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**response.**) That's better – and once more for luck – are you having a good time! (**AUDIENCE response.**) Fantastic! Now, let me introduce myself. I'm Dame Trot. Dame Madonna Trot. But you can call me Madge. Fit as a fiddle – and wonderfully preserved for a woman of my age. You wouldn't think I was past – thirty, would you? But I am, you know – that's right, widowed before my time... (**Encourages "aaah!" from audience.**) It was a bit more before my time than that! (**Encourages bigger "aaah!"**) Mind you, I'm always looking for another husband. (**HOUSE LIGHTS up.**) Ooh! (**Surveys audience briefly.**) But not today... No, no, I'm only joking – it's lovely to see you all, and some old friends too! Hello, Jack, how's your back...? Hello, Fred, how's your head...? Hello, Annie... You having a nice time...? Yes, I know who some of you are, you see, because I've got a little list! Now, can we have a great big shout from ...?

(**Ad lib parties and birthdays, introducing the band etc.**) Well, it's lovely to talk to you all, but chatting won't get the milking done. I don't know where my cow, Daisy is. She's got a mind of her own. Unfortunately, our cowman, Simple Simon, doesn't seem to have a mind at all. In fact, I think he's lost her. I ask you - how can you lose a cow? And here's me, run off my feet!

(**NUMBER. Half way through, during short dance break, DAISY runs across the stage upstage of the DAME. She is pursued by SIMON. DAME breaks off from song. MUSIC continues to vamp.**)

SIMON. (**crossing the stage in pursuit**) Come back, Daisy, come back! (**Stopping by the opposite wing.**) Hello, Mrs T. Sorry, can't stop! (**Runs off.**)

DAME. Do you ever get the feeling you've just been upstaged? Oh, well. They'll be back in a minute. Now, where was I? Oh yes, thank you dear...

(**Continues with second half of number, at the end of which SIMON comes on.**)

SIMON. Hello there. I've been trying to catch Daisy.

DAME. Oh, well, never mind, Simon. Now you're here, you can say hello to all the boys and girls.

SIMON. Oh, yes, people! Gosh there's loads of 'em! (**Loses confidence.**) Oh, dear -

DAME. What?

SIMON. I feel a bit shy.

DAME. Never mind. Stand by me and introduce yourself.

SIMON. (**very quietly**) Hello, I'm Simon.

DAME. Louder than that.

SIMON. Louder?

DAME. Louder.

SIMON. (**louder, but a bit wooden**) Hello, I'm Simon!

DAME. And friendlier.

SIMON. Friendlier?

DAME. Friendlier and louder.

SIMON. **(loudly with forced friendliness)** Hell-oh-oh, I'm Simon!

DAME. Can you get some humour into it?

SIMON. Humour?

DAME. Just friendlier, louder and with a little touch of humour

SIMON. Hello-oh-hoh-hoh-hoh-hoh, I'm Siiiiimonn! How was that?

DAME. Totally deranged.

SIMON. Oh, I say – I just get nervy turns, that's all!

DAME. I know what! Let's get that lot to help you.

SIMON. How do you mean?

DAME. Well, whenever you get a bit nervous, you shout out "Help me, help me!" and we'll ask them to shout out –

SIMON. "Don't worry Simon, it's probably not as bad as you think it is, so try to be a little bit brave...?"

DAME. That might be a bit long. How about "Be brave, Simon!"?

SIMON. That's brilliant!

DAME. It is, isn't it? **(To AUDIENCE.)** Will you help us? **(AUDIENCE response.)** Fantastic. Let's try it. I'll pretend to scare Simon and he'll shout out -

SIMON. Help me, help me!

DAME. And you shout out – Be brave, Simon!! Got it...? Right, let's give it a go! **(Roars at SIMON and pulls a scary face.)**

SIMON. Help me, help me! **(Without waiting for the AUDIENCE, SIMON is transformed into a gibbering wreck.)**

DAME. Hang on, hang on, you're supposed to wait for them to shout!

SIMON. Oh, yes. Sorry about that.

DAME. Let's give it another go. Right?

SIMON. Okay.

**(DAME roars at SIMON and pulls another scary face.)**

SIMON. Help me, help me!

**(AUDIENCE shout. SIMON is partly reassured and nervously pushes DAME'S shoulder.)**

**(unconvincingly)** Leave me alone - please.

DAME. Not bad.

SIMON. I'm getting better, aren't I?

DAME. Yes, but I think we ought to do it one more time, just to make sure. **(To AUDIENCE.)** So, this time, really raise the roof! Ready? **(To SIMON.)** Ready?

SIMON. Ready!

DAME. Right. **(Roars spectacularly into SIMON's face.)**

SIMON. Help me, help me!

**(AUDIENCE shout. SIMON is transformed and roars back at the DAME, who starts to back away apprehensively.)**

Nobody does that to me!

**(SIMON aggressively pushes the DAME and pursues her around the stage.)**

**(To Audience)** This feels goooood!!

DAME. Simon, Simon, stop it – stop it, it's me remember - it's me!

SIMON. What? Eh, oh... I'm sorry Mrs T, I just had a rush of total courage. It's worn off now.

DAME. Thank goodness for that.

**(DAISY'S "moo!" is heard off stage.)**

Oh, look. It's Daisy, come to see what all the noise was about.

**(MUSIC. DAISY runs on stage.)**

Hello, dear, you're just in time to say hello to everybody!

**(DAISY notices the AUDIENCE and curtsies daintily with L legs to R.)**

Oh, lovely. What a well-bred cow!

**(GIANT MUSIC sting. The DAME, SIMON and DAISY are transfixed with fear.)**

GIANT. **(off)** Fee Fi Fo Fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!

DAME &  
SIMON. It's the Giant!!

GIANT. **(off)** Fee Fi Eat my Fill! I smell the blood of a nice mixed grill!

DAME &  
SIMON.

That's us!! He's going to grill us!

SIMON.

I can't take anymore! **(To AUDIENCE.)** Help me, help me!

**(AUDIENCE shout.)**

Phwooah! That's better. **(To GIANT.)** Now, look you overgrown, big bully -

DAME.

Simon, what are you doing?!!

SIMON.

What am I doing? I'm telling this pesky giant to – to, er... **(Loses it.)** I don't know what I'm doing...

**(The GIANT chuckles menacingly.)**

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SIMON. She's –

DAME.  
JACK &  
PRINCESS. Yes?

SIMON. An udder disaster!

**(All goes silent. DAISY snorts. Kicks over the pail and stomps off upstage.)**

**The others follow her upstage, leaving Graham marooned downstage.)**

DAME. Oh, crumbs. She's not happy now.

SIMON. What did I say? I was only joking!

PRINCESS. Shall we go after her?

DAME. No, dear, don't worry. Best leave her alone for a minute to calm down. **(Looking downstage towards Graham.)** Oh, Graham, look at you all alone on your stool! I do apologise for Daisy's little tantrum. You're only a beginner and it's not your fault you made a complete hash of it. But I do think it's best if you're not here when she gets back... So, let's have a great big round of applause for Graham everybody...! There, you go back to your seat, that's it, off you go...

**(Ad lib getting Graham back to his seat.)**

Oh, dear. I do hope Daisy comes back in a better mood. If we've got no milk to sell we'll be completely skint.

**(There is a loud knock.)**

PRINCESS. What's that?

KING. **(off)** Open in the name of me!

PRINCESS. It's my father!

DAME. Quick dear, off you go. Simon and I will hold the fort.

**(PRINCESS and JACK run off. DAME goes to open door and the KING enters.)**

King Bertram, how lovely to see you!

KING. No, it isn't. I'm here for the rent. And where's Demelza, I heard her voice.

DAME. No, you didn't.

KING. Oh, yes I did!

DAME. **(encouraging the AUDIENCE)** Oh, no you didn't!

KING. Oh, yes I did!

DAME. (with AUDIENCE) Oh, no you didn't!

KING. I did, I did, I did!

DAME. (with AUDIENCE) You didn't, you didn't, you didn't!

KING. I give up. I've come about the rent. Where is it?

DAME. (fishing money out of King's breast pocket) Here it is!

KING. But that's my fifty pounds.

DAME. Is it?

KING. Yes, it is! Now you owe me one hundred pounds!

DAME. Are you saying that I owe you fifty pounds rent and the fifty pounds I mistakenly took from your top pocket?

KING. Yes, I am. That's one hundred pounds.

DAME. Well, I'd better pay you back then, hadn't I?

KING. Yes, you better had.

DAME. I'll count it out to make sure you're happy.

KING. Very well.

DAME. Now then, (Counting out from wad.) one, two, three, how many years have you been King?

KING. Seven.

DAME. (counting out notes) Eight, nine, ten, keeps you busy does it?

KING. I've had twenty one Royal engagements this week.

DAME. How many?

KING. Twenty one.

DAME. (counting out notes) Twenty two, twenty three, twenty four and you're not getting any younger are you.

KING. (indignantly) I could pass for forty.

DAME. Forty?

KING. Forty.

DAME. (counting out notes) Forty one, forty two, forty three.

KING. But I'm actually fifty five.

DAME.       **(counting out notes)** Fifty six, fifty seven, fifty eight. My old dad kept going till he was eighty six.

KING.       Mine was ninety six!

DAME.       **(counting out notes)** Ninety seven, ninety eight, ninety nine, one hundred!

KING.       Thank you very much.

DAME.       **(discreetly passing remainder to SIMON)** The pleasure was all mine.

SIMON.      That's brilliant! Can I have a go?

KING.       What?

DAME.       No!

SIMON.      Don't worry Mrs T, I can handle these things now!

DAME.       No, you can't!

SIMON.      Yes, I can, I'm going to make sure you never have to worry about money ever again! Watch! **(To AUDIENCE.)** Help me! Help me!

**(AUDIENCE shout.)**

**(Super boldly)** Thank you – let's play the numbers game!

DAME.       No, Simon -

SCENE 5.

Outside Dame Trot's Cottage. House piece, with double window centre.

(SIMON revealed.)

SIMON. Oh, dear. It just doesn't seem the same without Daisy. I went to her little cow shed, but I couldn't even bear to look at it.... I just hope Jack got a good price for her at market. He's been ever such a long time.

JACK. (shouting off) Mum! Mum! I'm back!

SIMON. That's him, now! Mrs T! Mrs T! He's back! He's back!

DAME. (running on) I know. I heard his voice. Where is he?

JACK. (entering) Mum, I'm home – and I've got brilliant news!

DAME. You have?

JACK. You'll never guess!

DAME. Try me.

JACK. Well -

DAME. What?

JACK. Sit down.

DAME. I've just got up.

JACK. I don't want to give you too much of a shock.

DAME. I want to be shocked! Shock me, Jack. Shock me!

JACK. Alright then, grab hold of this!

(Proffers bag of gold/beans. DAME takes it and immediately almost drops it.)

DAME. Blimey, I'm shocked. What's in there?

JACK. Gold!

DAME. Gold?

SIMON. Gold!

DAME. It weighs a ton!

JACK. I know Mum. We're rich!

BOTH. Rich!



DAME. Oh Jack! We've never had so much money in all our lives!

**(NUMBER, celebrating money. Maybe the bag is thrown about a bit during the number, but its contents are never inspected. At the end of the number the DAME has the bag. She starts to open it.)**

I can't wait any longer. I just want to feast my eyes on all those lovely, jingly jangly, shiny – BEANS?!

JACK &  
SIMON. What?

DAME. It's full of beans!

JACK. **(grabbing bag)** It can't be!

DAME. It is.

JACK. But –

DAME. Oh, Jack how could you?

JACK. But Mum –

DAME. You sold our Daisy for a bag of beans!

JACK. I didn't, Mum. I promise you!

DAME. Get out of my sight!

JACK. What?

DAME. Up to bed and no supper.

SIMON. But, Mrs T –

DAME. And you too.

SIMON. Me?

DAME. Not another word. Upstairs. The both of you.