

MOTHER GOOSE

by Nigel Holmes

(c) Copyright

All rights reserved

www.PantomimePantomime.co.uk

**You may NOT perform or rehearse this script
without a written license from the author, Nigel Holmes.**

A licence and current performance price are available via
www.PantomimePantomime.co.uk

Any production group or company found using the whole
or any part of this script without a licence
will be prosecuted for copyright infringement.

The rights of Nigel Holmes to be identified as the Author of this work has been
asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act.

CAST

MOTHER GOOSE: Dame. Over the top owner of a goose farm. Actual name is Gertrude Gobthorp. 'Mother Goose' is her nickname.

PETER: Son of Mother Goose. In love with Alice.

LULU: Daughter of Mother Goose. A tomboy.

SQUIRE BADWIG: A rather nasty land owner.

ALICE: Daughter of the Squire.

NUTS: A bailiff. Not too bright.

CRACKERS: A bailiff. Even less bright.

DEMON KING: A really nasty piece of work. The pantomime baddie.

FAIRY GLIMMER: A fluffy pantomime fairy.

PRISCILLA: The magic goose who lays the golden eggs. A speaking part, not just a 'skin'.

FOXY FARQUHAR: A fox. Upper class. Wears red hunting clothes.

GHOST: Non speaking.

SCENES

ACT I

SCENE 1: Mother Goose's Farmyard "Goose Farm".

SCENE 2: Somewhere between Here and There.

SCENE 3: Inside the Barn.

SCENE 4: Somewhere between Here and There.

SCENE 5: Mother Goose's Farmyard "Goose Farm".

ACT II

SCENE 1: The Demon King's Lair.

SCENE 2: The Middle of Nowhere.

SCENE 3: The Fountain of Desire.

SCENE 4: On the way to Somewhere.

SCENE 5: Mother Goose's Farmyard "Goose Farm".

SCENE 6: Song Sheet.

SCENE 7: Mother Goose's Farmyard "Goose Farm".

ACT I: SCENE 1: MOTHER GOOSE'S FARMYARD. "GOOSE FARM".

THE SCENE IS A STANDARD PANTOMIME STYLED FARMYARD IN THE COUNTRY. ON ONE SIDE (AS A WING) IS THE EDGE OF A COTTAGE CONTAINING A WORKING DOOR FOR ENTRANCES AND EXITS.

IT IS A LOVELY SUNNY DAY.

AS THE CURTAIN GOES UP WE SEE THE STAGE FULL OF FARM WORKERS (THE ENSEMBLE.) WHO ARE DANCING AND SINGING.

MUSICAL NUMBER: All the farm workers and ensemble.

SUGGESTED SONG: It's a lovely day today - Irving Berlin.

AT THE END OF THE SONG, DAME MOTHER GOOSE ENTERS. 'GALLOPING' IN VIA THE COTTAGE DOOR.

MOTHER GOOSE: Hello, hello, hello. (GALLOPING ON THE SPOT.) I know lovies. It looks like I've lost my horse. But isn't this fun. I love a bit of galloping. Come on. All gallop with me.

MOTHER GOOSE AND THE WHOLE ENSEMBLE GALLOP IN CIRCLES AROUND THE STAGE.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Mother Goose and the Ensemble.

SUGGESTED SONG: The Galloping Major - By Fred W. Leigh and George Bastow. (Just the chorus a few times with the Ensemble joining in on the "Bump-i-ty Bump's".)

NOTE: Lyrics need to be changed to "Mother" not "Major" -

Bump-i-ty! bump-i-ty! bump-i-ty! bump! As if I was riding my charger. Bump-i-ty! bump-i-ty! bump-i-ty! bump! As proud as an Indian rajah. All the boys declare, that I am like no other. Hey! hey! clear the way! Here comes the galloping mother.

MOTHER GOOSE: (TO AUDIENCE AND LOOKING EXHAUSTED.) Phew! I'm all galloped out. Can I come down there and sit on someone's knee? (PICKING A MAN IN THE AUDIENCE.) Yooo hooo Sir! I say girls, he looks like he got nice knees. I bet he gallops well.

Sadly my galloping days are coming to an end. (ENCOURAGING AN "AHHHH!" RESPONSE.) I'm not as young as I used to be you know. (ENCOURAGING ANOTHER "AHHHH".) It's true. I certainly won't see 27 again.

When my poor husband was alive we could gallop all night. I was always a bit saddle sore in the morning.

You couldn't trust him to do anything right. The only time he was allowed to cook was when the barbecue came out. Actually he had a black belt in cooking. He could kill you with one chop.

I love a good barbecue, don't you Sir? Your little old sausage squashed between two soft round baps.

Talking of which... (TO ENSEMBLE.) I hope you've not come for the annual barbecue. We've had to cancel it this year on account of us being stony broke.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Didn't you all get my email? "Barbecue off" it said. Or at least I think it said *something* off.

It probable got put in your Spam box.

(TO AUDIENCE.) Actually, that's about all we could afford this year for the barbecue. A few Spam fritters. Does anyone actually know what they put in Spam? It's probably all the left over bits and pieces after they've finished those disgusting eating challenges on 'I'm a Celebrity'.

(ANNOUNCING.) You've won ten stars lovlies, so tonight your dinner is... A tin of Spam.

(TO ENSEMBLE.) Run along my lovlies. There's nothing to entertain you here.

FARM WORKERS (ENSEMBLE) EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

MOTHER GOOSE:

(TO AUDIENCE.) How are you all? Are you having a good time? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Pardon? I said are you having a good time? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Well we'll soon change that.

Let me introduce myself. I'm Gertrude Gobthorp. I'm known locally as Mother Goose. That nickname was given to me because, on my farm, I look after a large gaggle of geese.

Okay, you know who I am. Let's find out who you all are. We'll start in the front row at seat number one, then two then three and we'll go round the whole theatre. Just shout out your names when it's your turn. (POINTING TO SEAT ONE.) Shout out your name lovie. (WAITING FOR A REACTION.)

This isn't going to work is it? It'll take hours. It would be faster if we did it all together. All shout out your own name when I count three. Ready? One, two, three. (AUDIENCE REACTION.) I heard a Poppy over here and I think there was a George over there. Lets try again and see if I can hear you. Louder this time. Shout out your own name. One, two, three. (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

That's better. Now we all know each other.

Would you like to meet some of my geese? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) I keep them in the barn round the back of the cottage. I'll go and get them.

MOTHER GOOSE EXITS BEHIND THE COTTAGE TO GO TO THE BARN.

NUTS AND CRACKERS (THE BAILIFFS) ENTER LOOKING AROUND IN A SHIFTY MANNER.

NUTS: This is it.

CRACKERS: Goose farm?

NUTS: Yes. Goose Farm. I know I'm right because it says so on the gate.

CRACKERS: Clever.

NUTS: I certainly am.

CRACKERS: What?

NUTS: Clever.

CRACKERS: You're not clever, your Nuts.

NUTS: And you're Crackers.

CRACKERS: That's right.

NUTS: (TO AUDIENCE.) If that's got you thinking we're insulting each other, you've missed the point

CRACKERS: That's our names.

NUTS: He's (she's) Crackers, and I'm Nuts.

CRACKERS: Confusing isn't it. He's (she's) Nuts. It's me who's Crackers.

NUTS: But if something goes wrong, I go Crackers.

CRACKERS: And I go Nuts.

NUTS: This is where this Gertrude Gobthorp lives.

CRACKERS: I thought we were looking for Mother Goose

NUTS: We are

CRACKERS: So they both live here then?

NUTS: Only one?

CRACKERS: She's got a split personality?

NUTS: No not a split personality. This Gobthorp. She's better known as Mother Goose. It's her nickname.

CRACKERS: And we're gonna nick stuff?

NUTS: No we are *not* going to nick stuff. This be a proper job. We've been hired by Squire Badwig. Today we are those nasty bailiffs, Nuts and Crackers.

CRACKERS: Sounds like new a breakfast cereal.

NUTS: It's us you idiot.

CRACKERS: So if she doesn't pay, we take stuff and sell it?

NUTS: Sort of.

CRACKERS: Just like normal then. I break a window, you nip in and pass stuff out. Then we sell it.

NUTS: No, not like normal. We go in the front door and take stuff for the Squire to sell.

CRACKERS: I don't think we can make the Squire sell stolen goods.

NUTS: They won't be stolen.

CRACKERS: But you just said we grab stuff.

NUTS: I'll explain later. I wonder if she's in her cottage. (PUSHING DOOR.) It's not locked. Shall we go in and see if there's anything worth taking?

CRACKERS: So we do nick stuff while she's out?

NUTS: (SIGH.) Just follow me.

NUTS AND CRACKERS EXIT THROUGH THE COTTAGE DOOR.

MOTHER GOOSE ENTERS FROM BEHIND THE COTTAGE WITH 'PRETEND' SEED IN HER GATHERED UP APRON. SHE SCATTERS THE SEED AS SHE BACKS ONTO THE STAGE.

MOTHER GOOSE: Come on my little goosey goosey ganders. Come to Mummy. Come on gooseys.

A GROUP OF SMALL CHILDREN DRESSED AS GEESE ENTER IN A LINE, ONE AFTER THE OTHER. THEY FOLLOW MOTHER GOOSE TO CENTRE STAGE WHERE THEY STAND AROUND HER.

MOTHER GOOSE: This is my lovely gaggle of geese. They lay beautiful little eggs for me to sell at the market. Don't you my darlings? Yes you do. Lovely little white goosey eggs to dip your toasted soldiers in for breakfast.

Mind you... Breakfast! Hardly anyone has breakfast any more do they? It's just a quick bowl a funky flakes, a splash of milk, then shovel it all in as quick as possible before the morning dash down the road in the Mum-mobile to school. What ever happened to starched gingham tablecloths and those chicken shaped egg cups with a lovely little spoon? Or am I just getting old?

(SHARPLY TO AUDIENCE.) Who said yes.

THE SMALL GEESE SUDDENLY DASH OFF STAGE IN A LINE FOLLOWING EACH OTHER.

FROM THE OPPOSITE WING, FOXY JUMPS ON STAGE WITH A FLOURISH. HE THEN RUNS RIGHT ACROSS THE STAGE CHASING AFTER THE GEESE AND EXITS. MOTHER GOOSE WATCHES IN DISMAY.

THE GEESE ENTER AGAIN FROM WHERE THEY EXITED, STILL IN THEIR LINE. THEY RUN ACROSS THE STAGE, EXITING ON THE OTHER SIDE.

FOXY JUMPS ON STAGE WITH A FLOURISH AGAIN. THEN STARTS TO CHASE AFTER THE GEESE.

AS HE PASSES MOTHER GOOSE SHE GRABS FOXY AND BRINGS HIM TO A QUICK HALT.

MOTHER GOOSE: Oi!

FOXY FARQUHAR: Who me?

MOTHER GOOSE: Can you see anyone else here lovie?

FOXY FARQUHAR: How may I help you Madam? Foxy Farquhar at your service.

MOTHER GOOSE: Were you chasing my little geese?

FOXY FARQUHAR: Geese? Were there geese? Coincidence! I was just out for a leisurely stroll in the country and some of your geese might just *happened* to have cross my path.

MOTHER GOOSE: Just *happened* to cross your path did they? Well my size eleven boot might just happen to cross your backside if you don't remove it from my sight.

FOXY FARQUHAR: No sooner requested than done lovely lady. Consider it my pleasure.

FOXY FARQUHAR EXITS AT A SAUNTER.

MOTHER GOOSE: (TO AUDIENCE.) I've been noticing that some of my geese have been going missing. I wonder if Foxy is the problem?

I'll tell you what. Now we know each others names we must be friends. Would you like to be my friends? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Would you help me? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Will you let me know if you see Foxy around? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) So if you see Foxy again, you need to shout out "Foxy" really loud and I'll come running.

Let's have a practise. What do you shout if you see Foxy? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) That's not loud enough. I might be in the lower field. Try again but louder. What do you shout if you see Foxy? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) That's much better.

I've got to go and find my little goosy geese now. I'll see you later boys and girls.

MOTHER GOOSE EXITS WAVING.

NUTS AND CRACKERS ENTER VIA THE COTTAGE DOOR.

NUTS: She must have gone out.

CRACKERS: Then why aren't we nicking her goodies?

NUTS: I already told your. We're not nicking on this job. Today we're honest thieves.

CRACKERS: Honest thieves? How can we be honest and thieves?

NUTS: We're bailiffs.

CRACKERS: But we still nick stuff?

NUTS: Yes. But legally nicked.

CRACKERS: I don't get it.

NUTS: You'll get it from me in a minute.

NUTS AND CRACKERS EXIT.

THE LIGHTS DIM FOR A STORM AND THERE IS THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

ENTER THE DEMON KING, IN A GREEN LIGHT.

DEMON KING: Ahh haa haa ha! (TO AUDIENCE.) Who booded me? Was it you Sir? Put your hand up if you booded. Ha! Not all so brave now are we? Come on then if you want to boo me, let's have the biggest boo you can manage. (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Call that a boo.

DEMON KING:

I could hardly hear you. Come on, louder.
(AUDIENCE REACTION.) Louder. (AUDIENCE REACTION.)
Louder..... (ETC. ETC.) Stomp your feet. Come on
make some noise. Let's shake the (NAME OF VENUE.)
until they can hear us in (NEXT TOWN.)

NOTE: THE DEMON KING SHOULD KEEP
ENCOURAGING THE AUDIENCE TO GIVE LOUDER
AND LOUDER BOOS. KEEP IT GOING
"LOUDER...LOUDER...LOUDER" UNTIL THE
KING FEELS THE VOLUME IS AT THE TOP.

DEMON KING:

Enough. STOP! You've had your fun. Now we'll get
serious.

I am the pantomime Demon King. The biggest villain
you will ever meet. Unless you've already met
Theresa May. (OR CURRENT PM IF THERE'S BEEN AN
ELECTION.) Ahh haa haa ha!

I rule this and every pantomimes. It's my sworn
duty to interfere with any pantomime and make it go
badly wrong. I won't ever stop being evil. Even
if someone shouts "I'm a celebrity, get me out of
here". Ahh haa haa ha!

Look at you pathetic lot. You know nothing. You
don't even realise that you're in the presence of
pantomime royalty. (MAKING BIG GESTURE.) Behold
the Demon King. Master of the whole pantomime
world. I mess with them all. I stir, stir, stir
my evil plots until everything goes wrong. Just as
it will today. Ahh haa haa ha!

Come on then. You have one more chance to boo me
before I start causing havoc. Make it the best one
yet. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE TO BOO.) Ahh haa haa
ha!

THERE IS THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

FAIRY GLIMMER ENTERS TO TINKLING MUSIC
AND THE LIGHTING GETS BRIGHTER OR SHE
IS LIT IN PINK.

FAIRY GLIMMER:

What on earth was all that noise?
Have you been playing silly boys?

DEMON KING:

Bless my soul it's Fairy Glimmer.
And she's not getting any slimmer.

FAIRY GLIMMER:

Right Demon King, go from this place.
Go now and never show your face.
Don't mess with me, I'll have you banned,
from this farm yard and all the land.

DEMON KING:

You think that I will step aside?
I'm staying 'till someone gets fried.
And why are we both spouting rhyme?

FAIRY GLIMMER:

We have to. This is pantomime.

DEMON KING:

Well I'll not play your silly game.
I'm here to mess with this show's dame.
It's Mother Goose who'll feel the power,
Just as she hits her finest hour.
I'll find a way to put her down.

FAIRY GLIMMER:

You won't. You're just the panto clown.

DEMON KING: You can't touch me. I'll take no flack.
As Arnie said... I - WILL - BE - BACK.

Ahh haa haa ha!

DEMON KING POKES HIS TONGUE OUT AT THE
AUDIENCE AND EXITS.

LIGHTING RETURNS TO NORMAL.

FAIRY GLIMMER: Let's hope we've seen the last of him.
He's bad and just a little grim.
To help forget the Demon King,
I have a lovely song to sing.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Fairy Glimmer.

*SUGGESTED SONG: A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes - From Walt
Disney film Cinderella.*

FAIRY GLIMMER: Right now the farm seems all at peace.
Dame Goose is tending to her geese.
If things turn bad, or even worse.
You'll see me back to shift a curse.
There's work for me elsewhere today.
And so my friends I must away.

FAIRY GLIMMER EXITS TO TINKLING MUSIC.

PETER ENTERS.

PETER: What a lovely day. It's such a joy to live on a
farm in the middle of the country. The fresh air,
the blue sky, the freedom to live a relaxed life.
We may not be rich but we're certainly happy.

THE ROW OF CHILDREN DRESSED AS GEESE
RUN ACROSS THE STAGE. PETER WATCHES
THEM GO, LOOKING SLIGHTLY QUIZZICAL.

PETER: They should be round by the barn.

FOXY FARQUHAR LEAPS ONTO THE STAGE WITH
A FLOURISH AND SAUNTERS ACROSS TO
PETER.

HOPEFULLY AT THIS POINT THE AUDIENCE
WILL BE SHOUTING "FOX" FOR MOTHER
GOOSE.

FOXY FARQUHAR: I say. Excuse me. Have you seen a small gaggle of
plump juicy geese go past?

AS IF IN A DAZE, PETER POINTS IN THE
DIRECTION THE GEESE WENT.

FOXY FARQUHAR: Thank you kind Sir.

FOXY BOWS IN APPRECIATION AND EXITS
AFTER THE GEESE.

MOTHER GOOSE ENTERS FROM THE OPPOSITE
SIDE OBVIOUSLY OUT OF BREATH.

MOTHER GOOSE: (PANTING.) What! (PANT.) What? (PANT.) What's
happening. I was just powdering the pigs when I
heard someone calling.

PETER: (POINTING TO AUDIENCE.) It was them Mother.

MOTHER GOOSE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Oh you lovely people. You remembered. Thank you. Was it Foxy?

(TO PETER.) Did you see Foxy? He won't get our gaggle? I've locked them in the barn.

PETER: They're not in the barn Mother.

MOTHER GOOSE: Oh yes they are.

PETER: Oh no they're not.

MOTHER GOOSE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Oh yes they are.

PETER: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh no their not.

PLAY THE "OH NO!" EXCHANGE A COUPLE OF TIMES IF THE AUDIENCE ARE UP FOR IT.

MOTHER GOOSE: Oh yes they....What? Where are they?

THE ROW OF YOUNG GEESE RUN ON (IN A LINE). THEY TRAVEL ACROSS THE STAGE AND EXIT BEHIND THE COTTAGE AS IF GOING TO THE BARN.

MOTHER GOOSE: See! They ARE in the barn. Now.

Boys and girls, I'd like you to meet my son Peter. Please say hello to Peter. (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

PETER: Hello everyone. I'm Peter. What are your names?

MOTHER GOOSE: Don't start them off again. I'll give you a full list later.

Peter is my eldest child followed by his sister Lulu. Lulu's the wild one.

PETER: She's not that bad Mother.

A PANTOMIME STYLE COW PAT GETS THROWN IN 'FRISBEE LIKE' FROM THE SIDE. IT HITS EITHER MOTHER GOOSE OR PETER.

MOTHER GOOSE: What the...! (PICKING IT UP.) Phwar! It's a flying Frisbee cow pat.

LULU ENTERS FROM THE SAME DIRECTION AS WHERE THE COW PAT WAS THROWN IN FROM.

LULU: Hey Mum. (TO AUDIENCE.) Hey boys and girls. (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Come on, you're supposed to say 'Hey' back. Hey boys and girls. (AUDIENCE REACTION.) That's better.

MOTHER GOOSE: Was it you who flung this floppy flying fart?

PETER: It's always her.

LULU: It wasn't me, was it boys and girls?

MOTHER GOOSE: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh yes it was.

LULU: Oh no it wasn't.

MOTHER GOOSE: Oh yes it was.

LULU: High five Brother. (SHE RAISES A DIRTY HAND.)

PETER: No chance. If I hit that mucky hand we'll be splatted with who knows what.

LULU: It's clean dirt.

PETER: You look and smell like you've been crawling around in cow poop.

LULU: Dropped my phone in the cow field.

MOTHER GOOSE: You're not thinking she did what I'm thinking she did? (HOLDING NOSE.) Phwar!

LULU: Fished it out of a really sloppy one.

PETER: Phwar! The smell?

LULU: (PULLING OUT PHONE.) Look. Want to make a dirty phone call?

MOTHER GOOSE: Here! (TAKING PHONE GINGERLY.) I'll run it under the tap.

MOTHER GOOSE EXITS INTO COTTAGE.

LULU: How's it hanging Brother?

PETER: Yeah! Sort of okay. Actually I could do with some help with a friend of yours. Alice.

LULU: Alice is *not* my friend. She's a stuck up pimple. Just because she's the Squire's daughter she thinks...

PETER: But you know her.

LULU: Yeah! A complete twonk.

PETER: I think I might be in love with her.

LULU: Ooooo! (MOCKING.) I think I might be in love with her. (TO AUDIENCE.) What do we think kids? (ENCOURAGING RESPONSE.) Ooooo!

PETER: Why shouldn't I love her?

LULU: You with prissy little sweetie knickers? She won't look twice at your stupid face.

PETER: That's where you're wrong. We've already been on a dinner date.

LULU: A dinner date isn't two bags of chips from (LOCAL FISH AND CHIP SHOP).

PETER: I could only afford one. We shared.

LULU: What! You took posh Alice out and bought her half a bag of chips? Plonker.

PETER: *With* extra tomato ketchup.

LULU: Do you think there's real tomatoes in tomato ketchup?

PETER: Of course there is. Like everything else. There's real steak in stake pie. Real cheese in cheesecake. Real beans in beans on toast. You eat what's in the name.

LULU: You eat what's in the name? Yuck! Last night Mum gave us toad in the hole.

PETER: I really fancy Alice. But I don't think her father, the Squire, will let me have anything to do with her.

LULU: You idiot Peter. She's a posh stuck up prat. Her dad owns half the houses and land for miles around here. You're just a poor farm hand. You're so not gonna make that happen Brother.

PETER: Huh! Thanks for the advice.

LULU: My mate Stonky would go out with you. She's not fussy.

PETER: I don't want your Stonky. I want Alice.

LULU: (MOCKING.) I want Alice. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Ooooo!

Stonky would go out with you for half a bag of chips. Probably just one chip.

THE SQUIRE ENTERS. HE STRIDES DIRECTLY UP TO PETER IGNORING LULU.

SQUIRE BADWIG: And you are?

LULU: Squire Badwig. We were just talking about you.

SQUIRE BADWIG: If you don't mind, I'll deal with the top, not the hired help.

LULU: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Ooooo!

PETER: That's my sister Lulu.

SQUIRE BADWIG: (CALLING.) Alice. Come here at once.

ALICE ENTERS AND STANDS WITH HER FATHER.

SQUIRE BADWIG: Is this the upstart?

ALICE: Yes Daddy, that's Peter. Hello Peter.

PETER: Hello Alice.

SQUIRE BADWIG: Don't you talk to my daughter like that.

PETER: Like what?

LULU: Oi! Bog off mate. That's my brother and only I'm allowed to talk to him like that.

ALICE: Daddy, this is Peter. He's the boy I told you about.

SQUIRE BADWIG: Then listen here you oik! Keep your dirty hands off my beautiful daughter.

LULU: (SHOWING HANDS RIGHT IN THE SQUIRE'S FACE.) I'm the ones with the dirty hands mate.

SQUIRE BADWIG: Pwah!. I say. How can you even think about mixing with these sort of people Alice?

PETER: I'm sorry Sir. My sister accidentally fell in some mud.

SQUIRE BADWIG: Bring me your Father?
LULU: Dumbo! That might be even more messy.
PETER: Sir, we buried our father a couple of months ago.
LULU: And you'll be six foot under in a minute if you keep this up sunshine.
SQUIRE BADWIG: Then which one of you is my tenant? Who is it that is supposed to be paying the rent for this idyllic and sturdy cottage?
LULU: Idyllic and sturdy? You're kidding, right? The roof is about to fall in and it's got dry rot.
PETER: You need to speak to my mother Sir. I'll go and get her.
LULU: No Peter. I'll get her. You stay and see that slush-pants here doesn't pinch anything. (STARTING TOWARDS COTTAGE.)
SQUIRE BADWIG: Is she inside? I'll come with you.

THE SQUIRE AND LULU EXIT INTO THE COTTAGE.

PETER: Hello Alice.
ALICE: Hello Peter. I'm sorry about my father. He's a bit... Well, he's a bit... He's my father.
PETER: How are you Alice? How have you been since our chip episode.
ALICE: Oh you know. This and that. Quite a bit of this and actually, not a lot of that.
PETER: Alice. I really want to get to know you better. Like, much better'
ALICE: And I want too as well. But my father is not happy.
PETER: I noticed. You know we don't always have to tell him.
ALICE: I know but...
PETER: (BRIGHTENING.) Would you like to see our geese? They're in the barn.
ALICE: The barn?
PETER: Yes. It's where we keep the geese. And the hay.
ALICE: Hay? You mean soft warm hay? In the barn? Where no one could see us.
PETER: Not even your father.
ALICE: What are we waiting for?

ALICE GRABS PETER'S HAND AND DRAGS HIM OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE BARN.

SQUIRE BADWIG AND MOTHER GOOSE ENTER VIA THE COTTAGE DOOR.

MOTHER GOOSE: And you say I owe you *how much*? It can't be that much. You see I've been having trouble with my bank. The bank of Origami. They just folded.

But we've been supplying you with goose eggs to make up the difference.

SQUIRE BADWIG: Eggs! What do I want with goose eggs? I really can't be doing with wrinkled old ladies like you who don't have a bean.

MOTHER GOOSE: (STAGE WHISPER.) Wrong panto lovie. The magic beans are in Jack and the Beanstalk.)

SQUIRE BADWIG: Errrr... I really can't be doing with wrinkled old ladies like you who don't have any apples.

MOTHER GOOSE: (STAGE WHISPER.) No, no, no. Poisoned apple. Snow White.

SQUIRE BADWIG: Errrr... I really can't be doing with wrinkled old ladies like you who...

MOTHER GOOSE: Stop right there lad-oh. (DISGUSTED.) Wrinkled old ladies? *Wrinkled old ladies*? You're meaning me. How dare you Sir. I'll have you know that you don't have such a smooth Botoxed glossy fizzog yourself. For a start, your ears are too close together and your forehead looks like the map of a corrugated roof.

SQUIRE BADWIG: Madam! Pay me what you owe or I will send in the bailiffs. They'll sling you out on the street.

THE SQUIRE SWAGGERS OFF AND EXITS.

MOTHER GOOSE WALKS FORWARD ONTO THE APRON AS THE TABS CLOSE BEHIND HER. (OR THE STAGE DARKENS BEHIND HER FOR A SCENE CHANGE.)

CLOSE TABS.

END SCENE.

SCENE 2. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HERE AND THERE.

PLAYED ON THE APRON WITH THE TABS CLOSED. (OR WITH THE STAGE BEHIND DARK FOR A SCENE CHANGE.)

MOTHER GOOSE WALKS FORWARD THROUGH THE CLOSING TABS AND ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE.

MOTHER GOOSE: Hold on. Was he saying I was ugly? I'm not ugly. I just have strong features.

Do you think I'm ugly? Who said yes? (POINTING INTO AUDIENCE.) If I find you on Tinder you'll certainly get a swipe left.

Actually I guess the Squire's not too far from the truth. They say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder and I have to behold myself in the mirror every morning. Trust me, I'm not so pretty without this make-up.

I really would love to be stunningly beautiful. Soft skin, fabulous hair, white teeth. Hang on, I think I've just described Philip Schofield.

Or rich. I could do rich. I'd be very good at swanking about looking down my nose at people. That can't be difficult can it?

At the moment though it's all a bit of a dream.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Mother Goose.

SUGGESTED SONG: The Lady Is a Tramp - Written by Rodgers and Hart.

AT THE END OF THE SONG THE YOUNG GEESSE RUN ACROSS THE STAGE IN A LINE. AS THEY EXIT ONE SIDE FOXY FARQUHAR JUMPS ON STAGE THEN STARTS TO RUN ACROSS.

MOTHER GOOSE GRABS FOXY AS HE PASSES.

MOTHER GOOSE: Oi! Is that you again Foxy?

FOXY FARQUHAR: You must be mistaken young lady. It is most certainly not "me again", as to be here "again" implies that I have been here before. Which I haven't. So convention says that you are to let me go as you have grabbed me under false pretences.

MOTHER GOOSE: You're lucky I didn't grab you under somewhere else.

(STERNLY.) Leave my young geese alone or I won't be answerable for my actions.

FOXY FARQUHAR: This is victimization.

MOTHER GOOSE: Victimization?

FOXY FARQUHAR: There are laws against that you know. I could have you arrested for... something nasty. It's because I'm a fox, isn't it?

MOTHER GOOSE: (COMFORTING.) No it's not because you're a fox lovie. CHANGING MIND AND TONE.) Wait a minute, of course it's because you're a fox. You're a fox trying to eat my geese.

FOXY FARQUHAR: See, it *is* because I'm a fox. I think that might be racism? I'm a fox and you're not. Or perhaps it's actually species'ism.

MOTHER GOOSE: Species'ism. There's no such thing.

FOXY FARQUHAR: I'm afraid to disappoint you Madam, but there is now. I just invented it. I am the first case of many that will drag people like yourself through the courts and prove that you are as species'ism as they come.

MOTHER GOOSE: Hold on, hold on. You can't just make up new laws on the spot when they suit you.

FOXY FARQUHAR: Why not? The government does.

MOTHER GOOSE: Hmm! You have a point. Look, I'll let you go this time. But if I catch you chasing my gaggle again, I'll have you up for Goose'ing.

FOXY FARQUHAR: Now I think it's you who has made that one up.

MOTHER GOOSE: Try me lovie.

FOXY FARQUHAR EXITS, BEING CHASED BY
MOTHER GOOSE.

END SCENE.

SCENE 3. INSIDE THE BARN.

THE SCENE IS A TYPICAL PANTOMIME BARN WITH A COUPLE OF HAY BALES. SET TO ONE SIDE IS A TABLE WITH SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS AND TEST TUBES. A COUPLE OF FRYING PANS AND EGGS ARE SET OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND THE HAY BALES.

AS THE TABS OPEN THERE IS A BARN DANCE GOING ON WITH ALL THE ENSEMBLE.

ALICE AND PETER ENTER HALFWAY THROUGH THE MUSICAL NUMBER AND EITHER JOIN IN OR WATCH.

MUSICAL NUMBER: The Ensemble.

SUGGESTED SONG: Cotton Eye Joe - by Rednex.

THE ENSEMBLE STAND AROUND CHATTING TO EACH OTHER.

ALICE: I thought you said we'd be on our own.

PETER: I didn't know this lot would be here. I'm guessing it's because Mother had to cancel the barbecue. It's worse than the Black Friday sales stampede in (LOCAL SHOP NAME). Or even a night down the (LOCAL PUB NAME) just before chucking out time.

(ANNOUNCING.) Hey gang. They're giving away free bags of sweets at (LOCAL SHOP NAME.)

NOBODY MOVES. THE ENSEMBLE JUST CARRY ON CHATTING TO THEMSELVES.

ALICE: That didn't work.

PETER: Probably because they know that (NAME IF AVAILABLE) the owner of (LOCAL SHOP NAME) is too tight to be giving anything away.

ALICE: Try something else.

PETER: What?

ALICE: Anything.

PETER: What about something really stupid? (ANNOUNCING.) Hey gang, the bakery's giving away free doughnut holes.

THE ENSEMBLE LOOK AND SOUND EXCITED. THEY EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

ALICE: Free holes?

PETER: It worked didn't it? We're alone. Together.

MUSICAL NUMBER: By Peter (to Alice).

SUGGESTED SONG: Perfect - Ed Sheeran.

AT THE END OF THE SONG THEY LOOK INTO EACH OTHERS EYES AND HOLD HANDS.

ALICE: Oh Peter.

PETER: Oh Alice.

LULU POPS UP FROM BEHIND A HAY BALE.

LULU: Oh not again.

PETER AND ALICE JUMP APART.

LULU: Hey! You weren't gonna get all slushy were you? What do we think boys and girls. (ENCOURAGING RESPONSE.) Ooooo!

PETER: What're you doing in here?

LULU: I could ask you love monkeys the same.

ALICE: We were just...

PETER: We were just going to...

ALICE: We were... looking for eggs.

PETER: That's it. Looking for eggs.

LULU: Not heard it called that before.

PETER: Anyway, what are you doing in here?

LULU: Listen... Have you noticed how Mother comes in this barn a lot? Really odd times. Then... Have you noticed the test tubes and scientific stuff she's been fiddling with over there? What do you think she's up to.

PETER: Why don't you ask her?

LULU: Nar! I did, but she brushed it off as nothing.

PETER: Last week a book arrived from Amazon. She wouldn't let me see it but I managed a glance at the title. It said something about cloning.

ALICE: Cloning? That's making a real life copy of another living thing.

LULU: O.M.G! Mum could make a copy of herself?

ALICE: That would be awful. Oh sorry. I didn't mean it like it sounded.

LULU: No worries. We know what you mean. I love Mum but an extra one of her would be chaos.

PETER: Let's not even think about it.

ALICE: I'd better be getting back. Father will be worried that you've run off with me.

PETER: I am happy to run off with you any day.

LULU: (ENCOURAGING RESPONSE.) Ooooo! Both go jump in the duck pond and cool off.

PETER: That's not such a bad idea.

LULU: (TO AUDIENCE.) See you later kids.

PETER, ALICE AND LULU EXIT.

THE BAILIFFS, NUTS AND CRACKERS ENTER.

NUTS: This is the place.

CRACKERS: It's a barn. With hay and stuff. It's not gonna be worth much.

NUTS: Yeah but this be where she keeps her geese. They must be worth something.

CRACKERS: Only if they're oven ready.

NUTS: There'll be something special in here. You mark my words. I've got a feeling in my water.

CRACKERS: Shall I look around?

NUTS: You do that.

NUTS GOES SEARCHING BEHIND A HAY BALE

CRACKERS: Look. A couple of frying pans.

THE PANS ARE PASSED OVER TO NUTS.

NUTS: Someone's been cooking something up.

CRACKERS: There's be a couple of boxes of stuff back here.

NUTS: What sort of stuff?

CRACKERS: I think it's eggs. Goose eggs.

NUTS: Chuck 'em over.

CRACKERS THROWS A BOX OUT AND THEY CRASH LAND AT NUTS' FEET. NUTS OPENS THE BOX.

CRACKERS: Are they eggs?

NUTS: (OPENING BOX.) Yep. Scrambled eggs.

CRACKERS: Someone must have dropped them.

NUTS: Don't look at me.

CRACKERS: Try these. They're whole. (THROWING ANOTHER BOX WHICH ALSO HITS THE FLOOR.)

NUTS: (OPENING BOX.) Nope. These're scrambled too.

Note: The contents of the box could be revealed as semi-runny liquid. The box might contain a large plastic bag with yellow liquid inside. Or if your actors are up for it, then hands could go in the box and scoop out the liquid. Messy things always make kids laugh so make a mess if possible. There is a chance here for a slimy slippery floor (on a plastic sheet) where your actors can slide about and do a lot of slapstick falling over.

CRACKERS: There's a few loose ones here. Catch.

CRACKERS TOSSES AN EGG IN THE AIR WHICH IS CAUGHT (WE HOPE) BY NUTS IN A FRYING PAN. IT SHOULD SMASH AND BE SHOWN TO THE AUDIENCE TO PROVE IT IS REAL.

A SECOND EGG GETS TOSSED AND CAUGHT. AGAIN IN THE PAN, WITH THE SMASHED RESULT BEING SHOWN TO THE AUDIENCE.

NUTS INCONSPICUOUSLY SWAPS THE FRYING PAN FOR A CLEAN ONE.

CRACKERS SHOWS A THIRD EGG BUT THIS TIME IT IS A FAKE. A TABLE TENNIS BALL. IT IS SHOWN ONLY BRIEFLY TO FOOL THE AUDIENCE INTO THINKING IT IS REAL.

THE BALL IS TOSSED INTO THE AIR TOWARDS NUTS WHO BATS IT, WITH THE BOTTOM OF THE FRYING PAN, INTO THE AUDIENCE.

NUTS: Go see what's over there. Looks like the chemistry set I had as a kiddie. Should be worth something.

CRACKERS GOES TO SCIENTIFIC TABLE AND RETURNS WITH A RACK OF TEST TUBES, HOLDING THEM UP AS THEY TALK ABOUT THEM.

CRACKERS: Does this look like something to do with Mother Goose?

NUTS: It looks like whisky.

CRACKERS: (SMELLING THE TUBE AND RECOILING.) Pwah! It's a wee sample.

NUTS: When you say 'wee' I hope you mean, like in Scotland, small.

CRACKERS: Not really.

NUTS: What's in the others.

CRACKERS: I don't think I want to look.

NUTS: That one looks like a small egg.

CRACKERS: And this one's got a feather in it.

NUTS: I don't think these are worth anything. Put them back.

NUTS PASSES THE TEST TUBE RACK TO CRACKERS BUT BETWEEN THEM THEY FUMBLE AND DROP THEM (OR SPILL THE CONTENT) ON TO THE FLOOR. (PERHAPS NEAR THE WINGS FOR THE BEST EFFECT.)

NUTS: Now look what you've done.

CRACKERS: It wasn't me.

NUTS: Oh yes it was.

CRACKERS: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh no it wasn't.

NUTS: Oh yes it was.

CRACKERS: Oh no it wasn't.

NUTS: Kick the bits over there and no one will notice.

CRACKERS KICKS THE BROKEN BITS OFF TO THE SIDE OF THE STAGE. AT THE SAME TIME THERE IS A FLASH AND A LOT OF SMOKE OR MIST COMING FROM THAT AREA.

CRACKERS: Look! There's something growing out of the smashed test tubes.

NUTS: Don't be silly. Let me have a look.

NUTS PUSHES CRACKERS OUT OF THE WAY AND LOOKS AT THE SMASHED TUBES.

NUTS: It looks like a baby goose.
CRACKERS: A gosling.
NUTS: No it's bigger than that and still getting bigger.
CRACKERS: How big.
NUTS: It's as big as a Christmas turkey.
CRACKERS: That's big.
NUTS: It's still growing. It's as big as an ostrich.
CRACKERS: This is not in my contract.

CRACKERS STARTS TO RUN AWAY BUT IS GRABBED BY NUTS AND PULLED BACK. THEY BOTH LOOK INTO THE WINGS WITH HORROR.

NUTS: Look at the size of that beak.
CRACKERS: Look at the size of that Parson's Nose.
NUTS: I'm out of here.
CRACKERS: I've already gone.

NUTS AND CRACKERS EXIT RUNNING.

PRISCILLA THE GOOSE ENTERS THROUGH THE SMOKE.

PRISCILLA WANDERS AROUND THE STAGE A LITTLE AND LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE.

THE DEMON KING ENTERS AND THE LIGHTING DARKENS WITH THE DEMON LIT IN GREEN.

DEMON KING: Ahh haa haa ha! (TO AUDIENCE.) Call that a 'boo'? For the biggest Demon King in the panto world I expect louder than that. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

Behold! The result of my sinister and dark magic. A goose so gigantic that no microwave can contain it. It will never fit in any 'Slide and Hide' oven and the posh people of this nation will tremble in fear as they hot up their Agas.

Yes, it was I who sabotaged Mother Goose's experiments. She was hoping to create a goose that laid larger eggs. But I've changed the large egg gene to a large fowl gene and this colossal feathered fiend is my masterpiece. Ahh haa haa ha!

I will manipulate and train this bird to stomp and rampage throughout the countryside putting the willies up everyone and making them pay me to keep it under control. I shall have complete supremacy and total domination over everything. Ahh haa haa ha!

THE FAIRY GLIMMER ENTERS AND THE LIGHTING RETURNS TO NORMAL.

FAIRY GLIMMER: (ENTERING.) One moment now my evil friend. You may have gone right round the bend. This goose is good and innocent.

FAIRY GLIMMER:

In fact it's almost heaven sent.
I'll show you that it has a choice.
This is a spell to give it voice.
Bring goodness here within my wand.
Give speech, plus power to respond.

FAIRY GLIMMER WAVES HER WAND AND
PRISCILLA THE GOOSE STAGGERS SLIGHTLY
AS THE SPELL HITS HER.

PRISCILLA: Whoa!

DEMON KING: You meddling fairy, leave her be.
Can you not see this duck's with me?

PRISCILLA: I ain't no duck. Look here. A goose.
And fairy glim's just set me loose.
So watch it with the evil tone.
It seems to me, you only moan.

FAIRY GLIMMER: I've done my work for now it seems.
The goose is good. No evil schemes,
will find there way inside her head.
No nasty plans that you can spread.

DEMON KING: That will not stop me, there's a plan,
inside my head. And you can't ban,
my thoughts are that I'll cook your goose.
So your good spell will be no use.

FAIRY GLIMMER: This moment I must take me leave.
But if you're planning to deceive.
Be warned. I'll watch you from afar.
I'll always know just where you are.

FAIRY GLIMMER EXITS WITH A WAVE OF HER
WAND.

PRISCILLA: (DANCING AROUND.) I've got a voice. I can speak.
La la la la. What fun.

DEMON KING: At least we've stopped speaking in rhyme. How does
she make us do that. I'm gonna have to look that
one up in the panto rule book.

PRISCILLA: Look! I've got a voice. La la la la. This is
great.

DEMON KING: I have a feeling that we'll soon all get fed up
with it.

PRISCILLA: La la la la. I can speak. I wonder if I can
dance?

DEMON KING: I'm not hanging around for that one. For the
moment I have lost control of you, but mark my
words. I will have my wicked way and you goosie,
will dance to my tune. Ahh haa haa ha!

THE DEMON KING EXITS.

PRISCILLA: La la la la. Watch out, I'm going for the dance.
Music maestro please.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Dance by Priscilla the Goose who is joined by the
small geese ensemble.*

SUGGESTED TUNE: The Birdie Song. By the Tweets.

AT THE END OF THE DANCE THE SMALL GEESE
EXIT.

MOTHER GOOSE ENTERS. SHE LOOKS SURPRISED TO SEE THE HUGE GOOSE (PRISCILLA).

MOTHER GOOSE: Goodness me. I was looking for a big one but this is beyond my expectations. Something must have gone strange in my tubes.

PRISCILLA: Do you want the lecture about the birds and bees?

MOTHER GOOSE: I probably know more about tubes than you lovie. My late husband and I were... Just a moment, you're talking.

PRISCILLA: So are you.

MOTHER GOOSE: Yes but... You're a goose. A very unusual one it has to be said, but a goose all the same. And geese don't talk.

PRISCILLA: Ah now that's where you're wrong. We talk all the time. Just not normally to humans.

MOTHER GOOSE SPOTS THE BROKEN TEST TUBES ON THE FLOOR. (IN THE WINGS?)

MOTHER GOOSE: Oh no. Someone been fiddling with my juices.

PRISCILLA: Are we back to the birds and bees?

MOTHER GOOSE: No, my test tubes Wally. My experiment. Trying to invent something to make my geese lay bigger eggs. You see, I was in the middle of cloning and ostrich egg with a... (SUDDENLY RECOGNISING THE SITUATION.)

Just a nose picking moment. I think I have cleverly worked this out. With my brain. The cloning. The broken test tubes. My juices on the rampage. That's it. I've got it... YOU!

PRISCILLA: Me?

MOTHER GOOSE: Yes YOU. It was you who broke them.

PRISCILLA: It wasn't me (TO AUDIENCE) was it boys and girls? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

MOTHER GOOSE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Oh yes it was.

PRISCILLA: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh no it wasn't.

MOTHER GOOSE: Hold onto your bunions. My brain has just had another thought. What if YOU are the result of those mixed juices. YOU broke out of my tubes? The ostrich and goose swirled together and you're the result. That would make you an Ostri-Oose.

PULLING PRISCILLA FORWARD ONTO THE APRON WHILE THE TABS CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

MOTHER GOOSE: Come over here and let me explain.

PRISCILLA: The meaning of life the universe and everything?

MOTHER GOOSE: No not that.

TABS CLOSE.

END SCENE.

SCENE 4. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN STATIONS.

PLAYED IN FRONT OF THE TABS TO ALLOW FOR SCENE CHANGE.

MOTHER GOOSE PUTS HER ARM AROUND PRISCILLA'S SHOULDERS AND LEADS HER FORWARD THROUGH THE CLOSING TABS.

MOTHER GOOSE: (CONSPIRATORIAL.) Look lovie. You see, I was doing a few experiments with my Junior Mad Scientist's First Year Chemistry Set. (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE.) Ebay. Seven ninety nine. Buy it now. Including free postage.

I didn't tell the egg packing and producing authorities about it, so technically I may have been breaking the law. Which unfortunately might just make you a fugitive from justice.

PRISCILLA: (SADLY.) If I'm a test tube creation, does that mean that I don't have a mummy and daddy. (ENCOURAGING AN 'AHH' FROM THE AUDIENCE.)

MOTHER GOOSE: I'll be your mummy.

PRISCILLA: Thank you Mummy. I love you Mummy.

MOTHER GOOSE: I love you too... whatever your name is.

PRISCILLA: Priscilla.

MOTHER GOOSE: Oh what a lovely name. Priscilla. Reminds me of... Reminds me of... Oh well. What a lovely name.

PRISCILLA: Can I lay you my first egg Mummy?

MOTHER GOOSE: Are you feeling up to it?

PRISCILLA: Well there's certainly something up there that needs to come down.

PRISCILLA GOES INTO A OVER THE TOP AND COMICAL EGG LAYING ROUTINE WHICH INVOLVES LOTS OF STRAINING AND GRUNTING NOISES, PLUS EXAGGERATED FACE PULLING WITH EGG LAYING POSTURES. WHILE ALL THE TIME MOTHER GOOSE IS GIVING ENCOURAGEMENT.

MOTHER GOOSE: Come on darling. The first is never easy. Ask all the mummy's in the audience.

Push, breath. Push, breath. Pant, pant, pant.

FINALLY THE EGG DROPS ON THE FLOOR. MOTHER GOOSE PULLS OUT HER PHONE AND SNAPS A PICTURE.

PRISCILLA: What are you doing?

MOTHER GOOSE: Facebook. Posting the picture. (SHE TYPES INTO HER PHONE WHILE SAYING IT OUT LOUD.) A first for Priscilla. One point four kilogrammes. Mother and egg doing well.

(SHOWING PRISCILLA THE PHONE.) Look. You got five 'likes' already and one smily face.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Someone else has got a predictive text problem.
They've put "welly dong to you boat".

(TO AUDIENCE.) Did you know that the inventor of
predictive text has just died? His Funfair is next
Wedding.

MOTHER GOOSE PICKS UP THE EGG AND SINGS
TO IT

MUSICAL NUMBER: Mother Goose.

SUGGESTED SONG: Isn't She Lovely - Stevie Wonder.

AT THE END OF THE SONG THE TABS START
TO OPEN AND MOTHER GOOSE AND PRISCILLA
WALK BACK INTO THE NEXT SCENE.

OPEN TABS.

END SCENE.

SCENE 5: MOTHER GOOSE'S FARMYARD. "GOOSE FARM".

THE SCENE IS SET AS BEFORE.

SQUIRE BADWIG, NUTS AND CRACKERS ARE ALREADY ON STAGE AS THE TABS OPEN.

AS MOTHER GOOSE AND PRISCILLA COME FROM THE APRON THROUGH THE OPENING TABS, SQUIRE BADWIG GRABS THE EGG.

SQUIRE BADWIG: Ah Mother Goose. I'll take that.
MOTHER GOOSE: But that's Priscilla's first born.
SQUIRE BADWIG: Madam, it's an egg. I'm taking it in lieu of the rent you owe me.
MOTHER GOOSE: I hope you can't find an eggcup big enough and your toasted soldiers refuse to stand to attention.
SQUIRE BADWIG: My bailiffs will now enter your property and remove anything that we can sell to pay your debt.
MOTHER GOOSE: You can't do that.
SQUIRE BADWIG: I can and I will.
MOTHER GOOSE: Oh no he can't. (TURNING TO AUDIENCE FOR SUPPORT.)

WITH ANY LUCK THE AUDIENCE WILL BE TRICKED INTO REPLYING "OH YES HE CAN". IF NOT THEN THE NEXT LINE HAS TO BE MISSED.

MOTHER GOOSE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Traitors!
SQUIRE BADWIG: (SHOWING VERY LONG SCROLL.) I have here a list of what you owe me. (TO BAILIFFS.) Get in there and grab what you can.
MOTHER GOOSE: I'll not have you fiddling with my fundamentals.
SQUIRE BADWIG: Before the day is out I might even take your goose.

SQUIRE BADWIG EXITS.

MOTHER GOOSE: I'm not standing in my own farmyard being insulated. I'm old enough to be insulted anywhere. Come Priscilla. Let's make you comfortable in a new nest. That's if Squire Bigwig hasn't taken all the straw.

MOTHER GOOSE AND PRISCILLA EXIT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE BARN.

NUTS: Go in and see what you can find. Then bring it to me for a valuation.
CRACKERS: You could pretend to be Fiona Bruce on the Antiques Roadshow.

CRACKERS EXITS THROUGH THE COTTAGE DOOR.

A SHORT CLIP OF THE THEME TO THE ANTIQUES ROADSHOW IS HEARD.

MUSIC: The Antiques Roadshow Theme. Composed by Paul Reade and Tim Gibson.

NOTE: The following routine should be performed at a fast pace, running back and forth to the cottage. However, the routine is full of silly EGG puns, so the audience will probably groan after each one (which is what we are hoping for). Make sure the actors emphasise the EGG part, plus allow a pause for the audience to react after each pun.

NUTS: (OVER END OF MUSIC.) Hello and welcome to the Antiques Roadshow EGG-stra special edition, coming to you all the way from Goose Farm in the depths of the English countryside. Join us as we SCRAMBLE around on this EGG-celent day to find you all the CRACK bargains. Our EGG-sperts today are me and myself. Let's have the first item to value please.

CRACKERS: (ENTERING WITH A BOOK.) This should be worth something.

NUTS: Oh quite a famous book. "Great EGG-spectations."

CRACKERS: Yes, by Charles Chickens. (EXITING TO COTTAGE.)

NUTS: Did you know that goose eggs are going up again.

CRACKERS: (ENTERING WITH PICTURE IN A FRAME.) That'll be a nasty surprise for the geese.

NUTS: Why have you got a picture of a man in a silly hat?

CRACKERS: I thought he might have been an EGG-centric. (EXITING TO COTTAGE.)

NUTS: See if you can find something EGG-spensive.

CRACKERS: (ENTERING WITH A CHAMBER POT.) I think this is foreign.

NUTS: Ah yes. This would have belonged to an EGG-skimo.

CRACKERS: What is it?

NUTS: It's an EGG-loo.

CRACKERS: (EXITING TO COTTAGE.) I think I saw something else.

NUTS: See if you can find EGG-e-thing unusual.

CRACKERS: (ENTERING WITH A MONEY BOX.) This is more like it.

NUTS: It's probably full of cash.

CRACKERS: Why would it be full of cash?

NUTS: It's a swear box. You have to put a pound in it if you use FOWL language.

CRACKERS: (EXITING TO COTTAGE.) Hang on. Don't get over EGG-cited.

NUTS: You're not EGG-sactly bringing out EGGIE-thing unusual.

CRACKERS: (ENTERING WITH TWO CANE BASKETS.) She's got about twenty of these.

NUTS: That's easily EGG-splained. She wouldn't want to keep all her eggs in one basket.

CRACKERS: (EXITING TO COTTAGE.) Is any of this worth anything?

NUTS: EGG-sactly my point. Bring me something rare.
CRACKERS: (ENTERING WITH A PIECE OF STONE/ROCK.) How about this.
NUTS: What is it?
CRACKERS: I think it's a piece of moon rock.
NUTS: That will be very EGG-spensive because it's EGG-traterrestrial.
CRACKERS: Have we finished all the egg puns now?
NUTS: I EGG-spect so. But wasn't it EGG-citing?
CRACKERS: At least it was EGG-tertaining.

PETER AND LULU EGG-TER.

PETER: Hey! What are you two up too?
LULU: Didn't we tell you to leave our Mother alone. If you don't bog off I'll set my brother on you.
NUTS: We're not frightened of him.
LULU: You should be. He's got a black belt in origami.
CRACKERS: We didn't EGG-spect that. Scarper!

NUTS AND CRACKERS RUN OFF TAKING ALL THEIR PLUNDER WITH THEM.

PETER: Have you seen your friend Alice recently?
LULU: You really have to forget that little warthog.
PETER: I can't. I want to marry her.
LULU: Don't you listen brother? The Squire will never let Miss Prissy-nose marry a penniless ugly farmers boy like you.
PETER: I've told you. I love her.
LULU: Ooooo! (MOCKING.) I love her. (TO AUDIENCE.) What do we think kids? (ENCOURAGING RESPONSE.) Ooooo!

ALICE ENTERS

ALICE: Were you talking about me?
PETER: Lulu was just saying...
ALICE: I heard her mentioning a warthog so I thought I'd better show myself.
PETER: She didn't mean...
LULU: I didn't mean...
ALICE: Let's forget it. Anyway, I call you a bucket of slime so I guess that makes us even.
LULU: A bucket of slime's more use than a warthog.
PETER: Hey! Knock it off you two. Have you seen what Mother's up to.

PETER: She's been fiddling with the DNA of some of our geese and I think she may have created a monster.

ALICE: Like Frankenstein's goose?

LULU: Franken-gosling.

PETER: A huge goose. She calls it Pricilla.

LULU: I've heard her calling it. Priscilla. Come here Priscilla.

PRISCILLA ENTERS FROM THE BARN.

PRISCILLA: Did someone call.

LULU: Oh my lip gloss. Have a gander at that. It really is Franken-geese.

THE ROW OF SMALL GEESE ENTER AND RUN ACROSS THE STAGE, EXITING ON THE OTHER SIDE.

ALICE: The whole world has gone mad.

FOXY FARQUHAR JUMPS ON STAGE AND SAUNTERS FORWARD.

WITH ANY LUCK THE AUDIENCE WILL HAVE REMEMBERED TO SHOUT FOR MOTHER GOOSE.

MOTHER GOOSE ENTERS.

MOTHER GOOSE: What's happening? Foxy! What have I told you lovie?

FOXY FARQUHAR: (GOING UP TO PRISCILLA.) You certainly never told me about the biggest and most attractive legs in captivity. I think I need to get you acquainted with my knife and fork.

PRISCILLA: I think buddy, you need to get acquainted with my left foot.

FOXY FARQUHAR: I say, don't you just love an intelligent meal.

MOTHER GOOSE: You leave my little...

PRISCILLA: Mummy! I think I'm ready to lay another egg.

MOTHER GOOSE: (GESTURING TOWARDS AUDIENCE.) I'm not sure these poor people want to see that. You don't do you? (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

Oh no you don't. (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Oh no you don't. (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Well if this gets a bit 'medical' you'll have to shield the kiddies eyes.

Come on then Priscilla. Make it a good one.

PRISCILLA STARTS MAKING STRAINING MOTIONS AND HONKING NOISES.

FOR EXTRA COMIC EFFECT PRISCILLA COULD PRODUCE A SMALL KIDDIES HOOTER AND USE THAT ALONG WITH HER OWN HONKING SOUND.

THE DEMON KING ENTERS WITH A FLASH AND LIGHTING LEVELS DROP.

HE IS LIT IN GREEN. EVERYONE STARES
BUT PRISCILLA CONTINUES WITH EGG LAYING
GESTURES.

DEMON KING: Stop that egg!

MOTHER GOOSE: It's quite difficult to stop it Darling, once it's entered the shoot.

DEMON KING: Stop I say. That goose is mine. Ahh haa haa ha!

MOTHER GOOSE: I think you'll find Darling, that Priscilla is my goose.

FOXY FARQUHAR: (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE.) Or mine while there all busy with this nasty fella.

PRISCILLA: Mother, if I hold this egg on pause any longer I'll probably explode.

MOTHER GOOSE: Anyway, who are you lovie. You can't just come into my farmyard and start making demands.

PRISCILLA: Ahh ha ha ha! I am the Demon King and I rule the...

ENTER FAIRY GLIMMER. LIGHTING RETURNS
TO NORMAL.

FAIRY GLIMMER: And this is Fairy Glimmer here.
A spell is needed, or I fear,
this story will come to an end,
that someone else will have to mend.

MOTHER GOOSE: Oh my lovies it's a fairy.
At least she's not so green and scary.
Priscilla's mine, I'll have you know.
And I won't let her white eggs go.
None of you will touch my goose

PRISCILLA: (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE STILL STRAINING WITH EGG.)
This one's got stuck. It won't come loose.

DEMON KING: I want this goose it will be mine.
And as I own this pantomime,
I'll do what I consider best.
Until it's done, I will not rest.

FAIRY GLIMMER: My magic, it is time to show,
and stop this ranting too and fro.
(MAKING SPELL.) Zhazam! Now goose no longer hold,
that egg, for I have made it... GOLD.

PRISCILLA: It's coming.

MOTHER GOOSE: Don't worry lovie. We're all here with you. Push,
breath, push, breath.

PRISCILLA: Shouldn't we be talking in rhyme.

MOTHER GOOSE: Don't be silly, a new egg is being born. This is
far more important than any silly pantomime
tradition.

WITH ONE FINAL STRAIN, A GOLDEN EGG IS
PRODUCED BY PRISCILLA.

MOTHER GOOSE: Oh my goodness. Lovie, you've laid a golden egg.

PRISCILLA: Gold? Gold? Let me look.

MOTHER GOOSE RETRIEVES THE EGG AND
SHOWS IT TO PRISCILLA.

MOTHER GOOSE: This looks like it should be valued upwards of a great deal of money.

PRISCILLA: I knew I had it in me.

MOTHER GOOSE: And now you have it out of you.

PRISCILLA: I feel another one coming.

MOTHER GOOSE: Another gold one?

PRISCILLA: I think so.

MOTHER GOOSE: It's because you ate those twentyfour carrots.

ALL EXCEPT THE DEMON KING AND FAIRY
GLIMMER GATHER AROUND PRISCILLA TO HELP
HER WITH THE NEXT EGG.

THE DEMON KING AND FAIRY GLIMMER MOVE
TO ONE SIDE.

DEMON KING: So you have made Mother Goose rich?

FAIRY GLIMMER: The goose will continue to lay golden eggs for as long as my spell lasts. She will have enough money to pay off her debt to the Squire. Mother Goose will be happy.

DEMON KING: Happy is not possible for anyone on this Earth. No one is ever happy with what they have. Even Mother Goose with the fortune that her golden eggs will bring. It is my job to see that she is never content. Everyone on this Earth wants more.

I will make a bet with you Miss Fairy. I have something that everyone wants more than gold. Mother Goose will not be able to resist even though it will make her very unpopular.

THE FOLLOWING SONG AND DANCE NUMBER
SHOULD BE STARTED BY PETER, ALICE AND
LULU, THEN HAVE THE REST OF THE CAST
AND ENSEMBLE ENTERING AND JOINING IN.
MOTHER GOOSE DANCES AROUND WITH THE
GOLDEN EGG DISPLAYING IT TO THE
AUDIENCE.

MUSICAL NUMBER: All the cast.

SUGGESTED SONG: Celebration - Kool and the Gang.

DEMON KING: (ANNOUNCING IN A HUGE GESTURE.) No one is ever happy with what they already have. I, the pantomime Demon King, will make it so. Ahh haa haa ha!

CLOSE TABS.

END SCENE.

END ACT I.

TO REVIEW THE FULL SCRIPT (FREE)
Email - nigel@PantomimePantomime.co.uk

**PLEASE - Include the name of the THEATRE COMPANY or ORGANISATION
who might perform this script.
PLUS a reference to a Web or Facebook page.**

<><><><><-0-><><><><>

**You may NOT perform or rehearse this script
without a written license from the author, Nigel Holmes.**

A licence and current performance price are available via
www.PantomimePantomime.co.uk

Any production group or company found using the whole
or any part of this script without a license
will be prosecuted for copyright infringement.

The rights of Nigel Holmes to be identified as the Author of this work has been
asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.