



The Kings New Clothes

by Cheryl Barrett

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The King's New Clothes

A Family Pantomime
by
Cheryl Barrett

PantoScripts Sample

The King's New Clothes

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Characters:

Lacey Bloomers – (Dame) *The Palace cook*
Buttons – (Comic lead) *Lacey's nephew*
Beau – (Principal boy) *Lacey's nephew*
The Duke of Avarice – (Villain) *King Boniface's cousin*
King Boniface the Great – *A vain but kind King*
Princess Taffeta – (Principal Girl) *King Boniface's daughter*
Colin Collar – *one half of the comedy duo*
Cuthbert Cuffs – *the other half of the comedy duo*
Chancellor Seymour Sense – *The King's right-hand man*
Spotty – *Fashion police*
Dotty – *Fashion police*
Chiffon – *A good Fairy*
Mirror – *a sarcastic muse*
Cha Wah Wah – (Skin part) *The King's pet poodle*
Gloomy Glenda – *Local gossip*

Chorus speaking roles can be doubled up:

Townie 1/Designer 1/Doctor 1
Townie 2/Designer 2/Doctor 2
Designer 3

Chorus as: Townies, Designers, Mechanics, Doctors, Mountain Sprites, Yeti

LOCATION

A fictitious country

TIME PERIOD

Timeless

Act One

Prologue – By Fairy Means Or Foul

(Front of cloth. Fairy Chiffon enters Down Stage Right and addresses audience.)

Fairy: My name is Fairy Chiffon, I've a super tale to tell
Of everyone who lives here in merry Mirabelle.
King Boniface the Great is a follower of fashion,
Designer clothes, expensive shoes really are his passion.
His daughter, Princess Taffeta, is the apple of his eye
Unlike the King's cousin, who is duplicitous and sly.
That evil Duke of Avarice is wicked through and through
He's determined to be King - who knows what he may do.
(Hand to ear) What's that kerfuffle? A large gathering in the square?
I must fly - King Boniface has important news to share.
(Fairy waves her wand and exits Right. The Duke enters Left.)

Duke: (Sneers) Did that simpering fairy call me wicked and evil? Yes, I am, but then all baddies are bad, and I am bad with a capital bee ay dee. (Wafts hand in front of his nose) What is that putrid pong? (To Audience) Oh, it's you lot of 'orrible, odious, obnoxious peasants. Well let me tell you, that by fair means or foul I will be King one day. Oh yes, I will. (React) Oh yes, I will. (React) Will, will, will. Oh, do shut up you snivelling, drivelling, grovelling peasants. When I become King, I will increase taxes. In fact, I'll put a tax on handkerchiefs as well so you snivelling guttersnipes will have nothing to snivel into. Once Boniface is dead, I, the dashing, devilishly handsome, debonair Duke of Avarice, will be crowned King. Hiss and boo as much as you like you snivelling peasants, but I will be King.
(He shakes his fist at the Audience and exits stage Left.)

Scene 1 – Have I Got news For You...

(Full stage set. The set is of a town square in Mirabelle. It has a couple of clothes boutiques and a garage, Mirabelle Motors. The castle can be seen in the background.)

Song 1:

(After the song the Townsfolk gather around talking.)

Townie 1: I wonder why King Boniface has asked us here?

Townie 2: (Excitedly.) Probably to tell us what he's going to wear to his special birthday party.

Glenda: (Gloomily.) Whatever it is it will look awful and cost us taxpayers a packet.

Townie 1: But the King does wear the most fashionable clothes.

Glenda: (Sarcastically.) He wouldn't know fashion if it jumped up and bit him on the bum.

Townie 2: His clothes sense is odd.

Glenda: (Derisory.) And expensive. He has no sense at all.

(Buttons enters on a scooter and just misses Glenda.)

Buttons: (Shouts.) Beep Beep. Watch out, runaway scooter - mind your backs.

Glenda: Slow down, Buttons.

Buttons: Whoa, Delilah.

Townie 1: Why do you call your scooter Delilah?

Buttons: Because I haven't got a horse. (To Audience.) I didn't call it Beryl, because it's not an E scooter. (Proudly.) My scooter is Buttons powered.

(Buttons hands the scooter to Junior Chorus.)

Buttons: Here, Kids, you can have a go on my scooter. Be careful though, Delilah's got enough bumps and scratches.

Juniors: (Excitedly.) Thanks, Buttons.

(A couple of Junior Chorus exit and take the scooter off stage.)

Glenda: You nearly knocked me over then, what's the rush?

Buttons: Sorry, but it's my Auntie Lacey.

Townie 2: What's wrong with her?

Buttons: She's only gone and coloured her hair for the King's special birthday party.

Glenda: (**Morosely.**) She should know better at her age.

Townie 1: (**Excitedly.**) What colour is it?

Buttons: Oh I dunno. It's sort of... Well I suppose it's a bit like... It's a wierd sort of... (**Notices the Audience.**) Hello you lot. Have you come to see the King as well? You're very quiet. I'll try again. Hello you lot. (**To Townsfolk.**) They're still very quiet.

Glenda: (**Glumly.**) Perhaps they don't talk to strangers.

Buttons: (**To Glenda.**) That's a point. I'd better introduce myself first. (**To Audience.**) Hiya Kids. My name is Buttons. When I shout Hiya Kids I want you all to shout back Hiya Buttons, can you do that for me? Good, let's give it a go. I'll run off and run back on again.

(**Buttons exits and runs on again.**)

Buttons: Hiya Kids.

Glenda: (**Gloomily.**) I can't hear anything.

Buttons: (**To Audience.**) Right Kids, we'll try again. This time I want everyone to shout Hiya Buttons so loudly that we knock gloomy Glenda here off her feet.

(**Buttons exits and runs on again.**)

Buttons: Hiya Kids.

Glenda: (**Jumps backward.**) Oi watch it, you lot nearly knocked me off my feet.

Buttons: That's brilliant - well done, everyone. Will you tell me if you see my Auntie Lacey? She wants me to help her bake a cake for King Boniface's birthday. I hate making cakes, but I love eating them. You will tell me if you see her won't you Kids? (**Thumbs up.**)

(**Lacey enters carrying a wicker shopping basket with a string of sausages hanging out of the basket. She stands behind Buttons.**)

Buttons: She looks like a ginormous candy floss. (**Hand to ear.**) What's that? She's behind me? I'd better have a look then. (**Turns Left and looks behind with Lacey following then to the Audience**) There's no-one there. (**React to Audience.**) Oh no there isn't. (**React.**) Oh no there isn't. I'd better have another look then. (**Turns Right and looks behind with Lacey following then to the Audience.**) There's no-one there. (**React.**) Oh no she isn't. (**React.**) Oh no she isn't.

Lacey: Oh yes, I am.

Buttons: There you are, Auntie. I've been looking for you everywhere.

Lacey: Where did you look?

Buttons: Here.

(**Buttons turns to the Left, looks behind him with Lacey following, then faces front.**)

Buttons: There.

(**Buttons turns to the Right, looks behind him with Lacey following, then faces front.**)

Lacey: Don't start that nonsense. Have you been scootering with Delilah?

Buttons: Yes, and I've been talking to (**Indicates Audience.**) all these lovely boys and girls, and all the lovely ladies and gentlemen.

Lacey: (**Pushes Buttons to one side.**) Did you say Gentlemen? (**Looks at Audience.**) Ooh yes, lots of lovely men. (**Sings.**) Big ones, small ones, some as butch as your dog. I'd like to go and see them all and give them a big...

Buttons: (**Interrupts.**) Auntie!

Lacey: I want to give them a big hug. If I like the look of them then I'll give them a big snog. (**To Audience.**) I suppose I'd better introduce myself. My name is Lacey Bloomers. (**To man in Audience.**) I know what you're thinking, and yes I am. Ooh, I like you, what's your name? (**Repeat name ie Trevor.**) That's my favourite name. I can see you and I are going to have fun tonight, Trevor (**Winks.**) and if you play your cards right, you'll see more Lacey bloomers later. (**Shouts to lighting crew.**) Let's have the house lights up so I can see everyone.

Lacey: Oh, my goodness, look at them all.

Buttons: They look all right to me.

Lacey: Alright? What do you know about fashion, Buttons? Look at your clothes. Where on earth did you get that dreadful outfit?

Buttons: You knitted it for me, Auntie.

Lacey: Did not.

Buttons: Did knit.

Lacey: Not. Not.

Buttons: Knit knit.

Lacey: Knit twit. Right, that's enough nonsense. Let's sort these commoners out, they can't present to the King looking like that, not an ounce of fashion sense amongst them. They'll never pass muster, and you know how fashionably King Boniface dresses. **(Points to audience.)** Look at that man's cardigan, it's fluffy and frayed. **(To Man.)** Cardigans are so Nineteen Fifties, dear heart. What on earth is that woman in row Jay wearing? And there's a bloke in row Dee wearing a preposterous pullover. I shall have to call in the **(pause for effect)** fashion police.

Buttons: Not the **(pause for effect)** fashion police, Auntie.

Lacey: Yes, the **(pause for effect)** fashion police. **(To Chorus.)** You scruffy lot had better scarper as well, or they'll arrest you.

Townie 1: Oh no, the fashion police will be issuing FFP fines again.

Buttons: **(To Audience.)** FFP means fashion faux pas – or the walk of shame.
(Townfolk rush off in different directions and exit.)

Lacey: **(Yells.)** Spotty. Dotty. Get out here and arrest this lot.
(Spotty and Dotty run through auditorium wielding truncheons, shouting 'Nee na. nee na'.)

Lacey: Spotty. Dotty. Sort this lot out loves, we can't have cardigans and tank tops. Whatever will King Boniface think?

Spotty: I'm Spotty.

Dotty: I'm Dotty.

Spotty: **}(Together.)**

Dotty: **} We think you lot look grotty.**

Lacey: **(Shouts.)** Nab the bloke in row Dee.

Buttons: **(Shouts.)** He's wearing a preposterous pullover.
(Spotty and Dotty look at each other.)

Spotty: Not a...

Dotty: ...preposterous pullover.

Spotty: Look at all these fashion faux pas. **(Waves yellow card.)** We'll be issuing lots of FFPs.

Dotty: Fashion faux pas, darlings, fashion faux pas.
(Comedy business as Spotty and Dotty shout 'fashion faux pas', before continuing to row Dee.)

Spotty: Row Dee. Preposterous pullover.

Dotty: Found him.

Lacey: The static from their all that nylon and polyester clothing is hurting my sinuses. **(To Man.)** Hello handsome, what's your name? Sorry? **(Reacts.)** I heard you the first time, I'm just sorry that your name is as preposterous as your pullover.

Spotty: This pullover is too patterned.

Dotty: This pullover is far too long.
(Spotty and Dotty roll the pullover up under his arms.)

Spotty: Oh, my days.

Dotty: He's wearing bell bottoms.

Lacey: Well, they don't ring my bell.

Buttons: That bloke selling programmes could do with a bit of fashion sense.

Spotty: We'll Nab him.

Dotty: Grab him.

Spotty: Snatch him.

Dotty: Catch him.

Spotty: Hook him.

Dotty: **(Wave card.)** Book him.
(Comedy business with truncheons as Spotty and Dotty exit.)

Lacey: **(To lighting desk.)** I keep getting spots in front of my eyes. Put the lights back down.
(The Chancellor enters carrying a scroll and a bugle.)

Buttons: It's the King's Chancellor, Seymour Sense.

Lacey: If he had any sense he wouldn't work for the King.

Chancellor: I shall ignore that remark, Modom.

Lacey: **(To Audience.)** Modom – Ooh, get him.

Chancellor: **(Looks around.)** Where are the King's loyal subjects?

Buttons: They've nipped to the pub for a swift pint.

Chancellor: That's outrageous, the King expressed a wish that they be gathered here today.

Lacey: Keep your hair on, Seymour. I'll give 'em a whistle.

Chancellor: I'll blow my bugle as well.

Buttons: I'll use me bellows. **(Shouts loudly.)** Oi you lot, the King is on his way.
(Townfolk enter.)

Chancellor: Why weren't you assembled in the town square?

Glenda: **(Gloomily.)** We gave up waiting and went for a beer.

Chancellor: Ah, King Boniface is almost here.

Lacey: Sounds to me that his bark is worse than his bite. **(To Buttons.)** Where on earth is your brother, Beau? I suppose he's dilly dallying with Princess Taffeta again.

Buttons: Beau and Taff are in love, Auntie.

Lacey: A commoner and a royal, it will end in tears mark all my words.
(Beau enters.)

Beau: Sorry I'm late, Auntie Lacey, I was with Taffeta.

Lacey: Hobnobbing with royalty will get you nowhere.

Beau: Princess Taffeta is clever and kind and funny and...

Lacey: **(Interrupts.)** Out of your league.
(Princess Taffeta enters.)

Taffeta: Thank you for waiting, loyal subjects. King Boniface chooses to be fashionably late.

Lacey: Fashion and the King – now there's an anomaly.

(King Boniface enters with Cha Wah Wah. They pose for the crowd.)

King: Loyal subjects I expect you're wondering why I gathered you all here today.

Lacey: Probably to remind us to buy him a birthday present.

King: Chancellor, my mirror.

Chancellor: **(Claps hands twice and yells.)** Mirror.
(Mirror rushes on and stands in front of the King.)

Mirror: **(To Chancellor.)** Ooh, listen to you all shouty and impatient today.

King: **(Preens.)** Mirror, Mirror stood before me, see how much I adore me. I'm so elegant, I'm so grand, I *am* the trendiest in the land.

Mirror: **(Sarcastically.)** If you say so, your royal modestness, but did you really have to disrupt my siesta just to tell me that? You say the same thing every time you summon me – I'm getting quite bored with it. **(Yawns.)** Can I go now, Sire?

King: One last look. **(Preens.)** Perfect.

Mirror: Ooh I dunno, on reflection you're not quite there yet, Sire.

King: **(To Mirror.)** You can run along now.

Mirror: Run – with these feet? **(To Audience as he exits.)** I'm a martyr to my bunions.

King: Ah, loyal subjects, **(He parades.)** let me give you a better look at my new garb.

Lacey: More like **garbage**. Did he get that from the tip?

King: As you can see, Cha Wah Wah is modelling the doggie version.

CWW: **(Wiggles hips.)** Cha Wah Wah
(Cha Wah Wah models his doggie coat. The Duke enters Left.)

Duke: Is there a reason you gathered everyone in the town square, Boniface?

King: I've made changes to the royal constitution. Read the proclamation, Seymour.

Chancellor: **(Clears his throat.)** Loyal subjects of Mirabelle, the King has made a proclamation.
(Unrolls scroll and reads aloud.) King Boniface has decided to change the laws of the Kingdom.

Townie 1: As long as he doesn't put the taxes up.

Glenda: Or raise the pension age – I don't want to be a Waspi.

Chancellor: King Boniface has changed the law of succession.

King: Mirabelle has always had a King, but, after careful consideration, my daughter, Princess Taffeta, will succeed me to the throne.
(Townfolk cheer.)

Beau: (To Buttons.) The King will never let me marry Taff now she's heir to the throne.
Buttons: Surely King Boniface would put Taff's happiness first.
King: (To Duke.) You're not cheering, Avarice?
Duke: (Angrily.) Princess Taffeta to be crowned Queen? What about me?
King: You can't be Queen, you're a man - besides, you're not my daughter.
Duke: But a kw... kw... Queen? Our rulers have always been Kings, and I am the next male heir to the throne.
King: Well, it's time for a change.
Duke: But I was expecting to be the next King.
Chancellor: Over King Boniface's dead body, Avarice.
Duke: (To Chancellor.) That can be arranged. (To Audience.) And don't you lot start booing, or it will be the worse for you.

(Duke storms off Left.)

Townie 2: Congratulations, Princess Taffeta.
Townie 1: You'll make a splendid Queen.
Taffeta: Thank you for your support. I promise to be a good Queen.
King: My other announcement is that I'm going to run a competition.
Lacey: (Excitedly.) Ooh, I love competitions. I won first prize in a beauty competition once.
Buttons: Don't you mean boozy competition?
Lacey: I was given a facelift.
Buttons: I bet that raised a few eyebrows.
Lacey: (Heaves her bosom up.) It raised more than a few eyebrows I can tell you.
Buttons: Botox.
Lacey: No, it's the truth.
Chancellor: Silence for the King.
Lacey: Silence? That suit is louder than the lot of us put together.
King: I want a new suit of clothes for my special birthday and am looking for a fabulous designer - someone at the cutting edge of fashion.
Lacey: That's not a proclamation - that's a fashion statement.
Buttons: What's the catch?
Lacey: (Shoves Buttons out of the way.) What's the prize?
King: Prize?
Lacey: Yes, what's in it for the cutting-edge designer?
Chancellor: A certificate.

(Murmurs of disapproval from the Townsfolk.)

Glenda: That's not a prize, that's an insult.
King: Okay, I'll set the prize at twenty thousand pounds.
Chancellor: But Your Majesty, that is overly generous. Think of the budget.
King: Style doesn't come cheap, Seymour. Organise posters and notify the local media. I expect designers at the palace tomorrow. Now let's have a lively song to celebrate my forthcoming birthday, you know how much I love to dance. Strike up the band.

Song 2:

(After the song the King and Chancellor exit. Townsfolk gather round talking.)

Townie 1: I must get home to make a few designs.
Townie 2: I must get my sewing machine out of the loft.

(Townies exit.)

Taffeta: Cha Wah Wah - now Daddies gone home you can run about like a proper dog and not a fashion accessory.

(Cha Wah Wah runs around, sniffs people etc.)

Beau: Congratulations, Taff. Can I still call you Taff?
Taffeta: Of course, Beau, I'm still the same person.
Beau: But your father will expect you to marry a royal prince. I'm just a commoner.
Taffeta: Then I will fight for you, Beau.

(Cha Wah Wah looks at Lacey's basket and sniffs.)

CWW: (To Audience) Sossajiz.

(Cha Wah Wah pulls a string of sausages out of the basket and is chased by Lacey and Buttons.)

Lacey: Oi, come back here with those sausages you posturing, pilfering pooch.

Buttons: Come back here with our dinner.

(Comedy business as Lacey, Beau and Taffeta chase Cha Wah Wah then exit Left.)

Buttons: I'd better retrieve those sausages, or it will be chips for me again. **(Waves.)** See you later, Kids.

(Buttons exits Right. Collar and Cuffs enter Left. Cuffs is wearing a bandana and one glove.)

Collar: This is a strange town square.

Cuffs: Why's that?

Collar: There are shops, but no one is shopping. Whoever heard of a deserted town square?

Cuffs: **(Looks around.)** I hope it's not a ghost town, I'm scared of ghosties and ghoulies.

Collar: Did you lose a glove?

Cuffs: **(Holds hand up.)** No, I found one.

Collar: I worry about you sometimes. You've got no fashion sense at all. One of your trouser legs is shorter than the other.

Cuffs: **(Wiggles leg backwards and forwards.)** I think it's a great look.

Collar: Whatever look you're aiming for, you missed.

Cuffs: I went to the shop yesterday to buy a pair of camouflage trousers.

Collar: What happened?

Cuffs: I couldn't find any.

Collar: You look as though you got dressed in a fancy dress shop.

Cuffs: I went to a fancy dress party dressed as a clock once. I got really irritated because everyone kept winding me up.

(Spotty and Dotty enter shouting 'Nee na. nee na'. Collar and Cuffs put their hands up.)

Collar: Whatever it is, we didn't do it.

Cuffs: Nope, we never done nuffin'. **(To Audience.)** That's true actually, because we've never done nuffin' our whole lives.

(Comedy business as Spotty and Dotty chase Collar and Cuffs before apprehending them.)

Spotty: Come here and have your collar felt.

Dotty: You two are the worst case of fashion faux pas we've seen.

Spotty: **(Hands them both a yellow FFP card.)** Fashion faux pas. Fashion faux pas.

Dotty: You've got to pay the fine or go to jail.

Collar: Who are you two?

Spotty: We're Spotty and Dotty, the fashion police.

Cuffs: You look more like dominoes to me.

Dotty: Did you get dressed in the dark?

Collar: Blooming cheek.

Cuffs: This is the height of fashion.

Spotty: Well, you're plumbing the depths, mate.

Dotty: Who do you think you are, Bolshie and Bandana?

(Chancellor enters carrying flyers.)

Chancellor: Did I hear the name of those famous designers Bolshie and Bandana? **(Looks at Collar and Cuffs.)** You two certainly look like avant-garde designers.

Collar: I'm Colin Collar.

Cuffs: I'm Cuffbert Cuffs.

Spotty: If you ask me, they both look like scruffs.

Dotty: Fashion faux pas, big time.

Chancellor: You two could be just what King Boniface is looking for.

Spotty: You've still got to pay the fine.

Dotty: If you haven't paid it by next week, we'll be back to find you.

(Spotty and Dotty exit waving their truncheons and shouting 'nee na nee na'.)

Chancellor: Come to the palace tomorrow and bring your design ideas. There's a prize of twenty thousand pounds for the winning design.

(Chancellor gives them a flyer each and exits.)

Collar: We could win twenty thousand pounds.

Cuffs: We could go on holiday somewhere sunny like the Bajarmers, or the Costas.

Collar: Costa? But you don't drink coffee.

Cuffs: That bloke thinks we're fashion designers.

Collar: Us? But we're not good at anything.

Cuffs: Yeah, but if we had gone to school, we could've been anything we wanted to be.

(Chorus enter and join in song and dance.)

Song 3

(After song Chorus exit Right. Duke enters Left holding a flyer and scowling at the Audience.)

Duke: Don't start booing, I'm not in the mood for it. I'm furious. Have you seen this flyer?

My cousin, King Boniface, is going to give twenty thousand pounds to a fashion designer – proof that Boniface is foolish and unfit to reign. Now all I need to do is to convince everyone of his incompetence, overthrow him, kidnap Princess Tafetta and become King.

(Collar and Cuffs approach Duke.)

Collar: Excuse me, guv, can you tell us the way to the palace.

Cuffs: We're off to see the King and collect our twenty thousand pounds.

Duke: Are you fashion designers?

Collar: Not really, but we're skint and need the money to pay these FFP fines.

Duke: **(Looks them up and down.)** Ah yes, fashion faux pas fines. Well let me help you both. I'm the Duke of Avarice. I know the King very well, I'm his fourth cousin thrice removed.

Cuffs: What were you removed for?

Duke: None of your busybodyness. As I'm related to the King, I can introduce you both as reputable high-class designers - for a small fee of course.

Collar: How much?

Duke: We split the prize fifty-fifty.

Cuffs: Sixty-forty to us.

Duke: Seventy thirty to me.

Collar: Eighty twenty to us.

Duke: Ninety ten to me and that's my final offer.

(Collar and Cuffs shake Duke's hand.)

Collar: } **(Together.)**

Cuffs: } Done.

Duke: **(To Audience.)** They have been. Oh, get over it, you simpering goodie goodies. **(To**

Collar and Cuffs.) Right, I have a plan.

Collar: Is it a cunning plan?

Duke: Cunning? – Why it's downright dastardly. You two numpties are going to make the King an invisible suit of clothes.

Cuffs: Invisible? He'll see straight through that idea.

Duke: Not if we convince him that it's made from the purest gossamer thread in the world.

Collar: But we can't sew.

Duke: Can you weave?

Cuffs: Oh yes **(comic business as he weaves between Duke and Collar.)** I'm pretty good at weaving in and out of things.

Duke: This whole invisible suit idea must be a complete secret.

Collar: I love secrets.

Duke: The King and I always play practical jokes on each other, so no-one must find out our plan. I want it to be his best birthday surprise ever.

Cuffs: Count me in, I love surprises.

Duke: Come with me and I'll explain what you need to do.

(Collar and Cuffs exit Left.)

Duke: **(To Audience.)** This is as easy as taking candy from a baby. I'm going to be King very very soon. You simpering lot had better practice bowing and scraping in my presence. Ha ha Ha.

(Duke exits Left. Fairy enters Right.)

Fairy: Goodness me, what a sneaky plan

The Duke is such a nasty man.

Who knows what Avarice will do,

I must stop his threat coming true.

(Fairy exits Right.)

PantoScripts Sample

Scene 2 – Wheelie Good Fun

(Front of tabs.)

(Buttons enters on a scooter wearing a crash helmet, one glove and elbow and knee pads.)

Buttons: Hiya Kids. I've been scootering round Mirabelle on Delilah looking for the glove I lost. Poor Delilah is looking the worse for wear. Most of the paintwork is fading and I need new brakes. I could buy myself a new state of the art scooter with the twenty-thousand pound designer prize money, but it wouldn't be the same. I've had Delilah ever since I was **(indicates)** this high. My scooter tutor, Leon Lightning, taught me some brilliant tricks with Delilah. I can do nose pivots, hops, fakies... Do you want to see them? I didn't hear you. I said do you want to see my scooter tricks? **(slight pause)** Here goes.

(Buttons does a few scooter tricks.)

Buttons: That was great fun. I'd better go now, Auntie will be looking for me, see you later.

(Buttons waves as he exits on scooter.)

Scene 3 – Grandiose Designers

(Full stage set. The place ballroom. King Boniface and Cha Wah Wah are sitting on thrones.

The Chancellor is by the King's side.)

King: Today's the day, Seymour. I can't wait to meet all these new designers.

Chancellor: There has been a lot of interest in the contest since I posted it on social media Sire.

King: Excellent news, Seymour. Twenty thousand pounds should tempt the crème de la crème of fashion designers from around the world.

(Fairy, Collar, Cuffs and other Designers enter, posture and parade. Cha Wah Wah joins in.)

Song 4

King: **(Applauds)** Bravo, bravo. You all look fabulous, tell me your ideas.

Fairy: I see diamante, chiffon, something floaty,
A bright glittery beard, you could grow a goatie.
(Throws fairy dust) Plenty of shimmer, sparkle and razzamatazz
Will add the wow factor, va va voom and pizzazz.

King: I wonder if the wand and tiara are optional extras? **(Claps hands twice.)** Next.

Designer 1: **(French accent.)** Your royal 'ighness, I weel make you a suit like thees **(does a twirl)**
but made from the most beautiful Chantilly lace from la belle France. Eet ees exquisite, ne'st pas?

King: What do you think, Cha Wah Wah?

(Cha Wah Wah puts his paws over his eyes and whines loudly.)

King: It's a non from us.

Chancellor: Next one, please.

Designer 2: **(Scottish accent)** Och, I see you in tartan. A wee pink velvet sequinned sporran tae add
a bit o' style and a matching Tam o Shanter for your wee furry friend there.

(Cha Wah Wah puts his paws over his eyes and whines loudly.)

Chancellor: Next one, please.

Designer 3: **(Upper class)** Okay yah, an ensemble to reduce waste and protect the environment
yah. A hat made from an old cardboard pizza box – and get this yah, the rest of the ensemble
fashioned from recycled plastic bags. Recycle is *the* in word, yah.

(Cha Wah Wah chases Designer 3 off then re-enters with a piece of her outfit in his mouth.)

King: My thoughts exactly, Cha Wah Wah.

CWW: **(Wiggles hips.)** Cha Wah Wah.

Collar: It's not a Chihuahua, it's a poodle.

Cuffs: I expect the King was sold a pup.

(Cha Wah Wah wags tail and struts around. He barks when the Duke enters.)

Duke: **(Introduces Collar and Cuffs to King)** These two designers come highly
recommended, they're at the cutting edge of world fashion.

King: Your names?

Collar: Colin Collar.

Cuffs: Cuffbert Cuffs.

Duke: They are top notch fashionistas.

Collar: **(To Cuffs)** He called us top notch fashionistas.

Cuffs: We've been called a few names in our time, but never that.

King: Have you brought your designs?

Collar: We can't show you them your Majesty - our rivals are trying to steal our ideas.

Cuffs: Our top-secret designs are in our heads.

Collar: } **(Together)**

Cuffs: } **(Tap side of nose)** On a need-to-know basis.

King: Tell me more about my designer birthday suit.

Collar: Only when you've dismissed the other designers.

Cuffs: Those designers are mediocre your Maj.

King: Chancellor, get rid of the designers.

Chancellor: **(Claps hands twice)** Summon the fashion police.

(Spotty and Dotty run in shouting 'Nee na. nee na'. They walk around the designers commenting on individuals and hand out yellow FFP.)

Spotty: Fashion faux pas - cute hat though.

Dotty: Love the boots but the rest is definitely a fashion faux pas.

King: Spotty, Dotty, escort these other designers out.

Spotty: Let's be 'avin you.

Designer 1: **(French accent)** Sacre bleu, ziss ees outrageous.

Dotty: Move along there.

Designer 2: **(Scottish accs)** Sassenachs.

(Comic business as Spotty and Dotty chase the Fairy and Designers out and exit.)

King: Now tell me about this designer birthday suit.

Collar: Your suit will be woven from the finest silk thread which is only visible to people with high intelligence.

Cuffs: Like us.

Collar: It's totes revolutionary.

Cuffs: Totes high tech.

Collar: } **(Together. High-five each other.)**

Cuffs: } Totes awesome.

King: **(Claps hands excitedly)** I can't wait to tell everyone.

Duke: Did you say it was top secret? Maybe you should keep it under wraps until the big day.

Collar: } **(Together)**

Cuffs: } **(Tap side of nose)** On a need-to-know basis.

King: You're right, this will be our secret. No-one must see the suit until my birthday parade.

(Comedy business as Buttons and Lacey enter and model their steampunk outfits.)

Buttons: **(Waves to Audience)** Hiya, Kids.

Lacey: I'm not too late, am I? As you can see, my fantastic design is high dramatic, *a-ris-to-cratic*, antistatic, iconomatic, piratic – why, this outfit...

Chancellor: **(Interjects.)** Seems frightening.

Buttons: It's steampunk.

Duke: More like stunk.

Lacey: **(To King.)** I'd love to design your outfit, your Highness. I've watched every series of the Great British Sewing Bee. **(Points to her belt.)** I've even upcycled these watches to create a trendy belt. I call it a waist of time.

Buttons: Auntie's good at recycling, her best hats used to be lampshades.

Lacey: **(To Chancellor.)** I met a fashion designer once, but he rejected all my ideas.

Chancellor: Who was that?

Lacey: Calvin Decline.

King: Thank you, Lacey, but I have made my decision. These designers, Collar and Cuffs, will design my birthday suit.

Lacey: **(To Audience)** Ooh, collar and cuffs that match, that's something you don't see much of these days. They must be twins.

King: They will get twenty thousand pounds on completion of my birthday suit.
Collar: That's brilliant.
Cuffs: Can we have a few quid up front?
Chancellor: Not yet.
King: Is my birthday cake ready, Lacey?
Lacey: Almost your Highness. Buttons and I are on the case.
Buttons: But I can't cook.
Duke: **(Sarcastically.)** Neither can your aunt.
Lacey: **(To Duke.)** I'll have you know I went to the cordon bleughhh finishing school of karate and cooking. **(Karate hands.)** I can kill with one chop.
(Lacey pushes Buttons as they exit.)
King: I must tell Princess Tafetta the good news about the designer competition.
Duke: Don't forget it's top secret until the big day.
Collar: } **(Together. Tap side of their noses.)**
Cuffs: } On a need-to-know basis.
King: I will need a matching outfit for Cha Wah Wah as well.
CWW: **(Does a comedy fashion walk.)** Cha Wah Wah.
Duke: **(To King.)** That will mean more material and more money...
King: Needs must, Avarice.
Collar: Don't worry, we're used to making pet clothes and accessories, aren't we, Cuffs?
Cuffs: Yes, I knitted a lovely sweater for my Auntie Dinah's daschund – it suited her right down to the ground...
Chancellor: **(To Collar and Cuffs)** I'll find a room in the palace for you to work on the King's suit undisturbed.
(King, Chancellor, Cha Wah Wah, Collar and Cuffs exit.)
Duke: My evil plan is coming together nicely. It won't be long before Boniface is ridiculed and I am crowned King, you miserable lot of peasants won't put the mockers on it. Oh no you won't. **(Goads Audience)** Oh no you won't. Jog on, peasants.
(Duke exits laughing evilly.)

Scene 4 – A Stroll Down The Lane

(Front of tabs. Beau and Taffeta enter Right.)

Taffeta: I really enjoyed our walk. **(Sighs loudly.)** I'd better get back to the palace.

Beau: Buttons is giving his scooter a makeover later. Why don't you help us, Taff. We could do with someone who knows how to use a spanner.

Taffeta: Brilliant, count me in. It's been a while since I wore my overalls. I hate wearing fancy clothes.

Beau: Don't let your father hear you say that.

Taffeta: My father is a bit old-fashioned; he wants me to act and dress like a more traditional Princess. I usually remind him that I'm a modern-day Princess.

Beau: I hope he doesn't stop you from seeing me now that you're to be our next monarch.

Taffeta: Nothing can come between us, Beau, we're stuck like glue.

Song 5

Taffeta: Where are we meeting Buttons?

Beau: In the town square, he's got to help Auntie Lacey bake your father's birthday cake first.

Taffeta: Buttons and Lacey baking a cake? That sounds like a recipe for disaster.

(They exit Right.)

Scene 5 – It's A Piece of Cake

(Full stage set. Lacey and Glenda are at the kitchen table. Buttons enters.)

Buttons: **(Waves to Audience.)** Hiya kids. I'm helping Auntie Lacey to bake a cake today.

Lacey: What time do you call this? I need help baking the King's birthday cake.

Buttons: I hope you don't get a soggy bottom, Auntie.

Glenda: **(Gloomily.)** Our school cook suffered dreadfully with her soggy bottom.

Buttons: All the best cooks are men – Mister Kipling, Ken Wood, Captain Birds Eye.

Lacey: Pay attention. I need flour for the cake.

(Buttons exits stage Left. Glenda exits stage Right. Both run back holding a large flower.)

Lacey: Not flower, you nincompoops – flour. I want plain flour.

(Buttons uses his flower like an aeroplane and runs around the room.)

Buttons: This flower is plain, an aeroplane.

Lacey: **(Shouts.)** Flour.

(Child dressed as an elf runs on carrying a bag of flour and lifts it up and down.)

Lacey: **(To Audience.)** ELF-raising flour. They get worse. **(To Elf.)** Okay, stop milking your part – go on, get off.

(Elf runs off waving to Audience.)

Lacey: Okay you two, I need a grater.

Buttons: Twenty is greater than fourteen.

Lacey: Not that sort of grater – a cheese grater for grating lemon peel.

(Buttons exits stage Left. Glenda exits stage Right. Both run back on holding a large grater.)

Buttons: **(Picks bits off and eats it)** Yummy, I love stinky smelly cheese.

Lacey: That's not cheese. I used that cheese grater to get the hard skin off my feet.

Buttons: **(Spits it out.)** Yuk, that is gross.

Lacey: I forgot the currants.

(Buttons exits stage Left and re-enters holding a bag of currants. He gives them to Lacey.)

Lacey: **(Eats currants.)** These currants are delicious. Where did you get them?

Buttons: The rabbit hutch.

Lacey: **(Spits currants out.)** Yuk, I thought they tasted a bit chewier than usual.

Glenda: I haven't got all day to stand around here you know.

Lacey: You'd better crack on then. Get me some eggs.

(Buttons exits stage Left. Glenda exits stage Right. Both run back on holding a table tennis ball and place them next to each other on the middle of the table.)

Lacey: Right, now separate the eggs.

(Glenda and Buttons take an 'egg' each and move them to each end of the table.)

Lacey: Not like that, you dimwits. Let me look at those eggs. **(Takes 'eggs' and bounces them on the table)** Hold on, sunshine, you're not using these. I've got proper eggs here.

(Lacey puts a box of eggs on the table.)

Buttons: **(Acts surprised.)** Real eggs? That's not in the script.

Lacey: **(To Audience.)** It looks as though the yolk will be on Buttons. Glenda, fetch me a really big bowl to mix my ingredients.

(Glenda exits and returns with a paddling pool.)

Buttons: That looks more like a piddling pool to me.

Lacey: It's for paddling in not piddling in.

Buttons: **(To Audience.)** Now she tells me.

Lacey: Glenda get Buttons an oar. **(Slow burn to Audience)** Behave.

(Glenda exits and returns with an oar and gives it to Buttons.)

Buttons: What am I supposed to do with this?

Lacey: Stand in the bowl Buttons, all will be revealed in good time. I will now demonstrate how to make a cake. Glenda, pass me two large eggs.

Glenda: Fetch me this, pass me that. I didn't sign up for this.

(Buttons stands in the pool. Glenda passes eggs to Lacey. Lacey cracks eggs on Buttons head.)

Buttons: These eggs must be bad, they stink.

Glenda: **(Looks at box.)** They're past their *shell* by date.

Lacey: (Looks at Glenda.) They're not the only one.

Buttons: You forgot the chips, Auntie.

Glenda: I haven't got any chips, but I've got the next best thing. Glenda, pass me the custard.
(Glenda passes Lacey an opened tin of custard. Lacey empties it on Buttons head.)

Lacey: Stir your mixture, Buttons. (Reaches under table.) Here's a cake I started earlier.

Glenda, put self-raising flour and a spoonful of yeast in the mixture and give it a stir.

(Buttons uses the paddle to stir. Glenda puts the packet of yeast into the cake tin.)

Lacey: You dozy dollop, a teaspoonful, not the whole packet. It will have to do. Now put the cake in the oven for two hours at sixty hundred and fifty Celsius.

(Lacey opens the oven door. Glenda puts the cake inside and shuts the door. The oven starts to rise upwards.)

Lacey: That must be all that self-raising flour and yeast you put in.

(The oven explodes.)

Lacey: (From the darkness.) Now look what you've done, Glenda – you weren't supposed to blow the bloomin' door off.

Scene 6 – A Total Stitch Up

(Front of tabs. There is a mannequin to the left and a spinning wheel in the centre of the room. Collar and Cuffs are reading comics.)

Collar: This is hilarious.

Cuffs: I can't believe we're getting paid to read comics all day.

(Duke of Avarice enters Left.)

Duke: What are you two doing?

Collar: I'm reading this old Dandy I found.

Cuffs: I'm reading the Beano.

Duke: A right couple of comics. It's a good job I came to check up on you. The King and Chancellor are heading this way. Get up and put your jackets on.

(Comedy business as Collar and Cuffs put their jackets on.)

Collar: Get your arm out of my jacket sleeve.

Cuffs: But that's my jacket.

Collar: You've got it on upside down.

Cuffs: It's upside down and inside out. I shall have to turn around three times now. **(He turns three times.)** That's no better.

(They look at each other, realise they are wearing the wrong jacket and start again.)

Duke: **(Angrily.)** I've never seen such a shambolic pair of imbeciles in my life.

(Once jackets are on correctly Collar sits at spinning wheel. Cuffs stands next to mannequin.)

Duke: Look busy.

(King and Chancellor enter.)

King: I thought I'd pop along and see my new suit. I'm surprised to see you here, Avarice.

Duke: I just thought I'd check they had everything they need.

Chancellor: I hope they have, that silk was darned expensive.

King: **(Looks around.)** Where is the silk?

Collar: As you can see, I am weaving it. It's so fine, almost invisible to the unintelligent eye.

Duke: To my intelligent eye it looks like spun gold.

King: Well, um, yes, I see what you mean. It um, it certainly looks like gold.

Chancellor: I can't see a thing.

Cuffs: Look at the jacket – it's on the mannequin.

Duke: That's a magnificent piece of craftsmanship, I love the cut.

King: Yes, it does look superior to any jacket I've ever seen. What say you, Seymour?

Chancellor: **(Not wanting to look stupid.)** Ah, I see it now. As you say, the thread is like spun gold and the jacket is a masterpiece of tailoring.

King: Well, we shall leave you good men to your work. I'll pop by to try it on tomorrow.

(King and Chancellor exit.)

Collar: We pulled the wool over their eyes.

Cuffs: **(High fives Collar.)** Totes amazing.

Duke: **(Grabs them by the lapels.)** Don't let me down, or it will be curtains for you both. Remember you haven't been paid yet, so keep up the pretence. I'll be back.

(Duke exits. Cuffs dances with the mannequin.)

Scene 7 – Delilah Gets A Makeover

(Full stage. Town Square as scene one. The Mirabelle Motors shop sign is lit. There are tyres, tools, car parts and other scooters or skateboards outside the shop. Button's scooter is on a moveable trolley.)

Buttons: **(Waves.)** Hiya Kids. I'm well excited, my brother Beau and I are going to give Delilah a makeover. I was disappointed that we didn't win the twenty thousand pounds prize money.

Never mind, Delilah will soon be the best-looking scooter in Mirabelle.

(Beau and Taffeta enter with Glenda and a few Townsfolk dressed as mechanics. They are carrying a variety of car parts and tools.)

Taffeta: Hey, Buttons, we brought a few people to help with Delilah's makeover.

Buttons: Thanks, Taff. We'll soon have Delilah as good as new.

Glenda: Someone told me to carry these - where do you want them?

Buttons: Dump them anywhere, thanks.

(Glenda drops the box on Button's foot. He yells in pain.)

Glenda: You said dump them anywhere.

Buttons: **(Hops about.)** Anywhere but my foot.

Beau: There are plenty of spare parts in here to transform your scooter.

Townie 1: **(Holds up item.)** I wonder what this is.

Townie 2: **(Holds up item.)** I'm sure I've got one of these at home in my kitchen.

Taffeta: Have you got a plan of action, Buttons?

Buttons: I want Delilah to go as fast as lightning.

(The following exchange can be said in singsong fashion.)

Taffeta: I'll change the light on the right. Can you pass me the spanner?

Beau: Let's paint Delilah's framework, above and below.

Buttons: I love my scooter.

All: His scooter.

Beau: We'll help Buttons fix it, then it will be good to go.

Taffeta: Let's quick dry, Delilah.

All: You'll soon fly, Delilah.

Buttons: Then you'll be, as sleek and fast as can be.

Taffeta: Let's fit some new wheels.

Glenda: **(Points to wheels.)** You can have that pair for free.

(See notes on scooter transformation.)

Buttons: **(To Audience.)** What do you think, Kids - doesn't Delilah look brilliant?

Taffeta: That was great fun, Buttons.

Buttons: Thanks for hanging out with us, Taff.

Beau: You're a great mechanic.

(Duke enters Left.)

Duke: Ah, Princess Taffeta, showing that you have the *common* touch.

Taffeta: **(Abruptly.)** I'm busy with my friends, what do you want, Uncle?

Duke: Come now, cousin, there's no need to be so abrupt. Your father sent for you. You are to accompany me back to the palace straight away.

Taffeta: My father sent you, has he had an accident?

Duke: **(To Audience.)** Not yet. **(To Taffeta.)** He asked for you and collapsed.

Taffeta: Something's not right, my father is healthy. **(To Audience.)** Should I go?

Duke: **(To Audience.)** Oh yes, she should. **(React.)** Oh yes, she should. **(To Audience.)** Oh shut up, you snivelling, sniping, snot-faced peasants.

Taffeta: **(To Beau.)** I must go with the Duke, I'll let you know how my father is.

Duke: **(To Audience.)** On a point of law, I haven't kidnapped the Princess, she came with me of her own free will. Mwah ha ha.

(Taffeta and Duke exit Left.)

Townie: I hope King Boniface is alright.

(Lacey enters Right.)

Lacey: There you are, boys, I'm just off for a walk. Yuk, you're all covered in grease and oil.

Buttons: Look Auntie, we gave Delilah a makeover.

Delilah: **(Feigns surprise)** Why that's never the same scooter. This scooter looks hydromatic, problematic, mathematic, anticlimactic, overdramatic...

Buttons: It needed brightening.

Beau: **(Interrupts)** Is the King unwell, Auntie?

Lacey: No, King Boniface is as fit as a fiddle. **(To Audience)** You should see him run up and down the stairs to my bedroom every night when he wants something hot and comforting to send him to sleep. I get quite exhausted by his nocturnal demands. He'd keep it up all night if I let him. I told him, I'm not on call twenty-four seven to make your Ovaltine **(Slow burn to Audience)**.

Beau: That sounds like Cha Wah Wah.

Lacey: **(To Audience)** Anyone would think there was only one dog in Mirabelle.

(King enters with Cha Wah Wah.)

Buttons: You look well, your Majesty.

Beau: The Duke of Avarice told Taffeta you were ill, and she was needed back at the palace.

King: Nonsense, I'm as fit as a fiddle.

(Chancellor enters carrying a long grabber aloft with a large doggy poo bag on the end.)

Chancellor: There must be a doggy poo bin somewhere.

King: Seymour, do you know anything about the Duke taking Taffeta to the palace?

Chancellor: With all due respect, Sire, I wouldn't trust the Duke to take my temperature, let alone take the Princess anywhere.

Lacey: That slimy Duke must have kidnapped Taffeta.

King: The Duke will stop at nothing to become King of Mirabelle.

(Townsfolk react, 'Poor Taffeta', 'We must stop him', 'The bounder' etc.)

Glenda: (Gloomily.) I always said the Duke was a bad egg.

Beau: (Slaps thigh) I must save Taffeta before the Duke kills her.

King: He has a holiday home somewhere high up in the mountains.

(Cha Wah Wah barks and runs around sniffing for clues.)

Beau: I'm sure Cha Wah Wah will help us find Princess Taffeta.

CWW: (Wiggles hips.) Cha Wah Wah

Buttons: Me and Delilah will come with you – now Delilah has full suspension she's perfect for off road, all-terrain mountain scootering.

Beau: No mountain is high enough to keep me from Taffeta.

Song 6

(After song curtain closes.)

Act Two

Scene 1 – A Mountain Hideaway

(Full stage set. The stage is set to look like a mountain range, painted in blues and greys. There is a large rock Up Stage Right and a cavern entrance Up Left with symbols on it. As the curtains open the chorus are on stage as Mountain Sprites – see notes.)

Song 7

(After the song the Sprites exit Left. Lacey, Buttons, Beau and Cha Wah Wah enter Right on scooters to Ride of the Valkyries.)

Buttons: (To Audience.) Hiya Kids. What do you think of our hi-tech, super-duper souped-up scooters? Great, aren't they?

(They dismount and lean the scooters against a large rock.)

Lacey: Ooh, I'm glad I dressed for the occasion. My assets are already frozen. I feel like Heidi up on the Swiss slopes with all those cows. (Twirls around then sings.) The hills are alive with the sound of moo sick.

Buttons: Why did all those cows have bells on?

Lacey: Because their horns don't work, silly. (To Audience.) I know Missis, as panto jokes go that is a right groaner.

(Cha Wah Wah puts paws over his eyes and whines.)

Lacey: I don't know why we had to bring Cha Wah Wah with us.

CWW: (Wiggles hips.) Cha Wah Wah.

Beau: Because dogs are experts at track and trace.

Lacey: So are Sat Navs and metal detectors, but they don't eat all my chocolate.

CWW: (Sits up and begs.) Choc lot. Choc lot.

Lacey: There isn't any left you daft pooch – you've scoffed the lot.

(Cha Wah Wah grabs hold of Lacey's bag, tips it upside down and whines.)

Beau: Never mind Cha Wah Wah, I'll get you a huge bag of doggy chocolate drops when we find Princess Taffeta.

(Cha Wah Wah wags tail and runs around in circles.)

Buttons: (Looks around.) I think we're being watched.

Lacey: Don't be daft, there's nothing here but snow and mountains.

(Cha Wah Wah points to the ground.)

Lacey: What's that daft dog up to now?

Beau: He's found footprints in the snow.

(Buttons picks up the footprints.)

Lacey: I wonder who dumped those here?

Buttons: Fly tippers I expect. Haven't they heard of carbon footprints?

Beau: Which way were they pointing?

(Buttons, Lacey and Cha Wah Wah point in different directions.)

Buttons: We haven't got a clue.

(Cha Wah Wah sniffs the footprints and barks.)

Beau: He must recognise the scent.

CWW: (Nods.) Duke. Duke.

(Comedy business as Cha Wah Wah tries to grab the footprints and Button tussles with him.)

Buttons: Give that back – that's evidence.

Beau: What was that?

Lacey: Probably my stomach, I haven't eaten for hours.

Buttons: It could be a mountain monster, save me, Auntie.

(Buttons jumps into Lacey's arms. Cha Wah Wah barks and does karate moves.)

Lacey: (Drops Buttons.) Get off you great lummo.

Beau: We must stick together.

Lacey: My eyelashes and nostrils are already stuck together.

Beau: (Puts arm around Lacey.) Don't worry, Auntie – you will always have your Buttons and Beau.

Buttons: I know, let's sing a song to cheer ourselves up.

Song 8

(After the song they move forwards.)

Lacey: It's very eerie up here – we haven't seen a single soul.

Buttons: Not even a bunny rabbit.

CWW: (Wags tail.) RRRabbit. RRRabbit.

Beau: No rabbits, Cha Wah Wah.

Buttons: And no birds in the trees.

Lacey: It's spooky if you ask me.

(A giant furry creature enters and dances around behind them. Audience reaction.)

Lacey: What's that? I've got a bare behind? (Brushes back of her frock down.) I'm sure I'd know if my assets were frozen. I'll have you know I'm a respectable woman.

Buttons: Yes, Auntie is a pillock of the community.

(Creature exits.)

Beau: It could be a big mountain grizzly.

Buttons: Auntie Lacey has been grizzly ever since we arrived here.

Lacey: I wonder why bears wear fur coats?

Buttons: Because they'd look silly in anoraks.

(A giant furry creature enters and dances around behind them. Audience reaction.)

Lacey: (Looks to her right) There's nothing behind us.

Beau: We'll have a look, just in case.

(Comedy business as they walk around with the creature at the end of the line so they can't see it. As they face front again the creature continues to dance and pull faces behind them.)

Buttons: (To Audience) Hey Kids, what's behind us? A huge monster?

Beau: (Looks to his left) There's nothing there.

Lacey: }(Together)

Buttons: }

Beau: }Oh no there isn't

(Audience reaction)

Lacey: }(Together)

Buttons: }

Beau: }Oh no there isn't

Buttons: I'm really scared now – I don't like ghosties, beasties or monsters.

(Cha Wah Wah jumps into Button's arms.)

Beau: (To Lacey.) Auntie, you sing a song to make us feel safe as we all check.

(Comedy business as they walk around in a line with the creature at the end of the line so they can't see it. See production notes.)

CWW: Cha Wah Wah.

(After comedy routine Cha Wah Wah exits Stage Right waving to the audience.)

Duke: (Off.) Shut up and keep walking.

(Duke and Taffeta enter Stage Left. Her hands are tied behind her back.)

Taffeta: (She kicks the Duke.) You won't get away with this.

Duke: (Rubs his leg.) If you kick me again, I'll just throw you off the top of the mountain.

Taffeta: The King will have sent a search party to find me.

Duke: They won't find you and as soon as your father is dethroned, I will be King.

Taffeta: Oh no you won't.

Duke: Oh yes I will.

Taffeta: Oh no you won't.

Duke: Oh yes I will. (To Audience.) And you lot had better stop booing, or I'll summon the ice monster to sort you all out. I'll feed the ice monster all your ice creams and sweeties.

Taffeta: (Notices scooters.) That's Delilah, Button's scooter. Buttons and Beau must be here somewhere. (Shouts.) Help.

Duke: (Drags Taffeta to the cave and recites.) Ice to the left

Ice to the right

Open your ice

Turn on the light

(The entrance to the cave opens.)

Taffeta: (Shouts.) Help. Buttons, Beau, I'm here. Help.

Duke: Nobody will hear you inside the cave.

(When he pushes Taffeta into the cave the entrance closes again. Buttons and Beau enter Right.)

Beau: I thought I heard Taffeta calling.

Buttons: So did I.

Beau: She must be close by.

(Lacey and Cha Wah Wah enter Right.)

Lacey: There you are, I thought you'd run off and deserted me.

Beau: We thought we heard Taffeta calling for help.

CWW: (Sniffs the ground.) Dook. Dook.

Buttons: Good doggy, Cha Wah Wah.

(Cha Wah Wah sniffs around the cave entrance.)

Beau: He's picked up the Duke's scent. That must be his lair.

Buttons: He's probably holding Taffeta prisoner in the cave.

Lacey: (At the cave entrance.) What are these symbols on the cave?

Buttons: A musician probably left them there.

Lacey: Earth to planet Buttons – symbols, as in Egyptian hairy gliffics.

Beau: That symbol looks familiar.

Lacey: This one looks like a pair of lips, like this. (She puckers her lips.)

Lacey: What on earth does that mean?

(Comedy business as Cha Wah Wah points to the symbols and they try to guess the charade.)

Lacey: Two words. Is it a book or a film?

(Cha Wah Wah indicates whole thing.)

Beau: Whole thing.

(Cha Wah Wah indicates first word.)

Lacey: First word.

(Cha Wah Wah imitates putting a key into a lock and turning it.)

Buttons: Wiggle, wiggle.

Lacey: Wiggle, wiggle? How does that look like a wiggle? This is a wiggle.

(Lacey wiggles her hips as Cha Wah Wah puts his paws over his eyes.)

Beau: It's a key.

(Cha Wah Wah nods and indicates second word.)

Lacey: Second word.

Buttons: Two lips, kiss, pucker up.

Lacey: That's a pout.

Buttons: We've got a pout and a key.

CWW: (Nods his head in agreement.) Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Lacey: What does pout key mean?

Beau: Try it the other way round.

Buttons: (Turns around.) Pout key.

Lacey: (Shouts.) Keep out.

CWW: (Nods his head in agreement.) Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Beau: How are we going to get inside the cave?

Buttons: We need to say abracadabra or open sesame bun and it will open.

Beau: It's worth a try.

Lacey: (Shouts.) Open sesame.

Beau: Nothing.

Buttons: (Shouts.) Abracadabra.