

Fool In come Prize Old Mummers
With a fine new tale to tell.
About how winter follows summer
And the other way round as well.

Dragon (*minus head*) Our play is set in long gone times
Before George Osborne's birth.
When life was simple, beer was cheap (*puts head on*)
And dragons roamed the earth

Fool We show the year's return to life
And our Lady's desire to become a wife.
There's good and evil, darkness and light
And good King George is ready to fight

George: In come I, King George.
England's champion knight.
An old-time superhero
I know wrong from right!

Moll; **In come I the Pompey Moll**
A walking, talking, living doll.
I'm here to find a love so true
A love that is a long time overdue!

Slasher: In steps I Mustapha Slash
the villain of the play.
I'm here to fight King George
And end his reign today.

Moll: **Well, well, two knights there are**
My chances now have grown
It would be good to choose the best
So I'll not be alone

Slasher (*to moll*) Madam I have seldom seen a
A countenance so fine
And when I have despatched yon knight
We'll be off, . . . your place or mine?

George Methinks this challenge will be slight
I've never seen such poor eyesight.
(*to Slasher*) A nasty blighter you may be
But your tiny sword don't bother me.

Slasher: (*to audience*) This Kings a fool a silly toff
I'll do what I can to put him off
(*to George*) This sword and shield are just for show
I don't want to face my foe.

Moll: **So much for my romantic scheme**
One knight one love and one big dream

**As gallant knights they're both quite poor
When Oh when am I going to score**

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George: I really want to test your mettle.
And see who's in the finer fettle.
Slasher makes a feint attack then turns away
I'm rough and tough and super fit
I'll chop you into little bits

Slasher: Oh King George my fight's all front
This shield is bent and my sword is blunt
Just turn around, do be kind
Let me take you from behind

George: My dear Slash, 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 George dies

Moll: **That's not how this play should go
You've stuck your sword right through my beau
You can't do that. He was quite cute
Now I'll never see his birthday suit.**

Fool; At half time we are down one-nil
We need a striker who will fit the bill.
A hero who won't take a dive
But at least one that's slightly more alive.

Devil: In come I Beelzebub
To stop these dreadful soccer puns.
The Devil needs some fuel below
He wants to toast his buns.

Moll: **Oh I am in such a tizz
My plans have gone awry
If something doesn't happen soon
I'll have to say goodbye.**

Devil: Ha, ha.
Now there's a corpse upon the floor and
If I hang around there may be more.
That means some souls for me to burn

Omnes:
G&S Whose soles?
Our souls!

Devil Then to Hell I can return.

Fool: Is there a doctor to be found to cure this man a bleeding on the ground?

Doctor, Doctor come and see Georgie has a poorly knee
Doctor, Doctor do not linger, this Knight is wounded in the finger.
Doctor, Doctor do be quick, our hero has a damaged.....

- Doctor:** Prick up your ears I don't want to shout
I'm a doctor within and a professor without.
- All:** Without what?
- Dr** Without a doubt!
The finest surgeon on this coast
I'll carve a man like a Sunday roast
I can do most anything, if you've got the cash
I even brought the rubber gloves in case you've got a rash
- Fool:** Enough of this you medical man.
Save him now from the Devil's hand
Do you have a drug or potion
Or is this just some self-promotion?
- Doctor:** I have a physic to suit all occasions
For the palsy, the gout, even simple abrasions.
- Devil:** Just one moment if you will
This chap is mine, I've paid his bill.
I'm the Devil don't you understand
I'll not be bested by some sleight of hand
- Dr** I have here a bottle of Prize Old Ale,
It will raise a dead man without fail;
George , take a nip, let it run down thy throttle (*G grabs bottle*)
Hang on. just a sip not the whole damn bottle,
George rises
- Devil** This sort of thing could make me swear
That soul was mine, fair and square.
This raising of people from the dead
Is a skill I can't allow to spread.
- 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
- George:** You mangy little lizard.
I'm going to have a stab.
with my sword in your gizzard
I'll make you shish kebab.
- Dragon** Ha knight ! I'd cook you with a cough
But that would be too crude.
I'm glad to see your armours off
I hate to eat tinned food.
- George** I have my skewer ready
It's sharp and shiny steel

You think you'll make a meal of **me**
It's **you** that's going to squeal

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: You rotten newt, you slimy worm
Stop your poor performing.
I'll extinguish all your fire
And reduce our global warming

Dragon: Oh hark at you, all nice and green
I'm going to make you fry.
You'll have my carbon footprint
right between your eyes

Dragon: I'll eat your guts. I'll bite your bum.
I'll make you wish you hadn't come!
I'll mash your bones. I'll mince your meat
There'll be nothing left except your feet
Is run through by George in mid line.
I'll chew your.(stab).....bugger

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

Slasher Oh King George Your talk is very bold
But you've only a tiny muscle or so I've been told.

George: Since last we met I am well rested
And a dragon I have bested
That doctor's potion made me strong
You won't trouble me for long.

Slasher A simple Dragon is no great prize
My skills you life will jeopardize
(to audience)Now right before your very eyes
I shall cut King George into mince pies.

George Such a boast is a big mistake
This fight shall be a piece of cake
You will regret what you have said
You'll soon just be a talking head. *(fight, Slasher dies)*

Moll: **King George, King George, what have you done?**
You've gone and stabbed him up the(nether regions)

Devil: Oh good, another soul for the fire
My funeral pyre grows higher and higher

Moll: **No, no, this cannot be**
My knight is lying dead you see

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**I need him to be brought to life
I want to be somebody's wife.**

Dr: In come I again that very man
At healing I'm most able
I can do all kinds of things
to make a patient stable.

Devil: That doctor's back oh what a bore!
He's lost me one man's soul before
He really is a dreadful pain.
I don't want to lose again.

Dr: I'm an honest Pompey quack
But give me enough cash I'll bring anybody back
I'm here to increase my personal wealth,
I don't care for the National Health.

Moll: **What Slasher 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.

Moll: **Just one minute doctor
before you do your stuff
If it's a problem about the money.
I 'm sure we'll find enough**

Devil: At Last things seem to be going my way
This quack won't work without his pay
So to Hell I'll be returning
And these two souls will soon be burning

Moll: **You said you'd bring him back to life
Please doctor do not tarry
I cannot wait much longer.
I'm desperate 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 Slasher*)
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

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My tonic's not to be taken lightly.
He'll swell up like a massive boil
a sight from which she'll soon recoil.

Moll **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
Viagra given by injection
will guarantee a resurrection.

Reviving stiffs is my career
They will rise now have no fear. *Injects, he rises*
My medicine's good, my syringe a whopper
With just one prick they're good and proper.

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

Moll: **Now Slasher'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.**

Fool: Our players are resurrected here
Just like the turning of the year
But not everything goes to plan
Our lady is still hoping for a man.

Doctor: Well, If I don't get some reward
All future calls will be ignored.
Get some cash from these people her
I can't afford to wait all year.

George: So now good folk it's time to see
Some benevolent generosity

Moll: **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.**

Fool: So please pass those coins in this direction
We'll finish off with our collection.
The hospice is our worthy cause,
So give us your money and some applause *Exeunt omnes singing*

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St Wilfreds Hospice or The Rowans Hospice depends on location of performance

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

King George: Can be seen as either Time, killing the old year, and the Sun in winter, Or as one of a pair of sacred kings, one representing the light half of the year, and the other (Slasher) the dark half.

Slasher: Either seen as the old year, killed by King George and resurrected as the new year, by the doctor, or as George's dark counterpart, both of whom are competing for the hand of The Lady. The two kings fight at solstice time, the dark king wins in summer and the king of light wins in the winter.

Sheba Representing the Earth Goddess, theoretically her favour is sought by both champions to bring fertility to the land.

Dragon His fiery breath represents the Sun, dying at the winter solstice and resurrected by the doctor for the return of summer next year.

Doctor: Quack, magician, shaman, ensures that the Sun will rise again, and the new year will be given life, despite the efforts of the Devil.

Devil: Force of darkness and evil, wanting to end the world by preventing the turning of the year and stopping the rising of the Sun.

Fool: Just a fool, link to audience.