

TI-JEAN AND THE LOUP GAROU – MUMMERS PLAY

ROOM

Attention!
Room, room, messieurs dames,
Make room to see our play
We bring to you both large and small
The New Year Guignolée

TI JEAN

In come I Petit-Jean-Jacques
Avec ma famille on my back
Ma famille est large and I am small
I've brought my broom to nettoyer the hall.
Poutine! Red wine! Strong cheese!
What in the world is better than these?

ALL

Rien! Nothing!

ROOM

Step in Père Noel!

PÈRE NOEL

Voici Père Noel! Welcome or welcome not!
J'espère that Père Noel will jamais be forgot.

ALL

Jamais! Jamais!

PERE NOEL

Noel is a jolly fête that comes but once a year
And when it comes it brings beaucoup de cheer
Strong cheese! Red wine! Poutine!
Better than Ti-Jean and I, who likes Québec cuisine?

ALL

Personne!

Offstage howling

PERE NOEL

A Werewolf you shall see
A *Loup Garou* for to flee
Allez, allez thou Werewolf wild
And frighten every man and child

LOUP GAROU

Stand on tête stand on feet
I need meat for to eat
Je suis le *Loup Garou*, here are my jaws
I am the Werewolf, here are my claws
If I ever get to meet Ti-Jean
I'll eat him up like a bon-bon

PERE NOEL

Step forth Ti-Jean thou champion

TI-JEAN

Me voici Petit-Jean!
Just as I came before
I'll lay this scrawny wolf
Upon the kitchen floor.

LOUP GAROU

Who calls so méchant and so loud
With fighting words and angry tones
Avec my teeth and mauvais jaws
I'll tear ze flesh from off his bones.

TI-JEAN

What you, Monsieur?

LOUP GAROU

Mais oui, Monsieur

TI-JEAN

I'd like to see you try, Monsieur.

They fight. TI-JEAN slays the wolf.

PERE NOEL

O horrible , O terrible
Look what you have done.
You have killed the Loup Garou
Who was my only son.
Is there a doctor to be found
To cure this deep and deadly wound

ALL

Doctor! Médecin! Dentiste! PHD! DVD!

DOCTOR

Here I am Doctor Malgré Lui
Avec my coattails down to my knee
I do the medicine from France
Which makes the dead get up and dance.

PERE NOEL

How came you to be a doctor?

DOCTOR

By my travels.

TI-JEAN

Where have you traveled?

DOCTOR

Italy, Spittaly, Old Québec,
Up your nose and round your neck.

ROOM

Can you cure a werewolf who's been dead five minutes?

DOCTOR

If he's been dead five years I can cure him.

Looking in his book

Werewolf, Werewolf, now let's see,

Here it is - "Lycanthropy"

To separate man from the beast

I shall need a pound of yeast

A bunch of garlic picked in Wales

And three albino mouse's tails,

The juice of a mosquito's spleen

Stirred into some nice warm *poutine*

He mixes the ingredients together and drinks the lot

DOCTOR

That's better.

Now first we make a good inspection.

And then we make a big injection

And now prepare to see a flood

Of nasty wicked werewolf's blood

(Doctor draws blood from Loup Garou and exits upstage.)

LOUP GAROU

Bon Jour mes Gentlemen
A sleeping I have been
And I've had such a sleep
As the like was never seen

But now I am awake
Alive unto this day
We hope you have enjoyed
Our little *Guignolée*