

# THE MOON'S REVENGE – A MUSICAL

Inspired by the book 'The Moon's Revenge' by Joan Aiken  
Script and Music by John Mills

## SCENE 1 THE SEAPORT QUAYSIDE (Seppy, Moonshadows & Moon)

### Music starts for #01 Seppy Theme/The Prince Of Night

*(Front of tabs. Grown-up SEPPY enters and plays romantic Seppy-theme on his violin as if performing in a concert. Applause and bow, then SEPPY exits. Curtains open to reveal a stage set like a seaport quayside from times past. The church bell tolls for midnight. Lit with a faint silver glow from the moon. Scary shadowy MOONSHADOWS come to life to create a tense and sinister feeling)*

#### MOONSHADOWS

OH MOON, PROTECTOR OF THE NIGHT, SHINING PRINCE OF BLAZING LIGHT.  
WITH RAZORED SWORD AND GLINTING SHIELD  
PROTECT THIS NIGHT FROM ALL CHALLENGERS WHO DARE TO FIGHT.  
SHINE FOR ALL, INVINCIBLE!  
THE PRINCE OF NIGHT, THE PRINCE OF NIGHT.

LISTEN TO THE WHISPERS OF THE SHADOWS IN THE DARKNESS  
LISTEN TO THEIR TORMENT AS THEY STRAIN TO CATCH YOUR EYE.  
LISTEN TO THEM HUSTLE AS THEY TUSSLE FOR POSITION  
IN THE MOONLIGHT, DREADFUL MOONLIGHT, DEADLY MOONLIGHT ALL AROUND.  
THERE IS DANGER IN THE SHADOWS! YOUR MIND IS RACING, VISIONS PRANCING.

#### MOON

MONSTERS! HALLUCINATIONS! MADNESS RAGES IN YOUR MIND!  
DANCING IN THE SHADOWS, OUT TO SCARE YOU INTO SUBMISSION.  
FEEL THE SHIVERS RUNNING UP AND DOWN YOUR SPINE!

#### ALL

Feel your heart exploding! So frightened of the dark!

*(MOON enters with brilliant light)*

#### MOON

I AM THE MOON, PROTECTOR OF THE NIGHT  
A SHINING PRINCE OF BLAZING LIGHT.  
WITH RAZORED SWORD  
AND DAZZLING SHIELD  
I'LL PROTECT !

#### SHADOWS

HE IS THE MOON, PROTECTOR OF THE NIGHT  
A SHINING PRINCE OF BLAZING LIGHT.

#### MOON

I AM THE MOON, PROTECTOR OF  
THE NIGHT

A SHINING PRINCE OF BLAZING LIGHT. A SHINING PRINCE OF BLAZING LIGHT.

#### ALL

WITH RAZORED SWORD AND DAZZLING SHIELD I'LL/HE'LL PROTECT THE NIGHT

FROM ALL CHALLENGERS WHO DARE TO FIGHT. SHINE FOR ALL, INVINCIBLE,  
THE PRINCE OF NIGHT! THE PRINCE OF NIGHT! THE PRINCE OF NIGHT!

*(Lights dim, **SHADOWS** fade and form scary shapes. Sinister and dreadful. Speaking over the music)*

**MOON**

I am Moon. I am Moon, Protector of the Night!

**MOONSHADOWS**

Protector of the Night!

**MOON**

I stand guard over everything that creeps in the darkness. I am Moon, Prince Of Night!

**MOONSHADOWS**

Prince of Night!

**MOON**

I can spread fear all around. I can see plots and dangers in dark.

**MOONSHADOWS**

Dangers in the dark.

**MOON**

I sense when evil is in the air. I can reach deep inside your heart and make you jump with fear.

**MOONSHADOWS**

Jump with fear!

**MOON**

When your mouth goes dry ... *you* should think of *me*. I am Moon, Prince of Night and I am watching you!

**MOONSHADOWS**

Watching you!

**MOON**

I demand you treat me with the respect I deserve. The world of night is mine to control. You won't want to cross me if you value undisturbed sleep. I am Moon, Prince of Night!

**MOONSHADOWS**

Prince of Night!

**MOON**

Tremble with fear if I get near!

**MOONSHADOWS**

Tremble with fear!

**MOON**

I am Moon, Prince of Night, and I am warning you, not to cross me! Or I will come and deal with you in a manner most dreadful!

**MOONSHADOWS**

Most dreadful!

### **Scene Change Music - Extract from #01 The Prince Of Night**

*(Lights out. Tabs close. ALL exit)*

## **SCENE 2 SEPPY'S HOME - THE SAIL-LOFT**

**(Seppy)**

*(SEPPY, aged 7, enters in front of tabs carrying his fiddle. Cleans, prepares and tunes it. Still learning! Play 'Seppy-theme' but produces very scratchy sound, full of mistakes.)*

**SEPPY**

Oh no, wrong again! I wish I could play just like Grandfather. People said he was the best fiddler in the country. They say he played so beautifully that two kings, Henry and Richard, stopped fighting their great battle to listen. Tears ran like rain down their faces until Grandfather had finished playing. Then they picked up their swords and finished the battle.

*(Tries playing Seppy-theme again but unsuccessful)*

If it had been me, I'd not have stopped playing. I'd have made those kings keep listening, till they promised never to fight another battle.

*(Tries playing theme again but still full of mistakes)*

I need more practice before I'm ready to play to Father.

*(SEPPY exits still playing and correcting self).*

**SCENE 3 SEPPY'S HOME - KITCHEN****(Mother, Father & Seppy)**

*(Curtains open. There's a large table for a dozen people to sit around and an oversized grandfather clock in a prominent place - large enough for characters to emerge from. A lumpy bag of shoes is on the table. MOTHER enters, followed by FATHER.)*

**MOTHER**

*(Examining the shoes, one by one)*

Father, won't you look at these darling little shoes of Seppy's. So cute, so small and such memories. How he has grown over these seven years. Oh Father! Look at this kidskin shoe. So sweet! He had these when he was only one year old.

**FATHER**

Yes, Mother, I remember how sweet Seppy *was*! Now, all you hear is scraping and scratching on that fiddle of his. And somehow, it's amazing how he always manages to choose a time when I'm trying to get some shut-eye.

**MOTHER**

*(Holding up the rabbit-skin boot)*

I remember when Seppy was two, he had these boots of rabbit-skin. So soft! Just like his little tummy!

*(Holding up the red crocodile-skin slippers)*

Oh, I'd forgotten these red crocodile-skin slippers, given to him when he was three by the gentleman's wife. A fine pair of which Seppy really treasured.

**FATHER**

Yes, yes, Mother, but it's a pity he doesn't 'treasure' being my apprentice! Can't remember the last time he made anything worthwhile. I've had to show him, I don't how many times, how to cut a decent carriage door-panel. And how to shave spokes for a cart wheel. Seppy needs to give more attention to his trade!

**MOTHER**

*(Ignoring FATHER, holds up the deer-skin boot)*

Seppy so loved this deerskin boot he'd tuck it under his pillow every night.

*(Showing calf-skin shoe with pewter buckle)*

He got this calf-skin shoe when he was just five years old. Look at that shiny pewter buckle. He would polish those with his sleeve every day, just to see his face mirrored in it. He used to pull such silly faces at his reflection.

**FATHER**

Pass it here, Mother.

*(FATHER looks at it, making silly faces at the reflection)*

Mmm, still in a pretty fair condition too. Good job it was made strong, seeing as how his six brothers wore them before him!

**MOTHER**

*(Holding up the sheep-skin slippers)*

And last year when Seppy turned six, Uncle gave him these beautiful, warm sheepskin slippers.

**FATHER**

Ha ha! Do you remember Mother, that Dog chasing after him and ‘worrying’ Seppy as if he was a sheep. Turned him into a fast runner though!

**MOTHER**

*(MOTHER collects all the shoes back into the bag. Teasing FATHER)*

Remind me, Father, what did Seppy get for his seventh birthday?

**FATHER**

Those clumping, noisy hog-skin clogs! Clatter-clatter-clatter as he runs across the floorboards. Keeping me awake just as I start my dozing! A great combination, that screechy-fiddle and the clattering clogs. Huh! He thinks he’s going to be a great musician one day. Well, maybe. But for now he needs to spend more time turning spindles than screeching away on the cat-gut!

*(Mock-playing violin.)*

Eee-eee-eee!! Sounds like a dying cat.

**MOTHER**

Oh, do stop it, Father. There’s something special about Seppy. Something ... calming about him. One day, I know, he *will* play really beautifully.

**FATHER**

He needs to have a proper job for when he’s older. The job of a coach-maker like me, and my father before me, and my father’s father before him. Seppy’s the seventh son of a seventh son. Coach-building’s been good for us and will be good for Seppy too.

**MOTHER**

*(Offstage, SEPPY starts playing again – rather badly. Puts hands over ears)*

It is a pity that fiddle is so scratchy and paper thin. Can’t we buy him a new one?

*(Music stops)*

**FATHER**

Mother, no coins to spare, not now, not with another baby on the way. Hoping for a girl this time?

*(Laughing)*

Like every other time?

**MOTHER**

Oh, yes, yes, yes please! A girl to bring laughter and lightness to this world of moany-menfolk. Yes, I really think a daughter would be best for all of us. She’ll be an angel among all these clodhoppers!

**SEPPY**

*(SEPPY enters with his fiddle and raises it as if to play.)*

Father, can I play you a tune?

**FATHER**

Put the fiddle away, Seppy. I've told you before, that's for Sundays and high days. You've got to earn your living!

**SEPPY**

*(With a sigh)*

But Father ... yes, Father.

**FATHER**

Now, off to bed. You've a dozen cart-wheel spokes to shave in the morning, and I need them to be perfect! I'm off for a jug of grog with my brothers. All six of them! And it's my round!

*(FATHER exits)*

**MOTHER**

Come on, Seppy, help me put these things away before you get to your bed.

*(MOTHER gives the shoe-bag to SEPPY to put inside the grandfather clock.)*

**SEPPY**

*(Moving the clock hands to an earlier time)*

Look, Mother, it's not my bedtime yet.

**MOTHER**

Come on you!

*(MOTHER resets the time on the clock)*

Just because it's fast one minute, then slow the next, doesn't mean I don't know what you're playing at.

**SEPPY**

*(Listening to the clock. CLOCK WHISPERERS whisper from inside the clock, increasingly loud)*

Sssh, listen mother, there are voices whispering. Inside the clock. They're whispering to get out. Listen, listen.

**MOTHER**

*(Listens too, but cannot hear anything)*

Ah, it's just the wind.

**SEPPY**

Oh, Mother, you must hear them. Listen. Sssh!

**MOTHER**

Oh, get away with you Seppy. You're only trying to delay going to bed! Go on, off your go.

*(SEPPY moves to exit)*

Hey, hey! Goodnight kiss please, Seppy.

**SEPPY**

*(Big hug and kiss for MOTHER)*

Goodnight.

**MOTHER**

Goodnight, sweet dreams. Remember to be up early tomorrow. You won't want to upset Father again, will you!

*(Kisses SEPPY on the forehead, who exits. Lights off. MOTHER exits)*

**Scene Change Music - Extract from #02 The Seventh Son**

**SCENE 4 SEPPY'S HOME - COACHMAKER'S WORKSHOP**  
**(Father, Mother, Uncles, Aunts & Seppy)**

*(FATHER oversees UNCLES working hard and noisily.)*

**FATHER**

Brother, stop your yawning! Too much grog! The day's well under way. What time did you get to bed last night? What time?! Much too late! Brother, what sort of workmanship do you call this? Ragged as an Aunt's tongue! Needs to be smooth as a baby's cheeks. Where is that boy of mine? Seppy?

**UNCLE 3**

I expect he's still in bed, dreaming about being famous.

**FATHER**

I'll give him something to dream about!

*(Moves as if to fetch SEPPY)*

**UNCLE 4**

He's never gonna make it as a coach-maker, that son of yours.

**UNCLE 1**

Let alone become a master-craftsman.

**FATHER**

He's never gonna make it into adulthood if he doesn't get here soon!

**UNCLE 5**

Go easy on him, Brother. Seppy's a good lad and loves his music. I tell you, when I hear him play sometimes it makes me feel real calm inside. Even though it's sometimes pretty scratchy and out of tune!

**UNCLE 2**

I've finished here, I'll go get him for you.

**FATHER**

Yes, you go. I'm far from feeling calm when I think of Seppy.

*(UNCLE 2 exits)* Just wait until I get hold of him.

**UNCLE 6**

Easy, Brother, he's growing fast and needs his dreams. We all need our dreams.

**FATHER**

*(Shouting loudly)* Seppy! Seppy, get your lazy bones out here right now!

*(AUNTS enter to see what all the noise is about.)*

**Music starts for #02 The Seventh Son**

If I have to come and fetch you I'll box your ears so hard you'll not be able to sleep, let alone dream! Seppy! Seppy! I want you here now!

**UNCLE 2**

Here he comes. Sleepy Seppy!

*(UNCLE 2 re-enters with MOTHER and a sleepy SEPPY. MOTHER 'deals' with him through the song.)*

**AUNTS**

GET UP YOU LAZY HEAD! GET UP YOU LIE-A-BED!