

Enter Daisy the Cow. Daisy looks around and moos. She is closely followed by Dame Trott.

Dame: Yoo hoo! Daisy. Oh there you re. What are you doing?
You naughty girl. Look what you've done. You've frightened everyone away.

Daisy says 'No I didn't'.

Dame: Yes you did. There's nobody here. Look.

Trott turns round and sees the audience.

Oh no you didn't. Look at this lot here. Hello everybody. I said 'Hello!' I'm Dame Trott, but my friends all call me Dotty Trotty. Look Daisy - all these people -

Daisy looks at the audience, moos in a frightened way and runs to hide in the wings. Her bottom is sticking out.

Don't be silly! There's nothing to be frightened of. You won't hurt her will you boys and girls?

Aud: No!

Dame: See! They're quite a friendly lot, aren't you boys and girls?

Aud: Yes!

Daisy gingerly comes out from her hiding place and makes her way downstage to the audience.

Dame: See. They like you, don't you boys and girls?

Aud: Yes.

Daisy dances a few happy steps for the audience.

Dame: So much talent. So little meat! I've had that cow since she was an oxo cube. Wonderful! Now we're all friends. I'm looking for my son Jack. **(To aud)** Have you seen him?

Aud: Yes!

Dame: Was he here?

Aud: Yes!

Dame: Typical. He's supposed to be milking the cow.

Daisy crosses her legs.

Dame: Don't do that dear, you make my eyes water. But look at you lot. Ever so upmarket. Much better than the crowd we had in last night. There's a

lady here who looks like a film star. **(indicates)** Mind you, I've never been keen on horror films myself. I'm Dame Trott of Trotts Lactic Emporium. No don't worry dear. It's not an intellectual pantomime. We're very traditional in Oxford. No...a lactic Emporium is just a posh name for dairy.

Daisy nods in agreement.

Dame: Come here. I want to share a secret with you. **(She beckons them in)**
Come a little closer.

Dame leans in to the audience.

Dame: Life is very hard at the moment.

Aud: Ahhhh!

Dame: No, it's harder than that!

Aud: Ahhhhhhh!

Dame: I'm a poor widow making ends meet. Since the Giant Blunderbore took over the country, and killed my poor husband while he was defending the farm **(she snuffles and dabs her eye)** - a wonderful man my husband...he only had a small holding, but he kept me happy for years... well ever since then we've been paying taxes to the giant, and prices have just rocketed. I've just cashed me family credit and look what I got for it - a bag of sweets! They're no use to man nor beast. Oops. Sorry Daisy. I can't eat them. They'd ruin my figure, and get under me plate! You wouldn't like them would you?

Give away section. Daisy joins in.

Dame: Now I really must find Jack. He has to milk the cow. If he doesn't do it soon there'll be an explosion of yoghurt.
That son of mine makes me so cross. All I want to do is.....

SONG: SHOUT

**At the end of the song, both Daisy and Trott take a bow.
Lights dim. Enter Malice thro' the auditorium. Daisy sees him and cowers behind Trott.**

Music vamp: 'Feed Me.'

Malice: Stop right there. I've come to collect your taxes.

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Dame: Oh I say it's **(well known unpopular figure)**

Malice: Who are you?

Dame: I'm Dotty Trotty you spotty little botty.

Malice: And do you know who I am?

Dame: Oh no! You poor thing. Have you lost your memory?

Malice: I am Malice - from the Giant's Palace.

Dame: **(impressed)** Oh I say.

Malice: Now. Where are the Giant's taxes?

Dame: Locked in his garages?

Malice: Now hand over your money.

Dame: Hand over my money? You must be joking. I'm so poor I take the bones out of my corsets to make soup.

Malice: Have no rich people been born here?

Dame: No. Only babies.

Malice: If you don't pay up you know what will happen. The giant will come down from his castle and eat you all up. And you lot as well.

Audience boo.

Malice: Shut your ugly Tweeny traps!

Malice sees Daisy. Her knees knock.

Malice: And who's this?

Dame: This is Daisy my cow.

Malice: She's make a tasty burger for the giant.

Dame: You can't let the giant eat Daisy. She's all we have left.

Malice: Then you'd better pay up. Now listen you old bat.

Dame: You flatterer you.

Malice: I will call at your cottage to collect the money. You'd better have it by the time I get there.

Dame: And if I don't?

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Malice: Then it will be all the worse for you. Ooh. I just love being bad.

Dame: Oh you're not bad. You're just under rehearsed.

Malice: Watch it! Or the giant will have you skinned alive, boiled in oil, and then cut into little....tiny....pieces. I am going.

He exits.