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Characters

Widow Twankee (M)	-	The Dame. Aladdin's Mother.
Aladdin (M/F)	-	A street urchin. Widow Twankee's son.
Tinkerbell (F)	-	A young self-obsessed fairy
Fairy Godmother (F)	-	A magic fairy of 'advanced' years
Big Bad wolf (M/F)	-	The wolf from Little Red Riding Hood
Spiderella (F)	-	Cinderella's sister and newest villain in Pantovia
Captain Hook (M/F)	-	The Pirate from Peter Pan
Smee (M/F)	-	Captain Hook's sidekick
The wicked witch of the west (F)	-	The witch from the Wizard of Oz
King of Pantovia (M)	-	The King of the realm
Queen of Pantovia (F)	-	The Queen of the realm

Act 1

Scene 1 – Widow Twankee's house

(Tabs open. Lights up. Widow Twankee's house is depicted on the backdrop. There is a washing line with clothes hanging from it and there are washing baskets on the stage full of washing. Widow Twankee enters, dusting the scenery and set with a large feather duster. She is singing 'Baby' by Justin Bieber (or similar annoying pop song) and doing a comical dance. She does not notice the audience for a moment before turning and acting shocked at their presence.)

Widow: Ooh, what are you lot doing here? **(Looks at her watch.)** You're early. Panto's not on for another few months; we haven't even got the scenery built yet. Not to worry, you're welcome to wait. While you do that I might as well introduce myself; my name is Widow Twankee, Aladdin's mother. Hello boys and girls. **(Waits for audience reaction.)** Hello mums and dads. **(Waits for audience reaction.)** Hello half-cousins and nephews. **(Waits for audience reaction.)** Not so many of those in tonight then? Welcome to my home town, Pantovia! Ooh, I love Panto season me, don't you? With all that hissing and booing the villains, all that 'he's behind you' nonsense and my favourite, 'Oh yes it is'. **(Waits for audience response.)** Oh, yes it is! Anyway, you're probably wondering what we get up to the rest of the year when we're not going to balls, defeating evil witches or finding lost treasure? Well, a few of us are living happily ever after in castles and marrying handsome princes whilst *some of us* are running a laundrette with loads of washing to do! **(Awaits sympathy.)** That's *me* by the way, that last one. **(Pauses for more significant sympathy.)** Well it's a lot gloomier than that. **(Encourages significantly more sympathy.)** Sadly, I'm not marrying a prince or going to see emerald cities, but on the bright side, I'm not a real widow; my ex-husband left Pantovia and got a part in Eastenders. Normally, it's the other way round isn't it? Anyway, we all know each other here you know; Cinderella is my cousin's step-son's best friend's hairdresser's aunty. Robin Hood is my uncle's cousin's Greengrocer's PR Assistant and then there's Jeff. He was one of the eight dwarves until he left to pursue a solo career. So boys and girls, tell me, bearing in mind that my son is Aladdin, what is *your* favourite pantomime? **(Awaits audience response. Hopefully, the response will be 'Aladdin' but if it isn't, Widow pretends someone said it.)** What's that? Aladdin? **(Coy)** Go on, you're just saying that.

Tinkerbell: **(Offstage)** Ooooh! Photo opportunity! **(Enters quickly holding her mobile phone up to her face, taking a selfie)** I love this part of Pantovia, so picturesque. **(Continues to pout and pull faces into the camera as she takes photographs.)**

Widow: **(To audience)** That's Tinkerbell. Bit vain if I'm honest.

Tinkerbell: **(To audience)** Ooh, look at you lot. You're a very good looking audience tonight. You've got your new jumpers on for the theatre haven't you? Very nice! Can I get a photo? **(Awaits audience reaction then turns and takes a selfie with the audience in the background)** Looking good! **(Looks up and notices Widow. Excited.)** Ooh, Ms Twankee! Fancy a Selfie?

Widow: Well, I haven't done my hair or got my make-up on. **(She has a full face of over-the-top panto make-up on.)**

(Tinkerbell puts her arm around Widow, pouts into the camera and motions to take a photograph. She lowers the camera.)

Tinkerbell: No, your face is all wrong.

Widow: Story of my life.

Tinkerbell: You have to squish it up so it looks like duck, like this.

(Tinkerbell pouts a 'duck-bill-like' pout.)

Widow: Are you sure?

Tinkerbell: Yes. If you don't, we won't get any thumbs or retweets.

Widow: **(She inspects her thumbs for a moment then pouts at the audience unsuccessfully.)** Like this?

Tinkerbell: **(Grimacing)** Hmm – it'll do.

(Tinkerbell puts her arm around Widow once more. They both pout into the camera and Tinkerbell takes the picture.)

Tinkerbell: Let me just post this up to Instagram real quick. **(She fiddles with her phone.)** You mind if I tag you in this on Facebook, bro? I mean, sis? **(Doesn't wait for a reply)** Great! See you later. **(Walks towards the exit on the opposite side of the stage to which she entered.)**

(SFX. Mobile phone rings)

Tinkerbell: **(Answers her phone)** Hello? Yes! I know! Fifty likes already.

(Tinkerbell exits.)

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Widow: And there she goes. She's the fairy out of Peter Pan – bit of a nightmare actually. Anyway, she needs people to believe in her or she'll disappear; that's why she's all over social media. Anyway, where was I? Ah yes, my lovely son Aladdin.

(Dramatic music plays to accentuate the entrance of a Pantomime Villain. Spiderella enters looking lost and confused. She has black hair, Goth-style make-up, a long black dress with spooky accents and spiders in her hair.)

Spiderella: Ah, my own theme tune at last! **(Looking around)** What on earth is this place? It smells funny. **(Notices the audience)** Hmm, must be you lot. Haven't you ever heard

of a bath or shampoo? **(Awaits boos from the audience)** Ooh, someone got out of the swamp on the wrong side this morning.

Widow: **(Trying to attract Spiderella's attention)** Excuse me. Hello!

Spiderella: Ah, I wondered when I would bump into the local riff-raff. Hello there, erm, washer-woman.

Widow: My name is Widow Twankee actually. You're new round here aren't you? Can I help?

Spiderella: **(Looking Widow up and down.)** Looking at what you decided to wear today, I think it's *you* who needs the help love.

Widow: Well, that's not very nice thing to say.

Spiderella: Is it not? **(Sarcastically)** I'm sorry, last time I looked, I was a pantomime villain! **(Cackles wildly. Awaits audience boos and hisses)** What are these noises you keep making? What are they for?

Widow: Hang on, you're a pantomime villain and you don't know what those noises are?

Spiderella: **(Dismissive)** No, I have no idea *what* these noises are all about. I'm the *brand new* pantomime villain you see. My name is Spiderella **(She points at a large spider on her head)** and I'm supposed to be in something called, erm – **(Takes out a piece of paper, unfolds it but can't read it. She takes out a pair of large spidery reading glasses and puts them on. Reads.)** Sleeping Beauty. **(Looks up at Widow)** Don't suppose you've heard of it?

Widow: Oh yes, that's one of the best known ones that is. What happened to Maleficent then?

Spiderella: Copyright, Disney. They needed someone to fill in. Hence, Me! Oh, I will bring a whole new meaning to the phrase *wicked fairy*.

Widow: *They?* Who are 'they'?

Spiderella: The King and Queen of Pantovia.

Widow: Ah, our dear rulers; **(To audience)** like the ones you buy in a theme park gift shop.

Spiderella: **(Looking confused for a moment.)** Truth be told, I haven't seen my sister *Cinderella* for a while; I heard she's really popular with Pantomime audiences, the flawless little madam.

Widow: Oh she is! She's probably the most popular of all the pantomime people here.

Spiderella: Clearly. Well, I want in on that action. There was an advert in the local paper for a new villain and seeing as how I'm totally nasty and evil by nature, thought I'd give it a whirl. I passed the interview with flying colours and here I am! Not only can I be as nasty as I want, I'll get paid for it as well! Talk about two birds with one rock.

Widow: (**Suspiciously**) Hmm. I didn't know Cinderella had a sister; only a couple of step-sisters. OK, well I'm sure Cinderella will be happy to see you. (**Hesitantly**) Probably. I'll let her know you're here.

Spiderella: If you insist. Me and Cinders haven't always seen eye to eye.

Widow: Why's that then?

Spiderella: She's taller than me.

Widow: Well, you should know that there's only a few months until we go off and do our pantomimes for the kids.

(Widow turns to leave.)

Spiderella: Hang on.

(Spiderella grabs Widow by the arm, spins her round and pulls her close so their noses are almost touching.)

Spiderella: (**Panicking**) Kids? Nobody said anything about kids.

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Widow: Well, there'll be lots and lots of kids.

(Spiderella lets go and Widow straightens herself out.)

Spiderella: Smelly, noisy little things they are.

(Awaits some boos and hisses from the audience.)

Spiderella: There's that noise again!

Widow: Look, Spinderella –

Spiderella: That's SPIDERella.

Widow: Whatever, (**Hands her a script.**) here's the script for Sleeping Beauty and there's a map on the back for how to get to Villain-ville. Good luck and be nice!

Spiderella: Nice? Must remember to look that up in the dictionary. (**Cackles. Exits.**)

Widow: We're going to have trouble with that one, you mark my words. Anyway, better get back to polishing my what-nots. See you later boys and girls! (**Sings 'Baby' by Justin Bieber whilst dusting and dancing off the stage. Exits.**)

(Lights off. Tabs closed.)

Scene 2 – Villain-ville

(Captain Hook enters front of tabs followed by Smee.)

Hook: **(Takes a big breath of air through his nose)** Ahh, I love the sea air, don't you Smee?

Smee: Yes Captain, but we're nowhere near the sea.

Hook: I know that, but we soon will be when Panto season kicks off. We'll be on the high seas, eating pilchards, singing sea shanties, making people walk planks and –

Smee: Being beaten by Peter Pan as usual.

Hook: Yeah, but it's all in good fun isn't it?

Smee: If you say so. I don't much like being humiliated every year for the entertainment of others.

Hook: You get paid for it don't you?

Smee: No.

Hook: Ah, well you might have a point. Anyway, have you got the canapés?

Smee: Not any more, that ointment worked a treat.

Hook: No, I mean the nibbles for the buffet. We're having a little get-together for all the Panto Villains; say our goodbyes before we go off and do our annual pantomimes for the kids.

Smee: Oh those. Yes, I've also got crisps, vol-au-vents and Turkey Dinosaurs.

Hook: Great! Who has confirmed for our little get together?

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Smee: **(Takes out a list and pen then reads)** Well, there's Captain Hook –

Hook: That's me you imbecile.

Smee: Oh, yes. Sorry. Well, there's the Wicked Witch of the West, the Big Bad Wolf and Smee. **(Realises)** Oh, that's me isn't it?

Hook: Excellent. Oh we'll have a great time partying into the small hours.

(The tabs open to reveal Villain-Ville. In the background there is a witch's castle and other sinister pantomime villain themed buildings and props. The Wicked Witch of the West and the Big Bad Wolf enter.)

Wolf: (To Witch) So I said to him, if you keep shaking it around like that it's going to fall off!

Witch: (Cackles) You *are* a card!

Hook: Hello you two, we're just getting ready for our little get-together.

Witch: Great. Have you got frogs eyes this year; on little sticks? I loved those last year.

(Captain Hook glances at Smee who looks back blankly. Captain nods his head towards the side of the stage and Smee scuttles off. Smee exits.)

Hook: Yes, of course we have Edna. How is the wart coming along?

Witch: Ooh, it's coming on lovely. It almost the size of a Rich Tea biscuit now.

Hook: Well that's good news isn't it? You looking forward to our little soiree?

Witch: Yes, it breaks up the boredom while we wait for Panto season to start. I don't get to do anything remotely interesting until my panto starts. **(Notices audience.)** Ooh, you here already are you? Hello boys and girls! **(Awaits reaction.)** I'm Edna, the Wicked Witch of the West. You might know me from pantomimes such as The Wizard of Oz.

Hook: (To Wolf) You looking forward to it all kicking off again this year?

Wolf: Oh, I'm not doing panto again.

(Smee enters carrying a plate of frogs' eyes.)

Smee: Why not?

(Witch spies the plate, takes it from Smee and starts tucking in, chewing comedically and making 'yummy' faces.)

Wolf: Well, ever since I played 'third wolf on the left' in the Twilight films, the offers have been flooding in from Hollywood. Got myself an agent and everything. No more pretending to be Grandmothers for me, it'll be caviar and Capri-Sun every day from here on in.

Smee: Well, who's going to huff and puff and blow the little pigs' houses in?

Wolf: (Sighs) I'm not *that* big bad wolf. I'm the one from Red Riding Hood.

Smee: There's a difference?

(Dramatic music plays. Spiderella enters.)

Hook: (Looking above and around, not noticing Spiderella.) What was that?

Spiderella: That was *my* theme tune!

(The lights flash on and off. SFX. Thunder. Wolf, Captain, Smee and Witch turn to face Spiderella, then look utterly confused.)

Hook: Hang on, why don't I have a theme tune? Smee, I want a theme tune.
(**Smee shrugs.**)

Spiderella: Probably because you're not evil enough. So I take it this is Villain-ville?
(**Spiderella walks around inspecting the scenery and props. She isn't in the least bit impressed.**)

Witch: That's right. And *you* are?

Spiderella: I am the terrifying Spiderella!
(**Her theme tune plays.**)

Spiderella: (**Looking around**) I have to admit, I expected more from Villain-ville. Where's the spooky smoke? The heinous henchmen? Where are the scary gargoyles? (**Looks out at the audience.**) Oh, there they are! (**Cackles. Awaits boos and hisses.**) Oh go *boo* yourself.

Hook: That's our audience you know. Without them, we'll be doing our pantomimes in front of nobody. You can't talk to them like that!

Spiderella: Oh yes I can!
(**Captain, Smee, Wolf and Witch join in audience response of 'Oh no you can't'.**)

Spiderella: Oh yes I can! (**Awaits response**) Well, I just did, so –

Hook: What are you doing here anyway? Who *are* you?

Spiderella: I'm the new villain in Sleeping Beauty. I'm Cinderella's sister if you must know. Now, you lot don't look very villainy to me. Are you sure I'm in the right place?

Wolf: I do. I look *very* villainy. I'm a big bad wolf.

Spiderella: A wolf? You look more like the last choice at the rescue centre. (**Pointing at Smee.**) I mean, look at this poor fellow over here. What is *he* meant to be? He's not a villain.

Smee: I am so!

Spiderella: (**Puts her arm around Smee.**) I'll tell you why I think you're not a villain.

Smee: (**Intrigued**) Go on.

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Spiderella: (**To rest of cast**) You can tell a lot about a man by his trousers.

Hook: Oh? (**Glances at his own trousers and grimaces.**)

Wolf: (To audience) I'm not wearing any trousers, what does that say about me I wonder?

Spiderella: (Ignoring Wolf) Yes, I like a good strong Jean or Chino, me. Even a pair of Farrah slacks; shows a man in charge of his own destiny. Now take this man here.
(Indicates Smee) His trousers are too high and too stripy. Those are the trousers of a man who doesn't even know his own name. What *is* your name by the way?

Smee: It's Smee

Spiderella: See! Doesn't even know his own name.

Hook: No, It's Smee.

Spiderella: I know it's you, what's your point?

Hook: His *name* is Smee. S.M.E.E.

Spiderella: Oh I see but strangely, I don't care! And what's your name? Captain Cocker Spaniel?

Hook: (Showing off his hook) My name is Captain Hook.

Spiderella: Appropriate. So what was your name before you got the hook?

Smee: Captain Hand.
(Captain Hook nods in agreement.)

Spiderella: How did you lose your right hand then? (To audience) Clearly doing something he shouldn't have with it. (To Captain) Did you lose it up your left nostril while picking your nose?

Hook: Actually, I was just eating chips at [*local seaside*], those seagulls are so aggressive.

Spiderella: (Disbelieving) Right! (Putting an arm around the Witch) And what's your name little old lady?

Witch: (Throwing Spiderella's arm off her shoulder and stepping away) I am the Wicked Witch of the West.

Spiderella: Is that what it says on your birth certificate? Well, I suppose it does what it says on the tin.

Witch: Eh?

Spiderella: OK then, how does this pantomime thing work? I've got a script but I haven't got time to read that, I've got nasty things to do. You. (Points at Wolf.)

Wolf: Me?

Spiderella: Yes. Bullet points please.

Wolf: Well, you get the audience to boo and hiss like this. (Encourages the audience to boo and hiss.)

Spiderella: Well, I've already done that bit. Continue.

Wolf: You make a plan to take over the world or defeat the title character somehow, you know, something elaborate that you can't possibly hope to achieve and then lose at the end so the goodies get to live happily ever after.

Spiderella: Hang on, wind that back a moment. You do whatsy in the wheresy?

Wolf: You lose at the end. That's how Panto works. The baddies lose and the goodies win.

Spiderella: I've a tiny problem with that you see. I don't *like* to lose. They never said anything about losing in the job interview.

Hook: That's just how it is. Good wins. Bad loses. It's how it works here in Pantovia.

Spiderella: All I've ever done in my life is lose. Having a goody-goody like Cinderella as a sister, it's all I've ever done. Whenever we played monopoly she always used to buy the purple ones before I could get there. Then I always landed on them.

Witch: **(Still chewing on frogs eyes and not really listening.)** That sounds awful. **(To Smee)** Do you have any more canapés?

(Smee leaves to bring back the canapés.)

Spiderella: So you don't even win like, the one time? Just to see what it feels like?

Hook: No. Never.

Wolf: Never occurred to us really.

Spiderella: Well, I think it's about time we made some changes around here.

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(Smee returns with a plate of canapés. Witch scoffs a couple and talks with her mouth full.)

Witch: **(Shakes head)** Well you see, the kids want a happy ending so we can't *ever* win. You want a happy ending don't you kids?

(Awaits audience reaction.)

Spiderella: **(To witch)** But if *you* won *you'd* be happy, yes?

Witch: Well, obviously.

Spiderella: So if you're happy, surely that's a happy ending?

Witch: Hmm, I never thought of it like that.

Spiderella: It looks like I got here just in time. I need to whip you lot into shape. We shall use that building over there **(Points at the witch's castle on the backdrop)** and we will turn it into 'Spiderella's Pantomime Villain Academy'. **(Cackles)**

(Awaits audience boos and hisses.)

Spiderella: Oh be quiet you lot. I'm not a do-gooder nice-as-pie wouldn't hurt a fly like this lot. I'm bad. Let me sing you a song to tell you just *how* bad I am.

(Song 1.)

Spiderella: See you all in my castle in an hour! *Don't* be late!

(Spiderella exits.)

Hook: She might have a point you know.

Wolf: I might postpone my trip to Hollywood, you know, just to see what she has to say.

Witch: Can't harm to see what she's got to say can it?

(Captain, Wolf and Witch exit chattering excitedly to one another.)

Smee: This all sounds rather exciting doesn't it? We might actually get to win for once! See you later boys and girls.

(Exits after audience reaction. Lights off. Tabs closed.)

Scene 3 – Pantovia Castle

(Lights up. Tabs remain closed.)

King: **(Offstage)** No, I don't want my driveway re-tarmacked. No, we don't need the windows washed, we've got servants who do that sort of thing. Trim my what? Conifers? You wash your mouth out. No thank you, good day.

(SFX. Large wooden door closing and several keys in locks being turned. The King enters stage left carrying a DVD box set and looking flustered.)

King: Oh, hello boys and girls. **(Looks at his watch)** Oooh, you're early aren't you? Panto's not on for a few weeks yet. Nothing on telly tonight eh? **(Remembers)** Oh, I haven't introduced myself have I? My name is King Derek the Eighth. King of Pantovia. **(Holds up his box set)** I was just **(pauses)** well, sometimes I don't want to be King, know what I mean? Sometimes I just want to watch my DVD Box set of *Homes under the hammer*. I'm only halfway through episode 3612 and I want to know what happens to that man with the semi in Bridlington. Hole in the roof; tiny kitchen. You see, I keep getting interrupted with my Kingly duties like answering the door, passing new laws, hiring pantomime villains, putting up shelves. **(Shakes his head and sighs)** You don't mind if I just get back to my DVD do you? **(Waits for audience reaction)** Oh, you are kind. Won't be long.

(King exits through the curtains.)

Queen: **(Off stage)** Derek? Derek?

(Queen enters stage left.)

Queen: Oh, hello boys and girls! **(Awaits reaction)** My name is Queen Tallulah, Queen of Pantovia. Have you seen my husband King Derek anywhere? **(Audience react)** You have? Oh good! I've got a huge list of jobs for him to do. He loves doing jobs for me you know.

King: **(From behind tabs)** Oh no I don't!

Queen: **(Looks around confused)** The King will be so excited to do some jobs for me, won't he boys and girls? **(Awaits audience reaction)** Oh, yes he will. **(Awaits audience reaction)** Well he'd better be. I've got *loads* of things for him to do.

(Queen moves stage right with her back to the centre of the stage. King enters through the tabs, rubs his hands with glee and addresses the audience.)

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King: **(Excited)** Best. Episode. Ever! They painted everything magnolia and rented it out to a newlywed couple! Just off to get a cup of tea.

(King strides off towards stage left. Queen turns and sees him.)

Queen: Derek?

King: **(Halting suddenly and turning around gingerly)** Ah, Tallulah. I was just, erm, looking for you my darling wife. **(Uncomfortably)** Fancy a brew? Cup of tea? Biccie?

Queen: No thank you and you don't have time for one either. I have a lovely long list of jobs I need you to do.

King: Jobs? Oh, is that the time? **(Holds his leg)** Ooh, ow, my old Buckaroo injury is playing up etc.

Queen: Stop being silly Derek. It's just a few odd jobs like filling the moat and repointing the keep. I need you out of the way because I've just received a pile of CVs from the local recruitment agency.

King: Oh, are we getting a new butler or something?

Queen: No, they're for the villain vacancy in *Sleeping Beauty*. We've got some excellent candidates here. I'll be holding interviews this afternoon. It's very important that I do the interviews because I know what you're like at making decisions. You normally just pick the first thing you see without thinking don't you?

(The King looks increasingly uncomfortable.)

Queen: We didn't have any applicants from that advert we put in the *[local newspaper]* so I went to Abanaza's Personnel Solutions, or weren't you listening as usual?

King: Of course I was listening dear. **(Aside to audience)** I wasn't listening, and I've already hired someone! **(Grimaces)**

Queen: Look at this one for example. **(Reads a CV)** The Wicked Fairy of the North. Likes Peppa Pig, cycling and pulling the wings off flies. She's even got a BSc.

King: A BSc?

Queen: A Bachelor of Sleeping Curses.

King: That's nice dear. How about we go on holiday or something, think about that later, much later?

Queen: Panto season is in a few weeks; we need a new villain in place.

King: Do we really? I mean, *Sleeping Beauty* usually just sleeps through the entire thing anyway.

Queen: Why are you acting so fishy? What have you done?

King: Nothing dear. Here, let me have a look through those CVs and I'll filter them for you.

Queen: Hmm, as long as you do all those other jobs first it'll give me a chance to catch up with editing this year's scripts I suppose, get them out early.

King: Excellent idea darling. **(Takes the CVs)** I'll take care of these, you go and do your scribbling or whatever you do.

Queen: Don't lose them, like you do with everything else mind!

King: As if! **(Rolls his eyes)**

Queen: Ok. See you later boys and girls! **(Waits for audience reaction.)**

(Queen exits.)

King: Might have to *accidentally* lose these then. How am I going to get out of this one? I know! I'll go make a cup of tea and watch the end of my program and try to think of something. Bye boys and girls. **(Awaits reaction)**

(King exits. Lights off.)

Scene 4 – Widow Twankee’s house

(Tabs open and lights up. Dame is hanging out the washing stage right. Aladdin enters carrying a large brown envelope. Widow hangs a sheet on the line and then goes behind it to put the pegs on. Only her legs are visible to the audience.)

Aladdin: Hello boys and girls! **(Awaits reaction)** My name is Aladdin and I’m looking for my mum, Widow Twankee. Have you seen her anywhere? **(Awaits audience reaction)** Where? **(Audience reaction)** Over here? **(Shouts)** Mum are you there?

(Aladdin goes over to the sheet on the line and steps behind it. Just as he does, Widow steps out and addresses the audience.)

Widow: Hello boys and girls. Did I just hear Aladdin’s voice there? **(Awaits audience reaction)** Well where is he? **(Awaits audience reaction. Indicates behind the sheet)** Round here?

(Widow goes behind the sheet as Aladdin emerges.)

Aladdin: Nope, she’s not behind there.

(Widow appears behind Aladdin.)

Aladdin: Where could she be?

(Awaits audience shouting ‘she’s behind you’.)

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Widow: Aladdin!

Aladdin: **(Jumps with fright.)** Ooh. You scared me. What are you doing?

Widow: **(Grabs a huge pair of comedy bloomers.)** I’m just hanging out my bloomers.

Aladdin: You got arrested for that last time, remember?

Widow: That’s why I started wearing long dresses. Anyway, what did you need me for?

Aladdin: A large mysterious brown envelope has been delivered.

(Aladdin hands Widow the brown envelope which Widow opens.)

Widow: Ooh, I hope this is my subscription to Health and Beauty magazine. **(Glances to audience)** What? **(Opens the packet)** Oh, it’s this year’s Pantomime script.

Aladdin: Bit early isn’t it? We normally get it about a day before the first show don’t we?

Widow: **(Aside)** You can’t tell can you? **(Flicks through the script.)** Hmm, this is weird.

Aladdin: I can't wait to start rubbing lamps and getting locked in caves full of treasure. It's going to be so exciting this year!

Widow: Oh, this is really really weird.

Aladdin: What's up?

Widow: You don't seem to be in scene one. I mean, it's called *Aladdin*; you'd think you'd be one of the first on stage. **(Flicks through some more.)** You're not in scene two, three or four. **(She finishes the script and looks at the blank back page.)** That's it!

Aladdin: **(Takes the script from Widow and flicks through it.)** I'm not in it and Wishee Washee isn't in it either. You can't have Aladdin without *Aladdin*. **(Looks at the back page and reads.)** And Abanaza lived happily ever after. **(To audience)** Abanaza wins? That's not right. That's not right at all.

(SFX. Mobile phone rings)

Widow: Ooh, there's my mobile. **(To audience)** Just a tick. **(She answers it)** Hello? Oh, hello Jack! How are you? Sorry to hear it. No, we don't have any cows. **(Pauses)** Magic beans? I don't think so, hang on I'll just check. **(To Aladdin)** Have we got any magic beans?

Aladdin: What kind?

Widow: **(Into phone)** What kind? **(To Aladdin)** The kind that make huge beanstalks grow when you plant them.

Aladdin: No.

Widow: **(Into phone)** No. **(To Aladdin)** Do you have any other type of magic beans?

Aladdin: **(Sadly)** No.

Widow: **(Into phone)** No. **(Pauses)** The Giant? Hmm, not sure. Have you tried a step ladder? Maybe get someone to give you a foot up? No? Sorry I couldn't be more help Jack. Bye now, bye. **(She hangs up.)** Looks like Jack's got the same issue as us.

(Tinkerbell enters with Fairy Godmother.)

Tinkerbell: So you see, Fairy Godmother, I just use snapchat and they can all *see* I exist!

Fairy: What's a *snapchat*? Is that like when you talk about old photographs? I love old photographs me; remind me of the good old days. **(Drifting off into a day dream.)** Ahh, the '90s.

Tinkerbell: The 1990s weren't good.

Fairy: The 1890s dear. I'm ancient.

Tinkerbell: Oh, well no, *snapchat* isn't talking about photographs, it's an app.

Fairy: A what? You've lost me dear.

Tinkerbell: We're living in the digital age now. Look I'll show you.

(Tinkerbell takes her phone out, puts her arm around Fairy and takes a photo.)

Tinkerbell: See, I took a photo and now I can upload it to the internet where everyone can see it.

Fairy: Oh, I don't get all these new-fangled intra-webs and googly bebos. I just liked it when we had newspapers and rationing.

Tinkerbell: **(Fiddling with her phone)** Hang on, where's Instagram gone? Where's Facebook? Where is my twitter button?

Aladdin: Can I take a look Tinkerbell?

Tinkerbell: Be my guest.

(Aladdin takes Tinkerbell's phone and looks at it.)

Aladdin: **(Nodding and acting knowledgeable.)** Yeah. I know what's happened here. Yeah. It's not good this.

Tinkerbell: What? What's happened?

Aladdin: I don't know where Instagram, Facebook or Twitter have gone. Never mind though, you've still got MySpace and Bing!

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(Aladdin hands the phone back to a distraught Tinkerbell.)

Tinkerbell: **(Wailing in sorrow)** This can't be happening! Nobody uses those. How will I know if anyone likes what I had for tea last night? **(Wails some more.)**

Widow: It can't be that bad can it? Why don't you just get a Polaroid camera, come round and show us the photos and we can put our thumbs up at them in person?

(Tinkerbell stops crying for a moment to take in what Widow has said then wails even more.)

Widow: **(To audience)** I think something fishy is going on here you know. First my Aladdin gets written out of his own pantomime, then Jack's cow and magic beans go missing and now Tinkerbell's social media apps have all mysteriously disappeared from her phone.

Fairy: I've noticed my wand has stopped working too. It's an antique this. I thought I just needed to replace a spring or two. I mean, it only changes pumpkins into carriages and mice into horsemen but Cinderella seems to like it.

Aladdin: Could it all be a big coincidence?

Tinkerbell: **(Waving her wand)** Come on you stupid thing. Work!

Aladdin: What are you doing?

Tinkerbell: I'm trying to cast a spell to find out who has been fiddling with my phone!

Fairy: Well now, it'll be the same person who fiddled with your phone who's fiddled with your wand.

Widow: There's only one thing for it!

Aladdin: Cancel this year's Pantomimes?

Fairy: We can't do that. The kids will be awfully upset won't you?

(Awaits audience reaction.)

Aladdin: Well yes, they'd be very upset if we cancelled the pantomimes but *this* isn't a pantomime; this is *real life*!!

(The cast all look at each other awkwardly.)

Fairy: Well what can we do then?

Tinkerbell: We need to find out who is at the bottom of this!

Widow: We need to go and see the King and Queen of Pantovia. They'll know what to do.

Aladdin: Good idea! To Pantovia Castle!

Widow: See you later boys and girls!

Tinkerbell: **(Still fiddling with her phone.)** Friends Reunited? **(Wails some more.)**

(Cast leave the stage. Light off and tabs closed.)

Scene 5 – Spiderella’s Castle

(Big Bad Wolf and Wicked Witch enter front of tabs.)

Wolf: That Captain Hook; one minute he’s happy, next he’s grumpy and then he’s sleepy!

Witch: Does he suffer from mood swings?

Wolf: No, he just does really good impressions of the seven dwarves.

Witch: Oh.

(Captain Hook enters.)

Hook: Ah, there you all are. **(Stage whisper)** Is *she* here yet?

Wolf: I don’t think so, not yet. I’m not sure why we’re here you know.

Hook: I know, right? I’m not that bothered about winning really. It’s the taking part isn’t it? She’s so weird.

(Tabs open to reveal the interior of the castle. There is a whiteboard stage left with a pen and three chairs in an arc stage right. There is a banner hanging up which says ‘Spiderella’s Pantomime Villain Academy’. Spiderella is standing centre stage with her hands on her hips.)

Witch: Ooh, make sure she doesn’t hear you call her weird.

Hook: Well she is. She’s got spiders on her head and everything.

(Spiderella clears her throat.)

Hook: **(Realises Spiderella is behind him and becomes suddenly enthusiastic.)** Which I love!! I love spiders me, my favourite thing with eight legs. I’m always saying it aren’t I?

Wolf: No.

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Hook: Yes I am **(Tries to indicate over his shoulder to Wolf.)** I’m always saying how much I’d love it if someone with spiders all over their head became my friend.

Wolf: Are you feeling alright?

(Captain turns around.)

Hook: Ahh, Spiderella – I didn’t see you there.

Spiderella: I’m sure. Well, I’m pleased you could all make it. This is my castle. Like it? I added extra spiders; I think it gives the place a sense of *Je ne sais quoi!*

Wolf: What does *Je ne sais quoi* mean?

Spiderella: I don't know what.

Wolf: Well why did you say it if you don't know what it is?

Spiderella: Sit, Sit! Come on.

(Wolf, Captain and Witch sit down.)

Spiderella: Welcome to your first lesson in how to be a successful villain. **(To audience)** Also available as a book. **(Shows the audience her book.)** Now, you **(Points at the Wicked Witch.)**. If you'd like to stand up, introduce yourself to the group and tell us a little about yourself.

Witch: **(Stands)** Well, my name is The Wicked Witch of the West. Friends call me Edna, **(Aside)** well, they would if I had any. **(To group)** I'm 33, **(Aside)** hard paper round. **(To group)** I'm from Oz and I like broomsticks, flying monkeys and picnics. I don't like little dogs and I've got one sister, the Wicked Witch of the East, but she has to get squished by a falling house every year so she's in a bad mood most of the time.

Spiderella: – and tell us a little bit about how your pantomime ends.

Witch: Bucket of water.

Spiderella: **(False laughter)** No, but seriously. How do the goodies defeat you at the end of your pantomime?

Witch: A bucket of water. They throw it over me and I melt into a witch-coloured puddle. I've got a condition.

Spiderella: – and that happens every year?

Witch: Yes.

Spiderella: And how many years has that been happening?

Witch: Since 1901.

Spiderella: And in all those years, it never occurred to you one year to wear an anorak or a cagoule?

(Witch shakes her head.)

Spiderella: Umbrella? No? **(Writes 'bucket of water' on her whiteboard.)** Right, you, Big Bad Wolf. Whatever you do, don't huff and puff while you tell us. **(Chuckles)**

Wolf: **(Sighs)** I'm not *that* big bad wolf.

(Witch sits and Wolf stands up.)

Wolf: Hi everyone, my name is Big Bad Wolf but you can call me Virginia.

Spiderella: And you lose how?

Wolf: Well, Red Riding Hood is all like ‘ooh, what big eyes you’ve got’ and I’m all like ‘all the better to see you with’ and then she’s all like ‘ooh, what a huge hairy pointy face you’ve got’ to which I’ve got no answer because she’s clearly realised I’m not her grandmother. I mean look at me. I look more like a carpet that’s come to life! So her Granny comes out of the cupboard, we all agree that it’s all been a huge misunderstanding, have a cup of tea and a laugh and then I go back to the zoo. It’s great!

Spiderella: What is it with you lot being alright with losing?

Wolf: It’s no big deal and all the kids go home happy. Don’t you boys and girls? (**Awaits audience reaction.**) Yeah. I’m not nasty *or* evil really. I should change my name to the big *nice* wolf really.

(**Wolf sits. Spiderella sighs indignantly and writes on the board ‘bad disguise’.**)

Spiderella: Ok, lastly; Captain frizzy locks.

Hook: That’s Captain Hook! (**He shows her his hook.**)

Spiderella: Whatever.

(**Captain stands.**)

Hook: Hello, my name is Captain James T. Hook, I’m 43, from Neverland and I like Hula-hoops, Skittles and Skips which, strangely enough, are also my hobbies.

Spiderella: And what, may I ask, causes *your* downfall.

Hook: (**Emotional, almost crying.**) Well, these flying boys come along then there’s a crocodile that swallowed a clock and a magic fairy –

Spiderella: (**Interrupting**) Ok, Ok – sit! (**She writes ‘Weirdo’ on the board.**) OK, I can clearly see you all need help. Hence, Spiderella’s Pantomime Villain Academy. (**She indicates the banner.**) Let me tell you what I’ve found out. I’ve read *all* the pantomimes and there seems to be a theme. You all bear a grudge, you come up with a plan for revenge, you use a dippy sidekick to do your dirty work and then the dippy sidekick messes everything up. Then, you lose at the end.

(**They all nod to each other and agree.**)

Spiderella: We don’t want to lose do we?

All: No.

Spiderella: What do we want to do?

All: (**Lacklustre**) Win.

Spiderella: Tell your faces then. What do we want to do?

All: (**More enthusiastic**) Win!

Spiderella: What do we *not* want to do?

All: **(Semi-enthusiastic)** Lose!

Spiderella: Exactly. Now, boys and girls. I'll let you into my clever plan to help all my minions here win their pantomimes and not only that, win every single pantomime ever! I have locked up most of the important characters in my dungeon, I have stolen all of the important props and I have re-written all the scripts so that we all win at the end! Who's with me?

(Spiderella hi-fives Wolf, and then Witch but as she goes to hi-five Hook, he raises his hook and she withdraws quickly.)

Spiderella: Maybe not. **(To audience)** Doesn't that all sound wonderful boys and girls?

(Awaits audience reaction.)

Spiderella: **(Cackles)** Look. This is the face of someone not caring! We're gonna win, and finally, I'll get one over on my awful sister Cinderella! **(Awaits audience boos.)**

Hook: **(Tentatively, approaching Spiderella.)** Erm, excuse me. You're in Sleeping Beauty aren't you?

Spiderella: Yes, so?

Hook: Shouldn't it be the ugly sisters getting one over on Cinderella?

Spiderella: You don't know what she's like. Since we were little girls she's always been winning and I've *always* been losing. Whenever we played scrabble she would always make really long words and get loads of points. It's just not fair. I just want to win *one* time. Just the once and this time, I will!

Hook: How?

Spiderella: I'm going to get rid of that Cinderella altogether. I'm going to kick her out of Pantovia for good and I will marry Prince Charming and live happily ever after.

(Smee enters.)

Spiderella: Ah, here's Smee now. Did you do everything I said?

(Captain Hook takes a seat once more.)

Smee: Yes. **(Takes out a list and reads.)** I captured and locked up Robin Hood, Snow White and some others and I stole all the panto props **(shows her his sack)** but there was a bit here where I couldn't quite read your writing so I did my best but I'm not sure I got you what you wanted.

(Smee shows Spiderella the part of this list he couldn't read.)

Spiderella: That was the most important part! It says 'bring me Cinderella'.

Smee: Oh, Cinderella! That makes sense now you say it. Never mind, some of these things might make up for it.

(Smee takes a candle out of his sack and gives it to Spiderella.)

Spiderella: What's this?

Smee: At first I thought it said Citronella.

(Smee gives her some cheese.)

Smee: Then I thought it said Mozzarella.

(Gives her an umbrella.)

Spiderella: Umbrella?

Smee: Yeah, well I thought I'd finally worked out what it said.

(Smee gives Spiderella an egg.)

Spiderella: What's this?

Smee: Salmonella.

Spiderella: **(Annoyed)** Sin. Der. Ella! Go get Cinderella!

Smee: Yes ma'am, my lady, your worship.

(Smee exits.)

Wolf: So you know that bit about using a dippy side-kick to do your dirty work?

(Spiderella glares at Wolf. Smee enters.)

Smee: She's not in.

Spiderella: Well where is she?

Smee: Gone.

Spiderella: What do you mean gone?

Smee: Not there. I went to her house and there was just a wicked step mother and two ugly sisters.

Spiderella: Did you ask where she'd gone?

Smee: I didn't think to ask.

Spiderella: Honestly. **(With restrained anger.)** Never mind. It won't matter when I train you lot to be the ugliest, meanest, rag-tag band of heinous villains any pantomime has ever

seen ever; and with me as your leader, there'll be no more happy endings for Little Snow Hood or Robin Whittington's beanstalk. **(Cackles)**

(Spiderella sings 'We are going to win' to the tune of the conga and dances from the stage. Hook, Witch and Wolf join in the conga and the singing. Smee remains.)

Smee: I think I'm starting to regret this a bit. I'm not sure I want to be part of this. It won't end well. Not well at all.

(Smee trudges from the stage with his head bowed and exits. Tabs Closed. Lights off.)

Scene 6 – Pantovia Castle

(Lights up. King enters front of tabs.)

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King: **(Panicking)** Oh what am I going to do boys and girls? My wife, the Queen, is inviting people over to interview for the position of 'wicked fairy' in Sleeping Beauty, but I've already hired that woman with the spider on her head. She found the CVs I hid under the bed. What am I going to do? I'm going to have to try and get rid of the candidates somehow!

(Queen enters)

Queen: **(Noticing King's pained expression.)** What's the matter with you? You had too much cabbage again?

King: **(Over the top.)** Oh, no; nothing is the matter. No. Everything is really really normal. **(Grins unconvincingly.)**

Queen: Nothing is ever normal when you're around. Right, have we had any of the candidates over for interview yet?

King: Not yet. I'm not convinced anyone will turn up you know.

(SFX. Doorbell.)

Queen: Ah, that'll be one now.

King: **(Suddenly, enthusiastically)** I'll get it!

(The King skips comedically from the stage, waits a few moments and enters again.)

Queen: Who was it?

King: **(Unconvincingly)** Carol singers.

Queen: In October?

King: **(Lying)** Yeah. **(Speaks like he's making it up on the spot.)** *Trick or treat* carol singers. Singing about **(Pauses to think)** pumpkins and **(Pauses)** snow and things.

Queen: Odd.

King: You're telling me!

(SFX. Doorbell.)

Queen: Ooh, that's bound to be –

King: I'll go!!

(The King dashes from the stage and re-enters a few moments later.)

Queen: Was that someone for the job interview?

King: No. It was **(Thinks for ages, then suddenly speaks.)** Milkman!

Queen: You're lactose intolerant. We don't get milk delivered.

King: **(Panicking)** No - I mean, it was a man - made of milk **(Grimaces)**

Queen: That doesn't sound right. Which Pantomime is *he* in?

(SFX. Doorbell.)

King: I'll –

(The Queen grabs the king's robe, preventing him leaving the stage. She pushes past him.)

Queen: I'll get it this time. You stay here.

(The King looks terrified as the Queen exits and re-enters with Widow Twankee, Aladdin and the Fairy Godmother. Widow is carrying a script.)

Queen: **(To Widow)** Follow me. **(Stands by the King and faces her guests.)** Ah – I take it you're here for the position of 'wicked fairy'? **(Looking at Fairy Godmother.)** You've got the idea with your costume but it needs to be a lot wickeder than that.

Widow: Oh, we're not here for that.

(The King breathes a loud sigh of relief. The cast turn to stare at him. He waves back and starts looking around the stage, whistling and looking nonchalant.)

Widow: We're here to talk to you about a very serious problem that's cropped up here in Pantovia!

Queen: A serious problem? Do tell.

Fairy: It's our scripts.

Queen: Ah yes. That. I wouldn't worry about that. You see, I wrote some new ones this year. I thought I'd add a few more jokes and bit more sweet-throwing. The kids love sweets you know. Don't you boys and girls?

(Awaits audience reaction.)

Widow: **(Unsure)** OK. Can I ask why Aladdin isn't in his own Pantomime?

Queen: Beg pardon?

Fairy: Yes, and I'm not in Cinderella. Who's going to turn the mice into horses?

(The Queen turns slowly to look at the King.)

Queen: Is this anything to do with you by any chance?

King: **(Innocently)** Is *what* anything to do with me?

(The Queen takes the script off Widow and flicks through it.)

Queen: Aladdin has been written out of his own Pantomime and this *isn't* my writing.

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Widow: It came in the post this morning.

Queen: Well, I did send them out yesterday. Sounds like someone has intercepted the post and sent their own copy of the script to you.

Aladdin: Jack's had his cows and magic beans stolen, Ali Baba's curly slippers have gone missing and poor Tinkerbell's had her phone hacked.

Queen: (To King, suspiciously.) Are you *sure* you don't know anything about this?

King: Of course not. How could I? I've been here all day! (Grins weirdly.)

Widow: Do you think it might have something to do with that Spiderella woman?

Queen: Who?

King: Ooh, I've just remembered, I've got to go and unblock the cat.

(Goes to leave.)

Queen: I knew it. (To King) What have you done?

(The King stops in his tracks.)

King: I haven't done anything.

Queen: Oh yes you have!

King: (To audience) Oh no I haven't.

Queen: (Encouraging audience to join in.) Oh yes you have.

King: (Acting caught) Well, it wasn't my fault. She was very persuasive.

Queen: What did you do?

King: Well, I knew we needed a new villain for *Sleeping Beauty* and this woman with spiders in her hair turned up and said she saw the advert. She *looked* quite wicked and *sounded* quite wicked. I thought she'd be ideal. We needed someone to put *Beauty* to sleep didn't we? (Nobody reacts) We'd have to change the title to *Awake Beauty* and that wouldn't have been very exciting would it?

(The Queen glares at the King.)

King: I just wanted to get back to my box set of *Homes under the Hammer*. (Looks ashamed.)

Queen: (Shakes her head in disappointment. To Widow.) So where is this Spider Woman now?

Widow: She said she was heading for Villain-ville.

(SFX. Doorbell.)

Queen: (To King) Make yourself useful and go and answer that.

(The King exits.)

Fairy: What are we going to do?

Queen: Well, I've got copies of all the scripts here so you can go ahead with your Pantos as normal.

(Queen fetches a pile of scripts from downstage and gives them to Widow, who looks relieved. King re-enters carrying a letter.)

King: That was the postman. He gave me this letter.

Queen: What does it say?

King: Dear King Derek the Eighth. **(Aside)** That's me **(Reads)** Thank you so much for hiring me as the new villain in Sleeping Beauty. I am enjoying my new role so much, I've decided to extend my villainy to Pantovia too so I've locked all the important characters up, stolen all the props and re-written the scripts so all us villains can win this year. Hope you aren't well. All the worst. Unkind regards, Spiderella.

Queen: Well, that answers that little conundrum.

Aladdin: Looks like we're going to have to come up with some sort of plan because if the Villains win this year, Panto audiences around the world are going to go home disappointed. **(To Queen)** You'll help us won't you?

Queen: Well I've given you all new scripts.

(Widow's lip starts to wobble.)

Queen: I'm the Queen. I've got lots of important things to do.

(Widow starts to whimper. The Queen grabs the King and yanks him into the space between her and Widow.)

Queen: He got you into this mess. He can get you out.

King: **(Looking bewildered)** What?

Queen: I've got a magazine, I mean, important royal business to catch up on. See you later.

(Queen leaves.)

Widow: You'll help us, won't you your Majesty?

King: **(Reluctantly)** I did cause all this but I've got loads of odd jobs to do. The moat needs polished and I need to change the dog.

Aladdin: It's no use Mum, we'll just have to come up with a plan on our own. We'll just use the same cunning and intelligence we use in *our* pantomime!

Fairy: We're going to lose aren't we?

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Aladdin: Probably.

Widow: **(Shaking her head)** Come on, let's not give up just yet. We'll think of something. It will take us at least fifteen minutes to come up with something though so maybe we should have an interval?

Aladdin: Good idea. I think we should have a fifteen minute interval so we can come up with a plan and our audience can go get a drink and go to the toilet and things?

Fairy: I agree. See you all in fifteen minutes boys and girls. Ta-Ta for a bit!

Widow: Bye!

(Aladdin, Widow and Fairy Godmother wave as they leave the stage.)

King: **(Clapping his hands excitedly.)** Yes! I can finally get back to my Box Set!

(King dances comedically from the stage and exits. Tabs close. Lights off.)

End of Act 1

Act 2

Scene 1 – Widow Twankee’s House

(Lights remain off. Stealth music such as ‘The Pink Panther’ by Henry Mancini plays. The Big Bad Wolf creeps into the theatre but after a few seconds, a spotlight illuminates him. He stops immediately and looks at the audience gingerly. The music stops.)

Wolf: **(Awkwardly)** Hello. **(Grins)** Ok, you caught me. **(Makes his way onto the stage.)** I’ve been practicing all the things I learned at Spiderella’s Pantomime Villain Academy. You know, sneaking around, being stealthy, devious, underhand, shifty and the best trick of all, infiltration. Spiderella’s sent me on a secret mission to spy on the goodies. She thinks they’re plotting something and she can’t risk all her hard work in making sure that this year, it’s us baddies that win for a change. **(Looks sad.)** I’m in two minds though, if I’m honest. I understand that Spiderella has never won anything before and she just wants to win this one time, but at the same time, I don’t really agree that locking pantomime characters in a dungeon, stealing props and rewriting scripts is the way to go. I’m so confused! **(Looks offstage)** Oh, I think someone’s coming. Whatever you do, don’t let them know I’m here.

(Tabs open to reveal Aladdin’s house. Wolf hides behind a crate, bush, Washing basket or similar stage right. Aladdin, Tinkerbell and Widow enter reading scripts.)

Widow: Well, at least we’ve got the full scripts to our pantomimes now.

Aladdin: Yes, but we still can’t *hope* to put our pantomimes on for the kids.

Tinkerbell: Why not?

Aladdin: Well, look here for example. **(Shows Tinkerbell his script.)** It says here on page twelve, Aladdin rubs his lamp and the genie appears in a puff of smoke.

Tinkerbell: So?

Aladdin: We haven’t got a lamp. Spiderella has taken it.

Tinkerbell: Yes, that *is* a problem.

Aladdin: We haven’t got a Genie either. Spiderella took him too!

Widow: We haven’t even got a puff of smoke!

Tinkerbell: So what are we going to do?

Aladdin: Improvise?

Widow: Much like the show so far then?

Aladdin: What do we need first?

Widow: A lamp.

Aladdin: Where are we going to get a lamp from?

Tinkerbell: You could use a torch?

Aladdin: No, a Genie couldn't live in a torch (**Thinks. Suddenly has an idea.**) I know what we can use!

Widow: What?

(Aladdin rushes from the stage and returns with an old style whistling kettle.)

Widow: What's that?

Aladdin: A Kettle. We just boil it up and the smoke will come out and then I can rub it and the Genie will appear.

Widow: Well firstly, I don't think that rubbing hot kettles will pass health and safety and I'm afraid the only wishes you'll get out of that are ones that involve hot beverages.

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Tinkerbell: Even if you get a lamp, you need a Genie.

Aladdin: Ok. **(To Audience)** Anyone seen a Genie anywhere? **(Awaits audience reaction, hopefully negative.)** Really? You'd think there'd be at least one in the audience on his day off. Tinkerbell, you're magic aren't you?

Tinkerbell: Not anymore. Someone took my wand. I've had to buy this one from the pound shop. **(She brandishes her cheap-looking wand which has flashing lights and built in sound effects.)** It's not really magic at all.

Widow: This isn't going to work. We can't let the kiddie-winks down by rubbing a kettle and getting someone to pretend to be a Genie. We just can't.

Aladdin: You're right. What can we do though?

Widow: Well, I've got a plan.

Tinkerbell: **(Shaking her wand and grimacing.)** Well, I hope it's a good one. I've got no wand and no social media. I'm starting to fade away!

Widow: We're going to steal back the props from Spiderella and find a way to free the Pantomime characters from the dungeon!

(Wolf pops up from his hiding place, looks shocked and then exits quickly. Aladdin notices him and calls out just as the Wolf leaves.)

Aladdin: Wolf!

Widow: Pardon?

Aladdin: I just saw the big bad wolf!

Widow: Where?

Aladdin: **(Pointing)** There!

Tinkerbell: **(Suspiciously)** Are you the boy that cried wolf?

Aladdin: Yes, who else could it have been?

Tinkerbell: That means there was *no* wolf.

Aladdin: Eh?

Widow: She's right.

Aladdin: But there *was* a wolf. Wasn't there boys and girls? **(Awaits audience reaction.)**

Tinkerbell: Oh no there wasn't.

Aladdin: **(With audience)** Oh yes there was.

Widow: Never mind that, do you want to hear my plan for getting the props back?

Aladdin: I suppose so.

Widow: Ok, well first we **(whispers gibberish loudly as if relaying her plan.)** and then we **(whispers loudly again.)** and finally we **(whispers again.)**

Aladdin: Ok, but are you going to tell us the real plan or just go **(whispers gibberish.)?**

Widow: Come with me and I'll reveal all.

(Widow walks towards the exit.)

Aladdin: **(Recoils)** Urgh, I hope not. The bloke across the street got an injunction out to stop you doing that.

Widow: Follow me. See you later boys and girls!

(Aladdin, Widow and Tinkerbell wave to the audience and exit. Lights off and tabs close.)

Scene 2 – Pantovia Castle

(King enters front of tabs looking dejected.)

King: **(Dramatically)** Woe is me! Woe I tell you! Woe – **(Notices the audience.)** Oh, hello there you lot. Did I ever tell you that woe is me? **(Awaits audience reaction.)** Well it is. Let me tell you; I finally get to settle down and watch my box set and the DVD player goes on the blink. Then I go to the fridge for a can of pop and there's none left. Then, and this is the worst part, I go to the cupboard for my favourite socks. They've only got a hole in the toe! Why does everything happen to me?
(Dramatically) Woe is me!

(Fairy Godmother enters.)

Fairy: **(Tentatively)** Hello? Is this a bad time?

King: **(Stops being dramatic for a moment.)** How did you get in?

Fairy: Drawbridge was down. Door was open. Anyway, I've come to have a word if that's ok?

King: Alright, but just a quick one and as long as it's nothing to do with that Spider woman; can't you see that I am Woe? Woe is, in actual fact, me?

Fairy: Oh I can see that your majesty. I've come to cheer you up! **(Winks at the audience.)**

King: **(Perks up)** Really? Nobody ever came to cheer me up before.

Fairy: Exactly. Well, first of all, I brought you all of these sweets.

(Fairy shows the King her massive bag of sweets.)

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King: Ooh, that's very kind of you. There's loads in here isn't there?

Fairy: Yes there is.

King: I couldn't possibly eat all of those on my own.

Fairy: You could share them with the audience?

King: Good idea. Would you like some sweets boys and girls? **(Awaits audience reaction.)**

(Fairy and King throw some sweets into the audience.)

Fairy: **(Aside)** Part two of my plan **(To King)** You're in a better mood now aren't you?

King: Yes I am. I feel much better.

Fairy: How about we get you in an even better mood by playing a game?

King: Ooh, I love games.

Fairy: Will you help us play a game boys and girls?

(Tabs open to reveal the King's Castle. Fairy should get two adults and two children up on stage to help play the game. Any game can be played here but one suggestion is a mime-guess game. The King shows a member of the first couple an action they have to mime. The other partner has to guess what the first one is miming. Then the other couple play and the couple with the most correct guesses wins. Alternatively, the King and Fairy Godmother could do the miming for their couples to guess. The audience leave the stage after the game.)

Fairy: That was great wasn't it?

King: Yes. I feel really good now. I'm in the best mood I've ever been in in my entire life I think!

Fairy: Great! Will you help us with our Spiderella problem then?

King: **(Nods and smiles but is then suddenly stern.)** No. I told you I want nothing to do with that arachnid covered creep.

Fairy: Drat. **(Thinks. Aside.)** Time for plan B. **(To King.)** You do know that Spiderella is a witch don't you?

King: Is she?

Fairy: **(Sinisterly)** Oh yes. She's got spooky magic powers and she's out there right now, twisting the minds of all the villains in Villain-ville. Telling them all to be naughty. Teaching them the ways of the scallywag.

King: **(Worried)** Really?

Fairy: Yes. Have you noticed anything strange happening recently?

King: **(Thinks)** Erm – no.

Fairy: No electrical equipment developing faults?

King: Well, the DVD player has stopped –

Fairy: And you're well stocked with pop?

King: Now you come to mention it –

Fairy: And what are those on your feet?

King: Socks.

Fairy: You're favourite ones?

King: No, they've got holes –

Fairy: **(Nonchalant)** Oh well, I'm sure it's got *nothing* to do with Spiderella. I think all those things are just coincidences.

King: **(Scared)** Yes. I'm sure –

Fairy: Oh well. I'm sure you're perfectly safe here in the castle and Spiderella and her nasty villains out there will just leave you alone. Have a good evening. Sleep well. Don't have nightmares. Bye!

(Fairy leaves, winking at the audience.)

Fairy: **(Aside)** All those things that happened to the King were me. Don't tell him!

(Fairy exits.)

King: **(Worried)** Those things couldn't have been that Spider-woman could they?

Queen: **(Off-stage. Shouting.)** Derek! The kettle is broken! I must have my tea!

King: **(Terrified. Yelling in a Shakespearean voice.)** 'Tis Witchcraft! Witchcraft I tell thee! Witchcraft!

(The King runs comically from the stage. Lights off. Tabs closed.)

Scene 3 – Captain Hook’s Ship

(Spiderella enters front of tabs.)

Spiderella: **(Excited)** I’m finally going to win at something. Cinderella’s face is going to be such a picture. I’m so excited; **(Notices audience.)** Oh, it’s you! **(Suspiciously)** Are you lot following me?

(The Big bad wolf enters, out of breath.)

Wolf: Ah, there you are. I have bad news.

Spiderella: Ah, the Big bad wolf. Been out being big, bad and wolfy like I taught you, I take it?

Wolf: Yes, and that’s how I came to get this information which you’re not going to like at all.

Spiderella: Go on.

(Captain Hook and Smee enter.)

Hook: What’s going on here then?

Wolf: I’m just about to tell Spiderella some news she’s not going to like.

Spiderella: Come on then, spit it out.

Wolf: Ok. So, you know how you re-wrote all the scripts?

Spiderella: Yes.

Wolf: The goodies have somehow got their hands on the originals and they’re going ahead with their Pantos as normal.

Spiderella: I thought that something like that might happen so I have other plans in place.

Wolf: You do?

Spiderella: You’re forgetting that I have all the props. There’s no possible way they can go ahead with their shows without lamps and magic mirrors and the like.

Wolf: That’s just it. They’re plotting something. I overheard them making a plan.

Spiderella: And what *was* this plan?

Wolf: I didn’t actually overhear the plan, just that they were *making* a plan.

Spiderella: Honestly. I'm surrounded by amateurs. Did my Pantomime Villain Academy teach you nothing?

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Wolf: Well, yes. It taught me how to sneak around and overhear things. It didn't give me x-ray vision and super hearing. They were whispering.

Spiderella: Good point. Carry on.

Hook: Well, my mentor; I have just come up with a plan that will make sure those goodies *never* get their hands on those props so they can *never* put their pantomimes on and win.

Spiderella: Do you really? So you've finally put that curly noggin to good use? Pray tell; what is this super genius plan?

Hook: I've got a secret desert island.

Smee: Have you? That sounds amazing. Is it made of ice cream?

Hook: That's a *dessert* island you ninny! My island is a small patch of sand with one palm tree growing in the middle just off the [*most local coastal town*] coast.

Spiderella: I'm completely confused. How can this possibly help?

Hook: Well, your spidery-ness, I take the chest full of panto props on my ship to the desert island and bury it. No one will ever find it ever again.

Smee: Unless, as usual, you draw a map on a bit of faded parchment with a big 'X' where you've buried it and the goodies get their hands on it.

Hook: Well this time, I *won't* draw a map because we don't ever want to get those props back do we?

Smee: (**Thinks**) Suppose not.

Spiderella: And they'll be gone forever and nobody will ever find them?

Hook: That's right!

Spiderella: And the goodies definitely won't be able to put their pantomimes on and I'll definitely win?

Hook: Also right.

Spiderella: **(Excited)** Brilliant! I can't wait to see the look on Cinderella's face when there's no glass slipper and the Prince can't find her and there's no royal wedding! Talk about the best day ever! **(Cackles excitedly then dances from the stage, singing.)** Best day ever! Best day ever! I'm gonna win. I'm gonna win.
(Wolf, Smee and Captain stand agog as Spiderella exits.)

Wolf: Well that was a bit odd.

Hook: You're telling me.

Wolf: Well, I'd help you take the props to the island but I can't swim so I'll see you both later!

(Wolf exits.)

Smee: That gives us a bit of a problem.

Hook: What's that my faithful dogsbody?

Smee: We're going to need a crew to take the ship all the way to that island. We can't sail a boat that size with just the two of us.

(Tabs open to reveal Captain Hook's elaborate pirate ship.)

Hook: Yes, that's quite a problem. If only some pirates would just randomly wander by and join. That would be great!

(Aladdin, Widow and Tinkerbell enter dressed as classic pirates with headscarves, beards, eye patches and ear rings. They speak in exaggerated Pirate voices unless otherwise stated.)

Widow: Arr, Jim Lad.

Aladdin: **(To Widow.)** Arr, Brian Lad.

(Widow nudges Aladdin.)

Aladdin: Erm – I mean, Jim lad.

Tinkerbell: Arr, Jim lad.

Hook: Who are you lot?

Widow: We have come to join your band, me hearties. Aar!

Hook: Well you've come to the wrong place. We're pirates, not The Red Hot Chilli Peppers.

Aladdin: No, arr, me hearties, we've come to be Pirates and join you on the high seas pillaging and things. Aahhaargh!

Smee: Captain, you were just saying how we needed a crew to get to the secret desert island.

Hook: Good point. Ok, then you lot, whoever you are. If you want to join Captain Hook's rag tag band of Pirates and sail the high seas then you'll have to prove to me that you're *actually* pirates.

Tinkerbell: **(Normal voice.)** How do we do that?

(Aladdin nudges Tinkerbell.)

Tinkerbell: **(Adopts pirate voice again.)** I mean, ahaaargh, pieces of eight etcetera.

Widow: How about we prove how piratey we are via the medium of song?

Hook: **(Looks confused then looks to Smee for help.)** Do what now?

Smee: Can't hurt I suppose?

(Song 2.)

Hook: **(To Smee)** What did you think?

Smee: Excellent.

Hook: **(Agreeing)** Excellent. Welcome to my crew. Now, we're sailing on a secret mission to take this box of panto props to a desert island. **(Points at a chest downstage.)** You've proved yourselves trustworthy but I still don't trust this lot out here. **(To audience.)** If you want to follow us to the desert island, you'll have to prove yourself too. After three, I want you all to give me your best 'Arrr'. One, two, three.

(Awaits audience reaction.)

Hook: Arr, you'll do! **(To Smee)** Come on, we need to get ready.

(Smee and Captain move downstage and talk silently to each other. Widow, Aladdin and Tinkerbell pull their beards down to talk to each other.)

Widow: There's the chest, lets grab it and run.

Aladdin: It looks extremely heavy. They'll catch us and we'll end up locked in that dungeon like the other panto characters and then there'll be no hope. We'll have to go along with this plan and hope the opportunity presents itself.

Widow: Tinkerbell, why don't you grab the chest and fly away with it.

Tinkerbell: I can't fly.

Aladdin: Yes you can remember, all you have to do is believe!

Tinkerbell: No, I mean I actually *can't* fly. They've spent the entire production budget on the after-show party again.

Aladdin: Oh.

Widow: Anyway, where's Fairy Godmother?

Aladdin: I thought she was with you.

Widow: I thought she was with Tinkerbell.

Tinkerbell: Don't look at me.

(They quickly replace their beards as Captain turns round.)

Hook: Right, let's set sail avast ye landlubbers, ye'll not be hornswagging ol' Captain Hook of 'ees booty. This old salt is shipshape me hearties so heave to or it'll be the cat o' nine tails and swabbing the deck for you scurvy dogs.

(They all look at each other blankly until they just shout some generic pirate phrases in response.)

Widow: Aaarr! Scurvy.

Tinkerbell: **(Normal voice)** Yeah. Scurvy.

Hook: Ok Smee, let's set sail for the island.

Smee: Righto captain.

(Smee pulls a lever and starts steering the ship.)

Hook: Ah, don't you love the high seas? The smell of the seagulls, the taste of tuna on the wind.

Smee: The crocodiles.

Hook: WHAT?

Smee: Just saying. They live in the water as well don't they? The crocodiles.

Hook: Smee, how many times have I told you, I'm terrified of crocodiles. Especially ticking ones.

Tinkerbell: **(Wretching)** I feel a bit sick.

Aladdin: Yes, I know what you mean. **(Putting his hand to his mouth.)**

(They both run down stage and fake being sick over the side of the ship.)

Hook: What's going on here? Sea sickness?

(Aladdin returns looking queasy.)

Aladdin: No, I think I must have eaten something dodgy.

(Tinkerbell returns looking really queasy.)

Hook: And what about you?

Tinkerbell: I've never been on a boat before. I didn't know it was going to be this wobbly.

Hook: **(Normal voice)** Never been on a boat before? I thought you said you were a pirate.

Tinkerbell: Eh? **(Realises)** Oh, yes. **(Pirate voice)** Arr, wooden legs and parrots.

(Captain pulls Tinkerbell's beard off.)

Hook: Tinkerbell? I knew it!

(Captain pulls Widow and Aladdin's beard off too.)

Hook: Widow Twankee and Aladdin!? Trying to steal the panto props back were you?

Aladdin: No. We erm – just wanted to see what life was like on a pirate ship.

Smee: This is what the Big Bad Wolf meant when he said he heard them plotting!

Hook: Right! I have no choice but to make you all walk the plank. Maybe you'll get eaten by one of those sea monsters. **(Points out at the audience.)**

Smee: They're the audience Captain

Hook: **(Looks closely.)** Oh yes, so they are. Sorry about that.

Tinkerbell: Please don't make us walk the plank Captain.

Hook: Why not?

Tinkerbell: I can't swim.

Hook: No excuse.

Widow: I can't either and to be honest, Aladdin's only got his twenty five meter badge last week. He still needs armbands.

Hook: **(Considers this for a moment.)** Should I make them walk the plank boys and girls?

(Awaits audience reaction.)

Hook: Are you sure?

(Awaits audience reaction.)

Hook: Well I'm going to anyway.

(SFX. Ticking of a clock.)

Hook: Whassat?

Smee: What's what?

Hook: That! **(Indicating the ticking sound.)**

Smee: Sounds like ticking.

Hook: Exactly. Have you got the crocodile repellent?

Smee: Yes captain. **(Smee grabs a large bottle marked 'crocodile repellent' from downstage.)** I'm all ready to squirt.

(Fairy Godmother appears downstage dressed in a crocodile outfit.)

Hook: It's getting louder.

Smee: – and louder.

(Audience might shout 'it's behind you'. Fairy creeps closer to Captain until she's actually face to face. The Captain looks round with terror.)

Fairy: Boo!

(Captain races from the stage and exits. SFX. Splash of water (to sound like Captain Hook jumping into the sea). Smee starts to spray Fairy until she takes the hood of the costume off.)

Fairy: Stop spraying me, I'm not a crocodile!

Smee: **(Stops spraying.)** you're not?

Fairy: Well obviously not.

Smee: Oh yes. **(Looks around.)** Where did the Captain go?

Aladdin: He jumped overboard.

Widow: So what do you have to say for yourself you naughty little man?

Smee: Oh, we're really sorry. You mustn't be mad at us.

Tinkerbell: Why not?

Smee: It's Spiderella. She sold us the idea of winning and it sounded really good. We always lose you see and winning for once sounded great so we did everything she told us to do.

Widow: Haven't you got a mind of your own?

Smee: Not really. Not much of one anyway. It's all got a bit out of hand really. You can have the props back and I'll even help you get this ship back to Pantovia.

Fairy: Thank you Smee.

Widow: There's just one tiny problem left.

Tinkerbell: What's that?

Widow: Most of the important Pantomime characters are still locked up in Spiderella's dungeon.

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Fairy: Don't worry about that. I've already got someone to help us with that. All we need to do now is get back to Pantovia and go see Spiderella.

Aladdin: Who knew you could be so resourceful?

Fairy: Once a Fairy Godmother, always a Fairy Godmother.

Smee: Unless you're being a crocodile!

Fairy: Quite. Smee, set a course for Pantovia whilst we all go and be very ill over the side of the boat.

(Widow, Aladdin, Tinkerbell and Fairy all put their hands over their mouths, wretch and run down stage to be ill over the side of the boat. Lights off. Tabs closed.)

Scene 4 – Pantovia Castle

(King and Queen enter front of tabs.)

Queen: What are you going on about?

King: She's got spiders on her face and she's getting all the villains to take over the world.

Queen: I think you're being a little melodramatic dear. I'm sure that's not the case at all.

(The Big Bad Wolf enters.)

King: **(Terrified)** Argh! Look, here's one now. He's come to eat me! Help! Help!

(Wolf looks confused.)

Queen: **(To Wolf)** Ignore him **(Indicates the King.)** Can I help?

Wolf: Yes actually. I've come to apologise.

Queen: Whatever for?

King: Don't listen to him. He's going to eat us!

Wolf: Well, Spiderella has been asking all the villains to join her plan to win her pantomime this year. And well, she's been quite persuasive.

King: See! I told you. He's going to eat us!

Queen: Go on.

Wolf: Well. It's just not right. I've come to apologise and tell you that I will not be working for her any more. I need you to know what's going on so we can stop her once and for all.

Queen: That's wonderful. **(To King)** Did you hear that Derek?

King: He's lying.

Queen: Don't be daft. Pull yourself together. We need to go and sort this out.

Wolf: The goodies have managed to get their scripts back and I've just heard they managed to get their props back.

Queen: So what do you need us for?

Wolf: She's still got most of the characters locked up in her castle.

Queen: Hmm. That's a tricky one.

King: Her castle? How has she got a castle?

Wolf: It's the one used by the wicked fairy in Sleeping Beauty.

Queen: Well couldn't you just huff and puff and blow it in?

Wolf: I'm not *that* big bad wolf. I'm the one from Red Riding Hood.

Queen: Not the three little pigs?

Wolf: No. And anyway, that would only work if the castle was made of straw or wood.

King: **(Timidly)** Well, if Wolfy here is telling the truth, I've actually got an idea that'll get us into that castle and free all the pantomime characters.

Queen: **(Disbelieving)** You?

King: What?

Queen: You have come up with a plan?

King: Yes.

(Queen laughs loudly.)

King: I can come up with good ideas now and then. Come with me and I'll tell you all about it.

Queen: This is going to be good. See you in a bit boys and girls.

(Queen, King and Wolf exit. Lights off.)

Scene 5 – Spiderella’s Castle

(Tabs open. Spiderella enters.)

Spiderella: It’s opening night! I’m so excited. **(To audience.)** I’m afraid the pantomime you’ve come to see will be very short indeed. It’s going to go like this; **(Excited)** I don’t get invited to the naming party for the new princess, get a bit angry, curse her to sleep forever, leave my shoe at the ball, the prince comes to save me and I marry him and live happily ever after!

(Captain Hook enters with seaweed on his head and a starfish stuck to his face.)

Hook: That’s not how your pantomime goes.

Spiderella: Yes it is, I get to wear a big sparkly dress and marry the prince.

Hook: No, you’re in Sleeping Beauty. It’s Princess Beauty who gets to marry the prince.

Spiderella: I can do whatever I want because I’m in charge and I’m going to win all the pantomimes. **(Notices Captain’s face)** What happened to you?

Hook: **(Sheepish)** What do you mean?

Spiderella: I know your hair is ridiculous but we can still see it under that stupid green wig. And what is that on your face?

Hook: **(Feeling his face gingerly.)** I might have fell off my boat a bit.

Spiderella: Did you bury the props on the desert island as agreed?

Hook: Not entirely.

(Widow, Aladdin and Tinkerbell enter.)

Widow: You’ve been foiled! We’ve got the props and our scripts back! **(Shoving Captain Hook to the side.)** Out of the way you!

Aladdin: All the props in fact!

Tinkerbell: And I’ve got my social media back! **(To Spiderella)** Selfie? **(She holds up her phone to take a picture.)**

Spiderella: No thanks. **(Escapes Tinkerbell's attentions)** None of that matters, I've still got all the important characters locked up. You can't stop me winning. The Pantomimes are due to begin any time now and mine will take about five minutes before I'm finally a winner. **(To Widow)** A winner I tell you! **(Looks at her watch and counts down.)** five – four – three – two –

(King enters dressed as an estate agent. He is wearing a smart suit and tie, thick black-rimmed spectacles, shiny shoes and is carrying a clipboard and pen.)

King: Not so fast there young lady.

Spiderella: Young? Are you talking to me?

King: Yes. Now, are you the owner of one **(Lifts his glasses up with a pen to inspect the clipboard more closely.)** Chateau de fée méchante?

Spiderella: Come again?

King: The Castle of the Wicked Fairy. It's French.

Spiderella: Oh.

King: The sixteenth century fortified residence situated on the hill? It's described here as a compact quirky rural period property in need of renovation with convenient transport links and no onward chain. This is your castle I take it?

Spiderella: Yes – but.

King: Well I regret to inform you that unfortunately, you haven't kept up repayments on your mortgage and we're going to have to repossess it.

Spiderella: What? Today?

King: Afraid so.

Spiderella: Couldn't you wait five minutes so I can win my Pantomime?

King: Sorry. Rules are rules.

Widow: Does this mean you're taking the Castle where all the Pantomime characters are being held, back into your possession?

King: Exactly. Now that we own the castle, we're at liberty to release the prisoners.

Spiderella: No! You can't do this. All I wanted to do was win for once in my life. **(Sadly)** I might have gone about it the wrong way and upset some people along the way but I didn't mean to – really. I just wanted to know what it felt like to win something. Just the one time.

(Queen enters.)

Queen: I might be wrong but were you just trying to say you're sorry?

Spiderella: Yes. I'm not even wicked really. I was just acting so I could get the job of Wicked Fairy. I'm really sorry.

Queen: Really really sorry?

Spiderella: Yes. Really really. **(Looks even sadder.)**

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Queen: Do you think we should forgive her boys and girls?

(Queen awaits audience reaction.)

Queen: **(To Widow, Aladdin and Tinkerbell.)** What do you lot think?

Widow: Well, we've got our scripts, props and characters back so I suppose we could let bygones be bygones since she's apologised.

Aladdin: I agree. I think as long as she's learned her lesson, we should forgive her.

Queen: Tinkerbell, what do you think?

Tinkerbell: **(To Spiderella.)** Will you follow me on Instagram and like my posts?

Spiderella: **(Looking confused.)** Eh?

(Queen nods at Spiderella, encouraging Spiderella to nod at Tinkerbell. Spiderella nods back at Tinkerbell.)

Tinkerbell: Then yes, I forgive her.

Spiderella: Thank you, even though I guess I'll never know what it feels like to win.

Queen: Well, I have some good news. A position has just opened up. We've just had word that Cinderella has left Pantovia and got a job at Disneyland so we need someone to take her place in her pantomime.

Spiderella: **(Excited)** Cinderella has left Pantovia?

Queen: Yes and we need someone to go to the ball, wear a big sparkly dress, marry the prince and live happily ever after; until next year of course when they'll have to do it all again.

Spiderella: **(Really excited, jumping up and down with her hand in the air.)** Oooh, me! Me me me! Pick me! I can marry a prince!

Queen: Do you think we should give the part of Cinderella to Spiderella boys and girls?

(Queen awaits audience reaction.)

Queen: I think we should give you a second chance. You probably need to take the spider off your head and brush your hair though.

Spiderella: **(Clapping and acting excited.)** Yippee!! I'll get to win and everything!

Queen: There is just one snag.

Spiderella: **(Stops dancing and freezes in position with one leg in the air.)** What?

Queen: The part of Prince Charming is also open because he ran away to Disneyland too.

Spiderella: I'm not going to like this am I?

(Smee enters dressed as Prince Charming.)

Smee: Cooee!!

Spiderella: **(Annoyed)** Typical! **(Accepting)** Oh well, I've kissed worse.

Queen: That's the spirit.

King: Can I take these glasses off now?

Queen: Yes of course.

(King removes his glasses.)

King: It is I, the King! I got all that property speak from *my Homes under the Hammer* DVDs. Clever eh?

(Fairy Godmother, Wicked Witch of the West and Big Bad Wolf enter.)

Fairy: Now that everything's back to normal and we can go out and perform all the pantomimes again this year, what say we have a lovely party to celebrate?

Witch: Great idea!

Hook: Yes, I suppose.

Fairy: Great! Everyone, get your dancing trousers on, this is going to be a party to remember.

(The cast leave the stage and re-enter in pairs, walk to the front, bow and then step to the side to allow the next pair to do the same. This is all performed to a rousing end of show song such as 'Celebrate' by Kool and the Gang, 'Ain't no stoppin' us now' by McFadden and Whitehead, 'Nothing's gonna stop us now' by Starship or 'Don't stop Believing' by Journey. Tabs close. Lights off.)