

SCENE 4 : ON THE WAY TO MARKET

(Front of Tabs or front cloth scene, as Act I Scene 2.)

SIMON: Never mind, Buttermilk, old girl – we'll find someone nice for your new owner ...

(BUTTERMILK stops, shakes her head and refuses to move.)

SIMON: *(Continuing)* ... Someone who really loves cows ... someone with other cows too ...

(BUTTERMILK shakes her head and still resists being pulled.)

SIMON: *(Continuing)* ... Maybe even a bull!

(Hearing this, BUTTERMILK perks up and scratches the ground with her hoof. SIMON and BUTTERMILK then continue slowly to DSC, whilst RANCID enters DSL as a Pieman, wearing an apron and with a tray of pies around his neck.)

RANCID: Simple Simon met a Pieman going to the fayre. Said Simple Simon to the Pieman ...

SIMON: *(Seeing the Pieman and butting in)* 'Ere, what have you got there?

RANCID: Pies, you fool! *(He comes to meet Simon DSC.)*

SIMON: How much are they?

RANCID: A pound for two.

SIMON: How much for one?

RANCID: Seventy pence.

SIMON: Here's thirty pence – I'll have the other one!

RANCID: *(Taking a pie in each hand as if weighing them, he sings:)* Somewhere over the rainbow ...

SIMON: What are you doing?

RANCID: *(Continuing to sing)* Weigh a pie! *[Way up high]*

SIMON: *(Reacting)* Weigh a pie, indeed!

RANCID: *(Handing over a pie)* There you go – a nice steak pie.

SIMON: *(He sniffs it and reacts in disgust.)* It's foul!

RANCID: Oh, give it here, then – I'll change the label to chicken!

SIMON: No – it's bad!

RANCID: Listen sonny, I was making pies before you were born.

SIMON: Yeah, I think this is one of them!

RANCID: Enough! Now, where are you going with that there moo-cow?

SIMON: Oh, I'm taking her to the market.

RANCID: To market, eh? I wouldn't bother if I were you. Cows aren't fetching much these days, you know – not since Brexit! Why not save yourself the trouble – I'll give you a much better price for her, right here, right now.

SIMON: No, we don't want Buttermilk finishing up in one of your pies, now do we?