

**SCENE ONE - The Village of Pauntley**

*In a strange, flash of light a beautiful enchantress appears.*

**Enchantress.** Welcome to our story, of a hero true and good,  
Who travelled far from all he knew, to become all that he could.  
His way was filled with danger, darkness and despair,  
But in the cities heart, he met his partner fair.

Against all odds he battled, with not one foe but two,  
Medieval England was his home, and that's where you are too.  
630 years you've travelled, as in your seats you've sat.  
But in this time I'm trapped you see, by the evil Queen of Rats.

*There is a green flash of light and Queen Rat appears. The audience should hopefully boo and hiss each time she enters.*

**Queen Rat.** Begone you goody two shoes, my power do not fight,  
You know you cannot beat me, you know I'm always right.  
You've crossed me far to often, thwarted all my plans,  
This time my rats will help me, my furtive, furry fans.

I've figured out what you should be, to keep you out my way,  
A cute and cuddly pussycat, should let us win the day.  
So prepare to feel the power, of the great and dark Queen Rat,  
As you begin you're long hard road, living as a cat!

*Queen Rat laughs hysterically as the enchantress shrinks down and begins to purr. Both exit as various traders enter from all entrances both on and off the performance area. Sarah the Cook should move through the audience. All are selling outrageous wares and adding their own words in period ad-lib's.*

**Trader 3.** Ox eyeballs, seagull's giblets, crab's legs, come and get them while they're hot.

**Trader 4.** Roast peacock, raw onions, skylark's beaks, lovely fresh snacks.

**Trader 5.** Eels in jelly, pike fins in garlic, porpoise puddings, food to die for.

**Sarah.** *(Holding up a book)* 'Sarah the Cooks Ye Olde Guide to Medieval Cooking'. All you need to know about cooking in the Middle Ages, only three goats. Specially illuminated by the venerable Monks of McDonalds.

**Trader 1.** Turnips, lovely fresh scented turnips.

**Trader 2.** Fresh bream on a stick, the fish of choice.

**Trader 3.** Don't you just love market day?

**SONG 1: Market Day – The Villagers.**

*The inhabitants of Pauntley (a small village in Gloucester) enter and dance around the performance area setting up stalls. The traders join them. Dick Whittington enters and sets up his stall. The song ends when Simon Lookout enters and clumsily knocks over Emma Swigglebot's stall.*

**All.** Here we are on market day, on Pauntley village green  
Here we are on market day, on Pauntley village green,  
Here we are on market day, ye England olde green,  
Here we are on market day so keen.

Our market day,  
Never are we happier or gay.  
Our market day,  
The very best med'eval shopping way.

Here we are on market day, with lots of things to see,  
Here we are on market day, there's lots for you and me,  
Here we are on market day, come buy our goods we plea,  
Join us now come on a spending spree.

Our market day,  
Never are we happier or gay.  
Our market day,  
The very best med'eval shopping way.

*Daring Dick*

Pauntley is a little village known for selling tur-nips,  
Everyone knows everyone, there's gossip all on their lips,  
Farmers plough and knights of old,  
Sheath their swords for their trips,  
Our Norman church is standing tall.

Here we are on market day, on Pauntley village green,  
Here we are on market day, on Pauntley village green,  
Here we are on market day, ye England olde green,  
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Our market day,  
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**Emma Swigglebot.** *(Loudly)* Simon Lookout! *(She begins picking up her stall).*

**Simon.** Yep, that's me, Simon Lookout's the name. Apparently I was quite a shock to my mother. *(To the audience)* Tell you what, as I'm quite clumsy, will you all shout "Simon Lookout" every time I come on.

**Audience.** Yes.

**Simon.** Shall we try it?

**Audience.** Yes.

*Simon exits then comes back on.*

**Audience.** Simon Lookout!

*Simon is shocked by the noise and knocks over Emma's stall for a second time.*

**Emma Swigglebot.** Oh Simon, just look at this mess, now just clear off.

**Simon.** Sorry Emma Swigglebot, right you are then *(noticing the audience)*. Oh hello again, are you here for the market too? We have a lot of strange people turn up from all over the place to visit our market, and looking at you lot, I'd say you fit the bill perfectly.

**Emma Swigglebot.** Don't be rude to the audience Simon, we need them.

**Simon.** All right then. Let me welcome you all to the village of Pauntley in Gloucestershire and introduce myself. My name's Simon Lookout and I'm the official village idiot. I know I'm the official idiot because I was voted in and my mum says that everyone these days votes for idiots. ...oh and I'm a part time inventor *(pointing at his badge)*. Look I've even got a badge.

**Emma Swigglebot.** Oh dear.

*Dick Whittington leaves his stall and joins Simon.*

**Dick.** Who are you talking to Simon?

**Simon.** Why, all these nice people down here.

**Dick.** What nice people?

**Simon.** Oh I get it. You're just trying to make me believe that it's only me who can see all these people watching everything we do.

**Dick.** *(To another stallholder)* He's been on the turnips again hasn't he? Every time he eats turnips he gets like this. Classic paranoid behaviour, thinking he's being watched by everybody. What do you need from the market today Simon?

**Simon.** Actually mum's sent me to the market to buy some of your fine cloth Dick Whittington. She says it's beautiful cloth, fit for a king.