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Awaking Beauty

A musical

Book and lyrics by Alan Ayckbourn

Music by Denis King

Samuel French — London
www.samuelfrench-london.co.uk



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AWAKING BEAUTY

First produced at The Stephen Joseph Theatre,
Scarborough on 16th December 2008 with the
following cast of characters:

Carabosse	Anna Francolini
The Prince	Duncan Patrick
Princess Aurora	Alice Fearn
The Pigcutter	Ben Fox
First Narrator	Verity Quade
Second Narrator	Annalene Beechey
Third Narrator	Helen French
Fourth Narrator	Matthew White
Fifth Narrator	Ian McLarnon
Sixth Narrator	Jon-Paul Hevey

Directed by Alan Ayckbourn
Designed by Michael Holt

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CHARACTERS

Carabosse

The Prince

Princess Aurora

The Pigcutter

First Narrator (female) also playing **Maurice De Vine, Woman 1, Woman 4**

Second Narrator (female) also playing **Woman 2, Woman 5, Second Beautician, Miss Chasum**

Third Narrator (female) also playing **Woman 3, Woman 6, Beauty Salon Assistant, Third Hairdresser, Midwife, Supermarket Girl**

Fourth Narrator (male) also playing **The Grand Sorceress, First Prince, Man 1, Man 4, Beauty Salon Manager, First Hairdresser, Baby Conrad**

Fifth Narrator (male) also playing **Second Prince, Man 2, Man 5, Estate Agent, First Beautician, Baby Boris**

Sixth Narrator (male) also playing **Third Prince, Man 3, Man 6, Second Hairdresser, Geoff, Baby Arthur**

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

PROLOGUE A bare stage

ACT I SCENE 1 Carabosse's cave

SCENE 2 The Grand Hall of Sorcerers

SCENE 3 The grounds of Princess Aurora's Castle

SCENE 4 Carabosse's cave

SCENE 5 A street somewhere in the Big City

SCENE 6 An Estate Agent's office

SCENE 7 A reception of a hairdressing salon and beauty clinic

ENTR'ACTE A bare stage

ACT II SCENE 1 A bare stage

SCENE 2 The hospital waiting-room

SCENE 3 The City streets

SCENE 4 The bedroom at 29 Brown Brick Road

SCENE 5 The City streets

SCENE 6 Living-area of a dingy self-catering hotel room

SCENE 7 The sitting-room at 29 Brown Brick Road

EPILOGUE The interior of the cave

Time—more recently than you think

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

- No. 1 This Has To Be Love (**Prince, Aurora, Carabosse**)
- No. 2 Aurora's Vow (**Aurora**)
- No. 3 Do Your Worst (**Carabosse, Prince**)
- No. 4 Aurora's Vow (reprise) (**Aurora**)
- No. 5 Particular (**Pigcutter**)
- No. 6 Love Comes Later (**Sorceress**)
- No. 7 Busy in the City (**Narrators**)
- No. 8 Welcome (**De Vine** and **Narrators**)

ACT II

- No. 9 This Has To Be Love (version 5) (**Prince, Aurora**)
- No. 10 Particular (reprise) (**Pigcutter**)
- No. 11 Awaking Beauty (**De Vine** and **Narrators**)
- No. 12 The Laughing Song (**Miss Chasum** and **Carabosse**)
- No. 13 Multiple Birth Refrain (**Prince, Aurora, Narrators**)
- No. 14 Busy in the City Reprise (**Narrators**)
- No. 15 Only Then (**Carabosse** and **Pigcutter**)
- No. 16 Aurora's Lullaby (**Aurora** and **Narrators**)
- No. 17 The World to Me (**Aurora**)
- No. 18 I'll Settle for You (**Carabosse** and **Pigcutter**)

The vocal score is available on hire from Samuel French Ltd

Other plays by Alan Ayckbourn published by Samuel French Ltd

Absent Friends
Absurd Person Singular
Bedroom Farce
Body Language
Callisto 5
The Champion of Paribanou
A Chorus of Disapproval
Comic Potential
Communicating Doors
Confusions
A Cut in the Rates
Damsels in Distress (trilogy: FlatSpin, GamePlan, RolePlay)
Dreams from a Summer House (music by John Pattison)
Drowning on Dry Land
Ernie's Incredible Illucinations
Family Circles
Garden
Gizmo
Henceforward ...
House
House & Garden
How the Other Half Loves
Improbable Fiction (music by Denis King)
Intimate Exchanges (Volume I)
Intimate Exchanges (Volume II)
Invisible Friends
It Could Be Any One of Us
Joking Apart
Just Between Ourselves
Living Together
Man of the Moment
Mixed Doubles
Mr A's Amazing Maze Plays
Mr Whatnot
My Very Own Story
The Norman Conquests
Orvin — Champion of Champions (music by Denis King)
Relatively Speaking
The Revengers' Comedies
Round and Round the Garden
Season's Greetings
Sisterly Feelings
A Small Family Business
Snake in the Grass
Suburban Strains (music by Paul Todd)
Table Manners
Taking Steps
Ten Times Table
Things We Do For Love
This Is Where We Came In
Time and Time Again
Time of My Life
Tons of Money (revised version)
Way Upstream
Whenever (music by Denis King)
Wildest Dreams
Wolf at the Door (adapted from Henri Becque's *Les Corbeaux*)
Woman in Mind
A Word from Our Sponsor (music by John Pattison)

PROLOGUE

The Lights come up on an empty stage

A brief overture. At the conclusion, the Lights fade to a black-out

Carabosse and the six Narrators enter in the darkness. The Narrators remain on stage throughout the play

Unaccompanied, the voices of the six Narrators start up, gradually joining together wordlessly, until they reach a dramatic opening chord. Then a light comes up on the Narrators

Narrators And so the story goes ...

The other Narrators continue softly, wordlessly under the following

First Narrator And whether you first heard it five years ago or fifty years ago, you will certainly remember it. How the Princess Aurora, having pricked her finger on the spindle, at once fell asleep along with the whole royal palace for a hundred years. And how, as she slept, her wicked godmother Carabosse, who had cast the spell, watched and gloated.

A light comes up briefly on Carabosse

Carabosse Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

The light goes down on her again

The Narrators continue under the following

First Narrator As years passed, inside the palace the dust settled deeper and the cobwebs denser, for only the spiders had escaped the witch's spell. Outside in the grounds the grass grew high, the trees tall and the brambles grew everywhere until it was impossible for any living soul to approach the palace without being scratched and torn to pieces by the thorns. Though many brave noblemen tried —

The Fourth Narrator steps forward

Fourth Narrator *(as a prince, reacting to the brambles)* Ah-ah-ah-ah-ow! *(He retreats)*

The Fifth Narrator steps forward

Fifth Narrator *(likewise)* Ah-ah-ah-ah-ow! *(He retreats, also defeated)*

First Narrator And the witch, Carabosse, loved watching all these splendid noblemen being torn and scratched to pieces. And she laughed and laughed ...

A light comes up again briefly on Carabosse

Carabosse Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

The light goes down on her again

The Narrators continue under the following

First Narrator And it seemed that nowhere in the kingdom did there live a prince or a knight, not a single nobleman, however brave, who could possibly rescue the sleeping princess. Until one day from a far distant land ——

The Prince enters

The Narrators do a short vocal fanfare

A magnificent, fearless prince arrived.

Prince *(fearlessly)* Ha! Ha! *(He stands impressively, surveying the palace and the task ahead)*

The Narrators continue under the following

First Narrator This was a prince not to be frightened by a few thorns and brambles!

Prince *(contemptuously)* Ba!

First Narrator If there was a beautiful princess in need of rescue, here stood the man to rescue her! Without a moment's hesitation, the Prince set off through the dense undergrowth ——

Prince Ho! Ho! *(He strides forward)*

The Narrators become the undergrowth. They move forward with a menacing, threatening brambly sound to block the Prince's path. They sway and lash out at him

Narrators Aaaahhh! Aaaahhh! Aaaahhh!

Prince (*reacting to this*) Ow! Ow! Ouch! Ow!

First Narrator — and the witch watched wickedly —

A light comes up again briefly on Carabosse

Carabosse Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

The light goes down on her again. The Prince battles on

First Narrator For she knew that no mortal man, however brave, could ever pass through her barrier of thorns ...

All Aaaahhh! Aaaahhh! Aaaahhh!

Prince Oh, bugger!

First Narrator But this prince from a far off land was no ordinary prince. He was the bravest, most courageous of princes who wasn't going to let a few mere brambles get the better of him. What's more — he had a trusty sword!

The Prince draws his sword

Prince Ha! ha!

Narrators (*drawing back at the sight of his sword*) Aaaaahhh!

First Narrator Even the wicked witch was impressed ...

A light comes up again briefly on Carabosse

Carabosse (*seeing the sword*) Ooooh!

The light goes out on her again

First Narrator And suddenly the Prince began to win the battle against the vicious brambles ...

Prince (*swishing his sword*) Take that! And that! And that!

Narrators (*reacting and recoiling under his onslaught, variously*) Ow! Ow! Ouch! Ow! Oh, bugger!

First Narrator ... until all was cleared and he finally reached the door of the castle itself.

Prince (*triumphantly*) Ha! ha!

A silence. The Narrators have retreated into the shadows. The Prince stands alone in an isolated light

First Narrator (*whispering*) The Prince found himself standing in front of a huge door. Cautiously, he pushed it open ...

The Prince mimes opening the door. The Narrators supply the sound as he does so, as they will do throughout, half musically, half onomatopoeically

Narrators Eeeeeee-e-e-e-e-e-e-eeek!

First Narrator And he entered the silent castle. As he did so, the door behind him swung to again ...

Narrators Eeeeeee-e-e-e-e-e-e-eeek!

First Narrator ... and slammed shut!

Narrators Du-n-n-n-k-k!

First Narrator Which startled the prince.

Prince (*jumping*) Oh!

First Narrator For a while the Prince could see and hear nothing but as he moved forward, his eyes grew used to the darkness ...

As the Prince reaches the other individual Narrators, each one is briefly lit. All stand in frozen positions, as if caught in mid-action

Everyone in the palace, masters, manservants, mistresses and maids ... had been frozen in time, as they had been for a hundred years ... As the Prince moved further into the palace and his ears became accustomed to the silence, beyond the darkness, he could hear hundreds of tiny noises —

Narrators (*a soft rustling*) Scutter-scutter-scutter-scutter-scutter —

First Narrator — as a thousand spiders busily worked away, weaving a million webs ...

Narrators Scutter-scutter-scutter-scutter-scutter —

Prince (*repulsed*) Uuuugghh!

First Narrator And the Prince hurried in his search to find the sleeping Princess ...

The Prince continues to move round, passing the various Narrators in frozen poses

But although he searched everywhere, passing cooks and valets, footmen and gardeners, butlers and chambermaids ... The Prince was unable to find Princess Aurora anywhere. He was almost ready to give up when, at the end of a passageway, he came to a door he'd missed the first time ...

The Prince mimes opening a door

Narrators (*a creak*) Eeeeeee-e-e-e-e-e-eeek!

A bed rises up with Princess Aurora asleep on it

The Narrators greet its appearance musically. They continue softly under the next

First Narrator And so he found her. The Prince moved closer to her bed in wonder, scarcely able to believe his eyes. She was truly the most beautiful Princess he had ever seen in his life. And then and there, before he'd had time to draw another breath, the Prince fell completely and utterly in love.

No. 1 This Has To Be Love

Prince (*singing, softly at first*) This has be love!
Up here, my head feels both delighted and dizzy
Down there, things are getting excited and busy
She's not yet awoken, we haven't yet spoken
Yet I know, yes I know,
That this really and truly,
My passion's unruly,
This certainly has to be love!

A light again briefly on Carabosse

Carabosse (*speaking disgustedly*) Yuurrrkkk!

Prince (*singing*) This has to be love!
My vision is blurred and my poor head is pounding,
Her lips are divine and her breasts quite astounding,
My heart feels it's broken, could this be a token?
Yes, I know, it is so
That this certainly, clearly,
No, not even nearly,
It's got to be, has to be love!

A light again briefly on Carabosse

Carabosse (*speaking disgustedly*) Yuurrrkkk!

Prince (*singing*) I've had this recurring dream
 The way romance would feel;
 Now, suddenly it would seem,
 This whole thing is for real —
 It has to be love!

Though I have no idea of her name I concede it,
 If the rest of her body's the same, then I need it!
 I'll gently awake her, and woo her and make her,
 Till I swear that by heaven above,
 Very soon she'll agree with me
 It has to be love.

First Narrator And the witch, who had enough of this, was about to cast a really horrible spell on them to turn them both into stag beetles so she could stamp on them and have done with it — but before she could say so much as an abracadabra ...

The Prince steps forward and kisses Aurora gently on the lips. The Narrators' underscore swells to a sweet crescendo. The Prince steps back as Aurora stirs and wakes up. She sleepily opens her eyes and sees the Prince

Aurora (*singing*) This has to be love!
 I awake from a dream that was mildly exotic,
 To a kiss, I confess, I found wildly erotic,
 My whole body's burning my insides are churning,
 Yes, of this I was warned,
 Long ago by my nanny
 It's simply uncanny,
 This certainly has to be love!

A light again briefly on Carabosse

Carabosse (*speaking*) I'm putting a stop to this ...

As the underscore builds again, all but drowning out the disgusted Carabosse, the Prince starts to take off his clothes; Aurora lies back imploringly, her arms stretched out to him

Both This has to be love!
 It's love at first sight, with our two hearts combining,
 Our bodies will follow, our parts intertwining,

Prince This has to be it!
Aurora You're sure it will fit?
Both That this really and truly,
 Our passion's unruly,
 This certainly has to be love!

Until the Prince is stripped down to his medieval briefs. Aurora stares at him entranced. The music stops abruptly. Carabosse also stares at the Prince, transfixed

First Narrator And then just as the couple were about to love happily ever after, the most extraordinary thing happened.

Carabosse (*softly*) Oh, dear God! (*She sings*)

Prince } This has to be —
 Aurora } — love!
 Carabosse }
 Prince } This has to be —
 Aurora } — love at first sight, with our two hearts combining,
 Our bodies will follow, our parts intertwining,

The Prince and Aurora continue singing to each other regardless, he approaching the bed preparing to lie with her

Prince This really is it!

Aurora I'm sure it will fit.

Both That this really and truly,
Our passion's unruly,
This certainly has to be — !

As they prepare to engage, Carabosse stops the proceedings

Carabosse (*speaking vehemently*) No! No! No! No! NO!

The music stops

First Narrator And the infuriated Carabosse resolved, if she wasn't to have the Prince herself, to turn them both into bluebottles to be eaten by the hungry spiders. But before she could do this —

Aurora (*wriggling out from under the Prince*) Darling ... sorry I — (*Climbing off the bed*) Won't be the briefest tick.

Prince (*perturbed*) Where are you going?

Aurora To the ... Sorry. It has been a hundred years, I'm simply bursting ...

Prince Oh, right. Of course ...

Aurora Don't go away ...

Aurora scampers off

The Prince lies with his eyes closed

First Narrator At this, Carabosse seized her opportunity —

Carabosse Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

The light fades on Carabosse

Carabosse exits

All (*a magic sound*) Waaaaahhhhh!

Immediately, Aurora, now as Carabosse, returns

Aurora (*Carabosse's laugh*) Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

The Prince opens his eyes, startled

Prince What?

Aurora Back again.

Prince So soon.

Aurora I don't hang about.

From the bathroom there is the sound of banging on the door and faint calls from Aurora

Prince What's that?

Aurora What?

Prince That noise? What is it?

Aurora Just the plumbing. (*Snuggling up to him*) Hallo, beautiful. Where were we, then?

The Narrators resume the underscore

Oh yes ... (*She sings*)

This has to be love!

The Prince, somewhat bewildered, joins with her

Prince This has to be —
Both Love at first sight, with our two hearts combining,
 Our bodies are close now, our parts intertwining,
Prince It certainly fits
Aurora Get a load of these tits ...
Both That this really and truly,
 Our passion's unruly,
 This certainly has to be love!

The couple on the bed start to make love, Aurora somewhat more vigorously and enthusiastically than the Prince expected. As the whole thing looks as it might get out of hand, the Narrators gather hastily around the bed shielding it from view

The Prince and Aurora disappear as the bed descends again during the rest of the song

Narrators That this really and truly,
 Their passion's unruly,
 This certainly has to be love!

The song ends

The Narrators disperse and the Second Narrator takes up the tale

Second Narrator After a magical night filled with vigorous love, the blissful couple fell into a deep sleep and they both dreamt of living happily ever after.

The Narrators commence a dawn underscore, complete with birds etc. the full works, under the following

And as dawn broke, the sun peeped through the windows and, seeing the slumbering lovers, smiled to himself and discreetly drew a soft white cloud over his face for fear he would disturb them. Outside in the garden, the birds gradually returned to find that where there had been prickly brambles and sharp thorns, there now grew huge lawns and beautiful flowers and tall trees.

The bed rises. Only the sleeping Prince is visible, Carabosse, as Aurora, is invisible under the bedclothes

As the underscore continues, the Prince wakes up. He looks around him, alarmed there is no sign of Aurora. He smiles as he becomes aware of her in the bed beside him. He touches her sleeping shape through the blanket affectionately, not wishing to disturb her, yet. He sings softly to himself at first but, as his heart takes flight, eventually so does his song. The Narrators gently add an accompaniment

Prince (*growing gradually louder*) This has to be love!
 Up here, my head feels both delighted and dizzy
 Down there, things are getting excited and busy
 She's not yet awoken, we haven't yet spoken
 Yet I know, yes I know,
 That this really and truly,
 My passion's unruly,
 This certainly has to be —

Carabosse (*speaking, muffled, from under the covers*) Oy! Keep the noise down, lover boy.

The music stops

Prince I'm sorry. What did you say, my love?

Carabosse (*in very much her own voice*) I'm trying to get some kip down here.

Prince What? Aurora, my beloved? (*Becoming a trifle alarmed*) Aurora?

Second Narrator When the Prince drew back the bedclothes imagine his dismay when he saw —

The Prince draws back the bedclothes to reveal Carabosse. He stares in horror

Narrators (*dramatic chord of revelation*) Daaaaa!

Carabosse (*smiling, sleepily*) 'Morning.

Prince AAAAaaaaahhhh! (*He leaps out of bed, still in his underwear*)
 Get away! Get away from me, you vile creature!

Carabosse Eh?

Prince You filthy, disgusting hag, what are you doing in that bed?

Carabosse You've changed your tune from last night, haven't you?

Prince Last night?

Carabosse (*singing*) "This has to be love!" ... (*Speaking*) Very different story in the morning, isn't it?

Prince That wasn't you, you foul, repellent monster! Look at you, just take a look at yourself!

Carabosse I can promise you, darling, I'm exactly the same as I was — *(Catching sight of her hand and realizing)* Oh! I've changed back. It's worn off in the night.

Prince Hideous creature!

Carabosse But I'm still the same, I just look different. It's still me, lover. *(Extending her arms to him)* Come here, I'll prove it to you.

Prince Keep away from me, vile witch. I would sooner stroke a toad!

Carabosse *(getting out of bed, excitedly)* How can you say that? Look it's me! Me! It was a night we vowed never to forget? We both said it, lying there in the darkness. Don't you remember?

Prince Where is my beloved? What have you done with her?

Carabosse She's here! She's over here, you fool!

Prince You? I could never love you. Never in a million years, you repulse me, you repel me, you distorted, hideous — thing! *(Calling)* Aurora! Aurora! My darling Aurora!

He starts to put on his clothes. Carabosse watches him rather stunned

Second Narrator And the witch, although she was well over three hundred years old, still knew very little about men and particularly men the morning after. But she was beginning to learn.

Carabosse Well, bugger me!

Prince I will find her, never fear. No matter that it takes another hundred years of searching, you will not keep her from me, do you hear? I will not rest till I catch sight of her fair face once more. This I vow. *(Raising his sword and crying out)* AURORA!

From the bathroom there is the sound of faint cries and banging on the door

(Listening) What was that? Was it her? It's her! Aurora!

Carabosse Oh, I've had enough of this!

Prince *(moving off)* I'm coming my love! I'm comi —

Carabosse stabs out her hand impatiently at the Prince

Narrators *(a magic sound)* Waaaaahhhhh!

The Prince is frozen in his tracks

Second Narrator After all, what point was there in being a witch if you couldn't cheat, occasionally?

Carabosse Come here, lover.

The Prince pads over to her

Good boy! Now then, after me. (*She leads him into the song*)

This has to be love!

Prince (*as if in a trance*) This has to be love!

Both It's love at first sight, with our hearts both combining,
Our bodies will follow, our parts intertwining,

Prince My heart is for you ...

Carabosse And the rest of you, too.

Both That this really and truly,
Our passion's unruly,
This certainly has to be love!

He kisses her

Carabosse (*finally, pushing him away; speaking*) Come on, then. I'm taking you home with me!

Prince (*overjoyed*) Oh, my beloved, how wonderful.

Carabosse starts to lead the Prince out of the room. From the bathroom comes the sound of Aurora's desperate cry

Aurora (*off, calling*) Somebody, let me out of here!

Carabosse (*irritably*) Oh, I'd forgotten about her. (*Calling*) Come on, then, out you come. (*She gesticulates*)

Narrators (*another magic sound*) Waaaaahhhhh!

The offstage bathroom door flies open

Aurora spills into the room

Aurora Oh! At last! I thought I'd never — (*She breaks off as she sees them together*) Wicked godmother! Beloved? What are you both ...? Why — ?

Carabosse He's with me now, child.

Aurora You? How can he? He's my husband-to-be.

Carabosse Not any more. You've missed your chance.

Aurora I'm his future wife. Beloved, tell her you're mine. You vowed to me you were mine forever.

Carabosse Vows are made to be broken, dear.

Aurora (*tearfully*) Never!

Carabosse Ask him. Go on, ask him, then. (*To Prince*) Whose husband to be are you?

Prince Yours, beloved.

Carabosse Whose future wife am I?

Prince Mine, beloved.

Carabosse (*indicating Aurora*) Who's that, then?

Prince I've absolutely no idea. Possibly a bridesmaid?

Aurora Ooooooh !

She flings herself on the bed and, bursting into angry tears, drums her feet and buries her face in the pillow

Carabosse Dear! Dear! Dear! Teenage temper tantrums. You were well out of that, beloved.

Prince I should say I was, beloved.

Carabosse Come on, home time then. I promised you another chance to explore the magic forest, didn't I?

Prince Oh, jolly good!

Carabosse (*as they leave*) Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Carabosse and the Prince leave

The Narrators begin a sad underscore

Aurora (*in between her sobs*) ... he promised ... he made a vow ... we'd both live ... happily ... ever ... after ... he promised me ... (*She sits up*)

Second Narrator And Princess Aurora who was only sixteen — or if you count the years she'd been asleep — only a hundred and sixteen — also knew very little about men. But she was beginning to learn.

Aurora (*miserably*) I just want to go back to sleep for another hundred years ... (*She sings*)

No. 2 Aurora's Vow

That foul witch has done her worst,
This whole honeymoon is cursed.
What a tragic, sorry plight!
What's the heroine to do,
When she's trapped inside the loo?
What a horrid wedding night!
Kneeling on a freezing floor
With her ear against the door.
Knowing everything's begun,
Future husband's having fun
Whilst completely unaware
Wife-to-be's not even there.

And he didn't seem to care!
Well, let both of them, beware!

(Speaking; more determined) Pull yourself together, Aurora! *(She gets off the bed)*

(Singing; more confidently) I am nearly seventeen
And the daughter of a queen.
If it takes a thousand years,
And a waterfall of tears —
I will fight this to the death,
Till I take my final breath —
I forgot — another thing
Yes! My daddy is the king! —
I'll risk pestilence and fire
And all consequences dire.
I've an iron royal will
I am quite prepared to kill!
So wherever you may be,
I will never set him free
And you heard that first from me — so there!

At the end of the song, the bed goes

Aurora goes off

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT I

SCENE 1

Carabosse's cave

A rock serving as a seat and a bed, nothing more

Third Narrator (*taking up the tale*) Carabosse, the witch, lived in a cold, damp dark cave ...

Some of the Narrators start various regular dripping noises

Narrators { Plip ... plop ... plip ... plop ... *etc.*
 { Drip drip drip ... *etc.*

Third Narrator ... infested with rats and other vermin ...

The other Narrators join in with occasional scuffling, squeaking rodent sounds

Narrators { Scuffle ... scuffle ... scuffle ...
 { Eek ... eek ... eek ... eek ...

Third Narrator The witch's only companion, since the unfortunate death of her cat some years before, was her Familiar, the enchanted Pigcutter.

The Pigcutter enters with a besom broom. Half pig, half human, he is short, hairy and unattractive. He is at present chasing rodents swiping at them with his broom.

Pigcutter (*as he enters*) ... go on ... get out of it ... out, out ... horrible things ... Yeeurrh! Oh, these rats, they're everywhere!

From off stage, Carabosse is heard calling

Carabosse (*off, calling*) Pig! Pig! Where are you? Pig!

Pigcutter She's back! She's back!

Carabosse (*off, calling*) Pig!

Pigcutter Oh, God! Just look at the place! I haven't untidied it!

Carabosse (*off, calling*) Pig!

He throws the broom down and prepares to greet her

Carabosse enters

Pigcutter (*extending his arms to greet her*) Welcome back, mistress.

Carabosse (*ignoring him*) So this is where you're hiding, pig.

Pigcutter (*overcome*) It's so — it's so good to see —

Carabosse What have you been doing to this place while I've been away?

Pigcutter Nothing, mistress.

Carabosse It looks suspiciously to me like you've been washing the floors?

Pigcutter Me?

Carabosse You know I can't stand washed floors. What's that over there? Is that a broom? Have you been sweeping?

Pigcutter No, mistress.

Carabosse Then what's that broom doing out?

Pigcutter I — I —

Carabosse That's my best broom. Have you been sweeping up with my best broom, you horrible little porker?

Pigcutter I was only chasing rats.

Carabosse Rats?

Pigcutter There's hundreds of them. They're breeding ...

Carabosse (*romantically*) Ah! Sweet!

Pigcutter Thousands of them! If we only had a cat ...

Carabosse I had a cat.

Pigcutter He died, though.

Carabosse Whose fault's that, then, pig? (*Stabbing her finger at him twice, viciously*) Yours! Yours!

All Waaaaahhhhh! Waaaaahhhhh!

Pigcutter (*reacting, in pain*) Aaaah! Aaaah!

From a distance, the Prince's voice is heard echoing through the cave. At the sound of his voice, Carabosse's manner softens. She is clearly a woman infatuated

Prince (*off, calling*) Beloved! Where are you, beloved? I've lost you.

Carabosse (*calling back*) I'm in here, husband-to-be.

Pigcutter (*mystified*) Husband-to-be?

Prince (*off, calling*) Future wife! I can't find you!

Carabosse (*calling back*) Here, beloved! Just follow my sweet voice, beloved!

Pigcutter Future wife? Beloved? Who's this beloved, then?

Carabosse Mind your own business. I've brought home my husband-to-be. We're engaged. From now on he's living here. So, it'll be two for supper.

Pigcutter (*dismayed*) Living *here*?

The Prince enters. He wears a pair of rose-tinted spectacles

Prince (*overjoyed*) Ah! Beloved!

Carabosse (*softening immediately*) Aaaahhh!

Prince If I had lost you, my heart would have broken in two.

Carabosse I would never leave you, my darling.

Prince (*moving to her*) My beloved!

Carabosse (*holding out her arms*) My prince!

Prince (*holding her*) My little princess!

Carabosse Kiss me! Kiss me! Kiss me!

Prince Yes! Yes! Yes! (*He kisses her gently*)

Carabosse Yes! (*She kisses him deeply*)

Pigcutter (*watching this with some horror*) Oh, God, that's horrible!

Carabosse (*breaking from the embrace*) Don't look! Don't look! This is private. If I catch you staring again, I'll strike you blind!

Pigcutter (*muttering*) Fat lot of good that'll do you. Blind pig around the place.

Carabosse (*hissing*) Shut up!

Prince (*who has been looking round for the first time*) Oh! Oh! Oh!

What a palace is this! Magnificent! This is magnificent, beloved!

Carabosse I'm pleased you like it, beloved.

Pigcutter He likes it?

Prince I had no idea you lived somewhere so beautiful. It must surely be enchanted!

Carabosse And if you keep those glasses on, dearest, it'll stay enchanted, I promise.

Pigcutter It's a filthy old cave!

Carabosse If you don't shut up, I'll pull your tongue out!

Pigcutter (*muttering*) Yes, that'll do it ... then you'll have a dumb pig, as well ...

Prince (*seeing the Pigcutter for the first time*) Oh-ho! Oh! Oh!

Pigcutter Eh?

Prince What a superb animal! Superb! (*Walking round the Pigcutter, inspecting him*) He must certainly be of noble pedigree?

Pigcutter (*modestly*) Well, you know ... I've been around.

Prince Where in heaven did you find this magnificent creature?

Carabosse (*muttering*) I don't know, under some stone ...

Prince Obviously of Arab stock ... head held high ... full flowing mane ... high tail ... a superb stallion, indeed ...

Pigcutter Stallion? Where'd you find this bloke?

Prince Would you permit me to ride him later, beloved?

Pigcutter Eh?

Carabosse Maybe later, beloved.

Pigcutter Yes, much later.

Carabosse Go and make us a brew.

Pigcutter A brew? What brew?

Carabosse *The* brew.

Pigcutter Oh yes, right. *The* brew. Two brews, coming up.

The Pigcutter collects the broom and shuffles off

Prince (*watching him leave, admiringly*) What a high-stepping creature! Do you ride him frequently?

Carabosse Only in emergencies.

Prince I am tempted to leap astride him. I would handle him gently, I promise.

Carabosse I'm sure.

Prince I am an accomplished rider, never fear.

Carabosse I know you are, beloved. (*Patting the rock*) Come here and sit down.

The Narrators start some romantic underscore during the next

Prince (*moving to her*) On this cosy, pure, white bed with sheets of finest silk and softest swan's down pillows ...?

Carabosse That's the one, beloved ... Am I not beautiful? Go on, tell me I'm beautiful.

Prince You're so — beautiful ... beautiful ...

Carabosse Go on ... keep saying it ...

Prince (*repeating it*) Beautiful ... beautiful ... beautiful ... beautiful ...

Carabosse That'll do ...

A love scene of sorts between them. Frustratingly for Carabosse, she has to do the work for both of them. She sings, caressing him and placing his hands where she wants them

No. 3 Do Your Worst

Now do what you once did before to me,
But this time I hope you'll do more to me.

Try taunting and teasing me, painfully pleasing me
Do your worst, do your worst!

There's acres of me worth discovering,
Whole treasures in store need uncovering
So treat me appallingly, hauling and mauling me!
Do your worst, do your worst!
This time is our chance to experiment —
Exploring our wildest dreams —
An orgy of orgasmic merriment —
First fleetingly fingering, firmly, then lingering —

Prince How's that then — ?

He starts to rub her hips vigorously

Carabosse — you've got to be teasing me
Don't scratch me and pat me, start pleasing me!
Don't bounce up and down on me like I'm some pedi-
gree filly you want to come first!

Prince (*speaking*) Whoaa! there girl!

Carabosse Do your worst, do your worst!

Carabosse places his hands on her breasts

Put your hands there, just caressingly ...
That's good. You can soon start undressing me ...

The Prince starts to rub her breasts as if they were horse brasses in need of a shine.

Prince You like me to rub some more?

Carabosse Now they're just bloody sore!

She snatches his hands away

Don't do that!

Prince Don't do what?

Carabosse (*indignantly*) That! That! That!

She snatches his hands from her breasts and places them on her bottom

Prince You want me to rub this?
Carabosse (*wearily, losing heart*) Whatever, love
 If you rub me much more, if we're clever, love
 A genie will reappear, out of my fucking rear
Prince (*laughing, heartily*) Make a wish!
Carabosse How I wish! How I wish!
 It's every girl's dream that a gent'll be —
 Once she has got him to bed —
 Keen to perform instrumentally,
 First plucking or bowing her, sucking or blowing her ...
Prince Are there any more ways of exciting you?
 You know my life's work is delighting you.

He has a brief think. Carabosse despairs

Carabosse This love-making has to be total catastrophe.

The Prince has a sudden good idea

Prince Oh! I know! Tally-ho! Try this first! (*He makes to resume his polishing, this time between her legs*)
Carabosse This is cursed!
Prince Do my worst, do my worst!

Carabosse (*pushing him off her, furiously*) No! No! No! No! NO!
Prince (*startled*) Beloved?
Carabosse What's the matter with you?
Prince (*bewildered*) Is anything wrong, beloved?
Carabosse I want the magic back. Where's all the magic?
Prince You mean conjuring tricks, beloved?
Carabosse No, I don't mean fucking conjuring tricks! (*On the verge of tears*) You've lost all your ... all your ... it's all gone ...
Third Narrator Poor Carabosse was learning the hard way about spur of the moment love affairs.
Carabosse (*brooding*) It's me, isn't it? You don't find me beautiful any more.
Prince You're the most beautiful creature in the entire world, beloved ... beautiful ... beautiful ... beautiful ...
Carabosse You don't mean that.
Prince ... beautiful ...
Carabosse You're lying. You're just saying it.
Prince And I'll keep saying it, beloved. A thousand times if that's what you need to hear ... Beaut —

Carabosse All right. Say it to my face then, go on. Look me straight in the eyes and say it. Go on!

Prince Very well, beloved. I will.

The Prince sits beside her on the bed again. She turns to face him. He takes off his glasses and looks at her

(In horror) Aaaaaaaahhhh!

The Prince runs from the room

Carabosse glares after him then stabs her fingers viciously in the direction he has vanished

Narrators Waaaaahhhhh!

Carabosse (*furiously*) Come back here! I'm not done with you!

The Pigcutter enters from the other direction, carrying two very dirty tin mugs of dark liquid. He stares after the Prince

Pigcutter What's the matter, then? Had a little tiff?

Carabosse (*savagely*) Shut up, pig!

The Prince enters. Groping his way now, since he has a bag over his head

Prince (*muffled*) Beloved?

Carabosse Over here, beloved.

Prince (*groping his way towards her*) Beloved?

Carabosse (*taking him by the hand*) Come on then, husband-to-be, bedtime.

Prince (*relieved to feel her hand*) Oh, future wife! I thought I'd lost you.

Carabosse (*resignedly, as they go*) This way. Let's try again.

Prince (*cheerfully*) Are we going to have another go, then?

Carabosse and the Prince go off

The Pigcutter watches them

Pigcutter What makes me think that's never going to work? (*He absently takes a sip from one of the mugs and immediately regrets it. Pulling a face*) Yuuurrghh!

The Pigcutter goes out after them. Aurora enters in a separate area

Underscore. The Lights simultaneously come up on Aurora. There is a brief inset scene

Third Narrator Several leagues away in her palace, the Princess Aurora waited sadly for her prince to return.

No. 4 Aurora's Vow (Reprise)

Aurora (*tearfully, singing*) I will wait another day,
 Just in case he's lost his way.
 What is taking him so long?
 Though I know it's very wrong,
 If he doesn't claim his wife
 It will cause such utter strife
 She'll be forced to take her life — so there!

Aurora bursts into tears and goes off

The Lights go down on her and we return to the cave

Carabosse returns, angry and frustrated. She paces a little, brooding

Third Narrator Carabosse was finally forced to admit that the initial fires of passion between her and the Prince had all but burnt out. The magic had gone. In her current state of frustration, unlike Princess Aurora, the witch was certainly not prepared to wait another minute. The situation called for action. And Carabosse was a woman of action.

Carabosse (*yelling*) Pig!!! Pig!!!

The Pigcutter enters hurriedly

Pigcutter Mistress?

Carabosse Fetch my fastest broom, immediately! I'm off!

Pigcutter Again, mistress?

Carabosse Go, go, go!

Pigcutter (*going off*) Yes, mistress.

The Pigcutter exits

Carabosse Yes! This calls for urgent measures! Urgent measures!

The Pigcutter returns with the broom

Pigcutter Will you be long, mistress?

Carabosse What's it to you?

Pigcutter Only I was wondering if you — if you were going to be some time whether you would possibly consider ...

Carabosse Consider what?

Pigcutter ... turning me back. Before you go.

Carabosse (*beadily*) Turning you back? What do you mean, turning you back?

Pigcutter (*babbling*) Well, I mustn't grumble — I mean, on the whole it's a great life being your Familiar and that. And then again, I get all the perks, I'm not complaining, don't get me wrong ... It's just with me being a joiner originally — (*Holding out his trotters*) — I miss the thumbs, you know ... thumbs ...

The Pigcutter tails off at her expression

... thumbs.

Carabosse (*dangerously quiet*) Shut up, Pig!

Pigcutter Yes. Right. Fair enough, then.

Carabosse I'll change you back when I'm bad and ready ...

The Prince stumbles on still with the bag over his head

Prince (*muffled*) Beloved! Beloved, what's happening?

Carabosse Wait there, beloved.

Prince (*muffled*) Future wife, you're leaving?

Carabosse Won't be long.

Prince (*muffled*) Don't leave me! I cannot live without you!

Carabosse I'm just going to get some help. Professional help. For us. Back soon!

Prince (*muffled*) Don't leave me! I'll pine away and die without you!

Carabosse Oh, God! (*To the Pigcutter*) Take care of him, will you?

Pigcutter Me?

Carabosse I'll be back soooo-o-o-o-o-nnnnn.

Underscore

Carabosse whirls the broom round her head and with an extended cry disappears through the floor

Narrators (*as the spell works*) Waaaaahhhhh!

Prince (*as this happens, muffled*) Farewell, beloved! Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

Slight pause

Pigcutter She's gone now. You can take the bag off, if you like.

Prince (*removing the bag, staring around him mystified*) Where am I?

Pigcutter Same place. Same old cave.

Prince What happened to the beautiful palace?

Pigcutter Ah, well. That's a long story ...

Prince Who on earth are you? You're not a stallion.

Pigcutter No. I'm a pig.

Prince What happened to the magnificent stallion?

Pigcutter He galloped off.

Prince Was she astride him? My beloved?

Pigcutter I wish.

Prince That must have been a magnificent sight. A powerful rearing beast and her, atop him! Her hair flowing ... cheeks glowing ... was that how it was?

Pigcutter Yes, all of that.

Prince (*studying him*) So. In the meantime I have you for company, do I?

Pigcutter Any problem with that?

Prince Well, you're rather grubby.

Pigcutter What do you expect, I'm a pig.

Prince Why on earth does she allow you into her company?

Pigcutter I'm her Familiar.

Prince Familiar?

Pigcutter Yes.

Prince How familiar is familiar?

Pigcutter Well, not that familiar, unfortunately. (*Holding up his trotters again*) No thumbs, you see. Bit of a problem undoing the buttons.

Prince Her Familiar ...? How on earth did you land that job, for heaven's sake?

No. 5 Particular

Pigcutter I'm not particular, not that particular,
If you stand me in a crowd I'm hard to see,
But for someone who's not specially particular
She's especially particular to me.

If I hadn't been out on this job on this particular day
And I hadn't turned off on this path, down this particular
way,
And at this particular moment, I hadn't just chanced to
see,

At this particular point in time, this tall particular tree.
And I didn't particul'ly notice this moment in time was
sat
On this particular topmost branch was this particular
cat.
If I hadn't particul'ly chopped on that particular side,
It would never have flattened the cat which probably
wouldn't have died.

I'm not particular, not that particular,
If you stand me in a crowd I'm hard to see,
But for someone who's not specially particular
She's especially particular to me.

At that very particular time, she'd not come wandering
by
Then she'd not've particul'ly yelled at this particular
guy
She would never have gone and cursed him, before
they'd a chance to chat.

How's he particul'ly meant to know it's her particular
cat?
If that particular twist of fortune had never occurred to
me
I prob'ly never have met her, gone home and had my
tea.
At first I wasn't too happy, particul'ly keen to stay
Then somehow she captures your heart, in her own par-
ticular way.

I'm not particular, not that particular,
If you stand me in a crowd I'm hard to see,
But for someone who's not specially particular
She's especially particular to me —
She's especially particular to me.

A silence between them

Prince (*at length, impressed*) Well. That's a heck of a tale, that is.

Pigcutter As the prince said to the pig. (*He laughs*)

Prince (*laughing, then looking puzzled*) Sorry? No, I don't get that ...

Pigcutter Never mind. I must get on. Can't hang around here.

Prince Can I help at all?

Pigcutter Oh. Ta. I could do with a hand.

Prince (*laughing*) As the pig said to the prince. (*As they go off*) Did you get that? Hand, you see?

Pigcutter (*rather dourly*) Yes, I got that.

The Pigcutter and the Prince go off

Underscore. Under the next the Lights fade and the scene changes

Fifth Narrator And while the prince and the pigcutter both stayed, in their respective ways, under the witch's spell, Carabosse herself arrived in a trice thanks to her fastest broomstick, at the Grand Hall of Sorcerers for an audience with the Supreme Sorceress herself.

SCENE 2

The Grand Hall of Sorcerers

Another cavern. We get an impression that it is very large indeed. A pronounced echo

Carabosse pops up through the floor with her broomstick

There is an eerie moaning sound, like a distant wind down a long corridor

Carabosse (*arriving*) Hah! (*Looking around her*) Yes! (*Calling*) Hallo! Hallo! Anyone at home? Hallo!

Narrators (*a whispered echo, growing increasingly fainter*) Hallo ... hallo ... hallo ... hallo ...

Carabosse Anyone at home?

Narrators (*a whispered echo, growing increasingly fainter*) Home ... home ... home ... home ...?

Carabosse I hate this place. It gives me the creeps ...

Narrators (*a whispered echo, growing increasingly fainter*) Creeps ... creeps ... creeps ... creeps ...

Carabosse It's me Carabosse!

Narrators (*a whispered echo, growing increasingly fainter*) Carabosse ... Carabosse ... Carabosse ... Carabosse ...

Fifth Narrator And as she waited there, Carabosse started to get a little nervous, suddenly. Was this, she asked herself, such a good idea after all? But it was too late to turn back now ...

Narrators Waaaaahhhhh!

The Supreme Sorceress appears and stands, almost invisible, in the shadows

Sorceress (*genially*) Good evening, Carabosse.

Carabosse (*startled*) Oh! Your evil wickedness, good morning.

Sorceress No, good *evening*, Carabosse. Here it is invariably night-time, you should know that.

Carabosse Oh, yes, I'm so sorry your imperial viciousness ...

Sorceress And to what do we owe this pleasure, Carabosse, after all these years?

Carabosse Well, your vile, sadistic, corruptness, you see —

Sorceress We can drop the polite formalities, Carabosse. Supreme Mistress, if you must.

Carabosse Thank you, Supreme Mistress.

Sorceress Tell me, now, what have you been up to, since I last saw you? A hundred and seventeen years ago, was it? How time flies. So?

Carabosse (*flustered*) Well, I've been — er ... I've been ... nothing to speak of ...

Sorceress Apart from putting innocent princesses to sleep for a hundred years?

Carabosse (*laughing nervously*) Oh, yes, I'm sorry, I forgot about that. I —

Sorceress You don't need to apologize, that was excellent, Carabosse, excellent. Beautifully done ... The spindle was an inspired touch.

Carabosse Thank you, Supreme Mistress, thank you —

Sorceress Now, I haven't much time. Come, the reason for your visit?

Fifth Narrator But Carabosse was beginning to lose her nerve. How was she to confess to the Supreme Sorceress that she, Carabosse, a fully fledged witch, had fallen in love?

Carabosse I — er — I've — er done something — rather — well, Supreme Mistress, it's a little complicated ... I — er ... don't know how to put it, really — er — it's a long, long story —

Sorceress Oh, Carabosse, I so detest long, long stories. When someone starts on a long, long story I always suspect them of telling me a short, short, short story whilst trying to avoid coming to the point.

Carabosse It's a little complicated ...

Sorceress If it's that complicated then I insist that we both sit down, Carabosse. Here ...

The Sorceress gestures. Two seats emerge from the floor

Narrators Woooooohhhhh!

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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