC MARTIN wheels on the Cauldron Tug of War device. It is a cauldron tilted on its side. It has broomsticks jutting out like a windlass. At six o'clock is a golden broomstick, bigger than the rest. At twelve o'clock is a bell. Wrapped around the body of the cauldron is a long rope which, when pulled, will revolve the cauldron. The whole thing is gaudily painted. Smoke is emerging from the bowl.*

**Sandy:** Right then. It's Tug-O-war time. Ring that bell... *(The bell rings briefly)* and you could be the lucky winner of today's special prize which is - wait for it - thirteen wax models of the Witches of Pendle and a lifetime's supply of free pins! How about that!

**Patricia:** Ee, Percival. You can't miss out on that!

**Jezebel:** I'll tear out his tongue!

**Sandy:** Now then. We need two sporting volunteers from the audience. Any offers?

**Peter:** Go on, Dad.

**Family:** Aye. Go on *etc., etc.*

*There is applause as they push him up onto the stage.*

**Flossie:** Oo, innit fun, Jas?

**Sandy:** Well done, Sir. Welcome to the show.

**Percival:** Ta very much.

**Sandy:** I do like the silly 'at!

**Jezebel:** Grief! It's Plodthwaite!

**Percival:** There's nowt silly about it! I can't get the damn thing off.

**Sandy:** Where are you from?

**Percival:** Chief Constable Percival Plodthwaite. Pendle Police force.

**Sandy:** A Copper from Pendle, eh? Probably been stuck on there by black magic!

**Windbag:** We can't let HIM get his fat paws on them wax models...

**Sandy:** Now then. Who's goin' to take on the might of the law and challenge P.C. Plodthwaite on the tug-o-war? Let's be 'avin' you.

**Jezebel:** I'm on me way!

**Sandy:** By 'eck. What have you come as?

**Jezebel:** Mind your own ruddy business and give us the rope. *(She grabs the rope and takes up her stance).*

**Sandy:** Charming, I'm sure.

**Polly:** Hey! I know that face, don't I?

**Pamela:** I were thinking that too.

**Peter:** She looks like that weird old bat from Pendle.

**Pip:** By God! She is!

**Sandy:** *(Now that both competitors are ready)* Right ho. Wait for the signal. You've got sixty seconds to ring the bell. May the best man win. Off we go. *(He waves his hand and the competition starts).*

#### MUSIC 16 - **THE COMPETITION** *(Instrumental)*

*The sequence of events is as follows:*

- 1. Both competitors take the strain. The supporters support.*
- 2. JEZEBEL gains the upper hand.*
- 3. PLODTHWAITE regains ground.*
- 4. Seeing this, the WITCHES, unscrupulous to the end, scramble on stage and come to JEZEBEL'S aid.*
- 5. The PLODTHWAITE FAMILY, angered at the cheating WITCHES, go to the aid of PERCIVAL (except GREAT AUNT who's sound asleep).*
- 7. The FAMILY begin to win again.*
- 8. UNCLE JASPER tows FLOSSIE on stage and they help the WITCHES.*
- 9. BELINDA, having suddenly recognised her Father and family, rushes on stage, grabs SANDY and together they help the FAMILY.*
- 10. Fortunes ebb and flow.*
- 11. The WITCHES begin to lose.*
- 12. The bell rings as the FAMILY win.*

*As the electric bell clangs into action, the entire family throw their arms in the air with delight. The upshot of this is that the entire Coven, wrapped tight in their rope, are propelled by the force of their own weight coincident with the sudden release of the rope from the other end, straight across the stage. as the rope spins off the cauldron, leaving it revolving rapidly, the Witches crash through the side wall of the theatre and we hear their cries of anguish as they fall right down into the sea below with a monumental splash. Oblivious of all this, the family have thrown their arms around each other. PERCIVAL suddenly finds himself embracing BELINDA and realises who she is.*

**Percival:** Hey! *(Everyone stops)* Look who it is!

**Cyril:** It's Belinda!

**Patricia:** I don't believe it.

**Belinda:** (*Simply*) Hello, Mum!

**Patricia:** BELINDA!

**Percival:** Hello, love.

**Patricia:** I always said she'd come back, Percival. I always said it! (*She blasts into her handkerchief*).

### MUSIC 17 - FINALE

**All** (*Excluding BELINDA and SANDY*):

*Belinda, we greet you. The picture's complete,  
You've come home now, and, oh how we pray  
We're together forever, Belinda.  
Yes, forever, come what may.  
You never can know how we yearned for you so,  
How we've missed you and wished you'd return.  
Oh Belinda, Belinda, Belinda!*

DANCE

*SANDY approaches BELINDA.*

**Sandy:** *Laughing faces all around you,  
Fond embraces now they've found you know*

**& Belinda:** *Though the skies be dark, though no light comes through,  
You can still believe that even dreams come true.  
You can dream the sun maybe still has beams.  
You can close your eyes and believe in dreams.*

**All:** *Now the fight is over. The dream's come true.  
All the clouds have parted leaving skies of blue.  
Just as we knew they would, for we believe in good,  
Now we're together.*

THE END

### MUSIC 18 - CURTAIN CALLS

**All:** *Plodding along the promenade in Blackpool.  
Weather is lovely for the time of year.*

**Witches:** *Th' holiday trade is thriving.  
You can dabble in deep sea diving  
By taking a gentle plunge off Blackpool Pier*

**All:**                    *Soaking up sunshine with the kids in Blackpool,  
Filling ourselves with fish and chips and beer,*

**All** (*Except WITCHES*): *And we'll have you all in stitches,  
Sticking pins in Pendle Witches,*

**All:**                    *Ee, we're having a lovely time, wish you were here,  
Let's have a knees up,  
We're having a lovely time, bring on the beer,  
Before we seize up.  
The sun has been sunny.  
The fun has been funny.  
We're having a lovely time,  
Wish you were here.*