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SF PERUSALS

Puss in Boots

A Pantomime

Norman Robbins

Samuel French - London
New York - Toronto - Hollywood

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CHARACTERS

In order of appearance

Mother Goose, Fairy Godmother to all
Marjory Daw
Jack Spratt
Caspar }
Hector } the Miller's lazy sons
Peter, their younger brother
Puss, his only friend
Gruesome, the Ogre's henchman
Fanny the Fifth, Queen of Arcadia
The Lord Chamberlain
Freckles, a page
Princess Miranda
Crunchbones, the Ogre

Chorus of Villagers, Gypsies, Fairies, Demons, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

PROLOGUE	Mother Goose's Arbor
SCENE 1	A village in Arcadia
SCENE 2	A quiet street
SCENE 3	The Mid-Summer Fayre
SCENE 4	Outside the Royal Palace
SCENE 5	A clearing by the Lakeside

ACT II

SCENE 1	The Gardens of the Royal Palace
SCENE 2	A quiet street
SCENE 3	The Courtyard of Crunchbones' Castle
SCENE 4	Beneath the Ogre's Castle
SCENE 5	The Ogre's Kitchen
SCENE 6	An ante-room in the Castle
SCENE 7	The Great Ballroom and Finale

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Please read the note on page vi

ACT I

No. 1 **Villagers**
No. 2 **Jack, Marjory**
No. 3 **Peter**
No. 4 **Freckles, Children**
Dance **Gypsies**
No. 5 **Queen, Chorus**
No. 6 **Princess**
No. 7 **Puss, Peter**
No. 8 Dance: **Jack, Marjory, Chorus**
No. 9 **Peter**
No. 10 **Company**

ACT II

No. 11 Dance: **Courtiers**
No. 12 **Princess, Peter**
No. 13 **Queen, Freckles**
No. 14 **Mother Goose, Puss**
No. 15 **Peter, Princess**
No. 16 **Freckles, Queen**
No. 17 **Cooks**
No. 18 **Company**

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This pantomime was written at the request of the Palace Theatre, Newark, and presented there in January, 1992. When I sat down with Brien Chitty to discuss their requirements, they asked for a "Slosh" scene, and a U.V. one which at that time seemed no problem at all. When the actual writing began, however, I found myself in difficulties, for there was nowhere in the outlined plot where either could be placed . . . and in addition to this there was the problem of the Ogre's transformation from Giant to Lion and then to Mouse in full view of the audience. I solved the problem by lumping them all together in the final scene. Smugly depositing the completed script into the waiting hands of the Palace Theatre team, it suddenly struck me that should anyone else want to stage it, I'd given them a few problems. Many of the smaller societies did not have the facilities for the U.V. and transformation scene. A quick re-write made it possible for the U.V. scene to be lifted out without damaging continuity, and if yours is one of the societies who can't cope with . . . or don't want U.V. . . . here's the solution. Following the Ogre's line, "A laugh, eh? Then watch and I'll prove it to you." Puss says, "I shouldn't bother if I were you. I've seen it all before. There's nothing *you* can do that my master can't. He can even change his *shape*." Omit the Ogre's spell and U.V. scene, picking up on Ogre's line, "Bah . . . any magician can do that."

For the Ogre's transformation, Ogre speaks the spell. Lights fade quickly to black-out. Ogre exits. Lion enters. Lights go up. For the second change, following the speech, "You doubt my powers? Then watch." Lights fade quickly to black-out, Lion exits. Lights go back up. The next four lines are said as script then Puss says, "You must be a very small mouse. I can't even see you. You'll have to come closer." Ogre replies, "Oh, very well. Now can you see me?" then the rest is as script. Obviously there is no need for the audience to see the Mouse, and equally obvious is the fact that the Ogre's voice must be done on an offstage mic throughout for better effect.

Apart from that, producing societies should have no problems with the rest of the script. Keep songs bright and bouncy, costumes colourful and with a good pace to it all, everyone should enjoy themselves.

Norman Robbins

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(See also page ii)

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For

Ethel Clee

an inadequate thank you for
the pleasure your singing
gave to so many people in
so many wonderful Operettas.

PROLOGUE

Mother Goose's Arbor

There is a gauze lane-cloth which depicts a gigantic shimmering spider's web. The Lights give the effect of early morning with, if possible, light mist

When the CURTAIN *rises, Mother Goose is standing* DC, *smiling. She is a motherly figure, middle-aged to elderly, dressed in the traditional costume of the Nursery-Rhyme character and carries a wooden spoon which she uses as a wand*

Mother Goose (*cheerily*) Thrice welcome to Arcadia . . .
A land untouched by time,
Where live those folk we know so well
From Fairy Tale and Nursery-Rhyme.
A magic place where strange adventures
Ev'ry day befall,
Yet thanks to me . . . no real harm comes
To anybody here at all. (*She smiles*)
What's that, you say? And who am I?
Why, bless my soul, my dears . . .
Don't tell me you've forgotten me?
I've known you all for *years*.
Mums and Dads . . . Grandparents too . . .
Oh, surely you recall?
I'm Mother Goose, as ever was,
The Fairy Godmother to all. (*She curtsies*)
Good gracious me. Fancy forgetting who I am. (*To someone in the front row*) I'm surprised at *you*, my dear. When I think of the times I watched over *you* when you were little . . . (*She chuckles*) But never mind . . . There's no need to blush. Mortals always *did* tend to forget things as they grew older. Here in Arcadia, of course, folk never *get* any older. That's one of the best things about it. No matter how long it's been since you visited us last, you'll always find us looking exactly the same. Still—you haven't come here to listen to *me* chattering, have you? Of course not. You want a story. Something to keep you amused for a while. Well—I've got lots of stories up here, you know. (*She taps her temple gently*) There's the one about . . . (*Stopping*) No. Not that one. You heard it *last* year, didn't you? But there *is* the one about . . . (*Stopping again*) No. And that's no use either. You must have heard it a dozen times. (*Frowning*) Well, I'll be blessed. I've got so many tales in my head I can't think of a single one to tell you. No, no, wait a minute, I'm wrong. I'll tell you a tale *about* a tail. Or perhaps I *should* say—a creature *attached* to a tail. (*She beams*)

Oh, yes, it's the purr-fect story for tonight. You all like cats, don't you? Then I'll tell you the tale of *Puss in Boots*. So settle back in your seats whilst I wave my magic spoon and show you exactly what happened a few years ago right here in Arcadia. (*She flourishes her spoon*)

There is a flash

Mother Goose exits as:

The gauze lane-cloth opens

ACT I

SCENE 1

A village in Arcadia. It is a bright and sunny morning

A typical pantomime village setting of half-timbered cottages with thatched roofs against a backdrop of wooded hillsides and green fields. A small rustic bridge is UL *and this leads away from the village.* DL *and* DR *are shops and houses to mask entrances and exits*

The Villagers are singing and dancing exuberantly and it is obvious that all is right with the world

Song 1 (Villagers)

At the end of the song, Marjory Daw, a pretty young milk-maid hurries over the bridge and makes her way DC *in a state of great excitement*

Marjory (*breathlessly*) Listen, everyone. Listen. I've got the most awful news to tell you.

Everyone crowds around her

Boy (*stepping forward*) What is it, Marjory Daw? What's wrong?

Marjory It's the wickedest thing I've ever heard. You know the old Miller died last week without making a will, and we all thought his three sons would share everything between them?

All nod their agreement

Well today they did it—and you'll never *believe* what happened. Caspar has taken the Mill. Hector's claimed the donkey that carried the sacks—and poor Peter's been left with nothing but the old cat who's so toothless that he can't catch mice any more and spends the whole day sleeping.

Villagers (*murmuring disgustedly*) Shame. Disgraceful, (etc.).

Marjory But that's not the worst of it. Now they've turned him out of the house too, and told him to find somewhere else to live.

All react

Boy (*protesting*) They can't do *that*. Peter's got as much right to stay there as *they* have.

All agree

Girl (*indignantly*) *More*. He's the only one who helped his father grind the corn and weigh the flour into sacks. All *they* did was to make fun of him for working so hard. Poor Peter. Whatever is he going to do?

Marjory (*dejectedly*) I've no idea. Oh, if only Jack Spratt were here. I'm sure *he'd* do something.

Boy Yes, where *is* Jack Spratt? Has anyone seen him today?

Girl (*looking off* UR) Here he comes now.

Villagers (*cheering loudly*) Hooray.

Jack Spratt enters UR, *a dashing young man with a jaunty air. He moves* DC

Jack (*brightly*) Now that's what I *call* a welcome. Good-morning, everyone.

Marjory (*hurrying to him*) Oh, Jack, thank goodness you've arrived. Have you heard the awful news about Peter?

Jack (*cheerfully*) Yes, but don't worry. They won't get away with it. As soon as *I* found out, I went straight to the palace and spoke to the Lord Chamberlain. He's promised to tell the Queen everything, so don't be surprised if she comes here herself to sort things out. As you know—she simply hates people who cheat.

Girl (*awed*) The Queen? Coming here? (*Excitedly*) Oh, I must go and put my best dress on. I can't let her see me in *these* old things.

Girl 2 Nor me. And the boys can smarten *them*selves up, *too*. We don't want her to think we're peasants.

She grabs a boy's hand

Come on, Colin.

The Villagers exit quickly

Marjory (*adoringly*) Oh Jack, I *knew* you'd think of something to help him. And I can't wait to see if the Queen does come.

Jack (*smiling*) Well—I only said she might—but it would be nice if she did. (*Brightening*) She may even bring Princess Miranda with her. They do say she's the most beautiful girl in the whole of Arcadia.

Marjory (*put out*) *Do* they, indeed? (*She turns away from him*)

Jack (*quickly*) But of course, they haven't seen *you*, yet. And as far as I'm concerned, *you're* the prettiest girl in the whole wide world.

Marjory (*melting*) Oooh. Do you think so? Honest and truly? (*She turns back*)

Jack Honest and truly.

Song 2 (Jack and Marjory)

At the end of the song, Jack and Marjory exit happily DL, *as:*

Caspar and Hector enter over the bridge. They are an ill-matched couple, both somewhat short of intelligence and wearing garish-coloured clothes. They move down DC, *chuckling*

Caspar Just think, Hector. Everything that belonged to Dad now belongs to us.

Hector (*beaming*) Yeah, good job we found that will before anybody else saw it. (*Indignantly*) Fancy Dad leaving everything to Peter and nothing to us. Spiteful old thing.

Caspar Mind you—we've still got to be careful. (*He glances around furtively*) We could end up in jail if anybody found out the truth. That frosty faced Queen Fanny could make us hand it all back to him.

Hector How can she? Now we've kicked him out of the house, he's got nowhere to live, has he? By this time tomorrow he'll be miles away—and we can't give him everything back if we don't know where he is, can we? It stands to reason.

Caspar Maybe you're right—but just to be on the safe side, we'd better get rid of the evidence before anybody gets suspicious. Give me the will and I'll tear it up and throw it in the river. (*He holds out his hand*)

Hector What do you mean, give you the will? *I* ain't got it.

Caspar Eh?

Hector I said *I* ain't got it.

Caspar (*wincing*) What do you mean, you "ain't got it"? Where's your grammar?

Hector Gone to Bingo with me grandad.

Caspar (*pushing him*) Idiot. Don't you know *anything* about the English language? (*Patiently*) You *haven't* got the will. *I* haven't got the will. *They* haven't got the will. *He* hasn't got the will. *She* hasn't got the will.

Hector Blimey, who *has* got it then?

Caspar (*grabbing him*) Nobody's got it, you numbskull. You've *lost* it, haven't you? You've lost it. (*He pushes him away*) I should have known better than to trust you to look after it. Now we'll have to walk all the way back to the Mill to see if we can find it—and it's *two* miles. Two miles.

Hector So what? That's only a mile each

Caspar (*groaning*) Oooh, how can one person be so *stupid*?

Hector (*indignantly*) Here—who are you calling stupid? I've got more brains that you have.

Caspar That's a laugh. You can't even count up to ten.

Hector Yes, I can. (*He counts to ten*) See.

Caspar All right, clever-clogs. And what comes after ten?

Hector Er—Jack, Queen, King and Ace.

Caspar Oooh! It's useless trying to talk to you. You don't even know the difference between chalk and cheese, do you?

Hector No—but the mice never eat *my* sandwiches. (*He chortles*) Anyway, I might not be good with numbers, but I know more about science than you do.

Caspar Don't make me laugh. I know everything there *is* to know about science.

Hector Oh, yes? Well, name me a liquid that won't freeze, then.

Caspar Easy. Easy. Hot water. (*Remembering*) And talking of hot water—we're going to be right up to the neck in it if somebody finds that will before *we* do. Now come on, back up to the Mill.

Hector (*glancing off* UL) Look out. Somebody's coming.

Caspar (*looking*) It's Peter and that flea-bitten old moggy. We don't want *him* to see us here. He might ask us for money. Quick, let's nip down that sidestreet.

Hector and Caspar exit DL *as:*

Peter enters over the bridge, his few possessions in a bag tied to a stick which he carries over his shoulder. He is a handsome young man in patched, but clean clothing, and has a dejected look on his face

Puss, the cat, enters, following. He is rather old and obviously tired

Peter Come along, Puss. There's a long way to go before nightfall. (*Moving* DC) Just think, only a few days ago everything was fine, but now we've no home, no money, and nothing to eat but a crust of bread and a piece of mouldy cheese. I can understand my brothers wanting to see the back of *me*—we never did get on very well—but at least they could have let *you* stay. (*He puts down his stick and kneels beside Puss*) You've been the best cat anyone could have wished for. (*He cuddles him*) But never mind. I'll take care of you. I'm not afraid of hard work and somehow we'll manage, won't we?

Puss Miaow (*He rubs himself against Peter*)

Peter (*standing again and looking around*) Dear old Arcadia. How strange to think we may never see it again. And how I'm going to miss all my friends.

Jack and Marjory enter

Marjory (*hurrying to him*) Peter, you're not leaving yet, are you? You can't. Jack's asked the Queen *herself* to help you.

Jack Yes, she may be here at any minute.

Peter (*shaking his head*) That's very kind of you, but there wasn't any need. Really. As a matter of fact, I always wanted to see the world and this gives me a chance to do it.

Marjory (*bitterly*) But it's so unfair. Those nasty brothers of yours don't deserve a penny.

Jack And where will you go?

Peter Who knows? Dick Whittington found *his* fortune in London, but I'm afraid my cat is a little too old for killing rats. Perhaps we'll go to the New World. They say there's lots of opportunities there for a lad like me.

Marjory (*dismayed*) America? But that's *hundreds* of miles away. We'll never see you again.

Peter Don't be too sure. As soon as I'm rich and famous, we'll return to Arcadia as fast as we can. But just for now—I'm afraid there's nothing else to do except say goodbye to everyone and be on our way. (*To Puss*) Come on, Puss. Our great adventure's about to begin. We're off to *New York*.

Song 3 (Peter)

As Peter sings:

The Chorus enters and together with Jack and Marjory, join him in the song

Peter and Puss exit DR, *leaving Peter's stick behind*

The others sadly wave them off

Jack (*to Marjory; dejectedly*) I'd better go tell the Queen it's too late.
Marjory (*sighing*) I suppose so. And *we'd* better get ready for the Mid-Summer Fayre this afternoon. Though it's not going to be at all the same without Peter being there.

Everyone exits miserably as:

The Lights dim

Gruesome, the ogre's henchman, enters over the bridge. He is a sinister individual with a permanent scowl on his face, and carries a coiled whip in his hand

Gruesome (*glancing around*) So *this* is Arcadia. The perfect place to find slaves for my mighty master, Crunchbones the Ogre. (*He laughs harshly*) Now let me see . . . Where shall I look first? (*He peers into the audience*) There must be one or two *snivelling little children* out there. Perhaps I'd better climb down and have a look. (*He moves* L)

Queen Fanny enters UR. *Dressed in an outrageous costume topped by a glittering crown, she sweeps majestically* DS, *enthusiastically blowing kisses to all and sundry*

Queen (*brightly*) Hallo, darlings. Hallo. Nice to see you. No—don't stand up. It's only me. Arcadia's favourite pin-up. Your own Queen Fanny the Fifth. (*She curtsies and there is the sound of ripping*) Oops . . . I think I've just let the New Year in. (*Noticing Gruesome*) Good Heavens it's—(*well known unpopular personality*).
Gruesome (*snarling*) Silence, you old faggot. Don't you realize who I am?
Queen No. I don't. Surprise me.
Gruesome (*proudly*) I am *Gruesome*.
Queen (*eyeing him*) Gruesome? You're positively ghastly.
Gruesome Bah, Gruesome is my *name*. Henchman to the wickedest, most evil being on Earth.
Queen Oh, that's nice, dear. And how is—(*names well known politican*) these days?
Gruesome Fool. Dolt. Idiot. My master is none other than Crunchbones the Ogre. (*Pause*) King of all Ogres.
Queen (*impressed*) Oh, you don't say. Well, I'm Fanny the Fifth—Queen of Arcadia—and *Playboy*'s Playmate of the Month for January. (*She simpers*)
Gruesome (*incredulously*) "Playmate of the Month"? You?
Queen That's right, dear. (*She preens herself*)

Gruesome (*sneeringly*) I've seen better looking bodies on stockracing cars.

The Queen reacts

Queen (*to the audience; grimly*) I see. It's going to be one of *those* mornings, is it? (*To Gruesome*) Listen, Fishface, for your information every soldier in the Royal Army carries my photograph next to his heart when he goes into battle. (*She smirks*)

Gruesome (*snarling*) I'm not surprised. If your face can stop a clock, they're probably hoping it'll stop a bullet, too.

Queen Oooh. How dare you? How very dare you? Leave my kingdom at once. (*She indicates the bridge*)

Gruesome *Your* kingdom? (*He roars with laughter and cracks his whip*) You hapless old harridan. From henceforth, Crunchbones the Ogre rules Arcadia and everyone here belongs to *him*. Now out of my way. I want a closer look at this revolting little place before I begin the task of selecting suitable victims for my master's dinner table. (*He laughs harshly*)

Gruesome crosses in front of the Queen and exits DL

Queen (*to the audience*) Oh, I say, what a nasty man. He reminds me of a toothache I once had. I bet when he was little, he used to lean over the farmer's fence and shout "Mint Sauce" at the sheep. Still—if he thinks he's going to come here throwing his weight about, he's got another think coming. Because *nothing* scares me, you know. No matter how horrible it is. (*Proudly*) I've even sat through a—(*well known pop singer*) concert. No, if he shows his ugly face round here again, I'll have a word with the boys and girls and they can throw him in the nearest duck pond. (*She beams*) Now—where was I? (*Remembering*) Oh yes, I was just going to say how *nice* it is to see you all here and invite you to——

Chamberlain (*off* UL; *calling*) Your Majesty . . . Your Majesty.

Queen Good Heavens, it's the Lord Chamberlain. What on earth's *he* doing here?

The Lord Chamberlain enters. He is a fussy little man, carrying his rod of office and a rolled scroll

Chamberlain (*seeing her*) Oh, Your Majesty. Thank goodness I've found you. I've been looking *everywhere*. (*He moves down to her*) You forgot your list of engagements for today. (*He holds out the scroll*)

Queen (*taking it from him*) Dear old Chamberpo—lain. I don't know what I'd do without you. (*Opening it*) Now what's this say? (*Reading*) Lunch with Mayor of—(*local Town*). Hmm. That'll be beans on toast at—(*well known "Greasy Spoon" cafe*) again. Open the Royal Flower Show. (*To the audience*) Oh, I *do* love the Flower Show. I get to give out all the prizes, you know. It's ever so exciting. I remember last year, *one* of the competitors crossed a small morse code transmitter with a huge senna pod.

Chamberlain (*surprised*) Really? And what did he get?

Queen A dot-dot-dot—and a very quick dash. (*She chortles then goes on*

reading) Visit the Mid-Summer Fayre. Oh yes, we can't miss that, can we? There's bound to be a circus, and I *love* watching the lion tamers.

Chamberlain Really, Your Majesty?

Queen Oh, yes. They're ever so daring, you know. I remember once, I was standing next to the lion's cage when the tamer came along to do his rehearsal—and without batting an eye, he unfastened the door and went straight inside it. Well—I couldn't believe my eyes. There he was—in the middle of the lion's cage—wearing nothing but his tights and a splash of after shave, and in front of him was the biggest, most bad-tempered lion I'd ever seen in my life.

Chamberlain Good gracious.

Queen Well—it took *one* look at him, let out a roar that could have shattered a concrete mixer, and charged towards him with its mouth open and its teeth showing. Oooh. I nearly had a conniption.

Chamberlain (*fearfully*) And what happened?

Queen He dropped to his knees—stuck out his chest and showed it his muscles—and believe this or believe it not, that lion stopped dead in its tracks, lay down on the floor and started to lick him all over. (*She makes licking noises*) Oh it was absolutely *amazing*. Then after a few minutes, the lion tamer looked up at me and said, "How about that, then, Missis Queen? I bet *you* couldn't do that, could you?" I said, "You get that lion out of there, and I'll show you."

Chamberlain (*changing the subject*) Well—that's all very interesting, Your Majesty, but we *really* ought to be getting along. The Prime Minister wishes to see you rather urgently, I'm afraid. There's been another all night sitting in the House of Commons.

Queen Oh dear, and I've warned them *dozens* of times about that lamb curry. (*Briskly*) Very well, Chamberlain—whisk me back to the Palace. I'll speak to those crooks at the Mill this afternoon. (*To the audience*) You will excuse me, won't you? Duty calls, I'm afraid. See you all later. Bye-bye, everyone. Bye-bye.

The Queen and the Chamberlain exit DR *as:*

Freckles, the page, enters cautiously UR. *He is a zany character wearing over-large Royal livery and has a ready smile. He scuttles down* C, *looks from side to side, then hurries back* UR *and signals off*

Freckles (*calling softly*) It's all right, Princess. They've gone.

Princess Miranda enters UR. *She is a very attractive girl in a simple gown, with a warm and friendly personality*

They move down C

Princess (*laughing*) Oh, Freckles, thank goodness you saw them in time. Mother would be furious if she knew I'd sneaked out of the Palace without telling anyone—and especially dressed like this.

Freckles I know. And she wouldn't be all that pleased with *me*, either. I'm supposed to be looking after you, you know—not letting you go wandering round the countryside in disguise.

Princess But I've never been to this part of Arcadia before, and it's so nice not to be recognized. (*Looking around*) Oh isn't this beautiful? It must be the prettiest village in the whole kingdom. Look at these lovely little shops and houses.

Freckles Don't mention shops to me. I had to go shopping with your mother, yesterday and she spent six hours in—(*local department store*).

Princess Six hours? What on earth did she buy?

Freckles Nothing. She got stuck in the lift. (*He chortles*)

Princess (*amused*) I don't believe a *word* of it, Freckles. You know as well as I do that mother never uses the lifts.

Freckles She didn't have much choice, did she? I mean, she couldn't go up on the escalator.

Princess Why not?

Freckles There was a notice at the side of it that said, "Dogs must be carried"—and we didn't have a dog with us.

Princess (*giggling*) Oh, Freckles. You *do* make me laugh. It's going to be lovely having you for a stepfather.

Freckles Oh, I don't know about that, Princess. I don't think your mother fancies me any more. She said I embarrassed her at the banquet last night.

Princess Why? What on earth did you do?

Freckles I drank eight glasses of Coca Cola—and burped Seven-Up. (*He sees Peter's stick and bundle*) Hallo—what's this? (*He picks it up*) Somebody must have dropped it.

Princess (*concerned*) Oh, dear. You'd better take it to the Police Station. I'm sure the owner will be looking for it.

Freckles (*scornfully*) No, it probably belongs to some old tramp. (*He looks inside the bundle*) There's nothing in it except a shirt and some bread and cheese.

Princess All the same, it could be everything the poor man owns. Please, Freckles.

Freckles (*cheerfully*) All right, then. You wait here and I'll be back in a minute. Don't talk to any strange men.

Freckles exits DR

The Princess watches him go, then moves DC *gazing at the buildings with interest*

Gruesome enters UR, *gazing back over his trail*

Gruesome (*gloatingly*) What a snug little haven of unsuspecting victims. (*He gives an evil chuckle*) And how fortunate I happened to stumble upon it. My master, the Ogre, will be well pleased with my discovery. (*He turns and notices the Princess*) What's this? (*Awed*) By the eye-teeth of Crunchbones himself—the most beautiful female I've ever seen. If I return to his castle with *her*, who knows how great my reward will be? (*Loudly*) Ahem. (*He moves down towards her*)

Princess (*turning and seeing him*) Oh—(*nervously*) good-morning.

Gruesome (*leering*) All the better for seeing *you*, my pretty one. You'll make a tasty little morsel for my master's dinner. (*He grabs her wrist*)

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