

## THE SLEEPING PRINCE

You are about to witness the world premiere of a sparkling new pantomime entitled 'THE SLEEPING PRINCE'. In this unique tale of fairy godmothers and magic wishes you will be entertained by the CMW players, hopefully unrecognisable in their extraordinary costumes.

Our 1990 script was written by that woman who refuses to announce the date of her retirement from full-time employment, despite daily enquiries, Gwen Bednal.

Lyrics for the songs were composed by our first woman ex-president, Barbara Nivison-Smith. She was aided and abetted by our reluctant king of the canyons, Brian - bring your own supper - Walker.

Now to introduce our cast –

Ted Green, joke teller supreme, joins Alan - long suffering - Mackay playing themselves as ageing bushwalkers.

Our President, fast losing his crown as the walker doing the greatest number of trips, dons another crown to be the King and consort of Queen Barbara.

The six fairy godmothers who will undoubtedly charm you with their exquisite dancing are Garry Phillpott, Hester Slade, Lisa Tonkin, Gwen Bednal, Ted Green and Brian Walker.

John Bednal plays the wicked fairy godmother in keeping with his image as a dangerous super market trolley driver.

Colin Watson OAM alias Count Budawang is cast as a good fairy godmother and wears his usual pantomime drag clothing.

Obviously Brian Walker's love of the Goons, the bush and Gilbert and Sullivan operas make him an obvious choice for a very eccentric bushwalker.

Our handsome prince is played by that pushbike rider with a difference - Russell Parr. Fortunately for our morals committee he has chosen to wear clothes on this occasion.

Who other than Hester Slade could we have chosen for a lovely bushwalking leader, and in her party are three reluctant, white-anting not so little bushwalkers called Lisa, Gwen and Barbara.

John Bednal was relieved of domestic duties so that he could make our props and Colin Halpin provides skillful lighting and sound to illuminate our crazy show.

Malvina High School music staff kindly played our songs on the piano so that Col could record the music.

If you still wish to stay, sit back and enjoy the theatrical thrill at the 1990 Christmas Season-.The Sleeping Prince'

## THE SLEEPING PRINCE

(A PANTOMIME IN 3 ACTS)

(With apologies to the Brothers Grimm and Gilbert & Sullivan)

### [ACT 1]

As everyone knows Ted Green and Alan Mackay came out to Australia with the first fleet in 1788. After many adventures in the colony of NSW, 1874 finds Ted and Allan climbing up Disappointment Spur, through the Kerries towards Valentine's Hut.

(Enter Ted & Alan)

Ted                      Come we've walked many a mile  
                              So let us stop here for a while  
                              And have a swig of tea from the old quart pot  
                              For I don't think we'll find a lovelier spot.

(Song No 1. Take a Pair of Walkers Old)

Alan                      I've explored with you since the early days  
                              Even travelled around in horse and drays  
                              But Disappointment Spur was the hardest yet  
                              My poor aching feet have blisters I bet  
                              As well the March flies are on the attack  
                              I even have bites from my toes to my back.

(Song No 2 With Buzzing flight)

Ted                      What's that I see over yonder?  
                              Is it a medieval castle I wonder?

Alan                      There's something magic near that creek  
                              Let's go and have a sticky beak.

(Exit Ted and Alan)

A King & Queen enter. The Queen is carrying a small baby

King                      Come my dear with our precious son  
                              Let's start the christening - it will be fun.

Queen                     His Godmothers have been invited to this do

To bring him presents and wishes true.

(Fairy Godmothers dance onto stage and perform a dance to----)

- FG 1                    We all wish the Prince a wonderful life  
                             With lots of fun and little strife  
                             We hope bushwalking he will like  
                             We have some gifts to help him hike  
                             Tom Hayllar sends some Volleys old  
                             And a Swiss Army Knife covered with mould.
- FG 2                    Reverend Dixon sends him a compass  
                             So he can start a walking rumpus.
- FG 3                    Andrew Thompson sends a torch ever bright  
                             So he won't get lost when out at night.
- FG 4                    Brian Walker sends some recipe books  
                             So for supper he can bring what he cooks.
- FG 5                    Dennis Brown sends his hot gossip diary  
                             For somewhere to look when he has an enquiry.
- FG 6                    Col Halpin sends an abseiling rope  
                             To help him as he drops down a slope.
- Bad FG                How dare you forget to invite me  
                             To the party for your Son and heir  
                             Enough of these wishes good and true  
                             I'll make a wish you'll really rue  
                             When the Prince reaches 16 years of age  
                             And thinks he attained the adult stage  
                             A Paddy Pallin tent peg he'll discover  
                             And wound himself and not recover  
                             He'll bleed to death from his manly chest  
                             Before nightfall he'll be laid to rest  
                             My just revenge will be complete.

(Bad Fairy Godmother storms out)

- FG 1                    Here everybody take a seat,  
                             Only the Fairy Godmother could be so horrid  
                             As to wish for the Prince a future torrid  
                             There is another Godmother to come  
                             She must stop this curse awesome.

FG 7    (Enters puffing and panting)

These hills grow longer as I age

Maybe I'm at the wheelchair stage  
Thank goodness I'm just in time  
At least to moderate this crime  
I cannot change what she has done  
Instead I'll make it much more fun  
At sixteen years he will not die  
But sleep at a camping site nearby  
One hundred years will pass away  
Waiting for that special day  
When a lady bushwalker steals a kiss  
And offers a chance of married bliss.

Queen

Thank you for saving my son's life  
We'll try to keep him out of strife  
From this day forth camping is forbidden  
And all tent pegs must be well hidden  
I thank the Fairy Godmothers good and kind  
And leave them with this thought in mind  
Protect my son from a dangerous tentpeg  
So he may live long and happily, I beg.

(Fairy Godmothers curtsey and walk out - - Exit King & Queen)

## ACT 2

Introduction All camping has been banned for 16 years but one day the young Prince strays away from the castle and finds a keen but weary bushwalker about to put up his tent.

(Song No 3 I Am the Very Model of a Modern Light Weight Camper.)

Bushwalker

Here I am once again at Valentine's Hut  
I come so often I must be in a rut  
Dennis Hall has done a wonderful job  
Refurbishing the hut with the CMW mob  
Inside is wonderfully clean and neat  
But to go to the loo is a scenic treat  
I must pitch my tent before it's dark  
While I can still see where to park.

(Enter Prince)

Good evening friend what have you there?

Bushwalker

A tent of course. Mark 2 Eclipse, not rare.

Prince

I've never seen a tent before  
So please spread 'tout and show me more.

(They both spread out the tent)

Prince I like this tent and all your gear  
I'd love to walk with you next year

Bushwalker CMW is the club to which I belong  
And 300 members can't be wrong  
Some members are eccentric, 'tis true  
But joining our club they'll never rue

(Song No 4 I've Got a Little List)

Prince I'll complete a CMW application form today  
If walking with your club is as good as you say  
On my first walk to Disappointment Spur I'll go  
And be up on Jagungal before winter's snow

(Suddenly the Prince stabs himself with a tent peg and falls to the ground)

Bushwalker Alas and alack - oh how alarming  
What has happened to the Prince so charming?  
The tent peg has pierced his manly chest  
And my first aid must be put to the test  
I did the St John's course a year ago  
Now's the time to try out all I know.

(Enter Fairy Godmother)

Do not worry about mouth-to-mouth resuscitation  
Or trying to improve his pallid constitution  
A wicked Fairy Godmother cast a spell  
And now the Prince must sleep in this dell  
I'll watch over him as best I may  
Until his rescuer comes this way.

### ACT 3

Introduction A hundred years have passed and we find a beautiful young bushwalking leader with a party of walkers pushing her way through Lantana and Hakea to reach the gully where the Prince is sleeping.

Leader Goodness me my party's good at white-anting  
Up the hill they're coming, panting  
They want morning tea on a hard walk  
And always stop to chatter and talk  
I'll get some fresh water from the creek  
And then some wood for the fire I'll seek.

(Exit, returns with water as the party staggers in)

(Song No 5 Three Little Bushwalkers Are We.)

B.W. 1 Let's stop here and rest a while  
Walking can be such a trial.

B.W. 2 My legs are aching and I need 10 secs break.

Leader Okay a long lunch here we'll take.

(Goes off to fetch wood)

B.W. 1 What's hidden in the gully over there?

B.W. 2 An old fashioned tent in a colour rare.

B.W. 3 It's a Paddy Pallin's green Era model.

B.W. 1 It couldn't last 100 years, what twaddle.

B.W. 2 Through the cobwebs and debris too  
I can see a bushwalking shoe.

B.W. 3 It's a handsome guy asleep and dreaming.

B.W. 1 Are you sure that he's still breathing?

B.W. 2 Yes, his manly chest does rise and fall  
A pity we can't use mouth to mouth after all.

B.W. 3 Did you hear of the Prince long ago  
Who was stabbed in the chest by a tent peg so?  
But for this Fairy Godmother clever  
He would have died and been lost forever  
Now he needs to be revived by someone like me.

B.W. 1 No, our leader should give him the kiss of life  
So she may be able to become his wife.

(Song No 6 Tit Willow)

(Leader returns with wood)

Leader What have you found among the trees?  
While I've been gathering logs like these?

B.W. 2 It is a Prince most handsome and charming  
And as you are our least alarming  
We think you should give him a kiss  
So a chance at matrimony you won't miss.

Leader (examining Prince)

His clothes are really very old hat  
But his face is dishy, I'll grant you that.

(She kisses the Prince and he wakes up)

Prince Oh I'm glad you rescued me  
You're the best walker I ever did see.

Leader Prince, I'm sure as a walker you will rate  
So will you be my bushwalking mate?

Prince A hundred years I've waited for you  
Yes I'll follow you into the blue  
So give me another wonderful kiss  
And let us plan a life of wedded bliss.

(Last song---The Walks on the Programme In Spring, tra la)

END.

SONG 1      [TAKE A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES]

Take a pair of walkers old,  
Their names are Alan and Ted,  
Down where Jagungal lives,  
Even in summer it can be cold,  
Don't forget they must be fed.  
So take some prospectives,  
Take a great big box of cake,  
Such as appetite will whet.  
And a cask of good red wine.  
Take a leg of lamb to bake,  
And a piece of tender steak  
And a camp oven to cook it right.  
What a way to spend your days!  
They'll pass in a happy daze  
They'll pass in a happy daze, happy daze  
What a way to spend your days,  
They will pass in a happy daze.

SONG 2      [WITH CATLIKE TREAD]

With buzzing flight  
Upon their prey they drop,  
The March flies bite,  
You think they'll never stop!  
Small flies on backs  
Also in the Snowies  
They love blue packs  
And don't forget the blowies!

The Alps are fine  
As on the grass you sit  
But ants must dine  
So watch you don't get bit  
Bull ants can jump  
And so can the spiders  
So watch your rump  
And always look beside yuz.



### SONG 3 [I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN MAJOR-GENERAL]

I am the very model of a modern light-weight camper,  
I carry only essentials such as muesli, cheese and damper.  
I've the very latest tent - a Mark 2 Microlite of course –  
It only weighs a kilo and can withstand winds of any force.  
I've a water-shedding Gortex coat with hood for keeping out the rain,  
And an 80 litre MacPack I can carry without much strain.  
Of maps and compass bearings I am teeming with a lot o' news  
And I have a reflex camera so I capture all the proper views.  
I've a Trangia, and Portagaz and Esbit firelighters,  
And reference books on birds and plants by several worthy writers.  
In short, I carry everything with which myself to pamper.  
For I am the very model of a modern light-weight camper.

### SONG 4 [I've got a little list]

If some day it may happen that a memoir shall be writ,  
I've got a little list, I've got a little list,  
Of strange bushwalking members who for memory are fit  
And who never should be missed, who never should be missed.  
First there's Watto who so proudly wears his Order of Australia,  
We like to see him in the bush decked out in full regalia.  
Then there's Halpo who does fifty walks or more in every year  
And swings on ropes in canyons deep with no apparent fear,  
And the reverend Alan Dixon who on piety insists,  
They should none of them be missed,  
they should none of them be missed.

#### CHORUS

He's got them on the list, He's got them on the list,  
And there's none of them be missed, there's none of them be missed.

And secretary John whose billy's always on the boil –  
He's our tea perfectionist - I've got him on the list.  
And that empty - handed leader who on supper still insists,  
They never should be missed, they never should be missed.  
And Ian Land who sometimes finds on walks he's coming last,  
So makes his presence known with cries of 'bugger, damn and blast!'  
And Garry with his mapping class we all find so confusing,  
He doesn't know his North from South which really is amusing,  
There's Jeff Howard with his Cabernet, and Bas who catches fish,  
They should none of them be missed,  
they should none of them be missed.

#### CHORUS

He's got them on the list, He's got them on the list,  
And there's none of them be missed, there's none of them be missed.

There's Peter with his poker who can't give a fire a miss –  
He's a conflagrationist - I've got him on the list.  
And cheery female walkers such as Robyn, Shirl and Trish,  
They never should be missed, they never should be missed.  
And Di Latta who guides novices at high speed through the Royal,  
With mystic Himalayan chants to keep them on the boil.  
And Tom Hayllar who, when walking, would regard himself a failure  
Unless he's just about to circumnavigate Australia.  
Then there's Andrew with his tripod and Justin when he's pissed,  
They should none of them be missed,  
they should none of them be missed.

#### CHORUS

He's got them on the list, He's got them on the list,  
And there's none of them be missed, there's none of them be missed.

#### SONG (5) [THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL]

Three little bushwalkers are we,  
Fit as a walker well must be,  
We follow our leader - this is she –  
Three little bushwalkers!  
Walker 1: She makes us carry heavy packs  
Walker 2: The weight of supper bends our backs  
Walker3: And she never keeps unto the tracks  
All: Three little bushwalkers!  
Three little ones from C.M.W.,  
Our dainty boots will never trouble you,  
Here where the Snowy waters bubble through,  
Three, little bushwalkers!  
Three little bushwalkers!

#### SONG(6) [TIT WILLOW]

In a tent in a gully, all covered in dust,  
Singing handsome, how handsome, how handsome,  
We've found a young bushwalker quite upper crust,  
How handsome, how handsome, how handsome!  
Our leader's been seeking a male prospective,  
And we've had to put up with her awful invective,  
Now we must bring this fellow into her perspective,  
How handsome, how handsome, how handsome!

Do you think we'll persuade her to give him a kiss?  
Singing handsome, how handsome, how handsome!

What can we now do to make sure she does this?  
How handsome, how handsome, how handsome.  
Convince her that at walking he's sure to be great,  
That he'll fetch wood and water and not ever be late,  
And at cooking and mapping he'll be first rate  
How handsome, how handsome, how handsome.

SONG 7      [THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING]

The walks on the programme in Spring, tra la,  
Are just what you need in this case.  
You can take the Prince out bush-walking, tra la,  
There'll be lots of spare time for talking, tra la,  
And an occasional embrace,  
Yes an occasional embrace.  
But don't tie the knot til he's a club member,  
Then have a great wedding we'll all remember!  
The walks on the programme in Spring, tra la,  
Are just what you need in this case.

The walks on the programme in Spring, tra la,  
Are just what you need in this case.  
You can take the Prince out bush-walking, tra la,  
There'll be lots of spare time for talking, tra la,  
And an occasional embrace,  
Yes, an occasional embrace,  
But don't tie the knot til he's a club member,  
Then have a great wedding we'll all remember!  
The walks on the programme in Spring, tra la,  
Are just what you need in this case.  
The walks on the programme in Spring, tra, la.  
Are just what you need in this case.