

KING. Dame Trot, the dairywoman? But she hasn't even paid her rent!

JACK. Because you never pay for the milk!

TRUMPET. That is true, Your Majesty.

KING. Silence, Trumpet! Demelza, you are not to chat, dance, or jig about, with commoners –

PRINCESS. That's not fair!

KING. And particularly not common commoners who's Mums aren't even up to date with the rent!

PRINCESS. But –

KING. That's my last word on the subject. Everyone will just have to go home and raise the money to pay the Giant. Come on, Trumpet. And you too, Demelza, you come with us.

(KING, TRUMPET and PRINCESS exit.)

JACK. Don't any of you want to fight him?

CHORUS. No thank you.

JACK. Maybe we could trap him in a huge pit –

CHORUS. It's just too SCARY!!

(The CHORUS run off in various directions.)

JACK. Hey, come back, come back! Oh, it's no use.

DAME. **(off)** Jack! Jack, where are you?

JACK. It's Mum. I don't think I can do the milk just now. I've got more important things to worry about - I'll just have to try and save the Princess myself! **(Runs off.)**

(DAME TROT enters, pushing, pulling or driving some sort of milk cart.)

DAME. Here we are. Hello everybody! That's right – give us a wave...! Well, here I am, all ready for the morning milk round and I've got no milk. I can't find my cow, Daisy. I was hoping my boy Jack could help me. But never mind, I've bumped into all of you. How are you all? Are you having a good time? **(AUDIENCE response.)** Oh, dear. I think we're going to have to do better

than that. I said, are you having a good time?! (**AUDIENCE response.**) That's better – and once more for luck – are you having a good time! (**AUDIENCE response.**) Fantastic! Now, let me introduce myself. I'm Dame Trot. Dame Madonna Trot. But you can call me Madge. Fit as a fiddle – and wonderfully preserved for a woman of my age. You wouldn't think I was past – thirty, would you? But I am, you know – that's right, widowed before my time... (**Encourages "aaah!" from audience.**) It was a bit more before my time than that! (**Encourages bigger "aaah!"**) Mind you, I'm always looking for another husband. (**HOUSE LIGHTS up.**) Ooh! (**Surveys audience briefly.**) But not today... No, no, I'm only joking – it's lovely to see you all, and some old friends too! Hello, Jack, how's your back...? Hello, Fred, how's your head...? Hello, Annie... You having a nice time...? Yes, I know who some of you are, you see, because I've got a little list! Now, can we have a great big shout from ...? (**Ad lib parties and birthdays, introducing the band etc.**) Well, it's lovely to talk to you all, but chatting won't get the milking done. I don't know where my cow, Daisy is. She's got a mind of her own. Unfortunately, our cowman, Simple Simon, doesn't seem to have a mind at all. In fact, I think he's lost her. I ask you - how can you lose a cow? And here's me, run off my feet!

(**NUMBER. Half way through, during short dance break, DAISY runs across the stage upstage of the DAME. She is pursued by SIMON. DAME breaks off from song. MUSIC continues to vamp.**)

SIMON. (crossing the stage in pursuit) Come back, Daisy, come back! (Stopping by the opposite wing.) Hello, Mrs T. Sorry, can't stop! (Runs off.)

DAME. Do you ever get the feeling you've just been upstaged? Oh, well. They'll be back in a minute. Now, where was I? Oh yes, thank you dear...

(Continues with second half of number, at the end of which SIMON comes on.)

SIMON. Hello there. I've been trying to catch Daisy.

DAME. Oh, well, never mind, Simon. Now you're here, you can say hello to all the boys and girls.

SIMON. Oh, yes, people! Gosh there's loads of 'em! (Loses confidence.) Oh, dear -

DAME. What?

SIMON. I feel a bit shy.

DAME. Never mind. Stand by me and introduce yourself.

SIMON. (**very quietly**) Hello, I'm Simon.

DAME. Louder than that.

SIMON. Louder?

DAME. Louder.

SIMON. (**louder, but a bit wooden**) Hello, I'm Simon!

DAME. And friendlier.

SIMON. Friendlier?

DAME. Friendlier and louder.

SIMON. (**loudly with forced friendliness**) Hell-oh-oh, I'm Simon!

DAME. Can you get some humour into it?

SIMON. Humour?

DAME. Just friendlier, louder and with a little touch of humour

SIMON. Hello-oh-hoh-hoh-hoh-hoh, I'm Siiiiimonn! How was that?

DAME. Totally deranged.

SIMON. Oh, I say – I just get nervy turns, that's all!

DAME. I know what! Let's get that lot to help you.

SIMON. How do you mean?

DAME. Well, whenever you get a bit nervous, you shout out "Help me, help me!" and we'll ask them to shout out –

SIMON. "Don't worry Simon, it's probably not as bad as you think it is, so try to be a little bit brave...?"

DAME. That might be a bit long. How about "Be brave, Simon!"?

SIMON. That's brilliant!

DAME. It is, isn't it? **(To AUDIENCE.)** Will you help us? **(AUDIENCE response.)** Fantastic. Let's try it. I'll pretend to scare Simon and he'll shout out -

SIMON. Help me, help me!

DAME. And you shout out – Be brave, Simon!! Got it...? Right, let's give it a go! **(Roars at SIMON and pulls a scary face.)**

SIMON. Help me, help me! **(Without waiting for the AUDIENCE, SIMON is transformed into a gibbering wreck.)**

DAME. Hang on, hang on, you're supposed to wait for them to shout!

SIMON. Oh, yes. Sorry about that.

DAME. Let's give it another go. Right?

SIMON. Okay.

(DAME roars at SIMON and pulls another scary face.)

SIMON. Help me, help me!

(AUDIENCE shout. SIMON is partly reassured and nervously pushes DAME'S shoulder.)

(unconvincingly) Leave me alone - please.

DAME. Not bad.

SIMON. I'm getting better, aren't I?

DAME. Yes, but I think we ought to do it one more time, just to make sure. **(To AUDIENCE.)** So, this time, really raise the roof! Ready? **(To SIMON.)** Ready?

SIMON. Ready!

DAME. Right. **(Roars spectacularly into SIMON's face.)**

SIMON. Help me, help me!

(AUDIENCE shout. SIMON is transformed and roars back at the DAME, who starts to back away apprehensively.)

Nobody does that to me!

(SIMON aggressively pushes the DAME and pursues her around the stage.)

(To Audience) This feels gooooood!!

DAME. Simon, Simon, stop it – stop it, it's me remember - it's me!

SIMON. What? Eh, oh... I'm sorry Mrs T, I just had a rush of total courage. It's worn off now.

DAME. Thank goodness for that.

(DAISY'S "moo!" is heard off stage.)

Oh, look. It's Daisy, come to see what all the noise was about.

(MUSIC. DAISY runs on stage.)

Hello, dear, you're just in time to say hello to everybody!

(DAISY notices the AUDIENCE and curtsies daintily with L legs to R.)

Oh, lovely. What a well-bred cow!

(GIANT MUSIC sting. The DAME, SIMON and DAISY are transfixed with fear.)

GIANT. **(off)** Fee Fi Fo Fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!

DAME &
SIMON. It's the Giant!!

GIANT. **(off)** Fee Fi Eat my Fill! I smell the blood of a nice mixed grill!

DAME &
SIMON. That's us!! He's going to grill us!

SIMON. I can't take anymore! **(To AUDIENCE.)** Help me, help me!

(AUDIENCE shout.)

Phwooah! That's better. **(To GIANT.)** Now, look you overgrown, big bully -

DAME. Simon, what are you doing?!!

SIMON. What am I doing? I'm telling this pesky giant to – to, er... **(Loses it.)** I don't know what I'm doing...

(The GIANT chuckles menacingly.)

DAME. Daisy...!

PRINCESS. Good girl, Daisy.

DAME. Oh, no! I shouldn't even think it!

SIMON. Think what, Mrs T?

DAME. It's too awful!

SIMON. It is?

DAME. It is. But it's the only way!

SIMON. It is?

DAME. It is! (**Half sobbing**) It is, it is, it is!

PRINCESS. She's been ever so well behaved, Mrs T. I'm sure she'll be alright now.

DAISY. (**nods**) Moo.

DAME. Well that's good... Demelza, dear, would you mind if I had a private word with Jack and Simon?

PRINCESS. No, of course not.

JACK. What's the problem?

PRINCESS. (**picking up on the change of tone**) Don't worry, Jack, your mum just wants a word, I'll, er, I'll maybe see you tomorrow. Bye. (**Exits hurriedly.**)

(**JACK, SIMON, DAME & DAISY bunch up together.**)

JACK. What did you send her away for?

SIMON. (**blurting out**) We still owe the King and he's going to chuck us out if we can't pay!

DAME. We'll be evicted, out on the street! And we've got nothing!

JACK. Nothing?

DAME. Nothing at all, except Daisy.... I'm awfully, terribly, horribly sorry, but we're going to have to sell Daisy.

J & S } No!

DAISY. } Moo!

DAISY. I know! I don't want to either, but it's the only way.

JACK. We can't, Mum, we just can't!

SIMON. Please don't do it, Mrs T!

DAME. But we won't be able to keep Daisy if we're out on the street – at least this way we can make sure she goes to a good home. You do understand, don't you, Daisy? We wouldn't do this if we had any choice.

DAISY. **(sadly nodding her head)** Moo.

SIMON. **(fighting tears)** Oh, Daisy!

DAME. I'm so very sorry, Daisy. Jack, will you take her to market? I don't think I could bear to do it myself.

JACK. Yes, Mum.

DAME. And make sure you get a good price for her. Remember she's just such a very, very – special cow.

JACK. Yes, Mum.

DAME. **(sobs)** Oh, dear.

JACK. I suppose I'd better go straight away.

DAME. Yes, dear. I think that would be best. Bye bye, Daisy. **(Hugs DAISY.)** Bye bye, my darling, I'll never forget you.

SIMON. And neither will I, you're the best cow in the world! **(Also hugs DAISY.)**

JACK. Come on Daisy, let's go now. There's a good girl.
(Very gently, JACK starts to lead DAISY off.)

DAME. Bye bye, Daisy.

SIMON. Bye – **(He can say no more.)**

JACK. Bye Mum, Bye Simon.
(Just before reaching the wing, DAISY turns her head and the DAME blows her a gentle kiss. She "moos" quietly and goes off with JACK. BLACKOUT.)