



Libretto by Mark Morris

Copyright 1997 Mark Morris

no part of this libretto may be reproduced in any form except for one copy printed from your browser for reading purposes only

Adult Characters:

The Mayor of Pontaberfanwy

Councillors (can be played by either a man or a woman):

President of the Chamber of Commerce ('Commerce')

Chairperson of the Business Enterprise Area ('Area')

Chairperson of Concerned Rate Payers ('Rate Payer')

Chairperson of the Small Business Association ('Business')

The Wizard

Three Tourists

Children Characters:

leader of the demanding children

leader of the nice children

leader of the brats

Chorus of children, with solo parts



scene one: the Councillors and the Mayor

▶ scene two: the demanding children

▶ scene three: the nice children

▶ scene four: the nasty children

In the following, sung passages are offset

scene one *Wizard Things*

A market town somewhere in south-mid-Wales. The main market square. Houses and buildings around. Mid-afternoon. Into the audience come five adults - town councillors - each selling Wizard Things souvenirs. The mayor is selling brochures of the town titled Pontaberfanwy, the town where Merlin lived, the president of the Chamber of Commerce is selling buttons, the Chairperson of Business Enterprise Area is selling t-shirts, the Chairperson of Concerned Rate Payers is trying to sell insurance policies against being a victim of wizard, the Chairperson of Small Business Association is trying to sell programs for the opera in the Small Business Association. All are wearing Merlin t-shirts.

As the opera starts they should be amongst the audience actually selling (see appendix for suggested scripts). The mayor and Business arrive in the same place together, as the instrumental music starts.

Mayor: So how's business?

Business: Oh, can't complain, your worship.

Mayor (looking over the audience):

There's one born every day, isn't there?

(rubbing his hands together)

Money in their pockets, money to be made!

Rate Payer comes up and joins them.

Rate Payer: Well, slacking off, are we?
(he mops his/her brow)
Never seen it so busy. Twelve tour buses in the last hour.

Mayor: If it's good for business, it's good for the town.

Business: And if it's good for business, it's good for us.

The President of Chamber of Commerce joins them.

Commerce: Look at them all. If we keep going like this I'll have to restock soon than I thought.

Area joins them.

Area: Another day like today and my wife gets her new fur coat.

Following is sung. Each individual should address the audience directly. Starting with the Mayor, each soloist steps forward.

Mayor: I am the mayor of Pontaberfanwy
the most progressive
in the Principality
Here we run
a model municipality
free of debt
responsible financially.

All: Free of debt
responsible financially.

Area: Not so long ago
it was a typical Welsh town
shepherds in the valley
coal mines under ground.
There were slag heaps where the park is
and sheep walked through the streets
No one owned a penny
let alone a pound.
Then we got on the council
And turned the town around.

All: We got on the council
And turned the town around.

Rate Payer: When we got on the council

We cleaned up all the streets
We made it spick and span
We made it nice and neat
We brought in private enterprise
and gave it tax relief
Those who didn't like it -
we encouraged them to leave.

All: Those who didn't like it -

We encouraged them to leave

Business: We had one great advantage

A legend from long ago
That with a little embellishment
Would make the money flow.
It was said that Merlin the wizard
was born where the bridge now stands
and spent his earliest years
on what now is council land.

All: He spent his earliest years

on what now is council land.

Commerce: Everyone's heard of Merlin

Everyone knows the tale
Tourists would come in the thousands
Tourists would pay on the nail
We knew what had to be done
we eased the financial cap
there were hearts and minds to be won
So we built a tourist trap

All: There were hearts and minds to be won

So we built a tourist trap

Area: We made the Merlin Trail

for those who like to stroll
We built the Merlin golf course -
eighteen Merlin holes -
We built a brand new factory
we built a wishing Well

we opened up the shops
with Merlin things to sell.

All: We opened up the shops
with Merlin things to sell.

We've got the Merlin Café
We own the Merlin store
We have the Merlin Teahouse
with the Merlin parquet floor
We've got the Merlin coach-line
Merlin instant foods.
American Express - that's fine -
Cash - no problem - what's yours -
into the till - and it's mine -
for....
When we got on the council
there was money to be made
we turned this town around
and we trapped the tourist trade!

(music ends)

While the above has been going on, the Wizard, an aging hippie character with a pony-tail and a long cloak/coat, has quietly entered, unnoticed by the Councillors. He has a small back-pack. He sits down, and takes a small lunch-box (like a school lunch-box) from the pack, opens it, takes out a sandwich, and starts to eat it, while watching the Councillors.

When the Councillors have finished singing, Business notices the Wizard sitting there.

Business: Who's that unpleasant character over there? Ever seen him before?

Area: Don't like the look of him.

Mayor: *(calling out to the Wizard)*

Hey, you.

(The Wizard goes on eating his sandwich)

You over there.

(the Wizard looks around to see who the Mayor is shouting to)

(the Mayor goes towards him, followed by the councillors)

You. I'm talking to you.

(the Wizard holds the sandwich in mid-air)

Wizard: Who, me?

Mayor: Of course I mean you.

What are you doing here?

The Wizard slowly and carefully puts his sandwich in the lunch-box.

Wizard: I was eating a sandwich -

Mayor: I can see that...

Commerce: - Unfortunately -

Mayor: ...but what are you doing here?

Wizard: *(closing the lunch-box lid)*

Just looking around.

Mayor: Well, you can do your looking around somewhere else.

Wizard: But I've just arrived.

Rate Payer: Arrive somewhere else.

Wizard: Oh?

(singing starts) [manuscript score p.23]

Commerce: We don't want

Business: The likes of you

Area: On our streets

Mayor: Or in our town

Rate Payer: We don't want

Commerce: the likes of you

Area: out and about

Business: and seen around

Mayor: We don't want

Rate Payer: the likes of you

Area: putting off

Mayor: the tourist trade

Commerce: We don't want

Business: the likes of you

Area: in the town

Mayor: that we have made!

All: No, no, no, no, no

No, no, no, no, no

No beggars, no thieves,

no vagabonds here

No hawkers, no pedlars,

no teens -

especially no teens

especially no teens.

No ruffians, no rogues,

No reprobates here

no drifters, no drop-outs

no Greens -

especially no Greens

especially no Greens.

No, no, no, no, no

No, no, no, no, no

We don't want them in our town

We don't want you staying here

Whatever you may think of that

Do you really think we care?

Do you really think we care?

for....

You've got to move on

You've got to move on

You've got to move on

and out of here

You've got to move on

You've got to move on

You've got to move on
to anywhere
You've got to move on
to SOMEWHERE
ELSE!

(singing stops)

Wizard: *(getting up)*

I see....

But just answer me
a couple of questions.

Mayor: And then you'll go?

Wizard: Hummm...

(looks around)

I haven't seen any children
around here.

Where are they all?

Commerce: We don't encourage children in our town.

Rate Payer: There are, of course, a few -

Business: Out of sight

Area: Out of mind -

Mayor: We are a career community
Built for career couples

Business: Children

Rate Payer: get in the way

Commerce: of making money

Mayor: It's the way it is today.

Wizard: I see....
But what about this Wizard thing I keep hearing about?

Mayor: (*sarcastically*)
Our ancient benefactor!

Area: The source of our wealth!

Commerce: The magic of our money!

All laugh

Mayor: They say,
or at least, so the legend goes -

Business: Stuff and nonsense!

Rate Payer: Old wives tales!

Mayor: They say
That Merlin, the wizard of Arthur's court,
was born here
under the bridge.

Commerce: As if anyone
believes in wizards!
Isn't that ridiculous!

Wizard: You don't believe
Merlin existed?

Area: Merlin existed?!
What a ridiculous thought!

All laugh. The Wizard laughs dryly with them.

Wizard: But you have Merlin things everywhere -
A Merlin teahouse,

a Merlin -

Mayor: Of course!

Merlin means money.

The very name

brings tourists in their thousands.

Wizard: I see...

Mayor: Enough -

Be off with you!

(singing) [manuscript score reprise p.23]

for....

All: You've got to move on

You've got to move on

You've got to move on

and out of here

You've got to move on

You've got to move on

You've got to move on

to anywhere

You've got to move on

to SOMEWHERE

ELSE!

Singing ends. The Wizard rummages around in his bag.

Wizard: Just a moment...

He produces a chocolate bar, and starts to wave it before he realizes what it is

No, that's not it...

Mayor: Come on, let's be off with you.

Wizard: *(producing a wand or glass rod)*

Ah, here it is...

(he cleans it by breathing on it and rubbing it on his arm)

It's a long time since I used this...

Let me see now...

(He holds the wand up rather uncertainly)

By Potentates and Pomegranates -

No, that's not it...

(he holds it up again)

By runes and rabbits rummaging...

No, that's not it...

Ah...!

(he holds the wand up with great certainty and vigour. He himself is transformed in the certainty of his actions)

Feel-el-ah ee Alach!

There is a tremendous crash and roar, followed by a burst of stupendous electronic sound and music. Darkness. The stage shakes. The lights flash. Lightning. Fireworks. Pyrotechnics. Smoke. Whatever is possible!

Councillors *(variously, clutching on to each other):*

What's happening?

The end of the world!

An earthquake!

(etc. Improvise at will)

Wizard: *(in a huge voice)*

By the heights of Yr Wyddfa! [urr oo-ith-va]

By the shades of Pynlimmon!

By the mighty waters of the Taff

I put a plague on this town,

A plague of

CHILDREN!

scene two *Wizard Things*

Suddenly, from everywhere, the children fill the stage, entering rather slowly and hesitantly, looking around them. The adults look around them in bewilderment, frozen where they are. It is strongly suggested that the children are divided into groups, each of which is associated with one adult, round

whom they crowd at this point.

Electronic music continues, quietly. Gradually the children crowd around the adults.

Rate Payer: Ahhhh!

Children!

Everywhere!

she swoons. Business and Area rush over to her.

Area: *(knelling at the side of Rate Payer, and referring to Rate Payer)*

Councillor!

Area pats Rate Payer on the cheeks in an attempt to revive her

Speak to me!

Say something!

Business: *(arms outstretched, like a clumsy matron or janitor, or a goose with outstretched wings, trying to keep the children associated with Rate Payer away)*

Back!

Back!

Stay back!

The leader for this section (the Leader of the demanding Children, henceforth known as Demanding) has boldly approached the Mayor.

Demanding: Hey, mister, ('You there' if mayor is female)

He tugs at the Mayor's shirt sleeve

You -

Mayor: *shaking his arm away*

Get away from me, boy... ('Girl' if Demanding is female)

Get away!

He tries to go to the aid of Rate Payer

Demanding: *grabs the Mayor's arm again*

But Mister!

Area: Water!

Perfume!

Wake up!

(looking around frantically)

Does anyone have smelling salts?

The councillors feel in their pockets and shake their heads. Demanding continues to tug at the Mayor's sleeve.

Child 1 (around Area): *(producing a phial of smelling salts)*

Is this what you are looking for?

Business: *(to the other children around Rate Payer)*

Stay away!

You keep away!

Area: Ah, yes!

he/she takes the phial

Thank you -

he/she administers the smelling salts

Councillor!

Councillor!

Rate Payer slowly starts to revive

Demanding: Mister!

Rate Payer: *(sitting up, unaware of her surroundings. A gentle groan)*

Ah----

Demanding: Mister!

Mayor: Get off me!

Can't you see

I've got things to do?

Areas: *(to Rate Payer)*

Are you all right?

Rate Payer: I think so...

...funny feeling...

Thought I saw...

The children around her press forward

Business: Back!

Back!

Rate Payer: *(she sees the children again)*

...Children!

Aaah!

She faints again

Area: Councillor!

He/she waves the smelling salts furiously under Rate Payer's nose. Rate Payer revives again, and starts to get up.

Demanding: Mister, she's better now.

So what about us?

Mayor: What about you?

(looking around)

Where's that hippy type?

He's behind this!

MUSIC STARTS *(all sung unless otherwise indicated)* [manuscript score p.28]

Demanding: SPOKEN IN RHYTHM *(hands on hips)*

Hey, mister, when do we get our supper?

Mayor: SPOKEN IN RHYTHM

When do you get your what?

Demanding: SPOKEN IN RHYTHM

When do we get our supper?

Children: Yea, mister, when do we get our supper?

Demanding: SPOKEN IN RHYTHM

Hey, mister, when do we see our rooms?

Children: Yea, mister, when do we see our rooms?

Demanding: SPOKEN IN RHYTHM

Hey, mister, when do we get to buy things?

Children: Yea, mister, when do we get to buy things?

Demanding: SPOKEN IN RHYTHM

Right now!

Children: Right now!

Rate Payer: (*singing unsteadily*)

What do they want?

Business: They want -

In the following, the children address the adult they are around. If it is a woman, they sing 'Hey, you there...'

The chorus should sing all sections marked 'children'

In the sections marked 'solo children, etc.:' the lines can be sung by any combination that the music director prefers, from assigning individual lines to solo singers, or groups of singers, to full chorus.

Children: Hey, mister, when do we get our supper?

Hey, mister, when do we see our rooms?

Hey, mister, when do we get to buy things

Hey, mister, when do we get to play?

solo children, etc: Tony wants a kleenex

Jalene's hurt her foot

Mary's got the hiccups

Jordon's lost his coat

Children: Hey, mister, when do we get our supper? H

ey, mister, when do we see our rooms?

Hey, mister, when do we get to buy things

Hey, mister, when do we get to play?

solo children, etc.:

Kes has got a nosebleed

Lisa hates her hair

Judy-Beth is crying

there is something in her eye

Children: Hey, mister, when do we get our supper?

Hey, mister, when do we see our rooms?

Hey, mister, when do we get to buy things

Hey, mister, when do we get to play?

Solo children, etc.:

Sophie's shoes are pinching
Ashley's got my doll
Mitchell needs some hair spray
Kevin's watch has stopped

Children: Hey, mister, when do we get our supper?

Hey, mister, when do we see our rooms?
Hey, mister, when do we get to buy things
Hey, mister, when do we get to play?

Solo children, etc.:

Tom's eaten all his candy
Anna needs to go –

music suddenly stops

Mayor: Go where?
I want you all to go!

Demanding pulls the Mayor down to him and whispers in his ear

Mayor: Ah.....

The following is optional, for those schools who have a teacher or a librarian who would like to do a quick walk on cameo. Otherwise cut to Demanding: 'So, mister...'

Mayor: Has anyone seen the librarian? *(Or any other staff title, as required)*

The librarian enters

Librarian: What is it?

Mayor: Anna here has to go -

Librarian: Go where?

The Mayor goes to the librarian and whispers in his/her ear

Librarian: Ah -

The librarian looks at Anna with distaste.

Librarian: This way, little girl -

The librarian leads Anna out. Sometime during the following Anna should return

MUSIC STARTS AGAIN *[manuscripts core page 37]*

Demanding: SPOKEN IN RHYTHM

So, mister, what do you have to say?

Children: Hey, mister, what do you have to say?

Mayor: What do I have to say?

Children: Yea! Mister, what do you have to say?

We want your answer

and we want it now!

We want our supper

and we want it now!

We want some cake

and we want it now!

We want ice cream

and we want it now!

We want some pop

and we want it now!

We want clean clothes

and we want them now!

We want pets

and we want them now!

We want our toys

we want them now!

We want

we want, we want

We want

we want, we want

Demanding: SPOKEN IN RHYTHM

We want it all!

Children: We want it all!

Demanding: SPOKEN IN RHYTHM
And we want it now!

Children: And we want it now!

Councillors: It's terrible, it's awful
what do we do?

Children: We want it all
and we want it now!

Councillors: Where have they come from
why are they here?

Children: We want it all
and we want it now!

Councillors: *to mayor*
Don't just stand there
make them go away!

Children: We want it all
and we want it now!

Councillors: *to mayor*
You must do something
you're the MAYOR!

Mayor: *repeated for each one of the following lines when the children sing 'want', and getting more and more frenetic.*
Stop!

Children: We want it all
and we want it now!
We want it all
and we want it now!
We want it all
and we want it now!
We want it all

and we want it now!

Mayor: *(solo)* STOP!

music instantly ceases

Demanding: *all sweetness and light*

Did you want something?

Mayor: Yes, I want you all out of here!

Demanding: We can't do that.

Mayor: Why not?

Demanding: Because we don't have anywhere to go.

Mayor: Then go back where you came from!

Demanding: But we only just got here!

Mayor: Turn right around -

Demanding: *interrupting*

- around to where?

Mayor: I don't care!

Go,

Go,

get out of here!

Demanding: *to the rest of the children*

Did you here what he said?

We've got to go

but where we go

he doesn't know!

Do you want to go?

Children: No, no,

we want to stay here!

Every single child on stage sits down and starts crying. If necessary use the words we don't wanna go. This should be a very loud and confusing noise. The following is sung.

MUSIC STARTS *[addenda to score]*

Rate Payer: Make them stop

Commerce: There, there, there

Mayor: Stop that noise

Area: Hush. hush, hush

Mayor: Please don't cry

Business: Keep away

Rate Payer: Those darn kids
will drive me mad

Area: Hush, hush, hush

Commerce: There, there, there

Rate Payer: I can't take
one word more

Area: Hush, hush, hush

Commerce: There, there, there

Rate Payer: Shut them up

Mayor: Please don't cry

Area: Hush, hush, hush

Commerce: There, there, there

Business: Keep away
You spoiled brat

Area: Hush, hush, hush

Commerce: There, there, there

During the following, the children start softly at first, but slowly get louder. While they are doing this the Wizard wanders through them all, arriving near the Mayor at the end, but with his back to the mayor.

Rate Payer: Shut them up	Children: We want it all
Mayor: Please don't cry	and we want it now.
Area: Hush, hush ,hush	We want it all
Commerce: There, there, there	and we want it now.
Business: Keep away	We want it all
You spoiled brat	and we want it now.
Area: Hush, hush, hush	We want it all
Commerce: There, there, there,	and we want it now.

MUSIC STOPS suddenly on the Mayor's (spoken) line. During the following the children should be sitting still but watching everything.

Mayor: *to Wizard* YOU!

Wizard: *turning around*
Me?

Mayor: Yes, you!
You got us into this mess
now get us out of it!

Wizard: What do you mean?

Mayor: Get these children out of here!

Commerce: Yes, take them away

Business: They shouldn't be here

Area: Why aren't they at home

Commerce: We've had enough

Rate Payer: Can't stand anymore

Mayor: They are horrible

Business: Dirty little brats

Commerce: We can't look after them

Area: They don't belong in this town

RatePayer: You've got to get rid of them whatever you do you've got to get rid of them

There is a big sigh/groan from all the children

Wizard: I can't do that

Children: Yea!

Mayor: Why not?

Wizard: I don't know how to!

Business: You brought them here

Wizard: Well, not really...

Rate Payer: *hysterical*

I can't take anymore!

Mayor: *(to Wizard)* Yes you can

Wizard and Rate Payer together:

No, I can't!

The Wizard looks around

Wizard: They seem very nice children to me...

Commerce: They're terrible

Business: They're horrible

Area: They want everything

Mayor: Food, clothes, toys -
Everything!

Rate Payer: *hysterical*
I can't take anymore!

Wizard: I see...

Mayor: Can't you do something?

Area: Anything!

Mayor: You must do something

Area: Anything!

Commerce: (*big, pompously*)
You must make them
nicer kids

Wizard: Ahhhh!
So you want them to be
nicer kids?

Area: Anything!

Business: That will be better than nothing

Rate Payer: I can't take anymore!

Wizard: That I can do

Mayor: You can?

Commerce: Don't just stand there!

Business: Do it!

All Councillors: Do it!
Do it!

Wizard: *standing thoughtfully as he thinks about it. Everyone watches him.*
Let me see now...
hmmm...
Now are you sure you want that?

Area: Yes!

Business: Hurry up!

Mayor: Get on with it!

Rate Payer: I can't take any more!

Wizard: Are you quite sure?

Councillors: Yes!

Wizard: A nice child spell...

Now that one was in Montumela's book...

How did it go?

Ahh, yes!

During the spell, smoke noise, flashes of lightening etc.

Wizard: Ami-cart! Fine-o-cart! Ami fine-o fin-o -cart!

Shale-aaz-aah!

All the children make different animal noises. There should be a great hubbub. The councillors all put their hands to their ears except Business.

Business: Back, back,
back, I say!

Wizard: Oh dear!

That must have been the animal spell!

He raises his staff.

Zee-ad-er-ach!

Instantly all the children are silent. All the councillors immediately remove their hands from their ears except for Rate Payer who is heard repeating the following words softly.

Rate Payer: Make them go away,
make them go away!

Children: There, there,
hush, hush

Wizard: Sorry about that -

I'll try again
Smoke, noise, flashes of lightning.
Pel-a paul-a pina-krer-a
Pel-a paul-a pinochet!

The children freeze. They should be absolutely still until the leader of the nice children, henceforth called Nice, stands up.

Wizard: There, that should do it

He disappears to the back of the stage again, The councillors stare at the children suspiciously. Then Nice stands up and looks at the councillors.

scene three
Wizard Things

Nice: It's not nice
to stare at people like that.

Mayor: Now look here-

Nice: And stand up straight when I talk to you
It's not nice
To slouch

She looks around at the councillors with his/her hands on his/her hips.

You should all know better,
since you are supposed to be
responsible adults

To children

It would be nice of them
to show a little more respect,
wouldn't it?

Children: Nice people always respect each other

Nice: Exactly!
You know what the problem is?

Children: Yes!

Nice: What's the problem?

Children: There are no manners in this town!

Nice: Exactly!

Music starts. [manuscript score p.44]

Nice: *(very slow. Very free. In the manner of a slow Gospel song)*

There are no manners
in this town
There are no manners
in this town
There are no manners
to be found
in this old town -

Children: No manners
in this town -

Nice: *(still very slow, Slightly less free. 'Long' held)*

Yes, I long -
Oh, how I long!
for what should be right -

Children: for what should be right -

Nice: for this whole town
to be polite.

Children: for this whole town
to be polite.

Nice: *(faster, but still slow. Less free, but not rigid.)*

People I tell you
What I tell you is true
You need good manners
To see you through

Children: You need good manners
To see you through

Nice: People I tell you
Whatever you do
Those with good manners
Are far and few

Children: Those with good manners
Are far and few

Nice: Just look around you
(indicates all the audience. Children look at audience)
At those gathered here
I say
Where are your manners?
I ask you - where?

Children: Where are your manners?
I ask you where?

Mayor: *(interrupting just as Nice is about to start another verse)*
Look here!
This is too much!
(loud murmurs of agreement from other councillors)
You're upsetting the tourists -

Nice: *(raising him/herself to full height, hands on hips, terrible of aspect. Very firm and loud. The Mayor withers under his/her gaze)*
Don't you DARE
interrupt when I'm talking!
Stand still!

(the Mayor meekly stands still, looking sheepish)

Things have got out of hand around here!
John, Samantha, Chris.....
use the real names of the children he/she is calling. They should be non-singers if there are some among the chorus. See to those people -
points to the audience. During the following these children should go among the audience, telling people to sit up straight, stop chattering, pay attention, take the gum out of their mouths, etc.

music starts again. Fast, in the style of a fast Gospel song. Can be clapped to later in the song. Swinging.

During the following, the verse lines (Nice's lines) can be allocated variously to soloists or small or large groups of children, as the music director desires. The children's lines should be sung by all the children. The music director and stage director might consider having the groups and/or the chorus stand and swing in gospel chorus style, formally. This could start with one group, and gradually be joined by others, until by the end all the children are standing, swaying, and clapping in time.

Nice should single out one of the councillors (and perhaps the audience) for each comment she makes, so they, like the Mayor, also cringe. Note one or two of the councillors should have sat, overwhelmed, on a bench to the side of the market square. Another should at an appropriate point take out a bag of sweets/candy and be eating for the food verse) [manuscript page 49]

Nice: Don't interrupt when I'm talking

Children: Don't interrupt when she's talking

Nice: Stand up straight when I'm speaking

Children: Stand up straight when she's speaking

Nice: You're going to listen to my story

Children: You're going to listen to her story

Nice: If it takes the whole day long

Nice: If you're nice and you know it

Children: All day long

Nice: If you're nice and you know it

Children: All day long

Nice: Yes sir!

If you're nice and you know it

The whole world's nice to you

Nice: You've got to shine your shoes

Children: You've got to shine your shoes

Nice: Take your hands from your pockets

Children: take your hands from your pockets

Nice: Straighten up your tie

Children: You've got to straighten up your tie

Nice: If it takes the whole day long

Nice: If you're nice and you know it

Children: All day long

Nice: If you're nice and you know it

Children: All day long

Nice: Yes sir!

If you're nice and you know it

Children: The whole world's nice to you

Nice: You shouldn't chew on your nails

Children: You shouldn't chew on your nails

Nice: You shouldn't wear so much make-up

Children: You shouldn't wear so much make-up

Nice: You shouldn't slouch in your chair

Children: You shouldn't slouch in your chair

Nice: If it takes the whole day long

Nice: If you're nice and you know it

Children: All day long

Nice: If you're nice and you know it

Children: All day long

Nice: Yes sir!

If you're nice and you know it

Children: The whole world's nice to you

Nice: Don't be greedy at the table

Children: Don't be greedy at the table

Nice: You will finish all your food

Children: You will finish all your food

Nice: Never talk with your mouth full (*beat on talk*)

Children: Never talk with your mouth full

Nice: If it takes the whole day long

Nice: If you're nice and you know it

Children: All day long

Nice: If you're nice and you know it

Children: All day long

Nice: Yes sir! (*one of the councillors drops some garbage/litter*)

If you're nice and you know it

Children: The whole world's nice to you

(The following verse has two versions of the words, one for North America, one for the UK):

North America:

Nice: You will pick up all your garbage

Children: You will pick up all your garbage

Nice: You will never butt in line

Children: You will never butt in line

Nice: You don't run but you walk (*beat on 'run'*)

Children: You don't run but you walk

Nice: If it takes the whole day long

UK:

Nice: You will pick up all your litter

Children: You will pick up all your litter

Nice: You will never jump a queue

Children: You will never jump a queue

Nice: You don't run but you walk

Children: You don't run but you walk

Nice: If it takes the whole day long

Children in the audience should slowly return to the stage

Nice: Everybody

Children: If you're nice and you know it

All day long

If you're nice and you know it

All day long

Nice: Yes sir!

Children: If you're nice and you know it

The whole world's nice to you

Nice: Once again!

During the following repeat of the chorus, the Mayor comes out of his stupor and says his lines rushing over to the Wizard, who has been watching. On the Wizard's line, as he waves his wand, the singing and music instantly stop at whatever point they have got to.

Children: If you're nice and you know it

All day long

If you're nice and you know it
All day long

Nice: Yes sir! (*interpolated line*)

Children: If you're nice and you know it
The whole world's nice to you

Mayor: (*looking frantically around for the Wizard, seeing him, and rushing over*)

No more!

No more!

Stop them!

STOP THEM!

Wizard: (*standing up. raises and lowers his staff/wand in one great stroke. Electronic noise*)

Zad-are-baa-ath!

Instantly the children freeze where they are, in the attitude in which they are in.

What's the problem?

He waves his wand again. Electronic noise

Wef-or-too-neth!

Instantly the children sit and stay still

Weren't they nice enough for you?

Mayor: No, it wasn't really that -

Business: Yes it was! They're much too nice!

Area: Horribly nice!

Commerce: Martinets!

Rate Payer: I can't take any more.

Mayor: (*trying to recover his dignity. Pulling himself up straight. Pompous*)

Yes, exactly.

That's it.

Much too nice.

You call that nice?
I call them brats!

Wizard: Well, some people are hard to please.

Mayor: And another thing -

Wizard: Yes?

Mayor: *(waving hand around to indicate the children)*
You've got to get rid of them.

Business: Right now!

Area: We've had enough!

Commerce: Get rid of them!

Rate Payer: I'm not taking any more!

Wizard: I don't think I can do that.....

Mayor: *(losing his temper. His poised accent goes)*
Why not?
You brought them 'er.

Wizard: The spell has certain parameters....

Mayor: Per-rameters, she-ramaters -

Wizard: ...and I can't get them to leave right now.

Mayor: *Shrieking a little*
I don't care!
You're the wizard!
GET RID OF 'EM!

Wizard: Oh!?
So I'm the wizard?
I thought you didn't believe in wizards.

Mayor: *(totally confused, deflated)*
Wizards? Stuff and nonsense... Old wives tales.....

Business: Look here, whatever your name is.
I don't care whether your a wizard or not.
You brought these children here.
If you can't get rid of them,
Then at least stop them ruining our trade!

Wizard: And how do you suggest I do that?

Business: *(a little exasperated)*
I don't know!
Just stop them being so horribly nice.

Wizard: So you want them to be nastier?

Business: Yes, yes, anything, but not nice!

Wizard: Are you sure?

Business: Quite sure.
Just do it.

Area: Get on with it!

Commerce: Anything would be better -

Rate Payer: - than taking any more -

Wizard: Quite sure?

Councillors: GET ON WITH IT!

Wizard: If you say so -

He raises his staff/wand. Smoke, lightning, flashes, electronic music, etc.

Neff-a-fron,
heid-a-gareth,
ni-for-par-feth,
UNG-KRA-SETH!

Scene four
Wizard Things

Brat: *getting up* Hey, guys!

The following is very beautiful, slow and sweet, in two or three part harmony, as if a choir of angelic kids.

Children: This is a perfect little place
this is a lovely little town
we know we can be happy here
we know we want to stay around

During the following the councillors sing over the top of the chorus, making various observations and comments; I imagined them as interpolations over the slow weave of the children, but I have supplied some endings that rhyme with the endings of the children's lines. In the next verse the councillors are still listening to the children and the balance between the two sounds should be about the same. By the following verse the councillors have stopped listening to the children, and the children should sing more softly- though still angelic, while the councillors are getting louder and more enthusiastic. [manuscript score 61]

These are wealthy looking people,
who could use a helping hand
We will guarantee they will find it
from our ever-helping band

For we know one when we see one
they are ready for the taking
they don't know what's going to hit them
there is history in the making

Brat: *(spoken)*
Well, you wealthy looking people.
You're looking sorry for yourselves.
Reckon you need a helping hand,
and
who better to give it to you
than us?

Councillors *(variously)*

That's more like it!
These children I can stand!
Perhaps I won't mind it!
Better they're like this!

It still won't be fun,
but it's better than nothing.
(together) Good children!
Much better! This is more like it!

Tell them, guys!

[manuscript score 67]

Children: *(music suddenly breaking out)*

We are
the Brats
Get that!
No lip!
You're in for it now

Brat: What a surprise
realize
I am the boss
you've lost

Children: We are
the Brats
get that
you'll wish
you'd never been born!

Brat: That's right
get this *(Brat shoves the mayor who falls over)*
we rule
in this town!

Children: We are
the Brats
get that
you're lost
we'll see you around

Brat: That's right
get up *(Brat pulls the mayor up)*
you will
Do as I say

Brat: You think you've got a peaceful little town
the people want to visit all the time

Children: well, you have!
But not for long!

Brat: You're proud that you have built a home sweet home
and everything is running nice and smooth

Children: well, it is!
But not for long!

Brat: You thought you could continue just like this
without a single worry in the world

Children: well, you can't!
For we are the Brats!

Brat signals to the children. A few of them form a disciplined column, or squad. As she sings each verse, Brat addresses and torments each one of the councillors, starting with the mayor, and accompanied by the squad. Brat should sing the first verse, but after that the verses can either be sung by Brat or by a group of children, or by other soloists, as the music director wishes.

Brat: We're going to bang upon your door
in the middle of the night
You will hide beneath the bedclothes,
you will shiver with the fright!

Children: There are five of you
and lots of us
There is nothing you can do
we are the Brats!

Brat or group:
Then when you think you've gone to sleep
We'll play our music really loud
Then we'll press the fire-alarms
And sit and watch you weep!

Children: There are five of you
and lots of us
There is nothing you can do
we are the Brats!

Brat or group:

We will splatter all your washing
when it's hanging out to dry
spray graffiti on the motel walls -
you'll be scrubbing till you cry

Children: There are five of you
and lots of us
There is nothing you can do
we are the Brats!

Brat or group:
There'll be salt instead of sugar
in the Merlin café bowls
we will dig up all the golf course
and laugh at all your howls!

Children: There are five of you
and lots of us
There is nothing you can do
we are the Brats!

Brat or group:
We will trample down the flowerbeds
steal the apples from the trees
Let down all the tour coach tires (*UK - use 'bus' instead of 'coach'*)
we will bring you to your knees

Children: There are five of you
and lots of us
There is nothing you can do
we are the Brats!

Brat or group:
We will fish out all the money
from the Merlin wishing well
We will bother every tourist
and think it really swell!

Children: There are five of you
and lots of us
There is nothing you can do
we are the Brats!

Brat: *(spoken)*

So what are we all

Standing around for, guys!

Go get them!

During the following, Brat takes a central position (perhaps in front of a microphone) to harangue everyone.

Some of the children - in a very organized and deliberate manner - do the following:

- *Pick the councillors pockets*
- *Draw faces on the walls, or draw on posters*
- *Beg from the audience*
- *Tie one of the councillors shoelaces together*
- *Steal the pianists' hats*
- *Turn the conductor's score upside down*
- *plus anything else the stage director considers appropriate, as long as it done in a very efficient and deliberate manner. [manuscript score 85]*

Brat: The Brats are here!

The Brats are here!

Don't you dare

To interfere!

Turn this town

All upside down!

The gang is large

and we're in charge!

The Brats are here!

The Brats are here!

Don't you fear

You'll see we care!

Turn this town

all upside down!

The gang is large

and we're in charge!

The Brats are here!

The Brats are here!
Don't you dare
to interfere!
When you need
a new surprise
We will have it
up our sleeve
Our gain
will be your loss
we will show you
who is boss!
Turn this town
all upside down!
The gang is large
And we're in charge!
Now you know
we are the Brats!
We will show you
who is boss!

General mayhem, percussion [manuscript score 92]

over the noise of the percussion, shouted.

Rate Payer: *(hands over ears)*

I can't take any more! *(repeat as required)*

Business: Stop it! Stop it! *(repeat as required)*

Area: Ruined! We're ruined! *(repeat as required)*

Commerce: Don't! Don't do that! *(repeat as required)*

Mayor: Wizard! Wizard! Wizard! *(getting louder and louder, searching for him. Repeat as required)*

The Wizard suddenly appears at the back centre of the stage. He is now dressed in full Wizard regalia. He should appear huge, regal. Percussion suddenly stops. Absolute silence.

Wizard: So! It's WIZARD now, is it?!

All the children move to the edges of the stage and playing area, so that they can sit and watch the following as spectators. The children in the audience move to the sides of the auditorium. The Councillors should be spaced around the stage, standing still, shocked. As the Wizard goes to each one of them, they should shrink back a little, but stay where they are.

Mayor: *(coming forward to the Wizard, crouching a little, very humble)*

Yes, your Worshipful, I mean your honerf-, your Wizardfull -

During the following, the Wizard slowly comes forward, like a potentate at an oriental court, and addresses each verse to one of the councillors. As he does so, If the singer/actor who is playing the part feels confident in doing so, he does a small magic trick in front of each one (like finding a coin behind the ear, etc.) His lines are sprechstimme, rather grotesque, full of wide variety of tone and range. He moves slowly, and is quite menacing, like a Fagan.

Some dozen of the children produce kazoos to accompany the Wizard (optional).

Wizard: I have seen a lot like you
Full of greed in all you do.
All you think of is your purse
I can think of nothing worse.

Councillors will come and go
even though their brains are slow
you never know how soon time flies
when you're are making up your lies

Now you treat us all like fools
making sure that money rules.
Me you tried to turn away
Wouldn't even let me stay.

(This verse should be addressed to Rate Payer)

Did you welcome children here
Did you try and hold them dear?
You'll be turned into a rat
Or perhaps a stinking bat!

(Rate Payer sinks onto the bench in horror, where he/she will stay until indicated below)

You've taken Merlin's name in vain *(beat on taken)*
The town won't be the same again.
Now you see what trouble brings
When you mix with Wizard Things!

Kazoos stop

(Very over the top. High. Not quite a screech). To all the councillors

tango. Five-line verses, run continuously.

Now the wizard is here! *(over the top, above the tango rhythm)*

You didn't think *(much more composed, menacing)*

No wizards at all

All silly old tales!

Now -- *(over continuation of tango)*

the wizard is here *(Picks up tango again)*

There are tricks up his sleeve

He has children in tow

And he's not going to leave.

(breaking out again)

All silly old tales!

Is that what you thought?

No wizards at all

But now you are caught

for this one is here!

The wizard is here!

And never again

will you take him in vain

or he'll make you his slave

and dance on your grave!

For the wizard is here

And you didn't think

There was such a thing

As a wizard at all!

tango stops. Councillors are quivering. The Wizard switches off all his menacing look, to become quite like his original self.

Wizard: *(to Brat)*

There! That was quite good, wasn't it, though I say it myself.

Brat: Yessir!

Mayor: *(who has fallen on his knees and crawled up to the Wizard)*

Please, your Worshipf-, your honer-, your Wizardful?

Wizard: *(winks at Brat, and then turns to the Mayor)*

Yes?

You want to be turned into a worm?

Or perhaps a toad?

Mayor: Oh, no sir, no, nothing like that, sir, that is, unless you want to...
I was just wondering, if it please your Wizardful, yes, just wondering -

Wizard: Yes?

Mayor: I was just wonderfing, rather, I was just thinking, yes, that's it, I was just thinking -

Wizard: Thinking what?

Mayor: Perhaps we have been, that is, perhaps, yes, we have been a little - *hasty* -

Wizard: Hasty?

Mayor: Yes, your Wizardfull, a little hasty -
(gets up. Adds a little of his earlier pomposity)
yes, your Wizardful, on due consideration

Commerce:*(coming closer)* Of all pertinent facts

Mayor: And being mindful of

Area: *(coming closer)* The relevant circumstances

Mayor: And having taken into account

Business: *(coming closer)* Previous miscommunications

Mayor: We, the Council, in due deliberation, have determined -

Rate Payer: *(staying on the bench, shouting out suddenly)* YOU CAN STAY!!!

Sudden silence. All adults turn to look at Rate Payer. Then equally suddenly:

Mayor: Exactly.

Business: As long as you wish.

Commerce: Entirely on us

Area: Not a penny to pay.

Mayor: You can stay in the Merlin Hotel

Commerce: Quite free

Area: Of course

Business: Play as much golf

Mayor: As you could possibly want

Commerce: Take your pick

Business: of the souvenirs

Mayor: in the Merlin store

Commerce: Quite free

Area: of course.

All councillors: BUT PLEASE

(Rate Payer comes forward from the bench)

(sung) (fast)

Take the children far away
Take the children far away
Take the children far away
Take them far and far away
For
We have learnt our lesson
oh, yes, we have learnt our lesson
we have learnt our lesson
oh just take them far away
They are nice kids
So nice
Model kids
A credit
To their parents
But just take them far away
Please take them far away
No, not another day
Like this!

(singing ends)

Wizard: So, you think you have learnt your lesson?

Mayor: Yes, your Wizardfull.

Councillors: *(variously)*

Yes

We have

Wizard: Are you quite sure?

Councillors: Quite sure

(sung)

For
we won't
take a wizard's name in vain
take a wizard's name in vain
take a wizard's name in vain,
no, not again -
for these are
nice kids,
model kids,
a credit to their parents kids
and we have learnt our lesson
oh yes we have learnt our lesson
oh we have learnt our lesson, so
please
take the children far away
take the children far away
oh take the children far away
just
say the spell
just
say the spell
just
say the spell
right now!

(music ends)

(spoken, as a collective groan)

oh

Please do it!

Wizard: Very well.

Mind you -

You've said

you've learnt the lesson!

Area: Yes, your Wizardship

Business: Yes, your Wizardship

Commerce: Yes, your Wizardship

Rate Payer: *(going back to the bench, and sinking onto it)*

Thank goodness.

Mayor: Yes, your worship-, Wizardful, Wizardship.

Wizard: *(smoke, lightening, electronic noise, etc.)*

Hi-lee-sinish!

Go-lansigh!

(all the lights go out. Rate Payer screams)

Whoops, wrong spell.

shinis-eel-ih!

(the lights come on again)

Kalampa!

Falampa!

Sino-sish!

The children get up as if in a trance.

The Wizard goes out backstage, while everyone else remains still.

The children with the kazoos then lead the other children out, in an ordered column, playing on their kazoos the tune they played earlier.

The children in the auditorium should leave by the auditorium doors.

Scene five Wizard Things

Rate Payer: *(yawning, as if he/she had just woken up, and stretching on the bench)*

I had the strangest dream -

Area: *(looking around)*

I'm sure I saw a crowd of children here -

terrible children -

(offhand; tossing the line off)

I must have imagined it -

Business:

No, I thought they were here, too -

lots of children getting in the way,
and putting off all the tourists.

But there's no sign of them.

We must have imagined it,

but I don't see how.

(to Commerce)

Did you see any children?

Commerce: *(uncertainly)*

I think so...

perhaps not....

there was this little monster who...

(shudders)

(firmly)

I don't want to think about it.

Must have been a dream.

Or some kind of hallucination.

Mayor: *(with great certainty)*

It was the coffee!

Business, Area:

The coffee?

Mayor:

Yes, the coffee!

I told you there was something wrong with it.

We all drank it, didn't we?

Commerce:

Yes.

Mayor:

And it tasted funny?

Rate Payer:

It tasted like Merlin Cafe coffee always does.

Mayor:

No. I knew there was something different.

That must have been it.

Something wrong with the coffee

and it affected us all.

I'll have a word with the manager,

see it doesn't happen again.

(looks around at the councillors)

Well, we all seem alright now.

So what are you waiting for?

There are tourists out there, ready to give us their money!

Business:

You're probably right.

Strange though.

Ah, well, back to business!

All the councillors except the Mayor return to the selling activities in the audience that started the opera

Mayor: *(standing at the front of the stage, surveying the audience)*

That's more like it!

(sings softly, unaccompanied, slowly, same tune as opening)

I am the mayor of Pontaberfanwy
the most progressive
in the Principality
Here we run
a model municipality...

(speaking - at the end of the following a small child enters from backstage)

Ah, tourists by the thousands -

the sound of money,

ringing in the tills...

Child: *(standing just behind the Mayor)*

(quietly)

Excuse me, Mister

Mayor: *(who has not seen the child behind him, and only half-notices what he/she has said)*

Children -

in this town -

what a preposterous idea.

Child: *(standing just behind the Mayor)*

(a little louder)

Excuse me, Mister

Mayor: *(who has still not seen the child behind him, and only half-notices what he/she has said)*

(vaguely, not turning around)

Yes...

I hope the tourists don't drink the same coffee...

Child: *(standing just behind the Mayor)*

(a little louder)

Excuse me, Mister.

Mayor: *(a little annoyed)*

Yes,

what is it?

(he turns around)

A child!

What are you doing here?

Why are you at home?

Child:

I haven't got a home.

They told me

you would give me one.

Mayor:

What?

Who told you.

Speak up, child, who told you?

Child:

The man with the bicycle, sir,

and the funny hair.

Mayor:

The man with the...

No, it can't be -

the Wizard -

it wasn't a dream -

(calls out the names of the Councillors - use first names of actors, as in -)

Rhonda, Val -

here -

Nicole

Sherri -

(the councillors come running onto the stage)

Mayor:

It wasn't a dream -

the man with -

want a home -

Business:

What are you blathering about?

Area:

Get hold of yourself.

Rate Payer:

Who's this child?

Mayor:

Trying to tell you -
She's seen the Wizard -
she wants a home -

Commerce:

Is this true, child?

Child:

Yes, ma'am/sir *(as appropriate)*
He told us
you need children
and would give us a home.

Rate Payer:

Need children?!

Business:

Us?
What's this US?

Child: *(looking around)*

There are a few of us -

Demanding, Nice, Brat, and a few others (about 5) come out. They are respectful and polite.

Rate Payer:

Brats! Horrors!

Mayor: *(aside to Rate Payer. Very loud stage whisper)*

Remember
the Wizard!

Demanding: *(to the Mayor)*

It's very good of you, sir,
to offer us a home.

Nice:

They told us
you would be nice to us.

Brat:

You won't regret it -

Three women tourists come on stage from the audience. It is suggested these might be parents. They can be a little over-the-top (one or more could, for example, be played in drag).

Mayor:

Won't regret it!
Now look here -

Tourist 1:

Oh, Lillian, my dear, what lov-er-ly little children!
Aren't they lovely.

(the Councillors look at the tourists in astonishment)

Tourist 2: (to Child)

Quite adorable, aren't you my little chick chick chick chick!
Such a charming sight!

Tourist 3:

I always say, don't I, Brenda,
that's what I always say, yes,
what's a holiday without seeing children.
A holiday without seeing children,
I ask you,
That's what I always say.

Tourist 1:

Oh, yes - (*'yes' drawn out*)
Just imagine it -
a holiday without seeing children!
Well, I ask you,
What sort of holiday would that be?

Tourist 3:

Oh, yes - (*'yes' drawn out*)
Just wait 'til Uncle Bert hears about this!
He won't believe it, really he won't, he just won't won't believe it.
I mean all these Merlin things, and Wizards and things,
and that cup of coffee we had in the Cafe -

that was a nice cup of coffee, that was, oh, yes -
and then all these nice children -

Tourist 2:

We'll just have to tell everyone,
won't we, dears,
yes,
such a nice place for a holiday.

Tourist 3: (to Mayor)

Such a nice place to come to!

Tourist 1: (to Mayor)

Quite lov-er-ly!

Tourist 2:

We'll tell everybody about it when we get home, won't we dears?

Tourists 1 and 3 : (to Mayor)

Oh, yes, oh, we will, we will.

Tourist 2:

Hurry up dears, we musn't keep the gentleman.

Tourist 1:

I have to get some postcards

The Tourists leave and walk back through the audience.

Brat starts speaking immediately.

As the tourists go, they continue their conversation into the distance while Brat is talking)

[Tourist 2:

Postcards, oh yes, I've got to send one to Aunt Delilah.

[Tourist 1:

And I want to get one of those tea-towel things, with the bridge.

It'll look so nice on the kitchen wall, it will.

[Tourist 3:

Perhaps they have some postcards of the children

[Tourist 2:

Oh, no, I don't think so dear.

I don't think they would have postcards of that,

no -

[Tourist 3:

No, perhaps you're right, no
I wonder if they have beer mats?
Uncle Bert would like that, he would,
oh, yes, he would like that...]

Brat: *(to Mayor)*

Well, sir, can we stay?

Mayor: *(who is still looking at the departing tourists)*

Well, I hadn't thought of that -

Business:

The Merlin Children's Photograph Studio -

Commerce:

A Merlin theme park -

Area:

The Merlin Day Care Centre -

Rate Payer:

The Merlin Magic Gift Set -

Mayor: *(making up his mind)*

Are we all agreed?

Councillors:

Yes!

Mayor:

Right, you can stay -
On a trial basis, mind you.

Children:

Yea!

Brat:

Oh, thank you, Sir!
Brat pulls a piece of paper and pen out
Here's our contract -

Mayor:

Contract!

Brat: *(all innocence)*

Yes, Sir.

90% of all profits on children's enterprises to you,
ten per cent to us,
and a new playground.

Mayor:

Preposterous!

Outra-

Tourists: *(from the distance of the back of the hall)*

Byer, bye children!

So nice seeing you.

Bye!

Brat: *(looking at Mayor, who has turned to listen to the tourists)*

What do you think?

Mayor:

Very well!

He snatches the paper and pen and signs

10%, mind you -

10%, no more!

Brat: *(calling offstage)*

Come on guys,

we've got a new home!

The rest of the children come onstage.

Music starts.

Children:

Seems to be a nice town

People look OK.

Are we going to stay here?

Will this be our home?

All we want is somewhere

We can laugh and play,

Are we going to stay here?

Will this be our home?

We're not going to ask much,
meals and a bed,
Are we going to stay here?
Will this be our home?

Nice to have a family
And a house that's ours,
Are we going to stay here?
Will this be our home?

We won't always just be good
We won't always just be bad
Are we going to stay here?
Will this be our home?

Would you take good care of us?
Would you treat us as your own?
Are we going to stay here?
Will this be our home?

We will try to do our best,
We'll be fun to have around.
Are we going to stay here?
Will this be our home?

(music continues)

Mayor: *(spoken, looking at the other councillors)*

Well, I don't know about that -
there are so many of you -

Brat: *(spoken, holding up the contract)*

Ninety purr-cent!

Children: *(during the following the Mayor consults with the other Councillors)*

We won't always just be good
We won't always just be bad
Are we going to stay here?
Will this be our home?

Would you take good care of us?
Would you treat us as your own?
Are we going to stay here?
Will this be our home?

We will try to do our best,
We'll be fun to have around.
Are we going to stay here?
Will this be our home?

Mayor: *(declamatory, sung, over the continuing rhythm.)*

After due deliberation
And much consideration
We, the Mayor and Council
have decided

You can stay.

Children: *(big shout)*

Yea!

Mayor: *(spoken, over the top of the continuing rhythm)*

But where we're going to put them all,
I just don't know.

(louder)

But no loud music, mind you!
No loud music!

Children: *(picking up the rhythm/song again)*

We won't make a sound!
But we'll be around!
We are going to stay here,
this will be our home

Children, Mayor and Councillors: *(Councillors should substitute 'you' 'us' etc. as appropriate)
(During the following, the Wizard enters at back, pushing a bicycle, dressed much as he was at
the beginning of the opera, but a little smarter, a little tidier)*

Now we have a place to play,
Even go to school one day.

There are times we'll drive you mad
In the end you will be glad.

What's a town without its kids?
You should never keep them hid.
There are times we'll drive you mad
In the end you will be glad.

(To audience)

You out there, just think on that,
Imagine life without the brat!
There are times we'll drive you mad
In the end you will be glad.

For -

What's a town without its kids?
You should never keep them hid.
There are times we'll drive you mad
In the end you will be glad
Yes,
In the end you will be glad.

(music stops)

Mayor: *(seeing the Wizard)*

Hey, you there!
Wizard!
You!

(Wizard looks around)

Yes, you.

Wizard:

Me?

Mayor:

Yes, you.
The Wizard.

Wizard: *(coming forward)*

Wizard?

Mayor:

See,
we've learnt our lesson.

Wizard:

What on earth are you talking about?

Mayor:

Well, you are the Wizard, aren't you?

Wizard:

A Wizard? What a ridiculous idea.
Such things died out
long ago.

Mayor:

If you aren't a Wizard, then who are you?
And what are you doing here?

Wizard:

What do you think I am?
I'm a schoolmaster.

Mayor:

A schoolmaster?

Wizard:

Yes,
a schoolmaster.
(looks around at all the children)
(slowly, questioningly)
And it looks as if
you need one -

BLACKOUT

 **back to the top**