

# Mummers Play

by Keith Woolford

Wassail in the Community Orchard

Saturday 13 January 2018

## The Cast:

The Old Man of the Orchard – Narrator - **Steve**

Mrs Day - **Vicky**

Mr Porridge Johnson - **Dave**

Mr McDonald Trumpty - **Keith**

Mr Vladimir Pudding - **Mike/?**

Doctor Who - **Penny**

Harrietta Cannab - **Carole**

## Music:

**Bob Bignell** - lightly strumming whilst narrator speaks

## Props:

✓ Red Apple - Keith

✓ Two Wooden Swords - Rangers

✓ Bale of Hay from Sheldon - Rangers

✓ Chains x2 - Rangers

✓ Book

✓ McDonalds food container

## Suitable garb for players:

Mrs Day - lady stuff(?)

Mr Porridge Johnson - Mop Head

✓ Mr McDonald Tumpy - shirt/red tie/wig

✓ Mr Vladimir Pudding - SuperMan T-shirt

Dr Who - horizontal strip top and long coat

Harrietta Cannab - Devils mask, cape, red clothes and devils fork

**Jill** - ground sheet for sword play

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## Steve - Test their hoorays, boos and hissing skills

### Narrator:

The Plot: Mrs Day experiences hallucinations following foul meals and is visited by three prominent characters.

### NARRATORS INTRODUCTION:

My Goodly Lords, Ladies and Young Gentlefolk,  
Pray gather round and listen,  
While we reveal a cautionary **tale**,  
A future so **pale** and **chasten**.

Our Mummies' Play, a tradition now,  
Dates hundreds of years **before**,  
Played by the local amateur,  
Prior to Broadway it doth **Transfor**!

Loosely based on a Dickens novella,  
**(The names mis-told for legal reasons)**,  
Although they may suggest certain **Politician's**,  
Please encourage our Hero to stay those vile **villains**!

 **(hand to side  
of mouth)**

Our opening scene finds Mrs **Day**,  
Within the drawing room of 10 Downhill **Street**,  
Moving furniture around the room,  
to make-way for her brand new DFS **suite**.

### MRS DAY:

Now, moving this bookshelf here,  
This table there, The Drinks unit **in-between**,  
I'll have everything just right you see,  
– Oh No, they've began to **lean**.

– **Pete shouts 'Ikea'**

## NARRATOR:

With Mrs Days ambitious plans  
For a Cabinet reshuffle **thwarted**,  
with the evening's dinner laying so heavily,  
– she retired to see the **horses!**

### – Mrs Day dozes on hay

The substantial building so **Strong the Stable**,  
Her rested head on a straw **bale**,  
Dozing.... dreaming..... scheming she,  
The recent poor meal - so awfully **stale**.

(Mrs Day Mumbles  
"Strong & Stable,  
Strong & Stable")

(Mrs Day Mumbles  
"Horrible just horrible")

First to arrive – a blonde Etonian,  
Our Hero in disguise, **hooray**,  
A blathering fool to all but **him**,  
Of good intentions and so full of **vim**.  
Enter Mr **Porridge** Johnson...

### Hooray + Rattle of Chains

## MR PORRIDGE JOHNSON:

Ah... Erm... well... hello if I **may**,  
My name is **Porridge** - your first meal of the **day**.  
I champion the cause for right and for **good**,  
**With my trusty sword** I do seek a **Knighthood!**

### Hooray

## NARRATOR:

Next came the banquet feast,  
Another Blonde into the **fray**.  
a self-proclaimed Genius,  
A legend to himself some **say**,  
Enter Mr McDonald Trumpty...

### Boo, Hiss + Rattle of Chains

## MR MCDONALD TRUMPTY:

I tweeted ahead to expect my visit,  
For I am indeed the main **course**.  
Ah, I see there are absolutely thousands here,  
The biggest and bestest crowd ever - you will **endorse**.

## Boo, Hiss

Don't you boo, have some **respect**,  
I wrote a best seller - all perfectly **correct**,  
If it's fake news you are after - go to the Visitor **Centre**,  
You'll find this walks book full of mis-**adventure!**

## Boo, Hiss

### NARRATOR:

The final visitation sees the small desert **appear**,  
Or - Mr **Pudding** - please don't yet **jeer**,  
the Blini is his nations favourite sweet - it dost **seem**,  
A Pancake laden with butter, caviar and horrible sour **cream**.  
Enter Mr Vladimir **Pudding**...

## Boo, Hiss + Rattle of Chains

### MR VLADIMIR PUDDING:

I ham on zar menu last I do **know**,  
This cannot be denied, I'm from **Moscow!**  
But I'll have the final zaay with many a **gloat**,  
- From across the world I'll have your last **Vote!**

## Boo, Hiss

### NARRATOR:

So, underhanded the curdled **cream**,  
a foul recipe to distort views we **glean**,  
Up steps our Hero **new**,  
To challenge Mr **Puddings view**.

## Hooray + Rattle of Chains

### MR PORRIDGE JOHNSON:

Oh Gosh... I say... you cad.. you are,  
A Mutton-Headed old Mugwump for **sure**.  
Take heed your sword and tarry nought,  
For I demand satisfaction you... you... you **bore**.

## - Porridge and Pudding sword fight

## **d** – Pudding skewers Porridge who falls on Ground Sheet

### **NARRATOR:**

Our Hero lays dead attempting **retribution**,  
Not, as it happens, a clever **solution**.  
But wait – who now doth **encroaches**,  
It's the latest incarnation of Doctor Who **approaches!**

### **Hooray**

### **DOCTOR WHO:**

Stand back, let me in,  
I've experience of resurrection.  
Quite I pray and pay **heed**,  
A Community Orchard Apple I **need**.

Hey you young man, I seek your **compassion**, ← **Point to lad**  
To save this Hero I ask your quick **action**,  
**Bring me an Apple hanging in that yonder tree**, ← **Point to tree**  
Grab it at once and bring it too **me**.

## **– Lad picks apple hands to Doctor who administers to Hero**

### **Hooray**

### **NARRATOR:**

Our thanks to the Doctor's brand new **assistant**,  
Who valiantly aided our hero's **persistents**.  
And lo, Porridge raises with added vig-or,  
to parry again like a re-born Thor.

## **– Swords clatter as Mr Pudding falls fatally on to falls Ground Sheet**

### **Hooray**

### **MR PORRIDGE JOHNSON:**

Hooray for me - I have won and in **clover**,  
No **popinjay** am I - so it's time to **takeover**.  
Missus Day - your days are **numbered**,  
from number ten you'll be **un-e n c u m b e r e d !**

## **NARRATOR:**

But who is this I spy emerging,  
dressed like the Devil and always talking.  
It's Harrietta Cannab, the sister to **Harry**,  
Who stalks these hills and looms so **scary**.

## **HARRIETTA CANNAB:**

I'm Harrietta Cannab, I ride these **Hills**  
To keep them clear of **clutter**.  
You lot make me sick to the **gills**,  
So much fake news you **utter**.

– gathered everyone together

So, off with me now, the Devil **awaits**,  
Down beyond Hell's fiery **gates**.  
For all the lives you've needlessly **spoiled**,  
He'll have your guts - once they've been **boiled**.

– off they go herded to one side

## **NARRATOR:**

The battle over, the good deeds **done**,  
We thank our late Hero for the duel he did **won**.  
The moral of this extraordinary **tale**  
– never go to bed on a full stomach

- or nightmares will prevail!

**All to the front and take a bow**