

## Coalition 3.3.2

### George and Ted's Excellent Adventure

19/11/2012

- FC: In come Prize Old Mummers  
to present our festive play.  
We wrote it all ourselves  
But please, don't go away.
- Fool: Yes, clear the floor and let us in  
We hope your favour we shall win.  
We've got a tale for our tough times  
With some bad jokes, and worsen rhymes.
- FC: Our story's set in ancient times  
That's before they had tv  
It's all about our patron saints  
So let's meet the first trustee.
- Edmund: In come I, the good saint Edmund.  
England's oldest holy man  
I'm a paragon of virtue  
And a knight with God's command.
- Sheba: Cooe, I'm the lady of the play by popular demand  
I just want a husband who will **come** when **I** command  
To find myself a hero bold a plan I will devise.  
I'll try and get this fellow here to take me for his prize.
- Edmund: My dear woman, look at my hat ( wearing mitre )  
I'm a holy man quite celibate  
This pointy thing upon my head  
Should let you know that I'll not wed
- Sheba Come on dearie don't play that game  
I know you men are all the same  
You think you're pure just like a monk  
But one \*kiss from my\* lips and you'll be sunk.  
\* feel of my tits\*
- Edmund You can't destroy my concentration  
I'm patron of the English nation  
I care for the country's spiritual life  
What would they think if I took a wife?
- FC I hope you won't find this a bore  
Telling this tale from times of yore  
Edmund was England's saintly protector  
And George just a Turkish Roman defector
- George (as TK): I'm a rough, tough Turkish soldier  
A night of passion is my goal  
This lady offers what I need  
So shove off Ed. Go save some souls

Edmund: Now Turkey snipe hang on one minute  
 You rollicking son of a gun  
 Britain's patron saint is who *I* am  
 We don't need another one

George: I'm every bit as good as you  
 Are you looking for a fight?  
 This lady wants some company  
 I can be her Turkish Delight

FC We have to wonder about the sight  
 Of this determined Turkish knight  
 With her belly well projecting  
 It's clear to all that she's expecting

Sheba: well, well two knights  
 The competition just got hotter  
 It would be good to see who's best  
 And which one is the rotter

Dragon Aha, In come I the fiercest dragon  
 And to test knights is my pleasure.  
 When I've burnt them to a crisp  
 I suck their bones at leisure

Edmund: This fiery foe will soon be gone so have no fear  
 George, This one is mine, just take a chair

George: I'll watch and wait and look and learn  
 And then it has to be my turn!

Dragon: when you two have said enough  
 I'm waiting here to do my stuff.

Edmund: You bag of bones  
 Now get thee hence  
 Your mangy snout and dodgy breath  
 Do Cause us great offence

Drag; Well really, offence indeed  
 My flames will make you chicken feed.  
 They fight Edmund dies

Sheba: You can't do that. He was quite cute  
 Now I'll never see his birthday suit.

George I don't like the look of Edmund's chances,  
 Sheba, Be prepared for my advances!

Dragon : Ha, ha he's history now. Who's next?  
 Come on you, don't look so vexed.  
 I'll beat you whether saint or sinner  
 And have turkey twizzlers for my dinner.

Fool: At half time England are down one-nil  
 We need a striker who will fit the bill.  
 The whistle's gone. It's time to score.  
 Will George be Best to still his roar.

Devil: In come I Beelzebub  
 To stop these soccer puns.  
 The Devil needs some fire below  
 So he can toast his buns

Dragon: No-one can stop me, I can't fail  
 My flames will blaze a nasty trail  
 Days will go and knights will burn  
 So step up now and take your turn.

George: Stay where you are you mangy rat  
 I cannot let you go like that.  
 Edmund's gone, you cooked his goose  
 We can't leave you on the loose.

Dragon: I'll bite yer bum and make you wish you hadn't come.  
 I'll eat yer head, that'll make you wish you're dead  
 Is run through by George in mid line.  
 I'll mash.(stab).....bugger

George: Aha, that certainly slapped his snout  
 His fire has definitely gone out

Sheba: George what have you done?

George: I went and stabbed him up .....

Devil: Oh good, another body for the fire  
 My funeral pyre grows higher and higher.  
 I find that saints, they burn quite well  
 And make it warm for me in Hell.

Sheba: No, no! This cannot be  
 Is there a doctor in the house?  
 My time is getting closer  
 And I must find a spouse

Devil: There isn't a doctor in the land  
 Who can do that kind of thing  
 This lot are as good as mine  
 You can forget about your ring

Dr: In come I that doctor  
 At healing I'm most able  
 I can do all kinds of things  
 To make a patient stable.

Devil: Who's this? Some poor physician!  
 I bet he works for cash  
 He'll never make him whole again.  
 It'll be over in a flash.

Doctor: I'm just a Solent sawbones,  
 An honest Pompey quack  
 But if you give me money  
 I'll bring any body back.

Sheba: What Eddy needs is a kiss from me,  
 That will have the right effect.  
 Just one caress of my luscious lips  
 And he'll soon stand erect.

Fool: Such a shock might be too much  
 It's more than he deserves.  
 Let the quack give him the medicine.  
 And we'll keep you in reserve.

FC: Just one minute doctor  
 before you do your stuff  
 There's a problem about the money.  
 I don't think there'll be enough

Dr: Look Noel. That's no deal.  
 you'll have to call your banker..  
 If you think that I work for free  
 Then you really are a..... silly man

Devil: It looks then as though this knight is mine  
 So it's back to my place, Party time!

Sheba: You said you'd bring him back to life  
 Please dear doctor do not tarry  
 I cannot wait much longer.  
 You can see I need to marry.

Doctor From my bottle let him have a swig  
 He'll soon be up and doing a jig.  
 It will firm the flesh and knit the bone  
 but may sprout hairs where none have grown.

Fool If that stuff can get this stiff to rise (*points at Edmund*)  
 Then tonight I'll give the wife a big surprise.  
 She won't need too much persuasion  
 When I rise to the occasion.

*Grabs bottle, drinks*  
 Doctor He's drunk the lot, let's hope she's sprightly  
 My tonic's not to be taken lightly.  
 He'll swell up like a massive boil  
 A sight from which she'll soon recoil.

Sheba His wife will fall about in fits  
 When she sees his swollen bits  
 But my man is still here on the floor  
 Find a cure for him I do implore

Doctor                    That was the last of the Prize Old brews  
 But there's something else here I can use  
 reviving stiffs is my career  
 I'll make him rise now have no fear.

My medicine's good, my syringe a whopper  
 With just one prick he'll soon be proper.            *Injects, he rises*  
 Viagra given by injection  
 will guarantee a res-erection

Devil:                    I've been bested by a medic  
 I never would have thought  
 I'll have to go back empty-handed  
 Doctors One, the Devil nought.

FC:                        There is a mouldy dragon here  
 Who's is no more a fighter  
 There's not much left to keep you warm  
 But he'll make a good fire lighter!

Devil:                    ???

*George reveals his new identity*

George:                 Doc, I feel a glow about me            (Dr: That's just the beer!)  
 My life's work has begun.  
 Dragon slayer is what I am  
 And a saint I have become.

Sheba:                 And Eddie's back; I've got my man.  
 A lovely bride I'll make.  
 And when he takes me up the aisle  
 He'll see that I'm no fake.

Edmund:                George how's this for a proposition?  
 We can form a coalition.  
 We can work it out I'm sure  
 We seem to have a great rapport.

Sheba:                 Oh what a splendid offer this could be.  
 Wed one saint, get one saint free!

George                 ah no, Saints must lead a solitary life  
 We cannot now be bound  
 (To doctor)Take this woman for *your* wife  
 We have no common ground.

FC                        Since Edmund was a passive saint  
 His fighting was not noted  
 The English knights preferred St George  
 And so Eddie got demoted.

Sheba                 A doctor's wife, I could do worse  
 He should be able to fill my purse

Dr:                   What's all this talk about the saints?  
I'm a Pompey man my dear  
If it's saints that I've assisted,  
I'll need double the dosh I fear!

FC:                    Ok doc I'll guarantee  
We'll find some way to pay your fee.

Dr:                    Look I work for the private sector,  
I'm not some NHS injector  
Get some cash from these people here  
I can't afford to wait all year.

Edmund              So now good folk it's time to see  
Some benevolent generosity  
You thought you'd get away scot free  
But At least we don't charge VAT

Fool:                 Don't give your money to the government  
Just put it in our bucket.  
And when the taxman wants your cash  
You can just say..... I gave at the pub.

FC:                    So please pass That cash in this direction  
We'll finish off with our collection.  
The lifeboats are our worthy cause,  
So give us your money and some applause.

*Exeunt omnes singing*

Cast recommendation list in order of appearance

FC	Chris
Fool	Martyn
Edmund	Stuart / George
Sheba	Alan
TK / George	Dave
Dragon	Mark
Devil	Ken
Doctor	Dick