

SCENE 1.

The Royal Palace in the land of Woollycombe. Full set palace interior. Two thrones up centre.

NUMBER. CHORUS led by BILLY and the KING.

At the end of the number, BILLY and the CHORUS remain.

- BILLY. Hello everybody! Welcome to Woollycombe, the land of sheep and spinning wheels. My name's Billy and I'm the Royal Butler -
- CHORUS 1. And the Royal stable lad.
- BILLY. Yes, well that too -
- CHORUS 2. And the Royal decorator -
- CHORUS 3. The Royal cleaning supervisor -
- CHORUS 4. The Royal washer upper -
- BILLY. Yes, OK, OK, we know I'm run off my feet. Because it's bonkers here today.
- CHORUS 5. It's bonkers here everyday!
- (CHORUS laugh.)*
- BILLY. Will you lot shut up! I was just going to tell everybody that today is the day we christen our lovely little princess. *(To AUDIENCE.)* You wait till you see her; she's a teeny weeny lovely little baby! *(Indulgently)* Aah. *(CHORUS and AUDIENCE response.)* She's a bit lovelier than that. *(CHORUS and AUDIENCE response.)* And as it's her christening today, we're going to have a celebration throughout the land. But we can't stand here chatting, because we've got all the buttlng, shuttling --
- KING. *(Off)* Billy!
- BILLY. That'll be His Majesty, King Norbert.
- CHORUS 6. And he'll have lots more jobs for us!
- CHORUS 1. Let's go!
- (CHORUS rush off, giggling.)*
- BILLY. Hey, come back -

KING. (*Entering R.*) Ah, there you are, Billy.

BILLY. Yes, I am.

KING. Well, what are you doing here? There's work to be done.

BILLY. Yes I know. I was just about to go and do it.

KING. I should think so too, because everything needs to be ready for the christening of our darling little daughter.

BILLY. Absolutely. And what are you going to call her?

KING. Aurora.

BILLY. (*Enthusiastically.*) Aurora!

KING. Belinda.

BILLY. Aurora, Belinda!

KING. Cassandra, Dorinda.

BILLY. Aurora, Belinda, Cassandra, Dorinda!

KING. Edina, Fenella, Georgina, Harika, Imelda, Jacinta, Katrina, Lucinda, Marina, Nasima, Owena, Paulina, Querida, Rowena, Selina, Tanita, Ulrica, Vivika, Wanita, Xxena, Yelena, Zanita!

BILLY. That's easy for you to say.

KING. It's certainly a great deal to say *and* there's a great deal to do, so we can't afford to dilly dally, dawdle or delay. Did you do the dishes?

BILLY. I did.

KING. And the drains? Are they –?

BILLY. Dirty?

KING. No –

BILLY. Dyno-rodded?

KING. No -

BILLY. Demolished?

KING. No, don't be a dimwit! Are they disinfected? Did you get that done?

BILLY. I did.

KING. You did?

BILLY. I did.

KING. Definitely?

BILLY. Definitely, I did.

KING. And the diamonds?

BILLY. Dusted.

KING. The drawbridge?

BILLY. Decorated.

KING. The dungeon?

BILLY. Done up.

KING. And the dayroom?

BILLY. Ditto.

KING. Delightful. And did you deodorise the dog, dunk the donuts and darn the doilies?

BILLY. I did, I did, I did.

KING. You did, you did, you did?

BILLY. All done, done, done and -

BOTH. (*Shaking hands*) Dusted!

KING. (*Going out L.*) Good, I'm glad we've got all that sorted, because the Fairy Godmothers could be arriving at any minute. (*Checking himself.*) You didn't invite – she who must not be named?

BILLY. She who must not be named?

KING. She who must not be named!

BILLY. I don't know. What's her name?

KING. Carabosse!

(*Sinister musical motif*)

BILLY. Carabosse?

(Sinister musical motif.)

KING. Yes, the most evil fairy in the whole wide world, Carabosse!

(Sinister musical motif.)

BILLY. No, I didn't invite her.

KING. Good. Let's keep it that way. *(Exits L.)*

BILLY. Right. I'm glad I didn't invite her. She sounds really scary – Carabosse!

(Very loud sinister musical motif.)

Aaah! *(Runs off R.)*

(MUSIC. The QUEEN enters UL in a parody of an 18C sedan chair, carried by two CHORUS. In fact, the QUEEN is walking and her legs are quite visible.)

QUEEN. Hello, Everyone! Here I am! That's it, give me a wave! Etc etc.

(The sedan arrives centre and the QUEEN steps out. She carries a large shopping bag. She gestures the CHORUS to leave L.)

That's it, off you go, and watch where you're parking it. I don't want to be clamped again!

Well, here I am. Allow me to introduce myself, I'm your Queen - Queen Dorothy – but you can call me Dottie. Well, why not? Everyone else does. And I live here with my husband, King Norbert. Dear old, Nobby.

Anyway, that's enough about me; let's have a look at you. *(Houselights up.)* How lovely to see so many happy smiling faces! *(She points around the AUDIENCE.)* You, and you, and you and you and you, and ...oh, not him. No, no, I'm only joking, it's lovely to see you all.

Now, I've just got back from town – just in time for the christening – bit of last minute shopping – and do you know, I just popped in to Specsavers and got myself a bargain. I did. Do you want to see? *(Produces from her bag panto sized glasses with horns pointing from the top outside corners. She puts them on.)* Look at that. Horn rimmed glasses. They're not for keeps, though. Just for lenses.

(QUEEN replaces glasses in bag and chucks them into the wing L. There is a loud indignant "Miaow!" off.)

Oh, dear, I've hit poor Kitty, our palace cat. Oh, she's such a darling, we've had her since she was a kitten. Would you like to meet her?
(AUDIENCE response.) I said, would you like to meet her?
(AUDIENCE response.) Alright then. But she's a little bit shy, so we'll all have to call for her to come out. Will you help me do that? Oh, good. Right, then, you repeat after me - here Kitty, Kitty! *(AUDIENCE shout.)* You'll have to shout a bit louder than that. Let's try again. After three. One, two, three! *(AUDIENCE shout.)* Very nearly. One more time - one, two, three! *(AUDIENCE shout.)* There!

(KITTY a pretty, very feminine cat, bounds on L and rubs her head against the QUEEN's thigh.)

Isn't she lovely? Now Kitty, say hello to all the girls and boys.

(KITTY hides behind QUEEN.)

Yes, I know you're shy, but they've all come to see you.

(Surprised, KITTY points delightedly to herself.)

Yes, you dear. So be a good girl and say hello.

(KITTY curtsy's to the AUDIENCE.)

Very nice. Now, would you like to know who some of them are?

(KITTY nods.)

Well, that's good, because I've got a little list.

(Ad lib birthdays, maybe sending KITTY into the AUDIENCE to point people out etc. At agreed cue, KITTY points to the band in the pit.)

Yes, I know, dear. We've got our very own band. You've heard of Coldplay? Well, this is Can't-play. So, we've got Paul, *(Paul starts playing)* Dave *(Dave starts playing)* and Michelle! *(Michelle starts playing)*. Oh, I think they're playing for us -

(NUMBER. Maybe there is a short dance break for KITTY in the middle.)

KING. *(Off.)* Dottie! Dottie! *(Entering R.)* The Fairy Godmothers are here! It's time to receive our guests!

QUEEN. But I haven't done my hair!

KING. Too late!

QUEEN. Oh, Nobby!

KING. No time for "Oh, Nobby!" They'll be here any moment!

QUEEN. But I wanted to put my face on.

KING. Why - whose have you got on at the moment?

QUEEN. Oh, Nobby, Nobby, Nobby!

KING. Oh, Dottie, Dottie, Dottie! Now come along!

QUEEN. But what about this frock – does it make my bum look big?

KING. (*A beat.*) Do you want the long answer or the short answer?

QUEEN. The short answer.

KING. No.

QUEEN. Oh, good! (*Preening*) And what's the long answer?

KING. It's your bum which makes your bum look big.

QUEEN. Well, really!

(*FANFARE.*)

KING. Quick, quick, up to the thrones. This is a royal occasion!

(*The KING, QUEEN and KITTY rush up to the thrones and hastily arrange themselves.*)

QUEEN. Well, of course it's a royal occasion – we're the King and the Queen!

KING. Is my crown wonky?

QUEEN. No, your head's wonky.

(*KITTY tactfully adjusts the KING'S crown. Bigger FANFARE. Procession enters R led by BILLY, followed by a chorus girl as NURSEMAID, carrying the baby Princess Aurora wrapped in a shawl, two chorus as SERVANTS, bearing or pushing the cradle, various chorus as COURTIERS and two chorus girls as the FAIRIES GRACEFUL, THOUGHTFUL and*