



PREVIEW SCRIPT

“Once Upon A Spell”

Once Upon A Spell

by Tony Layton, John Bilsborough and Dulais Rhys

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Cast

Principals (2m, 3f, 2m/f)

Clare	a girl or young woman, modern day
Tim	a boy or young man, modern day
King Felix	the King of Winklestein, a character in the minds eye of Clare and Tim
Queen Sophia	the wife of King Felix, another character in the minds eye of Clare and Tim
Grenvold	a mischievous witch, another character in their play
Kal	a teenager, either male or female, lives for dance, another character in their play
Goblin	a well-educated creature tricked by Grenvold into believing he/she is more ugly than in reality

Supporting Cast

Jo	Flumpy	Mayor
Bo	Trumpy	1 st Peasant
Mo	Housekeeper	2 nd Peasant
Dee	House Group	1 st Guard
Ezzy	1 st Servant	2 nd Guard
Fizz	2 nd Servant	3 rd Guard
Guzzy	3 rd Servant	Pimplebum
Hippy	4 th Servant	Spindleshank
1 st Cook	Grenvold's Creatures (4)	Squint
1 st Assistant	Jester	Kal's Dad
2 nd Cook	Mrs.Gumshoe	Kal's Mum
2 nd Assistant	Alice	Byng
	MrThatch	Ting
	Alf	

Musical Numbers

- 1) Opening Dance
- 2) Procession Music
- 3) Busy Song (Cast)
- 4) Kitchen Song (Cast)
- 5) Macabre Music
- 6) Witch's Song (Grenvold, Creatures)
- 7) Spell Music
- 8) Funny Walks Music
- 9) Marching Song (Cast)
- 10a) Freeze Music
- 10b) Unfreeze Music
- 11) Fanfare
- 12a) Sad Music
- 12b) Exit Music
- 13) Goblin Song (Goblin)
- 14) Chanting Music (Byng)
- 15a) Kal's Dance
- 15b) Cast's Dance
- 16) Closing Dance (Same as Opening Dance)
- 17) Finale (Goblin, Cast)

Set

The basic set should be a raised rostrum, up stage centre, with steps front and on both sides. The rest of the stage should be left open with plain black drapes decorated with magical images. The centrepiece could be a witch riding a broom stick, with cobwebs, spiders, black cats, and showers of stars pouring from a wand decorating the rest of the stage. Avoid major scene changes, there is no time.

Once Upon A Spell

Music #1 : Opening Dance

The group is dancing a traditional folk dance, with lots of screaming and shouting. An enjoyable experience. They flop down exhausted.

Jo I'm shattered!
Bo Me too!
Mo Water! Water! I must have water!

A girl runs on with a watering can and sprinkles water over Mo's face. Mo stands up shocked. The rest laugh.

Dee So, what we gonna do?
Ezzy What about a spaceship lost in space, and we get to this planet, Murkos, and it's full of these monsters with big heads and bulging eyes.
Fizz Like you, you mean.
Ezzy Funny!
Guzzy I know! Let's get the basket. The first costume that comes out of it ... we make up a character...
Hippy And we make up a story around that character.
Guzzy That's what I was going to say.
Jo Better than nothing, I suppose.
Guzzy Misery guts.
Jo Pea brain!
Guzzy Anorak!!
Ezzy I hope it's a monster.

They drag on a large basket.

Bo Who goes first?
Hippy Let Guzy go. Her idea.
Guzzy Thank you.
Hippy And my idea.
Mo Get on with it.
Ezzy If it's not a monster I'm not playing.
All Shut up!

Music #2 : Procession Music

They take out a King's cloak. Guzy puts it on and walks around the group regally. They all fall in with the game and bow to her. Ad-libbing begins, with the following lines to be allocated amongst the group.

It's the King!
The King!
God bless the King!
Bow to his Majesty!
Bow!

They all process like royal courtiers in a circle before coming to a dead stop.

Jo So? Now what?
Bo We need a story teller. Someone to make up the story. *(There is an embarrassed pause)*. Come on somebody.
Clare I'll do it.
Tim I'll do it.
Clare I said it first.

Tim Okay! So we both do it.
Jo As long we get monsters, that's all.
Clare It's the kingdom of ... of ...
Tim Come on then!
Clare I'm thinking. I am allowed to think.
Jo Get on with it!
All Sssssssshhhhhhhhh!
Clare It's the kingdom of Winklestein, hundreds of years ago. And everyone was very happy because ...
Tim ...because it was getting close to a very special day.
Clare Yea! The King's birthday! All the people of the town were busy making presents for the king.
Tim They did this every year, and every year they tried to make their presents better than the year before.

The group quickly put on their peasant costumes - a simple tabard and a hat.

Clare The cobblers are making new shoes for the king
Tim The tailors are making new cloaks.
Clare Bakers are baking huge cakes with thick strawberry icing on top.
Tim Saddlers are making a beautiful hunting saddle of the finest leather.
Clare Goldsmiths and silversmiths are making fantastic jewellery.
Tim In fact, everyone in the town is making something to give to the King.
Clare Even the children.
Tim And the grumpy old women.
Clare And the fat old men.
Tim And the skinny young wives.
Clare And the lazy young husbands.
Tim And the argumentative sisters who always know best.
Clare And the beautiful , intelligent, wise and wonderful sisters who are always right, of course.
Tim Yuck!
Clare Everyone!

Music #3 : Busy Song

All *Busy, busy, busybodies,
 Buzzing round the town
 Ev'rywhere there's hustle, bustle,
 Rushing up and down
 Hurry, scurry, what's the worry?
 What is happening?
 We're busy making birthday presents
 Fit for the king.*

Cobblers *Snip snip snip and tap tap tap
 We shape the richest leather
 Slippers for his Majesty,
 See, lighter than a feather
 Lined with softest swansdown
 And just the sort of thing
 That's absolutely, altogether
 Fit for a king*

Chefs *Mix and stir and stir and mix
 The eggs with cream and flour
 Sugar, spice and strawb'rry icing,
 Blend for half an hour*

*Plums and nuts and cherries
And all of ev'rything
To make a glorious birthday cake
That's fit for a king*

Tailors *Stitch by stitch then pleat and fold,
We're all like busy bees
Silk and satin, golden thread,
We do our best to please
Bows and frills and tassels,
We're working hard to bring
A splendid cloak, for he's the bloke
Who's fit to be king*

Jewellers *Shape shape ,shape and polish up
The silver gold, and jade
Em'ralds, diamonds, rubies, pearls,
Until at last we've made the
Most artistic, mystic
And magic regal ring
That's fit to sit upon the finger
Of our good king*

Musicians *Plink plonk plink, the music maker's
Busy in his den
Scribble hard, the royal bard
Is busy with his pen
Doh ray me, the singers
Have brand new songs to sing
To celebrate a happy birthday
Fit for a king*

All *Snip snip snip and tap tap tap
Mix and stir and stir and mix
Stitch by stitch and pleat and fold
Shape shape shape and polish up
Plink plonk plink and scribble hard
Doh ray me, for here he comes ...*

Clare Meanwhile, in the castle.

Tim In the very big castle.

Clare The very big castle.....

Tim Which had a drawbridge, a moat and everything.

Clare Finished?

Tim I thought they should know it was a big castle with a drawbridge and stuff.

Clare You don't mind if I get on with the story.

Tim Carry on.

Clare Thank you. Meanwhile, in the very big castle, which had a drawbridge, a moat and stuff...

Tim Very good.

Clare Everyone was busy preparing for the great feast.

Tim In the kitchen the water was bubbling,

Clare The oil was boiling,

Tim The fat was sizzling,

Clare The pans were rattling,

Tim The knives were flashing,

Clare The fires were burning..

Tim As the cooks and the scullery maids rushed to prepare the great banquet.

Clare Sometimes, in the great rush, tempers became a bit frayed.

1st Cook Come on lazy bones! Fetch me some flour ... today, that's if it's not too much trouble.

Assistant Flour. Right! White or brown?

1st Cook White. I always use white for cakes, you know that.

Assistant White. Right! How much?

1st Cook Fill a basin and be quick.

Assistant A basin. Right! A large or a small basin, cook?

1st Cook Large! A large basin. Got it?

Assistant Got it.

1st Cook Go! Go now!

Assistant Go. Right! Oh!

1st Cook What?

Assistant Where is the flour?

1st Cook Find it you ... you numbskull. Find it!

2nd Cook I want peaches, plums, walnuts, cherries, apples, lemons, oranges, tangerines, mandarins, bananas, ginger, cinnamon, mangoes, blueberries, cranberries, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, loganberries, blackberries, boysenberries, bilberries, mulberries, papayas and kumquats.

2nd Assistant Peaches, plums ... and ... er ...

2nd Cook Peaches, plums, walnuts, cherries, apples, lemons, oranges, tangerines, mandarins, bananas, ginger, cinnamon, mangoes, blueberries, cranberries, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, loganberries, blackberries, boysenberries, bilberries, mulberries, papayas and kumquats. Got it? Oh, and don't forget the guavas.

2nd Cook walks away leaving 2nd Assistant scratching his head.

Tim In the great pantry the best silver was being polished under the watchful eye of the head housekeeper.

Housekeeper Polish harder. Put your backs into it.

Group Yes ma'am.

Housekeeper Elbow grease, that's the thing. Elbow grease.

Group Yes ma'am.

Housekeeper No smudges, stains, grease marks or marks of any kind do I want to see on my beautiful silver.

Group No ma'am.

Housekeeper We have standards to maintain, don't we.

Group Yes ma'am.

Housekeeper Who has the best silver in the whole of the kingdom?

Group We do ma'am.

Housekeeper And that's the way it's going to stay. Carry on!

The Housekeeper moves off. The group stop polishing, exhausted, and poke out their tongues at the departing housekeeper.

Clare In the great banqueting hall the servants were polishing the floors and the furniture until the wood shone like glass.

1st Servant Do you like this job?

2nd Servant Me? I love it.

3rd Servant And me.

4th Servant And me.

1st Servant You enjoy all this polishing and bowing and scraping and stuff all day long then?

2nd Servant Love it! Love it! Love it!

3rd Servant I like all the bowing. I just love that. I could do that all day.

4th Servant The other day I'd just finished polishing the main hall and our good King Felix comes in, his boots covered in mud, and he walks right over it. He gave me a lovely smile. It was a pleasure cleaning up after him.

2nd Servant He's a kind man.

3rd Servant And a good King

4th Servant A very good king. The best.

3rd Servant I could bow to him all day long no trouble at all.

1st Servant There must be something better than this.

2nd Servant This is the best job in the world, believe me. We get free uniforms, free grub and we live in a beautiful castle.

3rd Servant That's right. Best job in the world this.

1st Servant But we live in the dungeons and we only get one day off a year.

4th Servant Someone's got to live in the dungeons. And who wants days off anyway?

3rd Servant I can't stand that day off. I miss all the bowing.

2nd Servant Come on! Let's get this place spick and span for his Royal Highness.

Music #4 : Kitchen Song

All *No, don't do it like that!*
No, don't do it like that!
No, don't do it like that!
No, don't do it like that!

1st Servant *Just don't pull, and don't push ...*
Get a pail and brush ...
Get a move on, don't rush.

Sweep it under the mat
No, don't do it like that!

2nd Servant *It's too sweet, it's too sour ...*
Too much cream! Too much flower ...
You incompetent shower ...

Now then, roll it out flat ...
No, don't do it like that!

3rd Servant *It's too loose, it's too tight ...*
It's too dark, it's too bright ...
It'll never be right ...

This is no time to chat ...
No, don't do it like that!

4th Servant *It's too short, it's too tall ...*
It's too big, it's too small ...
No, that's no use at all ...

They're not fit for the cat ...
No, don't do it like ... that!

All *No, don't do it like that!*
No, don't do it like that!
No, don't do it like that!

Jo Clear the way! Clear the way! Their right royal highnesses, King Felix and Queen Sophia.

Tim Who both happened to be in a very good mood.

Clare Ssshhh!

The “ssshh” is echoed around the court.

King I just want to say ... er ... (*leans towards the Queen*) What was it I was going to say?
Queen Your birthday, dear. The feast, and all that.
King That’s it. I just want to say how much we’re looking forward to my birthday and all the presents ... and all that. You’re all doing a grand job and I’ll make sure you all get an extra farthing in your wages.
All (*Bowing low*) Thank you, your highness. Thank you. Thank you so much. Thank you. How very generous (*etc*).
King Carry on. Carry on!

All exit.

Music #5 : Macabre Music

Tim In a cave ...
Clare On a mountain ...
Tim Near a petrified forest ...
Clare By a swamp ...
Tim Where the cold mist always hangs like a shroud ...
Clare Lived Grenvold ...
Tim The ugliest witch to have ever stalked the kingdom.

Enter Grenvold.

Clare So ugly, in fact, that even Grenvold couldn’t bear to look at her own reflection in the mirror.
Tim Grenvold was not a happy witch.

Grenvold moans.

Clare In fact, today she was very unhappy

Grenvold moans louder.

Tim Very, very unhappy.

Grenvold moans even louder and goes into a violent fit for ten seconds.

Tim Well perhaps not that unhappy.
Clare For company she kept strange creatures around her...

Three or four creatures enter.

Tim Who used to be children until she stole them from their parents and put a spell on them.
Clare Now they were as ugly and bad tempered as she was.

The creatures dance wildly around Grenvold.

Grenvold Enough! I give you dancing lessons and still you cannot do it.

The creatures hang their heads in shame.

Grenvold Yes, that’s it. Hang your heads in shame. You make me so angry sometimes.
Creatures Angry.
Grenvold I ask myself, “Why go on?”
Creatures Why?
Grenvold Why not stick my head in the oven and end it all.
Creatures Why not?
Grenvold Why go on?
Creatures Why?
Grenvold Shut up! Shut up, you insane moronic creatures. Ask me why I am especially unhappy today. Go on, ask me.

Creatures Why are you especially unhappy today, O beautiful one?
Grenvold And cut out the “beautiful one”, thank you. We can do without the sarcasm. I will tell you why I am especially unhappy today. It is because I am never invited to the King’s birthday party. And why am I never invited to the King’s birthday party? I will tell you, that is if you dullards can concentrate for more than two seconds.

Creatures Concentrate.
Grenvold Give me strength. I am never invited because I once turned the milk sour inside his favourite Jersey cow. It was purely an accident. We all make mistakes. However, it’s time he forgave me. So, we’ll give him one last chance to invite me to his party and if he still refuses I will make him as unhappy as I am. Are you with me so far?

Creatures Concentrate.
Grenvold (*Shaking head in disbelief*) Why do I bother? Time to make the potion.
Creatures Potion.
Grenvold Which I need to carry with me in case of a sudden emergency.
Creatures Emergency! Oooooooooooh!
Grenvold Cease, brainless twits! To work!

A cauldron is brought on and placed centre stage.

Music #6 : Witch’s Song and Creatures Dance

Witch *When I was just a little witch,
I’d sit upon my mammy’s knee,
And she’d say “One day soon, my girl,
You’ll have a broomstick, just like me,
And you’ll try hard to do things right,
But everybody, great or small,
Can make mistakes, they always do,
If they do anything at all.*

*There are some days when everything,
Will go exactly like the plan,
The potions work their witching ways,
The verses rhyme, the curses scan,
The cauldron starts to boil and bake,
You chant your chants and wish your wish,
But, if you make one small mistake,
You’ll turn the neighbours into fish*

*Or dry the well, or spoil the milk,
Or fill the air with freezing fog,
Or change His Worshipful the Mayor,
Into a pumpkin, or a frog,
Or make it snow, or raise the dead,
Or fill the air with flying snakes,
But don’t despair”, my mammy said,
’’Cos anyone can make mistakes.”*

*So when I use my mystic power,
To make the world a ... nicer place,
And find I’ve turned the butter sour,
or sent the Town Hall into space,
I tell you love, I’m that upset.
It’s true, my poor heart almost breaks,*

*But then I hear her voice, “Don’t fret,
Love, anyone can make mistakes.”*

Grenvold and the creatures exit, except for two of the creatures who carry off the cauldron. They suddenly behave like normal people.

Flumpy Why do we have to be stupid all the time?
Trumpy Because we are stupid.
Flumpy We’re not.
Trumpy We are.
Flumpy We’re not.
Trumpy We are. Face it! We are minor characters and in the general scheme of things we do not warrant deep psychological analysis, as the main thrust of the drama does not pivot around our pathetic destinies. Our raison d’être is basically to extract an occasional titter from the audience.
Flumpy *(Confused)* What?
Trumpy See. Told you you were stupid.

They both adopt stupid faces and postures and carry off the cauldron.

Clare The King was being entertained by his Jester.

Enter the King laughing loudly, followed by his Jester.

Tim Every day the jester had to tell the king three new jokes to help keep the king happy.

Insert three (cast supplied?) “knock-knock” jokes here which are told by the Jester. The King laughs louder and louder. After the last joke, Grenvold enters.

Grenvold Good day, your Royal Highness.
King You.
Grenvold Yes, me. Here I am again.
King I’m sorry, but this is my happy hour and the sight of you makes me very unhappy.

The Jester shakes a rattle at Grenvold. She turns on him with a loud “boo” and frightens the Jester away.

King That wasn’t very nice.
Grenvold I know. I can be very nasty when I put my mind to it.
King What do you want?
Grenvold What do I want? Why King, not a lot. I don’t want your kingdom, or your gold. All I want is to be invited to your party.
King How can I invite you? You smell like rotting cabbage. And look at your face. It’s grotesque.
Grenvold I’m sorry I turned the milk sour. I got the spell wrong. Instead of “Flipperty-kipperty-sticketty-quick”, I said “Jerketty-milketty-sourketty-get” which was not the right spell at all I’m afraid.
King That was my favourite Jersey cow. I cannot forgive you. Please leave before I have one of my funny turns.
Grenvold You have seen the last of funny turns for quite a while.
King What do you mean, O vile thing?

Music #7 : Spell Music

Grenvold “Pimples and boils and stubby grey warts,
A bat, a fly and lots of black thoughts.
The eye of a snake, a bee’s perfect sting,
A spell, a spell, a spell for the king.

“Canker and mud and spit and slime,
Give me the power o’er things and time.
Make him sad and full of tears,
For years and years and years and years.”

(The king suddenly looks depressed.)

And everyone else in the castle, just for good luck.

Grenvold exits with a malicious cackle.

Tim In the kitchen the cooks were sad.

1st Cook At last! That's what I call a cake. The best cake I've ever made.

The cook starts to cry.

Assistant What's the matter, cook?

1st Cook I don't know. I feel so unhappy.

Assistant And so do I.

Both lean on one another and cry.

Clare All was not well in other parts of the castle.

3rd Servant And when I give the King his birthday present, which I've been saving up all year to buy, by the way, I'll give him one of my best bows ... very low with lots of elaborate gestures. *(Starts to cry)* and I'll be so proud to be one of his servants. So proud.

Other Servants *(Crying)* So proud.

Jester Knock, knock!

King Who's there?

Jester Atish!

King Atish who?

Jester That's a nasty cold.

King I know. I'm so utterly miserable.

Tim Luckily, the Queen had been in the garden picking daisies for her flower arrangements, so she wasn't affected by the spell.

Clare When the Queen saw how sad the King was, she thought she would try out some of her funny walks. She had won medals for her funny walks, and often went into hospitals to cheer up the patients.

Music #8 : Funny Walks Music

The Queen does a series of funny walks. The King is not impressed.

Tim It was no good. The spell was too powerful. The queen got a bad attack of cramp and had to be helped to her bed.

King and Queen exit.

Clare The next day the sun was shining, the birds were singing ...

Tim And the people of the town were getting ready for the grand procession up to the castle.

Clare Grenvold looked into her glass ball, and saw the people getting ready.

Grenvold What a shame. They are going to be so disappointed. *(She cackles loudly).*

Mrs. Gumshoe Come on Alice.

Alice I'm coming.

Mrs Gumshoe And wipe your nose.

Alice wipes her nose on her sleeve.

Mrs. Gumshoe Charming! Got the present?

Alice 'Course I 'ave.

Mrs Gumshoe So, where is it then?

Alice A very safe place, where the sun doesn't shine.

Mrs Gumshoe What am I going to do with you? Carry it in your hand for goodness sake.

Mr Thatch And tell me once again ... what do you do when you hand the present to the King.

Alf I hand it over.

Mr Thatch Right.

Alf I take one step back.

Mr Thatch Right.

Alf I bow.

Mr Thatch Right.

Alf Remembering to smile pleasantly at all times.

Mr Thatch Good.

Alf Then I turn smartly to the left and walk on.

Mr Thatch Very good.

Alf And ...

Mr Thatch Yes?

Alf I must remember not to pass wind, especially when bowing, 'cos that's not nice, especially in a crowded room.

Mayor Order! Order everyone. It is my illustrious privilege and duty as your elected mayor, to lead us now in grand procession to the castle of our revered monarch, King Felix on this, the splendiferous occasion of his birthday, which promises to be a right swanky do for all concerned. I trust that you will all uphold the strictest decorum as befits this special day and resist any forms of lewd behaviour.

1st Peasant Pompous prig!

Mayor There will be no swearing, no spitting, no pinching of bottoms and no relieving oneself against the castle walls, especially in full view of their Majesties, especially in daylight.

1st Peasant Get on with it.

2nd Peasant Yeah! Let's go.

Mayor And please, when we sing our traditional marching song, can we all keep to the authorised version as written in our glorious constitution. I would appreciate it so much. Some of us do have a reputation to consider. Thank you.

1st Peasant What does he mean?

2nd Peasant Don't ask me.

Clare At last they were ready and off they went, led by the small town band.

Music #9 : Marching Song

Group 1 *And here comes the mayor! The mayor of the town!
So, kneel ev'rybody in the name of the crown.
Three cheers for his worship, the mayor of high renown!
Who's off to see his majesty! So all bow down!*

Group 2 *Three chairs for the mayor! The mayor of the town!
He's such a little fatty, that he might fall down!
Three chairs for his worship, who's such a silly clown,
He's going to the party in his dre..ssing gown!*

Group 3 *And there goes the mayor! On business once again!
To get his slice of cake and drink the pink champagne!
His worship the mayor, who's such a feather brain,
We never ever let him out without his chain.*

Group 4 *So there goes his worship, the mayor, on his way
To see if the king can come out to play.
This splend-if-i-normous and sen-ti-mentus day*

Solo *Three cheers for the mayor! Hey, come on!*

All (boringly) *Hip, hip ... hooray.*

Tim In the castle everything was ready for the feast ... well almost.

1st Cook Have the faces been painted on the duck eggs?

Assistant Yes!

1st Cook Good. Are all the blancmanges and jellies set?

Assistant Yes.

1st Cook Good. Is the bread baked, the fish fried, the veg sliced, the cake iced and all the candles in place?

Assistant Yes. Everything is ready.

1st Cook Good. I'm so pleased.

Housekeeper Are the flowers arranged, the uniforms starched, the silver polished, the table set and the wine chilled?

Servants Yes. All ready.

Housekeeper And have you washed your hair, brushed your clothes, cut your nails, cleaned your teeth and generally got rid of any nasty body odours, and in particular have you all changed your underwear in case of accidents?

Servants And our socks.

Housekeeper Excellent! Remember, no chewing of garlic whilst on duty.

1st Guard The people approach!

2nd Guard The people approach!

3rd Guard The people approach!

1st Guard Lower the drawer-bridge!

2nd Guard Lower the drawer-bridge!

3rd Guard Lower the drawer-bridge!

1st Guard Raise the gate!

2nd Guard Raise the gate!

3rd Guard Raise the gate!

King Will you all stop shouting. I've got the most terrible headache.

1st Guard (*Whispering*) The people approach, your majesty.

King What?

1st Guard (*Whispering*) The people approach, your majesty.

King Have you seen a doctor about that throat?

The guard wanders off bemused.

Housekeeper All is ready for you to receive your guests your majesty.

King I'm not in the mood.

Queen Of course you are dear.

King No I'm not.

Queen Think of all those lovely presents.

King I hate presents.

Queen No you don't.

King Yes I do.

Queen No you don't.

Music #10a : Freeze Music

They all suddenly freeze. Grenvold enters and walks amongst them.

Grenvold Oh, what a happy, happy sight,
 To see them all in this plight.
 They look so miserable and sad.
 I do enjoy being nasty and bad.
 I will change myself into a flea
 So I can invisible be.

Music #10b : Unfreeze Music

Grenvold exits. The group unfreezes.

King No I don't.
Queen "No you don't" what?
King I forget.
Queen Come on Felix! Let's prepare for our guests and at least try to smile.
King Hate smiling.
Queen Then try to grimace more pleasantly.

Music #11 : Fanfare

The King and Queen sit and the people enter forming a queue to present their presents.

Mayor Your most gracious and honourable Majesties, it falls upon me, as the town's elected Mayor, to present your loyal citizens, who, on this most auspicious occasion most courteously would like to offer gifts to our good King on this, his Royal birthday.

King Boring toad!
Queen Ssshhh!
Mayor However, before the ceremonies commence may I utter a few words in recognition as to how dearly we treasure your majesty.

King No!
Queen Yes, of course you may. Pray proceed Mr.Mayor.
Mayor First of all let me say how much we all appreciate your occasional visits to the town. The distribution of dry crusts to the children of the town is a ritual which we hope you will carry on well into the future.

King Get on with it, man!
Mayor On a personal note may I say how much I appreciated it when you galloped through the town on your beautiful white stallion and waved to us all. I'm pleased to say that the group of children you accidentally knocked down are now fully recovered. We apologise for that incident. They were stupid to get in the way of your Majesty.

King Who knocked who over? What's the man going on about?
Queen Nothing, dear. Nothing!
King Look, man! Can we please get to the point. The sooner we get this business over the better.
Mayor Of course , your Royal Highness. May I present citizen Pimplebum, the saddler.
Pimplebum Your Royal Highness, I have made this out of the finest leather. As you see, the royal crest is embossed on the ...

King Got one! Next.
Mayor Citizen Spindleshank, your Majesty, the cobbler.
Spindleshank I have made boots, your Majesty, the finest riding boots in the land, with silver spurs and ...

King Got dozens of 'em. Next.
Mayor Citizen Squint, your majesty, the tailor.
Squint A suit, your majesty, of the finest silk, embroidered in lace, imported from Belgium. Here I have embroidered a crest in gold which ...

King Got thousands of suits. Look you lot! Stop wasting my time. I don't want your ridiculous presents so just chuck them over there in the corner and let's get on with the meal. The sooner we get this over with the better. So, sit down, shut up, eat up then get out. Got it? *(To the Queen)* And before you say anything, it's my birthday, I'll say what I like. Play some music or something.

Music #12a : Sad Music

Music plays in the background. It's slow and sad. Grenvold enters and freezes the group. She wanders around the frozen group.

Grenvold So kind of you to invite me to your party. It's a pleasure to be here. The food is always so good here, isn't it. And what good company the king is. Without a shadow of doubt this is the social event of the year. Such jollity! Such fun! What a tonic! What was that? My dress? You like it? How kind. I always think you can't go far wrong with a little black number. So chic, so very now. What? You like my perfume? Just a concoction of frog spawn and rat droppings. Original, don't you think? *(She chants a spell)* "Now I will take my leave, and you will stay frozen for as long as I please."

Music #12b : Exit Music

Grenvold exits.

Clare Meanwhile, in a land far away, a land of mountains and rocks, lived a young boy/girl who loved to dance. His/her name was Kalaphinproxaphonia, or Kal for short.

Kal enters, skipping and dancing around the stage.

Tim Every day Kal danced through the forests, over the fields and between the rocks. That's all Kal did all day because Kal, to be honest, was not very good at anything else. This constant dancing annoyed his/her parents.

The whole group enter and mime breaking rocks with heavy picks. Kal stops in front of his/her parents.

Dad This is not good enough.

Mum It's a disgrace if you ask me.

Dad Why can't you learn to break rocks like a normal human being, Kal?

Mum All this dancing can't be good for you.

Dad Break rocks like the rest of us. Be a man/woman.

Kal I don't want to break rocks, dad. I want to dance.

Dad Why, son/love? Why?

Kal I just love it, Dad.

Mum What's to become of us?

Dad What's wrong with breaking rocks, that's what I want to know. My father broke rocks, his father broke rocks, his father broke rocks and his mother broke rocks. We've been breaking rocks for as long as I can remember.

Mum Your great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandfather was killed by a rock. Did you know that?

Kal No.

Dad No good will come from all this dancing. You've brought shame upon us, son. Shame.

Mum We're a laughing stock. I see them all laughing behind your back as you skip along the street.

Dad I don't know where he gets it from mother. No-one's ever danced in our family. No-one.

Mum He/She certainly doesn't get it from me. I've got two left feet, thank goodness.

Dad The saints be praised. Anyway, we've decided. It's got to stop. As from today, no more dancing. Enough is enough.

Kal I can't stop dancing. It's all I'm good at.

Dad You can learn to break rocks like the rest of us. We'll start you on the small stuff. You can work up from there.

Kal I can't! I can't! I don't want to break rocks. Don't you understand? I can't do it.

Dad Very well. It hurts me to say this, Kal, but you leave us with no option. Until you see sense we want you to go out into the world beyond the high mountain and across the wide deserts and the fast flowing rivers, and there think about rocks.

Mum Here, son/love. Take this small pebble with you. Let's hope it makes you come to your senses. Goodbye, Kalaphinproxaphonia.

The group transforms itself into windblown trees and fast flowing rivers.

Tim And so Kalaphinproxaphonia, or Kal for short, set off through stormy forests ...wind blown mountains ...fast flowing rivers ...sand-stormy deserts ...and more stormy forests ... and more wind blown mountains ... and more fast-flowing rivers ... and ...

Clare That's enough!

Tim What?

Clare Enough!

Tim Okay. Until he came upon a glade in a forest.

Clare And in that glade was a crystal pool.

Tim And beside the crystal pool was a large rock.

Clare And sitting on the large rock was a Goblin.

Goblin enters and sits.

Tim Who happened to be in a very bad mood that day.

Clare The goblin was staring into the pool.

Goblin *(Each 'why' getting louder)* Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?

Kal Why what?

Goblin Where, how, when, what ...who are you?

Kal Kalaphinproxaphonia. Or Kal if you like.

Goblin What do you want?

Kal Nothing.

Goblin Ridiculous. Everyone wants something.

Kal I suppose I want air to breathe and water to drink.

Goblin And gold in your pocket no doubt.

Kal Not really.

Goblin Then you're a fool or mad or both.

Kal Why are you in such a bad mood?

Goblin Wouldn't you be in a bad mood with a face like this?

Kal What's wrong with your face? It looks all right to me.

Goblin Can't you see. Look at it. Is that a normal face to you?

Kal I can't see much wrong with it myself.

Goblin Then you're blind as well as mad. Look! Can't you see the warts and the huge red sores.

Kal There are no warts and no red sores.

Goblin There are no ...? There must be. Look! I can see them in the pool.

Kal You can see leaves and flowers on the pool. That's all.

The goblin inspects his face more closely in the pool.

Goblin D'you know. You could be right. In fact, I'd swear on the Royal toadstool that you are right. I've been tricked. That's what I've been. Tricked! That wicked witch, Grenvold, tricked me. Because I wouldn't smile and bow to her she said I would grow uglier and uglier day by day. But it's all in the mind. I'm not ugly at all. In fact, I'm quite handsome really.

Kal Well, not bad anyway.

Goblin I'm not ugly! Hipperty-tipperty-whipperty-bray, a gladdening, wonderling, stingling day.

Kal Stingling? No such word.

Goblin Yes there is. I made it up ... so now it exists. You can do that with words.

Kal I suppose you can.

Music #13 : The Goblin's Song

Goblin *Of course you can.
Words are such wimblesome things.*

*They have eyes, they have ears,
They have wipstical wings.*

*They have stingles aplenty, if you've got the knack,
You snide them and hide them away in a sack.
If you do what I do, and spoot them all out,
They play hide and shriek, they can snitter or shout.
And they'll change what they mean, two or three times a day.
If I say "good nurdle, good nurdle aye ay"
That could mean "I'm bobbled as bobbled can be"
Or "I'm catching a dabwit at twenty past three".*

*Or perhaps, on a Friday, I'll chance to remark
"the spigs are a-jabbling updown in the park"
It means "happy birthday" or "looking like rain"
Or "the sprongs in my boodle are nurdling again".
But an hour or later, it means "where's me hat?"
Or "pass me that jimble" or "who's fed the cat?"
If you say "you're craddled! Boom out of my plight!"
I might snick you a plinker, to show my delight.*

*I might whisper "flap-doodle, nick, nacketty-knock"
Or extrue a skample or knit you a grock.
I might tread your trumgles or winge up the clock,
Or spurge in moonfeathers, still noping from shock.
Please then, don't you complain in your mimbulent way
That words don't extringently mean what they say.
Well sorry, but once they've exclumbed from the sack,
It's a busculent nudgemope to spoot them all back...*

*Spoot them all back...
Spoot them all back...
Spoot them all back.*

Goblin Listen! Over there, there's a castle, and my twisted friend Grenvold has cast some sort of spell on it. Inside, everyone's frozen and you can't get in because she's put an invisible wall around the castle. The only way to get into the castle is to trick her and that will break the spell. Will you help me to trick her? I promise that if you can get into the castle your fortune will be made, and I don't make that promise very often.

Kal All right. But how do we trick her?

Goblin We need the help of the Great Byng of Bong. He's got the magic.

Kal The Great Byng of Bong?

Goblin We need to summon him and if you pass the test we're home and dry.

Kal What test?

Goblin You'll see.

Goblin sits on the ground, legs crossed, arms outstretched and starts to hum quietly gradually getting louder.

Kal What are you doing??

Goblin Quiet!!

Goblin hums louder then breaks into the chanting of "Byyyyynnnnng of boooooonnnng" several times until the Great Byng emerges with his sidekick, Ting.

Byng This had better be important, Goblin.

Goblin Hah, O greatness, O wisest of the wise, the one whose magic overpowers all evil ...

Byng Enough of all that. I can't stand all this fawning.

Ting Toadying, bootlicking ... sucking up.

Byng Thank you Ting!

Ting Not at all, your greatness. I only thought it might have needed some explanation.
Byng Thank you. Now, what's going on and who's this?
Goblin A young innocent, who, with your help could release the castle from Grenvold's spell.
Byng The king deserved to be frozen if you ask me. He could be very pretentious at times.
Ting Pompous, bombastic, toffee-nosed, stuck up!
Byng Ting!
Ting Sorry.
Byng However, the citizens of Winklestein shouldn't have to suffer because of him. Of course I can only give the magic dust to those who are completely innocent of all things evil. *(To Kal)* Stand in front of me! Hurry, hurry!

Kal stands in front of Byng, who places the palm of one hand on Kal's forehead. Kal is immediately frozen.

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END of Preview Script

To obtain the full script, please contact :-

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