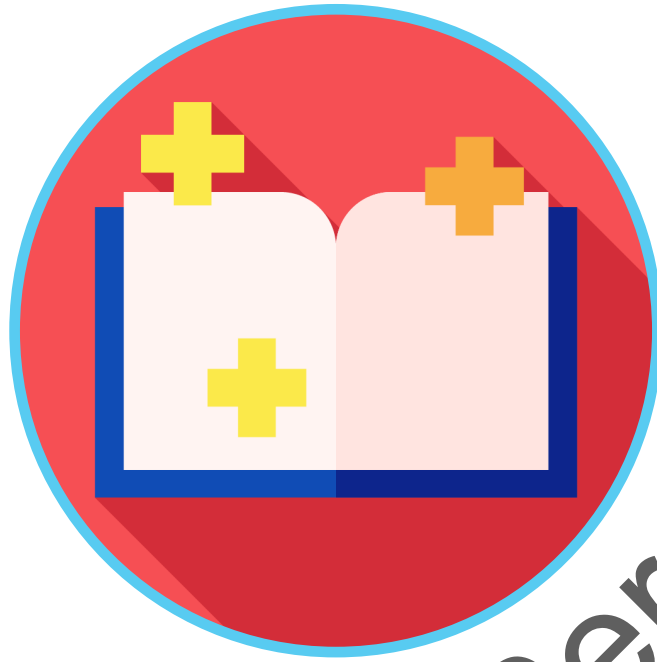




Mother Goose

by Dave Crump

Licensed by



Panto Scripts

pantoscripts.org.uk

This script is published by

NODA LTD
15 The Metro Centre
Peterborough PE2 7UH
Telephone: 01733 374790
Fax: 01733 237286
Email: info@noda.org.uk
www.noda.org.uk

To whom all enquiries regarding purchase of further scripts and current royalty rates should be addressed.

CONDITIONS

1. A Licence, obtainable only from NODA Ltd, must be acquired for every public or private performance of a NODA script and the appropriate royalty paid : if extra performances are arranged after a Licence has already been issued, it is essential that NODA Ltd be informed immediately and the appropriate royalty paid, whereupon an amended Licence will be issued.
2. The availability of this script does not imply that it is automatically available for private or public performance, and NODA Ltd reserve the right to refuse to issue a Licence to Perform, for whatever reason. Therefore a Licence should always be obtained before any rehearsals start.
3. All NODA scripts are fully protected by copyright acts. Under no circumstances may they be reproduced by photocopying or any other means, either in whole or in part, without the written permission of the publishers
4. The Licence referred to above only relates to live performances of this script. A separate Licence is required for videotaping or sound recording of a NODA script, which will be issued on receipt of the appropriate fee.
5. NODA works must be played in accordance with the script and no alterations, additions or cuts should be made without the prior consent from NODA Ltd. This restriction does not apply to minor changes in dialogue, strictly local or topical gags and, where permitted in the script, musical and dancing numbers.
6. The name of the author shall be stated on all publicity, programmes etc. The programme credits shall state 'Script provided by NODA Ltd, Peterborough PE2 7UH'

NODA LIMITED is the trading arm of the NATIONAL OPERATIC & DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, a registered charity devoted to the encouragement of amateur theatre.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

Characters:

Willie Makeit:	Principal Boy (F). He is the village vet – dashing, gorgeous and of course in love with Wanda.
Wanda Why:	Principal Girl (F). The Doctor's daughter, companion and receptionist. She's feisty and fun, and of course falls for Willie.
Ophelia Cheeks (Mother Goose):	Dame (M). The traditional saucy, warm hearted panto dame. She runs Cheeky's Chicken farm along with her daughter Rosie and Idiot son Bobby.
Sir Robin Steele	Baddie (M). A classic panto villain, the village Squire, and owner of a rival poultry farm. Mother Goose harbours deep desires for Robin, but he only wants her farm.
Doctor Why:	Older male (M) A parody of Doctor Who, Dr Why arrives unexpectedly when he lands next door and is soon smitten with Mother Goose. He is a colourful and flamboyant but a bumbling, jolly character – either resembling your favourite Dr Who, or simply the classic panto older man comic.
Bobby Cheeks:	(M) Mother Goose's idiot son and chief chicken wrangler on the farm. He is daft and lazy, but with a heart of gold. The lead comic and audience participation character.
Rosie Cheeks:	(F) Mother Goose's daughter and comedy partner to Bobby.
Pixie Spots:	(F) A magical immortal who looks after animals in the countryside and keeps an eye on how the farmers are behaving themselves. She is written as an edgy teenager but with some tweaking could easily be an aged rocker! The dialogue is intended to be contemporay with current teenage slang (2025) so will need updating and tweaking – ask your teenage kids for advice and feel free to update!
Mr Sage:	(M/F) Brokers man. and henchmen to Sir Robin. The 'straight man' in the comedy double act, although he's just as stupid as his partner. Could be female with some tweaks to lines.
Mr Onion:	(M/F) Brokers man. The 'idiot' in the comedy double act, although he's just as stupid as his partner. He should be played completely over the top. Could be female with some tweaks to lines.
Lucy:	(M/F) The magic Goose who appears first as a puppet, then an adult.
Town Crier:	Small part in scene 1.

4 F, 4 M, 3 (M/F). Plus Villagers, Juvenile dancers, chickens, etc. etc.

Some lines will require tweaking if parts are female (they are written on the basis of male options generally) but these should be easy to do and in the pantomime tradition parts can be gender swapped as desired!

Synopsis of Scenes:

ACT 1:

Scene 1: Prologue

Scene 2: Cheery Town Market Square

Scene 3: A woodland path

Scene 4: Cheeky's Chicken Farm

Scene 5: A woodland path

Scene 6: Inside Cheeky's barn

ACT 2:

Scene 1: Prologue / Woodland path

Scene 2: The Farm

Scene 3: A woodland path

Scene 4: Planet Birdland

Scene 5: A woodland path

Scene 6: Cheeky's Chicken Farm

Scene 7: Community song

Walkdown

PantoScripts Perusal

ACT ONE

Scene 1: Prologue

(We are in front of tabs, there is a flash (or a tinkle of bells) and a spotlight picks out Pixie Spots s.r. She is an edgy teenager (or aged rocker) with a leather jacket, torn fishnets, Dr Martin boots and a ribbon in her hair – and wings of course)

Pixie: Goodness me! Is it that time already? There I was having a chai latte, minding my own business, when all of a sudden a gust of magic and here I am. Hello!

Audience: Hello!

Pixie: *(Encouraging them to shout)* I said – Hello!

Audience: Hello!

Pixie: Woo! That kind of response hits different, you nearly blew my wings off. Oh I should introduce myself. I am Pixie Spots – the coolest, trendiest, Gen Z fairy this side of Erdington *(local place)*. Are you all ready to cheer for the goodies and boo the baddies?

Audience: Yes!

(Robin Steel enters s.l. he is a sneering, panto villain.)

Robin: Ha! This lot? They couldn't boo themselves out of a paper bag.

Audience: Boo!

Pixie: Rubbish.

Robin: Yes they are.

Pixie: They are the best booers in Birmingham *(local place)*.

Robin: I think you'll find the best boozer in Birmingham is the Bishop Vesey *(Local pub)*.

Pixie: Booers, not boozers – and they're iconic.

Robin: Oh no they're not

Audience: *(encouraged by Pixie)* Oh yes we are!

Robin: Oh shut up. Anyway, you're getting ahead of yourselves – I've not even told you who I am yet – I might be a goodie.

Pixie: You can't be – you're in the baddie corner, which is a major red flag.

Robin: For those of you who haven't seen my Instagram, the names Steel, Robin Steel. Sir Robin Steel to you peasants.

Audience: Boo!

Pixie: Ah yes, the Squire – an IRL villain so you deserve all the boos.

Robin: I'm used to it, I once played for West Bromwich Albion.

Pixie: You'll fit right in here – you're used to small crowds.

Robin: Enough! Who are you anyway?

Pixie: I am Pixie Spots, and I look after all the feathered creatures here about.

Robin: I see – a trouble maker.

Pixie: Valid.

Robin: Well as the owner of the largest chicken farm in the valley, you'll know that my operation is sustainable – I mean we use no fossil fuels.

Pixie: How come?

Robin: They're all battery hens. Thousands of them – in little cages so they can't escape.

Pixie: That's such an ick – you should go free range! Like Mrs Cheeky's chicken farm – they're very happy chickens.

Robin: Funny you should mention that old bat, you see I've just bought the land her farm is on, and I intend to close her down and chuck her chickens in my cages, ha ha ha!

Pixie: Mrs Cheeks will never give up her farm to you. Me and the boys and girls will help her *(to audience)* won't we!

Audience: Yes!

Robin: Too late! There's a distinct lack of egg laying at Cheeky's farm so she's already behind on her rent – all I have to do is wait for her to miss her next payment and those chickens will be mine – ha ha ha! *(exit)*

Pixie: What a foul plotter! Oh dear boys and girls, we're going to have to help Mrs Cheeks save her farm from that nasty piece of work. Are you with me?

Audience: Yes!

Pixie: Great! You understood the assignment – and I have just the thing to give her chickens a boost. See you later!

(Blackout)

Scene 2:
Cheery Town Square

(The scene is a market square with traders going about their business selling their wares from carts and trays. There is a large red button downstage on the proscenium arch with 'emergency use only'. Bobby, Rosie, Willie, Sage and Onion are mingling amongst the chorus)

SONG 1

(A town crier steps forward – he shouts every line)

Crier: Hear ye! Hear ye!

Chorus: We can hear ye!

Crier: I can officially announce that the dark ages are over.

Woman: I liked the dark ages.

Rosie: You would – you look terrible in the light *(exits)*

Crier: We are now officially Medieval England, where panto is always set!

Bobby: I went through a phase of wanting to be in panto.

Crier: Really?

Bobby: *(Deafened)* It's behind me now.

Crier: I declare the Cheery Town Market officially open!

(Willie, Sage and Onion exit as chorus come and go. Bobby steps downstage)

Bobby: The Cheery Town Farmers' Market. You can buy anything here – apart from farmers ironically. *(Noticing the audience)* Ooh hello, what a lovely looking lot. I should introduce myself. My name's Bobby and I am head chicken wrangler on our family farm. It sounds fun but it can be lonely with no-one to talk to except my mom and my sister *(encourages the audience to 'Ah')* It's lonelier than that *(the audience 'ah' louder)* Thanks. I know – will you be my friends? *(Audience shout yes!)* You will? Oh that's great – When I come on, I'll say 'Hello folks!' and then will you shout – 'Here's Bobby!?' That way I'll know you're rooting for me. You will? Let's try it. Right I'll go off and come back on, remember – loud as you can. *(he runs off and then back on)* Hello folks!

Audience: Here's Bobby!

Bobby: Pathetic. I know you can do much better than that – I mean last night's audience were amazing. They said that they'd never be beaten, but I reckon you can do it – come on let's try again – much louder this time. *(he runs off and back on again)* Hello folks!

Audience: Here's Bobby!

(This can be continued as appropriate with some ad libs until the audience are really shouting).

Bobby: Much better – I feel so 'seen' I could cry.

(Rosie enters, chorus gradually exit – Pixie enters u.s. disguised as a market trader with a tray of potions)

Rosie: So could I.

Bobby: *(To audience)* This is Rosie, my sister. *(To Rosie)* What's up sis?

Rosie: Look *(shows him a basket with just three eggs in it)*. Three eggs.

Bobby: Great – how many did you sell?

Rosie: One.

Bobby: Oh.

Rosie: The chickens only laid four eggs last night. It's a bit of an emergency, not sure what we're going to do.

Bobby: *(Seeing the big red button)* We could always press this button, it says emergency use only.

Rosie: No! You mustn't press the button unless it's life or death. Everyone knows that.

Bobby: Why, what happens?

Rosie: No-one's ever found out.

Bobby: But what if someone presses it by mistake?

Rosie: The show will be over very quickly.

Bobby: I know maybe the boys and girls could warn us if someone goes near it? Would you do that boys and girls?

Audience: Yes!

Bobby: Great, if someone tries to press it, you shout for me ok?

Rosie: That's that sorted, but it doesn't solve our problem. – no eggs.

(Pixie joins them downstage)

Pixie: Egg-cuse me, I couldn't help overhearing *(looks to the audience)* It's me kids!

Bobby: What happened then?

Pixie: It sounds like you need some of my egg-tra special laying potion. Put a few drops of this in their food and them chicks will have a proper glow up.

Rosie: How much is it?

Pixie: Just a penny.

Bobby: That's chicken feed.

Pixie: Exactly.

(Mother Goose enters opposite side, she is carrying a shopping basket full of sweets and is reading a book)

Mother: There you are! Have you forgotten my number one rule?

Bobby: Don't eat yellow snow?

Rosie: Never take a sleeping pill and a laxative on the same night?

Mother: No! Don't buy magical potions from strange ladies in act 1 scene 1. *(To Pixie)* What are you floggin'?

Pixie: I thought you could do with an elixicier.

Mother: Only if they buy me dinner first.

Pixie: For the eggs – a few drops of this and you'll be amazed at what gets laid.

Mother: We'll take ten bottles.

Pixie: I only have one.

Mother: That'll do, now on your way.

Pixie: Use my tonic well and by the morning you'll be....

Mother: *(Interrupting her and shoving her off)* Oh get off. Always building her part up that one. Now, where were we?

Bobby: You were about to say hello to the audience.

Mother: Oh do I have to? I mean every year I come on, all full of warmth and openness and none of them ever take me up on it.

Rosie: Yes mom – say hello and I’m sure they’ll scream hello back at the top of their voices.

Mother: I doubt that – I’ve already heard their efforts. Oh all right, go on prove me wrong. *(To audience)* Hello!

Audience: Hello!

Mother: My goodness, it’s like a tsunami of loveliness – I’m drowning in spit and brown ale.

Bobby: I have a terrible fear of tsunamis.

Rosie: How bad is it?

Bobby: It comes in waves.

Mother: *(To audience)* Now let’s have a look at you *(she does)* Blimey you need good eyesight to see through those glasses.

Rosie: Mom! Don’t be rude.

Mother: With all these lights he might set fire to his eyebrows. *(To audience)* I am Ophelia Cheeks – owner of Cheeky’s Chicken Farm – fully organic and free range and that’s no yolk.

Rosie: We’re not having much luck selling the eggs mom.

Mother: I’m not having much luck either – so far it’s taken me six weeks to read this book of the month.

Bobby: *(Taking the book and reading the title)* Back Problems by Eileen Bent.

(They all lean together)

Mother: I’ve been having terrible trouble but the doctor says it’s just old age.

Rosie: Did you ask for a second opinion?

Mother: Yes – he said I was ugly as well.

Bobby: My chiropractor’s just texted me to say he’s got a free appointment if you want one *(He passes a phone to Mother)*.

Mother: *(Looking at Bobby’s phone)* Amazing! Mobile phones haven’t even been invented yet! Let’s see. *(Looking at phone)* Chiropractor appointments available – massage me back for details.

Bobby: Shall I tell him you'll have an available slot.

Mother: No, don't get his hopes up. Anyway, it'll sort itself out once I lose this tiny little bit of excess weight.

Bobby: You should book an opticians appointment as well.

Rosie: I went out with an optician once, took me ages to break up with him.

Mother: Why?

Rosie: Every time I said I couldn't see him anymore he'd take a step back (*she does*) and say 'how about now'?

Mother: You're as barmy as your brother. Where were we?

Bobby: You were saying you need to lose weight.

Mother: I've been trying a new diet – just bananas and coconuts.

Rosie: Have you lost anything?

Mother: No, but you should see me climb trees.

Bobby: How does that fit in with a basket full of choccies mom?

Rosie: And how did you afford them? We're broke.

Mother: Oh I have some tricks up my sleeve (*gets Twix from here sleeve*). See?

Bobby: I bet the boys and girls would like some sweets – wouldn't you?

Audience: Yes!

Mother: I bet you would, but only boys and girls who ask really really loudly get sweeties.

Bobby: So? Do you want some? (*Audience respond yes!*)

Mother: Here you are then. Come on you two – give me a hand.
(*They throw sweets out to the audience*)

Rosie: Here you go that's the last one.

Bobby: You'll have to suck it and pass it on.

Rosie: This is all very well mother but giving away sweets won't pay the bills.

Mother: That's what you think – they'll all be given an invoice on the way out.

Bobby: Mom!

Mother: Only joking – although we would appreciate it if you'd buy a ticket for the raffle – this amount of plastic surgery doesn't come cheap you know.

Bobby: Looks pretty cheap to me.

Mother: I've had so many facelifts I was getting bags under my eyes.

Bobby: Really?

Mother: Turns out it was me boobs.

Bobby: Well that explains the beard.

Mother: And now I need a new doctor.

Bobby: Why?

Mother: The last one threw himself onto his scalpel.

Bobby: There's a new vet in town, will he do?

Mother: How dare you! A vet? What do you think I am some sort of animal?

(Willie enters behind her)

Willie: Hello, I'm the new vet.

Mother: *(She turns and sees him)* Hello *(cuddling up to him)* I'm some sort of animal.

Rosie: Mom – put the man down, you don't know where he's been.

Willie: Veterinary college – so don't worry I've had all my shots.

Mother: You can take a shot at me any time. You see I'm a widow *(she runs her fingers up his arm as she repeats slowly and deliberately)* widow.

Willie: I'm sorry to hear that. Really, really, sorry.

Mother: My late husband tested roller coasters for a living.

Willie: Did you have a close relationship?

Mother: A bit up and down.

Bobby: Dad died when the roller coaster he was riding crashed.

Mother: The worst is we only have one photograph to remember him by. (*Rosie, Bobby and Mother all pose with their arms in the air and a scream on their face like the photos taken on roller coasters*).

Willie: Anyway, nice to meet you.

Bobby: I'm Bobby...

Rosie: And I'm Rosie...

Bobby: We've been twins all our lives.

Mother: And I'm Ophelia, we run Cheeky's Chicken Farm.

Willie: Together?

All: We run Cheeky's Chicken Farm.

Willie: Well if there's anything you need, you know who to call.

Rosie/Bobby

Mother: Ghostbusters!

Willie: No, me – Willie Makeit, veterinary surgeon (*taking a heroic stance*) and all round good guy (*slaps his thigh*).

Bobby: What a slapper!

Mother: Actually, perhaps there is something you could help me with.

Rosie: Mom, don't show him your skin infection.

Mother: That would be a little rash. Anyway, I finally managed to show it to my GP and he was shocked.

Willie: What did he say?

Mother: Nothing he just kept pushing his trolley round Sainsburys.

Bobby: But I thought you had a new cream for it?

Mother: I did but when I applied it I got a terrible reaction.

Rosie: Where did you apply it?

Mother: On the bus.

Bobby: (*To audience*) You see boys and girls, mom has a rash at the top of her leg and when she scratches it, she can hear music.

Rosie: It's spotty thigh.

Willie: So what is it that I can help you with?

Mother: Are you still here?

Rosie: We've just been given this potion by some rando – it's supposed to be good for chickens – what do you think?

Willie: (*Looking at potion*) Looks like a home made remedy, so I'd stay up with them overnight in case of any side effects.

Mother: If you stayed up with me all night you'd feel some side effects my love. (*She lunges at him*)

Rosie: (*Stopping her*) Mom! Leave the poor man alone.

Willie: Thank you for saving me.

Rosie: Ooh – er. That's quite all right, (*giggles flirtatiously*)

Willie: Now I must go, I've got to do the hokey cokey with a pregnant cow this afternoon.

Bobby: The hokey cokey with a pregnant cow?

Willie: Yes (*sings as he exits*) You put your right arm in....

Mother: (*Looking after him wistfully*) I like him.

Rosie: Me too...

Mother: Never mind that, now you two get going – give the chickens that medicine and sleep in the hen house tonight. I'll see if I can sell these three eggs and meet you back at the farm.

Rosie: Right.

Bobby: See you later boys and girls!

(*They exit s.r.*)

Mother: Honestly, I never wanted twins but I couldn't afford to have kids one at a time. I'll never keep the farm going with that pair.

(*Robin enters*)

Robin: You're so right sweet lady. (*Audience boo*) Oh shut up!

Mother: (*Aside to audience*) It's the new landlord – a face that even the dog won't lick – but rich! Rich I tell you!

Robin: I'll do the asides to the audience if you don't mind.

Mother: Oh Sir Robin – what a surprise to see you here – when I was trying so hard to avoid you.

Robin: My brokers' men have been chasing you around town for a fortnight.

Mother: They can't have tried very hard, I am famously easy to catch.

Robin: You owe two weeks rent Cheeky.

Mother: Saucy.

Robin: If I don't have it by this time tomorrow, your chickens will come home to roost – home to my battery farm! What do you say to that?

Mother: Well you know the first rule of cliffhanger club?

Robin: No, what? (*Mother Goose exits*) Stupid old bag. This time tomorrow – my brokers' men will repossess the place and that will be that. Ah here they are now.

(*Sage and Onion enter, Onion is carrying a small sack of gold and a box of Scrabble*)

Sage: Evening Squire.

Onion: Morning.

Robin: You two should have been here at 10 o'clock.

Onion: Why what happened?

Sage: I had trouble waking Onion this morning squire, he's a very deep sleeper.

Onion: I've got a new hammock.

Sage: He didn't want to buy it, but the hammock salesman was very persuasive.

Onion: I'm easily swayed.

Robin: Have you seen all my tenants?

Sage: Yes, and you really shouldn't be drinking at this time of day.

Robin: I mean have you collected everyone's rent?

Onion: We started at Waddingtons like you said.

Sage: They paid us in board games. But I need to get rid of the Scrabble.

Robin: Why?

Sage: Onion keeps eating the little letters.

Robin: Then his next trip to the toilet could spell trouble.

Onion: I may need emergency medical treatment.

Sage: (*Approaches the button*) Shall I press this button boss?

Audience: Bobby!

(*Bobby enters*)

Bobby: Hello folks!

Audience: Here's Bobby!

Bobby: I keep telling everyone something terrible will happen if you push that but everyone calls me a liar.

Sage: I can't believe that.

Robin: (*To Bobby*) Get off! We're trying to do evil deeds here.

Bobby: All right, I'm going – good luck with your dastardly plan! Thanks kids! (*exits*)

Onion: You'd better have this then sir (*passes him the Scrabble*).

Sage: That's given the game away.

Robin: Honestly – I wonder how I'll get through this show.

Sage: With our help boss – Sage and Onion, the best henchmen available.

Onion: Also the only henchmen available.

SONG 2:

Robin: You're certainly the best at bad singing. Now listen only one more night and Cheeky's farm will be ours.

Onion: I started my own chicken farm once you know, but all the chickens died.

Robin: (*Uninterested*) Really?

Onion: I think I was planting 'em too deep.

Robin: (*Ignoring him. To audience*) You see boys and girls, Mrs Cheeky's hens are laying just fine but Mr Sage and Mr Onion have been creeping into her henhouse every night and stealing all the eggs! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Onion: Why do chickens lay eggs Mr Sage?

Sage: Because if they dropped them they'd break.

Robin:

Why are you still here? (*They exit, tripping over each other in the process*)
Honestly if they were any more stupid I'd have to water them twice a week.
See you later kiddies! Ha ha ha! (*Blackout*)

PantoScripts Perusal

Scene 3
In the Forest

(The scene is a woodland path, there are two empty large sacks in the undergrowth. Pixie enters s.r.)

Pixie: Hello boys and girls – are you having fun? *(Audience respond)* Sick. So, Bobby and Rosie gave the chickens my tonic and now, lots of eggs later, they're on their way back to the market to sell them – then they'll be able to pay the rent and it's a big W for everyone!

(Robin enters)

Robin: I'd not count my chickens if I were you fairy.

Pixie: I haven't got any chickens.

Robin: Well I have – thousands of them, and soon I'll have all of Cheeky's too.

Pixie: I wouldn't be so sure – see you later! *(Exits)*

Robin: *(To audience)* I am going to get that farm aren't I?

Audience: No!

Robin: Oh yes I am.

Audience: Oh no you're not.

Robin: Oh don't start all that again.

(Sage and Onion enter)

Onion: There you are your majesty.

Robin: I'm a Squire not a King

Sage: I don't know – you've got the ears for it.

Robin: How did you get on? Another bag of stolen eggs I hope?

Onion: We're eggless.

Sage: I haven't touched a drop.

Robin: You're yolking.

Sage: Bobby and Rosie were sleeping in the hen house so we couldn't steal the eggs...

Robin: What?!

Onion: He said – Bobby and Rosie were sleeping in the...

Robin: Yes I heard – I'm not deaf!

Sage: Mr Onion's doctor told him he was going deaf.

Onion: I've not heard from him since.

Sage: So he's got himself a brand new hearing aid.

Robin: (*To Onion*) What type is it?

Onion: (*Glances at wrist*) Half past seven

Robin: Listen (*with a glance to Onion*) if you can: they'll be taking those eggs to market. Hide here in the woods and then you know what to do, ha! (*exits*)

Onion: Do you know what to do?

Sage: Don't you know what to do?

Onion: No. (*to audience*) Do you know what to do?

Sage: Come here you idiot. We have to stop them selling those eggs one way or another.

Onion: We should hide.

Sage: Why?

Onion: I love hiding.

Sage: Let's hide in these sacks, then we'll jump out and surprise them.

Onion: Right.

(*They climb into the two large sacks*)

Sage: Honestly, I never thought I'd be doing silly things like this for a living – but I couldn't stay at my old job after what the boss said to me.

Onion: Why, what did he say?

Sage: You're fired.

(*They hide in the sacks just in time as Bobby and Rosie enter, he is carrying a large cardboard box labelled 'eggs'*).

Bobby: Hello folks! (*Audience respond – Bobby gives them a thumbs up*)

Rosie: That tonic worked wonders – two dozen eggs in one night!

Bobby: We'll be able to pay the rent now and the farm is safe.

Rosie: (*Noticing the sacks*) Hello?

Bobby: Hello.

Rosie: Why are you saying hello?

Bobby: You started it.

Rosie: I wonder what's in these sacks?

Bobby: Someone must have dropped them on the way to market.

(*He prods the one with Sage in it with his foot*)

Sage: (*From in the sack*) Baa!

Rosie: It's a sheep!

(*Bobby prods Onion's sack*)

Onion: Potatoes!

(*Sage jumps out of his sack, throughout the next section Onion is trying to get out of the sack but can't – gets his foot stuck, etc. physical business as he gets more tangled up*)

Sage: What have you got there?

Bobby: My sister.

Sage: I mean the box.

Rosie: We're on our way to market.

Sage: Not so fast.

Rosie: (*Speaking slowly*) We're...on...our...way...to....market.

(*Onion extracts himself from the sack and grabs the box*)

Onion: I'll have that.

Bobby: Oi! Them's our eggs.

Rosie: Bobby, you mustn't say "them's our eggs" – it's "those are our eggs". "He has his eggs", "I have my eggs", "those are our eggs."

Bobby: I didn't realise there were so many eggs.

Sage: Those will cover your rent.

Rosie: Saves us having to sell them.

Bobby: Cut out the middle man.

Onion: Here you go Mr Sage

(He throws Sage the box who of course misses it – it lands with a crash)

Sage: I seem to have dropped one.

Onion: You should say pardon me.

Bobby: Don't worry we've got plenty of other cardboard boxes.

Rosie: They might be all right – eggs are stronger than you think. *(Sage stamps on the box crushing it – there is another crashing sound).* Oh.

Sage: Perhaps we won't take these in lieu of rent after all – let's make it hard cash. By tonight all right?

(Onion throws the box to Bobby and they exit laughing)

Rosie: How are we going to pay the rent now?

Bobby: I could sell this bracelet mom gave me for my birthday.

Rosie: But that's the only thing she's ever bought you.

Bobby: I know and she had it inscribed too.

Rosie: What does it say?

Bobby: Do not resuscitate.

Rosie: We'll think of something – come on let's hitchhike home, it will be quicker.

Bobby: All right, but let's get going so we can beat the traffic.

(They exit as Pixie enters)

Pixie: This doesn't look good kids. I'll have to find an excuse to go up to that farm and see if I can help again!

(Blackout)

Scene 4:
Cheeky's Farm

(The scene is a farmyard, the outside of a cottage with a door is set s.r., there is a reversible sign on the door saying 'Cheeky's Chickens'. There are chicken coops dotted around and farm paraphernalia. Mother Goose enters from the cottage. Willie enters op.side)

Mother: *(Sings)* 'Oh what a beautiful morning, oh what a beautiful day, I've got a wonderful feeling *(see's Willie)* let's have a roll in the hay.

Willie: Morning! I popped in to see if that tonic did any good.

Mother: Oh yes, eggs galore! Bobby and Rosie have gone to market to sell a whole basket full – by tonight we'll be able to afford to put the heating on.

Willie: It worked then.

Mother: One taste of that potion and the chickens were at it all night.

Willie: I wonder what's in it?

Mother: I don't know but it tastes like peppermint.

Willie: Well, that all sounds like good news.

Mother: Talking of good news, what's a nice boy like you doing in a place like this?

Willie: Trying to get away?

Mother: Don't be like that – you know I never seem to get the right man. I've been very unlucky in love – my last husband was a notorious fly tipper.

Willie: What happened?

Mother: He dumped me.

SONG 3: Mother Goose

Willie: I'm afraid you've got the wrong man.

Mother: Oh come on we're both grown ups.

Willie: Grown ups?

Mother: Yes I groan every time I get up. Why don't you stay for dinner? I'm making fishcakes covered in breadcrumbs – which will be a challenge.

Willie: Why?

Mother: I've never been covered in breadcrumbs before. *(She grabs him in an embrace)* What do you want to do now?

Willie: Press that big red button! *(He reaches for it)*

Mother: You can push my button anytime...

Audience: Bobby!

(Bobby and Rosie enter and Mother let's Willie go)

Bobby: Hello folks! *(Audience respond)*

Audience: Here's Bobby!

Willie: Thank goodness.

Bobby: The audience gets very upset if you try to push that button...

Mother: Honestly, what a rabble – to think you're from Sutton Coldfield *(local posh place)* and shout like that.

Rosie: Hello Willie...

Willie: Hello.

Mother: Stop drooling dear.

Bobby: Mom, we've got good news and bad news.

Mother: What's the good news?

Rosie: We got rid of all the eggs.

Willie: What's the bad news?

(Rosie holds up the box of crushed eggs).

Bobby: We did save some but we hitchhiked home...

Rosie: ...and the last few eggs fell out of the back of the car.

Bobby: It was a hatchback.

Mother: Bobby, the frying pan! *(Bobby runs off).*

Rosie: Fishcakes are off...

Mother: You see Willie there's only one thing to do with broken eggs...

(Bobby runs back on with a rubber frying pan, during the next song Mother manages to hit Bobby with it at the end of each line).

SONG 4: Rosie, Bobby, Mother, Willie

(Bobby and Rosie exit with the box and frying pan)

Mother: How do you like your eggs, over easy?

Willie: Don't call me that.

(Pixie enters – she's wearing a white lab coat, glasses and carries a clip board)

Pixie: Good morning.

Mother: All these interruptions.

Pixie: I'm from the farm inspection board. *(To audience – lifting her glasses)* It's me again kids! *(To Mother)* I've come to inspect your credentials.

Mother: I was just working on that.

Willie: I'm the vet – everything is in order I can assure you.

Mother: Apart from Sir Robin's henchmen knicking all our eggs!

Pixie: Then this calls for something far more drastic *(she waves her magic wand and they all freeze)*. *(To audience)* What do you think boys and girls – how about something magical to help our heroes? No – too boring, Got it! Something from outer space – that's mad! Watch this!

(She waves her magic wand and the lights change – the Tardis sound effect starts and as the audience are blinded by the lights the Tardis is set next to the cottage. Once set, the lights change back)

Pixie: And now my work is done – bye! *(exits)*

(Willie and Mother awake from their freeze)

Mother: What happened then? I felt a funny quiver all through me vitals. *(She throws herself at Willie)* Oh hold me Willie!

Willie: *(Noticing the Tardis)* Did you call the police?

Mother: No need, it won't be charges I'll be pressing.

Willie: Mrs Cheeks how long have you had this enormous box?

Mother: I'm going off you.

(Dr Why appears from the door of the Tardis, he is dressed eccentrically – be creative! But at the very least a hat and scarf – possibly flying goggles? He must wear glasses. He staggers out of the door – there is smoke and a bang as if the Tardis has blown a gasket. At the sound of the bang Mother turns around and sees the commotion)

Dr Why: *(waving away the smoke)* Ah, oh dear, that's probably not good.

Mother: Who are you?

Dr Why: I'm fine – how are you?

Mother: No – who?

Dr Why: He's the other one.

Willie: Where did you come from?

Dr Why: Would you believe outer space?

Mother: No.

Dr Why: Call me Doctor...

Willie: Your face looks familiar.

Dr Why: You've probably seen me on television.

Mother: I've never been on television.

Dr Why: Of course it was probably another one of me. There's lots of different versions – one of us for every day of the week. Doctor Who, Doctor Why, Doctor What, Doctor When – you get the idea.

Mother: Not really.

(Wanda enters from the Tardis)

Wanda: It's no good father – the flux capacitor's overheated, it'll have to cool down for a while. Then we'll be able to get back...

Willie: Back where?

Wanda: Back to the future.

Mother: Can someone tell me what's going on?

Dr Why: Forgive me dear lady, this is my daughter Wanda. She's also my P.A. and receptionist – I'd be lost without her.

Wanda: *(Looking at a handheld ipad like device)* I think we're lost.

Dr Why: See? Wait, what?

Wanda: I need to do some calculations *(Wanda types into the device)*

Willie: Sorry, what was your name?

Dr Why: That depends. What day is it?