

In the land of Yddemoc-Yalp (*Com'Eddy Play*)

Characters from the lowland: 3 males. 3 females.

King Percy Pu-Drah (*Hard up*) What can one say about Pu-Drah? A King by name but not by nature. A distasteful human being. A man who thinks that the title of king gives him the God given right to do whatever he pleases...He often tries but doesn't get very far.

Queen Petunia Ydeen (*Needy*) A queen who is in need of just about anything or anyone that's on offer. Any light of femininity that she may have had is like the flicker of a candle in a dark windy tunnel with sometimes gusty periods. She is however an optimist and "needs" to be.

Prince Erom (*More*) The son and heir to a miserable future who was born with 2 index fingers on his right hand. On his 21st birthday, his Father ordered that it be cut off and is often seen playing with it. He wants more and often demands it but being on the bottom of the pile falls upon deaf ears.

Reginald Rellevorg (*Groveller*) The principal aim in Rellevorg's impoverished life is to survive the, what he calls the "cretinous company" that he is forced to keep. No man grovels better than rellevorg.

Diam-Ytsat (*Tasty maid*) The only female in the lowland that resembles anything like a woman. She loves to dominate men. She has a fascination for whips. She claims to be able to see into the future. Perhaps not difficult to predict the near future but what about the distant future?

Characters from the highland:

King Elba-Trofmoc (*Comfortable*) According to himself he is handsome, fashionable and virile... but a little over weight. He has trouble pronouncing words beginning with the letter C. His jokes make people roll around in fits of laughter... They have to humour him or pay the consequences. A super idiot! He indulges far too much in eating and drinking.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc (*Comfortably*) She is the one who rules in the highland but lets the King think the contrary. Like a real professional she assumes her position impeccably. She has a sadistic side to her. Sometimes things can be a little tedious.

Princess Lla-Ti-Sah (*Has it all*) A sweet... but not always, young woman who has everything at her fingertips except for the life outside of the Highland. She knows nothing of the bottom people. but curious to know more. She has never seen a Lowlander as yet but certainly intends to. Also has a split personality. Like her mother she has a curious fascination for gore and sadism.

Prince Enoz-Trofmoc (*Comfort zone*) Mr. Cool. Everything is wonderful. He has a preference for dominant women. Often talks to his glove puppet. When the occasion presents itself he loves showing off. He is not a decision maker. When he laughs it sounds like a cross between a donkey and a pig. If there is a decision to be made he becomes flustered and perturbed.

Sorceress Nia-Cigam (*Magician*) Dream maker or taker. Source of Highland's Riches. Daughter of Enagrom, Witch of Esorom. 125 years old and loves to show off.

Edo: (*Ode*) Aid and irritating conscience to Nia-Cigam.

Lortnoc: (*Control*) The Mediator. With the aid of Nia-Cigam, he tries to keep the running of Highland as smooth as possible. Critical remarks when made to his person are brushed aside, side stepped. Showing no distasteful or distressing emotion. He seems to have an answer to everything.

SCENE 1. *The Highlands. Lights music. Edo aid to Nia-Cigam arrives.*

Edo: Welcome! Welcome, new potential candidate citizens of this unusual Kingdom, Yddemoc-Yalp! Or, I should have said two Kingdoms... (**Grins**) The very, very poor Lowlands and the very, very rich Highlands... We are at this moment in the Highland fortress. (**Rubs hands together**) Right, you have all come here from far and wide... across the sea on a favourable tide, over mountains looking for a better life for you and your loved ones... to escape from war, greed and hunger. But you have been misinformed! Fake news! You have been trumped! Yes. Yes. I hear you, (**Nods**) I hear your disappointment... Life sucks, does it not? I know, I know... but... everything could change if you have this, (**Holds up a card**) You cannot enter without this. This is the system D, Trump card. Now, would you please take out your Trump cards and hold them up so that I can see them.... Ah...Oh dear... Nobody. With this system D, Trump card you may do as you want. Say what you want. Send messages via all the social medias... Smoke signals, pony express, pigeon post, etc. etc. oh and... kill who you want... But... if you do not possess this card, you cannot come in. (**She sniggers**)

Sorceress Nia-Cigam: (**Enters. She clears her throat**) Thank you Edo, you can save your wagging tongue ... (**She addresses the crowd**) What, I am about to say to you and especially to that man sitting at the back! Yes you.

Edo: (**Points**) Yes, you my dear, at the rear! Can't you hear? Yes you... Pay attention.

Nia-Cigam: (**Stares at Edo**) That man trying his hardest but failing miserably not to captivate my attention, by becoming red faced. (**She grins. Then becomes deadly serious**)

Edo: Oh miserably, miserable... Oh yes, red faced and abysmal, indeed he is... Indeed, you are... (**She grins**) Look, look, (**She points and laughs**) there he is.

Nia-Cigam: Could you please not interfere, Edo... I am trying to explain to this... condemned lowlife the story of this place we call Yddemoc-Yalp.

Edo: Citizens! Then, prey silence for my lady! Sorceress Nia-Cigam!

Nia-Cigam: Once upon a very, very long time ago, there existed two kingdoms... Yddemoc and Yalp. They had learned to live in total harmony with each other.

Edo: Oh, total harmony.

Nia-Cigam: The people of Yddemoc, under the rule of good King Nodrog, were famous bodacious horsemen.

Edo: Oh bodacious! That is... Hum... what does bodacious mean exactly?

Nia-Cigam: It means, admirable, audacious, courageous and dramatic!

Edo: Oh... (**Smiles**)

Nia-Cigam: You could often see them galloping across the Yddemoc prairies, hunting wild boar and deer. It was a marvellous sight to see.

Edo: So, what went wrong my lady?

Nia-Cigam: The son of King Nodrog, Prince Percy Pu-Drah, brutally murdered him and proclaimed himself King of Yddemoc. It was then that King Pu-Drah, started beating the living shit out of the Yalp Kingdom.

Edo: Oh yes, the people from Yalp, were not schooled in the art of war craft. Why didn't you kill Pu-Drah my lady?

Nia-Cigam: Because I wanted him to experience a long period of suffering, so I decided to separate the two kingdoms. I decided to put the Yalp kingdom up here where we are now and the Yddemoc kingdom, down there. (**Looking down**)

Edo: So, in fact my lady, the people who live down there are suffering because of Pu-Drah's wickedness. Do you not think that a little unfair? Do you not think that you should re-evaluate the situation?

Nia-Cigam: (**Furious**) No I do not! Are you questioning my judgement?!

Edo: Oh no my lady... Never would I do such a thing.

Nia-Cigam: Good...before I leave you, is there anyone here that would like to be turned into a toad?

Edo: Oh yes! (**Makes the sound of a toad**) She is so talented! A veritable magic maker! Ladies and gentlemen! I give you Nia-Cigam!

Nia-Cigam: Will you refrain from speaking Edo! Or it will be you who will be turned into a toad!

Edo: Oh, I much prefer to be turned into a hamster with chubby cheeks.

Nia-Cigam: So be it! (**Raises her wand**)

Edo: (**Edo Cowers**) Not another word I promise you, my lady!

Nia-Cigam: Good... Now, is there anyone here present who would like the person sitting next to them turned into a toad...? Yes madam... him? ... A money lender? Edo, we have a money lender in our midst!

Edo: Shame on you sir! (**Shakes her fist**) Hum... What is a money lender?

Nia-Cigam: Ladies and gentlemen girls, boys and... (**Looking at the man**) Jean-Claude, it gives me immense pleasure in turning a money lender into a toad. Now I must warn you that you must never try this at home...unless it is your wife's or husband's mother of course (**She giggles then clears her throat**) It could be catastrophic...cataclysmic. (**She grins, then takes up her spell making stance**) Gobblewoks smellysocks nicky wicky woo! Green n' spiny toads are slimy, money collectors too! Get out of the road!! Here comes a toad!! **Lights fade**

Edo: (**Sound of toad. Edo whispering**) Jean-Claude... Jean-Claude

Music / lights up

SCENE 2. *The scene is set on the top of the southern fortress wall. The Highlanders are playing Blind-man's buff. Lortnoc is blindfolded surrounded by the others)*

Prince Enoz-Trofmoc: **(Holding a puppet and laughing like a donkey)** You can't even catch a cold! Too slow Lortnoc! **(Each time he prods him)** Tic, toc, tic toc, Lortnoc, Lortnoc. Here I am...

Puppet: No, I am over here... Am I over there? Here a Prince...!

Enoz-Trofmoc: There a Prince...! Everywhere a Prince!

Puppet: Where's the prince?!

King Elba-Trofmoc: **(belly laugh)** That's my boy! We are having such a cracking good time, are we not Lortnoc?

Lortnoc: **(Not amused,** Yes Sire... Ecstatic!

Lla-Ti-Sah: Too slow! I am here! There! Somewhere!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: This is such a very merry roisterous romp! Is it not? Lortnoc? **(Fly swatter in hand she swats him)**

Lortnoc: It is indeed your Majesty! Where ever you are...?

Lla-Ti-Sah: I'm having a riotous rip-roaring time too mama simply sublime! **(kicks him)**

Enoz-Trofmoc: Having fun Lortnoc? You won't catch me because I'm so clever!

Puppet: Never, never, never! **(Laughs)**

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: **(Pushing him)** I can't hear your usual jovial, jolly, jubilant self... Well?

Lortnoc: It is because I am straining my ears... focusing on her majesty's dulcet tones that are a veritable pleasure to your humble servitor.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: **(Kicks him on the shin)** Laugh you bastard! Or you will be wondering why your head will be saying adieu to the rest of your scrawny scraggy carcass!

Lla-Ti-Sah: Yes! You tell him Mama! You think you are so clever... Cocky Lortnoc! I could hack your silly old head off with my knife. It is razor sharp, though it might take a day or two **(She laughs)** and a bit messy I would say. What do you say Papa?

King Elba-Trofmoc: **(He laughs)** My daughter is so comical don't you think Lortnoc? She gets it from her mother... So funny.

Lortnoc: Yes...Your majesty and our Queen is as ever full of **(Under his breath)** shit. **(He laughs)**

Everyone: **(Stops & Shouts)** What!?

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: What was that you said?!

Lortnoc: Wit! Wit, your majesty...Humour... So full of it... Wit... What a woman you are!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Oh yes, I am. **(She laughs)** Did you hear? I am full of wit.

Lla-Ti-Sah: Tic, Toc Lortnoc. Lla-Ti-Sah is over here... and there, you idiot!

Lortnoc: Why all this Tic Tocking? ... You are much too good for the likes of me Princess. **(Suddenly he looks up and shouts)** Oh! What is that?!

Everyone: **(They stop)** Where?!

Lortnoc: **(Lunges forward and grabs the prince)** Got you! Now who could this be? **(Enoz giggles)** Ah... I know, it is Prince Enoz-Trofmoc! Am I right? **(He smiles)**

Enoz-Trofmoc: That is not fair! You bally well tricked me! Well, I am not playing this, this silly stupid game anymore! Father! Can we cut off his head and then we can play basket-ball!

Puppet: I'd like to play basket-ball, would you Enoz...?

Enoz-Tromoc: What did I just say? You stupid puppet!

Lla-Ti-Sah: What a splendid idea brother! **(She giggles)** Off with his silly head!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Children please! We cannot do that! Though sometimes I would like to have it off... His head I mean. Think well before you act in haste. Who would clean out the toilets?

King Elba-Trofmoc: And the most important thing my darling Ylba. Who would sit on the royal toilet seat and warm it up in the winter?

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Oh yes ... Lortnoc, there is no doubt in my mind that you cheated, so you are still the little piggy in the middle! Let us resume our game. Come along! Come along! **(She swats him)**

Lortnoc: Yes, your majesty.

Enoz-Trofmoc: Thank you Mother. **(They continue)** Come on grumbly guts where is your sense of humour and fair play? I have a sense of humour...

Puppet: Yes, you do Enoz. **(Laughs)**

Enoz-Trofmoc: And fair play is my middle name... I think I must have invented it.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: What a sweet child.

Enoz-Trofmoc: What has happened to your sense of humour and fair play mm?

Lortnoc: I do not know... I must have misplaced it somewhere. **(They all look around)**

King Elba-Trofmoc: **(Everyone is laughing, pushing and dodging Lortnoc)** For the love of lamb chops n' lollypops This is excitingly rip-roaring! Haven't played blind-man's chuff for ages. Come on Lortnoc, catch me if you can! **(He bounces into Lortnoc with his fat belly)**

Lortnoc: It is buff Sire. Blind-Man's Buff and not chuff. **(Under his breath)** You cretin.

King Elba-Trofmoc: Stop mumbling Lortnoc! What was that? **(He bounces off him again)**

Lortnoc: Er... You're getting... You are getting very good at this game Sire but I really do think that someone should take my place.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Nonsense Lortnoc! No way, you haven't grabbed me yet... ooh! nearly but not quite. **(She giggles)** you will have to be quicker than that.

Lla-Ti-Sah: **(kicks him)** Come on Lortnoc the clock's ticking away and you know what happens when the alarm goes off. Something horrible and gastly! **(She giggles)**

Lortnoc: What alarm? Nobody told me anything about an alarm. *(Looking nervous)*

Enoz-Trofmoc: Let's get physical, shall we?

Puppet: Tic Toc Lortnoc!

Lortnoc: What do you mean?

Everyone: **(Except for Lortnoc)** Tic Toc, Tic Toc. **(They sing)** *Let's get physical, physical We want to get physical Let's get into physical. Let us see your body shock, your body shock, let us hear your body crack! (An alarm goes off) Pile on! (They all jump on him. Lortnoc crashes to the floor. They all roll about laughing)*

King Elba-Trofmoc: **(Chuckling)** For the love of a chicken silly crack-pot! Shall we do it again?

Lla-Ti-Sah: Yes Papa! Let's do it again! Lortnoc, you are still our little piggy wiggy! **(She giggles)**

Lortnoc: **(He imitates her giggle and slowly and painfully gets to his feet)** It is Chicken chili ... c, c, crock-pot... Sire. **(He smiles)** Oh, what a simply splendid idea. Cannot think of a better way to spend my afternoon, but I do have certain duties to perform. **(He starts to leave)**

Lla-Ti-Sah: You are a spoil sport Lortnoc! Mama, what are we going to do? Are you sure we can't play basketball with his head? He can have his silly old head back when we have finished throwing it around all over the place.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: No dear, we cannot do that.

Enoz-Trofmoc: Oh no we can't do that...

Puppet: Oh no we can't, Enoz.

Enoz-Trofmoc: Do you know why we can't play basketball with Lortnoc's head?

Puppet: No, I don't...

King Elba-Trofmoc: We don't have a chopper to chop it off with?

Enoz-Trofmoc: No, we don't have a basket.

Puppet: Don't have a basket **(Laughs)**

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Oh yes! **(She giggles)**

Lla-Ti-Sah: (*She looks unhappy*) Oh well Lortnoc, we will just have to continue with the game. You are very lucky I must say.

Lortnoc: (*He comes back*) Oh yes, and who's turn is it this time?

Everyone: Tic Toc Lortnoc! Tic Toc Lortnoc!

Lortnoc: Of course... I would never have guessed. (*The sound of an alarm bell. Everyone shouts*) "Pile on." *Lights fade*

SCENE3. The Lowlands. Rellevorg enters

Rellevorg: Oh misery, misery. In the Lowlands of lament. Bowing to the whimsical whims of a King half spent... No... more than half spent. He is... so we are, all but finished... washed up, wiped out...Wrecked! Heading for the rocks at break neck speed! Abandon ship!

Edo: (*Enters*) Hello.

Rellevorg: Have you come to gloat, woman? Give me your name or I will cut your throat!

Edo: My name is Edo. Are you talking about a boat...? What's all this talk about a ship wreck?

Rellevorg: It is but a metaphorical image of my present situation. Are you from the Highlands? You are too clean and well fed to be from anywhere else.

Edo: Do you remember the earthquake? Well, I can explain how_

Rellevorg: Of course, I remember! Why don't you go away or I will take my knife and shorten your wretched life! (*puts a knife to her throat*)

Edo: Rellevorg, please... Don't be hasty... I have a tasty chicken wing in my pocket that my, my, lady conjured up... It is yours for the right price... Ok, ok, it is yours for no price. A gift... just put the knife down, there's a good fellow.

Rellevorg: (*Snatches the chicken wing and starts to eat*) Oh, heaven on earth! I cannot imagine eating anything better than this...

Edo: Oh, there is better, rest assured.

Rellevorg: Yes! For those living up there! They have no worries! But down here we have nothing but squalor, treachery and imbecility!

Edo: Imbecility? Ah, you are talking about Pu-Drah.

Rellevorg: Yes, we have a brainless moron to lead us! Men are no longer men! Excluding me of course. They are mere wimps! Mere shadows of their former selves... How did all this happen?

Edo: I can explain.

Rellevorg: We have suffered disease, pestilence! We have been well and truly trumped up! Borised up! Fucked up and down here!

Edo: I can explain.

Rellevorg: Why wasn't I born up there?! There is no joy in this woeful place. Pu-Drah, is not fit to rule! He is the reason for all my misery. There was a time when I was a carefree virile young man...

Edo: Oh...

Rellevorg: Though I still have my good looks... a certain charm... Yes... Now look what I have become. Reginald Rellevorg the food forager. While they are hungry... sitting on their lazy backsides, Rellevorg, their humble servant has to fetch and carry for them. It will not last. It cannot last. I would leave them to rot but my fear is far greater by being alone in this inhospitable place.

Edo: You know, I really can explain.

Rellevorg: Leave me alone or I swear I will slit your throat!

Edo: But_

Rellevorg: Go! *(She leaves)* Oh... I am so hungry... *(Pulls out what looks like red berries from his pocket and starts to eat. He stops and slowly looks up)* Oh no... Hey, what do you expect? I am certainly not going to share these scrumptious beauties with them, am I? *(He grins)* *Lights fade*

SCENE 4. *The lowlands.*

The scene is set within a clearing, surrounded by trees. Piles of old limestone blocks lying littered on the ground showing the remnants of a long-gone civilization. Four scruffy individuals are lounging around looking terribly bored. King Percy Pu-Drah stands wearily. The others are obliged to do the same.

Pu-Drah: I'm so hungry, I could eat a scabby hog or a shaggy dog!

Prince Erom: Father, I have pains of hunger that no Prince should suffer. Do you think that we will ever rise from this misery?

Queen Ydeen: He is right.

Prince Erom: I am on the bottom of the pile but should be on top. Up there... wallowing in luxury... A star! For all to see and admire.

Queen Ydeen: We are on the bottom of the pile! Your son is right.

Prince Erom: Where did you go wrong Father? I can't stand this any longer! I need more father! I want more! I demand more! I command it!

Pu-Drah: You command it, do you? *(Erom nods and Pu-Drah hits him)* Take that you little bastard! Always wants more... well there is more like that if you feel deprived. *(He shouts)* Rellevorg! Do we have any shaggy scabby dogs in the fridge? With a little Bearnaise sauce ...You know... out of the blue? Even Daddies sauce would do. *(He salivates)* No! What am I saying I ask myself. What are you saying?! *(He slaps his own face.)* No, no, no. *(He grins)* ... A jolly old mouth-watering... succulent Bourguignon sauce. With crispy...

Everyone: Ooh...Yes...

Queen Ydeen: You know very well Percy Pu that we don't have a fridge and Rellevorg is out foraging for food. We've only been here for three days. We will wait for Rellevorg's return and then we will move on. Fridge! Ha! Electrickery has not been reinvented yet.

Prince Erom: Could you be thinking about crispy roast potatoes father? ... Not too big (**He salivates**) Crisp and... golden brown. (**He pulls a potato from his pocket**)

Everyone: (**Rushes forward towards Erom**) You've got a potato! Where did you get it?!

Prince Erom: No...It is a stone. It looks like a potato but is not. (**They stare at it with longing. Everyone: Sings**)

*Golden brown, like a temptress.
Golden brown. Always a nice sound.
Never a frown, there's no contest,
spuds golden brown, no feeling down.
Supper time, could be your last.
Take your time, don't eat too fast.
We like you best! Oh, to be blessed.
Never a frown, spuds golden brown.
Golden brown. Crisp is the sound,
When you bite, you sink and excite.
Heaven on earth, tonight's the night,
what a delight. Spuds golden brown.*

Everyone: And chips! And parsnips!

Queen Ydeen: And cheese n' mushy peas!

Everyone: Oh yes please!

Pu-Drah: Any potatoes to be found... kicking around? Or anything to titillate my palate?

Diam-Ytsat: (**Arrives**) No Sire, but I may have just the thing, fit for a King, to help you forget your hunger. (**She winks**)

Pu-Drah: Oh, yes? (**He smiles**)

Diam-Ytsat: Yes, I could whip you... (**Smiles**) up... something to arouse your_

Queen Ydeen: Diam! Do not get him all worked up! You are a hot little hussy but I'm a little fussy as to who whips up arousal in your king... That is usually my department! Men! Why are you all like that? Have you no romance in your blood?

Diam-Ytsat: As you wish my Queen.... Perhaps Rellevorg will find some potat_ I mean... round nobbly things and you never know... A squirrel or a hedgehog or_

Pu-Drah: A rat perhaps? Rat! Rat! and more bleeding scrawny rat! I'm beginning to wonder by thunder, if grovelling Rellevorg hasn't got a little food hoard hidden away for his own personal employment! Gobbling away while his King is esurient, rapacious, voracious and therefore extremely treacherous!!

Diam-Ytsat: Esurient Sire? (*She smiles*) Is that not a connotation... an undertone for_

Pu-Drah: Sex? (*Ydeen scowls at him*) No my child. It means hungry my little tasty maid. Desirous for a little culinary spread...French toast n' brown bread. (*His mouth-watering*)

Prince Erom: Yes Father! (*He giggles. Pointing his severed finger at Diam*) A bloody good blowout! A festive feast. Something we haven't experienced since the twinkling of an eye when you took your_

Queen Ydeen: Erom! That is quite enough thank you kindly. And will you please find somewhere to stick that finger of yours!

Diam-Ytsat: Sire, if you are... esurient, I have but a few blueberries that I found this morning... and it is said that these pine needles are a good sauce of vitamin c. (*She opens a cloth revealing them*) I am willing to share them with you Sire... If that is your desire?

Pu-Drah: (*He approaches her. Looks at her food then out into the distance*) Oh what a wonderful ...woman she is and such a heart... such an innocent look. We could make a tart, if we had a cook... book. Blueberries and pine needles. And what would be your choice of a dessert fit for a King eh? Succulent, crunchy, big, black, bulbous, beetles and wriggly, wagging worms? Mm? To top it off? (*He wriggles like a worm*)

Diam-Ytsat: But Sire I_

Pu-Drah: Am not ready! Do you hear my dear? Not ready! I'm not at all... systems go! Do you get my gist, drift... core of the meaning? Not for Kings do you hear sweet tasty child? I am not beguiled. No... (*Explodes*) Not for Kings!!

Queen Ydeen: I think she gets your... drift Percy Pu. You will just have to go hungry then.

Pu-Drah: (*Mocking her*) You will just have to go hungry then. Again! You forgot to add.

Queen Ydeen: There is however a food that you have not thought about trying. (*She smiles*) The food of love. Come... I will show you.

Pu-Drah: Ydeen... My love... My honey dove... If you think I would sink so low and go behind the nearest tree for a knee shaker, an incompatibility faker? You are barking up the wrong tree! Woof! Woof!

Queen Ydeen: You barbaric boorish baboon! Who do you think you are!

Pu-Drah: The King? (*He grins*)

Queen Ydeen: You pompous arse! King with a miniscule k! (*Pulls out a dagger*) You think you can do as you please? Look around you! What have you got! Nothing! You are a good for nothing layabout! (*Holding the dagger to his throat*) A slubberdygullion!

Pu-Drah: Eh?

Queen Ydeen: A slubberdegullion! A slovenly worthless person... No. Pervert! And who do you think I am?!

Pu-Drah: I'm not going to waste my breath.

Prince Erom: **(Approaches Diam)** I would like to try your berries and your needles. I'll have 3 berries and 2 needles. **(He snatches them from Diam)** If you don't mind Diam. **(He smiles)**

Queen Ydeen: I'll have 4 berries but no needles. **(He gives them to his mother and throws the rest on the ground)**

Diam-Ytsat: **(Stares at the pine needles and smiles)** Sire! There is something in the needles!

Prince Erom: What? **(At the same time spitting them out)** Father! Diam has poisoned the pine needles! I am dying.... Dying... **(Sinks to his knees)** Oh father... father I'm going... going... going... Do you think I can have something to eat before I leave this world? **(Smiles)**

Pu-Drah: **(Kicks him)** Shut up Erom! What do you mean child? Ydeen, the girl smiled! **(To Diam)** If you have poisoned my son, I will have to do something that you will not at all like.

Diam-Ytsat: Your idiot son is not dying but... are you sure I wouldn't like it Sire? **(Smiles)**

Pu-Drah: What? **(Clears his throat)** Of course you would...of course... not. Of course, being your much beloved king, I would of course with force, of course enjoy it immensely... Mega big! And of course, I would of course_

Queen Ydeen: Oh Pu... Shut up! Put a smelly sock in it. Of course, this and of course that! Waffle, waffle! The wretched girl is gawking at needles on the ground. It is obvious that she is trying to tell us something.

Pu-Drah: **(Whispers to Ydeen)** Yddy... Do not call me Pu. Pu-Drah is my name or by dog my anger will inflame! **(Turns to Diam)** What do you have to say to your King mm? **(He grins)** Don't be a shy little sausage.

Everyone: Sausage!! **(Closing their eyes and licking their lips. They all start to sing)**

Five fat sausages sizzling in a pan, one went pop! the other went bang.
Four fat sausages sizzling in a pan, one went pop! the other went bang.
Three fat sausages sizzling in a pan, one went pop! the other went bang.
Two fat sausages sizzling in a pan, one went pop! the other went bang.
One fat sausage sizzling in a pan, it went pop! and didn't go bang.
No fat sausages sizzling in a pan. **(They all sigh)**

Queen Ydeen: Diam, Shy? Her?! A shy little sausage? Ha!

Everyone: Sausage! **(They sing)** Five fat sausages sizzling in a pan, one went pop! the_

Queen Ydeen: **(She screams)** Shut up!! **(They stop)** If she's shy, **(Sensual)** then I am Lady Godiva riding my horse, naked through the streets of Coventry! Speak girl.

Pu-Drah: I can assure you Yddy I am not your "Peeping Tom!" **(He laughs)**

Diam-Ytsat: (**Looking at the needles**) It is the needles... The way they have fallen to the ground.

Prince Erom: Looks like a pile of silly old, passed the sell by date, decaying pine needles to me.

Queen Ydeen: Erom! What do you know about anything? Let the girl speak for the love of Zog! Can't you run along and play?

Pu-Drah: Zog? Who's he when he's around?

Diam-Ytsat: Zog, is an acronym Sire. An abbreviation for Zionist Occupied Government Sire. An anti-semitic conspiracy theory. It is a horrid word...Quite upsetting really.

Pu-Drah: Oh... (**Approaches her**) Let me console your troubled soul and... (**Grabs her**) take you for a little stroll.

Queen Ydeen: Heel! Percy Pu! All this kerfuffle because I didn't want to say... dog!

Prince Erom: Oh Dog!

Everyone: (**Except for Diam**) Oh Dog! Yes please!

Queen Ydeen: Dog! Roasted, boiled, fried, sauté with a hint of garlic.

Diam-Ytsat: (**Screams they stare at her**) There is a message in the needles. Look at the form, there are two needles broken but parallel in every way. (**She moves her hips from side-to-side forwards and backwards... Pudrah admiring the spectacle**) Now look at the five needles together... like they were a sole entity. Five needles together aligned as one, lying through the two broken ones.

Queen Ydeen: What does it mean Diam?

Diam-Ytsat: (**She stops and steps back**) I am not certain but...

Pu-Drah: (**Pushing her back into position**) Yes, yes but what does it mean... What have you seen Diam? (**He smiles with anticipation**)

Prince Erom: Let me see... (**He observes the needles closer**) Ah yes, I see it all now. We are on the verge of a big change. Am I right?

Diam-Ytsat: (**Surprised. She nods her head**) Yes... How did you know that? being the idiot that you are!

Prince Erom: Just call me gifted (**He grins**) We are all going to die! That's the big change! We are doomed, doomed. Yes, that's it, we are condemned to die. It is quite simple really when you think about it because... (**He explodes**) we don't have anything to eat!!!

Diam-Ytsat: There is a barrier that is going to be broken. That is all I can tell you.

Pu-Drah: A barrier... Breaking barriers... What sort of barrier could that be? Perhaps it could be...me. Come Diam. (**Puts his arm around her waist**) I think you and I should...

Queen Ydeen: Stay here with your one-track mind. Do you think I'm blind?! Here! Where I can keep my eye on you!

Prince Erom: Stay here? If we stay here, we are deprived, dead, defunct... No more. I say we should move. If the truth were known, we have seen the last of that creepy crawling boot licker Rellevorg!

Diam-Ytsat: Boots... It would be lovely to have boots on my feet.

Queen Ydeen: Yes... Wouldn't it be lovely

Pu-Drah: Boots! Boots! You can't eat boots... fruits, roots but not boots. You can lick them as we have seen Rellevorg do so many times.

Diam-Ytsat: Sire. A horse approaches...It's... Hoof Hearted!

Everyone: Not me! **(Pointing)** Was it you?

Diam-Ytsat: No!

Everyone: No? Well, who was it then?

Prince Erom: **(looks out into the distance)** Perhaps it was him over there! **(He points)**

Diam-Ytsat: No, I said... Hoof...Hearted. It is the name of Rellevorg's horse Yes, I am sure!

Rellevorg: **(He arrives)** clump, clop, clump, clop, Woah, steady boy. **(He dismounts)** I'm back, Sire. Oh yes... Very jolly. I could hear you having a bit of a ding dong.

Pu-Drah: Rellevorg! Our savior has returned. I was so concerned. **(He laughs. He stops. Serious)** Ydeen! May your mother turn in her grave after all the nasty things you said about our brave beloved prodigal son having so much fun from braving the unknown territories without a thought for his own safety.

Queen Ydeen: Pu! You really are a turd! I didn't say a word.

Rellevorg: Oh yes Sire, you can count on old Rellevorg Sire. Here Tasty-Maid... My horse needs a good rubbing down... as only you know how. **(He winks and gives the reins to Diam. She takes the horse away. Turns to Pu-Drah)** Your most humble, courteous and most respectful servant.

Pu-Drah: Yes, yes, don't be a drag, just open the bag!

Rellevorg: Did I say humble Sire?

Pu-Drah: Yes, yes you did! Heavens forbid! Let's get on with it, shall we?

Rellevorg: Then I must have forgotten to say Obedient. Yes, I am_

Queen Ydeen: A pain in the arse! **(Wrenches the sack from him and opens it. She pulls out a boot)** Oh dear. One left boot.

Diam-Ytsat: This is a sign, I am sure.

Prince Erom: What did I tell you! We are all going to die!

Pu-Drah: Well, isn't this just hunky dory! What size is that boot?

Rellevorg: Size 9 Sire.

Queen Ydeen: It is exactly your size Pu. *(Pu-Drah glares at her)*

Pu-Drah: *(He tries it on)* At least I can die with one boot on. *(He walks around limping)*

Diam-Ytsat: We have to leave here! Rellevorg, where did you find the boot?

Rellevorg: About 2 hours walk from here but I didn't find it. Oh no. It found me. Oh yes. It came from above. *(He looks up)* It hit me on the head. Look... *(Shows a bump on his head)* It was so strange. My left foot was hurting so much that I was thinking to myself that it would be nice to have a nice pair of comfortable boots. Special delivery... Only one problem. I don't take a size 9. I take a size 8.

Pu-Drah: Just let me know when he has stopped his overflow of blabbering. *(Sits with head in hands)*

Rellevorg: Please believe me Sire. I tried my very best. I looked very hard but couldn't find any food.

Queen Ydeen: What we need is sustenance... some fatty substance.

Everyone: Fatty substance! Oh, wouldn't it be lovely! *(They look out into the distance and sing)*

*All we want is a dog to roast.
It's a gas with some beans on toast.
It's got to be the most.
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely!
Lots of spuds, sitting on our plate.
We don't care if we put on weight.
Big tum, fat bum, inflate.
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely.
Oh, so, lovely sitting pretty with so much to spare.
We would never share a thing.
It's family first, so there!
All we want is a saucy dish
Close your eyes you can make a wish
Big tum, fat bum, fried fish
Oh wouldn't it be lovely. Lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely.*

Prince Erom: Right. It's simple. I'll just stand here and ask who or whatever it is up there to throw down something scrumptious to eat... Something substantial. *(At this moment a large stone falls on his head)* *(He goes down like a sack of potatoes)*

Queen Ydeen: Oh! *(rapidly with rhythm)* What a surprise! I think it unwise to stay in this place in case! My son is down! *(She stoops down to look closely)* n' broken his crown! My son is done!

Pu-Drah: Son of a gun! Ydeen! In future it is I who do the rhythmic rhyming! Don't just stand there! Run! *(They grab Erom by the feet and drag him away)*

Lights fade. Set change. Edo arrives.

SCENE 5. The Highlands. The scene is set high above. Protected by a fortress wall.

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Revisited July 2022.

Edo: Now you have witnessed the difference between the haves and have nots. A highland Kingdom of plenty and a lowland Kingdom of nothing. **(Nia-Cigam enters and stands quietly behind her)** Nia-Cigam is responsible for this folly. She must bring the people together! They have been apart for so long that they do not even speak the same language anymore.

Nia-Cigam: Who are you to criticize me?

Edo: Oops... I didn't realize you were there...

Nia-Cigam: I am 125 years young and still going strong **(She flexes her muscles)** You are an insignificant, nondescript woman. **(Angry)** You have no say in the matter!

Edo: **(Measures up to her)** You are destroying the people of the Lowlands! The highlands are spoilt rotten! They do not deserve their riches! Do something about it!

Nia-Cigam: **(Rage)** How dare you, Edo! How dare you square up to me! You little whippersnapper! I am the chief of staff! The magic maker. Daughter of Enagrom of Esorom, witch of the black mountains. You are standing on thin ice, so if I can give you some advice, do not dice with your miserable life!

Edo: Yes but_

Nia-Cigam: No buts! Or I will turn you into a goat, a pig, a horse or cow... A duck, a cat, a rabbit or chicken... What will it be woman?

Edo: **(Pauses then looks up at her)** I quite like the idea of becoming a hamster...

Nia-Cigam: I do not do hamsters! **(She takes up her just before a spell stance)** Hinkum fundinkum pol-rollocks n' trollocs spittles n' frittles, slicken balbriggan! **(Lifts her staff)** I'm going to turn you into a chicken!

Edo: Stop! I am leaving. **(She leaves)**

Nia-Cigam: **(She waits a few moments then smiles)** She is right of course but I am not going to admit it to her, am I? She would only gloat... I will have to put everything back as it was before. Ah... I hear King Elba-Trofmoc approaching. I think I'll take a back seat... Before I go, I must say that...though I will miss them, the times they are a changing **(She sings)** *For the Sorceress that was, who had nothing to do, I created the Highlands from out of the blue. But now I see clearly the errors that I've made, I have to consider upgrading... I know I have wronged them, my heart's like a stone but the times they are a changing.* **Lights fade. (She disappears)**

SCENE 6 part 1

King Elba-Trofmoc: **(Enters shouting)** Lortnoc! Where are you?! What in the name of c c, crêpe sucette have you done with my left boot! Lortnoc!

Lortnoc: **(Now standing behind him. Imitates the Kings difficulty with the letter C)** It is Crêpe Suzette Sire. **(He smiles)**

King Elba-Trofmoc: **(Jumps. He turns to face him)** You should never creep up on your King like that! And do not mock your King with his impediment! I can't help it, can I?

Lortnoc: Please accept my apology Sire... It is a habit I have, being so observant... It was, shall we say... a slip of the tongue. It is Suzette and not sucette Sire, sucette is French for The Raining of The Shoe. Edward Radburn. Copyright. December 2014. All Rights Reserved. Revisited July 2022.

lollypop Sire. *(He smiles)*

King Elba-Trofmoc: I could have had a_ Hic! Now look what you hic... have done I've got the hic... hiccups!

Lortnoc: Most terribly sorry Sire. It was never my intention.

King Elba-Trofmoc: No... It is never hic... your intention but here I am doing hic... it again.

Lortnoc: *(In a low voice)* Because you scoff too much. *(Mimes)*

King Elba-Trofmoc: What?

Lortnoc: Er... because you cough too much.

King Elba-Trofmoc: Cough? Hic... Cough? What in the name of jam hic... doughnuts are you talking about?

Lortnoc: *(Drops an inflated sack on to the ground. He stamps on it)* There you are Sire; your hiccups have ceased.

King Elba-Trofmoc: What? ... Oh yes, so they have. Can't thank you enough, Lortnoc.

Lla-Ti-Sah: *(Enters with a hand full of raspberries, followed by Queen Ylba-Trofmoc, Prince Enoz-Trofmoc)* Hello Papa we heard a loud bang, I had really gory images of your big fat wobbly belly popping open. ugh! *(Pops a raspberry into her mouth)* I was so worried, wasn't I Mama?

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Oh yes, she was Elba.

Enoz-Trofmoc: And I was so... not worried, was I not?

Puppet: Oh no you were not sir!

Enoz-Trofmoc: Because I am a man! *(Looks down)*

Puppet: Proud of it!

Enoz-Trofmoc: Oh yes, I am indeed. My fans can't get enough of me... Mr Cool, That's me.

Puppet: And me. *(Grins)*

Everyone: What fans?

Enoz-Trofmoc: Eh?

Everyone: What fans?!

Enoz-Trofmoc: Well... there is.... Me.

Puppet: And me *(He laughs)*

Lortnoc: Yes sir... No need to worry, as you so rightly put it. Our King is in... *(looking at his big tummy)* fine shape. Princess Lla-Ti-Sah must love you very much Sire... *(He turns her back. In a low voice)* though I can't think why.

King Elba-Trofmoc: Pardon Lortnoc?

Lortnoc: Oh, I can see a fly... Over there.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Oh flies! Fascinating, are they not? Did you know that flies flap their wings about 200 times per second? Keeps you on your toes. The other day, there I was doing my usual daily keep fit exercises, a bit of fly swatting... swat, swat. Keeps you in tip top form. I love it, especially if I manage to catch one alive, you see if you pull one of its wings off, lay it on its back, on the floor (*She lets out a cry of joy*) it does the most wonderful figures. You know, I remember one very hot sultry summer's afternoon...I was wafting away, you know as you do... Waft, waft, waft, when you want to get a bit of wind up...

King Alba-Trofmoc: (*He belches*) Ah... Better out than in.

Lortnoc: Oh, that it is Sire. (*He smiles*) As long as it comes from above...and not... below.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: (*Elba farts*) Elba! You old windbag!

Lortnoc: Your majesty is so observant.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Now where was I...? ah yes. In through my window flew five furiously flapping flies... Oh, la la, la, la, la... That is a difficult thing to say is it not? Anyway... Lord knows why...Something must have attracted them. Hot weather always seems to bring out the flies, doesn't it? (*The others starting to a bit bored*) They then proceeded to fly around my head buzz, buzz, buzz, like a race circuit! I was not amused. I was swatting away like a mad thing... (*She mimes*)

Lla-Ti-Sah: Did you pull a wing off, of each fly and eat it? Did you Mama? Did you?

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Oh, no child! But I did pull a wing off each one. A veritable ballet they performed before their Queen. Not exactly le Bolshoi but very memorable.

Lla-Ti-Sah: Anyway Papa, when I heard that big bang, I had images flashing through my over developed brain of you being horribly mutilated with blood spurting out all over the place. (*Squeezing the raspberries*) That's why we came to your aid. Are you alright Papa?

King Elba-Trofmoc: What a wonderful imagination she has. Do not fret child, it was Lortnoc. He was just curing my hiccups that he incidentally brought on.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Poppy-cock Elba-Trofmoc!

Enoz-Trofmoc: Yes Poppy-cock Papa. Always trying to draw attention to your-self. I don't draw attention to myself, do I?

Puppet: Oh no, no... You are the prince of discretion.

King Elba-Trofmoc: Oh, shut up Enoz! What did you say, my dear?

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: You heard what I said! Poppy-cock! The only reason you suffer from hiccups and other... wind problems is because you eat as if it is going out of fashion! You just can't get enough, can you? (*They sing. Just can't get enough*)

King Elba-Trofmoc: (*He shakes his head then his face lights up and smiles*) Have you seen what our lady Sorceress has conjured up for supper? Roast beef and Yorkshire poodle and for dessert, Plum fluff and c,caramel c,cream.

Lortnoc: (*whispers*) It's pudding you noodle... Duff not fluff Sire and caramel cream Sire.

King Elba-Trofmoc: What? Well, I don't care if it is duff, fluff or puff. Enough! Change the subject.

Lla-Ti-Sah: Good idea Papa. Why are you only wearing one boot Papa. That's a bit silly if you ask me. (*She giggles*)

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Yes Elba, you do look silly.

Enoz-Trofmoc: A little silly if you ask me. (*He laughs like a donkey*) Our King has lost his left boot and doesn't know where to find it. Like Little Bo-Peep who lost her sheep! (*He laughs*)

King Elba-Trofmoc: Yes... Stupid boy. That is correct. I took off my boot because I thought there was a creepy crawler inside.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: So where is your boot now Elba?

Enoz-Trofmoc: Probably dropped it down, down, down into the Lowlands. (*He laughs*)

Everyone: Don't say that word!

Prince: Enoz-Trofmoc: Why not! This morning I was walking along the fortress wall to the north with very good company and_

Everyone: Good company?

Enoz-Trofmoc: Myself.

Puppet: And me.

Enoz-Trofmoc: (*He laughs*) And I spied with my little eye something beginning with B. (*He grins*)

Lortnoc: I think we should humour him Sire.

King Elba-Trofmoc: Yes Lortnoc, it could be fun... So, something beginning with a b... Er... Roast beef?

Prince: Enoz-Trofmoc: B Papa b not an r.

King Elba-Trofmoc: No, no I mean beef roast beef... Beef. Am I right my son?

Prince: Enoz-Trofmoc: No Papa, it is not beef. (*He laughs*) This is fun, is it not?

Lla-Ti-Sah: I think it is my turn. I become extremely dangerous if I don't get my turn.

Lortnoc: Could it be... Bush? (*The prince shakes his head*) Bird? Beetle?

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Stop it Lortnoc that is 3 words.

Enoz-Trofmoc: Yes! Stop it or I'm not playing.

Lla-Ti-Sah: Papa, this is not fair! Brother, beware!!

King Elba-Trofmoc: Right stop this. I command it! Everybody, ignore my son. (*They all turn their back on him*)

Lla-Ti-Sah: (**Stamping feet**) But Papa I have not yet had my turn! I'm going to explode my boorish brother, who incidentally looks like a toad! It's not cricket! Is it block, brother?

Enoz-Trofmoc: (**He ignores her**) Oh please... look I'll give you a clue, shall I? (**They all turn round to face him**) Right... Er... It begins with a... b, does that help? (**They look at him with much anger. They slowly approach him**) Ok, ok It's Block, block... a block from the fortress wall. (**He points his glove puppet at Lla-Ti-Sah and laughs**)

Lla-Ti-Sah: That's what I said! And stop pointing that horrible thing, you beastly bastard!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Ll-Ti-Sah! Remember you are a lady! And ladies do not say the word bastard... even though your brother deserves it. (**She smiles**)

Lla-Ti-Sah: Papa! He is always ignoring me! (**She approaches the prince**) I ought to punch you on the nose! (**She does so, on the nose of the puppet. She grabs the puppet and throws it over the wall**) There! I feel much better now.

Enoz-Trofmoc: (**Squealing**) What have you done?! (**Holding his nose, he cries**) You wicked sister! Mama! Look what she has done?! I am sure it is broken... Listen! My nose is making a cracking noise! You beastly horrid person! (**He runs at her but she kicks him on the shin. He screams with pain**)

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Enough of this stupidity! (**Pointing**) You are a Princess and you are... though it is hard to believe, a Prince! Make your Mama and Papa proud to be your parents! Make us proud... (**Screams**) And will you stop snivelling! What are you a man or a mole?!

Prince Enoz- Trofmoc: A man Mama.

Queen Ylba- Trofmoc: Good boy. Soldiers do not cry... You must set an example_

King Elba-Trofmoc: Your mother is right! I...

Queen Ylba- Trofmoc: Shut your cake-hole Elba! Who pulled your chain!

Lla-Ti-Sah: (**Screams with laughter**) This is great fun! We ought to do this every day!

Lortnoc: Can we get back to the block? And what did you do with the block sir?

Enoz-Trofmoc: (**he stops sniveling**) I just let it drop over the edge.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: You didn't! (**The prince nods his head with a smile. Ylba punches him on the nose**) Take that! (**A left upper cut & a right cross to his nose**) How stupid can you get?

Lla-Ti-Sah: (**Screaming with delight**) That was a beautiful upper cut and right cross Mama. I would love to see it again in slow motion. (**She mimes**)

Prince: Enoz-Trofmoc: (**Holding his bloody nose**) I just wanted to hear it hit the bottom... but I never heard anything.

King Elba-Trofmoc: Oh, what a naughty boy! No supper for you, my boy! Which means I get a double helping. (**He claps his hands with glee**)

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Elba you old fool! This is serious.

Enoz-Trofmoc: I pushed another one over the edge to see if I could hear it the second time.

(He mimes) Nothing. They are both still falling for all I know.

Lla-Ti-Sah: I can just image when they hit the lowlife down there... blood everywhere!
(She smiles) A real slaughter.

Lortnoc: Sir. I think that your action is a little... how can I put it delicately so that you would understand? Stupid! First of all, a left boot and then two stone blocks. I fear the worst.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Yes, Lortnoc I also fear the worst... And what about Elba's boot? You dropped it over the edge, didn't you? Come on! Come on! Tell mummy!

Prince: Enoz-Trofmoc: What?

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: It was you, wasn't it?! **(Swatting him with the fly swatter)** Come on. Own up! Spill the beans you little stinker! **(He nods his head)**

King Elba-Trofmoc: **(Furious)** You little fibber! My own son of all people... I feel betrayed... Cut down! **(He takes a swing at him but misses)** Lortnoc Don't just stand there! Do something!

Lortnoc: Allow me Sire! This is for your own good sir. **(He punches him on the nose)** Your wish is my command Sire. **(He smiles)**

Lla-Ti-Sah: It is my turn now Lortnoc. This is so much fun! **(The Sorceress arrives)**

Lortnoc: **(He sees the Sorceress enter. Grabs hold of the Princess)** Now I really do fear the worst. **SCENE 6 Part b.**

Nia-Cigam: **(Appears with Edo)** And so you should Lortnoc. You disappoint me. I lift you out of your miserable, gloomy, down in the dump holes and give you everything you could ever wish for. I think it is time to take you all down a peg or 2. You are all going down in this world! You are going to communicate with the people from the Lowlands.

Everyone: The have nots?! **(fear)** No! Not that! Anything but that!

Edo: **(Enters)** Ah, now that is more like it.

Nia-Cigam: I'm taking you down low enough to be able to converse with each other, isn't that exciting?

Everyone: But what are we going to say to them? We don't speak their language.

Nia-Cigam: Shhh! Be quiet while I concentrate with the incantation.

Everyone: But_

Nia-Cigam: Shush I said! **(They are quiet but look very frightened)** Now... Where do I begin?? Ah yes. At the start would be a good choice. Into the lift! **(She smiles and then takes up her cast a spell stance)** Lobbyloc low n' hobbyloc high, Pork chops n' chocolate drops will fall from the sky **(Clears her throat, lifts up her staff and points it towards the floor)** Going down! **(The ground starts to shake lights flash with a thundering noise)** 12th floor, 11th floor, 10th floor, 9th floor, 8th, 7th, 6th, 5, Stop! That should do the trick. **(Silence. They all walk over to the edge and look down While the Sorceress observes them)**

King Elba-Trofmoc: Can you see anything Ylba?

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: No Elba... Not a thing... It's very murky down there.

Lla-Ti-Sah: Papa... I can see forms and what look like old rags.

Enoz-Trofmoc: Out of the way! (*He pushes her aside*)

Lla-Ti-Sah: Ooh, it looks really spooky! (*She smiles*)

Enoz-Trofmoc: Nothing alive and kicking down there if you ask me... Just a few trees, boulders, blocks and rags.

Lla-Ti-Sah: It is all very mysterious... Look at the mist swirling around the ground. Ghostly! (*She giggles*)

Lortnoc: We will have to be vigilant Sire. The Lowlanders may be aggressive.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Yes, I can imagine why. Having big stone blocks dropped on them.

Enoz-Trofmoc: And a boot. Don't forget the size 9 boot, eh Papa?

King Elba-Trofmoc: Look, I didn't do it on purpose.

Nia-Cigam: (*Approaches*) Well, of course you didn't... but it is done and what is done is done and well-nigh impossible to undo. I myself have tried to do-up or reverse things that are undone... that were done up before I undid them but I didn't succeed in getting the undoing effect that I desired... (*Sensing confusion around her*) did I? (*She smiles*)

Lortnoc: Yes... So, what do you suggest we do, my lady?

Nia-Cigam: Your fortress wall is as long as it is high... well not as high as before, so I suggest that you spread out and stand guard at different sections of the wall. But do not worry. I am here and it will not last very long... just a few weeks. (*She smiles*)

Everyone: Weeks!?

Edo: My lady, I really think that we should_

Nia-Cigam: Silence Edo! Patience is a virtue. What do you say?

King Elba-Trofmoc: I say it is an excellent suggestion Nia-Cigam!

Nia-Cigam: Good. Then we shall leave you to it. (*They disappear*)

King Elba-Trofmoc: (*Looking a little nervous but puts on a brave face*) Er... Who will go where?

Enoz-Trofmoc: I would like to volunteer Papa. After all, it was I who dropped the stone blocks on this miserable place. I shall take up guard at the north wall as it is cold and mysterious! (*He leaves*)

Lortnoc: Sire, I am not sure that your son is a good choice for the north wall.

Lla-Ti-Sah: Papa, I would like to be the north Sentinel. I am not afraid of the big bad brutal, barbarians down there!

King Elba-Trofmoc: You are too late, my child.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Yes child, you are too late. It is your brother's task... I will stand at the west wall with my fly swatter and watch the sun setting over Yalp and dream of adventures... Like a handsome, strong, muscular virile young prince fighting his way through the impenetrable thorny bushes with his great trusty weapon thrusting in his hand... Slash! Slash, slash and then climbing up the slippery fortress wall without a safety net... determined to get to his long lost beautiful...defenceless, voluptuous, vulnerable, virginal buxom princess...And what does he do?

Everyone: Yes? What does he do?

Lla-Ti-Sah: He slips and smashes his head open on a big rock at the bottom! (**Grins**)

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: (**Annoyed**) Be quiet child! Yes, a long... lingering... lingering...

Lla-Ti-Sah: Lingering Mama? What's lingering?

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: A lingering... but moist warm kiss... (**Closes her eyes**) And then...

Everyone: And then?

Lla-Ti-Sah: This is all a bit sappy and totally unbelievable if you ask me, Mama!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Shut up girl! (**Eyes closed**) And then he... (**One eye open**) Have you no imagination?

King Elba-Trofmoc: (**He smiles**) Yes, and is his name Elba?

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: (**One eye opens**) Of course Elba... Who else would it be.

Lortnoc: Yes Sire... Who else would it be? (**He smiles**)

King Elba-Trofmoc: Yes well, I will take the east wall... to see the sun rising over our beloved home. However, I must insist that I am kitted out with a sumptuous picnic basket. (**He salivates**)

Lortnoc: That goes without saying (**lowering his voice**) No wonder you have a big fat arse.

King Elba-Trofmoc: Lortnoc! I wish you would stop mumbling under your breath. What are you saying?

Lortnoc: I was saying Sire... and by thunder you'll have a big fat glass.

King Elba-Trofmoc: What?

Lortnoc: Fat glass... for your wine Sire.

King Elba-Trofmoc: Jolly good initiative Lortnoc.

Lortnoc: Your highness is full of kindness. (**He smiles**)

King Elba-Trofmoc: Well, that is settled. My son, you have the hardest task... The north wall. You are a cretin, er ...credit to the Highlands.

Lla-Ti-Sah: Then I will take the south west wall and wait for the monsters of the lowlands to rise there hideous, horrid heads above the wall and I will stare into their frightful faces... Ugghh! Makes you feel quite sick, doesn't it? eyeballs to eyeballs! (**She grins**) And

then I will poke their eyes out and push them back down again.... Down, down, down they will fall and crash to the bottom in a heap of mangled flesh & bones! **(She giggles)** And I will be supremely satisfied.

Lortnoc: Well, it doesn't sound if you will be in need of any help so I will take the remaining south east wall.

King Elba-Trofmoc: This calls for a little celebration. I'm so hungry... Do you think we could ask Nia-Cigam to rustle up a few horse doeuvres?

Lortnoc: It is hors d'oeuvres Sire.

Lla-Ti-Sah: Oh, you are so funny Pappa!

King Elba-Trofmoc: Am I child? And perhaps for an appetizer Brochette d'aggnio with oignon a le Greceyou! **(He claps his hands with delight. They start to retreat)**

Lortnoc: It is Brochette d'agneau with oignon a la Greque...Sire.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Yes, yes Elba, we all know what you are capable of eating even if you can't pronounce it.

Lla-Ti-Sah: Yes, bit of a pig really.

Lights Fade / Music.

Enoz-Trofmoc: **(Comes back with a large sack)** We will see if there is anyone down there. **(He starts to sing)** The fever is rising the highland is way down low. Prince Trofmoc to the rescue. The lowland's going to know. Gotta fight for the first time. Just around half past two. It's the end of your misery. Have I got shoes for you! **(He starts throwing shoes)** It's raining shoes Hallelujah it's raining shoes again! It's raining shoes Hallelujah it's raining shoes Amen!

Lights Fade / Music. Set Change. SCENE 7. The lowlands.

Pu-Drah: **(Dreaming. On one side lies Queen Ydeen and the other Rellevorg)** Food... Food... Glorious food... Nothing... Nothing quite like it... Ahhh... Hot sausage and custard. Ahhh... **(Smacks his lips)** Ohh... Cold Jellies...wobbly, wobbly... **(He sighs)** with mustard... Rolly poly pudding n' pie **(He turns and lays his arm across Rellevorg's chest)** Oh...

Rellevorg: **(Dreaming)** Ohh... **(He smiles)**

Pu-Drah: Kissed a girl and slapped her thigh... **(He slaps Rellevorg's thigh)**

Rellevorg: Ahh... Ydeen my Queen... **(Pu-Drah sits up)** You must not do this... Stop it... Stop it... I know you are free with it, but you are not free...Oh my little plopsy wopsy.... Oh, give it to me... No... Not free.

Pu-Drah: **(Whispers sweetly in Rellevorg's ear)** Oh Reginald Rellevorg...

Rellevorg: Yes, my little plopsy_

Pu-Drah: **(He screams in Rellevorg's ear)** Wake up! You...you little scumbag!! **(Everyone now is standing wide awake)** How dare you dream about the Queen. No! Little Plopsy is not free! You would have to cross my palm with a few scabby roast doggy

chops first!! She is my strife, er...wife! After all I have done for you... **(He cries)** Am I not the sun...light in your heart? Have I not nurtured you when sick? then beat you with a stick? fed you when you were hungry... Given you the last crumb off my plate... Why I even let you lick it clean.

Rellevorg: I'm hungry now Sire.

Pu-Drah: Ahhgrh!! Oh woe is me! How can you think of food at a time like this??

Queen Ydeen: Diam-Ytsat: Prince Erom: Quite easily really.

Pu-Drah: Rellevorg is having it off with my wife in his sleep... I think it a bit steep and all you measly mortals can think of is food... **(He closes his eyes licking his lips.)** You are so rude. **(He turns to Ydeen)** And what about you my sweet mm? Are you secretly coupling up with this groveling Don Juan? **(He grabs Ydeen and starts to dance)** Strangers in the night exchange advances... **(He stops)** Well Plopsy Wopsy, what have you to say? We haven't got all day.

Queen Ydeen: Well...

Pu-Drah: You can have him for better or worse to degenerate! **(He grins)** Oh what a relief! I hope you will both be so very unhappy! **(Suddenly a shoe falls at Pu-Drah's feet. A perfect match to the shoe he has on his left foot)** Well, what a surprise to... **(He picks it up)** It's the same size! ... Why I'm so glad...I could slap my thighs **(He slaps his thighs and bursts into laughter)**

Diam-Ytsat: It's a sign... I can feel it.

Pu-Drah: Yes, my little sugar plum and where can you feel it, mm?

Diam-Ytsat: Here sire! **(She points to her bosom)**

Pu-Drah: Right. I am going for a walk to try out my new boots, while I talk to Diam...

Diam-Ytsat: Oh yes, Sire... We have much to... discuss.

Pu-Drah: Yes... I must get to the bottom of this... **(He grins)**

Queen Ydeen: **(Furious)** Oh yes! You must get the bottom! Her bottom, you pervert! **(They leave)**

Rellevorg: Your majesty, I think that Diam is right. Shoes falling from above is a sign.

Edo: **(Arrives timidly)** Er... Hello! May I have your attention?! I mean you no harm! No cause for alarm! **(They all step back with surprise)** I have an announcement to make.

Rellevorg: You! What are you doing here?

Prince Erom: A woman! Mother, can I keep her as my slave? **(Approaches her)**

Queen Ydeen: Of course, dear.

Edo: Me, a slave? You mean I would have to behave and be told what to do... by you?

Prince Erom: Of course. You are a woman... with woman's things. Do you have a man?

Edo: A man? What for?

Rellevorg: Every woman needs a man... my dear.

Prince Erom: I'm her man!

Edo: You? **(Laughs)** Most certainly not!

Prince Erom: Why not? Am I not, handsome, charming, refined, debonair?

Edo: No! You are none of those but I can think of better adjectives.

Prince Erom: Oh, yes? **(Edo nods)**

Rellevorg: My lord, I do not think you will appreciate the adjectives she has in mind...

Prince Erom: Nonsense! Let the woman express her feelings towards her new master.

Edo: Yes well, you are ugly, repulsive, uncultured and a bit of a dickhead really. **(Smiles. Rellevorg bursts into laughter)**

Prince Erom: **(To Rellevorg)** How dare you laugh at my expense!

Queen Ydeen: Shut up Erom! You have to admit, the woman has courage.

Prince Erom: Yes, but mother! Did you hear? It is not true! How dare you talk to me like that! Get out of my sight!

Queen Ydeen: The woman has courage. I like that.

Rellevorg: The woman has balls.

Edo: No, I do not!

Queen Ydeen: Who is your master?

Edo: I have no master. Hum... well, I belong to Nia-Cigam.

Prince Erom: Who or what is Nia-Cigam?

Edo: She is a woman.

Prince Erom: You mean that you lie down with a woman?! How disgusting can you get?

Queen Ydeen: After years of lying down with your father, I find the idea interesting.

Rellevorg: I met her in the forest while I was food foraging for you, your majesty.

Edo: I have come to tell you that it is happening! **(Smiles)**

Prince Erom: What is happening?

Queen Ydeen: Yes... What is happening?

Edo: The Sorceress has seen the error of her ways! This could mean better days... for you.

Everyone: The Sorceress?! What is a Sorceress?!

Edo: She is the Magician who created the Lowlands and Highlands! She is the reason why you are so poor and dirty and smelly and hungry and disagreeable and savage... and, and... **(They start to encircle her)** murderous...

Everyone: Us? (*Bursts out laughing*)

Rellevorg: How do we know that you are sincere? Telling the truth?

Prince Erom: Yes Rellevorg. For all we know you could be a spy from up there (*He points*)
What is your name?

Edo: Edo.

Everyone: (*Laughs*) Edo! Edo!

Edo: I am the aid to Sorceress Nia-Cigam. She is going to bring the Highlands down to your level... So that you can all live together...or try to live together... I persuaded her!

Everyone: You?! (*Bursts of laughter*)

Edo: I must go! (*She turns to leave then stops*) You are not going to kill me?

Queen Ydeen: No, go before I change my mind! (*Edo leaves*)

Prince Erom: Mother! Why did you let her go? She is a woman! Clean! And... clean...

Pu-Drah: (*Comes back with Diam-Ytsat*) How can a man get down to business with all this noise!

(*Suddenly shoes start to fall in great numbers.*)

Everyone: (*Everyone starts to cry with laughter and sing*) Shoes just keep raining on my head. No reason why or is it something that we said? They all seem to fit. These shoes they keep falling on my head, they keep falling.

Queen Ydeen: This is wonderful! No more dirty feet!

Prince Erom: No more festering cuts!

Diam-Ytsat: Look Sire! (*She points upward*) It looks like a woman and I can see a light.

Prince Erom: (*Looks up*) A Princess perhaps... Do you want me to climb up and talk to her father?

Queen Ydeen: Don't be silly boy! It is much too high... You will get yourself killed.

Pu-Drah: Yes... So, if you insist my boy, go ahead but don't come running to daddy if you end up dead. You are after all 21 years young.

Rellevorg: (*disappears behind a tree. He comes back with a rope*) Begging your pardon, your highness but this rope might help you get to the top.

Prince Erom: Well, thank you Rellevorg. That is a very kind gesture.

Pu-Drah: (*Mocking*) That is a very kind gesture. What a load of twaddle! Hogwash! Look at the rope boy! (*He looks*) It is frayed, decayed, threadbare, it is in tatters! Now... look up there! Now at the rope! Now up there! Now at the rope! You haven't a hope! It is not long enough!!!

Diam-Ytsat: At least forty metres short Sire.

Prince Erom: You imbecilic prick, Rellevorg! Anyone with a bit of intelligence can see that with this rope there isn't a hope, you dope! What do you take me for? I am not an idiot, you know? I am my father's son... I am a Prince

Queen Ydeen: Yes... What an incredible likeness! *(She smiles. Pu-Drah scowls at her)*

Prince Erom: Rellevorg! Hands and knees if you please?

Rellevorg: As always, I am your submissive servant but could I be so bold as to ask why?

Prince Erom: **(Furious)** Do not question my command! You pompous pillock! Hands and knees!

Rellevorg: No sooner said than done, your highness. **(He does it)** Er... Please be gentle with me.

Diam-Ytsat: Are you going to whip his bottom? If you prefer, I can do it for you.

Prince Erom: You can read my mind Diam. Do your worst. **(He grins)**

Rellevorg: **(He quickly stands up. He cries)** No not Diam-Ytsat! Please Sire... I beg of you! She doesn't know when to stop!

Queen Ydeen: Erom! Stop this ridiculous spectacle! You disappoint me! What shall we do Pu?

Pu-Drah: It is Pu-Drah!! King Percy bloody Pu-Drah! Got it?! If you say Pu to me once more, I swear that you will be stripped, whipped, chipped, dipped n' flipped in oil and served up like a hearty dog n' French fries!!! **(delirious laughter)**

Everyone except for Ydeen: Oh yes please! **(Looking mouth wateringly at Queen Ydeen)**

Queen Ydeen: **(Knife at Pu-Drah's throat)** You wouldn't dare!

Prince Erom: May I digest... er... suggest father, that we follow this wall until we reach higher ground?

Diam-Ytsat: Yes Sire, your son is right. We cannot communicate with someone forty metres above us.

Rellevorg: An excellent idea if I may be so bold in amplifying my disquisition from the humble servant that I am. **(He grovels)**

Pu-Drah: Amplifying my disquisition?? Can someone tell me what this grovelling absurd nerd is talking about?

Queen Ydeen: He is agreeing with Erom, Pu...Drah.

Pu-Drah: Right. Enough of this derision I have made my decision. We will all ride to the high ground and then separate encircling the wall.

Rellevorg: Sire... Your most humble servant wishes to speak.

Pu-Drah: What now Rellevorg?! This had better be very interesting.

Rellevorg: Well, Sire it is just that if we all gallop off to the high ground and then encircle the wall some of us will inevitably be... on low ground again. It is just your respectful servitor making a modest observation.

Pu-Drah: **(Has no answer)** Look here, you conniving, snivelling snitch! You are getting on my nerves!! When we get there the first person to find food alerts the other like this. **(He whistles)** Is that understood?

Everyone: **(They try to whistle but can't)** Understood!

Pu-Drah: Good. **(Looks worried)** To your horses! **(They disappear for a few seconds, then come rushing out in all directions making galloping or trotting noises)**

Lights Fade. / Music. Set Change. SCENE 8. The Highland fortress.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: **(Fly Swatting. Unknown to her, Rellevorg is at the foot of the wall)** Got you!

Rellevorg: Hello! Is there anyone up there?!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: **(looks down)** Oh! Heavens below...Tis a young fellow... Well, not that young but a man! But... what is he saying? **(She quickly adjusts her hair. She smiles at him)** Oh hello... Young man, are you addressing me?

Rellevorg: Oh, gracious lady with clothes so clean, colourful and bright. Are you alone ...tonight? I am hungry!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: No, no... We have a slight communication problem!

Rellevorg: Perhaps you would like to invite me up for a bite to eat and then perhaps a bit of "How's your father?" Rumpy pumpy!?

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: How's your father... How's your father... Rumpy pumpy? What on earth is he trying to say... **(She smiles flashing her eyelids)** Are you a lowlander?

Rellevorg: **(He shouts)** What?! Rumpy pumpy! Hanky panky! Doctors and patients!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: I am sorry but I do not understand!

Rellevorg: This is worse than I thought. Perhaps she is French. Oh why didn't I listen to my French teacher. **(He shouts)** just a minute! Er... Voulez-vous l'escargots? Yum, yum. **(Rubs his tummy)**

Queen Ylba-trofmoc: Ah he is rubbing his tummy... I beg your pardon?! Oh dear... I'm all of a flutter! He is quite good looking... for a lowlander. It is a pity about his missing tooth. **(She gives him her seductress look and mimes)** Are you hungry my good fellow?!!

Rellevorg: Ah! **(Rubs his hands together)** We have communication! **(Shouts nodding his head)** Yes!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: **(She mimes)** Perhaps he is Italian...They do say, that they have wandering hands...Can't keep their hands to themselves... **(An excited look)** Wait a minute!! **(Disappears then comes back with a pork chop)** Here you are...A meat chop... Pork... for you... Catch... **(Throws it to him)**

Rellevorg: (*He lets it drop to the floor*) What is that?? Dog? Too big for a rat... (*He picks it up and sniffs it*) Whatever it is, (*He rips out a large piece with his teeth*) My dog! It tastes delicious!!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Now he is talking to himself. (*She shouts*) Hello? Don't be afraid it is a pork chop...you know... Pig! (*Smiles and makes the noise of a pig*)

Rellevorg: (*Stops chewing. Looks up at her then turns and stares into the distance*) What is she trying to say? Perhaps she is on heat...A mating ritual? Is that what they do when they want to copulate? (*Smiles at her*) Yummy! Big fat pig! (*Makes the noise of a pig*)

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Oh, What a funny man! (*She bursts out laughing.*) I am the Queen of the highlands! (*She mimes, finishing off with a smile and a flutter of her eyelashes*)

Rellevorg: Oh! ... I understand her... She is the Queen of the Highlands oh, oh. She is so beautiful with so much of that... that... je ne sais quoi oh la la. a man could wallow within the comfort zones with a woman such as she... I want you to meet my mother! ... If I had one.

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: (*She mimes*) Wait there! Don't go away! (*She throws him a melon*)

Rellevorg: What did she say? (*She throws down a melon narrowly missing his head*)

Steady girl! (*He takes out a knife cuts out a piece and eats it*) Oh what a delicious tasty fruit. (*He looks up. He mimes shouting*) What lovely blond hair you have!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Now he is saying that he likes my hair. (*She runs her fingers through it*)

Rellevorg: It's amazing what you can do with a bit of gestural movement.... Now how to say, I love your melons? Mm... (*He mimes*) I love your melons!

Queen Ylba-Trofmoc: Oh dear... (*She seems flushed*) This is getting a little fruity. (*She flashes her eyelashes and smiles*) You like my melons, do you? Naughty boy!

Rellevorg: Oh! (*He looks into the distance*) Someone approaches... (*He shouts*) I shall return, my love! (*He blows her a kiss*)

Lights Fade. / Lights up.

Lortnoc: (*Thinking that he is alone, he is talking to himself*) This is it. I can feel it. A change... A big change. No more "Lortnoc do this" Lortnoc do that" I always have to pretend to be someone I am not. Personality split! Personality Shit! I feel happy! For the first time... Yes! Yes! I can feel happy. I feel happy, happy, happy, happy!

Voices: He feels happy, happy, happy, happy!

Queen Ydeen: Hello?! Seems very jovial...Yoo hoo! Anyone up there?! It is I, Ydeen. Beautiful Queen of the Lowlands! Do you have lodgings for a woman of my stature?

Lortnoc: (*Looks down then a distant look*) This is not what I call a change? (*Looks down*) It's one of those scruffy Lowlanders. She is trying to make contact though I do not

understand what the poor woman is blabbering about. She speaks with a tongue unknown to my ears. **(He shouts and mimes at the same time)** What do you want woman?!

Queen Ydeen: Oh crot...All that arm waving... I don't get what he's driving at... **(shouts)** Are you not going to invite me up?! I am a Queen after all! Come on! ... Take me I am yours! I like my men big and powerful... You do not know what you are missing! ... **(To herself)** Oh well... show him your best profile. **(She turns her head showing her right profile. With a saucy smile)** There, that should do the trick... I hope.

Lortnoc: **(Steps back)** By thunder! She is trying to seduce me! She has a dark complexion... probably dirt... with raven black hair... looks very Latin to me. Hispanic origin perhaps... **(He shouts)** Go away, silly woman!

Queen Ydeen: My dog! I don't know what he is rabbiting on about but his accent is so sexy! Deep, guttural. **(mimes)** Throw me down a rope and I will climb up and be in your arms before you can say...Where have you been all my life. You sexy beast!

Lortnoc: Ah... I think she is asking for a rope. Er... Just a minute! **(He disappears for a few seconds... He throws down a rope without attaching it first)** There you are! Now you just skip off and stop bothering me! I'm going to make a nice cup of tea with a suggestive digestive biscuit!

Queen Ydeen: You cretin! I can't climb a rope that is not fixed! What are you doing! How dare you! You lummo! Lout! Oaf! Come back here!

Lights Fade. / Lights up. SCENE 9 Sorceress arrives

Nia-Cigam: The bringing together of two tribes is more difficult than I first thought, Edo. It is time to try something new.

Edo: Ah, so you admit that is was a silly idea, my lady?

Nia-Cigam: Yes! But it didn't seem like a silly idea at the time Edo.

Edo: So, what now, my lady?

Nia-Cigam: There is only one thing I can do. I must_

Edo: Eliminate King Pu-Drah.

Nia-Cigam: Will you shut your cake hole Edo!! Yes! Yes! I must get rid of Pud-Drah! There! It is said.

Edo: But how to do it, my lady... Poison perhaps?

Nia-Cigam: Edo... I am a magician. I do not need any suggestions from you!

Edo: Of course not, my lady.

Nia-Cigam: I will pull down the walls. Lower the lands... Breaking the barriers. A shaking of hands. Hands of friendship, they have to show and then this world will start to grow. Learn from each other, not each to their own. Put them together and seeds will be sown.

Edo: Oh... you mean babies will be born, between the two kingdoms, my lady.

Nia-Cigam: Yes... **(He searches inside his pocket and pulls out a very old book of**

spells) Now to think of something... a substance... a name that would be common to both parties... to start the ball rolling as it were...

Edo: The ball rolling, my lady?

Nia-Cigam: Yes, to get them talking... communicating.

Edo: Oh, yes, why didn't I think of that?

Nia-Cigam: Because I am a superior being... You may have a brain but it is not the same as mine, dear girl. Now, stand aside and let me work. **(She takes out a cup from her gown)** Hold my staff Edo. **(Edo takes it)** This is thirsty work. Cheers! **(She drinks it)**

Edo: Oh!

Nia-Cigam: What?

Edo: What is that!

Nia-Cigam: What is what?

Edo: That!

Nia-Cigam: What?

Edo: In your hand? What is it? What do you call it?

Nia-Cigam: A cup.

Edo: No, inside the cup.

Nia-Cigam: It is coffee.

Edo: Coffee? Is it good?

Nia-Cigam: What?

Edo: The taste!

Nia-Cigam: Oh yes... very good. A very satisfying aroma and taste. It's a non-alcoholic beverage.

Edo: A non-alcoholic beverage... It is the best way to get to know people, over a drink... A drink of coffee? You could use coffee in your spell, my lady.

Nia-Cigam: Don't be stupid Edo! Have you ever seen people getting together with non-alcoholic beverages? Those days are long gone.

Edo: Coffee is worth a try, my lady.

Nia-Cigam: Oh very well... I will use the word coffee with my reconciliation spell. **(She takes out a bag of coffee beans)** We will organise a get together... I think this used to be called a coffee morning.

Edo: What?

Nia-Cigam: I will give these coffee beans to Diam-Ytsat. She will be the one to bring them together.

Nia-Cigam: Now, stand clear...where are we... *(Turns the pages of her spell book)* Con... con... Conspiracy, Confessions, Consolation, Convulsions, Constipation... no... Conciliation! Yes, that is it. *(Takes up his spell-making stance)* Hoff n' poff! Adjust, compromise and harmonize! If your woggles in a boggle and your toggles in a wiggle, don't doodle with your noodle or it will make you giggle! *(She giggles. Then becomes deadly serious.) (She strikes her staff on the ground.)* This might take a moment but... It is done!

Lights fade. / Lights up. SCENE 10

The 2 tribes find themselves face to face)

Everyone: Aagghhh! *(In total panic, they all run away. Princess Lla-Ti-Sah and Prince Erom stumble and fall to the ground and find themselves alone together)*

Prince Erom: *(Slowly stands. looks down at Lla-Ti-Sah)* Are you hurt? *(He holds out his hand)*

Lla-Ti-Sah: Don't even think of laying a finger on me you, you barbaric baboon!

Prince Erom: No... I'm sorry. Perhaps if you articulated a little more, I might get an idea of what you are babbling about. She is wild like a... like I like my women... *(He smiles at her)* yes perhaps she's of Italian descent...Er.... You are so beautiful! *(He smiles)* Here, let me help you to your feet. *(He goes to help her)*

Lla-Ti-Sah: *(Screams)* Don't touch me! What is he saying? ... *(She stands and pulls out a dagger)* Speak English stupid! If you come any closer you will have a smile *(She mimes)* from ear to ear!! Or, from here to here... As you want!!

Prince Erom: Fine. There may be a language barrier but your miming prowess is second to no one. A right fiery, fevered, filly I can tell you. I want to kiss your sweet lips!

Lla-Ti-Sah: *(Screams)* What are you saying?! *(She mimes)* Do you not speak my tongue?

Prince Erom: I was going to ask you the same thing.... Ah! I understood what you said... *(He mimes)* well, I mean from your miming. I must say you are very pretty. *(He mimes)*

Lla-Ti-Sah: *(She drops her guard for a split second)* Thank you... *(She smiles)* You are not so_ *(Fiercely)* I see your game! You are flirting with me! Hot blooded, are you? Well, it won't be hot for much longer. You will be lying on the ground with your blood outside of your body as cold as death itself!! Then I will use your blood to paint my name, Princess Li-Ti-Sah all over the place! *(She giggles and then moves slowly toward him with her dagger at the ready)*

Prince Erom: Keep calm... *(Mimes)* Look all I want to do is spend a little time with you...

Lla-Ti-Sah: *(She mimes)* You... deficient piece of chicken shit! I am not a whore. I do not lie down for money! And even if I did, it would certainly not be with a poor pathetic substandard excuse for a human being like you!!

Prince Erom: No... *(scratching his head)* I didn't quite get it all. Let me recapitulate. You are having a problem with your chicken and you want to show me what is under your blouse? Is that it? *(He grins)*

Lla-Ti-Sah: *(She screams and rushes at him. The prince runs away)* How dare he! *(Breathing heavily, she slowly calms down)* What a cheek! ... *(Smiles)* I suppose he

would be quite good looking under all that dirt and grime... He needs a good wash and scrub a change of clothing and I could rather fancy him. You silly girl, it was quite exciting really... but now you have frightened him away. Why do you do that Princess? I don't know. Perhaps it is because you are too aggressive. Me? Aggressive?! ***(She hides her dagger)*** I must catch up with the others. ***(She leaves with dagger in her hand)***

Prince Erom: ***(Reappears)*** What a woman! But why is it, I didn't understand what she said...? She is more than a prince could ask for...to bed...Pretty, fiery eyed... A little on the sadistic side but I could get used to that. By the look of these Highlanders, they have everything... Riches that I have never known. If ever I see her again, I swear, I will not run from her...No, I will conquer her... win her over. She will be mine!

Lla-Ti-Sah: ***(Appears)*** Oh there you are! So, you are not going to run? Do you want me to finish you off ***(dagger in hand)*** In a flood of blood?! ***(The Sorceress arrives casts her spell...They freeze. Places a stethoscope around Prince Erom's neck. She whispers in Prince Erom's ears and retreats)***

Prince Erom: Oh... ***(Looks at the stethoscope, then approaches her)*** Let's play doctors ***(He grins)***

Lla-Ti-Sah: ***(A look of amazement)*** Certainly not! But... I understand you... How? ***(They sing)*** Oh doctor, I'm in trouble.

Erom: Well, goodness gracious me.

Lla Ti Sah: For every time a certain man is standing next to me.

Erom: Mmm?

Lla Ti Sah: A flush comes to my face and my pulse begins to race; it goes boom boody-boom boody-boom boody-boom. Boody-boom boody-boom boody-boom-boom-boom,

Erom: Oh!

Lla Ti Sah: Boom boody-boom boody-boom boody-boom

Erom: Well, goodness gracious me. How often does this happen? When did the trouble start? You see, my stethoscope is bobbing to the throbbing of your heart.

Lla Ti Sah: What kind of man is he, to create this allergy? It goes boom boody-boom boody-boom boody-boom Boody-boom boody-boom boody-boom-boom-boom.

Erom: Oh!

Lla Ti Sah: Boom boody-boom boody-boom boody-boom

Erom: Well, goodness gracious me.

Lla Ti Sah: I do not know how heeling, will change my way of feeling

And I've never yet been beaten or outboxed,

And I know that just with one jab

Of your needle in my Punjab

You could clear up beriberi

And the dreaded dysentery,

But your advances have got me really foxed.

Lla Ti Sah: Put two and two together,

Erom: Four,

Lla Ti Sah: If you have eyes to see,

The face that makes my pulses race, is right in front of me.

Erom: Oh, there is nothing I can do

For my heart is jumping too.

Both: Oh, we go boom boody-boom boody-boom boody-boom

Boody-boom boody-boom boody-boom-boom-boom,

Lla Ti Sah: Goodness gracious,

Erom: How audacious!

Lla Ti Sah: Goodness gracious,

Erom: How flirtatious!

Lla Ti Sah: Goodness gracious,

Erom: It is me.

Lla Ti Sah: It is you?

Erom: Ah, I'm sorry, it is us.

Both: Ahhh! (*Erom spins her around and they kiss*)

Lights fade / Lights up **SCENE 11**

King Elba-Trofmoc: (*Enters carrying his picnic hamper. He has a roast chicken leg in his hand*) Delicious! (*Licks his fingers*) Scrumptious! (*He tosses it over his shoulder*)

Pu-Drah: (*He picks it up*) What is this? (*he sniffs*) Bliss! Like a French kiss from a Miss! (*He takes a bite*) chicken! It is chicken! (*He is so happy that he does a jig and clucks like a hen*)

King Elba-Trofmoc: (*Nervously he stands up*) What was that?! Keep calm Elba, you are the King after all. Now what's next? A glass of wine perhaps? (*He searches*) Ah here we are... Chateau de Plonk (*he pulls out the cork. Pours it and puts it to his nose*) What in the name of gruesome grapes is this?! Corked! (*Throws the contents over his shoulder*)

Pu-Drah: (*The wine splashes him*) Agghhh!

King Elba-Trofmoc: (*Trembling*) What are you Elba, a man or a mouse? Just have to open the reserve bottle. (*He does so*) Ah... (*Smacks his lips*) Pure poetry!

Pu-Drah: Wine!! It is wine!! **(He shouts)** Hello! **(He enters very slowly)** Do you have any more?! Or do I have to call this war?!

King Elba-Trofmoc: Great pepper pots!! It is a barbarian! After my comestibles no doubt! **(He shouts)** There is nothing here for you my good man, I am but a poor hungry fellow who hasn't got two raspberries to rub together.

Pu-Drah: What is this strange tongue...? Never heard a language like it. **(He mimes)** Give me some chicken, and the wine that I found or I'll slit your *gizzard! And leave you withered on the ground! I'm ravenous! **Loosely used term, in a non-scientific sense, to mean the digestive system of a human.*

King Elba-Trofmoc: Oh, my Oh my! He is going to cut me open and then serve me up with buttered jacket potatoes, ccarrots and ccauliflower! **(He takes another chicken leg out of the hamper)** Here you are my good fellow... **(He reaches out his hand but before he takes a large bite out of the chicken)** Oops... couldn't resist it.

Pu-Drah: Grrr! **(He snatches the chicken leg from him)** The wine! Yes, the wine! It is mine! **(He bites into the chicken leg)** Mmm... A taste to end all tastes. I am in the land of plenty! Give it to me or you will be an absentee of this world. A non-attender if you do not render! Come on! Hand it over fancy pants or you will lead a merry dance! **(he does a jig then snatches the glass of wine and takes a large gulp)**

King Elba-Trofmoc: Oh dear... Now he wants my trousers or does he want to dance with me? Now look here **(He mimes)** If you want my trousers, you can have them! Anything's better than holding you in my arms in a torrid Tango! **(The Sorceress arrives casts her spell...They freeze. She whispers in Pu-Drah's ears and retreats)**

Pu-Drah: **(He observes the King. He bursts out laughing)** Do you think I would sink so low? Hello? Are you receiving loud and clear? people would think me a little queer. Why I'd rather have a ginger beer! **(Smacks his lips)**

King Elba-Trofmoc: What? Oh! Ginger beer! In the name of Crème ccaramel! Yes, yes! I understood! Ginger beer I have 2 here. **(He gives one to Pu-Drah. Faint laugh)** There you are my good fellow.

Pu-Drah: **(He opens the bottle and takes a gulp)** Be seen wearing trousers like those? They look more like pantyhose. **He sits down on a tree log. And beckons the king over to sit with him)**

King Elba-Trofmoc: **(Sits next to him)** Do you realize that we have understood each other? Ginger beer... cheers. **(He sips the beer)**

Pu-Drah: **(Shrugs his shoulders)** I am King Pu-Drah. Mighty warrior King of the Lowlands which are now.... No lands. **(He smiles)** But I have chicken and wine and ginger beer and a new friend! **(He slaps his back)**

King Elba-Trofmoc: **(He splutters)** I am King Elba-Trofmoc. Superior beloved King of the Highlands which are now... way down low lands. Well, apart from ginger beer, you don't understand what I am saying, do you?

Pu-Drah: No...Not a word. **(He laughs...Then, look at each other)**

Lights Fade / Lights up. SCENE 12

Diam-Ytsat: **(She enters)** What has happened to this place? And what will become of me? Where are the rest of my kind? Am I to walk through this life without knowing what true love is? As confused as I am, I feel that this could be the start of something important. I saw it written in the pine needles that I would cross paths with a man who has an enormous... heart... A man who I could trust...manipulate totally... comprehensively. A man, who would listen to me... attentively and not punctuate my every word. A man to create the perfect living conditions... Something that I have never experienced. A man to be on my beck and call... not subservient ... A real bootlicker. Someone who I can twist around my little finger... Someone I can whip! ... into shape. A man, to perform his duties without question. To cook for me... poached eggs on toast with crispy bacon... **(Very sensual)** mm...and sausages... A little cleaning perhaps...? A man to jump into action when I command him! **(She smiles)** I don't ask for much. So, I can concentrate on being all woman! A man who believes it whenever I say "Not tonight dear, I have a head-ache." A man who would let me dominate him a little...? well, **(She grins)** quite a lot really. The hunt is on for such a man. **(She shouts)** Any suitable candidates?!

Enoz-Trofmoc: **(Enters)** Hello, are you a fair damsel in distress? **(He laughs)** Oh golly gosh! Absolutely spiffing, what?! A female... What a physique! I'll bet there are lots of goodies in her boutique! Make any man go weak at the knees. A bit grubby though.

Diam-Ytsat: Well, well, what have we here... **(She approaches him)** All dressed up like a Christmas tree. So, it must be Christmas. Are you, my present?

Enoz-Trofmoc: What in the name of dogs is she saying? Are you from down here? **(Points)** I must say you look a bit threadbare... but such a pretty face under all that dirt.

Diam-Ytsat: **(She mimes)** Why don't I understand what you are saying? It is obvious that you are from up there **(She points)** Where are the rest of you? What language do you speak? Take me to your leader.

Enoz-Trofmoc: **(He laughs)** This is fun! Now how do you say, take me to your leader...?

Diam-Ytsat: **(She laughs)** I like a man who can make me laugh.

Enoz-Trofmoc: **(The Sorceress arrives. They freeze. She casts her spell and retreats)** I think you are wonderful!

Diam-Ytsat: Oh, and I think the same! **(She smiles)**

Enoz-Trofmoc: This is zuper!... er... super! We understand! So, what can I do for you sweet maid? Are you looking for a man? Look no further Enoz-Trofmoc at your service. You look like a woman who knows what she wants. And I certainly have what you want.

Diam-Ytsat: Yes! I want a man that I can dominate! Do you want to be that man?

Enoz-Trofmoc: Oh yes please. But does that mean that...

Diam-Ytsat: Yes! **(Sensual)** You will be my slave! You will be my... comfort zone!

Enoz-Trofmoc: Oh golly! I'm trembling like a jelly... Yes, you certainly are Enoz. It is because you are near me, If I'm staring and I can tell you I am staring because I really like what I see, you see?

Diam-Ytsat: I see... On your knees! **(He drops to his knees)** Are you ready for a woman like me? **(She kisses him)** There... did the earth move for you?

Enoz-Trofmoc: Oh yes... A veritable earthquake! It must mean that I am in love. I don't know who you are but you are having quite an effect over me.

Diam-Ytsat: Yes... I have noticed. Just search in my eyes and feel the need for me I'll make you feel so good... I will make you, my prize! But you will have to do all the housework! You understand that?

Enoz-Trofmoc: Oh, that's ok by me. Oh yes and I know how to cook...crispy bacon. *(He laughs)*

Diam-Ytsat: Crispy bacon? Oh, I love crispy bacon! Kiss me! *(She kisses him)*

Enoz-Trofmoc: Oh golly! This is jolly folly...I'm as hot as a fever. Can we take a breather?

Diam-Ytsat: Again! *(She kisses him) Lights Fade / Lights up.*

SCENE 13

Edo: My lady, I feel that everything went quite well.

Nia-Cigam: Yes, Edo, you were right. Without you as my conscience, it might have turned out differently... Thank you.

Edo: Well, my lady I don't know what to say... I am at a loss.

Nia-Cigam: Oh, I doubt that.

Edo: There are no words to describe how I feel, I_

Nia-Cigam: Good.

Edo: Even Pu-Drah has found a friend. He seems to have changed his ways...

Nia-Cigam: Perhaps... I will be keeping a close watch on him. I have adjusted the lay of the land. Everything for the moment seems to be going to plan. The haves and have nots are once more united.

Edo: Well, everything seems so calm now.

Pu-Drah: *(Queen Ylba-Trofmoc enters screaming followed in hot pursuit by King Pu-Drah)* Don't fight it woman! Enjoy it!!

Nia-Cigam: What do you think Edo...

Edo: Chicken, I think, my lady.

Nia-Cigam: Yes... *(Casts her spell... Suddenly the sound of a chicken)*

Edo: *(Queen Ylba, comes back clucking like a chicken, followed by Pu-Dra)* A slight error I think, my lady...

Pu-Drah: *(Rushes after her)* Two eggs for breakfast, please!

Nia-Cigam: *(Casts her spell)* There! *(Suddenly the sound of another chicken)*

Edo: Shall we join the coffee morning, my lady?

Nia-Cigam: Oh yes, I think it will be most interesting.

Lights fade

The Lowlands and Highlands have gathered for the coffee morning.

Diam-Ytsat: **(She stands)** Might I add that the success of this coffee morning depends on the attitude that each and every one has around you... What we need is a positive club. **(she stretches out her left arm above her head and shakes her hand They all do the same)** Good vibrations! I'm giving you good vibrations!

Everyone: She's giving us good vibrations!

Diam-Ytsat: I'm giving you good citations! Good vibrations! The positive club! Who wants to join the positive club?

Everyone: We do!

Diam-Ytsat: It is like drinking a good coffee with people who appreciate it... It always tastes better. Do you appreciate it?!

Everyone: Yes, we do!

Diam-Ytsat: But... drink the same coffee with people who do not know the difference between shit and pure Arabica You are doomed to failure! Can you smell the pure Arabica?!

Everyone: **(They look at each other)** Yes, we can!

Diam-Ytsat: Diam Ytsat has spoken. **(She sits)**

Queen Ylba-Trofmcoc: **(They applaud)** Good, but you need to continue. A little commentary is in order I think, to get our gustatory palates palpitating with preconceptional, orgasmonumental anticipation! **(Everyone applauds. She laughs with joy)**

Diam-Ytsat: Madam, I fear that the word orgasmonumental does not exist... preconceptional yes but_

Queen Ydeen: **(Furious)** Well it does now! Shut up! Continue! **(Pu-Drah clucks like a chicken)**

Diam-Ytsat: Yes, your majesty...Thank you... Well, what can I say? **(She stares into the cup)**

Lla-Ti-Sah: Something interesting, I hope... A little originality would be nice...

Prince Erom: Yes, my darling! Crucial in keeping your head where it is at this moment in time. **(Blows her a kiss)**

Diam-Ytsat: **(Sensing the danger)** This cup... A coffee cup I might add...

Everyone: Yes? **(They sing)** Dut dut-dut dut dut dut-dut dut....

Diam-Ytsat: A white coffee cup... Note how it accommodates my hand perfectly... How my finger slides backwards and forwards through the little hole of the intricate handle. Mm... ergonomically speaking it is perfection!

A voice from the back: Get on with it! You smart arse!

Everyone: Yes, get on with it! **(They continue to sing)**

Lla-Ti-Sah: (*Pushes Diam aside*) Let me continue Diam... Now... mm... we are getting to the best part now... (*Grins*) As I slowly raise my cup to my nose... (*They all do it*) Ah... (*She sniffs*) What fragrance... What aroma... Mm... A redolence of_

Everyone: Will you speak English!?

Lla-Ti-Sah: Ah... It reminds me of... Now what does it remind me of... (*She takes a sip. Gargles and swallows*)

Everyone: (*They all taste it and they all spit it out*) SSPPPUHHH! UUUGGGHHHHPH!! Shit! It tastes like shit!

Lla-Ti-Sah: Yes! That's it...Shit! That is what it reminds me of too. I think it has passed its sell by date. (*Retrieves the packet of coffee. She reads*) Alta Rica bold and smouldering...100% Arabica. An intensity of flavour and deep rounded taste... June 2013.

Everyone: You bastard Rellevorg!

Rellevorg: Me? Why me?

Edo: (*Arrives*) Stop! Respect! It is not his fault!

Prince Erom: Club positive?! Good vibrations?! Alta Rica... Bold and smouldering my arse! Shit! We should have a coffee morning every day! Wonderful! (*He bursts out laughing followed by the rest*)

Nia-Cigam: All's well that ends well.

End song

The End.