

Hens LooklooklooklookWHERE?
LooklooklooklookWHERE?

Audience (v.loudly) **BEHIND THE SHED!!**

(at last the Hens find Q and wake him up)

Q the Lion When the hens found where I lay,
I said I'd stayed up late
to stamp the eggs laid yesterday,
before I changed the date.

I stamped the new eggs hens had laid
and everybody took some,
then, with Farmer Hatchem paid,
went rushing home to cook some.

All the cast Check your eggs. For Q the Lion
(to the tune of "Deck the means Quality you can rely on.
halls with boughs of If they're past their 'best before' now,
holly") you should growl and you should roar
now.

All growl and roar VERY LOUDLY

THE END!

Much Cackling in the Wood

by Don Barnard

Cast

Q the Lion, who says whether eggs are good to eat

Farmer Hatchem, who needs Q to stamp the eggs

Some Hens, who do what hens do

Some Truckers, who won't drive without their eggs

Some Dustmen, who won't empty bins without their eggs

Constable Catchem, who doesn't catch anyone, especially Q

Bernie Burns, who is a red-hot cook at the fire station

Miss Miss, the teacher, who is a bit strict

Mr Ping Kwok, the Chinese takeaway man

Wully Lamb, who doesn't have a clue

Setting

Farmer Hatchem's egg farm, early one morning

Q the Lion

(on his own)

My name is Q and I'm the lion
you find on eggs you can rely on,
the freshest, safest eggs you know
have reached the shops at top speed, so –
a lion you should keep your eye on.

Now Farmer Hatchem's egg farm stood
in Much Cackling in the Wood.
I stamped all his eggs to say
he could market them that day.
Look! He's on his rounds! Oh good!

Farmer Hatchem

(going round with his
basket while hens do
a square dance)

One! Two! Three! Four!
Come on, chuckies, lay some more!
Five! Ten! Fifteen! Twenty!
Make my day by laying plenty!
Brown and speckled, nice-but-white ones!
Proper whoppers, eyes-shut-tight ones!
Squawk the squawk and bend those legs,
flap those wings and lay those eggs!

Hens

(walking proudly round
their eggs)

LooklooklooklookTHERE!
LooklooklooklookTHERE!

Farmer Hatchem

(looking around)

Now, where's that lion? Q should be here.
If he can't stamp my eggs – oh dear!
The folk who have no breakfast egg in
will shop in vain and go a-begging.

Q the Lion

(Q lies down in a corner
behind a cardboard box
marked 'SHED' and
goes to sleep)

Egg-sighted people in alarm
rushed to Farmer Hatchem's farm
and searched for where the lion had
gone, while Farmer Hatchem egged
them on. Of course, you know I'd found
a bed for forty winks behind the shed.

Hens

LooklooklooklookWHERE?
LooklooklooklookWHERE?

Audience (loudly)

Behind the shed!

Farmer Hatchem

(Everybody searches for
Q but does not find him)

Check the barn! Check the haystack!
Look around the yard!
That lion won't have run away.
Keep on looking hard.
Get Crash the bull to open gates,
see what Dobbin's neighing.
Ask Wully Lamb to tell you
what the morning ewes are saying.

Wully Lamb

They say it's really very saaad
that Q's not here today.
They say that Q's a baaad, baaad laaad
to disappear this way.

Miss Miss

Now, class! Settle down!
 Look at me and listen.
 We can't have any games today.
 All the eggs are missing.
 No toss-the-pancake, egg-and-spoon –
 I know you'll say I'm mean,
 but this morning and this afternoon
 we'll stay inside and clean.
 Rub off all the bookmarks,
 put the rulers straight,
 scrub the hamster, dust the newt,
 they're in a dreadful state.
 Give those grubby pot-plants
 a really good shampoo,
 and while you're doing the shampooing,
 you can wash those frowns off too.

Q the Lion

At the Moody Noodle takeaway
 Ping Kwok was truly in dismay.

Mr Ping Kwok

No Egg Foo Yong!
 No Egg Fried Rice!
 My menu wrong!
 Twice!

I tell folks, all my eggs are off,
 they just fall about and laugh.
 They think very funny joke,
 but Ping Kwok very sorry bloke.

Q the Lion

(off to one side of
 the main action)

But just this once, I wasn't there.
 Complaints rolled in from everywhere –
 from Perranporth to Aberdeen
 and lots of places in between.
 And most of all from Mr Fry,
 whose café customers asked why
 their breakfast eggs and buttered toast
 were toast and butter at the most.
 The drivers and their mates all said
 that they're fed up not being fed.

Truckers

(doing the Truckers'
 dance)

In tankers and low-loaders,
 in trucks and vans we star
 as middle-of-the-roaders
 who never go too far.

You'll never catch us speeding,
 we heed the Highway Code,
 but remember we need feeding
 before we hit the road.

Rollin', rollin', rollin'!
 keep those fried eggs rollin'! More fried!
 (loudly) Yeee haww!

Hens

(panicking and running
 in all directions)

TrucktrucktrucktruckWHERE?
 TrucktrucktrucktruckWHERE?

Q the Lion The dustmen, too, had got the grumps.
Without their eggs, they're in the dumps.

Dustmen
(doing the Dustmen's
dance)

In winter or in summer,
you can come and lend a hand,
you can come and be a drummer
in the bin-men's band.
Nothing beats the booming
as you bang the bins about
and bash 'em on the bottom
so the rubbish tumbles out.
But you'd better have your breakfast egg
before you hit the bins,
to build a beefy body
that is full of vitamins.
An egg and bacon butty
is the best for folk like us.
If we don't get our eggs soon,
we'll be making quite a fuss!

(doing a football clap, in
unison - slow, slow/
quick,quick, slow/quick,
slow/quick, slow)

Eggs! Eggs!
We want eggs!
We want! Our eggs!
Scrambled!

Q the Lion Constable Catchem on patrol
had had a message from Control.

Constable Catchem Morning all! Hallo! What's this then?
(peering around) Q the Lion reported missing?
This is uneggspected news!
Any fingerprints or clues?
I like my eggs. I want 'em poached,
but legal and above reproach.
Find that lion or I've a hunch
I'm munching truncheon for my lunch.

Q the Lion And Bernie Burns, the firemen's cook
has a rather frazzled look.

Bernie Burns The firemen like my cooking most
when things are overdone.
They like the way I burn the toast,
frizzle mince and scorch the roast
and singe the hot-cross buns.
They're thrilled that when I barbecue
I grill things till they're spoiled.
They love hot-dogs with mustard too,
but most of all this hard-boiled crew
insists on eggs – hard boiled!
Without their breakfast eggs, they pout,
they're too put out to put fires out.

Q the Lion The teacher (who is called Miss Miss)
is not amused by all of this.