

The Pied Piper

Senior Script

by
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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

(Principals in **BOLD** Type)

Adults of Transylvania

Children of Transylvania, including **Mina**

Old Hans

Adults of Hamelin, including:-

Baker

Fishmonger

Cloth Merchant

Spice Trader

The Town Crier

Children of Hamelin, including:-

Eric

Heidi

Ludwig

Christina

Carl

Sophie

Klaus

Hans (Hans as a boy)

The Mayor of Hamelin

The Corporation

Eulalie, the Mayor's Wife

Gertrude, little sister of

Conrad, a strapping young man, in love with

Lisa, the Mayor's daughter

Hermann, a thug

The Rat Pack, including

The Leader

Psycho Rat

Hippie Rats

Hooligan Rats

An Old Rat

A Bimbo Rat

Cagney, a dirty Rat

A Woman Rat

All the listed children grown old in Transylvania

The Pied Piper

Youngster Rats

There is also a Choir, who take part in most of the songs. The Choir, however, can be optional, their part either being omitted, or allocated to on-stage Chorus. There are many speaking parts, for the Transylvanian adults and children, the Hamelin adults and children, the Corporation and the Rats. If there are too many for the resources available, they may be re-allocated within smaller groups.

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<i>Hair Ribbon</i>	Old Hans
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<i>Marble</i>	Old Heidi
<i>Possibly a crutch or stick for:</i>	Young Hans

ACT ONE

Scene One *A Valley in Transylvania*

Song One – Harvest Festival

(In the on-stage cast are several adults and at least four children – two boys and two girls, one of whom is Mina [pronounced Meena]. As the Choir sing the first verse, the cast dance. [Could be Harvest gathering mime-dance.])

Choir: All over the World
When the Harvest's gathered in,
All over the world,
Now the celebrations begin.
For all over the world
All the human race
Has happiness in its heart
And a smile on its face.

Cast: We'll be having a Harvest Festival,
Now the harvest's gathered in.
Harvest Festival,
Now the fun and games can begin.
Harvest Festival,
Now the crops are safely stored.
And if we get a bit drunk,
It's thanks to the Lord!

Key change. Samba rhythm starts. Cast and choir sing their respective verses simultaneously. The song finishes with all singing:-

All: Harvest Festival! ***(End of Song)***

(NB The following dialogue lines in this scene may be re-allocated to whatever resources are available.)

Boy 1: Mum, I've helped with the harvest – can I play with my friends now?

Girl 1: Please, Dad. We haven't had a good game for ages.

(The children clamour to play, dialogue ad lib)

Father 1: I don't know where they get the energy from. I'm bushed.

Mother 1: It'll be getting dark soon.

Boy 2: Oh, go on.

Mina: Please.

Father: All right. Supper won't be ready for half an hour yet.

Mother 2: But make sure you're back in time to have a good wash. (**Children moan**)

Father 1: Come on, then – let them have what they want – I know what I want.

Mother 2: A flagon of ale! (**Parents laugh and chatter as they exit**)

Boy 1: Have they gone?

Girl 1: Yes

Boy 2: Thank goodness for that!

Boy 1: (**Mimicking**) Make sure you have a good wash!

Boy 2: Grown-ups are so stupid!

Mina: Mine are quite nice, really.

Girl 1: You're as stupid as they are.

Mina: I'm not.

Boy 1: You are too! You never want to play our soldier games.

Mina: I don't like those games. They're too rough.

Girl 1: Mina's a mardy!

Boy 1: If you don't join in, Mina, we'll set the bogeyman on you.

Mina: My father said there's no such thing as the bogeyman.

Boy 2: Oh, no? Well there is, 'cos I've seen him. He's eight foot tall.

Boy 1: And he's got staring eyes.

Girl 2: And he's dressed all in black.

Boy 1: And he gobbles up mardy little girls.

Mina: I'm not mardy, I just don't like playing soldiers...

Boys & Girl 2 chant:

Mina's a coward,
 From head to toe
 Off to the bogeyman
 She must go!

(As they chant, they circle Mina. Practically in tears, she turns and runs – straight into the entering old Hans, an old man, who limps on, with the aid of a stick. He is dressed all in black – like the Bogeyman!. Mina screams. The other children come to a halt, scared.)

Hans: Don't be frite, Little one. (**He speaks with a slightly strange accent.**)

Mina: But you're the Bogeyman!

Hans: Who's been filling your head with such nonsense? Your friends? All right – ya, I am the Bogeyman! (**The children back apace**) But I only eat children vat scares little girls.

Boy 1: Sorry, mister.

Boy 2: It was just a joke.

Hans: Some joke, ja? However, childr]er will be childer, as I know only too well.

Mina: You're not at all scary, really, are you?

Hans: Alas. No. If I raise my stick to scare people, I fall over. **(They laugh).**

Girl 1: What brings you to Transylvania?

Hans: Ah, so this is Transylvania. I was wondering which country I was in. My name is Hans and I have travelled a long, long journey, for many years.

Boy 1: You must be a long way from home, sir?

Hans: Home? I've almost forgotten... yes, I had a home once, a long while ago. Then came the strange happening and it was home no more. So lonely. No friends. No comrades. Not even someone of my own age to scare me with tales of the bogeyman, huh?

Mina: What was the strange happening?

Hans: When I was a young boy, I had a particular friend, a pretty little girl no older than you. Tell me, what is your name, child?

Mina: Mina, sir.

Hans: Mina. You remind me of my Heidi. Oh, how I loved my Heidi.

Girl 1: What happened to her?

Hans: I have been searching for her – sixty years – maybe more. The years and places melt into each other...

Mina: You seem very sad, sir.

Hans: Sad, yes, meinliebchen. But always hopeful...

Song Two – Long Ago

Hans: There once was a girl, long ago. *(Choir: Long ago)*
 How I loved that girl, long ago. *(Choir: Long ago)*
 She was pretty as could be,
 And I know that she loved me, long ago.
 And through the years
 I've been looking for her all around.
 But all these years
 Not a trace of her I've ever found. *(Choir: Ah)*
 We never said goodbye our stars were crossed,
 But whatever the pain, whatever the cost,
 I'll keep on till I find the love I lost
 Long ago...
 Choir: Long ago...
 Hans & choir: Long ago... **(End of song)**

Hans: But enough of this, mein kinder. I tell you, I travel in hope, ever in hope. So tell me, do you know of any strangers in your midst?

Boy 1: Strangers? No – I don't think so.

Boy 2: We'd soon spot any new arrivals, that's for sure.

Hans: I don't mean new strangers. I mean old people, like myself, who perhaps have been here for many years.

Mina: There's Granny Vladic in the next valley.

Girl 1: And the Golacs. They live there too.

Hans: Golac? I once knew a Goldek. What is this Golac's first name?

Boy 2: Ludovici.

Girl 1: He teaches at school. Or tries too.

Boy 1: No one can understand his accent.

Mina: it's a bit like yours, sir

Hans: Ludovici? Ludovici Golac? Is it possible? One of my friends was Ludwig Goldek. Are there any others?

Boy 1: Many families.

Boy 2: We call them the strange ones.

Hans: You, boy. Run and fetch your parents.

Boy 2: What, now?

Hans: Yes, now.

Boy 1: I'll come with you.

Girl 1: Me, too. **(They run off, leaving Mina alone with Hans.)**

Mina: Shall I go too?

Hans: No, Mina. You stay with me and I'll tell you a story.

Mina: A fairy story?

Hans: No – a true story. But more incredible than any fairy story you ever heard. It started a long time ago, and far away in a pretty little town called Hamelin...

Mina: I've never heard of that.

Hans: Hamelin Town's in Brunswick
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, **(pronounced Veesser)** deep and wide
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied...

(End of Scene One with a cross lighting cue directly into :-)

Scene Two The Market Square in Hamelin

(A busy street scene, early in the 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.)

Song Three – Market Day

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,
 Bed socks for your favourite granny,
 Pick up a bargain and take it away...
 Shout hooray! Market Day!

Baker: Warm bread, fresh from the oven!
Fishmonger: Fresh fish, caught this morning!
Cloth Merchant: Finest cloth!
Spice Trader: Spices from all round the world!

All sing their cries simultaneously, then:-

Traders: Soon our goods will be displayed –
 We'll be ready to trade!

Short Dance

All: Pick up a bargain and take it away...
 Shout hooray! Market Day! ***(End of Song)***

(Again dialogue lines 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 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 Mayore 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 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 hand bell 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.

Song Four – V.I.P's

(The Mayor and corporation process in pompously, singing:-)

We're V.I.Ps
Very Important Persons, if you please.
By rights you should get down upon your knees.
Our walk is stately, we hold our noses high.
We wave to the populace as we pass by,
Because we're V.I.Ps.
Grown so fat on our Directors fees.
So give us lots of freebies, they make us feel at ease,
Because we're Very Important V.I.Ps! **(End of Song)**

(The Mayor steps forward)

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

Man 1: More like a ham burgher! **(Laughter)**

Mayor: ... it is my duty, *nay* my privilege, *nay* my honour, *nay*...

Trader 1: **(Like a horse)** Neigh...

Crowd: Neigh... neigh...

Corporation Official: Now then, show some respect.

Trader 3: We all know a mare is a female horse – what does that make our Mayor? **(Ribald laughter)**

Mayor: Well, really! I didn't come here to be insulted.

Man 3: Where do you usually go? **(More laughter)**

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

Corporation 1: Common, vulgar lot.

Corporation 2: No gratitude.

Corporation 3: No appreciation of persons of high quality and breeding.

Corporation 4: 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 the Mayor's wife (Eulalie))

Eulalie: George Fredeick! George Frederick!

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, director, as well as leading thespian and practitioner of the terpsichorean art...

Mayor: Yes, yes, my dear. Get to the point.

Eulalie: The point is, George Frederic, as you've well known for the last nine months, 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.

Song Four (a) – V.I.Ps (Reprise)

Mayor & Corp: V.I.Ps
We won't resign, though we're accused of sleaze!
At spending all your taxes
We're busier than bees,
Because we're Very Important V.I.Ps! **(End of Song)**

(Mayor and Corporation Exit)

Town 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!

A Woman: It's those rats!

Another: They're breeding like rabbits.

Another: 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: They're not that daft.

A Man: Aren't they? Look there! **(Points to wings).**

Eulalie: Rats!

A Man: An army of them!

Crier: Run! **(All run off. Screams and panic).**

(Enter the Rats)

Song Five – Rat Pack

Rats: Who's that scufflin' in the dead of night?
A thousand pairs of beady eyes that gleam so bright?
Teeth all bared and ready to fight?
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! ***(End of Song)***

(The Rats are all sharply defined characters. The Leader is dressed conventionally, either in pin-stripes and bowler, or military uniform. Could also be a female traffic warden. Psycho is the total opposite – a rebel rat, a macho Che Guevera figure, can have bandana, or street-cred gear. There is an Old Rat, several Hooligan Rats, in flag tee-shirts, skin head haircuts. Some Hippie Rats, and a variety of girl-rats, too – a Bimbo Rat, A Motherly Rat etc.)

Leader: Rats and ratesses! This meeting is called to order.

Psycho: Hey, man those humans are already running scared – let's attack!

A Hippie group: Yeh!

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

Psycho: What are – a rat or a mouse? Like this is the Rat Revolution, man!
(Raises clenched paw and 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. I think you've all heard the saying, there's more than one way of killing a cat.

Bimbo: You can count me out of any cat-killing. I'm dead scared of them. My friend Tracy tangled with a cat once, and it finished her modelling career. She couldn't face the cat-walk again... **(Groans from all at the awful – unintended pun.)**

Psycho: The bimbo has spoken! **(Sniggers from hippies)**

Leader: Gentlemen, please – everyone is entitled to their opinions without being called names. Even if they are the opinions of an air-head! No – what I'm suggesting is that we use our traditional tactics – underhanded, dirty, devious, foul, and loathsome! **(Cheers)**

Psycho: Wi-cked! **(Or latest 'in' phrase for cool, okay.)**

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, terrorist strikes, hit and run ambushes. Are you with me? **(Vast support from all)** Today, Hamelin – tomorrow, the world! **(Cheers)**

Song Five (a) – Rat Pack (Reprise)

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)

All: Rat Pack!

(Blackout. The Rats exit. Lights up.)

(Enter Conrad, a strapping young man and his little sister Gertrude (8 to 10 years old)).

Gertrude: Conrad, what are you doing? Why are you not at work?

Conrad: Run home, little sister. This is no business of yours.

Gertrude: You’re seeing Lisa again, aren’t you?

Conrad: What if I am. It’s a free country, isn’t it?

Gertrude: Not when Lisa’s the Mayor’s daughter and you’re just a poor bricklayer.

Conrad: I love her, Gertrude, and she loves me; and what difference does it make who our parents are, or how we earn our living? If it were the other way round, and I were the Mayor’s son, and she were a poor bricklayer, I’d still love her. In fact, I’d ask her to build me a conservatory.

Gertrude: **(With a laugh)** You’re impossible, Conrad! **(Serious again)** No god will come of it.

Conrad: We shall see. Now run home, like a good little girl.

Gertrude: I’ve a good mind to tell father.

Conrad: Would a bon-bon close your mouth?

Gertrude: It might. **(Conrad gives her a sweet).**

Conrad: You’re going to break someone’s heart one day, Gertrude. **(Gertrude smiles and exits)** She’s right, though. **(He sits dejectedly)** How can a poor, no-account guy like me, born on the wrong side of the tracks, hope to marry someone as important as her?

(Enter Lisa, the pretty daughter of the Mayor)

Lisa: Conrad, why so gloomy?

Conrad: Gertrude is right. Things will never work out between us.

Lisa: She may be right now. But in ten years time she’ll see things in a different light.

Conrad: Your parents will never allow us to be together – and I want more than just a few snatched moments. I only managed to get away today, because my master ran from the rats with the rest. I pretended to run too.

Lisa: So did I. Oh, Conrad, things will get better for us, I know they will. You just wait and see, an opportunity will arise and when it does...

Conrad: If it does, I shall seize it with both hands. **(Takes her hands)** I must return soon. If I'm missed I shall lose my job.

Lisa: Shall I see you at the social on Saturday night?

Conrad: Try and stop me! **(They kiss)**

Lisa: They say that love will find a way.

Song Six – Love Will Find a Way

Lisa: Love will find a way,
For love grows stronger each day.

Conrad: Some people try to put us down,
But no matter what they say,

Both: Love will guide us through
The worst that they can do.
If we fight it together,
Together we'll stay,
For love will find a way.

(Both repeat the refrain, with choir counterpointing)

[End of Song – Conrad & Lisa exit]

(Enter the Hamelin children playing a running & 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: Yeh!)**

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!

Song Seven – Grown-Ups

Children: **(Lines allocated ad-lib)**

Don't do this, don't do that,
Wipe your feet upon the mat –
If that's what it take 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
Is worse than any exam!
Grown-ups are stupid and silly,
Ought to be locked away!
Yet they're so nice to come home to –
We think we might let them stay! **(End of Song)**

(Enter the Townspeople who had fled the rats – except the Town Crier. The Townspeople are now parents; though 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: Ludwig Goldek!

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.

Trader 1: We must form a Citizens Action Committee.

Trader 2: A Neighbourhood Watch. **(Murmurs of agreement).**

Father 4: That'll take too long. We need to get rid of them now.

(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)** Ten o'clock and all's not well...

A Woman: 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.

A Trader: And what was their reaction?

Crier: They were too busy eating their breakfast to listen. **(Mutinous murmurs again.)**

A Woman: **(The same who addressed the Baker at the beginning of the scene)** And I'm sure they've had better than bread and cheese, which is all I can afford for my old man.

Crier: They began with melon and grapefruit cocktail, followed by ham and eggs with bratworst, warm bread rolls with pheasant pate, and they were just starting on the wine. **(Uproar)**

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

A Man: 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!

Song Eight – People Power

Choir: Power! Power to the people! Power! Power to the people!

(They keep a similar undertune going while the cast sing:)

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!

(There is now a three-way split. While the choir repeat their undertune, the men in the crowd sing the above verse, whilst simultaneously the women in the crowd sing:-)

Women: We shall overcome, we shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome. ***(End of Song)***

END OF SCENE TWO