

Mother Goose

Adult Pantomime

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Characters

MOTHER GOOSE:	Pantomime Dame, a goose farmer.
SLACK ALICE GOSLING:	Mother Goose's daughter.
BIG DICK GOSLING:	Mother Goose's daft son, well hung
SQUIRE ENDE:	Greedy landlord of the village
LADY BELLE-ENDE:	Squire Ende's daughter
LADY TILDA-ENDE:	Squire Ende's other daughter
FARQUHAR WITT:	The Squire's nephew
BOLLOCK-NOSE BILLY & BIG BERNARD:	Dirty Devil's "Barmy Bailiffs"
DIRTY DEVIL:	Evil money grabber...potential politician
FAIRY FRIEND-WITH-BENEFITS:	Typical good fairy character...randy as hell
FAIRY FANNY-FAHTZ:	Bad fairy, big, over made-up... whatever
PRISCILLA THE LOOSE GOOSE:	With a duck call...
KING PROPER-GANDER:	The King of Gooseland
QUEEN MARGE THE SPREADABLE:	The Queen of Gooseland

ACT 1

Scene 1: In front of Goose Cottage

Full lights

(Mother Goose enters... carrying a big tool)

M Goose: Hello everybody, my name is Mrs Gosling, but everybody calls me Mother Goose; I can't imagine why. *(random yokel walks past...Mother Goose "gooses" him)* What a lovely sunny day. There's nothing better than enjoying the weather; it's been so hot that everything is overheating. Just like my husband's old tool, it's been out in the sun all day, but that's ok because I just love holding a large hot tool. You really can't beat it; just like Dick. He's my son you know. It seems that all he ever does is beat his tool. Morning, noon and night he's at it, on and on he goes, beating, beating, always beating. I swear I even hear him beating it in his sleep. It's a wonder it doesn't fall off!

(off...sound of heavy object hitting the floor)

Sounds as if I spoke too soon

(dick enters carrying a big hammer)

BD Gosling: What's the matter mum? You look as if you've seen a ghost.

M Goose: This is Dick, known here about as Big Dick Gosling due to his outstanding... personality ... I have two lovely children by three different and not so lovely fathers... Dick, I was just telling these good people about you beating your tool all the time and that it never comes off and here you go dropping one! Talk about rotten timing.

BD Gosling: I suppose you're right mum, it's so big that I had to drag it across the floor; what a big hammer... it really spoilt my wank

M Goose: *(looking him up & down)* Your foot?

(slight pregnant pause BD Gosling looks down at his feet & lower bits)

BD Gosling: Hmmm.....oh *(pointing to his feet)* not that... this... this is my "foot" *(pointing to his willy bulge)*

M Goose: You stupid boy, embarrassing me like that. Just keep it tucked into your sock like any normal boy

BD Gosling: Ooh, calling me normal; you don't normally do that. Anyway mum, shouldn't we now go through the usual panto bollocks of getting the audience to repeat asinine phrases when I come on the stage?

(play up to the innuendo)

M Goose: *(bringing on a "wet surface" sign)* Just you dare; I heard about the last time you... came... I mean entered... I mean... anyway... it was all over the village

BD Gosling: It's ok, I've got a mop ready this time

M Goose: **(pulling a face)** Dirty shit... just like your father... whoever he was. Right then get on with it

BD Gosling: **(handing the hammer to M Goose)** Alright, pay attention you lot. I'm going off now and when I come back on you are going to respond or you'll get no sweeties...got it? I said GOT IT?!

(Wait for audience response)

M Goose: Looks as if we have a bunch of gullible idiots in tonight son, they've succumbed to our charms already

BD Gosling: That bodes well! Right then... when I come on I'll say something inane like "hello everyone" or "shit, my dick's come untucked again" and you say "hello Big Dick". OK? Let's give it a go

(BD Gosling exits, M Goose holds up a sign saying "tell him to sod off")

(BD Gosling re-enters)

BD Gosling: hello everyone! What was that? I said hello everyone!!

I can't hear you... hello everyone!!

You cheeky bastards! Mum, you did this, I know you did... and I let you play with my tool!

(BD Gosling storms off, snatching away his hammer)

M Goose: And stay out!! I do love him really, but not as much as all the girls do. I can't imagine what they see in him... mind you he does have his father's big... personality

Slack Alice: **(off)** Mum, where are you?

M Goose: Oh yes, I have a daughter as well... Alice Gosling, although most people call her Slack Alice for some reason

(enter Slack Alice)

SA Gosling: Hi mum!

M Goose: Oh Jesus Christ, we've got another two hours of this shit... hello darling Alice! How are you this lovely morning, my beautiful darling daughter?

SA Gosling: I'm lovely thank you mummy. Have you seen Dick this morning?

(wait....looks down at herself and back to audience for reaction)

M Goose: Oh, if only... as it happens I have been taking steroids and I think I may developing a willy

SA Gosling: Anabolic?

M Goose: No, just a willy

SA Gosling: Mum! I meant my brother

M Goose: Yes, you just missed him. He was here, tool in hand a usual

SA Gosling: Ok, well I'll just go and find him, bye mum

(exits skipping)

M Goose: I know she's mine... which is more than her father does... but holy shit is she stupid, I mean she's lovely and all, but any thicker and she'd be school custard... or an influencer.

Anyway, enough of this and being a panto it's time for a song and dance number! Yay!!

Oh don't worry, we're not inflicting that on you, we had enough with the real panto at Christmas. Anyway it'd mean we have children in the show and they only wee everywhere, want mummy and stop us from enjoying ourselves *(produces a can of beer, takes a swig)* so here's something decent to be going on with...see you

(exits)

SONG 1: Rammstein "Du Hast" with some light show

Scene 2: The Plot Thickens

Fairy Friend-With-Benefits enters

Fairy FWB: Well hello again... you lovely people... it's fairy time again. I could have sworn it was opening time! Anyway, I suppose you all want to know the plot?

Offstage: What about the rhyming?

Fairy FWB: Oh shut up, you talentless coward; you come out on stage if you're brave enough. These people don't want a wet fairy, they want a real action hero fairy; anybody can be wet **(look into the audience)** I mean, look at her, she looks as if she's going that way... a bit moist eh love? There'll be lots of time for that later, just you see. Hang around the loos in the interval and you might get lucky. As I was saying, I'm a good fairy... Fairy-Friend-With-Benefits...

Offstage: Friend on benefits more like

Fairy FWB: Right, that's your final warning. Do that again and you'll be in the back end of the panto-mime bull

Offstage: What's bad about that?

Fairy FWB: You'll find out at milking time

enter Squire Ende

Squire: I say. Did someone say something was "moist"?

Fairy FWB: Wow, he's good at hearing; especially as we all know fairies are invisible. There are always lots of fairies around, but you can't always spot us as we just like to fit in and act normal and boring. See he can't hear me now...selective is what I call it...watch this, it's magic **(does magic hands)** magic!

goes up to Squire and teases around him

Billiards

Hob Goblin

Train set

Scrunties

Squire shows a little interested and restless

Wet

Squire gets a little agitated

Moist

Squire becomes rather animated

Fancy a pint?

Squire starts about the stage

Squire: Oh yes... pint, wet, moist, pint. Oh my goodness I'm in luck today!!

Fairy FWB: It's a sad sight isn't it... greed, lust and thirst all in one unattractive package

(Big Dick Gosling enters)

BD Gosling: Did someone say package? I have a special delivery! ***(adjusting the trouser bulge goes back off and returns with a parcel)***

Fairy FWB: For fuck's sake, this is getting stupid; what's the point in being magical and incognito if anybody can hear any word they fancy? Just look at him... ooh a nice big boy... talk about "all the gear, no idea" all that potential and all he does is stand around on all threes... what a waste, I'll have to work on that; it may or may not be hard, but a girl has to persevere

Squire: Ah, hello Dick... I thought I heard somebody coming

BD Gosling: What, er no... that was earlier, must have been the wind moaning.

Fairy FWB: Here we go... battle of the intellects coming up

BD Gosling: Morning Squire, how are you this good morning

Squire: Very, very well my boy. Tell me, did you hear anybody talking about the weather?

BD Gosling: Pardon?

Squire: Wet, humid... moist... you know, and I'm getting parched too

BD Gosling: No sir. Did you hear anybody talking about my package?

Squire: No... and I'd rather not.

Enter Belle and Tilda Ende

BE & Tilda: Hello daddy

Squire: Hello girls. I see you're out on the street again. Dick, my lad you know my daughters... Tilda Ende and Belle Ende?

Tilda: I'm Tilde Ende and this is my sister...

Belle: **(staring at Dicks bulge)** Belle Ende!

Squire: Now just you wait Tilde Ende **(react to audience)** I mean hang on you two and I don't mean his package either

Tilda goes towards Dick with hands outstretched "low down", Dick raises the parcel protectively

Squire: Stop!! Not like that you slattern, just wait there and don't say anything... yet

Dick just looks confused

Squire: Dick?

(sisters look even more at bulge)

BE and Tilda: **(dreamily)** We know!

BD Gosling: Yes sir I do remember them, but I haven't seen them in years. They have grown

BE and Tilda: **(dreamily)** and so have you

Fairy FWB: How much more of this crap do I have to put up with? The hussies. Hands off!

Enter Fairy Fanny-Fahtz

FF Fahtz: Yoo-hoo ducky. It's me, Triple F

Fairy FWB: Oh crap... it's the Hindenberg.... any more inflated and we'd have to tether her to the ground. I'll give you one guess as to how she got that name... hello to you my dear... you are looking... err... lovely

FF Fahtz: Having trouble with the muggles? You need to be stronger, watch this...

"Wow, free booze, sex and lube over there!"

Squire and his daughters run off excited

FF Fahtz: Oh my, there's always one.... Oi, Big Dick... fuck off... NOW!

Big Dick exits

FF Fahtz: See, his master's voice and a superior intellect

enter Farquhar Witt

Fairy FWB: Oh yes, talking of which here's the Squire's nephew, the brilliant Farquhar Witt **(tries saying the name a few different ways and settles on "fuck-wit")** lovely lad, but dimmer than a Poundland light bulb

FF Fahtz: Leave it to me again...

Whispers in his ear... he nods and exits

Fairy FWB: What did you say?

FF Fahtz: I just said that the King needs some fuck-wit to do a difficult job

Fairy FWB: I see. You live and learn! I think that we should give this lot some idea of what the hell we're here for. Shall we?

FF Fahtz: Ok and once we've done that, we'll go back to being enemies. For the sake of the story I am the marvellously bad fairy and my friend here is the sickeningly sweet good fairy of course, but us fairies need to stick together, but not like that you mucky pup **(pointing to someone in the audience)**, watching PornHub again... you'll need a washable keyboard.

Fairy FWB: Pay attention... the kingdom is in trouble. There's a dirty devil...

FF Fahtz: called Dirty Devil...

Fairy FWB: ... causing the trouble. The kingdom is in recession and this dirty devil...

FF Fahtz: ... called Dirty Devil...

Fairy FWB: ... will you shut your flappy lips for one minute... and he is making people unhappy. Too much tax, too many rules, libido is taxable too... that's sex-drive to you, Pauline **(in audience)**... it isn't a fund raiser, it's another kind of raising altogether... sometimes like raising the dead, eh Tom? He's a miserable twat... no not you Tom, I mean the other Dirty Devil. Jeez I'm losing track of this nonsense

FF Fahtz: And I of course want to help him of course being the bad fairy in this story

Fairy FWB: Of course. And I am the good fairy

FF Fahtz: We know... you said and they aren't quite that thick. The only thing I don't like is that Dirty Devil is cutting down on Botox and fillers and I could do with a slight touch up here and there,

Fairy FWB: So would I... now that reminds me... where's that Big Dick?

FF Fahtz: You know... subtle is my middle name

Fairy FWB: I thought it was Bernard? That reminds me, Triple F may be what you would like us to call you, but the boys and girls out there would love to know what it stands for. Tell us all dear, what do the Fs stand for?

FF Fahtz: Surely not, it really isn't that important

Fairy FWB: No need to be shy dear...do tell them your name, they would love to know, wouldn't you boys and girls?

Oh yes we would oh no they wouldn't etc

Fairy FWB: Well?

FF Fahtz: **(mumbling)** Fairy... Fahtz

Fairy FWB: Come, come now dear, that's only two Fs. There's one missing...people might think you don't give an F

FF Fahtz: You shit, I'll get you for this

Fairy FWB: Well?

FF Fahtz: It's Fanny

Fairy FWB: There you are, that wasn't so hard was it? My friend here is called Fairy Fanny-Fahtz...

FF Fahtz: Spelled the German way

Fairy FWB: That's right, but we call her Penelope. Penelope Queef, she does enjoy the good life. You could say she's to the manor born

FF Fahtz: Bitch. Anyway... the complicated panto plot. That Dirty Devil is a miserable sod, people are poor, something happens to make them rich, there's a mix up, it all comes good in the end and then we can all piss off home. That's that then, I suppose; on with the so called story...

Fairy FWB: Well said. We don't do the "oh yes he did" stuff or "he's behind you" or "no, not up there, young man".
We do more grown up stuff like farting and mentioning genitals in grown up ways, such as "willies", "foo-foos" and "botty-bots"

FF Fahtz: Oh my. Please, someone kill me now.....

FF Fahtz exits muttering

FF Fahtz: ...to think I passed up a chance to go to RADA for this shit?

Fairy FWB: Do you know the difference between a fridge and Fairy Fanny-Fahtz? A fridge doesn't go "thwbthwbthwb" when you take your meat out

FF Fahtz: ***(off)*** I heard that!

Fairy FWB: GOOD!

Fairy FWB exits

BD Gosling enters, looking into trousers

BD Gosling: Shit, my dick's come untucked again.....***(if no response)*** bloody hell, one simple job and you lot screw it up...whatever happened to "hello Big Dick"? Eh? Miserable bastards. Well come on then! ***(encourage audience to respond)*** will you PLEASE say the nice response, not what mum told you to say? "Hello Big Dick" isn't that hard is it?

If wrong response, M Goose puts her head around the side and waves the "tell him to sod off" sign at them

I should think so... shit, my dick's come untucked again ***(when audience responds)*** no, not now, it really has!

(struggles with his trouser-snake as he exits, limping and swearing)

Scene 3: The Palace of Golden Eggs

Fairy FWB: Look out everyone, more idiotic panto characters coming on now... King Proper-Gander and Queen Marge the Spreadable

Exits, saying into wings

Fairy FWB: What happened to my magical fairy bloody pyrotechnic flashes, you bloody amateurs?

King: ***(off)*** Come along now Marge, just a bit of polishing

Enter King Proper-Gander and Queen Marge

Queen: I know how much you enjoy it, but I find it very hard work; you know my arm aches after a few strokes

King: Aww, I don't often ask and I do so enjoy it and it is my birthday

Queen: Well, you don't make unreasonable demands very often I suppose

King: I don't ask too much... did you bring the tissues dear?

Queen: Why me, can't you do one thing? I mean it is more for you, you know; I don't get much enjoyment from it

King: Why can't you just suck it up? You know these gold bars in the treasure room won't shine themselves **(looks to audience)** ... you dirty buggers, what did you think we were talking about? Honestly, some people, it is time to polish the crown jewels.

Queen: Will I have time to watch one of my rom-coms after? You know how I love to get through a box of tissues.

King: Oh yes, so do I... when I watch one of my "special" films too. Anyway Marge, fancy a shag afterwards?

Queen: I should think so, I'm dead randy and I do need to keep up my good name... Marge the Spreadable... get it?

Both exit

Big Dick Gosling enters

BD Gosling: Shit, my dick's come untucked again **(if audience reacts)** for goodness sake this is serious, I can't take a step without stepping on it, it's starting to swell!

Exits, followed by a desperate Fairy Friend With Benefits

Fairy FWB: Come back, I need you... I can help... I'm very open minded

Exit

Enter Dirty Devil

D Devil: I must introduce myself; I am Dirty Devil and I am the tax collector. I collect taxes for the king and the squire. I make lots of money and if the ladies can't pay... well given my name you can figure out the rest. I have had some luck recently. The squire needed some cash quick and I managed to buy up some properties from him for a good price. I'm only telling you this as I know you have the collective memory of a goldfish, so I should be alright... especially after you've had your interval drinks! But before I turn my attentions on you lot, I have the folk of Gooseland to suck dry.

M Goose (off): That's my job!

D Devil: Oh yes I do! **(encourages the repeating nonsense)**

BD Gosling: **(head around the curtain)** REALLY... you help him with the "oh no you didn't" stuff? Utter, utter bastards, the lot of you!! **(exits)**

D Devil: Money isn't my real motivation, but misery is and nothing makes people more miserable than having no money. I suppose divorce and moving house are good too; and spending

Christmas with the in-laws... and that bloody endless Mariah Carey droning that awful song that goes on and on and on, year after year. And sprouts of course. But back to the story... I am a rent collector and a debt collector... I collect the rent and put people into debt and then collect on that as well. I now own the houses where Mother Goose and her family live and I'm going to screw them... for rent of course! Especially that Slack Alice!! And when I have taken them for every last ounce of happiness, only then I will be happy!! Boys, come here!!

Enter Big Bernard and Bollock-Nose Billy

BB & BNB: Yes boss?

D Devil: Drat, I always get you two mixed up.

B Bernard: I'm Big Bernard boss

BN Billy: And I'm Bollock-Nose Billy boss

D Devil: Yes, that's it!

BB & BNB: Right boss **(they go to exit, getting mixed up)**

D Devil: They make Love Island contestants look like Nobel prize winners! Come back you fools, I didn't just call you here for an identity parade... I have something for you to do. A big job

B Bernard: A big job.... hee, hee. Boss wants us to have a shit! But I dun one this morning boss?

D Devil: What?

B Bernard: A big job boss

D Devil: What?

BN Billy: Me too boss... a right big job... right before I got up boss

B Bernard: You what? After the vindaloo you had last night?

D Devil: What?

B Bernard: Bollock-Nose Billy dun shit the bed boss And I had a kebab last night and my arse has been flubbering all morning. When I let go, it'll sound like a lorry load of homing pigeons being released

BN Billy: No I dunna shit the bed, I stopped round yours last night, so I shit your bed Big Bernard... I did boss, it smelled like a council house septic tank

D Devil: Boys, boys, boys!

BNB & BB: But there's only two of us?

D Devil: **(aside)** it really isn't worth it... boys, boys

BN Billy: Oh, he's not coming then

B Bernard: Who?

BN Billy: Dunno, the other boy?

D Devil: Shut up!!! Right, you TWO. Listen to me... I have something for you to do... and before you talk more shit, just LISTEN!

B Bernard & BN Billy: Yes boss

D Devil: Right you shit heads

BB & BNB: He, he... boss called you shit head

B Bernard: He, he... boss thinks we do it like that... not with our heads boss... it's our bums what dunnit boss

D Devil: ENOUGH!! I have a job... a real work job for you two oafs to do... to earn your wages

BB & BNB: Oh, ok... boss

D Devil: I am now collecting rent, or rather you two are. You are to go to all of the homes on Misery Street and screw them for every penny they have... especially the Gooses... Geese... Goslings... whatever

BB & BNB: Boss?

D Devil: Just take all of their money and get back here and give it to me. Then I will pay you

enter Fairy Friend-With-Benefits

they exit after a few tries left and right

Fairy FWB: They didn't see me!

D Devil: No point. Too stupid and no use for the plot. Hopeless, just hopeless... more wooden than a load of pirates' legs.

Dirty Devil exits

Fairy FWB: Oh... right. A pity, two big boys like that could be right up my alley. We can't have the Goose family out on the street, especially Big Dick... Dick out on the street, whatever next. I'm off too. Looks as if I'm going to come out on top. Coming you dirty devil. You bad, bad dirty devil

exits, singing

"I like reverse Cowgirl

Just ride him like a horse in a star-spangled rodeo!"

Scene 4: The Road to Discontent

Mother Goose is sweeping up

M Goose: A woman's work is never done. Well here I am sweeping up and obviously nothing is about to happen. Has anybody seen my Dick?

Big Dick enters

BD Gosling: Mum, mum, quickly... shit, my dick's come untucked again! ***(if no response, get them to do so)***... it is a feed line this time, get with the plot

M Goose: What is it son?

BD Gosling: I need a glass of cider. Quickly!!

M Goose: What, you stupid twat, you're too young and irresponsible to drink alcohol. That's my job **(aside)** and I'm bloody good at it!

BD Gosling: Not for me, it's for our Slack Alice... she's hurt her hand on a thorn bush

M Goose: What the hell are you on about you unnaturally elongated son of mine?

BD Gosling: Well, there was this once when she thought I couldn't hear and she told the Squire's nephew Mr Fuck-Witt that if she ever gets a prick in her hands then she has to get it in cider!

M Goose: Oh, I see... hang on... what... that dirty cow **(goes to slap Dick and misses, spinning around)** she's no daughter of mine... although, hang on THOUGH, it does take me back to my youth... or any youth come to that...

BD Gosling: Well mum?

They freeze.

Enter FFW, popping a party popper for "magical" effect

Fairy FWB: No point waiting for that lot for special effects; if a girl wants satisfaction sometimes she just needs to satisfy herself; **(picking on an audience member)** know what I mean love? Now then, what we have here is a dramatic interlude that we fairies are renowned for. They have all frozen due to my magic. It can give me the chance to mess with them... see? **(Fairy FWB does a few naughty things to the frozen characters)** Big dick is an innocent soul and this makes me love him so much... yes, I just love my Big Dick... I just want to kiss him and hold him tight, because...

song: "Dick on my Mind"

Enter B Bernard & BN Billy

B Bernard: 'ere Bollock-Nose Billy, that's Mrs Gosling and her Big Dick

Fairy FWB: Oh they are milking that Dick, aren't they? The gag that is... and I could really gag on that...

M Goose: Oh no Dick... it's the rent collector boys

BD Gosling: Oh no... what shall we do?

M Goose: I really don't know... how about paying the rent you simpleton?

BD Gosling: Oh yes... I was confused with what happens later in the script... must have turned over two pages

M Goose: Good morning boys

(owl hoots)

M Goose: **(into wings)**... for fuck's sake **[name of sound engineer]**, get the sound queues right!

(sound of lion roaring)

M Goose: Well, beggars can't be choosers I suppose... anyway, good morning boys **(gunshot)** how may I help you? **(Muttley laughing)** Jesus, let's quit while we're ahead, eh... alright **[name of sound engineer]**, your tablets are on the way

B Bernard: Good morning Mrs Goose, we're here for Dirty Devil's rent

M Goose passes behind them to get the money, goosing BN Billy as she goes

M Goose: Of course **(Counts out 30 pieces of silver)** this should be right, thirty pieces of silver, just like I always pay Squire Ende

BN Billy: But that's not enough. Mr Dirty Devil said your rent is now ten pieces of gold

M Goose: WHAT?!? How can he do that? I demand a rent review

B Bernard: You'll have to wait for the newspaper review first, and with this script I don't think it'll be good

M Goose: I can see your point

B Bernard checks his flies

B Bernard: Sorry about that, I thought it'd got a bit chilly

BN Billy: So where's the rent then? We'd hate to... hurt you...

M Goose: Too late for that... I am hurt... you never write... you never call...

Fairy FWB: Oh, dear god...

M Goose: I haven't got it... wait a minute... **(into wings)** Slack Alice! Slack Alice!... come here my love!

Enter Slack Alice, adjusting herself

SA Gosling: Hello mum

M Goose: Hello Slack Alice

SA Gosling: Hello mum

M Goose: Hello Slack Alice... enough! This can go on for hours if you let her.

SA Gosling: Yes mum

M Goose: Alice, my dear... you know the money you earned last night behind the **[ROUGH PUB]**?

SA Gosling: Yes mum?

M Goose: How much did you make?

SA Gosling: Nine gold pieces and two farthings

M Goose: Two farthings? Who paid just two farthings?

SA Gosling: All of them

M Goose: Well it'll have to do...pay what you've got and take these "gentlemen" 'round the back for the rest... with my thirty pieces of silver it'll have to do

exit SA Gosling undoing herself, B Bernard and BN Billy looking at each other a bit confused as they follow

M Goose: Oh Dick... whatever are we going to do... we're broke! When next week comes 'round there's no way we'll be able to pay

BD Gosling: We could take in lodgers?

M Goose: Lodgers?

BD Gosling: Yes... the squire's looking for somewhere to keep his pigs

M Goose: We can't keep pigs in the house, think of the smell!

BD Gosling: Don't worry mum... they'll get used to it

lights out

Scene 5: The Magic Pool

enter Fairy FWB and FF Fahtz, both popping party poppers:

Fairy FWB: Oh the poor dears, what'll they do?

Not a pot to piss in, let alone a poo

They need something magic, a cure for poverty

Alice can't make up the money, a slut though she be

I'll make something happen, some magic just right

I'll help get the Gosling family financially right

FF Fahtz: Why, you rhyming tart... you told me we weren't going to do that as it's "soppy panto bull-shit" is what you said!

(offstage) Yes, that's right, she did

Fairy FWB: You lot can shut up, bloody stagehands... your not the talent here you know! Well, I'm the good fairy, so I can do whatever I like

FF Fahtz: Good bitch more like. Just you wait

Fairy FWB: It won't be free, they'll pay. I may have to take it out of Dick. It'll be a dirty job, but someone has to do it

FF Fahtz: Go on then goody-two-shoes... what are you going to do?

Fairy FWB: Well Penelope, you know we are here by this magic pool

FF Fahtz: What pool? Eh? I thought we didn't have the budget for that

Fairy FWB whistles to the wings

Fairy FWB: Come on in boys

FF Fahtz: I see you haven't changed

stage hands bring in a small inflatable paddling pool and put it down in the centre of the stage

Fairy FWB: Here we are

FF Fahtz: That's a bit tight

Fairy FWB: **(Shyly)** thank you dear, I found a good surgeon to "regain my youth"!

FF Fahtz: You know exactly what I mean; that pool's crap

Fairy FWB: It will be fine, anyway you're only jealous of my marvellous "magic"

FF Fahtz: Get on with it, it has to be better than any "magic money tree"

Fairy FWB: Oh magic pool on this here stage

Make some...

FF Fahtz: ... just stop that rhyming shit right now, it isn't fair

Fairy FWB: Alright, just for you my fairy sister. When Mother Goose, Big Dick and Slack Alice get here they will find that a magic goose will be the answer to their prayers

FF Fahtz: Fancy... I think that I can hear them coming

Fairy FWB: It's just the wind in the trees, it sounds just like you, Penelope Queef...

Mother Goose, Slack and Dick enter... Slack is walking a bit funny

M Goose: Come on Alice dear, I know you've been getting in the rent money lately, but we all have to make sacrifices

BD Gosling: Oh shit, my dick's come untucked again

[BUSINESS]

SA Gosling: Is that all you've got to worry about, my foof looks like a badly chewed toffee nowadays

M Goose: Children, children, do behave. We have to find a proper solution to our rent conundrum; Alice's charms won't last much longer

Fairy FWB: Neither will Dick when I wrap myself 'round him

FF Fahtz: Shhhh... that's enough... this is a family show, isn't it?

[BUSINESS]

M Goose: Did you hear anything?

SA & BD G: No mum, it's as quiet as the grave in here **(noticing the pool)**... what's that?

M Goose: I couldn't begin to guess. I wonder if this huge, deep, glittering lovely pool we have just noticed, is magical?

They go up to it and pull it downstage with "oohs & aahs"

M Goose: Let's have a look into it's vast depths

they stare into it....a stagehand in overalls walks on behind them wearing a large sign that says "I am a magical goose"

Goose: Woooo, honk, honk or whatever... **(they all jump away in surprise)** I am a magical goose **(points to the sign)** as you can clearly see. My name is Priscilla the Loose Goose **(produces a duck-call and blows into it)**... see... budgetary restraints allowing that is. At this point I feel obliged to tell you my name like all of us do, as this is a panto of course as we assume you have the collective memory of a goldfish....we may return to this later on

Goose family: Wow, a magical, speaking goose!

SA Gosling: I wonder if this magical goose will help? How amazing, how does she speak so well?

PTLGoose: Because the story stops right here if not, you tit

BD Gosling: Oh magical goose, you are so wise. Why are you here?

PTL Goose: Bloody hell, shit a brick **(lays a golden egg, blows duck call and screams at the effort)** ow, ow, ow...I wish I hadn't done that!

M Goose: Oh look a golden egg from our magical goose!!

SA Gosling: Shit a brick!

PTL Goose blows duck call, screams again and lays another egg

BD Gosling: Another one... I wonder how that happens?

FF Fahtz: I see Albert Einstein is in the room

Fairy FWB: Shhhh, the plot is developing

PTL Goose: **(to fairies)** my bloody haemorrhoids are developing, more like. These eggs aren't as smooth as they look!

Fairies: She can see us!

PTL Goose: Of course I can, you simpletons, I am magical too you know, just like you... derr?

Fairies: Oops, of course you are ducky

PTL Goose: Goosey, if you don't mind and I think that now is the time to justify my name... you see, I wasn't always a "loose" goose; **in fact I have** in my time been congratulated on my tight freshness, but eggs is eggs and an oeuf is an oeuf and they have taken their toll... so "loose" is my curse from now on

Fairies: Oh yes... our bad

M Goose: **(to audience)** just give it a minute.... ah here we go back in the game

SA Gosling: Pardon mum? Oh... "in" the game, silly me

M Goose: You wonderful magical creature; your golden eggs have come to our rescue and solved our money worries. We can make golden eggs whenever we like and will be rich from now on with not a care in the world!

PTL Goose: What do you mean “we can make”? It’s my arse being shredded each time I contribute to your family budget you know. These things take effort and don’t grow on trees.

FF Fahtz: Drop out of your arse, more like

SA Gosling: We can see that. How do you make them?

Fairy FWB: **(mischievously)** Shit a brick!

Another egg is laid

PTL Goose: Owwww! For fuck’s sake WILL YOU STOP THAT!!

Fairy FWB: Sorry!

PTL Goose: I should bloody well think so, if you do that again I’m going to find a large hedgehog and shove it right up your...

M Goose: ... wrecked ‘em... wrecked ‘em it did; every time it rained. I told the Squire to shut the window

SA Gosling: I know mum, you tell that story all the time, but how are we going to get this magical goose to lay more eggs?

PTL Goose: **(to fairies)** No, please don’t... my eyes are really watering now

M Goose: I’ll have to shit a brick to find out...

Another scream etc, another egg

M Goose: You know, a thought has come to me. I get the distinct impression that there is some magical phrase that may just make Priscilla here help us on demand

PTL Goose: You really are thick, you lot... aren’t you?

SA Gosling: **Shit...** do you think so?

BD Gosling: Eh?

PTL Goose: Please don’t say the other words, please

M Goose: **Ah**, we’ll piece it together, don’t worry ... just one...

PTL Goose: Noooo!

SA Gosling: ... **brick** at a time?

Another scream etc another egg... Priscilla begins to cry in pain

M Goose: That’s it, that’s the phrase to get golden eggs!!

BD G & SA: What is mum?

M Goose: Shit a brick of course!

Another scream etc another egg... Priscilla continues to cry in pain, bandy legged now

PTL Goose: You evil bastards

M Goose: Let’s go home. We have some work to do

The family exit, followed slowly by a waddling, bandy Priscilla. Just after she exits there is another scream, a plopping sound and...

PTL Goose: **(off)** You mother fuckers, just you wait!

More screaming, duck calling and plopping, fading into the distance