



PantoScripts Perusal

Beauty and the Beast

by Helen Gard and Jo Stokes

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

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Note from script writers:

- We originally called the two nasty sisters Citronella and Candida but the second group who used this script wanted to change to Prosecco and Chardonnay...up to you what you want to call them.

Beauty and The Beast Character List

Prince Ivor Biggun	Principal boy part in at beginning and end
Belle	Principal girl - female
Beast	Adult male
Cherry Tonne	House keeper to Prince/beast- in love with Willie Golightly - Dame - adult male
Itch and Stoke	Butlers to Prince Ivor Biggun - comic males
Fluster and Duster	Maids to Prince Ivor Biggun - female
Anne Teak	Head maid to Prince - female
Willie Golightly	Father of Belle and girls - kind - adult male
Prosecco	Sister to Belle - unpleasant - adult female
Chardonnay	Sister to Belle - unpleasant - adult female
Mrs. Bustle	Housekeeper to Willie G. - kind- adult female
Old woman/Fairy	Female
Lord Malevolence (LM)	Nasty-(finally reforms)-wants to marry Belle - male
Rock and Roll	Stupid and nasty Side-kicks to LM - male (Elvis style hair?)
Fruit sellers	male or female
Market sellers	Male or female
Village Kids	Smaller speaking roles

PantoScripts Perusal

ACT 1
Scene 1a

Whole cast on stage except the fairy.

In Prince Ivor Biggun's palace - celebrating Prince Ivor's birthday. He is looking for a wife.

Glitter ball – party lighting

Whole cast **SONG: 1**

Lights up....

Prince: *(To Itch and Stoke)* What fun! I love to party. It's so good to be able to dress up and look as handsome as I. No doubt I will find a bride in no time!

Itch: I'm sure you will your highness.

Stoke: Oh yes, your highness-You are the most handsome fellow here, isn't he Itch?

Itch: Yes Stoke, he is, definitely, yes, yes, yes. The *most* handsome- Yes.

Stoke: Ok, no need to overdo it!

Prince: *(To the maids)* Now - how do I look? I'm on the look out for a wife tonight!

Fluster: *(Curtseys)* You look very nice sir.

Anne Teak: Very, very nice.

Duster: *(Aside)* It must have taken him ages!

Prince: Now Make sure the guests are well catered for, I'm going to circulate.

They start taking drinks around- starting with Dame and sisters.

Cherry: Now Belle, I told you, listen to your old aunt. The prince could be yours if you play your cards right. Oh, thank you dear. *(to maid for drink)*

Belle: But he's so conceited Aunt Cherry and luckily, I have never been very good at playing cards.

Dame: I know he's a little over confident and I've seen his temper from time to time too but his mother died when he was young and he has had to fend for himself. What he lacks is a woman's touch. He's been my master for 10 years now and I know he has a good heart really. A good woman like you Belle could change him.

Prosecco: Besides he's very handsome.

Chardonnay: Not to mention very wealthy.

Belle: I will not marry someone for their looks and their money. I only want a husband who is kind and good.

Cherry: You silly girl, don't you know that opportunities like this only come along once in a lifetime. If you're not careful, he'll turn his attentions to your sisters here.

Belle: They're welcome. I think he's beastly!

Prosecco: I'm sure he'll be more interested in me anyway. Belle is so mousey. After all I'm even more beautiful now that I've lost that half a stone in weight.

Chardonnay: You haven't lost half a stone ...it's behind you.

Prosecco: You're just jealous because I have an hour glass figure.

Chardonnay: Trouble is, all the sand is at the bottom.

Prosecco: How dare you! Father, tell Chardonnay not to be so acerbic!

Willie: Girls, girls, all 3 of you are beautiful. Now let's enjoy the party.

Belle sighs and walks away.

I vote we should propose a toast to the Prince to thank him for putting on this splendid event. *(Clears his voice)* Hmm Hmm... I would just like to propose a toast to Prince Ivor Biggun and thank him for hosting such a splendid party. Please raise your glasses to Prince Ivor Biggun!

Whole cast: Prince Ivor Biggun!

Prince: Well thank you all. I hope you are having a lovely time. Do help yourselves to food and drink...

Moves across to Cherry

Cherry: Oh look, the prince is coming over.

Prince: So, are we all enjoying ourselves?

Cherry: Oh, yes sir, allow me to introduce you to my three nieces, Prince Ivor. This is Prosecco, Chardonnay and oh... Belle seems to have gone... she was here a minute ago.
(Bustles off to look for her)

Chardonnay: *(Curtseys)*—Your highness, a lovely party, thank you for inviting us. We hear you are looking for a wife?!

Prosecco: Yes, and I'm very, very single.

Prince: *(aside to aud)* Yes, and I'm very, very not surprised! *(to girls)* But where is your sister? Cherry Tonne tells me that there are three of you.

Chardonnay: Oh yes, there's Belle. She's the youngest but she's not at all important and besides you wouldn't fancy her, she's far too mousey and she's always got her nose in a book.

Prince: I'd like to make my own mind up about that. I have heard that she is very beautiful and as I am so handsome, we would make a fetching pair

Prosecco: I'd fetch her for you but look she's busy talking to Lord Malevolence. We think he wants to marry her you know. Lord knows why! She's not even interested in him and he could have so had me!

Chardonnay: Stupid girl, he's so rich! She'll be lucky to get anyone else that wealthy.

Prosecco: She's only interested in books and nature.

Prince: I *like* a girl who's interested in nature.

Chardonnay: Really, what a coincidence, I'm really, very interested in nature.

Prosecco: Even after what it's done to you?! ...Now in my case Prince Ivor, nature has been kind to me, as you can see.

Prince: ...mmm... Well if you'll excuse me, I must speak to some other guests.

Prince walks away...

Chardonnay: Well that went well. I think he liked me. I look so gorgeous in this new dress—do you like it? I got it at (insert own local shop here) in the sale. I bought it for a ridiculous figure!

Prosecco: I can see that! ...Oh, just look at Prince Ivor, he's so handsome. It's driving me out of my mind!

Chardonnay: You won't have far to go then. You've never been very clever, have you?

Prosecco: I'll have you know that I once read a book by Shakespeare.

Chardonnay: Which one?

Prosecco: William of course. Now who's stupid?!

Cherry: Girls, girls where is your father? I do love seeing him. Do you think he's at all interested in me?

Chardonnay: Aunt Cherry, he was *married* to your sister!!

Cherry: Yes, but she's been passed away some 8 years now and I'm longing to look after him. He's another man who could do with a woman's touch. I bought this dress specially to please him. What do you think? (*Does a twirl*)

Prosecco: Well....

Chardonnay: Err.....

Cherry: I used to be the belle of the ball *once* you know.

Prosecco: (*aside to aud*) Pity she lost her clanger.

Cherry: You must admit, I've still got it.

Chardonnay: (*aside*) Shame nobody wants it!

Prosecco: You look err....lovely Aunt Cherry. Now let's see if we can find some yummy men to dance with. (*Wander over to the prince and links arms with him one each side, Cherry goes over to father.*)

Fluster: Just look at those two old maids over there. Price Ivor is never going to look twice at them.

Duster: No, he's far more interested in Belle.

Fluster: She's the only pretty one amongst them.

Duster: The other two are just so desperate. Look at them both drooling over Prince Ivor.

Fluster: They say that Prosecco is sooo desperate that she's had a marriage contract drawn up ready saying, 'To whom it may concern!'

Duster: That doesn't surprise me at all.

Fluster: Now, there's Anne Teak, she's never been married either.

Duster: Hey, Anne, why haven't you ever married.

Anne Teak: No one's ever asked me. Surprising isn't it especially as I still have the complexion of a sixteen-year-old.

Duster: You should give it back to her then. You're making it all wrinkly!

Anne Teak: Oh, very funny. You're not so perfect yourself!

Fluster: Seriously though, have you ever had a boyfriend?

Anne Teak: Oh yes, several but it never works out. The last one was so bow legged that I had to put a plank across his legs to sit on his lap!

Duster: I've had several too but I'm *still* waiting for the man of my dreams. So, what kind of man are you looking for?

Anne Teak: (*Dreamily*) Oh, I want a man who will sweep me off my feet, spin me round and make me giddy with love.

Fluster: You don't want a man, you want a spin drier!

Anne: Oops! Best get on, look, the prince is coming this way.

Doorbell rings...

Door bell

Prince: Get that (*to the butlers*)

Itch: Yes, your majesty

Stoke: At once your majesty.

They both scabble to get to the door first and bump into each other. Go off stage...

Prince: Ahh, you must be Belle...

Belle: *(Curtsies)* I am sir...

Prince: May I say how delightful you are looking this evening?

Belle: Oh, thank you...

Itch and Stoke run back on stage and interrupt...

Itch: There's an old woman at the door your majesty.

Prince: Whatever does *she* want? She wasn't invited.

Stoke: She's begging for a room for the night your highness.

Prince: Well send her away. I'm busy talking to Belle here and I don't want to be interrupted.

Fairy walks in. dressed in a cloak with a hood hiding her face...

Fairy: Kind sir, I was passing this way and the weather became inclement. I saw your lights and wondered if I might rest my head here, just for one night?

Prince: Preposterous! I don't know you. Besides how do I know you are honest? Be gone!

Fairy: But sir, it is getting late. It has started raining hard and a north wind has blown up. I am afraid to continue my journey in these conditions. I am just asking you for food and shelter for *one* night. In return I will give you this beautiful rose.

Prince: I have plenty of roses already. I don't want you in my home, you are old and ugly, now go away.

Fairy: Do not judge me on how I look. If you like beauty, then accept this special rose for your trouble and allow me to stay the night. I will be gone at first light.

Prince: Certainly not. I have told you more than once; now please leave.

Fairy: You should not be fooled by appearances young man. I am no old hag! How sorry you will be!

Fairy throws off her cloak to reveal beautiful fairy costume...

lights dim...There is a flash of lightning and thunder heard... lights down.

Exit all cast except Fairy, Cherry Tonne, Itch and Stoke, 2 maids and Anne Teak.

Scene 1B

Enter Beast in darkness... Lights back up on Beast, centre stage – blue wash on the beast with the rest of the stage dimmed others grouped around him.

Beast: How can this have happened? Look at me!

Cherry: Oh, what are we to do?!

(Itch and Stoke have a quite conversation while the dame fusses over the beast)

Itch: How did he get to be so ugly?

Stoke: Don't be thoughtless Itch. The fairy did it because he was mean. Don't call him ugly. You can see he's upset.

Itch: But a face like that would make onions cry!

Stoke: Look! He's got a kind of faraway look on his face now.

Itch: Yes, the farther away the better if you ask me!

Beast: *(Howls)* What have I done to deserve this?!

Spot on fairy.

Fairy: You had your chance to lend a hand
But felt yourself to be too grand
To help a maid when in distress
And now you're here and in this mess.
I give this rose for you to keep
until your heart can love so deep
that you will put another first
This then should help to lift the curse.
The petals will fall one by one
Until at least each one is gone.
But if someone can love you true
And give their heart and soul to you
before the final petal falls,
You will once more walk through these halls
A prince again: no more a beast,
And from the spell you'll be released.

Cherry: Oh master, there is every chance then. I'm sure someone will love you.

Beast: No never, not looking like this. I am doomed.

Itch: Doomed!

Stoke: Yes....D-u-m-d*(spells it out)*

Anne: Oh, come on Itch and Stoke, don't be so gloomy there's bound to be someone out there.
(to aud) Isn't there?

Itch: I don't think so.

Anne Teak: Oh, yes there is!

Stoke: Oh, no there isn't... etc. (*Aud participation*)

Beast: You see even the audience are repulsed by me now and I was once so handsome.....

Spot on fairy.

Fairy: I tried to make you understand
But *still* you think yourself too grand
So now you've time to search inside
And find the heart you've tried to hide.

Cherry: Yes, she's right, *beauty* comes from within.

Itch: Within bottles and jars in your case!

Anne Teak: Oh Itch, this is no joking matter we must help the prince return to a mortal. See how unhappy he is.

Stoke: Yes Itch, don't be silly this is serious business.

Fluster: Very serious- I've never seen anyone look more ugly... I mean serious in my life.

Duster: Me neither. (*To fairy*) Why has this happened to him?

Spot on fairy.

Fairy: We know how love can be a trial
You have to go that extra mile
To please, to pamper, hug and kiss
I'll tell you what love truly is.

Lift lights to a warm wash.

SONG 2 for Fairy, Beast, Itch, Stoke and maids

After song, *all exit except Itch and Stoke...*

Normal full lighting.

Itch: You know what Stoke, I can see trouble ahead!

Stoke: *Ahead?!* Trouble enough already.

Itch: Yes, but look at this rose. How long do you think that's going to last? He's only got 'til the last petal falls to get someone to fall in love with him! That's a pretty tricky task wouldn't you say? I mean, it's not as if he's handsome anymore and he's always been a bit bad tempered and vain. Surely no one will fall for him now.

Stoke: Yes, you're right there, Itch. He is still rich though.

Itch: How shallow you are. Don't let the fairy hear you saying that. She'll turn you into an ugly beast too. Mind you - nobody would notice much difference in your case.

Stoke: Well!!! You can talk!

Itch: I know- I just did.

Stoke: Just did what?

Itch: Talk, you idiot.

Stoke: What shall I talk *about* Itch?

Itch: No I meant... Oh never mind-*sighs*- now we have to think of a way of keeping this rose safe from harm. If anyone jogs it or picks it up then a petal might fall off and the Prince will have less time to find someone to love him.

Stoke: What shall we do then Itch? Shall we sit and guard it day and night?

Itch: (*Sarcastically*) Oh good idea Stoke! You can guard it all night and when day light falls you can guard it all day. No stupid boy! We can't sit and look at a rose all day and night, we'd never get our chores done!

Stoke: Well what else can we do?

Itch: *Ponders for a bit...* I know, we'll get this lot to help us! (*pointing at the audience*) They've got little else to do. They're just sitting there expecting to be entertained.

Stoke: Do you think they'll mind?

Itch: Let's ask them. Will you help us look after the rose?

Aud participation.... Hopefully lots of shouts of YES!!

Stoke: I couldn't hear them very well could you?

Itch: No I think they've gone to sleep, let's try again. Will you help us?

Stoke: Oh, that's better. I heard them that time.

Itch: So, what you have to do is this. Every time someone goes near the rose you must shout, 'Step away from the rose!' Will you do that? Let's have a practise.

Both: (*Bit of banter*)...Good.

Stoke: We'd better go and get on now.

Itch: Don't forget now will you

Exit Itch and Stoke... Lights down

Scene 2

Belle's house. *Prosecco and Chardonnay on stage.*

Normal daylight – morning

Song 3: for Chardonnay and *Prosecco*

Enter Belle and Mrs. Bustle

Prosecco: *(laughing)* Listen to us ! Anyone would think we'd met our Prince Charmings.

Chardonnay: Belle did! I saw her talking to him. I wish he'd paid more attention to me.

Prosecco: He'd have to be blind dear and stupid!

Chardonnay: Hmm, you're hardly an oil painting yourself – more of an oil slick really. *(indicating her hair)*

Prosecco: Charming! I paid a fortune for this hair stuff at Hair Art. It's supposed to give my hair intense gloss.

Chardonnay: Looks more like candy floss now that you've slept on it .

Belle: I don't know why you bother buying all these hair products. It's a waste of time and money. You'd be much better buying a book.

Prosecco: And be like you! No thank you. I'm going to find a rich husband who will adore me and take me away from all this!

Belle: Did you meet someone last night then?

Prosecco: No, but I'm keeping my eye out.

Chardonnay: Best you put it back in again, otherwise no-one will want you!

Prosecco: *(ignoring last remark)* What did Lord Malevolence want last night? We saw him talking to you for ages! I think you might be lucky there.

Belle: Eugh! That awful man. I wish he'd leave me alone. He's just as conceited as Prince Ivor. He seems to think that being rich makes him appealing.

Mrs. Bustle: Rich is appealing to some my dear.

Chardonnay: Well, with that amount of money he could appeal to me any day !

Belle: You're welcome to him ! I know I always say that looks aren't important but he's such a creep ! Anyway, I'd rather not talk about him.

Mrs. Bustle: Have either of you seen your father this morning?

Prosecco: Yes, he was mooching around with a very long face earlier. I can't think why, when he spent last night dancing with all the old spinsters of the town – including aunt Cherry !

Enter Willie looking very down...

Belle: Good morning Father. Did you sleep well ?

Willie: Good morning girls. I'm afraid I had a very bad night.

Mrs. Bustle: Can I get you anything sir?

Willie- shakes his head...

Chardonnay: Too much champagne no doubt.

Prosecco: Or sore toes from being trodden on by weighty old maids!

Willie: I'm afraid I received some very bad news late last night.

Mrs. Bustle: Oh dear.

Belle: Oh, no Father, what is it?

Change lighting to subdued and possibly have howling wind effect.

Willie: Our ships were lost at sea during a bad storm and all the cargo has gone. My business is ruined and so are we! We have very little money left girls, barely enough to live on.

Mrs. Bustle: Oh, you poor man!

Normal lighting

Belle: Oh father!

Chardonnay: Not all of our money surely? You couldn't be that careless,

Prosecco: None put by for a rainy day in a secure ISA?

Willie: I'm sorry girls, but I have been an indulgent Father and you have always had what you wished for. How could I have refused my three lovely girls?

Prosecco: Oh, how ridiculous! How are we going to live?

Chardonnay: What about our clothing allowance? I've always had a large one!

Prosecco: Yes, so we can see, but it may shrink now that we have no money to buy food.

Chardonnay: Why do you always have to be so nasty to me? My figure is to die for.

Prosecco: Yes. If you sat on a man's lap, we'd certainly never see him alive again!

Willie: I'm afraid I shall have to go away for a while to try and find some work. You must take care of each other whilst I am gone. If I can find a job and earn some money, I shall bring each of you back a small gift. What would you like?

Chardonnay: Oooh ! I'd like a large ruby brooch please Father.

Belle: Chardonnay! Father said a small gift.

Chardonnay: (*sulkily*) Oh alright, a *small* ruby brooch then!

Prosecco: And I should like some diamond ear-rings that will sparkle in my dainty ears.

Chard: Have you looked in the mirror recently? An elephant has smaller ears than you ! You'd need diamonds the size of dinner plates to make your ears look pretty !

Willie: Girls, girls, I doubt that I shall make enough money to buy what you request but I shall try.

Mrs.Bustle: Such a good father!

Willie: Belle, what shall I bring you?

Belle: I should like a single white rose.

Prosecco: A rose? What sort of present is that ? It won't last for long, it will fade and die and then you'll be left with nothing but a dried up stick.

Chardonnay: Better than looking like one!

Belle: Well, I love roses and I'd buy them every day if I could.

Prosecco: Well money's a bit of a thorny subject now, isn't it, now that we're poor. (*aimed at Father*)

Willie: I shall do my best girls. Now Mrs. Bustle, I'm very sad to say this but I'm not sure that I can afford your services any longer.

Mrs. Bustle: Oh sir, I'm so sorry for your misfortune. I've been with the family since your late wife passed away and the girls are like my own. I will willingly stay without pay. All I shall need is my board and keep. I'm sure your luck will change before too long. Besides, I have no family of my own- where would I go?

Belle: Oh yes father, please let her stay.

Willie: Oh very well Mrs. Bustle, if you're sure. I'd hate to see you go. I hope to return very soon as a wealthy man again. Now, I must go and pack a few things and then be on my way.

Knock at the door...

Willie: Mrs. Bustle, would you be kind enough to see who that might be?

Mrs. Bustle: Yes sir, right away sir.

Mrs. B goes to the door and LM , and R and R push past her into the room

Mrs. Bustle: (*Calls after him*) Excuse me sir but I don't think that now is a very convenient time

Belle: (moves to LM) Oh Lord Malevolence, what a surprise!

LM: (extra smarmy) Yes, isn't it? A very pleasant one. I thought I'd come by and see how you were after last night. I did enjoy our little ... 'chat'

Belle: Yes ... Well..., it was interesting.

Chardonnay: (to Prosecco) I thought she said he needed arresting ?

Prosecco: Yes, I'm sure she said it was like talking to an octopus. Never knew where his hand might land.

Belle: Yes, well, what can we do for you Lard Malevolence?

LM: I wondered if I might have a word with you Belle. This is your lucky day! I have a proposal to make.

Prosecco and Chardonnay bustle right up to LM gazing up at him

Prosecco and Chardonnay: (together) I accept!

LM pushes past them to get to Belle...They push each other in order to get close to him again...

Belle: What sort of proposal?

LM: Well, you know that I am a wealthy and handsome man and quite a catch for some lucky girl. I have an enormous house...

Rock: (Aside to audience) And an enormous ego!

Roll: Some would say to make up for a lack of.....

LM: Be quiet!

Rock: Yes, me lord.

Roll: Sorry me Lord.

LM: My land is extensive.

Rock: But not your generosity...

LM: Enough from you !

Roll: Sorry Sir, you are a most generous and amiable employer and I consider myself most fortunate to be working for you.

Rock: (Incredulous) Do you?! (Roll elbows Rock to keep him quiet)

LM: That's more like it. Now, where was I? Ah yes, Belle, today is your lucky day. For out of the many ladies beating a worn path to my door I have chosen you to be my bride. Now what do you have to say to that?

Belle: Oh my! Well you *have* taken me by surprise... But marriage, I don't think I could, you're so...

Prosecco: Rich!

Rock: (*Aside*) Mean!

Chard: Wealthy!

Roll: (*Aside*) Grabbing!

Prosecco: What an offer !

LM: I know that it may come as a surprise that I have chosen *you*, Belle but I think I can count on you to be a dependable, willing and obliging servant...I mean wife. I could have had my pick you know but I chose you.

Chardonnay: Oh, why not pick me instead?

Rock: (*Aside*) Do they *have* mirrors in this house?

Roll sniggers

Prosecco: Chardonnay it's Belle that he's asked and I think (*turning to Belle*) that you'd be very foolish to turn him down. After all, who else would want a bookworm like you and we could do with the money right now.

LM: And why is that may I ask? Your father is a very successful merchant.

Chardonnay: Father has lost all our money and now we are destitute and doomed to be old maids !(*cries into hanky*)

Roll: (*Aside*) No change there then!

Prosecco: Speak for yourself. I'll soon have someone eating out of my hand!

LM: (*aside to audience*) The only thing that will eat out of her hand is the village cow!

Sidekick 1 sniggers and makes a mooing sound...SK2 nudges him

Prosecco: Did you just call me a cow ? Why you rude, insufferable, horrid...

LM: No,no, I wondered *HOW* you could still be single, a ravishing beauty such as you.

Chardonnay simpers -Sidekick 1 sniggers again...

Belle: Thank you for your kind offer Sir but I'm afraid that I have to decline.

LM: Decline? You are refusing me? We shall see about that. You'll regret this Belle, mark my words. I'll make you change your mind, see if I don't (*storms off...*)

Rock: He'll make you regret it! He will you know. I know him of old!

Roll: Oh yes, he's like that...

Rock: Well that's put him in a bad mood for the rest of the day!

Roll: (*drags him after LM*) Come on or he'll be even worse than usual!

Roll turns and drags Rock off by the scruff of the neck.

Willie returns...

Willie: Who was that girls? The whole house shook when the door slammed. They can't have been very happy.

Belle: Lord Malevolence Father.

Willie: What on earth did he want with us?

Prosecco: He came to propose to Belle.

Chardonnay: *And she turned him down! All that money turned down without a thought for our welfare !*

Prosecco: Belle, you must be *mad* not to accept, I think *you* must have got into the gene pool while the lifeguard wasn't looking.

Chardonnay: Insanity doesn't seem to *run* in this family, it practically *gallops!*

Belle: Oh Father, I couldn't marry a man like that. He thinks he can have anything he wants just because he is rich.

Prosecco: He could have me.

Chardonnay: And me! That must be most of what he wants.

Willie: Both of you? Oh no girls, too much for any man ! Now I must leave before too much of the day is gone. I'd like to go through town and see if I can find work there first.

Prosecco: How humiliating! Now everyone will know we're poor!

Belle: You could always try and find a job.....

Prosecco: Me? Work? With my sensitive hands and poor state of health? I think not!

Willie: Well I must go now girls, take care and I'll be back soon!

Mrs. Bustle: Have you got everything you need sir?

Chardonnay: Don't forget our presents!

Prosecco: No don't.

Belle: Good luck and take care father, I will miss you!

Centre spot light.

Song 4 for Girls and Mrs. Bustle

Scene 3

Warm, bright wash-yellow

In a market square.... Cherry, Market sellers, LM , Rock and Roll, Itch and Stoke, village children...

Song 5: Whole cast

Cherry: Morning! Morning ! Isn't it a wonderful day. The sun is out and I have a song in my heart.

Itch: Best keep it there Cherry!

Stoke: So, what have we got to get this morning? Nothing like a nice plump cherry.

Cherry: Oh, how rude! I'll have you know this is all muscle. How dare you call me plump!

Stoke: No, no I meant the fruit...

Cherry: Oh, I see. I thought you meant...well never mind. I see what you mean, those cherries do look delicious. I wonder if the master would like some although he does find small fruit rather fiddly to eat...

Fruit Seller: Maybe a nice melon Madam or some bananas ?

Cherry: (almost to herself) Oh no, too fiddly for his paws.....I mean, hands I'll take some blackberries and make him a nice tart.

Fruit Seller: Always nice to have a tart Madam !

Cherry: Hhmmph !

*Itch and Stoke cross the stage to Rock and Roll
Opposite side of stage R and R taunting village kids*

Rock: You should see our Master's carriage. It has gold handles, silk lined seats, the shiniest wood. Far better than your Father's rotten old cart.

Roll: And his smelly old donkey. Lord Malevolence only has thoroughbred horses to pull *his* carriage.

VK 1: Shame about you two then!

VK2: (to VK1) But they *are* smelly though!

Rock: How dare you speak to us like that! Don't you know who we are?

Roll: Yeah, one word from us and Lord Malevolence would put your Father out of business and then where would you be?

Rock: On the streets, that's where!

Itch: Oh just leave them alone, you're always picking a fight with someone! Go back to your miserable master and tell him whatever you like!

Rock & Roll slink off, sniggering

VK2: (*wringing hands and looking worried*) Oh now look what you've done! What if he does tell Lord Malevolence? We'll be in soooooo much trouble!

VK1: I know, I know. Look There's Mrs Tonne. Let's ask her what she would do.

VK2: Good idea – *Shouting* Mrs Tonne ! Mrs Tonne !

Itch: We have a little problem and wondered if you might be able to help, what with you being so old and wise.

Cherry: Yes well, thank you for that. I'm sure there's a compliment in there somewhere! How can I help?

Stoke: Lord Malevolence's two sidekicks keep picking on everyone and are threatening to tell their Master that these children were rude to them!

VK1: (*said quickly with no breath pauses*) and then he might take away Father's work and we'll be in so much trouble.

VK2: What should we do?

Cherry: Calm down, calm down. I'm sure you don't need to worry. Those two hoodlums are all talk and no action. They're as scared of Lord Malevolence, just the same as the rest of us (*to herself*) awful man, can't abide him !

Enter LM looking smug, children hide behind Cherry.

LM: (*shouts*) What's this I've been hearing? Rudeness to my staff?!

Cherry: Pick on someone your own size! You're just a bully!

LM: You're hardly my own size, you're ten times fatter! (*laughs at his own joke*)

Itch and Stoke: OOOOH! How rude!

LM: And you can be quiet, you lily livered, insignificant pair of ...of...of(*lost for words*)

R and R whisper an appropriate word in LM's ear...

LM: No, no, no, not nearly rude enough, think again!

Itch: Think! They don't have a brain to think with! (*sniggers with Stoke*)

Stoke: Would 'peasants' be a good word to fit in there? Repeat the sentence and we'll see how it flows.

LM: Hmm, now what did I say? You pair of lily livered (*stops and realises what he's doing*)
Oh for goodness sake. What a waste of space you are thank goodness that you're not in my employ!

LM storms off R and R stand there laughing and pulling faces at Itch and Stoke.

LM: (*to R and R*) Come on you two, we've work to do!

Cherry: Good riddance. That's a bad egg if ever I saw one.

Children come out from behind Cherry.

VK1: Lord Malevolence scares me.

VK2: And Rock and roll.

Cherry: Now do you know what I do when I get scared ?

Itch: No – what do you do?

Song – Cherry

Cherry I just think of my favourite things !

Spot on dame –centre

Music quietly in background

Triceps and biceps, a six pack that ripples
Strong calves and thighs and a cute little dimple,
Tall dark and handsome, my heart it just sings.
These are a few of my favourite things...
Lights return to normal.

Stoke: Um, Mrs Tonne, are those the right words, only it doesn't sound right to me.

Itch: Hmm, I really don't think your song will help them.

Stoke: And why are you thinking of those things Cherry? I'd rather think of a plum pudding
(*rubbing tummy*) when I get scared?

Itch: (*swaying wistfully*) Or baby lambs!

Cherry: Oh well, maybe you're right but a girl can dream, can't she ?

Stoke: A girl maybe... but you're soooooooo...

Itch: Old and wrinkly.

Cherry: But I look rather gorgeous when I'm all dressed *up* for a special occasion.

Stoke: Not so much dressed *up* as *upholstered*!

Cherry: No, you don't realise, I look a million dollars.

Itch: In well used notes!

Both laugh

Cherry: (*sitting down*) I know I may look old to you but inside this chest beats the heart of a young girl waiting to be swept off of her feet !

Stoke: He'll need a large broom then!

Cherry: I'll have you know many a fine gentleman has looked my way!

Itch: Yeah then they ran in the opposite direction!

Both children sit laughing.

Cherry: I'd just like someone to take me in his arms and tell me he loves me .

Children and Itch and Stoke: Ahhh

Stoke: *(To audience)* He's going to have to have very long arms then.

Cherry sobs into an over large hanky.

Spot on dame and children – Centre seated.

Song 6: Cherry

Itch: Oh Mrs. Tonne! Don't be sad. I'm sure someone will come along who's perfect for you.
To audience Tho' he'd better hurry up!

Cherry: My heart is already taken but he doesn't think of me in that way

Stoke: Ooh *do* tell us who it is, Mrs Tonne.

VK1 and 2: Yes, go on tell us!

Cherry: Well, actually it's.....

Itch: Oh look here comes Belle's father. I wonder why he's come to town?

Stoke: Let's go and see.

The children and Itch and Stoke go over to WG...

Cherry: *(to herself)* As I was going to say , it's Mr Golightly- will he ever be mine? *(Big sigh...)*

VK 2: Mr Golightly! Hello !

WG: Hello children, how are you today?

VK1: Fine now, thanks, just off home for lunch.

Children exit

Itch: We've just been talking to Mrs Tonne and she was going to tell us who has captured her heart.

WG: Oh, was she now! Well he'll be a very lucky man *(Cherry smiles)*.....and a very brave one *(Cherry fades again)* Good morning Cherry , how are you this fine morning?

Cherry: *(shaking herself)* Oh I'm just fine and dandy, thank you Willie. What brings you to town today?

WG: Bad news I' afraid, Cherry. My fortune has gone to the bottom of the ocean along with my ships. I can no longer support my girls and must look for work but no-one can help me in town, what will the girls say? *(shakes his head)*

Cherry: Hmm, I wonder...why don't you come back to the Castle with me Willie and I'll have a word with my master. I'm sure he'd be happy to give you some work.

Willie: Oh, Cherry, do you really think so ? I'd be so grateful. As long as I can keep my girls happy. Belle is no trouble but.....

Cherrie : Yes, I know , the other two are just mean and spiteful !

Willie: Cherry ! Look, let's just get back to the castle. I mustn't be late back or Belle will worry.

Cherry: *(To herself)* My big chance at last ! *(linking arms with WG.)* Come along, Willie dear.

Walk up centre aisle.... *Lights down*

PantoScripts Perusal

Scene 4

In the Prince's palace garden. Maids and butlers in garden to open scene; Itch has the magic rose with him as he is guarding it.

Normal daylight lighting.

Song: 7

Song and dance: for maids, Itch and Stoke.

Anne T: I'm really worried about the Prince, he's grouchier than ever.

Fluster: So would you be if you looked like that and he has little hope of anyone falling in love with him now.

Duster: Is that the only way to break the curse then?

Anne T: Yes- someone must declare their love for him before the last petal falls.

Duster: And that rose isn't going to last forever. I mean look at it! *(walks over to the rose)*

Itch and Stoke start shouting 'step away from the rose!' encouraging audience to join in.

Anne T: What a strange curse to put on the prince.

Fluster: Yes, in all the stories I've read fairies usually turn princes into frogs not beasts, don't they?

Duster: As far as I know but then I haven't read Beauty and the Beast yet have you?

Anne T: Come on you two, break's over, we'd better get into the palace and start cleaning. So much hair on the carpets since the prince has been a beast. I do wish vacuum cleaners had been invented!

Exit maids.

Stoke: Yes, I'm really worried about the rose too, it looks a bit limp and one petal has already fallen off.

Itch: There's not much we can do except guard it and make sure no one jogs it or anything. *(To audience)* You haven't forgotten to shout if you see anyone go near it, have you? You weren't very good when the maid went over to it!

Practise again...

Stoke: Well there's loads of roses here in the garden. Why don't we just swap it for one of those?

Itch: Don't be stupid-It's a magic rose. We can't do that!

Stoke: Well how about we glue the petals with super glue?

Itch: Oh Lord, you'd make a man with *half* a brain look intelligent!

Stoke: I thought it was a rather good idea!

Itch: Super glue hasn't even been invented yet. You're insane!

Stoke: I do *NOT* suffer from insanity.

Itch: No. You enjoy every minute of it.

Stoke: What?!

Itch: You need to see a Psychiatrist.

Stoke: What!? And pay all that money. I'd need my head testing to do that.

Itch: You said it! What exactly *does* keep your ears apart?

Stoke: Well really! You are unkind. (*To audience*) I'm not stupid, am I?

Itch: Oh yes he is! Etc.

Banter with audience...

Itch: I bet you a farthing that you can't answer everything I say with the same word.

Stoke: That's easy and I could do with a farthing.

Itch: Right, whatever I ask you must answer, 'sticks.'

Stoke: That's a daft answer isn't it, sticks?

Itch: Well that's what you've got to say if you want to win.

Stoke: I see. So, if I say 'sticks' to everything you ask, I'll win a farthing?

Itch: That's right, now put your money down here.

Stoke: I've got to put a farthing down, have I?

Itch: Yes, you have. Come on, put it down.

They both put a coin down...

Itch: Now are you ready?

Stoke: Yes I am.

Itch: (*picking up the two coins*) Right. that's a farthing I've won.

Stoke: What do you mean!

Itch: You didn't say 'sticks.'

Stoke: That's not fair! I didn't realise we'd started. Can I have another go?

