

All's Well



That Ends Swell

a mirthful, medieval musical

by

Jan McLean, Peter Hill, Neil Jackson, Doug Williams

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present

All's Well
That Ends Swell

a mirthful mediaeval musical

Music: Jan McLean

Script: Jan McLean, Neil Jackson, Peter Hill & Doug Williams

Lyrics: Jan McLean, Neil Jackson, Peter Hill & Doug Williams

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All's Well That Ends Swell
was first performed in August 1996 at Karralika Theatre, Melbourne, by
Bimbadeen Heights Primary School

APPLICATIONS FOR PERFORMANCE

of

All's Well That Ends Swell

should be made to the publisher

UPSTAGE Productions

Tel: 03 9726 8316 or Fax: 03 9727 4644

<http://www.upstageproductions.com.au>

8 Greenbank Drive, Mooroolbark, Victoria, 3138, Australia

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Production Notes

*All's Well
That Ends Swell*

All's Well That Ends Well

is suitable for Upper Primary or Lower Secondary students.
It can be readily adapted for either large or small groups.

CHARACTERS

THE ROYALS

King Allwell

- good king

Queen Bea Good

- who frequently makes cutting remarks

Princess Pander

- beautiful but spoilt daughter

Sir Prancelot

- the king's favourite knight

Black Prints

- the bad brother of the good king

Arthur Laughalot

- court jester, aka RFA

'Orrie the Oracle

- court wise person; also Spirit of the Forest

Town Crier

- who frequently does

Royal Reader

- a friar named Friar Balsam

PEASANTS

Peasant 1

Peasant 2

Peasant 3(Nincompoop)

Other Peasants

DRAWBRIDGE GUARDS

Lance

Spike

GOOD KNIGHTS

Sir Tain

- who is sure of his decisions

Sir Amics

- who potters around a lot

Sir Cuss

- who says 'Drat' a lot

Sir Tfy

- who is the ultimate yes man

Sir Tyfycate

- who has a piece of paper for all occasions

Sir Kool

- a modern day knight

Sir Loin

- who always has a beef about what is happening

ROYAL ENTOURAGE

Including Ladies in Waiting, Guards,
Trumpeters, Footmen as necessary

BAD KNIGHTS

Knight Out

Knight In

Mid Knight

Knight In Gale

Knight E

Knight Watch

Late Knight

Early Knight

Knight Light

Knight Owl

FOREST CREATURES for the Black Forest of Shadows

SCENES

SCENE 1.....In front of the castle
SCENE 2..... In the castle library
SCENE 3.....In front of the castle
SCENE 4.....In the Black Forest Of Shadows
SCENE 5.....In front of the castle

PROPERTIES

SCENE 1

Castle wall with drawbridge down, market stalls and barrows, Town Crier's bell, red carpet

SCENE 2

Library wall with a secret rotating panel, Ancient Book of Puddle, table with assorted books, desk to hide behind, ceramic potty, certificates

SCENE 3

Castle wall with drawbridge down, market stalls and barrows, Bikie Horses (wooden horses decorated like 'bad guy' motorbikes), Sudan chair

SCENE 4

Trees, vines, creepers, hollow stump, map, Sudan chair

SCENE 5

Castle wall with drawbridge down (although it must be raised, and then later lowered, during this scene), closed market stalls, hidden water bottle for squirting, sundial watches



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The Script

All's Well
That Ends Swell

SCENE 1

OUTSIDE A CASTLE WALL IN A MARKET. THERE IS CLEARLY NOT MUCH STOCK AND THE SIGNS INDICATE THAT THE PEASANTS ARE HAVING A HARD TIME ECONOMICALLY.

FX: MARKET NOISES

CENTRALLY PLACED DRAWBRIDGE ALREADY LOWERED.
(UNKNOWN TO EVERYONE UNTIL LATER IN THE SHOW THE WELL OF WONDERS IS CONCEALED BENEATH THE DRAWBRIDGE.)
DRAWBRIDGE GUARDS STANDING EITHER SIDE.

PEASANTS ARE MILLING DEJECTEDLY IN FRONT OF THE CASTLE.

TOWN CRIER'S BELL IS HEARD RINGING FROM BEHIND THE CASTLE WALL. TOWN CRIER, WHO IS CARRYING A SCROLL AND CRYING, ENTERS FROM DRAWBRIDGE.

PEASANT 1: Oi! Who's this wuss?

PEASANT 2: That's the Town Crier - he takes his job seriously.

PEASANT 1 PASSES TOWN CRIER A HANDKERCHIEF. TOWN CRIER WIPES HIS EYES THEN GIVES A BIG BLOW INTO THE HANKY AND RETURNS IT TO PEASANT 1, WHO GRIMACES IN DISGUST.

PEASANT 2: 'Snot nice.

TOWN CRIER: (Unfurling scroll) Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Prepare ye the way for the oncoming presence of ye olde wonderful and ye olde gracious king of ye grimy peasants and other non-castle type persons of ye olde kingdom.

PEASANT 2: What'd he say?

TOWN CRIER: (Overhears and approaches Peasant 2 . In a slightly exasperated tone repeats ...)
Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Prepare ye the way for the oncoming presence of ye olde wonderful and ye olde gracious king of ye grimy peasants and other non-castle type persons of ye olde kingdom.

PEASANT 2: (Looking at Peasant 1) What'd he say?

TOWN CRIER OPENS HIS MOUTH TO REPEAT YET AGAIN. QUICK AS A FLASH, PEASANT 1 STUFFS THE PREVIOUS HANDKERCHIEF INTO THE TOWN CRIER'S MOUTH AND ANNOUNCES ...

PEASANT 1: He said ...

KING POKES HIS HEAD AROUND THE CASTLE WALL AND INTERRUPTS WITH ...

KING: He said ... Here comes de king!

FX: FANFARE

SONG 1: "HERE COMES THE KING"

DURING THE SONG, THE ENTOURAGE ENTERS AND EVERYONE BECOMES ENGAGED IN THE POMP AND CEREMONY. RFA IS PART OF THE ENTOURAGE AND TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY WHENEVER POSSIBLE THROUGH THIS SCENE TO MIMIC KEY PEOPLE.

KING: (To Princess Pander) What a lovely day my girl. The peasants are rejoicing. (Looks around expectantly, but notices a lack of commitment to joy.) I, King Allwell of Puddle, said, 'The Peasants *are* rejoicing'.

PEASANTS WANDER AROUND AIMLESSLY SAYING 'REJOICE, REJOICE'.

QUEEN: (In a loud and dominant voice) Allwell! Allwell! They're not rejoicing in a right royal manner. Make them rejoice properly Allwell.

PRINCESS: But Mummy, Daddy, I don't think they are truly happy. This may be interfering with their desire to rejoice.

KING: Sir Tfy what do you think?

SIR TFYE: I agree Sire. Most definitely yes, I agree. Yes.

PRANCELOT: There you are Sire. It has been certified. The peasants are not truly happy. I wonder why?

QUEEN: I don't care why. Make them rejoice. Make them rejoice Allwell!

PRINCESS: But Mumsy, they do look so sad. The peasants' poor little faces are distressing me.

QUEEN: Then cut off their faces!

PRINCESS: (To Sir Prancelot) My good knight, Sir Prancelot, prithee help.

PRANCELOT: (Prancelot trit trots across the stage to Peasant 3) Excuse me my good peasant. Our loyal subjects seem sad. What ails thee?

PEASANT 3: (Begins pointing to many parts of his body saying) Oo, it hurts when I do this ... and hurts it when I do this ... and when I do this and whenever I do this ... and ...

PRANCELOT: (Prodding at Peasant 2) Well what about when *I* do this?

PEASANT 3: That's all right Sir.

PEASANT 2: (Interrupting) Take no notice of Nincompoop kind sir. He broke his finger last week! (Poking his finger up his nostril and acting out a slap on the elbow.) He got punched in the nose he did. ... (Pulls the finger from his nostril and taps Sir Prancelot with it.) Let *me* tell you what ails us.

SONG 2: "WHAT AILS US"

PRINCESS: (Sobbing) Oh Dadsy I didn't know how bad it was beyond our castle walls. Why haven't you done something for these gentle peasants?

KING: I too was unaware of their miserable plight. I have been busy making life more pleasant for you, my little petal.

QUEEN: Allwell! Allwell! If *you* haven't been doing the job, who has?

KING: (Blustering) Well .. er ... well, my brother Black Prints, the Sheriff of Puddle, of course.

PEASANT 1: Ugh, I don't like him.

SIR TFYE: I agree Sire. Most definitely yes, I agree. Yes.

RFA: (Mimicking) I agree Sire. Most definitely yes, I agree. Yes.

KING: But he *is* royal!

PEASANT 2: Yes a royal pain!

SIR TFYE: I agree Sire. Most definitely yes, I agree. Yes.

RFA LOOKS AS IF HE IS ABOUT TO MIMIC AS BEFORE, BUT NOTICES THE QUEEN DETER HIM WITH A FEROCIOUS LOOK.

QUEEN: Allwell! You must do something about this trouble. I won't be able to sleep if all these peasant stomachs groan in unison.

SIR TFYE: I agree Sire. Most definitely yes, I agree. Yes.

KING: Yes, even I agree my dear. But what can we do? ... I know. My knights will help us see daylight. Start thinking men!

EVERYONE HAS A GENERAL THINK. KNIGHTS WALK IN A CIRCLE AND TAKE TURNS TO THINK THEY HAVE A SOLUTION. THEY INTERRUPT THE SILENCE OF GENERAL THINKING WITH:

SIR TAIN: I know. I know. I know.

KING: Yes Sir Tain?

SIR TAIN: We could ... Oh, I *know* that wouldn't work.

SIR AMICS: (Slowly and thoughtfully) Well ... we could always ...

KING: Don't potter around Sir Amics, tell us your idea.

SIR AMICS: We could ... but that wouldn't work either.

SIR CUSS: Drat! Drat! And double drat!

KING: Yes Sir Cuss, what's your idea?

SIR CUSS: Well ... Oh drat that wouldn't work either.

SIR KOOL: Hey your Maj. If these cats are helping you see daylight. I hope they never lead us in the dark.

KING: I think you're right Sir Kool.

QUEEN: Enough! This going in circles is getting us nowhere. Prancelot! You're in charge of these weak knights. It is obviously no use asking them for a solution. You're in charge. You think of something NOW!

PRANCELOT: (Smugly) Well actually, I do have an idea.

SIR LOIN: I'll bet it's lonely. (Prancelot looks angrily at him.)

PRANCELOT: Sir Loin, if you have a beef with the way I have been running things, stake your claim now.

PRINCESS: Now now boys. Stop arguing. I want to hear Prancie's idea.

KNIGHTS CHUCKLE TO EACH OTHER BEHIND THEIR HANDS AND EXCLAIM "PRANCIE" " PRANCIE" HA, HA ...

PRANCELOT: (Looks disdainfully at his knights and stamps his foot.) But I do have an idea.

PAUSE

PRINCESS: Well ...

PRANCELOT: (Mystically) We could consult ... the Oracle.

GENERAL HUBBUB AND ASTONISHMENT. "OF COURSE, OF COURSE, THE ORACLE" ETC.

SIR TFYE: I agree Sire. Most definitely yes, I agree. Yes.

KING: (Turning to Town Crier) Summon the Oracle!

TOWN CRIER: (Ringing his bell) Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Prepare ye the way for the oncoming presence of ye olde perceptive and ye olde know-all oracle of Puddle. Make way, make way for 'Orrie The Oracle'

FX: WHOOSH! BANG!

PUFF OF SMOKE. 'ORRIE ENTERS ON SKATEBOARD, DRESSED IN BATHING TOGS, SUNGLASSES, SUN SCREEN AND CARRYING A TOWEL AND A BEACH BAG.

'ORRIE: (To King) You rang your kingness!

KING: (Pointing to Town Crier) No, he did.

TOWN CRIER: (Weeping) But you told me to ... (more crying)

'ORRIE: Cut the water works Ding-A-Ling. I don't want to swim here. I was just on my way to the *beach* for a dip. It's my R.D.O. day, so this is going to cost you plenty.

PEASANT 1: R.D.O. day. What's that?

'ORRIE: Rest Day for the Oracle of course.

GENERAL CHUCKLE.

QUEEN: Well I have an R.D.O. for you too Know-all; a Royal Direct Order.

'ORRIE: (Snapping to attention) Yes ma'am what's the jam?

KING: Basically my Brainy One, we want to know how to solve the problems that ail the peasants.

'ORRIE: Ahh, ... well I need my toga, not my togs if you want me to think. Give me the low down while I dress up. (Fusses in beach bag and gets dressed while peasants sing Reprise.)

SONG 3: Reprise "WHAT AILS US"

FX: WHOOSH! BANG!

MYSTIC EFFECTS AT THE END OF THE SONG AS 'ORRIE STEPS FORWARD TO MAKE HIS PRONOUNCEMENT.

'ORRIE: It seems to me that in your plight,

The answer lies within a knight.

He'll take a step to make it right;

But first you find what's out of sight.

BLACKOUT

END SCENE 1



The Lyrics

All's Well
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Here Comes The King

Words: Doug Williams & Jan McLean

Music: Jan McLean

TRUMPET FANFARE

VERSE 1

All

The King's not in his counting house
Not counting out his money,
The Queen's not in her parlour
Not eating bread and honey,
The maid's not in the garden
Not hanging out the clothes,
'Cause here's the royal entourage
So peasants bow down low.

CHORUS

*In a purple robe
On a carpet of red
A golden crown upon his head
"Prepare, prepare, prepare," he said
"Make way for the King is coming."
(Repeat)*

VERSE 2

King

King Allwell King of Puddle Town

All

A groovy royal dude is he

Queen

Queen Bea the royal bossy boots

All

Who can be rude you'll see

Princess

And I am Princess Pander

All

A maiden to be wooed

Prancelot

And I am good Sir Prancelot

All

A knight who's brave and true

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL

Peasants - Spoken

We salute you Royalty
In our hearty peasant way!

Peasants

Hail great King of Puddle
Hail oh Bossy Queen
Hail oh Pretty Princess
And Prancelot her dream
Hail ye old brave knights
And all royal hangers on
We are your humble servants
We welcome you with song

All

CHORUS (Twice - all)

TAG

Make way ... for the King is coming!