

The Pied Piper

Junior Script

by

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SCENE ONE: THE MARKET SQUARE IN HAMELIN

(A busy street scene, early morning; MARKET TRADERS setting up their stalls, with their goods carefully covered from sight. Passers-by gather round gossiping, children bowling hoops, playing hop-scotch, etc.)

TRACK 1: MARKET DAY (SONG)

ALL: MARKET DAY! EVERY SATURDAY IS MARKET DAY!

TRADERS: COME AND TRY OUR SPECIAL OFFERS GALORE -
ROCK BOTTOM!

TREASURES IN STORE? WE GOT 'EM!

ALL: MARKET DAY! BRING THE KIDS ALONG AND LET THEM PLAY,
WHILE YOU HAGGLE OVER

POTTED PLANTS FOR GREAT AUNT FANNY,
BEDSOCKS FOR YOUR FAVOURITE GRANNY.

PICK UP A BARGAIN, AND TAKE IT AWAY.

SHOUT HOORAY! MARKET DAY!

(Short Dance)

ALL: PICK UP A BARGAIN, AND TAKE IT AWAY.
SHOUT HOORAY! MARKET DAY!

(N.B. Dialogue lines throughout can be allocated according to resources - male changed to female, or vice versa, etc.)

WOMAN 1: Can't you let me have a loaf now? I need it for my old man's breakfast.

TRADER 1: Sorry, missus. Can't open up before time.

WOMAN 1: But it's only another few minutes.

TRADER 1: I'll get my licence revoked if I do.

MAN 1: You know the Mayor likes to open the market himself.

WOMAN 2: Makes him feel important.

WOMAN 3: More than his wife does! *(laughter)*

MAN 2: The bigwigs on the Corporation are just as bad.

TRADER 2: Be fair. They've got to look like they're busy, when everyone knows they ain't! *(laughter)*

TRADER 3: Now, ladies and gentlemen, you know me for an honest trader...
(whoops and hoots of derision) Would I ever sell you shoddy goods?
(someone yells out "Yes" to more laughter) Would I ever flog you something you didn't need? *(another cry of "All the time!" to more laughter)* Then let me sell you our valuable Mayor and Corporation of Hamelin. What am I bid for them?

MAN 3: One guilder!

TRADER 3: Come, sir. My cat cost me a guilder.

MAN 3: Half a guilder, then.

TRADER 3: Done!

(Uproarious laughter. The sound of a handbell is heard.)

WOMAN 3: Here they come now.

(Enter the TOWN CRIER, ringing his bell.)

CRIER: Oyez! Oyez! All citizens be upstanding for the Mayor and Corporation.

(The MAYOR & CORPORATION process in.)

MAYOR: Citizens of Hamelin. As your elected Mayor, and leading and most important burgher...

MAN 1: More like a ham burgher! *(laughter)*

CORP 1: Now then, show some respect.

MAYOR: I don't know why I bother with this riff-raff.

CORP 2: Common, vulgar lot.

CORP 3: No gratitude.

CORP 4: No appreciation of persons of high quality and breeding.

CORP 1: Like what we are.

MAYOR: Come on - let's get on with it. I'm hungry for the Council breakfast, so let's have no more interruptions...

(Enter EULALIE, the MAYOR'S WIFE.)

EULALIE: George Frederic! George Frederic!

MAYOR: Oh, no, it's the wife! Yes, Eulalie dear, what is it?

EULALIE: The ladies of the Dance and Drama Guild have asked me, as their founder and director, to remind you that our annual concert is coming up, and we have yet to see a poster. So what are you and your cronies going to do about it?

MAYOR: Cronies? Madam, have a care.

EULALIE: And you have a care, too, George Frederic. We ladies can always disband, and where would that leave you?

CORP 1: You realise what this would mean?

CORP 2: Our wives would stay at home in the evening.

(Gasps of horror from the corporation.)

CORP 3: Do something, quickly!
MAYOR: Hrrmph... very well, my dear, I shall bring it up at today's meeting.
MAN 1: Like you brought up your dinner at the tavern last night!

(Laughter from the crowd - outrage from Mayor's wife.)

MAYOR: Let us ignore these ignorant peasants and be on our way... my stomach is rumbling in anticipation of the municipal breakfast...
WOMAN 1: Provided free, of course.
MAYOR: Of course. ***(to Corporation)*** Follow me.
TRADER 1: But what about opening the market?
MAYOR: Oh, one of my unimportant underlings can do that. Town Crier, you're appointed Official Market Opener. And now let us proceed with due pomp and circumstance.

(MAYOR & CORPORATION exit.)

CRIER: Oyez! Oyez! Good traders of Hamelin – prepare to display your wares.

(An immediate market trader-haggle starts.)

TRADER 1: Come on, then, ladies - fresh-baked bread to make your mouth water.
TRADER 2: Fine cloth, all the way from Persia!
EULALIE: Just what my ladies need for their Scenes from a Harem.
TRADER 3: Best spices all the way from the Indies!
TRADER 4: Fresh fish, all the way from the river!
CRIER: I now declare the market open!

(All the TRADERS uncover their goods. There is a general horrified reaction.)

TRADER 2: Look at my best cloth! ***(holds up a tattered piece)***
TRADER 4: Look at my fish! ***(holds up a fish skeleton in each hand)***
TRADER 3: My stock's ruined!
TRADER 1: My bread's been nibbled to pieces!
WOMAN 1: It's those rats!
WOMAN 2: They're breeding like rabbits.
WOMAN 3: Something must be done about them! ***(all agree)***

CRIER: But what? The more there are of them, the bolder they get. They'll be showing up in broad daylight next.

TRADER 1: They're not that daft.

MAN 1: Aren't they? Look there! (*points to wings*)

EULALIE: Rats!

MAN 2: An army of them!

CRIER: Run!

(All run off. Screams and panic.)

(Enter the RATS.)

TRACK 2:**RAT PACK (SONG)**

RATS: WHO'S THAT SCUFFLIN' IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT?
A THOUSAND PAIRS OF BEADY EYES THAT GLOW SO BRIGHT?
TEETH ALL BARED AND READY TO BITE?
WELL, IT'S A RAT PACK!

CHOIR: RAT PACK ATTACK!

RATS: RAT PACK!

CHOIR: STAB YOU IN THE BACK, JACK!

RATS: SHADOWS SHUFFLIN' JUST OUT OF SIGHT,
A THOUSAND TAILS ARE ROCK 'N' ROLLIN' LEFT TO RIGHT,
ALL GEARED UP TO GIVE YOU A FRIGHT,
YES, WE'RE A RAT PACK!

CHOIR: RAT PACK ATTACK!

RATS: RAT PACK!

CHOIR: STAB YOU IN THE BACK, JACK!

RATS: WE'RE THE STUFF THAT NIGHTMARES ARE MADE OF -
YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT!
WE'RE WHAT EVERYBODY'S AFRAID OF.
THERE'S PANIC IN THE STREETS WHEN WE'RE ABOUT!

(DANCE, during which the Choir handclap.)

RATS: *(While Choir chant "Rat Pack!")*
NOW WE'RE GATHERING IN ALL OUR MIGHT,
CRAWLING FROM OUR CREVICES IN BROAD DAYLIGHT,
ALL PREPARED TO PUT UP A FIGHT!
YES, WE'RE A

ALL: RAT PACK! RAT PACK! *(Football crowd handclaps.)*
RAT PACK!

(The Rats are all sharply defined characters. The leader is dressed conventionally: either pin-stripes & bowler, or military uniform. Could also be a female traffic warden. Psycho is the total opposite - a rebel Rat, a macho Che Guevara figure: can have bandana, or street-cred gear. There is an old Rat, several hooligan Rats, in flag tee-shirts and skin-head haircuts, and some hippie Rats.)

LEADER: Rats and Ratesses! This meeting is called to order.

PSYCHO: Hey man, those humans are already running scared - let's attack!

HIPPIE GROUP: Yeah!

LEADER: We can't just charge blindly in - we have to plan, to organise.

PSYCHO: What are you - a rat or a mouse? Like this is the Rat Revolution, man!
(raises clenched paw & shouts) Power to the Rodents! *(hippie group respond: "Power to the Rodents!")* We pull back now, and we don't get another chance... I say, let's rumble *(some supporting cries)*

HOOLIGAN 1: Let's get boozed-up then break up their town centre!

HOOLIGAN 2: Let's steal their horses and go joy-riding!

HOOLIGAN 3: Let's steal their donkeys, and ram-raid their stores!

OLD RAT: I've been through two Rat Wars, and that way doesn't work. I suggest we listen to our leader. **(supporting cries)**

LEADER: Thank you. What I'm suggesting is that we use our traditional tactics - underhanded, dirty, devious, foul and loathsome! **(cheers)**

PSYCHO: Wicked! **(or latest 'in' phrase for cool, ok)**

LEADER: Direct confrontation is useless - we must be subtle. Who's the dirtiest rat here?

ALL: Cagney!

LEADER: Step forward, Cagney! **(CAGNEY, a filthy wino-rat lurches forward)**

WOMAN RAT: Phew! A sewer rat, if ever there was one!

LEADER: Cagney, when did you last wash?

CAGNEY: **(drunk)** I think - hic - it was that time – hic - I fell in that vat of ale. I thought I'd gone to heaven - hic!

LEADER: So you must have a skinful...

CAGNEY: I shertainly have! **(all laugh)**

LEADER: I mean, of fleas.

CAGNEY: They're queuing up to come aboard.

LEADER: Splendid! Then all you have to do is off-load several thousand on the humans - plague and pestilence is bound to follow. You see now, fellow rats - we must infiltrate, use guerrilla methods, hit-and-run ambushes. Are you with me? **(vast support from all)** Today, Hamelin - tomorrow, the world! **(cheers)**

TRACK 3:**RAT PACK (REPRISE – SONG)****RATS:***(While choir chant 'Rat pack')*

NOW WE'RE READY FOR THE WORLD TO SEE
 HOW ANTI-SOCIAL, MEAN AND VICIOUS WE CAN BE.
 ALL OUR FLEAS ARE READY TO FLEE!
 'COS WE'RE A....

(Football crowd handclaps.)

RAT PACK!

*(Blackout. The Rats exit.)**(Lights up.)**(Enter the HAMELIN CHILDREN playing a running and skipping game - all except for HANS, the lame boy, who limps on behind the others.)***ERIC:**

I won, I won!

HEIDI:

No, you didn't. You cheated!

LUDWIG:

Girls know all about cheating - it's what they're best at!

CHRISTINA:

That just proves that we've got brains. What's your excuse?

CARL:

Anyway, we're quicker and stronger than you.

SOPHIE:

That's because you're thicker!

KLAUS:

Let's duff 'em up!

BOYS:

Yeah!

HANS:

Cool it, everyone. For one thing, our parents would thrash us, and for another, you know girls don't fight fair. Let's play another game.

ERIC:

A race to the river and back.

HANS:

But you know I can't run.

HEIDI:

Yes, let's play something Hans can join in.

CARL:

Like what?

SOPHIE:Let's play Grown-Ups. *(groans from all)***LUDWIG:**

But grown-ups are so stupid!

TRACK 4:**GROWN-UPS (SONG)****CHILDREN:***(Lines allocated ad lib)*

DON'T DO THIS, DON'T DO THAT,
WIPE YOUR FEET ON THE MAT.
IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO BE GROWN UP,
I'D RATHER STAY AS I AM!

WASH YOUR FACE, USE YOUR SPOON,
DON'T BE LATE, EAT THOSE PRUNES!
HOW CAN YOU UNDERSTAND GROWN-UPS,
WHO DON'T LIKE CUSTARD WITH JAM?

THEY'RE AT US FROM MORN TILL NIGHT:
TIDY YOUR ROOM! TURN OFF THAT LIGHT!
NAG, NATTER, MOAN AND FUSS;
AND YET THEY KEEP ON HAVING US!

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BRUISE?
WHERE'S YOUR CAP? WHERE'S YOUR SHOES?
THE QUESTIONS THAT WE GET FROM GROWN-UPS
ARE WORSE THAN ANY EXAM!
GROWN-UPS ARE STUPID AND SILLY,
OUGHT TO BE LOCKED AWAY!

SOLO:

YET THEY'RE SO NICE TO COME HOME TO;

CHILDREN:

WE THINK WE MIGHT LET THEM STAY!

(Enter The Townspeople who had fled the rats - except the TOWN CRIER. The Townspeople are now Parents; although specified in the script, their lines can be allocated entirely according to casting, resources, etc.)

FATHER 1: What are you kids doing? Heidi, come here at once.**HEIDI:** Yes, father. *(joins him)***MOTHER 1:** Frederic!**FREDERIC:** Oh, all right. *(joins her reluctantly)***FATHER 2:** Christina!**MOTHER 2:** Carl!**FATHER 3:** Sophie!**MOTHER 3:** Eric!**MOTHER 4:** Klaus!**FATHER 4:** Hans!

(All join their parents, Hans slower than the rest.)

HANS: What's all the fuss about?

TRADER 1: It's too dangerous for you kids to play here.

KLAUS: But we've always played here.

FATHER 1: Not any more.

MOTHER 3: There'll be no more playing for any of you.

(Groans from the children.)

SOPHIE: That's not fair!

ERIC: Where can we play?

TRADER 2: Nowhere. Not until we get rid of the rats.

(Grown-ups agree.)

MOTHER 4: But how are we going to do that?

FATHER 3: Poison doesn't seem to stop them.

(Enter the TOWN CRIER ringing his bell.)

CRIER: Oyez! Oyez! Ten o'clock, and all's well.

(Mutinous murmurs from the crowd - "All's well? What's he on about?" etc.)

CRIER: Ten o'clock and all's not well...

WOMAN 2: You're just as bad as that lot at the Town Hall.

CRIER: Madam, I've just come from there. I tried to inform them of the rodent infestation.

TRADER 3: And what was their reaction?

CRIER: They were too busy eating their breakfast to listen.

(Mutinous murmurs again.)

TRADER 1: That does it! There's only one thing to do.

MAN 1: What's that?

TRADER 1: People power! we march into the Council Chamber, and we don't leave until we get some action!

(Enthusiastic reaction.)

TRADER 2: Let's go for it! **(cheers)** People power!

ALL: People Power!

TRACK 5: **PEOPLE POWER (SONG)**

CHOIR: POWER! POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
POWER! POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

CROWD:
WE ARE THE PEOPLE;
ORDINARY PEOPLE!
MAKING A STAND FOR
JUSTICE AND RIGHT.
DON'T LET OUR LEADERS
CHEAT OR MISLEAD US.
NOW'S THE TIME TO STAND UP
AND FIGHT!

CHOIR:
POWER! POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
POWER! POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
POWER! POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

POWER TO THE PEOPLE.
PEOPLE POWER!

(There is now a 3-way split. While the CHOIR repeat their counter-melody, and Crowd part 1 sing the above verse, Crowd part 2 sing a new part simultaneously.)

CROWD PART 2:
WE SHALL OVERCOME,
WE SHALL OVERCOME,
WE SHALL OVERCOME
SOME DAY.
OH, DEEP IN MY HEART,
I DO BELIEVE
WE SHALL OVERCOME
SOME DAY.

CROWD PART 1:
WE ARE THE PEOPLE;
ORDINARY PEOPLE!
MAKING A STAND FOR
JUSTICE AND RIGHT.
DON'T LET OUR LEADERS
CHEAT OR MISLEAD US.
NOW'S THE TIME TO STAND UP
AND FIGHT!

CHOIR:
POWER! POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
POWER! POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
POWER! POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

POWER TO THE PEOPLE.
PEOPLE POWER!

(End of Scene One.)

SCENE TWO:**THE COUNCIL CHAMBER**

(The MAYOR and CORPORATION are seated round a table, fast asleep. Several are snoring. One wakes up momentarily, takes a swig from a glass of wine, then collapses asleep again.)

TRACK 6:**SFX CLOCK**

(A clock strikes. The MAYOR wakes up with a start. In front of him on the table are a gavel and wooden board to strike it on. He looks at his fob-watch.)

MAYOR: Good heavens, is that the time? Wake up, you lot!

(He bangs the gavel. The sleepers gradually come to, with muffled cries of “wassamatta?” etc.)

MAYOR: Gentlemen, this is no way to behave - haven't you seen the time?

CORP 1: What time is it?

MAYOR: It's time for our mid-morning snack.

CORP 2: Ooh, goody.

CORP 3: I like the round biscuits best.

CORP 4: The Danish pastries are my favourite.

CORP 5: What about the Black Forest Gateau?

CORP 6: Mr. Mayor, while we're waiting for our elevenses to arrive, shall we get on with some business?

(Groans from the Corporation.)

MAYOR: Why this unusual attack of civic conscience, Herr Otto?

CORP 6: I don't want to be late for my lunch appointment in town. I happen to know it's venison in brandy sauce today.

MAYOR: Considering Herr Otto's predicament, I declare this emergency session open! *(laughter)* Has anyone any points to raise?

CORP 1: I'm told the hospital needs two more doctors.

MAYOR: Can't afford it. People should stay healthier.

CORP 2: Yes - but what about the drains?

MAYOR: I'll go into those later.

CORP 3: The children's playground is in urgent need of repair.

MAYOR: We'll put up a "closed" notice. Don't want the kiddies breaking their legs if there aren't enough doctors. Right, any further business?

(Shakes of head and murmurs of “None”, “That’s all” etc.)

MAYOR: Now what’s keeping those elevenses? You just can’t get competent staff these days!

(The crowd from the street burst in, chanting - “Power! Power to the people!”)

MAYOR: What’s the meaning of this? Get out, all of you. *(bangs a gavel and achieves silence)* This is an important official meeting...

EULALIE: George Frederic! We’ve come to demand satisfaction.

MAYOR: Ah, Eulalie, my dear. We were just discussing your Ladies League of... whatever it is.

EULALIE: I’m not talking about that. We’re here about the rats. *(cries of support)*

CROWD 1: If you don’t do something about them - you’re out! *(more cries of support)*

MAYOR: You don’t mean you’d vote us out of office? *(Corporation shriek)*

CROWD 7: We certainly do! *(cries of agreement from crowd)*

MAYOR: Eulalie - do something! If the Corporation and I go, what will happen to your ladies?

EULALIE: We’ll take over! *(cheers from crowd)* And make a far better job of it, too! *(more cheers)*

CROWD 8: So, come on, Mayor - what about it?

MAYOR: *(to Corporation)* All right, lads. We’ll have to think of something.

CORP 1: But we’re not paid to think.

CORP 2: We’re paid to make rules and regulations... *(uproar from the crowd)*

MAYOR: *(banging gavel for silence)* Silence! Silence! How can we do anything amidst all this noise? Let’s have some hush, and we’ll put our heads together. *(there is silence)* All right, lads - time for a huddle...

(The MAYOR and CORPORATION form an American-football-type huddle. There are whispers from the huddle. The huddle stands upright, then goes down again for more whispers. Repeats the process, then breaks up to resume places.)

EULALIE: Well, George Frederic?

MAYOR: *(huffing and puffing)* Er... hrrrmph... instant solutions aren’t all that easy...

CROWD 1: You mean you’ve come up with nothing.

MAYOR: We know we need a trap for the rats, but who, how and what, we haven’t a clue. All we can do is pray for a miracle...

TRACK 7:**SFX LOUD KNOCK**

(There is a loud knock as from the council chamber door.)

CORP 1: What's that?

MAYOR: I thought for a moment it was a rat attack... it made my heart go pit-a-pat.

EULALIE: Well, don't just sit there like a poltroon, see what it is.

MAYOR: Of course, my dear - *(calls out)* - come in!

(Enter the PIED PIPER, dressed in a long coat, from heel to head, half of yellow and half of red, with a matching scarf round his neck - red & yellow stripes - and a pipe hanging at the scarf's end.)

TRACK 8: **TROUBLE-SHOOTER (SONG)**

PIPER: *(speaking, as in a rap)*
 WELL, THE PIED PIPER IS MY NAME,
 AND TROUBLE-SHOOTIN', THAT'S MY GAME,
 AND I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE IN TROUBLE FROM ALL THOSE
 VERMIN!
 I DO THE KIND OF DIRTY WORK
 THAT OTHER PEOPLE SHUN AND SHIRK:
 ESPECIALLY THOSE WHOSE GEAR IS TRIMMED WITH
 ERMINE!

ALL SING: TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
(+ Piper speaking): WHENEVER I GET THE CALL,
ALL SING: TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
(+ Piper speaking): YOU'LL FIND THAT I'M ON THE BALL!

(PP speaks again) WELL, I GO IN WHEN THE GOIN' GETS TOUGH,
 AND I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I'M REALLY HOT STUFF,
 FOR I'VE NEVER YET HAD A MISSION THAT'S BEEN A
 FAILURE.
 I'VE HAD SUCCESS BOTH NEAR AND FAR,
 FROM JOHN O'GROATS TO ZANZIBAR,
 AND, THOUGH IT'S NOT DISCOVERED YET, IN AUSTRALIA!

ALL SING: TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
(+ Piper speaking): WHEN CLEANIN'-UP'S TO BE DONE.
ALL SING: TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
(+ Piper speaking): THEN I AM YOUR NUMBER ONE!

PIED PIPER: *(spoken)*
 WELL, I WON'T GIVE YOU TOO MUCH HYPE,
 BUT ALL I DO IS PLAY MY PIPE,
 AND TROUBLE SEEMS TO VANISH FROM THE SCENE.

IT'S BASICALLY THE SAME M.O., *(modus operandi)*
 BUT IT WORKS ON EVERY KIND OF FOE,
 AND SOON THERE'S NOT A TRACE OF THEM TO BE SEEN!

ALL: *(sung)*
 TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
 TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
 TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
 VANISH FROM THE SCENE!
 TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
 TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
 TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
 YES, THE TOWN'LL BE CLEAN!

ALL: TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
PIPER (spoken): WHENEVER YOU'RE IN A JAM,
ALL: TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
PIPER (spoken): REMEMBER THAT I'M YOUR MAN!
ALL: TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
PIPER (spoken): OH, YEAH!

- MAYOR:** Am I to take it from this extraordinary performance, that you can get rid of our rats?
- PIPER:** *(continuing to speak as in a rap)* Hey, man, it's a heavy scene
That I find in this burgh, if you dig what I mean.
But heavy scenes are just my bag,
Provided, of course, I cop some swag.
- MAYOR:** Cop some swag? What strange language is this?
- CROWD 4:** I think he means, get a reward.
- MAYOR:** Then why didn't you say so? Naturally, there will be financial compensation...
- CROWD 6:** Get on with it!
- MAYOR:** But, first, we must take down your credentials.
- EULALIE:** Don't be rude!
- PIPER:** *Hey, it don't bug me to tell anyone
The list of hits that I have done.
In Egypt for King Ptolemy,
A swarm of locusts I made flee.
Then an asps' nest by the Nile
That made Cleopatra lose her smile.
Swarms of gnats were a misery
To the Scottish tourist industry.
So I blew them all away
And now I'm invited for Hogmanay!
Malaria's vanished from Liberia -
I sent their mosquitoes to Siberia!
And every time I've played my tune,
The big-wigs have offered me the moon!*
- MAYOR:** Well, sir, despite the way you dress and speak, we have a deal. Name your price.
- PIPER:** *Man, I don't need a lot of loot;
Just a thousand guilders, rooty-toot-toot!*
- CROWD 1:** One thousand? Is that all?
- CORP 1:** You can have five...
- CORP 2:** Ten..
- MAYOR:** Where's your civic pride? Twenty thousand!
- EULALIE:** George Frederic, you're a cheapskate...
- MAYOR:** Fifty thousand! It's worth fifty thousand to rid Hamelin of this plague of rats. When can you start?
- PIPER:** *Step into the street with me
And those rodents will be history!*
- MAYOR:** Let's go!

TRACK 9: TROUBLE-SHOOTER (REPRISE – SONG)

ALL: TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
PIPER: I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO!
ALL: TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
PIPER: IT WILL BE SO GOOD FOR YOU!
ALL: TROUBLE-SHOOTER!
PIPER: *(spoken)* Pied Piper rules O.K!
ALL: YEAH!

(End of Scene Two.)

SCENE THREE:**THE STREET OUTSIDE**

(The RATS march on.)

LEADER: Squad - halt! *(they halt)*
PSYCHO: The streets are ours. *(cheers)*
HOOLIGAN 1: The cowardly humans are hiding.
CAGNEY: Letsh have a drink to shelebrate!
OLD RAT: Let's not count our fleas before they're hatched.
WOMAN RAT: The humans may have a secret weapon.
LEADER: What can they possibly do now - they've tried traps, they've tried poison, and we're too smart for them.

(All cheer.)

(Enter the PIED PIPER.)

PSYCHO: Well, just look at that!
HIPPIE: Oh, man, that gear's way out!
HOOLIGAN 2: What's he trying to do - blind us?

TRACK 10: THE PIPER PLAYS (INSTRUMENTAL)

(The PIED PIPER raises his pipe to his lips and mimes playing. Sound from flute or synth/flute.)

YOUNG RAT: Who does he think he is – Justin Bieber?
PSYCHO: Hey, you guys - that music's great.
LEADER: Great? It's wonderful!

(The RATS go into a dreamlike state, then slowly start to dance. The PIED PIPER walks to one side of the stage, then turns and heads for the other. The rats start to follow him. The PIED PIPER makes a couple of circuits of the stage then starts to lead them off. The TOWNSFOLK, meanwhile, including the children, cautiously poke their heads out to observe what's going on. Crowd dialogue allocated ad lib.)

MAYOR: By golly, look at them all!
CORP 1: They're dancing after the Pied Piper.
CRIER: There's masses of them!
CROWD 1: Great rats...

CROWD 2: Small rats...

CROWD 3: Lean rats...

CROWD 4: Brawny rats...

CROWD 5: Brown rats...

CROWD 6: Black rats...

CROWD 7: Grey rats...

CROWD 8: Tawny rats...

CROWD 9: Grave old plodders...

CROWD 10: Gay young friskers...

CROWD 11: Some with beards...

CROWD 12: All with whiskers...

CROWD 13: Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins...

CROWD 14: Families by tens and dozens...

CROWD 15: Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives...

MAYOR: Following the piper for their lives.

(By now the RATS & the PIED PIPER have left the stage. The crowd follow their progress with their eyes and the odd, pointing finger.)

CROWD 16: Look - he's leading them past the cheesemonger's.

EULALIE: And not one's stopped for a nibble.

CROWD 17: Now they're going past the inn..

CROWD 18: One dirty rat's stopped... ***(an intake of breath from all)*** ... oh, he's moved on again. ***(sigh of relief from all)***

CROWD 19: Look where he's taking them now!

MAYOR: Down by the river bank.

CROWD 20: They're all plunging in the river!

MAYOR: They're drowning... they're dead.

(Cheers)

MAYOR: I told you I'd find a solution... now we'll have a big party to celebrate... Eulalie, are your ladies ready to give their display?

EULALIE: Yes, George Frederic, they are!

MAYOR: Then tonight, we'll have the knees-up of all time. What would the Piper call it?

CROWD 1: A rave.

MAYOR: Yes, we'll have a rave...everyone put on their best party frocks and Sunday suits...bring out the bands, bring on the fireworks - we're going to celebrate!

(All cheer.)

TRACK 11: CELEBRATION (SONG)

CROWD + CHOIR: BRING THE FLAGS OUT! LET THE BANDS PLAY!
THERE’LL BE SUCH A CELEBRATION HERE TONIGHT!

MAYOR: THERE’LL BE WINE A-FLOWING
LIKE IT’S NEVER FLOWED BEFORE,
SO COME ALONG, HAVE YOUR FILL,
AND THEN FILL UP SOME MORE!

CROWD+CHOIR: BRING THE FLAGS OUT! LET THE BANDS PLAY!
THERE’LL BE SUCH A CELEBRATION HERE TONIGHT!
BEAT THE DRUM! BANG THE GONG
AND LET’S HAVE A SONG!
THE PARTY WILL LAST THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG!

(Tap Dance. The PIED PIPER can re-join during or after.)

ALL: BRING THE FLAGS OUT! LET THE BANDS PLAY!
THERE’LL BE SUCH A CELEBRATION HERE TONIGHT!
BEAT THE DRUM! BANG THE GONG
AND LET’S HAVE A SONG!

CROWD PART 1: THE PARTY WILL LAST THE WHOLE NIGHT,

CROWD PART 2: PARTY WILL LAST THE WHOLE NIGHT,

ALL: PARTY WILL LAST THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG!

(End of Scene Three.)

SCENE FOUR:**INTERLUDE**

(An OLD RAT comes on with a stool, and sits on it. A horde of young rats rush on and sit at his feet.)

RAT 1: Tell us it again, sir.

OLD RAT: What, again? This must be the thousandth time.

RAT 2: Oh, please, please.

RAT 3: It's the best story we ever heard.

RAT 4: It's better than anything we get on smellyvision.

RAT 5: Sewer Channel 9 really stinks!

RAT 6: It's absolute garbage!

OLD RAT: Very well. It's going back a long time, when I was a young rat. There was a great pack of us, and I reckon I was the fittest of the lot... just as well, as it happened.

RAT 7: Come to the wonderful music.

OLD RAT: Patience, patience. Let me tell it in my own way. There was this big pack of us, and the campaign was going really well - victory after victory. One final push and Hamelin would have been ours. Then this strange human appeared. He was dressed in colours that really hurt your eyes, but then he put a pipe to his lips, and the sound that came out was...it was so beautiful, it was like.. it was like...

RATS: Yes?

TRACK 12: SWEET, SWEET MUSIC (SONG)

(To a steady gospel beat.)

OLD RAT: SWEET, SWEET MUSIC.
 NEVER IN MY LIFE WAS THERE SUCH
 SWEET, SWEET MUSIC;
 IT TOUCHED MY SOUL!
 IT PROMISED YOU NEW BEGINNINGS,
 AND AN END TO YOUR FEARS,
 AND IT WAS SWEET, SWEET MUSIC TO OUR EARS!

(The choir softly sing the verse again, under the following dialogue:)

OLD RAT: It sounded like everything you ever wanted to hear - pickle tubs
 opening, conserve cupboards creaking ajar...

YOUNG RAT: *(like in a gospel congregation)* GLORY BE!

OLD RAT: It smelled of everything you ever wanted to smell - ripe cider apples,
 butter casks and grain stores...

SEVERAL RATS: PRAISE BE!

OLD RAT: And it tasted of everything you ever wanted to taste - French cheese,
 leftovers from gourmet restaurants... it made you think you were at the
 gates of Heaven. Hallelujah!

ALL RATS: HALLELUJAH!

(Now in a thoroughly gospel mood, the Young Rats sway and clap.)

OLD RAT: SWEET, SWEET MUSIC. NEVER IN MY LIFE WAS THERE SUCH SWEET, SWEET MUSIC; IT TOUCHED MY SOUL! IT PROMISED YOU NEW BEGINNINGS, AND AN END TO YOUR FEARS, AND IT WAS SWEET, SWEET MUSIC TO OUR EARS!	YOUNG RATS: SWEET, SWEET MUSIC. SWEET, SWEET MUSIC. SWEET, SWEET MUSIC. SWEET, SWEET MUSIC. SWEET, SWEET MUSIC. SWEET MUSIC!	CHOIR: AH AH AH AH AH SWEET MUSIC!
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OLD RAT: And we followed this beautiful music - we couldn't help ourselves, there
 was some force compelling us. Then all of a sudden, everything went
 dark and gurgly, and we found ourselves in the river. Well, I struck out
 with all my strength, and just managed to make it to the other side, but
 the rest were gone. All my friends, all my family, at the bottom of the
 River Weser. *(pronounced "Veesser")* I was the only survivor.

RATS: Ah!

OLD RAT: Yes, I often weep for my friends, but I weep more for that glorious
 vision I saw, just before the waters closed over my head...