

THE RELUCTANT DRAGON

A Participation Play
For Young People to Perform

From Kenneth Grahame

Adapted By Kathryn Schultz Miller

THE RELUCTANT DRAGON

SCENE 1

AT RISE:

As the music begins the OLD FOLKS enter and speak to the audience.

SEASONED SALLY: Long ago and far away, there was a quiet, sleepy kingdom where time seemed to stand still...

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: The air was filled with gentle breezes and sweet summer scents...

LORDLY LORI: Birds twittered, butterflies danced...

MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE: And shaggy sheep roamed the green hills...

VENERABLE VAL: Plentiful and happy as the day was long.

ESTEEMED ELLIE: It was called...

ALL NARRATORS: Pleasant Valley...

(Shepherds enter)

SEASONED SALLY: (*Wait for sheep sounds.*) The shepherds used to spend their days watching over their flocks and telling stories about the days of old.

(*WIDGET enters running, following SHEPHERDS.*)

WIDGET: (*To ANGUS.*) Tell me more about the dragons, father!

ESTEEMED ELLIE: And there was a girl named Widget...

ANGUS : Ah! The dragons! Those were a nasty bunch, weren't they, Gilroy?

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: ...Who dreamed of adventure!

GILROY: I should say, Angus. They were forever stomping around the kingdom.

LUDWIG: Terrorizing folks for miles around.

WIDGET: What were they like? Were they green and scaly?

ANGUS: That they were my child!

WIDGET: Were they spikey and snarly?

GILROY: Spikes all over 'em. Snarlin' to beat the band.

ANGUS: And fire came out of their noses!

WIDGET: Like this? (*Tries to blow fire through his nose, uses his arms to show waving flames.*)

GILROY: Something like that, only hotter.

ANGUS: And they always spoke in poetry.

WIDGET: Poetry? I don't believe you.

LUDWIG: It's true! Remember the one we called Raggedy Bones?

ANGUS: Ah, he was a hungry dragon.

(*ANGUS stands and prepares to imitate RAGGEDY BONES.*)

Ahem.

I enjoy eating young ones for dinner

I prefer the fat ones to thinner

When they slide down my throat

They're as slippery as soap

And oh what a taste they deliver!

WIDGET: They ate *people*?

LUDWIG: Of course. They especially liked little girls. Like you.

WIDGET: Like *me*?

GILROY: Remember the one called Bristletooth?

LUDWIG: *Of course!*

I find the people around here a bore.
Just look how they jump when I roar.
I like feistier food,
They are easily chewed,
And I find they're a snack I adore!

WIDGET: But what happened to them? Why aren't there any around here anymore?

ANGUS: Oh, that's quite a story, my lad.

LUDWIG: One day a great knight...by the name of George...

ANGUS: On a great steed came a'gallopin' into town!

GILROY: I'll never forget his armor gleaming in the sun!

LUDWIG: He carried a great lance, must have been ten feet long.

GILROY: Some say he was a great hero home from the wars...

ANGUS: Some even said he was a saint!

LUDWIG: Whatever he was, he was a Mighty Dragon Slayer.

GILROY: Killed 'em off one by one!

(GILROY acts the deed, pretending to stick ANGUS with his "lance" which is his shepherd's hook.)

Boink!

(ANGUS gasps and keels over, falling down dead. GILROY acts again, pretending to stick LUDWIG with his spear)

Boink!

(GILROY grunts and falls.)

LUDWIG: Made the race of 'em extinct.

WIDGET: What do you mean, extinct?

LUDWIG: Never to be seen again, by golly!

WIDGET: So that means I'll never get to see one like you did.

GILROY: Ah! You should thank your lucky stars for that, lad.

LUDWIG: Cause they're the meanest...

ANGUS: Slimiest...

GILROY: Head-chompin'est creatures you'd ever care to meet.

ANGUS: And if there was a dragon around these parts...

LUDWIG: Say, lurking in a shallow pond...

WIDGET: Like that one over there?

GILROY: Or hiding in the brambles and the bushes...

WIDGET: In the brambles and the bah... bah... bushes?

ANGUS: Or hibernating in one of those caves over there...

WIDGET: The ca... ca... caves over there?

LUDWIG: The only way to get rid of him would be...

GILROY: To charge him!

ANGUS: To thrash him!

LUDWIG: To run him through!

ALL: To kill him!

(LUDWIG pretends to run through ANGUS with his shepherd's staff which is inserted under ANGUS' armpit.)

ANGUS: Ugh!

(ANGUS falls and dies an elaborate death.)

WIDGET: *(Delighted, applauding.)* Yay!

GILROY: And that's the only way to be rid of a dragon, Widget.

ANGUS: *(Stands.)* Well, my friends. Better be getting home for dinner.

WIDGET: That's it? That's all there is? I want to hear more! I want to grow up to be a dragon slayer...

LUDWIG: What's the missus cooking, Angus?

ANGUS: Mutton stew.

WIDGET: Are you listening to me?

GILROY: My favorite!

LUDWIG: Tastiest eatin' on earth!

WIDGET: I'm ready for an adventure! Widget the mighty white dragon slayer!

ANGUS: That's nice Widget, now don't be late for dinner...

(SHEPHERDS begin to leave)

GILROY: Come on, Lamb-chop.

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: Widget was certain that things would be different when he grew up.

SONG "When I grow up"

SCENE 2

WIDGET: If I ever saw a nasty old dragon I know what I'd do. I'd say, What-ho Dragon! Look at me! *(Stands tall, jumps up on rock with staff.)* I'm Widget the Mighty Knight of

Dragon Slaying! I'd say to that nasty old dragon just what makes you think you're so big you slimy, scaly, fire- breathing...

LORDLY LORI: Just then Widget's only friend came scampering down the hill.

HAIRYTOES: Hey, Widget!

MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE: Her name was Hairytoes.

(HAIRYTOES has had to deal with this her whole life. She's tired of correcting everyone about her name but doggedly keeps doing it.)

HAIRYTOES: *(To OLD FOLKS.)* It's Harry. H-a-r-r-y. Short for Henrietta.

VENERABLE VAL: Which was unfortunate...

HAIRYTOES: You could call me Etta instead. I'd be fine with Etta.

SEASONED SALLY: Because everyone called her Hairytoes.

HAIRYTOES: Whatever.

WIDGET: Hey, Hairytoes.

HAIRYTOES: Hey, Widget. Guess what I found?

WIDGET: Another squirrel? A bunny rabbit? Big deal.

HAIRYTOES: Oh well. I guess you wouldn't be interested.

WIDGET: What is it?

HAIRYTOES: Oh, it's nothing... Nothing but a polar bear that's all.

WIDGET: Oh, come on. There aren't any polar bears in Pleasant Valley.

HAIRYTOES: Did I say a polar bear? I meant a rhinoceros! Yeah, that's it. A great big rhinoceros with feet this big!

WIDGET: Hairytoes, will you stop making things up?

HAIRYTOES: Well the truth is... I only found its paw prints. But they're really this big! It has to be a rhinoceros, what else could it be? Let's go see.

WIDGET: I'm supposed to go home for dinner.

HAIRYTOES: Aw, who cares about that? Are you afraid of rhinoceroses?

WIDGET: I'm not afraid of anything.

HAIRYTOES: Prove it then. Follow me!

(HAIRYTOES takes off running, WIDGET follows. They exit through the aisle up through the audience.)

ESTEEMED ELLIE: Little did Widget know...

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: That her life was about to change forever...

(MORTIMER has been hiding behind in the cave and now pokes her head out. She looks around cautiously, speaks in her native dragon tongue...)

SCENE 3:

MORTIMER: Arf-arm-a-diddle?

(Looking around, she decides it's okay to come out. MORTIMER emerges, she brings a frying pan and some sticks downstage, places them carefully. She rubs the sticks together to get a fire but they don't light. She clears her throat and then breathes on the sticks.)

(Delighted.) Brillig!

(She sits and holds her hands to the fire to warm them. Gets an idea, snaps her fingers. She goes back behind her tent and returns with a bouquet of flowers and a hand mirror. She puts them in her hair, behind her ears and everywhere else she feels like decorating. She enjoys herself looking in a hand mirror.)

Orf-fee-dee! Orf-fee-dee!

(Then she takes a tea tray from behind a rock and sets it down beside her. She pours tea, lifts a cup as if giving a toast...)

A-soo-la-for-lay!

(But she is alone, there really is no one to toast. MORTIMER sighs with sadness.)

Sush-a-doh.

(WIDGET and HAIRYTOES enter down another aisle through the audience advancing toward the stage. They see the footprints HAIRYTOES described...)

HAIRYTOES: See, I told you!
(...and follow the footprints looking down.)

WIDGET: Those are big tracks all right... I think we should go home...

HAIRYTOES: I knew you'd be scared!

WIDGET #2: Well, I'm not scared, let me have a look at them.

WIDGET: Go right ahead I'm going home! (Bows and exits)

HAIRYTOES: Look, Rhinoceros tracks!

WIDGET #2: I'm no expert...

(HAIRYTOES looks up and sees MORTIMER and tugs on WIDGET #2'S sleeve.)

HAIRYTOES: Widget?

WIDGET #2: But I don't think they're rhinoceros...

HAIRYTOES: Widget.

WIDGET #2: Did you ever consider an elephant? 'Cause I think it might be...

HAIRYTOES: Widget!

(WIDGET #2 looks up.)

WIDGET #2 and HAIRYTOES: *(Loudly.)* Dragon!

MORTIMER: *(Hears them.)* Ool-low-tie?

(MORTIMER looks up and sees the boys. She is terrified!) Ool-low-fee-jee!
Ool-low-fee-jee! Ool-low! Oo-low!

(WIDGET #2 and HAIRYTOES scream too, everyone is squealing with fear.)

HAIRYTOES: What's she saying?

WIDGET #2: I don't know but I'm sure it's something awful. Stand back, Hairytoes.

(WIDGET #2 holds his staff aloft like a spear and marches forward toward the dragon.)

HAIRYTOES: What are you doing?

WIDGET #2: Don't you see? This is our big chance for adventure! I'm going to kill the dragon!

HAIRYTOES: Kill her? Isn't that a little drastic?

WIDGET #2: That's the only way, Hairytoes! *(Marches toward dragon.)* Prepare to die, you nasty old dragon!

MORTIMER: *(Holding up his frying pan like a shield.)* Brickety brack! Brickety brack!

HAIRYTOES: What does that mean, brickety brack?

WIDGET #2: It means she wants to eat us!

MORTIMER: *(Aghast, utterly offended.)* I beg your pardon, miss!

WIDGET #2: Huh?

MORTIMER: If you must know, "brickety" is Dragonese for "Who put this impudent little girl in my presence?" And "brack" means "Carry your sorry self hence before I bop you with my frying pan!"

WIDGET #2: You speak people talk?

MORTIMER: When I choose to. Who wants to know?

WIDGET #2: Widget is my name. Widget the Mighty Dragon Slayer!

MORTIMER: Really? What a shame. One would think your mother might have had more sense. And you, little one, what did your mother call you?

HAIRYTOES: Henrietta, mam. But everyone calls me Hairytoes.

MORTIMER: Truly? What a lovely *nom de plume*!

HAIRYTOES: You think so?

MORTIMER: I do! Why it has flash and style, and just a touch of whimsy. Pleased to meet you, Hairytoes. My name is Mortimer.

(MORTIMER bows elaboratively.)

HAIRYTOES: Are you a dragon?

MORTIMER: Oh, I do hope so.

WIDGET #2: But you're supposed to be extinct.

MORTIMER: Really? I didn't know that! I do apologize.

WIDGET #2: And you're supposed to speak in poetry.

MORTIMER: I'm sure that's not correct.

WIDGET #2: It is!

MORTIMER: Well, I can say there are times when I begin the morning with a jolly 'roses are red violets are blue' sort of theme. But right away I find I don't much care about them.

WIDGET #2: So you don't eat little girls?

MORTIMER: Do you have an education girl? Have you ever seen the inside of a book? Dragons are herbivores and the thing we crave is...

HAIRYTOES: Yes, yes?

WIDGET #2: What do you crave?

MORTIMER: Carrots! Carrots, of course. So hard to find these days. And oh, yes, yes, yes I know all the nutritional horror stories. How they make you fat and give you gas...

WIDGET #2: That's ridiculous! What are you doing in Pleasant Valley anyway? There haven't been any dragons here for years.

MORTIMER: I know, I know. But one must carry on. I have a nice cozy little cave over there you see but sometimes I wish for someone, a visitor...

WIDGET #2: Ha! To roast on your fire, I suppose!

MORTIMER: Actually I was hoping for someone to share a spot of tea... a nice game of Scrabble, perhaps.

WIDGET #2: Scrabble? Yuck! Isn't there any other game you like???

HAIRYTOES #1: / like Scrabble!

MORTIMER: *Do* you? How lovely! Oh, do sit down! What fun we'll have!

MORTIMER: (He begins to pour tea.) I just took some lemon crumpets from the oven. Would you dear girls care for a little munch?

WIDGET #2: You're not a real dragon. Real dragons are mean and fierce and green and scaly...

MORTIMER: Well, I think you are not a real girl. A real girl wouldn't sling such arrows at a new friend.

WIDGET #2: *(Taken aback.)* Well, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

MORTIMER: You don't understand dragons or anything at all and that's a fact. This is for you, Hairytoes. Give it to your mother with my compliments.

(MORTIMER takes flower from behind her ear, gives to HAIRYTOES #1.)

WIDGET #2: It's a dragon trick Hairytoes, don't take it!

MORTIMER: It's a trick of kindness, Widget. You might give it a try one day. Adieu.

(MORTIMER sadly collects his tea things and exits.)

HAIRYTOES #1: What did you have to go and say that for?

WIDGET #2: I don't trust her, that's all. She's not like any dragon I ever heard of.

(HAIRYTOES #1 hands flower to Hairytoes #2 who puts it behind her ear as OLD FOLKS move forward and enter scene. Hairytoes #1 bows and exits. OLD FOLKS clear away props as they speak.)

SCENE 4:

LORDLY LORI: But poor Widget, felt sad and just a little confused...

MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE: After all, it's not every day a girl meets a dragon who wants to be her friend.

WIDGET #2: Let's go home, Hairytoes.

(WIDGET #2 and HAIRYTOES #2 begin home.)

VENERABLE VAL: Now in this kingdom there lived the scourge of the country round...

(SCUMWORTH enters carrying a bow and arrow.)

SEASONED SALLY: An ornery cuss by the name of Scumworth...

(SCUMWORTH sees WIDGET #2 and HAIRYTOES #2 entering through audience and crouches, gestures to GRODY GOBSTERS.)

SCUMWORTH: *(Aiming his arrow.)* This way boys!

ESTEEMED ELLIE: He was the leader of the pack, a bunch of rowdy so-and-sos known in these parts as

ALL NARRATORS: The Grody Gobsters.

(GRODY GOBSTERS enter.)

Seasoned Sally: Yuck!

BRILLOPAD: Hey, what ya got there, Scumworth?

SCUMWORTH: *(Finger to lips.)* Shhhh... Watch this.

(SCUMWORTH takes aim. OLD FOLKS make sound of arrow flying through the air, watch as it sails over head and lands near WIDGET #2's head.)

OLD FOLKS: Doi-inng. Swishhhhhhh. Thwock!

(WIDGET #2 reacts to the "arrow" that just hit near her head.)

WIDGET #2: Hey!

SCUMWORTH: Well, lookee here! If it ain't the little Thing-a-ma-which-it.

WIDGET #2: What'd you do that for?

SNORGGLES: Cuz he felt like it.

YELLSALOT: Cuz he can do anything he wants.

RATSBEAK: Cuz he's the Queen's son, Lord of the Land!

HAIRYTOES #2: The Queen's *brat*, you mean.

SCUMWORTH: *(Closing in on HAIRYTOES #2.)* Who you calling a brat, furry feet?

HAIRYTOES #2: It's Harry.

FESTER: Ha-*ha*! Your name is Furry Feet.

BRILLOPAD: Scuzzy Toenails.

SNORGGLES: Fungus Piggies.

FESTER: Ha-*ha*!

WIDGET #2: Knock it off.

SCUMWORTH: Who's going to stop me? You? You gonna tickle me to death, Thing-a-ma-bobber?

WIDGET #2: Come on, Hairytoes.

YELLSALOT: Hey, look what she's got here...

SCUMWORTH: Why it's a little widdle daisy, it is.

BRILLOPAD: A forget-me-not!

SNORGGLES: It's one of those whata-ya-call-its? A loooooove token.

FESTER: Got a boyfriend, Hairytoes?

WIDGET #2: Leave her alone.

HAIRYTOES #2: I got it from a big mean old dragon...

(WIDGET clamps his hand down on HAIRYTOES #2' mouth, muffles the word dragon.)

BRILLO: A what?

WIDGET #2: Uh... *(Making it up.)* An axe man. Yeah, that's it. He's mean old nasty axe man with an axe! A great big ole axe! A sharp axe!

HAIRYTOES #2: Yeah! It's very, very sharp.

WIDGET #2: So you stay away from him! Who knows what he might do. He might chop you all up, that's what. Come on, Hairytoes.

HAIRYTOES #2: And he's got a rhinoceros too!

RATSBEAK: You're telling us that there is a rhinoceros in pleasant valley...

WIDGET #3: *(Jumping up)* Would you just leave the two of them alone, you big bullies!

WIDGET #2: Finally someone who refuses to be a bystander, thank you.
(Bows and exits)

WIDGET #3: *(Steps into story, clamps a hand over HAIRYTOES #2' mouth.)* Come on. Let's Get out of here.

(WIDGET #3 and HAIRYTOES #2 exit. GRODY GOBSTERS look at SCUMWORTH.)

SNORGGLES: Let's stay away from that axe man.

SCUMWORTH: There ain't any ax man, doofus! Use your noggin. What kinda Ax man gives out flowers?

FESTER: No kind, I guess.

SCUMWORTH: Those two are up to something and I'm gonna find out what it is. Follow me!

(They start to go, RATSBEAK hesitates.)

RATSBEAK: Uh, chief. What about the rhinoceros?

SCUMWORTH: *(Rolling his eyes.)* Awe... *Come on!*

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: The two girls went their separate ways and when Widget got home her mother and father were waiting for her.

SCENE 5: (Angus enters)

ANGUS: Mother, I was thinking maybe we could go grab a burrito instead tonight...

MOTHER: A what? Are you crazy? The mutton is almost ready!

ANGUS: All right, Mother. Bring on the mutton!

MOTHER: Hold your horses, Angus. I have one more mouth to feed... *(WIDGET #3 enters, running, out of breath.)*

WIDGET #3: Mother! Father! You won't believe what I found!

MOTHER: Wash up, now Widget. It's time to eat.

WIDGET #3: But, Mom!

ANGUS: Do as your mother says.

(WIDGET #3 washes his hands.)

WIDGET #3: Dad, I was just over the hill and guess what I found...

MOTHER: Grace.

WIDGET #3: *(Frustrated.)* Errr.

(ALL bow heads for a moment. They lift forks together, eat, chew.)

WIDGET #3: Now?

MOTHER and ANGUS: Now.

WIDGET #3: *(Bursting with excitement.)* I found a dragon and her name is Mortimer and she lives in a cave!

MOTHER: That's nice, dear.

WIDGET #3: She's all green and scaly and spiky!

ANGUS: That so? Does she breathe fire?

WIDGET #3: Yes! I think so. I don't know.

ANGUS: Does she speak in poetry?

WIDGET #3: Well, no.

ANGUS: Does she eat little girls for breakfast?

WIDGET #3: She... she likes carrots.

(MOTHER and ANGUS exchange looks.)

ANGUS: Then what makes you think she's a dragon?

WIDGET #3: She said so.

ANGUS: Ah.

LORDLY LORI: Try as she might, Widget saw that no one would believe her

ANGUS: Time for bed.

(MOTHER and FATHER, pick up dishes and begin to leave.)

(ANGUS exits.)

WIDGET #3: Mother, why don't you and dad ever believe me?

MOTHER: Oh, sweetie, You can be so dramatic. Why don't you tell me about your little dragon friend...

SONG "It's Not Easy"

MOTHER: That's a nice little story. Now sweet dreams.

MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE: Widget watched the full moon rise from her bedroom window that night.

VENERABLE VAL: She could not believe her terrible luck.

WIDGET #3: It's all Mortimer's fault. She could be a *real* dragon if she wanted to.

SEASONED SALLY: So she climbed into bed...

(WIDGET #3 yawns, stretching his arms. SALLY brings a blanket to her.)

WIDGET #3: Somebody should teach her a lesson.

(WIDGET #3 lays his head down. ESTEEMED SALLY covers her.)

ESTEEMED ELLIE: And soon she was fast asleep...

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: Dreaming as she always did...

LORDLY LORI: Of high adventure! And daring journeys!

Scene 6:

TOWN CRIER enters from audience, down aisle, addressing the audience. They are each ringing a bell. As TOWN CRIER enters, WIDGET #3 slips away, exiting unnoticed. TOWN CRIER makes quite a ruckus and may ad lib as much as they like.)

TOWN CRIER: Hear ye! Hear ye! All ye of low, humble and peasant origin! Her Great and Powerful Majesty the Almighty Queen Fancy Pants requests her subjects to gather in the town square!

Hear ye! Hear ye!

(TOWN CRIER talks to audience member.)

What are you doing just sitting there?

Didn't you hear what we said?

Stand up! Stand up!

Show some respect!

Hear ye! Hear ye! Queen Fancy Pants is about to speak!

Her Majesty the Queen! Hear ye! Hear ye!

(VILLAGERS enter excitedly down the aisle among audience. Each chooses an audience member and speaks to them, asking each to stand.)

FARMER: The Queen is about to speak! Whatever can be the problem?

COBBLER: Have you heard? What does she want to say to us?

FARMER: It must be about something very important!

BAKER: What's the news?

MILKMAID: What do you think it is?

BLACKSMITH: Shush! Everyone be quiet! Here she comes!

(VILLAGERS bow and curtsey as Queen FANCY PANTS enters, encouraging their audience members to bow and curtsey also. Queen FANCY PANTS is dragging SCUMWORTH by the hand. The GRODY GOBSTERS enter and stand nearby. SHEPHERDS and MOTHER enter and listen.)

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: Ladies and Gentlemen! Subjects of this great Kingdom! I am your Great and All Powerful Queen! And it is my job to do all the Queenly things that queens are supposed to do. Accordingly, I have gathered you here today for a most royal and queenly speech of great import to all!

(ALL highly approve, applaud and whistle with enthusiasm.)

Thank you. Thank you. It has come to my queenly attention that the Kingdom is under siege!

(ALL gasp!)

MILKMAID: Under siege?

BLACKSMITH: Oh no!

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: Yes, my lowly subjects. I have it on excellent authority that we are in dreadful danger!

(WIDGET #3 enters unnoticed, goes to ANGUS #2 and MOTHER and watches. HAIRYTOES #2 enters and runs to WIDGET #3.)

COBBLER: Oh heavens!

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: For we have amongst us, one who slithers through our Pleasant Valley with great treachery and deceit! One of great immensity and utter disloyalty! One who would not only trick us and deceive us but in his hungrier moments may actually eat us!

FARMER: Eat us?!

BAKER: This is too much!

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: I have it on excellent authority, the word coming straight from the mouth of my son and heir, he has seen the dastardly beast with his own two eyes!

WIDGET #3: Scumworth?!

(SCUMWORTH lifts his hands over his head in triumph. VILLAGERS cheer.)

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: This fire-breathing blowhard is one of that most base and vile species of creatures! A green and scaly monster... none other than a great...
Drrrrrrragoon!

(Gasps from the VILLAGERS!)

SONG: "I Saw A Dragon"

WIDGET #3:*(Thinks.)* A dragon!

HAIRYTOES #2: *(To WIDGET #3.)* The Gobsters saw Mortimer at the cave!

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: As we all know there is only one Master, one Guru in the land who knows what can be done. I have sought this Great Teacher's sage advice. She tells us that there is only one course of action.

(VILLAGERS reverently agree with QUEEN FANCY PANTS.)

FARMER: That's right!

BLACKSMITH: We must follow the Guru's advice!

BAKER: Yes! Yes!

COBBLER: Follow the Guru's advice!

WIDGET #3: Father, who is the great Guru?

ANGUS: Widget, Shhh!

MOTHER: The queen is speaking!

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: The Drrrragoon must be slain and slain post haste! Accordingly, I have sent my messengers throughout the land to find and procure and bring to me the greatest Dragon Slayer who ever lived...none other than fabled and legendary The Knight of the Royal Steed, Saint George!

WIDGET #3: Saint George? Oh, no! Father, you must do something!

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: May God have mercy on us all. I have spoken.

(VILLAGERS and AUDIENCE applaud and whistle. QUEEN FANCY PANTS exits. GRODY GOBSTERS begin to leave, snickering. On his way out SCUMWORTH sticks fingers in his ears -“psst!” – and sticks tongue out at WIDGET #3 and HAIRYTOES #2.)

FESTER: *(Thumbing his nose at WIDGET #3 and HAIRYTOES #2)* Haw-haw!

TOWN CRIER: Hear ye! Hear ye! The queen has spoken!

(VILLAGERS begin to leave, agreeing and relieved that the wise QUEEN FANCY PANTS has spoken, telling audience members everything is all right now, they may sit down. VILLAGERS and GRODY GOBSTERS exit. WIDGET #3, HAIRYTOES #2, SHEPHERDS and MOTHER remain.)

SCENE 7:

WIDGET #3: But father, Mortimer doesn't eat people.

HAIRYTOES #2: She's an herbivore!

ANGUS: Now, now girls. Let's put an end to this nonsense.

LUDWIG: If the Prince has seen a dragon...

MOTHER: Not just any dragon. A drrrragoon!

ANGUS: Then it is a *real* dragon and not some imaginary one that the two of you have dreamed up.

GILROY: The Guru has decreed that the creature must be slain.

LUDWIG: And slain she shall be! It's the only way!

GILROY: Saint George will save us all!

(SHEPHERDS laugh and use their staffs to play act fighting the dragon.)

HAIRYTOES #2: But they can't kill Mortimer! They can't!

MOTHER: Now, Widget. Please don't worry. The Guru knows everything, she can't be wrong.

WIDGET #3: But if the Guru knows everything, then she must know that Mortimer wouldn't hurt anybody! All she wants is a nice cup of tea.

HAIRYTOES #2: And someone to play Scrabble with.

WIDGET #3: A friend!

LUDWIG: That's a good one.

GILROY: A friendly dragon! I'd like to see that dragon!

LUDWIG: The Master Guru would have a big ole laugh at that.

GILROY: Think of her up on Chilly mountain. Her whole body jigglin' with laughter.

(SHEPHERDS and MOTHER laugh heartily.)

LUDWIG: Imagine, a friendly dragon!

ANGUS: And it's time for celebration, girls! Soon Saint George will be here!

LUDWIG: What a fight it will be!

ANGUS: Three cheers for Old Saint George!

SHEPHERDS, ANGUS and MOTHER: Hip hip hooray!

(SHEPHERDS and MOTHER exit.)

HAIRYTOES #2: What are we going to do?

WIDGET #3: There's only one thing we can do. We have to make Mortimer fight.

SCENE 8:

MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE: And off they ran! (*WIDGET #3 and HAIRYTOES #2 exit, running.*)

VENERABLE VAL: As fast as their terrified legs would carry them! To find Mortimer before it was too late!

(*MORTIMER enters humming and whistling, admiring herself in his mirror. She sees tea things set. Pretends there are people sitting there for tea.*)

MORTIMER: Oh hello, Missus Snootytoots. Hello, Mister Razzlebum! Now where shall I sit. Here? Lovely! Don't mind if I doooooo! (*Takes a sip of tea.*)

You can never go wrong with the Earl of Gray, I always say! (*Picks up plate and makes offer to imaginary friends.*)

Carrot sticks? (*Takes one and nibbles, is rapturous at the taste.*)

(*WIDGET #3 and HAIRYTOES #2 run in, entering.*)

HAIRYTOES #2: Mortimer!

WIDGET #3: Mortimer, the Queen! The Queen is sending Saint George! The greatest dragon slayer in all the land! He's coming to slay you, Mortimer!

MORTIMER #1: Slay me? Don't be silly. I've never even met the man.

HAIRYTOES #2: It's true!

WIDGET #3: You haven't got a chance!

MORTIMER #1: No one is going to slay me, children. I refuse to entertain the notion. Now would you two care for some tea?

WIDGET #3: It doesn't matter what you entertain. Saint George is coming and he's going to do it.

MORTIMER #1: He's quite a rude little saint now isn't he? Going around slaying people without their permission. My, my. Carrots?

HAIRYTOES #2: Well. Just one.

WIDGET #3: Oh! You are a ridiculous dragon, Mortimer! What kind of dragon refuses to fight?

MORTIMER #1: A very civilized one, I must say.

WIDGET #3: Don't you know anything? Dragons are supposed to tramp around the country terrorizing people. They're supposed to breathe fire and be big and scary and awful!

MORTIMER #1: So, if I were an awful dragon -- then would you like me?

WIDGET #3: It doesn't matter what I like!

MORTIMER #1: I've seen the kinds of dragons you'd like me to be. In fact, in my youth, it you must know, I encountered quite a few of these awful bullies. They made it very difficult for me... *(Tears up, uses hanky.)*

HAIRYTOES #2: More carrots please.

(MORTIMER #1 happily serves him from tray.)

MORTIMER #1: You see, I have always preferred a life of gentility and grace.

WIDGET #3: But don't you see, Mortimer? You're doomed.

MORTIMER #1: Oh let's not be dramatic, shall we? You'll figure something out, won't you, Widget? I know deep down you're a brave girl with a heart of gold.

HAIRYTOES #2: It was very good tea, Mortimer. Thank you.

MORTIMER #1: *(Delighted.)* Ah! Be still my heart! *(To WIDGET #3.)* Promise me you'll put a stop to this whole nasty business, won't you, Widget?

(MORTIMER #2 exits. WIDGET #3 and HAIRYTOES #2 walk dejectedly away. OLD FOLKS enter.)

SCENE 9:

SEASONED SALLY: But how? How could they save the dragon from her fate?

ESTEEMED ELLIE: At last the girls came to us, The Old Folks of the kingdom.

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: For we are the storytellers and the history keepers...

LORDLY LORI: And as everyone knows, only those who remember the past...

MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE: Can change the future...

(WIDGET #3 and HAIRYTOES #2 turn to the OLD FOLKS.)

WIDGET #3: Please, Old Folks of Pleasant Valley, how can we save the dragon from cruelty and doom?

ESTEEMED ELLIE *(Pointing out beyond the audience.)* You must scale the High Purple Ridge out yonder...

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: *(Pointing out.)* You must climb to the summit of Chilly Mountain...

ESTEEMED ELLIE: *(Pointing.)* For there you will find the sacred place of the Master Guru.

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: If you use the magic words...

ESTEEMED ELLIE: And pose the right question...

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: She may share her worldly wisdom...

WIDGET #3: But what are the magic words? What should I ask her?

WIDGET #4: I know, ask her if there really was a Puff the Magic dragon?

WIDGET #3: What are you talking about?

HAIRYTOES #2: Oh, I have a better idea, ask her if Pete really had a dragon.

WIDGET #3: You two are silly, I'll let you both figure it out. (Bows and exits)

ESTEEMED ELLIE: *The question you should ask is...*

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: *(Dramatic.) How To Train Your Dragon!*

(OLD FOLKS exit. WIDGET and HAIRYTOES #2 exit into audience and up an aisle.)

(GURU GALS enter. They stand together with hands folded in prayer.)

SOUND: Gong!

(GURU GALS do stylized yoga movements of their hands as they dramatically recite the limerick.)

SCENE 10:

MANTRA MOLLY: There once was a girl on the mountain,

CALM KATIE: Who spewed out the truth like a fountain...

PEACEFUL PENNY: The folks all around

TRANSCENDENTAL TAMI: Thought her knowledge profound...

MANTRA MOLLY: And her wisdom did quite astound 'em.

(GURU GALS strike a pose, shoulder to shoulder, guarding the door to the MASTER GURU.)

(WIDGET #4 and HAIRYTOES #2 enter up the aisle.)

SOUND: Gong!

HAIRYTOES #2: *(Wait for gong sound.)* Widget, look!

MANTRA MOLLY: Who goes there?

WIDGET #4: It is us, sir! Widget and Hairytoes.

CALM KATIE: We do not know anyone by those silly names.

WISE WENDY: Goodbye.

(They turn their backs.)

WIDGET #4: Please, we have come a long way. We must speak to the Master Guru.

PEACEFUL PENNY: Everyone has come a long way.

CALM KATIE: And everyone wants to speak to the master guru...

MANTRA MOLLY: Kings and Princes throughout the land have sought the Master's wisdom.

PEACEFUL PENNY: Why should she receive one as lowly as you?

HAIRYTOES #2: Because we have to save our dragon!

CALM KATIE: The Master advises that all dragons...

TRANSCENDENTAL TAMI: should be destroyed.

WISE WENDY: Goodbye.

(They turn their backs.)

WIDGET #4: But what if the dragon is a nice dragon?

HAIRYTOES #2: What if She just wants friends and doesn't want to hurt anybody?

CALM KATIE: It makes no difference.

WISE WENDY: Goodbye!

WIDGET #4: I don't believe you. I think the Guru would want to save this dragon!

HAIRYTOES #2: She's kind! She plays Scrabble!

MANTRA MOLLY: And you two?

PEACEFUL PENNY: Why do you care?

CALM KATIE: Yes, why does it mean so much to you?

WIDGET #4: Because... because we like her.

(GONG!)

WISE WENDY: ENTER!

(GURU GALS move aside and hold their arms out to gesture the way toward the MASTER GURU. MASTER GURU and APPRENTICE sit on a rock, legs crossed yoga style. Their heads are bowed.)

MASTER GURU: I have been waiting for you.

HAIRYTOES #2: You have?

MASTER GURU: I have observed the long history of dragons in your country. Once there were many. Now there are none. And you propose to save this last one? It is, of course, preposterous.

WIDGET #4: Why? Why do all dragons have to be destroyed?

MASTER GURU: Not all. Some may live.

HAIRYTOES #2: What do we have to do?

MASTER GURU: You must train your dragon, just follow my three easy steps. I have written a handbook.

(MASTER GURU hands the book to WIDGET #4.)

Many have traveled far to receive this gift. Only you have held it in your hands. Next year, of course, it will be available on Amazon.

(WIDGET #4 opens the book.)

MASTER GURU and GURU GALS: *(Holding up one finger.)* Step one.

WIDGET #4: *(Reading, trailing his finger along the words in the book.)* Hold your dragon.

MASTER GURU and GURU GALS: *(Holding up two fingers.)* Step two.

WIDGET #4: *(Turns page, reading.)* Protect your dragon.

MASTER GURU and GURU GALs: *(Holding up three fingers.)* Step three.

WIDGET #4: *(Turns page, looks up.)* There's nothing there.

MASTER GURU: If you succeed with steps one and two, You will finally learn the secret of...

(MASTER GURU and GURU GALs each raise three fingers and speak together.)

MASTER GURU and GURU GALs: Step three!

MASTER GURU: Be brave, Widget. For *this* is your adventure!

(Gong! This can be played on a real gong while GURU sitar music plays.)

GURU GALs turn their backs and stand shoulder to shoulder, hiding MASTER GURU. They exit.)

SCENE 11:

ESTEEMED ELLIE: And so the girls rushed back to the cave

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: To begin Mortimer's training!

(MORTIMER #2 enters, crossing in front of WIDGET #4 and HAIRYTOES #3, in a huff.)

MORTIMER #1: No, no, no, no! I won't have it! Teach me the warrior ways of the ancient Greeks! Teach me the violence of Renaissance literature! But you will never teach me to fight like a dog, never! *(Begins to walk off stage)*

MORTIMER #2: Hey where are you going? What's the matter?

MORTIMER #1: I won't fight for them, I won't. *(Bows and exits)*

MORTIMER #2: *(Turns to Widget)* What's she talking about?

WIDGET #4: There's no other way, Mortimer. You must learn to fight.

HAIRYTOES #2: It's for your own good!

MORTIMER #2: Savage medicine.

WIDGET #4: Mortimer, we're going to help you.

HAIRYTOES #2: You just have to think positive!

SONG: "Think Positive"

WIDGET #4: Now it says here. *(Reading.)* Hold your dragon. This can be easily done if you can calm her down and knock some sense into her.

MORTIMER #2: Crudely worded.

WIDGET #4: *(Reading.)* Stroke her tail.

(HAIRYTOES #2 strokes his tail etc. as it is read.)

MORTIMER #2: *(Giggling.)* That tickles.

WIDGET #4: *(Reading.)* Pat her head.

MORTIMER #2: Watch the petunia.

WIDGET #4: *(Reading.)* And whisper sweet nothings in her ear.

(HAIRYTOES #3 whispers in her ear. MORTIMER #3 goes all squishy with joy, rolls around and stretches like a kitten.)

HAIRYTOES #2: Widget! I think she's purring!

WIDGET #4: It says here. *(Reading.)* Purring is a good sign.

(HAIRYTOES #2 rubs MORTIMER #3's tummy. MORTIMER #3 gurgles with delight.)

Now, you must catch her when she is off her guard.

(WIDGET #4 gestures to HAIRYTOES #2 to go around to MORTIMER #2's tail and hold on.)

And deliver a swift and exacting insult.

(WIDGET #4 goes to MORTIMER #2'S ear, lifts it and yells into it.)

Your mother wears army boots!

(MORTIMER #2 jumps up with a flash of anger!)

MORTIMER #2: I beg your pardon, miss!

WIDGET #4: I bet you can't breathe fire, you wussy cupcake dragon!

MORTIMER #2: Why you little...

HAIRYTOES #2: Fire, Mortimer! You can do it!

(MORTIMER #2 hisses at HAIRYTOES #2!)

WIDGET #4: More!

(MORTIMER #2 hisses harder at WIDGET #4. They react to heat of fire.)

HAIRYTOES #2: Now hurl an insult, Mortimer!

MORTIMER #2: *(Angry.)* This is highly irregular!

WIDGET #4: It's got to be meaner!

MORTIMER #2: *(Angrier.)* I find you most unpleasant!

WIDGET #4: Meaner! And you've got to use poetry!

MORTIMER #2: *(Furious.)* Roses are red, violets are cute, If you don't take it back I'll kick your patoot!

WIDGET #4: Hold on Hairytoes!

(MORTIMER #2 flails his arms around not being able to reach WIDGET #4 because HAIRYTOES #2 has him by the tail. HAIRYTOES #2 jumps high back and forth as if the tail is hurling him back and forth.)

Hold her!

(ALL are shouting and groaning with the effort. WIDGET #5 jumps this way and that as MORTIMER #2 flails. Finally MORTIMER #3 is exhausted and falls. HAIRYTOES #3 and WIDGET #5 fall to ground, breathless.)

HAIRYTOES #2: We did it!

WIDGET #4: *(Reading.)* Congratulations. You have successfully completed step one. You have Held Your Dragon!

VENERABLE VAL: Just then, from the distant hills, the boys could hear the kingdom erupt in excitement!

(SOUND CUE #8: Fanfare! The sounds of a crowd shouting.

WIDGET #4 and HAIRYTOES #2 look out over the audience.)

HAIRYTOES #2: Look!

SCENE 12:

(VILLAGERS and Ensemble enter full of excitement. TOWN CRIER enters ringing her bell.)

TOWN CRIER: Hear ye! Hear ye! All hail Queen Fancy Pants!

(QUEEN FANCY PANTS enters from behind the audience, standing behind them or in aisle. VILLAGERS and Ensemble cheer and encourage the audience to join them.)

VILLAGERS: All hail Queen Fancy Pants! All hail Queen Fancy Pants!

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: Behold my loyal subjects. The moment of glory is at hand! The Great Saint George has arrived!

(SAINT GEORGE enters. VILLAGERS and ENSEMBLE erupt in joy and cheer!)

SAINT GEORGE:

I rise like a Zeus to your call!
Only I can make the beast fall!
I'll stick my spear thru him
Then I'll barbeque him
I'm simply the greatest of all!

VILLAGERS: *(Cheering.)* Hip hip hooray! Hip hip hooray!

WIDGET #4: Hide, Mortimer!

(MORTIMER #3 runs into his cave, hidden. SAINT GEORGE bows to QUEEN FANCY PANTS. Then stands to begin his charge.)

SCENE 13:

SEASONED SALLY: The Saint stood high on the distant mountain!

ESTEEMED ELLIE: His armor flashing in the sun! Ready to take on the Dragon!

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: The girls knew the dreadful fight was at hand...

HAIRYTOES #2: Oh, no, Widget! What will we do?

WIDGET #4: *(Reading.)* Step Two. Protect Your Dragon.

SAINT GEORGE: Your demise is at hand, dragon. There is no use in your resistance. Prepare to die!

VILLAGERS: *(Shouting.)* George! George! George! George! *(Continue.)*

SAINT GEORGE lifts his spear and advances down the aisle toward the playing area/stage. As he advances, OLD FOLKS and HAIRYTOES #2 and WIDGET #4 quickly arrange their rocks around the tea set and begin a tea party.)

SAINT GEORGE: Never fear good people of Pleasant Valley! I have come to free you from the tyranny of evil!

(Tea drinkers regard SAINT GEORGE with mild surprise, cups held in the air.)

LORDLY LORI: *(Calmly.)* What a ghastly surprise.

MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE: We were just sitting down for tea. Would you like to join us?

SAINT GEORGE: I've come for the slaying and there is not a moment to be wasted.

VENERABLE VAL: Oh come now, old chap. There's always time for a nice spot of tea.

SAINT GEORGE: Step aside, good people, while I fulfill my duty!

HAIRYTOES #2: Would you care for some carrots? They're very good.

SAINT GEORGE: Present the dastardly dragon at once!

WIDGET #4: If you please sir, the dragon in question is not dastardly at all.

SAINT GEORGE: Really? They are usually dastardly, as a rule.

WIDGET #4: Couldn't you consider bending the rules? Just this once?

SAINT GEORGE: This is entirely inappropriate. I insist that you end this silly business forthwith!

WIDGET #4: But sir, if you would only just meet her.

SAINT GEORGE: And I suppose you'd like me to shake the scoundrel's hand!

(SAINT GEORGE drops the faceplate of his armor with a clank!)

WIDGET #4: That would be nice. Mortimer?

(MORTIMER #2 sticks his head out of the cave.)

It's all right, Mortimer.

(MORTIMER #2 enters, festooned with more flowers than ever. She's quite proud of the flowers and does a little turn to show them off.)

SEASONED SALLY: The saint could hardly believe his eyes.

ESTEEMED ELLIE: Mortimer was nothing like any dragon he ever encountered before.

MORTIMER #2: Good heavens. Is it a party?

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: *(Handing him a cup and saucer.)* For you.

MORTIMER #2: For me? Lovely.

SAINT GEORGE: Prepare to die, dragon.

MORTIMER #2: I beg your pardon?

SAINT GEORGE: I am the Great Saint George!

MORTIMER #2: Great are you? What are your other attributes, hmm? Is modesty among them?

LORDLY LORI: Before long George's hot air seemed to fizzle from him like an old balloon.

MORTIMER #2: Here's a nice cup of tea if you like. It's not exactly "great" but I think you'll find it's "pretty good".

(MORTIMER #2 hands SAINT GEORGE a cup and saucer.)

SAINT GEORGE: Is there any honey? I prefer it to sugar.

MORTIMER #2: Ah! Much easier on the digestion.

SAINT GEORGE: Yes! I find that to be very, very true.

(ALL have a nice time speaking under their breaths, having a little laugh and enjoying their tea.)

SCENE 14:

MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE: Before long the villagers could see that there would be no show today.

(OLD FOLKS pick up tea things and clear the stage. They stand aside, out of the scene. VILLAGERS speak from their places in the audience.)

BLACKSMITH: What a joke!

BAKER: This stinks!

COBBLER: No battle today it seems.

FARMER: Looks like the great Saint George isn't as great as he thinks.

BAKER: And what about the Queen?

BLACKSMITH: She promised us a fight!

COBBLER: We've been cheated of our rights.

MILKMAID: The higher ups only think of themselves. Isn't that always the way?

BLACKSMITH: Yeah! What a waste of time!

(VILLAGERS exit. WIDGET #5 and HAIRYTOES #3 stand to the side.)

HAIRYTOES #3: What does the handbook say, Widget?

WIDGET #4: *(Reading.)* Congratulations. You have successfully completed Step two. You have Protected Your Dragon.

HAIRYTOES #2: We did it!

WIDGET #5: *(Reading.)* Now comes the hard part: step three. *(Turns page, looks up from book.)* Nothing.

VENERABLE VAL: Just then they could see a delegation of the Queen and her courtiers climbing the hill!

HAIRYTOES #2: They're coming to get us! Let's hide!

(WIDGET #5, HAIRYTOES #2 and MORTIMER #2 hide in a cave. SAINT GEORGE tries to follow them.)

WIDGET #4: Not you!

(Pushes SAINT GEORGE back on stage as SCUMWORTH drags his mother the QUEEN to the stage. GRODY GOBSTERS follow.)

SCUMWORTH: There he is! Some kinda Knight you turned out to be!

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: Your performance, Sir George, has been abominable!

YELLSALOT: Where is the dragon? Did you let her escape?

SAINT GEORGE: Your majesty, I can explain everything. This dragon is of a different sort...

(GRODY GOBSTERS crowd close in around SAINT GEORGE.)

BRILLOPAD: Ya don't say?

SAINT GEORGE: I feel strongly that this particular dragon is of no threat to your majesty...

YELLSALOT: *(Knocks on SAINT GEORGE'S armor.)* Hello? Anybody in there?

SNORGGLES: We should call you Chicken George.

FESTER: I've seen more courage on a cow-pie!

SCUMWORTH: *(To QUEEN FANCY PANTS.)* This guy's making you look bad, Ma. *(Putting his face right in SAINT GEORGE's face.)* And I don't like it when anybody makes my Ma look bad.

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: You sir, have insulted my queenliness. You have insulted my Kingdom and most of all you have insulted my son, who started this whole thing in the first place!

RATSBEAK: Yeah! He started this whole thing in the first place!

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: I insist that you hunt this beast from his hiding place forthwith! And I want to see a jolly good show! At sunrise tomorrow! Do you understand?

SAINT GEORGE: Yes, your highness.

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: I have spoken.
(*QUEEN FANCY PANTS exits.*)

SCUMWORTH: (*In SAINT GEORGE's face.*) She has spoken.

(*SCUMWORTH exits.*)

FESTER: Haw-haw!

SCENE 15:

MORTIMER #2: Oh dear. I am in utter grief at all the trouble I have caused you. (*Dabs at her eye with hanky.*)

HAIRYTOES #2: It's not your fault, Mortimer.

WIDGET #4: People don't seem to trust dragons. Even friendly ones.

MORTIMER #2: And you have been so kind to me. True friends. Oh, how I wished to meet someone like you. And now it's ruined.

SAINT GEORGE: My judgment was too hasty. Can you forgive me?

MORTIMER #2: A thousand times! But what good does it do me when I am doomed? Condemned to die at sunup!

(*All hang their heads in sadness, wipe tears away. WIDGET #5 suddenly snaps his fingers!*)

WIDGET #4: Step three!

HAIRYTOES #2: The Guru!

WIDGET #4: We must go to Chilly Mountain now! There's no time to waste!

(*WIDGET #4, HAIRYTOES #3, MORTIMER #2 and SAINT GEORGE exit out through the audience and up the aisle.*)

SCENE 16:

MASTER GURU and GURU GALS enter and take their places. GURU GALS stand in the position that hides MASTER GURU as before.)

ESTEEMED ELLIE: And so the friends trudged over the High Purple Ridge...

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: To Chilly Mountain where at last they came to the sacred place of the Guru...

(WIDGET #4, HAIRYTOES #2, MORTIMER #2 and SAINT GEORGE enter. GURU GALS move away, revealing MASTER GURU.

SOUND: Gong!

(The visitors drop to a bow before the GURU.)

WIDGET #5: O, Master Guru. We have done as you asked.

GURU GALS: Step one?

WIDGET #4: We have Held Our Dragon!

GURU GALS: Step two?

WIDGET #4: We have Protected Our Dragon! But O wise, Master Guru. We have not saved our Dragon! Something went terribly wrong and she is due to die at sunrise!

GURU GALS: Step three?

WIDGET #4: That's the reason we're here...

MASTER GURU: Step three is the hardest step of all and yet you have completed it already.

HAIRYTOES #2: We have?

MASTER GURU: Step three is: Love Your Dragon.

MORTIMER #2: Your great honor, these brave souls have truly treated me with love. It is more than I ever dreamed of.

MASTER GURU: Love is the only answer, my pupils. For if love is held within your heart you will do anything for your dragon. And he will do anything for you. With love, all things are possible.

SONG “All you need is Love...”

WIDGET: Ok, so we have love, but there must be more...

MANTRA MOLLY: That is all you need...

CALM KATIE: All you need is love.

WISE WENDY: Goodbye.

(GURU GALS return to their position covering MASTER GURU.)

WIDGET #4: But wait! You haven't told us what to do!

GURU GALS: Good-bye. *(They turn their backs.)*

WIDGET #4: But how can we save Mortimer? You haven't told us yet!

SAINT GEORGE: Gadzooks! I think I've got it!

MORTIMER #2: You do?

SAINT GEORGE: Here's the plan...

(They huddle with arms around each other discussing the plan.)

SCENE 17:

ESTEEMED ELLIE: The news of the morning duel raced through the village!

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: Just before dawn, Everyone came streaming into the town square...

LORDLY LORI: Everyone wearing their best Sunday clothes and carrying picnic baskets...

MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE: For this was to be the best entertainment the kingdom had ever seen!

TOWN CRIER: Hear ye! Hear ye! All hail the Queen!

(QUEEN FANCY PANTS and GRODY GOBSTERS enter, SCUMWORTH at the QUEEN'S side.)

QUEEN FANCY PANTS : Ladies and Gentlemen! Thank you all for attending today's most momentous events. As you know, Saint George has been given a good talking to and he is very much better for it!

SCUMWORTH: You tell 'em, Ma!

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: The cowardice is over. The disappointment has been extinguished. Excitement awaits! Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the Great Saint George!

(VILLAGERS cheer, waving handkerchiefs. SAINT GEORGE enters. WIDGET #4 and HAIRYTOES #2 enter and stand to the side near the cave.)

VENERABLE VAL: Since Scumworth had started the whole thing, he decided it was only right that he should call the shots.

SCUMWORTH: Come out of your nasty cave you terrible dragon!

VILLAGERS: Dragon! Dragon! Dragon!

(MORTIMER #2 enters, leaving her cave. MORTIMER #2 raises her hands above her head, clasping hands, gesturing to all sides of the audience. VILLAGERS and Ensemble hiss and boo! They may also encourage the AUDIENCE to hiss and boo with them.)

SCUMWORTH: Saint George in this corner.

VILLAGERS: Yay!

SCUMWORTH: Lousy rotten dragon in this corner!

VILLAGERS: Boo!

SCUMWORTH: Let the games begin!

(TOWN CRIER rings her bell 5 times. SAINT GEORGE charges the stage. VILLAGERS cheer him.)

VILLAGERS: Go! Go! Go!

MORTIMER #2: Oh dear.

WIDGET #4: Don't forget your fire, Mortimer!

HAIRYTOES #2: *(Yelling.)* Your mother has bad breath!

(MORTIMER #2 rises up with anger, turns to HAIRYTOES #2, about to breathe fire.)

WIDGET #4: Not her! *(Points to SAINT GEORGE.)* Him!

(MORTIMER #2 takes a deep breath and blows at SAINT GEORGE.)

OLD FOLKS: Fire

TOWN CRIER rings bell 5 times.

SCUMWORTH: End round one!

(MORTIMER #2 raises her arms in victory and makes a lap around the stage, gesturing to all sides of audience.)

VILLAGERS: Boooooooo!

(SAINT GEORGE pulls himself together, stands with his hands on his knees trying to get his breath.)

SAINT GEORGE and MORTIMER #2 circle around the stage several times. MORTIMER #2 teases him with hisses of fire. SAINT GEORGE tries to confuse MORTIMER #2 with the flag and its banner. He twirls it around like a matador, now

covering himself, now opening the path for MORTIMER #3 to charge him. MORTIMER #2 puts her head down and charges like a bull, SAINT GEORGE quickly scoots around and comes up from behind MORTIMER #3, sticks her with his spear, MORTIMER #3 yells out and falls. Crowd reacts.)

WIDGET #4 and HAIRYTOES #2: (Gasp!) Mortimer!

(SAINT GEORGE turns to crowd in victory, as they cheer MORTIMER #2 recovers and comes up behind, uses her horn to butt him in the back. The horn pops off MORTIMER #2's head and is lodged in SAINT GEORGE'S back.)

SAINT GEORGE: Huh?

(Crowd reacts, gasps, groans. SAINT GEORGE tries to go on but can't. At last he falls. MORTIMER #2 can hardly stand it, runs to WIDGET #4 and HAIRYTOES #2.)

MORTIMER #2: Oh, no, oh, no! What have I done?

(TOWN CRIER rings her bell 5 times.)

SCUMWORTH: End round two!

(SCUMWORTH runs to SAINT GEORGE. SAINT GEORGE doesn't move. SCUMWORTH stands and looks contemptuously at MORTIMER #2.)

SCUMWORTH: That nasty dragon has done it! He's killed Saint George!

(Crowd gasps! But SAINT GEORGE is not dead. He struggles to move, gestures to SCUMWORTH to come to him, whispers to him.)

SCUMWORTH: Saint George says the only one who can slay that dragon is...

(SCUMWORTH listens to SAINT GEORGE'S whisper again. Everyone draws a breath of anticipation. "Who?")

SCUMWORTH: Widget!

(Crowd is astounded! VILLAGERS speak to AUDIENCE around them: "Widget? Widget?")

WIDGET #4: Me?

MOTHER: No, my only child! Please! Don't!

(SCUMWORTH brings SAINT GEORGE's spear to WIDGET #4.)

SCUMWORTH: This better be good, Thing-a-ma-bobber.

(WIDGET #4 takes spear and looks at MORTIMER #2. They circle around a few times.)

WIDGET #4: Come on, Mortimer. You can do it.

MORTIMER #2: *(Sadly, losing his will to fight.)* I'm not entirely sure that I can, Widget.

WIDGET #4: You can. You *can*.

MORTIMER #2: No, no...

HAIRYTOES #2: Come on Mortimer, we know you're scared... But this is your chance. You can make an explosion...

SONG: "Fight Song"

(WIDGET #4 circles waving and twirling the spear with the banner. MORTIMER #2 tries but cannot bring himself to attack his friend.)

HAIRYTOES #2: Come on, Mortimer...

WIDGET #4: Your mother has stinky armpits!

(MORTIMER #2 instantly rises up in anger and roars fire!)

MORTIMER #2: Roar!

(ALL react to terrible "flames"! They tussle, MORTIMER #3 breathes fire making everyone clear one part of the playing area and then another. WIDGET #5 finally throws the spear to HAIRYTOES #3, confusing MORTIMER #3. The spear gets thrown back and forth over MORTIMER #3's head, MORTIMER #3 zigzags aimlessly until at last, WIDGET #5 throws the spear at him. MORTIMER #3 catches it in his side--under his arm pit.)

VILLAGERS: Ah!

(MORTIMER #2 dies beautifully. She sways in a lovely ballet from side to side. She begins to enjoy it and twirls, dancing, until at last she slips gracefully to the ground.

Everyone is silent. At last VILLAGERS and ENSEMBLE begin to chant quietly and then it builds...)

VILLAGERS and ENSEMBLE: Widget, Widget, Widget

(TOWN CRIER rings her bell.)

TOWN CRIER: All hail Widget the Dragon Slayer! All hail Widget the Dragon Slayer!

(ALL cheer! QUEEN FANCY PANTS strides forward and lifts WIDGET #5's arm.)

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: All hail Widget the Dragon Slayer! *(Cheers from ALL.)*

And now I believe it is customary to cut off the head.

WIDGET #4: It is?

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: Of course it is. Come, come. Cut it off. Can't you see everyone here is waiting for refreshments?

WIDGET #4: In that case I think I'll just leave the head on for now. That can be done any old time. I wouldn't want to hold up the refreshments.

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: Jolly good thinking, girl! And I think this whole affair is worth a hip hip hip hooray!

(QUEEN FANCY PANTS enters the audience area, leaving.)

VILLAGERS: Hip hip hooray! Hip hip hooray!

SEASONED SALLY: And with that the entire population of Pleasant Valley hurried to the palace for a night of celebration.

QUEEN FANCY PANTS: Food and drink all around!

(VILLAGERS cheer. They and QUEEN exit or they may remain seated with the audience. ANGUS and MOTHER come to WIDGET #4.)

SCENE 18:

ANGUS: *(Tussles WIDGET #4'S hair.)* I guess that head ain't full of wool after all.

MOTHER: Just think, my baby! A Dragooooon Slayer!

ANGUS: And not just any dragooooon slayer, my dear. This was a *real* dragon of the most ferocious kind. Good show, Widget. Good show.

(ANGUS and MOTHER exit, followed by SHEPHERDS. SHEPHERDS each give WIDGET #4 a congratulatory punch on the arm or a hand shake. They exit, gesturing to their "sheep" making "bah" sounds. GRODY GOBSTERS go to WIDGET #4 and HAIRYTOES #2, begin to surround them, seeming to bully them him as before.)

BRILLOPAD: Some dumb luck, Widget.

SNORGGLES: Yeah, I guess you lucked out with that lousy dragon.

HAIRYTOES #2: He wasn't a lousy dragon.

RATSBREAK: He was a lily-livered...

YELLSALOT: Chicken-hearted...

FESTER: Yellow-bellied dragon. Haw-haw!

SCUMWORTH: Knock it off you guys!

(GRODY GOBSTERS react with surprise: "What?" SCUMWORTH extends his hand to WIDGET #4.)

That was some good fighting, Widget.

WIDGET #4: *(Uses thumb to point to HAIRYTOES #3.)* She helped.

SCUMWORTH: Good work, Henrietta.

SCENE 19:

HAIRYTOES #2: George! *(Helps him up.)*

WIDGET #4: Mortimer!

(SAINT GEORGE and MORTIMER #3 get up slowly rubbing their sore parts.)

SAINT GEORGE: That's a devilish bump you gave me.

MORTIMER #2: I do hope you'll forgive me. It wasn't from my heart, you know.

WIDGET #4: Are you okay, Mortimer?

MORTIMER #2: Who me? Never better. The plan worked beautifully.

WIDGET #4: So I didn't really stick you?

MORTIMER #2: Oh, no, it slipped just thru here. This little flab of skin you see. Not good for anything really. Didn't feel a thing!

WIDGET #4: It was a brilliant idea, Saint George. I'm awfully sorry you had to lose.

SAINT GEORGE: Don't give it a thought. I find once the war is over, people don't usually remember who won and who lost.

ESTEEMED ELLIE: In the distance they could hear the town cheering and feasting and having a jolly good time.

MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE: *(To ESTEEMED ELLIE, looking off over the audience to the "town" in the distance.)* It's always this way, isn't it?

LORDLY LORI: The villagers love a battle and a victory. And it always ends in a banquet.

HIGHFALUTIN HELEN: And though Mortimer dearly loved a good party...

MORTIMER #2: *(Looking longingly out over the audience.)* Do you think they'll be having carrots?

WIDGET #4: Maybe. But they won't be having Scrabble.

(WIDGET #4 and MORTIMER #2 smile at each other. OLD FOLKS bring them tea things. They tuck in napkins at their collars and hand out teacups during the last few lines.)

LORDLY LORI: And so they decided to stay near the cave and have their own celebration.

MORTIMER #2: Oh, I almost forgot! I made crumpets!

HAIRYTOES #2: I like crumpets!

(MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE hands MORTIMER #3 a tray of crumpets. MORTIMER #3 serves to HAIRYTOES #3 and the others.)

MAGNIFICENT MAGGIE: The four new friends settled down to a lovely evening of tea and crumpets...

VENERABLE VAL: Recounting their triumph...

ESTEEMED ELLIE: Enjoying their friendship...

SEASONED SALLY: As the sun set...

HIGH FALUTIN HELEN: And the stars twinkled...

LORDLY LORI: And the moon rose in a lovely sky...

MORTIMER #2: *(Holding up the teapot.)* More tea anyone?

SONG "You've Got A Friend in Me"

THE END