



Dick Turpin

by Dave Crump

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Peterborough PE2 7UH
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Characters:

Dick Potter (Turpin) (Principal Boy) -	Dick works for his mom in the village pie shop. He is kind hearted and brave, a typical panto hero (M/F)
Lizzie Bowler (Principal Girl) -	A village girl, who's aged father Tom collects the toll on the high road. She is sweet and innocent, despite being in love with Dick. (F)
Betty Potter (Dame) –	Dick's mother and the owner of Betty Potter's Pork Pie Emporium (M)
Sir Jasper Clutch (Baddie) -	A classic panto baddie with large moustache and big eyebrows. Clutch is the magistrate and as the village squire, his estate is the main supplier of meat to Betty's shop. He is also squeezing every penny from the villagers to fund his devious schemes. (M)
Stan (Comic): Delilah (Audience Participation):	Dick's dim and somewhat lazy brother. (M) Stan's twin sister. She is the main audience participation character (F)
Fairy Flutterbye (Spirit) -	A Forest Nymph – the good spirit in the story, who helps our heroes at times of great need (F)
Mr Winge (Double Act) -	The straight man in the double act. Winge is Clutch's henchman and collector of ill-gotten gains. (M)
Mr Gripe (Double Act) -	The idiot in the double act. Gripe is too stupid to be really nasty, but tries his best. (M)
Tom Bowler -	The keeper of the tollgate on the High Road, and Lizzie's father. A doddering old soul. (M)
The Mayor or York	A slightly pompous but honest gentleman of the City. (M)
The Lady Mayoress	The Mayor's better half (F)
Coachman:	Clutch's coach driver who transports his ill gotten gains through the forest (M/F)
Jailer:	Small comedy role (M/F)
Nick Nevison:	a ruthless mercenary, who must be very small in stature (M)
Gamekeeper:	Small part in act 1 (M/F)
Mr/Mrs Ramsbottom:	Comedy cameo in act 1 (M/F)
Black Bess	Dick's faithful steed.

Scenes:

ACT 1:

Scene 1: York Market Square

Scene 2: Potter's Pork Pie Emporium

Scene 3: The Toll House in the Forest

Scene 4: Clutch Hall

Scene 5: The Toll House in the Forest

Scene 6: York Gaol

Scene 7: Potter's Pork Pie Emporium

ACT 2:

Prologue

Scene 1: York Market Square

Scene 2: The Toll House in the Forest

Scene 3: Clutch Hall

Scene 4: The Toll House in the Forest

Scene 5: York Market Square

Community Song

Walkdown

Songs:

ACT 1

- 1. Wonderful Wonderful Day - Company**
- 2. If I were not upon the Stage – Delilah and Company**
- 3. The Roses of Success – Dick, Betty, Delilah and Stan**
- 4. A Pizza Hut/ I Know A Song – Clutch, Winge, Gripe and Dancing chorus**
- 5. I'm Number One – Clutch and Winge**
- 6. Love is an Open Door – Lizzie and Dick**
- 7. Trouble/ Woman mash up – Clutch & Betty**
- 8. Fixer Upper - Company**

ACT 2

- 9. Holding Out For A Hero – Delilah, Fairy & Company**
- 10. I See The Light – Dick and Lizzie**
- 11. Stand and Deliver – Dick and Company**
- 12. It Had To Be You - Lizzie**
- 13. I'm a Believer – Dick, Lizzie and Company**
- 14. Walkdown – Underneath the Spreading Chestnut Tree**
- 15. Finale**

ACT 1

Scene 1: York Market Square

The scene is the bustling market square of old York, where vendors mingle with shoppers, beggars, street entertainers, etc.

SONG 1: Wonderful Wonderful Day - Company

All: Ding dong, ding a ling dong
Were the steeple bells ever quite as gay?
Wonderful, wonderful day!
Bluebirds in the bluebells
sing a song to send me along my way
wonderful, wonderful day!

Though I've got to own up
I'm as grown up as can be
Seems I've gone and flown up
To a bright, merry, airy fairyland
And so you'll forgive me
If I simply throw out my chest and say
Beautiful, glorious
Heavenly, marvelous
Wonderful, wonderful day!

Ding dong, ding a ling dong
Were the steeple bells ever quite as gay?
Wonderful, wonderful day!
Bluebirds in the bluebells
sing a song to send me along my way
wonderful, wonderful day!

Big clouds floatin' lazy like a daisy in the sky
Big things to be doing by and by
knowing, slowing, growing things
Big love for my darlin'
as we share whatever may come our way
Beautiful, glorious
Heavenly, marvelous
Wonderful, wonderful day!

As the song ends, the chorus go about their business and gradually drift off stage. Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress move downstage. Delilah enters, she is carrying a tray of pies.

Delilah: (Calling out to the crowd) Pork pies! Pork pies, get your lovely pork pies. One hundred percent (he pauses and takes a sniff of one) pie.

Lord M: I'll have one of those, young lady.

Delilah: Certainly Mr Mayor, we've got pork flavour, venison flavour, or beef flavour.

Lady M: Oh no you don't Cyril, you're on a diet – remember the doctor said no meat.

Delilah: That's all right, there's no meat in 'em. Potter's finest.

Lord M: Did you say Potter? As in Betty Potter's pies?

Delilah: That's it.

Lord M: Er, in that case I think I'd better not.

Lord and Lady Mayor and chorus exit. Delilah notices the audience.

Delilah: Another dissatisfied customer. Oh hello. I didn't notice you lot sitting there – are you having a lovely time? (*Audience reply – hopefully yes!*) Oh you can do better than that! Are you having a lovely time? (*Yes!*) This is the city of York, and you're welcome to it. Oh I should introduce myself – My name's Delilah, and I work for my mom at Betty Potter's Pork Pie Emporium. I've got two brothers but the eldest, Dick has gone off to college, and my other brother Stan is so lazy that if there were jobs going in bed he'd sleep on the floor. So, I have to do all the work. Not that mom seems to notice. It's not fair really is it? I could do with cheering up – I tell you what – when I come on will you shout 'Eh up Delilah' then I'll feel appreciated? Would you do that? Shall we try it? Right. (*She runs off and then back on*) Eh up folks! (*Audience shout 'Eh up Delilah'*) I think you can do better than that, let's try again (*Repeat until the audience are thoroughly warmed up!*). That's cheered me up a bit, hardly anyone's bought a pie this morning – I don't blame them, they're terrible. (*Shouts*) Pies! Potter's Pies! Get them while they're tepid.

Chorus: (*Ad-lib as they all exit*) You must be joking, no chance.

Sir Jasper Clutch enters.

Delilah: Buy a pie sir?

Clutch: You must be Betty Potter's girl.

Delilah: That's right.

Clutch: I am Sir Jasper Clutch; I've been doing business with your mother.

Delilah: I don't want to know about that.

Clutch: What's your name my dear?

Delilah: Delilah.

Clutch: That's not a name you hear every day.

Delilah: I do.

Clutch: How's the pie business?

Delilah: Terrible – I've only taken six shillings.

Clutch: Excellent, that more than covers the money your mother owes me for the meat I supplied her last week (*he snatches the jar of coins from Delilah's tray*).

Delilah: 'Ere that's mine!

Clutch: Not anymore - off you go, I've got business to attend to.

Delilah: I'd better go and give Mom the bad news, see you later folks!

Delilah exits. Clutch addresses the audience.

Clutch: What a pathetic little urchin. This town's full of fools like her and they're all lining my pockets! Sir Jasper Clutch, magistrate, landowner and local supplier of fine meats, well meats anyway. In fact the only supplier of meat in the county, I made sure of that.

Winge and Gripe enter. Gripe wears a bright orange wig.

Clutch: Ah, here are my two new henchmen, I mean associates: Mr Winge and Mr Gripe – they came highly recommended by the job centre. Tell me gentlemen, what did you do before you joined my happy band of debt collectors?

Gripe: I was in the army.

Clutch: Really? What rank did you achieve?

Gripe: Court Marshall (*salutes*).

Winge: I had a very responsible job sir, with five hundred men under me.

Clutch: And what was that?

Winge: I cut the grass at the cemetery.

Clutch: Good, I need someone who's responsible.

Gripe: In my last job whenever something went wrong they said I was responsible.

Clutch: How did you get on collecting debts from our friendly townsfolk?

Winge: No trouble Mr Clutch sir, payment for goods supplied, rent on all the cottages you own...

Gripe: And a bit extra for luck.

Clutch: Excellent - squeeze 'em for every last penny.

Winge: I made a few bob myself today. Sold my old Dyson on ebay.

Gripe: How come?

Winge: Well it was just gathering dust.

Clutch: What about Toll Keeper's cottage? Old Tom's place.

Winge: We're off there next sir.

Clutch: Tom should be good for a few quid; the road has been busy with coaches of late.

Lizzie enters, she is carrying a small bag of coins.

Clutch: *(To audience)* Talk of the devil, here's Tom's daughter Lizzie now. *(To Lizzie)* My dear Miss Bowler, I take it you're bringing me your rent?

Lizzie: No I'm taking the toll money to the bank. It's not much, but it's all we have.

Clutch: Let me relieve you of the burden. Gripe? *(Gripe takes the bag of coins)*. Give her a receipt.

Gripe blows her a raspberry.

Lizzie: Oh my goodness!

Clutch: That should cover it, plus some interest of course – you are after all almost two hours late.

Lizzie: But since you put the rent up we can't afford to eat.

Clutch: Have you considered moving out?

Lizzie: My father has collected the tolls on the high road for sixty years, where would we go?

Clutch: I think you're confusing me with someone who cares.

Lizzie: You heartless brute!

Clutch: Flattery flattery *(She exits in tears)* Why do people take an instant dislike to me?

Winge: Saves time.

Clutch: Take that money to my vault at once – that will cover their rent and a lot more besides. Pretty soon I'll have enough cash to carry out my plan.

Winge: The top secret plan sir?

Clutch: That's the one.

Gripe: The one where you evict Tom, flatten his cottage, cut down the forest and build a new road of your own?

Clutch: Yes, thank you Gripe.

Winge: And then collect all the tolls at ten times what Tom charges?

Clutch: Get out of here!

Gripe and Winge exit.

Clutch: *(To audience)* Oh I do love being nasty! Ha ha ha! It's all coming together nicely – my new road is already under construction and will soon reach the forest and that's just the first part of my plan...

Fairy enters s.r.

Fairy: You really are a villain Clutch.

Clutch: Ooh another admirer – whoever you are!

Fairy: I am Fairy Flutterbye – a forest nymph.

Clutch: I always hoped to marry a nymph.

Fairy: I've got my eye on you Sir Jasper – you're up to no good.

Clutch: Of course, and what do you intend to do about it?

Fairy: It's my job to protect the forest, I'm an environmentalist.

Clutch: You're certainly a mentalist.

Fairy: Try your hardest, you'll never get Tom out of his cottage.

Clutch: Oh but I will, everyone has their price, and I have my methods.

Fairy: We'll see about that.

Clutch: I'll meet you halfway, I'll admit you're wrong if you'll admit I'm right.

Fairy: What are you up to?

Clutch: Once I have that little cottage, I'll flatten it to make way for my new road.

Fairy: You'll not win, it's written in the stars.

Clutch: Us capricorns don't believe in horoscopes. Soon I'll not just be the richest man in York but the richest man in the whole of England!! Ha ha ha! (*Audience boo*) Oh boo all you like – it's so encouraging to a villain like me. Ha! (*Exits*).

Fairy: Gosh kids, we need to find a way to save the forest and stop Clutch's dastardly plan. Will you help me? I said will you help me? (*Audience shout yes!*) Great, all we need now is a hero to save the day and I have a feeling I know who that might be. See you later boys and girls.

Scene 2: Potter's Pork Pie Emporium

The scene is a pie shop. Customers are queuing at the counter. Delilah enters.

Delilah: Eh up folks!

Audience: Eh up Delilah!

Delilah: Sorry, I can't think where my brother has got to. (*Going behind the counter and putting on an apron*) What can I get you?

Customer 1: How much are your cakes?

Delilah: They're all 66p except the upside down cakes, they're 99p.

Customer 2: (*Holding a French loaf*) This bread is so hard, you could remove dry skin with it.

Delilah: Of course, that's a loofah bread.

Customer 3: I'd like to make a complaint. I bought a birthday cake from here last week and it gave me terrible heartburn.

Delilah: Did you blow the candles out madam? Now, can I tempt any of you with a pie? We've got lots left.

All: No! (*They all go as if in a rush to leave*)

Delilah: I don't think I can stand this anymore. I didn't want to be a pie seller, especially in a panto!

SONG 2: If I was not upon the stage – Delilah and Chorus

This is the classic panto singing routine (there are plenty of examples to look at on-line) with the Delilah and the customers taking on various 'jobs', moving next to each other and narrowly missing hitting one another. Eventually Stan joins as the last person (this works best with six in total) and constantly gets hit or kicked as he moves along the line. Stan ends up lying on the floor.

Delilah: Well if you don't want a pie sling your hook! (*Chorus exit*). Where's that brother of mine? (*Shouts off stage*) Stanley (*shouts off stage loudly*)?

Stan gets up.

Stan: You bellowed?

Delilah: Why weren't you behind the counter?

Stan: I'm finding working here is taking up a lot of my spare time.

Delilah: You're supposed to be helping.

Stan: I've been working flat out. Having a lie down.

Betty enters.

Betty: There you are you useless pair of pilchards, what you doing standing around chatting when your brother will be here any minute?

Delilah: We've got a problem with the pies.

Betty: Never mind that, we'll close early tonight – it's not every day your favourite child comes home from college.

Stan: Charmin'.

Delilah: I'll add up the takings, *(To audience)* I'm good with figures. *(She counts up the money).*

Stan: *(To Betty)* You should ask her to try and sort yours out mom.

Betty: I'll have you know I've got the body of a sixteen year old.

Stan: Well give it back, you're getting it all wrinkly.

Betty slaps him round the head.

Delilah: We've done all right on everything except pies.

Betty: They've gone right downhill since we've had to use meat from Jasper Clutch.

Delilah: That reminds me, Clutch took my float.

Betty: We're sunk!

Delilah: He said it was payment for last week's order.

Betty: I had no intention of paying him for that muck.

Delilah: What was wrong with it?

Betty: There was cow manure mixed in with the beef.

Stan: We had to throw half of it away.

Betty: As soon as I looked in that bag I could smell trouble.

Stan: I told you. There was manure in there

Betty: I miss my old supplier, Barney Butcher. He was good to us when your father went. He was always there with a sausage delivery when I needed one.

Delilah: Oh yeh, Uncle Barney.

Betty: I remember you being upset when you lost your colouring book so he gave you a shoulder to crayon.

Delilah: Then Clutch lent him that old fishing boat and he was never seen again.

Betty: He wasn't a fisherman, he should never have gone, he was a butcher.

Stan: Well the water was choppy.

Betty: Now come on, your brother will be back soon so get out the back and clean up the pantry, *(they exit – she shouts after them)* and stop hanging your pants on the tree in the first place.

Stan and Delilah exit.

Betty: Eight o'clock and still no Dick.

Sound of a shop bell. Man enters carrying a duck.

Betty: Good morning Mr Ramsbottom, I see you got the delivery?

Mr Ramsbttm: This is the pig I want to talk to you about.

Betty: That's a duck.

Mr Ramsbttm: I was talking to the duck. This is what you delivered to me today.

Betty: Just as you requested, this duck is a wonderful companion, she will tell you that your eyes sparkle like the stars and that without you her life would be incomplete.

Mr Ramsbttm: You've obviously got hold of the wrong end of the stick, I ordered aromatic duck.

He gives her the duck and leaves.

Betty: I knew a bloke who would eat duck without plucking it. He got a bit down in the mouth.

Sound of a shop bell. Lord Mayor enters, he is in his full regalia.

Betty: Here's another idiot.

Lord M: Good evening, we've not met but I'm...

Betty: The Lord Mayor?

Lord M: What gave it away?

Betty: I saw your regalia.

Lord M: Sorry, didn't realise it was showing.

Betty: What can I do for you? (*Cuddling up to him*) and there's not a lot I won't do.

Lord M: I see your name tag there (*She has a name badge on her chest*).

Betty: Yes – Betty.

Lord M: What do you call the other one?

Betty: That's me you fool. Actually they do have names, since I've bought a new bra I call them Joe Cocker and Jennifer Warnes because they're now up where they belong.

Lord M: So I see. Now, Betty I have a very important position.

Betty: Feel free to show it to me.

Lord M: As chairman of the judging panel for the annual shopkeeper award, I come with excellent news – your bakery has won some prizes.

Betty: Ooh lovely!

Lord M: You came first in the soft roll category.

Betty: Would you like a quick roll Mr Mayor?

Sound of a shop bell, Lady Mayoress enters.

Lord M: Saved by the bell. Here's my wife now with the prize.

Lady M: Here you are Betty, first prize is this solid gold cup.

Betty: How lovely!

Lord M: You also came third in the category for most unexpected sausage, and won a lifetime's supply of marmite.

Lady M: One jar. (*She gives her a jar of marmite*). And fourth in the rock cake category.

Betty: I do use real rocks.

Lady M: For which you get the chance to meet your heroes. (*She gives her a box of 'Heroes' chocolates.*)

Betty: These have been opened.

Lord M: Yes I can't resist a twirl.

Betty: (*She twirls*) I'm all yours!

Lady M: Your meat pies however came last in their category on the basis that three of the judges are still in hospital. You will have to stop selling those, they had a substandard filling.

Betty: Story of my life. Eh, wait a minute – these awards, isn't there a ceremony or something?

Lord M: Oh yes, a lavish banquet, and a splendid dinner at the town hall.

Betty: When is it?

Lady M: Last night - you weren't invited. Well done, must dash, come on Cyril!

Lord M: Coming Cynthia!

They both exit. Delilah and Stan enter, Stan clears the counter.

Delilah: Eh up folks!

Audience: Eh up Delilah!

Betty: Do you want the good news or the bad news?

Delilah: The good news.

Betty: They're naming a new type of food poisoning after us.

Delilah: What's the bad news?

Betty: Our pies put all the judges in hospital. On the bright side – I've officially got the best baps in Yorkshire.

Stan: Wow! (*He takes the cup, she slaps his wrist.*)

Betty: Get your sticky mitts off it.

Delilah: Mom, you can't go hitting Stan in front of all these people.

Betty: What are you talking about (*noticing the audience*) Oh hello? (*Suddenly genteel*). I didn't see you there. I should introduce myself – I am Betty Potter, and I run this bakery all on my own...

Stan: With our help!

Betty: All on my own. You really are a lovely audience – especially this gorgeous stud muffin on the front row, look at him, little bald fella.

Delilah: Do you like little fellas mom?

Betty: Yes, they can't fight back. I mean look at him *(to the man in the audience)* he's like a cross between Bruce Willis and Wayne Sleep – Bruce Wayne – all right Batman? *(She eyes him seductively)* Cor. Come back to my place – you can keep the cape on.

Stan: You were saying?

Betty: I run this shop since my husband went round the twist. You see we used to have our own farm, supplied the shop with our own meat, fields full of cows and a forest full of deer.

Delilah: Till Jasper Clutch tricked dad out of the lot.

Betty: Drove him mad it did, lost his mind – thought he was a chocolate orange, so I had to have him sectioned – poor Terry.

Stan: We should really go to visit him mom.

Betty: No need, he's here in my pocket. *(Gets out a chocolate orange from her apron)*. Talking of chocolate I've got these sweets here – would you like one? *(To audience)* Here you are then.

Betty, Stan and Delilah throw out the sweets.

Betty: Right that's your lot. I nearly threw your dad out then by mistake.

Dick enters carrying a suitcase and a box.

Betty: Look here he is, the apple of my eye, the pomegranate of me kidneys. Dick Potter – university graduate.

Dick: Hello mom!

(She gives him a huge cuddle – he can hardly breathe clasped to her chest).

Stan: He can't breathe!

Dick: I can't hear the band! *(He recovers)* It's good to be back.

Stan/Delilah: *(Lacklustre)* Hello Dick! Good to have you back.

Betty: You can't accuse them of overacting can you? So how did you get on? (*To audience*) He's been doing a degree in ballet.

Dick: I got a two two. I also did a diploma in salad studies.

Betty: He's got lettuce after his name!

Delilah: You've come back just in time – they've banned our pork pies.

Betty: It's a disaster – think of something son. I mean Stan's got no brains at all – you've got twice as much.

Dick: It could be an opportunity to expand our offer.

Betty: I couldn't be more open to offers if I tried.

Dick: Be more of a general store.

Delilah: Great idea – fresh greens.

Stan: Lettuce heads.

Dick: That's just the tip of the iceberg. I've been working on a new range of vegetarian pies - here (*he passes Stan the box*).

Stan: What I don't understand is if vegetarians care so much about animals why do they keep eating all their food?

Betty: I'll try anything once (*to audience*). Make a note of that Batman.

Dick: Let's not worry about this little set back.

SONG 3: The Roses of Success – Dick, Betty, Stan and Delilah (with amended words as follows)

Dick: Every bursted bubble has a glory!

Stan: Each abysmal failure makes a point!

Delilah: Every glowing path that goes astray,
Shows you how to find a better way.

Dick: So every time you stumble never grumble.
Next time you'll bumble even less!

All: For up from the ashes, up from the ashes, grow the roses of success!
Grow the roses!
Grow the roses!
Grow the roses of success!

Betty: Oh yes!
Grow the roses!
Those rosy roses!
From the ashes of disaster grow the roses of success!

Betty: (spoken) Yes I know but will they sell?
 Dick: They will
 For every big mistake you make be grateful!
 Stan/Delilah: Here, here!
 Dick: That mistake you'll never make again!
 Stan/Delilah: No sir!
 Delilah: Every shiny dream that fades and dies,
 Generates the steam for two more tries!
 Betty: (Oh) There's magic in the wake of a fiasco!
 All: Correct!
 Betty: It gives you that chance to second guess!

 All: Oh yes!
 Then up from the ashes, up from the ashes grow the roses of success!
 Grow the roses!
 Grow the roses!
 Grow the roses of success!
 Grow the roses!
 Those rosy roses!
 From the ashes of disaster grow the roses of success!

 Dick: Disaster didn't stymie Louis Pasteur!
 All: No sir!
 Stan: Edison took years to see the light!
 All: Right!
 Delilah: Alexander Graham knew failure well; he took a lot of knocks to ring that bell!
 Dick: So when it gets distressing it's a blessing!
 Onward and upward you must press!

 All: Yes, Yes!
 Till up from the ashes, up from the ashes grow the roses of success.
 Grow the roses
 Grow the roses
 Grow the roses!
 Grow the roses
 Grow the roses
 Grow the roses!
 Grow the roses of success!
 Grow the roses
 Grow the roses
 Grow the roses!
 Those rosy roses
 Those rosy roses
 Those rosy roses!
 From the ashes of disaster, grow the roses of success!

 Stan: Start the ovens!
 All: Success!

Delilah: Peel the taters!
All: Success!
Dick: Rub the rhubarb!
Betty: Grab your veggies!
All: Success!

Betty: Right come on you lot, let's get cooking!

Dick: I'll catch you up, I'm going to put this new stuff in the counter.

Stan, Delilah and Betty exit. Dick adds his vegetarian pies to the counter.

Dick: It's good to be back – I love helping mom here at the shop.

Lizzie enters.

Dick: *(Distracted putting his pies in the counter)* Sorry we're about to close.

Lizzie: But your sign says you're open twenty four hours.

Dick: Yes, but not all at the same time. *(Finally noticing her properly and instantly falling in love)* Oh, hello miss.

Lizzie: Do you think you could help me?

Dick: Not half, I mean of course miss. *(To audience)* Cor kids, she's gorgeous!

Lizzie: My money has been stolen and I was supposed to buy a meat pie for my father and I heard that Potter's pies are cordon blue.

Dick: *(French pronunciation)* Bleu.

Lizzie: *(Trying to mimic him)* Blue.

Dick: *(Exaggerated)* Bleuu.

Lizzie: *(still failing)* Blue.

Dick: *(Really exaggerated now)* Bleuuuu.

Lizzie: Are you all right? *(Dick realises he's looking like an idiot)* Anyway, I can't afford to buy one.

Dick: I would gladly give you one.

Lizzie: Oh thank you.

Dick: But our cordon blue pies have had to be cordoned off. How about something vegetarian?

Lizzie: Oh, that's a shame, I really need something beefy.

Dick: I could fetch my mother?

Lizzie: He'll never eat all that. Oh well (*she goes to leave*).

Dick: (*Hurriedly*) Come back in the morning, we're due a fresh batch on the first of December.

Lizzie: OK, it's a date.

Dick: I know, it's the first of December.

Lizzie: Bye handsome (*exits*).

Dick is dumbstruck. Stan and Delilah enter.

Delilah: Mom's fallen asleep; it's all been too much excitement for one day.

Stan: How you doin' Dick?

Delilah: (*To Dick who is in a trance*) He's miles away – Dick? Snap out of it! What's happened?

Dick: (*Suddenly coming round*) Where can we find some decent meat?

Stan: I thought you'd gone all veggie?

Dick: It's a special order.

Delilah: There's always the deer from the forest.

Stan: They're Sir Jasper's, that would be stealing.

Delilah: He stole them from dad in the first place.

Dick: Time for a bit of poaching.

Stan: I'll get the eggs.

Dick: (*Stopping him*) We'll be outlaws.

Delilah: What's the difference between outlaws and in-laws?

Stan: Outlaws are wanted.

Dick: We need aliases.

Stan: Aliasesses, what's them?

Delilah: We need to change our names Stan.

Stan: OK - you be Stan, I'll be Delilah.

Dick: I'll stick with Dick, but I'll use mom's maiden name – Turpin.

Stan: I didn't know mom's maiden name was Betty Turpin?

Delilah: Does that sound familiar to you?

Dick: Of course, she's my mom. Right, here put these on (*they take cloths from the counter and tie them around their faces as neckerchiefs*).

Stan: We need masks.

Delilah: These will do (*getting masks from under the counter*). Mom keeps a supply for some reason.

Dick: (*Putting on the mask*) Right then this is it. Dick Turpin and his gang! Come on!

Dick slaps his thigh and exits. Delilah does the same. Stan slaps his thigh and staggers off injured.

Scene 3: Tom's Toll House in the Forest

The scene is a woodland path, stage right is a toll gate and a cottage doorway. There is a bucket marked 'Tom's tolls' d.s.r. Fairy Flutterbye enters.

Fairy: (To audience) Hello boys and girls. I'm keeping an eye on Old Tom. This is his cottage, and over there is the bucket where people pay their tolls. Will you do me a favour? Will you keep an eye on it for me? You will? If anyone goes near it, just shout 'Oy that's Toms bucket!' – can you manage that. Great, let's try it. (She goes towards it – audience react). I think you can shout louder than that! Let's try again (She repeats this until they shout loud enough) Great well done kids – see you later!

Lizzie enters s.l and Tom enters s.r.

Tom: Lizzie, are you all right? You were supposed to be here half a page ago.

Lizzie: Oh dad, I've lost our money, I was robbed by that bully Jasper Clutch.

Tom: As long as you're safe.

Lizzie: I worry about you, you're not as young as you used to be.

Tom: Nobody ever is. Don't worry, my mind is still as sharp as a tack, touch wood (he knocks on the nearest bit of wood). Come in?

Lizzie: Let's, get you a cuppa.

Tom and Lizzie exit s.r. Clutch enters s.l, Gripe and Winge enter s.r. Gripe has two fried eggs on his head.

Clutch: About time, you should have been here an hour ago.

Gripe: Why, what happened?

Winge: We've been trying to improve our brainpower by intensive study.

Gripe: He's been doing geography, and I've been doing cookin'.

Clutch: Why have you got two fried eggs on your head?

Gripe: 'Cause the boiled ones keep rolling off.

Winge: I got an atlas and learnt all the capitals of all the countries in the world. Go on give me a quiz.

Clutch: I can see you're quizzical.

Gripe: Yeh, give him a test – then you'll be able to see he's testi..(Winge puts hand over his mouth).

Clutch: Yes thank you, OK then - what's the capital of Monaco?

Winge: I know it, I know it. "M".

Gripe: He's good isn't he?

Clutch: Listen you idiots. In a little while my carriage will be passing by here delivering my gold to the builders. Then they'll start clearing this forest for the road, and you know what a main road brings don't you?

Winge: What?

Clutch: Service stations – I intend to build a whole street of restaurants where these ugly old trees are!

Winge: What do you mean?

Clutch: Lots of fast food outlets all buying their meat from me – it's just the right quality – awful.

Gripe: How.

Winge: Fantastically.

Gripe: Horrible

Clutch: It's perfect for Potter's Pork Pie Emporium to perish.

Winge: Easy for you to say.

Clutch: I've already started to lose them customers by supplying them terrible meat. Soon every shopper in York will be desperate to get their dinner from one of my restaurants.

Winge: The kids love it too – I know a song that'll get them queuing up at the door.

SONG 4: A Pizza Hut – Clutch, Gripe and Winge & company/ I Know a Song That'll Get On Your Nerves

Winge/ Gripe: (*Spoken*) Come on kids – you all know this one
 A Pizza Hut
 A Pizza Hut
 Kentucky Fried Chicken
 And a Pizza Hut
 McDonalds McDonalds
 Kentucky Fried Chicken
 And a Pizza Hut

Clutch: I know a song that'll get on your nerves, get on your nerves,
 get on your nerves,

I know a song that'll get on your nerves, get, get, get on your nerves.

Gripe: *(To audience)* Come on kids let's hear you sing!

Winge/ Gripe: A Pizza Hut
A Pizza Hut
Kentucky Fried Chicken
And a Pizza Hut

Clutch: Enough! Do the kiddies really like that song?

Gripe: They love it sir.

Clutch: Excellent, then this will be easier than I thought.

Winge: What do you we do now?

Clutch: I can't afford any hold ups, my coach must pass straight through as quickly as possible. Pay the toll in advance, otherwise that dodderly old fool Tom will keep the driver talking for hours. Well get on with it! *(exits)*.

Gripe: You know I used to be the best woodcutter in the world.

Winge: Oh yeh, where did you work?

Gripe: The Sahara Forest.

Winge: It's called the Sahara Desert.

Gripe: It is now.

Gripe notices the bucket.

Winge: 'Ere, what's this? *(Moving towards it – audience react!)* All right, keep your hair on.

Tom enters.

Tom: How can I help you?

Winge: We're here to carry out our top secret plan.

Gripe: Yes, to get the coach full of stolen gold through here so we can get on with cutting down the forest.

Winge: Shut up you idiot.

Tom: The toll is five pounds.

Winge: Here *(He gives him five pounds, Tom puts it in the bucket)*.