

# The Tangolian Tremor

## 1 Tangled Tango.

### Characters:

Whatatango: the elderly and kindly king.

Notatango: the young and wimpy king's son.

Tingletango: Notatango's girl friend.

Fandangotango: King's wife.

Swankotango: Evil contestant.

Slangotango: His side kick.

### Sound effects

Various sound effects are noted in the script

Every time the name 'Swankotango' is mentioned a very short bit of villain music needs to play. The cast freeze for a second during this and then continue as if nothing has happened. This is noted as (music) in the script each time.

### Props

Various props are noted in the script.

You will need a large shark fin attached to a skate board that can be pulled across the stage to represent Nashotango.

*The scene is the beach of a tropical island. The upper part of the stage is the beach, the lower part is the sea. There is a large Sun in the background.*

Opening calypso music.

(Enter Whata and Nota walking together)

Nota: But father you can't just give up like this.

Whata: But son, I can't see that I have any choice.

Nota: But you've been King of Tangolia for years, and you've made it such a beautiful place. Everyone is happy. Everyone loves you. You must stay as our King.

Whata: But son you know the law. Every ten years there must be a competition, and whoever wins will be the King.

Nota: But you always win, and you're bound to win again this time.

Whata: Oh, if it was only that simple Notatango. But I'm old now, my surfing days are over, there's no way that I could win again this year. No my son, this time it's got to be up to someone else.

Nota: but who father? Who?

Whata: Well Notatango, since you were a little boy I've always hoped that you would follow in my footsteps. Now I know you haven't turned out to be as tall and as strong and as grand as me, in fact your a bit of a wimp really, but there is no

one else, you're my only son, and you will have to enter the competition this time.

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Nota: Me!? M...m...m....ME!?

Whata: Yes you Notatango, it's all up to you. The whole future of Tangolia now rests on your shoulders.

(Enter Fang and Ting in a fluster)

Fang: Oh there you are Whatatango. I've been looking for you all over the island, and more to the point, I've been looking for your surf board as well. What have you done with it?

Whata: My surf board? Why on earth would you be looking for that Fandango?

Fang: So you can practice you old fool. Have you forgotten that it is the competition next week? You've got to win and as far as I can remember you haven't been on your surf board for the past ten years!

Whata: and I won't be on it this year either Fandangotango. You see you're right, I am a bit of an old fool, my surfing days are over. No, it's going to have to be up to someone else this year.

Fang: But who? Who could take your place?.....

(Whata looks at Nota)

Fang: Him? But!

Whata: But he's our son.

Fang: But!!

Whata: But he's all we've got.

Fang: Oh shut up and let me speak! But have you heard who else has entered this time

Whata: Errr.... No.

Fang: None other than ..... Swankotango!!!

(Music)

Whata, Nota, Ting - together: SWANKOTANGO!! (Music)

Ting: B.. but he's big!

Nota: B...but he's strong!

Ting: B....but he's good at surfing!

Nota: B... but he's BAD, very bad!

Fang: Exactly! If Swankotango (music) became King of Tangolia he would spoil the place in a day, and no doubt make us his slaves as well!

Whata: This is serious, very serious. Swankotango (music) must never be allowed to become King of Tangolia. Never in a million years. So Notatango, it's all up to you. Are you willing to face Swankotango? (music)

Nota: (Pause) Yes father I will.

Ting: But Notatango, you might be,... might be...killed.