Punch and Judy on the Sea

Agent Kahlo: Hello there! Welcome to Stories by the Sea. Young art detectives from Beechcroft Primary wrote stories inspired by this mural, which is called Near Here Did King George Get Royally Wet. Take it away, agents!

Emily: I regret this.

Liv: What?

Emily: I'm standing in freezing cold seawater in a dress, Liv.

Liv: It was in the competition rules.

Emily: Well the rules are stupid.

Liv: You're not wrong, Emily.

Emily: Punch and Judy belongs on the beach. Not in the sea!

Liv: I know, I know.

Emily: It has worked absolutely fine in stripey tents on the beach for years. Why have we got to do it in the sea in a purple hut all of a sudden?

Liv: I've no idea. But we're brilliant at Punch and Judy, Emily. Remember that.

Emily: Yeah. Come on, let's go check all the puppets are working ok. We don't want anything going wrong later.

(sounds of wading)

Liv: Hand me some string, Emily, and the scissors.

Emily: What's up?

Liv: The string of sausages needs repairing.

Emily: They always break. It's cos you pull too hard on them with the crocodile.

Liv: I have to pull hard. It looks rubbish otherwise. If you fed a real crocodile a string of sausages it would pull hard. That's a fact.

Emily: I'm just getting a bit sick of repairing sausages, that's all.

Liv: I'll try to go easy on them this time then.

Emily: Thanks. Can you fluff up Judy's bonnet? The frills have got squashed from being in the box.

Liv: Yeah, and Mr Punch's nose needs a quick repaint.

Emily: What time are we on?

Liv: 2 o clock.

Emily: Plenty of time then.

Liv: Yeah.

Emily: When we've done this shall we wade ashore and get some fish and chips for lunch?

Liv: Ooh yeah, good idea.

(S*ounds of wading, then people chatting on a beach)*

Stallholder: Next please!

Liv: Two large cod and chips please.

Stallholder: Salt and vinegar?

Liv: Yes please.

Emily: And ketchup if you've got it.

Stallholder: Sure.

(sounds of fish frying)

Stallholder: You here for the competition?

Liv: Yeah, how did you guess.

Stallholder: You're in old fashioned dresses.

Liv: Oh, yeah, course.

Stallholder: I don't know why you've got to do it out at sea.

Emily: Neither do we!

Stallholder: Seems daft to me.

Liv: It's a nightmare. We had to put all our puppets in a waterproof box and wade out to the hut. We're in the purple one.

Stallholder: Oh right.

Liv: And why we have to wear these stupid dresses I'll never know. The whole point of Punch and Judy is you don't see the people.

Stallholder: These stupid competition people should listen to you. You're the Experts.

Emily: Exactly. But there's hardly any Punch and Judy competitions any more. And if we win we'll get lots more work.

Stallholder: Well, I wish you all the best of luck. Here you go, enjoy!

Liv: Thanks so much!

Emily: Thank you!

(sounds of wading)

Judge: Caroline! Caroline!

Caroline: Yes, Mr Fairbrother?

Judge: How many more acts do I have to judge?

Caroline: Um, just one more, Mr Fairbrother.

Judge: My feet are positively freezing.

Caroline: Well I did say, Mr Fairbrother, when you suggested moving the competition from the beach to the sea, that this might, in fact, be the case?

Judge: I don't remember that.

Caroline: I mentioned it several times, Mr Fairbrother. And put it in writing. Twice.

Judge: Well, we must press on I suppose. Who's next?

Caroline: Emily and Liv, Mr Fairbrother.

Judge: Get on with it then!

Caroline: Yes, Mr Fairbrother.

(sounds of wading, then knocking on wood)

Caroline: Hello? The competition judge is ready for you now.

Liv: Ok, we're ready, thanks!

Caroline: Smashing. Just give me a moment to wade back to the judge's table.

Emily: You brought a table into the sea?

Caroline: Yes, I know. It wasn't my idea...

(wading sounds)

Judge: Start please!

(Sounds of two kazoos and wooden claps, children shouting and laughing, then applause)

Liv: How do you think that went?

Emily: Well the sausages didn't break at least.

Liv: We've done all we can. I really hope we win!

Emily: So do I. If we do, I am never agreeing to do another show at sea ever again.

Liv: Agreed. This has been crazy.

Emily: Absolutely insane. I only caught a glimpse of the judge through the hatch when I was doing the bit with the policeman, but he looked as though he's never had a good idea in his life.

Liv: Totally clueless

Emily: And talentless

Liv: But somehow he still has all this money and we're out here working hard in difficult conditions trying to win some of it.

Emily: The world isn't fair.

Liv: Not even slightly.

(knock on the door)

Caroline: Hello?

Emily: Hello!

Caroline: Hello. Yes, Mr Fairbrother has decided he's going to announce the winner back on the beach. Near the fish and chip stand? Can you make your way there?

Liv: Yep, sure thing! We'll just box up the puppets and we'll be right there.

Caroline: Thank you. And well done. I thought you did brilliantly.

Liv: Thankyou!

(sounds of wading)

Liv: Well that sounds promising

Emily: She's probably said that to everyone. Come on. Back to dry land, at least.

(sounds of wading)

Judge: I pride myself on injecting innovative, groundbreaking ideas into traditional artforms, and today's Punch and Judy On The Sea festival has been an utter triumph.

Liv: Yeah right.

Judge: Just to reassure you, the small child who was swept away on an unexpectedly strong wave during the first performance has been found safe and well.

Emily: What?!

Judge: And the grandma who was bitten by a crab during the third show is also now, thankfully completely recovered.

Emily: This is crazy!

Judge: But now, to the prizes.

Liv: Get on with it.

Judge: Today's winner will receive the famous Fairbrother trophy, plus £20,000 and guaranteed bookings at Butlins holiday camps for the next five years

Emily: Cross your fingers, Liv.

Liv: And your toes, Emily!

Judge: Competition was fierce, the standard was high, but in the end I have decided to award the prize to... LIV and EMILY!

(Emily and Liv scream and celebrate. Sounds of applause.)

Emily: We did it! I can't believe it!

Liv: This is mad!

Judge: Liv and Emily, if you can come to collect the trophy?

Emily: So yeah, thanks very much for this. And well done to everyone for taking their puppet shows out to sea. We know it wasn't easy.

Liv: We are really glad people will be able to enjoy our Punch and Judy show at least for the next five years

Emily: And we can assure you that all the rest of our performances

Emily/Liv: Will be on dry land!

The Trojan Bathing Hut

(sound of rolling waves)

Adam: That's him!

Justin: Are you sure?

Adam: Definitely. He might have taken his crown off but I'd know that face anywhere. Haven't you ever seen him on a coin, Justin?

Justin: It's been a while since I've had any coins, Adam.

Adam: We'll be rolling in money if this plan works.

Justin: How much longer do we have to hide in this hut thing?

Adam: Not much longer I hope. The smell of the seawater is making me feel a bit sick.

Justin: Do you want a bit of this?

Adam: What is it?

Justin: It's a blue donut.

Adam: Ugh, no thanks. That looks really wrong. Food isn't meant to be blue.

Justin: I dunno what you mean. I like blue donuts!

Adam: Just, eat it up quickly will you?

Justin: Sure you don't want to try a bit?

Adam: Yes, I'm very sure thank you.

Justin: Your loss.

Rose: This way, your majesty!

King: My feet are like icicles! Whose idea was this?

Footman: Um, it was yours, your majesty.

King: Well if I ever suggest paddling again, someone talk me out of it.

Footman: Yes, your majesty.

Rose: If you can just make it up the beach, your majesty, there's a special room all ready with a roaring fire, warm milk and a chocolate cake so enormous it's fit for a…well, for a king.

King: Ideal. Footman!

Footman: Yes, your majesty?

King: Assist the equerry with the horse.

Footman: Yes, your majesty.

King: We shall proceed forthwith to the room with the roaring fire.

Woman: Just this way your majesty, if you'd be so kind.

(sounds of feet departing, splashing)

Justin: This is it Adam, this is our moment.

Adam: Stick to the plan!

Justin: Go!

(sounds of wooden door bursting open, a struggle, lots of splashing, then two bodies thump thump on wood)

Justin: I've got it! I've got the crown!

Adam: Where are you going?

Justin: I'm running off with the crown. Why, what are you doing?

Adam: That's not the plan, Justin.

Justin: I think we should settle for the crown, Adam. It's worth millions.

Adam: But who's going to buy it, Justin?

Justin: I dunno.

Adam: No-one, that's who. That crown is as famous as the king himself. As soon as you show it to anyone then it's game over and you're in prison.

Justin: Oh, I see. Yes, you could be right.

Adam: I'm definitely right. So stick to the plan. I think the footman is more my size. You steal the equerry's clothes, then we'll head up to the king's room.

Justin: Won't they notice that our faces are different?

Adam: Nah, that's the thing about kings. They never pay attention to the servants.

(sounds of a crackling fire)

King: More chocolate cake!

Rose: Right away, your majesty.

(knocks on the door)

King: Enter! Ah, Equerry, Footman, is my horse safely stabled?

Justin: Ah, yes, your majesty.

King: Excellent. Bring me my crown, footman.

Adam: Yes, your majesty.

King: Ah, such a comfort to feel it back on my royal head.

Adam: Yes your majesty.

King: Stand back, footman. Why are you still loitering near my chocolate cake?

Adam: Forgive me, your majesty. We have not eaten yet.

King: Rose, have you anything for my servants?

Rose: Certainly your majesty.

King: Then take them to the kitchen and let them eat.

(king yawns)

King: Such a tiring day. I shall retire.

Rose: Good night, your majesty. This way please.

(sounds of cutlery scraping on a plate)

Adam: That is the best pie I've ever tasted! Thanks Rose.

Rose: Interesting.

Adam: What do you mean?

Rose: The footman we came with can't eat pastry.

Adam: Oh?

Rose: He's gluten-intolerant.

Adam: Really?

Rose: So who are you?

Adam: Um...Justin, think of something!

Justin: Um... do you want a cut of a massive pile of cash?

Adam: I ask you to think of something and THAT'S what you go with?

Rose: What massive pile of cash?

Justin: Come on, everybody knows kings go on holiday with a massive pile of cash.

Rose: Go on.

Justin: We've just come to take it

Rose: Because....

Justin: Because it's not fair the king has loads of money when he didn't even work for it.

Rose: I'm listening

Adam: You tell us where the king keeps his cash, we'll cut you in.

Rose: How much?

Adam: Twenty per cent.

Rose: Thirty three.

Adam: Twenty five?

Rose: Thirty three

Justin: Thirty?

Rose: Thirty three.

Justin: Fine, fine. We'll take a third each. So where's the cash, Rose?

(Sound of snoring)

Justin: The king keeps his money UNDER HIS BED?

Rose: Yes. In case of robbers.

Adam: And who's that standing by the bed?

Rose: That's the king's bodyguard, Edgar.

Adam: You didn't mention a bodyguard!

Edgar: Halt! Who goes there?

Justin: Here goes nothing. I am the King's Footman. I have come for the king's boots, so that I may polish them for the morning.

Edgar: I don't recognise you.

Justin: That's because I'm quite new.

Edgar: Please keep your voice down. His majesty is sleeping.

Justin: Absolutely, yes. Gosh, the boots seem, rather a long way under this bed. I'll just have to crawl underneath to find them.

Edgar: Please be quiet!

Rose: Help! Help!

Edgar: For goodness sake, what now?

Rose: Please, will no-one help me! I am trapped in the corridor with a vicious intruder.

Edgar: I must guard the king.

Rose: Please! Will no-one help me!

Edgar: Can you please stop shouting?

Rose: But I'm trapped in the corridor with a vicious intruder!

Edgar: Fine, fine. I'm coming.

(sounds of struggle, then a body slumps)

Adam: Nice one, Rose.

Rose: How you getting on, Justin.

(sound of a knock on wood)

Justin: Ow! Banged my head on the King's bed.

Adam: Careful!

Justin: I've got the king's money chest. Pull me out by my ankles.

(sounds of sliding and effort)

Adam: It's locked!

Rose: Here's the key. Swiped it from round Edgar's neck when you knocked him out.

(sounds of unlocking, then the shimmer sounds of lots of money)

Justin: Look at all that money!

Rose: Grab it, quick!

(sounds of chinking coins)

Justin: one for Rose, one for Adam, one for me...and that's it. A third each.

Adam: I can't believe it worked!

(sounds of whistling)

Rose: Who's that?

Justin: That's the fisherman. He's taking us to France.

Fisherman: You said it would be two of you.

Adam: Change of plan. You got room for Rose?

Fisherman: So long as you all take turns rowing, I don't mind how many come along.

(sounds of sea, rowing, creaking. Then a rustling of paper)

Justin: Anyone for a blue donut?

Adam: Not again!

Agent Kahlo: You've been listening to Stories by the Sea. Remember, there's nine listening stations in this sound walk. Where might you go next?