

## The Get Lost Show 2018

- VO: Once upon a time, in a barn, at a surprisingly good value and action packed Maze attraction.....ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls welcome to the Corniest show you are likely to encounter and please welcome Maizie and Willy Getlost!
- Maizie: Hello everybody and welcome to the new improved York Maze!
- Willy: Ooh, ooh, what's new?
- Maizie: Well, we now have dinosaurs roaming the land!
- Willy: They're not new, they're really really old!
- Maizie: Ooh, ooh and there's this new show! Allow me to introduce myself, my name is Maizie Getlost and this is my son Willy.
- Willy: Mam, I wish you didn't call me Willy.
- Maizie: Why love? Oh what, because it sounds a bit like Willy?
- Willy: It sounds exactly like Willy, Mam! But no it's because of our surname. Willy Getlost. It makes it sound like "Will he get lost"....
- Maizie: Thanks for spelling that one out.
- Willy: ...and I'm worried people will make fun of me.
- Maizie: Dressed like that, I don't think it matters what you're called love. Anyway I like your name. I'll always treasure my little Willy.
- Willy: I knew there was something different about you Mam!
- Maizie: We have been placed here in this barn by Farmer Tom to complete a very important mission.
- Willy: What's that then?
- Maizie: We have been tasked with perfecting the finest popcorn recipe known to man or beast.

Willy: Oh right. I thought Farmer Tom said we'd been banished to this barn to keep us away from the visiting public for safety reasons.

Maizie: What? No! We're the very brainchild of the York Maze empire! I'm the brain, he's the child! Banished?! Honestly lad, whatever gave you that impression?

Willy: The fact that Farmer Tom said "if I have to set eyes on you one more time I'm gonna feed you to them crows!".

Maizie: Oh, he was only joking. You see York Maze used to have a big problem with pesky crows pecking at the maize plants. For years we have battled with those pesky peckers. But these days, thanks to us, we have the crows under control and so visitors can enjoy the Maze free from the threat of crows and their low-flying corn droppings. Shall we tell these lovely people the secret?

Willy: What, the one about you wearing the same underpants for two weeks in a row?

Maizie: What?

Willy: *(to audience)* It's true; she wears them for one week and then turns them inside out to get another week's wear out of them.

Maizie: No not that secret Willy Getlost! *(to audience)* If only he would! I meant the secret behind how we scared those crows away. You see we simply had to sing the "Get Lost Song". Let's sing it for them Willy.

Willy: Oh no, I can't sing!

Maizie: *(pointing to audience member)* Well neither can she but it's not going to stop her, is it dear? Here we go;

*The audience learn and sing along with a pre-recorded "Get Lost Song", with instrument solos for children to perform*

*The Crows were eating up our corn  
Poor Farmer Tom was so forlorn  
Without the crop he held so dear  
We'd all be thrown out on our ear  
There's only one thing that we need  
To stop the maize from going to seed*

*Sort out those crows we have no choice  
By scaring them off with your voice!*

*Chorus  
Say Get Lost  
To the Pesky Crows  
Get Lost  
Leave our Maize alone  
Get Lost  
You are our pesky foes so  
Get loooooooooooooost*

*Get Lost  
It's a catchy song  
Get Lost  
You'll sing all day long  
Get Lost  
It goes on and on yeah  
Get Looooooooooooost*

Maizie: Ah that's quite enough of that. That song was so successful at irritating the crows...

Willy: ...along with everybody else...

Maizie ....that they were scared away, never to return again.

Maizie: Right then Willy, time to make our finest popcorn.

*An owl flies in/appears somehow with a letter in it's beak*

Willy: Hang on a minute, what's that? Ahh, one of the owls has escaped from the scare-crow centre again.

Maizie: No it's brought a letter. Ooh, how very Larry Trotter!

Willy: Yes, it seems he's interested in your head wig! What does it say, what does it say?

Maizie: I don't know I haven't opened it yet. Let's see....

(reads) Today is your unlucky day  
take heed of what I'm going to say  
Your finest corn has now been cursed  
Now mine's the best and yours' the worst

For I'm the *Green and Jolly*  
Purveyor of sweet corn...

Willy: By golly!

Maizie: (reading) This country isn't big enough  
for two types of this golden stuff  
therefore I've sprayed your meagre crop  
so those that eat it will not stop  
inflating till they're twice the size  
and floating off into the skies

It's time for me to go go go  
I'll sign off with a ho ho ho...

Willy: (singing) ..."*Green Giant*", you'll never get away with this.

Maizie: Oh I'm sure it's nothing these fine award-winning *York Maze* staff can't  
cope with. In fact, it's probably just a load of hot air! Don't worry Willy,  
there's nothing to worry about. Don't worry Willy....

*A door swings open, smacking Willy in the face. A goat starts bleating.*

Maizie: Oh it's Vicky the goat. Everybody say hello to Vicky!

Willy: What's wrong Vicky?

*Goat continues bleating*

Maizie: Really? No, you're kidding!

Willy: What's she saying. I can't decipher her bleating.

Maizie: It's alright Vicky. She says that she has seen visitors eating the corn and  
inflating to twice their normal size. (*Vicky continues bleating*) Ooh, this  
has really got my goat! Go on Vicky love, Say bye to Vicky everyone.  
(*closes door*)

Willy: So there really is a curse on the corn!

Maizie: I'm sure it's nothing we can't handle. Don't worry Willy, you're safe here.  
Don't worry Willy...

*Another door opens, hitting Willy in the face. This time there's a cow mooing away.*

Maizie: Calm down Lisa, you daft cow! I can't understand a word you're saying.

Willy: It's alright I can understand the moos - it's like moosic to my ears!

Maizie: What's she saying then?

Willy: She's saying "raspberries".

Maizie: Raspberries? In a maize field?

Willy: She says you can hear them everywhere.

Maizie: Hear them? That's ridiculous, you can't hear a rasp...

*Willy blows a long raspberry in Maizie's face by way of explanation*

Maizie: Thank you for that.

Willy: But this is good news. It shows that, if people are inflating, then they are able to trump it out.

Maizie: Wash your mouth out Willy! If you must refer to a windypop in any other way then you could at least say the f word....

Willy: The f word?

Maizie: Yes, "Fart". But don't ever say that other word in front of me! No, I can't ever envisage a time when "Trump" will be tolerated!

Willy: But Mam, if people start floating away this could be a massive global problem.

Maizie: You can't get a bigger global problem than Trump! Listen don't worry Willy, as long as we're in this barn no harm can come to us. Don't worry Willy...

Willy: Uh-oh (*Willy knows what's coming. Another door swings open into his face*)

*A chicken appears, silent at first*

Maizie: What's wrong Tracy love? Come on, out with it, don't be such a chicken!

Chicken: Well, it's like this.....

Willy: Oh, I didn't expect her to talk!

Maizie: Yes well, she's a special breed. They don't go cheep! Carry on Tracy.

Chicken: You know how upsetting it is when a child let's go of a helium balloon and it floats off into the sky?

Maizie: Yes.

Chicken: Well that's happening, only with their parents whenever they let go of their hands.

Maizie: This is dreadful. Thanks Tracy.

Willy: What are we going to do Mam?

Maizie: I suggest we stay here and make our popcorn. Don't worry Willy, while we're in this barn nothing can hurt us. Don't worry Willy....

Willy: I'm ready this time.

*Willy covers face ready for a door swinging open. However a lower door opens and hits him in the groin. A pig appears with "some pig" written in a cobweb in the corner.*

Maizie: Oh hello Jason love. What's all the grunting for?

Willy: What's he saying Mam?

Maizie: He says how is he meant to win the pig racing every time with the distraction of people floating away mid race.

Willy: Does he win every time.

Maizie: He certainly does love.

Willy: What colour is he?

Maizie: Ah that would be telling love, that would be telling.

Willy: So what are we going to do Mam?

Maizie: Probably just spray him a different colour for each race..

Willy: No, about the curse on the corn.

Maizie: Oh that. We need to get to the willy of it bottom, I mean the bottom of it Willy. We will just have to tell people not to eat the corn.

Willy: And watch out for that *Green Giant*.

Maizie: Oh nonsense. There's no such thing as a *Green Giant* is there boys and girls.

*A Green Giant has appeared behind them*

Oh no there isn't...etc

Willy: Oh yes there is Mam, it's behind you.

Maizie: Seriously, we have to do the "it's behind you" routine as well? You're in danger of turning this into a panto love!!

Willy: No, Mam, look!

*They look around and see the Green Giant and run off screaming. Jeremy Cawbyn (a giant crow) takes off his giant costume to introduce himself.*

Jeremy: Well that was easy! If it proves that straightforward to get rid of these meddling Mazefolk then then this will be a walk in the park. But wait a second. There appear to be more of you than I thought. And what an ugly lot you are! Allow me to introduce myself. I am not, as you may have thought, a *Green Giant*. Obviously, as *Giants* don't exist! My name is Jeremy. Jeremy Cawbyn, and I am here to claim this land on behalf of the crows once and for all. Yes, (*sings*) "I, Jeremy Caw-by!" am the mastermind behind this new *Crow* attack on *York Maze*. No longer will you be able to chuckle at my expense (*he stands on something that whacks him in the face or falls through a piece of set?*). Don't you laugh at me. I'll have you know I have the backing of the RSPB - The Rights of Sweetcorn Pooping Birds - and I plan to rule the *Maze* on behalf of the crows. Yes, despite what you may hear in the media I, Jeremy Cawbyn, am a natural born leader! You might even like *Cawbyn's Maze* - I can

almost guarantee that May's Maze would be no better! E, U wouldn't like that! (That's probably as many tenuous political jokes as a family show can get away with, or I may have to Brexit stage left!)

So what is my devious plan? Well, I'm glad you almost asked. You see I have made the corn at York Maze inedible by spraying it with this special magical formula for inflating everybody with hot air. I need to look after this; it costs a fortune, but that's inflation for you! The problem I have is that not enough people are eating the corn. I therefore need to contaminate some corn that will most certainly be eaten and I understand that two pathetic humans are producing popcorn in this very barn. All I need to do is to find ...er....this salt cellar, and sprinkle the formula into it. Once they pour this salt onto their popcorn people will turn into giant bags of wind. It will quite literally be corn that makes you go pop! And so my evil plan gets under way....and you thought I was just winging it! Oh but wait, those halfwits are returning. Time for me to hide.

*Jeremy hides in a cupboard? Enter Maizie and Willy*

Maizie: How did you get on Willy love?

Willy: Well we definitely seem to have more inflatables out there than the bouncy pillow and the cobstacle course. But I think I managed to stop them all from floating away. What happened to you Mam?

Maizie: I went to check whether the animals had been eating the corn. I had to nurse a particularly swollen calf. I didn't know what to do.

Willy: Usually I'd just give it a stretch.

Maizie: No you daft apeth, I mean Daisy the cow. She was floating away as I reached her. It gave a whole new meaning to the phrase "milk float"! I could have done with your help.

Willy: Oh no, I can't go in the cowshed. You said yourself it's always too cold in there.

Maizie: No Willy lad, I said "Fresian"! Anyway, at least the visitors have finally got the message not to eat the corn. We should be alright for now.

Willy: Ooh goody, can we make some popcorn now then Mam?

Maizie: I suppose we can. Now then there are two types of classic popcorn; salted or sugared. Which shall we make boys and girls? Popcorn with salt or popcorn with sugar?

*Hopefully they will shout sugar!*

Maizie: Right then, sugar it is. Willy love, fetch the salt cellar will you?

Willy: But Mam, didn't you say we were going to make sugared popcorn.

Maizie: That's right love.

Willy: Then why do you want the salt?

Maizie: I don't, I want the sugar. Now fetch the salt cellar will you love.

Willy: But...Mam....I don't understand.

Maizie: It's quite simple love. You see I don't want anybody stealing my secret recipes so I always incorrectly mark my ingredients. So you see the sugar is kept in the salt cellar.

Willy: Oh right. So where is the salt kept?

Maizie: Oh well you see the sugar shaker with the sea salt is safely sealed in the cellar.

Willy: So the sugar is in the salt cellar and the sea salt is in a sugar shaker safely sealed in the cellar?

Maizie: Something like that! I tell you what, why don't you get some sea salt from the cellar and the sugar from the salt cellar then we can make a batch of each?

Willy: If you say so Mam.

Maizie: But first we need some cooking oil and some corn.

Willy: I'll get the oil.

Maizie: And I've got the corn here.

*Willy opens the cupboard door and doesn't notice Jeremy hiding there. Jeremy hides as Willy gets distracted*

Maizie: And Willy?

Willy: Yes Mam?

Maizie: Be quick about it.

Willy: Yes Mam.

*He sees Jeremy's hand holding out the oil and takes it*

Willy: Got it.

Maizie: That was fast! Bring it over here then.

Willy: Ooh be careful Mam, there's a leak in this oil.

Maizie: Ooh so there is, let's just remove that (*takes out a leek*). That should have sorted it.

Willy: (*examining the bottle*) No it's still leaking Mam look.

Maizie: Where? (*Maizie looks under the bottle, Willy pours it over her head*) No that's just because you hadn't put the lid back on! Oh look you've made me spill some corn! Now come on, pour it in the pans. Good, now fetch the sugar shaker from the cellar.

Willy: OK mam. Ooh ow.

Maizie: What's wrong?

Willy: I've got a corn under my foot

Maizie: Well we'll give it a file down later. Oh and Willy.

*Willy opens the door down to the cellar and doesn't notice Jeremy hiding there. Jeremy hides as Willy gets distracted*

Willy: Yes Mam?

Maizie: Be quick about it.

Willy: Yes Mam.

*He sees Jeremy's hand holding out the sugar shaker and takes it*

Willy: Got it.

Maizie: That was fast! Bring it over here then. So, carefully put the salt in this pan.

Willy: Righto Mam. Salt in the pan. *(He accidentally pours it over Maizie)*

Maizie: Do you mind?

Willy: Sorry Mam, the oil has made my hands all slippy.

Maizie: Just put some in my hand. There we go. And always remember, for superstition, you need to throw the remaining salt over your left shoulder.

*Maizie tries to throw some salt at Willy but Willy has bent down so she misses.*

Maizie: Did I get you?

Willy: Sorry I was just picking up some corn. I heard you though; throw the remaining salt over your left shoulder.

*Willy does this and gets Maizie again*

Maizie: I've been assaulted! Now go and get the sugar from over there.

Willy: OK Mam.

*Willy opens the cupboard door and doesn't notice Jeremy hiding there. Jeremy hides as Willy gets distracted*

Maizie: And Willy?

Willy: Yes Mam?

Maizie: Be quick about it.

Willy: Yes Mam.

*He sees Jeremy's hand holding out the salt cellar and takes it*

Willy: Got it.

Maizie: That was fast! Bring it over here then. We'll need all of that sugar so just unscrew the bottom.

Willy: Ok, woah (*loses balance on the corn pours the sugar over Maizie*). Oh, sugar!

Maizie: Well that hit the sweet spot. What are you playing at?

Willy: Sorry, I slipped on that corn. It's like marbles!

Maizie: Nevermind, pour the rest into this pan.

Willy: And that's all our ingredients.

Maizie: Nearly, I'll just add the final magic ingredient.

Willy: What's that?

Maizie: Magic of course. And hey presto there we have our finished popcorn.

*Magic trick - empty pans, lids on, lift to reveal popcorn*

Maizie: Now who would like to try some popcorn.

*Jeremy comes out from hiding*

Jeremy: Very impressive. And yet also tragic.

Willy: Who are you?

Jeremy: I am the worst kind of crow...

Maizie: The worst kind of actor as well by the look of it.

Jeremy: Your happy care free days at York Maze are over. Soon enough you will be floating off into the night sky....

Willy: But it isn't night time!

Jeremy: ....with no knowing where you may finally come back down to Earth. Yes, enjoy your popcorn mazelings as it is likely to be your last supper!

Willy: Ooh Mam this doesn't sound good. Perhaps we shouldn't eat the popcorn after all.

Maizie: Nonsense, there's no way he can have tampered with the popcorn....or has he?

Jeremy: I'll tell you what, I'll challenge you to a popcorn eating competition. The contestant that finishes their popcorn first will win a prize - a hot air balloon ride, of sorts.

Willy: You're on!

Jeremy: No I'm Jeremy, please don't call me Ron.

Maizie: I think we are going to need a couple of helpers for our team, let's have you and you. So then which popcorn shall we eat in this race.

Jeremy: Well I shall be eating the sugared popcorn. And so confident am I that I can beat you I shall have a cinema sized punnet whereas you may all share the salted popcorn.

Maizie: Very well.

Jeremy: (*aside*) Little do they know I put the formula in the salt cellar and so when they consume the contents of that they will be doomed!

Maizie: Sorry?

Jeremy: Nothing. Just a little dramatic aside to check that they were still following it!

Maizie: Very well, here are your popcorns.

Willy: Now who will be the first to finish their punnets? Three Two One GO!

Maizie: We have a winner! Corngratulations! You were miles off Jeremy!

Jeremy: Aha! That is as maybe, but we'll soon see who the real losers are. You see I have just tricked you into eating the cursed corn! Any minute now you will all inflate and start floating away.

Willy: What? How?

Jeremy: While you were running scared from the Green Giant I placed my magical formula into that salt cellar so that anybody who ate salted corn would fall victim to the curse.

Willy: But that's not salt

Jeremy: And now I will take over as the king of York M...what?

Willy: That was the sugar.

Jeremy: Eh?

Maizie: Willy's right love. I'm afraid you've just eaten the cursed corn.

Jeremy: But, but, how can that be? It must be wrong, I haven't inflated yet have I!

*Jeremy's costume begins to inflate*

Jeremy: Woah, what's happening to me? I've been undone by my own brilliance!

Willy: So Mam, are we just going to stand here and watch him float away?

Maizie: Sadly I don't think we've got the production budget for that Willy love.

Jeremy: Please, I need you to help me deflate before it's too late.

Willy: *(picking up a pitchfork)* Well that depends, do you promise to leave York Maze and never come back?

Jeremy: Of course, anything. Please Willy, jab me with that Willy.

Maizie: Oh please, it's a family show! Take cover everyone!

*Willy jabs Jeremy with the pitchfork. A huge fart sound and Jeremy whizzes across the stage, vowing revenge next time.*

Maizie: There she blows!

Willy: We did it Mam! We've saved York Maze from the pesky crows once again!

Maizie: We did son. And before we let these lovely people go, do you know what I think we should do to celebrate.

Willy: What's that Mam?

Maizie: We should have one final rendition of the song! Take it away.

*Get Lost Song*

Maizie: Thanks for watching this rubbish and enjoy the rest of you day at York Maze. Bye for now!

Richard Kay 2018