

Braveheart and Soul:
The Birth of Moortown Music

Cast

The Lassies
The Brits
The Courtier
The Jesters
The Men in Tights
The Ladies in Waiting
King Edward the Longshanks
The Messenger
The Prince
The Princess
The Scots
Braveheart
Braveheart's Men
Bruce the Loose
Big Mac
Mac the Knife
Mac'nCheese
The McMistress of Ceremonies

Chorus as English Courtiers, Scots and Various Singing Groups

BRAVEHEART AND SOUL:
The Birth of Moortown Music

SCENE 1, Scene 1

HOUSE LIGHTS OUT AS BAND BEGINS TO PLAY

LIGHTS RISE SLOWLY AS THE 8 LASSIES APPEAR ON STAGE.

LASSIES (Melody from The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond)

OH, WE'RE BONNIE LASSIES FROM SCOTLAND'S FAIR HILLS
AND TIS ONLY ONE REASON WE'VE COME
TO TELL YOU A TALE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY
AND THE BRAVEHEART WHO FOUGHT FOR OUR FREEDOM

OH YOU TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW ROAD
AND WE'LL GO TO LONDON AFORE YE
TEN CENT'RIES AGO, WHERE THERE LIVED A WICKED KING
SO ON THE THYMES, THE THYMES WE OPEN OUR STORY.

FRONT HALF OF HOUSE LIGHTS UP AS CHORUS DRESSED IN KILTS RUNS DOWN THE AISLES OF THE THEATER TO THE STAGE OR FRONT OF HOUSE.

CHORUS:

OH, WE'RE BONNIE LASSIES FROM SCOTLAND'S FAIR HILLS
AND TIS ONLY ONE REASON WE'VE COME
TO TELL YOU A TALE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY
AND THE BRAVEHEART WHO FOUGHT FOR OUR FREEDOM

OH YOU TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW ROAD
AND WE'LL GO TO LONDON AFORE YE
TEN CENT'RIES AGO, WHERE THERE LIVED A WICKED KING
SO ON THE THYMES, THE THYMES WE OPEN OUR STORY.

DANCE BREAK

OH YOU TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW ROAD
AND WE'LL GO TO LONDON AFORE YE
TEN CENT'RIES AGO, WHERE THERE LIVED A WICKED KING
SO ON THE THYMES, THE THYMES

CURTAIN FLIES OUT TO REVEAL THE KING'S COURT IN A FROZEN TABLEAU.

WE OPEN OUR STORY. OH YEAH!!!!

HOUSE LIGHTS OUT AS CHORUS EXITS DURING APPLAUSE.

(From The Prince is Giving a Ball in the show Cinderella by Rodgers and Hammerstein)

COURTIER:

THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL!
 JESTERS: THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL!
 ALL: THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL

COURTIER:

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, EDWARD THE LONGSHANKS
 WINDEMERE VLADIMIR, KARL ALEXANDER
 FRANCOIS REGINALD LANCELOT HERMAN
 ALL: HERMAN?

COURTIER: HERMAN. GREGORY JAMES, IS ENTERING THE HALL.

ALL: THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL. THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL!

MAN 1:

ALL HAIL THE TOUGHEST KING WE KNOW.
 HE'S IN YOUR FACE WITH EVERY FOE.

WOMAN 1: HE RULES HIS EMPIRE BLOW BY BLOW

WOMAN 2: HE LIKE TO LAY THE WHOLE WORLD LOW

MAN 2: THE COWBOY KING OF RODEO

COURTIER (SHUSHING THEM): THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL

ALL: THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL

COURTIER: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, EDWARD THE LONGSHANKS
 SON OF HER MAKESTY QUEEN CONSTANTINA
 CHAROLETTE ERMINTRUDE, GWINYVERE MAISIE

ALL: MAISIE?

COURTIER: MAISIE. MARGUERITE ANN, IS ENTERING THE HALL

ALL: THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL!

MAN 1: ALL HAIL HIS MILITARY MIGHT.

ALL HAIL THE FACT HE'S ALWAYS RIGHT!

WOMAN 1: HE TAKES THE MOST AGGRESSIVE STANCE

WOMAN 2: HE CAN'T STAND GIVING PEACE A CHANCE

MAN 2: GOD BLESS HIS ENGLISH ARROGANCE

COURTIER: THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL

ALL: THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL!

SPOTLIGHTS CATCH THE ROYAL COURT AS THEY PROCESS UP THE AISLE

COURTIER: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, EDWARD THE LONGSHANKS
SON OF HIS MAJESTY, KING MAXIMILLIAN
GODFREY LADISLAUS LEOPOLD SIDNEY

ALL: SIDNEY?

COURTIER: SIDNEY. FREDERICK JOHN, IS GIVING A BALL.

ALL: THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL, THE KING IS ENTERING
THE HALL,
THE KING IS ENTERING THE HALL!

APPLAUSE

TRUMPET FANFARE, ENTRY OF KING, PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

COURTIER: All Hail Edward the Longshanks, Mighty King of England and Leader
of the Western World!

COURT: All hail our mighty King!

COURTIER: All hail his sniveling son, the Prince of Wales.

COURT: All hail his sniveling son!

COURTIER: All hail the Prince's unlucky French wife, stuck in a prearranged
marriage and incredibly dysfunctional family, the Princess of Wales.

COURT: All hail the unlucky Princess of Wales!

Trumpets SOUND again as a messenger rushes on stage.

COURTIER: All hail the messenger.

COURT: All hail the messenger!

MESSENGER: My Lord, I bring word from the occupied territories.

KING: Which one, you fool? Not those damnable Irish again.

MESSENGER: It is Scotland, my Lord. The red-beards are revolting.

KING: Yes, they are!

MESSENGER: I mean, they are planning an uprising.

(A GASP goes up from the crowd.)

PRINCE: An uprising? But everyone in the world loves England. United we stand!

COURT: United we stand!

PRINCE: Let there be no descent! God save the King.

COURT: God save the King!

KING: How could they be so ungrateful? Tell me, have I not taken all their land?

COURT: Yes, sire.

KING: Have I not shorn all their sheep?

COURT: Yes, sire.

COURT: Have I not flattened their shortbread, taxed their whiskey and claimed title to their North Sea oil, as soon as they discover it?

COURT: Yes, sire.

KING: Have I not raped, pillaged and plundered the whole of the Scottish countryside?

COURT: Indeed, sire, you have!

KING: And still these moronic Scotsmen rebel!

PRINCE: I tell you, Daddy, oppressed people have absolutely no manners.

KING: This is appalling. Really. What good is it being the most powerful nation on earth when you can't get the rest of the world to behave themselves? Do these barbarians have any idea who I am?!

(from The very Model of a Modern Major General by Gilbert and Sullivan)

KING:

I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A LEADER WHO IS POWERFUL
OPPRESSING LESSER PEOPLE BY THE MINUTE AND THE HOURFUL

I AM THE KING OF ENGLAND, AND MY RULE IS VERY SOCIABLE
 BUT WHEN I'M FIGHTING TERRORISTS, MY TERMS ARE NON
 NEGOTIABLE

I'M VERY WELL ACQUAINTED WITH MATTERS OF SECURITY
 I DON'T ALLOW INVASIONS TO MY CASTLE OR MY PURITY
 ABOUT PROTECTING MY SELF I'M ABSOLUTELY CLARION
 WITH MANY CHEERFUL FACTS ABOUT THE THREAT OF THE
 BARBARIAN

CHORUS:

WITH MANY CHEERFUL FACTS ABOUT THE THREAT OF THE
 BARBARIAN
 WITH MANY CHEERFUL FACTS ABOUT THE THREAT OF THE
 BARBARIAN
 WITH MANY CHEERFUL FACTS ABOUT THE THREAT OF THE
 BARBARIAN

PRINCE:

HE'S VERY GOOD AT WIRETAPS AND PENETRATING SECRET CELLS
 HE KNOWS THE SCIENTIFIC NAMES FOR FOREIGNERS AND
 INFIDELS
 IN SHORT, IN MATTERS CLANDESTINE, TREASONOUS AND
 HORRIBLE
 HE IS THE VERY MODEL OF A LEADER WHO IS POWERFUL

CHORUS:

IN SHORT, IN MATTERS CLANDESTINE, TREASONOUS AND
 HORRIBLE
 HE IS THE VERY MODEL OF A LEADER WHO IS POWERFUL

COURTIER:

HE KNOWS OUR MYTHIC HISTORY, HOW ALWAYS WE PLAY FAIR
 AGAINST
 THOSE PEOPLE WHO ARE EVIL, SO THAT WE DESERVE OUR
 ARROGANCE
 HE QUOTES IN RAW STATISTICS ALL THE CRIMES OF ALL THE
 DESPERATE
 AND IF HE HAS NO PROOF THEN HE WILL SEND OUT A REQUEST
 FOR IT.

KING:

I CAN TELL UNDOUBTED SCOTTISH ROGUES FROM IRISH HOODS
 AND MILITANTS
 I ALWAYS KNOW THEY'RE GUILTY 'CAUSE I DON'T BELIEVE IN
 INNOCENCE.

PRINCE:

HE LOVES TO RANT AND RAVE ABOUT THE DANGER NEVER
LURKING FAR
HE KNOWS THAT FEAR IS JUST THE THING TO KEEP A KING QUITE
POPULAR

CHORUS:

HE KNOWS THAT FEAR IS JUST THE THING TO KEEP A KING QUITE
POPULAR
HE KNOWS THAT FEAR IS JUST THE THING TO KEEP A KING QUITE
POPULAR
HE KNOWS THAT FEAR IS JUST THE THING TO KEEP A KING QUITE
POPULAR

COURIER:

HE LIKES TO TALK, HE'S DOWN TO EARTH IN CHARISMATIC
INTERVIEWS
HE LIKES TO KEEP THINGS SIMPLE SO IT SOUNDS GOOD ON THE
EVENING NEWS

KING:

IN SHORT, IN MATTERS CLANDESTINE, TREASONOUS AND
HORRIBLE
I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A LEADER WHO IS POWERFUL

CHORUS:

IN SHORT, IN MATTERS CLANDESTINE, TREASONOUS AND
HORRIBLE
I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A LEADER WHO IS POWERFUL

KING:

IN FACT, I'M ONLY EVER HAPPY WHEN CHASING AFTER
MISCREANTS
AND I LOVE GIVING SPEECHES AND ARRESTING NAUGHTY
DISSIDENTS

PRINCE:

HE LOVES SENDING SORTIES AND SURPRISES AND EXCURSI-ONS
AND HE LOVES MASS INVASIONS AND HE LOVES THOSE SMALL
INCURSI-ONS.

COURTIER:

AND HE KNOWS ALL THE PROGRESS THAT'S BEEN MADE IN
MODERN GUNNERY

AND HE KNOWS ALL THE TACTICS THAT CAN LEAD TO WARFARE
FUNNERY

KING:

IN SHORT, I HAVE A SMATTERING OF ELEMENTAL STRATEGY

MESSENGER:

IT'S STRATEGY

KING:

OH YES, ELEMENTAL STRATEGY.

I DO SO LOVE THE FUSS, THE FEAR, THE FIGHT, THE FINAL
TRAGEDY

CHORUS:

HE DOES SO LOVE THE FUSS, THE FEAR, THE FIGHT, THE FINAL
TRAGEDY

HE DOES SO LOVE THE FUSS, THE FEAR, THE FIGHT, THE FINAL
TRAGEDY

HE DOES SO LOVE THE FUSS, THE FEAR, THE FIGHT, THE FINAL
TRAGEDY

KING:

FOR MY MILITARY KNOWLEDGE THOUGH I'M PLUCKY AND
ADVENTURY

I'M STILL THE BIGGEST, BADDEST KING IN THIS OR ANY CENTURY

IN SHORT, IN MATTERS CLANDESTINE, TREASONOUS AND
HORRIBLE

I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A LEADER WHO IS POWERFUL

ALL:

IN SHORT, IN MATTERS CLANDESTINE, TREASONOUS AND
HORRIBLE

HE IS THE VERY MODEL OF A LEADER WHO IS POWERFUL.

APPLAUSE

(The COURT CHEERS.)

(The Princess steps forward, hesitantly.)

PRINCESS: But, sire, don't you think Scots may object to your occupying
their country?

KING: Nonsense. These people are backwards, Princess. The men wear
skirts, for heavens sake. All I'm trying to do is bring them into the 11th
Century. At least we can teach them to wear tights.

COURT: Hear, hear!!

PRINCESS: But can't we all just get along?

PRINCE: Don't be silly, sweetheart, where's the fun in that?

KING: He's right, my lovely. We are the most powerful nation on earth. It's our job to exploit these people.

PRINCESS: But, sire, there's nothing left to exploit. You said so yourself.

KING: Well, we shall just have to find something. I say we teach these hoodlums a lesson. To Scotland!!

The King starts to march out and the court joins him.

COURT: TO SCOTLAND!!

MESSENGER: My Lord! My Lord. (The King stops, as does the court) I don't mean to be a party pooper, sire, but the Scots have a new leader. And they say he's dangerous.

ALL: HE IS DANGEROUS, HE IS DANGEROUS, HE IS DANGEROUS

KING: Tyler, do you have to keep singing EVERYTHING?

MESSENGER: Well, not, it's just he told me to....

KING: Go back, go back, go back.
I say we teach these hoodlums a lesson. To Scotland!!

COURT: TO SCOTLAND!!

MESSENGER: My Lord! My Lord. (The King stops, as does the court) I don't mean to be a party pooper, sire, but the Scots have a new leader. And they say he's dangerous.

KING: What kind of new leader?

MESSENGER: A commoner.

KING: A commoner?

MESSENGER: William Wallace, they call him--Braveheart.

A TROUBLE MURMUR goes up from the court.

MESSENGER: The poor folk love 'em, my Lord. They say he is the fiercest

dancer in the world.

A FRIGHTENED GASP erupts from the court.

KING: Rubbish! No one dances like the English army. My soldiers are professionally trained. These Scots are mere amateurs.

MESSENGER: Still, the clans are rallying around him. And not just the commoners. They say even the Scottish noblemen admire his abilities.

PRINCE: I don't believe it. Some of my best friends are Scottish noblemen. Who is rallying around him?

MESSENGER: The head of the beef cattle clan.

Prince: Oh, my, not Big Mac.

MESSENGER: The head of the butcher clan.

KING: Mac the Knife? Really?

MESSENGER: The head of the dairy clan.

PRINCE: MacNcheese! This is outrageous.

MESSENGER: And there's even a rumor that the most admired Scottish noblemen of all may join forces with Braveheart.

PRINCE: Bruce the Loose? Oh, no, father, we'll never be able to hold Scotland if Bruce starts dancing against us.

KING: I've heard enough. Someone kill that messenger!

(The messenger is dragged off.)

Bruce the Loose is on our side, I tell you. And so is the rest of the Scottish nobility. We've been bribing these idiots for centuries, we're not going to lose them now. Not even to this so-called Braveheart.

Sound the trumpets! Call the army. TO SCOTLAND!

COURT: To Scotland!

(From Model of a Modern Major General by Gilbert and Sullivan)

ALL:

WE ARE THE VERY MODEL OF A NATION THAT IS POWERFUL
OPPRESSING LESSER PEOPLE BY THE MINUTE AND THE HOURFUL

WE ALWAYS STAND UNITED, AND OUR RULE IS VERY SOCIABLE
 BUT WHEN WE'RE FIGHTING TERRORISTS, OUR TERMS ARE NON
 NEGOTIABLE
 BUT WHEN WE'RE FIGHTING TERRORISTS, OUR TERMS ARE NON
 NEGOTIABLE!

LASSIES CROSS DOWNSTAGE, THE CURTAIN FLIES IN.

SCENE 2

LASSIES: (melody from Loch Lomond)

OH, IT'S TIME THAT WE MEET OUR BRAVE HERO AT LAST
 HE'S A MAN OF PEACE SO HE THOUGHT THEN
 HIS TRUE LOVE WAS KILLED BY THE LOCAL ENGLISH LORD
 NOW HIS ONLY ONLY LOVE IS FOR SCOTLAND

OH YOU TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW ROAD
 AND WE'LL BE IN SCOTLAND AFORE YE
 WE GO TO THE HIGH LANDS AND WANDER THROUGH THE HILLS
 IN THE MISTY, MISTY GLEN IS OUR STORY.

CURTAIN AND LIGHTS UP

The Scottish Glen

(The Commoners are huddled in groups, looking frightened.)

Suddenly, Braveheart enters, sneaks upon them, yells Booo! They jump.)

BRAVE: Ah, come now! Are ye afraid of yer own shadows!

(melody from Bonnie Blue Flag)

HURRAH, HURRAH, COME SCOTSMEN ONE AND ALL
 HURRAH FOR THE BONNIE BRAVE FOLK WHO HEED THEIR
 COUNTRY'S CALL

SCOT #1: WE ARE A BAND OF REBELS
 GATHERING IN THE GLEN

BRAVEHEART: FIGHTING FOR OUR LIBERTY
 FROM STUPID ENGLISHMEN

SCOT #2: WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF COWBOY KINGS
 WHO TRY TO STEAL OUR SOIL

BRAVEHEART: WHO'VE TAKEN ALL OUR WHISKEY
 AND WHO WANT OUR FUTURE OIL.

CHORUS:

HURRAH, HURRAH, COME SCOTSMEN ONE AND ALL
 HURRAH FOR THE BONNIE BRAVE FOLK WHO HEED THEIR
 COUNTRY'S CALL

WE ARE A BAND OF REBELS
 GATHERING IN THE GLEN
 FIGHTING FOR OUR LIBERTY
 FROM STUPID ENGLISHMEN

SCOT #3: WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF LONGSHANKS
 AND OF HIS SILLY SON
 BRAVEHEART: WE'RE TIRED OF BEING OCCUPIED
 BY TWITS WHO DON'T BELONG.

CHORUS:
 HURRAH, HURRAH, COME SCOTSMEN ONE AND ALL
 HURRAH FOR THE BONNIE BRAVE FOLK WHO HEED THEIR
 COUNTRY'S CALL

BRAVE: Again!

CHORUS:
 HURRAH, HURRAH, COME SCOTSMEN ONE AND ALL
 HURRAH FOR THE BONNIE BRAVE FOLK WHO HEED THEIR
 COUNTRY'S CALL

SCOT #1: Ay, William Wallace!

COMMONERS: Ay, William Wallace!

BRAVE: That'll do! Thank ye. That'll do. Now hear me, good folk of the
 Glen, I've called a meeting with the Scottish nobles today.

MAGGIE: The nobles?! Din ye no hear they are in league with the King? They
 will no fight with us.

BRAVE: Today we change their minds.

COLIN: I kin no believe it. How do we do that?

BRAVE: By tellin' 'em about our secret weapon.

(The Scottish nobles, Big Mac, Mac the Knife, MacNcheese enter.)

BIG MAC: What weapon, Wallace?

BRAVE: Ah, now ye see, they've come, in all their best tartans. Big Mac, is it no? (He puts out his hand, and shakes each hand as he greets them.) And Mac the Knife. And MacNcheese.

(to the commoners)

Look at 'em, lads. Scotland's finest nobles. Why 'tis a regular Mac Attack!

COMMONERS: Mac Attack!

BIG MAC: Not so fast, Wallace. We are no joinin' yer forces with ye yet. We want to know more about this secret weapon.

BRAVE: And ye will be knowin'. But where's yer leader--our future Scottish King--Bruce the Loose?

(Bruce appears.)

BRUCE: Over here, Wallace. Admirin' yer following.

BRAVE: Twill be yer following if ye will only lead us, Bruce. Scotland needs ye!

COMMONERS: Scotland needs ye!!

BRUCE: I have no come to raise hopes, Wallace. Edward the Longshanks is a dangerous man. As long as he is in power, Scotland will never have its own country, or its own King.

BRAVE: That's why must defeat him.

MACNCHEESE: But his troops will dance all over us.

BRAVE: Not if we use our secret weapon.

BIG MAC: What is this weapon ye keep talking about, Wallace?

MAC THE KNIFE: Ay, how can ye out dance the devil?

BRAVE: By changin' the music, my Lord.

All four noble men look at Wallace quizzically, then step closer.

BRUCE: But we've been dancing to the same music for centuries.

BRAVE: Then do ye no think, perhaps, 'tis time for another tune, gentlemen? (Wallace turns to the Commoners.) I say, shaft the shank!

COMMONERS: Shaft the Shank!

BRAVE AND COMMONERS:

HURRAH, HURRAH, COME SCOTSMEN ONE AND ALL
 HURRAH FOR THE BONNIE BRAVE FOLK WHO HEED THEIR COUNTRY'S
 CALL
 HURRAH, HURRAH, COME SCOTSMEN ONE AND ALL
 HURRAH FOR THE BONNIE BRAVE FOLK WHO HEED THEIR COUNTRY'S
 CALL

BRAVEHEART: LET'S GO!! (COMMONERS EXIT)

BIG MAC: Change the music? Is that no treason?

BRUCE: Treason against whom? The man is fightin' for his people.

MACNCHEESE: I do no trust him.

MAC THE KNIFE: He could get us all killed, with talk like that.

BRUCE: Ay, yer right. He could. Or he might just set us free.

(MAIN CURTAIN FLIES BACK IN)

SCENE 3

LIGHTS UP AS THE LASSIES APPEAR

(Loch Lomond Melody)

LASSIES:

NOW THE SIDES HAVE BEEN DRAWN AND THE DIE HAS BEEN CAST
 AND THE NOBLEMEN FE-EL ROTTEN
 WHICH SIDE SHOULD THEY CHOOSE, SHOULD THEY HAIL THE
 ENGLISH KING
 OR THEIR BONNIE, BONNIE HOMELAND OF SCOTLAND?

WILL THEY TAKE THE HIGH ROAD, OR THEY TAKE THE LOW ROAD
 WILL THEY CHOOSE BRIB'RY OR GLORY?
 WE HEAR IN THE DISTANCE THE COMING OF THE KING
 IT'S ANOTHER TRICKY TWIST IN OUR STORY.

CURTAIN UP ON THE GLEN

(The King, Prince, Princess and court appear from the back of the house,
 moving toward the stage.)

KING: All right, my feet are killing me. We'll make camp that in this godawful glen.

COURTIER: Make camp here in that godawful glen!

COURT: Make camp here in that godawful glen!

KING: Now, walk this way!

COURTIER: Now, walk this way!

COURT: Now, walk this way!

(The King moves up the steps, limping. The court follows, all limping, until everyone is center stage.)

KING: Halt!

COURTIER: Halt!

COURT: Halt!

KING: And stop repeating everything I say.

COURTIER: And stop repeating everything he says!

COURT: And stop repeating---

PRINCE: Quiet, you morons! Don't you think this is a little dangerous, Daddy? I mean, the whole place looks so uncivilized.

PRINCESS: I think it's rather beautiful! I don't see how the Scots can be as terrible as everyone says.

KING: They're worse, my lovely. I have them on my axis of evil, along with the Irish and the Welsh. I'd stomp them out entirely if it weren't for that damned Geneva Convention against out-dancing an entire population. Now let's get our troops ready.

COURTIER: Troops ready!

(The court people line up in their Renaissance dance positions)

COURTIER: Aim! Dance!!

SONG: MEN IN TIGHTS

PRINCE AND 8 DANCING SOLDIERS:

WE'RE MEN, WE'RE MEN IN TIGHTS.
 WE ROAM AROUND THE FOREST LOOKING FOR FIGHTS.
 WE'RE MEN, WE'RE MEN IN TIGHTS.
 WE DANCE AND WE SING AS WE FIGHT FOR THE KING, THAT'S
 RIGHT!
 WE MAY LOOK LIKE SISSIES, BUT DON'T GET US WRONG OR ELSE
 WE'LL PUT OUT YOUR LIGHTS!
 WE'RE MEN, WE'RE MEN IN TIGHTS,
 ALWAYS ON GUARD DEFENDING OUR ROYALTIES RIGHTS.

[DANCE NUMBER, CHORUS LINE STYLE]

WE'RE MEN, MANLY MEN, WE'RE MEN IN TIGHTS. YES!
 WE ROAM AROUND THE FOREST LOOKING FOR FIGHTS.
 WE'RE MEN, WE'RE MEN IN TIGHTS.
 WE DANCE AND WE SING AS WE FIGHT FOR THE KING, THAT'S
 RIGHT!
 WE MAY LOOK LIKE PANSIES, BUT DON'T GET US WRONG OR ELSE
 WE'LL PUT OUT YOUR LIGHTS.
 WE'RE MEN, WE'RE MEN IN TIGHTS (TIGHT TIGHTS),
 ALWAYS ON GUARD DEFENDING OUR ROYALTIES RIGHTS.
 WHEN YOU'RE IN A FIX JUST CALL ON THE MEN IN TIGHTS!
 WE'RE BUTCH.

APPLAUSE

KING: Now there, my son, is a stunning example of ground troop readiness.
 Have you ever seen such a carefully orchestrated strategy?

PRINCE: Magnificent, father. We will scare the skirts off those Scots.

PRINCESS: But don't you think their steps are a little cumbersome, my Lord?
 I mean, it looks as if they're fighting the last war.

KING: Nonsense. We are the greatest military force on earth! These rebels
 have absolutely no hope.

(We hear OMINOUS LOW CHORDS GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER, throwing off
 the beat of the dancers until they have to stop. Everyone looks frightened.)

PRINCE: Hark, what monstrous sound that?

KING: (to the courtier) How close are we to Loch Ness, you fool?

COURTIER: Miles away, your highness.

(The Chords become deafening. Everyone is terrified.)

KING: Protect me, I command it!

COURTIER: Protect the King!

COURT: Protect the King!

PRINCE: And me, too!

COURTIER: And him, too!

COURT: And him, too!

(The court surrounds the King as Braveheart and the Scots appear, carrying sticks and made up in war paint. Only the Princess is Brave enough to stand to one side and watch the Scots. She is clearly taken with Braveheart.)

BRAVE and SCOTTISH COMMONERS: (melody from Go Home with Bonnie Jean from Brigadoon. The first lines are sung with the ominous chord as the Scots close in around the English)

GO HOME, GO HOME
GO HOME, GO HOME
GO HOME, GO HOME

(The Scots move around the English in a circle as they sing)

ALL:

I WONDER WHO IT IS THAT'S COME
I KNOW HOW TO TELL, I SMELL ENGLISH SCUM
NOW WHY WOULD THEY BE HERE?
AND JUST WHAT IS THERE TO FEAR?

SCOT 2:

THEY SAY THE ENGLISH KING IS BOLD
HE'LL STEAL YOUR HOME AND YOUR HORSE AND GOLD
BUT IF YOU CURSE HIS NAME
(all spit)
ALL 3 SCOTS: HE'LL GO HOME FROM WHERE HE CAME

SCOTS:

GO HOME, GO HOME
GO HOME FROM WHERE HE CAME

GO HOME, GO HOME

BRAVE:
HE'LL GO HOME FROM WHERE HE CAME

ALL:

I WONDER WHO IT IS THAT'S COME
I KNOW HOW TO TELL, I SMELL ENGLISH SCUM
NOW WHY WOULD THEY BE HERE?
AND JUST WHAT IS THERE TO FEAR?

SCOT 1: (carrying a big stick and threatening to hit them in the leg)
THE ENGLISH ARMY DANCES GREAT
THEY CONQUER, INVADE AND ANNIHILATE
BUT IF THEY SHOULD GO LAME
THEY'LL GO HOME FROM WHERE THEY CAME

SCOTS:

GO HOME, GO HOME,
GO HOME FROM WHERE THEY CAME
GO HOME, GO HOME

BRAVE:
THEY'LL GO HOME FROM WHERE THEY CAME

ALL:

I WONDER WHO IT IS THAT'S COME
I KNOW HOW TO TELL, I SMELL ENGLISH SCUM
NOW WHY WOULD THEY BE HERE?
AND JUST WHAT IS THERE TO FEAR?

SCOT 3:

THE ENGLISH EMPIRE ROAMS THE EARTH
RAISING THEIR PROFILE AND NET WORTH
BUT THEY SHOULD BE ASHAMED
AND GO HOME FROM WHERE THEY CAME.

SCOTS:

GO HOME, GO HOME
GO HOME FROM WHERE THEY CAME
GO HOME, GO HOME

BRAVE:

YOU GO HOME FROM WHERE YOU CAME

(Braveheart and the Scots have now encircled the English and have them on

their knees shaking. As soon as the songs ends, they disappear into the glen. As he leaves, Braveheart pauses for a moment to exchange glances with the Princess.

(The quaking court, which has been surrounding the King, pulls away like football players off the quarterback. In the center of the pack, huddled with their hands over their heads are the King and Prince.)

COURTIER: Your highness?

KING: What is it?

(The Scottish noblemen appear.)

COURTIER: They're gone, sire. And the Scottish noblemen have arrived.

KING: (getting up, trying to cover his embarrassment) (He kicks his cowering son.) On your feet, you sniveling idiot, we have company. (to the noblemen) Well, if it isn't the four stooges.

(The four noblemen bow.)

SCOTTISH NOBLEMEN: Your Highness, welcome to Scotland.

KING: It's a little late for pleasantries, gentlemen. I've just had a visit from your Mr. Wallace. The man is a barbarian!!

BIG MAC: He kin seem a wee irrational, sire.

KING: Irrational? He's a madman. He threatened me.

PRINCE: And me!

PRINCESS: I must say, sire, I rather liked him.

KING: Silence! I want to know what the four of you are doing to control him?

(They look at one another, blankly.)

KING: Am I not paying for your loyalty, gentlemen?

MACNCHEESE: Ay, sire. But no man kin control Braveheart.

KING: Is that right?

MAC THE KNIFE: He has the support of the people, sire!

KING: Silence! (He goes to Bruce) And what about you, Bruce the Loose?
Aren't YOU supposed to have the support of the people?

BRUCE: They know a hero when they see one, sire.

KING: How dare you! How dare all of you! I'll show you how to deal with
insurgents like William Wallace.

(Gilbert and Sullivan's Punishment Fit the Crime)

A MORE DETERMINED SOVEREIGN NEVER
DID IN ENGLAND EXIST
TO NOBODY SECOND
I'M CERTAINLY RECKONED
A TORTURE EGOTIST
IT IS MY VERY GERMAIN ENDEAVOR
TO MAKE, TO SOME EXTENT
EACH EVIL DOER
A SCOTTISH SKEWER
FOR MY OWN MERRIMENT.

ALL:

FOR HIS OWN MERRIMENT.

KING:

MY OBJECT ALL SUBLIME
I SHALL ACHIEVE IN TIME
TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.
THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

I'LL MAKE EACH KILT-WEARER HURT
UNWILLINGLY LOSE HIS SHIRT
AND THEN HE'LL SUDDENLY LOSE HIS SKIRT
HE'LL SUDDENLY LOSE HIS SKIRT!

ALL:

HIS OBJECT ALL SUBLIME
HE SHALL ACHIEVE IN TIME
TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.
THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

HE'LL MAKE EACH KILT-WEARER HURT
UNWILLINGLY LOSE HIS SHIRT
AND THEN HE'LL SUDDENLY LOSE HIS SKIRT
HE'LL SUDDENLY LOSE HIS SKIRT!

(The King points to Mac, forcing him to offer an idea)

BIG MAC:
 YOU'LL CAPTURE ALL REBELLI-OUS SINNERS
 FROM STIRLING TO AYRE TO SKYE
 THE DUMB AND THE SMART ONES
 YOU'LL TEAR OFF THEIR TARTANS
 AND SOAK THEM IN SALT AND LYE.

(The noblemen are starting to get into the idea)

MAC THE KNIFE:
 THE AMATEUR PROTEST, WHOSE VOCAL VILLIANIES
 YOU DESIRE TO QUELL
 MAY TRY TO RIOT
 BUT YOU SIRE WILL QUIET
 BY SENDING HIM TO STRAIGHT TO HELL.

MACNCHEESE:
 THE LASSIE WHO TRIES A MILITANT MOTTO
 AND WON'T FOR ENGLAND SING
 WILL FIND SHE IS LEARNING
 HER WEE HOUSE IS BURNING
 WITH COMPLIMENTS FROM THE KING

ALL: WITH COMPLIMENTS FROM THE KING

KING:
 THESE IDIOTS WHO FROM GLASGOW TO EDINBURGH
 THINK THEY CAN RULE THEMSELVES
 WILL ONLY SUFFER
 AS I BECOME TOUGHER
 AND PUT THEIR HEADS ON MY SHELVES

ALL: AND PUT THEIR HEADS ON HIS SHELVES

ALL: (AS THEY SOFT SHOE)
 HIS OBJECT ALL SUBLIME
 I SHALL ACHIEVE IN TIME
 TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.
 THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

HE'LL MAKE EACH KILT-WEARER HURT
 UNWILLINGLY LOSE HIS SHIRT
 AND THEN HE'LL SUDDENLY LOSE HIS SKIRT

HE'LL SUDDENLY LOSE HIS SKIRT!

(INSTRUMENTAL BREAK)

KING: MY.....

ALL (GOING CRAZY IN A HOT JAZZ TEMPO):

OBJECT ALL SUBLIME
HE SHALL ACHIEVE IN TIME
TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.
THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

HE'LL MAKE EACH KILT-WEARER HURT
UNWILLINGLY LOSE HIS SHIRT
AND THEN HE'LL SUDDENLY LOSE HIS SKIRT
HE'LL SUDDENLY LOSE HIS SKIRT!

KING: PUT HIM DOWN.

MY!

ALL:

OBJECT ALL SUBLIME
HE SHALL ACHIEVE IN TIME
TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.
THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

HIS OBJECT ALL SUBLIME
HE SHALL ACHIEVE IN TIME
TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.
THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

BIG MAC: All hail Edward the Longshanks, our King!

ALL BUT BRUCE AND THE PRINCESS: All hail Edward the Longshanks, our King!

(The King is clearly pleased, but notices Bruce.)

KING: You're not hailing, Bruce.

BRUCE: I beg your pardon, sire. All hail.

KING: That's better. Now, let's go out and round up this Wallace fellow.

BIG MAC: We'd like to, my lord, but fact is, he's a new weapon and we hear 'tis terrible fearsome.

KING: Poppycock. My troops are ready to dance. I say, bring him on.

MACNCHEESE: Truth is, we hear he's changed the music, sire.

KING: The music? That's ridiculous. We've been fighting to the same music for centuries.

MAC THE KNIFE: Ay. He's countin' on the element of surprise.

KING: Well, then, you must find out what this music is.

BIG MAC: We'd like to. But we do no think he trusts us.

KING: Well, then, we'll just have to surprise him right back.

PRINCE: What a capital idea, father. But how on earth do we do that?

KING: By using our God-given superiority, you fool. Prepare to de-camp.

COURTIER: Prepare to de-camp!

COURT: Prepare to de-camp!

KING: Walk this way! (The King moves to exit, still limping.)

COURTIER: Walk this way.! (He follows the King, limping.)

COURT: Walk this way! (They all follow, limping.)

KING: And cut that out!

COURIER: Cut that out!

COURT: Cut that out!

KING: MY!!!!
 OBJECT ALL SUBLIME
 HE SHALL ACHIEVE IN TIME
 TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.
 THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

PRINCE AND ALL:
 HIS OBJECT ALL SUBLIME
 HE SHALL ACHIEVE IN TIME
 TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.

THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME
 TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.
 THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME
 TO LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.
 THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

APPLAUSE – EXIT

(Only the noblemen are left on stage.)

BRUCE: We can't let him get to Braveheart's new music. It's the only hope our people have.

BIG MAC: Don't be a fool, Bruce. Loyalty to the English King is the only way we'll survive. Walk this way! (He limps off after the King, followed by his two other Macs)

MAC THE KNIFE AND MACNCHEESE: Walk this way!

(Bruce is left alone on the stage, thoughtful and worried as ...)

LIGHTS OUT TO BLACK

SCENE 4

LIGHTS UP ON THE GLEN. THE SCOTTISH ARE DANCING A TRADITIONAL CALEIGH TO A TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH TUNE

BRAVEHEART IS WATCHING. AS THE MUSIC CONTINUES, BRUCE APPEARS AND WATCHES FROM THE SIDE. WHEN THE SONG ENDS, BRUCE APPLAUDS.

BRAVE: All hail Bruce the Loose, future King of Scotland.

SCOTS: All hail Bruce the Loose, future King of Scotland.

(Bruce smiles uncomfortably as he pulls Brave aside.)

BRAVE: Ay, does it no warm yer heart to see them dance a Calaigh, Bruce?

BRUCE: Truth be told, Wallace, it makes my blood run cold. Have ye no seen the King's troops? They are bound to dance all over ye.

BRAVE: (laughing) Ah, but freedom is no won with the legs, Bruce. 'Tis won with the soul. (to the Scots) Am I right, lads and lassies?

ALL: Ay!

BRUCE: Listen to me, Wallace, the King knows ye have some sort of secret music.

BRAVE: (sarcastic) Oh, does he now? And who would you say told him?

BRUCE: You know who told him. Our Scottish nobles.

BRAVE: Ay, those MacChickens!

BRUCE: I've come to tell ye to give up the fight--before Longshanks slaughters ye all.

BRAVE: But he kin no win, my friend. Not if you will join us.

BRUCE: I tell ye, we kin no out dance him, Braveheart.

BRAVE: And I tell ye, we kin! Grab him, lads!

(Several of the Scots grab Bruce.)

BRUCE: What are ye doin'?

BRAVE: Taking ye to where we hide our secret weapon.

BRUCE: Where's that?

THE LIGHTS GROW DIMMER, MIST INVADES THE STAGE
WOMEN OF THE CHOIR ENTER

MUSIC UNDER (Brigadoon for the musical)

SCOTS;

BRIGADOON, BRIGADOON
BLOOMING UNDER SABLE SKIES
BRIGADOON, BRIGADOON
OUR MUSIC FOREVER LIES
LET THE KING TRY TO SURROUND US
WE WILL SING A BRAND NEW TUNE ...

BRUCE: I've never seen this place before.

We hear the intro to HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE.

SINGER 1: This is where the music was born.

SINGER 2: It's a wee town on the moor.

SINGER 1: An enchanted wee town on the moor..

SINGER 2: That's why we call it Moor-town Music!

SINGER 1: (music from Heard It Through the Grapevine)
 I BET YOU'RE WOND'RIN HOW I KNEW
 BABY, BABY, BABY ABOUT YOUR PLANS TO MAKE ME BLUE
 WITH SOME ENGLISH GUY YOU KNEW BEFORE
 BETWEEN THE TWO OF US GUYS I KNOW YOU LOVE ME MORE
 IT TOOK ME BY SURPRISE I MUST SAY
 WHEN I FOUND OUT YESTERDAY

I HEARD IT THROUGH THE SCOTS PINE
 NOT MUCH LONGER WOULD YOU BE MINE
 OH, DON'T YOU KNOW, I HEARD IT THROUGH THE SCOTS PINE
 AND I'M JUST ABOUT, JUST ABOUT, JUST ABOUT TO LOSE MY MIND

SINGER 2 DOES VERSE 2, ETC.

AS THE SONG ENDS, ALL OF THE SCOTS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEAR INTO THE MIST WHICH RISES AGAIN. BY THE TIME THE MUSIC HAD ENDED, ONLY BRAVEHEART AND BRUCE REMAIN.

BRUCE: I have no seen music or dancin' like this before, Braveheart. Where does it come from?

BRAVE: There's only one place ye kin find that beat. It comes from the soul.

BRUCE: Is there more?

BRAVE: Ay! That's only the beginning. We kin dance all night. And we will. At the Battle of the Clans.

BRUCE: The Battle of the Clans?

BRAVE: Tomorrow the clans will compete to see who is the best. Will ye no' join us?

BRUCE: Ye want me there?

BRAVE: Ye are Bruce the Loose, are you no'?. You were born to dance for Scotland. Will ye no' learn the music and lead us in battle against the King?

(Again, Bruce is thoughtful. He looks torn. Then he make us his mind.)

BRUCE: I'll be there, Braveheart. I promise!.

LIGHTS OUT.

SCENE 5

MOONLIGHT RISES ON THE MOOR. BRAVEHEART WANDERS ON TO THE STAGE ALONE. HE SITS DOWN, PENSIVE.

The Princess sings as she wanders in. (Loch Lomond melody)

PRINCESS:

BY YON BONNIE BANKS AND BY YON BONNIE BRAES
WHERE THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT ON LOCH LOMOND
WHERE ME AND MY TRUE LOVE WERE EVER WONT TO BE
ON THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND

OH YOU TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW ROAD
AND I'LL BE IN SCOTLAND AFORE YE
BUT ME AND MY TRUE LOVE WILL NEVER MEET AGAIN
ON THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS Of.....

PRINCESS: Braveheart!

BRAVE: Princess! What are ye doin' wandering the moor alone?

PRINCESS: Looking for you.

BRAVE: Me?

PRINCESS: I just want to say how much I admire you. And your people.
(beat) Is it true the King killed your wife?

BRAVE: Ay.

PRINCESS: These English think they run the world. You're either for them or against them.

BRAVE: And which are you?

PRINCESS: Oh, I'm French, so everyone ignores me. Tell me, Braveheart, why do you fight so hard against Longshanks?

BRAVE: Because I have a dream, Princess.

PRINCESS: A dream?

BRAVE: Ay, I have a dream!

(We hear AULD LANG SYNE under as Scots begin to appear downstage in the shadows. They SING softly UNDER Braveheart's speech, building with him to a crescendo.)

SCOTS:

I HAVE A DREAM TO BE A SCOT
 AS WILD AS IT MAY SEEM
 MY DREAM WILL NEVER BE FORGOT
 GREAT SCOT I HAVE A DREAM
 GREAT SCOT I HAVE A DREAM, MY LAD
 GREAT SCOT I HAVE A DREAM
 AS WILD AS IT MAY SEEM, MY LAD
 GREAT SCOT I HAVE A DREAM

BRAVE: I have a dream that one day a great city will arise called Edinburgh.
 And it will have a pub on every corner and an arts festival every August.
 (He pauses as the music builds.)

And I have a dream that one day all the people of the world will be united
 against the elements in A single, universal raincoat--the Macintosh.
 (He pauses as the music builds)

And I have a dream that one day justice will finally be served when the
 greatest role ever written in English literature is played by a Scotsman named
 Sean from the clan of Connery.

PRINCESS: You mean Hamlet?

BRAVE: No, I mean James Bond!

PRINCESS: But that will never happen, Braveheart. Never!

BRAVE: Ay, but I have a dream!

LIGHTS COME UP ON SCOTS AS THEY MOVE UP STAGE AND BRAVEHEART JOINS
 THEM IN
 SINGING A FINAL VERSE.

BRAVE AND
 SCOTS:

I HAVE A DREAM TO BE A SCOT
 AS WILD AS IT MAY SEEM
 MY DREAM WILL NEVER BE FORGOT
 GREAT SCOT I HAVE A DREAM

GREAT SCOT I HAVE A DREAM, MY LAD
GREAT SCOT I HAVE A DREAM
AS WILD AS IT MAY SEEM, MY LAD
GREAT SCOT I HAVE A DREAM

CURTAIN IN

LASSIES --Melody from Loch Lomond

OH, WE'RE BONNIE LASSIES FROM SCOTLAND'S FAIR HILLS
AND TIS ONLY ONE REASON WE'VE COME
TO TELL YOU A TALE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY
AND THE BRAVE HEART WHO FOUGHT FOR OUR FREEDOM

NOW WHO'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND WHO'LL TAKE THE LOW
ROAD?
AND WHAT IS THE END OF OUR STORY?
WILL THE SCOTSMEN ALL UNITE OR IS VILLAINY ABOARD
FOR A TRAGIC TRAGIC END OR FOR GLORY?

INTERMISSION

ACT 2, Scene 1

In front of the curtain:

LASSIES --Melody from Loch Lomond

OH, WE'RE BONNIE LASSIES FROM SCOTLAND'S FAIR HILLS
AND TIS ONLY ONE REASON WE'VE COME
TO TELL YOU A TALE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY
AND THE BRAVE HEART WHO FOUGHT FOR OUR FREEDOM

NOW WHO'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND WHO'LL TAKE THE LOW
ROAD?
AND WHAT IS THE END OF OUR STORY?
WILL THE SCOTSMEN ALL UNITE OR IS VILLAINY ABOARD
FOR A TRAGIC TRAGIC END OR FOR GLORY?

LIGHTS UP ON THE GLEN WHERE BRAVEHEART WAITS WITH THE SCOTS.

SCOT 1: I thought ye said Bruce was comin'.

BRAVE: He's comin'.

SCOT 2: I do no' trust him. Or any of the Scottish nobles.

BRAVE: He's no like the rest, I tell ye. He'll fight for his country.

SCOT 3: Or for the highest bidder. I say we leave without him.

SCOT 4: Wait, I hear something.

(Bruce appears with the other three Scottish nobles.)

BRUCE: All hail Braveheart!

THREE NOBLEMEN: All hail Braveheart!

BIG MAC: We're ready, Wallace. Take us to Brigadoon.

BRAVE: (to Bruce) You told them about Brigadoon?

BRUCE: It was the only way to convince them to fight for Scotland. Trust me, Braveheart. They're on our side.

BRAVE: (he looks to each of the Macs, then to Bruce, considers, then decides, sings)

THE LIGHTS DIM AND MIST RISES AS WITH THE SONG
BRIGADOON PLAYS UNDERNEATH, CURTAIN FLIES OUT,
MUSIC CHANGES TO HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

BRUCE: There it is. That music. Do ye no hear it?

MAC THE KNIFE: See 'em move. It's frightin', I tell ye.

MACNCHEESE: I've no seen anything like it.

BRAVE: Well, sit yourself down, lads! We're just gettin' started.

THE SCOTS MOVE THE NOBLE TO THE SIDE WHERE THE SIT DOWN ALONG WITH
THE SCOTS. THE MUSIC FADES.

BRAVE: And now let's begin. I call for the MacMistress of ceremonies!

SCOTS: The MacMistress of ceremonies!

(8 LASSIES COME DOWN TO THE MICS TO SING THE ENTRANCE OF THE MC)

(Melody from Once in the Highlands from Brigadoon)

8 LASSIES:

COME YE FROM THE HILLS COME YE FROM THE MILLS
COME YE IN THE GLEN COME YE BAIRN COME YE MEN

COME YE FROM THE LOOM COME FROM PAIL AND BROOM
HERE YE MOORTOWN FANS HURRY QUICK CHANGE YOUR PLANS
COME TO THE BATTLE OF THE CLANS!

Present, in person, that 5" 10" bundle of dynamite, our Mistress of
Ceremonies ...

(From She's a Dancing Machine by the Jackson Five)

SHE'S A DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCIN MACHINE
WATCH HER GET DOWN WATCH HER GET DOWN
AS SHE DO DO DO DO DO DO HER THING

SHE'S A DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCIN MACHINE
WATCH HER GET DOWN WATCH HER GET DOWN

AS SHE DO DO DO DO DO DO HER THING

SHOO DA BOP SHOO DA BOP
SHOO DA BOP SHOO DA BOP

MC: And here we go, lads and lassies. The glen is heatin' up, there's magic in the air and it's time for the Battle of the Clans!

(The Scots cheer)

Let's kick things off with one of my favorite clans. Here they are--the MacGilicutties. Give us a little of that Moortown sound and show us your best Military maneuver.

Note to Director: *This is the section of the show where you can use as many musical numbers as you need to fill out your production, just pick music in the Motown style. Here are the songs we used in the latest production.*

Group 1: DANCIN IN THE STREET

MC: Aye, that's just the kind of fancy footwork to lead us into battle. So, who among ye kin top that? How 'bout the MacMillans? Kin ye no do better?

Group 2: MY GIRL

MC: Ye kin be sure Longshanks has never seen anything like that! Let's hear from the McWorter Clan.

Group 3: ROCKIN ROBIN

MC: Brutal. Ye are simply brutal! I tell ye, I have no seen a weapon as powerful as this Moortwon music. Let's see the MacElroys.

Group 4: FORGET YOU

MC: (Interrupting) Stop! Ye must stop! I tell ye, ye've been livin in the highlands too long, lassies. I know Moortown music, and that's no moortown music. I fear your outta Sync (note: that joke will probably change, since it's no longer an In Sync song) Get off the battle field. (The group exits.) Let's have some real fighters. The MacAllistars. Front and center!

Group 5: HEATWAVE

MC: Glorious, lassies, glorious. Bring on the next clan.

Group 6: HOT STUFF (by Britney Spears)

MC: (INTERRUPTING) Stop! This is sacrilege. Scotland gives birth to this great new Moortown music and you bring me this? I tell you, Scotland will fight with swords, not Spears! Get off the field! Make way for some real fighters. The MacBrides!

Group 7: SUPREMES MEDLEY

MC: A brilliant performance lassies. Ye would scare the bejeebers out of anyone. Well, I think it's time we see what the ladies can do. Bring on the McGarritys!

Group 8: SHOP AROUND

MC: Aye, and there's no better eye-candy than a Scottish man, is there? Who's next?

Group 9: SLOW MOTION (Nsync)

MC: (Interrutping): Stop. Have ye no done enough damage? Why must ye always Sync so low?

Group 10: MY GUY

MC: And there you have it, lads and lassies, Scotland's great battle of the clans. But which one will lead us into battle?

BRAVE: I say we let our future king decide. All hail Bruce the Loose!

SCOTS: All hail Bruce the Loose!

(Bruce steps forward, looking nervous and hesitant.)

BRUCE: I don't know about his new music, Braveheart. I am no' sure I kin dance it.

BRAVE: Are ye no' a Scotsman, lad?

BRUCE: Ay.

BRAVE: Then ye kin do it. Choose a clan and lead us into battle!

BRUCE: I choose----I choose---

(Suddenly, the King and his court appear.)

KING: He chooses me, you fools! And so do the rest of your noblemen.

BRAVE: Longshanks!

KING: That's right. I've got a little surprise of my own. Bruce the Loose is loyal to me. He led me here to arrest you and your rebels---so there won't be any battle.

BRAVE: I do no' believe it! (to Bruce) Tell me, you did no betray us!

BRUCE: To save ye. To save ye all! The King has the most powerful army in the world. Ye kin no' beat him.

BRAVE: But the music. Have ye no faith in the music?

KING: (to Bruce) I order you to arrest him.

BRUCE: (feeling awful) (to the three Macs) Arrest him!

(The three Macs grab Braveheart and begin to take him away. Suddenly, a group of Scots rushes forward and SINGS to BRUCE.)

(STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE)

SCOTS:

STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE
 BEFORE YOU BREAK OUR HEARTS
 BRUCIE BRUCIE
 WE'RE AWARE OF WHERE YOU BEEN
 EACH TIME YOU LEAVE THE GLEN
 WE WATCH YOU WALK O'ER THE BRAES
 KNOWING THAT IT'S THE KING YOU PRAISE
 BUT THIS TIME BEFORE YOU TAKE HIS SIDE
 FORSAKING ALL YOUR SCOTTISH PRIDE
 THINK IT OVER HAVEN'T WE BEEN GOOD TO YOU?
 THINK IT OVER HAVEN'T WE BEEN SWEET TO YOU?

STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE
 BEFORE YOU BREAK OUR HEARTS
 STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE
 BEFORE YOU BREAK OUT HEARTS

THINK IT OVER
 THINK IT OVER

WE'VE KNOW OF ALL
 ALL THE THINGS YOU DO
 WE EVEN KNOW THAT
 THE KING IS BRIBING YOU
 BUT IS HIS BRUTE PROTECTION
 WORTH MORE THAN OUR LOVE AND AFFECTION?

SO BEFORE YOU GO BETRAY OUR CLAN
 AND KISS UP TO THIS MAN
 THINK IT OVER HAVEN'T WE BEEN GOOD TO YOU?
 THINK IT OVER HAVEN'T WE BEEN SWEET TO YOU?

STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE
 BEFORE YOU BREAK OUR HEARTS
 STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE
 BEFORE YOU BREAK OUT HEARTS

THINK IT OVER
 THINK IT OVER

WE'VE TRIED SO HARD, HARD TO BE PATIENT
 HOPING YOU'D STOP THIS INFATUATION
 BUT EACH TIME WE ARE TOGETHER
 WE SOON FIND OUT WE ARE LOSING YOU FOREVER

STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE
 BEFORE YOU BREAK OUR HEARTS
 STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE
 BEFORE YOU BREAK OUT HEARTS
 STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE
 BEFORE YOU BREAK OUR HEARTS

BRUCIE, THINK IT OVER
 THINK IT OVER, BRUCIE,
 OOH, THINK IT OVER, BRUCIE ...

(The song ends, and there's complete silence, as Bruce says nothing. The King becomes annoyed.)

KING: (to the Macs) You heard the man, take him away.

(The Macs start to take Braveheart off, but he pulls them over to Bruce. Then he looks Bruce in the eye and spits.)

BRAVE: Traitor!

KING: I said, take him away.

The Macs pull Braveheart away and are about to disappear offstage when Bruce suddenly speaks up.)

BRUCE: Wait! (he crosses to Braveheart) I did no' mean what I said. I believe in the music, Braveheart. I believe in ye.

BRAVE: (angry) Sure, and ye've said this many times before, Bruce. How kin we know yer tellin' the truth this time?

(Bruce looks at the skeptical Braveheart and then at the skeptical Scots.)

BRUCE: Because I'm Bruce the Loose!! And Moortown is MY music!
(Bruce SINGS the I WANT YOU BACK by the Jackson 5 to Braveheart as a group of Scots join him)

BRUCE:

WHEN I HAD YOU TO MYSELF
I DIDN'T WANT YOU AROUND
YOUR FEARLESS FACE IT ALWAYS MADE YOU STAND OUT IN THE
CROWD
THEN YOU STEPPED OUT FROM THE BUNCH
ONE GLANCE WAS ALL IT TOOK
NOW ITS' MUCH TOO LATE FOR ME TO TAKE A SECOND LOOK

OH, BRAVEHEART GIVE ME ONE MORE CHANCE
TO SHOW YOU THAT I LOVE YOU
WON'T YOU PLEASE SEND ME BACK IN YOUR HEART

OH, BRAVEHEART I WAS BLIND TO LET YOU GO
BUT NOW I'VE SEEN HOW BRAVE YOU ARE
I WANT YOU BACK, YES I DO, I WANT YOU BACK
OO OO BRAVEHEART, YEAH YEAH, NAW
(to the Scots)

TRYING TO LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE
IS ONE LONG SLEEPLESS NIGHT
LET ME SHOW YOU SCOTS
THAT I KNOW WRONG FROM RIGHT

EVERY DANCE THAT YOU DANCE
I WILL BONNIE DANCE WITH YOU
TRYIN' TO PROVE MY LOVE
AND YOU KNOW SCOTLAND I'LL BE TRUE

CHORUS
ABUH BUH BUH BUH, ALL I WANT, ABUH, BUH, BUH, BUH
ALL I NEED, ABUH, BUH, BUH, BUH ...

(The song ends and all the Scots CHEER as Bruce crosses to high five with Braveheart!)

KING: Silence! I say, silence. (a hush comes over the stage) I will not be

humiliated. This is war! Englishmen, prepare to dance!

COURT: Prepare to dance!

(The English court, except for the princess, all gathers center stage. They arrange themselves for a Renaissance dance.)

(Braveheart and the Scots all turn to Bruce)

BRUCE: Scots, prepare to dance!

SCOTS: Prepare to dance!

(The Scots move behind and to either side of the English, they turn their back on the audience and slump over from the waist, hands near the ground.)

PRINCE: What are they doing, father?

KING: Nothing. They're trying to scare us, that's all. (to the English) In the name of the King, I order you to charge!

(The English begin a soft shoe to Men in Tights)

KING: Take that, you Scottish scum!

PRINCE: Yeah, take that, you Scottish scum! Why aren't they charging, father?

KING: What's wrong with you, Bruce? Are you Scots going to charge or not?

BRUCE: Are we ready, Braveheart?

BRAVEHEART: On your order, sir!

BRUCE: Ready, aim, dance!

WAR SEQUENCE: BIG DANCE COMPETITION. LOTS OF BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN BRITS AND SCOTS.

(When the number ends all the English (except the King, Prince and Princess) have joined the Scots, the King is indignant.)

KING: Traitors! All of you! How dare you call yourselves Englishmen. Come, Prince, we're leaving!

(He starts to leave, the Prince starts to follow.)

PRINCE: Come, Princess, we're leaving.

PRINCESS: Actually, I think I'll stay.

PRINCE: What are you talking about?

PRINCESS: I love this place. I love this music.

KING: Are you out of your mind? These people are barbarians.

PRINCESS: Yes, but they have incredible rhythm! I can't leave. In fact----

(AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH)

NO WIND, (NO WIND), NO RAIN (NO RAIN)
 NO WINTER'S COLD
 CAN STOP ME, SCOTLAND, OH SCOTLAND, (SCOTLAND), SCOTLAND
 (SCOTLAND)
 'CAUSE YOU'RE MY GOAL

NO WIND NO RAIN
 CAN STOP ME, SCOTLAND
 'CAUSE YOU HAVE MY SOUL

I KNOW I KNOW I MUST FOLLOW MY HEART
 WHEREVER IT LEADS
 I REMEMBER
 HOW ENGLAND FALLS SHORT OF MY DESIRES
 AND I KNOW LIFE HOLDS FOR ME ONE GUARANTEE
 THAT SCOTLAND'S FOR ME

(to the Prince)
 AND IF YOU SHOULD MISS MY LOVE
 ONE OF THESE OLD DAYS
 IF YOU SHOULD EVER MISS THE WAY
 YOU USED TO TREAT ME SO MEAN, AND THE WAY
 YOU USED TO TELL ME WHAT WAS WHAT
 JUST REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU
 THE DAY I DUMPED YOUR BUTT

AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH
 AIN'T NO VALLEY LOW ENOUGH (SAY IT AGAIN)
 AIN'T NO RIVER WILD ENOUGH
 TO KEEP ME FROM HERE.

PRINCESS: Scotland forever!

ALL BUT THE KING AND PRINCE: Scotland forever!

(The King and Prince stomp off in a huff.)

CURTAIN COMES DOWN ON THE CHEERING SCOTTISH COMMONERS.

LASSIES --Melody from Loch Lomond

OH, WE'RE BONNIE LASSIES FROM FROM SCOTLAND'S FAIR HILLS
AND TIS ONLY ONE REASON WE'VE COME
TO TELL YOU A TALE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY
AND THE BRAVEHEART WHO FOUGHT FOR OUR FREEDOM

YOU TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW ROAD
AND WE'LL BE IN SCOTLAND AFORE YE
TO JOIN WITH ALL OUR CLANSMEN DANCIN' IN THE GLEN
FOR THE BONNIE, BONNIE END OF OUR STORY

CURTAIN AND LIGHTS UP FOR MUSICAL FINALE

CAST TAKE THEIR BOWS. AFTER BRAVEHEARTS BOW, BRAVEHEART LEADS THE
CAST IN THE FINALE

(FINALE: The Beatles' Do You Love Me)

BRAVEHEART:

YOU BROKE MY HEART
'CAUSE I COULDN'T DANCE
YOU DIDN'T EVEN WANT ME AROUND
AND NOW I'M BACK, TO LET YOU KNOW
I CAN REALLY SHAKE 'EM DOWN

DO YOU LOVE ME? (I CAN REALLY MOVE)
DO YOU LOVE ME? (I'M IN THE GROOVE)
AH DO YOU LOVE? (DO YOU LOVE ME)
NOW THAT I CAN DANCE (DANCE)

WATCH ME NOW, OH (WORK, WORK)
AH, WORK IT ALL BABY (WORK, WORK)
WELL, YOU'RE DRIVIN' ME CRAZY (WORK, WORK)
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF SOUL NOW (WORK)

I CAN MASH-POTATOE (I CAN MASH-POTATOE)

AND I CAN DO THE TWIST (I CAN DO THE TWIST)
NOW TELL ME BABY (TELL ME BABY)
MMM, DO YOU LIKE IT LIKE THIS (DO YOU LIKE IT LIKE THIS)
TELL ME (TELL ME)
TELL ME

DO YOU LOVE ME? (DO YOU LOVE ME)
NOW, DO YOU LOVE ME? (DO YOU LOVE ME)
NOW, DO YOU LOVE ME? (DO YOU LOVE ME)
NOW THAT I CAN DANCE (DANCE)

WATCH ME NOW, OH (WORK, WORK)
AH, SHAKE IT UP, SHAKE IT (WORK, WORK)
AH, SHAKE 'EM, SHAKE 'EM DOWN (WORK, WORK)
AH, LITTLE BIT OF SOUL NOW (WORK)

(WORK, WORK)
AH, SHAKE IT, SHAKE IT BABY (WORK, WORK)
AH, YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY (WORK, WORK)
AH, DON'T GET LAZY (WORK)

I CAN MASH-POTATOE (I CAN MASH-POTATOE)
AND I CAN DO THE TWIST (I CAN DO THE TWIST)
WELL NOW TELL ME BABY (TELL ME BABY)
MMM, DO YOU LIKE IT LIKE THIS (DO YOU LIKE IT LIKE THIS)
TELL ME (TELL ME)
TELL ME

DO YOU LOVE ME? (DO YOU LOVE ME?)
NOW, DO YOU LOVE ME? (DO YOU LOVE ME?)
NOW, DO YOU LOVE ME? (DO YOU LOVE ME?)
(NOW, NOW, NOW)

(WORK, WORK)
AH, I'M WORKING HARD BABY (WORK, WORK)
WELL, YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY (WORK, WORK)
AND DON'T YOU GET LAZY (WORK)

(WORK, WORK)
AH, HEY HEY BABY (WORK, WORK)
WELL, YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY (WORK, WORK)
AND DON'T YOU GET LAZY (WORK)

The End.