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Stage 3

(Sidekicks 1,2, 10 & 11 (Stage 3) sneak in to taste the mixture entering from D/S/L)

Sidekick 1: Is it safe to enter?

Sidekick 11: Are we safe from the clutches of The Cooksywooksys?

Sidekick 2: I don't know. What you asking me for?

Sidekick 1: 'Cos we want to know If we can help ourselves to this delicious mixture.

Sidekick 10: Not before me you won't.

Sidekick 1: Oh yeah. You and who's army?

Sidekick 11: Yeah. We're highly trained killing machines.

Sidekick 10: That's not exactly language be-fitting of a Princess's assistant.

Sidekick 2: Who cares about etiquette when there's treats on offer?

Sidekick 1: Exactly. We'll only be jumping around after Madam in a while.

Sidekick 2: Responding to her every beck and call!

Sidekick 11: Making sure that the room temperature is perfect!

Sidekick 1: And that nobody disturbs her at any point during the day!

Sidekick 2: You'd swear she was royalty!

(the other three look at 2 with puzzled faces)

Sidekick 10: But she is royalty. She's a Princess.

Sidekick 2: It was a figure of speech that's all.

Sidekick 1: (to 2) You should have chosen a different profession?

Sidekick 2: Like what?

Sidekick 1: Better-ware catalogue salesman.

Sidekick 2: 'Cos we keep trying to shove you out the door.....

Sidekick 10: But you keep coming back!

Sidekick 1: And just like the magazine.....

Sidekick 11: There's nothing inside that's of any use to us!

Sidekick 2: I used to like you three, and now I feel all alone, and I've lost my appetite.

Sidekick 1: Good. That means there's more for us then.

Sidekick 10: Lovely. Let's get cracking!

(2, 10 & 11 dig in)

Sidekick 2: I think they're coming back

Sidekick: 1,10,11: Who?

Sidekick 2: The Cooks. You numbskulls.

Sidekick 10: Nearly finished.

Sidekick 11: This is so delicious. Just like home-made.

Sidekick 2: It is home-made.

Sidekick 11: Whatever! It's absolutely delicious anyway!

(1,10 & 11 stuffing themselves)

Sidekick 2: Good. Cos by the way, one of them sneezed into that.

Sidekick 1, 10 & 11: Oh yuk!!!!!!! (spitting it out)

Sidekick 2: Perhaps that's why it was so tasty!

Cue: **'Cook Theme Music'**

Sidekick 1: Quick. Let's get out of here.

Sidekick 11: I was enjoying that too until you said.

(they dash out D/S/L and The Cooks enters from U/S/R)

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Stage 1 & Cook

(Cook enters from U/S/R)

(The Cook stirs the mixtures – during the following dialogue the mice sneak in, in two's and threes, from both sides in small groups eventually they all re-enter together and surprise and shock the Cook – who jumps out of her skin – as below)

Glenda: (being ironic)
Well, apart from those Cats. We do love our jobs here in the castle.
Cooking, cleaning, washing up!

(she pulls a face).

Brenda: The Royal Family are so generous. We get one shilling a week and a day off on every second full moon in November during a leap year.

Glenda: The one thing we do enjoy is making sweets, cakes and chocolate.

Brenda: And that's what we've been making today. (she points) Here is the sweet mixture - and here is the chocolate.

Glenda: (to audience) Ooh. It's just like Blue Peter isn't it?

(cue music effects for Mice – low level –‘Nutcracker?’)

(during this the chocolate mice need to sneak up in 2's + 3's from upstage (L + R) and stand behind them – The Cooks looking towards audience over table)

Glenda: We made some chocolate mice earlier and the little blighters are cooling down nicely in the larder.

Brenda: You've got to be careful with those little terrors, you never know when they might sneak up on you, they've got a mind of their own, but they're ever so tasty.

Glenda: `Mind you we wouldn't like to be caught in the middle of that lot, they're nothing but trouble.

Brenda: (they jump in fright)
You lot, we were just talking about you! Now you get back in to that larder.

Mice: (all) SShhhh!!!

Glenda: Don't you tell us to SShhhh!

Mice: SShhhh!

Brenda: I've had just about enough of this!

Mice: SShhhh!

Glenda: I'll give you Ssshhh!

Mice: Sshhhhhh!

Brenda: (loud) Right – That's it!

(cue music - **'Oh! So quiet! - Bjork'** – **Song** / words have been changed to Chocolate Mice)

(mice surround cooks and they dance together with them trying to return them to the larder – at end of dance they return to where they came from – and the Cooks look exhausted / mice all end up in nice shapes two's and threes kneeling, standing etc. dotted around stage Cooks behind table)

Glenda: Will you please get back into that larder?

Flap: But we just wanted to play!

Brenda: Play? Chocolate mice should not be playing – they should be cooling down in the larder!!

Flop: But it's fun, and you made us like this!

Glenda: Did we?

Flip: Yes, you made us all sweet and full of sugar.

Tip: And that's why we've got so much energy!

Tap: To Dance + sing and run around!

(they all cheer)

Brenda: Well, It seems we're not such hopeless Cooks after all!

Top: No, you're brilliant – and we couldn't be happier.

Glenda: (looks at boy mice)

May we ask a question?

Clip: Go ahead – anything you like!

Clop: Yes – we love quizzes!

Brenda: (points at boy mice)

How come you came out looking so different?

Clap: They are boy mice – and we're all girls.

Jo: And they like different things to us!

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Nattie: Yes. We like pretending to be soldiers!

Chattie: And marching on the enemy!
 Mattie: And saving the world from chocolate eating monsters!
 Mo: Stop saying that – you’re scaring us!
 Flo: Yes – let’ all be friends and go on an adventure!
 Flap: An adventure? That sounds great!
 Flip: Yes, let’s all be friends and save the world!
 (everyone shouts yipeee!!)
 Glenda: Oh! That’s lovely. You are all ever so sweet!
 Tip: Thank you Mrs. Cooking people!
 Brenda: You can call me Brenda if you like.
 Glenda: And I’m Glenda.
 Tap: Glenda and Brenda!! Are you related?
 Glenda / Brenda: (they cuddle up and do ugly / sickly smile)
 We’re twins.
 Top: Glenda? What’s for dinner today?
 Mick: I hope it’s cheese. I love cheese.
 Flick: Stop going on about cheese will you?
 Mick: But I love cheese. It’s delicious.
 Flick: You’ve got a problem. You’re obsessed with cheese!
 Mick: Well. I am a mouse you know.
 Flick: Oh leave it there. I want to know what’s Cooking!
 Clip: Yes. What are you preparing for the Princesses?
 Clop: After you’ve finished making sweets, cakes and chocolate?
 Clap: Is it Roast Pheasant?
 Jo: Is it Beef Wellington?
 Mo: Or are you making Salmon en croute?
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 Everybody: Salmon en croute?

Mo: It's a favourite of mine.

Brenda: We'd like to make them boiled cabbage and stale bread!

All: Ych a fi!!!!

Glenda: Or Tripe and onions with mushy peas!

All: Ych a fi!!!

Cook: Or Marmite on toast!

Half the mice: Ych a fi!!!

Flo: Actually I like Marmite!

(half of the group say me too, me too etc.)

Nattie: Well you know what they say.

Chattie: What's that Nattie?

Nattie: You either love it or you hate it!

(those who love it start chanting Marmite while the others boo!!!)

Mattie: Ok everybody. Let's just agree to disagree.

Flop: Well said Mattie.

Brenda: Awwwww! As we said earlier. You are all ever so sweet!

Glenda: (Dream – like) As sweet as Candy!!!

(cue music for dance) Christine Aguilera – 'Candy Man' (Dance)

(Cooks stops dance early – out of breath - & U/S out of way)

Brenda: (breathless) Oh! That was lovely, but that's quite enough for one day!

Glenda: In you go! Scoot! Scoot! Quickly now!

(Cue music - as they leave we have dance / procession to leave - 'We're Following the leader' - Exit S/R)

(Cooks are now completely exhausted)