



The Princess Who Could Not Laugh

by Colin Oram

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A Word from the Author

This Pantomime is dedicated to my late Grandad, James McClenaghan, who provided insight and inspiration for some of the jokes and character names, but died before the pantomime was finished.

Characters

King Marius - Monarch
Queen Evilyn - Villain
Lehash - Evilyn's Pet Snake
Dora Hunky - Mother of Hans
Hans Hunky - Principal Boy
Princess Joy - Principal Girl
Baron Robin Blind - German Lackey of Queen Evilyn
Sheriff Omar - Baron Robin Blind's Lackey
Thud & Blunder - Comedy Duo
Jack the Donkey - Hunky Family Pet
Jack the Human - Father of Hans
Sir Lee - Suitor to Princess Joy
Prince Eustace - Suitor to Princess Joy
Lord Elpus - Suitor to Princess Joy
Sir Plus ♦ Suitor to Princess Joy
Theresa Green - Town Gossip
Herald - Mouthpiece of King Marius
Alister the Jester - Court Comic
Servant - Palace Attendant
Guard 1 - Man-at-Arms
Guard 2 - Man-at-Arms
Guard 3 - Man-at-Arms
Mr Forescythe - The Optician
Mrs French - The Hairdresser
Tomato Seller 1 - A Business Rival
Tomato Seller 2 - A Business Rival
Onion Seller - A Market Vendor
Jay Walker - Townsfolk
Jo Average - Townsfolk
Hugh Mann - Townsfolk
Mysterious Stranger - A Muddled Old Person
Newspaper Kid - A Wheeler Dealer
Other Chorus - Townsfolk, Kids, Merchants, Wedding Guests and Royal Servants

Principal Roles

King Marius
Queen Evilyn
Dora Hunky
Hans Hunky
Princess Joy
Baron Robin Blind
Sheriff Omar
Jack the Donkey
Thud
Blunder

Supporting Roles

Sir Lee
Prince Eustace
Lord Elpus
Sir Plus
Theresa Green
Alister the Jester
Mr Forescythe
Mrs French
Mysterious Stranger
Jack the Human

Chorus Roles

Herald
Servant
Jay Walker
Jo Average
Hugh Mann
Guard 1
Guard 2
Guard 3
Tomato Seller 1
Tomato Seller 2
Onion Seller
Merchant 1
Merchant 2
Merchant 3
Newspaper Kid
Kid 1
Kid 2
Kid 3
Townfolk
Wedding Guests
Royal Servants

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- Scene 4: Front of Tabs**
- Scene 5: Palace Throne Room**
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- Scene 1: Palace Gardens**
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- Scene 5: Palace Kitchen**
- Scene 6: Front of Tabs**
- Scene 7: Palace Gardens or Banquet Hall**
- Scene 7¹/₂: Front of Tabs (Optional Scene)**
- Scene 8: Palace Gardens or Banquet Hall (set in whichever Act 2, Scene 7 wasn't)**

Act 1

Scene 1

[The scene opens to a medieval village square, where there are various clothing vendors and shoppers, milling around. Dora Hunky is haggling for her new hat, which she eventually puts into her bag, carried by Jack, the donkey. A mysterious stranger sits / stands to one side, holding a storybook]

Stranger: **(Opening up the book of Fairy Tales, they flip through it, before closing it again, abruptly)**

Once upon a time, there was a boy called Jack, who lived with his mother and cow, called Buttercup... or was it Daisy... or Bessie?

When you get to my age, all of these things just blend into one, y'know. Anyway... the cow's not the point, Jack and the Beanstalk *is*, which is where I should start our story.

Jack is poor and down on his luck. He lives with his mother, Bertha, who also lives in a shoe..

Dora: I'm sorry, but you've got that all wrong.. are you sure this is the right pantomime?

Stranger: Why do you say that?

Dora: Well, it's just.. my son got given the part of Principal Boy by the director and *his* name is 'Hans.'

Stranger: I see.

Dora: Yes, and I'm his mother, Dame Dora.. and we don't have a cow, so much as we've got a donkey, called Jack.

[Jack nods, but stops when Dora looks at him]

Stranger: Oh dear, I see what you mean. Well thank you for pointing it out.

[Dora walks back over to the shop vendors]

Stranger: Where was I? Oh yes, so Jack climbed the Beanstalk and...

Everyone: WRONG PANTO!

Stranger: I give up! **(He sets the book down and starts for the exit)**

Dora: Wait, where are you going? The show's just begun!

Stranger: Somewhere else. I auditioned for 'Jack and the Beanstalk' and what's this play?

Jay Walker: It's called 'The Princess Who Could Not Laugh.'

Stranger: See, who's ever heard of that? I'm trying to make a name for myself 'ere and how can I, by acting in an obscure show, no-one's ever heard of?

Dora: Humble beginnings?

Stranger: I haven't got time for that; I'm going places!

Dora: Not with an attitude like that, you're not!

[The mysterious stranger waves her off, then exits]

Dora: Oh poo! Looks like we'll need a new narrator.

Jo Average: (Raising his hand) I'll do it.

Dora: Who was that?

Jo Average: Me, Jo Average.

Dora: Alright, go on then.

Jo Average: (He picks up the book and flips through, until he comes to a middle page)

Once upon a time, there was a boy, called Hans, who lived with his mum, Dame Dora and their jackass, called 'Jack.' They lived in a cottage, at the towns-end of [*Insert local town name here*] and were paupers, ever since Hans' father disappeared, many moons ago.

It is to be a time of great celebration among the townsfolk, however, for King Marius' daughter, Princess Joy, is having her coming-out party and must soon choose a suitor to marry. All are sure to celebrate, except Princess Joy, whom nobody has heard laugh or even seen smile since the untimely death of her mother, over three years ago. Joy's step-mother, the Queen, is a wicked woman, driven only by two things in this world: to obtain power and then some.

With the prospect of marriage, comes suitors, who are sure to arrive soon and so the stakes have never been higher, with more than one family's fortunes sure to change forever.

Dora: Wow, even I didn't know all that!

Newspaper Kid: THE WHO'S WHO OF PRINCESS JOY'S COMING OF AGE PARTY, READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Hugh Mann: I'll take one! (He gives the kid a coin and flips through the paper) Hey... this doesn't say anything about the royal party!

Newspaper Kid: Heheh

[The Newspaper Kid runs off stage, pursued by Hugh Mann. Both exit]

Dora: You've got to be careful round town. Being street-smart goes a long way, living in these parts.

Jo Average: You trusted me and I can't even read!

Dora: You can't even trust yer average Joe.

Jo Average: It's 'Joe Average,' actually and who said you couldn't trust me? Just coz I can't read, doesn't mean the info's wrong.

Dora: If you didn't read it from the page, then how am I to know it's true?

Jo Average: How are you to know what you read's true? They say history's written by the victors; I reckon that's all wrong; history's written by whoever writes it.

Dora: I don't follow.

Jo Average: Here, watch this. **(He takes out a pen and writes graffiti on a nearby wall, that reads 'Dora is a Wally')**

Dora: Hang on.. I thought you said, like me, you can't read?

Jo Average: Yeah, well I never said I couldn't write. Anyway's my info's reliable, it comes from the most reliable source you can get round these parts; town gossip.

Dora: Oh, well that's OK then. The channel where secrets die and news is broken without announcements. Reliable, indeed.

Jay Walker: **(Coming over and reading Jo Average's graffiti)**
Dora..Is..A..Wally?

Dora: **(Looking at Jo Average)** You didn't!

[Jo Average runs off stage]

Dora: The guilty run, though none pursue them! **(Aside)** You learn that from parenting. Speaking of parenting.. where is that good-for-nothing son of mine? He was supposed to meet me here, five minutes ago!

[Enter Hans]

Hans: Hiya everyone, hiya Mum.

Everyone: Hi Hans.

Hans: Sorry I'm late, did I miss anything?

Dora: Late, as always!

Hans: What have I done now?

Dora: What have you ever done? Did you get the job then?

Hans: I'm hopeful, Mum.

Dora: Hope? Hope doesn't put bread on the table.

Hans: They didn't offer it to me there and then.. and said they'd "other strong candidates."

Dora: I despair with you sometimes Hans. I really don't know what to do. We're desperately poor, need I remind you, with no end in sight!

[Enter Princess Joy, who pretends to be browsing market stalls, so as to blend in. Hans is immediately captivated by her, watching her every move]

Dora: I try and I try and still, I hate to say it, but you're a burden to me and this ship is sinking! With debtors and eviction notices.. I need you to... are you listening? **(She spots Hans looking at Joy and clicks her fingers in front of Hans' face a few times)**
Hans?

Hans: Woah, she's *beautiful*!

Dora: Why not go and talk to her, then?

Hans: No.. I can't.. the prettier girls are, the more shy I get, but then, I also can't approach girls I'm not attracted to, so it's a vicious circle.

Dora: You're over-thinking it. Just go and talk to her!

[Dora gives Hans a shove in Joy's direction, so he falls into her, but he catches her, so he breaks her fall]

Joy: Woah, are you alright?

Hans: Are you an angel, because I think you just fell out of heaven!

Joy: Haha, am I the first girl you've used that line on?

Hans: You're the first angel, I have!

Joy: Haha, you're funny.. and handsome.

Hans: And you're perfect!

[They get up and look into each other's eyes. They sing a love song that's optimistic, upbeat and about first love.]

Omar: **(From Offstage)** I thought I saw her go this way, come on, men!

Joy: Oh no, it's Omar the Sheriff and the guards; I need to hide!

Hans: **(Looking at Dora's dress)** Quick, hide under here; no time to lose!

[Joy hides inside the skirts of Dame Dora's dress. Dora looks a little uncomfortable. Sheriff Omar and Guards 1, 2 & 3 run on stage, almost in a panicked state. They frantically search around, unhooding townsfolk, as though looking for someone]

Omar: **(Addressing Dora)** You, I'm looking for a beautiful, young girl around here, with blonde hair and about this tall?
(He indicates Joy's height)

Hans: Aren't we all?

Dora: Well done, Mr Omar Sharif.. you've found her!

Hans: Mum, no!

Dora: Hush!

Omar: Where? I don't see her anywhere!

Dora: Sometimes, what you're looking for is right in front of you, without you realising it... Say, what are you doing later today?

Omar: What?! I wouldn't go out with *you*, if you were the last woman on Earth!
Guards, she's clearly not here, let's move on.

[Making their way across the stage, Sheriff Omar and the Guards all exit the other side of the stage]

Hans: That was brilliant, Mum!

Dora: Hurtful though.

Joy: **(Poking her head out from Dora's skirts)** Have they gone?

Hans: Yup.

Joy: **(Joy comes out from underneath Dora's skirts)** That was close! Thanks for helping me escape... erm..

Hans: Hans.. Hans Hunky and this is my Mum.

Dora: Dame Dora, but everyone calls me 'Hunky Dora.'

Joy: Pleasure **(She curtsies)** Hunky Hans and Dame Dora.

Hans: I didn't catch your name?

Joy: Oh, that's not important.. if my step-mother and my dad found out I was running away.. I mean.. running away from the guards, well, they'd be pretty angry.

Hans: Say, you don't look the type for a thief; you're far too pretty and not sneaky enough, though you were right in asking us for help. Why were you hiding from the law?

Joy: **(Pouting)** I'm no thief; I've never stolen in my life!

Dora: Are you.. a street walker then? Believe me, you'll get no judgement from me; a girl's got to do what a girl's got to do and anyway..

Hans: Mum, please, can't you see you're making her uncomfortable?

Joy: I don't know what a 'streetwalker' is. I've...
(Looking around nervously) I've run away from home, as things will be... difficult if I stay.

Dora: Forgive me. Where are you staying now, darling?

Joy: I.. don't have anywhere at the moment. I was planning on travelling the open road out of here.

Hans: *Nowhere?*

Dora: The open road?! Are you mad? It's not safe for a young girl to be outside on her own, especially on the road. **(Aside)** And especially one *this* pretty!

Hans: Could she come back with us, Mum, please? She can have my ride on Jack.. and my room.. and have my dinner.

Dora: What about you, my boy, doesn't it concern you that you'll be without for a while? What if she stays with us for the week?

Hans: I don't care; I'll sleep in the stables if it means she's looked after. So, can she?

Dora: Would you like to come and stay with us, sweetheart?

Joy: People have it really hard out here, don't they?

Dora: What do you mean by..

[Enter Sheriff Omar, followed by Guards 1, 2 & 3]

Omar: Princess Joy!
(He strides over to them, followed by the guards) What are you doing, talking to scum like this? Your Father's worried sick; everyone's been looking for you. Have these two been giving you hassle? If they have, I'll have my men deal with them.

Joy: No, please, don't hurt them. I'll comply with your demands.

Omar: OK. Come back to the castle now; you need to get ready for the royal suitors' arrivals, later today. There's not much time, so we'll need to hurry!

[Option for Omar to signal offstage for a royal litter to come on and carry the princess off stage. Omar, Guards and Princess Joy all exit]

Hans: What's this *fuzzy* feeling inside my chest and the buzzing in my stomach?

Dora: It's called love, Hans, I had it for your father, once upon a time, but I wouldn't bother chasing her; it'll never happen; she's a princess and you're a peasant boy. Once you get to my age, you realise Fairy Tales are only dreams for the young and.. well.. where's my happy ending? **(Dora starts walking towards the stage edge, towing Jack, who's carrying the shopping)**

[Hans sings a heartache song about losing Joy.]

Dora: Come along, now, Hans!

[Hans looks downcast, almost defeated by this predicament]

Hans: **(Gazing back, after Joy, one last time)** Coming Mum.

[Dora, Jack and Hans all exit]

END OF SCENE 1

Scene 2

[Front of tabs]

[Enter Evilyn, Stage Left, with a snake wrapped around her neck, accompanied by creepy music & snake noises / a rainmaker]

Evilyn: Who let this riff-raff into MY hall?! Heads will roll for this! Go away, haven't you got anything better to do than gawp at me? No? That just proves this kingdom is going to the dogs. Still, it won't be that way for much longer, not when I'm in charge, when my husband, his royal highness, conveniently goes to his royal grave, where he'll join his late wife.

[The snake raises its head, its tongue flickering. Snake hissing SFX]

Evilyn: What's that Lehash, darling?

[Snake hissing SFX]

Evilyn: You want to taste some of the children? **(She strokes her pet)** Not yet, precious. Once that old fool, the king, is out the picture, I'll take anything I wish, including these peasant children! **Mwuhahahahahaha!**

[Audience Response]

[Enter Baron Robin Blind]

Baron: My queen. **(He bows)** You summoned me?

Evilyn: Ah, Baron Robin Blind, is it done? Have you delivered this month's dose of poison to my husband?

Baron: I have entrasted my men with ze job of delivering ze *gift*- Zis means 'poison,' in German; ve can use zis vord in case anyvon overhears us.

Evilyn: As long as it's not those imbeciles Dumb & Dumber, then I'm sure it's fine.

Baron: **(Shifting uneasily, he avoids eye contact)** Right...

Evilyn: Who *did* you entrust this sensitive task to?

Baron: You *did* tell me to use my most expendable men.

Evilyn: Yes...

Baron: Men zat no-von vould believe if zey were caught.

Evilyn: Yes...

Baron: Who couldn't be linked back to you.

Evilyn: Yes...

Baron: Vell, zese particular men can barely put a sentence togezzar.

Evilyn: No...

Baron: And no-von knows ver zey are half ze time, least of all, zem.

Evilyn: NO!

Baron: So I sent...

Evilyn: Anyone but...

Baron & Evilyn (together): Thud & Blunder!

[Enter Thud & Blunder, Stage Right]

Thud: You called, Your Highnesseses?

Blunder: **(Bowing theatrically)** Your Highnesseses.

Evilyn: **(Sulkily)** I'm *not* talking to them; *you* ask them!

Baron: Right, men! **(Aside to the queen)** Vat vas it you wanted to ask zem?

Evilyn: ASK ABOUT **(Hushed)** The *poison*!

Baron: Men, have you given ze gift to ze king?

Thud: What gift, was it his birthday?

Evilyn: No, for his funeral.

Baron: For his death day.

Thud: I don't get it.

Blunder: **(Taking Thud to one side, quite giddy)** It's a game! They're playing a game with us!

Thud: What, like Chinese Whispers?

Blunder: **(Excitedly)** Exactly, exactly!

[See the 'Chinese Whispers' staging diagram in the Act 1, Scene 2 section of 'Staging Diagrams' script section]

Thud: **(Turning back to the baron & queen)** Blunder, tell Baron Robin Blind they haven't fooled us and we know what they're up to.

Blunder: **(Turning to the baron)** We've worked it out!

Evilyn: Have they done the job?!

Baron: Men, have you done ze job I asked you to do?

Blunder: **(To Thud)** Did we do that job for him?

Thud: Does he mean recycling the castle milk cartons?

Blunder: **(To Baron)** Do you mean throwing all the milk out?

Baron: No!

Blunder: **(To Thud)** He says 'No!'

Thud: Oh, does he mean when we raided the larder for Bratwurst sausages?

Blunder: **(To Baron)** Do you mean stealing Bratwurst from the castle kitchens?

Baron: **(Looking embarrassed)** NEIN!

Blunder: **(To Thud)** He says nine.

Thud: Ooh, I don't think we got that many.

Blunder: **(To Baron)** We can get more.

Baron: **(Red in the face)** I am meaning NO!

Blunder: **(To Thud)** He says he's 'mean' and 'no.'

Thud: Which job was that then? Does he mean stealing supplies from the castle storeroom?

Blunder: **(To Baron)** Do you mean stealing the Queen's underwear?

Baron: What? No! **(Avoiding looking at the queen)** I didn't tell you to do zhat!

Thud: How about when we took his nice dog for a scrub? **(Thud leans closer to Blunder)**

Blunder: **(To Baron)** How about when we took your prize hog to the pub?

Baron: **(Whimpering, he holds his head in his hands)**

Thud: **(To Blunder)** Hey, I didn't tell you to say that!

Blunder: **(Looking like a naughty school boy)** I changed it.

Evilyn: Enough of this nonsense! What is this, an exposé on the Jeremy Kyle show? Did you two numbskulls poison the king?

Thud & Blunder (together): Ohhh.

Thud: Well Blunder, did you?

Blunder: Umm... I did slip some of that mouldy, blue cheese onto his plate, but I think he quite liked it.

Evilyn: A vial, it was a vial!

Blunder: I know, it smelled awful!

[Thud pulls Blunder to one side]

Thud: One moment Your Majesty, while I knock some sense into him.
(To Blunder) Blunder, I don't think they're playing anymore. The queen looks like if Lady Gaga and Rowan Atkinson had a baby! **(Both peer at a fuming queen)** We'd better tell them what they want to hear.

[Thud & Blunder turn to face the queen & baron]

Baron: Men, vhat did you do vis ze green bottles full of ze qveen's poison; did you put some in ze king's food as instructed?

Thud: Yeah, Blunder, did you?

Baron: I vas asking both of you!

Thud: Oh, er... well the first time I tried, I mixed it with the goose stuffing but I couldn't pin the pesky thing down, to put it in, without it pecking me half to death!

Blunder: Haha, I wondered why you was covered in feathers; you said it was from archery!

Thud: And the second time, I poured some into a great big pot of soup, one of the servants was stirring, outside.

Evilyn: And did they die?

Thud: How did you know? It dyed a whole load of washing green!

Evilyn: Lucky guess...

Thud: The third time I made a ham sandwich for the king, soaked in the last of the poison, overnight, but by morning, it was gone!

Blunder: Oh yeah, I ate that; got peckish in the night. Gave me an upset tummy though.

Evilyn: But... how? That should have been enough to kill a herd of elephants!

Thud: You know, you never cease to amaze me! I bet you smelled like one, hah!

Blunder: Thanks mate.

Thud: What about you Blunder, what did you do with your poison vial?

Blunder: Eh? Oh, I lost it.

Evilyn: Lost it!? Have you any idea how hard it was to make that?!

Baron: I vill take ze cost out of zer vages.

Blunder: **(To Thud)** HEY, you didn't tell me we was getting paid for this!

Thud: I was... looking after it for you.. for insurance purposes... Life insurance!

[The baron & queen mime having a heated discussion, to one side]

Blunder: Awww, thanks matey... What's life insurance?

Thud: Ah, well, I look after your money for you while you're alive and if you die.. I'll give it back to you.

Blunder: Would you do that?

Thud: Anything for you, mate!

Evilyn: ENOUGH! GUARDS, GUARDS!

[Enter Guard 1 & Guard 2, from Stage Right. Guard 1 is dressed in a white garb / tabbard with a crest, while Guard 2 is dressed in an identical garb / tabbard, except 'dyed' green]

Guard 1: Your Highness?

Evilyn: Escort these two miscreants out. Erm, you, wait!

Guard 2: Me, Your Highness?

Evilyn: Yes, *you*, what *are* you wearing?!

Guard 2: My.. erm.. uniform... it.. uh.. it came out the wash like this.....

Evilyn: Take it off this instant! What is this, Paris fashion week?

[Guard 1 waits with Thud & Blunder]

Guard 2: Yes Your Highness, right away. **(He starts getting undressed)**

Evilyn: What are you doing?

Guard 2: But you said....

Evilyn: GET OUT!

[Thud & Blunder hurry off, Stage Right, with Guards 1 & 2]

Evilyn: I'm surrounded by half-wits! My poison is all gone! Those men couldn't hold down a conversation, let alone a job and the guards seem to have forgotten the dress code! If I ruled this land, they would all have lost their heads for this!

Baron: What do you want me to do, Your Highness?

Evilyn: I've decided they all need to go.

Baron: Zem all, Highness?

Evilyn: We shall make a poison cake for the princess and present it to the royal court at the engagement party, which will deal with the whole lot of the insects! Mwuhahahahaaaa

[SFX of Lehash hissing in approval]

[Audience Reaction]

Evilyn: Here, take this list of ingredients for a new batch of poison and order a cake.

Baron: What size, my queen? **(He takes the list)**

Evilyn: Why king-sized, of course!

Baron: It will be done, Your Highness. **(He bows and goes to exit, Stage Right)**

Evilyn: Oh and Baron..

[The Baron stops]

Evilyn: Don't fail me again; I've never been known to give third chances.

[Baron nods, then exits Stage Right. Evilyn exits Stage Left]

END OF SCENE 2

Scene 3

[Dora Hunky's House]

[Dame Dora Hunky is in her house, fussing over what she should wear. Dresses and hats are strewn around. A large mirror should be placed to one side, reflecting the audience. A privacy screen (for changing) should be placed along the rear of the stage and there should be a table (or bed) on the opposite side of the stage to the mirror, with piles of clothes on it. The dame should be half-dressed (tactfully) or else in her nightie.

Dora, holding up a dress to her front, poses, makes faces and laughs at herself in the mirror. She stops, apparently having noticed something in the mirror. Her eyes widen and she leans forward to get a better look, in disbelief. She rubs her eyes before accepting she'll have to turn around. She turns, slowly]

Dora: Shriek! **(She pulls the dress she's holding, tight to her body)**
Oh no! Am I dreaming?

[Possible Audience Response]

Dora: Hans, HANS!

Hans: **(Calling from from offstage)** What is it, Mum?

Dora: Come here! Oh, please come here. I think I'm going mad!

Hans: If it's that spider again, I've told you before, there's nothing to be afraid of; it's more afraid of you than you are of it.

(Hans enters) What's wrong with you? You look like you've seen a ghost!

Dora: Pinch me.

Hans: What?!

Dora: Please let me be dreaming. Pinch me, just a little, here. **(She stretches out her arm)**

[Hans reaches out and clumsily pinches her boob]

Dora: Ow! You rotter, **(she rubs the patch)** that was one of my Yorkshire Puddings!
(She picks up a hairbrush or similar item, to hit him with. She chases Hans around the table / bed)

Hans: **(Running away)** Sorry, Mum!

Dora: Just you wait 'til I get my hands on you; then you'll be sorry!

Hans: At least we've established you're not dreaming- though the jury's still out on whether you're crazy!
(Hans should have his back to the audience by this point)

[Dora throws a foam version of the hairbrush / object at Hans, which misses, as he ducks; the hairbrush / object sailing over his head, lands amongst the audience]

[Audience Reaction]

Hans: Mum, you're throwing things at the audience!

Dora: Audience?! Argh! **(She picks up a different dress, (perhaps with yorkshire puddings or some such comic feature over the boobs) and pulls it tight to her body)**
I wish you'd tell me before you invite people over- I'd have had time to dress decently.

Hans: I could give you all the time in the world and you STILL wouldn't be dressed, let alone decent!

Dora: **(She smacks Hans over the head)** Hey! I'll have you know I take fashion trends very seriously.

Hans: Yes Mum, you take dressing up to another level!

Dora: Oh hush! Now come and help me get my corset on.
(Addressing the audience) Unless any of you big, strong men want to volunteer?

(Selecting a man from the audience, at random) How about you, you look like you know your way around a woman's bodice **(*wink*)** No?

(She selects another man at random) What about you?
What do you do for a living, big fella?

[Audience Member's Response]

Dora: Ooh, I bet you have strong hands! **(Possibility for some Ad Lib)**
Fancy helping a young woman with her dress?

Hans: **(Incredulous)** Young?

Dora: **(To Hans)** Oh quiet, I've had enough misfortune with men as it is, without you driving them off!

Hans: Believe me, you do that whether I'm present or not!

Dora: Well you'd better make yourself useful while you are here-
today is a very special day, after all.
(She walks behind the privacy screen at the rear of the stage (upstage, Stage Centre) and starts chucking clothes on top of it)

Hans: It is? Why's that?

Dora: **(Poking her head out from behind the screen)** What rock have you been living under?

Hans: The same one as you, Mum.

Dora: That's true enough, I suppose. **(She moves back behind the screen)**