



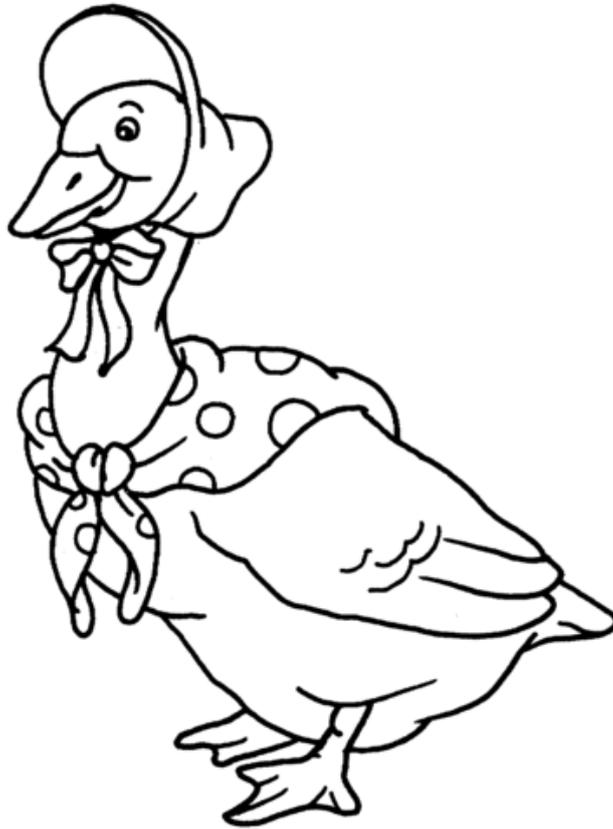
MOTHER GOOSE
BY
COLIN BARROW

Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

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Mother Goose



A Pantomime

By

Colin Barrow

This pantomime brings all the fun and laughter you'd expect from a traditional family script. An easy script to stage without losing any of the glitz, sparkle, and fun that a pantomime should have.

Mother Goose is about to be evicted from her home by Grumpy Drawers, when, by good fortune the goose that lays the golden eggs arrives which elevates Mother Goose to being a very wealthy woman. Grumpy and the Fairy wager that if Grumpy fails to oust Mother Goose from Happydappy, Grumpy Drawers has to leave for good instead. Mother Goose, having more money than she can shake a stick at, becomes sucked into the world of regenerating her beauty. Grumpy Drawers instructs Black and Decker, the henchmen, to act as beauticians to perform the regeneration. Rather than knock years off Mother Goose's looks they attempt to boil her down for glue. In this quest for youth and beauty, she forgets her kindness and manners and shuns Millie the goose, before telling her to go away. And that's what Millie does, she flies back to Gooseland, but as she does so the golden eggs return to normal. Hans, a son of Mother Goose, pledges to find Gooseland and return to Happydappy with Millie. In return he would wish for the hand in marriage of Lord Rupert's daughter, Sophia. Jack, another son of Mother Goose, suddenly finds he is to be married to a foreign girl that he has just met, Gerda. This is all news to Jack and after knowing Gerda for less than five minutes, puts a whole new view on a whirlwind romance. After all the mayhem the pantomime concludes with a happy ending. Grumpy Drawers loses the wager and is seen leaving Happydappy with a shopping trolley containing the few possessions of life.

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Running time: - Two hours approx (*not including the interval*)

USEFUL INFORMATION

Casting:- The casting can be quite flexible to suit your available performers. Although some are best played by male, it would be quite possible for them to be played by a female if your performer availability dictates to do so

Chorus:- This script can be used with or without a chorus. Where there are chorus speaking lines and you have no chorus, these can be delivered by those playing the small parts and can be villagers, etc, The script is written for this option to be used if required.

General staging:- The scenery and lighting can be as simple and easy as you wish, especially if tight budgets and logistics have a strong influence on your production. This also applies to costuming and properties, and yet still providing a brilliant pantomime. Of course, if budgets and logistics dictate otherwise, the skies are the limit!

Scenes:- The script is written with three full stage scenes and two front cloth scenes. These are not set in stone and re-name some scenes if you wish to run more cloths. Likewise, if you are running with limitations. The full stage scenes could use the same back drop of a nondescript mottled effect. And dress each scene where needed to suit its title.

Set dressing:- Dressing for the scenes is entirely up to you and the stage space available. It will also depend on what type of back drops you are using too. Especially for those working with no chorus and have more stage space available.

MUSIC AND DANCE

Song/dance numbers:- The script is written to allow the *maximum time* of **one minute to one and a half minutes** for each song or dance routine. In each case choosing and ending to give a natural finish. These can be shorter but watch if too many run longer as this could alter the pantomime's whole running time.

Not all character song slots need to be executed. They are there as ideal spots if you wish to use them. This helps those cast who do not feel comfortable to sing to opt out. Likewise you can add songs if you wish, but watch the running time.

You don't need to use all the slots allocated for chorus dance numbers, especially if your chorus numbers are very low.

If you are working without a chorus and not using the song/dance slots allocated. You can add an extra cast member song or two or lengthen the other cast songs allocated slightly to make up the time.

The script does supply some song suggestions, but they do not need to be used. All other song/dance numbers are to your own choice. This allows the cast who are involved to select something that's comfortable for them and perhaps a little more modern. It also prevents the repetition of music from recent past productions you have staged.

Song/dance not with time restrictions:- The opening number, Principle boy and girl duet, the community song and finale song can take their own natural time length as they are important numbers. Also mentioned are a few timing suggestions within the script. By keeping to these parameters, it will keep the production running at a good pace and be fresh and entertaining to your audience.

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CAST

Mother Goose - Dame
Millie - Goose
Jack - Comic
Gerda - Comic
Grumpy Drawers - Villain
Fairy Godmother
Black - Henchman
Decker - Henchman
Hans - Principle boy
Sophia - Principle girl
Lord Rupert

Small parts (some only walk on)

Many of these can be taken from chorus and or doubled up. If you have no chorus, these can also be villagers, house maids, etc to use instead of a chorus for speaking lines and crowd effect

King of Gooseland
Attendant

Cat
A girl
A man
A 'camp' person

Chorus or villagers

CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS AND COSTUME REQUIREMENTS

The general character costume is up to you, as are the amount of costume changes characters are given. Also, the scenes they are in will dictate the costume types to suit the surroundings. Within the script there are special costume requirements required to fit with the dialogue and scene

Mother Goose: Dame. Can be male or female. Mother to Hans and Jack. Costumed in the traditional way for a Dame. Works best when costumed and made up to look an oldish person.

Jack: A comic. Played by a male but could be female. Son of Mother Goose. Usual comic dress.

Gerda: A comic. Played by a female but could be male for extra comedy. Speaks with a foreign influence which support the way the dialogue has been written. Costumed in a Tyrolean type bodice and skirt with lots of petticoats.

Hans: Principle boy. Played by a female. Son of Mother Goose. Costumed as a traditional Principle boy.

Sophia: Principle girl. Played by a female. Daughter of Rupert. Usual costuming for a principle girl.

Lord Rupert: Best played by a male. Costumed to fit his status.

Millie: The goose. Non-speaking part and can be played by male or female.

Grumpy Drawers: A Villain and can be played by male or female.

Black: A comic henchman played by male or female.

Decker: A comic henchman played by male or female.

Fairy Godmother: Best played by female but could be male and be a fairy godfather.

King of Gooseland: Male but could easily be Queen with a few word changes. Costumed to suit the character. (*one scene only*)

Attendant: Can be male or female and attendant to the King. (*one scene only*)

Girl: Non-speaking 'walk on' part for one scene only

Man: Walk on part in one scene with two lines

Camp person: Best played by a male, the more butch the funnier. Walk on part for one scene with two lines

Cat: Walk on part for one scene but could be included with more scenes if you wish.

The chorus: Villagers, housemaids.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

The Village of Happydappy - full stage
Near the Village - front cloth
The Golden Hall - full stage

ACT II

The Village of Happydappy - full stage
Gooseland - front cloth
The village of Happydappy - full stage
Near the Village - front cloth
The Golden Hall - full stage

MOTHER GOOSE

ACT I

SCENE ONE

THE VILLAGE OF HAPPYDAPPY (*full stage*)

As the scene opens if you have a chorus, they can be set in tableaux until the opening song/dance routine. Or open the scene with an empty stage

At stage right, the entrance to Mother Goose's cottage can be seen. If stage space and logistics prevent this, an imaginary cottage door just off stage can be used instead. For this, select a stage entrance/exit to enter and exit from the cottage

If possible, there is a flash pod placed at the entrance of Mother Goose's cottage stage right

Grumpy Drawers enters menacingly left with sinister music and lighting, with a shoulder bag containing a dust or fine glitter. Removing some dust/glitter from the bag and scatters it stage right in front of the flats

Grumpy: There go the seeds of trouble and strife (*crosses to stage left*) with doom and gloom bringing hardship left and right. (*Scatters more dust/glitter in front of the left flats*) I have dosed the village of Happydappy, with my dust that makes no one happy. (*Turning to the audience, laughing*) The good people of this place, will feel my vengeance of disgrace. (*Points to stage side at Mother Goose supposed cottage entrance*) It is there, lives the thorn in my side, the one that always takes me for a ride. Mother Goose, they call her here, who has spurned my advances and cost me dear. She fights a losing battle, I'll see to that, but her poverty life still makes her fat. Selling geese, that's what gave her her name, personally I wish she went down the drain. Whatever I do, or wish for her fate, seems to trickle through the grate. She's kind, unselfish, and loving too, (*shivers*) how those words run me through and through. (*Reaches into the bag for more dust.glitter*) The time has come to finish the task, (*goes to where Mother Goose cottage entrance*) be rid of this woman, that's all I ask! (*Throws the dust/glitter at the entrance*)

As the dust/glitter is thrown the flash pod goes off (if used) and Grumpy staggers backwards. Fairy Godmother enters with a musical chime from stage right

Fairy: See how your evil spells turn against you Grumpy Drawers. The winter of discontent is all yours.

Grumpy: Bah. It is you once more, how I'd wish you'd fall through the floor! Mother Goose, works and scrapes a living, good riddance is what I am giving.

Fairy: You can give nothing, I'll see to that. As a Fairy I can stop you flat.

Grumpy: So good Fairy, let us make a wager.

Fairy: Which is?

Grumpy: I'll stake all the gold at the rainbows end if I fail to oust Mother Goose.

Fairy: And if you fail, you will leave Happydappy and all its people, including Mother Goose, to live in peace forever?

Grumpy: It's a bargain. (*Moves to exit*) I shall return when I am good and ready, to do the deed and your heart will be heavy. Mark my words, I shall win the day, and so Fairy Godmother, I bid you good day. (*Exits left*)

Fairy: The wager is set; the story must be told. A goose comes from where it's cold. To make this story live happy ever after, we must endure some sadness mixed with laughter. (*Exit right*)

The chorus/villagers and/or cast members excluding Grumpy and Fairy, go into an opening number. This should be cheery with reference to a celebration. Mother Goose is wearing easily removable (Velcro seams would be beneficial here) blouse, skirt and apron all of which should be tatty, dirty and/or torn. Her under clothes should be very over the top colour and gaudy. Mother Goose should take centre stage even if you are only using a chorus for the opening number. At the end of the number all sing, (Except Mother Goose) 'Happy birthday to you'

All: (*sings*) We hear today's your birthday, another year has come and gone. Now you're much older, increase your order with Avon. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. You look like a monkey, and you act like one too. Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, Mother Goose. Happy birthday to you. (*On the last, 'happy birthday to you', if the cast are used, they can exit whilst singing leaving the chorus/villagers on stage*)

Mother: (*lapping up the attention and patting her hair*) Why, thank you and I've spent such a lot of time today to look my best. It took me at least half an hour to work out where to start and then decided I'd just wing it as per usual.

1st: What's it like to be another year older?

Mother: To tell the truth I've had so many birthdays, they've become monotonous.

2nd: I love birthdays, Mother Goose.

Mother: When you are young, a birthday is start to another adventure full of excitement. But at my age, a birthday is just another celebration of a multitude of wrinkles.

3rd: Don't people of your age call them laughter lines?

Mother: Not when they are all over your body! Do you know, the last time I looked in the mirror whilst in the nude, I had such a shock. Where last year I had the body beautiful, this year I've got the body long past it's sell-by date.

4th: But who has the kindest heart in the whole world?

All: Mother Goose!

1st: Who would spend her last bit of money on someone else?

All: Mother Goose!

2nd: Who would give anyone her last Rolo?

All: Mother Goose!

3rd: And who can't pay the landlord her rent?

All: Mother Goose!

4th: And who would do a good turn for someone and let herself go without?

All: Mother Goose!

Mother: I do no more than others would. My door is always open to anyone who wishes to enter. The kettle is always on the boil, a cake is always coming out of the oven. But where would we be, if we didn't do a good turn occasionally?

Here, at a very low level, the tune of the Stripper could be played until Mother Goose is re-dressed

1st: And that's why we can't let you have your birthday without showing some appreciation of your good deeds from us.

2nd: Off with the shabby apron! (*removes it quickly*)

3rd: Off with the old fashioned blouse! (*pulls the blouse off*)

4th: Off with the dingy old skirt. (*rips the skirt off*)

Mother Goose stands there in her Panto bloomers and underwear with embarrassment. With the same, chorus members bring on a smart easy to put on/do up dress and a very smart apron. They re-dress Mother Goose with speed and ease

Mother: (*parades*) Well, well. What do you think?

All: Fab - u - lous.

Mother: What nice people you all are. I'd offer you all a cuppa and piece of my luxury cake, but I suppose you haven't the time?

All: Oh, yes, we have! (*All exit off through where Mother Goose cottage entrance would be*)

Mother: (*to audience*) Now, if I had asked them if had they time for a spot of cleaning, they'd all have something more pressing to attend to. Oh, well, I don't mind. So, here I am boys and girls, Mother Goose is the name and selling geese is my game. I did have a husband once, but he ran off with a newer slender, slinkier model. I said to him, "I'm still the same woman, even if I have put a teensy-weensy little bit of weight on the interim". He said, "it's the weight on the outer-rim that bothers him!" Still, it's an ill wind that blows a trumpet and a pickled onion that makes your bum snore! I was going to have chicken for supper. But as it still got all it feathers, I didn't fancy having my palate tickled! (*Parades like a fashion model*) And what do you think of this? I shall call this my Ferrari dress. It hugs the corners and grips the bends! But no matter what I wear. I'm always beautiful!

Song:

Mother: Right then, I had better see if that lot have eaten me out of house and home. (*Exits off through the cottage flat*)

Sophia enters

Sophia: I wonder where everyone has gone? Even Hans has done a disappearing act. Or more than likely he's not out of bed yet. He's a poet you see, and poets dream all night and stay in bed till quite late. But on a beautiful morning as this, who'd want to stay in bed? I suppose it's what is known as they creative temperament.

Hans enters with a fishing line and basket

Hans: (*strikes a pose*) Like the ray of the golden sun on a beautiful morn. The sun beam shineth onto the fair maiden...

Sophia: (*cutting in*) Spare me all the Poetry, Hans. And are you not up and about before your time on this beautiful morn?

Hans: Today is my mother's birthday. She has reached the age of something or another and frozen to death, and I have been to the river to catch a salmon. (*From the basket removes a tin of salmon*) Tahdah!

Sophia: But that's a tin of salmon!

Hans: Yes - well - the one that got away was, (*indicates with exaggeration*) was this big.

Sophia: What you mean to say is that you fell asleep on the river bank and called into.....(*local shop or supermarket*) and bought that instead?

Hans: How else was I too dream of thy beauty my sweet. And there's nothing wrong with a nice bit of tin salmon, is there?

Sophia: That I admit is true.

Hans: Good. So how about a kiss for a birthday present?

Sophia: It's not your birthday!

Hans: No, but it's mothers. And I believe in keeping things in the family. (*Kisses Sophia*)

Sophia: Oh, Hans. Why don't you change? My father will never consent to our marriage until you do.

Hans: I am a poet. I walk in the woods, I listen to bird song, I watch the gentle sway of the flowers in the meadow. I become inspired by the trickle of stream water and its sparkling colours with dancing insects that hover above it. And because I do these things your father believes I am a lazy good for nothing layabout.

Sophia: That's because you do no work and your poems earn you no money.

Hans: So far, that has been so. But whilst you thought I was resting on the river bank with fatigue, and er - resting. Last night I burnt the midnight oil in the middle and at both ends. (*Removes a letter from the basket*) And so I ask you to read this. (*Hands the letter to Sophia*)

Sophia: (*agog with surprise*) It's an acceptance from a publisher for your works!

Hans: And tomorrow, I begin my long. Long journey to the big city on foot.

Sophia: You must let me give you money to purchase a ticket to ride on transport.

Hans: I shall refuse any such offering.

Sophia: Then you shall have a horse from the estate. You cannot refuse that?

Hans: (*with a strong stance*) Very well, I shall take the horse. And after a few weeks, on my return I shall be a rich man. With my pockets full of money and you shall then become my wife.

Sophia: It's a deal.

Song: A duet

They both exit as Gerda enters from the opposite side. She wears a hooped/well petticoated Tyrolean type dress

Gerda: The village is today quiet. (*Looks at the stage side near a flat*) What that I see? (*Goes to the flat*) A coin.

Jack enter from the opposite side with a fishing rod and a jar of very dirty water that can have it lid on to stop spillage

Gerda: See a coin, pick it up. All day long, you have good luck! (*Bends over to pick up the coin*)

As she bends over, Jack catches the end of his fishing rod inside Gerda's skirt

Jack: Now that's what I call, 'catch of the day!'

Gerda: (*stands quickly but looking off*) Ooh! The tiddley bait of the hook I am not.

Jack: You ain't tiddley, that's for sure. Just a minute whilst I detach my rod.

Jack places his hand through the legs of Gerda and off stage he is handed a pair of knickers. As he removes his hand from under Gerda, she gives a yelp. He extracts the rod still holding onto the knickers. He holds the knickers up to the audience

Gerda: (*turns*) The wind up the leg it goes.

Jack: That's a bonus on hot day like today.

Gerda: (*grabs the knickers*) Back I have them. After all, in my knicker what is there that interest you?

Jack: (*scratches his head surmising*) I don't think I'll answer that one.

Gerda: And why you up before you gone bed?

Jack: It's mothers' birthday and I've been trying to catch a smoked kipper for her breakfast. (*Holds up the jar*) That's all I got.

Gerda: (*peering at the jar*) Ugh. They are the poles of the tad!

Jack: You mean tadpoles.

Gerda: That is what I say. But they not the kipper smoked?

Jack: No fooling you is there? I didn't catch a kipper smoked, but I got the poles tad. These grow up to be frogs, and the frogs will eat the insects that eat

mother's marrow plants. And mother likes a nice marrow, especially those as big as your head, so these will - (*Realising*) Hang on, who are you and where you from?

Gerda: I am Gerda Schmeling.

Jack: Schmeling! That's nothing to sniff about!

Gerda: And I have been thrown through.

Jack: (*puzzled*) Thrown through?..... Oh, Chucked out!

Gerda: My mistress say she want me not anymore as times are soft and the inflation up it goes. The money not far it stretches these days and I work for nothing do not, she not happy and thrown me through. Until she pay, I have money without.

Jack: (*to audience*) Is there a translator in the house?

Gerda: And so, my derriere nowhere can park and so help me you can? My learning to talk like you, good?

Jack: I got the gist, I think. (*Goes to the cottage entrance*) Leave this to me. (*Calls off stage*) Mother! Mother!

Mother: (*off*) What do you want?

Jack: I've got someone in trouble!

Mother: (*enters and wallops Jack*) Have you learnt nothing! (*See Gerda*) Good grief, where did you find that?

Gerda: I'm Gerda.

Jack: Schmeling.

Mother: Maybe she needs a bath?

Gerda: (*links arms with Jack*) From the Tyrol I come. Love we are in together and marry we are to be.

Mother: (*surprised*) You kept this quiet, Jack?

Jack: (*shocked*) I've only just found out about it!

Gerda: Good. It is settled. Work I will and Jack fortune he make one day then we rich will be.

Mother: That's the ticket, make plans for the future. Now, you must come for a cup of tea and a nice cake sometime. Then I can come to your house for the same.

Jack: That'll be difficult, she hasn't an address.

Mother: What?

Jack: Lost her job and the accommodation came with it. (*Goes up to Mother*) But, mother, dear, you have always said the house work is too much for one pair of feet.

Mother: The house is like a zoo already. I have to put up with rabbits, mice, lizards and a flipping snake. But birds I draw a line at, you will have to house her elsewhere.

Gerda: (*to Jack*) Is this the kind-hearted old geezer mother you say help anyone?

Jack: She is the old geezer mother that says I must fend for myself. (*Taking on sadness*) We shall go into the cruel world - with no home - no warmth - and probably die of hexposure and return as ghosts all shrivelled with the cold.

Gerda: (*saddened*) The chimney we come down, wiggle wiggle, and the frights we put up the jumper if we strength enough to do.

Jack and Gerda hug into each other sobbing

Mother: Look, there is no more room in my cottage. Hans has a room and Jack shares the other with the goat.

Gerda: What about the smell?

Mother: The goat's got used to it.

There is a silent pause

Jack: (*suddenly digs Gerda in the ribs*) Laugh you fathead. That's her favourite joke!

Gerda burst into raucous laughter

Jack: It's not that funny! I say, mother, now all the hens have gone to rehab because you over done the Gin in the corn to make them lay eggs. What about the hen house?

Mother: Okay, I give in. She can sleep with the dog and I'll perch with the rooster 'till the hens come home tee total!

Gerda and Jack rush and hug Mother

Jack: Oh, Mother, you're a darling.

Gerda: And now please, (*removes mothers' apron*) I have apron. The work of the house is department mine, yes? (*Puts the apron on*)

Mother: I won't sniff at that, Miss Schmeling.

They go into a trio comedy dance/song and exit through the cottage flat

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