MILLS

CENTURY of CHANGE

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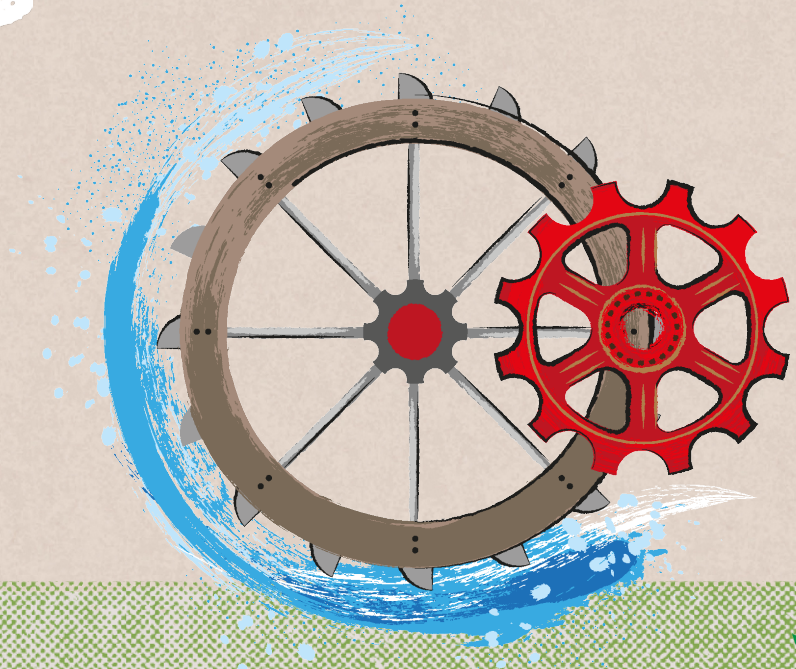
A GOOD DAY TO MILL AROUND...

OR

THE GRAINS OF TIME...

WRITTEN BY JACK BURROWS



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The Real Sherwood Forest

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STAGE ONE: THE BAKER

*A crowd mingle around waiting for **Mr. Gregg** the baker. **The Narrator** addresses the audience.*

Narrator: The people gather happily this way,
Waiting for their daily bread.
They don't care for porridge to start their day
But want a tasty slice of toast instead,
Magical things will happen here,
Although they do not know it,
They're a kind people, full of cheer,
Although they do not show it,
I am your Narrator, you'll hear my storytelling lines,
In this magical world which travels through time,
Where for some reason,
Everybody speaks in rhyme,
And here comes our baker, the kind Mr. Gregg,
Who, erm…

Mother: Yes?

Narrator: I can't think of anything that rhymes with Mr. Gregg!

Mother: Egg?

Mr Bird: Beg?

Damsel: Peg?

Crowd: My names Meg!

All: Shut up Meg.

Narrator: Beg will do, I'm sure,
Unless you can think of anymore?

The crowd think then shake their head.

Narrator: Then it will do,
And here comes our baker, the kind Mr. Gregg,
And so dear audience, just a few moments of time,
We do humbly beg.

Mother: Very nice.

Narrator: Thank you.

Mr Bird: He's a poet and he's aware of it.

The others shake their heads; ***Mr. Gregg*** *enters with his wife and son.*

Mr Gregg: Get your bread, wonderful bread, lovely bread,
Brown, White, Wholemeal,
Or perhaps you like gluten free instead?

Mother: I'll have a loaf.

Mr Bird: Put me down for two.

Crowd 1: I need another; my missus has had another baby.

Mr Bird: Surely, it's too young for bread?

Crowd 1: It is, but the whole things made her bread crazy.

Crowd 2: Brown and white for me.

Crowd 3: I need a Naan for me Nan.

Mrs Gregg: There are more of them than usual today, Mr. Gregg.

Mr Gregg: I know Mrs Gregg, we best get baking some more, make sure we can deal with the demand.

Mrs Gregg: There's too many, it's getting out of hand.

Mr Gregg: They need the bread; we've got the grain,
In times of recession we shouldn't complain.

Mrs Gregg: I'll go back in and get the oven burning.
We'll have to deal with all their yearning.

Mr Gregg: Just think of all the bread were earning!

Mrs Gregg: No dear… rhyming couplets, it's only for two lines.

Mr Gregg: Ok now hurry up, were running out of time. (*To Crowd*)
Get your bread, lovely bread, the best bread in town.
There's no better bread around!

Mother: Now we should go daughter, let's not make a fuss.

Damsel: But mother in this dress I look ridiculous
I just don't know why I have to dress like this today.

Mother: Haven't you heard my girl, the news that's been all around town?
It's been heard that the King has come visiting this way,

And we have to dress nice when he is around.
Oh my dear with you we have so much hope and promise.

Damsel: I'm sorry but why does that mean I'm dressed like this?

Mother: Look, it's like this, the king is out and about,
Travelling with his men on his yearly hunting,
Dear's will run, and with success he will shout,
We will celebrate his arrival with cheers and bunting,
But in his hunting party will surely be his son,
Who is of an age that he will be looking for a wife,
The special person, the perfect one,
He meets you, looking lovely, and then you'll be his princess

Damsel: I'm not a princess I'm a Damsel.
Though I don't look a Damsel in Dis Dress.

Mother: Now dear, what have I told you about talking properly?

Damsel: But otherwise, the joke wouldn't work.

Mother: Ah then, I'll forgive you in the name of comedy.

Damsel: Mother, you are driving me beserk!
Now hear me, I'll say this one time only,
I am down to earth, not suited for a rich life,
No matter how much this prince may be lonely,
There is no way on earth I'll agree to be his wife.

Mother: But we are poor my dear, can't afford our bread,
Ever since you lost your job,
We've been living on smart price instead,
It's either my prince my dear, or Bob.

Mr Bird: Bob, the village idiot, don't marry him!

Damsel: I'm not marrying anyone,

Mother: Then fine we will starve... or at least get very thin.

Damsel: Don't be dramatic mum, this chat isn't fun.
I'll find work again, they'll be other mills
That need a damsel as good as me,
I'll work and help pay the bills,
I'll find work you'll see.

Mother: Still can't believe they replaced you, it was really unfair,
Another day without food, I really cannot bear.

Mr. Bird: Ere Mr Gregg, what's taking so long,
Have you got our order wrong?

*The Crowd start to sing (to the tune of Spam) as they pass loaves down from **Mr. Gregg.***

Crowd: Bread, Bread, Bread, Bread,
Bread, Bread, Bread, Bread… (Continues through…)

Gregg and some crowd: Bread, lovely bread,
Bread, wonderful bread…
There's no better loaf in town,
I'm the best baker around,
So whether it's white or brown,
There's no better loaf in town,
Either with cheese or ham,
There is no other man,
Who makes bread as good as I can.

*The song repeats until it is interrupted by **Mrs. Gregg** and the **Son.***

Mrs Gregg: Stoooooppppp!

Mr Gregg: What's wrong my dear?

Mother: Were we out of key?

Damsel: Did we not sing with enough cheer?

Mr Bird: Couldn't you hear me?

Mrs Gregg: No, no it's worse than all of that.

Crowd: I knew it; we sounded like a strangled cat!

Mr Gregg: Dearest what is the matter?

Mrs Gregg: We've no grain left, and they all need bread,
Oh, this will make the business shatter,
They may go to other bakers instead.

Mr Gregg: No Grain? But today is when the Miller delivers.

Mrs Gregg: Well, he hasn't, and now I'm all of a quiver!

Mr Bird: No bread?

Miller: Not even a loaf?

Crowd: Not worth getting out of bed.

Crowd 2: You lazy oaf!

Mr Gregg: Just a simple matter that can be resolved,
Bear with me, my friends, I will sort this soon.

Mr Gregg: It's always the same with that Miller,
His grain never comes on time.

Mrs Gregg: Well, let's be fair to the Miller,
He works hard and is always kind,
It's the son who should deliver,
But he's always got other things on his mind.

Miller: Sir might I say to you, if with his service you're not amused,
Then I could offer mine, and help you clear your dues.

Mother: You've got some nerve after you let my daughter go.

Miller: I'm very sorry I sacked you, it was very mean.

Damsel: I'll say, I loved my job and as I'm sure you know,
But all that was worthless, replaced by a machine,
Days and nights of service, for you, were easy to discard.

Mrs Gregg: What's this? A machine? I'm not quite sure I follow.

Damsel: Damsel is my name, but also that of a machine,
It had a hopper, which was always filled with grain,
It was easy work to me, I could do it in my dreams,
The grain came down a shoot called a shoe,

Crowd: A shoe like the one I wear on my feet?

Damsel: No, you fool, now can I work my way through?

Crowd: Knock yourself out, next time I'll be more discreet

Damsel: The shoe had to be shaken this way,
to turn the grain to flour,
And so I'd do this every day,
Happy hour after hour,
But yesterday the Miller here gladly thought,
That he could manage well without me,
So my job I had to abort,
Which is why I'm slightly confused why it's me you've come to see.

Worker 1: Oh, dear Damsel, he's seen the error of his ways,
It didn't work so well without you,
No flour made right, so we won't get pay.

Damsel: So, then it is true? You couldn't do without me?

Miller: Well, I suppose you could say that,
The work isn't perhaps so easy.

Damsel: And you expect me to be treated like a door mat?

Miller: We need you so that production can improve.

Worker 1: We'll tell you the truth, of what happened without you.
Because, if you don't come back, I will have to move.

Damsel: Is it so bad that you would have to?

Worker: If we argue like we did today, I wouldn't have a choice.

Damsel: You've both been arguing? I thought I'd heard your voice.

Miller: The flour wasn't coming out well.

Worker : And so he blamed me, and I blamed him.
On and on through the day, never ending.

Miller: I wanted to save money by firing you,
But instead I lost it, I never put your firing in writing.
So would you come back and work for us?
Starting hopefully today, to stop all of our fighting.

Damsel: I may come back, but I need a lot more pay.

Miller: A pay rise? You must think that I'm a fool,
You should be grateful I'm offering you work,

Damsel: It's the least you can do, when you've been so cruel,
Besides, you said you couldn't do it without my work.

Miller: But I will not pay you another penny,

Damsel: Then I won't come back, and the arguments will continue…

Miller: I have never been so insulted in my life.

Mother: I find that very hard to believe.

Damsel: It simple Mr. Miller, if you do not raise my wage,
Then you can lose money until your old age.

Miller: Fine then I will happily go,
I'd like to see you find work elsewhere.

Damsel: Oh really, well there's a Miller I know
Who'd treat me with kindness- who would care,

Miller: Then go to him; see if he offers you a job.

Damsel: Ok then, Mother, I'm off to John Cockle,
He's better than this slob!

Mother: Well... what on Earth rhymes with John Cockle?

Mrs Gregg: We should go and see him too, and find out the delay

Mr Gregg: Yes, quite dear, or they'll be no bread today.

CROWD: What… no bread?

Mr Gregg: No, there will be, I can promise you,
But we need to visit the miller first,
And ask him for the grain were due,
Or our business will be cursed.

Crowd: But what's the miller got to do with your providing us?
I can't see why there's all this fuss.

Mr Gregg: No we do, we do, let me explain,
See the Miller is an important person,
Because he makes the grain,
Without him I couldn't make a bun!
Now listen carefully, to the methods I'll be listing,
First the Miller cleans and conditions the grain,

And then its mixed with types of wheat through a process called Gristing,
Then the grist is passed through fluted rolls as they are rotating,
The fragments of wheat grain are separated through a sieve,
Repeating this process, the wheat, germ and flour separating,
Until the elements to make our bread is ready for the Miller to give.

Crowd: Ahhhhhhhh….

Mr Bird: Well, you'd better dab in then.

Mr Gregg: I shall, wife come with me, for a short time we'll shut shop,
We'll go confront him and see why he's made us late,
We'll go without haste and make no sudden stop,
Until we reach the Mill and find out why he's made us wait.

Narrator: And so Mr Gregg and son went their merry way,
To find all reasons why the grain was late today,
And the Damsel made her way to find a new job,
Though it is not our time yet, we've other things to see,
So while she's away, trying to earn an honest bob,
I think my friends, there are other places for you to be,
I promise all will be resolved at the end of our day,
Now it's time to move again, follow me, this way…

STAGE TWO:

*We find ourselves in a town square, people mill waiting, and our **Narrator** addresses us.*

Narrator: There are a lot of things going on in town today,
People are gossiping and making their way,
And here they are to listen, talk and mingle,
So I'll get to the point before my tale begins to dwindle,
Amongst these people, the many and the few,
One man this very day has a lot to do,
Mr Lindley, an honest and smart bloke,
Has recently declared his hopes to be the mayor,
Though with the grumbles of these poor folk,
It's safe to say he hasn't got a prayer,
There's talks of mutinies and civil unrest,
Which wouldn't do the town much good,
So Mr Lindley must try his very best,
To calm the people and win them over,
Before they want his blood.

***Mr. Lindley** and his assistant **Mr. Idlewell** stand in front of the people.*

Mr. Lindley: People, People, permit me a few words,

Mr. Bird: Depends if they're different to ones we've already heard,

Mr Lindley: People, people, people, I am a man who cares,
So I am here asking, begging you, to make me aware,
Of anything and everything that causes you great pain,
And I will fix the problem, before they drive you insane,
I want to prove to you that I should be your mayor,
A man who acts and puts his people first,
Not one who goes on and on like an old record player,

Mr Bird: Oi, they didn't have record players in these times,

Narrator: This world is timeless remember?
Besides we'll allow it if it rhymes.

Idlewell: Go home Lindley, find yourself another cause,
you're wasting time, we won't give you applause.

Lindley: Just a moment Mr Idlewell, if you'd be so kind,
. Come on people tell me what's on your mind.

Idlewell: The Miller, he's behind on his deliveries.

Mr. Bird: Even worse his son has been a pain for me.

Lindley: Tell me Mr Bird, what has his son done?

Mr. Bird: He has no morals and is only interested in fun,
Last week I asked him to look after my shop for an hour or two,
I came back to find him messing about with my bacon slicer,

Lindley: Oh dear Mr Bird what on earth did you do?

Mr. Bird: I had no choice, though I couldn't have been nicer,
But the only option left was to sack her,
The miller's son had turned her into a slacker.

Idlewell: I found him asleep one morning on my cabbage patch,
Apparently, after a night of drinking, it looked like a bed,
My prized flowers had finally met their match,
When they were ruined by his dozing head.

***Two Knights** enter*

Idlewell: Now who's these two blokes,
They look all smart and regal,

Crowd: Must be wearing it for a joke,
Isn't pretending to be a knight illegal?

Mr Bird: Or, you cretin, the truth could surely be,
That they are actually knights, coming towards you and me.

Knight 1: What Ho there, good gentleman,
Have you seen a King?

Crowd 1: Never in all my life brave man,

Crowd 2: I think I may be dreaming. (Pinches 1)

Crowd 1: Why on earth have you just pinched me?

Crowd 2: To see if I was asleep, my dear friend Burt.

Crowd 1: You're supposed to pinch yourself silly,

Crowd 2: But that would surely hurt.

Knight 1: Silence you fools, listen as we ask,
For we men have an important task,
We're here to protect the King and keep him secure,

Knight 2: Only we seem to have, erm, well,
Of his whereabouts become unsure,

Knight 1: Exactly, so if you've seen him, pray, do tell!

Mr Lindley: I can say I haven't seen him, not today,

Idlewell: As long as we've been here, he's not passed this way,

Crowd 1: Course if he does come by, we can pass on a note,

Mr Bird: Oi don't speak for all of us, we haven't passed a vote!

Knight 1: So, you, young man wouldn't help find your King?

Mr Bird: Well, I never voted for him either,
Would he come look for me if I became missing?

Knight 1: That is insignificant; this man is your ruler,

Mr Lindley: So, you think we're insignificant, Mr Knight?
Not good enough to be discussed?
Oh, but you'll come for our help all right,
When you've caused yourself a fuss.

Knight 2: We best go steady and not offend
Or else the peasants will be revolting,

Knight 1: There hardly pleasant now my friend,
I'm considering Usain Bolting
Enough, enough, I've asked you all a query,

Mr Lindley: And we've refused to answer,
As we need to consider our theory,
For we have come to concur,
That knights only talk to men such as now,
When they need a helping hand somehow.

Mr Bird: So perhaps if it so happened that your King remained lost,
We could overthrow you men, and cause you great cost,

Knight 1: Such silly ideals, what about the monarchy?

Mr Lindley: We'd forget about that and become a democracy.

Knight 1: Bear with me a second good men,
I need to talk with my fellow knight,

Mr Lindley: Do what you must then,
(*To others*) I think we've given them a fright.

Knight 1 *takes* ***Knight 2*** *aside.*

Knight 1: Right then chap, we need to convince them,
That the King is good and kind

Knight 2: Aye otherwise we run; for I do not want to be here when
They start to try and kick us up our behinds.
Perhaps we should tell a tale,
Of one of the Kings great victories

Knight 1: Well, thought that Knight, we shall regale
Them with a legend from his history!
But which would be the one to talk them round?

Knight 2: We can't waste too much time, the King must be found!

Knight 1: Perhaps we could make up a story to tell them,

Knight 2: You mean tell them a pack of lies?

Knight 1: With the Kings own sons starting mayhem,
A further uprising from these is hardly a surprise.
I'll do the best that I can do, to gain us a steady win,
I cannot bare another night looking for the King!

The Knight 1 *turns back to the crowd.*

Knight 1: Villagers listen up and hear the tale of your brave ruler,
King Henry the Second is his name,
And I promise that there's no one cooler,
All this talk of revolt will make you feel in shame,

Mr Lindley: Then try and win us with your propagandist tale,

Mr Bird: But we warn you we like this idea of rebellion,

Idlewell: I've got a sudden urge to impale,

Crowd 1: Though he's always got that urge, I don't mind tellin' 'em.

Knight 2: Oh eck governor you better make this good,
Otherwise they're certainly after our blood.

Knight 1: Your King, Henry 2nd, is strong, and kind and brave,
He's always fought this country, to stop us being slaves,
He put this country back together, after King Stephen before,
Made us all happier after the plagues of the civil war,
He saved us when, at each and every chance,
King Louis the Seventh tried to have us invaded by France,
He even, though we can't confirm, had that Beckett killed,
When he sided with the enemy, and wished us all ill
He's thought with all the valour a King may wish to show,
A greater king, apart from Arthur, I feel we'll never know,
He carefully crafted a government to make life for you fair,
So perhaps now, after your words of vengeance, you can repair,
Oh help us find our King, the man who keeps us protected,
And have these thoughts of rebellion carefully rejected.

The Crowd *look at each other and then joyfully start applauding.*

Mr Lindley: Bravo, the greatest tale I have ever heard,

Mr Bird: This man sounds fantastic, a hero I must say,

Idlewell: Oh yes, if I met him, I'd love to have a word,

Crowd 2: I feel as though I could easily shake his hand all day.

Knight 1: Then help us try and find him, so that you can
do all the things you've talked of, it's a simple plan.
Then lets away, the day is getting older,

Knight 2: But we should keep them sweet, before they get bolder

Mr Lindley: Aye and people if you want the Millers son,
Then it's my pleasure to stop him, everyone,
I'll make him pay for all his disruptive ways,
I promise you I'll have him apologise by the end of the day.
And I'll make sure the miller is always on time with his grain,
By the end of the day I'll reprimand all those who are to blame

Idlewell: In the sake of fairness to the miller, the mills seen better days,
A heavy gale came not long ago and blew some stones away,
It made some damage and for the Miller times have been tough,
It's made his working conditions somewhat rough.

Mr Bird: A poor worker always blames his tools!

Crowd 2: I agree with Mr Idlewell, the mill needs repair,
Come on people let us not be fools,
He's always been a kind man as I'm sure we're all aware.

Lindley: Well then, if that indeed is the problem
I'll help take the old one down and help build a new one,
When things need building, I'm happy to build them,
We'll make him the offer if he starts to calm his son.

Idlewell: Oh, what a man, I like this Mr. Lindley.

Crowd 1: Shows how strong a man can be.

Mr Bird: So happy to listen and fulfil our wishes.

Crowd 2: You think he'd come to my house and help me wash the dishes?

Lindley: Come then people, let's make our way to the Millers home,
And I'll build the greatest mill this countries ever known.
And on the way for you dear knights we will look out for the king,
Today is the day Mr Lindley fixes everything!

Mr Lindley *exits followed by the crowd,* ***Idlewell, Mr. Bird*** *and* ***Knights.***

Narrator: And so now we make our way to Prospect Place,
I hear there's a lot going on in that special space,
The Miller is unaware of the kindness Mr Lindley will do,
The Millers son does not know his naughty days are through,
It seems to me, my friends, that on this day
Everybody has a journey, or is making their way,
Some to a Miller, and some to find a King,
Some to follow loved ones, oh such a thing!
Right now I urge you to follow them there,
To finish the story of Mills and Millers sons,
A day of stories, joy and fun.

STAGE THREE: THE KING AND MILLER

We find ourselves at the MILL, the crowds, including characters from other scenes, surround them.

Narrator 1: And so now our journey has come to an end,

Narrator 2: Though we still have part of our story to tell,

Narrator 3: All the people have gathered, as have you my friends,

Narrator 4: We're really hoping this ends well,

Narrator 1: Mr Gregg has come for flour, so he can make his bread,

Narrator 2: Mr Lindley has come to build a new mill,

Narrator 3: The knight needs to find the king, before people rebel instead,

Narrator 4: The Damsel searches hopefully to find herself new work.

Narrators: So, let us see what is about to be,
You might as well, it's totally free...

Mrs Gregg: What are all these people doing at the Mill?

Mr Gregg: Perhaps they've come for grain, or to pay their bill.

Damsel: I really hope that the Miller will off me a job,

Mother: Me too, we're flat broke, we could do with an extra bob

Knight 1: Are we sure that the King is here? It doesn't seem his kind of place,

Knight 2: Many of the people say they saw a man of noble regal face.

Mother: The King here? Perhaps he's with the prince, his son,

Knight 3: The Prince is busy trying to antagonise everyone,

Crowd 1: Wait till I get my hands on the Miller's unscrupulous Son!

Crowd 2: Aye, we'll teach him the consequences of having so much fun.

Crowd 3: Well, let's not just stand here; we need to shout him out,

Crowd 4: Oh dear, we've been here hours,
That's something we never thought about,

Crowd 5: I can Imagine it will be noisy in there,
With all the flour making machines,

Crowd 6: Then all of us, everyone, best prepare,
To yell, and shout, and scream,

Crowd 7: It's the only way we'll get the Millers attention,
So come on friends, all of you I care to mention,
Shout Miller, repeatedly as loud as you can,
Shout out Miller, on top of your voice, it's such a simple plan

The Crowd *begin to shout, 'Miller, Miller, Miller' and encourage the audience to do so. Eventually* ***The Miller, His Wife*** *and* ***Son****, and the* ***King*** *exit.*

Wife: Oh, my word, where have all these people come from?

Crowd: We've come to see the Miller miss,

Crowd 2: We've come to see your son.

Knights: To take the King home safe is our only wish.

Wife: My dear son, what you been up to?

Son: Nothing Mum, as usual, just my job.

Wife: Oh, my son, you know I don't believe you,
It's not for no reason we're faced with an angry mob.

Mr Gregg: Mr Cockle, why were you so late with our flour?
We have customers carefully a waiting,

Mrs Gregg: Yes, we ran out of all our bread within the first hour,
We can't leave them all day, heavily anticipating.

Cockle: People, I'm sorry for the trouble that I have caused you,
It's been a strange night and morning for me too,
As I'm sure you're aware, this is our King,
This is why, the flour, I did not bring.

Knight 1: But we must ask Miller, what are you doing with his highness?
As for the loss of bread I am afraid we couldn't care less,
Did he kidnap you and hold you hostage oh great, regal one?

Cockle: I would do no such a thing, that's not my idea of fun.

King: This man, my brave knights, has done me great kindness,

Cockle: Though I must beg your forgiveness for my temporary blindness.

Crowd 1; I'm not sure I follow, exactly what's going on,

Crowd 2: Me neither, I fear I may get this all wrong,

Crowd 3: So, this man is the King, but what's he doing here?

Crowd 4: I think if we let them speak, the truth will soon appear.

King: I shall tell you the tale, so that all does become clear,
Listen very carefully, friends draw yourself near,
Last afternoon as we were all hunting in the woods,
I spied a majestic dear, for dinner I thought would be good,
But my hunger led me to quickly become a fool,
And, as I followed further, my mouth began to drool,
I realised my greed was to come at a great cost,
As on my journey I had become incredibly lost,
So I walked and walked further hoping to find my knights,
But as hard as I searched I couldn't find my men in sight,
Until eventually as I walked up this hill,
I saw the smoke of a hard working Mill.

Cockle: He knocked upon my door, though I did not realise,
That here stood our King, right before my eyes,

Wife: As any good man would, he offered him a place to rest
Food for his belly, though if I'd known, I'd have cleaned up the mess

Son: I had to give up my bed, an idea I wasn't pleased with,
Though if I'd known who it was, a thousand beds I'd give.

King: And this is why this man has a place in my heart,
For he didn't feed me because of my noble art,
But because he saw just another man who was in need,
And like a philanthropist he helped me sleep and feed,
And so John Cockle, because of your generosity,
There was only way I can I repay you, that I can see,
So kneel down John Cockle without a single word,
And do not flinch as I raise my heavy sword.

Wife: Wait, don't kill him, he was so kind,
Oh no, dear King, this idea cannot be right...

King: Dear woman, it's not what I have in mind,
For this good man I intend right now to knight,

So John Cockle for being the giving man you were,
Rise now with a smile, for you are a now a sir!

Cockle: Oh, I cannot believe it, I am Sir John Cockle,
And now I, oh...

Mr Gregg: Yeah, we didn't know what rhymed with cockle either.

Crowd 5: This is spectacular, wonderful, a very special day,

Crowd 6: We should celebrate, all together but how?

Crowd 7: Oh, I know just the right way...

King: People smile, and rejoice,
For today is a day where we can take pride,
For kindness is the better choice,
Find the peace that stays inside,
Give to your neighbours and hope they give to you,
If we are kind to others they will be kind too,
People of this town, take care of what you've seen,
Let us make this the most giving place the world has ever been.

Cockle: Oh, people I am lost for words, today has been perfect.

Lindley: Well, I can promise Miller, it hasn't ended yet.

Cockle: Really Mr. Lindley whatever do you mean?

Lindley: I'm building you a Mill, of better days this one has seen.

Cockle: How kind of you, I'm not quite sure what to say.

Damsel: Any chance of a job, when it's finished someday?

Cockle: But of course, Damsel, I've heard how hard you work.

Bird: Perhaps you could ask your son to stop being such a berk!

Son: I promise now that Dad is a sir, I'll stop my foolish ways.

Cockle: Good or you will no longer get any pay.

Gregg: Can we get our grain now? There are many mouths to feed.

Cockle: My good man, after such a wonderful day,
My grain is free to you all, take as much as you need!

Cheers as everyone rejoices and the crowds make their way to the Miller.

Narrator: And now it seems our story has come to an end,
It is wonderful to have spent it with you friends,
Now some may already know that we took liberty with chronology,
This has been a greatest hits of local mills, perhaps an anthology,
And of course we know that King and Miller happened a little further away,
But at least we've led you to a part of local history for you to view today,
It is all around us in our wonderful town,
And we here can be great if our own confidence is found,
So remember the tales of the amazing things here that happened,
And as our cast takes a bow, please be kind enough to clap them.

END