

ZAK and the SAUSAGES

by Freddie Green, Magic Parrot Productions UK



Email: info@magicparrot.com

Price Includes printed script, script, CD, score, songsheets and free performance licence for a school or drama club. (NB You can download it instead of receiving a CD)

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GENRE:

Musical Whole School Comedy Play for Children 5-13. Christmas Theme. Supplied with audio, Script and basic score. Ideal for schools/ clubs without a music specialist– the children can use the “backing tracks” to perform the songs karaoke style.

CASTING: Flexible, approximately 25 young character parts, plus choir if desired. Sensitive casting is needed because the play features one or two “bullies” for the sake of dramatic conflict (Their unkind antics are ultimately resolved of course.)

DURATION: 50-60 mins This is a large cast play. It needs 20 players to make it viable, although there is scope for doubling up of roles to reduce the cast numbers. The script is supported by an 18 -track CD containing 9 original modern catchy songs each with vocals (for rehearsing) and backing tracks (for performance). Traditional Christmas songs of your own choice can also be incorporated into the show.

ZAK and THE SAUSAGES- THE STORY



Steven and Mirabelle belong to a selfish family who think Christmas is too much bother. They fight, argue, squabble and bully other children, until one night.....A magic talking cat called Zak comes into their lives. Zak has run away from Gertrude the evil witch! (She actually stole Zak from a wizard who is also frantically looking for him.) Zak can make wishes come true– if you wish for something accidentally that is. He brings a wealth of good luck to everyone he encounters, with hilarious results. Zak is allergic to a certain food –sausages! Sausages make him go berserk! Zak’s magic powers eventually enable Steven and Mirabelle and others to appreciate the true meaning of Christmas. It is a very funny script and the songs are bouncy, modern and simple to learn.

Freddie Green

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ZAK



and the SAUSAGES

A musical comedy for young actors. Script and music by Freddie Green.

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COMES WITH AUDIO TRACKS, SCRIPT, SONGSHEETS FOR OHP, AND BASIC SHEET MUSIC

LICENCE: The purchaser may normally perform this play at one venue for 3 non-profitable performances without further royalty charges. For commercial use or to renew a licence please contact us first. (Small scale school/club fund raising does not constitute commercial use)

CAST LIST:

NB Cast the bullies and the “poor family” very sensitively!!!!!!

Steven (a horrible spoilt bully) Eddy (an ordinary kind boy).....
Mirabelle (his nasty spoilt sister)Ruth (an ordinary kind girl)
Toby (their brother, a toddler)Belinda (her friend)
Mrs Flint (their mother)Other school children (optional).....
Mr Flint (their father)..... Miss Trim (their teacher)
Grandma.....Grandpa.....
Tom (a poor boy) Wicked Witch
Betty (his poor sister).....Wizard
Mr Boyle (their father)..... Zak the Magic Cat
Mrs Boyle (their mother)
Man from DHSS Santa
Santa’s Elves
TV delivery man Choir
Carol Singers (optional)

The Scenes and List of Props

CD Player, Cymbals, Xylophone, plus:

SCENE 1: A SCHOOL ROOM

Maths exercise book, 2 Christmas cards, lunchbox containing an apple, pile of exercise books, 50p piece

SCENE 2: THE FLINTS’ KITCHEN

Table and chairs, shopping list, pencil, doll, toy plane, sandwiches, wallet, £10 and £20 note, sausages

SCENE 3: A SNOWY STREET

Snowballs, coat, gloves, bag of sweets

SCENE 4: BETTY AND TOM’S HOUSE

Bald head wig on a string, TV set, Party food, plate of sausages, cheque,

SCENE 5: THE FLINTS’ KITCHEN

Party decorations, Christmas Tree, Table & chairs, TV set on a string, party food, sausages, bucket of “water”

List of Songs on CD (1 to 9 are backing tracks. 10 to 18 have vocals)

- 1 and 10 Ugly Mug!
- 2 and 11 Christmas, O Christmas!
- 3 and 12 The Good Old Days
- 4 and 13 My name’s ZAK
- 5 and 14 Go away, Gertrude
- 6 and 15 Water, Water
- 7 and 16 To Be Good at Singing
- 8 and 17 What a lovely Christmas Eve
- 9 and 18 The Elves’ Song

NB: The CD is now “dual format” and contains texts to print out as well as music to play.

The script is on the CD and you can adjust it to suit your pupils. (We retain the copyright on altered texts) The CD also contains songsheets so you can make OHP transparencies.

No musical ability is needed- simply play the CD and sing along. (However, Sheet Music is supplied free of charge on the CD if needed. It is only intended as a rough guide.)

SCENE 1 : (A CLASSROOM. STEVEN, MIRABELLE, RUTH, BELINDA, AND EDDY ARE AT THEIR DESKS. THE WITCH RUNS IN FRONT OF THE CURTAINS, CALLING FOR HER CAT, ZAK.)

WITCH: Zak! Zak! Zak! (TO AUDIENCE) Have you seen my black cat? No? He's about this big! (DEMONSTRATE) He's SO naughty. He's run away again (MENACINGLY): Are you sure you haven't seen him? Ooh! Just wait till I find him. I'll boil him, I'll fry him, and I'll put him in my sausage machine. Ooh! I'm so evil! Hoo! I'm so nasty! Zak. Where are you Zak? (*WITCH EXITS, CURTAINS OPEN*)

NARRATOR: That was Gertrude, the wicked witch. I hope she doesn't come back. If she does, you will have to boo her. Will you do that, boys and girls? (Audience agree)

STEVEN: Wow. It's nearly Christmas. I can't wait. (BOASTING) We put our Christmas tree up last night. It's THREE metres tall. You should see it.

MIRABELLE: (BOASTING) Yeah. I bet our tree is prettier than your tree, Eddy Jones. It's got hundreds of lights, and a great big fairy. It's the best Christmas tree in the world!

EDDY: You're such a bighead, Mirabelle. You think EVERYTHING you've got is so much better. (**PROUDLY**): I think I'm getting an X Box for Christmas this year, so there.

STEVEN: Huh! An X Box! Pathetic! I got an X Box just for getting a good maths report.

MIRABELLE: What are you talking about? You're rubbish at maths. You got a terrible report.

STEVEN: I know. But at least the maths teacher likes me. In fact, she must LOVE me!

RUTH: Why's that?

STEVEN: She always puts funny little kisses next to all my sums. Anyway, I'm better than you lot at maths. (CHILDREN DISAGREE, AND SAY "PROVE IT!") OK, then. Here's a problem. Think of a number between one and ten. Add seven. Take away two. Add six. Divide it by two. Take away the number you first thought of. Now shut your eyes – Dark isn't it! (**GROANS FROM THE REST OF THE CLASS. TOM AND BETTY ENTER. TOM HAS A LUNCHBOX CONTAINING AN APPLE AND 2 CHRISTMAS CARDS.**)

STEVEN (NASTILY): Aha! Here come Tom and Betty. Let's play a trick on them.

TOM: Hello Steven, what are you up to?

STEVEN (GRABS TOM'S LUNCHBOX): Well, well! What have we here? A lunchbox? I feel a bit peckish. (OPENS IT, TAKES THE APPLE) Aha! An apple! Thank you very much Tom. Hasn't got maggots has it?

TOM: Give it back! It's for my lunch! It's all I've got today.

EDDY: Steven! Don't be such a bully! Give it back to him.

(THE APPLE IS THROWN FROM STEVEN TO MIRABELLE, WHILE TOM AND EDDY TRY TO CATCH IT. MEANWHILE, BELINDA PICKS UP THE LUNCHBOX)

BELINDA: Hang on. Look what else I've found. (**SHE HOLDS UP THE TWO CARDS**)

TOM: Hey! Give them back!

MIRABELLE (SARCASTICALLY): Oh, look! Lovely Christmas cards! Or are they begging letters?

STEVEN: Huh! Who'd want Christmas cards from you two scarecrows?

MIRABELLE: Who's your card for Betty?

BETTY: Give them back! It's not fair. Don't be so cruel! (**SHE GRABS THEM**)

TOM: Actually, they're for children in this class.

RUTH: That's sweet.

BELINDA: Yes, what a nice thought. Who are the cards for Tom?

BETTY: (TO MIRABELLE) This one's yours, Mirabelle. Merry Christmas.

TOM: This one's yours Steven. Merry Christmas. (**THE CARDS ARE OPENED**)

MIRABELLE: Yuk! Look at the sappy picture on mine! How horrible. And listen to this: "Have a nice Christmas. Love from Betty." Couldn't you think of a rhyme to go inside?

STEVEN: Look at this horrible thing! It's really bad. The snowman's got a finger mark on it. Did you make it dirty yourself, Dirty Dick?

TOM: Yes. I made it especially for you, Steven. Don't you like it? It took me ages to make it.

STEVEN: Pooh! We send people proper cards from the paper shop. Not rubbish like this.

TOM: I couldn't afford to buy any cards.

EDDY: Never mind, Tom. Things will get better.

BELINDA: (To Mirabelle) You're very unkind, treating Tom and Betty like that. Why do you do it?

BETTY: (To Mirabelle) Yes! Why don't you like me?

MIRABELLE (VAINLY): Because You look like you've been dragged through a hedge backwards! You're so ugly! Not like me. I think I'll be a beauty queen when I grow up.

***** **SONG: CD TRACK 1 UGLY MUG** *****

*Ugly Mug! Ugly Mug! You look just like a slimy slug!
Your face is like a Toby Jug! You ugly, ugly mug!
You ugly ugly ugly wuggly ugly wuggly mug! You ugly ugly ugly wuggly ugly wuggly mug!*

*Your filthy hair is full of dirt. You've got a big tear in your shirt
We don't want your nasty germs. You ugly, ugly mug!
You ugly ugly ugly wuggly ugly wuggly mug! You ugly ugly ugly wuggly ugly wuggly mug!*

*Your face ain't clean, it needs a wash! Your jumper's full of orange squash
Your hair is just like candy floss! You ugly ugly mug!
You ugly ugly ugly wuggly ugly wuggly mug! You ugly ugly ugly wuggly ugly wuggly mug!*

STEVEN: (TO TOM): Where did you get those old trousers? Oxfam? Hah! They've got FLARES! (ALL LAUGH)

TOM: (SADLY) I can't help having old trousers. We aren't very rich at the moment.

RUTH (TO STEVEN) Stop picking on Tom and Betty. They're my friends.

RUTH: (TO BETTY) Why are you so poor? Is your dad a teacher or something?

TOM: No. He used to be a bricklayer. Then he had an accident. He fell off a wall and broke his leg! He hasn't worked for ages.

MIRABELLE (TO BETTY) Huh! You remind me of a dirty scarecrow.

BETTY: (QUICKLY): And you remind me of the sea.

MIRABELLE: Why, because I'm so dreamy and romantic?

BETTY: No, because you make me SICK! (Class laugh)

(A NOISY FRACAS STARTS. MISS TRIM, A TEACHER, ENTERS WITH A PILE OF BOOKS.)

MISS T (SHOUTING) Stop! Stop! Stop it! Stop this noise at once! I only have to leave this class for two minutes, and a riot starts! You can all write me fifty lines – I must not fight in the classroom!

EDDY (POINTS AT STEVEN AND MIRABELLE): It's not fair, Miss! They started it! They were being such bullies! You should punish them, not us! (THE CLASS MAKES SOUNDS OF AGREEMENT.)

MISS T: Steven! Mirabelle! We have talked about bullying so much this term! You should be ashamed of yourselves. There is no excuse for bullying and fighting. You should learn to give and take a little.

STEVEN: That's what I did, Miss! I gave him a thick lip and took his apple!

MISS T: Be quiet! Just look at your writing, Edward Jones! It looks like an inky spider has crawled all over this page. It's disgusting. You should make your writing so neat, that even the most stupid idiot could read it.

EDDY: What don't you understand then, Miss?

MISS T: (GRABS HIS EAR) Are you trying to be rude my lad? Stop showing off. Do you think you are the teacher?

EDDY: No, Miss.

MISS T: Well stop acting like a fool, then!

STEVEN: Miss Trim. I ain't got a pencil.

MISS T. (CROSSLY): Ain't? Ain't? What do you mean ain't? Say haven't. Not ain't. I HAVEN'T got a pencil. I HAVEN'T got a pencil.

EDDY: Do you want to borrow mine Miss?

MISS T: I give up. Stop writing. Sit up straight. Fold your arms and listen. Now, children, as you know, it will soon be Christmas. Think a while, then put up your hand and tell me what Christmas means to you. (BELINDA PUTS HER HAND UP...) Yes, Belinda?

BELINDA: Well, Christmas is when we all get presents. Even my dog gets a present. Last year, he got a chocolate bone. He was really sick afterwards... Sick as a dog, actually. (CLASS LAUGH)

(A LOUD KNOCK AT THE DOOR. MISS TRIM OPENS IT. THE WITCH PUSHES HER ASIDE AND ENTERS)

WITCH: I'm sorry to bother you ... but I want my cat... Where is he? (TO AUDIENCE, ACCUSINGLY): You've got my cat, haven't you?

AUDIENCE: NO!

WITCH: Oh yes you have!

AUDIENCE: Oh, no we haven't!

WITCH: (TO AUDIENCE BOSSILY) I'm SURE he came this way. Look under your chairs. Go on. Look under your chairs. Is he there? **AUDIENCE:** No.

WITCH: You twits. (AUDIENCE BOOS) You idiots! (AUDIENCE BOOS) You fools! **(AUDIENCE BOOS)** I'll get you! I'll boil you in oil. (AUDIENCE BOOS) Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr. I'll be back. (EXIT CACKLING)

MISS T: Hmm. What a strange old lady. Now where, were we? Oh yes, we were talking about Christmas. What do you do at Christmas, Ruth?

RUTH: We have a party, miss.

BELINDA (INTERRUPTING): So do we. We always have the biggest party in town. And the biggest turkey. And the biggest Christmas pudding.....

RUTH: Stop bragging. My Mum puts 20p's in our Christmas pudding.

BELINDA: Huh, my Mum puts two-pound coins in ours.

RUTH: My Uncle said he swallowed a 20p last year.

MISS T: Was he choking?

RUTH: No he was serious.

MISS T: Now come on. Someone must be able to tell us the true meaning of Christmas. (STEVEN RAISES HIS HAND) Yes, Steven?

STEVEN: Err... Can I go to the toilet, Miss?

MISS T: No! No! No! Stop messing about. (EDDY RAISES HIS HAND) Yes, Eddy?

EDDY: I know what gorillas sing at Christmas, Miss.

MISS T: Gorillas? Gorillas? What are you on about?

EDDY: They sing "Jungle Bells" "Jungle Bells"

MISS T: Stop it! Can't anyone remind us what Christmas is for?

TOM: Jesus was born on Christmas Day, Miss.

MISS T: At last! A sensible answer. Go on, Tom.

TOM: If Jesus hadn't been born there wouldn't be any Christmas. No Christmas holidays or anything. I'm glad there's a Christmas.

BETTY: Yes, we have a lovely party. All our relations come. We have a nice time.

MISS T: Very good. I agree. Let's not forget about the very first Christmas when baby Jesus was born. Christmas is a time to be happy, to give and receive. It's a time to share and celebrate. (BELL RINGS) Ah! It's home time. Have a lovely Christmas everyone. The holidays start tomorrow.

(THE CHILDREN CHEER. THE CURTAINS CLOSE)

SCENE 2: THE FLINTS' KITCHEN

(TABLE AND CHAIRS IN THE CENTRE. NEWSPAPER AND CROCKERY ON THE TABLE. MR AND MRS FLINT, GRANDMA AND GRANDPA ARE SITTING DRINKING TEA. TOBY IS ON THE FLOOR PLAYING WITH A TOY CAR. MR FLINT HAS HIS FEET ON THE TABLE.)

MRS FLINT: Dear oh dear, what a bother, what a nuisance, what a worry. Bother, bother, bother!

MR FLINT: (DISINTERESTED, READING THE PAPER): Eh, Um? What yer say?

MRS FLINT: Tut, tut. Same thing every year. It always catches you at the wrong moment doesn't it?

MR FLINT: Eh? Wassat? What always catches you at the wrong moment?

MRS FLINT: Christmas of course. It's such a worry, and a nuisance. It's nearly here and we've done nothing about it as usual.

***** **SONG– CD TRACK 2: Christmas Oh Christmas!** *****

*Christmas Oh Christmas! It comes every year!
Christmas Oh Christmas! It's nearly here!
Lights shine in every town. Shops are all aglow
What to buy at Christmas Time
Really we don't know and we don't care that it's*

*Christmas Oh Christmas! It comes every year!
Christmas Oh Christmas! It's nearly here!*

*Christmas Oh Christmas! It comes every year!
Christmas Oh Christmas! It's nearly here!
I hate going shopping in the crowds and the rain
Finding Christmas presents really is a pain and I don't care that it's:
Christmas Oh Christmas! It comes every year!
Christmas Oh Christmas! It's nearly here!*

MRS FLINT: Oi! Get your feet off the table! Help me write this Christmas shopping list.

MR FLINT: (STILL READING) Um? What yer say?

MRS FLINT: (SWIPES HIM): Make yourself useful for a change. (LOOKS AT THE SHOPPING LIST) A nice big frozen turkey. What else? A bit of pork for the microwave. A Christmas cake. Mince pies. Instant trifle. A Christmas pudding ready to boil...

GRANDMA: Why don't you make your own Christmas pudding? We always made our own in the good old days.

MRS FLINT: Make our own? There's no time to mess about cooking! (LOOKS AT SHOPPING LIST) Let me see. Cakes jelly, nuts, crisps. Can you think of anything else?

MR FLINT: Nah. It doesn't matter what I think. You always buy the whole supermarket anyway. (TO THE AUDIENCE): Thinks I'm made of blooming money, she does.

GRANDMA: Christmas isn't what it used to be, is it George?

GRANDPA: (DISINTERESTED) No, love.

GRANDMA: No, Christmas isn't what it used to be. I remember having such nice Christmases when I was a girl.

GRANDPA: Mmmm. Kids get everything they want these days. I was lucky if I got an apple and an orange in my Christmas stocking.

GRANDMA: I was lucky if I could get my feet into mine!

TOBY: Me wanna cuppa tea. Me want wee wees. (HE IS IGNORED)

GRANDMA: We knew how to enjoy ourselves in the good old days.

***** **SONG: TRACK 3: THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG** *****

*In the good old days when we were young, we all knew how to have some fun!
A good knees up and a sing along! That's how it was my son! That's how it was my son!*

*In the good old days when we were young, we all knew how to have some fun!
We laughed and talked all night long! That's how it was my son! That's how it was my son!*

*You don't know how to party! That's how it looks to me!
You don't know how to party! You just wanna watch TV! (REPEAT ALL)*

(MIRABELLE AND STEVEN ENTER NOISILY. MIRABELLE HAS A DOLL. STEVEN HAS A TOY PLANE)

MIRABELLE: Mummy, mummy, he just called me names again.

STEVEN: No I didn't. Fishface. Egghead. Durrbrain.

MIRABELLE: Wait till I catch you. I'll pull your hair, I will.

STEVEN: Never! Can't catch me (BOTH EXIT LEFT)

TOBY: ME want drinkies! Me wanna wee wee! (HE IS IGNORED)

GRANDPA: You ought to teach them kids some manners.

GRANDMA: They just trod on my poor old feet.

TOBY: Me wanna drinka tea me do. Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!

MRS FLINT: Mummy, Mummy, mummy. That's all I ever hear. Shut up and play with your car.

TOBY: Daddy! Daddy! Daddy! Does God live in our bathroom?

MR FLINT: What are you talking about? Of course he doesn't.

TOBY: He does! When Mummy was in the bathroom this morning you kept shouting "Oh God, are you still in there!" **(STEVEN AND MIRABELLE RE-ENTER NOISILY)**

MIRABELLE: I'll pull your hair if you call me a Wally again.

STEVEN: I'll barbecue that stupid doll.

MIRABELLE: It's not stupid. It's my baby! It's better than your aeroplane! The wing's coming off.

STEVEN: (TO MR FLINT): Can I have a new one for Christmas dad? Can I have a helicopter to go with it? It's only £180.00!

MIRABELLE: I need a new dolly. I saw a lovely dolly on the telly this morning. She eats, sleeps and cries. Oh, she's so lovely.

STEVEN: Yeah, it even wets itself like you!

MIRABELLE: Ooh, you rude thing. I'm going to kill you!

STEVEN: HA HA! I'm getting a new helicopter for Christmas. And an X box, and a computer, and a radio controlled buggy!

MIRABELLE: Is he, Mummy? Is he? I want a real pony. And a DVD player. And some new trainers. And a new doll. AND a TV. And a new football.

MRS FLINT: You can't have a real pony. Don't be daft.

MIRABELLE: (STAMPING HER FEET): Oh, it's not fair. It's not fair. HE gets everything HE wants (TO STEVEN): You worm! You always get more than I do.

STEVEN: I do not! Pig face. Big ears. Monkey face.

MRS FLINT (SHOUTS): Enough! Stop arguing. You'll both get the same! **(CHILDREN EXIT NOISILY)**

GRANDMA: You spoil those kids. Come on, love. Lets go and watch Eastenders. **(GRANDPARENTS EXIT)**

MRS FLINT: (OFFERING A PLATE TO MR FLINT) Do you want this last sandwich?

MR FLINT: I'll have it later. I'm off to watch telly as well. Come on, Toby. **(MR FLINT AND TOBY EXIT)**

MRS FLINT (SITS AT THE TABLE): Better finish this shopping list.

(LOUD SCRATCHES ARE HEARD AT THE DOOR)

MRS FLINT: There's someone at the door. **(SHE RISES, OPENS THE DOOR, ZAK RUNS IN UNSEEN, PINCHES THE SANDWICH AND HIDES UNDER THE TABLE)** That's funny. There's nobody there. Oh, look, its been snowing **(SHE SHUTS THE DOOR AND RETURNS TO THE TABLE AND SITS DOWN)**

ZAK (UNSEEN): Miaow! Miaow! **(WAVES TO THE AUDIENCE FROM UNDER THE TABLE)**

MRS FLINT (TO AUDIENCE): What was that?

ZAK (UNSEEN): Miaow! Miaow! **(WAVES TO THE AUDIENCE)**

MRS FLINT (TO AUDIENCE): What? There's a cat under the table? Oh no there isn't. We haven't got a cat. **(ZAK WAVES AND COMES OUT)**

MRS FLINT: Aghhh! Help! There's a monster under my table **(ZAK CHASES HER)** Wah! Help!

(STEVEN, MIRABELLE, MR FLINT & GRANDPARENTS ENTER AND CHASE ZAK AROUND THE TABLE.)

MIRABELLE: Hang on! It's only a scraggy old moggy.

MR FLINT: Black cats are supposed to be lucky.

GRANDMA: That one is! He's just eaten your sandwich!

STEVEN: He's a nice pussycat. Let's keep him.

MRS FLINT: No way. He'll do woopsies on my new carpet.

STEVEN: I want to keep him! Let's keep him!

ZAK: Hem Hem. Nobody asked me if I wanted to stay!

GRANDMA: Aghh! That cat just spoke!

GRANDPA: A talking cat! Who are you? Where did you come from?

******* SONG: CD TRACK 4: MY NAME'S ZAK *******

My name's Zak! I'm a magic cat! Meow meow meow!

My name's Zak! And I bite and I scratch! Meow, meow, meow!

If I'm in the mood and you give me lots of food

If you treat me well I can cast you a spell

I can make your wishes come true!

Tell me what you want And I'll make it for you! (REPEAT ALL)

STEVEN: Great song, Zak! I'm glad I've got a magic cat!

MIRABELLE: He's not yours. He's mine. I saw him first! **(THEY TUG HIM THIS WAY AND THAT SHOUTING "HE'S MINE! NO, HE'S MINE. CYMBAL CLASH. WIZARD APPEARS)**

WIZARD: Ahhh, there you are Zak. I wondered where you had got to. He keeps running away, you know. He's so naughty. Come on, we've got lots to do. Bye everyone. **(THEY MAKE FOR THE DOOR)**

MR FLINT: Hold on! Who are you? What's going on?

WIZARD: **(FLAMBOYANTLY)** Allow me to introduce myself! I'm the Wizard of _____ (insert name)

GRANDMA: **(SARCASTICALLY)** Oh yeah! And I'm _____ (insert topical famous person)

WIZARD: Don't you believe me? **(TO AUDIENCE)** You believe me, don't you? It's true. I am a Wizard. I was just on my way to help Santa at the North Pole. But I got lost in a snow storm.

MIRABELLE: You're not a Wizard.

WIZARD: Believe what you like, my dear. Anyway, come on Zak, we'd better go.

STEVEN: Oh! Don't leave us Zak! We want you to stay!

MIRABELLE: Oh, yes, Zak. You can't go! Daddy, don't let him go!

MR FLINT (OPENS HIS WALLET) Here's ten pounds for the cat.

ZAK: Ten measly peasly POUNDS? I'm worth more than that!

MR FLINT: Ok, ok, here's twenty pounds.

WIZARD: Oh, no, no,no. I couldn't part with my old Zak.

MR FLINT: I insist. Here's fifty pounds. My final offer.

WIZARD: You don't understand. Money can't buy everything. Some things are worth more than money. Goodbye! **(THE CHILDREN WAIL AND COMPLAIN "But we want him...")**

WIZARD: All right! **(ASIDE TO ZAK)** Zak, shall we teach these nasty selfish children a lesson? **(ZAK NODS)**

WIZARD: Ok. I can't sell Zak. But if he agrees, he can stay with you for Christmas. **(CHILDREN CHEER)**

MIRABELLE: You will stay for Christmas, won't you, Zak?

ZAK: Maybe I will. Maybe I won't.

STEVEN: Oh, do stay, Zak, Please!

ZAK: Dunno. I haven't decided yet.

WIZARD: Close your eyes and wish it. Zak can make wishes come true.

STEVEN & MIRABELLE: I wish. I wish...Zak would stay for Christmas! **(XYLOPHONE) (WISH IS GRANTED)**

ZAK: I *will* stay! I *will* stay!

WIZARD: Right that's settled. Have a nice holiday, Zak. **(TO THE CHILDREN)** Look after him. He's no ordinary

cat! I rescued him from the wicked witch.

STEVEN: Wicked witch? What wicked witch?

WIZARD: The witch of _____ (insert place name) of course! (TO AUDIENCE) You haven't seen her have you? Well if you see her again, don't let her take Zak. She was cruel to him. She fed him sausages.

ZAK: Sausages! Yum!

GRANDMA: What's wrong with sausages? Sausages are nice!

WIZARD: I know, but you mustn't EVER give Zak sausages. They send him absolutely barmy! NEVER give him sausages. (TO AUDIENCE) Don't let Zak eat any sausages, will you. Is that the time? I must be going. I've got to cook the elves' supper.

TOBY: What do elves eat?

WIZARD: Fairy cakes. You have to use special flour to make them – Gnomepride Elf- raising flour!

STEVEN: What should we do if the witch comes?

WIZARD: Your only chance is to recite some poetry. The witch hates poetry. Remember. If the witch gets you, poetry will save you.

(ZAK HAS CREPT UP TO THE TABLE AND TAKEN A SAUSAGE. HE IS JUST ABOUT TO EAT IT.)

TOBY: Look. Pussycat's pinched a sausage. Can I have one?

WIZARD: Agh! Look what he's got! **(TAKES IT)** Phew! That was a close thing! Bye Bye everyone! I'm off to help Santa now! Bye Bye! **(WAVES AND EXITS)**

STEVEN: Wicked! A cat of my very own!

MIRABELLE: Rubbish! He's mine, he's mine!

TOBY: He's not. He's mine!

MRS FLINT: (ANGRILY) Oh, you little horrors. I WISH you would go outside and play!

(XYLOPHONE EFFECTS. THE WISH IS GRANTED. THE CHILDREN FREEZE. ZAK LEADS TOBY, MIRABELLE AND STEVEN OUTSIDE IN A TRANCE) CURTAIN CLOSES.

SCENE 3. A SNOWY STREET

(TOBY, ZAK, STEVEN AND MIRABELLE ENTER)

STEVEN: How did we get here?

MIRABELLE: Mummy said, "I wish you'd go out to play." Zak must have made her wish come true!

STEVEN: Wow! Look at the snow. I'm glad I've got a woolly jumper on.

MIRABELLE: (TO ZAK) do you know what happened to the cat that swallowed a ball of wool? It had mittens.

TOBY: I'm cold; I wish I had a coat on.

(XYLOPHONE EFFECTS ... A COAT IS THROWN ON STAGE. TOBY PUTS IT ON.)

MIRABELLE: My hands are cold. I wish I had some gloves.

(XYLOPHONE EFFECTS ... GLOVES APPEAR)

TOBY: What a clever cat! **(CYMBAL CLASH – THE WITCH APPEARS. ZAK HIDES)**

WITCH (SLYLY): Hello my little dears. Have you seen my black cat anywhere? **(SHE CORNERS MIRABELLE)**

MIRABELLE: Leave me alone. Who are you?

WITCH: I'm just a harmless little old lady. I've lost my cat. **(TO STEVEN, HORRIBLY)** YOU haven't seen him, Have you? I'll boil him alive when I find him. Grrrrr. I'll put him in my sausage machine.

STEVEN: (TO AUDIENCE) We haven't seen her cat, have we?

WITCH: Oh, yes you have! (AUDIENCE: Oh no we haven't!) (TWICE)

TOBY: **(SEES ZAK HIDING)** Pussy! Nice pussy! (MIRABELLE PUTS HER HAND OVER HIS MOUTH)

STEVEN: (CHANGING THE SUBJECT) Errr... Why is your nose so big and wrinkled, old lady?

WITCH: My nose? What's wrong with my nose? I picked it myself!

TOBY: And why have you got such long fingernails?

WITCH: All the better to scratch at the truth, you horrible little boy. Now, where's my cat? Heh heh heh! Wait till I get my hands on him!

******* SONG CD TRACK 5 : GO AWAY, GERTRUDE *******

What a wicked evil witch I am! I'll put you in my frying pan
I catch young kids and cook them whole. I eat them from my breakfast bowl!

*Go away, Gertrude! You won't catch us Gertrude!
We won't be stewed, Gertrude! So Gertrude, Gertrude, Go! Go! Go!*

What a wicked evil witch I am I'll put you in my frying pan
Boiled in gravy served with sauce Children are my favourite course!

What a wicked evil witch I am! I'll put you in my frying pan
I'll boil your bones and bake your head. I'll fry your toes to make my bread!

WITCH: (TO STEVEN) Let me look at you. (FINDS A HAIR ON HIS JUMPER) Aha! What's this? It's a cat hair. You know where Zak is, don't you? I'll fry you in olive oil! I'll bake your bones! I'll stew you in my pot! I'll make you eat school dinners! Hmmm. I know I'll turn you all into toads! Hubble, bubble, bricks and rubble.....

MIRABELLE: Wait! Stop! Listen to this, you old witch!

Roses are red, violets are blue. Sugar is sweet ... why aren't you?

WITCH: Agh! It's a poem. I can't stand kids' poetry!

MIRABELLE: Take this, then! My love is like a red rose! Like beetroot grown in June!
You've got a great big nose! Just like a mouldy prune!

WITCH: Agh! My nerves can't stand it! No more children's poetry!

MIRABELLE: Twinkle twinkle little star! How I wonder what you are!

Rum dee dum dee dum dee dum! Be off before I kick your ... ankle!

WITCH: Agh! I hate poetry! I'm off! (SHE EXITS)

STEVEN: Mirabelle! You remembered the witch hates poetry. You saved us! (EMBRACES HER)

MIRABELLE: Don't get sloppy! Yuk! (TOM AND BETTY ENTER FROM THE LEFT. ZAK IS STILL HIDING)

TOM: Hello, Steven.

MIRABELLE: Huh, What are you two doing here? You can't play with us, so nah!

(STEVEN THROWS A HARD SNOW BALL, WHICH HITS TOM)

TOM: Ow! That hurt. Right! (THEY SCUFFLE)

BETTY: Why can't we all be friends? I wish we could all be friends.

(XYLOPHONE EFFECTS. THE WISH IS GRANTED. ZAK JUMPS OUT OF HIDING)

TOM: Wow! Look at the size of that cat!

TOBY: That's Zak. He's magic. Do you want to stroke him? (ALL BUT BETTY AND MIRABELLE STROKE HIM)

MIRABELLE: (BURSTS INTO TEARS) Boo hoo!

BETTY: (COMFORTS HER) What's the matter?

MIRABELLE: Boo hoo! I've been so horrible to you in the past. Will you forgive me Betty?

BETTY: Okay, I'll forgive and forget.

STEVEN: (SHAKING HANDS WITH TOM) No hard feelings mate? I suppose I've been horrid to you in the past. Sorry. I'll never call you names again, Tom.

TOM: I must be dreaming. Mirabelle and Steven are being nice for a change. I wonder what's happened?

(ZAK POINTS TO HIMSELF PROUDLY)

STEVEN: (TO TOM) I wish I could make up for being so horrible to you, Tom.
(XYLOPHONE EFFECTS. A HUGE BAG OF SWEETS APPEARS.)

STEVEN: Thanks, Zak! Have these sweets, Tom. It's not much, but this is the start of a wonderful friendship!

BETTY: Why don't you both come over to our house? My Mum and Dad would love to meet you. We are having sausages for supper.

STEVEN: Thanks, Betty. Let's go then. But let's not waste this snow on the way
(ALL EXCEPT ZAK EXIT, HAVING A FRIENDLY SNOWBALL FIGHT.)

ZAK: (TO AUDIENCE) Yum yum! Sausages for supper! (CARTWHEELS OFF STAGE. CURTAIN CLOSES.)

SCENE 4 : THE BOYLE'S HOUSE

(A LIVING ROOM, SPARSELY FURNISHED. MR AND MRS BOYLE ARE SITTING AT THE TABLE. MR BOYLE IS BALD -USE A BALD HEAD WIG WHICH CAN FLY OFF. THE CHILDREN ENTER)

BETTY: Come in, everyone. Mum, Dad, meet Steven and Mirabelle our friends (THEY GREET)

TOM: This is Toby. Say hello, Toby.

TOBY: Hello Toby!

BETTY: This is Zak! He can talk.

MR BOYLE: What an imagination. (TO AUDIENCE) Cats can't talk, can they?..... Oh no they can't (TWICE)

ZAK: I can, I can, I CAN talk !

MR BOYLE: Well I never did! Did you hear that?

ZAK: (TO MR BOYLE) Where's your hair? You've got an egg for a head! It's a skating rink for flies!

TOM: Don't be naughty, Zak!

MR BOYLE: You ought to take that cat to the circus.

ZAK: I've been to the circus. Can I go to the pictures instead? Hmm, I can see my face in you head!

TOM: Zak! Apologise for saying that.

MR BOYLE: Never mind. I'm used to being bald. It saves me a fortune at the barbers! I just polish it with a cloth. Still ... I do wish I had all my hair!

(XYLOPHONE EFFECTS – THE BALD HEAD WIG FLIES OFF LEAVING FULL HEAD OF HAIR BENEATH)

MRS BOYLE: Amazing! Your hair grew back! Your wish came true! You look ten years younger

TOM: Wicked! Zak can make wishes come true. Come here Zak . I wish ... I wish ... I wish I had a million pounds! **(NOTHING HAPPENS)**

BETTY: Nothing happened. Never mind. Sit down. What shall we play? Sorry we haven't got a TV set. I wish my dad could afford one! **(XYLOPHONE EFFECTS– AND A KNOCK AT THE DOOR)**

MRS BOYLE: Who's that at the door?

TV MAN (HANDS HER A TV) Sign here please. Special delivery from a Mister S. Claus.

MRS BOYLE: S Claus? We don't know anyone called S. Claus.

TOM: It's from Santa. Great! A TV set from Santa! And look! A free TV licence as well!

MR BOYLE: Let me try a wish. Zak! Listen I wish, I wish, I wish for a Porsche and a golden Rolls Royce!
(NOTHING HAPPENS)

STEVEN: Zak's powers aren't strong enough for that. He only grants little wishes. And you have to wish them by accident.

MRS BOYLE: Make yourselves comfy. I'll bring us some nice supper. (EXITS)

MR BOYLE: What are you getting for Christmas, Steven? Lots of presents?

STEVEN: I hope so. What are you getting for Tom and Betty? Or is it a secret?

MR BOYLE: It's no secret. I'm out of work. I can't afford any presents. I wish I could.

(XYLOPHONE EFFECTS. THE WISH IS GRANTED. KNOCK ON THE DOOR. MR BOYLE OPENS IT)

DHSS MAN: Mr Boyle? Good evening. I'm from the Department of Health and Social Security. May I come in?

MR BOYLE: I suppose so.

DHSS MAN: (SOMBRELY) It's about your family credit payments. I'm sorry, but there's been an error.

MR BOYLE: Oh, no.

DHSS MAN: You filled in the forms wrong. You didn't mention you had children. I'm sorry to say we owe you five thousand pounds in back payments. Here's the cheque.

MR BOYLE: Yippee! (TO AUDIENCE) That man just gave me five thousand pounds! Just in time for Christmas!

DHSS MAN: And here's a message from the job centre. Call in tomorrow, and you'll find a job waiting for you to start after Christmas. Good night.

(MR BOYLE THANKS HIM AND LETS HIM OUT)

MR BOYLE: Thanks for calling! Goodnight! (Optional:) Oh, look who's here. Some carol singers!

(Optional: CAROL SINGERS ENTER AND SING A MEDLEY OF CAROLS OF YOUR OWN CHOICE)

(MRS BOYLE ENTERS WITH A TRAY OF SAUSAGES)

MRS BOYLE: Here you are, everyone. Lovely sausages for supper.

(SHE HANDS THEM ROUND. EVERYONE, INCLUDING ZAK, TAKES ONE)

ZAK: Yum Yum! Sausages. (EATS IT)

STEVEN: Oh, no! I forgot! Zak isn't meant to have sausages!

ZAK: Woof woof! Woof woof woof!

MIRABELLE: Look! Zak thinks he's a sausage dog! It's that sausage that did it!

(ZAK GOES CRAZY – DASHING AROUND, BARKING, COCKING HIS LEG UP ETC.)

(CYMBAL CRASH THE WITCH APPEARS. ZAK HIDES)

WITCH: (TO CHILDREN) Hello my dears. We meet again. I followed you here (TO AUDIENCE) Are you lot still here? I'll turn you into frogs! Grrrr. Hah Hah Hah. (TO TOBY) I'll chew your toes off! I'll swallow your head! **(SEES THE SAUSAGES)** Ooh, have you got sausages? I'll have one ... **(SHE TAKES ONE)** Mmmmmm where's my Zak? He likes sausages. Zakky! Zakky! Nice Zakky! **(ZAK STILL HIDES)** Ooooh, I'm so evil. (TO MRS BOYLE) I'm going to eat you all up with apple sauce!

MRS BOYLE: Oh dear! Don't eat us! We'll give you indigestion! Have a sausage instead. They taste much better!

WITCH: (TAKES ONE, EATS) Very nice, I must say. Now to business. I'll use my latest spell to turn you all into Sausages! Hubble ...bubble ...bricks...and rubble ...

MR BOYLE: Nonsense! Stop the spell! You don't know anything about bricks and rubble! I do. I'm a bricklayer.

TOBY: Go away, or I'll set my doggy on you. Get her, Zak ...

WITCH: That's not a dog! It's my Zak! Come here and help me with my spell ... it's the end of you lot. . Hubble, bubble, bricks andYOW!

(ZAK BITES HER LEG, THEN RUNS AROUND BARKING. HE RETURNS TO BITE HER AGAIN)

WITCH: Agh! Get him off! He's a mad dog! Agh! **(STEVEN DRAGS ZAK OFF)**

WITCH: Boo Hoo! None of my spells ever work! Nobody likes me! Nobody cares about me! Boo Hoo!

BETTY: I'm not surprised. You're so NASTY

WITCH: Boo hoo! I'm not nasty! It's just that nobody loves me! (TO AUDIENCE) Nobody's ever nice to me!

STEVEN: That's because you're such a bully! Nobody likes a bully! Zak taught *me* that today!

TOM: Cheer up! We were nice to you! We gave you a sausage!

WITCH: (CHEERING UP) You did, didn't you. You're the only ones who've ever been nice to me.

STEVEN: Tell you what, if you promise to behave, you can come to our Christmas party.

WITCH: Really? Can I come to your party? I promise I'll be extra good.

MIRABELLE: All right. Promise you will never be evil or wicked ever again!

WITCH: I promise.

STEVEN: (TO AUDIENCE) Do you want to come to our Christmas party? All right. See you there then!
(THE CURTAIN CLOSSES)

SCENE 5 : CHRISTMAS PARTY AT THE FLINTS' HOUSE

(A LIVING ROOM: TV IN ONE CORNER. PARTY TABLE ON THE RIGHT OF THE STAGE .IT IS CHRISTMAS EVE. GRANDPA, GRANDMA AND MR FLINT ARE SMARTLY DRESSED, WAITING FOR THE PARTY TO BEGIN) Note: The TV "disappears" during the scene. Whisk it away on a string!

(MRS FLINT ENTERS IN A PARTY DRESS)

MRS FLINT: Do I look all right?

GRANDMA: You look lovely.

MR FLINT: Yes, you'll do

MRS FLINT: Ah, I can hear the children coming downstairs.

(STEVEN, MIRABELLE, AND ZAK ENTER IN THEIR PARTY CLOTHES. TOBY IS DISHEVELLED)

MRS FLINT: What lovely handsome children I've got! Oh, but Toby! Have you been digging up worms in the garden again?

TOBY: Yep! Me all muddy!!!!!!

ALL: Bathtime, Toby!

TOBY: Nooooooo! Me don't wanna bath!

***** **SONG: CD TRACK 6: WATER, WATER** *****

Water, water, I hate the sound of water! Water running from a bath tap!
Water, water, I hate the sound of water! Water running in the bath!

Water, water, he hates the sound of water! Water running from a bath tap!
Water, water, he hates the sound of water! Water running in the bath!

Get yourself in the old tin tub! Gurgle, Gurgle, Glub, Glub Glub!
Boys are always full of dirt Have a bath you little squirt
In water water water! Water, water, water!

(EXIT TOBY)

STEVEN: You look nice, Mirabelle

MIRABELLE: Thank you, Steven; I'm proud you are my brother

STEVEN: You look nice too, Mum

(ZAK STANDS AT THE FRONT OF THE STAGE PREENING HIMSELF)

MRS FLINT: Yes, you look wonderful as well, Zak!

GRANDMA: (ASIDE TO GRANDPA) Have you noticed how polite these children are lately?

GRANDPA: Yes love, they didn't put worms in my slippers this morning, I can't understand it.

GRANDMA: They haven't had an argument lately either.

(A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. MRS FLINT ANSWERS IT. MISS TRIM, RUTH, EDDY AND BELINDA ENTER.)

THEY ALL GREET EACH OTHER)

MISS TRIM: Merry Christmas. Oh, Steven and Mirabelle, I've got something for you. (HANDS THEM A PACKAGE)

STEVEN: Thank you. Is it a present?

MISS TRIM: No it's homework for the Christmas holidays.

MIRABELLE: (TO AUDIENCE) That's typical of teachers!

RUTH: (TO MIRABELLE) So who else is coming to the party then?

MIRABELLE: Oh, most people from school, and a few others.

RUTH: What? Even Tom and Betty Boyle?

MIRABELLE: Of course. I don't even mind if they turn up a bit scruffy.

(RE-ENTER TOBY, CLEAN FROM HIS BATH)

MRS FLINT: Good boy Toby, you look clean and smart now. Help yourselves to food everyone.

BELINDA: Mmm lovely little party sausages.

STEVEN: Don't give them to Zak. He's not allowed them. (ZAK LOOKS SAD)

(KNOCK ON THE DOOR. MR FLINT OPENS IT. THE BOYLES, DHSS MAN, WITCH AND THE CAROL SINGERS ENTER. BETTY AND TOM ARE VERY WELL DRESSED NOW. THEY ALL GREET)

RUTH: (TO TOM) Oh, Tom, you do look nice. I could almost fancy you!

TOM: Does that mean you'll dance with me. You know - smoochy, smoochy, smoochy?

RUTH: Yuk. Aren't boys sappy!

STEVEN: What shall we do now?

MIRABELLE: Let's put the telly on, that's what we usually do. **(THE CHILDREN GATHER ROUND THE TV)**

GRANDMA: We don't want the telly on at a party!

EDDY: We do. That's it. Let's all watch Top of the Pops.

MRS FLINT: (WITH A PLATE) Sausage anyone? **(VARIOUS PEOPLE TAKE ONE INCLUDING RUTH)**

GRANDPA: Look at them. All watching telly. What a hopeless lot.

RUTH: (TO ZAK) do you want my sausage, Zak?

ZAK: Sausages! Yum yum!

BETTY: Oh no! Look! Zak has scoffed a sausage again!

ZAK: That sausage in my tum tum has filled me full of fun fun!
I've gone right off my trolley. I've turned into a wally!
There's a sausage in my belly. It's like a lump of jelly.
Now here's a little spelly! **TO TAKE AWAY THE TELLY**

(XYLOPHONE EFFECTS. THE TV SET DISAPPEARS)

(ZAK PICKS UP A BUCKET OF " WATER " REALLY CONFETTI AND THREATENS AUDIENCE WITH IT)

ZAK: You all dropped a clanger! You let me eat a banger!
I've found a little bucket! Do you think I oughta chuck it?
This party would be better. If everyone got wetter!

(ZAK RUSHES ROUND WITH THE BUCKET. IT FINALLY GOES OVER THE AUDIENCE.)

STEVEN: Settle down Zak! Bring the telly back!

ZAK: No way baby.

GRANDPA: I'm glad the TV's is gone. Now we can have a proper party.

EDDY: What do you mean Grandpa? We don't understand.

MR FLINT: He means we should make our own fun. Let's have a sing song!

MRS FLINT: (to Mr Flint): You can't sing!

MR FLINT: I know I can't! I wish I could! (XYLOPHONE EFFECTS– WISH IS GRANTED)

END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE

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