**SCENE 2: THE KITCHEN IN STONEYBROKE HALL**

*(There is much bustle and hustle with the maids, cooks and footmen.)*

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Come along, everybody. We’ve got to do some cooking.

**MCBISCUIT:** Ohn, he hohn, he hohn, I lurve ze cooking. Wert are you going to mek?

**MRS CRUMBLE:** We are going to bake a cake. A Victoria Sponge. It’s a secret cake to cheer up Cinderella.

**MCBISCUIT:** Ah! Mon dieu and zoot alhors. I lurve ze making of ze secret Victorian sponges. It is an idea brilliant, is it not?

**MRS CRUMBLE:** *(to maids)* You two. Go and get me some ingredients. *(to footmen)* And you can go and get me a little flour and… Oh! …let’s put Currants!... Oh! We haven’t got any. We’ll have to leave the baking until tomorrow.

**TREMBLING:** I know where there’s some currants. I’ll get them for you.

**MCBISCUIT:** *(returning with something in his hands)* ‘Ere you are, Mrs Crumble. Just look at zem munching away like there is no Tuesday. Are zees greedy enough for you?

**MRS CRUMBLE:** What are you talking about? What are they.

**MCBISCUIT:** Well, you asked for zum greedy ants.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** You stupid French person. I said ingredients not greedy ants. Why can’t you French people learn to speak properly. No wonder we wanted to leave.

**FOOTMEN:** *(returning with two posies they present to Mrs Crumble)* Here you are Mrs Crumble. These are for you. A little flower.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Not that sort of flower, you dozy footpeople. *(to Trembling as he returns)* Though a girl does like to receive flowers. *(puts flowers in a vase on the table)*

**TREMBLING:** Here they are. Lots of lovely currants. *(tips them into a bowl)*

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Well done. I didn’t think we had any. *(puts some in her mouth)* I love currants. Wherever did you find them?

**TREMBLING:** There’s a whole pile of them on the floor in the back of the rabbit hutch.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Oh! That’s disgusting. I’ll give you something to tremble for, Mr. Trembling. Right! Come on everybody. You can help me knead the dough.

**MCBISCUIT:** Do you need the dough.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Of course, I knead the dough.

**DOILY:** Do you need the dough now?

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Of course, I knead the dough now. You don’t think I’m doing this for nothing.

**SKILLET:** Do you mean you need the dough, or you knead the dough?

**DUSTER:** Now?

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Look you fools, I need the dough cos I can’t knead it without it.

**TREMBLING:** Look Mrs Crumble. If you need dough I can lend you a fiver.

**MCBISCUIT:** But, mona mi, surely we don’t need any dough. We can knead ze dough zat eez already ‘ere.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Now I know what it’s like to lose the will to live. *(takes a large lump of dough)* Right! All of you. We’re going to knead the dough.

*(Spatula and Granola at one end of the table with Instep US standing to attention. Doily, Skillet and Duster at other end of table with Insole US standing to attention)*

**MCBISCUIT:** Now, altogezzair. First ze flour.

*They put their hands in flour then clap their hands)*

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Now, grab the dough.

*They lean forward from each end of the table and grab the dough)*

**MRS CRUMBLE:** And pull.

*(They stretch the dough along the table)*

**MRS CRUMBLE:** And back – and pull – and back – and pull.

*(The dough seemingly gets harder to pull. It suddenly breaks and both Instep and Insole are hit in the face with a piece of dough. The dough is removed from the Footmen by Trembling and McBiscuit who return it to Mrs Crumble who spits on it and wipes it on her chest)*

**MRS CRUMBLE:** There! That’s good enough. *(returns it to the ball of dough)*

*(Mrs Crumble, Trembling and McBiscuit all knead the dough as if playing the piano. Inadvertently McBiscuit and Trembling pick up the dough and flip it over Mrs Crumble’s head)*

**MRS CRUMBLE:** *(removing the dough)* Will you stop messing about. Knead the dough into the pan.

**DUSTER:** Knead the dough into the pan?

**SPATULA:** Or need the dough in the pan?

**GRANOLA:** Or need to knead the dough into the pan?

**TREMBLING:** Or? Need to know the kneaded dough is needed in the pan.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** *(to audience)* Oh Mary and Joseph and the little donkey! All this in the line of duty. Remember that – good wasn’t it – unlike what’s going on here. Right! I need some water.

**GRANOLA:** Are you going to knead the water or just need the water.

**DOILY:** *(very thick)* I don’t think you can knead water.

**SKILLET:** *(equally thick)* You can need water if you’re very thirsty.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Okay, listen very carefully. If you don’t stop now, I will kill one of you. I just want a drop of water.

**DUSTER:** *(very thick)* Oh, I wouldn’t drop it! It’ll make a mess.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** *(with great patience)* That’s it. I am going to kill someone. I just want some water.

**TREMBLING:** I’ll get it.

*(He goes to goldfish bowl and takes out a goldfish that flaps in his hand)*

**TREMBLING:** *(to goldfish)* Excuse me, I just need a drop of water. *(with one of the maids to help he performs the Gold Fish Bowl Trick)(eats carrot goldfish)* Thank you. *(takes bowl to table and pretends to pour a little water into the pan)*

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Excellent! Now let’s put the lid on and we’ll put it in the oven and cook it.

**MCBISCUIT:** Non, non, non! Absolutemente, non. Forget ze oven. We will cook it wiz zis new microwave clurth.

**ALL:** *(raising hands in surprise)* Microwave clurth!? Mon dieu.

**MCBISCUIT:** Oui! Microwave clurth.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** I suppose it’s more of the devil’s work from Mary Berry.

**MCBISCUIT:** Non. It’s just a microwave clurth. It sevs ze hours and ze hours. You tek ze clerth, cover ze pan for five seconds and it beks ze cek.

**TREMBLING:** So what happens now?

**MCBISCUIT:** I show you. You prepare ze clerth. Et voila you…

*(Doorbell rings)*

**MCBISCUIT:** Zut alors!

**TREMBLING:** Oh, excuse me. I’ll have to answer that. You all carry on. Just count to five. *(exits)*

**MRS CRUMBLE:** But what are we going to do now. I can only count to three.

**MCBISCUIT:** I can only count to four.

*(They look at the others)*

**ALL:** We don’t count.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Oh you do! You do count. Everyone’s important.

**DOILY:** Nah! We can’t count. Never had no learning for it.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Then we need a helping hand.

*(They start clapping and encourage the audience to join in)*

***(Orchestra – Dan-dan-dah!!!!)***

*(Fairies Tenderly and Gently appear DSR clapping at the audience. Helping Hand [waving or thumbs up] appears)*

**MRS CRUMBLE:** *(to Helping Hand)* We need somebody to help us. Anybody. A little boy or a little girl. Or even a slightly larger man or woman. Someone who can count up to five. Do you think you and Fairy Gently can find somebody?

*(Business with audience member. Dramatically they light the flash paper, put lid on pan and cover it with cloth. They count down from five to one. “Stooge” takes a bow)*

**TREMBLING:** *(who has returned during countdown)* Is the cake done yet?

**MCBISCUIT:** We haven’t looked yet.

**MRS CRUMBLE:** Let’s look now. *(lifts lid off pan to reveal cake)*

***(Orchestra – Ta-Dah!!!!)***

*(Fairies thank Stooge, who is returned to seat, and they exit)*