

**CALVERTON REAL ALE & PLOUGH PLAY
PRESERVATION SOCIETY (CRAPPPS) - LIVE ACTION
PUNCH ‘N’ JUDY SHOW**

SCRIPT BY SIMON CARTER, JULY 2014

CHARACTERS (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)

NARRATOR

MR PUNCH

JUDY

POLICEMAN

BABY

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NARRATOR Roll up! Roll up! Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and girls! Mums and dads! Nannies and granddads! Aunties and uncles! Hamsters and guinea pigs! Welcome to our live action Punch and Judy show! Let’s hear you clap and cheer! Are you excited? I said ... are you excited?

[IMPROV WITH AUDIENCE.]

This is the story of the dastardly Mr Punch and his long suffering family! A sad and sorry tale indeed. Would you like to come out to see us, Mr Punch?

MR PUNCH [OFF.] No! I would not!

NARRATOR I said ... would you like to come out to see us, Mr Punch?

MR PUNCH And I said ... *no!*

NARRATOR *Oh.* Could you tell us why, Mr Punch?

[MR PUNCH, UNSEEN BY THE AUDIENCE, HANGS A SIGN WHICH SAYS: ‘ON THE TOILET. BACK IN 5 MINUTES.’]

NARRATOR Ah. Well, it looks like Mr Punch might be having some ‘quiet time,’ boys and girls. Maybe while reading a very good book. So would you like to meet some other characters, boys and girls? I said ... would you like to meet some other characters?

[IMPROV WITH AUDIENCE.]

JUDY [ENTERING THROUGH THE AUDIENCE.] Oh! Yes, please! I’d love to meet some other characters! I really would!

NARRATOR But you *are* another character!

JUDY Am I?

NARRATOR Yes, you're Mr Punch's wife. And what's the name of Mr Punch's wife, boys and girls? No, it isn't 'Phil.' I said ... what's the name of Mr Punch's wife?

AUDIENCE Judy.

NARRATOR That's right. So it's time to meet Judy, everyone! Clap and cheer! Take a bow, Judy.

JUDY [BOWING.] Hello, everybody! [TO THE NARRATOR.] And what does your storybook say about *me*?

NARRATOR Ah, let's see. [READING.] 'Mr Punch's wife was the beautiful, delicate and delightful Judy.'

JUDY Beautiful, delicate and delightful. Are you sure?

NARRATOR Yes.

JUDY It's just that someone told me I looked like a bloke in a dress.

NARRATOR And they *may* have had a point.

JUDY But I think I look great. Do you think I'm beautiful, delicate and delightful, boys and girls?

[IMPROV WITH AUDIENCE. JUDY TRIES TO GET THE AUDIENCE TO AGREE THAT SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.]

So the boys and girls agree. And I'm not just *those* words. I'm other words as well. Mr Punch, pass me a thesaurus!

[MR PUNCH PASSES UP A TOY DINOSAUR.]

No, I said pass me a *thesaurus*! Not a *dinosaurus*!

[MR PUNCH PASSES UP A BOOK. HIS HAND DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW, THEN REAPPEARS EMPTY. MR PUNCH TAPS AND CLICKS HIS FINGERS IMPATIENTLY.]

Now then ...

NARRATOR Ahem. [TAPS THE 'ON THE TOILET' SIGN.] I think he wants something in return.

JUDY Does he? Right.

[TAKES A TOILET ROLL FROM HER BAG. MR PUNCH GIVES A THUMBS UP. JUDY PASSES HIM THE ITEM. HIS HAND

DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW, THEN REAPPEARS EMPTY. AGAIN MR PUNCH TAPS AND CLICKS HIS FINGERS IMPATIENTLY.]

NARRATOR Think there might be something else.

JUDY Oh! Yes.

[TAKES OUT A TOILET BRUSH FROM HER BAG. MR PUNCH GIVES A THUMBS UP. JUDY PASSES HIM THE ITEM. HIS HAND DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW.]

NARRATOR You've got him well-trained.

JUDY Yes, but he'll still leave the seat up.

NARRATOR So, Judy. What's a thesaurus?

JUDY It lists out words that are a bit like other words. I'll show you.

NARRATOR Oh no! Do you have to? I *really* hope Mr Punch will come out to see us soon. Let us know if you spot him, boys and girls.

JUDY [READING.] I am Judy. I am beautiful, delicate and delightful. I am also ...

'... charming, lovely, pretty, sweet, attractive, gorgeous, stunning, exquisite, divine, awe-inspiring, breathtaking, ravishing ...'

[AS JUDY REELS OFF THIS LIST MR PUNCH REPEATEDLY EMERGES FROM COVER THEN DUCKS OUT OF SIGHT.]

NARRATOR What's that, boys and girls? Did you see Mr Punch? Where is he?

[IMPROV WITH AUDIENCE, PANTO 'HE'S BEHIND YOU' STYLEE.]

MR PUNCH [EVENTUALLY.] Ahahaha! It's me! Mr Punch! At your service!

[PRODUCES TENNIS RACKET, SWISHES IT, DROPS IT.]

That was a forehand.

NARRATOR Yes it was. But could you beat Andy Murray?

MR PUNCH Not at tennis, but I could certainly beat him with ... *this*.

[PRODUCES A CLUB. HITS JUDY AND NARRATOR ON THE KNUCKLES WITH IT.]

NARRATOR Agh!

JUDY                                   Ow! Mr Punch! You shouldn't hit people with your club like that!

MR PUNCH                            You're right, Judy. I should actually hit them with my club like *this!*

                                          [HITS JUDY AND NARRATOR ON THE KNUCKLES WITH THE CLUB.]

NARRATOR                           Ow! Mr Punch!

JUDY                                   How could you?

                                          [WE HEAR A POLICEMAN'S WHISTLE. THE POLICEMAN ENTERS THROUGH THE AUDIENCE.]

POLICEMAN                           Hello, hello, hello. What's all this, then? Knees bend, arms stretch, ra ra ra.

NARRATOR                           That's the hokey cokey.

POLICEMAN                           I'd leave it if I were you, sunshine.

MR PUNCH                            Oh no, it's the policeman! You don't see many on the beat these days.

POLICEMAN                           It's government cutbacks, Mr Punch. It's not my fault.

MR PUNCH                            You what?

POLICEMAN                           If it wasn't illegal for the police to do it I'd be out on strike with other public sector workers trying to end the pay freeze.

MR PUNCH                            What are you talking about, you imbecile?

POLICEMAN                           That's what *most* people say to David Cameron.

NARRATOR                           Don't think that was in the original Punch and Judy script.

MR PUNCH                            Get to the point, PC Plod.

POLICEMAN                           I'm here to give you an official caution, Mr Punch.

MR PUNCH                            What? Why?

POLICEMAN                           It's not acceptable these days to set about people with a large club. Violence is never to be encouraged if we're to create a peaceful and harmonious society.

JUDY                                    *Now* what are you on about?

POLICEMAN                           I've no idea. It's what it says in my notebook.

JUDY                                    Oh. Right.

MR PUNCH [CRAFTILY.] But I didn't *mean* to cause any harm, officer. I was just testing it out.

POLICEMAN Testing it out?

MR PUNCH Yes, it's a *new* club. *Squeaky*.

POLICEMAN A squeaky club, you say?

MR PUNCH Yes. It's only a very *quiet* squeak, though. You need to move in very close to hear it. It's more of a mouse's squeak, really.

NARRATOR Ooh! Gather round!

[THEY ALL MOVE IN VERY CLOSELY TO HEAR THE CLUB SQUEAK. MR PUNCH SQUEEZES THE CLUB VICIOUSLY. THE SQUEAK IS VERY LOUD AND EVERYONE FALLS OVER, REELING.]

ALL AGH!

MR PUNCH Ahahaha!

POLICEMAN Ow! Me lugholes!

NARRATOR Arrest him, officer!

POLICEMAN I certainly will, young man!

JUDY No! Not before he's done *this* for me. Sausages.

ALL Sausages?

JUDY That's what I said. Sausages.

ALL Sausages?

JUDY I'm going out to buy some sausages for our tea, Mr Punch. So I need you to stay here and look after the baby.

MR PUNCH Baby? What baby?

[THE BABY – IN THIS CASE A TEENAGE BOY IN A LARGE ONESIE – EMERGES FROM COVER.]

BABY [HOARSELY.] Hello, Dad. Hello, Mum.

NARRATOR It's the *baby*, boys and girls! Clap and cheer!

JUDY Oh, snoogy woogums. You're the apple of my eye.

BABY But I don't *like* fruit.

POLICEMAN Is this your son, madam? He looks enormous.

JUDY How dare you? He's just big-boned.

BABY That's right. I'm just big-boned. Mum? I'm starving.

JUDY Are you?

BABY Also, I'm fifteen. Why'd do you make me wear this onesie? [HE STANDS AND SHOWS OFF HIS OUTFIT.]

JUDY Your dad doesn't work. I need the tax credits.

BABY Oh.

JUDY If you're hungry - have one of these. [TAKES A RUSK OUT OF HER POCKET AND PASSES IT TO BABY, WHO DEVOURS IT.]

BABY Cheers, Mum.

MR PUNCH Careful! Might be a choking hazard!

JUDY Of course it's not a hazard. I've done a rusk assessment.

NARRATOR That was an *appalling* joke.

MR PUNCH Plenty more where *that* came from. Okay, yes fine. I'll look after the baby while you're out. [TO THE BABY.] Junior? Go and play on your X-Box.

BABY Cheers, Dad. [EXITS.]

JUDY And I'll be off, then.

POLICEMAN Wait!

ALL Wait?

POLICEMAN That will not be necessary!

ALL Not be necessary?

POLICEMAN Stop copying everything I say.

ALL Stop copying everything I say.

POLICEMAN It just so happens that I have about my person, a long string of sausages. [PRODUCES A STRING OF SAUSAGES.]

MR PUNCH Yeah? So what?

POLICEMAN            So moved am I by your seemingly very genuine social hardship, I've decided to give this string of sausages, that I was going to cook up for my own tea, to you and your family, Mr Punch. [HANDS MR PUNCH THE SAUSAGES.]

MR PUNCH             Crikey! That's good! Do they need tenderising? Aha! [BEATS THE SAUSAGES WITH HIS CLUB.] Hang on! These sausages are solid! Did you get these from the butchers?

POLICEMAN            Pete's shut on a Sunday.

MR PUNCH             So *that's* why mums go to Iceland. Anyway, it all looks like it's going to be a lovely gooey happy ending.

POLICEMAN            Well it might be, Mr Punch, if it wasn't for ... the crocodile.

ALL                     What?!?

POLICEMAN            [OMINOUSLY.] The ... *crocodile*.

NARRATOR             Ah yes, boys and girls! A crocodile, escaped from the zoo this morning! It's been seen prowling around the square, it's been seen prowling around the Co-Op, it's been seen prowling around this park!

JUDY                    Oh, my goodness! [TO THE NARRATOR.] Hold me!

NARRATOR             Leave it out, Phil.

MR PUNCH             Well, one thing's for sure.

NARRATOR             And what's that, Mr Punch?

MR PUNCH             That crocodile's bound to be *hungry*. I mean. It's a crocodile!

ALL                     [STROKING THEIR CHINS IN AGREEMENT.] Yes, mm. Mm, yes.

MR PUNCH             But I'm sure he won't come anywhere near us.

ALL                     No, mm. Mm, no.

MR PUNCH             [YAWNING.] Is anyone else here ... very tired?

JUDY                    [YAWNING.] I am. I'm exhausted.

POLICEMAN            [YAWNING.] Just coming off a night shift. I'm done in.

NARRATOR             [YAWNING.] I suppose forty winks couldn't hurt ...

MR PUNCH             [YAWNING.] So. Let's cook up these sausages after we've had our nap. If I just put them up here on this ledge to *defrost* ...

JUDY                   That's a good idea.

POLICEMAN           Brilliant plan.

NARRATOR            Can't fault it. [YAWN.] If you see a crocodile, boys and girls, you'll be sure to wake us up, won't you? Just shout out: 'It's a crocodile!' when you see it. Okay? Let's practice. One, two, three ...

AUDIENCE            ... it's a crocodile!

NARRATOR            Super duper.

MR PUNCH            Nighty night.

[THEY ARE ALL FAST ASLEEP, SNORING LOUDLY. A TOY CROCODILE APPEARS AND MAKES SEVERAL ATTEMPTS TO GRAB THE SAUSAGES. AUDIENCE SHOUT OUT, ACTORS WAKE UP TOO LATE TO SEE THE CROCODILE, ETC. EVENTUALLY ACTORS SEE THE CROCODILE, BUT TOO LATE TO STOP IT MAKING OFF WITH THE SAUSAGES.]

JUDY                   Mr Punch! The crocodile's running towards the nursery!

MR PUNCH            Save the baby! Save the baby!

[MR PUNCH DIVES OUT OF VIEW. HE EMERGES AGAIN, WRESTLING THE CROCODILE. THE ACTORS AND AUDIENCE CHEER HIM ON.]

ALL                    Come on, Mr Punch! Get him! Hit him with your bat! [ETCETERA.]

MR PUNCH            That's the way to do it! That's the way to do it!

[MR PUNCH DEFEATS THE CROCODILE AND EVERYONE CHEERS.]

NARRATOR            He's won! Three cheers for Mr Punch! Hip hip ... hooray! Hip hip ... hooray! Hip hip ... hooray!

JUDY                   Oh, Mr Punch! You're my hero!

POLICEMAN            And for saving all of us from the crocodile, I've decided not to arrest you!

NARRATOR            That was very brave, Mr Punch. But did you manage to save the sausages?

MR PUNCH            I'm afraid I didn't. But never mind. Pete's Butchers might not be open on a Sunday, but Greggs is!



ALL                   Hooray!

MR PUNCH           Let's all go down the square for an enormous job load of pasties!

ALL                   Hooray!

                          [THE BABY POPS HIS HEAD UP. HE'S WEARING A CHEF'S HAT AND HOLDING A FRYING PAN.]

BABY                 And for lunchtime tomorrow ... barbecued crocodile burgers!

ALL                   HURRAY!

NARRATOR           One, two, three!

ALL                   [SINGING.]

                          Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside  
                          Oh, I do like to be beside the sea  
                          Oh, I do like to stroll along the prom, prom, prom  
                          Where the brass bands play tiddely-om-pom-pom  
                          So just let me be beside the seaside  
                          I'll be beside myself with glee  
                          And there's lots of girls beside  
                          I should like to be beside  
                          Beside the seaside! Beside the sea!

NARRATOR           And again!

ALL                   [SINGING.]

                          Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside  
                          Oh, I do like to be beside the sea  
                          Oh, I do like to stroll along the prom, prom, prom  
                          Where the brass bands play tiddely-om-pom-pom  
                          So just let me be beside the seaside  
                          I'll be beside myself with glee  
                          There'll be lots of laughs and smiles

BABY                 And some tasty crocodiles!

ALL                   Beside the seaside! Beside the sea!

NARRATOR           Thank you, everybody, and so long! No actual crocodiles were hurt in the making of this Punch and Judy show!

THE END.