

# Beauty and the Beastie

## Act 1 Scene1

*A castle deep in the highlands of Scotland. The curtains half open to reveal the castle's gothic doorway. The evil Baron Ogilvy and the good Prince Stewart of the clan McNuckie of Burragh are in heated conversation*

### Prince

I am the rightful heir to the McNuckie of Burragh crown. I am the official descendant and inherit the Castle McNuckie the noo.

### Baron

Is that right? We'll see about that. I, the evil Baron Ogilvy, will be in this fine place, with my new ghastly wife, her beautiful lassie of a daughter, and my two dim-witted but evil sons by the time the sun sets over Loch Ankee one year from today. Wait and see.

*Turns to audience*

Got the plot?

### Prince

I have right on my side. Return to the village and amend your ways. I will be a fair and tolerant ruler, and will try to forget this incident. Be there exactly a year from now, when the new Prince of Castle McNuckie has his coronation and will address the village people. Now go. Go I say.

### Baron

Hah! You think it could be that easy?

*Reaches in pocket*

I have a magic paint spray. Just watch this...

*He sprays the door as the Prince looks on*

### Prince

Never darken my door again.

### Baron

But this is more than a paint spray. Hah! A whole lot more! I am only Baron Ogilvy some of the time! Usually I am the equally evil Sorcerer Sporrán McSporran.

### Prince

Oh no.

**Baron**

Yes! One squirt of my deadly spray will turn you into a Beastie...

**Prince**

Obesity? I'm not fat...

**Baron**

A Beastie. You will become a terrible Beastie, and will only be saved by... um, what shall we say? Ah!

*Laughs cruelly*

There must be bluebirds in the castle tower when you get love's first kiss!  
And none of that is likely to happen - when you end up looking... like this!

*The evil baron sprays the Prince's face. The Prince moans, covers his face, and staggers off. Immediately he returns as a terrible Beastie. He staggers into the darkness as the curtains close*

**Baron**

*To audience*

And so the gorgeous Prince McNuckie of Burragh is reduced to a hideous Beastie – doomed to roam the damp chambers and dungeons of his castle for the rest of his days. Or until he comes crawling to me for mercy.

Ha ha! Ha ha! And ha ha again!

Only a year to wait, and then there will be a coronation all right. But what those stupid peasant villagers don't realise is that the new Prince will be me! Me I tell you! It will be me! Me! Ha ha!

*Baron exits stage left as a deep and resonant voice booms through the darkness*

**Voice**

So, for putting goodness before evil, and kindness before greed, the fine young Prince has been committed to a tragic life in the shadows as a terrible Beastie, doomed to walk the damp and dark passages within the castle walls until a seemingly impossible chain of events breaks the sinful and wicked spell. Only true love, and the presence of a rare and beautiful bluebird, which hasn't been seen in the castle for years, can bring the true ruler back to his people.

Exactly one year later...

*The curtains open to the village scene. The villagers sing **Tartantown** merry and excited by the impending coronation of their new Prince.*

There's nothing quite so jolly  
With no sign of melancholy  
As a topping day in Tartantown.  
There is no room for frownin'  
Nothing to get you down in  
A topping day in Tartantown.

The prince will be delighted  
We're so happy and excited  
In this topping day in Tartantown.  
He'll be well coronated  
The crown will be gold plated  
It's a topping day in Tartantown.

*Villager:* Good morning dear. How do you do?

*Answer:* I'm feeling fine! Och aye the noo!

*Villager 2:* I think I'll do a highland fling

*Answer:* You do it dear. It's just the thing.

A swanky coronation  
Ideas above his station  
But a topping day in Tartantown.  
Feeling great! We're all in tune  
Highland high! How high the moon!  
A topping day in Tartantown!

*At the end of the song, Beauty appears*

**Beauty**

Have you seen my ugly sisters?

**Villager 1**

You haven't got any sisters Beauty. Only two ugly brothers.

**Beauty**

Oh yes. Confusing isn't it...

I have been working so hard trying to please my wonderful mother, and my scary stepfather, the evil Baron Ogilvy...

*Doomy organ chord*

Thank you.

...That I quite forgot to get lunch for my two dim-witted stepbrothers. They'll be angry with me. And I'm so sweet and pretty, I simply couldn't bear that.

**Villager 2**

Oh dear. Here they come now...

*To a scourge of bagpipes Harris and Tweed enter, dressed in kilts and stuff*

**Beauty**

*To audience*

These are my two stepbrothers, Harris and Tweed. Keep up.

*To the brothers*

Terribly sorry about the lunch boys. Will you ever forgive me?

**Harris**

Of course! Haven't you heard? Daddy has become Prince of Burragh and it's going to be his coronation today instead of that wussy Prince. Isn't it grand? And we will shortly be moving into a real castle! It's got a drawbridge and everything. Hot and cold running walls...

He was so happy this morning he was even nice to Mummy.

*To audience*

This is my brother Tweed.

*Looks him in the face*

Right Tweed?

**Tweed**

Don't recall the face, but the breath is familiar...

**Harris**

You'd make a perfect stranger.

Now, enough. Daddy ... er ... the Prince of Burragh will be here in a minute, and I want every villager to make an enormous fuss of him.

**Beauty**

But he's cruel and mean. What happened to the good Prince McNuckie of Burragh? It was meant to be his coronation and he was going to change things around here. And apparently he was quite cute...

**Harris**

Enough. Daddy's taking over the noo the noo the noo...

**Tweed**

And that's the end of the noos.

**Harris**

Glad we got that gag out of the way. Please try to be sensible Tweed, or did you have a bowl of stupid for breakfast today?

**Tweed**

*Looks contented*

I love being in a play. Isn't it wonderful?

**Harris**

It certainly is. In fact, I love it so much I even bought a theatre.

**Tweed**

No! Are you having me on?

**Harris**

You can audition, but I don't think you'll get a part...

*Scourge of bagpipes. Excited villagers look off stage right. Finally the dame, Florry McDoughnut, arrives – pulling a self-working set of bagpipes on a lead. Harris exits and runs on with a blunderbuss, and shoots the wailing instrument*

**Florry**

Why, you heartless boy. Wait until I tell your father.

**Harris**

Silence. I should think he'll want to dump you big time now he's been made Prince.

**Florry**

Prince? He never told me... Mind you, he was very disgruntled this morning.

**Beauty**

He's seldom grunted.

**Tweed**

Probably never came up in conversation.

**Florry**

Damn cheek. If only he'd wash his neck I'd wring it.

**Harris**

Don't go on. It's his coronation today. Don't spoil it.

**Florry**

Coronation?

**Villagers**

Oooooooh. Here he comes now!

*Gigantic fanfare. Harris and Tweed run over to welcome him, throwing rose petals or something*

**Harris**

Ladies and gentlemen! We give you the brand new shiny Prince of Burragh! A kindly Prince! Ready to hear your problems...

**Tweed**

Discuss them...

**Baron**

And then lock up anybody who gives me any trouble. And torture them for the rest of their miserable days...

*Bit of a silence*

**Villager 1**

Well that sounds very nice. Er...doesn't it?

*Hesitant sounds of agreement*

**Baron**

Anyway my darling locals. You will learn to love me. That's an order. And we will be happy and prosperous. At least I will. Crown...

*Someone brings on a crown on a cushion*

Right. So get back to your work. Stop gorging at me. And don't forget, I have just doubled the tax on...

*Gasp from villagers*

...everything! Now go!

*The villagers scatter, leaving only Beauty, Florry, the Baron, Harris and Tweed*

**Harris**

Firm but fair I'd say.

**Beauty**

Firm but fair? You tyrant. You'll never get away with this. Never.

**Baron**

*Sidles over to Beauty*

You look gorgeous when you're angry.

**Florry**

Bit like me?

**Baron**

If I throw a stick will you leave?

*He takes Beauty's arm and walks her aside*

Of course I'll get away with it. And then you can marry me. I only married your ghastly mother so I could get to you. She was the dirt track that led me to the palace of your heart. We could be contented. Just you, me and my fine sons.

**Beauty**

Ugh.

*Baron and sons laugh heartily and exit*

**Florry**

Oh dear. There are times when I don't think he sees my beauty. As husbands go I wish he would.

I've been to better coronations.

Oh never mind! Did you do any painting today dear?

**Beauty**

No. I was so mixed up about everything. And besides, I've run out of blue and yellow. And I could do with an easel and more canvas.

**Florry**

Could you now? I'll tell you what dear, I'll go into the town

*To audience*

Through the glen, past the loch, up the wee highlands and down the lowlands past Invernuchy the noo...

*Back to Beauty*

And get them for you.

**Beauty**

I couldn't possibly...

**Florry**

No problem dear. It will make a change. I'll probably visit Somhairie Hall...

**Beauty**

Is that a museum?

**Florry**

No, it's my sister.

Must rush dear. Got to pack.

**Beauty**

Are you sure you'll be all right?

**Florry**

Of course. And I'll be back in good time for your evil stepfather to take over the world.

*Florry leaves. Black tabs. Beauty sings **A question of love***

I can cook, clean and sing  
But look kids ... no ring  
There's enough of my dazzle to share  
Some guy needs a shove  
It's a question of love.  
Why, when, where? I don't care  
Just please tell me...who?

I'm young, kinda pretty  
I'm wise, and I'm witty  
I have charm and charisma to spare  
I coo like a dove  
It's a question of love.  
Why, when, where? I don't care  
Just please tell me...who?

Let's face it, why would this guy stay?  
He wouldn't want me anyway.

But a girl who tells jokes  
Scares the hell out of blokes  
They run from my doorway in fear  
But heaven's above  
It's a question of love.  
Why, when, where? I don't care  
Just please tell me...who?

Come on guys, to my door  
Keep it to a dull roar  
Be brave, be a hero, get near  
I'd fit like a glove  
It's a question of love.  
Why, when, where? I don't care  
Why should I would you?  
Why, when, where? I don't care  
Just please tell me who?

*Beauty leaves as the tabs open*

## **Act 1 Scene 2**

*A window in the grand hall of the castle. The Beastie is sitting with his back to the audience, trying to tempt bluebirds to come to the windowsill. We don't see his face. His grim manservant Angus McCoatup enters*

### **Angus**

Aye master. It will be a miracle if the bluebirds ever return to the Castle McNuckie the noo.

*Aside*

And a double miracle if you happen to be kissing your true love at the same time.

### **Beastie**

Silence you old fool. What else can I do? What else can I depend on? What else could possibly give me hope when I look like this?

*He turns suddenly, revealing how truly awful he is*

I have all a man could want. A swanky castle, a few really fast coaches, fine clothes, the grandest furniture, a pet hamster called Colin. And I cannot leave the confines of this hell, because of the wretched curse put upon me. Damn it all. Damn that evil Baron. Damn life itself.

**Angus**

Tea?

**Beastie**

Two sugars. Something must be done. I was kindly. Handsome. Hopeful...  
And now I'm a cruel miserable Beastie, with only hatred in my black heart. My  
God Angus – how could I find a girl willing to even look at me, let alone kiss  
me?

**Angus**

They'd run a mile...

**Beastie**

Thanks. I can always depend on you for a bit of support. A helpful word when  
I'm down. Now why don't...

*He is interrupted by a single bluebird fluttering at the window. It hovers but the  
Beastie moves too quickly and the bird flies away*

No. No. Come back. We'll feed you. Make you feel at home... Damn.  
It's no good ...

**Angus**

I'll cheer you up.

What's made of stone, has enormous turrets and a drawbridge and eats  
grass?

**Beastie**

I don't know.

**Angus**

A castle. I lied about the grass. Want to hear another?

**Beastie**

No. What's for supper?

**Angus**

Sausages.

**Beastie**

How long will they be?

**Angus**

About five inches. Now sir, I think what I will do the noo is help you to attract  
the bluebirds back to the castle tower. My pleasing smile could make all the  
difference...

*He produces a large packet of Trill and joins the Prince on the window seat as  
the light fades*

### Act 1 Scene 3

*The curtain closes as Florry appears, staggering under the weight of an easel, canvas and loads of pots of paint. A storm is grumbling in the distance. She puts down her stuff*

#### **Florry**

Oh dear. It's getting dark, I'm lost, and a terrible storm is brewing. I must find shelter. I say, what's that place through the terrible woods? That menacing and unfriendly castle? Should I go there and ask for a room for the night?

*Terrible cracks of thunder. Lightning and silhouette of the castle projected on the curtain. More thunder*

Shall I? Shall I? Well, what else can I do? This could ruin Beauty's paints. I know she wanted watercolour but this is ridiculous.

*The curtains half open to reveal the castle door*

Oh well. Here goes.

*She bangs on the door. There is silence. She bangs again. There are footsteps for ages, getting closer. Florry is getting increasingly irritated. Then many bolts are undone and keys turned. Finally Angus opens the door*

#### **Angus**

You rang?

#### **Florry**

No, I knocked... about half an hour ago. Let me in, it's terrible out here.

#### **Angus**

Nobody enters this domain. Begone with you. There's an inn at the crossroads.

#### **Florry**

How far is that?

#### **Angus**

Twenty seven miles. But it's mainly downhill.

#### **Florry**

I can't walk all that way in this weather. Let me in. Please.

#### **Angus**

I can't even see you. Step forth into the light.

*Florry steps into the light and Angus immediately changes his tune. Projected hearts flicker above his head*

#### **Angus**

I have never seen such beauty. I must have you for my own. Have you been sent on a golden star from paradise?

**Florry**

Eh?

**Angus**

I'm sorry. I forget myself. I'm Angus McCoatup. Your future bride. I mean... er... wow. You make me plume reek the noo.

**Florry**

Now stop it you naughty boy and let me in.

**Angus**

Darling. Er... I mean... the master will not want you here.

*To audience*

Or will he? Could this creature from Heaven be his reward for his years of anguish? Could she be the one to give him a big socking kiss and thereby breaking the spell I ask myself?

No. It cannot be. I have to have her for my own.

**Florry**

Oh come on cheeky. Let me in.

*The curtains open as the door slides away to reveal a dreamscape of clouds, with a troupe of children dressed as butterflies dancing a romantic ballet. Angus dances with Florry and they sing **Love...or something like that***

She came on the scene  
Moved like a dream  
One look in her eyes and splat.  
The line of her form  
Redefined the word norm.  
It was love...  
Or something like that.

When she says 'Grab me buster'  
I know I can trust her.  
I fly to her flame like a gnat.  
I'm undone. Overthrown  
Like a dog with a bone.  
It's love...  
Or something like that.

But when push gets to shove  
Love.  
Heaven's above  
Love.  
Formations of doves flying by  
Couldn't do better  
If you don't upset her  
It's love, love, love.

Love, love, love.  
Love, love, love.  
Or something like that.

When we're in the sun  
Two hearts beating as one  
And we're not in the mood to chat.  
My hand round her butt  
(The next line's been cut)  
It's love...  
Or something like that.

But when we're apart  
I know in my heart  
She'll turn down her thermostat.  
As I walk in the room  
It resets to kabooooooooom.  
It's love...  
Or something like that.

But when push gets to shove  
Love.  
She fits like a glove.  
Love.  
Like a mouse being chased by a cat  
She tells you you're cute  
Then puts in the boot  
It's love, love, love.  
Love, love, love.  
Love, love, love.  
Or something like that.

In sweet harmony  
Like two owls in a tree  
I woo her with wine by the vat.  
Then we bath and shampoo  
'Til we're too wet to woo.  
It's love... yes love...sweet love...  
Or something like that.

#### **Act 1 Scene 4**

*As the curtains close Harris and Tweed enter*

#### **Tweed**

Is there going to be a ball?

**Harris**

Eh?

**Tweed**

Is there going to be a ball? There's always a ball in this sort of thing.

**Harris**

What sort of thing?

**Tweed**

*Gestures to audience*

This sort of thing. Well it all seems to be about...

*Shy*

You know... erm... love and all that. You know...

**Harris**

I haven't seen any love going on.

**Tweed**

Because if there's going to be a ball, I want to dance the night away. I want all the girls to look at me, and fall in love, and we'll live happily ever after.

**Harris**

What, with all of them?

**Tweed**

Trouble is I can't dance, so....

**Harris**

*Warily*

Yees?

**Tweed**

Will you teach me? Will you? Will you?

**Harris**

No.

**Tweed**

Pleeeeee.

**Harris**

Oh all right. What are we going to use for music?

*Tweed produces a tiny radio and puts it down on the stage. After some adjustment a foxtrot blares out at high volume. Harris, visibly alarmed, jumps at Tweed and they begin to dance.*

*The evil Baron Ogilvy enters and watches in silence. Eventually the two dancers notice him, stop and adjust themselves*

**Harris**

Erm... only preparing for the ball Daddy.

**Baron**

Ball? Oh silence. There are times that I suspect you're not as evil as me. You're only evilish. Sort of semi-skimmed evil. Anyway, that's all for another day. I need your help right now. Your ghastly stepmother has gone away (for a strangely long time...) and I want you two to help me win the hand of the fair Beauty...

**Tweed**

Only the hand?

**Baron**

That will be enough for now.

*Laughs evilly*

I will make her my own with your help, and then we can...er... remove the stepmother thing, kick that stupid Prince out of the castle, and be living there before teatime. Strangely Beauty is showing some resistance. I frequently let her know my plans and secret desires – but even with a sip of my wonderful and highly toxic love potion she still refuses to be mine.

So I have a romantic plan. I want you to take her to the haunted woods and leave her there to starve and wander in the cruel mist forever until she's eaten by wild animals.

**Harris**

Will that make her love you?

**Baron**

Damn. I never thought of that. You could be right.

Tell you what. I have an alternative plan. Another dose of my exotic love potion will do the trick. Prepared when I was in my other guise – the equally evil Sorcerer Sporrán McSporran, this potion has enormous powers and will render her useless. Ha ha!

**Tweed**

Will you still want her if she's useless?

**Baron**

Silence.

*Hands over small bottle*

Now make sure you give her a swig and then bring her to me. She can wash my feet to get her in the mood.

*To audience*

She will be mine! Oh yes she will!

*Etc*

Now hurry. Time is short as the big clock said to the small clock.

**Tweed**

Yes Daddy. But Beauty hates us almost as much as she hates you. Why, if she really gives you a bad time, marry her. There could be no worse punishment.

**Baron**

Enough. Ah, here she comes now. Remember, she must be mine. Take the ghastly old model down to the dump and bring in the shiny new one! She will be mine! Mine I tell you!

Ha ha! Ha ha ha!

*Turns to audience*

And if any of you lot try to spoil my plans I'll ... I'll... ah, wait and see. But you can be sure it will have something to do with the haunted forest. I'll have you tied to trees, with packets of jelly babies hanging inches from your faces for ever more.

Ha ha! Ha ha ha! Everything's going beautifully!

*Enter Beauty, in some distress*

**Beauty**

Was that your vile father?

**Harris and Tweed**

*Remembering their brief*

Yes, isn't he gorgeous.

**Beauty**

No. And have you seen my mother? She left two days ago to get me some paints and hasn't been seen since.

**Tweed**

Pants?

**Beauty**

Paints. She must have taken a shortcut through the haunted woods. We must leave immediately and find her. Come on you two. Do something useful for once in your life.

*Harris quietly takes the bottle from his pocket*

**Harris**

Our incredibly good looking Father is a bit busy at the moment, what with becoming ruler of the land and everything – so that very attractive man won't be able to come with us.

**Beauty**

Attractive? What are you talking about? He's vile – and that's giving him the benefit of the doubt. All men are out of the same mould, but some are mouldier than others.

Come along. We must go to find my Mother. Oh, all this worry is giving me quite a headache. Hope I don't swoon.

**Harris**

Ah! Have a swig of this. My patent headache cure. It's delicious and satisfying. Nutritious and pain defying. Scrumptious and...

**Beauty**

OK. I get the picture. Let me see.

*Harris hands over bottle. She examines it*

It looks harmless enough.

*To audience*

Shall I try it?

Oh why not. If it cures my headache it's got to be good hasn't it?

**Harris**

So you find our Father unattractive?

**Beauty**

Yes for the last time. What's this all about? Besides anything else he's married to my Mother.

*To audience*

After my Father's strange disappearance the evil Baron showered her with gifts. Jewellery. Dresses. A trampoline. I think she married him on the rebound. Anyway...I think he's vile. Disgusting and vile.

*She swigs from the bottle. Lights flash, whirling sounds, pops, projected firework effects. Beauty staggers around holding her throat. Harris and Tweed look on in amazement. Finally there is a long raspberry sound and some final pops. Beauty looks again at the bottle*

**Beauty**

Wow. Certainly works. My headache's completely gone. Wow. What a product.

*Grinning Harris and Tweed lean in*

**Harris**

And how do you feel about Daddy now?

**Beauty**

I still hate and detest him of course. Why would a little headache remedy change that? He's disgusting. Come on. To the woods. We have to find Mummy before she's becomes food for the wolves... for a month.

*She hands the bottle back to Harris*

**Harris**

*To Tweed*

Well that didn't work. Damn.

*He swigs it and immediately puts his arm round Tweed.  
I say darling. Strong stuff.*

*They waltz off following Beauty*

## **Act 1 Scene 5**

*The curtain opens to the Beastie sitting at the window. He is coaxing a bluebird on to his finger*

### **Beastie**

Come on my little friend. Stay with me and I will feed you on the finest seeds, you can build your nest from the most luxurious feathers, and I will buy you a wonderful perch. It will be so high that you will feel like the king of the bluebirds. Mind you, it's better not to get involved with higher perches.

*Angus and Florry enter stage right. Florry is still carrying the art materials.  
The Beastie turns round and Florry screams in horror at his terrible face. The bluebird is frightened away*

### **Beastie**

Who dares to disturb my solitude? What kind of haggis faced crone is this?

### **Florry**

You can talk. Don't be so rude. Angus has been kind enough to invite me in to shelter from the storm.

### **Beastie**

Angus, what do you think you are doing? I insist that no-one perceives my visage...

### **Florry**

Eh?

### **Beastie**

Sees my face. Angus, take this foul being away and clap her in the dungeon. No person must ever know my plight. Now go.

*Angus sidles over to the Beastie*

### **Angus**

Sir, I will have you know the noo. This is a fine woman, and if you could bring yourself to be a bit polite, she may kiss you just at the time a bluebird returns to the castle, thereby breaking the evil curse. Then you can return to your kingdom and we can all live happily ever after for God's sake.

*Talks to audience*

A quick catch-up on the plot in case you're getting confused the noo.

**Beastie**

I think I'd prefer to remain a Beastie. She looks like she could do with a facelift. Come to think of it, it would probably be cheaper to lower her body.

**Florry**

What a cheek. Casserole face.

**Angus**

Enough. Show some respect for the Prince.

**Beastie**

Hear hear...

**Angus**

And don't be rude to the wee lassie I love the noo. When she gives you love's first kiss I will reclaim her as my own. Because she is my love...

*There is a surge of music as Angus is about to sing. Beastie interrupts him*

**Beastie**

Oh shut up. Take her away. She must not leave the castle to tell her tale. Begone. She will be my prisoner until the end of her days.

**Florry**

Well that's a bit much.

**Beastie**

And leave your luggage here. The spoils I gain from your treachery. Now go.

**Angus**

*Angrily*

May your niggles nuggle the noo.

**Beastie**

Enough. I will not tolerate insubordination. Lock the baggage up.

*He leaps to his feet*

Out! I am doomed to be a Beastie for eternity, and you play with my emotions by bringing me that thing. At least find me someone who comes from the same century...

**Florry**

What a cheek. And don't expect me to be a model prisoner. Can I make one call?

**Beastie**

Very well.

**Florry**

*Imitates werewolf*

Thank you.

*Distant returning howls of wolves. Florry looks horrified*

**Beastie**

Away with her. Leave me to tempt the birds.

**Florry**

I'm not even going to say the next line.

**Angus**

Come with me my fine wee lassie. I'll hae you to yer bed the noo.

**Beastie**

Hope you're good at mountaineering.

**Angus**

*Points to the Beastie*

And I'll see you later. Ye'll be having no floaty bits on your cock-a-leekie tonight, or my name's not Angus mcCoatup.

*They leave as the Beastie stares after them. He gestures his annoyance with himself, and turns to the window as the lights fade*

## **Act 1 Scene 6**

*Front of curtain. Very dark with wind whistling.  
Beauty enters stage left, Harris and Tweed stage right.*

**Beauty**

Hey you two. Have you found my Mother?

**Harris**

No luck and we have searched everywhere.

**Tweed**

The woodshed, the spare room, and we spent ages in the larder...

**Beauty**

I can't believe you two. She is probably in the middle of the haunted woods, probably been eaten by wolves by now. And you search the larder?

**Tweed**

We were hungry.

**Beauty**

*To audience*

What can I do? I can't do this alone. Mind you, with Haggis and Dumplings here I'd probably be better off. Hmm. Desperate times call for desperate measures. I'll try this...

*To Harris and Tweed*

Find my Mum and I'll marry your gorgeous Father.

*To audience*

I won't really.

**Harris and Tweed**

Excellent! We'll leave right away!

**Harris**

The potion obviously worked after all. Took a few minutes to kick in.

**Tweed**

Yes, and now we've got to go to a cold dark....

**Harris**

Haunted...

**Tweed**

...Wood. Gulp, and various other worried sounds.

*Beauty sings a stirring **March to glory** to encourage her reticent helpers.*

*They join in*

In every single book you read  
There's strong ambition to succeed  
So that's our story  
March to glory  
A force in word and deed.

March forward to the battle cry  
You'll be just fine (Harris and Tweed) We'll probably die  
So just be bold  
Be brave, don't fold  
Good luck! Good heart! (Harris and Tweed) Goodbye.

Onwards laddies  
Search and roam  
(Harris) I think we'd rather  
(Tweed) stay at home  
Not the spirit  
Can't you see?  
(Harris) Besides, it's nearly  
(Tweed) Time for tea.

A problem halved, a problem shared  
Are you ready? (Harris and Tweed) Not prepared

The flags unfurl!  
Go get the girl!  
On to glory  
On to glory  
On to glory! (Harris and Tweed) But we're scared.

### **Beauty**

Forward!

*She marches off stage right, Harris and Tweed bump into each other and leave in confusion*

### **Act 1 Scene 7**

*The curtains open to an incredibly dark backdrop of the castle exterior, with menacing trees, ground mist and howling wolves. Harris and Tweed enter stage right. They sing **Let's go home***

Let's escape  
Homeliness awaits  
Lock the door no more to roam  
Play some bridge  
Raid the fridge  
Let's go home.

Let's escape  
We could cut and run  
This place chills me to the bone  
My cosy bed  
Some gingerbread  
Let's go home.

You go first  
After you  
I thought I heard a ghostly moan  
Where are you?  
Behind you  
Let's go home.

Let's escape  
I'm feeling very tired  
Some tea, a cake, a scone  
A pint of beer  
My teddy bear  
Let's go home.

**Beauty**

We have got to be really quiet. Do you think my Mother could possibly be in that castle?

**Harris**

No. why would she go in there?

**Tweed**

Maybe she's been captured...by a monster.

**Beauty**

Don't be so silly. But she may be sheltering in there against the weather. It's so dark and doomy – surely no-one could live there.

**Harris**

It could be the castle that Daddy said we would live in after his coronation.

**Beauty**

Coronation. Huh...

**Tweed**

I don't want to live there. It's creepy and miserable. Let's go. Maybe your Mother's in a ditch somewhere, a bit nearer home.

**Beauty**

You are a couple of dopes...

**Harris and Tweed**

He is but I'm not.

**Beauty**

I'm going to look round the other side of the castle. You two stay here... and don't move. If I'm not back in ten minutes go back to the village and get help.

**Tweed**

How can we get help if we have to stay here?

**Harris**

No, she said we have to stay in the village and get ten minutes of help.

**Tweed**

No, we have to get back here in ten minutes with help from the village.

**Harris**

Better go then. But why do we need ten minutes when we're here already?

**Tweed**

Because the villagers have got to stay here...

**Harris**

Exactly. Are we back yet?

**Beauty**

I knew I could depend on you two. One more time. Stay here. I am going away and if I'm not back in ten minutes then go and get help...

**Tweed**

We could get help from the village.

**Harris**

Good idea. See. We can be helpful when we try.

**Tweed**

So where are we all going?

**Beauty**

I am going alone. You're staying here.

**Harris**

But we're not going to stay any more than ten minutes, no matter what you say.

**Tweed**

So there.

**Beauty**

Give me strength. Now be very quiet.

**Harris**

Very quiet?

**Beauty**

Very quiet. As quiet as this. ...  
*She whispers something*

**Harris and Tweed**

*Shout*

What?

*They all recoil from the echo*

**Beauty**

I said be quiet. Now stay here and .... Shutup. If anyone hears us we've had it.

*Beauty creeps off stage left*

**Tweed**

Had what?

**Harris**

Will you be quiet? Beauty told us to.

**Tweed**

But I don't understand...

**Harris**

Quiet

**Tweed**

Eh?

**Harris**

Be quiet...

*A sequence of speech bubbles are projected to create the conversation on to the dark backdrop above their heads*

**Tweed**

Is that better?

**Harris**

Much.

**Tweed**

What do we do now?

**Harris**

Just stand here and wait for her to come back.

**Tweed**

If she's not back in ten minutes I think we should leave.

**Harris**

*Thought bubble this time*

Idiot...

**Tweed**

What?

**Harris**

Nothing.

**Tweed**

I hope she brings back some cakes with her.

*No response*

**Tweed**

I said...

**Harris**

I saw what you said.

**Tweed**

What shall we do while we're waiting?

**Harris**

Dunno.

**Tweed**

Tell me a story.

**Harris**

Eh?

**Tweed**

Tell me that one about Hamlet...

*The whole script of Hamlet runs through Harris's speech bubble*

**Tweed**

Thank you. Nothing can scare me now.

*There is a terrible roar from stage right, and Harris and Tweed hold hands and run off stage left as the curtain closes*

## **Act 1 Scene 8**

*As beauty creeps on in low light the curtain opens a few feet to reveal a barred window with Florry looking out sadly*

**Florry**

What shall I do? What is to become of me? Oh woe woe woe.

**Beauty**

Mummy?

**Florry**

Wo ho...

**Beauty**

Mummy, is that you?

*She sees her*

What are you doing in there?

**Florry**

Oh Beauty, it is you. I thought I was dreaming. I've been captured by a terrible Beastie and there is no way out.

**Beauty**

It's not possible.

**Florry**

He is going to keep me in this dungeon for ever more.

**Beauty**

It's not possible.

**Florry**

He'll never let me go. Never.

**Beauty**

It's not possible.

**Florry**

Can you stop saying that? The only hope is a man I have met who has fallen in love with me.

**Beauty**

It's not possible.

**Florry**

How dare you? It most certainly is possible. I'm being held against my will.

**Beauty**

This chap Will... can't he get you out?

**Florry**

Will? His name's Angus.

**Beauty**

Sorry, I thought you said you were being held against your Will. Easy mistake. Oh Mummy, I must get you out. You're needed at home. Just show me where this terrible Beastie is. I'll soon show him a thing or two – he can't go around capturing old ladies, no matter how awful, ugly and loathsome he is.

**Florry**

No, I won't have that.

**Beauty**

Eh?

**Florry**

I'm not old.

Now what you must do is return to the village, get some strong men, and get back here to rescue me. But be careful Beauty, you shouldn't be out here at night. You could be waylaid and molested by some firemen... or rugger players.

*Beauty looks hopeful for a moment, and then returns to the plot*

**Beauty**

All right Mummy, I'll be careful. And don't worry, we'll have you out of there in no time, and back in the arms of your husband.

Um... I said that so you wouldn't be too miserable if we can't manage to rescue you! Only joking!

**Florry**

Great timing. I don't know what's going to happen. The Beastie could eat me or something...

**Beauty**

That hungry is he? Or is he holding a banquet?

**Florry**

That's quite enough. Now go, and do be careful dear.

**Beauty**

Don't worry Mummy, I'll be back in no time and you'll be free.

*Beauty pulls up her collar and furtively creeps away as the curtains open again, taking the window cut-out with them.*

*Back outside the castle Beauty is about to run off stage right when there is a mighty roar and the Beastie enters, grabs her roughly, and overpowers her*

**Beauty**

Aaagh. Unhand me you vile creature. Let me go. I have the castle surrounded. At this very moment my super-hero stepbrothers are running to get the rest of the population to rescue my Mother from your tyrannical hold. Unhand me I say. Put me down you big...

**Beastie**

You're going nowhere. You will become my prisoner forever. You will rot in my cell with your Mother. No-one in the outside world must ever find out that the once mighty Prince Stewart of the clan McNuckie of Burragh has become...

*He shouts*

A hideous Beastie!

**End of Act 1**

## **Act 2 Scene 1**

*The village scene. The villagers sing Tartantown – glum version.*

Welcome back! We're in act two  
So what's been going on the noo?  
On this dodgy day in Tartantown.  
Well the dame is locked up tightly  
And nothing's going rightly  
On this dodgy day in Tartantown.

We're missing Beauty greatly  
*(Prince enters)*  
And I haven't been on lately  
*(Prince exits)*  
On this dodgy day in Tartantown.  
The brothers are to rescue  
If they can just remember who  
It's a dodgy day in Tartantown.

*Villager 1:* Good morning Mac. How do you do?  
*Answer:* I'm worried sick the noo the noo

*Villager 2:* Is it true they're going to die?  
*Answer:* Hope not dear. I'll probably cry.

So that's the plot, there's nothing solved  
And something tells us we're involved  
On this dodgy day in Tartantown.  
I'm really scared and fit to swoon  
We're doing the finale soon.  
A tragic day in Tartantown.

*(Deep voice)* A tragic day in Tartantown.

*All the villagers cry as the lights fade*

## **Act 2 Scene 2**

*The Beastie wrestles Beauty into his room. He makes her sit by the window*

### **Beastie**

So where are your rescuers? I don't hear them fighting their way into my home. You lied. You came alone with the pathetic idea of freeing your Mother. But she will never be freed. I cannot let my people know what I have become...

**Beauty**

Your people? Are you still trying to tell me that you are Prince Stewart of the clan McNuckie of Burragh? You can't be. He was proud and fine, and a bit double tasty apparently. And you're a cruel heartless...

**Beastie**

I am that Prince. I was cursed by an evil sorcerer Sporrán McSporran, because he wants to rule my land. He alone has turned me into this hideous being, filled with hatred and self loathing.

**Beauty**

Well you've missed the boat. A new Prince had his coronation just the other day.

**Beastie**

Sporran McSporran. He vowed to take my crown away, and leave me to rot.

**Beauty**

No, it wasn't him. It was my equally evil stepfather Baron Ogilvy.

**Beastie**

The same man! So he is related to you? That means your Mother...

**Beauty**

Is his wife.

**Beastie**

So she has been sent here to cause me even further indignity, even more pain. I will kill her for this. Kill her.

**Beauty**

No no. she hates the Baron. She was simply walking through the woods on her way back from the city. She got caught in the rain.

**Beastie**

And now she will never leave. I don't trust either of you. I will be trapped in this terrible body for the rest of my life, with no chance of escape, no chance of becoming Prince of my land.

**Beauty**

Is there no way of breaking the curse?

**Beastie**

There is – but it is so crazy, so cruel that the world could end before the combination of circumstances could occur.

**Beauty**

Tell me them. There may be a way.

**Beastie**

No! The crazy antidote will not be revealed. Begone to your cell and forgot I told you this. Try and make escape plans with your idiotic Mother – but they'll never work...

*He shouts*

Because you are my prisoners for life! Angus, take her away!

*Angus doesn't appear. Beauty sings **Getting through**. The Beastie stands with his back to her, menacingly staring through his window.*

I have nothing planned  
If I could make him understand  
If I could just get through  
Chaqu'un a son gout (that's French)  
Then I could guide his hand.

If he could fall for me. But that's crazy...  
If he could want me. So what then?  
But my thoughts are getting hazy  
I'd be alone. No man. Again.

Real life. It's not for dreamers  
It's for those that dare to roam.  
That's me. The great redeemer  
The wanderer. Left at home.

*As she finishes he looks at her in a half-believing way. She notices a canvas, back to audience, partially hidden*

**Beauty**

What's this?

**Beastie**

It is nothing. Leave it alone.

*She studies it, hidden from the audience*

**Beauty**

For a start I think it's one of the canvases my Mother was carrying – so you're a thief too – and secondly..... It's quite good. Did you paint this?

**Beastie**

Just the view of the loch from my room.

*She turns it round. A picture of the Loch Ness Monster appearing from the loch*

**Beauty**

Nessy.

**Beastie**

Messy? I know it's messy. It's difficult to paint with hands like these.

**Beauty**

I said Nessy.

*Looks out of window*

Is he really out there? Coo.

**Beastie**

Sometimes. He's a bit elusive, but we seem to get on fairly well. Don't know why.

**Beauty**

He's probably your type. Now look, if you had taken a bit more notice of the ambient light, used the golden mean, and been less vigorous with your brushstrokes you could have created a more fluent effect...

**Beastie**

I see what you mean, but I was trying to capture the strength of the subject. The surge of his neck. How his tail flips commandingly...

*Realises*

Wait! You're not interested in my painting. You're just trying to placate me, so I think kindly towards you. Well, it isn't going to happen! Now go! You will never have another opportunity to mock me. Never!

Angus!

*Roars out of stage right*

Angus! Take her away! I never want to set eyes on her again.

*Angus appears*

**Angus**

Come with me the noo.

*Turns to Beastie*

You should be ashamed of yourself, talking to a pretty young girl like that.

*To audience*

Pretty young girl eh? I wonder...

**Act 2 Scene 3**

*The prison cell. Florry and Beauty are mid-chat*

**Florry**

So it was my terrible husband that did this vile thing? I didn't even know he had an alter-ego called Sporrán McSporran. Doesn't sound very Scottish. And

he's changed a kindly and peaceful Prince into a hateful monster. I wish he wouldn't do things like that.

They should change the wedding vows – love, honour, obey ... and don't turn people into hateful monsters. What do you think?

**Beauty**

Eh?

**Florry**

You weren't listening to a word I've been saying.

**Beauty**

Eh? Oh sorry Mummy, but I was just thinking – I nearly got through to the Beastie, and I saw in his eyes a great sadness, and some kindness.

**Florry**

Kindness? What are you talking about? He's a horrific and cruel Beastie! I sometimes wonder about your taste in men.

**Beauty**

That's rich coming from you.

**Florry**

Ooh how can you say that? Your Father was a lovely man. And then he mysteriously disappeared. I have never been so sad. Oh how he used to dangle you on his knee...so sweet. And when the evil Baron did it, I thought he was probably the same type.

**Beauty**

He did it for a different reason. I was eighteen by then.

**Florry**

Yes, I never thought of that. Oh if only your Father would return... but in the meantime it's rather fun to be chatted up by Angus McCoatup. He's gorgeous.

**Beauty**

Really Mummy, you're awful.

**Florry**

You've got to take your chances in life Beauty. Especially when you reach forty.

**Beauty**

And that's only round the bum.

**Florry**

Oooh you rude girl.

Anyway, this isn't helping us get out of here. Are you sure those two silly boys Harris and Tweed are on their way to rescue us?

**Beauty**

I very much doubt it. They're probably still wandering in the woods somewhere, or gone to the local tavern. They have obviously forgotten about us, or their vile Father has told them to forget it.

So we need an escape plan. What if we...

*They hear distant footsteps*

What's that?

*Numerous bolts are pulled, considerable clanking of chains, ancient keys being turned. Finally the sound of a mighty door groaning open. Angus enters and grabs Florry's hands in his own*

**Angus**

Och you're a fair lassie and no mistake. You take gorgeousness to record levels the noo. If there was a highland games event for fairness and exquisiteness, I would toss me caber in your favour every time. Ye'd win the Golden Haggis the noo.

**Florry**

Ooh you cheeky boy. But don't think you have to stop saying nice things.

*Does an Aretha Franklin*

You make me feel like a natural woman...

**Beauty**

Woman...

**Florry**

Woman. He's so sweeeeet isn't he?

**Beauty**

Yes very sweet, but it may be an idea to talk about getting out of here, and then you can tell him how sweet he is for the rest of his natural. Now come on...

**Angus**

Aye. I'm sorry, but your Mother makes me neaps creep and me sporrans do a highland fling.

**Beauty**

I noticed. Now Angus, since you appear to like her a bit, maybe you can help us escape.

**Angus**

I couldn't go against my master...

**Beauty**

Helpful...

**Angus**

So we should wait until the wee Beastie decides you can go. In the meantime, well, it's not too bad in here.

**Florry**

Not too bad! It's a nightmare. Cold and damp. Nothing to eat. And my husband will probably come to attack the place with his half-baked sons. I really don't...

**Angus**

Husband? You never told me the noo...

**Florry**

You never asked. Anyway, it doesn't matter. The only thing that he and I have in common is we were married on the same day.

**Beauty**

Come on Angus. Mummy's crazy about you, and she will be yours – but only when you free us.

**Angus**

I'll tell you what I'll do the noo. I'll tell the Beastie that I am cooking a special dinner with Florry, and we're all invited. How about that?

**Beauty**

But what about Mummy's cooking? Her favourite kitchen gadget is a stomach pump. And when the recipe says 'separate two eggs' she wants to know how far to separate them.

**Florry**

That's not very fair. I bet you miss my cooking...

**Beauty**

...as often as I can.

**Angus**

I shall organise the dinner. Florry and I will create a feast of haggis, neaps, tatties, more haggis and...um...probably haggis. The dinner will have a Scottish flavour.

**Beauty**

And will all the plates and cutlery start singing songs and dancing about?

*Angus walks to door*

**Angus**

No.

## Act 2 Scene 4

*The Beastie's room. He is by the window, a bluebird sitting on his finger singing happily, loudly and constantly. The Beastie walks carefully over to the easel and unveils his painting. The bluebird squawks loudly and flies out of the window in a cloud of feathers*

**Beastie**

It's not that bad. Stupid bird.

*Knock at door*

**Beastie**

Oh what?

*Angus enters*

**Angus**

Without further ado...

**Beastie**

What? There's no ado.

**Angus**

Without further ado the noo the noo – I have a wee idea.

**Beastie**

Let me guess. You're going to nail a bluebird to the easel and give us a kiss. That will really work.

**Angus**

Not what I had in mind. But you may have noticed that the wee lassie you grabbed in the gardens and manhandled into the dungeon is actually what one might describe as pretty. And it's a historical fact that pretty girls can melt the hardest of hearts, and even create a little spellbinding magic of their own. Do you get my drift.

**Beastie**

No.

**Angus**

Well let me explain.

**Beastie**

Please do. I can feel the years ticking away.

**Angus**

No need to be sarky. The proposition is this. You seem to be tempting the bluebirds into the tower a little more often now, and all you need is for the girl Beauty to fall in love with you and... job done.

**Beastie**

Oh sure. And she's going to fall in love with this? Look at me! I am a mean minded, villainous and horrific looking Beastie – or haven't you noticed? She will escape eventually...

**Angus**

Will she?

**Beastie**

Possibly. And marry some twit that will give her 2.4 children, drive her around in a BMW coach, and gradually let her turn him from a night owl into a homing pigeon. But fall in love with me? She would have to be blindfolded.

*(Idea)*

Ah!

**Angus**

No, you can't do that. And you haven't even heard my proposition yet. You will dress up sweet and sharp, comb your face, and become the host at a wonderful dinner.

**Beastie**

Are you mad? Do you seriously expect me to dress up to the nines, and play the avuncular host? Hand round the drinks? I'm a Beastie for God's sake! They wouldn't even want to eat in the same castle as me, let alone the same room. No! Besides, I'd get hair all over the olives...

**Angus**

Think on laddie. This could be your only opportunity to break the evil curse. This is a wild wild place, and not too many lassies venture here the noo. In fact a lassie in these woods is rarer than haggis teeth.

We have to strike while the sporrán is hot ... or another chance may never present itself. And then you'll be a hideous Beastie for the rest of your sad and useless life.

**Beastie**

You make me feel wonderful.

**Angus**

Come on my lord. What do you say? If nothing else you'll get a fine banquet. Mrs McDoughnut and I are going to serve haggis, freshly caught today, tatties and neeps...

**Beastie**

Big fat plum duff?

**Angus**

She'd be very offended if she heard you call her that. All washed down with some mountain dew.

**Beastie**

Ah! Whisky...

**Angus**

No. mountain dew. That's all we could get. But it will be a wonderful affair, just like the old days. Oh, the style! People arriving in wonderful coaches...

**Beastie**

And eating all my food, the bunch of freeloaders.

**Angus**

Now that's not nice. Anyway, if you relax a bit you could even enjoy it – and you never know, you may end up telling jokes. You used to be good at jokes.

**Beastie**

Ah! Those were the days! What's the cure for water on the brain?

**Angus**

A tap on the head!

**Beastie**

And what's the difference between a mad king and a street?

**Angus**

One tosses crowns and the other crosses towns! There you are! You're feeling better already. Woman love a wee laddie with a sense of humour. They'll laugh at you all night.

**Beastie**

That's what I'm afraid of.

All right. Have your dinner party. I may come for a little while. Now get out.

Out I say!

*Angus scurries to door*

Oh and one thing...

**Angus**

*Nervously*

Aye?

**Beastie**

Waiter waiter. Do you serve crabs?

**Angus**

Aye sir. We serve anybody!

*Gives a watery grin to audience and exits. The Beastie walks to his easel and pensively picks up a brush as the curtain closes*

## **Act 2 Scene 5**

*Front of curtain. Florry an Angus enter, arm in arm, stage right*

### **Angus**

Och you're a proud beauty and no mistake. You make me tam-o-shanter tingle.

### **Florry**

Oooh behave. We have the dinner to cook. Wasn't Beauty excited! Well I mean she said 'I'm not eating with that vile gargoyle from hell, I'd rather die of hunger' ... but she said it nicely. What does it all mean Angus? Why is he allowing this dinner?

### **Angus**

I cannee possibly tell ye. I am sworn to secrecy.

### **Florry**

But you can tell me. I'm your little sweetiepie.

### **Angus**

Aye, you are that – but a promise is a promise. Suffice to say, the Beastie hasn't always looked like that...

### **Florry**

I know. He must have been better looking...

### **Angus**

Slightly. Anyway, enough of all this. They've probably got the kitchen backdrop down by now.

*The curtains open to the kitchen scene. There is a table centre, and a large haggis. Every time this haggis is cut in half, more appear (Good luck Phil)*

### **Florry**

What an elegant kitchen! Where's Mrs Bridges?

### **Angus**

Put the oven on lassie.

### **Florry**

Do you think it will suit me?

**Angus**

No, turn it on. It's braw and bricht the nicht. Aye. And I'll get the tatties. You cut the haggis in half.

**Florry**

Very well. But it seems rather cruel.

**Angus**

Och no. that one's had far too much scotch already, and it's really old. It won't feel a thing. It will put it out of its misery.

*There is the sound of a little voice singing The Highland Dancers. Florry and Angus put their ears to the haggis and listen for a few moments*

**Florry**

It doesn't sound very miserable.

*Angus exits to get the tatties. As Florry chops the haggis it stops singing abruptly. As it falls in half two more appear. She chops again and a further four appear. Eventually one runs up the backdrop and others fly off stage left. Angus staggers back with one on his head*

**Angus**

Have you no control woman? You nearly made me drop the tatties the noo. Now get the big bowl out, and well make some pastry. The Beastie loves pastry.

*They make a powdery pastry, chatting on as they go. They then top up the bowl with their mix. The bowl contains a balloon that blows up gradually under the mixture until it gets big enough to burst. It bursts...*

**Florry**

Now look what you've done. Get a big dish for the haggis, pile all the tatties round it, pour plenty of whisky on it, and I'll put it in the oven.

**Angus**

Oven?

**Florry**

That one over there. Now come on.

**Angus**

You're gorgeous when you're bossy.

*They prepare the dish and Florry takes it off stage left. There is a lot of clanking as the oven is loaded and closed. Florry returns*

**Florry**

It's no good. I can't find the ON switch anywhere.

**Angus**

That's because it's a remote control oven. We're nae so old fashioned in the heelands the noo.

*He produces a remote control from under the table and points it off towards the oven. There is a gigantic explosion, flashing lights and a haggis or two flying across the stage*

**Angus**

That's doing nicely. Let's go and change our togs the noo.

*They stagger off as the curtain closes*

**Act 2 Scene 6**

*Front of curtain. The Baron, Harris and Tweed enter, halfway through a heated conversation*

**Harris**

So you see it wasn't our fault. Beauty told us to come back.

**Tweed**

And we thought you told us to do exactly what she said.

**Baron**

I said nothing of the sort you idiots. Why didn't you bring her back here and leave her stupid Mother to rot. Especially since you say my patent love potion looks like it could have worked.

**Tweed**

She told us to come back and get help.

**Baron**

You don't know much about women do you. They like to be told precisely what to do at all times. Oh yes they do...

*Heated audience reaction*

Now go and start to fire up the villagers a bit, and I'll be there shortly. And make sure you don't do anything wrong this time. We need plenty of strong arm stuff to get Beauty back so she can marry me ...  
Now go.

*As Harris and Tweed leave, falling over each other, the Baron turns his attention to the audience*

## **Baron**

For the first time in this shady chain of events I am beginning to feel uneasy.  
And when I feel uneasy I begin to get a little... mad.

So you lot had better do precisely what I say or you will made to do ... oh I don't know...something nasty.

The point is this. I hold a dreadful secret - or several really. This one is that I committed the sippy Prince to a terrible twilight world as a grotesque Beastie. Rather well done actually, don't you think? Worked better than I thought.

Anyway, I digress. My evil ways are about to be discovered, and I will then be known as a horrible despot instead of a kindly ruler.

So the Beastie must die before he can tell his story. Die I tell you. Ha ha. Ha ha ha. And a ha tiddly ha ha!

*Walks to centre stage. Back to the audience he gestures for the curtains to open. As they do he turns and says*

And don't even think about booing me.

## **Act 2 Scene 7**

*The village. Crowds assembled. After dramatic chord, The Baron sings a stirring song, designed to fire the villagers into action. **I'm smart***

Follow me!

It must be said

I am the best thing

Since sliced bread.

Follow me

When I go through

The waves all part

The noo the noo.

Follow me

When I am near

The sky is blue

Clouds disappear.

So follow me

Avoid the gloom

The birdies sing

The flowers bloom.

I'm smart, so smart

Just learn it by heart

And then repeat it each and every day

We're finished if he went away.

Follow me  
And hear them say  
Tis Christmas, Easter  
Every day!

Follow me  
And as you kneel  
You'll know just how  
The angels feel.

So follow me  
I'm a la carte  
So what am I?  
Smart smarty smart!

Oh yeah  
Yeh yeh!

I'm smart, so smart  
Just learn by heart  
And then repeat it each and every day  
We're finished if he went away.

### **Baron**

Thank you all for your unflinching support at our time of crisis.

#### *Derisory mumble from crowd*

I want ever man, woman and child to rise against the horrific peril that threatens our fair land. A peril that could eat into our very existence and disturb the happy calm I have created amongst you...

#### *More derisory mumbling*

For an evil tyrant is threatening to break free and tell you what I'm really like... I mean what I've done... I mean...um... spoil the idyllic highland life that I, in my gracious majesty, have created for you. Imagine a world without haggis. A world without porridge. A world without me. Now come on for Heaven's sake... I mean, kindly villagers, please follow me to victory.

### **Harris**

Come on come on. Follow the good Baron to victory. Orderly line now. No pushing...

### **Tweed**

Do what the good Baron says or he'll throw you in a dungeon... I mean be offended with your lack of support.

**Villager 1**

What do we have to do?

**Villager 2**

Nobody's told us what to do...

*General mumbling*

**Baron**

I'll tell you what to do you idiots, I mean wonderful citizens...

Follow me to the haunted woods, to the mighty castle that is rightfully mine, and help me to rescue my beautiful wife Dame Florry McDoughnut of the clan McNuckie of Burragh and my sweet stepdaughter Beauty, who I of course have no underhand thoughts of...

**Villager 1**

English...

**Baron**

Sorry. And I, your grand laird and ruler, will personally tackle their evil captor – who is apparently a twenty foot high Beastie with fangs and wee scaly bits, who is so horrific that he used to go out with the Loch Ness Monster.

*Horrified mumble from villagers*

**Baron**

But don't panic fair citizens. He will be mine! I will save you all from the horrors of the evil and grotesque Beastie!

*All the villagers cheer*

**Baron**

*To Harris and Tweed*

Well I think that went rather well. Completely fooled the idiots.

**All villagers**

Eh?

**Baron**

Oh sorry. You weren't meant to hear that. Only joking!

Let's go! We have a fine old Scottish battle to fight. Bannockburn? Huh! Only for wusses! We'll show them how it's really done. Forward march to victory!

**Harris**

Forward!

*Cheering villagers follow Harris and Tweed off stage. Baron turns to audience*

**Baron**

Crowds are so stupid. Look at you lot. Oh boy, it's fun to be bad! And I put something nasty in your programme! Bet you can't find it! Ha ha! The winner will be me!

Big hugs later. Ha ha! I'm such a cheeky boy. Now to get that blasted Beastie before he tells my naughty secret! He'll die in the fray, and probably my ridiculous wife too – leaving me free to marry the lovely Beauty. Eh?

*Audience reaction*

She wants me big time! Ha ha!

*The curtain closes*

**Act 2 Scene 8**

*Front of curtain. Beauty comes on in a fine dress. She is pushing a dressing table and mirror*

**Beauty**

You have to do everything yourself around here.

*She tweaks with her hair and checks out her side view in the mirror*

Does my bum look big in this?

It will be really strange having dinner with the Beastie. I shall have to talk about art. Famous Scottish artists like Robbie Burns and the action painter who rode a motorbike over his canvases – Evil McEasel. That will keep the evening going. I probably won't get much support from Mummy - she only has eyes for her Angus.

I don't know. Why am I here? What am I doing?

Having dinner with a hideous Beastie.

Oh well, better than the Baron I suppose...

*She sings **What will he see in me?***

What will he see? Tell me...

A girl who's hoping two hearts will collide?

Maybe he won't notice

All the changes that I feel inside.

Will he?

Tell me...

Yesterday when my thoughts were young  
With my heart unbroken, songs unsung  
Now a funny kind of something  
Is here inside.

*She pushes away the dressing table as the curtains open*

## **Act 2 Scene 9**

*The Beastie's room. A candlelit dinner table has been set. The Beastie is standing with Florry and Angus, looking incredibly bored*

### **Florry**

...So I said if you fall in the loch, you've got to call a lochsmith!

*Angus roars with laughter*

### **Angus**

Och, you're a bonnie wee lassie, and you have a fine wee tale to tell. Isn't That right master?

### **Beastie**

Whatever. When's dinner? When's the girl arriving? When will this all be over for God's sake?

### **Angus**

Whish the noo. Be polite to our guests and you will have haggis like you've never tasted.

### **Florry**

Oooh the haggis! It must be nearly ready. Come on Angus, I need to get some big dumplings out and lay a big chunky dish across the kitchen table.

### **Angus**

*To audience*  
So do I.

*They begin to exit as Beauty enters. Florry turns*

### **Florry**

Very nice dear. The sight of you will cheer him up.

*They exit. Beauty and the Beastie look at each other uncertainly*

### **Beastie**

You look very...um very...

**Beauty**

And so do you.

Is the dinner ready? I heard them preparing it earlier.

**Beastie**

And miraculously the east wing is still standing.

**Beauty**

Mother's quite an enthusiastic chef. Always adds an extra pinch of this and that and...

**Beastie**

The other?

**Beauty**

Er...yes.

*Uncomfortable*

Um, have you done any more painting today?

**Beastie**

*Warming, he crosses to get a canvas*

I have been working on this one. I have incorporated your suggestions and I think it's an improvement. What do you think?

*He turns it round. It is of Beauty*

**Beauty**

Oh my goodness. Er... that's so much better. Did you do that from memory?

**Beastie**

Well I had a little time to spare – and strangely one of the bluebirds seemed to like it. He flew in and...

*There is a loud wail of bagpipes and Florry enters with a steaming dish of haggis. Angus follows*

**Angus**

"Ye Pow'rs wha gie us a' that's gude  
Still bless auld Caledonia's brood,  
Wi' great John Barleycorn's heart's bluid  
In stoups or luggies;  
And on our boards, that king o' food,  
A gud Scotch Haggis!"

**Beastie**

Oh do shutup Angus McCoatup. Let's just eat it.

**Angus**

Bon appetit as they say in Scotland.

*They sit down and the Beastie pours wine as the lights fade. They come up almost immediately, and the plates are empty. Florry and Angus look extremely stuffed, flopped back in their chairs. Beauty and the Beastie walk over to the window*

**Beastie**

So you must show me some of your paintings one day.

*Reflects*

Silly idea. You have none in this castle.

**Beauty**

I'd love to. I could always go home and get some, and bring them back.

**Beastie**

Come back? I don't think so. What are they of? Happy village folk? Idyllic Scottish glens? Men who are lean and muscular, with handsome faces?

**Beauty**

No, bowls of flowers mainly. And occasional sweeps of heather...

Anyway, why are you so worried about the bluebirds? Are they in some way related to your plight?

**Beastie**

*Angers*

My plight? Is that what you call it? My plight? I have been robbed of my looks, my lands, my birthright – and you call it my plight? Don't try me madam.

Angus! I warned you this was a bad idea. Take these baggages back to their cell. I will see them no more. They have tried to worm their way into my affections by pretending to be my friends – but they mock me, laugh at my 'plight' behind closed doors, all the time plotting against me, hinting at ways to be released. Go home to fetch paintings indeed.

Begone!

**Beauty**

No no. It isn't like that. I want to help you with your painting, and if, for your own reasons you desire to keep us here, so be it. But my Mother has never brought me up to mock others, and you are no exception. Let us stay here in the warmth of your room. Here, have more wine.

**Beastie**

Angus! Take them away! Now!

Begone!

*Angus ushers Florry and Beauty off. The Beastie dashes to a hand mirror, stares into it, and smashes it*

Who could love a beastie?

*Angus re-enters, angry*

**Angus**

Well, you really made that go with a swing. If you don't amend your ways the noo you will live and die a hideous Beastie.

*Softens*

Don't you see my lord? This is probably your only chance. She's a kindly beautiful girl, just like her mother.

**Beastie**

I half agree with you.

**Angus**

Next time you see her, try and be gentle. You always used to be. Talk to her more about your painting. Maybe you could do a picture of her Mother.

**Beastie**

I'm trying to avoid gloomy Gothic images from the middle ages.

**Angus**

Eh?

**Beastie**

Never mind. Oh very well you dotty old retainer you. I shall try again, and then presumably she'll leap into my arms as a hundred bluebirds pick us up in a sheet and fly us to fairyland.

**Angus**

The special effects department said they couldn't do that.

Anyway, I like your spirit the noo. I'll go and tell the ladies you're extremely sorry.

**Beastie**

Don't you dare. I shall do this in my own time. After all I'm still master of this castle, in spite of the fact that you have obviously been taking some bossy pills.

**Angus**

Wull ye no byde a wee?

**Beastie**

What?

**Angus**

Sleep well the noo.

*Angus exits as the beast turns. All lights fade apart from a dawning light silhouetting him against the window. Curtains close*

## Act 2 Scene 10

*Front of curtain. Beauty enters stage right and sings **A funny kind of something**. As she sings the Beastie enters stage left. They don't notice each other as he joins in the second verse*

This is a funny kind of something  
I can't explain how I feel  
It's like the faintest light  
On the loneliest night  
Showing all I want to conceal.

This is a funny kind of something  
With words but no melody  
Who can make it rhyme?  
Make it happen this time  
And sing them only for me.

If this feeling grows  
There could be  
Heartache and sadness for me...

If this feeling grows  
There could be  
It could mean sweet ecstasy.  
Heaven only knows  
Who can tell how the story goes?

*As the lights fade they exit separately. The curtain opens to...*

## Act 2 Scene 11

*The Beastie's room. Beauty and the Beastie enter from different sides, Beauty carrying a painting.*

### **Beauty**

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to paint again. I have been working on this.

*Shows a highly dramatic picture of the Beastie. He laughs*

### **Beastie**

Very flattering! I look quite heroic.

**Beauty**

I only paint what I see. Your looks hide a kind and brave heart, ready to be tested. You are ... oh look...

*A few bluebirds have appeared on the windowsill*

**Beastie**

Yes, they have been visiting a bit more recently.

*Jokingly*

Maybe they have seen my kind heart through this grotesque exterior!

**Beauty**

Now now. Looks aren't everything.

*Audible for the first time, the distant murmur of an angry rabble*

**Beastie**

What the hell is that?

*Runs to the window. The bluebirds fly away*

Did you do this? Gain my trust again only to have me savaged by a mob?

Did you?

**Beauty**

No no. It was nothing to do with me. Unless those idiotic brothers have got a rabble together...

*She turns to the Beastie and strokes his cheek*

I didn't plan this. I wouldn't hurt you.

*The rabble becomes louder as they try to break down the outside door*

**Beastie**

It doesn't matter now. Why should I expect faithfulness from a prisoner.

**Beauty**

I have told you. I didn't want this to happen...

*Outside noise is thunderous. The door burst open and Angus appears*

**Angus**

We must escape sire. We are under attack!

**Beastie**

Well spotted. What's the point of running? They will catch up with us anyway. Go and hide yourself Angus, and take the women with you.

*The door burst open and Harris and Tweed fall in, followed by stick wielding villagers. They're all pretty much fighting each other in the confusion until the throng is parted by the evil Baron*

**Baron**

Ha! So we meet again! A year of solitude hasn't improved your looks.

*Turns to crowd*

All leave now. Leave this one to me.

*As they leave it becomes clear that Angus has been knocked out*

**Beauty**

Get out of here Baron. You're not welcome.

**Baron**

Surely you can't prefer this hideous freak of nature to me - the Baron of the clan McNuckie of Burragh. But today Matthew I am not the Baron. I am Sporrán McSporran the evil sorcerer!

*He whirls round a couple of times and produces his deadly aerosol*

So! A much overdue second dose of my crippling potion for the hideous Beastie! This should do him in for good! Ha ha!

*As he squirts it Beauty puts her hand in its path. Nothing happens*

But this is impossible. My evil magic is on the blink.

*He flies towards the Beastie, about to attack him. The Beastie moves to protect himself and they both freeze in their positions. Any ambient sound stops. Beauty talks to the audience*

**Beauty**

Remember earlier when he slipped me the love potion? I noticed it wasn't a love potion at all, but actually a powerful antidote that makes any magic spell useless. That's why I drank it. Result? The Baron's advances meant nothing to me, and the evil aerosol didn't work.

You see, it always pays to read the label.

*She returns to the fray as the action continues. The Baron runs at the Beastie with a sword*

**Baron**

Who cares about my magic potion. I'll just kill you anyway!

*The Beastie pulls a sword from the wall. They duel. At the height of this Florry appears and sees Angus lying on the floor. She screams, which momentarily distracts the Beastie. He turns and the Baron lunges*

Ah! You die! My country is saved!

*As the Baron laughs at the collapsed Beastie, Harris and Tweed enter in time to hear...*

**Beastie**

Your country? It's my country – and if it hadn't been for the terrible curse you put upon me I would be running it by now, and treating my people with love, fairness and diplomacy. Unlike you, you tyrant.

**Baron**

*Furtively*

Shhh. Nobody needs to know this.

*Turns to Harris and Tweed*

He's raving because he got hurt when he was trying to attack me. Don't believe a word of it. I'm a kindly and tolerant leader am I not?

**Harris and Tweed**

Well...um...no.

**Harris**

Is this true Daddy? You always said you were the heir to the throne and one day this mighty castle would be ours when the evil tyrant had left it...

**Tweed**

And now it turns out you are the tyrant. Harris...let's change sides.

*Baron approaches them with his sword*

**Baron**

Don't you dare. I am your leader and always will be. Beauty, forget this dying Beastie and marry me.

**Beauty**

Never. And besides, you are married to my Mother.

**Baron**

We were never married properly. I just wanted to get my hands on her assets.

*Angus, who has been flat out, raises his head and says*

**Angus**

So do I.

**Florry**

Angus! You've made a sparkling recovery! Are you all right my darling?

**Angus**

Aye.

*Flops down again.*

**Harris**

I've had enough of this. Tweed, arrest your father.

**Baron**

No! I forbid you.

**Tweed**

Forbid away. Come with us sonny. Don't make a fuss now.

*Collars Baron*

Move along. Nothing more to see here.

*The Baron breaks away, with Harris and Tweed in hot pursuit. There are terrible sounds of fighting, banging, explosions, motorbikes, chickens, opera singers, thumps. Finally silence. Beauty sings **song 9 – Nothing can fool you like love** as she cradles the Beastie in her arms*

Deluded by a heart  
That seemed to fit like a glove  
Tricked by emotions  
That seemed controlled from above  
Teased by an ideal  
That makes senses reel  
Nothing can fool you like love

Caught by emotions that fly to you like a dove  
But nothing can fool you like love.

**Beauty**

Please don't die.

*Bluebirds appear on the windowsill, tweeting.*

**Beauty**

The bluebirds. They have returned to the castle. You will be safe now, in your home and in my arms.

*As the bluebirds sing Beauty leans over and kisses the Beastie on the forehead. Dazzling light from the window momentarily distracts the audience as the Beastie turns into a young Prince. The spell has been broken. The two lovers stand and kiss as Angus gets to his feet and says*

**Angus**

Och and my wee spell has been broken too. Florry darling, I am the husband that disappeared all those years ago.

**Florry**

Oooh so you are. I should have noticed that earlier!

**Angus**

Aye. The evil Baron cursed me so I would be unrecognisable, so he could marry you the noo. My darling!

**Beauty**

My Daddy!

**Angus**

My beautiful daughter!

**Beastie**

My future father in law!

**Florry**

My son in law!

**Beauty**

*To Beastie*

My Prince!

*They all join hands and, in a line, do a little Scottish jig as the lights fade.  
The voice speaks*

**Voice**

And so, by following her heart instead of her eyes, because eyes can sometimes lie, Beauty found her true love. In all the horror that had become his life, the Beastie had managed to find enough goodness in himself to break the evil curse...with a little help from his friends. And will they live happily ever after?

Don't ask silly questions...

**Act 2 Scene 12**

*As the curtains close Harris and Tweed come on with Florry and Angus*

**Florry**

These naughty boys have turned out rather well after all. Must have been my influence.

**Angus**

Aye. And they've agreed to do a bit of digging and gardening at the castle.

**Florry**

Good boys.

**Angus**

Firstly we need a moat.

**Harris**

Gulp...but that's for another day. Today we have a...

**Tweed**

...wedding to go to. A right royal affair. Beauty marries her Prince.

**All**

Aaaaaaah!

**Angus**

Puts me in the mood for a wee song...

*Words come on... etc. They sing the **Singalong number***

Ochaye it's a bit of a do, do do!  
We're having a wedding or two, two, two.  
A great happy ending  
Let's all ask a friend in  
And eat up a haggis the noo, noo, noo.

**Act 2 Scene 13**

*The wonderful Highland wedding.*

**Baron**

The stage is set

**Harris**

We'll have a ball

**Tweed**

To prove that love

**Beastie**

Can conquer all

**Beauty**

And on this very special day

**Angus**

A little bit like hogmanay

**Florry**

We've organised the finest feastie

**Angus**

A toast to Beauty...

**All**

And the Beastie!

*They all sing the finale song*

The lochs are brim full of good morning's dew  
Our story ended in the sunniest style  
We've learned that life is just a haggis stew  
So come on everyone and smile.

For he will say 'I do' and she will say 'I do' too  
And then they will fly to a new life and a happy ever after.

So come along  
Join the wailing of a highland song  
Never bettered before or ever since  
Raise your glass and toast  
Beauty and her Prince!

*Curtain*