

- Fool** In come Prize Old Mummers
to present our solstice play.
We're doing it for charity
So please don't go away.
- FC** A little time you will not miss
While we collect for Naomi's hospice
To help children who are gravely ill
Our show, we hope, will fit the bill.
- Jack ITG
or FC** Shakespeare ain't here and that's a fact
But that won't stop our players from trying to act.
Now In comes character the first
With an ego big enough to burst...
- George** In come I brave George
I'm England's premier male.
My flag flies wherever there is danger
And with good deeds I will prevail.
- Moll** In come I a lovely Pompey girl
Oive got a shape that sets hearts a whirl.
Whatever you say I'm not a frump
My hair's more styled than Donald Trump's
- FC** Well If all this represents the good
There's a lot about life I've never understood.
- Jack ITG
or Fool** Now the odds are getting higher
With one who sets his foes on fire
He would challenge George to a fight
But he himself is a wicked sight.
- Dragon** In come I the fiercest dragon
I'll put an end to all your bragging.
I've never bitten off more than I can chew
And George, I'll soon make short work of you.
- George** What's this? A strange looking chappie
Clear orf and make it snappy.
I'll not be troubled by some passing oik
So run away, get on your boike.
- Dragon** Knights taste good to me, I can cook them in their skin.
It's supertime now, so let's begin.
I'll dice your arms and slice your legs
It'll save me the bother of going to Greggs.
- George** Don't you think of anything but food?
You're really spoiling my good mood.

Eating knights will bring on indigestion
Do you mind if I make a bold suggestion?

Dragon You think I should cook you another way?
How about Sir George, flambé?
I see you as a ready meal, quickly cooked and eaten.
Just crack open that thin shell and like an egg be beaten.

George A balanced diet is what you need
Fresh fruit and vegetables is what's decreed.
Eating canned food like a gannet
Is no way to save the planet.

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

George Oh, I've had enough of you.
My patience it is ended.
If you can't live properly
Then your life must be suspended. . Goodbye. (stab)

Fool George, George, what have you done?

George I've gone and stabbed him up the bum!
Upon my skills you can depend
And now my sword has made his end.

FC Our hero lives to fight another day
But another lurks to bring dismay.
Yes George's troubles aren't yet done.
Here's a man in red you cannot shun.

Devil In come I Beelzebub
To look for some lost souls

Fool Whose souls.

All: Our souls

Devil So welcome to MY little show
A longer introduction I'll forego.
I'm looking for some souls to burn (looking around, pointing)
And there's some here who have missed their turn.

**Jack ITG
or Fool** Just to keep his kingdom warm
He'd generate a perfect storm.
Let's hope the power firms don't raise their prices
Or else there'll be a fracking crisis.

Devil Yes I'm here to have my fun
Hell's the place for everyone. (points at audience, if any)
Well Moll you're certainly a big temptation.

Moll Well hello there Old Nick.
Yes I'm a rather well-endowed chick.
(aside) Well, I'd vote for him, . . . looks in his prime
He can put his cross in my box any time.

FC So George has repulsed one foe
And Moll wonders where the devil she should go
Beelzebub lurks to gather up more fuel
Enter now another for a duel.

Fool English football took a Euro blow
Against the Icelandic soccer foe
Now here's a rival from Reykyavik
Poor George will fail with every kick.

Slasher: In step I Thor Slashmundersson
You'll be knocked out when I am done.
I come from Iceland's hottest springs
Around you I'll be running rings

George Here's an upstart who needs a slap
You won't scare ME with your Viking clap.
You're nothing but an ugly troll
Won't take me long to hit your goal.

Slasher Come on then and take your shot
And then we'll see just what you've got.
You think that you'll be able to score
You'll never get your balls past Thor.

George Gadzooks this chappie wants a fight
But I'll soon set him right.
This northern knight won't stand a chance
And upon his grave I'll Morris dance.

Moll Well well two hot bloods square up to fight
It's hard to make a choice alright.
A referendum won't help me this time
I'd like to make them both all mine.

Slasher My plan is total domination
You can't resist my attack formation.
You think that you're so very hard
You'll soon be shown the refs red card.

George You're just a common cut-throat norse
A type that I find rather coarse.
Take your dried fish, puffin, and fermented shark
Get back to your longship, and quickly embark.

Slasher Such an hideous national stereotype

Never have I heard such tripe.
 (To audience) This English goose WILL BE well plucked
 His cause is well and truly finished

George If you try to tackle me
 There will always be a penalty.
 I shall be your nemesis
 And from this field you'll be dismissed

Moll Please, please you must not fight!
 I need at least one of you tonight.
 George is certainly to my liking.
 But I also fancy a bit of Viking.

Thor Nei **Fight: Thor & George fall to the floor.**

Devil Ha! Ha! Now there's corpses on the floor
 If I hang around there may be more.
 More souls for me to burn
 To a nice warm hell I can return

Moll So much for my romantic scheme
 One knight, one love and one big dream
 Thor is down and George is stabbed
 And I'm still waiting to be grabbed.

**Jack ITG
 Or FC** Moll's romance has been snubbed out
 She is lost beyond a doubt.
 And George was wounded in this tussle
 We need to revitalise his little muscle.

Fool Is there a Doctor to be found To cure these men a bleeding on the ground?
 Doctor Doctor come and see, George he has a poorly knee
 Doctor Doctor do not linger Thor here has a wounded 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.

Fool Without what?

Doctor Without a doubt . . . the foremost medic in this land
 With the finest cures at my command
 I can do most anything, If you pay me well
 Even keep these souls from going to hell

Fool So can you fix these bodies here about
 And snub the Devil without doubt?

Doctor My bottle of Prize Old Ale
 Will rouse the lifeless without fail
 One small sip of this wonderful potion
 Will soon produce a healthy motion

- Devil** I cannot agree with that prescription.
Their souls are mine you odious physician.
I'll send my disciple Jeremy Hunt
He'll sort you out you stupid c, consultant
- Moll** Oh please, please can't I assist?
I have something no one can resist!
My assets have long been admired.
And You can use them as required.
- Fool** No No save your charms for another day
Let the Doc find a safer way.
They need more help than you undressing
Your services could well prove distressing.
- Doctor** My talents need cash in advance
I'll not leave my fee to chance.
You need to find some money quick
Or they're all hell bound with Old Nick !
- Devil** They'll make heat from dawn to dusk
and be lucky if they burn to dust.
Stoking the fires will be the order of the day.
They'll join the others on the devil's pay.
- Jack ITG
or FC** We cannot let Old Nick prevail
Absolute disaster would entail.
Oh Doctor please do your stuff.
But If you're worried about the cash I'm sure we'll find enough.
Rattle bucket(S)
- Doctor** I'll let George have a tiny drink,
He'll soon be up and in the pink.
It will firm the flesh and knit the bone
But he may sprout hairs where none have grown. **George drinks and rises.**
- Moll** If his mixture is as good as that
I'll show him my welcome mat.
A lovely husband he will make.
I'll call Candice for my wedding cake.
- George** Alas madam that cannot be
A saintly knight I now must be.
I'll rise above this approbation
And be patron of this glorious nation.
- Jack ITG
or Fool** George is back and he's a saint
He's alive but these ones aint!
- Doctor** Well, if I'm offered even more
I'll raise the others off the floor.
Good English Ale can stir the dead
And in their pencil put some lead.

- Devil** This sort of thing could make me swear
Those souls were mine fair and square.
This raising of people from the dead
Is a skill I can't allow to spread.
- Moll** What has happened to my chances?
Why won't someone fall for my advances?
Doctor please cure my Thor if you can
Then I'll be his biggest Fan. *Doctor gives drink to Slasher* **he rises**
- Fool** Will the Norseman fall for her feminine wiles
And will she get Thor with one of her smiles.
- Moll** Now Thor is 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.
- Slasher** Prize Old Ale has worked it's magic
But now I'm seeing something tragic.
Discretion is the better part of valour,
Out of my way I'm off to Valhalla.
- Doctor** The dragon too I will arise
My syringe will come as a big surprise **Tries to inject**
His skin's too tough for in injection
But there's another route for his resurrection **Dragon Ouch**
- Devil** This kind of health service I can do without
My operation's cancelled there's no doubt.
My plans for them have gone astray
But I'll be back for you all, (*points to audience, if any*) one day.
- FC** The forces of darkness have been laid to rest
And all that it is good has come out best.
The year it turns, the old one dies
But from its ashes new life will rise.
- Jack ITG
Or FC** All good things they have their price
To which we offer this advice.
- Fool** Don't give you money to the government
Just put it in our bucket
And when the Taxman asks for more
You can just say I gave at the pub. (NB not everyone just Fool)
- FC** So please pass your cash in this direction
We'll finish off with our collection
The hospice is our worthy cause
So give them your money and us some applause.

Lines of verse per character FC = 22/36, Fool = 23/33, Devil = 34, Moll = 36

Dragon = 16, Slasher = 20, Doctor = 26, George = 43, Jack ITG = 24.