

# THE WOLF BOYS

A new pop musical for kids  
Freely adapted from the Roman legend of  
Romulus and Remus

Book Music and lyrics by Phil Willmott

Score by Annemarie Lewis Thomas

Based on songs by Phil Willmott

Princess Rhea (F)  
Female prisoners (F)

The Tyrant Amulius  
Advisors

Pecker - A Woodpecker

Wolf Cubs:  
Little Fang  
Little Moon (F)  
Little Drizzle  
Little Gully  
Little Pebble  
Little Wasp

Grey Tongue - their mother (F)

The Wolf council  
The Wolf leader (M)

The cubs/boys grow older:

Young Fang  
Young Moon (M)  
Young Drizzle  
Young Gully  
Young Pebble  
Young Wasp  
Young Romulus (M)  
Young Remus (M)

Hunters

The Rebel Army

Unless indicated by a (M) or (F) in the list above most of the characters can easily be played by male or female actors. In a couple of instances you will

need to change the "he" to "she'" etc in the dialogue to make this happen.  
Pecker is probably male - but not necessarily!

### A Word About Wolves

We will be asking the audience to relate to the animal characters as if they had human emotions so there should be very little difference between the way they look, move and sound and the way the humans do. So, no embarrassing walking on all fours, big furry costumes or talking in growls! Rather choose a simple devise such as wolf coloured war paint or a half mask, perhaps slightly extended into a nose or ears, to indicate when an actor is playing an animal, leaving the face as exposed as possible to express emotion.

### The Text

Some of the lines have been allocated to the characters listed above but many have not been assigned and are just pre fixed by a generic "A Wolf" or "An Advisor" etc. In these instances the ensemble actors should invent their own characters to inhabit the scene through games and improvisations. Each should be given a name and a history and the director can then assign each line to the most appropriate character created.

A SIMPLE SETTING WITH DIFFERENT LEVELS ENCIRCLING A CENTRAL ACTING AREA. SUROUNDED BY A CYCLORAMA WHICH CAN CHANGE COLOUR AND BE FULL OF CLOUDS, SNOW OR STARS AS REQUIRED.

### Scene One

FRIGHTENED YOUNG WOMEN PRISONERS HUDDLE IN A DARK DUNGEON.

A PRISONER: How long will they keep us prisoner?

RHEA: I don't know. We must hope someone will rescue us.

A PRISONER: All the doors are barred.

A PRISONER: I want to go home

RHEA: I know you do.

A PRISONER: The soldiers were so cruel to us.

RHEA: They have to be like that. If they let themselves be kind, even for a moment, then they wouldn't be able to do their job.

A PRISONER: But our fathers are very important men, you're a royal princess.

RHEA: Not any more.

A PRISONER: How can you bare to think of that monster, your uncle, sitting on your father's throne?

RHEA: I can't. But for the time being this dungeon must be our palace.

A PRISONER: Why? Why has the new king locked us up?

RHEA: Whilst my uncle has us at his mercy our fathers won't challenge him. They know if they try to restore my father to his throne we'll all instantly be...

A PRISONER: Be what?

A PRISONER: What will they do to us?

RHEA: Lets not think about that. We all have to concentrate on surviving so that when the time comes for our rescue we'll be ready.

A LONE WOLF HOWLS

A PRISONER: Listen, A wolf!

A PRISONER: Even if we could escape, we'd be eaten alive

RHEA: No, no that's not what I understand by the wolf's cry. We're not alone in our despair, there are others outside our prison that also feel lost and alone too.

OTHER WOLVES HOWL

Did you hear that? The rest of her family is calling to her across the mountainside. She hasn't been forgotten and neither have we.

SHE SINGS:

Someone is with you.

RHEA: The world is changing and  
And our enemies have grown  
And the trials before us  
Are the worst we've ever known  
But the story of our people's always shown  
When all seems lost  
We're not alone

Don't be afraid of the dark  
Someone is with you.  
Somewhere, somebody is on your side.

Somehow though everything's cold and lonely now  
You'll win some how  
No need to hide.  
Stand tall and proud in your darkest moment  
The dawn is only an hour away  
While you've got hope in your heart  
You can't go wrong  
We're growing stronger every day

Don't look so gloomy  
We can beat this if we try  
You're tired and hopeless  
And it's easy to see why  
But don't you hang your head  
Like that and sigh.  
Stick out your chin  
Rise up and cry -

ALL:  
We're not afraid the dark  
Someone is with us.  
Somewhere, somebody is on our side  
And although everything's cold and lonely now  
We'll win some how  
We'll never hide  
We're standing tall in our darkest moment.  
Our dawn is only an hour away  
We carry hope in our heart  
We can't go wrong  
We're growing stronger every day

BLACKOUT.

## Scene Two

AS THE YOUNG WOMEN EXIT THE NEUROTIC TYRANT AMULIUS APPEARS ON A TOP LEVEL.

HIS ADVISORS SIT ON THE LEVELS AROUND HIM.

KING AMULIUS: I have called you all here, the wisest in my kingdom, because I have been troubled by a dream. For months.

HE SINGS:

### 2. Here I am

People said I'd never steal the throne  
And rule my brother's kingdom  
But I have and here I am.

That was seven years ago  
They said I wouldn't last  
But oh, I have. And here I am.  
They doubted me, I made them weep  
I kill my foes, their lives are cheap  
And so I sit, top of the heap  
But I'm too scared to sleep.

Last night, just as every night before it  
All my dreams were full of wolves  
Their teeth, their breath, their claws, their cry.  
They sense me, hunt me  
Tear my flesh and chew my bones  
Their blood red moon hangs in the sky  
Just tell me why?  
I must know why.  
What does this mean?

THE ADVISORS:  
Do they ask questions of you?  
Do they give signs unto you?  
Or speak of warning to you?  
Or ancient truths?

AMULIUS:  
They're wolves you fool!  
They only drool!

You're the wise ones of my kingdom  
I invited you as friends  
I let you choose - and here you are.  
Or did my minion's mention  
They would slice your head in two  
Should you refuse? - Well, here you are.  
So what d'you think?  
Can you explain?  
My dream of wolves  
Drives me insane  
You've passed exams, you've got a brain.

ADVISORS:  
Run it by us again?

AMULIUS:  
Last night, just as every night before it  
All my dreams were full of wolves  
Their teeth, their breath, their claws, their cry.  
They sense me, hunt me  
Tear my flesh and chew my bones  
Their blood red moon hangs in the sky

Just tell me why?  
I must know why.  
What does it mean?

ADVISORS NERVOUSLY VENTURE OPINIONS

AN ADVISOR: Your majesty, do you recall when we counselled against your destroying the woodpecker's nest in the tree outside your bedchamber?

KING AMULIUS: Another infuriating creature determined to prevent me from sleeping. You must help me drive the wolves from my nightmares as surely as I put a stop to that bird's infuriating knocking.

AN ADVISOR: You will recall your majesty that some of us were anxious because the woodpecker is a creature sacred to the god of Mars.

KING AMULIUS: Superstitious nonsense.

AN ADVISOR: The Wolf is *also* a creature sacred to Mars.

KING AMULIUS: Are you proposing that there's a connection between my nightmares and that little spot of ornithological pest control?

AN ADVISOR: Those who still worship the god Mars -

KING AMULIUS: The followers of my exiled Brother you mean? - Watch it Sonny, if you want to get out of here alive.

AN ADVISOR: I am of course entirely loyal to your majesty however those week minded peasants who still hope for deliverance from your -

KING AMULIUS: Be careful!

AN ADVISOR: (CORRECTING) - who for some inexplicable reason want your Brother returned to power are making extraordinary claims.

KING AMULIUS: What claims?

AN ADVISOR: They say, your majesty, that the god Mars has fallen in love with a mortal woman from your kingdom and comes to woo her disguised as a human.

KING AMULIUS: How completely ridiculous. Who are they saying the so-called god's visiting?

AN ADVISOR: The former Princess Rhea your majesty.

KING AMULIUS: But I have her held hostage in the dungeons along with the daughters of all my enemies.

AN ADVISOR: The people say she has grown into a great beauty with much wisdom.

KING AMULIUS: I don't care if she's grown into a bag of figs. I have constantly reviewed her security arrangements myself. If, as you say, Mars is wandering round disguised as some love struck shepherd boy there is no way he could break into the dungeon. This whole thing is ridiculous. If your best explanation for my wolf nightmares is this fairy story then I suggest we warm up the torture equipment. Let's see whether a few strategically placed red-hot poker can improve your diagnostic abilities.

A GUARD RUSHES IN.

GUARD: Your Majesty!

KING AMULIUS: How dare you burst in here? Can't you see I'm busy bullying people?

GUARD: But the Captain of the guard thought you'd want to know about this right away.

KING AMULIUS: What is it? Has chef finally come up with a honey cake that won't give me indigestion?

GUARD: No, no... well I don't know majesty but... it concerns the princess Rhea.

KING AMULIUS: *Former* Princess Rhea. What is the matter with you people? So, speak up. Have you also come to tell me what a looker she's turned into? Why don't we see what pulling her teeth out one by one will do to her beauty regime.

GUARD: I'm sorry to report that security at the dungeon has been breached.

KING AMULIUS: I hope you're not about to tell me that a gaggle of school girls have managed to outwit the palace guard and escape. Running a mock, spreading ridiculous notions about deposing me and re-instating their parent's to power.

GUARD: None of the women have escaped your majesty.

KING AMULIUS: Well I'm glad to hear it - for your sake.

GUARD: But it would seem however that....

KING AMULIUS: What!

GUARD: It would seem that someone has been getting in.

KING AMULIUS: Why would anyone break into a dungeon idiot? It's always the other way around. It's traditional.

GUARD: Your majesty. It is my duty to tell you that at dawn this morning her majesty the *former* princess Rhea gave birth to twin boys. I have brought the infants for your inspection.

HE USHERS IN A FRIGHTENED SERVANT WITH A COVERED BASKET.

EVERYONE GATHERS ROUND. THE COVERING IS TAKEN OFF AND EVERYONE LOOKS AT THE SLEEPING BABIES.

AN ADVISOR: That birthmark on their heads.

KING AMULIUS: (WITH DISTASTE) I know! But it won't notice once the hair grows.

AN ADVISOR: It is the mark of the god Mars

KING AMULIUS: It's not. It's just a splodge. See, if you half close your eyes it's shaped like a frog. Look, that could be it's head and that could be... why are we even talking about this. Have the brats run through with a sword at once.

AN ADVISOR: Mars would bring a terrible vengeance on anyone who harmed his infant sons.

KING AMULIUS: Listen idiot. This has got nothing to do with the god Mars. Their father is almost certainly one of the guards. Kill them I say.

GUARD: No soldier alive would risk angering the god of war.

KING AMULIUS: Very well give me the sword I'll do it. On second thoughts I suppose there's no harm in being careful. Nail them into a wooden box and throw them into the Tiber. Let the river kill them. Satisfied?

BLACK OUT ON THEM

### Scene 3

IN CONTRAST THE FORMALITY OF THAT DARK, MISERABLE GATHERING IS REPLCED BY SIX WOLF CUBS (PRE-TEENAGE) FANG, GULLY, WASP, PEBBLE, DRIZZLE, AND MOON (WHO'S THE SMALLEST).

THEY ASSEMBLE ON A SUN LIT RIVER BANK FAR AWAY FROM HUMANS TO PLAY AND LEARN.

THEY SING -

#### The Famous Wolf Cubs

ALL 6:  
We're the famous wolf cubs  
The future of our pack  
We've only little teeth yet  
But we're learning too attack  
Though as hunters we're quite timid  
We will grow much braver soon.  
The mighty -

(AND THEY INDIVIDUALLY SHOUT OUT THEIR NAMES)

Drizzle,  
Fang,  
& Gully,  
Pebble,  
Wasp  
And Moon!

ALL 6:  
The mighty -

INDIVIDUALLY: Drizzle, Fang & Gully, Pebble, Wasp and Moon!

PECKER, A WOODPECKER ARRIVES. THEIR TEACHER. HE'S COOL, RELAXED, A LITTLE VAIN, HE LIKES HIS JOB AND THE CUBS AMUSE HIM.

PECKER: Wolf cubs, fall in! Is everyone present and correct?

WASP: Please Mr Pecker, Drizzle left his brain back at the cave.

DRIZZLE: Well, at least I've got a brain, Wasp, not just a big mouth.

PECKER: Now cubs settle down.

GULLEY: Oh no it's going to be one of those really boring lessons isn't it?

MOON: I hope it'll be History again. I like hearing the stories about the ancestors.

PEBBLE: I was thinking though - about the story of when the mighty grey wolf stole the dog star. How did he carry it home? It would be really hot.

FANG: Don't ask such stupid questions, Pebble.

WASP: I think he's got a point.

GULLEY: I don't think Mr Pecker knows.

FANG: Lets make the woodpecker tell us or we kill him.

PECKER: (NOT WORRIED) Now, now Fang if you killed me then you wouldn't have a teacher would you?

WASP: Is that supposed to be a de-terrapiin?

PECKER: Wasp, I think the word you're looking for is deterrent.

DRIZZLE: What's a (MISPRONOUNCING) deterr-aphant?

GULLEY: You are.

PECKER: Quiet!

PEBBLE: I don't see why we have to be taught by a woodpecker anyway. It's embarrassing.

PECKER: It's no such thing. Woodpeckers like Wolves are sacred creatures of the god Mars. besides you know your mother saved my life and I promised her I'd teach you the laws of nature. They'll help you to survive. It's a dog eat dog world.

MOON: But we're wolf cubs.

PEBBLE: I've never eaten dog. Is it nice?

DRIZZLE: I'm hungry.

FANG: Drizzle! You're always hungry!

DRIZZLE: But is it nearly mealtime?

GULLEY: When are we going to learn foraging - for morning snacks?

PEBBLE: I like the sound of that.

MOON: Let's hear another legend first.

WASP: Boring.

PECKER: Today's lesson will indeed be about food.

ALL: Horary!

DRIZZLE: Oh! I feel sick now.

PECKER SINGS -

The Lesson

Listen to the lesson and you'll never,  
Need to feel that way

CUBS: Doo Wap Wap!

PECKER:  
Pick your dinner carefully  
And live to eat another day.

CUBS: Doo Wap Wap!

PECKER:  
Your eyes are bigger than your belly  
Listen up for goodness sake  
Learn my little song  
And you can all avoid a tummy ache.

If it's meat you can eat it  
But then only if it's red.  
If it's green turn your nose up  
And find something else instead.  
If it oinks you can munch it  
Gives a bleat, a moo or cluck,  
But if you hear it hissing  
Turn and run, you're out of luck!  
Fish taste very pleasant,  
But avoid it should it croak.  
Squeaking things are yucky  
Chicken bones can make you choke.  
But the most important lesson  
You should heed it 'cause it's true  
Is never try to eat something  
With bigger teeth than you!

Don't forget my lesson  
Or you'll all come to a sticky end

CUBS: Do Wap Wap!

PECKER:  
Only eat what's good for you  
Just listen to your feathered friend.

CUBS: Do Wap Wap!

Gastroenteritis  
Isn't funny, you can take my word  
So let me hear you sing it back  
I wanna check how well you heard.

PECKER: If it's meat?  
THE WOLF CUBS: You can eat it  
PECKER: But then only if it's red.  
If it's green?  
THE WOLF CUBS: Turn your nose up  
Go find something else instead.  
RECKER: If it oinks?  
THE WOLF CUBS: You can munch it  
Gives a bleat, a moo or cluck,  
PECKER: But if you hear it hissing?  
THE WOLF CUBS: Turn and run,  
You're out of luck!  
PECKER: Fish taste?  
THE WOLF CUBS: Very pleasant,  
PECKER: But avoid it -  
THE WOLF CUBS: Should it croak  
PECKER: Squeaking things?  
THE WOLF CUBS: Are yucky  
PECKER: Chicken bones?  
THE WOLF CUBS: Can make you choke.  
PECKER: But the most important lesson  
You should heed it 'cause it's true  
Is -  
THE WOLF CUBS: never try to eat something  
With bigger teeth than you!

PECKER: Sing it! Sing it! Sing it! Sing it! Sing my children

EVERYONE:  
If it's meat you can eat it  
But then only if it's red  
If it's green turn your nose up  
And find something else instead.  
If it oinks you can munch it  
Gives a bleat, a moo or cluck,  
But if you hear it hissing  
Turn and run, you're out of luck!  
Fish taste very pleasant,  
But avoid it should it croak.  
Squeaking things are yucky  
Chicken bones can make you choke.  
But the most important lesson  
You should heed it 'cause it's true  
Is never try to eat something  
With bigger teeth than you!

MOON: Pecker, learning things with you is fun.

PECKER: Why thank you Moonlight.

WASP: Creep

GULLEY: Hey Mr. Pecker, come quickly there's something washed up on the riverbank.

FANG: What colour is it. Can we eat it?

PEBBLE: I've never seen anything like it.

PECKER: Bring it over here.

GULLEY: Is it a shell?

PECKER: Not quite. It's a wooden box. I remember such things from when I used to nest by the castle.

MOON: What's the castle?

PECKER: Oh you don't need to worry yourself. You're safe here on the mountainside.

GULLEY: What are those markings on it?

PECKER: Well I remember that too. See the picture of the crossed pointy sticks? That means don't go near or you're in big trouble.

PEBBLE: Shall we throw it back in the river?

DRIZZLE: I can hear a noise coming from inside.

WASP: What shall we do?

FANG: We could open it and see if it's something to eat.

PECKER: Well, we're far from the castle. I don't see it can do any harm. Lets take a look. This is where woodpeckers come in really handy.

HE LOWERS HIS BEAK TO THE BOX AND DRILLS THE WOODEN LID WITH IT. THE BOX IS OPENED. EVERYONE LOOKS INSIDE.

FANG: Umm baby rabbits yummy.

PECKER: No, no, Fang. Those aren't baby rabbits. They're baby humans.

PEBBLE: What's a human?

PECKER: Well usually a human is big, big trouble.

MOON: But they're so sweet.

GULLEY: That one is looking at me.

FANG: Why are they creasing up their faces like that?

THE BABY START TO CRY.

CUBS: AGHHHH!

THE WOLF CUBS MOVE AWAY IN TERROR.

GULLEY: Why are they making that noise?

WASP: They're trying to tell us something.

PECKER: Well, maybe they've been trapped in that box for a long time? How would you feel?

THE CUBS: HUNGRY!

PECKER: Exactly. We have to find them something to eat.

PEBBLE: What do they like? They're so tiny. We could kill them a mouse.

PECKER: I think they need their mother's milk.

WASP: We could take them to our mother.

GULLEY: Would they like Wolf Milk?

FANG: They're boring. Lets throw them back in the river and go and play.

WASP: I want to play with them.

PECKER: You must be careful with humans, Wasp. They're not as straight forward as Wolves.

PEBBLE: What shall we do with them?

PECKER: They look harmless enough. Lets carry them to your mother but tonight she should present them to your father at the meeting of the great wolf council. Throw the shell back in the river. We'll find them somewhere soft and warm to sleep from now on.

#### Scene 4

THE STAGE DARKENS. A MOON APPEARS IN A SKY STREAKED WITH RED.

WOLVES PROCESS ON TO THE STAGE FROM EVERY ENTRANCE AROUND THE THEATRE.

THEY SING THEIR ANTHEM.

Children of the Night.

We are the children  
We are the Children of the night.  
We are invincible, extraordinary  
Fearless in the fight  
We are cunning, wise and noble  
Undefeated and unbowed  
Hear our cry across the twilight  
We are wolves and we are proud  
Hear our cry across the twilight  
We are wolves and we are proud.

The pack is our salvation  
Our leader guides us well  
Through summer's heat  
And winter's cruellest weather  
For if we work as one then  
There's nothing we can't do  
Each brother and each sister  
Stand to together.

Share and share alike  
The strong protect the weak  
The silent, secret  
Honour of our clan  
Search a little longer  
Run that extra mile  
Give your fellow creature  
All the help you can.

We are the children  
We are the children of the night.  
We are invincible, extraordinary  
Fearless in the fight.  
We are cunning, wise and noble  
Undefeated and unbowed.  
Hear our cry across the twilight  
We are wolves and we are proud,  
Hear our cry across the twilight  
We are wolves and we are proud.

WOLF LEADER: I declare the business of the great wolf council may  
commence.

A WOLF OFFICIAL: Thank you oh Leader. At every fading of the summer  
moon we gather to feast on what the mountain has provided for us, before

the lean times of the snow moons begin. But this year there can be no feast. The hunt has been poor all season long. Wolves of the great council do you swear by the mighty jaws of the illustrious wolf ancestors to bring your sharpest instincts to debate the crisis, swearing to abide by and uphold our leader's decision.

WOLVES:

By the sharp fangs of Orisius we do.

OFFICIAL: Let the sharing begin!

THE WOLF LEADER: My friends we are an ancient tribe, tradition and strict lore handed down generation after generation govern our lives. Those customs clearly tell us to respect nature's balance and to take only the weakest of our prey. In this way there can be enough grazing for their strength to survive and produce the animals we will hunt in the future - and so the hunted and the predator live in harmony. But something has gone wrong. A new creature, a strange tailless being without a howl and with pointed sticks instead of fangs has also been hunting our quarry. They take the weak and the strong without discrimination until their appetites are satisfied with no thought for how the hunted will replenish. If we too were to hunt the animals that are left within nineteen moons, supplies could be wiped out.

A WOLF: When the animals we hunt are in danger of extinction from disease or famine it is our custom to move elsewhere until they are strong again.

A WOLF: But where could we go?

THE WOLF LEADER: My friends could it be that the time has come to venture up the mountain beyond the clouds?

A WOLF: But no one has ever dared go up there.

A WOLF: Our ancestors spoke of sudden blizzards where a wolf could wander off the edge of a cliff with the snow blindness.

A WOLF: I heard there were creatures who hunt and eat wolves.

A WOLF: That's just superstition.

A WOLF: Is it? They say that any wolf who ventures up there, is never seen again.

A WOLF: The truth is that we just don't know.

THE WOLF LEADER: That is not strictly true, Yellow Eyes. We can be sure of great dangers on the mountain beyond the clouds. If there weren't any why would so many legends have grown up about the perils to be faced?

A WOLF: Perhaps those horror stories were originally invented to frighten wolves into staying with the pack and doing as they were told.

A WOLF: We can not think like that. If we question what our fathers taught us then we will have nothing to believe in and no one will know what is the truth anymore.

A WOLF: But we learn new things almost every time we hunt. It doesn't mean we throw away the knowledge we had before. Instead, our understanding grows.

THE WOLF LEADER: You all make valid points my friends. It *may* be time to face our fears. Indeed I have already considered sending a search party of our fittest wolves beyond the clouds. *But* ignoring our folk lore and risking the lives of our bravest hunters in this way can not be done lightly. It could mean even more food shortages and such disrespect could also anger our ancestor gods.

A WOLF: This is indeed a difficult time for wolves.

WOLF LEADER: And let us not forget the strange portents in the night sky. For three nights running the clouds eclipsing the waning moon have burned red. A traditional sign that great change is on it's way.

A WOLF: Change for the better or for the worse?

A WOLF: It could mean either. A new golden era -

A WOLF: - Or the death of the pack.

WOLF LEADER: We must all be on our guard.

GREY TONGUE: Husband, I have some news.

WOLF LEADER: What is it, my queen?

GREY TONGUE: The youngest cubs have made a discovery down on the riverbank.

WOLF LEADER: What was it?

GREY TONGUE: Well, it's where they go for there lessons from Mr P.

WOLF LEADER: Mr. P?

GREY TONGUE: A woodpecker, my love. I saved the birds life and in return he offered to instruct our cubs in nature's laws.

WOLF LEADER: A bird instructing a wolf. This is most irregular.

PECKER APPEARS AMONGST THE WOLF COUNCIL

PECKER: Don't you worry, fellow creature of Mars, Mr. Pecker knows a thing or three. You don't get to see the things I have seen and not have plenty to tell the young uns.

WOLF LEADER: SILENCE! A woodpecker may not address the great wolf council. Whatever next? Rabbit's setting the agenda? No wonder the skies are troubled.

GREY TONGUE: It may not be because of the woodpecker that that moon is cloaked in red. You see the cubs found... well they found two furless cubs imprisoned in some kind of shell.

A WOLF: This could be of huge significance and very dangerous.

GREY TONGUE: Oh I don't think we need to be afraid of these two, Husband. They're the sweetest little things and so hungry for milk.

A WOLF: You have given these creatures your milk?

GREY TONGUE: Well, yes I didn't think it could do any harm.

A WOLF: Not do any harm? Grey Tounge, have you not been listening? Furless animals with little teeth, sharp sticks and great greed are destroying our territories.

A WOLF: I remember my father told stories of them to make wolf blood freeze.

GREY TONGUE: But these are so tiny, so helpless.

A WOLF: That's as may be but they will attract others. Others not so helpless and then we may suffer further at the hands of those honourless creatures.

A WOLF: Great Leader I demand that the baby furless ones be put to death. Let us be free of the threat they bring to us.

WOLF LEADER: I agree. It is too dangerous to have them live in our midst. Grey Tounge, you should not have nurtured them. You have put us all at risk. It is my decree that their necks be broken.

THE CUBS ALL RUN TO THE WOLF LEADER.

CUBS: Father, father. You can't let it happen. Don't let them be killed. We can look after them. They're so sweet. Etc.

WOLF LEADER: Wolfings please! Grey Tongue, control our children.

PECKER: How can she? They're only following the creed of your pack as they have been taught. What was it you sang of earlier? The strong protecting the weak? You sing this and then almost in the next breath condemn two helpless creatures to death.

WOLF LEADER: How dare you. You have been told. A Woodpecker may not address the Great Wolf Council.

GREY TONGUE: But husband, he's right. To kill them would be barbaric. We would be no better than those we condemn.

A WOLF: But they cannot live as Wolves.

GREY TONGUE: Why not? I can take care of them alongside my other cubs. Perhaps we will learn a little more about our enemies if we are kind to them. What harm can it do to try? Protecting the young is the right thing to do. It's what the wolf creed has always taught me.

A WOLF: This is preposterous. By letting these two foundlings live our sister Grey Tongue has put the survival of the whole pack in jeopardy.

WOLF LEADER: I cannot punish her for following the wolf creed.

A WOLF: But our lore dictates that if any wolf places the pack in danger, punishment *must* ensue.

WOLF LEADER: Very well. If an example is to be set the Woodpecker can be punished.

PECKER: Now just a woodworm pickin' minute!

WOLF LEADER: It was while the cubs were in your charge that the human cubs infected our wolf community. It seems to me that you are a very dangerous subversive. Under your influence who knows what other species may seek asylum amongst us? If you ever address another wolf you will be ripped wing from wing.

WOLVES REMOVE MR PECKER.

PECKER: Get your greasy paws off my plumage! Now you be good children. Remember everything I've taught you. (AND HE'S GONE)

CUBS: But we like Mr. Pecker. He's our friend. Etc.

WOLF LEADER: SILENCE! Your Father has spoken. Wife, as for you, if you wish to keep the new comers in your charge then you must take our young to the upper slopes until such time that we can be certain that they pose no threat to the pack.

A WOLF: No, no. It's too dangerous up there. What if one of the young 'uns should wander up beyond the clouds they'd be lost for ever.

WOLF LEADER: Grey Tongue, you will council our family well and often against wandering too far up the mountain.

GREY TONGUE: I will protect my cubs and the two furless ones in my care.

WOLF LEADER: I know you will, my love. And we all wish you well. But understand my clemency will be revoked if you are ever seen to be communing with outside subversives - particularly woodpeckers.

A WOLF: I think it's dangerous. I still say we kill the furless cubs.

WOLF LEADER: Silence! I have spoken. If the queen wishes to take responsibility for the two creatures then we must respect and support her decision.

GREY TONGUE: You are most generous, my husband.

WOLF LEADER: I do not expect to see you until your cubs are old enough to be presented to the mountain. We shall then re-asses the situation.

GREY TONGUE: I obey Great Leader.

WOLF LEADER: At this time I will have also made a decision about venturing beyond the clouds. Food stocks should last us until then. But everyone of you is ordered to eat sparingly and see that supplies are shared equally until everyone is nourished. (KINDLY, TO GREY TOUNGE) Don't look so sad. The seasons will quickly pass on the upper slopes and we shall be reunited. Good luck Grey Tongue with your strange new children.

AS THEY SING MOST OF THE WOLVES COME FORWARD TO WISH THE BANNISHED FAMILY WELL. SOME POINTEDLY DO NOT. BY THE END OF THE SONG THE FAMILY ARE LEFT ALONE WAVING TO THE OTHER WOLVES AS THEIR VOICES RECED INTO THE DISTANCE.

WOLVES:  
We are the children  
We are the children of the night  
We are invincible, extraordinary  
Fearless in the fight  
We are cunning, wise and noble  
Undefeated and unbowed  
Hear our cry across the twilight  
We are wolves and we are proud  
Hear our cry across the twilight  
We are wolves and we are proud.

Scene Five

BIRD SONG. DAYLIGHT.

GREY TONGUE: The upper slopes! It's not too bad here. I think we can be happy.

GULLEY: I miss Mr Pecker.

GREY TONGUE: Hush now we must learn to live without him. Now run along and play. I must attend to your baby half brothers.

RELUCTANTLY THE CUBS MOVE AWAY FROM THEIR MOTHER.

THE MOTHER WOLF WATCHES HER CHILDREN LEAVE.

AS WOLF VOICES SING -

Feel the wind change,  
Another new moon is due  
To wax and wane as they do  
You're getting older.

PERHAPS DURING THE FOLLOWING WE WATCH THE KIDS WHO HAVE ORIGINALY PLAYED THE CUBS PASS THEIR MASKS TO SLIGHTLY OLDER PERFORMERS INDICATING THAT THE ANIMALS ARE AGROWING UP. ANYWAY FANG, MOON, PEBBLE ETC ARE NOW PLAYED BY BIGGER ACTORS.

### They Need You Still

With every new moon  
Your cubs are getting that bit stronger  
They're not babies any longer  
And you swell with pride  
And as all parents will  
You dream of all the things you'll show them  
They grow so fast you barely know them  
But don't change inside  
They need you still.

THE OLDER CUBS GATHER AROUND THEIR MOTHER.

GREY TONGUE: Are the twins still looking at the stars?

PEBBLE: Yes mother.

GREY TONGUE: Cubs it is time we gave your little brothers names. They are growing so different and we have called them "the twins" long enough. Do any of you have any suggestions?

WASP: How about Stinky and Smelly.

GULLEY: Which would be which?

MOON: I think we should call them frowns and smiles that's how I tell them apart.

GREY TONGUE: One of them does always seem to be cross about something doesn't he?

PEBBLE: And he always takes more food than anyone else.

GREY TONGUE: Maybe they need more to eat more than wolves.

DRIZZLE: The smiley one seems happy enough.

FANG: They're not much use at hunting. They can't seem to follow the trails. Their sense of smell's rubbish.

GULLEY: And they can't see in the dark.

PEBBLE: Or recognise sound over long distances.

FANG: Or hear anything very soft.

GULLEY: Their teeth are useless. Moon has to tear them off soft bits of meat.

WASP: They've hardly any fangs.

FANG: And no tail to keep their funny dry noses warm when they curl up to sleep.

DRIZZLE: They're stupid.

GREY TONGUE: No they're not, they're just different to you that's all. They'll be things they can do which you can't.

WASP: They can't run as fast as me.

FANG: Or howl properly.

GREY TONGUE: Well perhaps as they grow older there will be qualities you can admire in them.

MOON: Yes, like they can see lots and lots of colours that we can't.

WASP: Colours! What use are colours?

GREY TONGUE: Time will tell. Time reveals everything. A wise wolf knows that. Moon, fetch the twins it's time for sleep.

SHE SINGS TO HER CUBS.

Feel the wind change,  
Another new moon is due  
To wax and wane as they do  
You're getting older.

MOON RETURNS WITH ROMULUS AND REMUS.

CUBS, MOTHER AND ROMULUS AND REMUS ALL CURL UP TOGETHER AND GO TO SLEEP.

With every new moon  
Don't you feel you're growing stronger?  
You're not babies any longer  
My heart swells with pride.  
And as parents will  
I dream of all the things I'll show you  
Grown so big I hardly know you  
But for a little while  
You need me still.

(SPOKEN) Good night everyone.

THE WOLVES AND BOYS SLEEP AS ON ANOTHER PART OF THE STAGE WE SEE KING AMULIUS.

A GUARD SAYS.

GUARD: The prisoner Rhea has been summoned as you ordered, your majesty.

AMULIUS: Bring her in.

RHEA IS BROUGHT IN.

RHEA: What do you want, you monster?

AMULIUS: What no kiss for your favourite uncle?

RHEA: You stole my babies away.

AMULIUS: Oh you're not still sulking about that are you? Do you like my new coat? It has a wolf collar. Such a durable fur, very warm and completely waterproof. I'm considering carpeting the whole palace in wolf pelts. I'm sure it'd start a trend. You look lovely my dear. I gave strict orders that you should be half starved but it seems supporters of my brother have been disobeying me as usual. As it happens though, it's worked to my advantage.

RHEA: What are you talking about?

AMULIUS: I don't want you to walk down the aisle at our wedding, looking like a dog's dinner.

RHEA: Our wedding? My father the king would never let me marry you.

AMULIUS: Your father the *ex* king is dead.

RHEA: No!

AMULIUS: I sent an assassin to hunt him down. I don't like loose ends. Whilst he lived it gave the peasants hope he might return and take over again. His head will be stuck on a pike above the city gates tomorrow, as we pass beneath on the way to take our wedding vows.

RHEA: I will never marry you. I curse the very air you breath.

AMULIUS: Yes, well I'm not very keen on you either but with rumours about your twin brats spreading like wild fire you need to bare me a legitimate child to be my successor.

RHEA: What are the rumours about Romulus and Remus?

AMULIUS: Is that what you called them? Very fancy names for two prison brats. I had them sealed in a heavy box and thrown into the river. The trouble is the box was washed up a few days later fuelling speculation that they'd survived and could one day bring about my downfall. Nonsense of course. These high tides would drown even the strongest swimmer, let alone two tiny babies.

RHEA: They're alive I know it. Someone will have rescued them.

AMULIUS: Who cares? Once we're safely married our child will be the undisputed heir to my throne and all this nonsense will stop.

RHEA: That will never happen.

AMULIUS: Oh I promise you it will. Now why don't you get some beauty sleep? You want to look your best for the wedding and tomorrow night will be our honeymoon whether you like it or not.

RHEA: The god Mars will always protect my people.

AMULIUS: Is that what you've been told? He hasn't been doing a very good job recently has he? Good night. Make sure the wolves don't bite.

HE EXITS.

RHEA PREYS.

RHEA: Great Mars protect my babies Romulus and Remus. Keep them safe so that one day they may avenge these terrible wrongs. Be strong Romulus, be strong Remus.

SHE IS HELD IN A LIGHT AS ANOTHER PICKS OUT GREY TONGUE.

GREY TONGUE WAKES AS IF FROM A DREAM.

GREY TONGUE: Romulus and Remus. We'll call them Romulus and Remus.

BLACKOUT.

Scene Six

LIGHTS UP ON ROMULUS AND REMUS.

THEY SING:

My Brother and Me.

REMUS:

My brother and me  
We never agree  
He says life here is hateful  
He doesn't care  
For the open air  
But I'm so very grateful.

'Cause Oh the others  
My brothers coloured grey  
My sisters with the whiskers  
They make me laugh all day.

ROMULUS:

My brother and me  
We never agree  
He's smiling when I'm scowling  
I hate that we're  
The misfits hear  
And I can't stand the howling.

And Oh the others  
My Brother's so naive  
He thinks this pack is funny  
Funny? they just make me heave.

BOTH:

My brother and me

We never agree

REMUS:  
I love the cubs

ROMULUS:  
They're losers  
Destined to fail.

REMUS:  
I'd love a tail  
But beggars can't be choosers.

But Oh my brother  
Don't you wish that you had fur?

ROMULUS:  
I wish the day they'd found us.  
They'd left us where we were.

BOTH:  
Oh oh, oh oh, oh oh

ROMULUS (SPOKEN) And it's "my Brother and I" not "my brother and *me*."

REMUS:  
(SUNG) My Brother!

REMUS HAPPILY MESSES AROUND WITH THE YOUNG WOLVES IN THE  
BACKGROUND AS MOON APPROACHES ROMULUS.

MOON: Romulus. Why do you always look so cross?

ROMULUS: What do you want?

MOON: Don't you like being a human child? I wish wolves could see all the  
colours that you and your brother can. Remus says my eyes are more like  
the green of the grass than the green of the leaves. They look the same to  
me.

ROMULUS: What ever! I just want to know what will become of me.

MOON: What do you mean? You and Remus will stay here with us won't you?

ROMULUS: I don't like it here.

MOON: Why not?

ROMULUS: I don't know.

MOON: Where else would you go?

ROMULUS: I don't know. Back to where I came from I suppose.

MOON: Look at you're brother. He seems happy.

ROMULUS: The idiot. He's trying to be so hard to be a wolf. I know better.

MOON: It's not so bad being a wolf. You can't blame him for wanting to fit in.

ROMULUS: I want to fit in too. Why doesn't anybody like me?

MOON: They do.

ROMULUS: No they don't. Not really. You're the only one who talks to me.

MOON: Well I want you to be happy.

IN THE BACKGROUND DRIZZLE STANDS APART FROM THE OTHER WOLVES.

ROMULUS: Drizzle's never very happy.

MOON: Oh but he is underneath. I think he always expects the worst so that he can enjoy it when things turn out to be ok.

ROMULUS: I can't be happy until I understand what I'm doing here. Remus and I are so different. I want to climb up through the cloud. I'll be so high up there I know I'll be able to look down and understand everything clearly.

MOON: But you know we're not allowed up there. Even if you don't believe the stories about monsters the weather can change so quickly and a small wolf could get separated from his brothers and sisters and never find his way back.

ROMULUS: But I'm not some stupid wolf.

MOON: Well, I'm sure it's the same for everyone.

ROMULUS: I'll let you know when I get back.

MOON: You're not going up there are you?

ROMULUS: I have to.

MOON: But you'll be in big trouble.

ROMULUS: Not if you don't tell anyone I won't. I'll be back before sunset.

MOON: Please don't go. I'm frightened.

ROMULUS: I'm going. My minds made up.

MOON: Let me go with you.

ROMULUS: No. Then I'll have two of us to worry about. You won't tell anyone will you?

MOON: No.

ROMULUS: Swear.

MOON: I won't tell anyone.

ROMULUS: Swear on Drizzle's life. If you tell anyone where I'm going Drizzle will die.

MOON: That's horrible.

ROMULUS: That's how serious I am. I don't want the others coming to drag me back before I've found what I'm looking for. Think of me as one of those loan wolves that strikes out on his own when he's sick of his family.

MOON: It's too dangerous up there.

ROMULUS: You want me to be happy don't you?

MOON: Yes.

ROMULUS: Well, I won't be happy until I've climbed up beyond the clouds and discovered what the mountain has to teach me. Every day that I don't make the journey it gnaws away inside me. I have to go and you have to help me by keeping quiet about this. It's such a little thing to ask. I'll be back before it's dark. No one will even notice I've gone. So will you swear to keep our secret?

MOON: Alright. If you promise to be back before supper and to be very careful.

ROMULUS: Do you swear on Drizzle's life?

MOON: Oh all right I swear.

ROMULUS: On Drizzle's life?

MOON: On Drizzle's life.

ROMULUS: See you later.

MOON: Be careful.

LIGHTS DIM.

Scene 7

DUSK. STARS COME OUT.

TENSION MUSIC.

THE STAGE FILLS WITH THE WOLF FAMILY CALLING FOR ROMULUS.

WOLF FAMILY: Romulus? Romulus? ROMULUS!

DRIZZLE: Can we have supper now? I'm starving.

GREY TONGUE: Not until we find Romulus.

REMUS: He will be all right won't he?

GREY TONGUE: Don't worry Remus your brother will be just fine. I'm sure he just strayed a little further then he intended.

FANG: Why can't he just stick with everyone else, that's what I want to know?

WASP: Because nobody likes him that's why. He's always moaning and loosing his temper.

GULLEY: He's probably gone missing on purpose just to wind us all up.

MOON: Don't say that, He's very troubled. He thinks very deeply about things.

PEBBLE: Yeah, thinks about himself not about other people.

GREY TONGUE: Now, everyone try and remember when was the last time anyone saw him?

REMUS: Mother, he wouldn't have gone up beyond the clouds would he?

GREY TONGUE: No, he knows not to do that.

GULLEY: Even he's not that stupid.

GREY TONGUE: Did he tell any of you he was going off? Remus?

REMUS: No, we were all fishing. Well Moon wasn't.

GREY TONGUE: Moon did you see Romulus wander off?

MOON LOOKS AT DRIZZLE.

MOON: No, no I didn't.

GULLEY: It might be easier for us to look for him on a full stomach.

REMUS: But if he has wandered up beyond the clouds we need to start looking for him now. The fog could roll down the mountainside at any moment or there could be a blizzard and he could wander right off a cliff or into the jaws of a ferocious monster.

FANG: You don't believe in monsters do you, stupid.

GREY TONGUE: Now Fang we don't know what is up beyond the clouds we just know that once a wolf gets separated from his pack up there he's seldom seen again.

REMUS: So, no one's going to be stupid enough to go up there, are they mother?

MOON: I have something to tell you all.

GREY TONGUE: What is it Moon?

DRIZZLE: Mother?

GREY TONGUE: Yes Drizzle?

DRIZZLE: All of a sudden I feel faint.

GREY TONGUE: All right I don't suppose there's any point in every one going hungry. What were you going to say Moon?

MOON: Nothing, nothing. I was just going to... to agree that maybe we should eat so we can search even harder.

GREY TONGUE: Yes, yes all right.

REMUS: But you'd better make sure you all leave some for my brother.

THEY GO OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE FOOD.

MOON SLIPS AWAY IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

## Scene 8

LIGHTS SHOW TIME HAS PASSED. THE CUBS AND REMUS MEET TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO. MOON IS MISSING.

FANG: That's better. 'Much easier to think after a nice hunk of red meat. Now what are we going to do about your brother? Lets think about this. Where might he have gone?

PEBBLE: Maybe he followed the river like the Black Wolf in the legend.

WASP: That story's just for cubs.

REMUS: But you found us in the river. He might have been thinking about that.

GULLEY: Maybe he fell in.

DRIZZLE: Maybe a big fish ate him.

FANG: We could walk along the riverbank and call into the water.

DRIZZLE: What if the big fish comes back and eats us too?

FANG: There is no big wolf-eating fish in that river.

DRIZZLE: How do you know?

FANG: Because I just do that's all.

DRIZZLE: I'm scared in case the fish comes back.

FANG: Just forget about the fish. There is no fish.

DRIZZLE: I'm never going to eat fish again. It's far too dangerous.

FANG: Has anyone got anything sensible to say?

REMUS: I still think he might have fallen into the river.

PEBBLE: It's a possibility.

GULLEY: He's a good swimmer.

WASP: What's on the other side of the river?

FANG: I don't know. More mountain.

GULLEY: We could all swim across and see if he's there.

DRIZZLE: No way, not with that big fish about.

FANG: If I hear one more word about that stupid fish.

REMUS: There must be something we can do.

PEBBLE: Lets keep calling for him.

FANG: We'll spread out along the riverbank

THEY SPREAD OUT ALONG THE FRONT OF THE STAGE AND CALL INTO THE DARKNESS.-

Romulus!

A THUNDEROUS VOICE COMES OVER THE THEATRE'S PA.

VOICE: Silence Wolfings. Who dares to disturb the mighty wolf- eating fish in his slumbers?

THE CUBS AND REMUS SCREAM AND HUDDLE TOGETHER.

VOICE: Answer me or must I send my servants to throw you into the water where I can eat you whole and spit out your bones.

GULLEY: You speak to it.

REMUS IS PUSHED FORWARD.

HE IS VERY SCARED.

REMUS: P.. p.. p.. Please Mr...

VOICE: Fish - Mighty, Wolf-eating Fish.

REMUS: Mighty Wolf-eating Fish. We didn't mean to disturb you but you see I've lost my brother and I..

WASP: Have you eaten him?

VOICE: Let me see what does he look like?

REMUS: Well he's...

VOICE: Is he very good looking?

REMUS: Well... I hadn't really thought.

VOICE: I did meet a very intelligent, handsome young wolf. Well better than a wolf. None of that unsightly fur on his belly.

REMUS: That's him.

VOICE: I think I know who you mean. He was far too delicious looking for a snack. I've kept him to savour later.

REMUS: Oh please, please give him back to us.

FANG: We'll do anything.

VOICE: Anything?

REMUS: Yes.

ROMULUS APPEARS BEHIND THEM MAKING THE VOICE BY TALKING INTO A CONCH SHELL AS IF IT WERE A LOUD HALER. THE OTHERS STILL DON'T REALISE THE VOICE COMES FROM THIS SOURCE. IT STILL BOOMS OVER THE PA.

VOICE: Well it seemed like I'd be doing him a favour by eating him. He sounded pretty miserable. Said nobody ever listened to him or gave him any respect.

FANG: That's not true.

WASP: Yes it is.

FANG: Shut up.

REMUS: If anything. He was the cleverest out of all of us.

PEBBLE: Yeah, maybe that's why we didn't hang around with him much. We were intimidated.

VOICE: What would you say to him if he were here with you now?

WASP: Where have you been you selfish little so and so?

REMUS: What my wolf friend means is that we'd tell him that we had really missed him.

GULLEY: Yes, and that things just weren't the same with out his lovely, bubbly...

PEBBLE: Sarcasm.

VOICE: What about the dim looking wolf on the end (HE MEANS DRIZZLE) Does he miss his handsome intelligent friend.

DRIZZLE: No.

REMUS: Drizzle!

DRIZZLE: I mean yes.

VOICE: Can't really hear the little fungus ball.

DRIZZLE: (LOUDER) Yes. I miss him and all his cruel I mean really funny little jokes he used to play on me.

VOICE: Because you're a depressing, useless waste of space aren't you?

REMUS: Just agree to save Romulus.

DRIZZLE: That's not true though. Is it?

REMUS: No, it's not true.

DRIZZLE: That's right. What you just said. It's what he says about me. He's right.

VOICE: Say it out loud then.

DRIZZLE: What?

VOICE: Say "I'm a depressing, useless waste of space."

DRIZZLE: I'm a depressing, useless waste of space.

ROMULUS TAKES THE SHELL DOWN FROM HIS MOUTH AND STARTS LAUGHING. HE'S BACK TO HIS NORMAL VOICE.

ROMULUS: Didn't I always says so.

DRIZZLE: You!

FANG: That voice was you all the time.

ROMULUS: Yeah, who did you think it was - Monster Fish? You lot are even more stupid then you look.

REMUS: Where have you been?

ROMULUS: Watching you losers chasing your tails. I wondered if I'd be missed. I even persuaded Moon I was going up beyond the clouds. I made her swear on Drizzle's life that she wouldn't tell. (TO DRIZZLE) *She* obviously thinks you're all right "swamp for brains", she wouldn't risk anything happening to you by squealing on me.

FANG: Just a minute. Where is she?

GULLEY: I haven't seen her since before supper.

FANG: She thinks you've climbed up beyond the clouds?

ROMULUS: I was very convincing. Sweet that she actually thought I'd be that brave.

FANG: Well, she's probably gone up there to find you then.

ROMULUS: What?

FANG: Well, if she thinks she can't tell anyone without putting Drizzle in danger she'll have gone up to find you herself.

ROMULUS: But she'd be a fool to... it's a death trap up there.

FANG: If anything happens to her I'll kill you. In fact why don't I kill you anyway?

DRIZZLE: Poor Moon!

FANG GRABS ROMULUS.

FANG: She's worth a dozen of you. You slimy, despicable, selfish, thoughtless -

ROMULUS: Get off me, you're hurting me.

FANG: It'll hurt more when I sink my wolf fangs into your scrawny neck.

REMUS: Stop! Leave my brother alone.

FANG: How can you call him brother after what he's done?

REMUS: I'm not proud of him but I know I've got to stick up for him and I've got to sort out the mess he's created. Poor Moon. She's the sweetest, kindest... (TO ROMULUS) Shame on you for taking advantage of her.

ROMULUS: More fool her for being taken in.

FANG: That's it!

REMUS: No, no don't kill him yet. Give me a chance to bring her back and then I'll punish him myself.

PEBBLE: But then there'll be two of you wandering amongst the clouds.

FANG: A twin created this mess. A twin must sort it out.

GULLEY: Good luck Remus.

REMUS: Don't tell our mother. She'll be so worried.

FANG: You'd better make sure you get Moon back safely then.

WASP AND DRZZLE: Good luck Remus.

BLACK OUT.

THE SOUND OF A COLD WIND BLOWING.

THE STAGE IS COVERED WITH A WHITE CLOTH TO INDICATE SNOW.

Scene 9

SNOW IS FALLING.

REMUS TRUDGING THROUGH SNOW ON ONE HALF OF THE STAGE MOON ON THE OTHER.

THEY ARE IN SEPARATE LOCATIONS.

REMUS: Oh no! A blizzard.

MOON: It's just like they warn you. You can't see a thing.

REMUS: I hope Moon's somewhere safe.

MOON: I hope Romulus has found a cave. Maybe the others will send out a search party for us.

SHE HOWLS.

REMUS: I wish I had the hearing that the others have, they can hear right across the mountain.

MOON HOWLS AGAIN.

REMUS: Silence, just silence. Maybe she'll hear me. MOON!

MOON: What was that? There's some one coming to find me.

REMUS: MOON!

MOON: It's Remus!

SHE HOWLS.

THE SNOW STOPS.

REMUS: No reply. At least it's stopped snowing. White every where. Just white. MOON!

SHE HOWLS

Nothing! What am I going to do? I wish I was a proper wolf then I'd have the hearing that I need. I hate being different.

MOON: He can't hear me. Do I keep going, try and walk in the direction of his howling. But if he can't hear me we could wander around in the whiteness for ever and never meet up. Unless... colour he can see colour.

BLACKOUT ON HER.

REMUS: Just a minute there's red... blood. A trail of blood in the snow.

BLACK OUT ON HIM.

THE WIND ROARS.

WHEN THE LIGHTS COME UP MOON AND REMUS ARE TOGETHER

REMUS: I feel so stupid falling like that.

MOON: How is your leg now?

REMUS: It's not so good.

MOON: Well, lean against me. Could we rest for a while?

REMUS: Best not.

MOON: Remus, I might be wrong but I think we've passed that tree before.

REMUS: No we can't have. Oh hold on a minute. Is the trunk split in two? It is. Well, at least we know that if we keep it to this side of us and the those rocks behind us then... or should we have followed the rocks and kept the tree... I pulled a branch down around here somewhere to point towards home.

MOON: I can't see anything except white.

REMUS: If we can just keep going.

MOON: But we could be wandering in the wrong direction.

REMUS: We could wander off the edge of the mountain. Then no one would ever find us.

MOON: I think we should stay here until we can see where we're heading.

REMUS: Yes, yes, stay here and call for help. Maybe some one lives up here.

REMUS CALLS HELP. MOON HOWLS

LIGHTS FADE SLOWLY ON THEM.

AND THEN UP AGAIN. THEY ARE AS WE LEFT THEM BUT WEAKER NOW. AND IT'S DARK.

MOON: Oh Remus, I don't think I've got the strength to howl any more. I lost a lot of blood.

REMUS: It's useless. There's no one to hear us up here anyway.

STARS BEGIN TO COME OUT.

MOON: Look at the stars Remus!

REMUS: The snow clouds must be clearing a little.

STRANGE CELESTIAL MUSIC STARTS.

MOON: listen! Are the stars singing!

REMUS: We must be so cold we're imaging things.

AMONGST THE STARS WE SEE A VISION OF RHEA.

SHE SINGS.

RHEA:

Don't be afraid of the dark

Someone is with you.

Somewhere, somebody is on your side.

Somehow though everything's cold and lonely now

You'll win some how

No need to hide.

Stand tall and proud in your darkest moment

The dawn is only an hour away

While you've got hope in your heart

You can't go wrong

We're growing stronger every day

THE VISION FADES.

REMUS: Let's give it one more try.

MOON HOWLS. REMUS CRIES FOR HELP.

SUDDENLY PECKER APPEARS. MAYBE WITH SNOW SHOES!

HE SINGS

Pecker's Return

It's your lucky day  
Have no fear now  
Blow those blues away  
Look who's here now  
I'm your big surprise  
Prepare to idolise  
Now I'm here it's gunna be just fine  
Won't you let me throw you guys a line.

REMUS: (SPOKEN) Who are you?

They call me Pecker  
And you should too.  
They call me pecker.  
You're thinking who?

MOON:  
They call him Pecker

PECKER:  
Let's talk this through  
Indulge me while I itemise  
The things I can do for you.

When no one can make things happen  
I'm the Pecker that could  
When they cry you shouldn't try stuff  
I'm the pecker that should  
But most importantly my friends  
Be this understood  
When other's say they wouldn't help.  
Here's one woodpecker would.  
Understood? could, should, would  
I'm the pecker that would.  
Woody?  
I would!

REMUS: Well thanks for the introduction Mr Pecker we're very glad to see you. Do you happen to know the way back to our mother?

MOON: My brother is too weak to work on his injured leg now but perhaps if you could guide me I could go and get some help.

PECKER: And leave that poor child up here alone in the cold. He wouldn't survive even if we could find him again. Besides young lady, you look as if you're exhausted.

REMUS: Then thanks for cheering us up Mr. Pecker but I don't see how you can really help.

PECKER: Not alone but that's why I took a risk. You see I heard you yelling hours ago from way down the valley. I was going to come say hello but when I saw the snow clouds I figured time wasn't on our side and maybe I should get together a little rescue party. Listen?

SOFTLY IN THE DISTANCE WE HEAR THE WOLF PACK APPROACHING -

WOLVES:

We are the children  
We are the children of the night  
We are invincible, extraordinary  
Fearless in the fight  
We are cunning, wise and noble  
Undefeated and unbowed  
Hear our cry across the twilight  
We are wolves and we are proud

MOON: (VERY WEAK) Mr. Pecker! You went to the wolf council. But they said they'd tear you apart if you ever spoke to a wolf again.

PECKER: I'm very glad I found you. I'd certainly be done for if I'd led every body up here on some wild cub chase!

THE WOLVES ARE GETTING CLOSER.

WOLVES:

Hear our cry across the twilight  
We are wolves and we are proud.

Hear our cry across the twilight  
We are wolves and we are proud.

AND THEY ARRIVE -

Hear our cry across the twilight  
We are wolves and we are proud.

ROMULUS IS TIED UP.

GREY TOUNGE AND HER FAMILY EMBRACE.

WOLF LEADER: Fellow Wolves, this is a great day for our kind. For many, many moons stretching back before any of us were born this wolf pack has been afraid to climb the mountains beyond the clouds. Today we have conquered our fear and conquered the mountain. We have been led here by a woodpecker who risked his life because a wolf cub was in danger. Endangered we learn by the cruelty of (HE INDICATES ROMULUS) this

wretched being. Many of you counselled against allowing furless ones into our midst fore-seeing such behaviour and yet we have also seen in his brother a kindness and heroism that we wolves can learn from. From this day forth Wolves will no longer be confined by their fears of the unknown and neither will they be held back by their prejudices. At dawn I shall send out hunting parties to explore each corner of this unknown kingdom in the clouds. Romulus you will go with them, if you redeem yourself with some selfless act of bravery I may yet spare your life.

(ROMULUS IS UNTIED)

If we can understand this territory, who knows, we *could* thrive here. And perhaps in the future wolf may even live here in harmony with human.

PECKER: And Woodpecker. Look at you wolves. Enough with the speeches! Don't you know how to have a party?

### The Celebration

Celebrate you  
Celebrate me  
Celebrate compatibility  
Howl in harmony  
Howl  
Next time fur is bristling  
Just stop and try some listening  
What do say their neighbour?

WOLF LEADER:  
We say Howl

THE WOLF CUBS DANCE AROUND PECKER.

CUBS:  
They call him Pecker  
And you should too.  
They call him pecker.  
You're thinking who?

They call him Pecker  
Let's talk this through  
Indulge us while we itemise  
The things he can do for you.

When no one can make things happen  
He's the Pecker that could  
When they cry you shouldn't try stuff

PECKER:  
I'm the pecker that should

CUBS:  
But most importantly my friends  
Be this understood  
When other's say they wouldn't help.  
Here's one woodpecker would.

EVERYONE:  
Celebrate you  
Celebrate me  
Celebrate compatibility  
Howl in harmony  
Howl  
Next time fur is bristling  
Just stop and try some listening  
What do say their neighbour?  
We say -

THE SINGING BREAKS OFF ABRUPTLY WITH THE SOUND OF A HUNTING HORN.

WOLF LEADER: I sense danger approaching. Everyone hide.

THE WOLVES SLINK OUT OF SIGHT.

HUMANS, HUNTERS ARRIVE.

A HUNTER: Look at this. Wolf tracks everywhere. It's like there's been some kind of frenzy here.

A HUNTER: I've never know wolves to venture up this far before.

A HUNTER: Why don't we kill us a couple. You can get a good price for a warm wolf pelt at this time of the year.

A HUNTER: It's freezing up here.

A HUNTER: It's good to get away from the palace though. Things go from bad to worse. It's like the whole country is sleep walking through a nightmare.

A HUNTER: Be careful what you say.

A HUNTER: No one can hear us.

A HUNTER: If only there was someone who could lead an uprising.

A HUNTER: Who'd dare? What man would take on the Tyrant king's insanity?

A HUNTER: He'd need the courage and strength of a mountain lion or one of these grey -

ROMULUS AND REMUS SLOWLY COME OUT OF HIDING

- what on earth... ?

A HUNTER: Are these two human?

ONE OF THE HUNTERS TAKES SOME FOOD FROM HIS BAG AND OFFERS IT TO THE BOYS.

THEY SNATCH AT IT HUNGRILY AND TEAR INTO IT LIKE WOLVES.

A HUNTER: Well no one's taught them much in the way of manners that's for sure.

A HUNTER: You hungry, eh boys.

A HUNTER: Poor blighters they've probably been wandering lost up here for days.

A HUNTER: It's lucky the wolves didn't get 'em.

A HUNTER: Don't worry lads. We'll guide you home?

A HUNTER: Where is it you live?

A HUNTER: Time to go home.

THE HUNTERS MOVE OFF.

ROMULUS AND REMUS LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THEY REPEAT THE WORD IN THE STRANGE NEW HUMAN LANGUAGE.

ROMULUS AND REMUS: Home.

A HUNTER CALLS FROM OFF: Come on lads you don't want to get left behind, do you?

ROMULUS AND REMUS FOLLOW THE HUNTERS AS IF HYPNOTISED BY THE STRANGE SIGHT OF OTHER HUMANS.

THE WOLF PACK EMERGE FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES AND STARE SADLY AFTER THE BOYS.

THEY SING THE FOLLOWING, THE LINES DIVIDED BETWEEN INDIVIDUAL VOICES, SMALL GROUPS ETC. FINISHING TOGETHER.

Remember.

I know that they'll remember  
Our mountain, stream and cave.

I think that they'll remember  
How a wolf ought to behave.  
They'll listen to the seasons  
And value roaming free,  
But I just hope from time to time  
That they'll remember me.

And when the wind blows north  
I hope they'll hear our distant call  
Reminding them again of all  
The fun we had together  
And when the going's tough  
I hope we taught them well enough  
That even when your life is rough  
There's no storm you can not weather.

I hope that they remember  
Only take what can be spared  
That anything worth winning's  
Even better when it's shared  
That courage, wits and patience  
Always lead to victory  
But most of all I really hope that they'll remember -

I suppose I'm trying to say I hope they'll think of -

Now and then perhaps they'll give a tiny thought to -

And when the wind blows north  
I hope they'll hear our distant call  
Reminding them again of all  
The fun we had together  
And when the goings tough  
I hope we taught them well enough  
That even when your life is rough  
There's no storm you can not weather.

I hope that they remember  
Only take what can be spared  
That anything worth winning's  
Even better when it's shared  
That courage, wits and patience  
Always lead to victory  
But most of all I really hope that they'll remember  
Me!

A MILITARY DRUM BEAT STARTS. THE WOLVES DISPERSE.

KING AMULIUS AND HIS ADVISORS RUN ON IN A PANIC.

AN ADVISOR: You must flee at once your majesty. We can't hold back the rebel forces any longer.

AN ADVISOR: There's an army a thousand strong marching towards the palace.

AMULIUS: What's the matter with you? Attack them, hack them to pieces. What are my soldiers doing?

AN ADVISOR: Most of them have joined the rebels your majesty. They say the army was no match for the bravery of the peasants.

AMULIUS: Are you trying to tell me that a few disgruntled farmers armed with pitch forks has outfaced my highly trained military force?

AN ADVISOR: It would seem so your magnificence. The rebels fight with the bravery and cunning of wolves, their leaders are brilliant military strategists. They can get the measure of any situation just by the direction of the wind or a scent in the air. They read the signs in nature as if they spoke it's language. A wood pecker proudly flies alongside their two leaders, they display the insignia of a wolf face on their banners, and people say they fight under the protection of the god Mars.

AMULIUS: Bring Rhea to me. Let's see how determined the people are when they see I still hold their beloved queen hostage.

AN ADVISOR: The rebels rescued her this morning, Sire.

AMULIUS: She's about to have my baby.

AN ADVISOR: It was a trick, Sir. There's no baby. And now she marches at the head of the rebel army beside her two sons.

AMULIUS: Her son's lead the army!

AN ADVISOR: Twins sir.

AMULIUS: then all is lost.

HE RUNS OUT.

ROMULUS, RHEA AND REMUS ENTER TO MARCH ON THE SPOT FLANKED BY BANNERS WITH WOLF ENSIGNIA.

WITH EACH NEW PHRASE OF THE MUSIC AN EXTRA LINE FORMS UP BEHIND THEM WAVING FLAGS AND BANNERS UNTIL THE STAGE IS FILLED WITH REBELS MARCHING PROUDLY INTO BATTLE AND SINGING -

Someone is with you (REPRISE)

The times are turning from  
The miseries you've known.  
We're close to vict'ry.  
All our enemies have flown  
Like the story of our people's always shown  
Though all seemed lost  
We weren't alone

Don't be afraid of the dark.  
Someone is with you.  
Somewhere, somebody is on your side.  
Somehow though everything's cold and lonely now  
You'll win some how  
No need to hide.  
Stand tall and proud in your darkest moment  
The dawn is only an hour away  
While you've got hope in your heart  
You can't go wrong  
We're growing stronger every day

We're weren't afraid of the dark  
Someone one was with us.  
Somewhere, somebody was on our side.  
And although everything seemed so bleak back then  
It's spring again  
Because we tried.  
We dared to dream in the dark of midnight  
And chased the demons we faced away  
We carried hope in our heart  
We knew our fate  
Would make us great again one day

So celebrate!

That days today!

BLACKOUT.

AN UPBEAT, CLAP ALONG CURTAIN CALL

- The End -
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