

THERE'S A NEW WORD FOR
ADVENTURE, FAMILY, & MAGIC.

BING!

JASON WOODS IS...

JASPER

CASPER

THE WITCH

THE GHOST

THE QUEEN

THE DRAGON

THE HERALD

THE HENCHMAN

THE WITCH'S MOTHER

WRITTEN & PERFORMED BY
JASON WOODS



FIVE STAR
CRITIC'S CHOICE

WOODS TAKES YOU ON A
MAGICAL JOURNEY BEFORE
LEAVING YOU AT THE END
CHANGED FOREVER

OFF-BROADWAY
ALLIANCE
NOMINEE:
BEST SOLO
SHOW

WINNER
BEST ACTOR
UNITED STATES

BiNG!

WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY JASON WOODS

MUSIC COMPOSED AND ORCHESTRATED BY JASON WODOS

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BING!

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(Purple and blue light/dim. MUSIC 1— At :43, LIGHTS CTR only)

This...is a mostly true story. It began on October 32nd...in a village called Bellalore, where the Festival of the Queen was scheduled to begin in two days, on October 34th. But a great sickness had ravaged the land leaving many hungry, while the Pale Queen seemed to have forgotten them. To complicate things, a dragon had been sighted, making everyone nervous. A once magnificent castle that rather resembled a stained glass window, gripped in the clutches of skeletal brick, towered over the unhappy, oppressed village. The drawbridge lowered from the frowning mouth of the castle over the moat, and there...a man emerged. Festwick Oswald Popinjay, the Queen's messenger, walked with all the humility of a peacock; his pointed nose, pursed lips, and serious expression fit neatly on his oval face and his half-mast eyes made him appear to disapprove of...everything. He carried a scroll he consulted each time before he spoke, as a crowd now gathered around him...

FESTWICK

Attention, Bellalorians! By order of Her Majesty, the Festival of the Queen shall commence in two days, on October *thirty-fourth*, when we celebrate the generosity of the Queen!

WINIFRED

Excuse me, mister, could I talk to you?

FESTWICK

(Ignoring her) Meanwhile, the elusive dragon still roams!

WINIFRED

Over here, please.

FESTWICK

(Trying to ignore her) 1000 gold pieces for the capture, and/or slaying, and/or information about the dragon!

WINIFRED

Yoo-hoo!

FESTWICK

(About to lose it) Just *think* what you could do with 1000 gold pieces!

WINIFRED

Hey buster...are you ignoring me?

FESTWICK

(scroll up) Not anymore. Can I help you?

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WINIFRED

Do you work at the castle? You look like you work at a castle.

FESTWICK

Of course! I am the Queen's herald.

WINIFRED

Well, excuse *me*. I didn't see a nametag. Do you work at the castle, Harold?

FESTWICK

I am not 'Harold'. I am Festwick Oswald Popinjay. *Herald* of the Queen. And who are *you*?

WINIFRED

Winifred Isabel Titania Charlotte Higgins. **(MUSIC 2)** Call me Winnie.

Winifred Isabel Titania Charlotte Higgins— Winnie— was a petite woman with significant power, though it wasn't obvious. Her hair was dark and long, curled in ringlets that foamed wildly out of her head. She had one blue eye and one green eye (neither of which originally hers), shielded behind spectacles that sat on the end of a crooked nose. She was dressed in a purple robe and cloak. As for her age, it was somewhere between thirty-two and...shhh.

FESTWICK

'Winifred Isabel Titania Charlotte Higgins'. That's a rather long name. Your initials—

WINIFRED

— spell witch, very good! Yes. A lot of people miss that. W-I-T-C-H. Can you believe my mother almost named me Brenda?

FESTWICK

Close call.

WINIFRED

Hmm. Anyway, Mr. Prick—

FESTWICK

FEST-*wick*.

WINIFRED

Festwick, right. So this *is* the castle of the Queen, correct?

FESTWICK

(*Scroll*) That is correct.

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WINIFRED

Bing (*touches her nose*). And is it true that there's a treasure room in the castle that houses a bunch of artifacts and relics?

FESTWICK

(*Unrolls scroll a bit more*) That is also correct: the Chamber of Priceless Objects.

WINIFRED

Bing again (*touches her nose*). And is that where one might find the Chalice from the Palace of Alice the Calloused?

FESTWICK

Yes, as well as the Golden Hanky of Cranky Frank JoBanky the Lanky. (*Scroll slams shut*) What is your interest in the Chalice from the Palace of Alice the Calloused?

WINIFRED

Well, Alice is my mother. She's the 'Alice' in the Chalice from the Palace— she has a lot of calluses. Anyway, she lives far away from here, which; great. But if I need to talk to her, not so great. Anyway, for about a month now, these voices have been in my head and they just won't stop. I've tried everything; potions, charms...exercise...*bleah*. So if I could just get inside your Chamber and get the Chalice to conjure and talk to Ma, I'm sure she can get these voices settled, bish-bash bosh.

FESTWICK

Well, that couldn't possibly be possible. No one is allowed in the Chamber of Priceless Objects except her Majesty. Therefore you cannot 'get' the Chalice from the Palace of...your mother.

WINIFRED

You don't understand; these voices are persistent. Have you ever had something annoying, right in your face, that you just couldn't get rid of?

FESTWICK

I can think of *something*. But there's no question it is out of the question. Now, if you will excuse me, 'Winnie', I have big, (**LIGHT STAGE RIGHT**) important things to do, such as announcing things; big, important things. (*Unrolls scroll*) Get your clams, jams, and yams at *Skrim Skram*, your home for coffees, toffees, clams, jams, and yams—

WINIFRED

Yeah, that sounds really urgent. Listen, *Harold*—

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FESTWICK

ALSO, the reward for the capture and/or slaying and/or information about the dragon stands at 1000 gold pieces! Just *think* what you could do with 1000 gold pieces! *(Scroll up)* Goodbye, *Brenda*.
(LIGHT STAGE RIGHT OFF)

WINIFRED

Alright, buster, just remember I'm a witch, and I could make your toenails grow backwards. How does that sound?

FESTWICK

Far more pleasant than this conversation. *(Exits)* **(MUSIC 3)**

Festwick left Winnie in the street and strutted towards a courtyard, passing two brothers, Jasper and Casper. Jasper was just under twenty, and there was nothing remarkable about him except a small birthmark on his hand in the shape of a circle. With him was Casper, his older brother. There was nothing remarkable about Casper except that he expected everyone else to think of him as...remarkable. Jasper had been adopted by Casper's family at a young age, his parentage a mystery. He had finally embarked on a journey to find his birth parents and Casper, ever-eager to find a new audience of admirers (because he thought himself a great actor), happily accompanied him.

JASPER

Whoa. Look at that castle! Bellalore is beautiful...but in a sad kind of way, isn't it, Casper?

CASPER

But once I have acted here, It will un-be sad and re-beautiful...once I have acted here. For all the world's a stage, and one man in his time plays many parts. And I should play...*all* the parts.

JASPER

Casper—

CASPER

Jasper—

JASPER

Casper, please concentrate and remember why we're here; looking for my family.

CASPER

Jasper—

JASPER

Casper.

CASPER

Jasper. I am your brother.

JASPER

Yes.

CASPER

And that makes you *my* brother. Why would you seek another family when I stand before you?

JASPER

We've talked about this; it's not about you. I just...feel like a part of me is missing. You know how when a child looks like their parents? You have that; I don't. I want to see my face in somebody else's

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face. Do you understand?

CASPER

Oh yes. I deeply understand. I often need to see my own face....several times a day. Onward!

Jasper looked down and saw a small child with watery brown eyes and a freckled face hunched on the street. She was thin, dressed in rags, and looked frightened and hungry.

JASPER

(to the girl) Hi. I'm Jasper. This is my brother, Casper.

CASPER

Hello, smaller person. I am Casper! Perhaps you have...heard of me?

JASPER

It's probably been days since she's eaten. *(to the girl)* I won't hurt you. **(MUSIC 4)** Do you like apples? I've got two, one for Casper, one for me. I'm not very hungry so you can have mine if you like.

The child nodded and extended her frail hand. Jasper placed an apple in her palm and watched her marvel at it.

JASPER

There you go. *(Rising)* And that one doesn't have the worm in it.

She smiled weakly and stared at him as he and Casper walked away. Jasper looked back; she was devouring the gift.

CASPER

It was kind of you to give *your* apple to that waif, but tell me; does my apple really have a worm in it?

JASPER

Of course not. We do need more food and we only have one gold piece, Casper.

CASPER

Fret not! When all of Bellalore witnesses my obscene acting, I shall infect their brains, all shall look upon me with gazemazement!

JASPER

Casper, acting doesn't really pay much. Of anything.

CASPER

Upon my last performance, we were paid with eggs.

JASPER

Yeah. Thrown eggs are hard to eat. We need money.

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CASPER

Money. What is money...but a way to pay for things?

Jasper turned his attention to Festwick who, in the courtyard, was making his announcements again.

FESTWICK

(To anyone who will listen) And just think what you could do with 1000 gold pieces!

JASPER

Excuse me, did you say 1000 gold pieces??

FESTWICK

“For the capture and/or slaying and/or information about the dragon.” *(Scroll up)* You two must be new to Bellalore. I am the Queen’s Herald—

CASPER

(Bowing) Hello, Harold.

FESTWICK

My name is not *Harold*. I am a herald.

CASPER

(Bowing again) Forgive me. Hello, A. Harold.

FESTWICK

NO, I am Festwick Popinjay. *(to Jasper)* I say. You look familiar to me; I feel— I feel I know you.

CASPER

Mayhaps you have seen my face upon a stage where I have acted.

FESTWICK

Not *you*.

JASPER

Casper—

CASPER

Allow me to reproduce myself: Casper is my name, and you would do well to dismember it. If you had seen me act upon a stage, you would have looked to your eyes for they would stream tears because of my acting. You would tend your hands, for they would ache from much applause-clapping, because of my acting. And all the skin on your body would bump the goose.

FESTWICK

(Studies him) You look about the same size as our previous actor and you *do* have flourish. I have a job for you; entertainment for the festival of the Queen. An acting job.

CASPER

Entertainment? Festival? Acting job? My pants tighten with anticipation!

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JASPER

Previous actor? What happened to the *previous actor*?

FESTWICK

He...*resigned*. (*To Casper*) Are you interested or not? We will compensate you.

CASPER

(*Gasps quickly*) Jasper! They will constipate me!

JASPER

Casper—

CASPER

Yes, yes YES! The only words in my mouth are yes, yes, and yes!

JASPER

Wait! Why would the Queen have a festival? No one here looks like they have much to celebrate.

FESTWICK

(*Quietly*) I would not recommend questioning her Majesty. Who knows why the rich do what they do?

JASPER

Yeah. Uh, Casper, can I talk to you for a minute? Festwick, would you excuse us please? (*Takes Casper aside*) Casper you shouldn't do this; something's not right! I think 'resigned' means something else.

CASPER

It means Greatness is about to thrust himself upon me, and I shall let Greatness have his way...with Casper.

JASPER

Casper...I have a bad feeling about this.

CASPER

And I have a *good* feeling about this! This is a job. A play-acting job! You heard him; there will be constipation!

CASPER

Do you think there is a way for my head to be larger, so that people can more easily see my face from far away?

JASPER

Casper—

CASPER

Jasper, I must go. Nature has called, and I *must* answer.

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JASPER

That's...not what that means.

CASPER

Does it really matter what we say? No. Only what we think we say. Flipstick!

FESTWICK

Festwick.

CASPER

Festwick, lead me.

FESTWICK

Actually, I'll meet you at the drawbridge in sixty-one minutes and thirty-eight seconds. And if *you* want help finding the dragon, you will find a guide named Cadmus Hexamus in a pub. A pub called the Rub-a-Dub-Dub-Pub. It is next to the Hokey Pokey Okey Dokey Karaoke Bar and Grill. He will lead you to the dragon. For a price.

JASPER

Cadmus Hexamus. The Rub-a-Dub-Dub-Pub. How will I know him?

FESTWICK

He wears an eyepatch. *One...eyepatch.*

JASPER

(Pause) As opposed to two?

FESTWICK

Now then; I must be off. I have important things to do, such as announcing things; big, important things.

CASPER

Jasper! Our fortunes await! Mine with the stage and yours with a *dragon* and mine with the stage!

JASPER

I am NOT happy with you Casper.

CASPER

Yes. But are you happy *for* me?

JASPER

You don't listen to me!

CASPER

Thank you. I'm happy for me, too.

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JASPER
Casper!

CASPER
Jasper?

JASPER
Casper!

WINIFRED
Excuse me. Your name is Jasper, am I right?

JASPER
Yes...how can I help?

WINIFRED
I couldn't help overhearing your conversation with Sphincter Face from the castle. See, I'm here because of you. I *know* things about you, Jasper.

JASPER
Ok...

WINIFRED
I'm not crazy; I'm a witch.

JASPER
That's not helping.

CASPER
Hello, witch. I am a currently unknown famous actor.

JASPER
Let's go, Casper. (*starts to leave*)

WINIFRED
I know you're here looking for your family...

JASPER
(*Pause*) Go on.

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WINIFRED

I'm Winifred Isabel Titania Charlotte Higgins. Initials; WITCH. Call me Winnie. See, I've been hearing your voice in my head for weeks.

JASPER

Oh. Well, I'm sorry about that=

CASPER

Have you heard my voice in your head, O Winnie-the-witch? Casper is my name, and my voice's name...is Casper's Voice.

WINIFRED

Oh my God...

CASPER

Please, call me *Casper*. Can you predict my future, Winnie-the-witch? Will I become famous? Or has the future already become the past and I am already famous but simply do not know what day it is?

WINIFRED

Ok, yes. I'm getting something on you; in the future, you don't talk for the next five minutes.

CASPER

Really? (Covers his mouth excitedly)

WINIFRED

Bing.

JASPER

Alright, what do you want from us, Winnie? Money? All we have is one gold piece... are you hungry? If you really need it, you can have it.

WINIFRED

Me? No, I'm here to help *you*. You give yourself away all the time, don't you? Alright. Let's have a look.

JASPER

At what?

WINIFRED

You. **(MUSIC 4.a)** *(Looking with each eye separately)* You have a rare heart. A very *rare* heart. I've never seen this before..I've heard about it, but— well, now that I've met you, things are really gonna

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Contact: rjawoods@gmail.com

904-753-7420

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