A Short account of the discussion, movement, discovery and rapid return of several people who went looking for the mighty sock of Clav the bag

Parts

Narrator

Granny

Uncuthberg

Eulalalalala

Scholastick

Ethelswiff

Hiweaver (Weaver, must be pronounced with an 'h' in posh accent)

Characters doubled for comic effect (ie. use a hat or wimple to distinguish. Would advise the narrator does not play the Viking)

The 6 Sleeper of Ephesus.

A tired Viking

Audience vietims participants:

Fluffles the twinkle Goat

Eugine the Toll Troll

You are encouraged to play the parts as loudly and as enthusiastically as you can, improvise on stage direction if you like, the more flamboyant and theatrical the better!

Props:

A sock

Shields to be used to create a 'ship' (i.e. held and locked like a shield wall by the actors)

Hats and wimples: especially for Granny and the narrator, who will probably play minor roles as well..

Something for a viking

Narrator: Welcome one and all to our a precautionary tale of intrigue, murder, and mayhem which the script writer has decided to call 'A short account of the discussion, movement, discovery and rapid return of several people who went looking for the mighty sock of Clav the bag'

Whole Cast, including Narrator: Praise be to Clav the mighty!

Narrator: The events which I, your glorious narrator, am about to introduce give a true account of our script writer's sense of imagination. As for historical truth, may it be known unto all that I shall say nothing which has been received either from eye- witnesses or from those who took it themselves from eye-witnesses, and in may it also be known that I, your narrator, the bestest of best actors here present, have decided to avoid the strange and ancient words which the script writer set me to say since I do not want to disfigure the language of this play or redden your ears with any barbaric expression.

We start this tale long ago in a time somewhat before this time and in a small and unassuming village made of wooden huts and filled with simple rustic folk, in this village there once lived a most powerful and supremely wise and most devout and generally quite talented individual called Clav.

Whole Cast, including Narrator: Praise be to Clav!

[Note to all actors that 'praise be to Clav' should be repeated whenever 'Clav' is mentioned in the play - this includes when the narrator is trying to speak, and can include any point after you first read this note during rehersals and in reference to the title. Ideally actors should hold up hands to the sky for completely unexplained reasons when saying these praises.]

Narrator:

Now one day this Clav was about to embark on a life of adventure and extreme humidity after being accepted for a job in the kitchen of a long hall but just as he was departing his mother's house, flour ready at hand, Clav very promptly died on the spot and very inexplicably. But because Clav had become so famously mighty and devout by the time of his untimely and what will remain an inexplicable demise, naturally everyone in in the village came to worship Clav's left sock. Such was people's zeal for Clav's naalbound footwear that some many years later his sock came to be used for all sorts of magical and exciting purposes. And the last time anyone heard of it again in that village was when it was filled with mushrooms and garlic to enhance its great totemic and healing properties and used by villagers to end the dastardly ambitions of a nefarious group of Rosies who were taking over the world with a vigilante duck of terrifying ambition. The important thing here is that Clav's sock was most horrifically thrown into a river and the townsfolk of Oxenford have been without this sock and its miraculous and garlicy smelling powers ever since....

Uncuthberg: Oh grandmamma, what big eyes you've got.

Granny: All the better to hear you my dear!

Uncuthberg: Oh… and Oh grandmamma, what large hands you have! Granny: Oh dear, all the better. Oh but that's not in my script. Uncoothberg, I think you're doing the wrong play!

Uncuthberg: Oh yes, sorry. The scriptwriter wrote five and didn't add page numbers and I've been getting my lines mixed up.

Granny: Oh now where was I, where is my line I can't find my line!

Eulalala: What did you say granny?

Granny: I've lost my place Eulalalalalala, I don't know where my line is! I'm looking and ruffling my script wildly about for dramatic effect but I still can't seem to find it.

Narrator (with a raised voice): [coughs towards actors and points at audience]

And the townsfolk of Oxenford have been without this sock and its miraculous and garlicy smelling powers ever since….

Cast ruffle scripts noisily before returning to this page.

Uncuthberg: Oh but you don't have any lines granny, see, we are just supposed to say that ever since you changed your will this afternoon and ate that plate of food that Helgi gave you, you have looked very very ill, and see here, now my script says that you order your grandchildren, Uncoothberg, Eulalalala, Scholastick, and Elfswiff, to find the sock of Clav

All: Praise be to Clav

Uncuthberg: which you think will make you better!

[*Scholastick points to the actors who play for each name except the twinkle goat - and the actors mentioned should make themselves known to the audience in an obvious/outlandish way when their name is called*]

Scholastick [*pointing at script wildly*]: There are only lines in this script for grandchildren, see, here I am, see Scholastick, and here are lines for Uncoothberg, Eulalala, Ethelswiff and the twinkle Goat. It wouldn't be realistic if you had lines, you're just meant to be bumped off.

Granny: What was that? I can barely hear you over all this ruffling. Oh I must be very ill my dearest grandchildren, Oh Uncuthburg, Scholastick, Eulalalalala and Ethelswiff if only I could be well again.

All grandchildren together: Oh no Granny looks so ill!

Scholastick: Do you think it might have been that horrendous stew she ate earlier today after she gave that Viking trader Helgy everything in her last will.

Uncuthberg: I wish there was something we could do to make her completely better again!

Ethelswiff: Should I call a doctor? We haven't tried that yet.

Eulalala: Shall I ask the audience for any herbs that might ease her passing?

Granny: I'm not dying!

Scholastick: I wonder if I should start work on her shroud, embroidery, what do you think, shall I use undyed wool or practically undyed wool?

Granny [*tries to get attention of grandchildren and audience*]: I'm not dying I tell you!

Granny [*stands up and addresses audience*]: Now dear granddaughters, since you want to help me so much I will tell you a way that is sure to make me well again. When I was a little girl a goat told me that if I was ever very ill with no hope of getting better I should send my heroic grandchildren to seek out the holy and wonderfully medicinal sock of Clav

All: Praise be to Clav the mighty

Granny: Yes, the one what was thrown into the River Rosie a long time ago. Go out into the wide and dangerous world, find it, it will be the one that smells like it has garlic and mushrooms in it, and then return it here to me and place it like a poultice on my head so I can forget about that awful stew I've been fed.

Eulalala: Oh but where did the sock go granny?

Granny: Follow your enormously proportioned noses my dear ones!

[*They all sniff the air around the stage and pick up something bad around granny*]

All: Praise be to Clav the mighty

Granny: It wasn't me it was Ethelswiff! Just go and ask the hweaver who lives next door at the hweaver's hut! I saw the hweaver wearing the gold naalbound sock of Clav

Granny: when I was but an infant in swaddling, back then he used to go up and down the village holding it out for everyone to see and then for no reason at all, the sock just disappeared and we never saw him with it or heard him speak of it again. Go and ask him what happened to it!

[*The grandchildren walk around in circles for a few moments*]

Narrator: And so Uncoothberg, Scholastica, Eulalala, and Ethelswiff began their treacherous journey through the slipperly paths of a country full of brambles, wading thirstily from briny and muddy waters in which a dark throng of toads swarms in abundance and where the croaks of an ever strident chatter of frogs closed in on them at every comer. After arduous travels and numerous wanderings in the wrong direction they heroically arrived at the weaver's house next door, all quite ready to grovel on the floor before the weaver and his goat for any information that would help them find and return the left Sock of Clav

All, including the hweaver: Praise be to Clav

All grandchildren [*knocking excitedly*]: hweaver! hweaver! Are you in!? We are the granddaughters of Granny who is now dying just after she gave everything to Helgi in her last will!

Granny from afar: I'm not dying! I think it's just cramp!

All continue: We are look for the great golden sock of the mighty Clav

All: praise be to Clav

Hweaver: Sorry I was busy with my sprang. So you're looking for the great golden sock of Clav

All: praise be to Clav

Grandchildren: Yes please, quickly tell us where it is!

Hweaver: I sold it to a tired-looking Greek years ago who put it on their head to stay awake.

Scholastick: Oh well it looks like our Old Granny won't ever get better. [*They walk slowly towards the audience taking off bits of costume]*

Ethelswiff: I'll start work on her funerary pall

Eulalala: I'll order her flowers

Uncuthberg: I'll find her will and change it.

Granny: I'm right here you know! Read the script! Ask him who he sold it too!

[All return to stage]

Uncuthberg: Where does this sleeper live Weaver, where can we find them?

Hweaver: Well now I could tell you, but why should I when I have nothing to gain from it?

Granny: I'll tell everyone about your goat if you don't!

Hweaver: Right I tell you what, if you sing a lullaby to my little goat fluffles [select a member of the audience to be fluffles] so that it smiles, then I will tell you where to go and how to get there.

[*Hweaver walks to centre stage and addresses audience:]*

O Fluffles how much you used to love our special little twinkle twinkle song, it was the only thing that made you smile. I wish I could sing it again myself but ever since I was involved in a horrific whaling accident in outer-Mongolia last year I've never been able to sing the song right through to the end and you my dearest flospsy fluffles have never since managed to smile.

Scholastick: O Great.

Eulalala: But I Can't Sing!

Ethelswiff: I don't know even the words Eulalala!

Uncuthberg: Whales in Mongolia?

All together nodding in agreement: A long time ago.

Granny: Just read your scripts and get on with the singing!

Uncuthberg: What do you think everyone, if we sing it will you tell us when fluffles is smiling, so the weaver can tell us where the sleeper us and so we can save dear old dying granny?

Narrator and all [*encouraging the audience to join in*]: Yes!!!

Come on I want to hear a big yes from everyone, we can't possibly watch the goat and sing in tune at the same time!

[*Choose an audience-goat who will smile and/or 'baaa'*]

All actors [*allow the audience to sing the wrong tune*]:

Twinkle Twinkle Little Goat,

How I Wonder What you Are,

Doing Up-Above the World so High,

O Why is This Billy Goat in the Sky, Twinkle Twinkle Little Goat

How I Wonder How You Baaaaa.

[The audience-goat should smile and/or 'baaa' in a slightly concerning but very happy way. Repeat and rinse the song if the audience-goat did not smile or baaa happily enough.]

Hweaver: O thank you all so much, I've not seen singers arouse a smile like in a goat for such a long time!

First you must travel to the where the new course of the River Rosie flows, which is just a few centimetres from where it used to flow, and then you have to sail across the river in a very particular sort of boat, it can only made from Viking shields that have travelled out of a distant town called Oxford by omnibus. Beware of the stone bridge that also crosses the river, it is very important that you do not cross the bridge by foot but only go by this boat. On the other side you will find buyer of the Almighty Sock, who goes by the name of the 6th Sleeper of Ephesus.

Uncuthberg: What you mean that river and that bridge over there next to this house?

Hweaver: Yes that's right. Conveniently located isn't it.

Eulalala: And why can't we cross the bridge by foot?

Hweaver: Because it's now an international border and the toll troll on the other side checks for visas these days. Eugenia doesn't like people crossing without government permission, and that can take weeks!

All together: Oooh.

Eulalala: well that's that explained then!

[*Everyone prepares and then gets into the shield boat*]

Ethelswiff: It's a good thing Granny had kept all these shields under her Bed isn't it?

Ethelswiff: What are we using for oars?

Uncuthberg: I'm using imagination. What about you youlalalalala

Eulalala: I'm just wondering what happened to the Vikings who owned them?

Granny out loud: Never you mind. Stick to the script!

[*All somehow begin rowing in the shield boat to cross the river*]

Narrator: And the waters shook and gave wat under the six hoof beat of their ship until...

Uncuthberg: Hang on where's Scholastick? The script says everyone should be in the boat with us.

Eulalala: Oh Scholastick has a passport so naturally decided to go over the bridge and pass through that troll's passport booth. Scholastick walks the other side of the stage and point out this part of the script to a member of the audience

Randomly Selected member of audience: You Shall Not Pass

Scholastick: What? But I just showed you my passport!

Randomly member of audience: Oh I know, I've just always wanted to say that.

All [*With hands on brows looking for Scholastick, scholastick is advised to stand right in front of them for comic effect*]: Oh there, look, we can just about see Scholastick waiting on the other side, let's row quickly now! Scholastick helps the others onto land all approach the 6th sleeper of Ephesus sitting on the floor somewhere between dozing and sleeping.

Uncuthberg: Look Eulalala that must be the 6th sleeper of Ephesus who bought the Miraculous Sock of Clav

All: Praise be to Clav

Eulalala: The sleeper is wearing two socks, both on top of the head. Let's ask which one belonged to Clav

All: Praise be to Clav

Scholastic continues: and if we can borrow it for our dear old dying Granny

Granny: I'm not dying!

All: 6th Sleeper of Ephesus, 6th Sleeper of Ephesus, Can we borrow the sock of Clav

All: Praise be to Clav

Uncuthberg: We need it to restore our poor Granny back to health!

[*Sleeper nodes gravely but without fully waking up.]*

Uncuthberg: Which sock is it oh Sleeper of Ephesus!?

[Sleeper shrugs shoulders]

Eulalala: I know let's smell the socks, the one that smells of garlic and mushrooms will be the one that belonged to Clav the magnificent.

All: Praise be to Clav

[*All begin dramatically sniffing around the sleeper]*

Viking [approaching with a sword]: You there, stop what you are doing, this is a raid – I am here for the golden left footed sock of Clav!

All, including Viking: Praise be to Clav

Viking: Now hand it over, it belongs to me, I need it to restore my dear old dying granny back to health, so move away or I shall have to take it by force!

[Uncuthberg grabs the sock and it is thrown around by all the grandchildren so that the Viking is piggy in the middle and they continue until the narrator ends.]

Narrator: 'All run indeed but only one receives the prize', and see kindly audience how like talented athletes under some experienced instructor training in the gymnasium through wrestling routines and gymnastic exercises, they all eagerly try to win the crown of the laborious contest and the prize of the Olympus struggle by the strenuous energies of their own exertions, so that each one became like an athlete smeared with the ointment of some slipperly liquid, striving dexterously to work out the strenuous routines of wrestlers, sweating with the sinuous writhings of their flanks in the burning centre of the wrestling pit until the victory was theirs!

Ethelswiff: I have the sock of mighty Clav!

[*The Viking lies exhausted on the ground and the 6th sleeper begins to snore*]

All: Praise be to Clav

Ethelswiff: Quickly we must all get home and give it to dear old Granny!

Narrator: Fearing the worst for their dying Granny

Granny [*Yawning now*]: I'm still not dying!

Narrator: and without any further delay Uncuthberg and Eulalalalala, and Ethelswiff rowed their way back across the old river Rosie, while Scholastick ran across the bridge waving a passport in the air until everyone had returned back to Oxenford to find the hweaver an unhappy twinkle goat and an unusually quiet granny sitting between them!

Uncuthberg: Oh no! It looks like we were too late! We didn't reach Granny in time to put Clav's Sock on her head.

All: Praise be to Clav!

Eulalalala, Scholastick, and Ethelswiff: It can't harm trying, quick put Clav's sock on her head as a poultice!

All: Praise be to Clav

Everyone watches Granny to see if anything happens

Granny [*Waking up from sleep*]: Oh what is that horrible smell!?

Cuthberh Eulalalala, Scholastick and Ethelwiff: Hoooooraaah! The garlic and mushroom poultice of Clav's left sock

All [*including granny who is now fully alert*]: Praise be to Clav!

Uncuthberh Eulalalala, Scholastick and Ethelwiff: It has worked a wonder and brought Granny back to her happy self!

All: Praise be to Clav

Uncuthberg: Well I have to say I wasn't expecting things to end up quite this way. but Clav's sock

Uncuthberg: Does actually seem to be mighty and miraculous!

Hweaver: Well I for one am not satisfied! I came here expecting to inherit all the weaving looms and leather gear that Granny keeps under her bed sheets!

Granny: I do not!

Uncuthberg, Scholastick, Eulalala, and Elfswiff [*In a disappointed fashion*]: You do Granny.

Elfswiff: I know how we can cheer you up hweaver and cheer up everyone else as well, let us all sing best version of the twinkle song so that fluffles the twinkle goat is happy again!

All together:

Twinkle Twinkle Little Goat

How I Wonder What you Are

Doing Up-Above the World so High

O Why is This Billy Goat in the Sky

Twinkle Twinkle Little Goat How I Wonder How You Baaaaaa

Narrator: And so all the good people of Oxenford were happy once again. It turns out Granny had terrible wind for the rest of the week but she lived 50 years longer thanks to the Health giving properties of Clav's mighty sock

All: Praise Be to Clav!

Narrator: Uncoothberg, Eulalalala, Scholastick, and Elfswiff all managed to find happy goats of their own. The Hweaver eventually went back to Outer-Mongolia where he had an unfortunate accident sparring with a wild pig, the 6th Sleeper of Ephesus continued sleeping, notably only turning over twice during the next 700 years, and the Viking warrior decided to relocate and settle down with an student theatre company in Oxenford where he still enjoys numerous minor roles in many completely unremarkable positions.

The End

The actors should walk onto stage in-line to bow and receive applause, a picture is encouraged but not compulsory!