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SF PERUSALS

The Dragon of Wantley

A pantomime

Norman Robbins

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CHARACTERS

Mauxalinda, a vengeful fairy
Sir Walter de Warthog, Mayor of Wantley
Rags, **Tatters** } Sir Walter's bailiffs
Squire Benjamin Moore
Granny "Verruca" Gubbins, housekeeper to the Squire
Lady Joan, Sir Walter's ward
Madge Merry, Lady Joan's lady-in-waiting
Vendetta, Mauxalinda's servant
Jingo, Squire Benjamin's valet
Radish, the Squire's horse
Mother Shipton, the famous Knaresborough Witch
The Dragon (optional)
Chorus of **Villagers**, **Servants, Dancers** and **Children**

COPYRIGHT INFORMATION

(See also page ii)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

PROLOGUE	Mauxalinda's Grotto
SCENE 1	Wantley Village Square
SCENE 2	Down Kiss-Me-Quick Lane
SCENE 3	The Wantley Fayre
SCENE 4	At the edge of the Great Forest
SCENE 5	The Ballroom of Humbug Hall

ACT II

SCENE 1	The Village Square
SCENE 2	A Path through the Woods
SCENE 3	The Mayor's Parlour
SCENE 4	A Rocky Gorge
SCENE 5	Outside the Dragon's Lair
SCENE 6	A Corridor in Moore Hall
SCENE 7	The Banqueting Hall and Finale

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MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

1	**Song**	(*Villagers*)
2	**Song**	(*Squire*)
3	**Song/Dance**	(*Jingo and/or Villagers*)
4	**Song**	(*Squire and/or Villagers*)
5	**Song**	(*Madge*)
6	**Song**	(*Lady Joan and Villagers*)
7	**Song**	(*Rags and Tatters*)
8	**Song**	(*Squire and Joan*)
9	**Song/Dance**	(*Villagers*)
10	**Song**	(*Squire*)

ACT II

11	**Song/Dance**	(*Villagers*)
12	**Song**	(*Granny, Rags and Tatters*)
13	**Song**	(*Squire*)
14	**Dance**	(*Maids and Footmen*)
15	**Song/Ghost Gag**	(*Sir Walter*)
16	**Dance**	(*Creatures*)
17	**Song**	(*Joan*)
18	**Song**	(*Full Company*)
19	**Song**	(*Jingo and Audience*)
20	**Music**	(*Walk Down/Reprise*)

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

Mauxalinda, a vengeful fairy whose figure should appear gaunt, swathed in dark shades of silken material

Sir Walter de Warthog, the pompous Mayor of Wantley, dressed in his official robe, hat and chain

Rags and **Tatters**, his bailiffs, are an ill-matched pair, one has clothes too large and the other too small. Scruffy brown tabards are worn over dingy, patched, ballet shirts and dark knee breeches, grubby white or yellow stockings, floppy soft hats and buckled shoes. Wigs in pudding-bowl styles would also look good. For the wallpaper business they wear quick-washable trousers and shirts. Tatters' shirt is of the rip-away type with a velcro-ed front panel, and both wear their usual hats.

Squire Benjamin Moore, the impoverished Squire of Moore Hall, is a handsome young man in balloon sleeved shirt, a tunic and tights but changes into an all silver costume (shirt, tunic, tights, shoes, cloak gauntlets, etc.), to kill the dragon at the end of Act I

Granny "Verruca" Gubbins, is a lady of uncertain age, housekeeper to Squire Benjamin, and desperate for romance. She wears a series of outrageous frocks

Lady Joan, is the ward of Sir Walter, and wears a full length medieval gown complete with a conical head-dress and silk chiffon plumes trailing down her back

Vendetta, Mauxalinda's servant, is a brutal-looking man, dressed in a black tunic over a dark green pirate shirt with a belt, black tights and soft shoes. Needs to be strong enough to carry Lady Joan over his shoulder

Jingo, Squire Benjamin's valet is a zany character, not too bright, but usually cheerful. In Act II he wears a garish but quick washable outfit, which should be similar to his usual style of costume

Radish, the Squire's horse

Mother Shipton, the famous Knaresborough Witch, is very old, almost bent double, with a hooked nose and long upturned chin. Though dressed as a traditional witch, she is kindly and gentle

Madge Merry, Lady Joan's buxom lady-in-waiting, is middle-aged, loyal and easy going, but not the brightest button in the box. She wears a simpler version of her mistress' costume

The Dragon, optional

Chorus of **Villagers**, etc.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The Dragon of Wantley is another of those huge, spectacular pantomimes so beloved by Victorian audiences, yet in the 21st century is totally forgotten by all but historians. It took its first bow at the Covent Garden Theatre, (now the Royal Opera House) as a burlesque opera on October 26th, 1737 and ran for 67 performances in its first season, (five more than *The Beggars Opera*, nine years earlier). Written by Henry Carey, composer of the ballad *Sally in our Alley*, and great grandfather of the famous actor, Edmund Kean, with music by John Frederick Lampe, it was directed by John Rich, the inventor of British pantomime. It continued to delight audiences for many years, but in 1870, the great pantomime writer E L Blanchard decided the storyline could appeal to the working classes if the "highbrow" element was removed, and transformed it into a spectacular pantomime for the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. With scenery by the legendary William Beverley, and featuring not only the infamous Volkes Family, but a 150 strong company, it was one of his greatest successes. Modern audiences, however, would have found much to mystify them had I simply updated Blanchard's masterpiece. Pantomime in Victorian times was a far different animal and its humour stemmed from very different sources. In writing my version of this story (based on an English legend involving real people), I have discarded the great spectacular scenes that were used merely to dazzle and amaze, and concentrated on the comedy. Some of the character names are those used by Cary and Blanchard, but the rest are my own invention. I hope you'll have as much fun performing this unusual subject as I had writing it.

Norman Robbins

PRODUCTION NOTES

There is little in this script to cause anxiety for prospective pantomime producers, but perhaps a word or two on the dragon would be appreciated. Knowing the difficulty of obtaining specialised costumes at "panto time" (someone else always has the Giant, or Cow, etc.) I have written it in a way that the Dragon is never actually seen, though if you can obtain a costume, it can be dropped into the script with no problem whatsoever. There are also various ways to use the dragon. Halls with only limited space need only have the head appearing from the cave. Larger halls can accommodate the whole dragon, having several people inside it to give it mobility. It can be a Welsh dragon, (costumiers who can supply costumes for "Merrie England", would have this kind in stock), or an ornamental Chinese dragon could fit the bill. Many years ago, we made a fabulous dragon's head from polystyrene blocks cut to shape and painted, for a local carnival. The smoke effect described in the script, is provided by a smoke machine which can be hired fairly cheaply from good Lighting and Special Effects Companies. The sound of the dragon is played through an offstage speaker, and almost any animal roar or bellow will suffice. If the dragon is used in the pantomime, it should enter as Squire backs out of the cave so the fight takes place onstage. If it is not used, follow the stage instructions. For the "Slosh" scene, I suggest that a waterproof cloth be set on stage before the scene begins. The other cloths help soak up the mess. For ADS.'s, cans of cheap shaving foam are possibly the best solution for the wallpaper paste, but a substitute can be made with flour and water, or very thin wallpaper paste with colour added. Make sure there are plenty of cloths handy for mopping up the actors. If the wallpaper is tightly rolled, the lengths will roll up again quite easily. It is also essential that the stepladder is held tightly by another character during its use. The quick change for the Mayor in the Dragon scene is done by under-dressing the damaged shirt and trousers, and him clutching his Mayoral Robe about him to conceal these as he enters. Once off-stage, he replaces the good robe with the ragged and scorched one and lets it hang loose. There would also be time for him to apply sooty marks to his face before re-entering.

N.R

For

Paul Taylor

With thanks for his support and encouragement over
the past thirty-five years

“The old magician’s final flourish.”

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The White Cat
The Wonderful Story of Mother Goose

PROLOGUE

Mauxalinda's Grotto

The main CURTAINS *open to reveal a gloomy grotto tucked inside the gnarled roots of an ancient tree. Mauxalinda stands glowering* C*, bathed in red and green light*

Mauxalinda (*balefully*) Behold the home of Mauxalinda,
Greatest of the forest fays.
Here I dwell in damp and dark,
And have done so for all my days.
Beneath the earth I've lived content
Quite undisturbed by man...
But now my peace is shattered by
Some stupid, local council plan.
The land above, (*indicating*) which once they claimed
Had great outstanding beauty,
They've sold to some developer,
In dereliction of their duty.
(*Angrily*) Now instead of grassy fields,
And trees, so tall and great,
They'll cover it with offices —
Or some industrial estate.
(*Seething*) But by my troth, though "progress"
Is the image they dissemble —
Upon their heads I'll place a curse
To make those idiots tremble.
From hence, the lands of Wantley
Shall be wracked with fear and dread
And all who live inside its bounds
Will very soon be dead.

She gives a spiteful and triumphant laugh and exits L

The Lights go out

ACT I

SCENE 1

Wantley Village Square

A typical medieval pantomime village setting with thatched cottages set against a back-drop of thickly wooded hills. Exits L *and* R *are masked by shops or houses*

It is a bright and sunny day and the Villagers are dancing and singing

Song 1

At the end of the song, Sir Walter de Warthog enters UL *and moves down centre, rudely pushing his way through the Villagers*

Sir Walter (*grandly*) Stand aside, peasants. Make way for your Lord and Master.

Villagers move back reluctantly

Old Villager (*scowling*) You baint our Lord and Master, Walter de Warthog. You baint nothing but a mean, bad tempered old so-and-so with too much money. Our real Lord and Master is young Squire Benjamin of Moore Hall.

Villagers agree

Sir Walter (*sneering*) Yes, but not for much longer. Unless he pays the Council Tax he owes, by this time next week he'll be homeless. (*He smirks*)

Villagers react in dismay

Villager Two (*protesting*) But you know he can't pay his Council Tax. All the money he had was used to pay off his late father's debts. He's sold everything he owned—including the furniture—to put things right again.

Villagers agree

Sir Walter (*sneering*) How very upsetting. But don't expect me to show any sympathy. I offered to buy his house and land as soon as his father died, but he refused to sell.

Villager Three (*scornfully*) I'm not surprised. His family have lived there for hundreds of years, and he wouldn't want a crook like you to get his hands on their property.

Villagers agree

Sir Walter (*outraged*) How dare you cast nasturtiums on my character? I've half a mind...

Villager Four (*perkily*) Well at least you admit it.

Villagers laugh and exit variously

Sir Walter (*scowling*; *annoyed*) Bah. They'll be laughing on the other side of their faces, before very long. (*Smirking*) Little does Squire Benjamin know it, but the writing desk I bought from him last month had a secret drawer, and inside I found the title deeds to Moore Hall and all its fantastic grounds. (*Gleefully*) With those in my hands, I've made an absolute fortune by selling everything to developers without a soul knowing about it. By the time they find out, Moore Hall will be gone for ever, and the whole area will be covered in warehouses, wind farms, and rows of second-rate superstores. (*Laughing*) Then as soon as it's finished, I'll be off in my private yacht leaving everybody else to put up with the noise and inconvenience. (*He chortles with delight*)

Rags and Tatters enter upstage

Rags (*spotting Sir Walter*) Ooooh. (*Grabbing Tatters' arm*) Quick. Quick.

They rush down to Sir Walter, positioning themselves one at each side of him

(*Cheerfully*) Mornin', Sir Walter. (*Beaming at him*)

Sir Walter (*to the audience*) Bah. It's those idiot bailiffs of mine, Rags and Tatters. I've been searching for them all morning. (*To Rags*; *Grimly*) Where've you been?

Tatters Looking for the burglar who broke into the health food shop last night and pinched all the prunes and figs.

Sir Walter (*scowling*) And did you find him?
Rags No. He's still on the run.

Sir Walter reacts

But on the way here, we saw six drunken yobbos beating up (*a well known politician*).
Sir Walter And did you rush to help?
Tatters No. We thought six could do the job easily.
Sir Walter Bah. You're the stupidest bailiffs I've ever had. You haven't a brain between you.
Rags (*indignantly*) Oh, yes we have. (*Proudly*) When I was at school, I got straight "A"s.
Sir Walter (*surprised*) Really?
Tatters Yes. But all his other letters were wobbly. (*He chortles*)
Sir Walter (*scowling*) Well now you are here, you can make yourselves useful. According to my information, there's a well known witch called Mother Shipton heading this way, making prophecies and telling fortunes. I want her arrested the minute she gets here for not having a licence.
Rags (*doubtfully*) Ooooh, I don't know about that, Sir Walter. It doesn't pay to upset witches. One of 'em put a terrible curse on my Uncle Fred and he's not been the same since.
Sir Walter Really?
Rags Yes. She gave him three wishes.
Sir Walter (*scowling*) Three wishes? What's terrible about that?
Rags Well, he was a bit daft to start with. So first of all he wished to be ten times brainier and suddenly, he was. So he got himself a job as a shop assistant in Tesco's and earned hundreds of pounds a year. Then after a while, he got fed up and wished he was fifty times brainier. Two weeks later he was working in a bank earning thousands of pounds a year. Then finally he wished he was a hundred times brainier.
Sir Walter And what happened?
Rags He turned into a woman.

Rags and Tatters chortle

Sir Walter (*annoyed)* Bah. Enough of this drivel. Find Mother Shipton at once, and lock her in the stocks till I return from the dentist.

He exits DR

Tatters (*watching him go*) Ooooh, I hope he's not going to the one I

went to last week. I only called in to ask a question and he was real nasty to me.

Rags Why? What did you want to know?

Tatters Well my teeth were a bit on the yellow side, so I asked if he could recommend something.

Rags And what did he say?

Tatters "Try wearing a brown *tie*."

Rags (*wincing*) Well never mind about that. What are we going to do about this witch?

Tatters We'd better make a plan. I'll tell you what. We'll go down to (*local café or restaurant*) and get something to eat while we're thinking.

Rags No fear. I'm not going in that place again. The manager doesn't like me.

Tatters (*curiously*) How do you know that?

Rags Because the last time I went in there, I ordered egg, chips and peas, and when he brought it over, there were no peas on the plate.

Tatters That doesn't mean he doesn't like you. He'd probably just forgotten them. You should have reminded him.

Rags (*protesting*) I did. I did. And he said "You're one of Sir Walter's new bailiffs, aren't you?" And when I said "yes", he said "Well in that case, you must be as big a crook as he is—and everybody knows there's no peas for the wicked."

Tatters snatches his hat off and beats Rags around the shoulders with it

(*Howling*) Oww. Oww. Owww.

They exit DR *still fighting*

Squire Benjamin enters UL *and moves* DC *glancing around sadly as he does so*

Squire Benjamin (*sighing*) Well, it looks like it's goodbye to Wantley unless I find money from somewhere. I haven't a penny left in the world. (*Cheering up*) Still... At least I've paid everyone's wages, so there's only myself to worry about. For the first time in my life, I can leave the village and explore the world on my own two feet. (*Thoughtfully*) I wonder what's out there? (*To the audience*) I've heard of the Pyramids, and I'd love to see those. And London's a wonderful place—according to my late father—but there must be millions of interesting places I've never been to. I can't wait to see them all for myself. (*Dreamily*) Disney World... The Grand Canyon... The City of

New York. (*Happily*) Who cares that I'm penniless if I can face everyone with a smile on my face and a song in my heart?

Song 2

At the end of the song, he exits DR *, and as he does so*

Granny Gubbins enters UL *and moves* DC

Granny Gubbins (*to the audience*) Ooooh, I say... Look at the crowd tonight. (*Chuckling*) Can't be much on television. (*Peering at them*) I see Mrs Jones is in again... (*She waggles her fingers at her*) Did you find him, love? ... No? Oh, I am sorry. (*Explaining to the rest of the audience*) Her little Chihuahua ran off last week and she couldn't find him anywhere. "Put an ad in the (*local newspaper*)," I told her "You might get a reply." "Oh, I don't think so," she said, "He never learned to read." (*Spotting someone else*) Oh, and there's Mr Brown from the garage. (*To him*) We were at school together, weren't we? (*To the audience*) Oh, yes. I remember his dad giving him a real telling off for coming home one day with a settee and two armchairs some feller had given him. (*Pausing*) Well, he had been warned not to take suites from strangers. (*Chuckling*) Oh, but here's me going on about people in the audience, and you don't even know who I am, do you? Gubbins is the name. Verruca Gubbins. Housekeeper to the Squire of Moore Hall (*coyly*)...and widow of this parish. (*She curtsies and beams*) Funny old name, isn't it? Verruca. But don't worry, it'll grow on you. (*Seriously*) Mind you... I've been working at Moore Hall for so long, everybody calls me Granny. (*Incredulously*) Granny? Me. (*Primly*) I don't look a bit like a Granny, do I? There might be some snow on the mantelpiece, but the fire's still burning I can tell you. (*Seriously*) Mind you... I don't know why I'm telling you all this. According to the council's accountant, we've got to move out of the Hall tomorrow. (*Scornfully*) Council's accountant. They haven't invented calculators yet, so he has to do all his sums on his fingers and toes. Yes. The only way he can count up to twenty-one is to take his clothes off. (*Brightening*) Still... if I have to find another job, I can always go back to nursing. (*Beaming*) No. Don't look so surprised. I used to work at (*local hospital*) till I got this job. If it hadn't been for me, Gordon Brown (*or another politician*) might never have been cured. They brought him in with a terrible cough and nobody could help him. Poor fella could hardly stand upright. "Leave it to me," I said and gave him a glassful of stuff from the medical cupboard. He swallowed it in one gulp, stood absolutely upright, walked outside and leaned against his Rolls Royce. "What on earth have you given him?" said the specialist, "None of us

could do anything." "Well," I said, "I gave him half a pint of Syrup of Figs." "Syrup of Figs," he said, "But that's for constipation. It won't stop his cough." "Yes, it will," I said, "Look at him now. He's too scared to cough."

Lady Joan enters UR

Seeing Granny Gubbins, she hurries DS *to her*

Lady Joan (*breathlessly*) Granny Gubbins.

Granny Gubbins (*to the audience*) Oooh, I say—it's Lady Joan, Sir Walter's ward. (*She turns to her and curtsies*)

Lady Joan (*anxiously*) It's not true, is it? You're not really leaving Moore Hall?

Granny Gubbins (*shrugging*) We haven't much choice. That rotten guardian of yours is throwing Squire Benjamin out. In a few more days he'll be off to seek his fortune, and the rest of us'll be out of work...

Lady Joan (*dismayed*) But he can't leave Wantley. I may never see him again.

Granny Gubbins (*surprised*) Why should you care? This time next week you'll be married to Sir Walter.

Lady Joan (*puzzled*) What?

Granny Gubbins Well, that's what he told Squire Benjamin. You were going to be married as soon as he'd made the arrangements.

Lady Joan (*indignantly*) But it's not true. I wouldn't marry Walter de Warthog if he was the last man on earth.

Granny Gubbins (*brightening*) You wouldn't? Oh, I am pleased to hear it. I'd hate you to be married to a man who knew so many naughty rude songs.

Lady Joan (*surprised*) I've never heard him singing naughty rude songs.

Granny Gubbins No. But he's always whistling them. (*Excitedly*) Still—never mind that. Just wait till I tell Squire Benjamin you're not getting married. He'll stay here forever.

Lady Joan (*fervently*) Oh, I do hope so. And if it's only money he's worried about, then as soon as I'm twenty-one, his worries will be over. My father left me a fortune, and I'll gladly give every penny of it to him.

Granny Gubbins (*wistfully*) Ooooh. I wish somebody would leave me a fortune. My late husband, Cyril, tried once, but it didn't do any good. (*Glancing round to see if anyone is listening*) He had an e-mail from his friend in Australia to say he'd been waiting at a bus stop for a bus to come along, and when one did, he stuck his leg out instead of his hand and the bus ran straight over it. (*Wincing*) But luckily, he'd just got insured against accidents, and got thousands of dollars in compensation. "Oooh," said my Cyril, "I could try that and get myself thousands of pounds." So he insured himself against accidents and went off down the road to wait for a (*local bus company*) bus.

Lady Joan And what happened?
Granny Gubbins He died of starvation.
Lady Joan (*amused*) Oh, you do make me laugh, Granny Gubbins. And I'm so glad you weren't thinking of leaving, too.
Granny Gubbins Oh, I couldn't leave this place? I've lived here all my life. (*Coyly*) Twenty-eight years. (*She simpers, then glowers at the audience reaction*)
Lady Joan (*interested*) So you'll remember what it was like before Sir Walter built Humbug Hall?
Granny Gubbins Oh, yes. When I was a girl, there was nothing but fields and forests all around us. And as for the weather, oooooh, it used to be terrible. Nothing but thick, thick fog for months and months on end. I was eight years old before I saw my Mum and Dad.
Lady Joan (*laughing*) Now I'm sure that's not true. But before you tell me any more fairy stories, I think we'd better find Squire Benjamin and tell him I won't be marrying my guardian, no matter what he claims.
Granny Gubbins (*beaming*) I can't wait to see his face.

They exit together UR

The Lights dim

Mauxalinda enters DL *in a green light*

Mauxalinda To Wantley, now, by my command,
A stranger comes from foreign land,
Who carries in his horse-drawn waggon,
Eggs of some stupendous dragon.
Here upon a bed of thatch,
To lie in secret till they hatch,
Then henceforth shall these mortal folk
On searing flames and sulphur choke. (*Glancing off* L)
But hark. The sound of slippered feet
Approaching down this cobbled street.
(*Smirking*) That furtive step can only mean
Vendetta's now upon the scene.

Vendetta enters UL

He has a dagger is in his belt and is carrying a small casket. On seeing Mauxalinda, he moves to her and kneels, displaying the casket. She looks at it, scowling, then glares at him

(*Venomously*) Speak quickly. Does this chest you bear
Contain those dragon eggs, so rare?

Vendetta (*fearfully*) Great Mistress. Forgive me. My horse was lame, and by the time I reached the dragon's lair, all eggs but one had hatched.

Mauxalinda (*angrily*; *indicating the casket*) And this?

Vendetta The smallest egg of all. (*Anxiously*) But even so, Great Mistress, still warm—and almost ready to hatch.

Mauxalinda (*raging*) You fool. You dolt. You idiot.
My orders were quite clear.
Your tardiness has spoiled my plan.
I swear 'twill cost you dear.

Vendetta cowers

(*Hesitating*) And yet—as ev'ryone must know
Great oaks from tiny acorns grow... (*She takes the casket from Vendetta and gazes at it*)
Perhaps this single egg so small
Shall hatch the fiercest beast of all?
With magic spells to aid its birth
In hours its cries could shake the earth.
And ere the rising of the sun,
Begin consuming everyone.
(*To Vendetta*; *coldly*) For now, my anger fades away.
I'll let you live another day.
But from henceforth, the servant of the Dragon you shall be.
And Wantley and its councillors shall bow their heads to me.

She swirls around and exits DL *with the casket*

Vendetta exits hurriedly after her

The green light fades, Lighting returns to previous setting

Jingo hurries on UL *looking worried*

Jingo (*calling anxiously*) Radish? (*Glancing round quickly*) Radish? (*Anguished*) Oooooh, where's he got to? (*Seeing the audience and hurrying down centre*) Here. You've not seen a horse called Radish, have you?

Audience respond

No? (*Groaning*) Ohhhhhh. He's Squire Benjamin's favourite horse and I'm supposed to be looking after him. He could be half-way to (*local town or village*) by this time. Ooooh, I am fed up. (*Relaxing*) Still... I don't know why I'm worrying. Once today's over, I won't have a job. I'll have nothing to do but wait for Dame Fortune to come knocking on my door. (*Ruefully*) Mind you—with my luck it'll probably be her daughter... Miss Fortune. (*Sighing then remembering*) Oh—but I haven't introduced myself, have I? You don't know who I am. (*Beaming*) Jingo's the name's. (*Spelling it*) J-I... (*hestitating*) ingo. Squire Benjamin's valet. Can you remember that?

Audience respond

Can you?

Audience respond

(*Doubtfully*) Ooooh, you don't sound too sure. So I'll tell you what we'll do. Every time I come on, I'll shout "Hi ya, kids" and you can shout back "Hi ya, Jingo" so I'll know you've not forgotten. Shall we do that?

Audience respond

Shall we?

Audience respond

All right. We'll have a little practice, then. (*Calling*) "Hi ya, kids"

Audience respond

Well—it's not bad, but I'm sure you can be louder than that. Let's try it again. (*Calling*) "Hi ya, kids"

Audience respond

That's better. Well now you know who I am. You can help me look for Radish, because we'll need him to pull the cart when we have to leave Moore Hall. So I'll look over here (*Indicating* DL) and you look over there (*Indicating* R) and if you see him...give me a shout. Will you do that?

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