

THREE MEN IN A TUB

by Chris Lane

Directed for (Drama Club name)
by

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THREE MEN IN A TUB

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THE SMALL PRINT

Thanks for your interest in this script. If you have any questions at all about technical issues, cast numbers, alternate versions With or Without a dame, please e-mail me at ca.lane@me.com or via my website. www.pantoscripts.me.uk

If you like the script but it doesn't work for your stage or cast, then let me know and I Will gladly tailor it to your needs at no extra cost. Seriously – I just did one for 7 people, 6 of whom were restricted to sitting down. Anything is possible!

As soon as you have decided that you love this script I'll send you a normal Word version. You can then make your own adaptations to the local audience (and whatever is in the news at the time) **in the marked grey areas only** - the rest has been proved to work in successful performances (and any necessary changes already made) so just trust the script and don't try to 'improve' it. You CAN cut out some scenes, songs or dances if you need to save time. Once you have made the selections & adaptations then you can print as many as you want at no extra cost. You ARE allowed to print small sections of it, e.g. just bits that the chorus need, but these must still have a title and © **Chris Lane** on it somewhere.

If you have any questions at all at any time during production (such as "How do Snow White's dwarfs juggle the sausages?") I Will be very delighted to answer them; I have directed all of these pantos and can help you With just about anything!

Happy reading! Chris Lane

CHRIS LANE

NZ Writers Guild

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PANTO TITLES

CINDERELLA
DICK WHITTINGTON
HANSEL AND GRETEL
RED RIDING HOOD & THE THREE PIGS
ROBIN HOOD
SLEEPING BEAUTY
SNOW WHITE
THREE MEN IN A TUB

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MAKEOVER OF BLOOD
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SPLAT!
TROLLEY OF DOOM
SKY TOWER

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THE DAFF WAR
THE SWIPERS

I live in Auckland with my Wife, Norma (Head of Operations, St John Ambulance, New Zealand) and family – so if you're in NZ I'll want to come and see the show! As well as writing scripts, film screenplays and bestselling books I direct for the stage and actively support new writers in many genres. From 1953 to 2013 I lived in England, with over 30 of those years spent in teaching, but then worked out why I was waking up screaming.

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Chris Lane

www.pantoscripts.me.uk

Frequently Asked Questions:

QUESTION: Can we alter the script?

ANSWER: Certain bits only. It is designed to be adapted to make the local jokes work (there are specially highlighted grey bits With hints). Please do add "Adapted for *** Drama Club by Fred Jones" or whoever did this. Also adapt it if you have to change the sex of a character (ideally not during the performances, but accidents do happen) but you cannot take chunks out of it and use it in "your own" work: small legal thing called 'copyright'. Someone Will 'dob' on you - they always do. And you cannot rewrite bits of it; though you may think it hilarious it may not be - and it Will have my name on it!

QUESTION: Are there any other petty demands?

ANSWER: Yes: I need to know where and when performances would take place, which club would be performing them, and to what size audiences. In part this also alerts me if you are putting on the same show as another club nearby.

QUESTION: Is that all?

ANSWER: Almost - but you must put my name on all posters and programs and all copies of the script must have this somewhere: © Chris Lane

MORE BORING BUT LEGAL SMALL PRINT

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February 2010

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By Chris Lane

First produced by Axminster Drama Club 2001 Updated Aug-18

ACT ONE

'Introduction'

Three toys appear through the audience: two any sort (beware: some kids have a clown phobia so appearing in the dark might cause screaming: soldier & doll?), one teddy-bear.

Toy 1: *(pompous)* This way! Come on! Just follow me!

Toy 2: *(nervous)* It's awfully dark. Are you sure this is the right town?

Toy 1: Of course I'm sure! I've got the address of the toy-shop on this bit of paper!

Toy 2: I'm not sure I like this... And who are all these people?

Teddy: Don't worry! I'm sure they're friendly.

Toy 2: But they look a bit.... **frightening.**

Teddy: No they don't.

Toy 2: They do - look at this one! *(they stop and look)*

Teddy: Well, perhaps that one does. But the others look *fairly* normal. Hello! Hi there!

Toy 1: *(from stage)* Stop hanging around down there, you two!

Teddy: *(to Toy 2, going up steps)* Just stick by me. I'll look after you.

Toy 1: Right; we're nearly there.

Teddy: What's the name of the shop?

Toy 1: Ah... *(studies paper)* Majestic Toy Shop. It's a brand new one. Not even open yet!

Toy 2: I hope a nice child buys me.

Teddy: Me too! Someone who likes lots of cuddles!

Toy 1: More likely some little horror who'll pull your arms off! *(Goes to explore in front of curtains. Is snatched away through curtains by villains HENCH & TOADY.)*

Teddy: Take no notice. Most children love their toys

Toy 2: Now which way is it? Hey! Where's he/she gone?

Teddy: Let's look over here. I hope it's not far. It's nearly time for my milk and biscuits. *(Toy 2 is snatched.)*
If I don't... Here! Don't mess around! Where are you?! *(to audience)* Which way did they go?
(Walks and points Left) This way? *(Hands try to grab him as he passes)* How about this way?
(Repeat: Right) I give up. *(Returns Centre)* Where did they go? What's that? Pardon? *(Leans down to hear. Grab again & miss)* Hold on; I think my cotton-wool is coming out. *(Wiggles paw in ear and steps back)* Oops! *(Is snatched)*

Boss: *Appears from Left.* Ah-ha! The last one! NO toys for the Majestic Toyshop! Soon all the toyshops **in the world** Will be mine ... MINE!! **Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!** But first --- I must take these toys to my secret island...and **DESTROY THEM!!** *(Exits laughing madly)*

Scene One: OUTSIDE THE MAJESTIC TOYSHOP

A street in a port; quaint buildings but neat and attractive.

CHOP'S FAMILY BUTCHER (UR with opening door), WICK'S QUALITY CANDLES (UL), BUNN THE BAKERS (DR With opening door) and MAJESTIC TOY SHOP (DL) With its sign under a cloth.

SONG: Whole company on stage as townspeople/pirates. (Not Boss, Teddy, Toys)

Adults wander about then exit except children. Child PJ runs across stage to corner. They look at the shop with the hidden sign (toy shop)

Child 1: It's so exciting!

Child 2: What kind of shop is it going to be?

Child 3: A sweet shop!

Child 4: Yes - a sweet shop!

All children: Hooray! Yippee!

Child 5: No! I know - a TOY shop!! (*STICKY: adult baker: enters DR With tray of buns*)

Child 6: YES! A toy shop!!

All children: HOORAY!!

Sticky: Nah. It's going to sell hard Maths books! (*groans from children*)

Children: (*Suddenly see him.*) Hiya, Sticky!

Sticky: Hi there, kids! (*to aud*) and a big hello to all of you! I'm Sticky Bunn the Baker. Look at these! (*holds up tray*) Made too many again! Here - who wants a bun? (*Help themselves. One child, PJ, is too shy*) One bun left. (*Teasing*) Hmm. Perhaps I'll just eat it myself. No - I'm not hungry. (*To audience*) Who shall I give it to? This boy here? This girl? This one? This one? (*Gives to PJ*)

PJ: For me? (*Amazed look*) All of it?

Sticky: Yes, all of it. Go on! Looks like you haven't had a good meal for ages!

PJ: (*With mouth full*) Ages!

Mr Chop: (*adult butcher: enters UR during above*) Ha! In that case what you need is MEAT! Not a chunk of pastry! Here - have a sausage!

PJ: Wow! Thank you very much, sir. (*not sure what to do With it*)

Sticky: That was really nice of you, Mr Chop.

Mr Chop: Nah! (*secretly: to Sticky*) Poor little thing is from the orphanage. They're always hungry up there, Sticky.

Sticky: (*to aud*) This is Mr Chop the Butcher. (*to Mr Chop*) Say hello to the nice people.

Mr Chop: Hello there. Bit quiet aren't they?

Sticky: Well - I didn't like to say anything, but they are a BIT shy.

Mr Chop: Soon sort that out. How about a DECENT "Hello, Mr Chop"? Let's see if you can manage that.

Hello!!

(*to Sticky*) What do you think?

Sticky: One more try?

Mr Chop: Right you are. **Hello!!** That's more like it. See you all later!

ALL EXIT STAGE RIGHT

The pirates, MR HOO & MR WYE, enter Down Left and check nobody is around.

Mr Hoo: All clear, Mr Wye.

Mr Wye: Still can't remember the rest of the song, Mr Hoo.

Mr Hoo: What song?

Mr Why: The pirate song! You know:

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of **milk**,

fifteen men on a dead man's ...er, dead man's ...

Er ... What rhymes with 'milk'?

Mr Hoo: No -no - no, Mr Wye! That's wrong! It's not milk! It's: Yo-ho-ho and a bottle ofer, now I can't remember! We'll have to ask someone. (*Look at audience*) Here, you lot are sat doing nothing. Anyone know what comes after: 'Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of ...'? Eh? What? Wine gums? Plums? What? Rum? That's it! (*looks out*) You can spot the boozers!

Mr Wye: Oh, rum, is it, Mr Hoo? Well, I never knew that. Thanks. (*Clears throat*)
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of **RUM**,
fifteen men on a dead man's **bum!**

Mr Hoo: No! Not 'bum'! **CHEST!** Fifteen men on a dead man's **CHEST!**

Mr Wye: Chest??! That doesn't rhyme with rum!

Captain Watt: (*PIRATE CAPTAIN: enter UL; striding forward with the Bosun*) Stow the noise, yer scurvy dogs!

We is here, a-*secret* like! A-stocking up on grub and grog.

Bosun: (*unintelligible pirate: glares at Dag*) Skurvin wheelks 'n skrimshaw!

Mr Hoo: What did he say?

Mr Wye: He said 'let's see if they sell organic goat's cheese.' Come on!

The pirates move to look in the shop windows. Some ladies enter and stop to chat.

Sticky & Mr Chop enter and see the pirates.

Sticky: Aargh! Over there! No - don't look! (*drags him down stage*) Aren't they ... **pirates?!**

Mr Chop: Which ones?

Sticky: WHICH ONES?! There: those ones in the long dresses and make-up of course! What do you mean 'Which ones?!' The ones with the swords and wooden legs and eye-patches and parrots on their shoulders?

Mr Chop: Hard to say, really. You could be right! I'll ask 'em!

Sticky: No! Don't do ... (*but Chop has already gone*) (*to aud*) Oh no! Pirates give me the willies!

Mr Chop: (*pulls Bosun to front*) Here we are. Now; my friend - the baker here - he says that you're pirates!
Ha ha! What do you have to say to that?

Bosun: Avast! Swab me mizzen with a wet lanyard, ye lubbers.

Mr Chop: Eh? What's that in English?

Bosun: Strap the fo'c'sle cat and float me gunnels! Ye scurvy weevils!

Mr Chop: (*to Sticky, confidently*) I think he's from Somerset (*or another rural area/town nearby*).

Captain Watt: Ahoy there, shipmates! What in the name of Captain Flint be the mutiny that's a'goin on over 'ere, eh?

Sticky: Oh no! Now we're for it!

Mr Chop: Hello there! I was just asking your chum here ...

Captain Watt: Askin'? And WHAT h'exactly was ee askin', if'n I may make so bold?

Mr Chop: I was asking him if you were pirates!

Captain Watt: (*pretends surprise*) Pirates! Why -I'll be keelhauled! Whatever next? Pirates eh? Har-har!
Now then, matey; does we LOOK like pirates? (*they pose*) Eh?

Mr Chop: Well (*looks*) yes. Not that I've ever seen a REAL pirate before but ... you do. A bit?

Captain Watt: Now that's a first; stuff me parrot if it isn't! No, no, no, no ... Me and my chums is ... Um ... (*sees feather in Bosun's hat*) ... Feather collectors! That's it - we're feather collectors.

Sticky: Feather collectors?

Captain Watt: That's it, me bucko. Plenty of pieces of eight to be made collecting feathers from the far corners of the Seven Seas.

Sticky: Really! Where do you get these feathers from then?

Captain Watt: Where from? Er. Well ... Um ... Birds' bottoms.

Mr Chop: Birds' bottoms?

Captain Watt: Er, yes; that's it. Right then, we've got some thieving – SHOPPING! – shopping, to do. Come on, mateys!

Bosun: Gaah! Scuppers 'n bilge! (*Pirates Exit Down Left*)

Mr Chop: There; told you they weren't pirates!

Sticky: But - but - but ...

MR WICK (older candle-maker) enters and pauses, Up Left, checking local paper: headline: PIRATES SPOTTED IN (name of place or shop).

Mr Chop: Look out; here comes old Wicky.

Sticky: It's Mr Wick, the Candle-stick Maker. When he says 'hello' I want you ALL to give him the BIGGEST EVER 'hello Mr Wick'! Get ready! Wait till he says hello ...

Mr Wick: (*Is a gloomy fellow. Comes centre, looks at audience*) Hello. Aargh!! (*throws paper in air and leaps back*) What's the matter with you people?! Shouting like that! Frightened the life out of me! And why aren't you two in your shops? No customers to serve?

Mr Chop: Loads. Shop-full! Mrs Chop is behind the counter while I get some fresh air.

Mr Wick: Hnn. (*gloomily*) Mrs Chop? Is that ... wise? She'll probably slice a customer's nose off, or some other vital part of their body.

Mr Chop: Nah: can't happen twice in a week!

Sticky and Wick look at each other then move on.

Sticky: So, how's the candle business, Mr Wick?

Mr Wick: Not what it was. The business is failing fast. It's all these new-fangled 'oil lamps' and 'gas lights' nowadays. (*Sighs*) It can only end badly.

Mr Chop: People Will always need candles! For birthdays - and dinner-parties - and - you know - that new thingy: *aroma therapy*.

Sticky: Eh?

Mr Chop: Aroma therapy: it's where they rub warm oil all over your body.

Mr Wick: What on earth for?

Mr Chop: It helps you relax. (*Secretly*) Mrs Chop tried it on me the other night.

Sticky: Ooh! Did it work?

Mr Chop: No. Can't say that it did - but next time she'll take the chips out first.

Mr Wick: Hnn. More interesting; I've just sold some candles to - a **pirate!**

Mr Chop: Oh, he's not a pirate! He's a feather collector!

Sticky: He's a PIRATE!

Mr Chop: Nah!

Mr Wick: He paid me in these gold coins. (*shows*)

Sticky: Pieces of eight! (*Madly*) **The man's a pirate!!!**

Mr Chop: OK! OK! Hold onto your hot-cross-buns!!

Mr Wick: Indeed. If you carry on like that you'll do your insides a mischief.

Mr Chop: You're too stressed out! What you need is a good woman to look after you! Why - when I was your age I'd been married for YEARS! Tell him about being married, Wicky!

Mr Wick: Well (*glumly*) where does one begin to expand on the joys of matrimony?

Sticky: How long have you been married Mr Wick?

Mr Wick: I married young - I was only 17. So I've been married for 13 years.

Sticky: (*doing sums on fingers*) So you're only ... er ... thirty. You're only **thirty**?! But you look at least fifty!! How come you look so old and worn out?

Children: (*enter Right in a long line, tallest first, ending with a pram. All say to Mr Wick: Hello dad; Hello dad; Hello dad... (There is a silence from the pram, they all look at it. It burps. The children exit Left)*)

Sticky: I think that answers my question.

Mr Chop: No, it's not the kids that wear him out: it's the worry!

Sticky: What worry?

Mr Chop: Worry his wife'll find out! Ha ha!! (*The 2 wives enter Up Right*) Oops - speak of the devil!

Mrs Chop: (*not bright*) Here they are, Mrs Wick!

Mrs Wick: (*rather sharp*) As I thought, Mrs Chop, - messing about again.

Mr Chop: Who's guarding the shop, my little pork pie?

Mrs Chop: It's alright - I'm not stupid; I left a note! I thought of something **very clever** to write and left it on the cash register.

Mr Chop: What's that then?

Mrs Chop: It's like a little drawer with buttons where we keep all the money.

Mr Chop: Brilliant, my little dumpling.

Mrs Wick: Good grief.

Mr Wick: I trust, Mrs Wick, that you have left our shop with a more *secure* arrangement.

Mrs Wick: Of course, Mr Wick. I closed it.

Mr Wick: WHAT?!! **Closed it!** With all these people in town?! (*runs off UL*)

Sticky: You really closed it?

Mrs Wick: Of course not. (*Looks sour*) It was a joke.

Mr Chop: Mrs Wick! You are a laugh! (*She gives him a miserable look. He thumps her on the back and laughs*) I could stand here joking with you all day - but that won't get the sausages stuffed! See you all later! (*Exits UR*)

Mrs Chop: (*to Sticky*) Have you left a note on your till too?

Sticky: No. Sold out! Next batch is still in the oven. (*Pulls them slightly aside*) But you ladies shouldn't be out here!

Mrs Chop: Why not? I've got me winter thermals on.

Sticky: No! (*looks around*) Pirates!

Mrs Chop: Ooh! How exciting!

Mrs Wick: You silly woman! What do you mean: 'How exciting'?

Mrs Chop: Pirates! Just like in the stories. Ooooh! Pirates is the handsomest (*The shortest, ugliest, dirtiest pirate in the world sidles up between them*),

Mrs Chop: most dashingest, most glamorous, most romantikest of people.

Ugly Pirate: *disgusting snorting sound and rubbing of legs.*

Mrs Chop: (*looks hard at him*) Perhaps I'm thinking of train drivers.

Pirate: (*Wipes nose on sleeve with a snort*) (*To Mrs Wick*) Hello, gorgeous... are you married?

Mrs Wick: Hello, Smelly... are you *human*?

Ugly Pirate: Very good! Not heard that one before. 'Are you human?'. Very good! My sort of woman. (*Wanders off Right chuckling*)

Hoo and Wye enter Down Left.

Mr Hoo: Didn't I tell you, Mr Wye. Best place for finding girls!

Mr Wye: About time, Mr Hoo. After three months at sea I need to see a pretty face -

Mr Hoo: Let's take a look around. (*stroll upstage*)

Ladies overhear the pirates

Mrs Chop: Hear that? You'd better watch out, young Sticky!

Sticky: What for?

Mrs Chop: Well ... With your girlfriend, Loraine, being - you know - the most beautiful UNMARRIED girl for miles around, and with all these romantic *train drivers* in town ...

Mrs Wick: Pirates.

Mrs Chop: What?

Mrs Wick: All these romantic PIRATES in town!

Mrs Chop: See - I knew you felt the same way. (*Nudges*) You sly little minx you!

Mrs Wick: Good grief.

Mrs Chop: (*to Sticky*) If I was you, I'd ask her to marry me quick - before some pirate sees her!

Sticky: Don't tease!

Mrs Wick: It'd be your own fault! You keep making up excuses not to get married.

Sticky: I don't make up excuses!

Mrs Chop: Oh no?

Sticky: Not at all!

Mrs Wick: So why don't you ask Loraine to marry you this very evening?

Sticky: Well ... I really need to clean out the rabbit hutch, and ...

Ladies: Pah!

Mrs Chop: Don't you blame us if these pirates find out there's a beautiful, SINGLE girl on the loose around here!

Mr Hoo: What's that? (*both come down between Sticky & ladies*)

Mr Wye: A beautiful young wench cast adrift in these waters?

Mrs Chop: (*to Sticky*) Ooh! We warned you!

Mr Hoo: I said we'd come to the right place! (*to Sticky*) Here, pal: any luscious lovelies on the loose hereabouts?

Sticky: No - none! No girls at all around here!

Mr Hoo: What's her name?

Sticky: Loraine. Oops!

Enter Loraine, Right, to stand behind Sticky.

Mr Hoo: Now, tell me about this ... Loraine. (*Looks past him at her*) Does she have beautiful, silky hair?

Sticky: Silky? Noooo ... like straw; all sticky up. Nits! And dandruff!

Mr Hoo: But I'll bet this Loraine has bright, sparkling eyes!

Sticky: She squints! Eyes like a little piggy. Thick glasses!

Mr Hoo: Smooth, white skin?

Sticky: Sandpaper! And spots! ... BOILS!

Mr Hoo: But I bet my best sea-boots she's got a good sense of humour.

Sticky: Loraine?! Pah! Miserable old witch! Wouldn't know a joke if she saw it crossing the road.

Mr Hoo: So ... this Loraine is spotty, bad-tempered, piggy-eyed, with hair like a scarecrow?

Sticky: Sounds like you've met her already. Still interested?

Mr Hoo: Nah; if we'd wanted girls like that we'd have gone to (*local town/area*) !

Pirates move upstage

Sticky: Ha! There! I showed him! (*Sees ladies signalling to him*) What? What's the matter? (*Turns*) Loraine!!

Loraine: (*Hits him.*) So - I'm spotty (*hit*), bad-tempered (*hit*), piggy-eyed (*hit*), am I?!!!

Sticky: Hold on! Hey! I was just ...

Mrs Wick & Mrs Chop: No - don't. Don't hit him! Poor little chap! *Hugs him*

Smoke puffs from bread shop.

PJ: (*running on*) Hey, bun-man! There's smoke coming out of your shop!!

Sticky: The bread! Ooer! (*Runs off into shop DR*)

Loraine: Grrr!

Mrs Chop: Don't be like that. He means well.

Mrs Wick: I don't know why you put up with him.

Loraine: Neither do I.

Mrs Chop: Yes you do. You're in lo...

Mrs Wick: Good grief. Don't use the 'L' word! You know that always sets her off.

(Possibly not in show /matinee if time is short)

Mrs Wick: Before you can say "Mills & Boon" she'll start singing! *(Music starts)* There! What did I tell you? Quick - everyone - FLEE! *(Move aside)*

Song: *Possibly something like On My Own (Les Mis)*

Mrs Chop: *(In tears)* Oh, bless! It's so sad! SOB!

Mrs Wick: *(Also in tears)* SOB! Don't be so soft.

Sticky: *(Runs back in. Swerves away from Loraine and over to others.)* Has she calmed down? I was only trying to... *(They hit him)*

Mrs Chop: You rotter!

Mrs Wick: Horrid, horrid little man!

Sticky: Hey! Gerrof! *(He flees back into shop)*

Mrs Chop: How about a nice cup of tea?

Mrs Wick: Lovely! *(The two exit into butchers)*

Loraine: *(To aud)* Hello! Sorry; it's not **always** like this here. It's just that there's a new shop opening today, and there are so many strangers in town. *(Boss, Toady, Hench enter Up Left)* Look at this lot. Never seen them around here before. Don't like the look of them. I think I'll get back home. *(Exits Down Right)*

(Villains walk down centre)

Boss: Splendid progress. Soon my plan Will be complete! Now, *(loudly and pompously)* fetch me ...

Toady: ... a bedpan?

Hench: ... a plastic surgeon?

Boss: No, no - fetch me the toyshop owner! *(They scuttle off into Toyshop DL)* *(to aud)* This is all going so very well. The last of those disgusting, soppy, "cuddly" creatures are on board my ship. **There is not one, single toy left!** This shop will never be ab open and they'll be forced to sell it to me! Ha-ha-ha! *(to aud)* Be quiet, you booing buffoons; there is more to my plan!

When I own **every** toyshop they'll sell only MY toys: guns, and swords, and grotesque monsters, and fighting figures, and *(something topical)*! That's what children REALLY want - things that frighten and KILL!

(children run on and race around Boss).

Urgh! Get away! Scat! Filthy little things! Clear off!

(They run off)

Bleurgh! Foul vermin! Hate those things! They should keep them in cages until they're big enough to work! *(sneer at aud)*

Hench and Toady return DL with the toyshop owners and their child.

Mr Majestic: Unhand me, you ruffian!

Mrs Majestic: *(vigorously hitting out with walking stick)* Let go of him, you horrid brutes! *(Sends Hench flying forward with whack on back)*

Boss: Good shot, Madam!

Mr Majestic: I told you - we are not going to sell you our shop!

Boss: So *(goes close to him, "friendly")* your toys have arrived, have they?

Mr Majestic: Well, no; not yet.

Mrs Majestic: Any time now!

Boss: Wonderful. *(Smiles horribly)* But ... if they don't arrive?

Mrs Majestic: We've made our own toys.

Mr Majestic: Yes indeed!

Boss: How enterprising of you. Hench, Toady - don't you think they're so terribly ...

Hench: ... old?

Toady: ... smelly?

Boss: CLEVER! (*Smiles again*) Perhaps you would like to show me some of the "toys" you've made? Mmm?
(*The three go off DL*) (*becoming angry:*) We can't let them make their own toys! If they get away with this then I am...

Hench: ... ugly?

Toady: ... incontinent?

Boss: No ... I'm ruined!

They return with their 'toys'. These are awful - an old mop with odd eyes stuck on; a sack shaped into a teddy, a puppet made of loo rolls, etc. There is a moment's silence as they all study these proudly-displayed monstrosities.

Mr Majestic: Of course these are just prototypes.

Boss: (*smiles horribly and takes puppet from child*) How charming. And did it take you long to make? Whoops! (*pulls head off toy, hands back*) Har-har-har. (*suddenly angry*) You stupid shopkeeper! (*Dashes toys aside*) **There are no toys for your shop! And there never will be! So sell me the shop!!** (*children run on again and circle baddies*) Get them away from me! Eurgh! Repulsive reptiles! (*Children move away but stay on stage*)

Mrs Majestic: We will never sell the shop to the likes of you! NOT NOT FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS!

Boss: Good - because I was only going to give you **five** pounds!

Mr Majestic: Five pounds?! Never!

Mrs Majestic: WE ... are going to make **more** toys! (*Exit, DL, hitting Hench*)

Toady: Oh no, Boss! They're going to make more toys!

Hench: What shall we do?!

Boss: Ha! You two are a pair of ...

Toady: ... socks?

Hench: ... pants?

Boss: - **Idiots!** Even if they **did** make anything that looked **half** like a toy then we'd steal that as well, and take it to ...

Toady: ...the cinema.

Hench: ...McDonalds.

Boss: ...to the island! You do **remember** the island? Mmm? You know - the place with our toy factory?

Toady: Oh yeah! The toys will like it there!

Boss: Like it? **Like it?!** Do you think they'll "like it" when we push them into the transforming machine?!

Hench: Yeah!

Boss: **No they won't!** (*Grabs by throat*) Now get back to the ship - we've cuddly toys to destroy! Ha-ha-ha... (*turns to exit Right*)

PJ: (*jumping in front of them, Right*) **Oh no you don't!**

Boss: Urgh! Keep it away! (*Hides behind Hench*) What does it want?

PJ: I heard everything you were saying! You can't steal all the toys! I'll tell!

Boss: (*mimics*) "I'll tell." Oh Will you? We'll see about that! Grab the creature!

Toady: (*grabs PJ*) Now what shall we do with it?

Boss: Do with it? Why - there is only one thing we CAN do with it! We'll take it with us on the ship, back to the island. And, when we're there, we'll just have to ...

Hench: ... play with it!

Toady: ... buy it sweets!

Boss: No! **dispose of it! Ha-ha-ha** etc... (*All exit DR laughing horribly*)

Child 1: (*appears from where they were all listening*) What can we do?

Child 2: Who were those people?

Child 3: What shall we do?

Child 4: We could panic. You know, sort of run around screaming, sort of thing? Waaah! (*They stop him/her*)

Child 5: No - we must tell someone!

Child 6: Yes! Quick - tell somebody!

The 3 shop-owners enter from their shops

Mr Chop: What's all this noise? Sounds like a hedgehog in a nudist camp!

Mr Wick: I might have guessed it was you lot! Do be quiet!

Sticky: Hold on! What is it? What's the matter?

Child 1: They've stolen all the toys!

Child 2: They're going to change the cuddly toys into **horrid things!**

Child 3: On an island - With a toy factory!

Mr Chop: Who's done all this?

Child 4: We don't know - they were dressed all in black!

Mr Wick: Now don't drag **us** into your silly games.

Child 5: It's not a game. It's true!

Child 6: And they've taken PJ!

Mr Chop: PJ? What that cute little kid from the Orphans' Home?

All Children: Yes!!

Sticky: (*dubious*) So, some men in black have stolen all the toys, taken them in a boat to an island and kidnapped an orphan? Hmmm...

Child 1: It IS true!

Sticky: (*To audience*) Did you see any of this?! Is it true?! Is it?!

Mr Chop: It must be true! This is terrible! Wicky! (*Grabs*) Run for help!

Mr Wick: Me??!! (*gloomily*) No point. By the time we get help, it'll be too late. This can only end badly.

Sticky: But we've got to do something!

Mr Chop: We'll go after them ourselves!

Mr Wick: Oh yes? And what shall we do - swim after them?

Sticky: There must be a boat *somewhere* we can borrow!

All look thoughtful

Mr Chop: (*inspired*) I know where I can get a boat! Get your things together and meet me at the harbour!

Sticky: It's not that pirate ship is it?!

Mr Chop: No - no - no! (*To aud*) Never thought of that!
No - much better! You wait and see! (*Exits*)

Sticky: Crikey!

Mr Chop: This can only end ...

Sticky: ... I know ... badly! (*Mr Wick exits*)

Child 1: Take us with you!

Child 2: Can we come?

Child 3: Do let us come too!

Sticky: Not a chance! You stay here! Tell everyone where we've gone!

Children: Come on! Let's find someone! (*all run off*)

Sticky: (*To audience*) I hope Mr Chop gets a really safe boat - I'm not a good sailor! (*exits*) (*Curtain*)

Scene Two: ON THE HARBOUR

In front of main tabs

Pirates enter: Dag, (left) Wi & Bosun (Right)

Mr Hoo: It's a disaster! A terrible, t-e-r-r-i-b-l-e disaster!

Mr Wye: What ... *(something topical or local)*

Mr Hoo: Nooo! About the ship!

Mr Wye: It's sunk?!

Mr Hoo: No, not today!

Bosun: Barnacle, splice me bilge 'n mizzen!

Mr Hoo: It's been stolen?

Mr Wye: Don't be so daft! Who'd want that old hulk? No - it's the crew!

Mr Hoo: What about them?

Mr Wye: Tell him, Bosun.

Bosun: Arrrr, bilge'n, crowsnest of Davey Jones, eave-ho-me-hearties, flogging, grog, har-harr, iron pigs'n jumpin kangaroo to leeway off Montevideo, that nest o' pukin' queen rats on starboard, top-sail unfurlin' and vast Winnetndward exit of yellow-bellied zombies! *(note: words are in alphabetical order!)*

Mr Hoo: No!

Mr Wye: Aye! Every scurvy dog has jumped ship! Said they'd found the perfect job on dry land!

Mr Hoo: The perfect job for a load of twisted sadists who can't even read and write? What job is it?

Mr Wye: They've gone to be OFSTED School Inspectors *(or MPs or similar local / topical)*.

Mr Hoo: Oh yeah. ... Never mind! There's always plenty of lads wanting adventure on the High Seas!

Mr Wye: Blow me down, you're right! Bosun: off you go! Get us a rough, tough crew!

Mr Hoo: Females would be nice! Ha-ha!

Mr Wye: Good joke, there Mr Wye.

Bosun: *(Spits)* Splice me bilge 'n mizzen. *(Exits)*

Wye and Hoo move to look in shop windows)

Mrs Chop: *(enters Right)* Ooh! Lawks! Mrs Wick! Mrs. Wick!

Mrs Wick: *(enters Right)* What?!

Mrs Chop: Those idiot husbands of ours! Gone to sea! What do they know about ships?!

I don't know about your Mr Wick, but there's only one thing my Mr Chop ever did in the sea!

Mrs Wick: What's that?

Mrs Chop: It's a lot of water - like a puddle, only bigger.

Mrs Wick: Good grief. No, not the sea! What was the one thing he ever **did** in the sea?

Mrs Chop: I don't want to go into the details - but he had a funny smile on his face!

Loraine: *(enters Right)* What's going on? Has Sticky *really* gone in a boat after some kidnapers?!

Mrs Chop: That's what the children say!

Loraine: So - what are we going to do about it?

Mrs Chop: We must get **another** boat and go after them!

Mrs Wick: Who do we know with a boat? *(Heads slowly turn to the pirates)*

Mrs Chop: Ahoy there, fish pastes!

Mrs Wick: Shipmates.

Mr Hoo: Is she talking to us?

Mr Wye: Go and see! (*Pushes him toward them*)

Mrs Chop: Avast behind up your poop! Will you sea-cats ...

Mrs Wick: ...dogs!

Mrs Chop: ...sea-dogs come and share a glass of frogs?

Mrs Wick: Grog.

Mr Wye: What do you want, my good woman?

Mrs Chop: You have a fine sailing vessel.

Mr Hoo: We do?

Mr Wye: Yes - we do! What about it?

Loraine: We want to borrow it.

Hoo: What?! Why on earth do you want a pira... (*Wi hits him*) ... a feather collecting ship?

Mr Wye: (*pushes him aside*) Can you cook real food?

Mrs Chop: Yes.

Mr Wye: With no fish-heads in it?

Mrs Chop: Yes!

Mr Wye: And can you do washing and ironing and such-like?

Mrs Chop: Yes!!

Mr Wye: Then it's a deal!

Mrs Chop: Done! (*They spit on their hands, slap them, splatting Mrs Wick in the eye*) There! We're off to sea!

Not vitally needed in matinee (if scene changing permits)

Loraine: My father would be proud! He was a great naval man!

Mrs Chop: What, you mean he had a big naval?

Mrs Wick: Urgh!

Loraine: No - he was a sailor! You know what they say - you can always tell a naval man!

Hoo: She's right!

Song: (Possibly: 'He's a naval man')

Child 1: (*two children run on*) Mrs Chop! Mrs Chop!

Mrs Chop: What is it now?

Child 2: There's water pouring out of the upstairs window of your house!

Mrs Chop: What?!

Child: Yeah! Someone's stolen your bath-tub! (*Holds up rubber duck*)

Mrs Chop: Who would want to take a great-big bath like that?! (*ladies look at each other as truth sinks in*)
No! They wouldn't!

Mrs Wick: Yes, they would!

Mrs Chop: Quick! The ship! Let's get after them! *All exit L & R.*

Child: *Giggle!* I'm going back to watch the butcher's shop get flooded!

Scene Three: IN THE TUB

(Tabs Scene)

Poking from the wings Left is the end of an old jetty with mooring post & lifebelt. Beside it is a huge tub, with large taps and empty mast. Low wave profile across front of stage. Mr Chop is in the tub. Mr Wick and Sticky are standing nervously on the jetty.

Mr Wick: What on earth is this thing?

Sticky: It looks like a bath-tub!

Mr Wick: It looks **exactly** like a bath-tub!

Mr Chop: So now you're both experts on **boats?!**

Mr Wick: Then tell us, what sort of boat **is it?**

Mr Chop: Er.... It's a bath-tub!

Mr Wick: Where on Earth did you get it?

Mr Chop: Where do you think I got it? In the bathroom of course!

Mr Wick: And I'm sure you remembered to turn the water off before you ripped it out?

Mr Chop: Ha-ha! Did I remember to turn the water off! Ha-ha! Ummm... *(briefly serious)* No. *(Brightens up)*
Never mind - place needs a good clean. Come on! All aboard! *(Sticky climbs nervously in.)*

Mr Wick: This is going to end very badly. *(He gets in)*

Mr Chop: That's the way. First Mate Sticky Bunn, cast off the lines!

Sticky: Eh?

Mr Chop: Untie that bit of string.

Sticky: What? This?! It's all that's keeping us afloat! *(Does it anyway; the jetty moves away)* I feel ill already.

Mr Chop: Ahhhhh - the open sea!

Sticky: Uuuuuu - the open sick-bag.

Mr Chop: Full steam ahead!!

Mr Wick: We didn't **bring** any steam.

Mr Chop: Well ... **hoist the main sail!!**

Mr Wick: Have you **got** a main sail?

Mr Chop: Of course I've got a main sail - do you think I'm an idiot?

Mr Wick: *(nods)* Yes.

Sticky: So where **IS** this sail?

Mr Chop: On top of the oars!

Sticky: And the oars are where?

Mr Chop: Under the sink.

Sticky: *(looking around)* And the sink is ...?

Mr Chop: Doh! Stupid! Next to the fridge!

Sticky: And the fridge is ...?

Mr Chop: Where do you think? In the kitchen!

Sticky: This bath has a *kitchen?!*

Mr Chop: Of course not! The kitchen behind the shop! *(They stare at him as the facts sink in)* Oh!

Mr Wick: This will end very, very badly.

Sticky: *(to Mr Chop)* Are you wearing a vest?

Mr Wick: That's it; he's gone mad.

Mr Chop: I'm a butcher! Butchers always wear a vest!

Sticky: Good! *(Sticks hands up back of Chop's shirt and tugs; a very large vest comes out.)* There! *(Hangs it on the cross-bar of the mast.)* Off we go!

Slow blackout. Sounds of the sea.

Slow lights on again. The men are sprawled in the boat looking near death.

Mr Chop: *Groans.* Water water!

Mr Wick: I can't stand it! *Manic laugh.* I say we draw straws. Whoever gets the short straw ... gets **eaten!**
(Advances on Sticky)

Sticky: For goodness sake! We've only been here for ten minutes! Have another custard cream. *(Passes*

biscuits)

Mr Chop: You're right. We must pull ourselves together. I know - we'll sing a rousing song. (*Takes heroic pose at prow of ship*) **Sings: Near, Far, wherever you are...**

Sticky: Hang on; hang on! (*To Mr Wick*) Can't you sing something more cheerful?

Mr Wick: (*pompously*) I would sing you a song ... but I had a nasty experience once, and it has left me unable to sing in public.

Sticky: Oo-er! What happened to you?

Mr Wick: Well, in my youth I was a professional actor. Then, one terrible night, in front of a crowded theatre, I was about to sing my big solo when suddenly the rotten wood beneath my feet gave way and I hurtled down, with a terrible scream.

Mr Chop: Oh, (*trying not to laugh*) that was just a stage you were going through!

Mr Wick: (*Scowls at Mr Chop's hysterics*) Hnn!

Sticky: Come on, Mr Wick. You can do it. Everybody sings in the bath! (*taps side of bath*) Give us a tune to lift our spirits!

Mr Wick: Very well. (*Cough to clear throat. Dramatic pose.*)

Sings: For those in peril on the sea. (*two lines*)

Sticky: Stop! Don't either of you know something NICE?!

Mr Chop: OK. How about 'The Wild Rover'? I'll sing the verse and you two join in the chorus: "no-nay-never-no more". You know? (*They nod agreement*) Right; here goes. (*sings: I've been a wild rover, for many a year, etc*)

While he stands in the bow, singing, Sticky is in the stern. A large octopus appears and wraps its arm around Sticky's neck. He misses the chorus. The octopus sinks out of sight. Nobody else sees it.

Mr Chop: You missed it! It was your turn to sing!

Sticky: Choking noises, gasping and pointing

Mr Wick: Do make an effort; it was your idea.

Repeat of song (second verse) and octopus business.

Mr Chop: For goodness sake, Sticky! Look, all you have to do is sing the chorus; alright? Now. Try again.

Repeat yet again. (third verse)

Mr Wick: I was singing, but someone else **wasn't!**

Sticky: (*pointing*) But ... but ... but!

Mr Chop: **Everyone** sings when they're in **my** bath! One last chance!

Sticky: Hold on! You stand here - and I'll go **that** end! (*They swop*) Right. Now YOU try to sing! (*Repeat of action, but this time a giant shark rises beside Sticky; it's mouth opens to show its teeth.*)

AAAAAAHHH!!!

Mr Chop: No - not AAAAAAAHHH. It's (*sings*) *La - la - la - laa...*

Sticky: That's it! **You** go **here**, and **you** go **there**, and I'll stand in the middle!

(Mr Chop & Mr Wick sing the verse; octopus and shark appear. By the chorus Mr Wick is in the arms of the octopus, Mr Chop bashing nose of the shark. Sticky is the only one to sing the chorus, which he does with a flourish.)

Sticky: Land ho!

Main Tabs Close

Scene Four: ON THE PIRATE SHIP (*the confusion scene*)

In front of the main curtains.

Mr Hoo & Mr Wye enter Left, followed shortly later by Mrs Chop & Mrs Wick.

Mr Hoo: So, Mr Wye, at least we've got **three** females on board the ship!

Mr Wye: Yes indeed, Mr Hoo. Captain Watt will be surprised! *(Girls arrive)*

Mrs Chop: Ooh - I've never been on a ship before. Where do you drive it?

Mr Hoo: Up the top. There's a sort of big round thing. But that's the captain's job.

Mrs Chop: I'd like to meet the captain! You'd better tell us his name.

Mr Hoo: Watt.

Mrs Chop: I said ... I'd like to meet the captain! Tell us his name!

Mr Hoo: Watt!

Mrs Chop: Good grief. This one's deaf.

Mrs Wick: Let me have a go with the other one. *(To Mr Wye)* **Who** is the captain?

Mr Wye: No, *(laughs)* **Dag's** not the captain! Watt is.

Mrs Wick: *(slowly)* What is the captain's name?

Mr Wye: *(very slowly)* Yes. That's right.

Mrs Wick: *(even slower)* What's right?

Mr Wye: *(slower still)* Yes. Watt's right.

Mrs Wick: OK - *(pushes Mrs Chop forward)* - your turn again.

Mrs Chop: Let's start with easy questions: *(to Mr Hoo)* First - you are **who**?

Mr Hoo: *(chirpy)* Yes! How did you know?

Mrs Wick: *(to Mrs Chop)* Breathe deeply ... Stay calm.... Let me try this one. *(To Mr Wye, in a very slow, clear voice)* Tell me your name!

Mr Wye: *(slow and clear)* Wye.

Mrs Wick: Because I want to **know**! Just tell me what people call you!

Mr Wye: Wye.

Mrs Wick: *(Grabs Wye by scruff and pulls face to face)* Listen to me VERY CAREFULLY. *(Points to Dag)* Tell me **HIS** name!

Mr Wye: Hoo!

Mrs Wick: *(speechless rage for two seconds)* **Him there!!**

Mr Wye: **Hoo!!**

Mrs Wick: *(shaking him)* **Are you blind as well as deaf?!**

Mrs Chop: Let him go! **Shaking people is never** the way to get things done! Now then *(dusts him off);* slowly - and - clearly, tell me the name of the man who runs this ship.

Mr Wye: Watt.

Mrs Chop: This ship - this boat - **Who** runs it?

Mr Wye: No he doesn't.

Mrs Chop: What?!

Mr Wye: Yes, **HE** runs the ship! We've already told you that!

Mrs Chop: Then **what's YOUR** name?!

Mr Wye: No, it's not!

Mrs Chop: Grrrrraahh!! *(starts shaking him worse than before)*

Mrs Wick: One - more - try. *(Deep breath. To Mr Hoo)* Who are you?

Mr Hoo: Yes! You've got it! Bad grammar though - it's not "Hoo are you", it should be 'You are Hoo. *(laughs)* If you talk like that you have to say: *(points to Winnet)* 'Wye is him'.

Mrs Wick: Why is him what?!

Mr Hoo: No - he's not Watt; he's Wye. I'm Hoo!

Mrs Wick & Mrs Chop: *(attacking them with renewed vigour, beating to floor and sitting on them)* Him

who, me him, you why, me us, them those, AARGH!!

Loraine: *(enters)* Stop! What are you doing?! Leave Mr Hoo and Mr Wye alone! Heaven knows what Captain Watt Will say if he catches you!

Mrs Wick: Mr Hoo?

Mrs Chop: Mr Wye? *(Let go of pirates)*

Loraine: Yes.

Mrs Wick: Captain Watt? Oh ... good grief. *(dusts off pirates)*

Mrs Chop: Ooh! Not **THE** Captain Watt, the terrible scourge of the seven seas?! *(Captain Watt is standing behind them. Main Curtain opens. IF the scene is ready – if not keep going into Scene 5 until ready)*

Scene Five OUTSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN

The Pirate Ship: below decks.

At rear centre is a double door with CAPTAIN on it.

On Rear Left flat is cut a round porthole at face-level, that opens. Rear Right flat is a cupboard. At the base of both front flaps is a box with a water pump or hose pipe in, directed upwards and holes for squirting more water through. There is a trapdoor in the centre of the rostra stage-extension OR a flap in a flat.

Loraine: YES! That Captain Watt! And you know what I heard?

Mrs Chop: No - what?

Loraine: He's so fierce - he's got a wooden leg, a hook, one eye and one *(looks around, then whispers in her ear)*

Mrs Chop: No! A wooden leg, a hook, one eye and one ... *(whispers back)*

Loraine: Yes!

Mrs Wick: And does he look like ... that? *(She nods at Watt. They look round)*

Loraine: Yes! *(look away, then look back)*

Both: Wahh!

Watt: Be still, women! Arr... Be you the three wenches what has hired my trusty vessel?

Mrs Chop: Arr! Arrr -arr -arr-ar! We be they three wenches who has ironed your vest and truss. Arr ... Arrr ... Arr. Who be you?

Mr Hoo: This is ...

Mrs Chop: Not you! *(Slaps hand over Hoo's mouth)* We're not going through all that again. *(Mr Hoo starts to speak. She points menacingly at him)* No!

Watt: I be the fearsome piii ... er ... feather collector, Captain Watt!

Mrs Wick: You can't be! Captain Watt has got a wooden leg.

Watt: Aye; that be right enough! Dag! *(Mr Hoo goes to wing and fetches wooden leg)* There; got that from a mullato in the South China Seas. Killed him with my bare hands.

Mrs Chop: It says here: 'Property of LOCAL NAME Hospital'!

Mrs Wick: I don't think you're Captain Watt. Prove it! Show us your hook!

Watt: Now that I CAN do! I've had the hook for twenty years!

Mrs Chop: Oh yeah? Hands up everybody who's got a hook! *(Watt puts his hand up)* No - the other hand. *(Watt changes hands)* There! You do NOT have a HOOK!

Watt: I do too. Look! *(Turns to show hook of coat-hanger sticking up at the back of his neck)*

Mrs Wick: *(pulling it out of his coat)* It's a coat-hanger!

Watt: Arr! That feels a mite better! It's been a'sticking in there ever since I bought the coat, twenty year ago!

Mrs Chop: There's still the matter of the one eye, and the one ... *(whispers in his ear)*

Watt: Ooh arr, they're real enough. Here, I carry them in this bag. *(Produces small pouch and passes it to her.)*

Mrs Chop: *(looking inside)* Mmmm..... which one's the eye?

Watt: *(looks inside for a minute, thoughtfully)* It's that one. It's just got a bit of fluff on it.

Mrs Chop: Where did you get that, then?

Watt: In *LOCAL NAME*, in a chip shop, in a jar of pickled onions.

Mrs Chop: And the ...er ...

Watt: That? *(points in)* That's all that's left of me old mate, Black Dingus.

Mrs Wick: All that's left?

Watt: You've heard of The Horse Whisperer? *(They nod)* Well Dingus was a'goin to be the world's first shark whisperer. *(They look in bag sadly)* And this bit 'ere was what I was a' holdin' 'im by when we lowered 'im into the water.

Lorraine: *(looks in bag)* Just the one?!

Watt: I was a'holdin' both of em at first, but I 'ad to scratch me nose.

Lorraine: And all you have left of him is this one *(reaches in and lifts it out)* ... big toe. *(to aud)* Come on - family show.

Mrs Chop: Oh dear. So, anyway, you really are Captain Watt?

Watt: Indeed, I am; and I'll have no nonsense on my ship! Now, I'm a'goin to have me tea, but while you're here you ladies must work your passage. *(Stamps off into his cabin)*

Mrs Chop: Is he allowed to say that?

Mrs Wick: What does he want us to do?

Mr Hoo: Just a bit of laundry.

Mrs Chop: No problem.

Mr Wye: But one word of warning...

Lorraine: What?

Mr Wye: Whatever you do *(glances nervously at Captain's door)* NEVER mention the Captain's family! *(Points to paintings on wall)*

Mrs Chop: Why not?

Mr Wye: He hates them! They were all useless pirates!

Mr Hoo: Feather collectors.

Mr Wye: Feather collectors! Yes! Useless. Don't even say their names!

Mrs Chop: No problem with that - don't even **know** their names!

Mr Wye: Good. So, let's get your first lot of washing! Come on! *(Exits with Mrs Chop and Mr Hoo.)*

Lorraine: *(They look around.)* Oh, look! There's a little window!

Mrs Wick: Porthole.

Lorraine: No need to be rude. *(Opens porthole and looks out)* It's so pretty, With the sun sparkling on the sea and the waves splashing!

Mrs Wick: *(crabby)* Don't be so soppy. *(soppy voice:)* Let me have a look. *(Goes to look out. Wave splashes in porthole onto her. She staggers over to Lorraine.)*

Lorraine: *Laughs.* What HAVE you been doing? You're all wet!

Mrs Wick: Think it's funny, do you? You just come here! *(Takes her to porthole)*

Lorraine: Lovely. *(No water comes in)*

Mrs Wick: *(pushes her aside)* Let me see *(Splash!)*

Lorraine: Ooh - you're even wetter now! Come on - let's get you dried off. **Both Exit.**

Mrs Chop and Mr Hoo enter, Mr Hoo carrying vest.

Mrs Chop: Here, I've got the ... oh, they've gone. Never mind. I can do a bit of washing by myself. *(to Mr Hoo)*

What've you got?

Mr Hoo: Here's my very bestest vest!

Mrs Chop: Your bestest vestest. What's all this down the front?

Mr Hoo: Which bit? Oh - that's prawn curry served to me by a beautiful girl in Thailand; **that's** Daddies sauce from a little pub in LOCAL NAME, OR NAME OF LOCAL PUB the night I first met my old mate Mr Wye; **that's** chocolate milkshake from my nephew's third birthday party - he's married with three kids now! And that's

Mrs Chop: I get the idea. Are you sure you want to wash away all these memories? It's like a pirate 'This Is Your Life'.

Mr Hoo: Just be sure you don't damage it! (*Hoo exits Right.*)

Mrs Chop: I think the dirt's all that's holding this together! Never mind. Now - where's the washing machine? (*looks around - sees porthole. Sings as she opens port-hole and throws vest through.*)

Mr Wye: (*Enters Left*) More washing for you! (*Holds up a short sleeved shirt.*)

Mrs Chop: I must say this is very clean already!

Mr Wye: My mother left it to me in her will. I don't know what I'd do if I lost it. It's for wearing when I go out with young ladies.

Mrs Chop: You must be a neater eater than Mr Dag.

Mr Wye: No - I've just never ever been out with a young lady! (*Sobs & exits right*)

Mrs Chop: How sad. Better wash it for him though. (*Porthole*)

Bosun: (*Enters Left - holds up large, horribly stained and holed underpants.*) Scrapin' barnacles ye starboard spinnacre!

Mrs Chop: Oh my! (*Staggers back*) Don't tell me - these were left to you by your mother in her Will?

Bosun: Arrr... keelhaulin bulwarks on yer jetty!

Mrs Chop: I see ... they remind you of her. (*turns it round to show stains make ugly face on seat*) I see what you mean. Don't worry - nothing can possibly happen to them.

Bosun exits Left, swearing. Mrs. Chop throws pants through the porthole.

Captain: (*enters from cabin*) I be 'aving some washin for ye! Somethin' more precious than all the treasure of Captain Kid.

Mrs Chop: What is it?

Captain: This. (*Holds up huge bra.*)

Mrs Chop: Don't tell me - left to you by you mother! All you have to remember her by!

Captain: Not exactly. Me father! Ee was a much misunderstood man for 'is times.

Mrs Chop: I see.

Captain: (*menacingly*) I would take it very BADLY if anything should 'appen to this 'ere item.

Mrs Chop: Don't you worry. (*Ushers him back into his cabin*) What could possibly happen to it in a washing machine?! *Laughs (throws it out porthole)*

Mrs. Wick and Loraine enter R.

Mrs Wick: I don't think this ship is very safe. It's full of holes.

Loraine: Don't worry. We haven't got to go far.

Mrs Chop: I've done the washing! It's in this machine!

Mrs Wick: What machine?

Mrs Chop: This one. (*They run to porthole. Loraine looks out and groans; Mrs Wick looks out: gets wet again*)

Loraine: You're all wet again.

Mrs Chop: You shouldn't open the machine in the middle of the cycle!

Loraine: Come on; let's dry you off again. (*to Mrs Chop*) And you come too; before you do something else!

Mrs Chop: *(Follows them off)* Hey! What do you mean 'Do something else'?
They exit Right. Hoo & Wye enter Left With a list. Bosun follows them.

Mr Hoo: Bosun, so you mean you've found a **whole new crew ...?**

Mr Wye: ... and they're all **female?!!** *(starts to get excited)* Corr!

Bosun: Arr, scurvin anchor-flukes 'n bilge!

Mr Hoo: I know we SAID get females, but it was a JOKE! You can't have a pirate ship run by 'females'! You'll have to take them all back!

Mr Wye: What?! But ...!

Mr Hoo: Sorry, Bosun. Tell them we can't use them.

Bosun: Scurvin rum 'n whale meat. *(Goes to leave)*

Mr Wye: But - but - but - STOP!! Are you all mad?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Mr Hoo: Eh?

Mr Wye: Stop. Think. Feeeemales! Winnetiiiiimin! Remember?

Mr Hoo: Of course I remember! I've had more girlfriends than you, matey!

Mr Wye: I told you before - an old lady that helped you across the road does not count!

Mr Hoo: But even **you** can't fancy any of THESE. *(Pushes list at him)*

Mr Wye: *(reads)* *(With rising hysteria)* Gripper Grimes; Vicious Val Verruca, Cut-throat Enid - curse of the China Seas! Foul Belinda Blackhead ... **Gladys the Goat-strangler!** What?!!

Mr Hoo: See? Told you!

Mr Wye: But they might not be ALL terrible?

Mr Hoo: We shall see! Bosun! Summon the new crew!

Bosun: Scrimshaw 'n weevils. *(Exits briefly. Returns with new crew. They are glamorous.)*

Mr Hoo & Mr Hoo: *speechless drooling sounds*

Pirate Girl 1: This one be a'looking at us in that way again.

Pirate Girl 2: What way be that?

Pirate Girl 1: You know THAT way!

All: Oo - arrr. 'Ee be, right enough.

Pirate Girl 3: And what be your problem, matey?

Mr Hoo: N - n - nothing at all.

Pirate Girl 1: Be you suggestin' - by your LASCIVIOUS AND LECHEROUS LOOKING - that we're not what you might call 'proper' pirates? *(Makes threatening gesture with knife)*

Mr Hoo: No -no-no - not at all! I'm sure you can be whatever you want to be!

Pirate Girl 1: That is exactly the truth! My mum said I was to reach for the stars and be whatever I wanted!

Pirate Girl 4: Just so long as we all helps each other.

Pirate Girl 1: Let's show the scurvy dogs what REAL buccaneers can do!

Song - or simply cut all that bit out and upset the chorus.

Pirates exit Right. Children enter Left.

Child 1: In here! *This room's empty!*

Child 2: You know - I think this is a PIRATE ship!

Child 3: I think you're right!

Child 4: What Will they do if they find us?

Child 5: They make stowaways walk the plank!

Child 6 (SMALLEST): But I can't swim!

Child 1: And the sea round here is full of **sharks!**

Child 2: And octopussies!

Child 1: And sea-monsters!

Child 3: Don't be silly: there's no such thing as sea-monsters!

Child 1: There is too!

Child 3: Someone's coming!

Child 4: Quick! Hide!

Child 5: Where?

Child 6: Here! There's a hatch! *(All run to hatch, front centre)*

Child 1: Open it up! *(They do)*

Child 2: *(pushing smallest child toward hole)* Go down!

Child 6: Down there?! It's all dark!

Child 1: Ooh! I bet there's sea-monsters in there!

All: *(huddled around hole and nervously looking in)* Oooer!!

Child 2: There's no such thing as monsters! But there **are** pirates!

Sounds of pirates offstage. Children turn backs on the hole to look around. A sea monster rises from the hole. When the children turn back it has dropped out of sight.

Child 6: Do you think it's safe? *(To audience)* Shall I go down? Shall I?

Child 1: Go on - down you go!

Child 6: No way! *(Runs upstage. Others run after him. While they are away the monster reappears; the children return and it hides again.)*

Child 2: Drop 'im in the 'ole! *(They go to drop smallest child in hole but after a moment the monster appears and tries to grab him/her)*

All: **A monster!!!!**

They scatter and hide, two in the cupboard. The smallest child is left. He/she sees a cardboard box and climbs in the top. The monster gets out of the hatch. Looks around, hears a sound, opens cupboard- children run out & off screaming - then the monster hides inside.

The ladies return.

Mrs Chop: Right: any more washing to be done?

Both: No! We're going to work out where we are. *(Sit on bench at back to look at large, old map)*

Mrs Chop: Look - here's some more washing! *(Sees a large sheet)* This'll have to wait until the next load.

Where shall I put it? *(Sees cardboard box)* I'll put it in this box.

Opens lid but suddenly turns at sound of groaning as monster opens cupboard door. Door closes before she can see it. When she turns back the box is shut again. She jumps.

This all happens twice - quite rapidly)

Mrs Chop: There is something most ODD happening here.

It happens again, but this time the monster leaves the cupboard and goes back down the hatch, unseen by Mrs Chop who, passing it back-to-back, walks to the cupboard. When she gets back the box is closed again.

This is most peculiar.

Mrs Wick: What is the matter with you now?

Mrs Chop: Look - I opened this box - went to this cupboard ... *(as they go to cupboard the box is picked up, legs appear beneath it, and it walks across the stage.)* ...and when I went back to the box ... Aargh! It's gone!

Lorraine: You mean this box here?

Mrs Wick: Stop messing around! *(They go back to the map)*

Mrs Chop: But ... *(she re-enacts the business, turns away from the box; the box moves again)*

...and the box was ... Wah!

(She looks suspiciously at the box)

One more try ... *(she turns away, - but this time instead of moving the box, the child gets out of the box, darts behind her, and exits - pausing to curtsy/bow and get a clap.)*

Ooh - *(thinks applause is for her)* - thank you!

Now we'll see what's ... *(pounces, lifts up box and peers through.)*

Nothing!

Mrs Wick: When you've finished playing perhaps we can plan our next step?

Mrs Chop: But ... *(drops sheet onto box)* I think this ship is - rather odd!

Mrs Wick: Perhaps it's – haunted!

Mrs Chop: You what?!

Suddenly Captain Watt bursts in, carrying a small cream cake.

Captain: I heard you! You was a-talking about my family!

Mrs Chop: We weren't!

Captain: You certainly were! *(Hands cakes to Mrs Chop to hold)* You was a'talkin about **U. Watt** - my late Grandfather: **Unwinn** Watt.

(Looks manic) He was a USELESS pirate! *(He grabs Mrs Wick)*

He hated fighting! *(Shakes her by throat)*

He would sail this way *(heaves her to left)* and sail that way *(to right)* and he was as much use as a cream cake in a hurricane!

(Grabs cake and splats it on Mrs. Wick's forehead)

Now - never mention my family again!

Mrs Chop: Here we are sinking and he's worried about his relatives!

Mrs Wick: Is it getting rough? My head is going round and round and ...

(the monster gets out of the hole and sits next to her)

Hello. *(Double take)* Waah! *(Jumps up.)*

(Monster goes back in hole)

Lubalubaluba... *(she staggers over to the others)* Errr ... ummm ... ahhh ...

Mrs Chop: I'm not sitting here for the rest of my life! Look - there's a cork stuck in over there!

(Pulls cork out. Water squirts.)

Oh no! *(She drops the cork)*

Loraine: No! Put that cork back!

Mrs Chop: Oh no! I've dropped it!

Loraine: There's another one there! Use that!

Mrs. Chop pulls that out. More water squirts in. She puts her finger on it; Loraine does same to first one)

Mrs Wick: *(standing shaking in centre)* I tell you. I j...j....just saw a ...monster!

Mrs Chop: Eh? What?

Captain: *(enters with cream cake)* YOU'RE A'TALKIN ABOUT MY FAMILY AGAIN!

Mrs Chop: We're not!

Captain: You certainly are! *(Hands plate to Mrs Chop)*

You was a'talkin about **A.Watt** - my late brother: **Abraham** Watt. *(manic)*

He was a USELESS pirate! *(grabs Mrs Wick)*

He hated fighting! *(Shakes her)* He would sail this way *(to left)* and sail that way *(to right)* and he was as much use as a cream cake in a hurricane! *(splats cake on her chin)*

Now - never mention my family again! *(storms off into cabin)*

Mrs Chop: Don't stand there eating cream cakes! Give us a hand!

Loraine: Find us two corks! Have a look around - try in that cupboard!

Mrs Wick: (*very dazed*) Doh...cupboard! Two corks. (*Goes to cupboard; gets two large forks*)

Mrs Chop: Not two FORKS; two CORKS!

Loraine: At least things can't get any worse! (*Water starts to squirt from many places. They have to stretch to block each hole*) This is your fault - you started all this!

Mrs Chop: I what?

Captain: (*enters*) I HEARS YOU A-TALKIN' ABOUT MY FAMILY!

Mrs Chop: We're not!

Captain: You certainly are! (*Hands cream flan to Mrs Chop*)

You was a'talkin about **I.Watt** - my late father: **Isaac** Watt. (*manic*)

He was a USELESS pirate! (*grabs Mrs Wick*) He hated fighting! (*Shakes throat*) He would sail this way (*to left*) and sail that way (*to right*) and he was as much use as a cream cake in a hurricane! (*splats flan on her face*)

(*He looks around*)

In the name of Billy Bones! What be you two wenches a doin'? And where's my washing?! All I can see is this sheet! Is it washed? Let me see now! (*He flaps sheet and lays it over the hole in the stage*)

Not very clean! The rest had better be cleaner! Those things was very precious!

Other pirates enter and start to ask for their washing.

Wye/Hoo/Bosun: Where's my vest/shirt/pants?!

Mrs Chop: It's all under control. Your washing is still in the machine!

Captain: What machine?

Mrs Chop: That one over there! (*To Mrs Wick*) Don't just stand there waiting for your face-pack to work! Get the washing out of the machine!

Mrs Wick: (*dreamily*) ...machine ... washing ... monsters ... (*opens porthole - water splashes in*)

Mrs Chop: The cycle isn't finished yet!

Captain: You blistering barnacle! That ain't a washing machine! **That's a port-hole!** Have you thrown all our washing out into the ocean?! Stand up and answer me, woman!

Mrs Chop: Can't.

Captain: On yer feet NOW!

Mrs Chop: OK - if that's what you want. (*Stands up, water squirts*)

Captain: My ship! She's sinking my ship!! (*Hoo and Wye stop the leaks*)

Mrs Chop: Well, if you're all down here - who's STEERING your precious little ship? Eh?!

Captain: Never ee mind that! I want to know WHERE'S OUR WASHING?!!

The sheet starts to rise. General screaming and panic.

Mrs Chop: It's a ghost!!

Captain: I'll have no ghosts on MY ship! (*Pulls sheet off hatch to reveal sea monster wearing all the clothes that had been thrown out of the porthole.*) **OUR WASHING!** (*Much screaming of 'Monster' etc, and panic*)

Children run in.

Child 1: There's nobody steering the ship!

Child 2: There's an island straight ahead!

Mrs Chop: What on earth are all you children doing here?!

Child 3: Never mind that ... someone has to steer the ship NOW!

Loraine: Why?!

Child 4: Because the ship is going to CRASH!!

Mrs Wick: I don't think I'm really enjoying this trip.

Terrible crashing and splashing sound. Everyone lurches right, some fall over.

A mast with a sail on crashes down amongst them in a shower of wood and dust

Captain: Abandon ship! Women and children AFTER ME!! *(mass exit)*

Mrs Wick: *(to aud)* I think I'm going to write to Trip Advisor about this.

**Curtain
Interval**

ACT TWO: ON THE ISLAND

Scene Six: The Prison on the Secret Island.

A dark cave. Grill and door across cave mouth Up Left.

Boss strides on while Toady and Hench drag PJ through the grill door.

Boss: Stop struggling! This island is mine - and on the whole island there is not one...

Toady: ...cornetto?

Hench: ...toilet?

Boss: ... no! Not one way to escape!

PJ: Somebody Will come and rescue me!

Boss: Pah!

Toady: Pah! Pah!

Hench: Pah! Pah! Pah!

Boss: Nobody even knows you're here! This is my secret island; here I am invincible!

PJ: No you're not - I can see you!

Boss: Idiot! Now, I was saying: this is my island, where I keep all the stupid, ugly creatures before I turn them into something more useful!

PJ: *(nervously)* W ... what sort of ... creatures?

Boss: Ha-ha! You shall see - when I leave you in here with them! You two, over here and open the ...

Toady: ... bidding?

Hench: ... baked beans?

Boss: No ... open the door! *(They open the door, go through and close it behind them, then peer out)* And who can spot the ...

Toady: ... Spot the Dog?

Hench: ... spot the ball?

Boss: No ... spot the deliberate mistake?! *(they look puzzled at each other, holding the bars)* *(shouts)* I am supposed to be on **that** side! Give me strength.

(They let him out. They close the door. PJ peers out. Boss bends down to look closely)

And THAT is where you shall stay - if the creatures in there don't get you first!

Hahahahahahaha!

How long was that?

Toady: Not bad, about seven seconds.

Hench: But not a record.

Boss: OK ... hahahahahahahahahahaha. Better?

Toady: MUCH. *(As they start to exit)*

Hench: Nobody does the evil laugh as well as you, Boss. *Exit*

(PJ drifts miserably down centre)

Song *(There is a castle: Les Mis?)*

PJ: I thought I heard something moving! Who's there?!

(PJ runs to gate but it is locked. Runs back down centre.)

Keep away!

(Dark shapes appear around edges of stage)

Don't come any closer!

(Lights up slightly to show that the shapes are all cuddly toys: teddies, clowns, dolls, cowboys, animals, etc.)

Teddy: It's alright! We won't hurt you!

PJ: Who are you?

Toy 1: We're toys.

PJ: But what are you all doing in here?

Toy 1: Somebody stole us!

Toy 2: And threw us in here!

PJ: I know them! They're wicked! *(Toys shudder and look around nervously)* What do they want you for?

Teddy: They take us up to the factory. *(Points up)* And toys that go there - never come back again!

PJ: Is there no way out?

Toy 2: We've tried.

Toy 3: Looked everywhere.

Toy 4: To infinity and beyond.

PJ: What does that mean?

Toy 4: No idea. One of the toys that used to be in here said it all the time.

Toy 5: Woody (cowboy): Then he buzzed off.

Teddy: To be honest we're all a bit miserable.

Toy 1: Some of us have been in here so long we're afraid to go outside!

Toy 2: It might be even worse "out there"!

OPTIONAL EXTRA BIT (if you have a good singer)

Doll: No - no - NO! You're all still brand new - hardly out of your wrappings yet. Not one of you knows what it's like to have ... an OWNER!

Toys: *(in awe)* An Owner!

Doll: Yes - an owner. I used to have an Owner!

Toys: *(in more awe)* Wow! Crumbs!

Toy 6: Tell us what it's like to have an Owner!

Doll: To have an owner - why - that's our reason for being! That's why we were created. And let me tell you - there is no more wonderful thing in the whole wide world than to have an Owner that loves you!

Toy 1: Did your Owner love **you**?

Doll: She did. More than anything. *(big sigh. moves aside sadly)* At least, for many years she did, then something happened to her.

Toy 2: I've heard of that happening. Sometimes Owners get broken!

Toys: *(in even more awe)* No! How awful. Oo-er!

Doll: No - she didn't get broken. It was worse.

Toys: *(in huge amounts of awe)* Worse??!!

Doll: Yes - she grew up.

SONG ('When she loved me 'Toy Story 2)

Toy 1: I vote we stay in here. I couldn't cope with rejection like that. I'm too sensitive.

PJ: You can't start thinking like that. *(Toys wander off morosely. PJ looks up at teddy)* Are you a real teddy?

Teddy: Of course. Are you a real little boy/girl?

PJ: *(nods)* Yep.

Teddy: Er ... do you have many toys at home?

PJ: No; not one at all; though I used to have a piece of bone I called Derek.

Teddy: So you don't have a ... ummm ... teddy.

PJ: Not even a little one - but I have always wanted one. Er ... do you have an ... umm ... an owner?

Teddy: Not even a little one!

PJ: Well, you have now!

(They laugh and shake hands)

Toy 3: Look out! Someone's coming! *(Toys huddle in corners)*

Enter Mr Chop, Mr Wick & Sticky. They appear behind the bars.

Mr Chop: Let's try in here!

Mr Wick: Anywhere is better than that stupid bath tub!

Sticky: Don't you two start fighting again. Let's do what we came here to do, then get off the island as quick as we can!

Mr Chop: There! Got it open! *(They tiptoe into the prison)*

Sticky: This place gives me the willies!

Mr Wick: You know what I think about all this.

Mr Chop: This can only end badly?

Mr Wick: My very thoughts exactly!

Sticky: Shhhh!

When they reach centre front there is a loud clang. They look at each other.

Mr Chop: Was that you?

Sticky: Not me.

Mr Wick: If you ask me, that was the sound of the door slamming behind us.

Mr Chop: Oh; right! *(Calm - then it sinks in)* Oops!

They run back to the door but it has locked behind them.

Mr Wick: As I thought - locked! *(Looks down at Mr Chop)* I just want to tell you I blame you for this.

Mr Chop: Come on; there must be another way out.

Mr Wick: Of course. *(Sarcastic)* Prison cells are known for their wide choice of exits.

The men tiptoe diagonally across the stage, Right, turn, then cross Left - this time with PJ, unseen, close behind, grinning. At Left they stop, bending over to listen.

Mr Chop: Shhh... Listen!

Mr Wick: What? *(leans close to him)*

Mr Chop: *(PJ taps him on back)* WAAHHH!!

Mr Wick: *(banging side of head closest to Mr Chop)* I think I have lost the use of this ear.

Sticky: Look who it is! We've found you!

PJ: I knew somebody would come for me!

Mr Chop: Brilliant! There - my plan worked, didn't it, Wicky.

Mr Wick: Wait until the ringing has stopped. *(Pokes finger in ear and looks at it)* I hope this is just wax and not part of my brain coming out.

Sticky: Now we just have to get you out of here...

Teddy: And me.

Sticky: And you. (*Double take*) Wow! Have you lost your razor?

PJ: He's a teddy.

Sticky: (*unsure*) O...K...

PJ: And he's going to be MY teddy!

Mr Chop: Look out! Someone's coming! (*They all try to hide*)

Enter Mr Hoo and Mr Wye and the Bosun beyond the bars.

Mr Hoo: Now where are we?

Mr Wye: No idea.

Bosun: Mizzen plankin flog the cat!

Hoo: Very. Let's try in here. (*They come in. Bosun closes door behind them*)

Mr Wye: (*is hopping agitatedly*) Ooh! I hope there's a toilet in here!

Hoo: What for?

Mr Wye: Why do you think? I want to have a w...

Hoo: (*slaps hand over his mouth*) You can't say that word in front of children!

Mr Wye: OK! In that case I want to have a p... (*hand again*)

Hoo: And you can't say that either!

Mr Wye: (*getting desperate*) Well what CAN I say?

Hoo: The same as the Queen. She says, "Pardon me, but I need a whisper".

Mr Wye: A whisper?!

Hoo: That's right.

Mr Wye: OK - in that case Pardon me, but I need a whis...

Hoo: Hush! There's someone in here!

Mr Wye: (*hopping*) Oooooer!

Mr Chop: (*reappears*) I know you! You're the feather collectors!

Mr Wick: What are you doing here?

Hoo: Our ship ran aground.

Sticky: (*testing door*) They shut the door behind them!

Hoo: Oops.

Mr Wye: Oh no!

Bosun: (*cursing*) Skurving Winnetnkles, whelks and skrimshaw!

Hoo: It's no time for your jokes now, Bosun.

Teddy: There's somebody else coming!

Toy 2: What a busy day!

Mr Chop: Everyone - hide again!

Mr Wye: Oh my, oh my!!!

Mr Wick: And what's your problem?

Mr Wye: I want a ... I want a ... I want a **whisper!**

Mr Wick: Oh! Then come over here! You can whisper in my ear!

They all hide. This time it is the ladies who appear outside the door.

Mrs Chop: Well I don't think much of this place. Are you sure this is the way they came? (*Go through door*)

Lorraine: Yes, you can see their footprints in the mud.

Mrs Wick: And where their knuckles dragged in the mud. If this trip gets any worse SOMEBODY is going to be very, VERY sorry.

Mr Chop: Don't shut the door!

Mrs Chop: Ah-ha! (*Sees men*) So -there you are! (*She goes back and shuts the door*) Now **nobody** leaves

here until we know what is going on!

Mr Chop: You wally! Now we're all stuck in here!

Mrs Wick: And where is that husband of mine?!

Mr Wick: (*enters, shaking and slapping head*) That's both ears! Both ears! I might never hear again!

Mrs Wick: Mr Wick! I want a word with you!

Mr Wick: Oh no! I recognise that voice! Oh ... let me go deaf! (*Tries to sneak off*)

Mrs Wick: Mr Wick!! Come here and tell me **what** - is going on! (*they move aside for heated discussion*)

PJ: I don't like it in here.

Teddy: We'll be out of here and back home before you know it!

PJ: I don't like it back there much either.

Teddy: Why's that?

PJ: I don't have a family of my own. I live with lots of other orphans.

Teddy: But you've got me now!

Song: (*eg: I'll be in your heart; Phil Collins: Disney's Tarzan?*)

Boss: (*appearing at door with Hench and Toady*) What's that appalling noise? Be silent at once ... if you know what's **good** for you!

Hench: Carrots.

Boss: What?

Hench: Carrots. Carrots is good for you.

Toady: And prunes. Prunes is good, especially if you've got a bit of bother with your ...

Boss: Be quiet!! Now - if we could just try to look wicked and dangerous? Hmm? (*they try*)

(*Everyone moves back as they advance with drawn knives*)

Mr Chop: What is it you want?

Boss: Me? I want take over all the toy shops in the world. Didn't you read **anyone's** part of the script except YOUR OWN?!

Mr Chop: (*embarrassed*) NO.

Sticky: And what about us?!

Boss: Oh, that bit is easy. You are all going to stay here for...

Hench: ... for a picnic?

Toady: ... for whom the bell tolls?

Boss: No ... forever! Hahahahahaha! But first - I need YOU, YOU and ... YOU! (*Points to a small toy, PJ and Teddy*)

Sticky: (*advancing on them*) Leave them alone!

Boss: How brave. Get back - or you will see my nasty ...

Hench: ... nasty boil?

Toady: ... nasty habit?

Boss: No - my nasty side! Hahahahaha. (*Hench & Toady take Teddy, toy and PJ out; Boss backs after them and slams the door.*) Hahahahahaha

Sticky: Where Will they take them?

Toy: Up to the factory!

Loraine: Is there no other way out of here?

Mrs Wick: I've a splendid idea! Let's pick up Mr Wick and use his head as a battering ram to knock the door down!

Mrs Chop: Would that work?

Mrs Wick: Not sure; but I know it would cheer me up to watch you try.

Mr Chop: OK then; here goes!

Mr Wick: What? Actually I think she meant that as a rather unkind joke! Hey!!*(they pick him up horizontally)* Put me down!!

Mrs Wick: *(very quietly, without enthusiasm)* Stop. *(Looks at fingernails)* Stop. *(Checks time)* Put him down.

Mr Chop: Stand clear! Here goes!

They take two practice swings then start to run.

Mr Wick: This can only end baaaa...!!!!

As they get to the door FOUR children appear and open it. The battering ram team run straight through, screaming. Terrible crashing and yelling offstage. Cloud of dust. They reappear in disarray. Mr Wick is draped in ivy.

Child 1: Why are you hiding in here?

Mr Chop: What are **we** doing? What on earth are **you** doing here?!

Loraine: We can sort all that out later!

Sticky: She's right. Let's get after them!

Mrs Wick: Not you children! This is going to get dangerous!

Child 2: What?! After **we** rescued **you** and ...!!

Mrs Chop: She's right. You get back to the ship.

Sticky: Come on! Which way to the factory? *(The toys point in every direction)* Right!

(They rush out through the gate. The children hurry forward. Curtain closes behind them.)

Tab

Scene Seven: CHILDREN'S SCENE: TABS

Child 1: *(to aud)* Exciting, isn't it?

Child 2: What's going to happen next?

Child 3: I think the goodies are going to win.

Child 4: You can't be sure.

Child 1: You're right. In some of these post-modernist pantomimes they can distort the traditional positive resolutions and establish a subversive anti-heroic denouement *(Pronounced: danoomont)*.

Child 2: What, in *(name of town show is in)*?

They think, then say 'Naaah', shaking heads. They turn and listen to Tab Curtain.

Child 3: How long does it take them to change the scenery?

Child 4: About ten minutes.

Child 1: If they haven't been up the bar.

Listen again

Child 2: Have they had long enough?

Child 3: Nowhere near enough.

Child 4: Is that why they want us to do this sappy song-and-dance thing now?

Child 1: Yeah; gives them loads of time to move all the heavy stuff around.

Child 2: Oh, right. And if we make loads of noise nobody can hear them crashing and swearing.

They nod then go and listen again.

Child 3: Anyone feel like singing and dancing?

Children: No. Not really. Not me.

Child 4: I want to get on and see what happens next!

Child 1: Shall we go then?

Child 2: Yeah. *(All nod)*

Child 3: What about the scenery movers?

Child 4: What about them?

Children: Yeah. Tee hee. *(Run off giggling)*

Tabs Open

Scene Eight: IN THE FACTORY

At rear centre is the Transforming Machine or an opening/doorway into which people can be pushed and then reappear. Above it is a large rotating cog-wheel and piston or similar. On each flat is a large, colour-coded lever, plus a giant hammer (hidden) that comes down at head height and a large boot on a stick that comes up at bottom height. The stage is empty, possibly filled with drifting smoke & factory sounds. The Boss strides on, Right. Hench & Toady follow, pushing Teddy, & PJ.

Boss: Ah! My beautiful factory! Soon my work will be finished and every toy shop in the world will be full of my own, wonderful toys of death and destruction! *(Stops and looks at Hench & Toady)* Is something wrong with you two? I managed a whole speech Without you ...

Toady: ... falling asleep?

Hench: ... poking our tongues out?

Boss: No ... Without interrupting! Now: that toy! I want to see my Transforming Machine working!

(They push forward small real toy)

Throw it in!

(They put it into the machine. The wheel turns - smoke spurts from the machine)

Hahahahahaha

(out of the smoke marches an Action Figure type, with rifle)

Yes! Perfect! *(it stands guard to one side)*

Toady: Shall we do the bear now?

PJ: Leave Teddy alone!

Boss: Hahahaha! No - the bear is too fat! Anything that size could destroy the machine!
Bring them with us. I have other, wicked things to do! Haha...
Exits Left; others follow.

Mr Chop: (*Offstage*) This looks like the place! This way!
Enter Right the Chops, Wicks, Loraine & Sticky.

Mr Wick: I think we should wait for the others. This can only end ...

ALL: BADLY!

Mr Chop: Wow! Look at these levers? What do they all do?

Mrs Chop: Let's find out!

Mrs Wick: Don't touch anything!!

Mr Wick: All we have to do is find the kid and get out of here in one piece!

Sticky: But this must be where they destroy the toys! If we can smash the machine ...

Loraine: Sticky's right. While we're here ...

*They move **up left** to examine the machine.*

*Mr Wick stands by **Green Lever UR**.*

Mr Chop: Yeah! Let's play with levers!

*(He runs to **Red Lever DL**) This one first!*

*(Pushes it up. **Large Green Hammer UR** falls on Mr Wick's head, unnoticed)*

Nothing happened. Try the other way.

*(Pulls **Red Lever DL** down. **Large Green Boot UR** kicks Mr Wick)*

Mrs Chop: Here - let me have a go! (*Goes to **Blue Lever DR***)

Mr Wick: Hold on! Hold on!! I'm moving! (*Comes to **Red Lever DL***)

Mrs Chop: Blue lever up! (***Red Hammer DL** on Mr Wick*)

Blue lever down! (***Red Boot DL** kicks Mr Wick*)

No - nothing happening!

Mrs Wick: Stop, stop, stop! You people are useless!

*(Goes to **Yellow Lever UL**)*

Mr Wick - you stand over there out of harm's way!

*(Sends him to stand by **Blue Lever DR**)*

Let someone sensible have a go. What we need is a calm, scientific approach.

*(Spits on hands; braces herself. Violently waggles **Yellow Lever UL** up and down many times like a mad thing. The **Blue Hammer and Boot DR** repeatedly knock the stuffing out of Mr Wick)*

Mr Wick: Ow ow ow!!! Stop! - It's MY turn to do the lever.

*(Marches over to **Green Lever UR**)*

Now (*to Mr Chop*) you stand THERE ... (*Sends him to **Red Lever DL***)

and YOU (*Mrs Chop*) THERE ... (***Blue Lever DR***)

and YOU (*Mrs Wick*) over THERE (***Yellow Lever UL***).

Right! (*To audience*) I'm going to enjoy this!

*(Grabs **Green Lever UR**, which is enormous, and pulls it hard. A large sack falls from the sky onto his head)*

Enter Left: Boss, Hench & Toady, still holding PJ and Teddy.

Boss: What on earth is the meaning of ...

Hench: ... life?

Toady: ... McDonald's Happy Meals?

Boss: ... the meaning of this invasion of my factory?!

Sticky: Ah-ha! We are here to demand the return of that child!

Boss: Nope.

Loraine: You cad!

Boss: I can!

Loraine: No, I said "You cad"!

Boss: Oh, sorry. *(Waves knife)* Now, all of you, move aside. Over there. *(Moves them all stage Right. Boss stands under Red Hammer DL)*

Loraine: *(stage whisper)* Look! The red hammer! If we can get it to drop down...

Sticky: Yes! But which lever was it? *(To audience)* Can you help? What colour lever makes the red hammer work? Is it the yellow one? The green one? *(Runs to Green hammer)* This one? *(Runs forward)* Or is it this Blue one? Who knows? ... This one? ... The Blue one? ... I hope you're right! *(Pulls Blue Lever DR. Red Hammer falls on Boss)*

Sticky snatches PJ to safety. Boss recovers fast and grabs Teddy.

Boss: Keep back - or the bear loses its stuffing!

(Holding the bear as a shield Boss moves upstage toward the Transforming Machine)

Nobody Will stop me! Nobody!! HahahahahahahaAAAAAARGH!

(Falls into Machine, taking the Teddy in too)

Explosion and smoke from machine. The wheel starts to turn rapidly. Sound of grinding machinery & destruction. Flames appear. Masonry falls from ceiling.

Hench: They're too big for the machine!

Toady: It's going to blow up! Get out!

Mrs Wick: Oh, don't be so dramatic. *(explosion)* Argh! Run for your lives!! *(grabs Mr Wick)*

Mr Wick: Come on everyone!

Hench & Toady flee Left. The Wicks exit Right.

Mr Chop: Sticky! Bring the kid! Come on! *(Helps Mrs Chop run out left)*

Sticky: Quick! *(Tries to drag PJ to safety)*

PJ: No! Teddy's in there! We must save him!

Loraine: I'll get him! *(Runs to machine and jumps in)*

Sticky: Loraine!

Mr Chop: *(runs in)* Come on!!

Sticky: Here! *(Pushes PJ at him)* Take him/her out!!

Mr Chop: Quick! The whole island is going up! *(he rushes out with PJ)*

Sticky runs to machine and jumps in. There are more explosions and smoke. Beams and debris fall. Tabs start to close slowly. Just before they close completely they open slightly again. Sticky appears, carrying Loraine through the smoke (backlit). Teddy is behind them. He lays her on the stage. Tabs close.

Scene Nine: OUTSIDE THE CAVE *(community scene)* TABS

Teddy: *(coughing, falls to knees beside them)* Is she alright?

Sticky: I don't ...

Loraine: Of course I'm alright. *(Sits up & gives him a kiss on the cheek)* You came to save me.

Sticky: Er - um - I was just looking for the bear, and - um...

Loraine: That's it. Enough is enough!

Sticky: What - what do you mean?

Loraine: Look - are we going to get married or not?

Sticky: Married?! I ... I ... How about tomorrow?

Loraine: Tomorrow? Hmm. Well - I **was** planning to clean out the drains, but ...

Teddy: How romantic! I must go and find the other toys and tell them! *Exits*

Loraine: Shall we sing something romantic?

Sticky: (*sings*) something the kids can join in.

Loraine: One of my favourites. Let's have a bit of a singsong.

Sticky: And I know who can help us! Let's have some words. *Song*

Sticky: Very nice - but we need some dancers as well. I've got a basket of sweets here for anyone who'll help us sing and dance. Come on up!

Usual business (if no volunteers go down into audience with mike)

Teddy: (*enters in a panic*) Oh no!! Oh no!! Oh no!!

Loraine: What is it?

Teddy: They've all gone!

Sticky: Who?!

Teddy: Everyone! They've all sailed off in a pirate ship!

Loraine: They must have thought the whole island was going to explode! How can we get back now?!

Sticky: I know - there's one way off this island! Follow me! *Main Curtain*

Scene Eleven THE MAJESTIC TOYSHOP

Inside the Majestic Toy Shop. The toyshop's shelves are empty but it is brightly decorated, ready for its grand opening.

Mr Majestic: (*holds up awful toy he has made*) Here we are, my dear! I think it's time for the Grand Opening!

Mrs Majestic: (*sadly*) I just wish we had a few more 'proper' toys.

Mr Majestic: I know - but they just never arrived. (*Knock on door*) That must be the first customers eager to get in! (*Crosses Right*)

Mr Chop: (*enters Right*) Hello!

Mr Majestic: Is that you, Mr Chop? You're looking very posh!

Mr Chop: Yeah! All our clothes got ruined in a fire so we found some new gear in the pirate ship that brought us back! Like it?

Mr Majestic: Very smart!

Mr Chop: Mr Majestic (*arm around shoulder*); my fellow shopkeeper - are you expecting a delivery?

Mr Majestic: We were, but it hasn't arrived.

Mr Chop: Well, I think it's arrived now!!

Toys all pour in. (Not Teddy) Mrs Chop, the Wicks and PJ enter.

Mr Majestic: My word! This is incredible! How can we ever thank you?!

Mrs Majestic: I know! We shall have a party! You're all dressed up for one!

Mrs Chop: That would be lovely - but we have to get back to the island; rather stupidly (*hits Mr Chop, who looks guilty*) we left two friends there.

Mr Chop: Alright! As soon as those feather collectors have turned their ship around!
Pirates enter with Toady and Hench.

Captain Watt: Ahoy there, mateys! Enough of the 'feather collector' stuff. Despite all these fancy clothes, me and me mates here is in fact - pirates!

All: (*mock surprise*) No! Really?

Mr Chop: Does this mean you can't get me those cheap feathers?

Captain Watt: Sadly, not - but me ship is turned around and ready to go back to find your friends!

Mr Hoo: But what shall we do (*Push Toady & Hench forward*) about these ...

Toady: ... problem stains?

Hench: ... unsightly nose hairs?

Hoo: No ... these scurvy rats!

Mr Wye: Shall we make 'em walk the ...?

Toady: ...walk the dog?

Hench: ... walk the hamster?

Hoo: No ... walk the plank until they drop into the foaming black depths of the ocean!!

Mr Wick: Good idea!

Mr Chop: You can't do that! Think of the environment!

Mrs Chop: Sort this out later. Let's get back and find Loraine and Sticky!

Mrs Wick: (*to the Majestics, moving PJ forward*) Can we leave this child with you until we get back?

Perhaps you could take him/her back to the Orphan's Home?

Mr Majestic: Certainly! Come on - don't look so miserable! Here; how about a new toy? Choose any one you like! (*Several toys line up for selection.*)

PJ: No. (*Turns away*) I really wanted a Teddy, but on the island something awful happened.

Mr Majestic: Perhaps we have another one here that ...

PJ: It's alright. Doesn't matter. (*Walks slightly aside*)

Children: (*running on*) Look out! Something's coming!

They leap aside as the bath-tub rolls onstage, seaweed all around its base. Sticky and Loraine are on board. Children sit down on front of stage, L & R.

Sticky: Ahoy there!

Mr Chop: My bath!

Mrs Chop: Why are you two dressed up so smart?!

Loraine: We've got some special news ...

Mrs Wick: Has he popped the question at last?!

Loraine: He has!

Mrs Chop: Amazing! Now we've got a **real** reason for a party!!

Mr Chop: What's that then?

Mrs Chop: It's like a lot of people dancing and drinking and stuff.

Mr Chop: Oh, right.

Mrs Wick: Good grief.

Sticky: (*sees PJ*) There you are! Are you alright now?!

PJ: Well.... yes, thank you, but

Sticky: Loraine and I have been talking ... and we think we'd have room, if you want a new family ...

PJ: Wow! That would be really nice! (*smiles, then looks sad again*)

Sticky: And I think I know what Will cheer you up even more!

Music starts quietly: You'll be in my heart. Teddy walks on.

PJ: You're safe!!

Teddy: Of course!

Mr Wick: There - I told you this would happen!

Mr Chop: You did?!

Mr Wick: Of course - all along I've been saying: This can only end ... **happily!!**

They all laugh at the silly old goat.

SONG

ALL 'EXCEPT CHORUS vanish into wings for: WALKDOWN:

Children (*stand, bow, sit again*)

Toys & any chorus Pirates (*step forward, bow, peel back to sides*)

Soloist Doll (*if there was one*) (*step forward; go Right*)

Watt/Dag/Winnet/Bosun (*enter from upstage, group Left*)

Boss /Hench/Toady (*enter from upstage, group Right*)

PJ & Teddy (*enter from upstage, go Left*)

Couples: (*together: enter from upstage, stay centre*)

Finale song

CHRIS LANE 2018