

- Fool** In come Prize Old Mummers
to present our solstice play.
We're doing it for charity
So please don't go away.
- FC** We ask of your time for children who are ill
Our show we hope will meet the bill.
A drop of beer you will not miss
Whilst we collect for Naomi's Hospice.
- Jack I T G** On this stage our actors play
And trouble is seldom far away.
In comes character number one
The famous Duke of Wellington.
- Arthur** In come I Arthur Wellesly (lye to rhyme)
There's none can fight as well as I
In the Iron Duke you can put your trust.
Keep me well oiled then I won't rust.
- Moll** In come I a Portsmouth Tottie
You can see that I'm a hottie.
Pictures of Pluto caught your attention
But this heavenly body is well worth a mention.
- FC** If those two represent the good
There's a lot about life I've never understood.
- Jack I T G** Yes, life throws at us many an oddity
Sturgeon, Corbyn and Osbourne's poverty.
But our next character will make you think
He's lumpy and smelly and needs a drink.
- Dragon** In come I the French Dragooooon
I'll put an end to you real soooooon.
I've never bitten off more than I can chew
And dukie I'll soon make short work of you.
- Arthur** What's this? A foreign looking chappie
Clear orf and make it snappy.
I'll not be troubled by some passing oik
So run away, get on your bike.(Portsmouth accent)
- Dragon** Beef Wellington's a tasty dish
Better than your chips and fish.
I'll flambe your toupee, and fry your legs.
It will save me the bother of going to Greggs.
- Arthur** Don't you think of anything but food?
You're really spoiling my good mood.
Eating peers will swell your waist
And bring about your end, with haste.

- Dragon** Arfer pint prepare to fight
But it's the last thing you'll do tonight.
(To audience)Yes, he'll soon need a medic
When I cut off his tax credit.
- Arthur** A balanced diet is what you need
Fresh fruit and vegetables is what's decreed.
Eating junk 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 shouldn't argue with this dragon
I make more fumes than any Volkswagen.
- Arthur** **Oh**, I've had enough of you. Goodbye. **(Run through dragon falls to floor).**
- Fool** Oh my Lord, what have you done?
- Arthur** I've gone and stabbed him up the (nether regions) bum!
- Jack I T G** With one villain out of the way
Our hero lives to fight another day.
But watch your back, here comes someone.
The man in red you cannot shun
- Devil** In come I Beelzebub
To look for some lost souls
- Fool** Whose souls? **All:** Our souls!
- Devil** I need more fuel, hell's getting icy
And Chinese power is much too pricey.
- Jack I T G** The devil lurks we must take heed
We cannot let him now succeed.
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.
Well Moll you're a sight for sore eyes
I'll bet you're packing a surprise!
- Moll** Well hello there Old Nick.
Yes I'm a well-endowed chick.
(to audience) Phwah 50 shades of red!
I wonder what he's like in bed.
- Jack I T G** So The Duke has repulsed one foe
And Moll wonders where the devil she should go.
Beelzebub lurks to gather more fuel
Enter now another for a duel.

- Boney** In come I, Emperor Blownapart is my name
And to dominate Europe is my game.
I'm the dread of the Med, the force from La Corse,
Indeed . . . you'll meet your fate at Kings Cross.
- Arthur** What a lot of froggy ballyhoo
I'll meet YOU at Waterloo.
This Corsican chump will not 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.
But with which one shall I relax?
And make it worth my bedroom tax.
- Boney** I've come here to Arras you
And Toulouse you surely will.
- Fool** He doesn't know 'is Arras from his Elba!
- Boney** You Rosbifs you are 'ow you say
Like a little old lady who runs away.
- Arthur** Ok Boney enough's enough
You're just a Gallic powder puff.
I don't think much of your powers,
I can see your frog's legs through your trousers.
- Boney** Alors Such awful national stereotypes!
Never have I heard such tripe.
With just one swift attack
Those words will land you on your back.
(To audience) This English goose will be well plucked.
His cause is well and truly f,finis
- Arthur** Get back to exile where you were sent
Or there will be a "Little Corporal" punishment.
Your reports of my demise are premature.
You'll soon be the crock, monsieur.
- Moll** Please, please you must not fight!
I need at least one of you tonight.
Have I not some "Je ne sais quoi?"
So how's about a menage a trois?
- Boney** Quoi? With this woman I could not lie.
- Arthur** I agree with you. I'd rather die.

Fight: Boney & Arthur 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.
(My) Boney's down and Welly is stabbed
And I'm still waiting to be grabbed.
- Jack I T G** Moll's romance has been snubbed out
She is lost beyond a doubt.
And The Duke was injured 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?
All Bleeding where? **Fool:** Bleeding there!
Doctor Doctor come and see the Dragon has a poorly knee
Doctor Doctor do not linger Boney has a wounded finger
Doctor Doctor do be quick our hero has a damaged.....
- Doctor** Prick up your ears there's no need 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 heal most anything, If you've got the cash
I even brought the rubber gloves in case you've got a rash.
- Fool** So what is your prescription
For their lifeless condition ?
- 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** Just one moment if you will
These souls are mine. They're dead, not ill.
A living wage is what they lack.
They're on the zero-hours life contract.
- 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 quack find a safer way.
We'll keep you as our secret weapon
Just in case of Armageddon.

- Doctor** Good talents need cash in advance
So I'll not leave my fee to chance.
You need to find some money quick
Or they're all hellbound with Old Nick !
- Devil** At last things seem to be going my way
This quack won't work without his pay.
Unpaid overtime will be his reward
His request for cash must be ignored.
- Fool** We cannot have the medic fail
Absolute disaster would prevail.
Oh Doctor please do your stuff.
But If you're worried about the money
I'm sure we'll find enough. **Rattle bucket(S)**
- Doctor** I'll let The Duke 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. **Gives Arthur a drink, He rises.**
- Moll** If his mixture is as good as that
I'll show him my welcome mat.
A lovely husband he will make.
Hooray a wedding not a wake.
- Arthur** Alas madam that cannot be
A duke can't marry such as thee.
Prime Minister I shall be one day
And a floozy like you can't stand in my way.
- Jack I T G** The Duke is back, raised from his faint
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 are mine fair and square.
The raising of people from the dead
Is something I can't allow to spread.
- Moll** What has happened to my chances?
Why won't someone fall for my advances?
Doctor please raise (my) Boney if you can
I'm getting desperate for any man.
Doctor gives drink to Blownapart, who grabs the bottle
- Doctor** He's drunk the lot let's hope Moll's sprightly
My tonic is not to be taken lightly
He'll swell up like a massive boil
A sight from which she'll soon recoil.

- Fool** This lass will fall about in fits
When she sees his swollen bits.
- Moll** Now Boney's back I've got a man
A lovely bride I'll make
And when he takes me, . . . up the aisle
He'll see that I'm no fake.
- Boney** Prize Old Ale has worked it's magic but now I'm seeing something tragic.
This woman reminds me of an aubergine.
She'll never replace my Josephine.
The thought of this match is quite appalling,
I hear Saint Helena calling. (rushes off)
- 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. **(Per Rectum)**
- Dragon** Ouch! (or some such ejaculation).
- Devil** The Gates of Hell were open wide
I was ready to take those souls inside.
But now I'll search for brighter jewels
And stay away from fossil fuels.
- FC** Now, good folk - from the beginning;
This play has been about the right side winning
The forces of darkness have been laid to rest
And all that it is good has come out best.
- JITG** However, All good things they have their price
To which we offer this advice.
- Dragon** 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/square/brewery.
- FC** So please pass your cash in this direction
We'll finish off with our collection
Naomi House is our worthy cause
So give them your money and us applause.

Exeunt omnes singing