

- 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.