

“PUSS IN BOOTS”

(Copyright 2010)

by

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This script is published by

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“PUSS IN BOOTS”

Characters

Wilberforce – The Lord High Everything	Character support
Silas Slime – The Ogre’s Lawyer	Heavy villain
Colin – The Miller’s Son	Principal boy
Cecil)) Colin’s Two Step-brothers Cyril)	Character comics
His Majesty the King – Ichabod the Twenty-tooth	Leading comic
Her Majesty, Queen Florence (His Missus)	Dame
Her Royal Highness, Princess Marigold (their daughter)	Principal girl
Whiskers – The Mill Cat	Cat
The Good Fairy	
Puss in Boots	Half cat half human in style of Principal Boy
Queen of Catland	Character support
The Wicked Ogre	Misshapen ugly immortal
Singing and dancing ensemble of Villagers, Soldiers, Servants, Courtiers etc	
Kiddies Chorus	

SCENES

<u>Scene 1</u>	The village of Merry-Go-Lucky	Full set
<u>Scene 2</u>	Halfway there or back	Tabs
<u>Scene 3</u>	The Palace grounds	Full set
<u>Scene 4</u>	On the river bank	Tabs
<u>Scene 5</u>	Catland. The Land of Nine Lives	Full set
<u>Scene 6</u>	On the river bank	Tabs then back to previous full set

INTERVAL

<u>Scene 7</u>	The Grand Reception room of the Royal Palace	Full set
<u>Scene 8</u>	Outside the village of Merry-Go-Lucky	Tabs
<u>Scene 9</u>	The haunted mill	Half set
<u>Scene 10</u>	The Great Hall of the Ogre's Castle	Full set
<u>Scene 11</u>	The Palace Song Parlour	Tabs
<u>Scene 12</u>	The Royal Wedding	Full set

Note: Tabs closed for front scenes to be played. Front cloths could be used if available. Full sets are prepared when tabs are closed.

Music Cues

Overture (1)

Scene 1 Full set

The Village of “Merry-Go-Lucky

*(Opening number bright and cheery. Ensemble are villagers tradesmen, etc. (2)
Number suggests that this is a special day – a special news day)*

*(Enter two kiddies as heralds, one from each side They blow a trumpet fanfare.(3)
Enter Wilberforce left who crosses to centre. He is fussy and pompous.)*

Wilberforce Hear ye! Hear ye! I read this proclamation as Chamberlain to the court of Merry-Go-Lucky.

All Hooray!

Wilberforce To all loyal subjects – it is hereby announced that there will be a visit this afternoon from your reigning maniac – er monarch. His Majesty King Ichabod the Twenty-Tooth, Her Majesty Queen Florence and her Royal Highness Princess Marigold. Sealed with the royal seal and signed with the royal signature – Ichabod the Wreck – er Rex.

All Hooray!

1st Ensemble When will their Majesties arrive?

Wilberforce They should have been here five minutes since.

2nd Ensemble Then why aren't they here?

Heralds Because they're always half an hour late.

Wilberforce It has been rumoured that the King and Queen are rather short of money and they're touring the countryside to find some rich Prince for Princess Marigold to marry. So hurry up. You've got twenty-five minutes to line the streets with bunting and fly the royal flags.

All Hooray! (4)

*(This starts a short reprise of opening number led by Wilberforce.
Kiddie heralds exit. All exit at end of number)*

*(Entrance music for Slime. Opening notes of 'Dagnet' (5)
Flashing lightning effect. Full lights. Pale make-up for Slime but initially play in area lit green.. Repeat this business for every entrance. Slime enters in sinister fashion dressed in severe city type with swallow tail coat and period top hat. He always enters and exits left.)*

- Slime** (*Gives wicked laugh*) Allow me to introduce myself. The name is Silas Slime the crooked lawyer. (*Play to audience for 'Boos'*) I'm up to no good. Show me a law and I'll break it, find me a rule and I'll bend it. Cross my path and you'll come to a sticky end. (*Laughs*).
- (*Enter four ensemble with bunting which they hang across stage. They are laughing and shouting*)
- Slime** Far too much happiness around here. I'll soon put a stop to that. (*Crosses stage. All shrink from him as he points right. Suddenly he speaks*) Yonder mill house. Who lives there?
- 1st Ensemble** The three sons of the miller, Joseph Wheatmeal.
- Slime** (*Pause*) Deceased?
- 2nd Ensemble** Yes.
- Slime** (*Aside*) A perfect place to work my wicked ways. (*Evil laugh and then points to ensemble. Pause*) One further question. Have you by any chance ever cast eyes on the royal princess?
- 3rd Ensemble** Within half an hour we shall. She's visiting the village this afternoon.
- Slime** Interesting. (*Suddenly shouting and pushing*) Out of my way. (*Starts to exit. He always exits left*).
- 4th Ensemble** Just a minute. Who are you?
- Slime** They call me Silas Slime. (*Aside*) Slime by name and slimy by nature. (*Exit. Play off.*) (6)
- 1st Ensemble** Not a very nice person to know.
- 3rd Ensemble** He asked about the mill and the old miller.
- 4th Ensemble** Here's the miller's favourite son, let's ask Colin.
- (*Enter Colin upstage left to play-on music followed by rest of ensemble. He crosses centre*) (7)
- Colin** Who's the ugly looking character in the top hat?
- 4th Ensemble** He's been asking about the mill.
- Colin** Never seen him before in my life. Of course he could be a friend of Cecil and Cyril, my two good-for-nothing step-brothers.
- 2nd Ensemble** I didn't know those two had any friends. (*All laugh*)

- Colin** Forget about them and him. (*Indicates off left with head*) What a great day for our village. Soon we shall see the King and Queen in person. Not only them, but also the Princess. I wonder if she's as beautiful as they say. I wonder if she'll notice me. Then today would really be a special day.
- (Bright number Colin and Ensemble* (8)
Exit Ensemble to play off after applause) (9)
- Colin** One thing I'm sure of, their Majesties won't find a prettier village in the whole of the Kingdom. Welcome to them I say.
- (Argument heard off-stage right)* Uh-huh! That sounds like Cecil and Cyril.
- (Play on Cecil and Cyril. Colin leans nonchalantly at left side of stage. Cecil and Cyril are dressed as 'Homepride Little Men' they each carry a bag of flour).* (10)
- Cyril** Why are we dressed like this?
- Cecil** We're graded grainers making finer flour.
- Cyril** What kind of flour is it?
- Cecil** Self-raising flour. (*Bags fly upwards and disappear from view*) We've got a list of jobs to do. Have you ground and granulated the golden grains? (*They do not see Colin*)
- Cyril** No.
- Cecil** That's a job for Colin to do. Have you chopped the chaff and riddled the resultant residue?
- Cyril** No.
- Cecil** That's a job for Colin to do. Have you sorted and segregated the finished flour, lifted it, sifted it and shifted it?
- Cyril** No.
- Both** That's another job for Colin to do.
- Cecil** Have you bagged the barley into big boxes, carried the corn and conveyed it into convenient corners?
- Cyril** No.
- Both** That's another job for Colin to do.
- Cecil** Have you tampered with the till, pinched some pounds, nabbed some notes, and faultlessly fiddled the book-keeper's books?

- Cyril** No.
- Both** Then that's a job for us to do. (*Clap hands*) Ha! Ha! (*Walk towards Colin who stops them in their tracks*) Oh! Oh!
- Colin** Well?
- Both** Not very.
- Colin** You should have been up at seven o'clock this morning.
- Cecil** Why what happened?
- Colin** What happened? I did the work. But I'm doing no more work today. You can put that on your mill-stone and grind it.
- Cyril** Listen, brother –
- Colin** I'm not your brother, I'm only your step-brother. And you've tried to boss me into doing all the work every since father died.
- Cecil** Why not? Later this afternoon we'll be the new masters of the mill.
- Cyril** Once the lawyer's read the will.
- Both** (*Singing*) 'When the lawyer's read the Will, we'll be masters of the mill.' (*Ad lib, switching it round, developing into pat-a-cake business. Colin stops them by getting hold of the scruff of their necks*)
- Colin** We'll see. We'll hear what the lawyer has to say. I know which one of us father thought the most of. I'll be the new boss, and about time too. (*Exit Colin, he strides off left*)
- Cecil** That lad's getting too big for his boots. He needs putting in his place.
- Both** That's a job for you to do. (*Pointing at the other one*) Who me? (*Pointing to self*) Yes you. (*Pointing to other*) Oh no! (*Shaking head*)
- (*Entrance music for Slime. He crosses and stands by the brothers. They do a double-take*) Oh crikey! (11)
- Slime** Good-day.
- Cecil** Good gracious!
- Cyril** Good heavens!
- Both** Good-bye! (*Move to exit right*)
- Slime** Wait.

- Both** *(Together centre)* Why?
- Slime** You are the sons of Joseph Wheatmeal?
- Both** Deceased. *(Both raise hats and replace)*
- Slime** Is this the mill of Joseph Wheatmeal?
- Both** Deceased. *(Both raise hats and replace)*
- Slime** Are you the only sons of the said Joseph deceased?
- Cyril** Wheatmeal. *(Cyril raises his hat and replaces)*
- Cecil** We have a step-brother, Colin by name. But he's of no importance-
- Cyril** And apart from that, we don't like him.
- Slime** Interesting. *(Aside)* Perhaps I can turn to profit this lack of brotherly love.
- Cecil** Do you mind telling us who you are?
- Slime** Not only who I am, but what I am. The land on which the mill stands is owned by my master, the Ogre.
- Both** The Ogre! *(Cyril jumps into Cecil's arms)*
- Slime** You've heard of him? *(Wicked laugh. Cecil drops Cyril)* I am the Ogre's lawyer. In that capacity I have bad news for you two.
- Cecil** Anything to do with the mill?
- Cyril** Anything to do with the will?
- Slime** Both. Your late father's will leaves the mill and everything in it to your step-brother Colin.
- Both** Everything?
- Slime** Down to the last grain of flour.
- Cecil** Nothing for us?
- Slime** Nothing.
- Cecil** He was got at.
- Cyril** Who was?
- Cecil** The old man.
- Cyril** Who by?

- Cecil** Colin of course. I'd do anything to get even with our precious step-brother.
- Slime** As a lawyer I may be able to help you. For a cash fee, I could alter the Will to read in your favour.
- Cyril** Eh – that's cheating.
- Slime** My friend, have you never cheated at snakes and ladders? (*Cyril nods 'Yes'*) Gone up a ladder when you should have come down a snake?
- Cyril** (*Guiltily*) Yes, and I'll tell you something else. I once did something wickeder than that. I shook a three and pretended it was a six.
- Slime** A man after my own heart. The false Will I shall produce is a ladder in the game of life. Play the game my way and everything comes your way.
- Cecil** You mentioned a fee.
- Slime** Forget the fee. Instead you can render me a small service.
- Both** Done. Tell us what to do.
- (Burst of Slime's music as he brings them down stage)* (12)
- Slime** This afternoon, Her Royal Highness Princess Marigold visits the village. My master the Ogre wishes to meet her. You must secure an introduction to the Princess and arrange for her to visit the Ogre.
- Cyril** But will she want to meet an Ogre?
- Slime** You must persuade her. Remember our bargain. I shall return in an hour's time. Assemble the villagers and master Colin, as witnesses. Then I'll read the Will. (*Loud laughter*) Leaving everything to you. (*Exit left laughing. Play off*) (13)
- Cecil** In that case, we'll go home –
- Cyril** Bag some flour –
- Cecil** Come back –
- Cyril** Then bag the mill. (*Play off Cecil and Cyril as they exit right*) (14)
- (Enter two kiddies as Heralds. Blow fanfare. Enter Wilberforce. Heralds turn up stage as they blow fanfare again. This is to welcome King and Queen who are supposedly entering up stage)* (15)

- Wilberforce** Ladies and Gentlemen, a big welcome for their Majesties the King and Queen of Merry-Go-Lucky. (*Wilberforce starts applause as he turns up stage. Pause then King and Queen enter from back of audience – they are obviously late. Ad lib as they walk to front down aisle. They do not look towards the stage*)
- King** ‘Course I’m sure it’s the right place.
- Queen** I told you we’d be late. It’s all your fault. It was stupid thinking we could make it in half an hour.
- King** We’d have been on time if you hadn’t sent me back to change my socks.
- Queen** The world will be a better place to live in now you have changed your socks.
- King** We got off late. You could have missed watching Sky News for once.
- Queen** And another thing, where’s the red carpet?
- King** You’ll just have to walk on the blue one.(*or “on bare boards,” or “a different colour”*)
- Queen** (*Stopping.*) Eh, you didn’t pay to come in, did you?
- King** No, I told that fellow at the door I was King.
- Queen** No wonder he threatened to crown you. And where’s Wilberforce? (*They are by the orchestra rail facing the stage with their backs to the audience but absorbed in one another*)
- Wilberforce** Your Majesties.
- Queen** (*Both notice him on stage*) Oh, Wilberforce, there you are.
- King** Eh, Wilberforce, where is everybody?
- Wilberforce** I will endeavour to assemble the populace.
- King** Yes, and go and fetch everybody here as well. (*Exit Wilberforce and Heralds*)
- King** It’s no good us trailing all this way if there’s nobody to welcome us. (*Queen has turned – seen audience – done a double take, nudges King*)
- King** What’s the matter?
- Queen** They’re all here look, we’ve been busy talking.

- King** (*King turns to audience*) Greetings my loyal and devoted objects.
- Queen** Subjects you fool.
- King** Greetings my loyal and devoted subjects, you fool. It gives me great pleasure to declare this bring and buy sale open – (*Sees Queen moving about giving royal wave – ‘My pleasure’*) Where are you going?
- Queen** I’m going on a royal walk-a-bout.
- King** So kind – My pleasure (*Imitating Queen. They mingle with audience*)
- Queen** I’m very pleased to see such a dense crowd here tonight.
- King** Yes, they’re the densest lot I’ve seen for a long time.
- Queen** Oh, tonight, I feel like Her Highness Camilla. Don’t you think I look rather groovy?
- King** With that nose, you look more like a raspberry smoothie.
- Queen** There’s no need to be rude. Next thing you’ll be telling everyone I’m an idiot.
- King** Is it supposed to be a secret? (*To audience*) Good evening sir, nice to see you. Have you parked your bicycle outside?
- Queen** Where are you from – Manchester – well it’s a good place to come from – you’ve brought some of your lousy weather with you.
- King** Anybody got any chocolates? (*offered and takes one*) It’s not a hard centre is it? ‘Cos I always put those back. (*They now spot a couple of late-comers being shown to their seats by the House-staff. The late-comers are either two of the ensemble or other house-staff in outdoor clothes. King and Queen go up to them and take over from house-staff who quietly fade away*)
- King** Couldn’t you get here before now?
- Queen** You’re late you know. We’ve been going quarter of an hour.
- King** Would you like us to go back to the beginning?
- Queen** Who is it?
- King** Duke and Duchess of (*Local area*) (*Or whichever block bookings are in that performance*) Can I see your tickets? You are on this row. (*Ad lib – all moving along row. King and Queen directing them and getting row to stand up. Wrong row so try another one.*)

- King** I don't understand it. All these seats are taken.
- Queen** Let's have a look at those tickets. (*Does so*) They're for tomorrow night. (*Couple exit to back of hall. King and Queen go up on stage*)
- Queen** What public duties do we have to perform today?
- King** Wilberforce gave me a list. Ceremonies to be seen to and duties to be diddled.
- Queen** Well what have we got to do?
- King** Launch new aircraft carrier at (*local river or area of water*). Visit poultry farm and lay foundation stone.
- Queen** Sounds painful.
- King** Sign Charter granting home rule to ("*rough*" *area of town*) (*or wherever there is a visiting party from*) Present medal to attendant in (*local*) City Hall.
- Queen** Which attendant?
- King** The one who looks after the smallest room where the councillors go for a (*hesitate*) wash and brush up. You know the room I'm taking about.
- Queen** Yes, yes. Is that an important job?
- King** Well, it's an important room, isn't it? I understand it's the only room in City Hall where the councillors seem to know what they are doing.
- Queen** (*Ad libbing and taking King downstage*) Let me look at that list. (*During above crowd enter ad libbing. Wilberforce and Heralds enter to form picture for King and Queen's expected entrance up stage. Trumpet fanfare silences crowd*) (16)
- Wilberforce** Prepare to greet their Majesties. (*During the above King and Queen unaware of what is happening continue to ad lib downstage*)
- Wilberforce** Hip, hip –
- All** Hooray. (*Repeat three times King and Queen joining in*)
- King** (*On his own*) Hip, hip, hoor –
- Queen** It's us you fool. (*They realise reception is for them, dash round back let and right of crowd to make triumphal entrance giving royal waves and bows upstage centre They now come down centre stage*)
- King** Greetings my beloved subjects. How wonderful to see all those smiling faces. Merry-Go-Lucky, I'm yours –

- Queen** That should wipe the smile off their faces.
- King** It gives me great pleasure to attend this cattle show and pin this winner's rosette where it belongs. (*Makes sweeping gesture and accidentally pins it on Queen's bosom*) What a relief to alight from the royal coach, stretch the royal legs and wave the royal arms.
- Queen** Why don't you shut your royal mouth.
- King** I am here today –
- Queen** We are here today. You've forgotten again. What about the royal 'we'?
- King** I haven't forgotten. I went before I came.
- Queen** (*Covering up as she crosses right to centre followed by King*) We are here today to read a proclamation concerning the hand of our daughter in marriage.
- All** Hooray.
- Queen** Wilberforce, introduce the Princess.
- Wilberforce** (*At upstage centre*) Her royal highness, Princess Marigold.

(*Play on Marigold left. All cheer as she enters. They curtsey. (17) She joins King and Queen giving them both a kiss*)
- King** And now the proclamation. Over to I.T.N.
- Queen** I.T.N?
- King** (*Pointing to Wilberforce*) 'Im there now!
- Wilberforce** (*Coming down centre and reading proclamation*) By royal decree of his Imperial Majesty be it known that all eligible suitors for the hand of her royal highness Princess Marigold must present themselves at the palace on Friday next, for their majesties' approval.
- Queen** That was my idea.
- Wilberforce** Anyone who is not a millionaire need not apply. Cash on the nail. No credit cards.
- Queen** That was my idea.
- Wilberforce** Final selection will be made at the Palace Ball. There will be a disco and a licensed bar.
- King** And that was my idea.
- Wilberforce** Spread the news far and wide.

- Queen** Wide and far. Hither and thither. Up and down. Out and about.
(*Wandering round to cover exit. Exit ensemble talking excitedly. Exit Wilberforce left. Marigold has appeared very unhappy during the above dialogue*)
- King** And put a notice up in the fish and chip shop.
- Marigold** Daddy, how could you humiliate me like this in front of all the villagers. Why must I marry a man just because he's rich.
- King** Just because –
- Queen** He's rich.
- Marigold** But it's so unreasonable.
- King** We're sorry you're having to marry for money, but you see we're broke.
- Queen** You can choose anyone you like.
- King** As long as he has plenty of money.
- Marigold** I think you're both being beastly. (*Turns away annoyed*)
- King** One would have thought a Princess would have understood one when one tried to explain to one, one's point of view about one's marriage.
- Queen** Oh, shut up. I should never have been in this financial mess if I hadn't married you. And to think I could have married the Prince of Wales.
- King** Well, why didn't you?
- Queen** He never asked me. This is history repeating itself. (*To Marigold*) When I was your age, I let a wealthy monarch slip through my fingers, and look what I got – that (*indicates King*) standing there like a stick of Blackpool rock. (*To King*) Look at you; you look like an accident waiting to happen.
- King** Err –
- Queen** And don't answer back. Come on. (*She moves to exit*)
- King** (*Following her*) Chunter, chunter, mutter, mutter, rhubarb – (*Queen glares at him and exits. King smiles, as she exits and blows her a raspberry and exits left after her*)
- (*Romantic music under Colin and Marigold's dialogue*) (18)
- Marigold** What an unhappy life I lead being a Princess. I wish I lived here instead of a stuffy old palace. It really is a beautiful village. (*Turns*

and sees mill right of her) I think I'll walk over to look at the old mill. *(She turns to go and bumps into Colin who has just entered right)* Please forgive me, I was dreaming.

- Colin** There's nothing to forgive. And if you're a dream, I hope I never wake up.
- Marigold** You're very forward sir. I don't even know you.
- Colin** *(Bowing)* My name is Colin. Now you know me. May I know your name?
- Marigold** Marigold.
- Colin** A pretty name. Suits your sunny smile.
- Marigold** *(Giving a little curtsey)* Thank you, kind sir.
- Colin** You're welcome. I don't have the luck to meet a pretty girl like you every day.
- Marigold** Oh! *(Turns away)*
- Colin** Forgive me. I always say what I think.
- Marigold** I'm not complaining. You rather took me by surprise. You see, I haven't spoken to very many boys.
- Colin** Well, now's the time to start, with one at any rate. *(Cue for (19) duet. Colin and Marigold sing then break into dialogue over music until "...in a way")*
- Colin** When may I see you again?
- Marigold** In the palace grounds, tomorrow. *(She realises too late what she has said)*
- Colin** The palace ? Forgive me. For a second I thought you said the palace grounds.
- Marigold** I did.
- Colin** Oh! Are you on the staff there?
- Marigold** *(Smiles)* In a way. *(Finish duet. Remain on stage.) (Enter King and Queen left)*
- King** Now then, what's all this about?
- Colin** *(Turns and bows)* Your majesty. *(Remain bowed)*
- Queen** Well, I don't know, I don't know. A common village boy talking to a princess.

- Colin** *(Same position)* A princess? *(Points behind his back)* She's a princess – Princess Marigold. *(Straightens up)* Oh crikey! *(Then he backs upstage and emerges left of the others)*
- Marigold** Why shouldn't I talk to Colin, or any other village boy, if I wish.
- Colin** I assure you, there was no harm meant, sire.
- King** Forget it lad. But you see, she's our star player and we're hoping to get a big transfer fee for her.
- Queen** Now run along. There's a good subject.
- Colin** *(Moving to exit right, embarrassed)* Yes, your majesty. Thank you, your majesty. *(Then quietly to Marigold)* I'll never forget today.
- Marigold** *(Quietly)* Don't forget tomorrow.
- Colin** You mean? *(She nods. He snaps his fingers and exits smiling)*
- Queen** There'll be no tomorrow for you, my girl, we're going home today. I know the dangers of talking to strange men. Look at your father.
- King** Now go on love. Go and tell the coachman we're ready.
- Marigold** *(Angrily)* Really daddy, you treat me like a child. *(Exits left running)*
- Queen** What with her and what with you, I'll be glad to get home. I'm beginning to feel my age. Even though I look no more than twenty-two.
- King** How old?
- Queen** Twenty-two.
- King** How old?
- Queen** Twenty-two. I've told you three times – twenty-two.
- King** That's better. Three times twenty-two – sixty six. *(Enter Wilberforce left)*
- Wilberforce** Your majesties, your majesties. Something terrible has happened.
- King** Don't tell me – *(topical or local reference or cut to middle of next line)*
- Wilberforce** No, your majesty. The coach has gone.
- Queen** Who gave the orders for the coach to go?
- Wilberforce** Princess Marigold. She's in it.

- King** She's left us in it. We're going to have to walk back.
- Wilberforce** She left in a huff.
- King** She's only been gone a minute and a huff. Come on. Let's go, Flo.
- Queen** Don't call me Flo. My name is Florence. You're a dead loss.
- King** Sorry Floss. There's only one thing for it.
- Queen** What?
- King** We shall have to get a lorry, Florrie. (*Queen chases King off* (20) *left. Play off involving turning Wilberforce round in the chase. He follows them off*) (*Enter right Cecil and Cyril at end of royal play off*)
- Cecil** Gather round everyone.
- Cyril** The lawyer's here to read the will. (*Enter ensemble as villagers from both sides and group round brothers at left of centre as villagers. Lawyer music. Enter Slime. Ensemble quieten as he crosses to centre*) (21)
- Slime** The reading of a will is an important matter. Justice must be done. (*Aside*) Or in this case undone. (*Evil laugh and clears throat*) In re the matter of Joseph Wheatmeal deceased, the aforesaid deceased having three sons, the mill property is divided – but one moment, where is the third son?
- Cecil** Never mind about him. Get on with it.
- Slime** Silence. The presence of the third son is necessary. He too must hear the glad tidings. (*Enter Colin left from mill and stands right of centre*)
- Colin** What's going on here?
- Slime** Just in time my boy.
- Cecil** The lawyer's here to read the will. Now we shall see who's going to be boss.
- Slime** This is the last will and testament of Joseph Wheatmeal, Miller of the village of Merry-Go-Lucky. The mill and all its contents I leave absolutely to – (*coughs affectedly and smiles*) – to my two sons Cecil and Cyril Wheatmeal. (*Cecil and Cyril play 'Pat-a-cake', ensemble chatter excitedly*)
- Cecil and Cyril** 'Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake Millers son, father's such a generous one'
(*They sing. All chatter excitedly until Colin steps forward from the throng*)

- Colin** Doesn't my father mention me?
- Slime** Oh yes, boy. He hasn't forgotten you. He leaves you – his cat.
(*Slime smiles. Brothers laugh. Ensemble show surprise*).
- Colin** And is that all?
- Slime** That (*Folds will*) is all.
- Cecil** Just as I told you, step-brother. The mill is ours.
- Slime** And the cat is yours. (*Hands him the will*) Study the 'clause'.
(*Holds hands out like claws and laughs*)
- Colin** Just a minute, how do I know the will is a true one?
- Cecil** Because it's signed with a hard-boiled egg.
- Colin** That's not legal.
- Cyril** No, but it's binding. (*Exit left Cecil and Cyril laughing*)
- Slime** Delighted to have been of service – your two brothers have generously offered to pay my fee. But then, let's face it, they can afford to. (*Exit Slime laughing*) (*Begin plaintive music* (22)
as Colin crosses left of centre. Enter Cat right He goes to Colin who bends down and strokes him)
- Colin** Hello Whiskers, you're all I have in the world. Maybe I've been cheated but I've no proof. I'll manage without the Mill. I've got you, and together Whiskers, you and I are going to see the world. If nobody wants us here we'll make a living somewhere else, who knows, we may even make our fortune.

(*Cue for number. Colin Cat and Ensemble*) (23)

FADE TO BLACKOUT

Scene 2

Tabs

'Half-Way There and Back'

(There must be a small flat of some rocks to conceal Puss in Boots and pair of identical boots at right)

(Opening number – Kiddies 'What a day this has proved to be' (24) type with Kiddies singing about visit of King and Queen etc. Kiddies stay on stage at end of number. Enter Queen right, she is walking home)

- Queen** If I aren't fed up having to walk home. *(Sees children and does a royal wave at left of centre where they surround her)*
- 1st Kiddie** It is.
- 2nd Kiddie** It isn't.
- 1st Kiddie** I'm sure it is. *(ad lib)* There's only one way to settle it. I'll ask her for her autograph. *(To Queen who has been simpering and lapping up attention)* Could I have your autograph please?
- Queen** Certainly. *(She signs autograph book)*
- 2nd Kiddie** *(Looking at signature)* Let's have a look. Told you. It's not ...*(name of ageing female character in TV soap or recent Harry Potter film)*
- Queen** Get off. *(Exit Kiddies left laughing and talking. Enter King right)*
- Queen** Come on. Why are you walking slowly?
- King** I've sprained my ankle.
- Queen** That's a lame excuse. A lame – Oh, never mind.
- King** *(To audience)* Hello subjects.
- Orch & MD** *(Standing)* Hello, objects.
- King** *(To Queen)* How do you like that? I say "Hello subjects" and the orchestra says "Hello objects". *(To MD)* Why are you calling us objects?

- MD** Because you're objectionable.
- King** That's not very nice, is it?
- Queen** What's wrong with it – we are objects of public interest. If you shout out “Hello subjects” – everybody here tonight will answer back “Hello objects”. (*They try it together and separately ad lib and plant for future entrances*)
- King** How far have we walked now?
- Queen** Far enough. Why don't you call me a taxi?
- King** Alright. You're a taxi.
- Queen** All this walking has given me flat feet.
- King** Well, try pumping them up.
- Queen** Look, do you know the way?
- King** Like the palm of my foot.
- Queen** In other words we're lost. And to think this week I nearly went with you on a P & O cruise.
- King** Yes, Pubs and Off Licences. Right, come on Flo, let's go.
- Queen** Just a minute. I give the orders. I'm the boss and you're nothing. What are you?
- King** Nothing.
- Queen** And what am I?
- King** Boss over nothing.
- Queen** Anyway, I've changed my mind.
- King** Well, I hope it's better than the last one you had.
- Queen** We're going to stop and have a rest at this café and have a cup of tea. Order afternoon tea for two.
- King** (*Crosses left and calls off stage*) Afternoon tea for two. And we'll have it out here with that Italian bloke.
- Queen** What Italian bloke?
- King** Al Fresco.
- Queen** Oh, shut up.

(Two waitresses have brought out a table and two chairs left. Table is set with two cups and two saucers, one of which is a trick one fastened to the table and over a hole in the table. Items of food as mentioned in the following dialogue. They sit.)

- Queen** *(Sitting right of table as King sits left of table)* I wonder what we've got, 'cos I'm on an onion diet.
- King** Have you lost anything?
- Queen** Yes, a kilo and 4 friends.
- King** *(Calls off)* Can we have some gravy?
- Queen** Why do you like gravy so much?
- King** Well it's got no bones in it.
- Queen** These sandwiches look nice. *(She picks up a 'dainty' sandwich)* It's a honeymoon sandwich.
- King** What's that?
- Queen** Lettuce alone. Have you got a sandwich?
- King** Yes, it's a small one. *(Holds up sandwich which is a loaf cut into two halves. He takes a bite)* This meat tastes like rubber. *(Pulls meat from one side of sandwich. It is a wide piece of rubber material which stretches)*
- Queen** They're trying to make it stretch over the weekend. *(King lets go of sandwich. Elastic contracts and sandwich hits his hand)*
- King** Ow!!
- Queen** Stop messing about.
- King** Are these the cakes? *(Picks one up)* What's this one in case I have to describe it to the doctor?
- Queen** It's a rock bun.
- King** *(Banging it on the table)* You're right. Pass me that Swiss roll.
- Queen** I've always wondered how you make a Swiss roll.
- King** Push him down the mountain side.
- Queen** I've got a biscuit.
- King** What's the difference between an elephant and a biscuit?

- Queen** I don't know. What is the difference between an elephant and a biscuit?
- King** You can't dunk an elephant in your tea.
- Queen** Tea! Where's the tea? (*Called off stage*) I hope it's Earl Grey. I'm used to the best. I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth.
- King** There'd be room for a shovel now. (*Waitress enters and puts large canteen size tea-pot on table*)
- Waitress** Tea for two. (*King does double-take as waitress exits*)
- King** Are you sure there's enough there for two of us?
- Queen** Now where's the milk? (*Pours milk into cups*) Do you know when I was a young Princess I used to take a bath in milk every morning.
- King** Pasteurised?
- Queen** No, just up to my bust. (*She stands upstage of table and starts pouring tea into both cups. Drinks from hers*) It's nice is this, shall I pour you another drop? (*She pours tea for King into trick cup and goes on pouring for a long time, chattering all the while. The tea accumulates in a concealed tank in underside of table*)
- Queen** Say when?
- King** You're alright yet. (*Queen continues pouring*) They're good cups aren't they?
- Queen** Yes, but I wish they'd brought a bigger pot. (*Queen looks in tea-pot as though empty and then continues pouring more. Ad lib dialogue – see below. When tea-pot is empty or business finished*)
- Queen** I'm sorry. There's only half a cup. You'll have to fill up with milk. (*She sits.*)

(Suggested patter for Queen during tea pouring on subject of local buses. Order not important and needs delivering rapidly whilst King is re-acting to the pouring. Amend amount used to suit business.

- *Expensive to travel. Selling tickets to St Pancras on HP*
- *Only company to make two lots of profit out of one lot of passengers*
- *Cheaper by bus – cheaper than running a Rolls Royce*
- *Breaking suddenly – you'd be surprised what I found round my ankles after I'd been round Marks and Spencers – half my shopping*

- *Just as you get to the bus stop, it leaves without you.*
- *Wait two hours for a bus then four come at once. They're frightened to come on their own.*
- *Wonderful heaters. Hot air in summer and cold air in winter. Don't know where it's coming from but I know where it's going.*
- *Always get sat next to a window that's stuck open.*
- *Always crowded. So crowded last week even the men were standing*
- *Awkward drivers, give them a £1 for a 30 pence fare and they give you 70 pence change in pennies.*
- *Driver – a real clever head. I said “Does this bus go over [local] Bridge? – he said, “if it doesn't we're all going to get wet”)*

King They've left some fruit. Bananas. *(He gives Queen two bananas)*

Queen How nice, three lovely bananas.

King No, there's just two.

Queen No, Icky, you're wrong. *(She holds up the two bananas)* there are three bananas here.

King There are two.

Queen Look. *(Holds up one banana with one hand)* One! *(Holds up other banana in other hand)* Two! And one and two makes three.

King Eh – do that again.

Queen *(She does)* One! Two! – and one and two makes three.

King That's not right. Kids how many bananas are there? – How many? *(Play audience)* There are only two aren't there?

Queen Oh no there aren't.

King and Audience Oh yes there are.

Queen On no there aren't.

King and Audience Oh yes there are.

Queen Three.

King and Audience Two**Queen** Three**King and Audience Two** (*Don't play any longer than this*) Alright. I'm not going to argue any more. I'll have one of those bananas. (*Takes one*) and Uncle [or Auntie] so and so...[the M.D.] can have one. (*Takes the other banana and gives it to MD*)**Queen** And what about me?**King** You can have the third one. Ta-ta. (*He exits left*)**Queen** Now, wait a minute. (*She exits and hurries after him*)

(*Fade lights to BO strike table and chairs and bring lights up slowly to denote passage of time. Cover with music. OR Play straight on and strike table and chairs at end of scene*)

(*Lawyer music. Enter Slime*) (25)

Slime Now comes the crunch for those two brainless idiots – they've had their fun – now they must pay for it. (*Play on music.* (26)
Enter Cecil and Cyril right)**Slime** This is a secluded spot. Can we talk?**Cyril** Well I can. I just open my mouth and let it come out.**Cecil** Just shut your mouth and keep it in.**Slime** The time has come to lend me your aid.**Cecil** Any time. There's nothing we wouldn't do for you.**Cyril** And that's what we're going to do – nothing. (*Both turn to go*)**Slime** Wait. (*They stop*) Don't play me false. Remember the will I read was a forgery. (*Shouting*)**Cyril** Give up shouting. (*Holds cap over Slime's mouth. Slime pushes Cyril's arm back so that Cyril catches Cecil in the face with his cap*)**Slime** (*Quietly and fiercely*) I warn you to keep your bargain. (*Shouts*)
You cannot cheat me like you cheated your brother.**Cyril** (*Again covering Slime's mouth with cap*) Give up shouting – you're shouting again. (*Slime pushes Cyril's arm away again and Cyril again catches Cecil in face with his cap. Cecil fed up moves round to other side of lawyer*).**Slime** Listen, my master the Ogre wants the Princess Marigold. You must kidnap her.

- Both** Oh no! No! No! No! (*repeated ad lib and then fade out*)
- Slime** (*With dramatic gesture*) Yes! (*Swings arm back and catches Cecil in face with hand. Grabbing them both by scruff of neck*) Oh yes. (*Pushing them out and pulling back in time with the lines*) Yes – yes – yes. (*Hauling them up*) Or you’re in a mess. (*Dropping them in a heap, crouching over them*) Either the Princess meets the Ogre or you do. - Who is it to be?
- Both** (*Rise and look at each other and gulp together*) The Princess.
- Slime** (*Cross left*) Disguise yourselves, enter the Royal Palace and kidnap the Princess.
- Cyril** Will it be alright?
- Slime** It had better be alright, brothers Wheatmeal, or you’ll soon be shredded Wheatmeal. (*Exit Slime with evil laugh to lawyer (27) music*)
- Cecil** Now remember, we’re going incognito.
- Cyril** I thought we were going in the Palace.
- Cecil** Incognito. You have to change your name.
- Cyril** Alright then, call me Freda.
- Cecil** Oh, come on. (*They exit left*)
- (*Incidental music as lights dim a little Enter Colin and Cat right. Colin has stick and bundle over shoulder. He is tired*) (28)
- Colin** Come on, Whiskers. Put your best foot forward. What’s that? You’ve been putting it forward all day. Now look here, we’re going to find fame and fortune. It’ll take us a long, long time at the rate you’re going. (*Cat indicates he’s tired*) Alright – you’re tired. I’ll make a deal with you. You rest and I’ll go down to the stream to see if I can catch a fish. (*Cat settles down. Colin kneels and strokes cat’s head*)
- Colin** Shh! Shh! (*Ad lib until Cat goes to sleep*) I think he’s asleep. (*Tiptoes off. Before he reaches exit Cat wakes up and meows*). You should be asleep. (*Cat meows*) What’s that you say? You think you could sleep if everybody went “Shh!!” Well alright – let’s try it. You’ll all help me won’t you? (*Enlist audience aid*)
- All** Shh! Shh! (*Ad lib*) He’s fast asleep. (*Exit Colin on tip-toe left*) (*Incidental music – Enter Fairy*) (29)
- Fairy** Once in every life time a mortal needs a Good Fairy. I am that good fairy. Colin the Miller’s son has been grievously wronged and is

- deserving of my help. This humble cat shall have a hero's part to play. Poor sleeping Whiskers, my fairy powers shall reach your master Colin, through you. The fates decreed that you should break your journey here. (*Goes to rocks and picks up boots from behind*) To help you in your task, I offer these magic boots. Henceforth you will be no ordinary cat, but a Puss, in boots. (*Fairy places boots beside sleeping cat and exits after passing her wand over him. Cat music – cat wakes, stretches and does double take on boots* (30) *Picks one up, examines it. Tries it on head, puzzled, then nods head as if he understands then tries boots on front paws. Then tries boot on back foot but only puts it half on and hobbles. Shows annoyance and throws boot across stage, it falls at Colin's feet as he enters left*)
- Colin** Hold on! What have I done to deserve that? There's no fish in the stream today but that's not my fault. (*Cat walks awkwardly to Colin with a boot on one foot*) You've found a pair of boots. (*Cat stamps leg with boot half on*) Want to try them on? Alright then. Anything for a quiet life. (*Colin looking at boot he's still holding*) A jolly good pair of boots. (*Cat snatches it*) Alright, alright, I wasn't going to take them. Let's put them on properly for you. (*Sits cat by rock right and does so. Cat in boots stands and stamps feet, flings arms and shouts "Master" – shouted by Puss behind rock – Flash -* (31) *chord of music. Cat disappears behind rock with boots still on and Puss has emerged from behind rock in his place in same stance and position and wearing identical boots*)
- Puss** Well, how do I look, Master? (*Bows*)
- Colin** Whiskers – am I dreaming? Don't tell me you can talk!
- Puss** Oh, yes I can. That's what the magic boots have done for me. From now on you must call me "Puss in Boots". (*Legs apart. Indicate feet*)
- Colin** I see. Puss - in Boots.
- Puss** That's right. That's the name the Fairy gave me.
- Colin** A Fairy. So that's how you came by the boots. Oh, Puss, How clever you are. I wish a Fairy would give me some magic boots.
- Puss** I was given the boots so I could help you. The Fairy knew I was a clever cat.
- Colin** Somehow I feel our luck has changed.
- Puss** Then what are we waiting for?
- Colin** First I must keep my appointment with the Princess. Problem number one, how do we get inside the palace grounds?

Puss Master, I have a plan.

Colin Lead on then. It certainly was my lucky day when I became master of such a clever cat.

*(Cue for bright number. Colin and Puss off to the palace. (32)
Near end of number with the two at one side of the stage, tabs half open to reveal palace gates at centre. Dancers are seen as soldiers on guard upstage of gate.*

At the end of music 32 and over the intro to 33 Colin walks (33) to gate and attempts to enter but is barred. Mimes to Puss that he can't get in. Puss approaches guards, mimes brief explanations. They salute and open up for the two to pass through. Puss cheekily turns to inspect and adjusts uniform of one of the guards. Gates struck as tabs open fully and are pulled off with Tabs trailing them.

(NO BLACKOUT AT END OF SCENE)

Scene 3

Full set

The Palace Grounds

*(Military routine for Guards with Colin and Puss taking part. (33)
Exit dancers at end of number leaving Colin and Puss on stage
saluting each other)*

Colin If that doesn't beat everything. There was I puzzling how to get into the palace – whether to climb over the wall – crawl under the hedge or dodge past the sentry. And what happens, Puss? – You calmly walk up to the sentry, he salutes you, and we're inside. How did you do it?

Puss Simple. I told him you were the Marquis de Carabas.

Colin You told him I was who?

Puss The Marquis de Carabas.

Colin Who's he?

Puss You.

Colin I wish I was.

Puss You are master. Believe me, you are the Marquis de Carabas.

Colin Alright then Puss, I am, if it will please you.

Puss It pleases me alright, but more important it pleases you. You're in the palace, are you not?

Colin I certainly am. Now to find the Princess.

Puss I'll look in this direction, you look over there, but remember, if you're challenged, you're the Marquis de Carabas.

Colin I'll remember that, but what about you, Puss?

Puss I'll look after myself master. I'm such a clever cat. *(They exit, Puss left, Colin down right)*

*(Royal Martial music starts. Enter King up right in Guard's uniform, bearskin hat and banging big drum. Then enters Queen. (34)
If possible she is riding Panto horse side-saddle. Otherwise she is leading the horse on. She is dressed in ceremonial trouping the colour uniform. Gives royal wave as she enters but falls off)*

Queen Hello subjects.

- Audience** Hello objects. (*King bangs drum again*)
- Queen** Give up banging that flippin' drum. My head's fair throbbing and my cockade's drooping.
- King** Haven't you enjoyed yourself then?
- Queen** I have not. Next year you can troop the flippin' colour. I don't like having two birthdays a year, a real one and an official one. Folks are beginning to think I'm 98. I just don't believe that every June, you get a boil where you say you do. Help me up, I feel such a fool.
(*King helps Queen up. Horse gives a sigh, shudders and collapses facing left*)
- Queen** That horse shouldn't be tired. It stopped every five yards. Where did you get it from?
- King** I borrowed it from a milkman. He calls it Napoleon.
- Queen** I'm not surprised. It's got some boney parts. (*Horse suddenly springs up, gallops furiously around and collapses again facing left*)
- King** He's been doped. He used to be a race-horse, you know. Last time out he started at ten to one.
- Queen** Did he finish?
- King** Yes, at quarter to three. (*Horse rises*)
- Queen** Anyway, you're riding him next time so you might as well make friends. Stroke him. (*King goes reluctantly to horse's head but it has turned its backside to him – he strokes its backside*)
- Queen** You see. He doesn't bite.
- King** I know he doesn't at this end. (*King has turned to Queen to say this. King and horse have backs to each other. Horse kicks King, Queen laughs. Horse turns away left*)
- King** Who did that? Who was that? (*To audience*) Who?
- Audience** The horse. Napoleon.
- King** Who? (*Repeat with audience. Prancing to horse*) Naughty, naughty, naughty. (*Horse stamps on King's foot. King threatens horse*)
- Queen** Come on. We've got to groom him.
- King** Groom him! I'll shoot him.

- Queen** *(Indignantly)* I beg your pardon. *(Boldly like a feed line)*
- King** That's alright. I thought it was the horse.
- Queen** Comb his mane.
- King** Comb his mane what?
- Queen** Comb what's there. *(King starts combing horse's tail)*
- Queen** That's not its mane. That's its tail.
- King** It's his main tail. Hey, if a horse's head points north where would its tail be pointing?
- Queen** South, of course.
- King** No, to the ground. *(Laughs)* I've finished. *(Turns back on horse. Horse kicks King again with rear legs and faces right)*
- King** Who did that?
- Audience** The horse.
- King** *(Prancing to horse)* Naughty, naughty, naughty. *(Moves to come away. Horse sticks out one of its front legs and trips King. King threatens horse)*
- Queen** Now clean his shoes.
- King** He's still got them on.
- Queen** Fool. They don't come off. Hup! *(Horse lifts one of rear feet)*
There you are.
- King** Brush his shoe. *(Does so)* There we are. Finished. *(Turns his back on horse again and is kicked again).*
- King** Who did that?
- Audience** The horse.
- Queen** Oh no it didn't.
- Audience** Oh yes it did. *(Repeat once more)*
- King** *(Prancing to horse)* Naughty, naughty, naughty. *(Moves to come away. Makes a point of avoiding front legs of horse, but is then tripped by back legs. King threatens horse)*

- Queen** We've finished his toilet. Powder him off.
- King** *(Obtains powder from wings) Powder! (Said each time he applies powder. First to horse's face, under horse's "arms" – front legs which it lifts, bottom and finally tail to siren whistle sound. King turns back on horse. Horse kicks him again. He gets all powder on his face)*
- King** I'm fed up.
- Queen** He looks lovely. He's a jumper you know.
- King** He looks more like a cardigan to me.
- Queen** You parade him round and I'll put a jump for him. *(Queen puts very small jump down in horse's path) Ready. (Drum roll) Go. (Horse runs to jump. Front part stops at jump, back part fails to stop. Horse is concertinaed up, hunched up in the middle)*
- Queen** Come on, Napoleon. It's only a little jump. *(Horse backs away, faces front and shakes head)*
- Queen** Now look. When I nod my head like this, it means you've to jump. *(Horse shakes head quickly)*
- King** And when he shakes his head like that, it means he isn't going to .
- Queen** I bet he will jump for a lump of sugar. *(Horse bangs foot twice)*
- King** He says he will for two.
- Queen** Boys and girls, shall we give him two lumps of sugar?
- Audience** Yes.
- Queen** Right. *(To horse) There you are. Now, Icky, get him in position again. Are you ready? (Drum roll) Go. (Horse stops at jump, then to sound effects puts left, then right front legs very deliberately over jump, one at a time)*
- King and Queen** *(Urging horse on) Come on. (Horse's back legs go down twice for spring off. Horse's head looks round at back legs and gives 'come on'. Back steps over fence. Horse bows)*
- Queen** *(Taking fence off stage)I'm fighting a losing battle. You both want smartening up. Chest out, shoulders back, stomach in. (Queen joins King and horse in line up) January, February, March (They do slick marching routine to music "When the Guards are on Parade" (35) involving horse marching concertinaed up, back legs alongside front legs and any other eccentric steps. Exit left at end of number)*

(Gavotte music for stately slow entrance right of Cecil and Cyril disguised as footmen. Cross centre. Cyril has three legs) (36)

- Cecil** *(Without looking at Cyril)* I feel as big a fool as I look. Just a minute, there's something strange about you.
- Cyril** I don't think so.
- Cecil** Of course there is, you've got three legs.
- Cyril** Oh that. My father came from the Isle of Man.
- Cecil** Isn't it a bit of a handicap having three legs?
- Cyril** No, it's an advantage. The other two don't get tired as quick. And I'm competing in the next Olympics.
- Cecil** What event?
- Cyril** The three-legged race.
- Cecil** I should never have asked. How did you get this job as a footman?
- Cyril** I applied a few years ago when I was a little lad and they told me to come back when I'd grown another foot. *(Pause)* And there it is.
- Cecil** Oh get rid of it – give it to me. *(Cyril does so and Cecil stands leg between them holding it)*
- Cecil** Now listen, when the Princess appears –
- Cyril** Excuse me. *(Bends down to false leg)*
- Cecil** What are you doing?
- Cyril** Just pulling my stocking up. I don't want to catch cold.
- Cecil** When the Princess appears, all we have to do –
- Cyril** Excuse me. *(Bends down to false leg)*
- Cecil** What are you doing now?
- Cyril** My leg tickles.
- Cecil** You are not helping me at all. Put your best foot forward. *(Cyril takes leg and puts it forward)*

- Cecil** *(Exasperated, moving away and face left sideways)* Try and help. Show a leg. *(Cyril swings false leg up between Cecil's legs. Cecil suddenly as he faces front holding leg, looking off)* It's the Princess. Now's our chance to kidnap her. Let's hide. Walk this way or you'll be in trouble. *(He walks to hide in wings up left –uncomfortable comic walk as he still has false leg between his legs)*
- Cyril** If I walk that way, we'll both be in trouble. *(Exit Cyril into wings, also hiding. Enter Marigold right)*
- Marigold** What a fool I was to arrange to meet Colin in the palace grounds. Even if he is lucky enough to gain entrance, he's bound to be stopped by the guard before he gets a chance to speak to me. I wonder if there is any sign of him. *(Moving around. Cecil and Cyril emerge from hiding. False leg is now discarded)*
- Cecil** Your Highness, may we be of assistance?
- Cyril** Or failing that, could we help you?
- Marigold** I should think it most unlikely.
- Cecil** We could take you straight to Colin. We know him rather well you see. *(They laugh)*
- Marigold** Thank you, I don't need your help.
- Cecil** Don't you, well we insist on assisting. *(Cross to right of her)*
- Cyril** *(Crossing to left of her)* And when he's insistent, I'm his chief assistant.
- Cecil** Come with us.
- Marigold** No. *(Getting frightened)*
- Cecil** We never take no for an answer. *(They grab her and drag her away upstage screaming. Enter Puss left)*
- Puss** Master! Master! *(He grapples with Cecil and Cyril the best he can. They throw Puss to the ground right of centre)*
- Colin** *(Off stage right)* Puss, where are you?
- Cecil** Reinforcements. Run for it. *(Exit Cecil and Cyril in a panic without Marigold)*
- Colin** *(Enter Colin right)* What's going on here? *(Crosses to Marigold)* Princess, tell me what happened.

- Marigold** Oh, Colin. (*Sobs on his shoulder*) Thank goodness you're here.
- Colin** (*To Puss*) What's going on?
- Puss** (*Raising himself and panting*) Two scoundrels masquerading as footmen attacked the Princess.
- Colin** A good thing you were on the scene so quickly. Princess may I introduce my good friend Puss in Boots.
- Puss** Your servant, Ma'am. (*Bows*)
- Marigold** And my friend. You may both have saved my life.
- Colin** From now on, if your life is at risk, I will always guard it with my own.
- Marigold** My father would not hear of that. We have the palace guard.
- Colin** But the idea is not unattractive to your highness?
- Marigold** You only have my father to persuade.
- Puss** Leave it to me master. I shall arrange an audience for you with the King and Queen. I'm such a clever cat. (*Exit Puss right*)
- Marigold** Dear Colin, you've no idea how I've looked forward to this moment.
- Colin** A moment is but a heartbeat in time. Dare I hope that our hearts will beat in time from this moment on. (*Cue for duet. Colin and Marigold exit left at end of number*) (*Enter Wilberforce right and stops at left of centre*)
- Wilberforce** Your majesties! your majesties! your majesties! (*then notices they are not there*)

(*Enter King and Queen right*)
- King** Hello subjects.
- Audience** Hello objects.
- Queen** Whatever is it?
- Wilberforce** A visitor for your majesties. A quadruped seeks an audience.
- King** We've got no time for foreigners.
- Queen** A quadruped's not a foreigner. It's a – (*To Wilberforce*) What is it?

- Wilberforce** A cat.
- Queen** Show it in then (*double take*) – a cat?
- Wilberforce** A cat. It asked particularly to see your majesties.
- Queen** Asked? A cat that talks. He’s a fruit and nut case.
- Wilberforce** This cat is a most well mannered cat.
- King** Oh well, if it’s house trained show it in.
- Wilberforce** Very well. I shall summon the cat. By name, Puss in Boots. (*Exit right Wilberforce*)
- Queen** Well I’ve heard of cats called Blackie, Ginger, Whitie, Tiddles – but what did they call this cat?
- King** Puss in Sandals.
- Queen** No, no, Puss in Slippers.
- King** No.
- Both** Boots, boots. Puss in Boots. (*Enter Puss right. He is carrying two dead pheasants*)
- Puss** Good day, your majesty.
- Queen** Good day. (*Looks at Puss and re-acts*). It is, it’s a talking cat.
- Puss** I bring greetings from my master. His card.
- King** (*Reading card*) The Markwiss of Kerrabas.
- Queen** Let me have a look. (*Takes card*) Marquis de Carabas. (*Said correctly but exaggerated*)
- King** (*Repeats name even more exaggerated*)
- Puss** I bring greetings from my master and pay his respects to your majesties.
- King** Thank you very much. Do you know you’re holding two dead hens?
- Puss** Please accept this humble gift of two plump pheasants for the royal supper from the Marquis.
- King** (*Takes them and thanks him like a child taught to do so*) Thank you.

- Puss** The Marquis de Carabas is fabulously rich. The wealthiest landowner in the country. (*King and Queen re-act*) He wishes to further his acquaintance with you.
- King** And the further the better.
- Queen** And the sooner the better.
- Puss** I shall arrange for him to pay his respects in person.
- King** (*Crossing to Puss*) Just before you go, I'd like to ask you something. I watch a lot of television, could I ask you a personal question. Do you mind telling me – are you Tom or Jerry?
- Queen** Shut up! (*Puss ignores King and crosses to Queen*)
- Puss** Madam – may I take your hand – (*starts to do so*)
- Queen** Watch your claws.
- Puss** (*Taking Queen's hand*) It is indeed a pleasure, nay may I say honour –
- Queen** You may say honour.
- King** May I say honour?
- Queen** If you like.
- King** Alright then 'honour'.
- Puss** To be in the presence of such charm. (*still holding hand*)
- Queen** Charm!
- Puss** Dignity.
- Queen** Dignity!
- Puss** And beauty.
- Queen** Aahh! Beauty runs in our family.
- King** It must have galloped past you then.
- Queen** (*Loosens her hand and crosses to King*) You've spoilt it now. Whoever heard of beauty galloping?
- King** Black Beauty.

- Queen** Shut up. (*Last three speeches King and Queen argue ad lib*)
- Puss** (*Aside*) The King and Queen are on my side and luck is with me. What more could I ask for?
- Queen** Excuse me, but would you like to join us for a little stroll?
- Puss** By all means.
- King** No, by the river. (*Short number 'Strollin' type King, Queen and Puss exit left at end of number*) (38)

BLACKOUT

End of sample script.