

Hey nonny nonny no."

*All dance off leaving Merlin to concoct magic potion.
He calls off stage.*

MERLIN: Fubsy! Come on, where are you? There's spells to be cast.

His sister, Fubsy, drags on a large cauldron and a sack of ingredients.

You're always late! You missed all the singing.

FUBSY: Singing! It sounded like asthma set to music.

MERLIN: Well, where were you?

FUBSY: *(grins)* Experimenting.

MERLIN: What was it this time?

FUBSY: I crossed a chicken with a cement mixer.

MERLIN: What on earth did you get?

FUBSY: *(proudly)* A bricklayer!

She cackles.

MERLIN: You worry me, Fubsy. How can such a fathead hold such a little mind? Let's get on with the spell.

She hands him ingredients out of sack as he needs them.

Nose of toad, and ear of bat,
Paw of Yeti, claw of cat,
Hair of horse and tail of rat,
Margaret Foulton can't beat that!

Laughs to himself as he scratches, slaps himself and picks off a flea.

Gotcha!

Drops flea into pot.

My toe nails and my ear wax,
Begging letters from Department of Tax
And *(thinks)*
What's next?

FUBSY: Have a look in the book. It's all in here.

She gets spell book out of sack and as she lifts it reveals it to be a (woman's weekly) cookbook. He hits her with it.

MERLIN: This isn't a magic book.

He mumbles to himself and then discovers audience.

Well, well, well, what have we got here? Spirits?

FUBSY: Spirits or Demons?

MERLIN: Come to check up on old Merlin, have you?

FUBSY: Or, did she send them? Are you Spirits or Demons?

MERLIN: There's only one way to find out.

Fubsy rummages in sack and produces (Jane Fonda shape-up book)

Here you are! How to make bodies disappear.

Merlin looks through book.

MERLIN: S s s s spirits. Found it. (reads)

All bad spirits disappear,
Only good ones can stay here!

Looks up at audience fearfully then relaxes.

FUBSY: Nobody's gone. They must be good spirits.

MERLIN: Good! It seems that we're all in good spirits here. But where did you all come from? Fubsy, my sister, will come into the audience and, using her magic powers, will find out.

Fubsy goes into audience and talks to people at various tables. She should appear to enjoy herself immensely.

MERLIN: Where's that table from, Fubsy?

FUBSY: (name of area)

MERLIN: Oh well, never mind, I'll try to keep the jokes simple for you!

Fubsy goes to another table.

What about them?

FUBSY: *(name of area)*

MERLIN: That's a nice place. I hear you don't have a village idiot there you take it in turns! And this table here?

FUBSY: They're from *(name of area)*

MERLIN: Oh, highly educated from there. And all employable. *(to audience)* Does anyone need a speed bump? Never mind where you're from, you're going to enjoy yourselves here tonight.

Fubsy rejoins him on stage.

Hey, Fubsy, you really can do magic. How did you know about all those people?

FUBSY: I asked them.

MERLIN: And they told you where they were from?

FUBSY: No, they told me where to go!

MERLIN: Back to the plot. I suppose you're all wondering what we're doing here? Well, I can't tell you not yet. It's a secret. Even Fubsy doesn't know and she's been to every rehearsal.

FUBSY: Merlin, somebody's coming.

Enter a depressed and dejected Arthur suffering visibly from love sickness.

MERLIN: Would you look at the state of that! It makes the economy look healthy.

ARTHUR: *(heart rending sigh)* It's only me.

MERLIN: Arthur, my boy, whatever is the matter?

ARTHUR: *(sigh)* Tis no use, Merlin, I cannot go on.

FUBSY: What's stopping you?

ARTHUR: Guinevere. My only love.

Romantic music starts up.

Everytime I hear her name, I hear music. Listen.

MERLIN: So does everybody else.