

PUSS IN BOOTS

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.

PUSS IN BOOTS - CAST LIST

COLIN: A good lad and handsome hero type, yet very easily led. The youngest son of Dame Dotty Drawers. He inherits Puss in his fathers will, but Puss is the stronger character and leads where Colin follows. Normally played by the female lead.

DAME DOTTY DRAWERS: The typical panto Dame. Mother of Arnie, Barney and Colin. Normally played by a man. This actor needs to be able to hold an audience and respond to them

PUSS (silent) & PUSS (speaking): The cat. There can be two people playing this part as there is a silent Puss and a speaking Puss. One walks on all fours, crawling, like a cat. While the other stands upright and speaks. The speaking Puss is very bold and forthright in dealing with humans. Puss has the cunning of a cat and uses it.

PANT: Part of the comedy duo, Pant and Spec. Always out of breath at the mildest exercise. Could be a large (padded) character to offset a thin partner, Spec. The actor will need comedy timing and the ability to directly deal with an audience.

SPEC: Part of the comedy duo, Pant and Spec. Wears very obvious spectacles which change on every entrance. Cant see too well and trips occasionally. Of smaller stature than Pant. The actor will need comedy timing and the ability to directly deal with an audience.

LADY LATREENA: A lady villain. Messenger and "right hand woman" of the Ogre. The villain of the panto. Not to be trusted. She does all the dirty work for the Ogre. The actor needs to scare the audience.

FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR: A very large MAN dressed in a pink tutu. Must 100% NOT be played as gay. Exaggerates a catwalk model or prances on and off stage in a way that he thinks emphasizes the feminine walk. SPEAKS IN HIS NORMAL MANS VOICE or an old over the top "lovie" Shakespearean actor.

KING QUEENDOM: Theatrically gay. Married to the Queen and had one child, but changed his sexuality soon after the birth. Very feminine with large gay gestures.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Young, sexy, flirty and always chasing men. Is in charge of the Royal household.

PRINCESS SANCHA: A beautiful young lady. She is strong in character and knows what she wants.

ARNIE: Oldest son of Dame Dotty Drawers. Strong and bold, yet can be slightly bullying to his younger brothers.

BARNEY: Second son of Dame Dotty Drawers. Weaker in character than his older brother.

OGRE: Female. Proud of the power and happy to show off. Also has the ability to change into any form.

LION (Ogre): Makes a brief appearance as part of the transformation.

HERALD: Part of the Royal staff. Regal and upright. A cut glass voice.

GHOST: Dancer or member of the Chorus.

SPEAKING VILLAGERS: Villager Pat - Villager Jo - Villager Sam - Villager Chris - Either male or female. Part of the villagers or chorus with small one/two line speaking parts

VILLAGERS/CHORUS: These can be played by male and female. A mixture of ages and types that form the chorus and dancers.

ACT I: PROLOGUE

PLAYED WITH THE MAIN CURTAINS CLOSED
(OR CLOSED TABS IF THERE IS NO APRON).

MUSICAL PRODUCTION NUMBER: Villagers and chorus.

SUGGESTION: Sugar Plum Fairy - Tchaikovsky. Using the first section only. Ending after about 40 seconds where it comes to a "music stab".

AS THE MUSIC STARTS, SOME CHILDREN DRESSED AS FAIRIES ENTER THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE CURTAIN AND SPREAD OUT IN EACH DIRECTION. THEY "DANCE" A SHORT CUTE DANCE (30 TO 40 SECONDS) EITHER WITH ARMS AS WING MOVEMENTS, OR WHIRLING RIBBONS ON STICKS.

NOTE: If children are not available then use a couple of "delicate" ladies from the chorus, dressed as fairies, to do whirling ribbon movements on either side of the central opening as a contrast to Fairy Fifi Farquhar.

ON THE FINAL STAB OF THE MUSIC, FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR ENTERS WITH A FLOURISH THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE CURTAINS AND STANDS IN A POSE WITH WAND HELD HIGH AND ONE HAND ON HIP.

FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR HOLDS THE POSE (WITH THE OTHER DANCERS) FOR A FEW MOMENTS TO WAIT FOR ANY LAUGHTER TO DIE DOWN, BEFORE SHOUTING AT THE OTHER FAIRIES.

FAIRY FIFI: (SHARP.) Scram you lot.

EXIT THE OTHER FAIRIES TO EITHER SIDES.

FAIRY FIFI: (SNAPPING AT AUDIENCE.) Shut yer faces!

(CLEARING THROAT, THEN SLIGHTLY CONDESCENDING.)
I am Fairy Fifi Farquhar.
And I know just why the laughter.
Fairies come in lots of sizes.
Tall and short. In many guises.

(POINTING AT AN IMAGINARY PERSON IN THE BACK ROW.)
Oi! I've had just about enough if you mate. I'm up here doing my best and you're just giggling. Shut it!

(CLEARING THROAT.)
I am Fairy Fifi Farquhar.
And I know... (PAUSING.)

(POINTING TO THE SAME PERSON AT BACK.) Out! Yes you! Out! I'm a fully trained Shakespearean actor you know. I don't have to do this. I offered the producer my services... No, not the casting couch services. How dare you? If there *had* been a casting couch I would have got a far better part than this load of tosh. Anyway, all the main parts had gone by then, so he said "I fancy you as a fairy." I nearly punched him. But hey, a part's a part. I'm classically trained to slide into any opening. Oi you! Shut it!

Where were we? Oh yes! (CLEARING THROAT.) I am Fifi... You already know that bit, right?

Now I am here to start the show.

And tell you stuff you need to know.
Once upon a time my dears,
the Miller died. We all shed tears.
(ENCOURAGING AN "AHH" RESPONSE.)

Come on. It was sadder than that. (ENCOURAGING
"AHH" AGAIN.) Better. Let us continue.

Blah de blah de blah de blah.

The Miller died. We all shed tears.
(ENCOURAGING "AHH".)

He had three sons to leave his mill.

Here's what it said inside his will.
"My sons can have a small part each,
to learn the business and to teach,
them how to make a lot of dough."

And that is where we start this show.
It's panto time. Here's where it starts.
And where him at the back departs.

(POINTING TO BACK.) Oi! I've told you already
mate. Don't think you've heard the end of this.

(ANNOUNCING.) Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and
Girls, welcome to the (NAME OF THEATRE GROUP)
production of Puss in Boots.

FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR EXITS TO THE SIDE
(WITH AN EXAGGERATED "CATWALK MODEL"
WALK) AS THE MAIN CURTAINS OPEN.

END PROLOGUE.

SCENE 1: THE VILLAGE SQUARE OUTSIDE THE MILL

MUSICAL NUMBER: The Villagers and Chorus.

SUGGESTION: "It's a lovely day today." By Irving Berlin.

A BRIGHT SUNNY DAY. THE SCENERY SHOWS A VILLAGE STREET WITH PART OF THE WINDMILL TO ONE SIDE. PERHAPS PART OF ONE SAIL SHOWING?

AS THE CURTAINS OPEN, THE VILLAGERS ARE SINGING AND DANCING. EVERYONE LOOKS HAPPY.

AFTER THE OPENING MUSICAL NUMBER THE MUSIC CHANGES IMMEDIATELY INTO A TRADITIONAL MORRIS DANCING TUNE.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Music only.

SUGGESTION: "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

This should be played in traditional style on an accordion or something similar. See - www.TheMorrisRing.org - for musical examples.

PANT AND SPEC PUSH THROUGH FROM THE BACK OF THE VILLAGERS. THEY ARE DRESSED AS MORRIS MEN. THEY HAVE BELLS ON THEIR LEGS AND TRADITIONAL MORRIS HATS, STICKS AND RIBBONS ETC.

PANT AND SPEC DO A SHORT BUT OVER THE TOP MORRIS DANCE WITH BIG MOVEMENTS, WHILE THE VILLAGERS WATCH ON, CLAPPING IN TIME AND CHEERING.

AT THE END OF THE DANCE THEY HOLD THEIR POSITIONS AS A SMALL TABLEAU, TO HELP APPLAUSE. THE VILLAGERS ALSO APPLAUD AND CHEER.

THE COMEDY DUO (PANT AND SPEC) COME FORWARD TO THE EDGE OF THE STAGE AND LOOK OUT INTO THE AUDIENCE. SPEC NEARLY STEPS OFF THE STAGE BY ACCIDENT AND PANT PULLS HIM BACK.

PANT IS WHEEZING LOUDLY WHILE SPEAKING AND GRADUALLY GETTING BREATH BACK.

PANT: (DRAWING BREATH.) Don't fall into the audience.

SPEC: Audience?

PANT: (POINTING.) That lot out there.

SPEC: (SQUINTING INTO AUDIENCE.) What lot out where?

PANT: Have you cleaned your glasses lately.

SPEC: What? People are sitting in the dark?

PANT: Try speaking to them.

SPEC: In the dark?

PANT: Yes.

SPEC: Is there anybody there? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)
Obviously no one there. Unless they've gone to sleep.

PANT: Try again. They might be louder this time.

SPEC: Is there anybody there? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)
They're a quite lot aren't they.

PANT: They're not always quiet.

SPEC: Oh yes they are.

BOTH SHOULD SIGNAL FOR AN AUDIENCE RESPONSE.

PANT: (JOINING AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no they're not.

SPEC: Oh yes they are.

PANT: Oh no they're not.

SPEC: I can just about hear them now.

PANT: Hello Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls.

SPEC: (TO AUDIENCE.) Speak up!

PANT: Welcome to (NAME OF TOWN AND NAME OF VENUE.) Our names are Pant and Spec.

TOGETHER: (LOUDLY WHILE CUPPING HANDS LIKE A MEGAPHONE.) I'm in this panto. Get me out of here, here, here.

PANT: Yes, Pant and Spec. I'm Pant.

SPEC: And I'm Spec.

PANT: (POINTING TO VILLAGERS.) And they're the villagers.

SPEC: Psst! I saw some of them in the "naughty" before the show. In the changing rooms. But they couldn't see me.

PANT: Have you got that secret spy app where a tiny camera gets linked to your iPhone?

SPEC: The iHole?

PANT: That's very expensive that iHole app.

SPEC: Mine cost nothing. You drill a hole in the wall and put your eye to it. It's a real eye hole.

PANT: (TO VILLAGERS.) You lot had better go back to work.

SPEC: (TO VILLAGERS.) You don't want the Ogre after you.

VILLAGERS EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

PANT: Yes, the Ogre. (TO AUDIENCE.) All the villagers have their own land you see, but the Ogre is really powerful in these parts and insists on taking most of their crops.

SPEC: That's nasty.

PANT: The Ogre's terrorising them.

SPEC: Nasty.

PANT: And... It's said... The Ogre eats... Children.

SPEC: No!

PANT: Yes!

SPEC: Children?

PANT: Yes, children. For dinner.

SPEC: What, like the children who live around (NAME OF LOCAL TOWN)?

PANT: Yes. Just like the children who live around (NAME OF LOCAL TOWN.)

SPEC: What, like the ones in this audience?

PANT: Yes. The Ogre eats children just like the ones in this audience.

SPEC: (TO AUDIENCE.) Oh no he doesn't.

PANT: (HELPING AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh yes he does.

SPEC: Oh no he doesn't.

PANT: (HELPING AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh yes he does.

SPEC: (LOOKING INTO AUDIENCE.) Thank goodness I can't see any children then.

PANT: That's just your bad eyesight. There are children in here. Ask them.

SPEC: (TO AUDIENCE.) Are there any children who want to be eaten?

WAIT FOR ANY REACTION.

PANT: Anyway, where were we? Oh yes. Hello. I'm Pant.

SPEC: And I'm Spec. And together we are...

PANT: Sorry, what? Together we are...?

SPEC: We've got to practice that bit. How can we go on Britain's Got Talent with our dancing, without doing that bit where they film you arriving. You give your names and then go - And together we are... Simon wouldn't let you do it without that. Right! Start again.

PANT: Hello. I'm Pant.

SPEC: And I'm Spec. And together we are...

TOGETHER: Pant and Spec.

PANT: I get out of puff with all that dancing. Couldn't we just sing a song?

SPEC: What about our friendship song?

PANT: Great idea.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Pant and Spec.

SUGGESTION: "Together Wherever We Go." - from Gypsy.

THE LIGHTING CHANGES IN SOME WAY AT THE START OF THE SONG. PROBABLY TO A DIFFERENT COLOUR ON THE BACKGROUND.

AT THE END OF THE SONG THE LIGHTING SNAPS BACK TO NORMAL AND THEY HOLD A SMALL TABLEAU FOR APPLAUSE ALTHOUGH PANT SEEMS WORN OUT AND IS BREATHING HEAVILY.

PANT: Have you seen her?

SPEC: Who?

PANT: Mary Berry.

SPEC: Were?

PANT: (POINTING TO LADY IN AUDIENCE.) There. Look. Mary Berry.

SPEC: (SQUINTING.) I can't see her.

PANT: Probably if she stood up you'd see her better.

SPEC: That would be clearer.

PANT: (POINTING TO SAME LADY IN AUDIENCE.) Excuse me Mrs Berry. Would you mind standing up so that Spec can see you better. Come on audience, give Mary Berry a round of applause as she stands up. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE MEMBER TO STAND.) While you're on your feet Mary, would you mind just turning to acknowledge all your fans and giving them a wave?

SPEC: (AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF WAVING.) It's not her.

PANT: What do you mean it's not her?

SPEC: She doesn't have a soggy bottom.

PANT: Whoops! I think we might be in trouble. Let's make a dash for the (LOCAL PUB NAME).

SPEC: We're supposed to introduce someone.

PANT: Do it quick then.

SPEC: (ANNOUNCING.) Ladies and Gentlemen...

PANT: Girls and Boys...

SPEC: Please make some noise...

PANT: And welcome onto the stage of the (VENUE NAME)...

SPEC: Dame Dotty Drawers.

PANT AND SPEC RUN OFF WAVING AND EXIT.

DAME DOTTY DRAWERS ENTERS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

DAME DOTTY: Hello boys and girls of (LOCAL TOWN NAME). (AUDIENCE REACTION) You do sound a lovely lot. (POINTING TO WHERE PANT AND SPEC HAVE EXITED) They're nice, aren't they? I'm their aunty. Dame Dotty Drawers. Yes. Dotty, a smaller version of Dorothy. And Drawers, a larger version of knickers.

Drawers was my late husbands family name. We're all very proud of our Drawers, and I've not changed since he passed away. My name! Someone down there has a smutty mind.

The Drawers are huge around these parts. Yes, we're a big family, the Drawers. I have three sons.

My first two lovely boys are called Arnie and Barney.

Then when the third one came along my husband suggested we keep the sequence going. "A" for Arnie. "B" for Barney. "C" for... well we couldn't call him Carnie could we?

"I'm going to call him Colin" I said. "Colin?" he said. "No one calls their son Colin" he said. "It's a lovely name" I said. "Only the best people are called Colin" I said. Aren't they? I mean, let's see. Is there anyone in the audience called Colin? (WAITING FOR A REACTION, EITHER WAY) There! I rest my case.

We live in this windmill. (POINTING BEHIND HER) My husband was the miller. Grinding flour so the villagers could make bread. But then there was the nasty accident. Horrible it was. (SHE STARTS TO WEEP. PULLS OUT A HUGE BRIGHTLY SPOTTED HANDKERCHIEF AND BLOWS HER NOSE VERY LOUDLY) Sorry! I can't help thinking about it. He was down here one minute and then... (SOB - POINTING TO SKY) ... gone up there the next.

No, not gone to Heaven. His braces got caught on the sails of our windmill. Suddenly he was up there hanging by his whatnots. He went up and down. Round and round. Like a ferret at a fairground.

Hang on, someone's laughing. That's not nice. It's no laughing matter you know, when your man's whizzing round on the spin cycle. I was expecting a little more sympathy than that. (IF AUDIENCE SAY "AHH" THEN...) Thank you for your kind thoughts.

I grabbed his boots as he came round for the tenth time, but I couldn't hold on for long. The windmill still had him in it's grip, and his braces acted like bungee elastic. He shot out of my hands like a catapult and landed next door, in Mrs Jones' Monday washing, being strangled by a bra. I suppose you could say we had a matching set. Mrs Jones' bra and my Drawers.

His landing bent her whirly line. "Oh dear" I said to her. "That looks like the end of an airier."

I'm a widow now. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE TO SAY "AHH") Thank you for your kind thoughts, if perhaps a little late.

But let's cheer ourselves up. I'm going to sing to you. Oh yes I am. Who said "Oh no you're not"? I'll have you know that my voice is like someone from a male voice choir. In fact I sometimes think I should have been a man.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Dame Dotty Drawers.

*SUGGESTION: "All About That Base." - Meghan Trainor. (Note: You may need to edit one rude word "Stuff" instead of "S***t".)*

DURING THE SONG, ARNIE, BARNEY AND COLIN ENTER AND BECOME THE BACKING GROUP FOR DAME DOTTY.

AT THE END OF THE SONG THE BOYS COME FORWARD TO JOIN THEIR MOTHER.

DAME DOTTY: These are my three lovely boys.

ARNIE: Hello Mother. Did you get it?

DAME DOTTY: (TO AUDIENCE) This is Arnie.

BARNEY: And I'm Barney.

DAME DOTTY: I know that.

ARNIE: (POINTING TO AUDIENCE) But they don't. And he's our brother Colin.

COLIN: Hello. So did you get it Mother?

DAME DOTTY: I did.

BARNEY: What does it say?

ARNIE: Who gets the mill?

DAME DOTTY: Patience, patience. I haven't read it yet. (TO AUDIENCE) For those of you who don't know, I've been to the law people over in (NAME OF LOCAL BIG CITY) today and they gave me my husbands last wheel and test certificate. (TAKING SCROLL OUT OF HER BAG)

BARNEY: Will and testament, Mother.

DAME DOTTY: I know that.

ARNIE: Come on. What does it say?

SHE UNSCROLLS THE WILL AND STARTS TO READ.

DAME DOTTY: I, being of sound mind and not having my head sat on. I give the deeds of the mill to my first son Arnie.

ARNIE: Hey! Father left me the mill? I knew I deserved it. Now I can make my fortune. I'll sell my sacks of flour all over the world and get rich.

DAME DOTTY: (STILL READING) To my second son Barney I leave the donkey and cart.

BARNEY: Wow! That's brilliant! I can use the donkey to make my fortune. I'll hire myself out to move things around. I can deliver your sacks of flour Arnie.

ARNIE: You're hired brother.

DAME DOTTY: (READING) And to my youngest son Colin. I leave the cat.

COLIN: The cat?

BARNEY: (LAUGHING SARCASTICALLY) He got the cat?

ARNIE: (JOINING IN) You got the cat?

COLIN: I can still make my fortune just the same.

BARNEY: What! With the cat?

DAME DOTTY: Boys, boys. I'm sure your Father knew what he was doing.

ARNIE: (TAUNTING) He got left a CAT! Meow, meow.

BARNEY: Meow, meow. Here pussy. Here puss. Puss, puss, puss.

PUSS ENTERS ON ALL FOURS AND GOES UP TO COLIN.

ARNIE: Look Brother. Here's your chance to make your fortune.

BARNEY: I know how you could make some money. Have the moggy stuffed. Then sell the result on eBay.

PUSS (SILENT): (HISSING AND PAWING TOWARDS THE BROTHERS BUT STAYING CLOSE TO COLIN)

ARNIE: Stupid moggy. I'm going. I've got a mill to run.

BARNEY: I'm coming too. I've got to get my new logistics company going.

ARNIE: Logistics?

BARNEY: Posh word for moving stuff about.

ARNIE AND BARNEY EXIT. PUSS PAWS AT THEM AS THEY PASS.

COLIN: Take no notice of them Puss. I'm sure Father gave you to me for a reason.

PUSS (SILENT): (NODDING)

DAME DOTTY: Catching mice. Puss was always good at chasing mice. Let's see if Puss can still chase things.

DAME GETS A BALL OF WOOL OUT OF HER BAG.

PUSS (SILENT): (LOOKING DISINTERESTED)

DAME DOTTY: Come on Puss. All cats love a ball of wool.

SHE THROWS THE BALL DOWN IN FRONT OF PUSS WHO HARDLY NOTICES IT.

COLIN: Mother! Puss isn't a kitten.

DAME DOTTY: They never grow out of it. Watch.

SHE PICKS UP THE BALL OF WOOL AND THROWS IT INTO THE AUDIENCE WHICH PUSS TOTALLY IGNORES.

Note: Make the ball of wool out of something very soft (polystyrene or rolled up bubble wrap) covered in a thin layer of wool. You don't want to kill your audience at this point.

IF THE BALL OF WOOL DOESN'T IMMEDIATELY GET THROWN BACK THEN ASK FOR IT BACK.

DAME DOTTY: Can we have it back please. I'm half way through a pullover for the tortoise.

CONTINUING WHEN BALL OF WOOL IS SAFELY BACK.

COLIN: Puss is far too smart to go chasing balls of wool. Just look into that face and you can see intelligence beaming back at you.

PUSS (SILENT): (LOOKING UP AT DAME AND SMILING.)

DAME DOTTY: Looks more like a bad case of wind.

COLIN: I bet Puss has many other qualities.

PUSS (SILENT): (NODDING.)

VILLAGERS START TO ENTER.

DAME DOTTY: What are all you lot doing here?

VILLAGER PAT: There's going to be a Royal procession.

VILLAGER JO: The King and Queen are coming through the village.

COLIN: Will Princess Sancha be with them?

VILLAGER SAM: They're looking for someone for her to marry.

COLIN: I'm told she's very pretty.

DAME DOTTY: Don't even think of it Son. They'll be looking for someone rich. Not the poor son of a miller who only has a scruffy moggy to his name.

VILLAGER CHRIS: I wonder who she'll choose?

PUSS (SILENT): (POINTING TO COLIN AND NODDING.)

COLIN: Me! Nice idea Puss, but I know my place.

VILLAGER PAT: Here they come.

THE PROCESSION OF THE KING AND QUEEN ENTER. A BANNER OR FLAG WITH THE ROYAL CREST IS CARRIED BY THE HERALD. VILLAGERS AND EVERYONE BOWS OR CURTSIES AS THE PROCESSION PASSES THEM.

HERALD: (ANNOUNCING) Make way for his Royal'ness, King of K-knockers, Sovereign of the most ancient order of the Kinky Conquerors, Commander in Chief of the Conjuring Capons, Chief of Kedgerie and Master of all Crankies.

DAME DOTTY: He's got more titles than the library (NAME OF LOCAL LIBRARY HERE IF POSSIBLE).

COLIN: Shush Mother.

HERALD: (TAKING A DEEP BREATH) Stand back for her Supreme'ness, Queen Kingdom, Keeper of the Ancient Pantry Key, Warden of the Rolls, Queen of Tarts, Steward of The Royal Liberty Bodice, Saviour of the Hounds of the Basket and Ruler of the Privy Liv Lav.

KING QUEENDOM: Oooh I say lovie. Sounds like there's a lot of important people about.

QUEEN KINGDOM: He's talking about us you noggin.

KING QUEENDOM: Are we all that lot he just said?

QUEEN KINGDOM: Haven't you looked at your medals collection lately?

KING QUEENDOM: Medals are so dull. I'm more into a big crown encrusted with huge diamonds by Ferrero Rocher.

HERALD: Please show respect for Princess Sancha, the most Royal Princess Royal, Lady of all Inland Dams, Sister of the Queen's Mallard, Grand Holder of the order of the Seaweed and Dame of westward facing sand castles.

COLIN: (TO PUSS) She's beautiful.

PUSS (SILENT): (GIVES A THUMBS UP SIGN TO COLIN)

PUSS GOES OVER TO THE PRINCESS WHO SMILES AND STROKES PUSS.

HERALD: Whom soever forthwith owns this cat, please remove it from the Royal presence before it transmits Katmandu syndrome.

PRINCESS SANCHA: No it's fine. Who does this adorable cat belong to?

COLIN: Puss. Come here.

PUSS RETURNS TO COLIN AND THE PRINCESS LOOKS ACROSS AND SEES COLIN FOR THE FIRST TIME.

PRINCESS SANCHA: Mother. Have you seen... You were looking for someone to marry me.

KING QUEENDOM: Ooooo no! His ears are too close together.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Don't be a wombat. He's very handsome. I might even try myself now your father has changed sides. And I were two years younger.

KING QUEENDOM: Two years? You're old enough to be his... Ah yes, sorry darling my angel. Two years you say. Hmmm! You're probably right.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Unfortunately he's a commoner. We need someone rich. Someone who can shower us with gifts. Someone who can pay the bill at Waitrose (OR OTHER UP MARKET LOCAL STORE). Let's move on.

THE ROYAL PARTY EXIT. THE PRINCESS LOOKS BACK AT COLIN AND PUSS AS SHE GOES. PUSS WAVES AT HER.

THE VILLAGERS GRADUALLY EXIT.

DAME DOTTY: (TO AUDIENCE) That's it then. Time to go home. Nothing more to see here. You've seen the Royals. That's where your programme money went. Into their posh costumes.

COLIN: Mother. They've come to see the rest of the show.

DAME DOTTY: Have they?

COLIN: Yes. You know. The love story. The Fairy. The Ogre.

DAME DOTTY: Have they got better costumes than us?

COLIN: Mother. You look lovely. All the men down there think you're beautiful.

DAME DOTTY: (BEING VERY COY) Oh no they don't.

COLIN: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE) Oh yes they do.

DAME DOTTY: Some of them seem very undecided. Who's on next.

COLIN: Someone they can boo.

DAME DOTTY: Not...?

COLIN: Yes!

DAME DOTTY: I'm off then.

DAME DOTTY, COLIN AND PUSS EXIT AT A RUSH.

LIGHTING LEVELS DROP AND A GREEN SPOTLIGHT IS TURNED ON LADY LATREENA (THE VILLAIN) AS SHE ENTERS WITH A BIG FLOURISH.

LADY LATREENA: Ahh haa haa haaaa!

Shake in your boots you puny people of (LOCAL TOWN). For I am the lovely Lady Latreena, the most evil person you will ever meet. More scary than Nigel Farage. Boo me if you dare. Boo me and I will turn you to toast, then squeeze you into a bottle of Harpic and flush you down the public privy.

Fear me you minuscule folk, for I am the messenger of the great Ogre who lives in the castle. The Ogre has given me the power to scare you all in your beds. Nothing can protect you from the might of the evil, the lovely, Lady Latreena. Not even sleeping in a tweed onesie

Ahh haa haa haaaa!

It's my job to keep the local people scared and make them pay their dues to my friend the Ogre. A bit like your MP's do with your own Houses of Parliament. Are you scared little people of (LOCAL TOWN)? No! Then watch my power.

LADY LATREENA CROSSES TO ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE IN A BIG FLOURISH (TO DISTRACT FROM FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR'S ENTRANCE UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS).

LADY LATREENA MAKES A MAGIC PASS AND POINTS TO THE FLOOR AS IF EXPECTING SOMETHING TO HAPPEN. NOTHING DOES WHERE SHE IS POINTING.

SHE TRIES AGAIN AND NOTHING HAPPENS IN FRONT OF HER, BUT AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE THERE IS A FLASH AND SMOKE AS FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR BOUNCES FORWARD WITH A BIG GESTURE. SHE IS LIT BY A PINK SPOTLIGHT.

FAIRY FIFI: Oi now Darling. What's your game?

LADY LATREENA: Look at you, ha! What's your name?

FAIRY FIFI: I'm Fairy Fifi Farquhar see.
Get off my patch. Don't bother me.

LADY LATREENA: Don't think I will, so don't you start.
I rule this land, you fluffy fart.

FAIRY FIFI: Okay let's see who is in charge.
Before your head gets over large.
So off you go, it's not your time.

LADY LATREENA: Oh no! We're speaking in daft rhyme.

Ha ha, you silly fairy fair.
To wrong my boss, you wouldn't dare.
The Ogre is so strong and hard.
You'll quiver like a lump of lard.

FAIRY FIFI: Be gone you wife of wickedness.
Don't cause us all a lot more stress.
My friends down there (TO AUDIENCE) will hiss and boo.
And that will be the end of you.
(ENCOURAGING BOO'S.)

LADY LATREENA: (TO AUDIENCE) Don't think I don't know who you are.
I'll squash your brains into a jar.
Don't boo me or I'll come down there,
and stick a bat right up your hair.

Ahh haa haa haaaa! (EXITS WITH A FLOURISH)

FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR WALKS FORWARD
DURING THIS NEXT PIECE TO MAKE SURE
SHE/HE IS IN FRONT OF THE TABS. SHE
WALKS "SEXILY" WITH A WIGGLE,

THE TABS START TO CLOSE SLOWLY.

FAIRY FIFI: Okay okay, settle down.

MOREFAIRY FIFI: + I'm just getting into the character. And don't worry kids. You've got me to protect you from the evil Lady Latreena, except for him at the back. Oh yes, I should be doing this in rhyme.

(CLEARING THROAT.) I've been sent here from Fairy base.
To see if I can help this place.
Headquarters want to try and stop,
the evil Ogre's nasty plot.
He makes the people work so long,
in their own fields. It's very wrong.
I'll find a way to put him down,
and turn this to a happy town.

TABS NOW FULLY CLOSED.

END SCENE.

SCENE 2: A STREET IN THE VILLAGE.

PLAYED IN FRONT OF THE TABS OR FRONT CLOTH.

FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR IS STILL ON STAGE FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

COLIN AND PUSS ENTER. COLIN CANNOT SEE THE FAIRY, BUT PUSS CAN.

PUSS WAVES ACROSS THE STAGE AT FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR, WHO WAVES BACK DAINТИLY, THEN STANDS STUDYING HER NAILS.

COLIN: Why are you waving?

PUSS (SILENT): (PUSS POINTS TO FAIRY. PUSS THEN DOES A WING FLAPPING MIME.)

COLIN: Oh I love this game. Is it a book, a film, or a person?

PUSS (SILENT): (STANDING WITH HANDS ON HIPS IN A POSE TO SIGNIFY PERSON)

COLIN: It's a person. How many words.

PUSS (SILENT): (SHOWING ONE FINGER)

COLIN: Okay, one word. Let's see your mime.

PUSS (SILENT): (PUSS GOES INTO AN ELABORATE MIME DOING FAIRY MAGIC PASSES AS IF HOLDING A WAND ETC.)

COLIN: No, I'm lost. Oh Puss, how I wish you could speak.

PUSS (SILENT): (POINTING TO OR HOLDING AN EAR.)

COLIN: Sounds like?

PUSS (SILENT): (DOING A "JUMPING BACK IN HORROR" TYPE MIME.)

COLIN: Scary? Sounds like "Scary"? Hairy? Dairy?

PUSS (SILENT): (LOOKS FED UP, THEN HAS AN IDEA. STARTS POINTING AT THE AUDIENCE.)

COLIN: What? Ask the audience? It that what you want? Okay audience, it sounds like "Scary". What is Puss miming? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Fairy? It's a Fairy?

PUSS (SILENT): (NODDING AND POINTING AT FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR.)

COLIN: You think you've seen a fairy?

PUSS (SILENT): (THUMBS UP GESTURE.)

COLIN: A lovely young beautiful fairy?

PUSS (SILENT): (THUMBS DOWN GESTURE.)

COLIN: Don't be silly. Fairies don't exist. Or if they do we certainly can't see them.

PUSS (SILENT): (MOTIONING THAT PUSS CAN.)

COLIN: Do cats see fairies? I wonder? Oh Puss, you are funny.

COLIN STROKES AND MAKES A FUSS OF PUSS
WHILE FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR CONTINUES.

FAIRY FIFI: Not all believe, I have to say.
And so I am not seen today.
Yet Puss has given me a plan.
To help the common good of man.
If Puss could speak, then he'd be sharp,
and lead young Colin from the dark.
A magic spell is all I need,
to help him do a wondrous deed.
To help Puss in some great pursuits,
I'll give this cat some magic boots.

THERE IS A "TING" AS FAIRY FIFI
FARQUHAR MAKES THE SPELL, BY WAVING
WAND.

PUSS (SILENT): (PUSS FEELS THE SPELL HIT, AND JUMPS SLIGHTLY.
PUSS THEN STARTS TO MIME "BOOTS". POINTING TO FEET
ETC.)

DURING THIS NEXT PIECE, THE LIGHT GOES
OUT ON FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR WHO EXITS IN
THE DARKNESS. WHILE PUSS AND COLIN ARE
LIT IN A SPOTLIGHT.

COLIN: What? Are we still playing charades? I know this.
Shoes. You're telling me I need new shoes? No.
Boots? Yes my boots are getting a bit worn out.
Let see if we can find a shop. Perhaps you're
right. I should get some new boots.

PUSS (SILENT): (MIMING "FOR ME".)

COLIN: Boots! For you? Don't be silly. Who's ever seen
a Puss in boots?

COLIN AND PUSS EXIT AS TABS START TO
OPEN.

END SCENE.

SCENE 3: THE SHOE SHOP.

AN OLD FASHIONED SHOE SHOP. THERE IS A LARGE COUNTER SET IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE.

THE SCENE STARTS WITH A FANTASY SECTION USING BOOTS AND SHOES. THIS COULD BE DONE AS A U.V. SCENE OR JUST DANCING BOOTS AND SHOES ON STICKS AGAINST A BLACK CURTAIN. OR A SHADOW SHOW.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Villagers and chorus?

SUGGESTION: These boots are made for Walking. Nancy Sinatra.

Note: This could also be a place to use any small children (Panto babes) with a little tap dance, or easy choreographed dance routine using shoes and boots. Even colorful Wellingtons.

AFTER THE MUSICAL NUMBER/DANCE/UV SECTION, THE DANCERS EXIT AND NORMAL LIGHTING RETURNS.

PANT AND SPEC ENTER.

PANT: (TO AUDIENCE) Hello people.

SPEC: (SQUINTING.) Are they still there.

PANT: Welcome to our shop.

SPEC: Where we sell stuff.

PANT: Mainly shoes.

SPEC: Yes, mainly shoes. Why is that?

PANT: Cobblers!

SPEC: That's not nice.

PANT: We're cobblers. A shoe shop.

SPEC: We'll not really cobblers. Cobblers make shoes.

PANT: I made some slippers last week.

SPEC: How did you do that?

PANT: Well, you know those slippers we have in the shape of fluffy bunnies?

PANT: The ones with the cute bunny ears?

SPEC: Yes them. Well I put them together in the same display case overnight and now we have twenty small pairs.

PANT: I know a joke about shoes.

SPEC: Go on then.

PANT: What kind of shoes do frogs wear?

SPEC: I don't know. What kind of shoes do frogs wear?

PANT: Open toad. Toad! Get it?

SPEC: Very funny. Ha ha!

PANT: I tell you what. We're going to make our fortune.
(PANT GOES BEHIND COUNTER AND CHANGES SHOES.)

SPEC: We'll never get rich by running a shoe shop.

PANT: That's where you're wrong. I'm going on Dragon's Den with my idea and Peter Jones will be totally throwing money at me.

SPEC: The idea's that good then?

PANT: Of course. That's because I have my finger on the pulse of the nation...

SPEC: I was worried where you've had it.

PANT: ... and I already know what the next big thing in footwear is going to be.

SPEC: How do you know that?

PANT: I already said. It's my finger. On the nation.

SPEC: Have you been putting your finger where the nation doesn't want it?

PANT: No. I've invented some new footwear. A cross between flip flops and slippers.

SPEC: A cross between flip flops and slippers.

PANT: I've called them... Flippers.

PANT COMES OUT FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER WEARING A PAIR OF FLIPPERS AND WALKS IN AN EXAGGERATED WAY.

DAME DOTTY DRAWERS ENTERS.

(PANT CHANGES BACK INTO NORMAL SHOES BEHIND COUNTER.)

DAME DOTTY: Which one of you is Mr Selfridge?

SPEC: Hello Aunt Dotty.

DAME DOTTY: (TO AUDIENCE) Aren't they lovely? The best shop keepers in town.

PANT: It's so lucky you came in. Today is bog-off day.

DAME DOTTY: Wash your mouth out. I'll not have you saying bog-off inside my ears. And I've just been telling these people how lovely you are.

SPEC: No Auntie. Bog-off.

DAME DOTTY: If you keep taking to me like that then I most decidedly will.

PANT: You don't understand. Bog-off is short for B.O.G.O.F.

SPEC: Buy One Get One Free. Today's special offer

DAME DOTTY: Oh that's better. In that case I'll stay and look at what you have. Hang on! You're a shoe shop.

SPEC: Yes we are.

DAME DOTTY: Then what you're saying is if I buy the left shoe...

PANT: You get the right shoe free.

DAME DOTTY: Sounds like a good deal to me. Let me try something on.

DAME DOTTY DRAWERS IS HANDED ONE VERY HIGH HEELED SHOE WHICH SHE PUTS ON.

PANT: Auntie! You'll look lovely in that style.

SPEC: Walk around a bit to see if it's comfortable.

DAME DOTTY DRAWERS NOW HAS ONE VERY HIGH SHOE AND ONE LOW ONE. SHE WALKS AROUND THE SHOP IN A VERY EXAGGERATED UP AND DOWN MOVEMENT.

DAME DOTTY: No, I don't like this style. It's making me feel sea sick.

DAME DOTTY CHANGES BACK TO NORMAL SHOES.

SPEC: We also sell handbags?

DAME DOTTY: I love those school satchel styled ones.

PANT: I've got a friend who's fallen in love with two of those school bags.

DAME DOTTY: In love with two of your school bags?

PANT: Yes. He's bi-satchel.

DAME DOTTY: Have you got any of those boots covered in camouflage material?

SPEC: We did have some in, but now we can't find them.

PANT: I know what you'd like Auntie. We've got some of those Dutch shoes carved out of wood. Just a moment. (GOING BEHIND COUNTER TO LOOK FOR THEM)

DAME DOTTY: They sound interesting. Dutch shoes you say? Made of wood?

AS PANT GOES TO GET THE SHOES BEHIND THE COUNTER THERE IS A BANG (MADE BY PANT BUSTING A BALLOON OUT OF SIGHT).

PANT: Sorry Auntie. I've just popped my clogs.

COLIN AND PUSS ENTER.

DAME DOTTY: Hello my boy. Hello Puss.

PUSS (SILENT): Meow.

DAME DOTTY: (TO PUSS - LAUGHING) Have you come to buy some shoes?

PUSS (SILENT): (NODDING HEAD AND MAKING A "BIGGER" MIME) Meow.

DAME DOTTY: You know it's almost like Puss understands what you're saying.

SPEC: I know.

PANT: I know.
COLIN: Puss does understand.
SPEC: Of course.
PANT: (STROKING PUSS) Of course you do Puss.
SPEC: Aunt Dotty. I think we may have just what you need in the back room. Come and take a look.

EXIT DAME DOTTY PLUS PANT AND SPEC.

COLIN: Here we are then Puss. I said I'd get you some boots. See if you can find anything you like.

THE MAIN LIGHT DIMS AS FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR ENTERS SKIPPING LIGHTLY, LIT IN A PINK SPOTLIGHT. COLIN STANDS BY THE COUNTER AND PUSS LOOKS ABOUT TRYING TO FIND SOME BOOTS HE LIKES.

FAIRY FIFI: (TO AUDIENCE.) Shut it you lot.

(CLEARING THROAT.) Time for my spell to put things right.

The Ogre meets her match tonight.

Watch Puss become more than a cat.

Feline cunning, under a hat!

He'll have his boots and better still.

A voice to help bend others will.

A hat, a cloak, a pair of boots.

Makes him a cat with different roots.

(WAVING WAND) My spell I cast, a wondrous change,
and make his body rearrange.

THE LIGHTING CENTERS ONTO THE COUNTER.

FAIRY FIFI FARQUHAR EXITS.

PUSS (SILENT) DUCKS BEHIND COUNTER.
THERE IS A PUFF OF SMOKE AND THE
LIGHTING FLASHES. PUSS REAPPEARS AS
PUSS IN BOOTS, IN HIS FULL OUTFIT.
(ONE CAT ACTOR WAS INSIDE THE COUNTER
AND HAS NOW BEEN EXCHANGED FOR THE
OTHER)

THE LIGHTING COMES BACK TO NORMAL.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Meow... Meow are you?
COLIN: (NOT LOOKING AT PUSS) Sorry! What?
PUSS IN BOOTS: Meow are you? I mean, me...how are you?
COLIN: I'm fine thank you. (TURNING TO PUSS) Who said that?
PUSS IN BOOTS: It was me...ow!
COLIN: What? You spoke? Puss! You spoke!
PUSS IN BOOTS: I did. It's these boots. They're magic. I put them on and they fitted purr...fectly.
COLIN: And the hat! The cloak! It's all very fetching. I've never seen a more handsome cat.
PUSS IN BOOTS: Thank you Master.

COLIN: But surely this is a dream? I'm dreaming. Cat's don't speak or go around wearing boots.

PUSS IN BOOTS: You need me Master. You need the skills that a cat can bring, to set you on the road to riches and get you married to a Princess.

COLIN: Ha! A Princess! Now I know I really am dreaming.

PUSS IN BOOTS: This is no dream. I know a way to get you all that you desire. But you have to trust me and do exactly what I say.

COLIN: Trust you? Ha! Why not. This is so absurd that why not indeed. Just look at you Puss. You look so posh. Regal even. Quite the swell. Hey. That reminds me of a song.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Puss and Colin.

SUGGESTION: We're a Couple of Swells. - Judy Garland & Fred Astaire (Easter Parade)

DURING THE MUSICAL NUMBER PUSS AND COLIN WALK/DANCE FORWARD AND THE TABS CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

END SCENE.

SCENE 4: A COUNTRY LANE

PLAYED IN FRONT OF THE TABS OR FRONT CLOTH AND CONTINUING THE ACTION FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

COLIN AND PUSS FINISH THEIR SONG.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Do you want to be rich Master?

COLIN: What a silly question Puss. Of course I do.

PUSS IN BOOTS: And would you like to marry the Princess Sancha?

COLIN: The Princess Sancha? That's never going to happen.

PUSS IN BOOTS: I think I can make it happen for you Master. I have a plan.

COLIN: A plan?

PUSS IN BOOTS: Yes. But for my plan to work you will have to do everything that I say.

COLIN: Ha! That will make you MY master then.

PUSS IN BOOTS: If you like to think of it like that. My plan should give you everything that you desire. Riches, a castle, land, and a Princess.

COLIN: How can I refuse? If you can get me all those things then you truly are a clever cat.

PUSS IN BOOTS: The thing you must do is believe.

COLIN: Believe?

PUSS IN BOOTS: Yes, for anything to happen it is important for you to believe that it can.

COLIN: Puss, I would never have believed that you could talk, so everything from now on will be easy.

PUSS IN BOOTS: The first thing I ask you to believe is that you are the Marquis of Carabas.

COLIN: A Marquis? I'm not a Marquis.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Believe it and it will be so. You are the Marquis of Carabas.

COLIN: I am the Marquis of Carabas.

PUSS IN BOOTS: You are the Marquis of Carabas.

COLIN: I am the... but I'm not, am I?

PUSS IN BOOTS: You ARE the Marquis of Carabas Master.

COLIN: I AM the Marquis of Carabas. But no one will believe me when I look like this.

PUSS IN BOOTS: All in good time Master. Come with me and I will show you the next step.

THEY START TO EXIT AND SPEAK THE NEXT LINES AS THEY GO.

COLIN: I am the Marquis of Carabas.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Well done Master.

COLIN: I am the Marquis of Carabas. I AM the Marquis of Carabas.

COLIN AND PUSS EXIT AND THE LIGHT LEVELS DIM ON THE MAIN PART OF THE STAGE.

LADY LATREENA ENTERS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE AND IS IMMEDIATELY LIT WITH A GREEN SPOTLIGHT.

LADY LATREENA: Ahh haa haa haaaa! A talking cat? A talking cat indeed! Do they really think they can intimidate the lovely Lady Latreena with a talking cat?

If that is their plan then it has already failed. Like you lot from (LOCAL TOWN) sitting out there in the darkness of the (NAME OF THEATRE). I know what you're up to. You can't even get the booing right. Listen to you. You won't frighten me with that little boo. It needs to be much bigger than that. Ahh haa haa haaaa! Not even that can get to someone as strong as the lovely Lady Latreena.

Cease!

I have my eyes on you lot. Especially the hairy one over there (POINTING TO SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE). Don't go making trouble, as trouble is my middle name. Well it's not really, but it sounded good.

Soon, the mighty Ogre and myself will take over this town and you will be crushed like a pork pie in a wax works.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Lady Latreena. (Could be sung or spoken.)

SUGGESTION: Bad (I'm Bad). Michael Jackson.

JUST BEFORE THE END OF THE SONG THE MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY AND THERE IS A VERY LOUD SOUND EFFECT "BLAH BLAH" AS PER THE X-FACTOR BUZZER REJECTION SOUND.

LADY LATREENA: (LOOKING ANNOYED INTO AUDIENCE) Who pushed their buzzer?

SOUND EFFECT OF BUZZER TWICE MORE.

LADY LATREENA LOOKS DEJECTED AND SLOUCHES OFF. JUST AS SHE REACHES THE WINGS SHE TURNS.

LADY LATREENA: You lot wouldn't recognise talent in a turnip. (EXITS)

END SCENE.

SCENE 5: A CLEARING IN THE WOODS

THE SCENE IS A BRIGHT WOODED AREA.
THERE IS A LARGE BUSH STICKING OUT FROM
ONE OF THE WINGS.

PUSS ENTERS CARRYING A SACK.

PUSS IN BOOTS: (LOOKING INTO SACK WHILE PROUDLY WALKING UP AND
DOWN, TALKING DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE) That
should do it don't you think? Three rabbits and a
brace of pheasants. Not a bad catch for a little
running around. Us cats are pretty good at
hunting. If we can be bothered. And my Master
needs help right now. You can watch my plan take
shape as here comes the King and Queen.

PUSS STEPS INTO THE SHADOWS WHILE THE
HERALD ENTERS CARRYING THE ROYAL
BANNER. THE HERALD HAS HIS HEAD HELD
HIGH AND IS IGNORING EVERYBODY. HE IS
FOLLOWED BY THE KING AND QUEEN A FEW
STEPS BEHIND.

HERALD: Make way, make way for the Royal party. Make way,
make way for the Royal party.

ON REACHING CENTRE STAGE THE QUEEN
PULLS BACK THE KING AND THEY LET THE
HERALD CONTINUE WALKING AS IF THE
PROCESSION IS STILL BEHIND.

HERALD: Make way, make way for the Royal party. Make way,
make way... (EXITS ACROSS THE FULL STAGE STILL
CHANTING)

QUEEN KINGDOM: (SEXILY) Darling?

KING QUEENDOM: (NOT LISTENING) He'll just keep going on you know.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Darling?

KING QUEENDOM: He won't stop until he reaches the palace and finds
us gone.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Darling?

KING QUEENDOM: What? Sorry lovie. You said?

QUEEN KINGDOM: I was thinking.

KING QUEENDOM: Not always a good idea I find.

QUEEN KINGDOM: This looks like a lovely spot for a bit of... well,
we haven't done it for quite a while have we?

KING QUEENDOM: Now then lovie. You have to remember things like
that have changed since I came out of the wardrobe.
Or was it a cupboard? I can't remember, but I came
out of somewhere.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Not that. A picnic!

KING QUEENDOM: What?

QUEEN KINGDOM: A picnic. We haven't done a picnic for quite a
while. I thought this looked like a lovely place
to have a Royal picnic.

KING QUEENDOM: Ah! Thank goodness for that. I thought you meant
that we should...

QUEEN KINGDOM: Don't be silly. I have servants to do that.

KING QUEENDOM: Servants? Do they enjoy it?

QUEEN KINGDOM: I don't pay them to enjoy it.

KING QUEENDOM: No. I can imagine. Do I have servants to do it with me?

QUEEN KINGDOM: I think so. Have you never asked?

KING QUEENDOM: I just thought they wouldn't be interested once I mentioned the lurex tights.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Tights? No, you noggin. Making afternoon tea. What exactly were you going on about?

KING QUEENDOM: I'm not sure I know lovie.

QUEEN KINGDOM: This picnic.

KING QUEENDOM: Ah, yes! The picnic.

QUEEN KINGDOM: We could have it here. It's lovely.

KING QUEENDOM: (TURNING AND SPOTTING PUSS) I say! Look at this fellow. Wearing a catsuit.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Catsuits were all the rage when I was young darling.

KING QUEENDOM: Yes, but this is not quite a cat suit. More like a cat IN a suit.

QUEEN KINGDOM: (TURNING TO LOOK) I see what you mean. A cat in clothes and boots.

PUSS COMES FORWARD AND MAKES AN ELABORATE BOW.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Your Majesties.

KING QUEENDOM: Twiddle my dumplings. It speaks.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Let me introduce myself. I am the servant of the Marquis of Carabas.

QUEEN KINGDOM: A Marquis?

KING QUEENDOM: Of Carabas?

PUSS IN BOOTS: Indeed. My master the Marquis of Carabas asked me to present you with this gift for the Royal table. (PASSING OVER THE SACK)

KING QUEENDOM: Thank you lovie. What a sweet little sack. I'm not sure what we can do with a sack but thank you anyway.

PUSS IN BOOTS: The gift is contained IN the sack your Majesty. (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE) This is going to be easier than I thought.

KING QUEENDOM: (HOLDING THE SACK AWAY AND NOT LOOKING INSIDE.) What is it? It's not a severed head is it? Ooooo, I hate those. Or... or a miniature dragon like in Harry Potter.

QUEEN KINGDOM: It's not your master's washing is it? We don't do washing you know.

PUSS IN BOOTS: No your Majesties. It's food.

KING QUEENDOM: Food? Ah! Well done. That's better. (LOOKING IN SACK.)

PUSS IN BOOTS: Freshly caught for your table.

QUEEN KINGDOM: That's different then.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Rabbits and pheasants.

KING QUEENDOM: Oh I know a poem about pheasants. (CLEARING THROAT AND STARTING TO RECITE) I'm not the pheasant plucker...

QUEEN KINGDOM: (TO KING) Stop! You are NOT to do your poem about the pheasant pluckers son. You always get the words mixed up and we don't want this pantomime being censored.

KING QUEENDOM: But lovie! It's just a little poem about a pheasant plucking family who plucked pheasants to make ends meet.

QUEEN KINGDOM: And your end will meet my foot if you even dare to start it.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Rabbits and some very pleasant pheasants your Majesties. From my master the Marquis of Carabas.

KING QUEENDOM: We accept the gift Mr Cat person. Please thank your master.

QUEEN KINGDOM: This Marquis of Carabas, your master? Is he good looking? Young and rich?

PUSS IN BOOTS: That is not for me to say your Majesty. He is certainly very brave and chivalrous. He has won many honors in battle, sailed many seas, made peace with many lands. His castle and estate are very extensive.

KING QUEENDOM: He sounds fabulous-ho. I say, is he married?

QUEEN KINGDOM: Oh what a shame. He's not married is he?

PUSS IN BOOTS: My master has received many offers of marriage from the fairest in the land, yet he has not found true love.

KING QUEENDOM: (TO QUEEN.) Psssst! Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

QUEEN KINGDOM: Probably not. I was thinking more along the lines of young, handsome, virile, handsome, rich, plus young, handsome, virile. And up for it.

KING QUEENDOM: So was I lovie. Tell me Mr Cat person, has your master met our daughter?

QUEEN KINGDOM: Daughter! Oh yes, her. Our daughter the Princess.

PUSS IN BOOTS: He has not your Majesty.

QUEEN KINGDOM: We're having a picnic here later. We could always do with some extra men. The more men the merrier actually. Ask him to join us.

PUSS IN BOOTS: That is very kind your Majesty. I am sure he will be delighted.

KING QUEENDOM: It's not a formal occasion so don't flounce him up.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Thank you your Majesties. I will pass on the message.

THE HERALD ENTERS AT THE ORIGINAL ENTRY POINT AND CHANTS HIS WAY ACROSS STAGE WITH HEAD HELD HIGH AS IF STILL IN THE PROCESSION.

HERALD: Make way, make way for the Royal party. Make way, make way for the Royal party.

KING QUEENDOM: (PUTTING HIS ARM OUT AS IF STOPPING A BUS.) I think this is our parade lovie. We can walk up front with the driver.

THE HERALD DOESN'T NOTICE THEM BUT JUST KEEPS ON GOING. THE KING AND QUEEN TAG ON BEHIND.

HERALD: Make way, make way for the Royal party. Make way, make way... (EXITS ACROSS THE FULL STAGE STILL CHANTING)

THE KING AND QUEEN EXIT AS PART OF THE PARADE AND WAVE ROYALLY TO EVERYONE AS THEY GO. PUSS BOWS LOW AS THEY LEAVE.

PUSS IN BOOTS: (TO AUDIENCE) Did you hear that. A picnic. I think I can make use of that. But his clothes. Dress in a non formal way, they said. The only clothes that my master has are those that are so informal they will think him a tramp. I will have to work on this and see what comes up.

PUSS EXITS IN ONE DIRECTION WHILE DAME DOTTY DRAWERS ENTERS FROM THE OTHER. SHE IS CARRYING A HUGE BAG.

DAME DOTTY: (TO AUDIENCE) Hello you lot. What a lovely day. The sun is in the clear blue sky, the birds are coughing in the trees and the pheasants quivering, on the look out for and passing pheasant pluckers.

Then there's you people still sitting there in the dark. You must get out more. Go to the theatre or something.

Take me for instance. I'm here to sunbathe. I have to keep my all over warm glow. As you can see, I keep myself in good shape.

The weather's a bit iffy though, but I think it'll be fine. Us ladies don't want it too freezing do we? The cold makes a couple of things stick out through your costume, doesn't it girls? And we certainly don't want that. Someone in the front row might get their eyes poked out.

The question now is what swimsuit to wear. Let's do an audience poll. (SHE PULLS OUT A LARGE VICTORIAN SWIM SUIT WITH LONG LEGS.) Would you like me to wear this... (SHE PULLS FROM HER BAG A VERY SMALL BIKINI AND HOLDS IT UP.) Or this. Cheer loudly if you want to see me in this. (HOLDS UP BIG COSTUME) Or cheer loudly if you want to see me in this. (HOLDS UP SMALL BIKINI.) (AUDIENCE REACTION) Who said "It won't fit." I'll have you know that what you see here, about my personage, is not all padding and corsetry.

I was Miss (LOCAL TOWN) rear of the year - twice. They said there was just too much to contain in one go.

Who want's to see me in this bikini? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Oh no you don't.

AUDIENCE: (HOPEFULLY) Oh yes we do.

DAME DOTTY: Oh no you don't.

AUDIENCE: Oh yes we do.

DAME DOTTY: Then it serves you right, and you'll have to put up with the consequences of any fallout. I'll have to watch out that things don't show. The bush is getting a bit out of hand.

That bush over there. The one we all change behind. Sir. just what was your dirty mind thinking?

Where are my son's? They said they'd help me get changed.

ARNIE AND BARNEY ENTER.

BARNEY: Here we are Mother.

DAME DOTTY: Boys, you'll have to help me get into my costume as someone's been trimming the bush... Let's not go into that again. I thought I'd be alone in the woods, but look at this lot of peeping Tom's. (POINTING TO AUDIENCE) You'd think they hadn't seen a girl with a gorgeous body before.

ARNIE: Where?

DAME DOTTY: Me you numb-scull.

ARNIE: Oh!

DAME DOTTY REACHES IN HER BAG AND PULLS OUT A VERY LARGE TOWEL/SHEET, OR A PIECE OF BRIGHTLY COLOURED STRIPED MATERIAL. SHE GIVES IT TO THE TWO BOYS TO HOLD UP IN FRONT OF HER. DAME DOTTY GOES BEHIND THE TOWEL/SHEET/MATERIAL TO CHANGE.

MUSICAL NUMBER: "The Stripper." David Rose and his Orchestra. Or "You can leave your hat on". - Tom Jones (Full Monty) / Joe Cocker.

DAME DOTTY DOES A STRIPTease BEHIND THE HELD UP SCREEN, THROWING A VARIETY OF ODD OR FUNNY GARMENTS OVER THE SCREEN. SHE HANGS THE CLOTHES ON THE SCREEN, OR THE BOYS, SO THE CLOTHING IS VISIBLE AS IT COMES OFF. THINGS LIKE - A HUGE BRA AND A HUGE PAIR OF BRIGHTLY COLOURED BLOOMERS ETC. ALL THESE HAVE BEEN HIDDEN IN HER LARGE SHOPPING BAG.

AT THE END OF THE STRIP THE BOYS DROP THE SCREEN TO REVEAL THAT SHE IS STILL DRESSED AS BEFORE.

THE BOYS THROW THE CLOTHING INTO THE BAG AND DAME DOTTY PICKS IT UP.

DAME DOTTY: What did you naughty lot expect? It's a girls prerogative to change her mind. (SHE EXITS PROUDLY.) Come on boys.

ARNIE AND BARNEY EXIT.

SPEC ENTER FROM THE OTHER SIDE CARRYING A SMALL FOLDING PICNIC TABLE AND CHAIR.

SPEC: Come on, come on. We're nearly there.

SPEC SETS UP THE TABLE AND CHAIR.

PANT ENTERS CARRYING A LARGE PICNIC HAMPER.

PANT: (EXHAUSTED AND WHEEZING.) Are we there yet?

SPEC: Stop saying that. (LOOKING AROUND AND SQUINTING.) This looks like the place.

PANT: When you said we'd been invited to a Royal picnic I didn't realise we would have to bring our own food.

SPEC: Ah well we weren't actually invited.

PANT: But you said it was a Royal picnic we were going to.

SPEC: We'll this is it.

PANT: There's no one here. And... We weren't invited anyway?

SPEC: No. But if we just happened to be here when they arrive and we're already having our own picnic, then how can they not invite us.

PANT: We're here then?

SPEC: From what I can see.

PANT PLACES THE HAMPER FLAT ON THE TABLE AND OPENS THE LID TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE. HE THEN SITS DOWN BEHIND IT TO BE ABLE TO OPERATE IT.

THE HAMPER IS A TRICK PROP WHICH HAS A SMALL SEE-SAW STYLE ARRANGEMENT INSIDE. THERE ARE TWO HOLES IN THE SIDE FACING PANT, SO THAT PANT CAN OPERATE THE SEE-SAW AND FLIP THINGS INTO THE AIR. THE LID OF THE HAMPER SHIELDS EVERYTHING FROM VIEW.

PANT: Would you like tea?

SPEC: Yes please.

PANT: Hamper. A cup please.

A CUP FLIES OUT OF THE HAMPER AND SPEC CATCHES IT.

SPEC: Wow! How did it do that?

PANT: This is the new "Magic Pamper Hamper 20-20" which pampers to all your picnic needs. You just ask it for something and you get it.

SPEC: I get it?
PANT: Yes, you get it.
SPEC: Just by asking?
PANT: You ask. Then you get it.
SPEC: (LEANING TOWARDS HAMPER AND HOLDING OUT CUP.)
Hello hamper. Can I have some tea.

A SQUIRT OF WATER (TEA) SHOOTS UP FROM THE HAMPER AND HITS SPEC IN THE FACE.

THE EFFECT IS ACHIEVED BY PANT SQUIRTING A WATER PISTOL FROM INSIDE THE HAMPER.

NOTE: If you have an orchestra of the ability to play sound effects, use a whiz or pop or percussion of some kind to emphasize each squirt or flying object. For some unknown reason a sound effect will always add more laughter.

SPEC: It missed the cup.
PANT: Ask again.
SPEC: Hamper. Can I have some tea in my cup?

THIS TIME THE SQUIRT GOES INTO THE AIR AND SPEC TRIES TO CATCH AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE WITH THE CUP.

PANT: Would you like milk with that?
SPEC: Just a little please.

A SQUIRT OF MILK (SHAVING CREAM) SHOOTS FROM THE HAMPER. SPEC TRIES TO CATCH IT IN HIS CUP.

PANT: I don't think it heard you properly.
SPEC: (LEANING FORWARD.) Hamper. I'd like some milk.

SHAVING CREAM IS SQUIRTED TO COVER SPEC'S FACE. AFTER LOOKING TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE FOR A SECOND HE REMOVES HIS GLASSES TO REVEAL HIS UNCOATED EYES. SPEC THEN CLEANS HIS GLASSES AND RETURN THEM TO HIS FACE.

PANT: Do you take sugar?
SPEC: Two lumps please hamper.

SUGAR LUMPS FLY ONE BY ONE OUT OF THE HAMPER (USING THE SEE-SAW) AND SPEC TRIES TO CATCH THEM IN THE CUP. HE KEEPS GOING UNTIL HE CATCHES TWO. MAKE SURE THE AUDIENCE KNOW HE HAS CAUGHT TWO AS HE WILL GET MORE APPLAUSE IF HE FAILS A COUPLE OF TIMES, THEN CATCHES.

IF IT TAKES SEVERAL GOES AND HE STILL HASN'T CAUGHT TWO THEN PANT SHOULD SEND A WHOLE PILE OF SUGAR INTO THE AIR. FINALLY PULLING TWO LUMPS OUT OF THE HAMPER BY HAND AND CAREFULLY PLACING THEM IN THE CUP.

PANT: Would you like a cake to go with the tea?

SPEC: Well I think I might.

A CHINA PLATE FLIES FROM THE HAMPER.
THIS CAN EITHER BE SENT UP BY THE SEE-
SAW OR SPUN UP BY HAND (FROM BELOW
SIGHT) BY PANT.

PANT: A sponge or a rock cake?

SPEC: Oh I think a rock cake please.

A ROCK CAKE (A SOLID "ROCK") IS SENT UP
VIA THE SEE-SAW. SPEC TRIES TO CATCH
IT ON HIS CHINA PLATE, WHICH IS SMASHED
IN TWO AS THE ROCK CAKE HITS.

*Note: A crockery plate can be pre-scored (like a ceramic wall tile)
so that it breaks when hit. Take care with heavy rocks and sharp
edges of plates. Practice, practice, practice.*

SPEC: Perhaps just the sponge.

A CAR SPONGE FLIES INTO THE AIR AND IS
CAUGHT BY SPEC.

PANT: Would you like cream on that.

SPEC: I hardly dare ask.

PANT: You need to ask the magic hamper.

SPEC: (LEANING OVER THE HAMPER.) Hello magic hamper.
Could I have some cream for my sponge?

SPEC GETS A SQUIRT OF CREAM ALL OVER
HIS FACE. HE STANDS AND SHOWS THE
RESULT TO THE AUDIENCE, BEFORE REMOVING
HIS GLASSES AGAIN AND WIPING THEM.

AT THIS POINT THE STAGE FILLS WITH
VILLAGERS IN FRONT OF PANT AND SPEC SO
THEY CAN EXIT. THEY REMOVE THE HAMPER,
TABLE AND CHAIR AS THEY GO.

MUSICAL NUMBER: The Villagers.

*SUGGESTION: "Day Trip to Bangor." by Fiddlers Dram. It might be
possible to change the words to your own town name if it fits.
Like... "Didn't we have a lovely time, the day we went to (YOUR
TOWN NAME HERE.)"*

AS THE VILLAGERS SING AND DANCE THEY
CLEAR UP ANY MESS (WITH MOPS AND
CLOTHS) LEFT BY THE SLAPSTICK.

AFTER A PAUSE FOR APPLAUSE, THE
VILLAGERS EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS WHILE
AT THE SAME TIME PUSS AND COLIN ENTER.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Remember what I said master. Just stick to the
plan and I'll make you rich.

COLIN: I will, but I still don't understand why I have to
get undressed.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Because the Royal party will be picnicking here and
we need to impress them.

COLIN: Well this, (LOOKING DOWN AT HIS OWN CLOTHES) is not going to impress anyone.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Exactly Master! That's why you have to be naked.

COLIN: Naked!

PUSS IN BOOTS: Yes. Strip off and give me your clothes.

COLIN: Strip naked! I can't do that here. (NODDING TOWARDS AUDIENCE) Someone might look.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Don't worry. They won't look. (TO AUDIENCE WHILE SHAKING HEAD TO GET A "NO" REPLY) You won't look will you?

COLIN: Oh yes you will.

AUDIENCE: Oh no we won't.

COLIN: Oh yes you will.

AUDIENCE: Oh no we won't.

PUSS IN BOOTS: The bush. Use the bush. If you're so shy, go over there and undress behind the bush.

COLIN: Good idea. At least no one will see me.

STAGE CREW: (OFF AND LOUDLY) Oh yes we will.

COLIN GOES BEHIND BUSH, THEN EXITS

PUSS IN BOOTS: Hand me your clothes Master.

COLIN CLOTHES (OR SIMILAR) ARE THROWN ON FROM THE WINGS.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Stay hidden until I call. Remember that from this moment on you are the Marquis of Carabas.

COLIN: (ENTERING AND POPPING UP - HEAD ONLY - ABOVE THE BUSH.) Wouldn't the Marquis of Carabas have one of his servants behind here with a warm robe?

Oh but then I don't have any servants do I Puss?

PUSS IN BOOTS: All in good time Master. Stick to the plan.

COLIN: I am sticking to the plan, but it's a very cold plan.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Here comes the Royal picnic party.

COLIN: They can't see me like this. I'm naked. And I don't have any clothes on.

PUSS IN BOOTS: The plan Master. The plan. Duck down and when they arrive start shouting for help.

COLIN: But that will draw attention to me, and you may have forgotten, but I am slightly naked.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Hush Master.

PUSS EXITS WITH THE CLOTHES.

Note: During this next sequence Colin can change into his new costume while still saying his lines off stage.

THE ROYAL PARTY ENTER. KING, QUEEN,
PRINCESS AND HERALD. THE HERALD HAS A
LARGE PICNIC HAMPER.

KING QUEENDOM: Oh this looks nice lovie. The perfect place.

PUSS ENTERS RUNNING.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Help! My master the Marquis of Carabas has been
set on by ruffians and stripped of all his
belongings.

KING QUEENDOM: Ruffians, you say?

COLIN: (OFF) Help, help. The... er... ruffians may come
back.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Although my master fought bravely and wounded
several of the ruffians...

PRINCESS SANCHA: Several?

COLIN: (OFF) Yes several. More than several.

PUSS IN BOOTS: ... he was finally thrown to the ground...

COLIN: (OFF) Thrown to the ground.

PUSS IN BOOTS: ...where he was bludgeoned...

COLIN: Bludgeoned. Was I?

PUSS IN BOOTS: ...and stripped of all his extravagantly jewelled
clothes...

COLIN: (OFF) My jewels? Oh yes, my jewels.

PUSS IN BOOTS: ... and tossed into a thorn bush. Naked.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Naked?

PRINCESS SANCHA: He's naked now?

QUEEN KINGDOM: (BRIGHTLY) You're saying that this good looking
fellow is... er... naked? Oh dear, what a shame.
How naked?

PRINCESS SANCHA: We must get him out immediately.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Yes, yes. We must get this totally naked young man
out here immediately.

KING QUEENDOM: Perhaps I should go and check him over.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Not without us. Why don't we ask him to step out
into the open?

KING QUEENDOM: What a good idea.

QUEEN KINGDOM: A naked good looking man who has no clothes on. We
would obviously totally ignore his nakedness.

PRINCESS SANCHA: None of us would be at all interested in a young
naked good looking naked man with no clothes on.

COLIN STICKS HIS HEAD UP OVER BUSH.

COLIN: Hello!

PUSS IN BOOTS: May I present the Marquis of Carabas.

KING QUEENDOM: Is there any more of him?

COLIN: Er... Hello! Can I have my clothes now.

PRINCESS SANCHA: Don't look Mother. (OBVIOUSLY LOOKING)

QUEEN KINGDOM: I'm not darling. (OBVIOUSLY LOOKING)

KING QUEENDOM: I am.

COLIN: Puss! My clothes.

PUSS IN BOOTS: I'm sorry Master. The ruffians ran off with them.

COLIN: Oh! I forgot. The ruffians.

PUSS IN BOOTS: (TO KING) I wonder your Majesty, as your palace is nearer than my master's castle, if you might have a spare set of clothes that would be fit for a Marquis?

KING QUEENDOM: Spare clothes? Fit for a Marquis you say?

PUSS IN BOOTS: The Marquis of Carabas.

KING: Yes yes, I see, I see. (TO HERALD) Be a dear and go back to the palace. Bring back some clothing fit for a Marquis.

PUSS IN BOOTS: And shoes Sire. Gold buckled shoes

KING QUEENDOM: Er... gold buckles you say. Bang on trend this season. I think we can grant him that. Your master has been very generous by sending fresh meat for our table. This is our chance to repay him.

HERALD: I will attend to it immediately Sire. (EXITS)

PRINCESS SANCHA: How will he know his size?

QUEEN KINGDOM: Yes, get him out here and let's see how big he is.

PRINCESS SANCHA: His biceps?

QUEEN KINGDOM: No, his... oh... Please yourself.

COLIN: It's very cold.

PRINCESS SANCHA: Small then.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Yes, unfortunately. Dinky.

KING QUEENDOM: While we wait for the clothes, tell me a little about your master, the... er... Marquis of... er...

PUSS IN BOOTS: Carabas.

KING QUEENDOM: Tell me about the Marquis of Carabas.

PUSS IN BOOTS: My master is brave and strong...

QUEEN KINGDOM: (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE) But not very very long.

PUSS IN BOOTS: ... and he has land stretching for miles.

COLIN: Have I?

PUSS IN BOOTS: His castle is built high on a hill and is a solid fortress with many rooms.

COLIN: (DREAMILY) Rooms draped in glittery gold curtains, with those tassel things holding them back. With handmaidens serving my every need, and bathing me in milk and honey while...

PUSS IN BOOTS: Yes Master. Let me handle this.

COLIN: I have pots full of money and jewelled crowns far bigger than any that...

PUSS IN BOOTS: Yes Master. One moment. My master has been hit on the head Sire, so he is a bit confused.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Is he married?

PUSS IN BOOTS: Not yet. He's been looking for someone of enough status.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Perhaps he might find he fancies... let's just say, a Queen?

PUSS IN BOOTS: More like a princess.

COLIN: I'm not sure if I should...

PUSS IN BOOTS: My master is still in shock. Yes, more like a princess.

QUEEN KINGDOM: (TO PRINCESS) What do you think darling?

PRINCESS SANCHA: Are we going to see him naked?

THE HERALD ENTERS WITH SOME NEW CLOTHES. THE QUEEN STEPS FORWARD TO RECEIVE THEM. SHE TAKES THEM OVER TO COLIN AND PASSES THEM TO HIM WHILE ALL THE TIME TRYING TO LOOK OVER THE BUSH AT HIM.

COLIN DUCKS OUT OF SIGHT WITH THE CLOTHES.

PUSS IN BOOTS: Your Majesties are so kind. I am sure that my Master will return the clothes as soon as he can.

KING QUEENDOM: Oh keep them, why don't you? We can't have him running around naked all the time can we?

QUEEN KINGDOM: Can't we? How disappointing.

COLIN ENTERS DRESSED IN THE NEW CLOTHES.

COLIN: (PRESENTING HIMSELF) Your Majesties. I am the Marquis of Carabas, and I thank you for your help.

QUEEN KINGDOM: (TO PRINCESS) Actually he's quite fit isn't he darling?

COLIN: (TAKING THE PRINCESS BY THE HAND) Your Royal Princess. May I dally with you a while?

PRINCESS SANCHA: Dally?

QUEEN KINGDOM: (ASIDE TO PRINCESS) He wants to woo you?

PRINCESS SANCHA: Woo?

QUEEN KINGDOM: (TO AUDIENCE) I blame it on the twitting generation.

PRINCESS SANCHA: Tweeting mother. Facebook.

QUEEN KINGDOM: Twitface. Whatever! He wants to chat to you a while. Maybe hold your hand and... other things.

PRINCESS SANCHA: I think I might like the "other things".

PUSS IN BOOTS: (TO KING AND QUEEN) Perhaps we could have your picnic over there. It will leave my master and your daughter to get more acquainted.

PUSS, KING AND QUEEN EXIT. THE HERALD EXITS WITH THE HAMPER.

COLIN TAKES THE PRINCESSES HANDS IN HIS.

COLIN: I am in love.

PRINCESS SANCHA: If you're in love with someone else, we shouldn't be doing this.

COLIN: It's you that I'm in love with.

PRINCESS SANCHA: But we've only just met.

COLIN: I've noticed you in the past. Our eyes have met before.

PRINCESS SANCHA: I don't remember that.

COLIN: No you wouldn't. I was not who I am today.

PRINCESS SANCHA: How can that be?

COLIN: Good point. Er... I was in disguise.

PRINCESS SANCHA: Disguise?

COLIN: Yes. Er... Hiding in the crowd as you went past. To be ready in case someone should attack the Royal procession.

PRINCESS SANCHA: Oh Marquis. How brave you are.

COLIN: Yet am I brave enough to ask for a kiss?

PRINCESS SANCHA: You could always try.

COLIN KISSES THE PRINCESS ON THE CHEEK.

COLIN: There. All my dreams have come true in one day.

PRINCESS SANCHA: Can we meet again soon.

COLIN: I hope so. But for now I must go, as duty calls. My Mother needs my help and you need to return to the picnic.

PRINCESS SANCHA: Then I can't wait until the next time we meet.

THEY RELUCTANTLY BREAK AWAY AND COLIN EXITS LOOKING BACK AS HE GOES.

THE PRINCESS GOES CENTRE STAGE AND SINGS.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Princess Sancha.

SUGGESTION: The Shoop Shoop song (It's in his Kiss) - by Cher.

PRODUCTION NOTE: As this is the song just before the interval we need something funny or big to take us into the break. So...

The Shoop Shoop song has a very active backing group section. There are a couple of ideas that can be used to make this funny.

Option 1: A couple of smallish children from the chorus enter behind the Princess and sing the backing lines. They should be dressed identical to the Princess or at least matching her style and each other.

Option 2: Two large male members of the cast do the same thing. Likewise they are dressed in the same way as the Princess (including wigs) or in glittery sequined 60's "backing group" style dresses.

In both cases, throughout the song, the Princess should not acknowledge that the backing group is there, and they quickly bow and exit at the end of the song before she notices.

AFTER A SHORT PAUSE FOR APPLAUSE, LADY LATREENA RUSHES IN.

LADY LATREENA: Ahh haa haa haaaa!

PRINCESS SANCHA: What?

LADY LATREENA: I said, Ahh haa haa haaaa!

PRINCESS SANCHA: What does (MIMICKING) "Ahh haa haa haaaa" mean?

LADY LATREENA: It means... We'll I'm not actually sure what it means, but you should be afraid. Very afraid.

PRINCESS SANCHA: (SHRUGGING HER SHOULDERS) Whatever! (EXITS)

LADY LATREENA: (TO AUDIENCE) Boo! Boo? Come on if you're going to boo me, make a good job of it. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE)

And now it's your turn to be afraid. Oh yes. There's an interval coming up but don't be expecting to enjoy yourselves. I've put snot in the interval ice creams, rat droppings in the tea, and washing up liquid in the beer. The basin taps in the gents have been set to stun, and I've removed all the paper from the ladies loo's.

Scared? No? Then try this!

THERE IS A VERY LOUD AND SCARY PYROTECHNIC BANG AND FLASH, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME THE STAGE GOES TO BLACKOUT. EXIT LADY LATREENA.

LADY LATREENA: (OFF DURING BLACKOUT.) Ahh haa haa haaa. (WITH ECHO IF POSSIBLE.)

CLOSE MAIN CURTAINS DURING BLACKOUT.

END SCENE.

HOUSE LIGHTS UP.

END ACT I.

INTERVAL.

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.