

Characters

- Beatie (M)** - A traditional ugly sister, played to the hilt by a male actor. Co-owner of 'Oh Yes It Is!' Holiday Home and Retreat for down and out pantomime characters, Beatie is the more dominant of the sisters.
- Beauty (M)** - A traditional ugly sister, played to the hilt by a male actor. Co-owner of 'Oh Yes It Is!' Holiday Home and Retreat.
- Goldilocks (F)** - Serving community service for stealing porridge, she works as a skivvy for the Ugly Sisters.
- Fairy Godmother (M/F)** - Speaks in rhyme. Wears sunglasses on top of her head. Enjoying celebrity status after her success with Cinderella, she has rather taken her eye off the ball.
- Dick Turpentine (M)** - A highwayman and horse thief, posing as Dick Twittington.
- Velcro (M)** - Alias 'Buttons', has been secretly sent by Cinderella to rescue Goldilocks.
- Witch of the West North West (M/F)** - A traditional wicked witch.
- Prince the Horse (Front) (M/F)** - A **two-person** pantomime horse.
- Prince the Horse (Back) (M/F)** - A **two-person** pantomime horse.
- M. Parrot/Miss Marbles (M/F)** - The detective who introduces the characters, and delivers the denouement after the show.

Act 1

Scene 1 - 'Oh Yes It Is' Holiday Home and Retreat

(SFX. Pre-show thematic music, such as 'Some Day My Prince Will Come'.)

Beauty: Hello everyone! **(Wait for audience response)** I said hello everyone! **(Wait for response)** That's better. Well come in, why don't you? You may as well, you've bought tickets. Welcome to, 'Oh Yes It Is!'

(Audience encouraged to shout 'Oh no it isn't!')

Beauty: Oh yes it is, 'Oh Yes It Is' Holiday Home and Retreat' for discerning pantomime characters! Now I hope you're not all going to be awkward! I'm Beauty, **(makes a glamorous pose)** as if you need to be told. I run this superior establishment with my sister Beatie. I'm the glamorous one. Mind you, I have to work to keep my schoolgirl figure. I went to this new gym last week, and I said to the instructor, can you teach me to do the splits, and he said, how flexible are you. I said, I can't make Tuesdays. Anyway, we had this terrible experience some years ago, you might have heard about it; a real scandal. We had this servant girl living with us, Cinderella. She was a sort of stepsister, after our mother married this old widower. Well, we were kindness itself, gave her a cellar, some lovely rats for company, and the scraps from our dishes – and how did she repay us? By going to Prince Charming's disco ball when we had expressly forbidden it! By some trickery she got hold of fine clothes, and made the prince fall in love with her! She deliberately left her shoe behind, and that poor prince had to jump through hoops looking for the right foot. Well actually it was the left foot, but it's no use being pedantic. Of course, Beatie and I both tried it on. **(Shows knobbly foot)** We've got the bunions to prove it.

Beatie: **(Calls Offstage)** Beauty?

(Beauty enters)

Beatie: There you are, gossiping again.

Beauty: I'm filling the audience in with our history Beatie; I mean some of them might become famous pantomime characters, and want to stay here.

Beatie: Just as long as they don't read Trip Advisor.

Beauty: Oh, we haven't had any more of those have we? What did this one say?

Beatie: 'When I opened my boiled egg at breakfast, I was disgusted to find it had quite gone off.'

Beauty: Did you reply?

Beatie: I said don't blame us, we only *laid* the table.

(Beauty and Beatie sniff haughtily)

Beauty: Any others?

Beatie: 'Don't stay with the Ugly Sisters unless you've lost all sense of taste and smell.'

Beauty: Oh cruel! Who wrote that?

Beatie: Cinderella!

Beauty: Cinderella?

Beatie: Cinderella!

Beauty: Cinderella?

Beatie: Yes, Cinderella!

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/never-performance/

Beauty: What, Cinderella?

Beatie: **(Crossly)** Oh, stop saying it!

Beauty: I can't help it, I've got RSI.

Beatie: What's that?

Beauty: Repetitive Cinderella injury.

Beatie: She'd better not show her face in here again.

Beauty: Remember when she called in, to show there were no hard feelings?

Beatie: Yes; to show we had no hard feelings, we put four senna pods in her tea.

Beauty: And a sign on the loo door, saying *out of order!*

Beatie: And then the Prince arrived in his State Coach.

Beauty: The coach must have been in quite a state by the time they got home!

(Beauty and Beatie both rock with laughter)

Beatie: **(Vengeful)** If she shows her face in here again, I'll put something stronger in her tea!

Beauty: That whisky we confiscated from Tom Morgan's wardrobe?

Beatie: Pest killer. I've still got that old bottle from the cockroaches.

Beauty: I wonder what he keeps in that old locked sea chest?

Beatie: More booze probably. By the way I'm on a whisky diet. I've lost three days already. At least we've got Goldilocks to replace Cinderella in the cellar.

Beauty: How long's her community service for?

Beatie: How long's a piece of string.

Beauty: How long is a piece of string?

Beatie: Stop repeating everything! It's as long as you want it to be. **(Gets a ball of string or wool from her pocket, gets a second ball of string or wool from pocket, juggles with them. If actor can manage to juggle with a third, do so; if not just show third ball of string/wool.)** Now we'd better get organised for any new guests. We could do with some. Did you phone BT about that call?

Beauty: Yes; I said I want to report a nuisance call; and he said, not you again.

Beatie: So rude! Mind you the doctor's not much better. You know I went to see him about my wind?

Beauty: Oh yes, what did he give you?

Beatie: A kite.

Beauty: You know Beatie, I really need to go to the opticians. This morning it was so embarrassing. I went to the supermarket and said to the manager, this vinegar's got lumps in it. And she said, those are pickled onions.

Beatie: We'd better get moving. Tell Goldilocks when she's finished scrubbing the roof tiles, she can peel the mangelwurzels for lunch,

Beauty: I think she's finished. I heard her calling down a few hours ago.

Beatie: Well, if she will go around stealing porridge what can she expect? She was lucky to get community service. You'd better put the ladder back for her to get down.

Beauty: Ok. **(Exits)**

(Beatie exits)

Goldilocks: **(Enters, sniffing into a handkerchief with one hand and carrying a bucket with the other. Sees audience.)** Oh, hello everyone. I'm Goldilocks. **(Wait for response)** I expect the Ugly Sisters have been telling you what a wicked girl I am. It's a lie, it's just that I was so very hungry, and I went into this little house in the woods, and there were three delicious bowls of porridge on the table, and nobody in to eat it. And so, I gobbled them all up. And after that it couldn't keep my eyes open, and so I had to have a little sit, and then a little lie down. The baby bear's furniture was very fragile, which is odd, because he's heavier than me. They blamed me for breaking them, but I think the whole thing was an insurance scam! In the Goldilocks and the Three Bears fairy story you don't get a proper ending do you? The bears chase her from the cottage - the end! Well, I can tell you that bears run very fast, and they caught me, and **(sniffs pathetically)** - I'm afraid I'm not living very happily

ever after. **(If audience doesn't response repeat)** I said, I'm afraid I'm not living very happily ever after! **(Ad lib with something like)** That's better. Beauty and Beastie, I mean Beatie, are so unkind to me. They keep getting my community service extended and **(crossly)** one day, one day, I'm sure I'll do something I'll regret! **(Wistfully)** Oh, I wish the writer had written me a happy ending like Cinderella's, *and I do wish* I had a Fairy Godmother like Cinderella had.

(SFX. a magical tinkling sound.)

Goldilocks:

(Stops speaking momentarily, puzzled by the tinkling sound) - and a handsome prince; but all Goldilocks gets is porridge, and three angry bears that chase her through the forest – **(shudders)** it's like groundhog day. I can't *bear* thinking about it! But I can dream, can't I? I can dream that, *someday my prince will come.*

(Sings or mimes 'Someday My Prince Will Come' while dancing around romantically. Play a couple of verses of Disney's 'Someday My Prince Will Come.')

(SFX. A magical twinkling sound as Fairy Godmother enters. Fairy Godmother enters in a fairylike way. Waves her wand beneficently at Goldilocks. SFX. A magical sound to synchronise with wand waving. Goldilocks freezes in mid dance as Fairy Godmother waves her wand. Fairy Godmother to audience. Speaks in rhyme)

Fairy Godmother:

Fairy Godmother is my name,
Granting wishes is my game,
Happy endings are my forte,
Be they seventeen or forty.

(Boasting) T'was I who rescued Cinderella,
From her dank and gloomy cellar.
Changed her rags to jewels and ermine,
With the help of gourd and vermin.

I'll make poor Goldie's wish come true,
A handsome prince will come in view.
He'll ring the doorbell from the street,
And knock her socks right off her feet.

(A quick aside to the audience) I also do private astrological consultations, tarot readings, and tealeaves. Read my column in the Weekly Star.

(Fairy Godmother gives a self-satisfied smile and wave of the wand. Exits in fairylike way.)

Goldilocks:

(Unfreezes as Fairy Godmother waves wand. Sighs happily) I've had the most wonderful dream, in which my dream came true!

Scene 2 - 'Oh Yes It Is' Holiday Home and Retreat

(SFX. Doorbell is rung three times.)

Goldilocks: The doorbell! – I'm not allowed to answer the door – but

(SFX. Doorbell is rung again.)

Goldilocks: (To self) Oh fiddlesticks! (Calls tentatively) Come in, the door's not locked.

(Dick Turpentine enters. SFX. Stirring music as used in 'Brief Encounter' – Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto no 2. Synchronise with Goldilocks moving forwards. Goldilocks moves in exaggerated slow motion towards Dick Turpentine. Dick Turpentine backs away slightly in alarm)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/never-performance/

Goldilocks: (Gasps) You're here! My Prince! That was quick!

(Prince the Horse enters)

Dick Turpentine: (Sweeps off hat, bows low. Points to horse) This is er - Prince.

Goldilocks: (Surprised. Scratches head) Oh – that's Prince?

Dick T: I'm Dick Tu - (stops himself saying his real surname)

Goldilocks: Dick Tu?

Dick T: (Lies boldly) - Twittington. Dick Twittington – on my way London to become rich and famous, and Lord Mayor of London.

Goldilocks: (Claps hands together delightedly) How wonderful! (Looks around) Is your cat with you?

Dick: Cat?

Goldilocks: Yes. Dick Twittington has a cat.

Dick: No, it's er having kittens.

Goldilocks: I thought it was a boy?

Dick: (Making it up as he goes along) It still is - paternity leave. I've got Black – er Prince with me instead.

Goldilocks: (Pets horse) He's a beauty!

Dick: Black Beauty, that's right, I mean Black Prince. Well, just Prince for short. You seem to be expecting us?

Goldilocks: (**Looking at him shyly**) I had a, premonition.

Dick: With me it's usually bells.

Goldilocks: Bells?

Dick: Yes. Listen.

(Both listen)

Voice: (**A rough coarse voice shouting**) Rags and Bones. Any 'ol iron. Rags and Bones.

Goldilocks: Oh.

Dick: That's not it. Hang on. (**Thumps his ears both sides**)

(SFX. Play extract from 'An Old Ballad of Whittington and his Cat', followed by bells. Dick and Goldilocks dance together in a courtly way with horse joining in, while tune is playing. Choreograph. Prince the Horse dances in a courtly way with Dick and Goldilocks, while tune is playing.)

Dick: (**Lying**) Whenever I feel like giving up and turning back, the er bells encourage me to keep going. They ring out (**Sings**) 'Turn again Twittington, thou worthy citizen, Lord Mayor of London' – inspiring isn't it. I saw your 'Vacancies' sign in the window. Prince and I are looking for somewhere to lie low, I mean rest up – rest.

Goldilocks: There are always vacancies. We've just got a few regulars, who the writers have left undone.

Dick: Undone?

Goldilocks: Yes, you know, in the fairy stories, the characters who the writers have left in the lurch; their stories not finished. Like Hans Christian Anderson left the poor Emperor in 'The Emperor's New Clothes' without a stitch on. Wasn't that mean? And very cold in winter. You'll be alright though. I know you'll get to London and be made Lord Mayor.

Dick: Do you?

Goldilocks: Of course. It's written.

Dick: (**Trying to obtain information**) Oh yes. Would one of your guests happen to go by the name of Tom Morgan?

Goldilocks: Old Tom. Yes, the other pirates abandoned him on Treasure Island, and Robert Louis Stevenson continued the story without him. So, being left high and dry, he came here.

Dick: I'll look forward to meeting him; we can chew a bit of baccy together.

Goldilocks: I doubt you'll meet him. Tom seldom goes out and takes his meals in his room. He keeps re-reading Treasure Island to see if there's any hope for him.

He's almost worn the print away. He's got this old locked sea chest in his room. He won't even let me dust it. Not many people stay long; except me, I'm probably old and grey by now.

Dick: You're not old or grey at all, you're beautiful. What's your name?

Goldilocks: Goldilocks.

Dick: **(Puzzled)** No you're not.

Goldilocks: **(Puzzled)** Yes, I am!

Dick: No, you're not.

Goldilocks: Yes, I am!

Dick: You've got sort of mousey coloured hair.

Goldilocks: Oh, I only have golden locks in the pantomime, **(sadly)** but this isn't a pantomime is it.

Dick: **(Positively)** Oh yes, it is.

Goldilocks: Oh no it isn't!

(Audience encouraged to shout 'Oh yes, it is')

Goldilocks: Oh no, it isn't!

Dick: Don't argue with them. We may need their goodwill later when we forget our lines.

Goldilocks: I'll go and find one of the Ugly Sisters to check you in. Won't be long. **(Gives Dick a coy smile, and blows a little kiss to horse. Exits)**

Dick: **(To self)** What a peculiar girl! – Hmm she might prove useful to me later. Rumour has it that old Tom Morgan escaped Treasure Island with a chest full of golden doubloons, that I, **(Slaps thigh defiantly)** Dick Turpentine, bold highwayman and horse thief, would like to relieve him of – one way or another! **(Laughs boldly)**

(Prince the Horse nibbling some scrawny flowers in vase)

Dick: **(Roughly)** Prince, or whatever your name is, don't eat the flowers! **(Picks up vase and looks at flowers. Rebukes horse)** Has your owner taught you no manners! I'd better go outside and pinch some more. As soon as I steal back my own Black Beauty from the police pound, I'll sell you at Appleby Horse Fair! Come along, you scrawny looking animal! **(Exits)**

(Prince the Horse gives a loud indignant neigh. Exits. Goldilocks enters humming happily)

Beatie: **(Enters. Grumpy)** What are you looking so happy about? Get back to peeling the mangelwurzels!

Goldilocks: I've peeled them. A new guest arrived. His name's **(dreamily)** Dick Twittington.

Beatie: Well, clear back off into the kitchen, and peel some for him! Do you think I'm made of money, for you to stand around here *vegetating*? **(Exits)**

Goldilocks: **(To audience)** I think the Ugly Sisters are unkind to me because they're unhappy. After Cinderella got married, the Grimm brothers left them in a wretched state. I feel so deliriously happy now my own dear Prince has come. He's exactly not a prince, but when he's made Lord Mayor of London, that's like being a prince, isn't it? **(Sighs happily)** Being in love is like being constantly on the cusp of an annoyingly cheery song. **(Waltzes around humming for a second or two)** So, I'm going to make a wish for them. **(Thinks)** Now, how exactly did I do it? **(Makes different weird facial expressions. Then screws eyes up tightly and concentrates)** I wish for a tall dark handsome prince for the Ugly Sisters!

(SFX. A flash and a bang, as Wicked Witch of the West North West, enters. Witch enters to coincide with SFX. Waves wand angrily at Goldilocks. Goldilocks freezes in position of pulling a weird face)

Witch: **(Angry, talks to audience, points)** So, greedy Goldilocks wants to re-write the fairy stories? Wants to retell the tales of the brothers Grimm and Perrault? Not content with wishing a happy ending for herself, she wishes a namby pamby ending for everyone; even the cruel Ugly Sisters. Whatever will she wish for next? To resuscitate Jack's giant? Rescue Ali Baba's forty thieves from the jars of boiling oil? Put Humpty Dumpty back together again? Why, soon she'll be prescribing Book Group endings for wicked stepmothers; 'Men in Sheds' for bad tempered dwarfs; Circus Skills for evil serpents, and, and swimming lessons for the disobedient Gingerbread Boy? Bah! What kind of milk sop endings are those? The writers will be turning in their graves, and I the Wicked Witch of the West North West, am not having it either! **(Stamps foot hard. Thinks aloud)** So she wishes for a tall dark prince for the Ugly Sisters. Hmm - I'll give them a prince, and one who's not so very far away. **(Chants and waves wand. Speak in rhyme)**

Beauty and Beatie, the ugly and bad,
I've found you a perfect prince of a lad.
Handsome and tall and incredibly cute,
Through your rose-tinted specs, you won't see he's hirsute!

They'll scratch each other's eyes out fighting over him! That's the happily never after ending that I wish for! **(Waves wand at Goldilocks. Long loud evil cackle. Exits with flash and a bang to coincide with SFX)**

(SFX. A flash and a bag as Wicked Witch of the West North West, exits. Audience encouraged to boo)

Goldilocks: **(Unfreezes as Witch waves her wand. Puts her hand to her head)** Oh, I've had the most horrible dream! It was a nightmare! **(Looks around)** – I'd better go and peel more mangelwurzels before I get into more trouble.

Scene 3 - 'Oh Yes It Is' Holiday Home and Retreat

- Beauty:** (**Enters. Talks to audience. Pats hair. Wipes face. Yawns**) Ooh, I've just had a *lovely* nap. I slept like a log: I woke up in the fireplace! It must have been Tom Morgan's whisky that did it. His wardrobe is stacked with bottles – I wonder where he gets his money from? I could do with some money. You know I had my bag snatched last week, and the thief posted it back with a consolation card! We've got another community service helper now. Velcro his name is. Last week, as cool as you like, he threw a mangelwurzel through our kitchen window. The judge said he was determined to *root* out crime. We've got him vacuuming the wall-to-wall carpeting. We've this lovely shagpile on the skirting boards, just the skirting boards. He can scrub the lino in-between when he's done. I'll make sure he sticks to it. Oh oh, (**looks towards entrance**) shield your eyes, here she comes, the ugly one. She went for a job as a TV presenter once. They said she had the perfect face for radio!
- Beatie:** (**Enters**) I heard that! (**Looks critically at Beauty's face**) I must say it's time you did something about that boil on your face.
- Beauty:** (**Gets a small mirror from pocket and worriedly inspects her face**) What boil? I haven't got a boil!
- Beatie:** (**Looks**) Oh sorry, that's your nose!
- Beauty:** What about the spots on your face? Have you looked at *yourself* lately?
- Beatie:** (**Grab's Beauty's mirror and worriedly inspects her face**) What are you on about? They're called beauty spots.
- Beauty:** (**Points to Beatie's spots**) Oh yes – Blackpool and Bridlington! (**Grabs her mirror back again**)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/never-performance/

- Beauty and Beatie:** (**Give each other the evil eye. Sniff simultaneously. Fold arms simultaneously. Turn backs on each other simultaneously. SFX. Doorbell.**)
- Beauty:** (**Together**) Come.
- Beatie:** (**Together**) Come.
- Dick Twittington:** (**Enters with bunch of flowers he's pinched. Sweeps off hat**) Dick Twittington. These flowers are for you ladies.
- Beatie:** How kind – weeds.
- Beauty:** Foxgloves aren't they? They're poisonous.
- Dick Twittington:** (**Pretends to be annoyed**) I shall chastise the person who sold them to me!
- (Prince the Horse enters)**

Dick Twittington: This is Prince – (stops in surprise at Beauty and Beatie’s reaction to horse)

(Beauty and Beatie move in exaggerated slow motion towards Prince the Horse. SFX. stirring music as used in ‘Brief Encounter’ – Rachmaninov’s Piano Concerto no 2. Synchronize with Ugly Sisters moving forwards. Prince the Horse backs away slightly in alarm)

Beauty: (Cries) My Prince! (Throws her arms around his neck)

Beatie: (Cries) My Prince! (Throws her arms around his neck)

Beauty: (To Beatie – pushing her arms off horse) Get off, he’s mine!

Beatie: No, he’s not, I saw him first! (Pushes Beauty’s arms off horse)

Beauty: (Pulls Beatie’s hair) I saw him first!

Beatie: Ow!

Beauty: (To horse) You prefer me don’t you darling?

(Beatie pulls Beauty’s hair)

Beauty: Ow! (To horse) You’re mine, aren’t you dearest?

Dick: (Appeals) Ladies! *Ladies!*

(Prince the Horse canters offstage, neighing loudly. Beauty and Beatie run after horse, pushing and shoving each other, and trying to trip each other up. Exit. Dick looks amazed. Shakes head disbelievingly. Exits)

Goldilocks: (Enters. To audience) How strange. Prince just galloped past me, chased by Beauty and Beatie. If I’d known they liked horses so much, I would have wished for one for them.

(SFX. Doorbell)

Goldilocks: I’d better answer it. Beauty and Beatie seem preoccupied. (Exits)

(Goldilocks enters with Velcro)

Velcro: (Enters) Hello I’m Velcro – the new help.

Goldilocks: Oh yes, I overheard the Ugly Sisters talking about you. You threw a mangelwurzel through the window?

Velcro: Yes. I did it deliberately. (Confidentially) You see, Cinderella sent me.

Goldilocks: Cinderella?

Velcro: Cinderella.

Goldilocks: Cinderella?

Velcro: Cinderella.

Goldilocks: Cinderella sent you?

Velcro: Yes, my real name's Buttons. I used to work here. The Ugly Sisters don't recognise me because they never look at servants. Cinderella said that I should come undercover; see how they're treating you and if you need rescuing.

Goldilocks: Oh, how lovely and sweet.

Velcro: Yes, Cinderella is lovely and sweet.

Goldilocks: Are you still in love with her?

Velcro: Ah, you know about it?

Goldilocks: We all do, it's in the storybooks.

Velcro: **(Smiles ruefully)** Oh yes, of course. **(Sighs)** Once I had a secret love **(Sings or mimes all or part of 'Once I Had a Secret Love' by Sammy Fain and Paul Francis Webster, sung by Freddie Fender. Drag music off abruptly part way through, just as Velcro is really belting it out.)**

Velcro: **(Sighs)** Do you have a special someone?

Goldilocks: **(Clutches her chest)** Oh yes! He's lying low with us, no that's not right – he's putting up with us – I mean, he's staying with us on his way to London to become Lord Mayor, and rich and famous. It was love at first sight. His name's Dick Twittington.

Velcro: **(Puzzled)** In the books, it's Dick Whittington isn't it?

Goldilocks: **(Shrugs casually)** That must be a misprint. **(Confidingly)** Velcro, can you keep a secret?

Velcro: Yes.

Goldilocks: I asked Fairy Godmother for a prince. You know, like Cinderella's. I closed my eyes and wished; and the next thing, he was on the doorstep!

Velcro: He's a prince?

Goldilocks: No, but a Lord Mayor is as good as a prince any day. He's got his horse Prince with him.

Velcro: Not a cat?

Goldilocks: Don't be silly, you can't ride a cat.

Velcro: **(Looks thoughtful)** So, how are the Ugly Sisters treating you?

Goldilocks: Horribly. I'm hungrier now than I was when I stole the porridge. But I've made a wish for them too, because I think they're unhappy. The writer didn't give them a very happy ending you see. They were just left miserable, like you about Cinderella, and me about the bears. **(Shrieks)** Oh I mustn't say

bears; oh (**shudders**)! Anyway, I'm expecting a prince for them anytime. They seem to have fallen in love with the horse, but I expect they'll forget about the horse when they get the prince.

Velcro: (**Smiles**) You're very sweet Goldilocks.

Goldilocks: (**Warily**) Don't fasten your hopes onto me Velcro. My happy ever after is as good as written. (**Gives Velcro a little kiss on the cheek. Exits**)

Velcro: (**Puts hand to cheek tenderly. To self**) Well, I'm sticking around anyway. This Dick Twittington sounds like an imposter to me!

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/never-performance/

Scene 4 - 'Oh Yes It Is' Holiday Home and Retreat

Beatie and Beauty enter with Prince the horse in the middle. Prince the Horse enters with Beatie and Beauty either side)

Beatie: (To Prince the horse) You love me best don't you darling? We have so much in common; Ascot, the Cheltenham Gold Cup, Betfred; Pin the Tail on the Donkey.

Beauty: (To Prince the horse) Ignore her. I know you're mine dearest. I'll show you a good time at Weston-super-mare (**emphasise mere, 'mare'**).

(Prince the Horse to Beatie. Neighs.)

Beatie: Have I got an apple? Of course, I've got a big juicy apple. Come with me.

(Prince the Horse to Beauty. Neighs)

Beauty: Have I got a carrot? Naturally, who wouldn't. Come with me.

(Prince the Horse to Beauty. Neighs)

Beatie: (To Beauty) What did he say?

Beauty: That he doesn't want to be saddled with you!

Beatie: (To Beauty) No he didn't! You're lying!

(Prince the Horse to Beatie. Neighs)

Beauty: (To Beatie) What did he say?

Beatie: (To Beauty) The sight of you makes him bridle!

Beauty: (To Prince the Horse) You didn't say that, did you my precious?

(Prince the Horse, to Beauty. Neighs)

Beauty: (To Prince the Horse) Stollen? You'd like some stollen? I'll make you some. I make lovely cakes.

Beatie: The last one you made was as hard as rock!

Beauty: It was a marble cake, what did you expect!

(Prince the Horse neighs and shakes head. To Beatie)

Beatie: (To Prince the Horse) Don't worry darling, I'll get you a bigger better stollen! (**Accusingly to Beauty**) You're so embarrassing, throwing yourself at him, when it's obvious he and I made for each other.

Beauty: It's you who are embarrassing. (**Looks at Beatie's legs. Accusingly**) Aren't those my nylons you've wearing over those two sticks of celery?

Beatie: **(Looks at Beauty's dress. Indignant)** You can talk! That's my dress you're wearing over that lumpy sack of mangelwurzels!

(Beauty and Beatie look at each in a disgusted way. Sing or mime; verses one, two and five, of 'Sisters' by Irving Berlin, sung Beverley Sisters. Prince the Horse dances.)

Beauty: **(To Prince the Horse. Determined)** Come along sweetheart; let's go on a stolen hunt.

Beatie: **(Turns to Beauty aggressively)** Get off! He's mine, and I'm keeping him! Woe betide you if you stick your big nose in! **(Exits)**

(Prince the Horse exits)

Beauty: **(To audience. Shaking with rage)** Oo, I'm shaking with rage. I could kill her! If I lived in France, it would be called a crime of passion! I probably wouldn't even go to prison. She's always thwarted me. When I was trying on that shoe Prince Charming brought round, she had to go and put her foot in it! She'd better watch her step, that's all I'm saying! **(Exits muttering and mumbling)**

(SFX. A flash and a bang, as Wicked Witch of the West North West enters. Audience encouraged to boo.)

Witch: **(Cackles evilly)** Well, things are hotting up nicely, and we're only part way through this murder mystery! My seeds of discord will hopefully grow into really nasty weeds, like **(say caressingly)** Giant Hogweed, Deadly Nightshade, Hemlock, and Poison Ivy! And it's no use you booing! What I'm looking for now is a partner in crime. I think I might have found one. I'll keep you posted! **(Cackles evilly. Exits)**

(SFX. A flash and a bang, as Wicked Witch of the West North West, exits. Audience: Encouraged to boo. Dick enters. Goldilocks enters)

Dick: Ah, just the girl!

Goldilocks: **(Shyly)** Thank you.

Dick: **(A bit puzzled initially)** Goldilocks, I want to ask you something in confidence.

Goldilocks: **(Moves close and gazes romantically into his eyes)** Yes.

Dick: **(Moves back a little)** You do realise don't you, that Tom Morgan is a really bloodthirsty pirate? He might be washed up now, but once he was the scourge of the high seas? He and his band of ruffians would board a ship, plunder her, and send her crew down to Davy Jones locker!

Goldilocks: Oh dear - well, I suppose that's what pirates did. 'Treasure Island' is quite violent in parts. Tom can't help it. After all, he didn't write himself, any more than I wrote myself or you wrote yourself.

Dick: **(Lying)** You won't read this bit in Treasure Island, but my granddaddy was an intrepid explorer, and one day Tom Morgan and his band of cutthroats

boarded his ship. Not only did he make the crew walk the plank, but he stole granddaddy's chest with all the maps and logbooks of his adventures. **(Tragically)** Poor granddaddy, he was so looking forward to becoming a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society!

Goldilocks: Oh dear! What happened to him?

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/never-performance/

Dick: Food for the sharks.

Goldilocks: How ghastly! But - how do you know, if they were all eaten?

Dick: Ah, well, **(making it up)** there was but one survivor. He managed to catch the tail of a passing crocodile and get to shore with only one leg, one arm and a bit of his ear missing. His tale was muddled and incoherent, but it added up to a sum of parts. Goldie, my pet, I need to get into that chest.

Goldilocks: Will you fit?

Dick: I mean, I need the key. Can you get it for me Goldie my dear?

Goldilocks: Oh Dick, I don't know where he keeps it. He hardly ever goes out. When he does, I've seen the Ugly Sisters creep in and steal whisky from his big wardrobe. If he ever found anyone near his chest, I'm sure he'd shoot them.

Dick: He's got a gun too?

Goldilocks: Too?

Dick: **(Corrects quickly)** I mean, one or two?

Goldilocks: Er, just one flintlock tucked into the top of his trousers.

Dick: **(Takes Goldilocks hand)** That could be nasty.

Goldilocks: He doesn't take it when he goes shopping.

Dick: Tell me when he goes out. I'll need you to keep the Ugly Sisters out of the way while I find the key. Use whatever means necessary.

Goldilocks: What does that mean?

Dick: There's poisonous foxgloves in the vase.

Goldilocks: **(Shocked)** Poison them? Oh Dick, that's wicked!

Dick: **(Puts his arm around Goldilocks)** Once I've accomplished my mission of getting granddaddy a posthumous award from the Geographical Society, I can contemplate my own future; or should I say, our future?

Goldilocks: **(Overcome)** Oh do say it! Do say it! Oh Dick, you've put a spell on me!

(Dick smiles and sings/mimes a few lines from 'I've Put a Spell on You' by Jay Hawkins, sung by Manfred Mann. Dances with Goldilocks. Goldilocks dances with Dick, as if in a trance)

Dick: You love me?

Goldilocks: Oh yes!

Dick: You'll let me know when the coast is clear darling?

Goldilocks: Oh yes, yes, anything for you!

(Dick blows Goldilocks a kiss. Exits)

Goldilocks: **(Sighs happily)** Now how to keep the Ugly Sisters out of the way? I could put foxgloves in their portions of mangelwurzel stew. Oh no, that's evil! **(Gasps shocked)** Oh dear, how love makes one contemplate awful things! **(Exits)**

Velcro: **(Enters holding a 'Wanted Poster'. It could be a comic drawing of a highwayman. Shows audience)** If this isn't a picture of Dick Twittington, alias Dick Turpentine, the infamous highwayman and horse thief, then I'll eat my hat! I *only wish* someone loved me as much as Goldie loves that ruffian!

(Freezes as Fairy Godmother enters. SFX. A magical twinkling sound as Fairy Godmother enters. She enters in a fairylike way. Checks her watch. Waves wand benevolently at Velcro)

Fairy Godmother: Poor Buttons needs his love life mending
I'll grant to him a happy ending.
When Cinders married in the church,
The writer left him in the lurch.

(SFX. In last two lines, her voice sounds altered, as if the witch is speaking through her.)

Dear Buttons, loyal, brave and true,
I've found a princess just for you,

(Speaks with altered voice) Someone to talk with, have some banter,
Walk with, trot with, have a canter.

Fairy Godmother: **(Normal voice now. Scratches head, puzzled)** What on earth made me say that? **(Checks her watch. Distracted. Says quickly)** Oh, must fly! I've got a book signing at Waterstones 'Fairy Godmother's Little Book of Favourite Wishes'. **(Exits)**

(SFX. A magical twinkling sound as Fairy Godmother exits. Velcro remains frozen. SFX. A loud flash and a bang as Wicked Witch of the West North West enters.)

Witch: **(Enters. Cackles evilly)** I know exactly why she said that! When it comes to evil, my spells beat good into a cocked hat. **(Looks at Velcro curiously)** What's the stupid youth got in his hand? **(Goes up to Velcro and eases the**

poster from his hand. Looks at poster. Nods) Perfect! (Cackles evilly. Exits holding poster)

(Velcro keep hand shaped as if still holding poster. SFX. A loud flash and a bang as Wicked Witch of the West North West exits. Audience encouraged to boo.)

Velcro: (Unfreezes, apart from hand. Gives himself a shake. To audience) I've had the most disturbing dream. I feel distinctly discombobulated. I'd better go and break the bad news about Dick Twittington to Goldilocks. (Looks at his hand, still shaped as if holding poster. Looks on the floor. Looks around) Where's that wanted poster of him? (To audience) Have you seen it? (If audience mention a witch, ad lib something like) A witch? Don't be silly – there's no witch in this fairy story.

Audience: Oh yes there is!

Velcro: Oh no there isn't!

Audience: Oh yes there is!

Velcro: There is? That's all I need! (Exits)

Scene 5 - 'Oh Yes It Is' Holiday Home and Retreat

Beauty: (Enters with a feather duster, a few junk mail leaflets, a couple of envelopes, and the 'Wanted' poster of Dick Turpentine. Looks through junk mail, reading as she goes) 'Trick Cards'; 'Disappearing Rabbits'; 'Houdini Handcuffs'; 'Saw the Lady in Half', pay in two easy instalments. - 'Double Glaze your Portico' – cheek! (Smooths her figure admiringly) Nothing wrong with *my* portico! (Looks at envelopes) 'Sponsor a Unicorn', 'Gremlin Pest Control'. (Sighs) No invitations. The last one we got was to Prince Charming's disco ball. That was a big let-down. Anyway, I've got my own dear Prince now. Well, I will have, when Beatie dies; she must be very old by now. All this excitement can't good for her. Mind you I got a nasty shock last week when I opened the water bill and the electricity bill together. (Looks at 'Wanted' poster) What's this? (Reads) 'Wanted by the Police. Dick Turpentine. £100 reward for information leading to the capture of this notorious bandit and highwayman.' (Studies poster) I could do with £100. He looks a bit familiar, but, no it can't be. Can it? (To audience) You haven't seen anyone who looks like this, have you?

(Dick enters as if to cross the stage. Suddenly spots Beauty holding poster. Goes behind her to avoid being seen. Audience encouraged to shout 'Behind You'. Beauty turns around, but Dick eludes her by going around her for a few turns. Dick sneak around Beauty a few times, with audience shouting)

Beauty: (To audience) There's no-one there! I think you all need to go to Spec Savers!

(Audience encouraged to shout) Oh no, we don't!

Beauty: Oh yes you do. I've just had a new pair of glasses made from recycled tomato ketchup bottles. On *Heinz* site, it wasn't a good idea. (Puts mail down with poster uppermost. Exits)

(Dick he has been hiding behind Beauty. Exits hastily. Prince the Horse enters. Looks around.)

Velcro: (Enters. To horse.) Oh, hello Prince.

(Prince the Horse shakes head. Neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: You're not Prince? You're Princess? You're a girl!

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/never-performance/

(Prince the Horse nods and neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: Stollen? I didn't know horses liked cake?

(Prince the Horse shakes head; stamps; neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: Stolen? You're stolen! Dick Twittington stole you! I should have known!

(Prince the Horse nods head. Neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: I beg your pardon?

(Prince the Horse neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: You're crazy about me? Let's run away together and join the circus!

(Prince the Horse nods head and neighs)

Velcro: **(Scratches head, puzzled)** What's brought this on?

(Prince the Horse neighs in Velcro's hear)

Velcro: You want to fart?

(Prince the Horse shakes head. Neighs in Velcro's hear)

Velcro: **(Corrects himself)** Cupid's dart! Sorry about that. **(To self)** So much for happily ever after! I wish for a girl like Goldilocks, and I get a horse!

(Prince the Horse turns dejectedly away)

Velcro: I'm sorry Prince, I mean Princess – but we can still be friends, can't we?

(Prince the Horse nods slowly and sadly)

(Velcro sings or mimes first couple of verses of 'You've Got a Friend in Me' by Randy Newman. Interact with Prince. Prince the Horse dances)

Velcro: **(Worried)** I'm going to warn Goldilocks. Dick Turpentine, if he's the same villain as in the stories, will be armed, dangerous, and not above a spot of murder! **(Exits)**

(Prince the Horse exits)

Beatie: **(Enters weeping noisily into a huge hankie. To audience)** Oh, it's awful, awful! Prince has thrown me over for Velcro! I can't understand it. We were so happy! It's like he's under some kind of spell. I've tried to tempt him away with apples, pears, carrots, cabbage, brussels sprouts, all of his five a day, but he just *turnips* his nose up. What's a girl to do? **(Thinks)** I've got to get rid of Velcro; Prince is stuck on him. **(Sniffs)** I could put foxgloves in his portion of mangelwurzels stew, or I could shoot him with Tom Morgan's gun, and say Beauty did it! **(Sees poster, picks it up)** What's this? If it's another slimming club ad it's going in the bin. If we weren't meant to have midnight snacks, why is there a light in the fridge? I had the weirdest dream last night; I dreamed a spaceship landed right in front of me, and out stepped a twenty-foot cream bun. It was one of those extra cholesterols. **(Studies poster, gasps)** Well! If this isn't Dick Twittington I'll eat my corset! So, he's really Dick Turpentine the notorious highwayman! Ooh, there's a big reward. Just think what I could buy for £100. Perhaps Prince would marry me for my money? I could be his sugar mummy. **(Thinks)** On the other hand, highwaymen have bags of stolen money. If I blackmail him, I can get lots more. **(Exits with poster)**

Beauty:

(Enters. Excited. To audience) I've just remembered who that poster reminds me of! You'll never guess! **(If they do shout out, ad lib)** It's Dick Twittington! He's really the dastardly highwayman Dick Turpentine! I'll inform the police straight away and claim my £100. Or, or I could blackmail him for more! Then I could spend it at a spa making myself even more beautiful, so that Prince absolutely can't resist me! Or I could tell Dick Turpentine that Beatie's going to report him, and then he'll shoot her; and then I'll have Prince all to myself! Old Tom Morgan's got a gun in his room. I could let him know. **(To audience)** Do you think that's wicked? Well this is a murder mystery; what did you expect?; whiskers and kittens? **(Exits)**

INTERVAL

Act 2

Scene 1 - 'Oh Yes It Is' Holiday Home and Retreat

Goldilocks: (**Enters. To audience**) The Ugly Sisters are behaving very strangely. They're fighting over Prince the Horse. (**Shivers**) And there's a not very nice vibe hanging about. It's almost as if there's a witch around; but there isn't a witch in our stories.

Audience: (**Encouraged to shout**) Oh yes there is

Goldilocks: Oh no there isn't!

Audience: Oh yes there is.

Velcro: (**Enters**) Oh yes there is Goldilocks! a wicked witch is causing mischief all round. She doesn't want any of us to have a happy ending! Since Fairy Godmother became famous, I'm rather afraid she's taken her eye off the ball. She'd never have intended you to fall in love with a highwayman!

Goldilocks: What are you talking about Velcro!

Velcro: Fairy Godmother did send a prince, but it's Prince the Horse and not a person; and he's not a 'he', but a 'she', and it's (**sighs**) well complicated. I'm afraid your prince is none other than the dreaded highwayman Dick Turpentine!

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/never-performance/

Goldilocks: (**Laughs, then gets cross**) What a horrible thing to make up! Dick Turpentine indeed! You should be ashamed of yourself! (**Passionately**) Dick Twittington is the love of my life. He's going to become rich and famous and Lord Mayor of London, and we're going to live happily ever after! (**Say it like 'you can put that in your pipe and smoke it'**). So you can put that on your letterpress and print it!

Velcro: Highwaymen don't get made Lord Mayor, they get hanged! Anyway, how do you know he's the love of your life? Have you met any others? I mean your entire experience of life has been eating porridge, being chased by three cross bears and – (**interrupted**)

Goldilocks: (**Agitated**) Don't say three cross bears, oh I've said it! (**Shudders**) It gives me nightbears, oh I mean nightmares!

Velcro: (**Takes her in his arms**) I won't say it ever again Goldilocks. But please listen to me; you've very limited experience of the world. Just porridge, community service, mangelwurzels and the Ugly Sisters

Goldilocks: I suppose you know all about life, living in a palace with Princess Cinderella and Prince Charming!

Velcro: I've seen a bit more of the world than you have, and I've seen the 'Wanted' poster of Dick Turpentine!

Goldilocks: (**Pushes him away**) Where is it then? I bet it looks nothing like him!

Velcro: It was in my hand. The audience said the witch stole it!

Goldilocks: What do the audience know! They haven't seen the script!

Velcro: That's fortunate, otherwise they'd know when we went off-piste!

Goldilocks: Ha! Now I know you're lying! You should know that in no version of Goldilocks and The Three Bears (**shrieks**) oh no, you've made me say bears again; oh! (**Shudders and struggles to finish. Exits crossly**)

Velcro: (**Calls after her**) I didn't mean(**Sighs. To audience**) That went well!
(**Exits**)

(**SFX. A loud flash and a bang as Wicked Witch of the West North West enters.**)

Witch: (**Enters. Cackles evilly**) There's nothing I like better than a good quarrel! Beauty and Beatie, and Goldilocks and Velcro are at each other's throats. (**Evil cackle**) Oh what lovely miserable endings to the fairy stories they'll make! Serves the writers right for leaving them unfinished! (**Rubs hands**) Now then, who's left?

Dick: (**Enters. Bows. Slaps thigh**) Dick Turpentine at your service

(**Prince the Horse enters quietly and 'listens'. Ensure Witch and Dick Turpentine can't see you, but that audience can.**)

Witch: Ah, Dick Turpentine the infamous highwayman; just the person to help me stir things up some more!

Dick: Oh, I can lead them all a merry dance. In return, you can help me get hold of Tom Morgan's golden doubloons.

Witch: Golden doubloons?

Dick: Pirate plunder. If Goldilocks hasn't found me the chest key, I'll shoot the padlock to his old sea chest away with my flintlock. Afterwards, you can put a spell on Goldilocks to stop her following me.

Witch: You're going to abandon her? Break her heart?

Dick: Yes. I can't take her with me anyhow, I'm married. If I bring another wench home, my Liza will scratch her eyes out!

Witch: (**Rubs hands together**) Excellent; excellent.

(**SFX. A loud thud as if something like a potato has been dropped.**)

Dick: What was that?

Witch: (**Lies**) I heard nothing.

Dick: I've asked Goldilocks to keep the Ugly Sisters out of the way, by one means or another. If Velcro tries to get stuck in, I'll shoot him. I'm going to saddle my horse ready for a quick getaway.

(Prince the Horse exits quietly)

Dick: **(Bragg)** I can't wait to see my Liza's eyes light up when she sees the doubloons. **(Laughs)** It looks like we're the only ones to have a happy ending! **(Exit)**

(FX: A large mangelwurzel type object rolls onto stage as if rolling after being dropped.)

Witch: The fool! He hasn't read his story! Hmm, golden doubloons he says. I could do with some doubloons! **(Picks up the mangelwurzel; tosses it in air, catches it. Evil laugh. Exits.)**

(Beatie enters with poster. Dick enters with a knapsack)

Beatie: **(Confronts him with poster)** Where do you think you're going Dick Turpentine?

Dick: I shall be leaving shortly. Prepare my bill.

Beatie: It's £300 if you want me to keep my mouth shut.

Dick: Is this blackmail?

Beatie: Yes, exciting isn't it. I think it's called 'hush money'.

Dick: I'll give you nothing. This place is disgusting! There are bugs in the beds, cockroaches in the kitchen, larvae in the lettuce and a tortoise in the toilet!

Beatie: **(Taken aback)** A tortoise?

Dick: It might be a very large snail.

Beatie: They come under the door from the garden.

Dick: **(Threatening)** So, if you know what's good for you, you'll keep your mouth shut, or 'Oh Yes It Is' Holiday Home and Retreat, will be 'Oh No It Isn't'! And you, with it! I'll be getting Prince ready; then you won't see us for dust! **(Exits)**

Beatie: **(To self, furious)** Over my dead body will you take Prince with you!

Beauty: **(Enters)** What's this about Prince?

Beatie: Dick Turpentine, he says he'll close down 'Oh Yes It Is', and that he's taking Prince away with him.

Beauty: **(Stoutly)** Over my dead body!

Beatie: That's just what I said.

(Beauty looks at Beatie)

Beatie: **(Looks at Beauty)** Better still -

Beatie : **(Together)** Over his dead body!

Beauty: **(Together)** Over his dead body!

(Beatie & Beauty high five. Exit)

Scene 2 - 'Oh Yes It Is' Holiday Home and Retreat

(Velcro enters. Prince the Horse enters. Neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: What's that? You've come to say goodbye? I'll miss you Prince, I mean Princess.

(Prince the Horse neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: As a friend? **(Kindly)** Yes, as a friend.

(Prince the Horse neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: You'll miss me too. That's nice. Where are you going?

(Prince the Horse neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: Dick Turpentine's getting you ready for a journey?

(Prince the Horse neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: First he's going to steal Tom Morgan's golden doubloons! So that's why the rogue came here!

(Prince the Horse neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: He asked the Wicked Witch of the West North West to put a spell on Goldilocks.

(Prince the Horse neighs in Velcro's ear)

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/never-performance/

Velcro: **(Shrugs)** If that results in her staying here with me, that's ok.

(Prince the Horse neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: He's going to shoot me! If that results in me being dead, that's not ok! You know Princess, I don't know why I'm sticking around. Goldilocks doesn't want me; the Ugly Sisters are mean to me; Dick Turpentine wants to shoot me. I've got a good job to go back to with Princess Cinderella and Prince Charming. My story so far isn't too bad. **(Walks to exit, stops, turns and walks back)** What am I thinking of, abandoning the girl I love!

(Passionately sings/mimes second verse of 'You Don't Have to Say You Love Me' by Dusty Springfield. SFX. Play second verse of 'You Don't Have to Say You Love Me' by Dusty Springfield. Prince the Horse dances around Velcro, then neighs loudly. SFX. Music slurs to a stop. Prince the Horse neighs in Velcro's ear)

Velcro: What's that? We haven't got time to make a song and a dance of it? You're right, this should have gone into Act One! It's time for action! How I wish Dick Turpentine had never darkened this doorstep! **(Exits)**

(Prince the Horse exits. SFX. A magical twinkling sound as Fairy Godmother enters.)

Fairy Godmother: **(Enters. Upset)** Dick Twittington was a mistake,
I didn't guess he was a fake,
I didn't notice the misprint,
And sent a rogue instead of prince.

The tales are in a frightful muddle,
The last thing that I want is trouble.
The happy endings I had planned,
Have got completely out of hand!

Every hour the trouble's soaring,
The wicked witch has put her oar in.
On Facebook page my likes are down,
I need to get rid of this clown!

(Fairy Godmother exits crossly. SFX. A different magical twinkling sound as Fairy Godmother exits crossly. Dick enters. SFX. Slam as if front door is being shut. Then a rattle as if door being checked. Goldilocks enters looking upset)

Dick: Hello Goldilocks, what's wrong?

Goldilocks: I've had a row with Velcro.

Dick: Is that all. Was that the front door? Has Tom Morgan gone out?

Goldilocks: Yes, give him a few minutes to get down the road, then you can get your Granddaddy's log books from the sea chest. It's got sea serpents carved on it; on the wall opposite the wardrobe.

Dick: Did you find the key?

Goldilocks: No, it must be round his neck.

Dick: **(Crossly)** Darn! Never mind, I'll have to manage.

Goldilocks: **(Brightly)** I'll go and pack ready.

Dick: **(Puzzled)** Ready?

Goldilocks: For our future. To come with you. Tom Morgan will go mad when he finds his chest has been opened.

Dick: **(Carelessly)** Er, oh yes, of course. You'll need a change of rags.

Goldilocks: I'll see you soon.

Dick: **(Distracted.)** What? Hm, ok. **(Exits quickly)**

(Goldilocks exits)

Beatie: **(Enters. To audience)** That was Tom slamming the front door. He slams it, then gives it this rattle to make sure it's properly shut. He's very security conscious. I keep telling him he should join Neighbourhood Watch! Anyone would think he's got the crown jewels up in his room! While he's out, I'm going to top up my whisky supply from his wardrobe. All that booze isn't good for him; we might as well share the side effects. I'll make Dick Turpentine a nice herbal stirrup cup before he gallops away on Prince, **(ironically)** just to show there's no hard feelings. **(Exits)**

Beauty: **(Enters. To audience)** Old Tom's gone out. I'm going to have a nose around his room in a minute. Dick Turpentine's been hanging about near the door, and I want to know what he's after! I'm just popping down to the kitchen to add a lovely bouquet garni to the mangelwurzel stew. **(Ironically)** He's bound to need a last supper, I mean final lunch, lunch, before he leaves. **(Exits)**

Velcro: **(Enters. To audience)** I've just seen Tom Morgan going out, which means that Dick Turpentine will be stealing the golden doubloons, and the wicked witch about to put a spell on Goldilocks! I'll go and protect her with my life! I can't believe I just said that! I need something to protect her with; I'll get the mangelwurzel peeler from the kitchen. **(Exits)**

© Scripts for Stage

This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from www.scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/never-performance/

(Prince the Horse enters at a trot. Looks deviously this way and that, and then exits. Wait a few seconds – then: SFX. One loud gunshot made with an old flintlock. SFX. A separate second loud gunshot made with an old flintlock, coming a couple of seconds after the first shot. SFX. A loud ear-splitting scream. Beatie enters staggering onto stage, moaning loudly and holding chest. Lies down.)

Beauty: **(Enters hurrying, carrying a wooden spoon)** Oh Beatie, my dearest sister, what's wrong?

Velcro: **(Enters hurrying, carrying a potato peeler)** What's happened?

Beatie: **(Making a meal of it)** I'm shot. I'm dying. I'm too young to die!

Velcro: How old are you?

Beatie: Never you mind!

Prince the Horse: (Enters trotting. Stands looking at Beatie)

Goldilocks: **(Enters)** Shall I fetch the first aid kit?

Beauty: You must be joking. What script are you on? **(To Beatie)** Show me where it hurts dearest.

Witch: **(Enters. Looks at Beatie on floor. Rubs hands)** Oh dear, no happy ending for poor ugly Beatie.

Beatie: **(Robustly)** Hey you! What's with the ugly?

Fairy Godmother: **(Enters holding mobile phone)** Alas, could I have prevented this? No prince can raise her with a kiss.

Beatie: **(Raises head)** A prince? He could try! It might work. Send for one!

Beauty: **(Feeling Beatie's chest area)** There's something sticking out!

Beatie: **(Weakly)** It must be the bullet.

Beauty: **(Feels Beatie's chest and waist)** There's no blood.

Beatie: It must have passed straight through. **(Wails)** Ow, ow, it hurts! **(Closes eyes tightly)**

Beauty: **(Tugs and pulls and hauls at something inside Beatie's dress; then holds out an object resembling the bone of a whalebone corset)** Better?

Beatie: Have you taken the bullet out?

Beauty: No, I've taken a bone from your whalebone corset out.

Beatie: **(Sits up. Moves chest around)** That's better! It must have burst from its moorings when I jumped. **(Gets up)**

Velcro: Jumped?

Beatie: Yes, I was crouching down pinch-, er, dusting a bottle of whisky in Tom Morgan's wardrobe; then just as I was straightening up again, a bullet came whizzing, whizzing, past my ear 'ole **(with hand demonstrate which way the bullet whizzed, which was from the front)** - and I jumped. Oh, it did give me a fright!

Fairy Godmother: Who *was* the shooter, that shot past your hooter?

Beatie: It happened so quick! First, I heard a shot behind me. Then there was this second shot and a flash. **(Wails)** Oh, I'm sure I shall get PTDD!

Fairy Godmother: What's that?

Beauty: Post traumatic dress disorder!

Goldilocks: **(Looks around)** Where's Dick?
(Cast all turn with surprise as Dick staggers in suddenly with a loud cry.)

Dick: **(Enters. Staggering, holding his side, carrying his knapsack. Point vaguely at assembly)** Ahrg. You – you – ahrg. **(Collapses onto floor. A few golden coins spill out of knapsack)**

Beauty: What did he say?

Beatie: Do you think he's wearing a corset too?

Goldilocks:

(Goes to Dick's side. Puts her hand on his side, and shows it so audience can see. Hand is red) He's not wearing a corset! It's blood! (Feels for a pulse. Bursts into tears) And he's dead!

(Cast all gasp loudly, horse neighs loudly, then all freeze for a few seconds in tableau, until monsieur parrot speaks.)

(*Monsieur Parrot/Miss Marbles says he/she was here to see if he'd/she'd like to spend a few days at 'Oh Yes It Is' – but it's a definite 'Oh Non I Don't!' Now this has happened, he/she hopes the audience will help to solve the crime, so that he/she can get home quickly! The characters are then asked to introduce themselves, and say a little bit about what they thought of the deceased, and about the murder. Cast think about this beforehand.)

Monsieur Parrot:

To assist in your enquiries, we'll send the suspects around for interrogation. But mark my words, among the cast is the murderer. And it is the murderer who will not be truthful in answering your questions! Everyone else must tell you the truth. Now the table who gets to the truth with the most detail will be the winner. Who had the means, the motive, and the opportunity to 'do away' with Dick Turpentine? Interrogate all your witnesses. Each table will have 2 minutes with each suspect. When a bell rings, they will move on. Remember, it will be the table who gives the best detail of who did it, how they did it, why they did it, and where they did it, who will be the winners. Bon chance mes amis.

(Cast go around the tables to be interrogated. Answer truthfully, and have your character's 'back story' and alibi thought out beforehand. Only the murderer may lie. If a question is really irrelevant, say so. After the interrogations are over, Monsieur Parrot/Miss Marbles invite the cast to line up, and the culprit to step forward. After much wavering in the line-up, the culprit steps forward, and says why he/she dunnit. Goldilocks asks if her community service sentence will be extended because of this?)