

Mummers Play 2002 *The ultimo* (in with 7, out with 2)

Father Christmas In come the Mummers with a song
to show a play, we won't be long.
Although we're here, we have short time to stay
So walk in **Fool** to commence our play.

Fool: Yes,
Clear the floor and let us in
We hope your favour we shall win.
We'll act a tale of heroes bold
And villains more 'orrible than the common cold

Slasher: Mustapha Slash is my name
Dirty fighting is my game.
I'm a soldier from the East
Of honour and bravery I have the least.
I'll attack when you least expect.
That way I won't risk my neck.

Saint George: In come I, Saint George.
I'm England's hero knight.
Wherever duty calls, I'll turn all wrongs to right.
My little man
A dirty fighter you may be
But your tiny sword won't bother me.
I am the champ when all is done
So stop your whining, do be gone

Slasher: This sword and shield are just for show
I don't want to face my foe.
My knees they knock, my brow does sweat
You don't want to fight me, yet.

Fool: You really are a cowardly runt.
Look at St George. He's such a great ... saint

Saint George: My dear Slash
I really want to test your mettle.
And see who's in the finer fettle.
Slasher makes a feint attack then turns away

Slasher: Oh St George, St George my fight's all bluster
As Buffy the saint slayer I don't pass muster.
Just turn around, do be kind
Let me take you from behind

Saint George: My dear Slasher, not on your Nelly
(Not without the KY Jelly)
Before too long you'll feel my blade
Upon that floor, you'll soon be laid!

(THEY FIGHT)

Father Christmas: He's dead and gone, that nasty knave
Our saint sent him to an early grave.

Saint George: I'm such a saintly chap, my work's well done
There's no one else to spoil our fun.

Dragon: Oh St. George, St George, You forgot this dragon
My dander's up and my tail's a waggin'.
Your talk is very bold
But you've only a little weapon
or so I've been told.

Saint George: You little Newt, I'm not within thy power.
I'll turn you into sausages in less than half an hour.

Dragon: Oh St George, these fine words make my blood rise
Your life will make a worthy prize.
A meal you'll make, what's left of you
Prepare yourself, you'll soon be stew.

Saint George: A stew! A stew! You mangy lizard!
You'll feel my sword around your gizzard.

Dragon: I'll eat your guts, I'll bite your bum.
I'll make you wish you hadn't come!
I'll chew your nose, I'll smash your legs
I'll make you hobble round on pegs
I'll mash your bones, I'll mince your ears
I'll make you go in pain for years
I'll crush your head, I'll do you in
Come on St George just try, begin.
(THEY FIGHT)

Father Christmas Saint George, Saint George, what have you done?
You've gone and stabbed him up the bum.

Fool: Is there a doctor to be found to cure these souls a bleeding on the ground?

OMNES: Bleeding where?

Fool: Doctor, Doctor come and see
The knight is wounded in the knee
Doctor, Doctor do not linger, the dragon's wounded in the finger.
Doctor, Doctor come and try, the dragon's wounded in the eye
Doctor, Doctor do be quick, the knight is wounded in the...

Doctor: In come I! What perfect timing
That put a stop to his awful rhyming
To fool
Did you call for a doctor you foolish lout?
I'm a doctor within and a professor without

Fool: Without what ?

Doctor: Without a doubt the finest doctor in this town
So give me your money and go and lie down.

Father Christmas Enough of this prattle you medical man.
Raise up these souls as quick as you can.

Doctor: This man is dead. I can tell by the smell
And this dragon really doesn't look well.

Father Christmas: GET ON WITH IT!

Doctor: I have here a bottle of a wonderful potion
That will soon set these two in an uprightly motion
(Fool snatches bottle and drinks)

Fool: If this'll make those two stiffs rise
Then tonight I'll give some one a big surprise

Doctor: He's drunk the lot! That's the end of my booze
But I've something special here I can use
(Produces large syringe) *injects Slasher*
Viagra given by injection
Will guarantee a resurrection
injects Dragon

Slasher: A wonderous act indeed
That mixture sure is magic

Dragon: If I don't get a drink soon we'll all see something tragic

Fool: But what fee can there be for such a prescription?
Your performance beggars all description.
Enough money would be hard to find
Perhaps you'll accept a payment in kind.

Doctor: I may be a quack But I'm not a duck.
And sure as Hell I'd like a

Devil:Very Quickly! Say no more or you'll come with me
I'll show you what **Hell** can really be!
Yes, I'm the Devil, Beelzebub
I've watched you players in this pub.
Enough, enough of your tacky suggestions
It's time to take a new collection.

Father Christmas: Yes brave folk our tale is ended
We hope that you were not offended.
Now if you'll pass your coins in this direction
we'll finish off with our collection.
The Lifeboats are our worthy cause,
Give us your money and some applause!