

Scene 1: The Farmhouse (Evening)

Soft sounds of farm life in the distance. The clucking of chickens, the rustling of leaves, and the faint lowing of cows set the stage. Inside the cozy farmhouse, we hear the voices of a family: the farmer, his wife, and their daughter, Anne.

Narrator: Once upon a time, when folk were not as wise as they are nowadays, there lived a farmer and his wife, who had one daughter. Her name was Anne, and she loved to dance in the fields. She had a best friend named Tristan, who loved to fish in the nearby river, but always made it back in time for supper.

We hear a faint knock at the door.

Narrator: Every evening, Tristan would stroll over to the farmhouse and join them for supper. As usual, Anne went down to the cellar to draw cider for the meal.

We hear Anne's footsteps on the creaky wooden steps, her humming a cheerful tune. The sound of a tap turning and the gentle flow of cider fills the air.

Anne:(Humming) "La-di-da-da..."
...turn the tap, let it flow...

Suddenly, the sound of a sharp gasp. The cider continues to run as Anne notices something on the ceiling.

Anne:(Gasping) Oh dear! That mallet... It's stuck up there in the ceiling! What if—oh no, what if Tristan came down here one day, and suppose he brought his mum, and she brought her husband—what if it fell on his poor old head? Oh, how dreadful that would be!

We hear the sound of Anne putting down her candle, the thud of her sitting on a cask, and then—soft sobbing, which grows louder.

Narrator: Now would be a good time to tell you that Anne comes from a long line of silly people. Here's another one now.

Mother:(Calling out) Anne! What's taking you so long? Supper's ready!

Silence. Then, after a beat, the mother speaks to herself.

Mother:I'd better go see what's happened.

We hear her footsteps down the cellar stairs. The sobbing grows louder as she approaches.

The mother arrives in the cellar. The sobbing is clearer now, and the sound of cider still flowing fills the background.

Mother:(Surprised) Oh dear me, A! Why on earth are you crying?

Anne:(Sobbing) Oh mother, it's that horrid mallet! Imagine if it wasn't me that came down to draw the cider—what if Tristan came down, and he brought his mum, and she brought her husband, and the mallet fell on his poor old head? Oh, how dreadful that would be!

Mother:(Gasping) Dear heart, you're right! How dreadful it would be!

The mother, overcome by the thought, sits next to her daughter and joins in the sobbing.

We hear them crying together.

Narrator: Upstairs, the father grows impatient. Although he's a very good farmer, Mr Roberts is rather silly. In fact here is a silly fact about him.

Father: I wear my finest crocs when I go out to work in the fields. But I've been told at night I sleep walk and I get very mixed up. I feed the chickens my crocs and I plant my chicken's food!

Narrator: But going back to the story now...

Father: What's going on down there? First Anne, now her mother. What could be taking them so long?

He makes his way down to the cellar. The sobbing and the running cider continue.

Father:(Curiously) Crickey! Whatever is the matter? My socks in my Crocs are getting covered in that cider.

Mother:(Sobbing) Look at that horrid mallet up there, father! Imagine if it wasn't Anne who came down here to draw the cider—what if it was Tristan, and he brought his mum, and she brought her husband, and the mallet fell on his poor old head! Oh, how dreadful that would be!

Father:(Deeply concerned) Oh no! Dreadful indeed!

He sits down with them, joining the sobbing chorus. The cellar is now filled with the sounds of their collective wailing and the cider flooding the floor.

Upstairs, the door creaks open, and Tristan walks in. There's an eerie silence in the house.

Tristan:(Calling out) Hello? Anne? Mr. and Mrs. Roberts? Where is everyone?

He walks over to the cellar door and descends the steps. The sound of cider splashing underfoot greets him.

Tristan:

(Surprised) What on earth—?

He sees the family sitting together, crying their hearts out, the floor awash with cider.

Tristan: (Frustrated) What are you doing, sitting there crying like babies and letting the cider flood the place?

We hear the tap being turned off.

Anne, Mother, and Father:

(In unison, through sobs) It's that horrid mallet! Imagine if you came down to draw the cider, and you brought your mum, and she brought her husband, and the mallet fell on his poor old head! Oh, how dreadful that would be!

Tristan pauses, processing what he's heard. Then suddenly, he bursts into laughter, the sound echoing in the cellar. His laughter grows uncontrollable until he can hardly catch his breath.

Tristan: (Laughing) I've traveled far and fast, but never have I met with three such sillies as you three!

He wipes away a tear of laughter and reaches up to pull the mallet from the ceiling beam.

Tristan: (Putting the mallet on the floor) There! Safe and sound. Now, I can't be best friends with the three biggest sillies in the world. So, I'll be on my way. If I find three bigger sillies than you, then—and only then—I'll come back.

Scene 2: The Bustling Inn

Sounds of a busy inn: clinking glasses, laughter, and light chatter fill the air.

Narrator: (Cheerful) One late night, a weary traveler, Tristan, arrives at a cozy little inn. It's packed, so he's paired up with another guest in a small room.

Footsteps approach, followed by the sound of a door creaking open.

Tristan: (Yawning) Guess we're roommates for the night! My name's Tristan—nice to meet ya!

The sound of beds creaking and rustling fabric as they settle in.

Narrator: The two hit it off, sharing stories until sleep takes them.

Soft snoring sounds fade into morning noises: birds chirping, light footsteps.

Scene 3: Breakfast and Strange Habits

Morning sounds fill the room. The characters stir awake.

Narrator: But the next morning, as they're getting ready, Billy—the other guest—does something peculiar.

Billy: (Enthusiastic) Morning, Tristan! I took it upon myself to make you some breakfast since we're best pals and all.

Tristan looks around, confused.

Tristan: (Surprised) Oh, that's awfully kind of you!
(Looking around) Hmm, um, where is this breakfast?

Billy: Oh dear, I just had it in my hands... Hmm, where did I put it? Y'know, it's one of the best things I've made, and once I open my bakery, people will walk for miles to eat it... I just gotta find it first.

Billy takes off his hat, scratching his head. Tristan glances upward.

Tristan: (Laughing) Oh, I think it's on your head!

Billy: (Excited) Oh, of course it is!

We hear the sound of Billy carefully removing a plate from his head and handing it over.

Billy: (With flair) TADAAAA!

Tristan: (Cautious) Umm... what is it?

Billy: It's a banana sandwich, of course, silly!

The narrator describes the scene humorously.

Narrator: It is, in fact, a banana sandwich. In a hotdog bun sits a perfectly un-peeled banana, resembling a rather strange hot dog.

Tristan: (Hesitant) Oh, um... I suddenly don't feel too hungry, thanks. Wait—what are you doing?

Sound of fabric rustling.

Billy: (Cheerful) just hangin' my pants on this doorknob!

Tristan: (Curious) Uh, why?

Billy: (Confidently) Time to jump into my trousers!

We hear footsteps and a comical running start.

The sound of a thud, followed by a muffled "oops!"

Narrator: Billy takes a running leap toward his pants... but he misses! Again and again, he tries, growing hotter and more flustered each time.

Tristan: (Laughing) You look ridiculous!

Billy: (Panting) Easy for you to laugh! These things are impossible!

After several failed attempts, we hear Billy stopping to catch his breath.

Billy: (Exhausted) Seriously, how do you do it?

Narrator: (Amused) Tristan, still chuckling, shows him a few tricks. Billy is amazed.

Tristan: (Grateful) I never thought of that! You've saved my morning!

Narrator: (To himself) Another silly one!

But Tristan rides on, hoping to find more.

The sound of galloping hooves fades into the distance.

Scene 4: The Field of the Chapel

We hear the sounds of a quiet afternoon: birds calling, a gentle breeze, and the soft bleating of sheep in the distance.

Narrator: Tristan is wandering through the field when he spots a curious figure. A woman in an oversized sunhat is moving slowly, almost theatrically, around the field, peering intently through a magnifying glass in one hand and a pair of binoculars in the other, alternating between the two.

Tristan: (calling out, a bit amused) Oh, hello there! Didn't mean to sneak up on you.

Nelly: (startled, nearly dropping her magnifying glass) Goodness! I wasn't expecting... Oh, wait just a second!

She glances hurriedly at her watch, her face falling slightly.

Nelly: (tutting to herself) Five past twelve. just my luck! Five minutes too late.

Tristan: (puzzled) Sorry, what was that?

Nelly: (sighs dramatically) If only you'd arrived at twelve on the dot, we'd be headed straight to the chapel by now—to get married, of course.

Tristan: (taken aback) Er... sorry, did you say... married?

Nelly: Oh, absolutely! It's all very simple. You see, I was born at the 12th hour, on the 12th day, of the 12th month. It's destiny, really. So naturally, my one true love is meant to show up here, twelve steps from my house, at exactly 12 noon. (pointedly) Which is five minutes ago.

Tristan: (scratching his head, trying to follow her logic) I... think I follow. But what's with the magnifying glass and the binoculars?

Nelly: (matter-of-factly) Why, I'm looking for love, of course.

Tristan: (laughing) With a magnifying glass and binoculars?

Nelly: (shrugging) Love can be awfully hard to spot sometimes. You never know where it's hiding. (she pauses, then switches topics abruptly) By the way, these boots are dreadful.

She starts to shuffle forward, clearly struggling in her enormous wellington boots.

Tristan: Those boots do look a bit... roomy.

Nelly: (huffing) Well, they're a size 12. Only fitting, don't you think?

She takes a few awkward steps, teetering slightly.

Tristan: (grinning) At this point, I'm half-expecting you to tell me your cats are all named after the twelve months or something.

Nelly: (gasps, delighted) Oh, that's a splendid idea! I do have twelve of them. All waiting back at the house right now for their midday meal.

She suddenly starts walking away, wobbling as she goes.

Tristan: Wait! Where are you off to?

Nelly: (calling back) There's no point in staying up here now, is there? The moment's passed. But I'll be back again tomorrow at twelve sharp.

(musing) I suppose fate works in mysterious ways, doesn't it?

She begins humming "The Twelve Days of Christmas" as she totters away down the hill, her boots clunking heavily with each step.

Narrator: And so Nelly wanders off, singing merrily to herself, her quest for love postponed for another day.

Tristan: (sighing, watching her go) Well, that's two sillies so far. At this rate, I'll have met half the village by sundown. Wonder who else I'll come across...

Scene 5: The Village at Night

Nighttime noises fill the air—crickets chirping, soft wind blowing, and the occasional owl hooting.

Narrator: Until one bright night, under the shining moon, Tristan stumbles upon a village.

The sound of a crowd in the distance: shouts and commotion, people raking and splashing water.

Tristan: (Curiously) What's going on here?

The sounds of rakes scraping water and villagers murmuring.

Villager 1: (Panicked) The moon's fallen into the pond!

Villager 2: (scared) Oh no! What are we to do the moon is meant to hang in the sky how'd it even get in the pond

Villager 3: (Thinking) Well obviously something has cut the string that keeps the moon hung in the sky

Villager 2: (Understanding) Of course! We'll re hang the moon but first we must get it out of the pond. Right everyone.

Narrator: (Amused) A crowd of villagers are frantically raking and sweeping the water.

Tristan: (Laughing) You're kidding, right? Look up!

The sound of rakes continuing, despite his protests.

Villager 3: (Defensive) Don't be a fool! We've got to get her out!

Narrator:

But they refuse to believe him, insisting on their task.

Tristan:

(Trying to reason) It's just a reflection!

The crowd becomes more hostile.

Villager 1: (Threatening) Oh watch your tongue young man or we'll toss you in next!

Narrator:

(Playfully) Tristan hops back on his horse, chuckling as he rides away, leaving them to their futile quest.

The sound of galloping hooves fades into the night.

Narrator: And so Tristan returns to Anne, and Mr and Mrs Roberts, he tells them tales of all the sillies he met on his travels.

Tristan: It was very funny, you know maybe there's nothing wrong with a little bit of silly after all.

The End