

ACT I

Scene 1 - Prologue

SETTING: The main stage is set to the market scene.

AT RISE: The main curtains are closed. Enter front of tabs FAIRY BOUNTIFUL stage right and SCAVENGE stage left.

(A battle between the good FAIRY BOUNTIFUL and the evil witch SCAVENGE is happening. Flashes of lightning and sounds of thunder and ricocheting can be heard.)

BOUNTIFUL Accept defeat, Scavenge. Accept and I shall let you live.

SCAVENGE Ha! I am not done yet! With my evil spells I will conquer you goody-goody magic. Oh yes, I will!

BOUNTIFUL Oh no you won't.

(Both encourage the audience to join in with them back and forth until SCAVENGE says the next line.)

SCAVENGE Curse you, Bountiful I am not done yet.

BOUNTIFUL But you are. Your evil shall no longer taint the town of Stanleyton.

SCAVENGE Very well. Then henceforth I shall claim the forest as my home!

(Lights flash and an explosion is heard. Lights down. SCAVENGE exits stage left. Lights up.)

BOUNTIFUL *(Exhausted)* 'Tis done. The evil Scavenge shall trouble the townsfolk no more, so long as they are wary in the woods. I do believe this calls for a celebration.

(CURTAINS)

(The Curtains open to reveal the village square of Stanleyton. THE CHORUS, RED, BILLY, SQUIRE and MARIE sing Celebrations.)

(RED, BILLY, SQUIRE and MARIE exit. William the Woodsman and his son Jack enter.)

CHORUS #1 Morning William, morning Jack! Good news about the witch isn't it?

WILLIAM It certainly is. She'll not bother the townsfolk again.

CHORUS #1 But aren't you scared that she'll attack you in the forest?

WILLIAM Hardly. If she comes near me, I'll cut her head off. *(Mimes action with axe causing people to jump out of the way.)*

JACK Careful Dad. It's the witch you want to give the chop to, not these good people.

CHORUS #2 Excuse me. I'm new to the town. What is it that you do exactly?

WILLIAM I'm William the woodsman and this is my son Jack. He's a chip off the old block.

CHORUS #2 A woodsman? Is that a bit like a lumberjack?

(Groans from the rest of the chorus.)

WILLIAM Why yes, it is, and I just happen to know a song about that.

(A piano strikes the opening chord of I'm a Lumberjack and I'm Okay. William starts to sing.)

WILLIAM *(Cont.)* I'm a lumber...

(DAME rushes in with RED RIDING HOOD, interrupting the song.)

DAME *(To Chorus)* Hello everyone, and how are we?

THE CHORUS Hello Dame Snipalot.

DAME *(She goes to WILLIAM)* Well hello big boy. I say! What an impressive chopper!

WILLIAM *(Embarrassed)* Erm, yes, well. I'd best be off. I'll see you back home Jack.

JACK Okay Dad. I'll pick up something for tea.

DAME Oh, isn't he a nice boy? *(Suddenly notices the audience.)* Ooh, I say. Look at you lot. Are you auditioning for an undertakers fan club? I've seen more life in *[Local supermarket]* on a wet winter Wednesday. Now then, I'm Dame Snipalot and I run the local hairdressers. This is my daughter Red Riding Hood. *(To audience.)* What's that? Why do we call her Red Riding Hood? I said why do we call her Red Riding Hood?

(The audience responds.) Ooh, please yourselves. Well, I've never really thought about it. Her full name is Philomena Concertina Wilhelmina Artichoke Snipalot. Maybe that's why.

RED Actually it's a nickname because I'm always wearing this red cloak. My dear old Gran knits me one every year for my birthday.

DAME Anyway, now you know who we are, who are you? (*Asks individuals their names.*) Oh, we can't keep this up or we'll be here all night. Then again, I've read the script. It's a bit confusing I must say. So if we get to a confusing bit, I'll call, oi you lot, and you shout back, what's the plot? Shall we give it a try?

(DAME and RED get the audience to join in.)

DAME (*Cont.*) Well that's very good. Well done. You know I've had a very trying day so far.

RED Really? How come?

DAME The butcher tried, the milkman tried, the man in the chippie tried...

RED What did you get from the butcher's?

DAME A sheep's head. I told him to leave the eyes in.

RED What on earth for?

DAME It'll see us through the week. Then I bought myself a pair of knickers made out of a Union Jack flag. Very patriotic I thought.

RED Are they comfortable?

DAME They are now I've taken the flagpole out. Oh, I was so exhausted after traipsing round the town, that I popped in for a relaxing sauna. It was all steamy and white tiles so I stripped off and lay down. When the steam lifted, I realised I was on the counter of the chippie.

RED And he tried it on.

DAME Yes. He was all fish fingers and thumbs. So I battered him. I thought to myself I've got to get out of this place. I mustn't flounder or eel get me.

RED You forgot to tell us about the milkman.

DAME Oh, he bottled it. Right, time we were opening up the salon. See you lot later!

(DAME and RED exit to the chorus from, Do You Think I'm Sexy. Enter SQUIRE SQUARE and his daughter, MARIE.)

CHORUS #3 That reminds me, I must get my hair done later at Dame Snipalots.

CHORUS #4 Yes, me too. Look out! Here comes Squire Square and his daughter Marie. Don't let him catch us gossiping.

(The CHORUS grab the brooms and start to sweep the village square in the background.)

SQUIRE But why won't you even consider marrying him? He is a Te Witt from a long line of Te Witts with substantial holdings throughout the land.

MARIE I don't care what he's holding, father, he's 64! And he's a twit!

SQUIRE What's a little disparity in age?

MARIE Oh! I've told you before. I shall not marry for money. It will be true love or nothing.

SQUIRE Well that hasn't got us very far yet has it? There was the innkeeper's son, that soldier chap and the pedlar.

MARIE Every one of them a dream.

SQUIRE Yes, every one of them dreaming of getting their hands on your money. My money, more precisely. And what a state they left you in every time. Heartbroken, constantly crying, not eating for days.

MARIE I don't care! I shall marry for love or not at all. I want the full works; fanfares and bells ringing and birds singing, just like it should be.
(Disappears into the crowd)

SQUIRE Sounds like "not at all" at this rate...

(Squire exits. Enter Billy.)

BILLY Hiya kids! You enjoying yourselves? Really? What have you got on your iPhones then? I love all the latest gadgets and stuff, don't you? Not everyone gets it though. I asked my Mum for a tablet for Xmas and she gave me an aspirin. All wrapped up it was. I'm Billy by the way and Dame Snipalot is my dear old Mum. I'm the beauty specialist in the salon. Well, I wash the hair and sweep up. I don't remember my dad. *(Encourages "aahs" from the audience.)* I expect wherever he is he's looking down on us. *(Encourages audience for more reaction.)* Oh no he's not dead, just very patronising. When I was younger Mum made me walk the plank. We couldn't afford a dog. *(Spots Marie in the crowd.)* Oh, Hello Marie. What are you up to?

MARIE Looking for love as ever.

BILLY You don't have much luck on that score, do you? I remember the innkeeper's son.

MARIE Gentle John, just perfect with his gorgeous eyes.

BILLY Just how I like them. One either side of his nose. Then there was that potty peddler, Paul.

MARIE Perfect hair.

BILLY Yep. Mainly on his head but all the way down his back too.

MARIE And Georgie, my gallant grenadier.

BILLY Always ready to go on manoeuvres. John, Paul and George eh? Just need a Ringo for the full set, a proper Beatle drive!

DAME O/S Billy! That [*Local celebrity*] is in and wants to be made beautiful!

BILLY Blimey, that'll take some time. When she was here last, she cracked every mirror she looked in. I'd best be off. See you kids!

(BILLY exits.)

JACK *(Bumps into MARIE.)* Oh excuse me. I didn't mean to...

MARIE Oh that's all right, it was probably my fault.

(They gaze at each other and are obviously stricken.)

MARIE *(Cont.)* I don't think I've seen you in town before.

JACK No, we don't come in often. Father and me. We. I.

(Both speak together.)

JACK:
I'm Jack.

MARIE
I'm Marie.

(Both speak together)

JACK:
Pleased to meet you.

MARIE
Pleased to meet you.

(Both speak together)

JACK:
The pleasure's all mine.

MARIE
The pleasure's all mine.

JACK We seem to be on the same wavelength.

MARIE But I hope all our conversations don't go like that.

JACK I'd like to have lots of conversations with you.

MARIE Would you? But you don't know anything about me.

JACK I know you are the most beautiful girl I've ever clapped eyes on! And you know nothing about me. I'm Jack, the woodsman's son.

MARIE A woodsman's son? Oh.

JACK I'm sorry it's nothing grander but it's the best I can do.

MARIE Oh, please don't be offended! I'm from a humble background myself. My father's a, erm, sheep shearer.

JACK Really? How interesting!

MARIE Yes, he's your man if there's any fleecing to be done.

JACK I'm really sorry but I have to go. Can I see you again?

MARIE Yes, I'd like that. Same time here tomorrow?

JACK Fantastic!

(They both think about a kiss and move around trying to get into a suitable position. In the end they shake hands briskly.)

JACK (CONT.) Very nice to have met you.

MARIE Yes, you too. Until tomorrow, then.

(Jack exits. The chorus have been listening in to the whole conversation.)

CHORUS #1 Here we go again.

CHORUS #2 I think you are right. Look at her, she's head-over-heels.

CHORUS #3 It'll end in tears, mark my words.

CHORUS #4 Although he doesn't know that she's the daughter of Squire Square.

CHORUS #1 That's right! He thinks her father is a sheep shearer.

CHORUS #2 So you think this might be love after all?

ALL CHORUS Ahhh!

MARIE What are you gossiping about?

CHORUS #3 We're sorry Marie but we couldn't help overhearing.

MARIE Oh, that.

CHORUS #4 He's ever so handsome. Do you think this might be the one?

(Song Two. I Won't Say I'm in love. Sung by MARIE and THE CHORUS. When the song is finished all cast exit.)

(CURTAIN)

(END OF SCENE)