

An eggs-ellent traditional family panto!

MOTHER GOOSE



A PANTOMIME SCRIPT BY
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PANTOMIMES

Mother Goose

A traditional family pantomime

By MJ Baker

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SCRIPT ALTERATIONS

Within the script, you will note places where square brackets indicate the text can be updated with a local reference. The author also gives permission for the text to be updated based on contemporary events and tailored to your production.

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RUNNING TIME

Approx. 120 mins, excluding interval.

CHARACTERS

MOTHER GOOSE (M)

Silly BILLY, her son (M)

COLIN, her other son (M/F)

JILL, the squire's daughter (F)

PRISCILLA the goose (M/F – skin part)

SQUIRE Tightwad (M)

The **DEMON of Discontent** (M/F)

GRABBEM, SMASHEM and RUN, bailiffs who work for the squire (M/F)

Fairy **SUNSHINE** (F)

Fairy **SNOWFLAKE** (F)

Fairy **TREVOR** (M)

Character note: the gag with Fairy Trevor is that he's a stagehand who's been drafted in at the last minute to fill in for Fairy Raindrop

FAIRY QUEEN (F)

LORD GANDER of the Goose Dimension (M/F)

Chorus parts

"RUDDY" NORA, a woman with a red face

A BUTLER, Jeeves

A 50P

GHOST

VILLAGERS

TRADERS

FAIRY ATTENDANTS

DEMON MINIONS

Despite the gender suggestions given, it is possible to adapt parts to the cast. For example, I have staged this pantomime with the comic role of Silly Billy as a "breeches part" and a female Demon, while the role of the Fairy Queen was played by a man in the style of a drag queen.

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ACT 1 PROLOGUE**FRONTCLOTH – WOODLAND NEAR THE VILLAGE**

Music cue: fairies' theme

FAIRIES enters stage right

SUNSHINE: Hello, boys and girls! Your good fairies are here
Come on now, **[place name]**, give us a cheer!
Fairy Sunshine's my name

SNOWFLAKE: I'm Snowflake

TREVOR: I'm Trevor

SUNSHINE: And we're here to make sure this happy ending's forever

SNOWFLAKE: We've been sent to give aid to an unhappy soul
Who thinks that good looks are her life's only goal
But Mother Goose has to learn as she searches for beauty
That good friends matter more than just being a cutie

TREVOR: Windy Bottom, a village, is where she rests her head
With sons Billy, and Colin, who dreams of being wed
But mean Squire Tightwad, his beloved's old man
Is determined to throw a big tool in that plan

SNOWFLAKE: Chuck into the mix a fowl most extraordinary
Yes, Priscilla the goose is quite out of the ordinary
While I'd love to say more, spoilers just aren't my style
But her eggs are the best by a clear golden mile

SUNSHINE: And so armed with our wands and the odd magic spell
We'll watch over the place where these good people dwell
We'll spread wonder and joy, with a sprinkling of laughter
And make sure they live happily forever after

Music cue: demon's theme

FX: thunder, smoke, flash

DEMON enters stage left

DEMON: Aren't. They. Nauseating? (*Mimes vomiting*) Bleurgh! (*Grins evilly to audience*) Hello, folks. I'm the baddie. [*Audience react*] Oi! Watch it! (*Points at audience member*) I'll turn you into an hors d'oeuvre. (*Laughs evilly*) Yes, and that's just for starters!

TREVOR: The Demon of Discontent! We should've known you'd be here
Wherever there's a chance to spread chaos and fear

DEMON: The three fairy stooges. Still speaking in rhyme?
I've got bad news for you: I'm going to beat you this time
Ugh, is it catching? I'm doing it too!
I'm stuck in daft couplets now, thanks to you

SNOWFLAKE: Now be off with you! You wicked hobgoblin!
Your schemes to do evil are truly mind-boggling!
If you're back to cause trouble with your dastardly plots
You're going to find this time, the good guys call the shots

DEMON: Sorry-not-sorry but I'm staying right here
You think you've seen evil? Oh please, hold my beer
You don't half make me puke with your faith in these mortals
I'll screw up your twee plans just for the chortles
I'll soon have you beaten, just see if I don't
Oh yes I will!

AUDIENCE: Oh no you won't!

DEMON: In my plot to cause mayhem, the squire is the key
His miserly soul has long belonged to me
Mrs Goose and her pals are soon to discover
What happens to humans who mess with this mother!

Exit DEMON stage left, cackling

FX: thunder, smoke, flash

Music cue: demon's theme

SUNSHINE: Ooh, he does make me mad! But he shan't defeat us
It takes more than mean demons and their scheming to beat us

TREVOR: We'll make sure all are happy before this story ends
Now it's off to the village to meet Billy and friends!

Exit FAIRIES stage right

Music cue: fairies' theme

ACT 1

SCENE 1

THE VILLAGE OF WINDY BOTTOM. MARKET DAY

Curtain up. On stage are ADULT and JUVENILE CHORUS as traders and villagers

MUSICAL NUMBER: ENSEMBLE

Song suggestion: Walking on Sunshine (Katrina and the Waves)

TRADER 1: Cauliflowers! Get your cauliflowers! Lovely and fresh!

TRADER 2: Cauliflowers! Get your cauliflowers over here!

TRADER 1: Here, you can't sell cauliflowers. I'm the cauliflower seller round here. That's against Trading Standards, that is.

TRADER 2: Nah, it's all right. My cauliflowers are a bit different, see.

TRADER 1: What's different about them?

TRADER 2: *(Produces stuffed border collie with flower headdress)* They're collie-flowers.

TRADER 3: Fish! Get your fresh fish!

VILLAGER 1: *(Approaches carrying large fish under arm)* Do you make fishcakes?

TRADER 3: Course we do.

VILLAGER 1: Oh good, it's his birthday.

VILLAGER 2: I bought a new pair of gloves from that stall over there but look, they're both lefts!

VILLAGER 1: Oh no! How does that make you feel?

VILLAGER 2: Well on the one hand it's great, but on the other it's just not right.

VILLAGER 1: I was going to do my shopping at **[local shopping centre]** today, but then I decided that if you've seen one shopping centre, you've seen the mall.

VILLAGER 3: Hmm. I'm not sure whether to buy this pillow.

TRADER 4: Would you like to sleep on it?

VILLAGER 3: Well duh!

Exit CHORUS

Enter BILLY

He walks on, then does a double take when he spots the AUDIENCE

BILLY: Heyup, you lot!

AUDIENCE: *(Mumbles)*

BILLY: Come on, you can do better than that! Oh, but hang on, you don't know my name yet, do you? Well, I'm Billy Goose, but everyone round here calls me Silly Billy. I don't know why because I'm dead clever, me. In fact I'm so clever, I had all straight As when I left school. Mind you, my Bs were still a bit wonky. *(Peers off stage)* Oh look, here comes my big brother Colin. You'll like him, even if he is a bit sippy.

Enter COLIN

COLIN: Hiya bruv. Mum sent me out to help you round up some customers for the beauty parlour.

BILLY: Look, Colin! *(Indicates AUDIENCE)* I made some new friends.

COLIN: *(Waves)* Hi kids! I'm Colin, Billy's brother. Can you say hi to me?

AUDIENCE: Hi Colin!

COLIN: Come on, you can be louder than that!

AUDIENCE: HI COLIN!

COLIN: That's better. I work over there with Billy and our mum at Mother Goose's Beauty Parlour. *(Stage whisper)* Between us, we're not right good. That's not surprising, is it? I mean, have you seen our mum? Well no, you haven't yet, have you? Trust me, it'll make your eyes water.

BILLY: He's right, you know. Asking our mum to make you beautiful is like asking Cruella de Vil to look after your puppy for the weekend.

COLIN: You know, Billy, I think Mum ought to offer some new treatments. We could do facelifts.

BILLY: Yeah, that'd certainly raise a few eyebrows around here.

COLIN: Here, we'd better try to get some new customers, or Mum's going to have our guts for garters. *(To AUDIENCE)* And you should see the size of her garters.

Enter VILLAGER 1

BILLY: *(Taps nose)* Leave it to me, bruv.

BILLY runs up to VILLAGER 1

BILLY: Hello, madam. Can I interest you in the latest beauty treatments? At Mother Goose's Beauty Parlour, we can make you hot hot hot!

VILLAGER 1: Coo, really?

BILLY: Yeah, my mum always has the central heating up too high. It's like a sauna in there.

VILLAGER 1 shakes head and walks off. Enter VILLAGER 2

BILLY approaches VILLAGER 2

BILLY: How about you, miss? *(Shields eyes)* Oof! You really need some beautifying.

VILLAGER 2: Rude!

VILLAGER 2 huffs and walks off. Enter VILLAGER 3

BILLY approaches VILLAGER 3

BILLY: Hey! How do you fancy coming to our beauty parlour and having us throw nappies at you?

VILLAGER 3: Eh? What for?

BILLY: Well, you'll be completely pampered, won't you?

VILLAGER 3 rolls eyes and walks off. BILLY signals band member as if to invite them to the beauty parlour, then recoils in hammy mock horror when he gets a closer look

BILLY: Arghh! No, sorry. No beauty parlour's that good.

COLIN: That was rubbish, Billy.

BILLY: I did my best, didn't I? *(He sighs)* Oh, what's the point? We'll never get any customers. I wouldn't mind but it's rotten never making any money. We're sooooo poor.

AUDIENCE: Awww!

BILLY: We're poorer than that.

AUDIENCE: AWWW!

COLIN: It's all right for you, Billy. You're not...*(He adopts a dreamy pose, clasping his heart)* in love.

- BILLY:** *(To AUDIENCE)* Didn't I tell you he was sippy? He's going to start talking about Jill, his girlfriend, now. I hope you all brought sickbags.
- COLIN:** Oh Billy, I just don't know what Jill and me are going to do. You know, the moment I first saw her I thought –
- BILLY:** *(Jerking thumb at COLIN)* Look at that big soft idiot.
- COLIN:** Look at that big soft idiot. *(He pushes BILLY)* No I didn't. I thought, this is it. Love at first sight. There's no other girl for me. *(To AUDIENCE)* It's so unfair, folks. My girlfriend and me want to get married, but her mean old dad won't let us. Isn't that rotten? Come on, give us an aww.
- AUDIENCE:** Awww!
- BILLY:** Bleurgh, more like. *(He nudges COLIN)* Don't tire them out, will you? We've got a long way to go yet.
- COLIN:** *(To AUDIENCE)* Jill's dad is our landlord: Squire Tightwad. He says me and her can't get married until I can keep her in the style she's accustomed to. And she lives in a mansion! I've only a got a tiddly 'un, and I have to share it with my mum and Billy – our house, I mean. *(He glances off stage)* Oh heck, I can see her coming down the hill with her horrible dad. I'd better go hide, before I get poor Jill into trouble. He really doesn't like me.
- Exit COLIN*
- BILLY:** Oh good, he's gone. *(He checks over his shoulder and stage whispers)* Can I tell you a secret, boys and girls?
- AUDIENCE:** Yes!
- BILLY:** You won't tell anybody, will you?
- AUDIENCE:** No!
- BILLY:** Cross your farts and hope to fry, stick a noodle in your eye?
- AUDIENCE:** Yes!
- BILLY:** *(He fetches a gift-wrapped box from the wings)* It's my brother's birthday next week and I've bought him this present. He's going to be so surprised! Now, I think I'll leave it here. Hmm, I don't want anyone to pinch it though. Oh, hey! Would you be able to look after it for me?
- AUDIENCE:** Yes!

BILLY: What I want you to do is, whenever you see someone trying to pinch Colin's present you all shout "Heyup, Silly Billy!" to warn me, OK? Can you do that?

AUDIENCE: Yes!

BILLY: Right, let's practise. I'm a sinister-type baddie creeping up to steal Colin's present. Creepy creepy creep.

He creeps towards the box

Music cue: creeping music

AUDIENCE: Heyup, Silly Billy!

BILLY: Well that was pathetic. Let's try again.

He creeps towards the box

Music cue: creeping music

AUDIENCE: Heyup, Silly Billy!

BILLY: Good, but I think you can do it louder than that. One last time.

He creeps towards the box

Music cue: creeping music

AUDIENCE: HEYUP, SILLY BILLY!

BILLY pretends to fall backwards from the strength of the sound

BILLY: Whoa! That was brilliant! Here, have some sweets. *(He throws sweets into the AUDIENCE, then glances stage right)* Here's Squire Tightwad with Jill. I think I'd better hide too. It's rent day today and I don't want his heavies squeezing me for the dosh.

Exit BILLY stage left

Enter SQUIRE TIGHTWAD, GRABBEM, SMASHEM, RUN (the BAILIFFS) and JILL stage right

SQUIRE: *(Rubbing hands)* Ah, rent day! My favourite day of the month! *(Looks out into the AUDIENCE)* All the villagers seem to have gone. You lot out there! I hope you're not hiding them! *(He turns to BAILIFFS)* Grabbem, Smashem and Run – my three burly bailiffs. Make sure no one's lurking in this sorry bunch.

SMASHEM: Yes boss.

GRABBEM: You want us to rough 'em up a bit, boss?

RUN: *(Peers at AUDIENCE)* I'd say they look rough enough as it is.

SQUIRE: Just make sure you get me my money. Go see if you can find them in **[local pub]**.

Exit BAILIFFS through audience

JILL: This is why you never have any friends, Dad.

SQUIRE: Pah! Friends. Who needs friends when I've got all those piles of lovely, lovely cash? *(He spots the present)* Oho! Now what might this interesting little morsel be?

SQUIRE approaches it

Music cue: creeping music

AUDIENCE: Heyup, Silly Billy!

Enter BILLY

BILLY: Oi! Get your hands off that present! Oh. It's you, Squire.

JILL: Where's my Colin, Billy? I've been missing him.

BILLY: Oh, he's around here somewhere.

Enter COLIN

COLIN: You called, my little lotus flower?

JILL: *(Soppily)* Hiya Colin.

COLIN: *(Even more soppily)* Hiya Jill.

JILL: I missed you.

COLIN: I missed you more.

They clinch

SQUIRE: *(To AUDIENCE)* I might just be sick. *(To BILLY)* Goose, you good-for-nothing young layabout. Where's my rent then?

BILLY: Er, our mum's bringing it. She's just gone to the optician's.

JILL: Oh! You'll never guess who I bumped into at the optician's the other day.

BILLY: Who?

- JILL:** Everybody!
- COLIN:** How's your pregnant pussy cat, Jill?
- JILL:** Well, she gave me a nasty turn this morning. She swallowed a ball of yarn.
- COLIN:** Oh no! Was she all right?
- JILL:** No, she had mittens.
- COLIN:** What about your new dog?
- JILL:** You mean Rolex? *(To AUDIENCE)* Yes, that's right. He's our watch dog. *(To COLIN)* I caught him practising a magic trick earlier.
- COLIN:** Really?
- JILL:** Yes. It turns out he's a labracadabrador.
- COLIN:** Someone's opened their Christmas crackers early. Here, did you get the last love letter I sent you?
- JILL:** No, not yet. Our postman has a big round.
- COLIN:** Oh. *(Scratches head)* A big round what?

Enter MOTHER GOOSE and PRISCILLA, coming down through the audience

- MG:** You can relax now, folks. Your leading lady has arrived! Let's get a bit of class on the stage.

She goes up on stage with PRISCILLA

- MG:** Good morning, fellow Windy Bottomers.
- JILL:** Hi Mrs G! Hi Priscilla!
- MG:** Hello Jill, dear. *(She pats her hair flirtatiously)* Hello Squire, you handsome old devil.
- JILL:** How was your optician's appointment, Mrs G?
- MG:** Well, of all the things. He told me I'm colour-blind!
- JILL:** Gosh, I bet that was a shock.
- MG:** I'll say. It was a real bolt out of the green.
- JILL:** *(To AUDIENCE)* I've never heard anything cornea.

- SQUIRE:** Enough of these eye-watering puns! Mother Goose, you have enormous arrears.
- MG:** Well! The humongous cheek!
- BILLY:** That's what he said.
- SQUIRE:** *(Waves rent book)* Your rent is in arrears! Have you been sitting on your assets?
- MG:** Certainly not! My boys and I work very hard, don't we, lads?
- SQUIRE:** Come now, where is my money?
- MG:** Ah. *(Pats pockets)* I'm afraid I find myself a little light this month, Squire.
- SQUIRE:** *(Snorts)* I find that very hard to believe.
- MG:** It's difficult, you know. A vulnerable single woman running a business all on her lonesome. People take advantage of me.
- SQUIRE:** I find that even harder to believe.
- MG:** *(Runs fingers flirtatiously down his arm)* Perhaps we might come to some sort of... arrangement?
- SQUIRE:** Of course we can come to an arrangement. We can arrange for you to pay what you owe me or I can take away your business and evict you from your cottage. Although... *(He gives PRISCILLA behind her a calculating look)* Nice, plump breast. Tender, juicy rump. She is a fine-looking bird. *(MG preens and giggles, thinking he is talking about her)* Yes, perhaps I could be persuaded.
- MG:** *(Flirtatiously)* Oh, Squire!
- SQUIRE:** And those big chunky thighs! There's certainly plenty of meat on the old girl.
- MG:** Oh, Squi– exsqueeze me?
- SQUIRE:** My only concern is if I've got what it takes to provide the necessary stuffing.
- MG:** Oh, *Squire!*
- SQUIRE:** But I'm sure there's a plentiful supply of sage and onion back at Tightwad Towers. Yes, Mrs Goose, I think I might be convinced to waive what you owe in exchange for this delicious fat fowl of yours.

PRISCILLA honks and ducks down behind MG

MG: Sell Priscilla for your table? Me pride and joy? Me best friend in the whole world? Never!

SQUIRE: Then give me my rent!

MG: All right, I'll pay up. *(She gives BILLY a significant look, and he sidles up to the SQUIRE)* Yes, now, I know I have it here somewhere...

Rent-paying routine. BILLY picks the SQUIRE's pocket and surreptitiously hands a note to MG, who pays it back to the SQUIRE, ad-libbing, while BILLY steals it back again and passes it to her (patting pockets, "I know I've got the rest here, just give me a minute" etc...). After third time, the SQUIRE puts the money in his waistcoat pocket and they have to stop.

SQUIRE: Right, that's 150 gold pieces in notes. Now what about the other thirty you owe?

MG: Ah, yes. Now then, just give me a mo whilst I have a fumble for me wherewithal. *(She hoists up her dress and digs up in the leg of her bloomers for her purse while the SQUIRE watches in fascinated horror)*

SQUIRE: I don't suppose you've got any money that hasn't been in your pants?

MG: I'm afraid not. I know me necessary will be nice and safe down there – more's the pity. Now just hold out your hand while I count it out for you. *(She starts counting out coins into his hand)* One, two, three – now then, how many brothers and sisters did you say you had?

SQUIRE: Six.

MG: Seven, eight, nine...

JILL: But Granny was one of twelve, wasn't she, Dad?

MG: Twelve! Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen – just remind me, Squire, what age is your daughter?

SQUIRE: Nineteen.

MG: How old?

SQUIRE: Nineteen, I said.

MG: Oh yes, nineteen. Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two – how long is it you've been in the landlording business now?

SQUIRE: Twenty-seven years.

MG: Twenty-seven! Well well well, how time flies! And that's twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty. There we are, paid up in full.

SQUIRE: Ahhh, excellent. Pleasure doing business with you. *(He looks at the small number of coins in his hand)* Hang on! I've been swindled!

COLIN: *(Grimaces to AUDIENCE)* Yikes. Rumbled, folks.

SQUIRE: *(Pointing)* Right, that's it! I want that rent by tomorrow – or you three and your goose are going to be out on your ears!

PRISCILLA: Honk!

JILL: I think she's saying she hasn't got any ears, Dad.

SQUIRE: Beaks. Feathers. Whatever. Just know that whatever it is you have got, you're going to be out on them. Payment by noon tomorrow and that's final!

Exit SQUIRE. CURTAIN on all but MOTHER GOOSE and PRISCILLA