

NODA Pantomimes

Present

Puss in Boots

**An original take on a fairy story
littered with cat jokes!**

By

Rob Fearn & Leo Appleton

©2016

This script is published by

NODA LTD
15 The Metro Centre
Peterborough PE2 7UH
Telephone: 01733 374790
Fax: 01733 237286
Email: info@noda.org.uk
www.noda.org.uk

To whom all enquiries regarding purchase of further scripts and current royalty rates should be addressed.

CONDITIONS

1. A Licence, obtainable only from NODA Ltd, must be acquired for every public or private performance of a NODA script and the appropriate royalty paid : if extra performances are arranged after a Licence has already been issued, it is essential that NODA Ltd be informed immediately and the appropriate royalty paid, whereupon an amended Licence will be issued.
2. The availability of this script does not imply that it is automatically available for private or public performance, and NODA Ltd reserve the right to refuse to issue a Licence to Perform, for whatever reason. Therefore a Licence should always be obtained before any rehearsals start.
3. All NODA scripts are fully protected by copyright acts. Under no circumstances may they be reproduced by photocopying or any other means, either in whole or in part, without the written permission of the publishers
4. The Licence referred to above only relates to live performances of this script. A separate Licence is required for videotaping or sound recording of a NODA script, which will be issued on receipt of the appropriate fee.
5. NODA works must be played in accordance with the script and no alterations, additions or cuts should be made without the prior consent from NODA Ltd. This restriction does not apply to minor changes in dialogue, strictly local or topical gags and, where permitted in the script, musical and dancing numbers.
6. The name of the author shall be stated on all publicity, programmes etc. The programme credits shall state 'Script provided by NODA Ltd, Peterborough PE2 7UH'

NODA LIMITED is the trading arm of the NATIONAL OPERATIC & DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, a registered charity devoted to the encouragement of amateur theatre.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.
www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

Welcome to Robleo Productions!

Welcome to the third pantomime written by us, Rob Fearn and Leo Appleton. Another great story for the young and young at heart given a refreshing make over and hopefully one you will enjoy putting on.

Our previous two stories along with this one have now all been performed in local theatres to some acclaim. With our many years experience of treading the boards at an amateur level we are hopeful that we continue to deliver what you are looking for in a panto script.

All the original Puss in Boots characters are in and should provide you with many opportunities to style your production as you wish and although we like our words and stage direction we also understand the need to tailor scripts to performers, their settings and locations. So, it can be grand and lavish with a fantastic set and all the magic tricks you need to perform the show or it can be done simply on a Parish Hall stage with limited funds and space. This script should suit both and is scalable either way.

Again, much fun has been had writing it and far more jokes have been excluded than included (material hopefully for future shows). We have suggested places for songs and chorus numbers which you can use as you please.

Whatever you do with it we sincerely hope you enjoy it.

Thanks

Rob & Leo

Previous Panto Scripts

Cinderella

A Christmas Carol

Characters in order of appearance

Courtier 1 (Male or female)

Courtier 2 (Male or female)

Courtier 3 (Male or female)

King Charlemagne (Male)

Arnie (*Male or female if prepared to dress up. Ogre's henchmen. A bit slow but eventually likeable*).

Rambo (*Male or female as above for Arnie, as he is his sidekick*).

Princess Rene (*Female heroine of the piece. Sweet and loving. Should be able to sing and act. Name should be pronounced as the French, Rennay*).

Princess Antoinette (*Male or female. This is the ugly sister role so whoever takes this role should be happy that they won't be good looking and will have all the over the top costumes*).

Princess Maisonette (*As above for Antoinette*).

Hero (*Male or suitably attired female. Lots of posturing for their moment in the spotlight*).

Queen Nicole (*Female. Nice little part. Not too demanding and with some comic lines, should also be able to sing*).

Lord Chamberlain (*Male. Pompous*).

Father (*Male. Comic role. Only appears in one scene early on so could double with other parts if necessary*).

Randolph (*Male comic role. As for Father*).

Tristen (*Male comic role. As for Father*).

Alf (*Male, the hero of the piece. A bit dim but wins through in the end. Should be able to act with comic timing and sing. Gets the girl in the end*).

Puss in Boots (*Male or female. Should be played with lots of swagger. Puss is a real clever clogs with plenty of wisecracks and just a bit of magic*).

Cat Warden (*Male or female. The 'behind you' gag. Chases Puss in Boots trying to catch him*).

Chorus 1 (*Male or female. Small parts*).

Chorus 2 (*Male or female. As for Chorus 1*).

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

Ogre (*This villain can be either male or female, short or tall. Quite a big part but doesn't appear until well into the show. Should be played as a real villain so needs to be able to act and sing or at least deliver a song*).

Guard 1 (*Male or female. Small part suitable to double with a member of the chorus*).

Guard 2 (*Male or female. As for Guard 1*).

ACT 1

Scene 1

(The curtains open on the Court which should be full stage. All the courtiers are there with King and Queen, the three princesses and Lord Chamberlain. There is an active discussion about the Ogre and what they need to do to get rid of him, some general hubbub. He has been eating some of the town's folk but now has turned his attention to the courtiers).

Courtier 1 Honestly, he's a beast. I saw him the other day he picked up this poor man from *(local town)* and swallowed him whole. But now he's gone too far he is eating the *(local town)* people as well, apparently he says we're better for him, taste like chicken. He must be slain! *(All courtiers agree)*

(Again, some general agreement with that statement, oh yes we do, I eat a lot of chicken you know, I do to, oh yes etc. etc.)

Courtier 2 *(Thought)*. My wife thinks she's a chicken you know.

Courtier 3 How long has she been like that?

Courtier 2 About two years.

Courtier 3 Well, why haven't you taken her to see a doctor?

Courtier 2 We need the eggs!

King *(Cutting in)*. Enough of this inane chatter.

Antoinette *(Full of meaning)*. Yes! What we need is a real man to sort out this beast!

Maisonette No no, Antoinette. Two real men!

Antoinette Ooh yes it would take at least two.

Maisonette Possibly four or five!

Rene Sisters! Four or five? What for?

Antoinette No, five.

Maisonette *(Adds almost dream like)*. Yes five.

King We're not looking for husbands, well not at the moment. Do we have anyone here brave enough to take on this Ogre? Bearing in mind he has the power to change into any animal he wishes.

Rene What we need is a hero!

Song here about a hero.

(Song ends and a 'hero' appears dressed up with a shield and sword hamming up this part well and truly).

Hero Did someone call for a hero. *(He thrusts out his jaw and strikes a pose).*

All Yes!

(The women all swoon and some of the men can as well with great drama).

Hero I understand you're having ogre troubles.

All Yes, yes!

Hero And you need someone to slay him?

All Yes, yes, yes!

Hero Then look no further, leave him to me.

(Hero rushes off into wings and the sound of a great battle can be heard augmented by sound effects. Hero does a lot of shouting and the ogre roars a bit. Looking into the wings the chorus give a commentary on the different animals they see).

Courtier 1 Oh no he's become a tiger.

(Sound effect of a roar).

Courtier 2 Now an eagle!

(Sound effect of a big bird call).

Courtier 3 Now an elephant!

(Sound effect of an elephant trumpet).

Sounds of swords clashing and sounds of different animals are heard. All the chorus are watching this off stage and flinching and reacting to the action almost as if they were watching a tennis match. Then there is a sound of a big GULP and everyone reacts 'Eeeoow' and his shield gets thrown onto the stage and again the chorus react with a deflated OHHHhh!).

Queen *(To King).* He didn't even chew!

King No manners! *(He looks around the gathered throng)*. Anybody else fancy having a go? *(Looking at the chorus)* What about you, or you, or you. *(They flinch when he looks at them and they all start drifting off in case they get coerced into facing the monster. All the chorus finally exit)*. I thought not.

Lord Chamberlain Well my lord its back to the drawing board I'm afraid.

(Blackout).

(Curtains).

(End scene).

Scene 2

(Front of tabs. Set is a bed on which the father is dying; his three sons are standing around him. Randolph is stupid and feckless, Tristen is mean, selfish and lazy, Alf is loving, hardworking but not overly bright. Prop required is a bag of money which is hidden behind the bed).

Father *(In a weak and frail voice)*. Randolph, Tristen, Alf, come closer my three sons so I can see you. It's good to have you together, here with me in these my final hours, for I don't think I will see dawn.

Randolph *(To audience)*. Who's Dawn? She better not want a share of our inheritance.

Father I've had good life boys, made my fortune, worked hard. *(Suddenly looks into the distance and appears afraid)*. Oh no there it is again.

Tristen *(Concerned)*. What is it Father?

Father The bright light son, it's calling me.

Randolph Bright light?

Father: The light, I want to go towards it.

Tristen: *(Starting to get little hysterical)* Don't go near it Father.

Father: It's getting closer son, I feel I'm moving towards it.

Randolph: *(Getting more hysterical)* Don't go any farther Father. *(Looks quizzically towards the audience at what he has just said)*.

Father I'm going to a better place son.

Randolph What, *(Local town renowned for being 'posh')*?

(Father slumps back).

Tristen He's gone brothers.

Alf *(In a stage whisper. He's not the sharpest knife in the drawer)* No, I can still see him.

Tristen No, I mean he will be at peace now.

Alf *(Still not sure).* So you're leaving then?

Tristen and Randolph *(Speaking louder to Alf).* No! He's dead!

(They all turn as if to console each other and then jump when Father speaks again).

Father No need to shout. Oops, my mistake it must have been that big spotlight. Who's the idiot manning it I thought it was the end?

Randolph *(An aside to the audience).* No, we still have another fifty pages of this drivel.

Father But before I do go, *(to audience)* and I really am going soon, *(to sons)* I have two things left to do. You know boys I've accumulated a great deal of wealth in my life, I've worked hard and I never shirked my responsibilities. So first, I want to leave you with a bit of good advice. Never steal, the Government hates competition and always borrow money from a pessimist, they don't expect it back. But now I want to give you three boys something. The most precious thing to me in the whole world is *(voice starts failing again)*, my ca..... *(voice trails off)*

Tristen Did he say cash?

Randolph *(Not quite sure).* No, I think he said cat.

(They all agree with him).

Tristen *(To audience knowingly).* It would be terrible if he got those two mixed up wouldn't it. I mean imagine the problems such a little confusion could create.

Father *(Recovers again and addresses each son in turn).* You need to remember in this life you get what you deserve, so Tristen of the many words that have been used to describe you honest, hardworking and reliable were not amongst them. You have been lazy and bone idle since the day you were born, so in keeping with your habit of not getting up in the morning, I'm leaving you my bed.

(Tristen seems happy with this and might stroke the bed).

Father Randolph, everything you have touched has amounted to nothing, you could make a sow's ear out of a silk purse, so you need something you simply cannot make any worse, Blackpool Football Club. (*Or another such club that has not done well*).

Randolph (*The following can of course be any football club*). Not Blackpool! Fleetwood, Preston, Wren Rovers, anything but Blackpool! (*Randolph quietly sobs into a big hanky, the nose blowing gag*).

Father Alf, my precious and dutiful son, you have worked hard and are loyal, loving and so you my favourite son, (*his voice trails off again*) you get my ca.....

Tristen (*To audience*). He definitely said cat that time.

Alf (*Hesitantly*). No he didn't! I'm sure he said cash.

(*To audience, Oh yes he did, Oh no he didn't et al. When this is exhausted back to the script*).

Tristen (*Whispers to his father*). Father, I know you're a little busy at the moment with your dying, but could you clarify just one tiny little point for us, did you say %cat+or %cash+?

Father The light it's so bright now, this is it boys, I'm fading, (*drags this out*) going, going, gone. (*Collapses for a second and then suddenly sits up very sprightly*) and I said (*spells it out*) Cō Aō . (*he dies*) Ugh!

Tristen (*Smugly*). Sorry brothers but he definitely said cat, besides the bed that he gave me is where he hid all his cash. (*Pulls a big bag of money out from under the mattress*). So, looks like I am a wealthy man. Bye bye and that's what I intend to do, buy buy! See you later.

(*Tristen exits*).

(*Randolph is looking disconsolate with his hat and speaks to Alf in a pointed way. All the following needs to be made relevant to a local club and if not suitable should be adjusted accordingly. There is always one isn't there?*).

Randolph (*Speaking in a knowing way*). Talking about a general football club, not any specific one, it could be any club I'm talking about, how the heck do you make any money out of that?

Alf (*Disconsolate with head in hands*). Well, one way would be to invest the gate receipts, any TV money and parachute payments in hotels and properties, run the club into the ground, don't buy any expensive players, ignore the fans, then sell the stadium to yourself at a knock down price to build a car park and exclusive flats. But what do I know?

Randolph (*Cheering up*). Thanks bro. Later!

(Randolph exits).

(Puss In Boots (PIB) enters at first on all fours licking it's paws and looking very aloof and cat like).

Alf (*To audience. He hasn't seen PIB*) A cat! He left me a measly, moth eared, moggy! (*PIB is stroking its ears at this point*). That's all I get for all my years of hard work and devotion, a puss. (*Resignedly*). Oh well, I started out with nothing and I still have most of it. (*Alf sits down head in hands and is oblivious to PIBs next bit*).

(PIB stands up and starts talking to the audience).

PIB (*To audience*) That's better. (*Stretches a bit as it stands up*). I don't know how they scabble around on all fours like that. (*Looking at Alf*). Look at him. Looks like someone is feline disappointed, do you get it feline, feeling. Oh come on, even Simple Simon got that. What Alf doesn't realise is I am not an ordinary cat, No I am not! I am a walking, talking cat. (*Preens himself with pride*). I love the look on people's faces when they first hear me talk. They expect a meow or perhaps a purr but not a full blown conversation. Why, just the other day I scared a chemist half to death by ordering my own prescription for (*embarrassed so covers his mouth so he can only just be heard*) flea powder. Oh my word+she shouted we will not allow a puss in boots+ (*Laughs at his own joke*). No, seriously though, I do have a problem. How do I break the news of my talking, without Alf having a heart attack? He's of a very delicate disposition. I need to be subtle; maybe drop in the odd word here and there so he thinks I am gradually learning to talk. Yes, slowly does it, that's the way.

(PIB walks over to where Alf is and sits on his knee. Alf absent mindedly strokes PIB who purrs for a few seconds then...)

I say that's nice, lovely, a bit to the left, yes just there behind the ear, perfect, I could sit like this all day.

(Alf takes a few moments to realise what has just happened, he jumps up. PIB falls to the floor and he stares down at PIB.)

Alf What?

PIB (*Looking up at Alf*). Meow?

Alf You just spoke!

PIB No I didn't.

Alf See, you're doing it again.

PIB No I am not, (*pause*), meow.

Alf (To audience). I'm going crazy, that's the only explanation. I have lost my mind through the grief of losing my father.

PIB Ok, Ok, you win. (Getting up). The cat's out of the bag. (Laughs at self). I can talk.

Alf But how, why, what, where?

PIB (Solemnly). Alf, there's something else you need to know. (Excitedly). I can sing as well. (Music strikes up and PIB goes into 'What's new pussycat whoaaaaa') What's new pussycat whoaaaa etc.

Alf I need to get out of here and clear my head, this can't really be happening.

(Alf exits looking flustered).

PIB (Watches Alf leave then to audience). Was it something I said? It was my singing wasn't it, I thought so, next time I need to warm up, perhaps under someone's window, that always does the trick. (Mock singing warm up in a false operatic tone and then breaks into a cat meow at the end) mee, mee mee mee meee-owww. (Shocked look on PIB's face).

(PIB draws the audience in).

Now, I need to tell you about something scary. There's this cat warden, he is wearing a (Gives a description so they know who it is when he / she comes on), and he keeps trying to kidnap me or in my case catnap. (Getting back to the story). Anyway if you see him it means I'm in danger and I want you to sing 'What's new pussycat whoaaaaa' to warn me he's about. Do you think you can do it? (Audience reaction). You're very sure of yourselves aren't you, well let's give it a go then. I'll stand here and you pretend you have seen the cat warden when I say go. (Cat Warden (CW) appears behind PIB, they all start singing and shouting). No, not yet, I haven't said it yet. Look, you can't just point and shout you have to sing. What! He's really behind me.

(PIB goes left no sign of him, goes right no sign of him – perhaps a little ad lib with the audience then CW taps PIB on the shoulder and he runs off closely followed by CW).

PIB: Aaaaagh!

(PIB Exits).

(End scene).

(Close curtains).

SCENE 3

(This is in front of tabs and CW re appears. The audience should start their singing. As they respond a sign appears "Thanks").

CW *(Engages the audience)*. You've not seen a cat have you? He's about so high and occasionally so high. *(Indicating height on all fours and then when he stands on two legs)*. Thinks he is oh so clever with his walking and talking. Well, it will take a better cat than him to get the better of me. I've caught them all in my time. Tom, you know from Tom and Jerry, Garfield, I lured him in with a piece of lasagne, easy peasy, it was like taking milk from a kitten, which I quite enjoy actually. I've got some jokes about cats. Well actually, I was just kitten! In fact this whole show is littered with them. Geddit! But you do see some sights though in this job. I once saw a cat swallow a whole ball of wool. Ugghh. I heard later she had mittens! No it's true, it is! And then there was this cat who drank five bowls of milk at once, set a new lap record *(Mimes cat lapping up milk)*. I don't like cats. They are so cool and aloof. They think they are so much better than us. Anyway, I'm going to catch that Puss in Boots if it's the last thing I do. You see if I don't!

(He exits, as PIB comes on from the opposite side looking off the way CW went out. The curtains open onto a full stage to reveal Alf sat disconsolately on a 'wall' by a road with his belongings over his shoulder and a hitchhiker's sign displaying "Jeopardy". He remains oblivious to all that is going on).

PIB *(To audience)*. Phew! *(Mock wipes brow)*. Thanks for warning me I nearly walked in on him. I think he is a frustrated cat lover really don't you. *(Spotting Alf)*. Look, there's my new master. Hello. *(No response from Alf. Repeats his hello but louder)*. I said hello! *(Alf looks up)*. Didn't you see that nasty cat warden, I've had to rely on all my friends out there to stop him pinching me.

Alf Sorry, I was in a world of my own.

PIB *(Aside to audience)*. One where there's plenty of space *(pause)* between the ears! *(Back to Alf)*. What are doing here anyway?

Alf Isn't it obvious, I'm hitchhiking. *(He holds up the sign)*.

PIB I'm a talking cat not a reading cat. Hang on though don't tell me let me have a go, let's see. *(Spells it out)*. J.E.O.P.A.R.D.Y *(pause)* Leighton Buzzard?

Alf Jeopardy, I'm going to jeopardy.

PIB Why?

Alf Well I've heard there are lots of jobs in jeopardy.

PIB *(To audience)*. Hands up all those who saw that one coming. *(Peers out into the audience, then back to the script)*. But, you can't leave without me *(hams this up to get some aahs from the audience)*. What will I do without you? You know a dog is a dog but a Cat is a purrrson. *(Starts rubbing his head against Alf's shoulder purring)*.

Alf You're a talking, singing cat. You don't need me. Why, you could make a fortune in a circus or on the stage.

PIB Funny you should say that as I did once take the lead role in an Andrew Lloyd Webber musical.

Alf Cats?

PIB *(Innocently)*. Evita! Look we are partners, buddies, best mates, we should be sticking together.

(Perhaps a song here for Alf and PIB).

Alf I suppose that we could try it for a while and see how it works out.

PIB Excellent, I knew you'd see sense. Now, I've heard of a kingdom where I am sure we could make our fortunes together.

Alf Ok, what's it called?

PIB Cat - alonia.

Alf Very funny.

PIB Well what about Kat - mandu.

Alf No!

PIB *(Tentatively)*. Purr-eston.

Alf *(No comment just a look of disapproval and a shake of his head)*.

PIB Seriously though, I do know of somewhere we could go, though it makes me shudder to think about it.

Alf Come on then, where is it.

PIB I couldn't possibly go to *(dramatically)* The Isle of Dogs!

Alf Sounds perfect, but actually you don't have to because we're going to Catatonia, so come on!

PIB *(To audience and wipes his brow)*. Phew!

(Blackout).

(Curtains).

(End scene).

Scene 4

(Curtains open onto a full stage in the court. The king enters very irate. He is followed onto the stage by the Lord Chamberlain who is walking meekly behind him, head bowed).

King Lord Chamberlain you promised me this would be resolved. How can I rule a kingdom and keep my subjects loyal if we have a filthy rotten ogre eating them all.

Lord Chamberlain I can see how this may feel a little challenging Your Highness but let's not focus purely on the negatives.

King Not focus on the negatives. But this is a negative situation Lord Chamberlain, how could it be anything else?

Lord Chamberlain Well perhaps, could we not, turn it to our advantage?

King And how do you propose we turn the fact that an ogre is feasting on my subjects into an advantage?

Lord Chamberlain We do have some troublesome subjects Your Highness, some we would quite like to be rid of if the truth be told.

King You are talking about that rabble from, what was that little principality called, oh yes, *(local town or area)*.

Lord Chamberlain Yes sire.

King *(Suddenly interested)*. Ahhh. Continue Lord Chamberlain.

Lord Chamberlain Well sire, we could simply slip some Bisto *(aside to the audience)* other gravy granules are available, *(back to King)* into *(local town or areas)* water supply.

King I like you're thinking Lord Chamberlain, do it on bath night?

Lord Chamberlain Yes Your Highness.

King Which self-respecting ogre would be able to resist that gravy supper. Oh no what am I talking about we are off in the realms of fantasy *(pause to look at audience)*. We need to be rid of this ogre and you promised me it would be sorted out.

Lord Chamberlain Your Highness I did as you requested and recruited the service of the good witch to place a curse on our ogre, but it appears that this has only made him more determined.

King A curse you said, a curse from the good witch would sort him out, that's what you told me. Well what now?

Lord Chamberlain Another curse perhaps?

King And after that, what then, another curse? He would still be eating my subjects only now it would be a three curse dinner.

Lord Chamberlain I see I have failed you Your Highness and the only honourable thing for me to do is resign. *(Takes out paper and starts to write his resignation)*

(Queen Nicole enters she has a few swatches of fabric in her hands).

King *(To Lord Chamberlain)*. Put that away, I refuse your resignation. If you're to leave I at least want the satisfaction of sacking you. No, I want a solution from you Lord Chamberlain and I want it quickly.

Queen My King Charlemagne, this is very serious.

King I know it is my dear Queen *(emphasising the name)* Nicole. I am just discussing it now with the Lord Chamberlain.

Queen So what are we to do?

King You always have good ideas. What do you suggest?

Queen I was thinking that we paint them gold.

King *(Does double take. Lord Chamberlain looks a bit shocked)*. What! Paint them gold?

Lord Chamberlain Paint what gold?

Queen *(Looks frostily at the Lord Chamberlain)*. The doors, they clash with the new drapes I have had made for the emerald room, it is a very serious interior décor faux pas.

King My dear, do you have the slightest idea what we are discussing here, these are important matters of state. This kingdom hangs in the balance and all you can think about is drapes and gold doors. We are battling a vicious beast, and if he is victorious you may well be deciding which colour would go with an ogre.

Queen *(As if really pondering the problem)*. Olive green, with a hint of putrid yellow I think?

King Lord Chamberlain tell me, how many subjects have been eaten this week?

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

Lord Chamberlain None, Your Highness.

King None? Well why all the fuss then, this is the first week this year that we have had no subjects eaten. This is good news, maybe the curse has worked.

Lord Chamberlain Well not quite. You see he hasn't eaten any, but he has taken to biting off bits and then spitting them out, we have a number of farmers who are now without limbs and they are very upset.

King Oh they're armless.

Lord Chamberlain Indeed sire, very droll, but they are holding a meeting in the Kings Head to discuss a revolt.

King (*Amusing himself*). Probably legless then as well.

(Chorus enter in a terrible furore with much noise and shouting 'they'll kill us / they smell / they're ugly, etc etc. and they are running away from something).

Lord Chamberlain What is this? What's happening?

Chorus 1 There are two men to see His Highness. They're quite scary.

(The two henchmen Arnie and Rambo enter. They look at the chorus and indeed everybody else and then Arnie points at the Lord Chamberlain).

Arnie You the king?

(Everybody on stage looks in a state of fright and says nothing. They in turn approach the Queen. Rambo this time points).

Rambo You the king?

(Queen hesitatingly points at the king but they ignore her and approach a member of the chorus).

Arnie & Rambo You the king?

Lord Chamberlain (*Losing his patience*). Oh for goodness sake, try the one with the crown!

(The King steps forward).

King Yes, I am the king now what do you want?

(Trying to sound official and important, possibly speaking a little slower).

Arnie & Rambo We have a message for you

King *(Looks very upbeat and almost pleased. There is some confusion here and the king thinks he is getting a massage).* Lovely, well, I just take off my coat and you can begin. *(Starts to sit or lay down on something).*

Lord Chamberlain *(Aside to the king).* Sire, I believe that's a message not a massage.

King *(Putting his jacket back on).* Oh dear, how embarrassing. Well go on, get on with it then.

Arnie It's a peace offering from the ogre. But he has some terms and conditions.

King *(To the rest of the court as if he has the measure of it all).* Small print hey. Well, at least we will have peace at last. Alright let's hear them then.

Rambo *(Reading as if a proclamation).* I the ogre, of Ogre castle, Ogre street, Ogreville, somewhere ogre the rainbow, offer you a lasting peace ò ò ò

Arnie *(Interjecting and taking the note)* ò ò .on one condition, you give me your daughter the Princess Rene as my bride on her eighteenth birthday.

All Hurraay! *(Big chorus cheer at this they think it's a great idea).*

King What? Never!

All Ohhhhhh. *(Their hopes have been dashed).*

King That is ridiculous. I will not allow my daughter to marry that hideous people eating monster. I mean what would the grandchildren look like for a start? *(Pulls a funny face).*

Chorus 2 *(To the rest of the chorus).* He's got a point!

(Chorus all mumble their agreement).

Rambo *(Carrying on).* In return he promises to spare the whole kingdom.

King I will not accept those terms and I have a message back for you.

Arnie *(Looking at Rambo).* Oh lovely, and on the back as well, just let us take our coats off. *(Pointing now at his back).* I have been having a little trouble with my lower spine if you could focus around there. *(They go to lay down).*

King I said message not massage.

Arnie & Rambo *(Putting their coats back on).* Oh how disappointing.

King You can tell the Ogre that he may not marry the Princess Rene.

(Moves to the front of the stage to deliver his rousing speech. Chorus start drifting off, they have lost interest now he's not going to save them. The King doesn't notice).

You can also tell him that we will not be beaten. *(Becomes statesman like)*. We few, we band of few, we band of brothers; for he today that stands with me shall be my brother. We shall fight him on the beaches, on the fields of which a corner is forever Catatonia. *(Thinks he is rousing the chorus)*. What say you my people, let's fight this hideous ogre!

(Silence. He turns. The chorus have all disappeared).

Arnie *(Starts clapping completely enthralled. Talking to Rambo)*. He's very good isn't he. I hear his Macbeth in Oldham was something to behold!

Rambo *(Giving Arnie a sideways glance but talking to the king)*. He's not going to like that you know.

Arnie *(Still entranced by the king's speech)*. I bet his King Lear's alright too.

Rambo Be quiet! C'mon!

(Both exit. They leave the stage giving each other a quick shoulder rub and grumbling).

King *(Composing himself)*. Lord Chamberlain I need a solution to this ogre problem.

Lord Chamberlain I thought you were going to fight him on St Anne's beach *(or any other local beach)* with your brothers.

King Don't be silly that was just to rouse the spirits. Besides they don't seem too keen on the idea. *(Looks behind him and indicates the now empty space)*. We need a solution? Make it so Lord Chamberlain.

Lord Chamberlain Yes my liege.

(He exits as the Princesses enter).

Rene Father what was all that noise?

King Nothing my dear. *(Kisses them all in turn on their cheeks)*. Just a little state business I needed to attend to.

Rene But father we heard that the ogre had sent some men with a message on foot.

Antoinette Oh lovely! *(Goes to take off shoes excitedly)*. It must be a French massage. *(Repeats what Rene has said but in a French accent)*. A massage en foote.

Maisonette I've not washed my feet in days I can't wait. (*Goes to take her shoes off as well*).

Rene No, sisters! How silly. I said message!

Antoinette & Maisonette Ohhhh! (*Looking very dejected*).

King Well, I suppose I should tell you, as you will soon find out anyway so I am going to break this to you gently. Right my beautiful daughters. (*Daughters shuffle themselves into a line*). Those of you who are not, going to marry an ogre take one step backwards. (*All three take a step back*). Where are you going Rene?

Rene What! (*Sees the injustice of it all*) No Father, I can't! (*Runs off in tears*).

(*Rene exits*).

King (*To Antoinette & Maisonette*). Go and look after your sister (*include if played by men*) will you lads I mean lad-ies, ladies.

(*The two princesses exit*).

(*To the queen who all this while has been matching swatches of fabric and paper as if thinking about decorating*).

King Oh dear oh dear what are we going to do?

Queen You'd think of something you always do.

King I can't possibly let the ogre marry Rene, even when she turns eighteen. To be honest the other two princesses are more useful around the place, you know for DIY, scaring the crows, sorting out pub brawls that sort of thing but, Rene, well she's my, she's my princess. What I need is a ride in the country to clear my head that should do the trick, might give me an opportunity to have a chat with Rene as well, she was so upset.

(*Possible song here for the king or a duet with the queen*).

(*End song*)

(*Blackout, close curtains*).

(*End scene*).

Scene 5

(The curtains open on Alf who is sleeping on the side of the river bank. If necessary, this can be done quite simply with a small piece of scenery to indicate the riverbank and then sound effects for Alf jumping in the river as he goes off stage).

(PIB enters as a cockerel crows).

PIB *(To audience)*. Look at him. He looks much more intelligent when he's asleep. I took the liberty of having a look around whilst he was in the land of nod. I spent a night on the tiles, got chatting to some of the local moggies and well the things I've learned would make your whiskers curl, if you had any that is. *(Pauses to lick his paw and wipes them over his ears)*. It seems that Catatonia is not quite as peaceful and prosperous as I'd hoped, in fact it is being plagued by a giant ogre. The royal family are most upset and a little bird told me the king would be passing this way with his daughter Princess Rene, this very morning. So, I have come up with a master plan to make us rich. *(Goes to Alf's side and whispers)*. Alf. *(No response so he speaks louder)*. Alf! *(Still no response so louder still)*. Alf!! *(Still no response so shouts)*. FIRE!

(Alf jumps up suddenly awake but groggy).

Alf *(Panics)* What, fire, where? *(In his panic he runs off stage and jumps straight into the river (sound effect). PIB, looking off stage stands shaking his head, hands on hips).*

Alf *(From off stage)*. Where's the fire?

PIB *(Hand to mouth as if having to shout)*. You must have been dreaming master, there is no fire. And look at you now, you look like a drowned cat. *(Looks at audience)* dog. You need to climb out and get out of those wet clothes or you'll catch cold. Get behind that bush and hand them to me and I'll wring them out.

(Alf steps onto stage and goes behind a bush and is out of sight when voices and sounds of horses are heard. Alf hands PIB the cloths who looks at them and then towards the voices and it's clear he's had an idea. He throws Alf's clothes deliberately off the other side of the stage).

PIB *(To audience)*. He won't need these anymore. King Charlemagne and his entourage will be here any minute.

(Sound of a horse's neigh. The king enters with Lord Chamberlain and Rene talking amongst themselves. PIB rushes up to the king).

PIB *(As if in a state of panic. He bows to the king)*. Your Highnesses, please, I need your help urgently.

King Lord Chamberlain. Please slap me I believe I'm being spoken to by a cat.

PIB There's no need for that I can explain in a moment but first my master was taking a swim when some thieves stole his clothing. He is stuck behind that bush (*indicates bush*) in nothing but his birthday suit.

King At least he has some clothing then.

Lord Chamberlain No your highness a birthday suit is not an item of clothing it is ò (*Whispers in his ear*).

King It is what?

Lord Chamberlain (*Slightly exasperated*). Sire, it is the suit you were born in.

King I'm sorry Lord Chamberlain but I wasn't born in a suit, I was born completely stark ò . (*penny drops*) Ahh yes, I get you now, very funny. (*Laughing and then sternly*). Walk away Rene. (*Pause for the audience to get it. Rene turns her back on the bush*). Lord Chamberlain run back to the carriage and get the spare cape and tunic from the trunk and some boots for the er er talking cat.

(*Lord Chamberlain exits*).

PIB Thank you Your Highness. Sir Alf of (*starts to purr then realises*) Purr ò oni, er, yes Purroni will be very grateful and a pair of boots for me. (*To audience*). I knew there was something missing.

King (*Musing to himself*). Sir Alf hey, a nobleman. (*Back to PIB*). Well we can't have thieves and vagabonds roaming our land praying on fine upstanding noble gentleman can we. Ripping the poor off is one thing, but the rich, whatever is the world coming to.

(*Lord Chamberlain returns with the cape and tunic and hands them to Alf who is still out of sight behind the bush. He gives PIB a pair of boots. (Alf puts on the cloths and comes out from behind the bush oblivious to what has just happened. PIB puts on the boots)*).

King Sir Alf, we welcome you to Catatonia and I apologise for the ill treatment you have received at the hands of those thieving scoundrels who took your clothing, they must be from (*A local town or place*) it's the only explanation.

(*Alf looks at PIB confused, who in turn gives him a knowing wink and indicates he should just get on with it*).

Alf (*Still not quite sure what has gone on but goes with it*). Tha...thank you, you ò

PIB (*In an aside to Alf*) King Charlemagne.

Alf (*Slightly surprised*). Oh, Your Highness. I am sure that not everyone in your land is as (*sees Rene for the first time and is smitten and moves towards her*) gorgeous, majestic, stunning, õ ..

King Sorry?

Alf (*Hastily pulling himself together*). Er, I'm sure not everyone in your land is as outrageous, sadistic and cunning as those scoundrels. (*To PIB*) Phew!

PIB (*To audience*) Phew indeed!

Rene Father, can I turn around now?

King Yes, sorry my dear. (*He introduces her to Alf*). Rene this is Sir Alf of Purroni (*Rene sees him as she turns and falls instantly in love with Alf. Love Story music plays*).

King (*They start to move off*). Sir Alf, I insist that you come back to the palace at once and we will find you some new clothes befitting your status. (*The king puts a fatherly arm round Alf as they leave*). You must also tell me about him he's quite a fellow (*indicating PIB*) and then about your land and your disposable income?

(*They leave with the king trying to talk to Alf and Alf constantly trying to look at Rene. Lord Chamberlain follows dutifully and PIB is left on stage alone. He steps forward and the tabs close*).

PIB (*To audience*). Well, thank you very much! My brilliant plan, my brilliant execution and then I get forgotten. Well Ok except for the boots but I do deserve some credit and recognition for my part in getting Alf into the royal palace, I feel hurt and betrayed. As soon as Alf saw the Princess Rene I was forgotten. (*Elicits sympathy from the audience. They should ahhh*).

(*The Cat Warden enters, sneaking up to PIB. Audience should sing 'What's New Pussy Cat' and PIB responds*).

PIB: (*PIB joins in singing*). ' **What's new Pussycat whoaoowhoa**'

I love that song. How kind of you to sing it for me. I usually use it as a warning. (*Remembers*). Hang on, is that why you're singing it? I've already told you to sing it haven't I? I am a daft puss. Is that cat warden sneaking up on me? (*Turns to run but goes right into the arms of Cat Warden*).

CW Ha haaa! Got you!

PIB (*Pauses for a second and begins rubbing himself against the warden's face, cat like*). Meooow!

CW Aaaaaaa Tishooooooo (*Cat Warden does a giant sneeze and releases PIB who races of the stage*).

PIB (*As he runs off*). Sir Alf wait for me, I'm coming.

Cat Warden This flippingcat allergy. Has anyone got a tissue? (*Either a member of the audience or stage crew hand him a tissue. He does a big comedy blow of the nose*). Thank you. (*Hands the tissue back to wherever it came from*). I'd get him one of these days. I would really like to catch two of them, then I could have myself a new satnav, you know a Tom Tom. I'm not all bad you know, I actually love animals, all that chasing balls and howling at the moon and chewing bones; so in the end my dad bought me a dog. No, I'm a kind man really, just a little misunderstood, I'm not even sure I want to catch Puss In Boots anymore. I didn't want to be a cat warden you know I wanted to work for the RSPCA, I love animals (*thinks*) as long as they don't talk. Maybe I should just give the whole thing up.

(*Perhaps a song from the Cat Warden here*).

(*End song*). (*Blackout*).

(*End scene*).

Scene 6

(*The curtains open either full stage or in front of a cloth with the townsfolk on their way to the ogre's lair (signs could indicate this). They are singing a song about how they are going to attack the ogre and defeat it. At the end of the song there is a mighty roar from the ogre and the towns folk run off. The ogre appears on stage or at the top of his castle and starts to speak to the audience. The spotlight can be having a bit of trouble focusing and going bigger and smaller for the joke later.*)

Ogre OK, first things first, this isn't Shrek and I'm not green am I? (*He is obviously green thus ensuring a 'yes I am no I'm not' with the audience. He roars they go quiet*). Actually, I'm puss coloured, which I suppose given the show is quite apt. Also there is no donkey, apart from the guy on the spotlight. (*Spotlight goes out*). Oh very funny! (*Spot comes back on*). Thank you. Where was I before I was rudely plunged into darkness. (*Light goes out again*). Sorry! Did you see that lot then? (*Indicates chorus who have exited*). At least once a week they try it on and it always ends the same way. Trouble is ever since that witch cursed me I don't really have the stomach to eat any of 'em. You see I get terrible heartburn every time I even licks one of them. I'm fading away. In fact I'm struggling to eat anything. A bite here and chew there, it wouldn't hurt would it? Well, I suppose it would but I am an ogre aren't I. The only thing I know of that will cure me is a Princess, specifically Princess Rene. I went to see the doctor a (*local doctor's name*) he's some kind of witch doctor I've heard and he gave me a prescription. It says if you get heartburn take a Rennie, so that's what I going to do take a Princess Rene (*pronounced Rennay*) that should cure it. I know I

did say I wanted to marry her but I thought the King might not give her up if I said I wanted to eat her. Can't understand why?

(Arnie comes in with a villager man or woman).

Arnie Here you are Your Ogreship, I caught one of them running away, do you want to risk a lick or shall I save it for later?

Ogre *(Getting excited)*. Oooh! she / he looks like he / she should taste of chicken. I'd save it for later, I don't want to risk upsetting me stomach too soon, not with all *(looking at the audience)* these tasty looki o . I mean lovely people out here.

(Arnie takes the person off who is struggling with him).

Ogre *(Back to the audience)*. Anyway, I've decided if they won't give her to me willingly I am going to steal her away. *(Shouts)*. Henchmen!

(Arnie and Rambo come running on from different directions).

Arnie & Rambo *(As they run to a halt they salute)*. Here we are your Mighty Greenship!

Ogre Your what?

Arnie *(Speaks out of the side of his mouth)*. Greenship!

Ogre Ohh! *(Looks curiously at the two who have very blank faces and carries on)*. Riiiiight, OK you two I want you to inveigle your way into the castle.

Rambo In what'd?

Ogre Sorry. *(Clarifying)*. Wheedle your way into the castle.

Arnie Wee what?

Ogre Wee nothing. *(Exasperated)*. Sneak into the castle.

Arnie & Rambo *(Penny drops)*. Ohhhhhh!

Arnie Then what?

Ogre Find out where the Princess Rene is, kidnap her and bring her back here.

Arnie & Rambo *(Saluting again)*. Right Your Monstership!

(Ogre turns sharply and looks at them both as if he is not hearing right).

Arnie *(Almost In a stage whisper to the Ogre)* Monstership!

Ogre (*Completely unsure*). Riiiiight. Well hurry up and bring her straight back, I'm not feeling at all well in fact I'm quite fancying caterpillar on toast, covered in Marmite! (*Starts to go off or to disappear from the top of his castle*). Here little caterpillar, I have some Marmite for you!

(*Arnie and Rambo are left on stage. They relax now he has gone*).

Arnie He's acting very strangely isn't he?

Rambo Yes, not only is he eating strange things instead of people I think he's going deaf. I think it's down to lack of humans in his diet.

Arnie You could say, he's lost his humanity.

(*Slight pause then they look at each other*).

Rambo (*With a shake of the head*). Nah, he lost that years ago.

Arnie Yeh you're right!

Rambo Well, we better get on with this or he'll be saving us on toast.

(*They start to go off*).

Arnie: Ooooh! I don't like the thought of that. (*Pause*) I'm not keen on Marmite at all!

(*Song or exit. End song or exit / blackout, curtain*).

(*End of scene*).

Scene 7

(*Curtains open onto a full stage in the palace. There could be an opening song and dance for the chorus. Once again it's the royal court. All the courtiers have assembled to hear the announcement about the royal ball to celebrate Princess Rene's eighteenth birthday and to greet the new heroes of the hour Lord Alf of Purroni and Puss in Boots the walking, talking cat. There is some general hubbub from the chorus as the curtains open. The royals have not appeared yet and they are all getting excited*).

Courtier 2 Oh I do love a good ball .

(*All around agree, Oh yes, so do I etc.*).

Courtier 1 All that dancing and drinking and drinking and dancing.

(*General agreement "Oh yes, especially the drinking"*).

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

Courtier 3 The gaiety of it all, the music, the dresses, our beautiful royal family, it's just such a marvellous occasion.

(Silence. The chorus look on totally uninterested).

Courtier 1 Then there's the drinking!

All *(Animated now and in full agreement).* Hurrah, Oh yes the drinking! Etc.

(A fanfare is played and the royals, King, Queen, the three princesses, Lord Alf and PIB enter led by the Lord Chamberlain. All the chorus bow or courtesy as they come in. Lord Chamberlain takes centre stage for the proclamation).

Lord Chamberlain Welcome people of Catatonia. Today we announce that a ball is to take place tomorrow evening to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of the royal princess, Rene.

(Princess Rene takes out her hanky and starts quietly sobbing into it, unseen apart from Alf. The two princesses are reminiscing. The rest of the chorus and royal party are animated but quiet).

Maisonette I remember when I was eighteen.

Antoinette You've got a good memory. I do too. I got some lovely presents.

Maisonette Did you?

Antoinette Yes. A lovely silk purse, some knitted arran underwear. In fact I still wear it. *(Scratches bottom and continues).* A shaving brush, razor and aftershave. Mother was quite thoughtful you know.

Maisonette *(Full of innuendo).* I lost something on my birthday.

Antoinette What on your eighteenth birthday?

Maisonette Yes *(pause)* it's traditional.

Antoinette You're not saying ò .

Maisonette Yes! *(Pause).* I lost my dignity my self-respect and my taxi fare home!

(The chatter gets louder but is almost silenced as they look at the two chorus members as they begin to talk quite loudly).

Courtier 2 *(Quite excited).* Oh I do love a good ball.

Courtier 1 Don't start that again. You know I ò ..

Lord Chamberlain Ahem! *(Lord Chamberlain coughs to silence them and they stop and see everyone looking at them).*

Courtier 1 & 2 Sorry!

(The chorus are all paying attention).

Lord Chamberlain *(To the king).* I see the excitement is getting to our subjects already my Lord.

King And so it should, it will be a splendid occasion. Carry on Lord Chamberlain.

(Lord Chamberlain inclines his head to the king in acknowledgement and carries on).

Lord Chamberlain We would also like to welcome our honoured guests, Lord Alf of Purroni and his walking, talking cat, Puss in Boots.

(PIB dressed in a black waistcoat britches and boots speaks and the chorus who have just heard this are amazed.).

PIB If I could correct you sir. I am not his. As people know a cat is never truly owned by a person. As they say, dogs think they're human, cats know they are.

(He bows, and as he does he spots a ball of wool as it rolls across the stage and PIB immediately starts springing round it 'cat like' and batting it round the stage with his hand. He then stops and looks up, all eyes are on him. He sees it is Alf who is pulling the wool).

PIB Oh very funny! *(Goes and stands back with Alf).*

Alf Sorry, I couldn't resist it, I thought I would try and cheer up Princess Rene. *(He nods his head towards the princess who is still dabbing her eyes and looking generally upset).*

Queen *(Stage whisper to king).* Are you going to mention the other thing?

King What! Why would they want to know about the colour of the doors?

Queen No, I didn't mean that, though come to think of it I may bring it up. No, I mean the marriage between Rene and the ogre.

King Sssh! *(Smiles at the rest of the people on stage who are getting a bit curious and the king takes the queen to one side).* I think I would rather save that until tomorrow night. I can't bear to do it now.

(King turns to the Lord Chamberlain).

King Lord Chamberlain! The audience is over, clear the chambers and bid them farewell until tomorrow evening.

Lord Chamberlain My lord. *(He bows to him and then speaks to the chorus).* You heard the king, thank you for your attendance and their Royal Highnesses look forward to seeing you all tomorrow evening.

(The royals exit with much pomp and the chorus again bow and courtesy and follow the others off as they exit. Alf and PIB hang back).

Alf A royal ball! Whoever would have thought it? Me a lowly commoner how do you do it Puss?

PIB I guess it must be my animal magic!

(Waves his hand and Alf freezes. PIB speaks to the audience).

PIB Seriously though I have a bit of magic. Didn't I tell you? I must admit I thought the standing up and walking and talking bit might have given it away. No? I'm related to many other mystical and wonderful cats you know. Mr Mistoffelees *(sings)* 'the magical Mr Mistoffelees' Then there's Shia Khan from the Jungle Book. *(Roars and paws the air like a big tiger)*, a distant cousin. Then there's the Cheshire cat, though I don't speak about him much as I rarely see him. *(Notices Alf)*. Oops I've forgotten all about him. *(Waves his hand)*.

Alf *(Alf comes to and picks up the conversation where it left off)* Oh. Magic! Hah!

PIB *(To audience)* He hasn't a clue has he!

Alf: What?

PIB Oh nothing I was just telling this lot I've forgotten a cue.

Alf No change there then.

PIB I wonder why Princess Rene was so upset? *(To audience)* And back to the plot!

Alf I don't know, but she's so lovely. I would do anything for her.

PIB Cue the princess! *(He waves his hand and if by magic)*.

(Princess Rene enters. She's upset).

Alf My lady. You appear distressed can I help you? *(He moves next to her, she cries and he puts an arm round her shoulder).*

Rene Tomorrow I'm no longer a child.

Alf We all have to grow up sometime.

Rene And what happened to you when you turned eighteen.

Alf *(As if reminiscing)*. Well, we started out at the Boars Head then went to the Saddle and then ò

Rene *(She interrupts him)*. I won't be able to do any of that, I am a Royal.

Alf Now then, that was a good pub.

PIB Enough of the pub jokes, can't you see the Princess is upset?

Rene Well at least you didn't have to marry an ogre.

Alf What do you mean?

Rene My Father has promised me to the ogre in marriage in exchange for him not eating any more of our subjects. But I'm afraid that's exactly what he will do to me.

Alf Rene I'm so sorry. Now I understand why you're upset, my love. I would not have made fun of you if I'd known. I will come up with a plan to defeat this dreadful beast.

(PIB waves his arm and again freezes the action).

PIB Bless him! A heart of gold but a brain like a melon! It appears I am going to have to employ all my feline wiles to resolve this if I am to ensure Alf's continued rise up the royal ladder and keep his beloved off the ogre's dinner table. The ball doesn't take place until tomorrow evening so I have until then to come up with a cunning plan.

(PIB waves his arm and unfreezes them).

Alf *(Coming out of the daze)*. Well, I've been thinking.

(Rene looks at him expectantly).

PIB Did it hurt?

Alf Very funny! You don't have the patent on good ideas you know. I have the answer. *(Rene again looks excited)*. The only answer is, I have to kill the ogre!

(Rene looks at Alf like he is a hero).

PIB *(To audience)*. And it's as easy as that!

(PIB exits)

(Alf takes Rene in his arms and they start to sing).

(End of song). (Blackout).

(End of Act 1).

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

ACT 2

Scene 1

(Full stage in the royal court. Opening chorus song).

(Another couple of guests arrive as the song finishes and there are two bouncers in the form of guards checking tickets etc. As the Guards are doing their bit the chorus can be milling around socialising).

Guard 1 Fur ball?

Guest 1 *(Female)*. Yes, thank you.

Guard 1 *(Disinterested and insincere or reading it monotone from a card)*. May I take this opportunity to welcome you to the Royal Fur Ball, hang up your furs over there and join the other guests whilst we await the royal family. *(To their backs)*. Have a nice day.

(Another guest, male perhaps).

Guard 2 Fur ball?

Guest 2 Yes, thank you my good man.

Guard 2 Put your pelts over there, then sit down and shut up. *(Guest 2 walks away muttering about the bad manners of some people)*.

Guard 1 So, how did you get on at the customer relations course Bill?

Guard 2 Passed Ben! *(Preens himself with pride)*.

Guard 1 Passed?

Guard 2 Yeah, passed out with boredom more like. *(Laughs)*. Actually I have been head hunted for another public relations job.

Guard 1 Oh yeah? Who's that for then?

Guard 2 Some king or other, Henry I think he's called. Apparently got an issue about some bad press.

Guard 1 If I'm not mistaken, and I very rarely am I think he's head hunted a few already hasn't he?

Guard 1 & 2 *(Pause and then both laugh)*.

(PIB arrives with Alf. Guards get business like).

Guard 2 Fur ball?

PIB Well if you insist. *(Starts coughing and spluttering, coughs up a furball and hands it to a guard.)* There you go.

Guard 1 Now that is disgusting.

(Guard 2 watches PIB and Alf join the others).

Guard 2 I know. Didn't even say thank you and I'm sure that fur's fake.

(As they take the stage Alf looks round).

Alf This is amazing Puss, we are at a royal party, can you believe it, if my father could see me now.

PIB *(Aside to audience).* I used to say to my father if you give me twenty pounds I'd be good and he'd reply, when I was your age I was good for nothing. *(Laughs at self).*

(Fanfare plays and the royal party enter. Lord Chamberlain, King, Queen, Antoinette, Maisonette, Rene).

Lord Chamberlain Please be upstanding for the Royal Family, The king and queen of Catatonia, the Princesses, Rene ò ò . and ò ò ...

(Lord Chamberlain continues in mime along with the chorus, introducing people as Alf and PIB continue the dialogue)

Alf *(Alf gazing at Princess Rene and she looking back at him).* Oh my word, isn't she beautiful. Have you ever seen anything so perfect in your whole life? And look at all the courtiers and the guests, everyone looks so grand. You know Puss I think I am in love with her.

PIB I can see why you like her but she's a tad short on the fur for my liking.

Alf Have you had a look at one of the sisters then?

(The princesses lift their dresses to show a 'shapely' ankle to Puss and give him a little wave).

PIB *(PIB sees this and turns to Alf).* Thanks! You know, I think I preferred you when you were down and out.

(Noises heard off stage then the voice of the ogre. He can either be on stage or off as a disembodied voice).

Ogre I hope you are all enjoying your ball, shame I didn't get an invite as I could quite fancy a little nibble right now. Ha ha ha.

All *(Aghast).* The ogre!!

(King turns to the two guards).

King Guards seize him. *(He points in the ogre's direction).*

(Guards take a visible step backwards).

King Do I have to do everything myself? *(Steps forward to confront the ogre).* What do you want Ogre?

Ogre What do I want, well I want this stomach ache to cease, I would like world peace, some friends, a new pair of pants, and a little me time would be nice.

King I meant what do you want from us Ogre? Oh, and pants are down at Debenhams you know.

Ogre Thanks for that *(as if making a note)* D-e-b-e-n-hams. But I want you to call me by my real name, Patrick, Patrick Oøger. Soon I may even be calling you Daddy.

King Over my dead body.

Ogre That can be arranged.

All Gasp!

King Well then, Mr Patrick Oøger, why have you come here, disturbing our celebrations?

Ogre Actually I want the Princess Rene. So, I thought we could have a little vote, see I'm fully supportive of the democratic process and it seems we have two clear choices, either Rene agrees to be my bride or I eat you all, now who is in flavour of me marinating the Princess, silly me, I mean who is in favour of me marrying the Princess?

(Chorus raise hands very quickly and then slowly put them down again under the stare of the king who is then quite shocked to see the queens hand stays up the longest).

Ogre Look, either she comes willingly with me to be married, or I shall take her myself. You have forty eight hours and then I will take matters into my own large hairy green hands. I don't know why I'm giving you forty eight hours; it just seems the done thing. Gives you chance to sleep on it, twice. Enjoy the ball everyone!

(Ogre exits if on stage).

(Alf takes PIB to one side while the chorus and others on stage appear to discussing the issue).

Alf What are we going to do Puss?

PIB Well I'm pretty sure what I'm going to do but I have no idea what you're about to do.

Alf I must find a way to save the princess.

(Another discussion as the king speaks to the queen. The other royals and the Lord Chamberlain listen in).

King Well my darling this is a pretty pickle we're in.

Queen We shouldn't really allow that hideous creature to marry our daughter, his skin tone clashes with the sofas. Imagine if we had them over for tea, it would be a mass of putrid green. *(Sentimentally)*. Plus, I could not let my sweet Rene betrothed to such a murderous beast. *(Thinking)*. But a wedding is a wedding I suppose.

King Well as long as we are agreed then, *(resigned)* but you know he will eat us all.

Queen Well one shall jolly well be eaten then. *(Looking at Rene and then off stage to the ogre)* Unless ò ..

Rene *(She is upset)*. Unless what Mother? Father, I don't want to marry the ogre. There must be something we can do. Maybe Sir Alf will still come up with a plan to save me? *(She looks over at Alf who is still talking to PIB. He sees her and gives her a soppy wave back)*.

King *(Looking at Alf waving to Rene)*. Yesss, that's one horse I don't think we'd be backing just yet, let me have a think, in the meantime I've spent a fortune on this ball so let's try and enjoy it.

(The King waves at everyone to enjoy themselves).

King Please carry on everyone; we have it all under control.

(But they are not so sure and look fairly miserable. Alf has gone over to comfort Rene).

(SONG or Music).

(Music should be an upbeat tune but sung or played downbeat as the chorus try to force themselves to be cheerful. Song ends or can peter out with people drifting off looking quite miserable).

(PIB is left on stage)

PIB: *(Addresses the audience from the front of the stage)*. What a dilemma. Do I stay here and risk getting eaten, or should I run away? What do you think? What run away? I'm a scardey cat not a chicken! Oh I know that staying is the right thing to do, I can't let Alf get himself all eaten up can I? He is my friend even if he is a little

stupid. Right, well I better get going. At least I have another forty eight hours to come up with something as I have no idea yet what we can do to stop the ogre. But, even if I have to use all of my nine lives I'll come up with something.

(Song by Puss in Boots).

(End of song, blackout).

(End Scene).

Scene 2

(In front of tabs. Cat Warden is asleep on stage, perhaps on a chair and PIB enters. Audience may sing but he ssh's them).

PIB Sssh. You'd wake him. This is an opportunity not to be missed. *(PIB has a bucket full-ish of water. He coughs to wake up Cat Warden).*

PIB Cough!

CW *(Waking up)* What eh?

PIB *(Waving the bucket at him).* Now then Mr Cat Warden let's see how you like it!

CW *(Sees the bucket).* That's not fair. I'm not ready. Anyway I only soaked you three times!

PIB Well now it's my turn. *(He chases Cat Warden round the stage and then chucks the water at him and it has to be water).*

(Cat Warden wet goes off stage and returns with a bucket while PIB is still laughing. He has his back to Cat Warden. The audience may warn PIB. If not Cat Warden needs to say something like "Now I'm getting you for this etc." A chase around the stage ensues till PIB gets to the front of the stage then Cat Warden launches the 'water' at him. PIB ducks and the 'water' goes over his head into the audience but of course it is paper, or some such thing but they won't know that).

(PIB runs off with Cat Warden chasing him swearing revenge).

(Blackout).

(End scene).

Scene 3

(This can be set front of tabs or full stage with perhaps a small amount of scenery, a chair and a table. Rene is sitting alone in a palace garden. There is an old fashioned chalk board on stage with for and against written on it and perhaps a stick figure of the Ogre and Princess Rene above them).

Rene *(To audience)*. Oh dear. What a terrible situation. I don't know what to do. Should I marry the ogre or not? I know the king and queen would probably like me to. *(Audience may respond)*. If I did offer myself to the ogre as his bride maybe he will be kind to me and maybe he will stop eating our loyal subjects. Maybe he will turn into a dashing prince. Maybe he's just a bit of a fixer upper, I mean looks aren't everything are they? Just maybe beneath that harsh green, warty, exterior beats a heart of gold. Oh I can't decide what to do; I think I need some help.

(First of a series of people enter to offer help. It's her sisters Maisonette and Antoinette).

Rene Sisters, oh my faithful sisters, please help me to decide what I should do about this ogre.

Antoinette *(Sniffs armpit)*. Have you tried RightGuard?

Maisonette She said *(to Antoinette, stressing the word)* ogre! What are the options sis?

Rene *(Said in a matter of fact way)*. Well I could marry the ogre or have the ogre eat my entire family.

Antoinette Family hey? *(As if pondering it)*.

Rene Yes!

Maisonette You mean like, us?

Rene Yes!

Antoinette Eat them all up yay?

Rene Yes.

Antoinette Well, we are not going to ask you to marry the ogre just to save our wretched lives.

Rene *(Relieved)*. Thank you sisters, you are so kind and understanding. *(Goes to hug them)*.

Antoinette *(Putting a hand out into her face as she walks forward to comically stop her in her tracks)*. But we are going to tell you to marry him to save our wretched lives.

Maisonette Hey, don't you start speaking for me. I have a mind of my own you know, and I don't have to agree with you all the time.

Rene So what do you think then sister?

Maisonette *(Goes through the options in her mind silently working through the conundrum).* I agree with her.

(Sister's exit saying things like – "I don't know how she can even think of giving us to that ogre, how selfish, although I have to say I would be far tastier" etc.).

Rene *(She watches the sisters disappear, shaking her head).* I'm still no closer to making my mind up, but it looks like that is two in favour of me marrying the ogre. *(Chalks them up on a blackboard. Lord Chamberlain enters. To Audience).* Look here comes the Lord Chamberlain. He's always full of common sense. In fact I have often heard my father say he's full of it. *(Pause).* Lord Chamberlain please can you help me with my ogre problem.

Lord Chamberlain *(Bowing).* Of course your highness. I understand that your sisters use RightGuard.

Rene No, no the ogre! Is there anything else that I should be worried about?

Lord Chamberlain Conservatives, Labour, UKIP, Brexit. *(Or anything else political of the time).*

Rene Well, apart from those, you do understand the dilemma I'm in don't you?

Lord Chamberlain To marry or not to marry. *(Nodding as if understanding the problem).* I think so Your Highness. These are challenging times for us all but none more than for you Your Highness.

Rene So, what would you do in my position Lord Chamberlain?

Lord Chamberlain *(Very Black Adderish).* Your Highness far be it from me, a humble servant, to advise royalty on these matters. *(Rene looks crest fallen).* But, my mother once told me that life isn't always about pleasing yourself and that sometimes you have to do things for the sole benefit of other human beings.

Rene I see what you are saying Lord Chamberlain and did this philosophy make your mother happy?

Lord Chamberlain Lord no, she was as miserable as sin, but my father on the other hand was as happy as Larry, never lifted a finger in fifty years of marriage. *(To audience).* And quite right too.

(Audience response).

Rene Thank you Lord Chamberlain, you have been most honest and helpful.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

(Lord Chamberlain exits).

Rene That's another one in the marry camp. *(Chalks it onto the board).*

(Rene sits down forlorn. Cat Warden enters).

CW Hello young lady, why are you so upset. *(Sees it is the Princess and bows).* It's you Princess Rene. I think I probably know why you are upset. *(Hands her a big can of RightGuard).*

Rene Very amusing! Well, what do you think I should do about the ogre stranger?

Cat Warden Princess, I look at it like this. *(Exaggeratedly tips his head to the side).*

Rene *(Not looking at him, still has head in her hands).* Like what?

(Princess looks at him this time).

Cat Warden Like this. *(Tips his head another way).*

Rene That's not very funny.

Cat Warden Sorry Your Highness just trying to lighten the mood. I suppose there are two ways of looking at it. *(Rene checks he is not doing it again, he resists the temptation).* Firstly, you need to decide if it is more important that the people of this land are free to live in a place where they do not have to worry about being eaten by the ogre, or is it more important that you get to choose who you marry and that you get to marry for love. If you asked my wife she would say that she married for love, and if you asked me I would say that I married because her father had a big axe and I valued my life. You see, it's all about competing priorities.

Rene So, what should I do then?

Cat Warden Personally, I would recommend that you marry the ogre and make him as miserable as I am. It's not fair that I should be the only one.

(Cat Warden exits).

Rene *(Shouts after him as he goes off).* Thank you stranger, I think.

(Rene disenchantedly marks up another score for the marrying column. Alf enters but is not spotted by Rene, yet).

Alf *(To the audience).* It's Rene and she looks so unhappy. *(Sees the blackboard).* What's this, it looks like she is deciding to marry the ogre. I can't have this. *(He calls out to her).* Princess!

Rene Alf! *(She goes to him and gives him a big emotional hug).* I have asked so many people what I should do and they all seem to say the same thing. I should

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

marry the ogre for the sake of the kingdom. I want to marry for love Alf. *(Pauses as she says this and looks at Alf)*. But if I do not marry him then he will eat everyone. What should I do?

Alf My dear Rene, this is terrible but when I have a difficult decision to make I just remember the words my father uttered on his death bed.

Rene *(Looking hopeful)* What were they?

Alf *(Makes a sound like he is dying)* Urrrrgh! Though I am not entirely sure, it may have been cash or cat, but anyway he also said that we will each get what we deserve

Rene And what do I deserve Alf?

Alf Happiness!

(Song – duet).

(They exit holding hands. Blackout)

(End scene).

Scene 4

(Front of tabs. Enter Alf with the chalk board and easel. He starts to draw a castle with a picture of the ogre and princess on it. He is obviously deep in thought. PIB appears, peeping on to the stage to make sure the Cat Warden isn't there. He enters and starts to speak to the audience whilst Alf is thinking away in the background).

PIB Oh dear, this is not going to end well is it. The Ogre has put a downer on things hasn't he? I don't really think he wants to marry the Princess. I think he wants to eat her all up, what do you think children? *(They should all shout back)*. And we now have only twenty four hours to solve the problem. Whatever we do we are going to have to be careful as the ogre also has a bit of magic up his sleeve as he can change himself into any animal he wants.

(He turns and sees Alf writing away on the blackboard).

(PIB waves his arm and freezes Alf and then inspects his drawing).

And now worst of all I fear that Alf is trying to work out a plan to save the princess. *(Alf is in the middle of drawing plans on a large board and they are ridiculous).*

(PIB unfreezes Alf).

Alf *(As starts talking as if in mid flow with PIB listening in).* I need thirty feet of rope, a small duck, nine silver hair slides and a large meat and potato pie.

PIB *(Shouts over to Alf).* What's the pie for?

Alf *(Spotting PIB).* I may get hungry.

PIB *(To audience).* This kingdom is in serious trouble.

Alf *(Stung by his comments).* You think you are such a clever puss. Why don't you come up with something?

PIB Well, who knows perhaps I might. *(To audience)* And I really need to or we're in for a long night. *(Back to Alf).* Alf, you don't honestly think what you're doing is going to work do you?

Alf That's right kick a man when he's down. I'm trying to do something positive.

PIB So am I and I'm positive that's not going to work.

Alf *(A blinding flash).* I have it! Eureka!!

PIB *(To the audience as if in a panic).* Is there a doctor in the house? Alf's got Eureka and I think it might be contagious!

Alf No, you daft puss, I've got an idea!

PIB Well this could be a first.

Alf Wait here, *(An impersonation of Arnie Schwarzenegger).* I'll be back!

PIB And now he thinks he's Arnie Schwarzenegger.

(Alf runs off stage excited. PIB speaks to the audience).

PIB: That's it he's off, like a dog with two tails, a cat that's found its whiskers, an elephant that's packed his trunk. I hope it's a good idea. At least it'll keep him busy for the moment while I come up with something. *(Walks up and down as if thinking).* *(Stops).* This thinking is harder than I thought. Have you got any ideas how we can get rid of the magic ogre. *(Hopefully some ideas will be shouted out – may have to ad lib a bit – oh that's wonderful, a bit strange but might work etc.).* Actually, I am beginning to get something *(sneezes).* I think it might be cat flu, no I'm only joking I'm getting the start of a good idea. What I think I'm going to do is I'm ...

(Interrupted by Alf who is shouting off stage).

Alf *(Off stage)* Wait I've got it, what a great idea!

(Jumps onto the stage with a spring and arms wide and is dressed obviously as Princess Rene).

Alf Da Daaaaaa!

(Blackout).

(End scene).

Scene 5

(Back in the court, full stage. The lights come up on Princesses Antoinette and Maisonette who sing a comedy song).

(End of song).

Antoinette Well, she obviously didn't take much notice of us did she? Here we are, the forty eight hours are almost up and not a white dress or the sound of a church organ for miles.

Maisonette *(She is holding a little bag firmly under her arm).* It's a bit selfish really, I mean it's not very *(posh accent)* utilitarian is it.

Antoinette Utily what?

Maisonette *(Posh accent).* Utilitarian *(enthusiastically).* It means the greatest good for the greatest number, so for exampleō ō .

Antoinette *(Interrupting).* Where on earth did you get that word from. *(Realising).* Oh no! You haven't have you? You have haven't you? You've been reading books again. I've warned you about that before, they are full of nasty things which make your head spin, long streams of shapes and squiggles which make no sense to anyone.

Maisonette I think you are referring to letters and words sister.

Antoinette Whatever! Hold on, what's that in your bag? Give it here, *(Maisonette hands over the book from the bag. Antoinette reads the cover).* How to Get Your Man by Using Long Words. This is poison sister. *(Throws book down onto the floor).*

Maisonette *(Crying and desperate).* I just want a husband and these days it's about being intelligent not just looking stunningly beautiful. *(She preens herself).* I thought maybe if I sounded more clevererishness, then a man might find me attractive.

Antoinette I have told you before, the only way to get a man is with a big net and a bag of sweets, they are like vermin. You have to trap them first and then you keep them in a cage until they're house trained. *(To audience)* You know what I mean don't you ladies?

Maisonette Maybe someone keeps giving me the wrong kind of sweets then, because these strawberry bon bons are just *(stamps her foot)* not working.

Antoinette There's your problem isn't it. Too sophisticated. You see your French Bon Bons are for a more delicate European pallet. You want some Uncle Joes Mint Balls young lady. But it doesn't matter now anyway. We will all be eaten soon regardless.

Maisonette (*Tragically*). Eaten before I have even been kissed.

Antoinette Better than kissing you after you've eaten.

Maisonette I'm not sure I know what you mean?

Antoinette That cockle and garlic breakfast cereal is the gift that keeps on giving sis.

Maisonette (*Smells her own breath*). How rude!

(*Rene enters*).

Rene (*Downbeat*). Hello sisters.

Antoinette Morning Rene, guess you've decided not to marry the ogre then?

Rene Sorry, I know you wanted me to and I understand why everyone would want me to, but I am sure the ogre means to eat me. I'm just hoping that someone will find a way out of this for us all before it's too late.

(*Arnie and Rambo sneak onto the stage as if trying to be invisible but to no avail*).

Maisonette (*Spotting the two henchmen she points with a mixture of excitement and fear*). Homosapien Speciosus!

Antoinette (*She doesn't see them*). For goodness sake stop it with the long words will you, there is no one to impress here you know.

Rene (*She doesn't see them either*). What is she doing?

Antoinette She is trying to use long words to get herself a man.

Rene Have you told her about the boiled sweets and the net.

Antoinette Yes we've been through all that.

Maisonette (*Shouting*) No, men! Oh my word real men (*starts running around excitedly, picks up her book and reads randomly*), floccinaucinihilipilification, (*real word!*) supercalifragilisticexpialidocious (*from Mary Poppins*), antidisestablishmentarianism (*real word!*).

(*Antoinette and Rene see them now*).

Arnie (*Catches hold of her as she runs past him*). Don't run away darling. (*Stage whispers to her*). You had me at (*tries to say it but can't*) Floccinauci, floccinauci, the first one.

Rambo Right stop this. (*Everybody stops in their tracks*). The forty eight hours are up. And the ogre has sent us, his trusted henchmen, to take back the Princess Rene to be his bride. So, which one of you is the Princess Rene?

(*Antoinette looks longingly at Rambo as he speaks*).

Maisonette I'm Rene take me with you. (*Hugs Arnie*).

Antoinette (*To audience*). So masterful, so handsome, so mine, I'm Rene take me. (*Throws herself at Rambo*).

Arnie (*Then pointing at Rene who has been stood there watching all this*). And who is this then?

Maisonette Don't worry about her she is persona non gratta, without the slightest verisimilitude of a princess.

Rambo Sorry?

Antoinette She's whatever she just said.

Rambo Thinking about it, the Princess Rene is apparently beautiful and that one (*looking at Rene*) well she looks a bit plain to me. So, it must be one of these two and I'm thinking that it may just be this clever little beauty I have here in my big strong arms. (*Gazing at each other longingly*).

Arnie Hold on, hold on, we can't have two Princess Renes. Something is a little bit fishy here.

Antoinette (*Points at Maisonette*). That'd be her breath.

Maisonette Ignore her, I am definitely Rene. (*Pointing at Antoinette*). She is an illiterate imposter.

Rambo (*To Arnie*). Look, why don't we take the two good looking ones, then we are bound to have the right one and the ogre can sort it out.

Arnie Good idea. Canon let's get going.

Antoinette (*Taking out a bag of sweets and offering to Rambo*). Fancy an Uncle Joe's?

Rambo Ta very much.

Antoinette (*To audience*) Got him.

(They exit, giggling and excited).

Rene *(Rene's attempt to stop them is a little half-hearted).* No, no, leave them alone, please don't hurt them you brutes. *(To self).* What has just happened? I don't understand.

(Blackout, curtain).

(End scene).

Scene 6

(Front of tabs. On the way to the ogre's castle. A sign could indicate this. Antoinette, Maisonette, Rambo and Arnie enter).

(There is a song for the group).

(End of song).

Antoinette So where exactly are you taking us again?

Rambo To the ogre's castle.

Antoinette To the ogre, the horrible mean ogre, but why, I mean when you first saw me didn't you feel a connection?

Rambo A what?

Antoinette A connection, you know a stirring in your heart, a leap of hope and joy and an urge to take me in your arms and hold me forever.

Rambo *(Looks to Arnie).* Oy brother!

Arnie What?

Rambo I think I'm in some trouble here.

Arnie Has she started talking about cosy suppers with the in-laws and slippers by the fire?

Rambo No.

Arnie Well you're not in as much trouble as me mate.

Maisonette *(As if just carrying on the conversation)*.And I thought that on Sundays we could go for long walks together, maybe we should get a pet, I know a cat, or a donkey, no no a pig. And in the evening we could eat dinner on the veranda by candlelight, gazing out across the countryside. Did you know that on a reasonable day you can see *(Local town)* from the castle?

Antoinette Yes, and on a good day you can see it at all.

Maisonette And who knows, maybe at some point in the future we will even hear the pitter patter of tiny feet.

Arnie Please tell me that is the pig's feet you are talking about.

Maisonette No silly. *(Pinches his face)* A baby!

Arnie A what? You do know what I am, who I am and what I do, don't you?

Maisonette Don't be silly chummykins, acting all rough and tough to impress me. I know you're a big softy underneath those devilish good looks.

Arnie You really think I'm good looking? *(Preening self)*. Which is my best side?

Maisonette This one definitely. *(She kisses his cheek)*.

Antoinette Getting a pig, how silly. We would get a little white Chihuahua called Snowy wouldn't we, and we would take her on holiday with us and the children to *(Local seaside town)*.

Rambo Ok, ok, enough of this, everyone just stop for a second. Let's not forget that my brother and I, us, have been tasked with getting the princesses, you, to the ogre, that is our job, it is what we are paid to do and it is what we must do. Now, whilst all this lovey dovey stuff is very nice, the reality is that one of you ain't going to be coming back from the ogre's castle. Luckily for me I have a very strong feeling that it is you *(points to Maisonette)* that the ogre will want to eat, I mean meet. So, I see no need for me and you to walk all that way for nothing. *(To Antoinette)*. Now why don't we sit here and you can tell me all about Snowy.

Antoinette Well õ õ .

Arnie Hang on! What do you mean he wants my princess? How do you know it isn't your princess he wants?

Rambo *(Standing)*. That horrible green beast is not getting his hands on my little sugar dumpling.

Arnie Yes, well he's not going to eat my angel cake either.

(Confronting each other. The princesses intervene).

Antoinette Hang on boys.

Maisonette Let's not fight over this.

Antoinette Why don't you come back with us to the palace?

Maisonette Yes, leave the horrible ogre and come and work for daddy?

Antoinette Then there is no chance of your little sugar dumplingõ ..

MaisonetteOr your little angel cake

Antoinette & Maisonette Getting eaten.

Rambo They've got a point you know.

Arnie He'll skin us when he finds out.

Rambo Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

Arnie What does that mean?

Rambo I haven't a clue. It just came to me.

Arnie You are going soft in the head brother.

Rambo Oh yeah, well what about you (*mocking*) chummykins?

Arnie You are going the right way for a bunch of fives mate.

Rambo And who's going to give it to me? I'm pretty sure you're not chummy-lummy-kins.

Arnie Right you're for it.

(Arnie and Rambo mock fight flapping their hands at each other and the princesses taking sponge / plastic clubs knock them out and drag them off the stage).

(As they exit they each hold a staggering Arnie / Rambo).

Antoinette Now which way to daddy's castle?

Maisonette This way I think.

(Exit and Blackout).

(End scene).

Scene 7

(Curtains open on the forest outside the Ogre's Castle. To the side of the stage is the ogres castle turret from which he will re appear later in the scene. Some of the chorus are there as labourers cleaning the forest at the ogres command. Opportunity for chorus to sing a song here).

(End song).

(Ogre enters either on the castle turret or on stage).

Ogre That's right if you make a good job of cleaning the forest I might not eat you!

(They all start to brush and clean a bit harder).

Ogre *(To audience)* If they only knew that they were quite safe, for now. Life was a lot simpler before I got cursed by the witch. If I felt hungry I would eat a peasant but now I even get heartburn if I takes a lick. But that will all change when I eventually get my Rene.

(Alf enters disguised as Princess Rene).

Alf *(In a high pitched voice)*. It is I, your Princess Rene come to plead for the life of all my subjects. *(His face is half hidden by a veil that Alf has pulled across it).*

(The ogres peasants are watching and cheer when they think it is Princess Rene).

Ogre Ahh sweet princess at last. You have done, all by yourself, what those two bumbling idiot servants of mine could not do. Come here and let me see how to cook you.

Alf *(Mans voice)*. Pardon! *(Then high pitched)*. Pardon!

(Ogre does double take at the voice. Alf is very coy and moves closer but not close enough. The peasants look at each other not so sure).

Ogre Sorry, I mean get a good look at you. Why would I want to cook someone as lovely as you?

Alf *(Still in a girls voice)*. Why indeed?

(Ogre reaches out and grabs Alfs wrist and drags him near. He is angry).

Ogre Because you are not the fragrant and lovely Princess Rene and actually a very unfragrant imposter if I am not mistaken. *(The ogre removes Alf's veil).*

All Ohhhhh!

(PIB has been peeping on stage and sees all this).

Ogre Your disguise can't fool me I the ultimate master of disguise.

Alf Oh well it was worth a try!

Ogre *(To burly peasant)*. Take this man away. I am going to save him until after I've eaten Princess Rene!

Alf Great! The first chance I get to have a meal with my beloved and I can dessert!
Huh!

Ogre *(To the peasant)*. Lock him away in my dungeon and keep him well fed! I have great plans for him, primarily to do with a knife and fork!

(The peasant exits with Alf as does the ogre who reappears at the top of his castle turret if he is not already there).

(PIB enters).

PIB Don't worry Alf I'll save you.

(The remaining peasants on stage cheer).

Ogre To late my little furry friend. He is already locked away and stewing in his own juice, with just the hint of basil!

(PIB posturing).

PIB Look the last thing I want to do is hurt you, but it's still on the list.

Ogre A war of words. How witty Puss!

PIB Let's put it this way, if I were to wage war it would not determine who was right, but who was left! All this eating people has to stop and now!

Ogre You know I didn't fight my way to the top of our little food chain to be a vegetarian and you know what they say about cats?

PIB: What?

Ogre They taste like chicken! Anyway you may be small and furry but it's not going to stop me mopping the floor with you first.

PIB: Well you're going to be disappointed.

Ogre: Why?

PIB You'd not get me into the corners!

Ogre: *(Getting angry)*. Oh you think you're so clever and funny.

PIB *(To audience)*. I do actually but you know what they say about getting into fights with ugly people, they have nothing to lose and in this case I need to get on with it. *(Back to the ogre)*. Alright Mr Ogger I challenge you to a dual. If you can prove to me that you are a mighty and powerful ogre then I will come and work for you and although a cat, I am a walking, talking, fairly magical cat, and will employ all my wiles and cunning for your use.

Ogre *(To audience)*. At last he's playing my game all those words were making my head hurt. *(Back to PIB)*. Alright Puss what do you think about this?

(The following can be done with sound effects and puppets if necessary. There should lots of oos and aaaahs from the chorus).

(A flash - the ogre turns himself into a lion and roars).

PIB *(He yawns acting very bored)*. All very grand but I've got cousins who are bigger than that, try again, oh mighty and powerful ogre. How about something a little more adventurous?

Ogre Even I can have beauty. *(A flash and the ogre turns himself into a parrot)*

PIB *(Imitates a parrot)*. Awk, pretty Polly, pretty Polly.

Ogre You mock me cat!

PIB You're such an easy target. Come on, show me something that's jaw dropping. What about a mouse? You're so big I bet you can do it.

Ogre Are you willing to wager your life on that Puss?

PIB You bet! *(To audience)*. This guy's killing me!

Ogre Very well. Behold! *(Another flash and a mouse scampers across the floor and PIB chases and catches it).*

PIB *(To audience)*. Excuse me a minute. *(He turns his back on the audience and 'gobbles' up the mouse.)* Ahhhh, you can't beat mouse with a hint of ogre! *(Starts to look pained and puts his hands on his stomach)* Hang on a minute, I've got heartburn. Anybody got a Rennie!

(Chorus cheer)

(Blackout, curtain).

(End of scene).

Scene 8

(Curtains open full stage on the royal court. The king and queen are on stage gift wrapping the princess for the ogre. Rene is stood there wrapped in brown paper. It is almost complete with her head and face just peering out. They are all unaware that the ogre is dead. The king and queen could even be singing a song perhaps 'Favourite Things' from Sound of Music. They are humming the tune until they come to 'brown paper packages' when they actually sing the words and laugh).

King Rene, we have both thought about this long and hard and as much as we love you dearly it's the only way, so please stop wriggling.

Rene Father, I feel you're being a little unfair.

Queen *(Looking at the parcel)*. Could we not put her in a box with holes in?

Rene Mother, I really must protest.

King Pass me the tape dear.

(Queen gives King the tape dispenser).

Queen *(Still thinking)*. What about those crates they transport camels in?

Rene Mother, I am not a camel *(King sticks tape over Rene's mouth)*. Ummmp!

King You're right dear you're not, but you're giving me the hump!

Queen *(Laughing)*. Oh Kingy you are a one!

King Pass me the label my little dove.

(King sticks on the big label – it reads 'to the ogre – this way up').

(They once again start humming the song as above whilst continuing to wrap up Rene. The package is almost complete apart from her face when Alf and PIB enter. They bow).

Alf Your Highnesses, the ogre is dead!

PIB That's right I, I mean we, killed him.

(The king and queen move in front of Rene as if to hide her. Alf and PIB don't see the parcel).

King What?

Rene *(Muffled)* Mmmmp

Queen How?

Rene *(Muffled)* Mmmmmmmmmph!

King Where?

Rene *(Muffled still)*. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmph!

Queen When?

Rene *(This time starts to Mmmph but resigns after a timid attempt)* Mmmph ohhh!

Alf *(Turns to PIB)*. Who?

PIB What? You know . You were there.

Alf Ah yes I was, but remember I was stewing at the time, here smell.

PIB Yes basil, with a hint of garlic if I am not mistaken!

Alf By the way has anyone seen Princess Rene I have to give her the good news.

(King and Queen shuffle around again in front of Rene to hide the 'package').

King *(King says no but head nods yes)*. Nnnno. *(Looks at Queen and speaking very deliberately)*. We've not seen her. Have we my dear?

Queen *(Again Queens head shakes / nods in the opposite direction to what she is saying)* Yes, *(Now shaking her head 'yes')*. I don't know where she is.

Alf *(Spotting the parcel)*. Hang on a minute what's that parcel behind you?

King Errr, parcel, what parcel?

Queen I can't see any parcel dear? Oh I am afraid that encounter with the dreadful ogre has addled Sir Alf's brain.

PIB *(To audience)*. Really? I don't know how they can tell. But he's right you know there is a parcel there.

King *(Nodding yes)*. Oh no there isn't.

Audience and Rene "oh yes there is" et al

Alf *(Pushes the king and queen aside and reads the sign)*. What's this? A present for the ogre? *(Thinking)*. Now why would they be sending the ogre a present?

(PIB waves his arm to freeze action).

PIB Do I have to do all the work? *(Unfreezes the scene)*. It's Rene you twit!

Alf (*Alf looks again then looks back to PIB*). Oh yes it is. It's my own packet of Rene! (*As if realising. To king and queen who are sidling off the stage*). Hang on a minute (*King & Queen freeze*). Did you do this to my beloved Rene?

King What?

Queen Who?

Alf Don't start that again!

King I don't know what you mean. (*Calls off stage*) Lord Chamberlain!

(*Lord Chamberlain runs on*).

King Are you responsible for this? (*Indicating parcel*).

Lord Chamberlain (*Looking round the stage a little confused*) Erm erm, erm.

King Hesitation won't save you. Guards, take him away. (*Two guards run on*). Send him to bed with no supper! (*The guards take Lord Chamberlain off and then the king links arms with queen and speaks in a stage whisper*). Come my dear, I don't think they noticed.

(*King & Queen exit*).

(*All the time Alf has been unwrapping Rene*).

Alf My darling, the ogre is dead and you and I can be married.

Rene Mmmmmph (*She still has the tape on her mouth*).

Alf (*Taking the tape off*) Sorry!

Rene Alf, you're my hero! (*She throws her arms round his neck in an embrace as the curtains close and music swells. PIB steps forward through the curtains*).

(*Front of tabs*).

(*As PIB starts talking to audience the two princesses appear through the curtains*).

PIB Well that worked out well. I could do with a rest after all that excitement. (*princesses enter*). Oh no not you two again.

Maisonette We needed to get away from those two boys.

Antoinette All they talk about is football, cricket and beer.

Maisonette Yeh and we hate football and cricket!

PIB What are you moaning about? Tall, strong, healthy beards and your boyfriends are alright to.

Antoinette *(To Maisonette)*. I agree with him. Rambo is sooo good looking. Everytime I see him I just want to burst into song.

Maisonette I know what you mean. I hear music every time we kiss.

PIB I don't know about you but I can't put up with any more of this. Let's sing a song to shut them up shall we? *(Audience respond)* Alright then.

SONG SHEET

(End of song sheet they all shout their goodbyes and exit).

(Curtains open onto full stage for the walk down).

(Final poem after walk down).

Arnie Catatonia is free again

The ogre's been eaten.

Rambo Now that just goes to show if you have a dicky tum a Rene can't be beaten.

Antoinette Oh look I have a boyfriend.

Maisonette Oh look I have one too.

Together I think that dreadful ogre

Should have married you. *(They point at each other).*

Cat Warden That cat he still gets on my nerves

His voice it hurts my head.

Ahh, but I've really given up on Puss

(Pointedly to the audience). I'm gonna catch kids instead. *(Booo!)*

Lord Chamberlain A kingdom saved by Puss in Boots

The cleverest cat of all.

PIB Oh don't you are embarrassing me,

My part was fairly small.

Well, except for all the plans I made,

And the strategies I hatched.

The people that I fooled and tricked,

And the couples that I matched.
 The brave and fearless way I worked,
 My brilliance and my flair,
 My modest way of being the best,
 The fact I dare to care.

Alf Alright now Puss we know you're great,
 And it seems that you do too.
 But if it wasn't for my Puss in Boots,
 I wouldn't have found you. (*Alf kneels in front of Rene*).
 So, will you Rene, stay with me,
 And be there at my side.

Rene Alf, what can you mean my dear

Alf Will you be my bride.

Queen At last we have a wedding
 We can truly celebrate.

King Without worrying if Rene
 Will be on the serving plate

Ogre Now will you all enjoy yourselves at Christmas is the question
 So, just take care don't eat too much,
 Or you'll get a bit ..

All Indigestion!

(Final song)

(The End)