

### Little Miss Muffet - Characters

<b>Inspector (M/F)</b>	-	Chief Inspector William Winkie
<b>Muffet (F)</b>	-	Little Miss Muffet
<b>Incy Wincy (M/F)</b>	-	A spider

## Scene 1 – Police Station

**(Tabs open. Lights up. Inspector Winkie enters wearing a police uniform)**

**Inspector:** Evening all! My name is Inspector Winkie. William Winkie. I travel from town to town, investigating the strange things that happen. Just last week in *[nearby town]* a cow jumped over the moon. That took a bit of investigating I can tell you. I'm here in *[local town]* looking for the next interesting story.

**(Miss Muffet enters looking terrified)**

**Inspector:** This looks like one now. **(To Miss Muffet)** 'Ello 'Ello 'Ello!

**Muffet:** **(confused)** 'Ello?

**Inspector:** Inspector Winkie at your service. How may I be of assistance?

**Muffet:** You *have* to help me!

**Inspector:** That's literally why I'm here! What seems to be the problem?

**Muffet:** **(Scared)** Sp- Sp- Spider!!!

**Inspector:** **(Using Miss Muffet as a shield. Scared)** Where?

**Muffet:** Over there! **(Points off stage)** Wait **(regains composure)** Why are *you* scared? You're a Police inspector! And besides, you didn't *see* it!

**Inspector:** Yes. **(Straightening the part of Miss Muffet's outfit that he'd grabbed)** You're right. I'm an inspector. I shouldn't be scared of a little spider! **(Nervous grin)**

**Muffet:** **(Matter of fact)** Oh, I didn't say it was *little*.

**(Inspector grabs Miss Muffet again and hides behind her)**

**Inspector:** Argh!

**Muffet:** **(Scolding and wriggling free)** Inspector!

**Inspector:** Yes, sorry. **(Regains composure and removes a note book and pen from an inside pocket)** I must be *professional* about these things. Right, Name?

**Muffet:** Miss Muffet

**Inspector:** First name?

**Muffet:** Little

**Inspector:** **(Inspector writes it down.)** Miss Little Muffet

**Muffet:** No, it's *Little Miss* Muffet. Two T's one L, two S's, two F's and one T.

**Inspector:** **(corrects his notes)** And what can you tell me about what happened?

**Muffet:** Well, I was just sitting on my tuffet, minding my own business when –

**Inspector:** **(interrupting)** Sorry, you were sitting on your what? Sounds painful.

**Muffet:** My tuffet.

**(Inspector removes a dictionary from his inside coat pocket and searches the pages)**

**Inspector:** **(Scanning the page)** Tufty, Toffee, Tiffany, Tuffet – a small tuft or clump of something. **(looks at Miss Muffet suspiciously)**

**Muffet:** It's a little stool.

**Inspector:** What is?

**Muffet:** A tuffet. I was sitting on a little stool.

**Inspector:** Hang on – so, you're called Miss *Muffet* and you were sitting on a *tuffet*?

**Muffet:** Yes

**Inspector:** Were you in a Nursery Rhyme by any chance?

**Muffet:** Well obviously!

**Inspector:** Ok, so far, you're Little Miss Muffet who sat on a tuffet – carry on.

**Muffet:** Well, I was eating my Curds and Whey when –

**Inspector:** **(interrupting)** Hang on

**Muffet:** What now?

**Inspector:** Curds?

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**Muffet:** Yes

**Inspector:** And Whey?

**Muffet:** Yes

**(Inspector surreptitiously gets out his dictionary again and flicks through)**

**Inspector:** **(Scanning the page)** Curds, curds, curds –

**Muffet:** It's curdled milk which separates into lumps of cheese and liquid.

**Inspector:** **(Over the top)** Urgh! You were eating cheese and curdled milk?

**Muffet:** **(confused as to why this is a problem)** Yes.

**Inspector:** Out of a bowl?

**Muffet:** Yes

**Inspector:** With a spoon?

**Muffet:** **(exasperated)** Yes!

**Inspector:** I don't know about curds *and* whey, I'd be throwing my curds A-way (**looks pleased with his joke but soon lets his face fall as nobody laughs**) Whatever – right so (**reads**) Little Miss Muffet, sat on a small stool eating some mouldy cheese and curdled milk (**to self**) it's not the best Nursery Rhyme I've ever heard, I have to say – (**to Miss Muffet**) then what happened?

**Muffet:** Well, down came a spider and sat down beside me.

**Inspector:** How inconsiderate.

**Muffet:** I know right?

**Inspector:** And you were trying to have your tea! (**Shuts his notebook**) Right, well I've heard enough. To save time, I'd already gathered together some random suspects – people who looked like they were up to no good – so if you could pick out the spider who so rudely interrupted your delicious tea of mouldy cheese, from the line-up, then we can get this case closed.

**(Several extras enter dressed as various insects and animals. Incy Wincy Spider joins the line in the middle)**

**Inspector:** If you could take a look at the suspects and tell me which of them scared you.

**(Miss Muffet slowly goes along the line, peering into the suspects' faces to identify the spider. Then she shrieks when she reaches Incy Wincy)**

**Muffet:** That's him! That's him!

**(Incy Wincy looks as innocent as possible, looking incredulous almost)**

**Inspector:** Ah, so we have the culprit. (**Approaches Incy Wincy**)

**Incy Wincy:** (**Offers a hand which the Inspector doesn't shake**) The name's Wincy. Incy Wincey. Pleased to make your acquaintance.

**Inspector:** Little Miss Muffet here says that not ten minutes ago, she was attacked by a spider!

**Incy Wincy:** A spider? Ooh, I hate spiders. No wonder she came to see a policeman. I'd probably ring the SAS if I saw a spider. Nasty, creepy things. (**Shudders**)

**Inspector:** (**Confused**) You do know that you're a –

**Incy Wincy:** A what?

**Inspector:** You're a – (**points up and down at Incy Wincy**)

**Incy Wincy:** (**Shaking his eight legs around in a cute manner**) I'm a what?

**Inspector:** Never mind.

**Incy Wincy:** It couldn't have been me anyway because I'd just climbed a water spout and was just minding my own business, having fly and chips when it started raining. Granted, it's probably not the *best* place to have your lunch when it starts raining, a *drainpipe*, but it was *sunny* when I got out of my web this morning. I checked the weather forecast and they said it was going to be sunny *all day*. Weather *Forecast*? The Weather *Guess* more like. Am I right? (**Goes for a high five which the inspector doesn't reciprocate**) Anyway, I

don't know anything about curds, whey or tuffets. **(pause)** Guv'nor. **(Clears throat in a guilty way)**

**Inspector:** **(To Muffet)** Are you sure this is the spider?

**Muffet:** Certain. He was hairy and scary.

**Incy Wincy:** **(Shrugs)** I've never seen this woman before in my –

**(Inspector notices some whey on Incy Wincy's 'fur')**

**Inspector:** What do we have here? **(Removes some whey from Incy Wincy's fur with a finger)** Is this... whey?

**Incy Wincy:** It's a little bit **(with jazz hands and comedy voice)** 'Whey' I suppose. **(Nobody laughs so he continues in a serious voice)** No. It's not Whey. I don't even know what Whey is. **(Thinks)** Hang on. Now you mention it. That's the stuff I landed in when I got washed out of the water spout.

**Inspector:** Landed in?

**Incy Wincy:** Yes, I climbed up the water spout, down came the rain and washed poor *me* out. It carried me down the road to the top of a hill and I started to roll down; couldn't stop myself! Then, when I got to the bottom of the hill I came to a stop in a sticky puddle. Horrid stuff. Smelled of cheese that had gone off!

**Inspector:** **(To Muffet)** When you say a spider 'sat down' beside you, did you mean 'rolled towards you'?

**Muffet:** Well, **(hesitant)** yes, but 'rolled towards me' doesn't rhyme with 'spider' does it?

**Inspector:** **(confused)** What?

**Muffet:** Well, I was in a Nursery Rhyme. *Rhyme* being the main word. 'Little Miss Muffet, sat on her Tuffet, eating curds and whey. Down came a spider and sat down beside her and frightened Miss Muffet away'.

**Inspector:** Indeed. However, it seems that Incy Wincy here didn't frighten you away on purpose.

**Muffet:** What? But he's big and scary and hairy and whatnot.

**Inspector:** You shouldn't judge by appearance. Just because he's got eight legs and eight eyes and big – teeth – it doesn't mean he's out to scare you. He was just minding his own business and the rain flushed him towards you. He was washed out of the drain pipe and rolled down the hill. You just *happened* to be at the bottom of the hill.

**Muffet:** Oh I see. Well, sorry Mr. Wincy, I just thought you wanted to scare me.

**Incy Wincy:** Never. I'm lovely me. **(Smiles)**

**Inspector:** See? Incy Wincy Spider wouldn't even hurt a fly.

**Incy Wincy:** **(Looks ashamed)** Well, actually –

**(Lights off)**

### **Humpty Dumpty - Characters**

<b>William (M)</b>	-	News Anchor
<b>Brian (M/F)</b>	-	Reporter in the field
<b>Gail (M/F)</b>	-	Eye witness
<b>Chief (M/F)</b>	-	Chief of Police
<b>Tony (M/F)</b>	-	Humpty's best friend
<b>Horse (M/F)</b>	-	One of the King's horses
<b>Humpty (M/F)</b>	-	Humpty Dumpty

## Scene 1 – News Room/the field

(William, the newscaster, is sitting behind a news desk stage left, dressed in suit and tie. William is stage right in darkness. Brian is ‘in the field’ as a correspondent to which William will cross periodically. If possible, a long ticker tape could be fed from stage left to right across the front of the stage containing news updates (i.e. ‘Inquest held as Baa Baa Black-sheep runs out of Wool’ or ‘Peter Piper in Pickled Pepper Probe’. Could also contain absurd comments regarding the news story. Production crew could get creative with this. Lights up on William.)

**William:** Good Evening and welcome to ‘Nursery Rhymes, Nursery Crimes’. The show in which we ask the important questions about the wrongdoings and mishaps in Toy Town. I’m William Winkie and tonight we ask, (**dramatic pause and SFX. dramatic news music**) Humpty Dumpty – did he have a great fall or what he pushed? Out on the street is our reporter Brian Facts and he’s been speaking to eye witnesses. Brian.

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(William looks to the side dramatically. Lights off on William. Lights up on Brian.)

**Brian:** (**Speaking with microphone into the audience/camera**) With me now is Gail. (**to Gail**) Gail, how do you know Humpty? (**puts microphone in Gail’s face unceremoniously**)

**Gail:** Never met him

**Brian:** But you were there when the *incident* happened?

**Gail:** No. But I heard about the whole thing from someone who saw it happen, and I read all about it on *Facebook*, where as you know, *everything* is *absolutely* true.

**Brian:** (**Hesitantly**) Right, so what happened *exactly* then?

**Gail:** Aliens. The sky was full of flying saucers, rockets, swans –

**Brian:** Swans?

**Gail:** Anything that can fly really. Swooping about. (**leans in to microphone**) Honking.

**Brian:** And then what happened?

**Gail:** Well, it’s a matter of physics isn’t it?

**Brian:** Is it?

**Gail:** Yes, Humpty is an egg you see.

**Brian:** (**Uncertain**) *Is he though?*

**Gail:** Oh yes, you see his head is actually his head and body combined. His arms come out where his ears should be and his legs –

**Brian:** Yes?

**Gail:** Well, they come out of his chin. **(Indicates legs coming out of her chin with two wiggling fingers)**

**Brian:** I see.

**Gail:** Simple physics! If Einstein was standing here telling you this, you'd be writing it all down. **(Defiantly)** You try and balance an egg on a flat surface, it's just going to roll off isn't it? **(Demonstrates with hand gestures)** Egg – Wall – Roll – Smash – Physics.

**Brian:** So that's what happened? He just 'rolled off' the wall?

**Gail:** No idea. I wasn't there. But that's one thing that could have happened according to Jeff's Conspiracies on *TikTok*.

**Brian:** **(To audience, as if to camera)** Well, William, we're no closer to learning the truth at the moment, back to you in the studio.

**(Lights off Brian. Lights up on William.)**

**William:** Thanks Brian. In the studio with me is Toy Town's chief of police. **(To Chief)** Do you have an update for us on the incident?

**Chief:** Yes, thanks Brian **(smiles smugly into the camera/audience)** we're looking for someone short or tall with blonde, brown or red hair who might or might not be carrying either an umbrella, a brief case or a small dog. **(Smiles smugly again)**

**William:** **(sarcastically)** Very helpful. **(Putting finger to ear. To audience)** I think we've got another piece of breaking news from our correspondent out in the field. Brian?

**(Lights off on William. Lights up on Brian.)**

**Brian:** Thanks William. Right now I'm with an eye witness who actually *knew* Humpty.

**(Tony is holding a rectangular sign, like the strip of information that appears at the bottom of a TV screen when interviewing a passer-by, which says 'Tony, bricklayer, friend of Humpty')**

**Tony:** Well, he's my best friend. We went to school together. St. Ovals's Primary in Omelette-on-sea. We holidayed in Cornwall and took bracing bike rides along the Welsh coast. Good times.

**Brian:** Quite – So what actually happened on that fateful day?

**Tony:** What fateful day?

**Brian:** Today. Earlier. Humpty had a great fall?

**Tony:** Who?

**Brian:** Humpty Dumpty

**Tony:** Humpty? Oh, sorry, I thought you said Humphrey. Yes, me and *Humphrey* Dumpty go back years. I've no idea who this Humpty fellow is.

**Brian:** You must know him; egg-shaped bloke, fell off that wall over there.

**Tony:** Impossible!



**Brian:** How so?

**Tony:** I built that wall. I'm a bricklayer by trade you know **(holds up the sign so Brian can read it)**

**Brian:** Interesting, so what health and safety measures were in place to stop such a tragic accident from happening?

**Tony:** Well, the wall is only a foot high for a start. He'd have to be made of egg shells for that fall to do anything.

**Brian:** **(To audience/camera)** William, it seems this story gets more and more intriguing by the interview. Back to you in the studio.

**(Lights down on Brian. Lights up on William.)**

**William:** Thanks Brian.

**(SFX. Dramatic news music)**

**William:** In the news today. In Toy Town, two children tumble downhill whilst fetching pail of water. One of the children, Jack, is in a stable condition; paramedics were on the scene quickly to administer vinegar and brown paper. The pail is yet to be recovered from the scene.

**(SFX. Dramatic news music)**

**William:** In Gloucester today, Dr. Foster asked the rain-rain to go away after torrential downpours linked to climate change hit the area. Police were called after reports of a man in a puddle, right up to his middle. The man, later identified as Dr. Foster, was winched to safety by the coast guard. He later gave a statement to the gathered media which read, 'I'm never going there again, no further comment.'

**(SFX. Dramatic news music)**

**William:** Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper. More on that story later.

**(SFX. Dramatic news music)**

**William:** And our top story. Local man/egg thing, Humpty Dumpty has today allegedly been shoved off a wall and had a great fall. Police are looking for witnesses.

**(Music stops)**

**William:** With me in the studio is the Chief of police. Chief, what can you tell us about this ever evolving incident?

**Chief:** Thanks William, **(Smiles smugly at the camera/audience)** we've had several eye-witness accounts telling us that after the alleged fall, the King sent every single one of his horses and every single Royal employee to the scene on the off-chance that one of them had experience of reassembling a broken egg.

**William:** **(to audience)** More on that as we get it. Meanwhile, we've got an update from Brian who is near the wall that Humpty fell off. Brian.

**(Lights off William. Lights on Brian.)**

**Brian:** **(Speaking to someone off stage)** What's that you're eating? **(pause)** An egg sandwich? Bit insensitive. **(Realises camera is on and turns to the audience)** Erm, hello again William. Right now we have one of the King's horses –

**(Horse enters and stands next to William to be interviewed)**

**Brian:** Hello, and what's your name? **(Puts microphone up to Horse's mouth)**

**Horse:** Whinney

**Brian:** Well Whinney, what can you tell us about this incident?

**Horse:** **(Well spoken)** Well Brian, when word came of this terrible accident, the King sent all of us horses down to the scene.

**Brian:** **(Confused)** Why?

**Horse:** That's what *we* said. Well, we actually said 'Neigh', but then the King said we *had* to, so we all came down to see what we could do to help.

**Brian:** And what did you do?

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**Horse:** Well, the King's men were here already and said that we were sent to 'put Humpty together again'. I mean, how were we supposed to do that? We haven't got opposable thumbs. **(Holds up hooves)**

**Brian:** Well, quite.

**Horse:** I can't even do a jigsaw never mind reassemble a smashed egg.

**Brian:** **(To camera)** Wise words there, straight from the horse's mouth. Back to you –

**(Humpty wanders on. Brian gets his attention and brings him in front of the 'camera'. The Horse leaves indignantly.)**

**Brian:** Breaking news, we actually have the actual literal Humpty Dumpty here with us. Now, Humpty, we've had reports of you sitting on a wall and having a great fall?

**Humpty:** **(American accent)** Yeah, that's right. I had a super-great time sitting on the wall, such a *great* wall to sit on. I had a wonderful summer on that wall, then I had a great fall and I'm really looking forward to Winter. **(Smiles cheesily into the camera/audience)**

**Brian:** Sorry, what was that?

**Humpty:** I'm super-pumped for winter, Brian. **(Smiles a toothy smile)**

**Brian:** No, before that

**Humpty:** **(confused)** I really enjoyed Summer?

**Brian:** No, after that

**Humpty:** I had a great fall?

**Brian:** So, you didn't actually fall *off* a wall and break?

**Humpty:** I'm sorry, what? No, I was sitting on the wall watching the leaves changing colour, the days growing shorter, animals preparing to hibernate, Squirrels collecting nuts. I just had the *best* fall, Brian. The absolute best. It was a *great* fall.

**Brian:** **(Stares at Humpty incredulously for a moment, then turns to camera/audience)**  
Well William, looks like there's no story here. It seems Humpty just sat on a wall and really enjoyed autumn. Back to the studio.

**(Lights off Brian. Lights on William)**

**William:** Thanks Brian. Coming up after the break, we go undercover at the snail farm to find out what little boys are made of. We'll be back after these short messages.

**(SFX. Dramatic News Music. Lights off.)**

## Mary Mary - Characters

Man (M/F)	-	Man in Advert
Woman (M/F)	-	Woman in Advert
Mary (F)	-	Mary Mary (quite contrary)
Alan (M)	-	Mary's boyfriend

## Scene 1 – Framed Stage

(A frame stands upstage which has a ‘YouTube’ logo on the top corner. It is meant to look like a computer screen showing a YouTube Video. A sign appears from the bottom right corner saying ‘Skip Ad’. Lights fade up as an ‘advert’ plays. A man enters with bare feet and stands screen left. A Woman follows and stands screen right. They talk in a stilted badly acted way like people on an infomercial)

**Man:** Ooh, my feet are cold

**Woman:** I’m not surprised. It’s winter and you’ve got bare feet.

**Man:** Have I? (looks down) So I have. (puts a hand to his head and makes an over exaggerated gesture of ‘aren’t I silly’)

**Woman:** Haven’t you heard of the new thing for keeping your feet warm?

**Man:** No? A thing that can keep your feet warm? Well, whatever could that be?

**Woman:** (Taking out a pair of socks) Foot jumpers!

**Man:** Wow! Whatever will they think of next?

(Man takes the socks and puts them on)

**Man:** Phew! My feet are toasty warm now!

**Woman:** (Takes out another pair of socks and shows them to the audience) Buy new foot jumpers now and you too can have feet as hot as sausage rolls! (pauses) Hot ones.

(Man and woman smile into the audience with grins. They hold this pose whilst they say the following dialogue without moving their lips)

**Man:** Hang on, aren’t these just socks?

**Woman:** Yes but we renamed them, repackaged them and pretended we invented them. Just keep smiling.

(They both smile more. Lights off. Man and Woman exit. Mary enters in darkness and takes her place on a chair, as if presenting to camera in a YouTube video. Lights up.)

**Mary:** Hi guys! Welcome *back* to my channel. Don’t forget to subscribe –

(A YouTube thumb appears on a stick from stage left)

**Mary:** And ring the bell for notifications!

(A YouTube bell appears on a stick from stage right. Both the bell and thumb disappear from view again)

**Mary:** If you’re new to my channel, my name is Mary Mary. My mother, Mrs. Mary, didn’t have a great imagination and when they asked her to name me, she panicked. Anyway, (another sign enters top left saying ‘Video is sponsored’) today’s video is sponsored by ‘Pretty Maids’, the new delicious ice lolly. (deliberately) I eat them all the time and my favourite flavour is mango and beansprout. Yum Yum. (speaking normally once more) Anyway, today I’m going to give you some *amazing* gardening tips. In –

**(SFX. Jolly jingle plays)**

**Mary:** Mary Mary's 'How does your garden grow' **(Grins cheesily)**  
**(Alan enters behind Mary, not realising she's making a video)**

**Alan:** You want a cup of tea?

**Mary:** **(Annoyed)** Alan! I'm making a video –

**Alan:** You're what?

**Mary:** Just get out of – **(shoos him away)**

**Alan:** **(Staring into the screen (out into the audience))** Ooh, what about? Is it a makeup tutorial?

**Mary:** No, I stopped making those after I poked myself in the eye with the mascara brush – just go and do whatever you were doing in the other room.

**Alan:** So you *don't* want a cup of tea?

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**Mary:** No, I don't like tea

**Alan:** Sausage sandwich?

**Mary:** I'm vegan!

**Alan:** Vegan? Then why did you have steak and chips last night

**Mary:** **(Looking awkwardly towards the camera)** No, **(lying)** that was vegan steak made out of chickpeas and tofu.

**Alan:** **(Realises)** Oooh, yeah. **(winks to camera)** I remember. You're a vegan when you do Instagram and YouTube to get more followers aren't you?

**Mary:** **(Shooing Alan)** Just, get out will you?

**Alan:** You're being very *contrary* today Mary. In fact, I'd say you were being *quite* contrary.

**(Mary gives Alan an evil stare until he takes the hint and leaves)**

**Alan:** I'm going.

**(Alan exits)**

**Mary:** **(To camera)** Sorry about that. What was I saying? Oh yes, I'm going to give you some *amazing* gardening tips so you can perk up your droopy dahlias, put some life into your withered wisteria, grow clematis all over your pergola and grow the biggest Pumpkins you've ever seen! All you need is a new fertilizer I've invented called 'Mary Mary's varied prairie fairy'. **(takes out a bottle with some liquid in it and a pot plant from below the table which has drooped over)** All you need to do is squeeze the fertilizer onto the plant and pop in a couple of lollypop sticks from the

'Pretty Maids' Ice lollies you ate earlier (**she places three lollypop sticks in front of the flower, in a straight line**) and –

(**She pauses whilst the plant slowly stands upright to a SFX. Plant growing twinkly sound effect**)

**Mary:** Look at that. Healthy and green. Now, I can't tell you what's in the fertilizer because that's a trade secret but –

(**Alan enters**)

**Alan:** Mary, have you seen that bag of cockle shells I collected from our trip to the beach last night?

**Mary:** Alan! I'm making a video –

**Alan:** It was a big supermarket carrier bag with loads of cockleshells in it. I was going to make a collage!

**Mary:** Alan, I told you, can't it wait until I've finished making my video?

**Alan:** Ok, ok, keep your gardening gloves on. I'm going (**makes to exit then stops**), oh, by the way, have you seen those bells I bought for the local church? The silver ones?

**Mary:** No, now get out!

(**Alan makes a face at Mary, smiles into the 'camera' and exits**)

**Mary:** Now, as I was saying, I can't reveal the ingredients of my fertilizer but it's definitely not silver bells and cockle shells (**chuckles, then points to the lollypop sticks**) and pretty maids all in a row! (**She giggles again**)

(**Alan enters**)

**Alan:** (**Right beside Mary, staring into the screen, pressing some buttons on the keyboard and looking concerned**) You do know you're not recording this video don't you?

**Mary:** What do you mean?

**Alan:** You're live-streaming this right now.

**Mary:** What? (**Clicks some buttons and her mouse**) Oh no, am I live streaming *right now*? I thought I could edit it later! Oh no, now the world knows the ingredients of my secret fertilizer.

**Alan:** And that you're not really a vegan.

(**Mary stares at Alan for a moment before turning back to the camera**)

**Mary:** Hello everyone, and welcome *back* to my channel! Which is now called 'Mary Mary's Gardening tips for meat eaters!'

(**Mary grins a sickly grin. Lights down.**)

**There's a Party on the Hill - Characters**

<b>Jill (F)</b>	-	Jack's friend
<b>Jack (M)</b>	-	Jill's friend
<b>Willy (M)</b>	-	Wee Willy Winkie
<b>Polly (F)</b>	-	Offstage Voice



## Scene 1 – Jill’s House

**(Lights up. Jack and Jill are preparing for Wee Willy Winkie’s birthday party by putting banners up and party favours etc. into boxes. There is a bed stage left.)**

**Jill:** **(To audience)** Hello boys and girls

**(Awaits audience reaction)**

**Jill:** My name is Jill and this is Jack. Say hello Jack.

**Jack:** Hello boys and girls.

**(Awaits audience reaction)**

**Jill:** Jack and I are throwing a party on the hill for our dear friend Wee Willy Winkie. It’s his birthday tomorrow and it’s *top* secret. Do you think you can keep it a secret boys and girls? **(awaits audience reaction)** Brilliant!

**Jack:** **(To Jill)** Are we having party poppers and glitter cannons?

**Jill:** No Jack. Those things are far too loud. You know Wee Willy Winkie is always tired. The slightest loud noise could frighten him and he might have an accident.

**Jack:** What do you mean?

**Jill:** Well, he might drop his candle.

**Jack:** **(Walks over to where Jill is working on her box of favours)** Ok, well are we at least going to play party games and sing Happy Birthday?

**Jill:** **(Hushed tones)** Yes, but very *very* quietly.

**Jack:** **(Whispering)** Ok **(steps gingerly back to the box he was sorting out)**. What else are we doing?

**Jill:** Well, I have made a Christmas pie! **(Points at a pie on a plate, upstage)**

**Jack:** Ooh, what’s in it?

**Jill:** Tinsel, snow, presents and fairy lights

**Jack:** **(licking his lips and gesturing greedily towards the pie)** Are there any plums in it?

**Jill:** **(Confused)** Plums?

**Jack:** Yeah. You know, plums?

**Jill:** **(Sarcastically)** Obviously.

**Jack:** **(Making yummy noises)** I don’t know why but I’m getting an urge to take this pie and go sit in the corner so we can have some ‘alone time’.

**Jill:** **(really confused)** What are you talking about?

**Jack:** Look at it. Don’t you just want to stick your thumb into it?

**Jill:** **(Scolding)** Little Jack Horner, have you gone completely round the bend?

**Jack:** **(Innocently)** No. Listen, you get your pie, right?

**Jill:** (unsure) Right.

**Jack:** Then, you stick your thumb right into the middle right?

**Jill:** (Still unsure) Right.

**Jack:** And, when you pull your thumb out again it'll have a big fat plum on the end! (**Looks extremely pleased**) And then you can say something like 'What a good boy am I?'

**Jill:** More like 'What a total weirdo am I'. Go over there and sort out the party hats. (**Points downstage**)

**Jack:** (**huffily**) Ok (**picks up the party hats**) These party hats –

**Jill:** Yes?

**Jack:** They're paper crowns out of Christmas Crackers aren't they?

**Jill:** Yeah, they were left over ingredients from the Christmas Pie

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(**Jack puts one on his head and it rips a little because it's too small, however, it remains on his head**)

**Jack:** Oh dear, I've broken this one (**points to the rip in his hat**)

**Willy:** (**Offstage**) Jill? Are you there?

**Jill:** (**To Jack**) Quick! (**fussing around the party items**)

**Jack:** What?

**Jill:** That's Wee Willy Winkie at the door. Help me hide all this stuff!  
(**They throw covers over the food and party items**)

**Jack:** Won't he get suspicious if he sees me here though?

**Jill:** You're right (**she looks around manically**) I've got it!

**Jack:** Got what?

**Jill:** Get into bed and act sick, I'll get rid of him  
(**Jack gets into bed and feigns illness. Willy enters wearing a long stripy nightgown and holding a candle in an old fashioned drip-tray holder**)

**Willy:** Hello Jill. Did you not hear me calling at the door?

**Jill:** Oh, hello Willy. No, I was just – (**she holds up a vol-au-vent**)

**Willy:** Is that a vol-au-vent?

**Jill:** (**Putting it in her mouth**) Yes, it's erm – breakfast! Yum yum. Cornflake vol-au-vents. Who knew?

**Willy:** (**Confused. Aside.**) Bit weird. (**To Jill**) Anyway, I just had a quick question.

**Jill:** (Through a mouthful of vol-au-vent) Yes?

**Willy:** Did I see you going up the hill with Jack yesterday?

**Jill:** (Scared and lying) No?!

**Willy:** (Accusingly) Are you sure?

**Jill:** (lying) Yes

**Willy:** You're saying Jack and Jill *didn't* go up the hill?

**Jill:** (Giving in) Oh, yesterday? Jack? Yes, that was me. Yes. Sorry. And Jack. Yes.

**Willie:** (Suspiciously) What were you two up to?

**Jill:** We were just erm – (looks around and sees a bucket. She grabs it) fetching a pail of water!

**Willy:** That's a bucket

**Jill:** Potato – Tomato

(Jack shuffles in bed)

**Willy:** (Noticing the shape in the bed) Jack?

(Jack moans with illness)

**Jill:** (Running over to tend to Jack) Yes, when we went up the hill to fetch a pail of water, Jack fell down.

**Willy:** (Pointing to the ripped crown on Jack's head) Looks like he broke his crown.

**Jill:** Yes, exactly, and I came tumbling after. I hurt my knee and my shoe came off and everything. (rubs her knee)

**Willy:** (Taking a closer look) You know what would fix that broken crown of yours Jack?

(Jack moans with illness)

**Jill:** What?

**Willy:** Vinegar.

**Jill:** Sorry?

**Willy:** Vinegar and brown paper. It'll make a kind of glue, fixes all sorts vinegar and brown paper.

**Jill:** Does it? Ok, well I think we've got some distilled malt in the cupboard, I'll be sure to follow your advice. (ushering Willy out) Now if there's nothing else, I've got lots to do.

**Willy:** (Suspicious) Yes, well, this is all very suspicious I must say – anyway, I'd better get on. I'm just trying to decide whether to buy a new night gown. This one is a bit tatty and as it's my birthday tomorrow, there's a chance someone might have bought me one as a present. It's cold this time of year and I need something thermal to go running through the town, you know, upstairs and downstairs, tapping at the window, crying at the lock.

**Jill:** Whatever you get up to in your own time is your business I suppose. See you later, bye.

**(Jill ushers Willy out of the door as he is clearly trying to recite the rest of the Wee Willy Winkie Nursery Rhyme. Willy exits. Jack gets out of bed.)**

**Jack:** That was close. Do you think he suspected anything?

**Jill:** I hope not. Now, we need to work on the guest list. **(She picks up a clipboard and pen)** The muffin man.

**Jack:** The muffin man?

**Jill:** Yes. Do you *know* the muffin man?

**Jack:** The one who lives on Drury lane?

**Jill:** **(excited)** Yes!

**Jack:** **(Sadly)** No

**Jill:** Ok, what about Mary?

**Jack:** Which one? Mary Mary, quite contrary? She won't come, she says she doesn't like parties and she wouldn't come even if she was invited.

**Jill:** Not her, Mary who had a little lamb.

**Jack:** Ah yes. She hasn't got that any more though has she?

**Jill:** No?

**Jack:** No. Mary *had* a little lamb, it's fleece was white as snow but it grew into a sheep so she sold it. The price of sheep feed has gone through the roof hasn't it?

**Jill:** Little boy blue?

**Jack:** Well, I thought the party invite would cheer him up so he could stop being Little boy blue and be Little boy cheerful instead. Thing is, when I tried to invite him, was under the haystack fast asleep

**Jill:** Will you wake him?

**Jack:** No, not I, for if I do - he's sure to cry.

**Jill:** What about Little Bo-Peep?

**Jack:** She's still out looking for her sheep. Says it's more important than some party.

**Jill:** Georgie Porgie?

**(Jack stares at Jill silently until she crosses Georgie's name off the list)**

**Jill:** So it's just us then? Ok, let's get everything ready for the party tomorrow. **Who is doing the catering?**

**Jack:** Old Mother Hubbard.

**Jill:** Great, should be plenty of food then shouldn't there? (to audience) See you later boys and girls.

**(Lights off. Half-tabs open to reveal the party room with balloons and streamers. Lights up. Jack enters.)**

**Jack:** **(Singing)** Polly put the kettle on. Polly put the kettle on.

**Polly:** **(Offstage)** Put it on yourself! And can you stop calling me Polly? My name is Pauline!

**Jack:** **(admonished)** Ohh, touchy.

**(Jill enters)**

**Jill:** Don't worry, I've filled the little teapot.

**Jack:** Which one?

**Jill:** The short and stout one.

**Jack:** Ah, ok.

**(SFX. Knock at the door)**

**Jill:** Oh, could you answer that? It'll be the pie-man that Simple Simon told me about yesterday.

**Jack:** I thought Mother Hubbard was doing the catering?

**Jill:** She was but when she went to the cupboard, it was bare.

**Jack:** Who uses a bear as a cupboard? Honestly, some people.

**(Jack exits and re-enters with a stack of pies. He sets them down on a table downstage)**

**Jill:** Right, have you got the nuts?

**Jack:** No **(brings out a bowl of mulberries)**, I got mulberries.

**Jill:** Oh, I heard you singing **(sings)** 'Here we go gathering nuts in May, nuts in May...'

**Jack:** No, **(sings)** 'Here we go round the mulberry bush, mulberry bush'.

**(SFX. knock at the door)**

**Jack:** I'll get it.

**(Jack exits and re-enters with Wee Willy Winkie)**

**Willy:** ...I went upstairs, downstairs...

**Jack:** In your dressing gown?

**Willy:** Exactly.

**(Jill pulls a party popper and blows on a party tooter)**

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**Jill:** **(Together)** Happy Birthday!!

**Jack:** **(Together)** Happy Birthday!!

**Willy:** **(overwhelmed)** Oh, wow! A birthday party? For Me? **(to audience)** Did you know about this? **(awaits audience reaction)** Well done for keeping a secret!

**Jack:** Just one thing first.

**Willy:** Yes?

**Jack:** **(Performing the rhyme)** There's a party on the hill can you come?

**Willy:** **(Looks around then looks at himself)** Obviously

**Jill:** Bring your own cup and saucer and a bun.

**Willy:** I don't have any of those things. You really should have put that on the invite.

**Jill:** This is a surprise party, there was no invite.

**Willy:** Well, how was I supposed to know to bring a bun? And a – cup? Do you not have cups here?

**Jill:** **(Ignoring him)** Isn't it a pity that Willy can't come?

**Jack:** Out goes one

**Jill:** Out goes two

**Jack:** Out goes another one

**Jack:** **(Together)** and that means you! **(Pointing at Willy)**

**Jill:** **(Together)** and that means you! **(Pointing at Willy)**

**(Willy looks sad)**

**Jack:** Only joking. Here **(passes Willy a cup, saucer and a bun)** Happy Birthday!

**Jill:** Happy Birthday!!

**Willy:** Oh, you two! **(Holding out his cup)** Go on then, get me a cup of tea.

**Jack:** **(Shouting off stage)** Polly?

**Polly:** (Offstage. Annoyed.) What?

**Jack:** Put the kettle on.

**(They set off party poppers and blow on party tooters. Lights off.)**

## **Knick-Knack Paddywack - Characters**

- Man (M)** - This old man
- Shopkeeper (M/F)** - A Shopkeeper



## Scene 1 – Shop

(The shop keeper is looking busy. SFX. A small bell rings. The old man enters.)

**Man:** Ah, Mr. Shopkeeper, how are you on this fine day?

**Shopkeeper:** I'm fine. You?

**Man:** Not bad. Now, I have a list of items I would like to buy, I wonder if you could help?

**Shopkeeper:** I'll certainly try.

**Man:** Now, I was sitting in my chair the other day staring at the wall. You know how you do?

**Shopkeeper:** (unsure) yes?

**Man:** I was bored you see. So, I thought, you know what, I'll take up a hobby. Something to pass the time. Something to get me out of bed in the morning. Know what I mean?

**Shopkeeper:** (still unsure) Yes?

**Man:** Good. So – I've decided that I want to play all the numbers.

**Shopkeeper:** Come again?

**Man:** All the numbers. I want to play them all. I'll start with one to twelve obviously, see how it goes, but to start with I want to play one, I want to play two – up to twelve – with a *knick-knack Paddywack*, obviously.

**Shopkeeper:** (really unsure) Right...

**Man:** But I've got nothing to play them on.

**Shopkeeper:** Ah, so you're looking for a (thinks for a moment and then disappears behind the counter. He comes back up holding a guitar) like a guitar maybe?

**Man:** (Desperately) No, that won't do.

**Shopkeeper:** Why not?

**Man:** It doesn't rhyme.

**Shopkeeper:** What doesn't rhyme?

**Man:** Guitar doesn't rhyme with any of the numbers. Listen to this (sings) This old man, he played one, he played knick-knack on his (stutters) guitar. It doesn't work you see?

**Shopkeeper:** (A little scared) I – s – see.

**Man:** I've taken the liberty of making a list. (He takes a list out of his pocket) The things I need are a scone (to rhyme with 'gone'), a bee hive, some bricks, a plate and a pen.

**Shopkeeper:** (taking the list) A scone? (to rhyme with 'bone')

**Man:** No, a 'Scone' (to rhyme with 'gone'). I need it to play one. (explaining) He played one. He played knick-knack on my scone.

**Shopkeeper:** Ok, (reading from the list) a bee hive?

**Man:** Five

**Shopkeeper:** Bricks (**getting it**) six.  
(**Old Man nods appreciatively**)

**Shopkeeper:** Plate, eight and pen, ten?

**Man:** Exactly. Now, I can play two on my own shoe (**lifts his foot up and shows the shopkeeper his shoe**) I can play three on my knee – four, well I can play that on my front door. Five and six are covered by the list but I’m struggling with seven. (**thinks**) What’s your name?

**Shopkeeper:** Alan

**Man:** Not Kevin?

**Shopkeeper:** No

**Man:** Would you consider changing it to Kevin just for the next half hour?

**Shopkeeper:** No

**Man:** Ok. (**Pensively**) Looks like I’m going to have to get the train to Devon.

**Shopkeeper:** Indeed

**Man:** Now – nine. Do you mind if I use your spine?

**Shopkeeper:** Certainly not, I’m using it right now. (**thinks**) I’ve got some twine?

**Man:** Perfect. So that’s one, two (**counts fast, pointing to the list. Concerned**) Eleven – I can just do that in Devon when I’m doing seven – and – Twelve. (**thinks**) Twelve? Twelve? Do you fancy changing your name to Melvyn?

**Shopkeeper:** Melvyn?

**Man:** Melve for short?

**Shopkeeper:** No sir, I’m not changing my name.

**Man:** Ok, I’ll just have to play one to eleven. Here’s my address (**hands Shopkeeper a piece of paper**) if you could ship all the items there that would be great.

**Shopkeeper:** Ok, I’ll see what I can do.

**Man:** (**turns to leave and then remembers something**) Oh, nearly forgot, I need a couple more items.

**Shopkeeper:** (**Sighs**) What else do you need?

**Man:** (**Sings to himself**) *Knick-Knack Paddywack*, give the dog a bone – I’ll need a bone, (**thinks**) a dog, (**thinks**) and do you sell roller blades?  
(**Lights off**)