

# **THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER**

**By  
Edgar Stephenson**

A full length original pantomime for shoe lovers with  
slapstick, puns, visual jokes and a crocodile!

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# THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

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## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

### - ACT 1 -

- Scene 1** On the Outskirts of the town of Espadrille (*Front of Tabs for smaller theatres*)
- Scene 2** Espadrille Town square
- Scene 3** Inside Dame Nelly Welly's Shop
- Scene 4** Inside Dame Nelly Welly's Shop Later That Night
- Scene 5** Espadrille Town Square The Next Day

### - ACT 2 -

- Scene 1** Inside the Palace (*Can be Front of Tabs for smaller theatres*)
- Scene 2** Espadrille Town Square
- Scene 3** Inside Dame Nelly Welly's Shop
- Scene 4** Philippe Phillope's Shop (*Can be Front of Tabs for smaller theatres*)
- Scene 5** The Store Room of Thongs of Praise
- Scene 6** On the way to Thongs of Praise (*Can be Front of Tabs for smaller theatres*)
- Scene 7** The Store Room of Thongs of Praise
- Scene 8** The Palace Ballroom
- Scene 9** Inside the Palace (*Front of Tabs*)
- Scene 10** The Palace Ballroom

# The Elves and the Shoemaker

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(See also Costume Requirements in Production Notes Appendix with regard to genders/ ages etc)*

<b>King Manillo</b>	King of Espadrille. Loves shoes but doesn't admit it!
<b>Queen Imelda</b>	Queen of Espadrille. Hates shoes!
<b>Prince James</b>	Principal Boy. Prince of Espadrille. Loves shoes and spends a lot of time in disguise as Jimmy Shoe. Will turn 21 soon.
<b>Hi Top</b>	Valet to Prince James - a "Buttons" type character.
<b>Dame Nelly Welly</b>	The Dame. A larger than life boot maker and shop owner in Espadrille. Ideally has a Scottish or West Country accent and always wears wellies!
<b>Mary-Jane Welly</b>	Principal Girl. Daughter and worker in her mother's shoe shop. Will turn 21 soon.
<b>Heel and Toe</b>	The Elves. Comedy duo. Owner's of Pimp my Pump Mobile and possessors of magic spells! Speak in rhyme.
<b>Phillipe Phillope</b>	The villain. Rival shoe maker/ general baddie. Must be played with a French accent and twirly moustache.
<b>Croc</b>	A Crocodile (not be confused with an alligator). Evil sidekick to Phillipe Phillope.
<b>Lou Boot-In</b>	Shoe maker extraordinaire - investor and organiser of shoe competition. Self important and "fashion darling!".
<b>Burt Tiger</b>	Headpiece wearing assistant to Lou Boot-In.
<b>Clark Winklepicker</b>	The Narrator. Town crier. Speaks in rhyme.

## CHORUS CHARACTERS

<b>Dusty Trainers</b>	<b>Summer Sandals</b>
<b>Lacey Brogues</b>	<b>Chelsea Boot</b>
<b>Ruby Slippers</b>	<b>Jim Pumps</b>
<b>Gail Loshes</b>	<b>Dr Martin</b>
<b>Mocca's Son</b> (ideally the smallest member of chorus)	

## Act 1 Scene 1

## On the Outskirts of the Town of Espadrille (*Front of Tabs*)

**Clark Winklepicker**

Oh yea! oh yea! (that's what Town Crier's say!)  
I welcome you all here today!  
Clark Winklepicker's the name, Town Crier's my game,  
So listen to me if you may!

In the town of Espadrille, a shoe fan's delight.  
I'm Town Crier by day, and shoe wearer by night!

The King and Queen and the young royal Prince,  
Don't like shoes at all and it makes us all wince.  
Here, shoes are our life our pride and our mission,  
Which is why we can't wait for the shoe competition!

Cobblers come one! Cobblers come all!  
The winner announced at a fabulous ball!  
So who will win the coveted prize?  
By producing a shoe to amaze all our eyes.

Come with me now to our lovely town square,  
And meet Dame Nelly Welly and all who live there!

*Clark Winklepicker waves and leaves as curtains open onto the town square of Espadrille.*

## Act 1 Scene 2

## Espadrille Town Square

*The chorus are gathered going about their daily business in Espadrille Town Square.*

### SONG 1

### FOOTLOOSE (Chorus)

*At the end of the song, chorus mill about talking. Dame Nelly Welly enters from her shop (The Gum Boot Emporium) waving a leek in the air.*

**Dame Nelly**

What's all this noise? Some of us are trying to work you know!  
I was trying to make some vegan wellies for Paul McCartney - but I  
found a leak in the toe! What are you all going on about anyway?

**Dusty Trainers**

Sorry Mrs Welly, we're all too excited about the competition.

**Ruby Slippers**

Yes, the winner gets their own shoe range in Harvey Kicks on 5th Avenue.

**Summer Sandals**

And Harolds in Daysbridge!

**Dame Nelly**

What are you talking about? I don't know anything about any competition? And after all, as you plainly know, I'm one of the world's greatest...

**Chorus (ALL)**

Cobblers!!

**Dame Nelly**

I'll pretend I didn't hear that! Off you go, haven't you got homes to go to? I need to get back to work.

*Chorus go off moaning. Dame Nelly is just about to go back into the shop when Mary Jane enters from the shop waving a newspaper.*

**Mary Jane** Mum! Mum! have you heard about the shoe competition?

**Dame Nelly** Don't be silly, I've just told those lot that there's no competition! Where have you picked up that piece of idle gossip?

**Mary Jane** It's here in black and white, written in the business section of the Espadrille Express.

**Dame Nelly** Oh! I don't read that rubbish! As you can tell from my haute couture, I only read the fashion supplement! What have I told you about not believing everything you read in the paper?

**Mary Jane** But Mum! We could have our own line in Harolds! We wouldn't have to be poor and work in this dingy shop anymore.

**Dame Nelly** Stop having such ridiculous ideas my girl! You should be grateful to work in this historic emporium. Now off you go and see if you can stop the welly rubber from bouncing off the walls!

**Mary Jane** But Mum! When are you going to treat me like an adult? I'm 21 next week and I can do what I want! (*Goes back in the shop*)

**Dame Nelly** That ungrateful slip of a girl is my daughter Mary-Jane, as I'm sure you could tell from the resemblance - she gets her figure from me! Oi cheeky! I know compared to her I may look overweight but I've had a lot on my plate! (*Gestures for "aaahs" from audience*)

I'm trying to do something about it, I've recently started ballet lessons - the only thing is I'm so big instead of wearing a tutu I have to have a 3-3! I am enjoying it though, all those twirls, pliés and jumps (*mimics movements - gets stuck on plié and knickers fall down on jump!*) Afterwards I'm really knickered - yes, I said knickered! My breath comes out in short pants! Unlike these! (*Waving her knickers*). Mind you, I lost 300 calories yesterday - a seagull stole my mars bar!

Anyway, enough about that, I've not even introduced myself. My name is Nelly Welly, 7th generation of welly maker extraordinaire. It was started by my great, great, great, great, great grandfather, Hunter Welly and let me tell you that nothing much has changed. Though we now do black wellies as well as green!

My late husband, Dan Lop was a welly maker too. He only married me for the inside secrets of superior welly making. He was incredibly jealous of our royal seal of approval, bestowed on us by the Duke of Wellingboot in 1632 (*gestures for "oohs" from audience*). And then I caught him trying to sell our patented design!

However, nobody messes with me and would you guess, shortly afterwards he had a rather unfortunate accident involving a stiletto and a shoe horn! Needless to say neither could be removed and he left me up to my neck in rubber and really strapped for cash. I've tried everything to make ends meet but just when I think I've done it, someone hides the ends!

But oh Wellies are my great love, you can never go wrong with a pair of wellies, they're so versatile!

## SONG 2

## IF IT WASNAE FOR YOUR WELLIES (Dame Nelly)

**Dame Nelly**

See you later, toodle-oo! (*Back into the shop*)

*Prince James enters downstage and addresses the audience.*

**Jimmy**

Hello everyone! Allow me to introduce myself. My name is His Royal Highness, Prince James Jonathan Jacob Julian Joshua the Seventeenth - but you can call me Jimmy!

My mother, the Queen, has been plagued all her life by bunions and ingrowing toenails. She decided on her wedding day, to walk down the aisle bare-foot and her first proclamation as Queen was that from that day no one in the Palace should be seen wearing footwear of any kind.

I've only seen shoes in the books on the top shelf of the library and am fascinated to see one and perhaps even try one on! I've been forbidden to enter this town until the day I turned 21, but I can't wait until my birthday next week, so I've given my valet the boot and sneakered off!

*General hubbub as chorus come on and stand in groups. Lacy Brogues, Jim Pumps and Gail Loshes stand together. Chelsea Boot, Dr Martin and Mocca's son are also grouped together for following dialogue.*

**Jimmy**

Oh no, someone is coming and they may tell Mama so I must disguise myself as a poor peasant so as not to arouse suspicion! (*He grabs a blanket from a washing basket randomly left at the side of the stage and a pair of boots from outside Dame Nelly Welly's shop*)

*As the chorus mill about chatting, Dame Nelly Welly re-enters from her shop.*

**Lacey Brogues**

Oy Jim, what's made of leather or canvas and sounds like a sneeze?

**Jim Pumps**

I don't know what's made of leather or canvas and sounds like a sneeze?

**Lacey Brogues**

A shoe!

**Gail Loshes**

Bless you! Here's one for you. Which animal sleeps with it's shoes on?

**Lacey Brogues**

I don't know which animal sleeps with it's shoes on?

**Gail Loshes**

A horse!

**Jim Pump**

That's terrible! What do you get if you cross bread with a pair of shoes?

**Gail Loshes and**

We don't know!

**Jim Pumps**

Loafers!!

**Chelsea Boot**

What kind of shoes do frogs wear?

**Dr Martin**

I don't know, what kind of shoes do frogs wear?

**Chelsea Boot**

Open toed shoes!

**Mocca's son**

What do you call a dinosaur that wears boots and a cow boy hat?

**Chelsea Boot**

I have no idea!

**Mocca's son**

Tyrannosaurus Tex!

**Dr Martin**

I've got a better one..what happened when the teacher tied all the children's shoe laces together?

**Chelsea Boot and  
Mocca's son**

We don't know, what happened when the teacher tied all the children's shoe laces together?

**Dr Martin**

They went on a class trip!

*Clark Winklepicker enters upstage with a scroll which he reads from.*

**Clark Winklepicker**

Oh yea! oh yea!  
I've got something to say  
There's a contest to find the best shoe.  
Heels high or low, So come have a go  
All can enter; me, her or you!

Lou Boot-In will judge it,  
The winner he'll name  
Their fabulous shoe will bring money and fame!

Even the King, has endorsed this whole thing  
(As we all know he's really quite arty)  
He'll be presenting the prize, before all your eyes  
And is throwing an extravagant party!

So come one and all and hear of the ball,  
The King has invited the town!  
So get out your sketchbooks, leather and ribbons  
and dust off your fabulous gowns!

**Nelly Welly**

Ooh! The King's balls get bigger every year! Come on Mary Jane we're going to win this! Let's get back in the shop and make a start on our winning entry so that we've got plenty of time to go window shopping in the market for our gowns ... not that there's many windows in the market!

*Both exit into shop.*

*Chorus exits, chattering excitedly.*

**Jimmy**

Wow this is the most amazing news! What a day to sneak out of the palace! I wonder what Dame Nelly is up to? Maybe I should go over and introduce myself to her and maybe her daughter Mary Jane too. She's gorgeous! I'd really like to get to know her better.

*Starts to walk to shop door, looks through the window.*

*Phillipe Phillope and Croc enter.*

**Phillipe Phillope**

(To audience) Well, Well Well! , what amazin tings you 'ear while you're skulking about behind le bus stop! A shoe competition eh? A competition pour la chaussure! We cud make ar fortune and be rich beyond ze dreams of avarice! Once we ave a designer shoe in ar collection, we cud expand to perfume and 'andbags - with all le



influenzers on ar side, we'll be as famous as Gemma Collins! (Or other celebrity)

**Croc** (Wrings hands) Yes master!

**Phillipe Phillope** Well! what are yu waiting for yu thick skinned lizard, start designing before I turn you into a niece pair of alligator shoes. Off yu go - and make it snappy!

**Croc** Grrrr but I can't Master! My crocodile hands are not designed for small, intricate tasks! See Master - (tries to pick something up from the side of the stage and drops it)

**Phillipe Phillope** You rubbish, reptilian rascal! If only we cud find someone ooo waz desperate to make shoes and wanted to work with uz so I can win le prize.

*Jimmy, hearing this, runs over to them.*

**Jimmy** Ooh, I'll do it! I'll do it, I'll help you and your alligator friend.

**Croc** Grrrrrr (growls)

**Jimmy** Are you a cayman?

**Croc** Yes! I'm perfectly fine thank you very much!

**Jimmy** What's the matter with him?

**Phillipe Phillope** Don't worry about 'im, is bite is much worse than is growl. Enough of dis nonsense! So boy, you want to elp do you? Ave you much experience in ze art of cobbling?

**Jimmy** Cubbing?

**Phillipe Phillope** No cobbling!

**Jimmy** Cuddling?

**Croc** He means cobbling!

**Jimmy** Oh I see, what a load of cobblers! (To Philippe Phillope) Oh yes, Sir. My head is full of ideas (To audience) I haven't had any experience but, admit it, I bet you've all lied on your c.v before.

**Phillipe Phillope** Sacre Bleu - magnifique!

**Jimmy** (getting cocky) Oh yes, I have been visualising shoes since I was knee high to the throne.

**Phillipe Phillope** What?

**Jimmy** Er, er, Oh it's just what we call the toilet in our house. (To audience) Phew, that was close! (To Philippe Phillope) I'm so sorry sir, I haven't introduced myself. My name is Jimmy..(thinks and looks around)... Shoe.

**Phillipe Phillope**

Zut Alors! You must ave heard of me zen. I am ze man ooo designed le light sandal, which bears ma name. I am ze great... Phillipe Phillope (*waits for recognition - gets none!*). Very well monsieur, Meet us at my shop "Thongs of Praise" at 2pm and we'll discuss terms and conditions. Come along Croc...

**Jimmy**

(*to Croc*) I never have been able to tell the difference between an alligator and a crocodile.

**Croc**

(*menacingly*) it's easy...alligators will see you later, whereas I will most definitely see you in a while...Grrr! (*growls!*)

*Phillipe Phillope and Croc exit.*

**Jimmy**

I'd better go and gather some ideas. See you later! (*Walks off through market place*)

*Hi Top bounces in from front wings.*

**Hi Top**

Oh Hello! Fancy seeing you here! My name is Hi Top and I'm Prince James' valet. I don't suppose you know where he is do you? You might know him as Jimmy...(*business with audience, he's gone where?? Etc*). The cook saw him sneaking past the kitchen window and climbing over the stable wall. He'll get into such trouble if his mum, the Queen finds out.

Has he told you that no one is allowed to wear shoes in the palace? The Queen would go crazy if she could see these bad boys! (*Shows high tops to audience*). I've had to sneak about the corridors at night just to wear them!

I'm known as the friendliest person in the palace. Anytime I see anyone I always say hello and give them a low 5 (*demonstrate*) and they reply "Hiya, Hiya Hi Top" and give me a high 5. Shall we try it? (*Audience enthusiastically agree!*) I'll go off and come back on!

(*Does so - comes back on*)...Lower, Lower Lo! (*Audience - Hiya, Hiya Hi Top*). I'll see you later everyone, I need to find the Prince before anyone else notices he's missing. Bye! (*Exits*)

**NOTE: If required the following could be performed Front of Tabs to allow for scene change behind the curtains.**

*Jimmy wanders on Front of Tabs looking intently at a note book, before talking to the audience.*

**Jimmy**

Do you like my designs everyone? I've worked really hard. What? They're not rubbish, don't you know who I am?!! I bet nobody says that to Victoria Beckham..! I've been trying to design some speciality shoes for the clowns in the Royal circus - and that's no small feat, I can tell you!

**Hi Top**

Lower, Lower Lo! (*Audience - Hiya, Hiya Hi Top*) It's no good, I can't see the Prince anywhere, I'm getting really worried now. (*audience - "He's behind you!"*) No it's not, that's just an old beggar!

*Jimmy whips off blanket disguise.*