

EXCERPT from SLEEPING BEAUTY from ACT I Scene 1

Previously, we have met the new apprentice at the Royal Palace, **MURRAY** who has asked us to help him look after the Royal Sceptre and shout for him if anyone touches it! He is clearly nervous in his new job! The whole palace is in a bit of a flutter over preparations for the Royal Christening of the baby Princess. The Queen enters and decides to move the Royal Sceptre so...

MURRAY: Did you shout? Oh, Majesty! I didn't know it was you. **(Bows)**

QUEEN: Oh, I was looking for you... Minty.

MURRAY: It's Murray, not Minty! Murray, McFlurry Marmaduke Mint, your Majesty.

QUEEN: Yes, whatever! What are you doing with those clothes?

MURRAY: Nanny Noodle had complained that her... her... forgive me, your Majesty, her underwear was not as soft as it should be. The Prime Minister, Lord Balderdash, said he knew something to put in the washing tub to make the clothes soft and silky.

QUEEN: The Prime Minister shouldn't be poking his nose into the lingerie of palace employees! He should stick to what he knows, which isn't much!

MURRAY: Well he told me to trust him and it was perfectly safe and...

QUEEN: Tell me you didn't put something in the laundry... you did didn't you? Oh Marmalade, you still have a lot to learn!

MURRAY: Marmaduke...

QUEEN: Yeah, whatever!

MURRAY: Surely I should believe what a Prime Minister tells me?

QUEEN: So naïve! I have piece of advice for you about politicians - There are only two sorts of politicians: those who can talk nonsense on any subject under the sun, and those who don't need a subject!

MURRAY: Are you serious? It isn't a joke is it?

QUEEN: The trouble with political jokes is they get elected. So show me what happened? **(MURRAY holds up bloomers which are full of holes)** I've heard of breathable fabric- but that's ridiculous!

NANNY NOODLE: **(Off stage)** Oh your majesty... you hoo!

MURRAY: O-Oh! I'll make myself scarce. I'll go and polish the silver or something!

Enter NANNY NOODLE carrying Royal baby.

NANNY NOODLE: Oh Good morning your Majesty. Good morning young er... new boy!

MURRAY: My name is Murray, McFlurry Marmaduke Mint.

NANNY NOODLE: Crikey, your parents had delusions of grandeur didn't they? Well then good day to you too, ...err... Minty Marmalade.

MURRAY: Murray. My name is Murray! **(Exits)**

NANNY NOODLE: Okay, whatever! Isn't it exciting? Very soon this little bundle of joy will be christened. Oh oochy coochy... **(Baby burps loudly)** Oh bless her!

QUEEN: Indeed she will. She will be named Princess Aurora, Beatrice, Clarissa, Desdemona, Elfrida, Fiona, Gloria, Hilda, Isobella, Jasmine, Karen, Monica, Nicola, Olivia, Phoebe, Queenie, Rosie, Sandra, Teresa, ... Ursula, Veronica, Winifred, Xena, Yolande, Zara... Smith

NANNY NOODLE: Oh my! Poor little soul!

QUEEN: Have you ever thought of marrying, Nanny Noodle? I'm sure the Prime Minister has his eye on you!

NANNY NOODLE: I didn't marry because I never found Mr Right and now it's too late **(Sniffles)** and I'd rather stay on the shelf than marry that fool, Balderdash!

QUEEN: Well, for the moment you can devote yourself to being royal nursemaid to my darling baby Princess because I've no idea what to do with a baby and no time to do it if I had! I've got Queeny things that need doing, like... smiling and waving at my subjects **(Waves regally at audience)** One has to please the populace. I have parties to attend and ...oh that reminds me, I've been told that Lord Balderdash gave you all the invitations for the christening party.

NANNY NOODLE: He said he couldn't post them himself as he was too busy with affairs of state.

QUEEN: Now I shall take the princess to see darling Kingy, but you can have her back if she makes any funny noises. **(QUEEN exits with baby)**

NANNY NOODLE: This palace wouldn't function at all without me! She's lovely but a bit... ditzy is our Queen Mitzy and Balderdash is about as much use as an inflatable dartboard and about as full of hot air! He'll never be my Mr Right!

SONG

I wonder if my Mr Right is down there... hello, what's your name, dear boy? Oh 'John', are you single? **(Goes into audience)** Hello, lovely, I'm holding a

reception in my room after the Show, so you single men can come flocking around! Actually, I made that same offer to last night's audience and only the cleaner turned up. I thought he'd come to sweep me off my feet but he only wanted to sweep the floor! I want a man who is kind and understanding. Is that too much to ask of a millionaire? **(To audience member)** Hello honey, what's your name? Let me give you my phone number. Let me see if I've got a piece of paper to write my phone number on for you. Yes, what's this? Oh, it looks like an invitation to the Christening... oh dear me... it is! I thought I'd posted them all. This one must have got stuck in my pocket. Who is this one to? Carabosse... mmm, she is one of the fairies, I think. Well too late now. One less fairy won't make any difference...

CONTINUED....

EXCERPT CRAZY FOX PANTOMINES