



MICHAEL AND THE PIED PIPER

A FAMILY MUSICAL

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Music, Book & Lyrics by
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MICHAEL AND THE PIED PIPER

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CHARACTERS

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE



THE PIPER: A man of unknown age and unknown origins. He is not evil but certainly mysterious.

MICHAEL: A twelve-year-old boy whose only "fault" is that he wants to help. Not wish-washy or tragic, Michael is very much a normal boy despite his disability.

GLENNA: A kindly, good-natured woman of middle age, she is the maid in the Mayor's house.

THE MAYOR: He is Michael's father. A man full of good intentions, he doesn't seem to be able to control things until it is almost too late.

THE CABINET:

BRUNDLE: A very pompous man

DRUMKIN: A very nervous man

SLAM: A just plain stupid person

ALFRED HARPER: The friendly neighborhood baker who has a particular interest in the female population.

MRS. HUNTINGTON (ABBY): A loud, obnoxious woman who would probably like to rule the world if it were possible.

GERTRUDE: Secretly wants to be Mrs. Huntington, she has a bit more tact to her personality than Mrs. H.

MARTHA: A prim and proper young woman of Hamelin society.

PENELOPE: Mrs. Huntington's one-person S.W.A.T. team, who is probably harmless, but no one wants to find out.

GWEN: A young woman, Gertrude's daughter, who is only the world's s best follower, not capable of much more.

THE KIDS:

TOM: Fun loving but simple-minded.

WILLIE: The smart kid on the block.

PETE: Younger than his friends, a practical joker.

MARY: The crybaby.

KALEN: The girls' leader.

SUSAN: A miniature adult, very ladylike

AND VARIOUS ASSORTED MEMBERS OF THE TOWN OF HAMELIN:

Shopkeepers

Mothers and their children

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PRODUCTION NOTE

MICHAEL AND THE PIED PIPER was originally produced on a set composed of immovable platforms, with decorations to suggest the locale. For example: A door unit and large table with an ornate chair for the Mayor's house; a window unit for Michael's room; attachable standards and street signs for Scene III — and so forth.

The different locations were suggested with lighting. For the sequence entitled **THE RAT "BALLET,"** the stage was stripped of everything but the platforms and, at the climactic moment in the music when the Piper enters, strip lights on the very edge of the stage were brought up, casting huge shadows on the cyc.. It gave the impression that the people running about were, in actuality, the rats and the shadows were the people.

SCENES & SONGS

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PROLOGUE	"Michael"	...The Piper & Company
SCENE I	THE MAYOR'S HOUSE "Rats" "The Obvious Solution"	...Mayor & Cabinet ...The Piper
SCENE II	MICHAEL'S ROOM "All Alone"	...Michael
SCENE III	A STREET IN HAMELIN "Ladies of Hamelin"	...Ladies Committee and Na-Na Chorus
SCENE IV	THE TOWN SQUARE "Call To Arms"	...Michael and The Kids
SCENE V	THE RAT "BALLET"	
SCENE VI	THE TOWN SQUARE "Evil Deals With Evil"	...The Piper & Company
SCENE VII	THE POINT OF NO RETURN "All Alone" (Reprise) "Michael" (Reprise)	...Michael ...Piper

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**ALL ACTION TAKES PLACE IN A SINGLE DAY IN THE 1370s
IN THE TOWN OF HAMELIN.**

MICHAEL AND THE PIED PIPER

PROLOGUE

AS THE HOUSELIGHTS FADE OUT, A SHAFT OF WHITE LIGHT APPEARS CENTER STAGE, BACKLIGHTING THE CAPED FIGURE OF THE PIED PIPER. HE SLOWLY RAISES HIS RECORDER AND BEGINS TO PLAY A WISTFUL REFRAIN. THEN, HE SLOWLY LOWERS THE PIPE AS THE FRONT LIGHTS COME UP ON ANOTHER AREA TO REVEAL MICHAEL: A DISABLED BOY SITTING SULLENLY ON A ROCK. HE RESTS HIS HEAD ON HIS WOODEN CRUTCH AS THE PIPER SINGS TO HIM, THOUGH MICHAEL DOESN'T REACT TO THE PIPER AT ALL...

SONG: "MICHAEL"

PIPER: Michael, my friend,
What do you dream?
Do you fly on silver wings?
Do you climb the highest things?

Michael, my friend,
you're more than you seem;
For deep within, you're heart is strong,

MEN: Lead us on, Michael, lead us on.

WOMEN: Michael, lead us on...

CHILDREN: Walk for us when we are weak.

ADULTS: Talk for us when we can't speak.

ALL: Help us not to waste away,
All the things you dream today.

PIPER: Michael, my friend,
It's good that you dream;
For when our world is weak and wrong,

ALL: Your dreams can help to make us strong.
Dream along.
Michael, dream along.
Michael, dream along.

BLACKOUT

SCENE I

THE LIGHTS COME UP TO REVEAL THE LIVING ROOM OF THE MAYOR OF HAMELIN. THERE IS AN ENTRANCE WAY UP CENTER LEFT AND A LARGE WOODEN TABLE AND CHAIR CENTER RIGHT. A KINDLY, MIDDLE-AGED MAID IS BUSY DUSTING AND TIDYING UP AS MICHAEL, SITTING ON THE FLOOR CENTER, PUTS TOGETHER A WOODEN TOY SOLDIER. HIS CRUTCH RESTS AGAINST ONE OF THE CHAIRS NEARBY.

MICHAEL: (PONDERING FOR A MOMENT) Glenna?

GLENNA: (PREOCCUPIED) Hmmm?

MICHAEL: What do you think I should be when I grow up?

GLENNA: (STOPS AND THINKS) A porcupine. (GIGGLES)

MICHAEL: (LAUGHS) I'm serious. What do you think?

GLENNA: (AS SHE DUSTS) Well, Michael...I'm no authority on planning a profession. I think you should be whatever you want.

MICHAEL: You're no help.

GLENNA: Well ...you could become the Mayor, like your father.

MICHAEL: No, thank you. Too many worries (THINKS) I'd like to be a soldier. (EXCITED) Maybe even a Captain of the Royal Guards! (GLENNA LOOKS SYMPATHETICALLY AT HIM AND THE CRUTCH) ...I hate that look.

GLENNA: Now, Michael, you know...

MICHAEL: Yes, I know. I have to "remember my condition." You're starting to sound like father.

GLENNA: (GROSSING TO HIM) Oh, don't be angry at him, Michael. He has many problems too big for us to understand. He needs our help.

MICHAEL: (THINKS) Maybe you're right, Glenna.

JUST THEN THE MAYOR ENTERS, IN A WORRIED FRENZY.

MAYOR: (MUMBLING) Why do they blame me for everything?!? (LOUDLY) Glenna?

GLENNA: (CURTSIES) Yes, sir?

MAYOR: Where did I put my notes from the last cabinet meeting? I can't find them anywhere.

GLENNA: You put them where you always do, in the library closet. (SHE EXITS) I'll find them.

MAYOR: (BEFUDDLED) Hmmm, that's silly. I never put the cabinet in the closet. How strange. Very strange. I never do that. Do I?

MICHAEL: Good morning, father. (HOLDING UP THE SOLDIER) Look what I made.

MAYOR: (PREOCCUPIED) Hmmm? Oh, yes, nice...very nice. (STARTS TO PACE).

MICHAEL: (GETTING UP WITH HIS CRUTCH) I made it myself.

MAYOR: Yes--yes. Don't bother me now, Michael, I have too much on my mind.

MICHAEL: (SLIGHTLY HURT) Sorry, sir.

MAYOR: (AT MICHAEL, BUT ACTUALLY AT HIMSELF) Why me? Why is it always me? The people are up in arms, they say I should have had the problem solved by now; they expect me to do everything! And that Mrs. Huntington...(SHUDDERS) She's been trying to get a hold of me all day--she and her Ladies Cleanliness Committee, whatever that is. I can't take much more of this; I'm only human, you know. They have got to give me time to think...these matters take time. (NOTICES MICHAEL, LISTENING INTENTLY) Oh, why am I talking to you about all this? You're only a child.

MICHAEL: But maybe I could help, father.

MAYOR: Sure, sure... (SARCASTICALLY) Maybe you can. Do you know any magic tricks to get rid of rats?

MICHAEL: Rats?

MAYOR: (SNAPS) Yes, rats! R-A-T-S, rats!

MICHAEL: (CROSSING TO HIM) I don't understand, sir. Why do we want to get rid of the rats?

MAYOR: Why? Don't you realize that the rats have all but taken over the village? Why, they fight the dogs and kill the cats, and bite the babies in the cradles. They eat the cheeses out of the vats, and lick the soup from the cook's own ladles. Why just today, a pack of them chased me up the stairs to the Town Hall. The insolence of those creatures.

MICHAEL: Well, sir...maybe no one told them that you are the Mayor. (LAUGHS UNEASILY)

MAYOR: (TAKES, NOT AMUSED) Michael...if you had half a brain you could see that this is no laughing matter.

MICHAEL: I'm sorry, sir...I didn't mean anything.

MAYOR: (PACING AGAIN) Oh, I must be at my wit's end...Rodents are devouring my city, the people expect me to wish them away with some sort of miracle, my executive cabinet will be here in five minutes and they expect me to have all the answers. And Mrs. Huntington is pestering me again and here I am making jokes with a helpless twelve-year-old boy... (CATCHING WHAT HE SAID) Oh...uh, sorry Michael, I didn't mean to...

GLENNA ENTERS CARRYING THE MAYOR'S BOOK OF NOTES.

GLENNA: Here they are, sir; right where you put them.

MAYOR: Yes, yes, thank you, Glenna.

THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

MAYOR: Ah, that's probably them now.

GLENNA: Who, sir?

MAYOR: My trusty cabinet: Drumkin, Brundle and Slam...(HE GLANCES THROUGH HIS NOTES, MUMBLING) Three of the lamest brains in Hamelin. (GLANCES UP TO GLENNA) Well, don't just stand there, show them in!

GLENNA: (TURNS) Yessir.

SHE CROSSES UP STAGE TOWARD THE DOORWAY.

MAYOR: By the way...(SHE HALTS AND TURNS) Did you deliver that message I gave you for Mrs. Huntington?

GLENNA: Yessir.

MAYOR: Good. That's one less headache. (SHE TURNS) Oh, and fetch us some ale. Maybe that will help calm them...and me, too.

GLENNA: Yessir.

MICHAEL: (TO GLENNA AS THE MAYOR STARTS TO PACE AGAIN) Glenna... you show them in and I'll get the ale.

GLENNA: Thank you, Michael.

MICHAEL EXITS AND GLENNA CROSSES UPSTAGE TO THE DOORWAY AND RETURNS, ESCORTING THE CABINET: WHO SEEM TO BE ALL TALKING AT ONCE. GLENNA EXITS AFTER HAVING DONE HER DUTY.

MAYOR: Gentlemen! (THEY CALM DOWN) We will never get anywhere like this. We must remain calm. (THERE IS A PAUSE OF SILENCE AND THEN THEY START TO BICKER ONCE MORE) Silence! Now...one at a time...Brundle, you first.

BRUNDLE: (POMPOUS) Mr. Mayor, sir... The people of Hamelin are revolting!

MAYOR: That's a bit strong, don't you think?

BRUNDLE: I mean, they are disgusted. Desperate. Rats are everywhere: in the shops, in the stores. No one is safe anymore. My own wife says that she is going to leave town if we don't find some way of getting rid of them.

MAYOR: Well, the way I see it--

DRUMKIN: (NERVOUS) We have to act now, sir, with no delay. People are being run out of their own homes by these villainous pests. I'm afraid that if something isn't done very soon, the whole community will be down our necks!

MAYOR: Yes. I know that very well, Drumkin, but you see...

SLAM: (A LITTLE MAN) That's it!! That's what will happen! An uprising, a panic, the city will be destroyed and us with it!

DRUMKIN: You're right, Slam!!

THE ENTIRE CABINET BREAKS OUT INTO A COMMOTION, FOLLOWING THE MAYOR AROUND THE ROOM. DURING THE LAST PART OF THIS, MICHAEL

ENTERS WITH THE ALE AND THE CROWD BUMPS INTO HIM, SENDING THE TRAY AND THE ALE CRASHING TO THE FLOOR

MAYOR: Look out, clumsy!

MICHAEL: (LOOKING DOWN AT THE MESS, THEN UP TO HIS FATHER) I was only trying to help.

MAYOR: When are you going to realize that you're not able to help?

MICHAEL: But I want to try. Here, I'll clean it up!

MAYOR: Michael, no!

MICHAEL: But--

MAYOR: That's enough! Go to your room. (THERE IS SILENCE) You heard me, young man.

MICHAEL: Yes, sir.

MICHAEL TURNS AND STARTS TO EXIT.

BRUNDLE: : Poor lad.

MICHAEL STOPS AS HE HEARS THIS, THEN TAKES A BREATH AND EXITS.

MAYOR: (TURNS TO THE CABINET) He has got to learn that his condition prevents him from doing all that he would like.

DRUMKIN: Still...I know how he must feel. I feel sorry for him.

MAYOR: Save your sorrow, we have problems of our own.

SLAM: Yes, Let's get back to business!

BRUNDLE: We must come up with a solution, some sort of plan.

DRUMKIN: (INFURIATED) But before we can decide on a solution, we must outline the extent of the problem!

MAYOR: Outline!?!

DRUMKIN: (SETTING HIS JAW) Yes.

MAYOR: Extent?

DRUMKIN: Of course.

MAYOR: Well. Mr. Drumkin, I don't want to sound too simple...but the full extent of our problem can be summed up into one word...Rats!

SLAM: Rats?

MAYOR: Rats. (*MUSIC CUE*) R

DRUMKIN: A

BRUNDLE: T

SLAM: S

ALL: Rats!!!

SONG: "RATS"

MAYOR: Rats! We have rats!
We have rats, rats, rats!

BRUNDLE: And there's nothing we can do.

DRUMKIN: To make these ugly rodents shoo.

SLAM: They're in the stores and in the houses!

MAYOR: Boy do I hate little mice!

ALL: We hate rats!!!

ALL: Rats, we have rats!
We have rats, rats, rats!

MAYOR: You see them everywhere

CABINET: They give the ladies quite a scare.

MAYOR: I'd like to take these little mice,
and blow them all to pieces;

ALL: We hate rats!

DRUMKIN: It really is embarrassing
to take this constant harassing.

SLAM: From little, whining, whiskered creatures--

MAYOR: Who don't have any redeeming features;

ALL: And turn brave men to screaming screechers!

DRUMKIN: (SPOKEN) Eeek! A rat!

HE POINTS, THEY ALL JUMP UP ON THE TABLE AND CHAIRS.

ALL: WE HATE RATS!

MAYOR: Rats, we have rats!

ALL: We have rats, rats, rats!
That troupe of twitching teasers,
Those snittering little cheesers;
We hate rats!

MAYOR: I decree that it is strictly forbidden
to be so rodent-ridden; it's against the law!

CABINET: (SARCASTIC) He decrees, give that man a cigar.
We'll slam their whiskers behind bars,
What a laugh--Ha! Ha!

MAYOR: (SPOKEN, AS IF LEADING A SONG) All right, all together now...

ALL: Rats! We have rats!
We have rats! Rats! Rats!

DRUMKIN: Beady eyes and a tail this long,

SLAM: Running through the streets in throngs!

BRUNDLE: What did we do that was so wrong?

ALL: Won't someone hear our plaintive song!?!

ALL: We hate

MAYOR: R.....

DRUMKIN: A.....

BRUNDLE: T.....

SLAM: S.....

ALL: RATS!!

MAYOR: Well, Gentlemen... now that we have spelled out the problem...

SLAM: R-A-T-S.

THE OTHERS STARE AT SLAM FOR A MOMENT.

MAYOR: ...We should get on with finding the solution. Namely, how to get rid of them!

THEY ALL NOD AND GRUNT THEIR AGREEMENT AND BEGIN PACING ABOUT IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.

DRUMKIN: (SUDDENLY STOPPING) Poison!

BRUNDLE: Too dangerous. (THEY ALL NOD, BEGIN TO PACE AGAIN)

MAYOR: (STOPS) Traps!

DRUMKIN: Too slow. (THEY NOD, BEGIN TO PACE)

SLAM: (STOPS) Hanging!!!

THEY ALL STARE AT SLAM, WHO ISN'T QUITE SURE WHY NO ONE IS TAKING HIS SUGGESTION SERIOUSLY. JUST THEN THERE ARE THREE SLOW KNOCKS AT THE DOOR. THEY ALL LOOK AT EACH OTHER

MAYOR: Hmmm...who could that be?

SLAM: (SERIOUSLY) I don't know.

THEN FROM OUTSIDE THE DOOR COMES THE WISTFUL REFRAIN OF THE PIED PIPER. THE CABINET SLOWLY GROUPS INTO A HUDDLE AND GLENNA ENTERS. SHE CROSSES TO THE DOORWAY UPSTAGE, AND SLOWLY OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL THE HOODED FIGURE OF THE PIPER, IN SILHOUETTE.

GLENNA: May I help you...sir?

PIPER: I have business with the Mayor of Hamelin.

GLENNA: Come in, please.

THE PIPER ENTERS. HE SEEMS TO GIVE OFF A POWER OF HIS OWN, BECAUSE GLENNA CAUTIOUSLY STEPS BACK AWAY FROM HIM AS HE SLOWLY CROSSES THE THRESHOLD. GLENNA RETREATS A LITTLE FURTHER AND TURNS TO THE MAYOR. THE PIPER STANDS JUST INSIDE THE DOORWAY. WAITING.

GLENNA: (UNCERTAIN) A gentleman to see you, sir.

MAYOR: Who is it?

GLENNA: He didn't say.

MAYOR: Well, uh...(CLEARS HIS THROAT) Tell him to go away, I'm much too busy at present. (TURNS AROUND)

UNEASILY SHE TURNS AND STARTS TOWARD THE PIPER.

PIPER: I have come as you requested, Lord Mayor.

MAYOR: (TURNS) Are you talking to me?

PIPER: Yes, I am. The matter dealt with mice, I believe.

MAYOR: You mean rats. (HE TAKES, THEN CROSSES TO THE PIPER AS THE CABINET CLUSTERS BEHIND HIM) Who are you, sir? I don't remember sending for anyone.

PIPER: (PULLS BACK THE HOOD) Are you quite certain? (STARES AT THE MAYOR, VERY INTENTLY)

MAYOR: (ALMOST TRANCE-LIKE) Uh...now that you mention it...I believe I did send for you.

PIPER: I thought you'd remember. (SUDDENLY FASTER AND BRIGHTER) And now, kind sirs...if I may be so bold as to inform you that...your troubles are at an end.

BRUNDLE: They are?

PIPER: Perhaps I should say, soon they will be at an end.

SLAM: Hooray!

DRUMKIN: That's wonderful! (TO THE MAYOR) Why didn't you tell us?

BRUNDLE & SLAM: Yes? Why? (etc.)

MAYOR: (STUCK) Uh--well... I--

PIPER: The Lord Mayor wanted it to be a surprise.

MAYOR: (QUICKLY) That's right.

BRUNDLE: Well, you certainly surprised us, Mr. Mayor! Right, boys?

THEY ALL AGREE.

MAYOR: (TO HIMSELF) Me, too.

SLAM: (TO THE PIPER) But how are you going to do it?

(THE OTHERS ECHO WITH "YES!" "HOW?")

PIPER: I shall use the same method I have always employed.

BRUNDLE: You mean you've done this sort of thing before?

PIPER: May times, gentlemen, many times. In every corner of the world: from the white deserts of Egypt and the steaming swamplands of the tropics to the icy wastelands at the very top of the earth.

DRUMKIN: I never realized those areas had problems with rats.

PIPER: Oh, the problems are not always the same, Mr. Drumkin... (DRUMKIN FROWNS FOR A MOMENT, WONDERING HOW THE PIPER KNEW HIS NAME) At least, they don't appear to be. Evil and corruption often times take the shape of many different plagues.

MAYOR: Evil and corruption, I don't understand.

PIPER: (PAUSES) I didn't think you would.

BRUNDLE: But that still doesn't answer the question. How are you going to do it?

PIPER: The answer kind sirs, is very simple. In fact, it is so simple even a child could have thought of it.

HE LEADS THE CABINET ON, MAKING THEM FOLLOW HIM ABOUT THE TABLE.

DRUMKIN: Well...tell us.

BRUNDLE: Yes. What is it?

PIPER: I appreciate your eagerness, gentlemen...but...

SLAM: Oh, please do tell us. We must know...

MAYOR: Yes, let us in on it.

PIPER: (MYSTERIOUSLY) Well...you must understand that I have never told anyone. It is a secret as guarded as the magic of the mind, or the mystery of dreams.

MAYOR: (QUIETLY) We won't tell a soul. Will we, boys?

THEY ALL SHAKE THEIR HEADS IN UNISON.

PIPER: (THINKS FOR A MOMENT) I must have your solemn oaths. (LOOKS AROUND FOR ANYONE LISTENING IN) And then I shall reveal it. Do you swear?

MAYOR: We promise! (THEY ALL CROSS THEIR HEARTS)

PIPER: (SMILES) Shhh...

HE MYSTERIOUSLY GUIDES THEM INTO THE SONG.

SONG: "THE OBVIOUS SOLUTION"

PIPER: The obvious solution
 is found engraved in ancient runes;
 All kinds of plagues and pestilence
 responded to a Piper's simple tune.

 The song is long forgotten
 and no one seems to hold the key;
 Or I should say no one holds the secret--
 except for me.

MAYOR: He holds the key!

DRUMKIN: He hold the key!

BRUNDLE: He holds the key!

SLAM: But it looks like a flute to me.

PIPER: The problem you've created
 is not unusual to me;
 The rats are merely outward signs
 of decadence, corruption, hate and greed.

 You search for a solution
 When you don't really know what's wrong;
 But I have the feeling you will learn it
 After you have heard the Piper's song!

CABINET: We're getting rid of the rats
 and that's the long and short of it!

PIPER: You may not see the vermin
 but I'm certain that they're only a part of it.

MAYOR: (SPOKEN) Just dispose of the rats and don't worry about anything else.

CABINET: (SPOKEN) Yes...right...I agree

PIPER: (SPOKEN) As you say sirs...

The obvious solution
is a simple song within;
A melody of madness that has turned
into a symphony of sin.

HE CLAPS HIS HANDS TOGETHER AND THE MAYOR AND CABINET SUDDENLY
FREEZE ON THE SPOT.

And you will pay the Piper
if not in gold, then something more;
Oh I wonder if you really understand
what this solution has in store...

SNAPS HIS FINGERS AND THE CABINET COMES OUT OF IT, COMPLETELY
UNAWARE OF WHAT JUST HAPPENED.

The obvious solution!

<End of excerpt>