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Dramatic Publishing



The Pied Piper of Hamelin

Book and lyrics by
Ric Averill

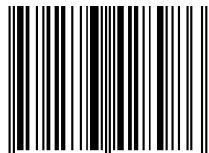
Music by
Adrian Rees

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

Book and lyrics by Ric Averill. Music by Adrian Rees. Cast: 2m., 1w., 32 to 46+ either gender (doubling possible for smaller cast). Falstaff, a theatre cat, is kicked into the alley after sneaking an unearned bow with the cast of a production of *Romeo and Juliet*—a scene the audience sees from a backstage perspective. Threatened by mean street rats and defended by alley cat allies, Falstaff narrowly averts an all-out war by inviting both groups to join him backstage to perform his own version of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. McHeath, the rough and tumble leader of the rats, is cast as the mayor, other rats as his accomplices and the rest of the rats as the plague-carrying scourge of Hamelin. The cats are cast as the townspeople, including the big-eyed heroine, Lisette, and her counterpart, the warlike Chedwick. Falstaff, of course, takes the role of the Pied Piper. Mayhem ensues as Falstaff attempts to create believable performances from this raucous group. Delightful songs carry the story forward, from Lisette's "Something Stinks" to the rousing "Rat Song" Falstaff ultimately lures the rats into the river and saves the day. The stage doorman invites Falstaff back into the theatre, and this time he gets a curtain call. *Unit set. Optional accompaniment CD available. Approximate running time: 60 minutes. Code: PL3.*

Cover design: John Sergel.

ISBN: 978-1-58342-898-6



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www.dramaticpublishing.com



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Printed on recycled paper

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

A musical comedy for young audiences

Book and lyrics by
RIC AVERILL

Music by
ADRIAN REES



Dramatic Publishing Company
Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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Music by
ADRIAN REES

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(THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN)

ISBN: 978-1-58342-898-6

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The Lawrence Arts Center in Lawrence, Kan., commissioned Artistic Director Ric Averill to expand on several previous versions of this odd fairy tale classic he'd written for the professional touring company Seem-To-Be Players. More than 40 students and one professional actor were cast, and *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* premiered in October 2011. Guest Equity Actor Matt Weiss created the role of Falstaff, a theatre cat with great panache. Weiss' training in physical theatre and comedy provided a role model and mentorship opportunity for students and delighted audiences.

CAST

Falstaff Matt Weiss
Falstaff (understudy) Gwentessa Alfie
Stage Door Man Logan Merritt

THE RATS

McHeath Madalynn Kerr
Boss Bailee Blair
Barb Lili Hull
Bob Keegan West
Beezo Rheanne Walton
Pack Rat 1 Naomi Soderling
Pack Rat 2 Hailey Gotto
Toe Nibbler 1 Noah Cachiguango
Toe Nibbler 2 Henry Adams
Toe Nibbler 3 Alida Cahir
Fighting Rat 1 Ben Gotto
Fighting Rat 2 Max Adams
Vegetarian Rat 1 Blue O'Leary
Vegetarian Rat 2 Olive Olson
King's Page Andrea Coleman
Second Page Lydia Zicker
Rest of the Book Ellie Houston, Gwentess Alfie
Tiny Rat/The End Bailey Landholm

THE CATS

Chedwick	Aidan Cahir
Lisette.....	Anna Riley
Tomcat/Tomcat the Tailor	Clara Cobb
Bertha/Betha the Butcher.....	Trenna Soderling
Barnabus/Barnabus the Baker.....	Hirsh Guha
Charlene/Charlene the Candlestick Maker	Megan Irons
Townschildren.....	Maisy Needham, Cara Hays, Emma Silvestri, Maria Mohajir, Perrin Goulter, Jesse Self
Townpeople	Hanna Hall, Rose Uhrich, Jillian Schwartz, Kristian Hall
Little Kittens	Arlo Needham, Kennedy Lamer, Marco Mohajir, Delilah Rose Pellow, Lindsey Landholm

PRODUCTION STAFF

Direction	Ric Averill, Elizabeth Sullivan
Costumes.....	Jennifer Glenn
Set design.....	Tammy Keiser
Lighting design	Timothy Rosenbloom
Stage Manager	Jennifer Harmon

MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. I've Played Every Role on the Stage (Part 1).....	11
2. I've Played Every Role on the Stage (Part 2).....	14
3. Market Day.....	20
4. Market Day Round.....	21
5. Something Stinks.....	27
6. Sleepy Music.....	29
7. Rat Song.....	30
8. Magic I Play.....	40
9. Rat Song (Reprise #1).....	40
10. I Does What I Wants.....	44
11. Magic I Play (Reprise).....	48
12. Rat Song (Reprise #2).....	50
13. Piper's Tune #1.....	50
14. Night Music.....	53
15. Piper's Tune #2.....	53
16. Rat/Cat Song (Finale).....	58

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

CHARACTERS

(Additional cast members can perform as chorus in both groups.)

STAGE DOOR MAN / WOMAN: An aspiring young actor and the only human in the production.

FALSTAFF / PIED PIPER: A theatre cat.

RATS (and who they portray in *The Pied Piper*): 19 to 21.

MCHEATH / KING: The leader of the Rats.

BOSS: Actually, the second in command.

PACK RAT 1 – 2: Report to Boss.

BARB: Another lieutenant of the Rats.

TOE NIBBLER 1 – 3: Report to Barb.

BOB: His name spells the same forward or backward.

FIGHTING RAT 1 – 2: Report to Bob.

BEEZO: She only says her name.

VEGETARIAN RAT 1 – 2: Report to Beezo.

PAGES:

KING'S PAGE: A Rat.

SECOND PAGE: A Rat.

REST OF THE RATS: (2 to 4) Play The Rest of the Book.

TINY RAT: Plays The End.

CATS (and who they portray in *The Pied Piper*): 9 to 15.

TOWNSCHILDREN (2 to 8)

CHEDWICK: Will portray a boy who wants to be the hero, Tomcat the Tailor's son.

LISETTE: Will portray the heroine, Barnabus the Baker's daughter.

TOWNSPEOPLE

TOMCAT /TOMCAT THE TAILOR: The father (or mother) of Chedwick.

BERTHA / BERTHA THE BUTCHER

BARNABUS/ BARNABUS THE BAKER: The father (or mother) of Lisette.

CHARLENE / CHARLENE THE CANDLESTICK MAKER

MELANIE / MELANIE THE MILK MAID

LITTLE KITTENS (2 to 8): Portray the “audience” for *The Pied Piper*.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

The Pied Piper of Hamelin is conceived as a piece of theatrical fun. The play should be performed on what appears to be the backstage of a large professional theatre with a major set facing away from the audience. The script suggests the back of a *Romeo and Juliet* set, which would provide levels such as the balcony and archways for entrances and exits. Any props needed in the play within a play should be pulled from the “backstage” area.

The opening should be played as though the front curtain were the back curtain of a professional theatre and *The Pied Piper*'s audience is sitting right in the alley behind the theatre. When the curtain is opened up and Falstaff takes the actors “backstage,” they marvel at the unique look of support beams, prop tables, miscellaneous props, etc.

A producer could simply “turn around” the set from any previous production and let that be Falstaff's “backstage.”

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

SCENE 1

AT RISE: The action starts in front of the main curtain. House lights go down. The bright stage lights come up behind the curtain. There is a ferocious closing line almost audible, then thunderous applause. Lights come back up, clearly another bow, with more applause. There is yelling and suddenly a large, musketeer-dressed, tabby theatre cat named FALSTAFF comes flying onstage from the wings. Following him is the bossy but befuddled STAGE DOOR MAN.

STAGE DOOR MAN. Out! Out for the night, you mangy creature! You don't get a bow! You weren't in the play!

FALSTAFF. What? What? Actually, I was in the play. I scampered on, sword drawn, whiskers flying in the wind and plunged the sharpened pointy end right into the evil villain's foot at exactly the right moment so his own thrust went awry and he was skewered by the hero!

STAGE DOOR MAN. Wow! ... Wait a minute. I didn't see that.

FALSTAFF. Of course not. You, my dear friend, were standing duty. By the stage door. Which is where you spend every night. But answer me this, Stage Door Man. Where would you rather be? Where would you rather be than standing watching the stars go on, listening to the laughter, the cheers. I think I know ...

STAGE DOOR MAN. What are you talking about? I'm a stage door man ...

FALSTAFF. Ah, maybe that's what you are, but you want to be? ... Deep in your heart of hearts!?

(STAGE DOOR MAN breaks down and soon is crying on FALSTAFF's shoulder.)

STAGE DOOR MAN. I could have done it! I could have played that part, the hero. I was born to be a star. I told them that at the audition. But when they asked if I would take any job in the theatre at all, I thought they meant on-stage so here I am, sweeping and chasing cats and nearly broken, washed up ... *(Suddenly realizes that he's being comforted by a theatre cat.)* Hey, wait a minute. You, you, counselor cat. You, getting me to ... *(Another realization.)* break down and be vulnerable—I can use this. What a great lesson—you're not an actor, cat, you're a director!

FALSTAFF. I know.

(FALSTAFF takes a bow, which reminds STAGE DOOR MAN that he's mad.)

STAGE DOOR MAN. But you're also a nuisance! Taking a bow ... Why don't you make yourself useful and catch some rats!

(STAGE DOOR MAN exits, muttering to himself, quoting Hamlet.)

STAGE DOOR MAN *(cont'd)*. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

(FALSTAFF stands up and brushes himself off. Lights dim backstage amidst sounds of an audience leaving the theatre. FALSTAFF shouts after STAGE DOOR MAN.)

FALSTAFF. See if I impart any more pearls of wisdom in your general direction! What a night! *(Looks at the audience.)* Enjoy that little dramatic exit? Falstaff, theatre cat,

at your service. Pleased to see you and I KNOW you're pleased to see me. For I have played a thousand roles! I have saved a thousand shows! The world's my oyster. And I do like oysters. But enough talking about me. I can also sing about me!

(#1: "I've Played Every Role on the Stage" [Part 1])

FALSTAFF (*cont'd*).

I'VE PLAYED EVERY ROLE ON THE STAGE,
FROM LOWLIEST SOLDIER TO PAGE.
I'VE PLAYED PORE OL' YORRICK AND RICHARD
THE THIRD,
THE AUDIENCE QUAKED BY MY RAGE!

MY GRANDPA WAS WILL SHAKESPEARE'S PET.
HE HELPED WRITE THOSE PLAYS, YOU CAN BET!
YOU SEE, ROM-E-O,
HE ME-OWED HIS HELLO
TO JULIET CAT-PU-LET.

(Suddenly, a group of RATS enter. They are led by MCHEATH, a crazed and intense rat. Following closely behind him are BOSS, BOB, BARB and BEEZO, who are followed by their minions: the PACK RATS, the TOE NIBBLERS, the FIGHTING RATS, the VEGETARIAN RATS and the REST OF THE RATS. They all wear crazy tunics, sashes and layered mixed clothes like pirates. MCHEATH interrupts the song.)

MCHEATH. All right, all right, youse waking up the whole neighborhood and we needs 'em asleep whilst we do our fillaging and pillaging.

FALSTAFF (*drawing a sword*). Who says?

MCHEATH (*drawing his own sword*). McHeath says!

BOSS. And Boss says!

BOB. And Bob!

BARB. And Barb!

BEEZO. Beezo!

FALSTAFF. I'm not looking for any trouble.

MCHEATH. And yet, somehow, youse still finds it.

RATS. Yeah!

BOSS. We're gonna mash you!

BOB. Smash you!

BARB. Trash you!

BEEZO. Beezo!

FALSTAFF. Hmmm, perhaps the better part of valor is to exit!

(He starts to run off, but the REST OF THE RATS surround him.)

FALSTAFF *(cont'd)*. Then a fight to the death it shall be! A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse! Or a fast donkey! A big dog?

(He swings his sword round about and fights the RATS, but he is soon pinned to the middle of the curtain.)

MCHEATH. Now, dear old Falstaff, your death scene?

FALSTAFF. Never!!!

(FALSTAFF swings around, grabbing the curtain and swings it open to reveal CATS bursting from everywhere. They pour through the middle of the curtain, under the curtain, from both sides of the curtain through the doors and down the aisles.)

CHEDWICK. Not so fast, dastardly rats!

TOMCAT. Never fear, Falstaff!

BERTHA. It's one for all—

BARNABUS. And all for one!

CHARLENE. Fight until the fighting's done!

CHEDWICK. Whether the battle's lost or won!

(LISETTE, a big-eyed CAT, steps forward, getting everyone's attention.)

LISETTE. Please, cats and rats, can't we cats and rats, can't we just get along?

(LISETTE bats her eyes in an exaggerated charming, disgustingly cute manner, which usually works. Not this time. They all look at her, stunned.)

ALL *(except LISETTE)*. No!

(The fight resumes. It's pretty much a draw and a mess—until FALSTAFF steps forward.)

FALSTAFF. Halt! Cease! Desist! And stop!

(They all stop and look at him.)

FALSTAFF *(cont'd)*. Thank you. For years, I have told you of my career on the stage. I have teased you with my tales of thespian prowess.

(They mumble and murmur, not sure where he's going.)

FALSTAFF *(cont'd)*. But tonight, if you will cease and desist this troublesome quarrel, I will show you, share with you, no, even more, ALLOW you to participate in my grandest production ever!

(They grumble, "No way," "Huh-huh" and "We'd rather fight." LISETTE steps forward.)

LISETTE. Please, everyone. It would be ever so much fun.

(They all look at her just as she does her signature very eye-batting and adorable large-eyed face. They all melt, slowly dust off and agree, grumbling reluctances of, “OK,” “Fine,” and “What the heck?”)

FALSTAFF. Excellent. Then I’ll begin by finishing my song.

(Moaning and groaning from all, but FALSTAFF still sings.)

(#2: “I’ve Played Every Role on the Stage” [Part 2])

FALSTAFF *(cont’d)*.

I’VE PLAYED EVERY ROLE ON THE STAGE,
FROM LOWLIEST SOLDIER TO PAGE.
I’VE DRESSED UP REAL PRETTY
AND PLAYED A SICK KITTIE.
I ONCE PLAYED A RAT IN A CAGE.
ME-OW!

MCHEATH. All right, all right. On with the show. Youse says you got a theatre, but I ain’t seen a theatre, all I seen is a big door with a big star on it that says, “STAGE DOOR.”

FALSTAFF. Exactly, my dear McHeath, and that is where I, Falstaff, shall take you now. To the set of my grand spectacle, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

SCENE 2

(With a flourish, FALSTAFF waves his hand and the curtain opens, revealing the backstage of a major set, with flats and their braces, evidence of flying scenery, a few steps, ramps, platforms, doors and a large prop table complete with swords, flutes, fake food and other things the RATS and CATS will use to act out the play. FALSTAFF has helpers distribute scripts.)

FALSTAFF. All we have to do is choose characters and begin.

ALL (*except FALSTAFF*). I want to be the Pied—

FALSTAFF. Of course, I'll play the Pied Piper.

ALL (*except FALSTAFF*). Not fair. Huh-uh?

FALSTAFF. It's my theatre, after all.

ALL (*except FALSTAFF*). Yeah, but—

FALSTAFF. And I wrote the script.

MCHEATH. Wait a minute. How come you get the biggest role if—

FALSTAFF. There is a king!

MCHEATH. OK, I'll be him!

FALSTAFF. And there are a bunch of evil rats who attack the town and nibble on the children's toes.

BOSS. Who's gonna be the children?

FALSTAFF. The cats.

BOB. And we get to nibble them?

BARB. Their toes?

BEEZO. Beezo?

FALSTAFF. Yep!

BOSS. OK, we'll be the rats!

CHEDWICK. I wanna be the hero.

FALSTAFF. There's not really a hero, I mean the Piper is rather magical and ...

CHEDWICK. Someone has to stand up to the rats.

FALSTAFF. You can be one of the kids.

CHEDWICK. And get my toes nibbled?

FALSTAFF. It kind of tickles.

CHEDWICK. I'm gonna be the hero.

FALSTAFF. OK, you be the little boy hero. But we also need the innocent child who points out the truth to everyone—the heroine?

LISETTE. Please?

(LISETTE bats her eyelashes, giving them all the big eyes.)

ALL *(except LISETTE)*. OK, Lisette's the heroine. Yeah, Lisette.

LISETTE. My name will be Lisette.

FALSTAFF. Actually, I called her Heidi in the script—

LISETTE. Lisette.

FALSTAFF. But ...

(LISETTE bats her eyes. FALSTAFF scratches with a pencil in a script that he pulls from his pocket.)

FALSTAFF *(cont'd)*. Right, Lisette. That's what I meant. You're Lisette, the heroine. So, King—up there!

(FALSTAFF sends MCHEATH to a ramp or set of steps up to the back of a balcony. FALSTAFF continues to assign roles and see that all have scripts, which they look over quickly, memorizing them.)

ALL REMAINING RATS. What do I getta be? How about me? I want to be something?

FALSTAFF. Rats are set! Boss, Bob, Barb and uh ...

BEEZO. Beezo!

FALSTAFF. Right. You each lead the other rats, here—and you little ones, there's just too many of you ... You can be the audience.

ALL REMAINING RATS. Audience, we want to be in the play. We want to be in the play. We're rats, we love toes, we can nibble, come on, come on.

BOSS. Listen, Falstaff, no way you gonna make the little ones watch—we rats take care of our own.

BOB. Yeah, and if you say my name backwards, it's still Bob!

BARB. Yeah, we rats, we just don't do audience!

BEEZO. Beezo!

FALSTAFF. Fine—you, little one—you can be the King's Page.

KING'S PAGE. The title page? The front page!

FALSTAFF. Yes, fine!

ALL REMAINING RATS. Me, me, me!

FALSTAFF. You, can be the Second Page.

SECOND PAGE. Second? Aw—do I get an illustration?

MCHEATH. I'll illustrate youse!

SECOND PAGE. Gulp.

ALL REMAINING RATS. Us, us, me, me?

FALSTAFF. Uh, you two, you can be The Rest of the Book!

THE REST OF THE BOOK. Cool, awesome—the rest of the book—I'm page 100! I'll be the glossary!

(A very TINY RAT steps forward.)

TINY RAT. What about me? I want to be part of the book!

FALSTAFF. You can be ... I don't know, how about, The End! You can be The End!

TINY RAT. The End? *(With a hint of sarcasm.)* Really? I get to be The End? Mommy will be so proud!

MCHEATH. Just get up here with the rest of the Pages! Assemble!

(The KING'S PAGE, SECOND PAGE, THE REST OF THE BOOK and TINY RAT go to MCHEATH and line up, bumping into each other, then snapping to attention.)

MCHEATH *(cont'd)*. Come on, Pages, youse gots it. Hustle up now, beginning, middle, end, you know the drill!

FALSTAFF. That's it. Now, hordes of plague-bearing Rats, line up there with Boss, Bob, Barb and Beezo. Be cutting cheese or something.

(RATS flurry to the side. MCHEATH is reading his script.)

MCHEATH/KING. Now, here ye! Here ye! *(Looks at FALSTAFF.)* Who am I "here ye-ing" at?

FALSTAFF. Townspeople. Of Hamelin town. I need Townspeople and Townschildren! I need a Tailor.

TOMCAT THE TAILOR. That'd be me. I got a long tail. I'm sure it needs telling.

FALSTAFF. Right. A Butcher, a Baker and a Candlestick Maker?

BERTHA THE BUTCHER. I'll be Bertha the Butcher! Give me something to butch!

BARNABUS THE BAKER. I'll be Barnabus the Baker! Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's the man!

CHARLENE THE CANDLESTICK MAKER. And I'm Charlene, Candlestick Maker Extraordinaire! Say, guv'ner, can we talk with a bit of an English accent, what?

BERTHA THE BUTCHER. Right-o, love, we want to be 'avin a bit o' fun, old chap!

FALSTAFF. No. Old?

MELANIE THE MILK MAID. I'll be the Milk Maid. I'm Swiss.

BARNABUS THE BAKER. Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's still the man!

FALSTAFF. Fine. And you cats there, you'll be Townschildren with Lisette and Chedwick.

CHEDWICK. The hero.

LISETTE. And heroine! *(Bats her eyes.)*