

# Mummers Play

written by Stephen Fellowes

Cast: (in order of appearance)

- Female actor - A humble Page/Narrator
- Female actor - The Red Dragon
- Referee & Old Father Time
- Dr. Doverylittle
- Nurse Nightingale
- St. George
- Female actor - Britannia

Direction

Page: In comes I, a humble Page,  
to set our play upon this stage.  
A story of how evil's hand  
spread darkness over all our land.

How all the goodness drained away  
when an evil Dragon came to stay,  
and how only one that's pure of heart  
can wield the sword, and play the part.

Our hero is St. George, the bold.  
Slayer of Dragons, known of old.  
But if he has just one small vice,  
She'll seek it out, and won't think twice.

For she is cunning as you will find,  
and works her magic on your mind.  
But Lo, she comes along the way.  
I'm off to somewhere safe to stay!

The Page leaves  
STAGE RIGHT to  
the pulpit.

Dragon: In comes I, a Dragon red,  
with scales and tail and fiery head.  
I'm so ferocious that they say  
all opponents run away.

I only need the slightest sin,  
to take my chance and get right in  
to minds of people everywhere,  
casting doubt and deep despair.

I hear that now a knight's been found,  
but I'll soon make him run around,

**BOO!**

and if he tries to stand and fight,  
I'll cunningly outwit his might.

Page: (sung)

*Oh where is St. George?  
Oh where is he O?  
He's out in his long boat  
All on the salt sea O.  
Out flies the kite,  
down falls the lark O  
And all us good people  
rely on him now  
to save us from the Dark O.*

Dragon: Everyone has some weak spot,  
That's all I need to take a shot.  
I've heard that his is too much pride.  
But here he comes. I'll go and hide

St. George:  
All: In comes I, St George,

**HURRAY**

Said as ST.  
GEORGE starts to  
enter

ST. GEORGE  
gestures to the crowd  
with both arms. Be  
ready to do this again  
if the cheer is not  
loud enough.

St. George: Long sword in hand, with which to slay.  
I've many conquests to *my* name  
and so deserve my hero's fame.

I won great battles when abroad,  
see here, the notches on my sword.  
I'm told a dragon's on the run,  
causing fright and spoiling fun.  
Ha! I've fought ones before, up to my knee,  
so just how big can this one be?

Pointing at his sword.

Pointing at his knee.

Now where's this fiend of which they tell?  
Hmm... there is a rather smoky smell.  
Still, no one's about, I'll take a break  
and after 40 winks, I'll wake.

ST. GEORGE  
relaxes on the bench  
and closes his eyes

Dragon: The fool, he doesn't see me come,  
Just one swift bite – the deed is done!

The DRAGON taps

ST. GEORGE on the shoulder. As he turns, she lunges forward and bites him on the neck. He falls back onto the bench.

Page: Hang on, that doesn't seem quite fair,  
I think a penalty is called for there.

The REFEREE comes in blowing his whistle. He talks to the DRAGON, holds up a red card and sends her off.

Page: So as we reach the half-time mark,  
our Saint is down, his eyes are dark.  
We need a miracle or two  
to pull our noble hero through.  
Perhaps a song might be the thing?  
A Wassail, that we all can sing.

*Wassail, wassail all over the town!  
Our toast it is white, and our ale it is brown,  
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;  
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to the.*

*End of Part One*

Page: Now, to resume our little play,  
I'm very glad you all could stay.  
A quick recap on where we were.  
St. George is dead, because of her!

Pointing back at the Dragon

Old Father Time: In comes I, Old Father Time,  
collecting souls from knights so fine.  
This one lays dying on the ground.  
It's not quite time – I'll stick around!

His wounds are deep,  
his heart is faint.  
I'll soon dispatch  
this once great Saint.

Page: Hold fast old man  
He's not done yet.  
Is there a doctor  
or a vet?

Doctor: In comes I – 'The Doctor'  
All: WHO?

Doctor: I'll teach you lot a thing or two.

*I am* a doctor, great and good.  
With my skilled hand I can purge the blood.  
Cure the stitch, the itch  
the palsy or the gout.  
All pains within,

All: AND ALL PAINS WITHOUT!

Doctor: Oh, you've heard it!

Spoken to the other  
players.

If I can cure the rain,  
as so it's said,  
I can cure this man  
(*if he's not quite dead*)

Aside

I've had a look,  
He's in a mess.  
Is he BUPA  
or NHS?

The doctor has a  
quick look at ST.  
GEORGE

Fifty pounds will be my fee  
So who will settle up with me?

The other cast look  
away

Oh never mind, I'll have his purse,  
and now I need an able nurse.  
NURSE! NURSE!

Making for the purse  
on ST. GEORGE'S  
belt.

Nurse: In comes I, nurse Nightingale  
to help this Doc.  
Gosh!  
He looks pale.

Looking over at ST.  
GEORGE.

Doctor: So what's the injury?  
I'll check.  
It seems he's got it in the neck.  
It often is a good man's plight,  
when a female Dragon he tries to fight!

The NURSE opens  
the doctors bag ready  
to hand him the  
various tools as he  
asks for them

Forceps!  
Drill!  
WD40!  
Plunger!  
Saw!  
Pill!

ST. GEORGE

shudders and staggers to a sitting position. The PAGE starts fanning him with a towel.

Britannia: In comes I, Britannia bold.  
My heart is warm,  
my shield is cold.  
To see this fight, I have a mind

Page:  
All: (sung)

***Rule Britannia!***  
***Britannia rule the waves.***  
***Britons never, never, never***  
***shall be slaves***

Britannia: Too kind, Too kind!

Page: The dragon's winning now, one nil.  
But George has had the doctors pill.

The PAGE explains the situation to BRITANNIA

Britannia: Arise again, our noble knight  
and once again into the fight.  
This time *I'm* here to see fair play  
Let's have Round 2 – Seconds, AWAY!

St. George: I learned a lesson last time round,  
and now more virtue I have found.  
Less pride, and more humility  
is what is needed here you see.

**HURRAY**

A fierce battle ensues and the DRAGON falls down on the bench.

St. George: Did I win? I just can't see  
can someone go and check for me?

Nurse Nightingale: I've been to check  
the Dragon Red,  
I took her pulse,  
I'm sure she's dead.

Old Father Time: In comes I, Old Father Time....

All: NOT AGAIN!

Page: And so our little play is done,  
the Dragon slain, the battle won,

Dragon: But no one really died today,

The PAGE walks to CENTRE STAGE  
The DRAGON takes off her head dress as

she joins the cast

Old Father Time: for what you saw was just a play.

Doctor: So what's the moral of our tale?

Page:/Britannia: Good over evil will prevail!

St. George: So we now are on our way

Nurse Nightingale: and St. George can fight another day

All: ***CURTAIN CALL***

***Fine***

Teasdon Tales