2 handed version 080424 -

(please excuse stage directions and typos included)

BS is Bread Sticks (Chiv in Straw Boater)

UC is Upper Crust (Pete in floppy cap)

SCENE 1 opening -

is your life lumpy?  
is your batter grey?  
have you been left at the back of the fridge?  
is your flour full of weevil flakes?  
have you lost your lift?  
would you like to be sieved from a great height, filled with breath?  
would you , and you, and you, like to be put into the great mixing bowl of life - together? would you like to feel the sunshine of an egg cracked into your bowl?  
would you like to be poured into the burning, hot oil of the great iron skillet OF LIFE?  
Its now friends when is it?  
Its here where is it?  
come here, come closer, and Rise UP, Rise Up,

**2) Toasters Song**

“We’re the Toasters Traveled the world catching songs and stories told  
Gather round don’t be shy  
we’ve got pancakes and songs to try

Pulled on by the moon above  
by good old fashioned people love tell us truths tell us lies  
We’ll bake ‘em up and make ‘em rise chorus

There’s Bred-stix on the sticks and skins he beats the hell out of his bread tins we found him outside old York Jail  
All curled up like a baby snail Bred Stix... Rollin On...

Upper Crust is good to go  
He’s got the Tuba hot to blow  
lHe was raised in a stately house  
but he’s poor as an old church mouse - Upper Crust ... Rollin On...

(low) From town to town and coast to coast  
now we’re here... it’s ..time ..to ..Toast (BS exit Right, UC stash tuba, FF swap

BS - We are the Guild of Toasters, there are people like us all around the world - Celebrating and Toasting the seasons with Special Food and Drink (Cheers!). Come on a journey with us (yeas?). We travel first to Springtime in Britany! (FF back in ASAP with Freilikh)

UC - And how do we get there? By Dancing because dancing is magic!! (music ) The first dance we’ll teach you is the Freilikh - a Yiddish dance. Everybody up on your feet

5) Crepe Scene -UC - Did everyone make it. We have arrived in Brittany - in France - it’s spring time - the time for sowing of seeds. Each of us has a seed of change - but before we sow it to ensure a harvest - we must perform the custom!

BS- The custom!  
UC - Performed by our friends the Bretton farmers for hundreds of years at the celebration of Chandelier

BS - Chandelier -

UC - The second of February, as the first sprouts of green appear. With the very first pancake of the year ! (pour) vous prenez la poele dans la main droit , and reach into your pocket and pull out a louis d’or, a gold coin. Does anyone have a pound coin, or two if you’re feeling flush? Take the coin in the left hand - et fait sauter la Galette, mettez la louis d’or au centre du Galette, fait plier la Galette, and then go to the bedroom, and place your Galette under the cushion of your chair. Where, you will find of course last year’s coin. Now to seal the deal and sow your seed of change you must step out of your house and give it to the first person that you find in need, maybe a wayward musician, like, um Breadsticks (chivs bum cup gag)

BS - so Upper crust what are you going to do - what seeds of change are you going to sow this Spring?,

UC - hmm, I want to... anyone from the audience lets seal our promises with a pancake, just like in the custom.

BS - leads audience promises  
UC - “BredStix do you have a promise?” - (Kettle ON)

BS - “I promise to dance more, starting NOW. Our time in Brittany is over. We have sown our seeds of change and now summer is the time to Toast growth. So let’s go to midsummer in the home of coffee - the Red Sea, I’ll teach you all The Breton An-Dro dance and we shall travel together” (An dro dance - going around the spinning cart)

Coffee Scene

BS - “Like Bretton Sailors we have traveled the oceans to the Red sea. Gather in close for Upper Crust has a tale to tell“

UC - “The story of Coffee - a drink that has fuelled peace accords, great enlightenments and revolutions - a story that starts here in the sweltering summer heat of the Red sea. We pull up alongside the quay in the Yemeni Port of Mocha (throw ropes) Kef Halet, Aywa , and disembark into the busy dock. Watch out!

BS - ehh ore (bang on cue)

UC - Donkey. We wind our way through the steep streets (winding) looking for the house of a man called Sheik Omar, a faith Healer who has been exiled from the city for a crime we know not. We watch as he locks his door and follow him, up, through the city gates into the vast mountainous desert. Where he does what people do in the stories in deserts - (ask audience). Die of thirst.... As he weakens he spots a Bush! On this bush a Berry, (action) he dries a berry (action) he dries more berries and grinds them, pours them into a pot, adds boiling water, brews them for just the right amount of time and... (following BS’s actions) bear in mind this is not the first cup of coffee of the morning, or the week, but... EVER! It’s good! Sheik Omar returns to Mocha a wiser man and starts to heal through faith and coffee, he shares his new discovery with his Sufi friends, who powered by it stay up all night whirling and offering praise to Allah! (whirling, Musst Musst)

BS - Yes I’m preparing Arabic coffee, infused with Cardamom. In a minute we shall raise a toast - It’s mid summer the longest day of the year. Today we toast our longest loves, a friend, a parent, sibling, a wee one. Have a think about who is your longest love, who you would like to toast! (moving of drum kit, mic and monitor) Whilst we wait for our brew lets have some music≥

BS - We shall sing you a love song taught to us by our friend the Famous Yemeni singer Aboud Al Khawaja called Emta Ana Shoufak. Clap along

SONG - Emta Ana Shufak (in Arabic, translation can’t be found right now…)  
(UC prep and serve coffee)  
BS - I promised you a Toast and a Toast you shall have - I would like to Toast my Dad ... Niven for showing me the joy and madness of life

UC - coffee handout - audience do toasting  
BS - Now I’d like to make a toast to Summer. Now Summer is drawing to an end and our journey pulls us East - to China. And to autumn, harvest time and the Moon Festival - and the Dance to get us there ? Let us do The Sufi Sema! Whirling, (GoB 8)

UC - I think you are all ready for this. Prepare yourselves, raise your right hand to the heavens, the left down - open and facing upwards, the left foot propelling around the right in little steps. When you are ready raise your eyes and your thoughts to the heavens and we whirl to China!

CHINA  
(spinning to - instrumental Mustt Mustt, growing to a climax potentially with forte lyrics at end, drumming very strict in the style)  
BS - Fellow Toasters, we’ve planted our seeds in Spring, watched them grow in summer and are here, in Guangxi Province China for harvest time. Oh, the full Harvest Moon! I could stare at her all night. Lighting up the crops showing us our rich bounty and that it’s time to reap our harvest. Isn’t she beautiful . (dog wees)

BS - What’s this young pup doing here? And why has it got so many tails? Of Course! This is the story of how rice was brought down from the heavens to us humans. Thousands of years ago, in a time of great hunger, a nine tailed dog ascended to heaven and innocently stole rice from the gods themselves. Hey put that down, off you pop!

**(Rice Sacred Rice SONG)**A long time ago  
In a time of great hunger A nine tailed dog Ascended to heaven

(short pause)

Famished, ravenous, Hungry for scraps  
Sniffing through rice fields Searching for treats

Tails a wagging, Catching the rice plants That hungry doggy got Rice stuck in its tails

CHORUS  
Rice, sacred rice Rice stuck in it’s tails. Rice, stolen rice  
Rice stuck in its tails

(ONLY THE GODS CAN EAT RICE!) (THE GOD WERE FURIOUS)

They sent out the guards, Clad in their armour Chasing that doggy, Intending to harm him

(Chase music - 4 bars)

He thinks he’s escaped  
And stops for a breather  
Hiding himself  
In an ancient pagoda  
But the guards they are wise They’ve seen where he’s hiding And brandishing swords

They creep up to catch him

(DOG YELPS) CHOP  
That dog began to wail  
The guards snuck upon him and they Chopped one of his tails

(short pause)

CHOP.....CHOP  
They got his tail again  
They’ve chopped off number two they have Those angry angry men

CHOP CHOP CHOP  
That’s 3 and 4 and 5  
The nine tailed doggy down to 4 Fearing for his life

CHOP CHOP CHOP  
6 and 7 and 8.  
The dog escapes with just one tail And jumps through heavens gate

Descending from heaven with the rice plants caught in his tail he moves around the earth scattering them and they begin to grow.

Rice Sacred Rice Rice stuck in their tail , Rice holy Rice, Rice stuck in his tail

UC - All this Harvesting and the Festival are exhausting! Before our next journey let’s have a nap. Have a seat, or a lie down. We will sing you a Cantonese lullaby taught to us by our friend Sunshine Wong, have a seat, go on, why don’t you lie down? That’s nice. The lullaby is set in a farming household and it is called Bright Bright Moon.

**Lullaby SONG**

Yeut Gwong Gwong tziu dei tong Hatzai nei gwai gwai Fan Lo-ok chong Teng Tsiu a-ma yiu goen tsaap yeong lo Aa ye teinyau hoei soeng sa-an gong..

Hatzai nei fai gou changdai lo  
Bong saaw aa ye heu tai ngao yeung

Bright bright moon shining over Earth Little child hurry to your bed  
In the morning mother plants rice saplings Grandad and his oxen will climb the hill

Little child grow tall and strong  
So you can help Grandad watch his cows and goats

UC - Wake up! Wake up you salty sea dogs! It’s time to set sail for Cyprus and the depths of winter. for a story about how a batter based treat saves the world.

BS - Hoist the rigging, land lubbers - We shall travel with a shanty! There are two lines you need to learn.... Rise with us roll away , We’re bound for Cyprus Island

**SHANTY SONG**

we’re bound for Cyprus here we go rise with us, roll away  
follow where our footsteps go  
we’re bound for Cyprus island

8) KALAKANAIDEs (in this Pete/US becomes YaYa)

UC - have we got everyone? I promised you a story about how a batter based treat saved the world and you shall have one, A story told to us by our friend Antigone which takes us back 3000 years ago to the Mediterranean island of Cyprus.

It is Winter Solstice and the first day of 12 days of Christmas, or for the ancient Greeks - Dyonisia, 12 days of chaos and carnival.

On this night Antigone’s great great great grandmother, also called Antigone, is 12 yrs old and going to bed with her grandmother who she calls YaYa. Downstairs her Dad is preparing for the festivities, sausages hang smoking in the front room, and in the kitchen a dough is rising for the the famous Loukoumades - deep fried golden doughballs...drenched in a delicious sauce of honey, orange and cinnamon. (pour on sauce, turn hob down). Upstairs Antigone is trying to sleep when she hears a sound - like giant saws on a massive tree.

“Yaya what is that sound?” (go back to do second layer of loop) (tea towel on, le coque spin)

YY “That is the sound of the Kalakrinades, small trolls that spend the whole year trying to saw down the World tree, The colossal tree which whose roots are in the land of the dead - Hades, whose trunk supports the land of the living and whose branches are the land of the gods.

“why can’t we hear them every night YaYa?”

YY - Because it is the first night of Dionysia and the gates of the underworld are thrown open. As they see this the Kalakrinades trolls throw down their saws and we hear the demonic clip clop (FX) of their hooves swarming up to the land of the living where they urinate on your fire so it can never be lit again, smash furniture AND steal our sausages!!”

UC as Antigone “and how will we know them”  
YY You will know them by this dance I have created, which you will now all learn!

**(SUNG!)**

They’ve got the clippy-cloppy hooves that give them the groove,  
They’ve got the hairy legs smell of rotten eggs - go on R  
they’ve got the .. long tails all covered in snails - spin left on ..., gyrate clockwise  
they’ve got the monkey arms that’ll do you some harm (tickle each other) then aud, arms start vert swing in )  
repeat and tickle audience - safely

YaYa - So many Trolls - (get Cr) - a colander, it has many holes - the Trolls love to count, in Cypriot - Ena Dva Tra (practice) but Tra is a holy number, and when they say it - they explode -” Ena, Dva Tra,

BS (wait for cue!) - Enna , Dva, ” (Stage effect) BS leave with colander

YY - Trolls still here! Just like last year and the year before we shall throw Loukamades at them to keep them at bay, whilst singing our favourite Cypriot **song!”** -

(GoB 10)  
'Titsin titsin loukaniko, (small small sausage something thatis fried kommati kserotiano x 2(another word for the dough balls),  
(UC hand out Loukamades now)  
Stin Kamara Ombrosta  
Kremm - unte Ta Kapnista  
San ta tho pethimo  
Pethimo jai pino  
Sto trapezi Ta Pasta

Chorus (UC return)  
Elata na Horepsoume Agkalia os to proi Perkimon jao honepsoume To titsin Jai to lartin

Varte mas Kamian Pinnia Sviste Jai tin tsiminia  
Me lauto palio  
Jai fkiolin terkasto Peksete kamian penia

In the front room  
Smoky Sausages are hanging

When I see them  
I crave them , I’m hungry

preserved in the table

- lets dance togtherh all night long - until the morning light

- we’ve eaten all that we can eat - lets hope it goes down right

give us something (like an appitiser) turn off the fireplace

an old lute  
and violin together

play something for us

BS “So when the trolls return to the underworld full of Loukoumades they find that the world tree has healed itself! And that is the story of how a batter based treat saved the world - thank you” (accept applause)

UC - “ We have reached the end of our journey together. Sowing our seeds of change in spring, nurturing them through summer and reaping and celebrating them in Autumn and Winter harvest.

BS - friends - we hope you make time to dance and cook and sing and write your own tales together! We need to join some toasters over yonder. So we will leave you with a song, by Mamuse, to thank this company we keep today, raising a final toast to you the audience. Cheers! It has been a pleasure.

9) Great Turning song Tuning in on oooh -

“We shall be known by the company we keep  
By the ones who circle round to tend these fires  
We shall be know by the ones who sow and reap  
The seeds of change alive from deep beneath the earth It is time now, it is time now that we thrive,  
its is time we lead ourselves into the well  
It is time now, and what a time to be alive  
In this great turning we shall learn to lead in love  
In this great turning we shall learn to lead in love