

Under Milk Wood

by Dylan Thomas

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UNDER MILK WOOD PRESETS

Preshow checks:

- 1) Stage area mopped and made safe for bare feet
- 2) Blacks clean and hung tidily
- 3) Pint of Mineral water set downstage centre
- 4) Luminous markers for specials
- 5) Chair set
- 6) Cans on and Actor's entrance clear
- 7) Monitors set BOTH sides of stage in wings

Lapel or Head Mic Set up through Effects monitor:

Set mic PRE-FADE so that the signal from the mic can be muted on the desk by pressing a button and stopping the signal to the effects monitor while leaving the mic and the effects ON throughout the show.

Please locate and pre-set the following effects:

- 1) Effect 1 – Dreamy style echo
- 2) Effect 2 – Interior Wood Room (a town hall)
- 3) Effect 3 – Interior Stone Room (like a vault or crypt)
- 4) Effect 4 – On the phone – or tinny alteration of voice.

Pre-sets on prior to House Open

Mic MUTED preset to EFFECT 1

LX 1

(A @ 50% + HL @ low)

★SFX 1

Seasounds

AT CLEARANCE:

Check on cans – Guy Standing by

IF YES, GO **LX 2** & **★ SFX 2** (SIMULTANEOUS) Houselights to black (10 secs)

ALL SHOULD FOLLOW ON TO LX 4

At 44 secs of SFX 2 LX 2.1 goes AUTOMATICALLY A to Black (7 secs) F/O to LX3

At 1 min 18 secs of SFX 2 LX 3 goes AUTOMATICALLY A to 50% (12 secs) to LX4

The A spot slowly reveals actor standing on chair:

To begin at the beginning...

It is spring, moonless night in the small town, starless and
bible black. The cobblestreets silent and the hunched,
courters' and rabbits' wood, limping invisibly down to the
sloe black, slow, black, crow black, fishing boat-bobbing
sea. **LX4 goes Automatically**

(AUTO) A (120 secs)

The houses are blind as moles, though moles see fine tonight
in the snouting, velvet dingles, or blind as Captain Cat there
in the muffled middle by the pump and the town clock, the
shops in mourning, the Welfare Hall in widow's weeds. And
all the people of the lulled and dumbfound town are sleeping
now.

Hush the babies are sleeping, the farmers, the fishers, the
tradesmen and pensioners, cobbler, schoolteacher, postman
and publican, the undertaker and the fancy woman,
drunkard, dressmaker, preacher policeman, the webfoot
cockle women and the tidy wives.

Young girls lie bedded soft or glide in their dreams with rings
and trousseaux, bridesmaided by glow-worms down the
aisles of the organ-playing wood.

The boys are dreaming wicked or of the bucking ranches of
the night and the jollyrodgered sea.

And the anthracite statues of the horses sleep in the fields,
and the cows in the byres, and the dogs in the wet-nosed
yards; and the cats nap in the slant corners or lope sly,
streaking and needling on the one cloud of the roofs.

You can hear the dew falling and the hushed town breathing. **★ SFX 4**

Only your eyes are unclosed to see the black and folded town, fast and slow asleep. And you alone can hear the invisible starfall, the darkest-before dawn minutely dewgrazed stir of the black dab-filled sea where the Arethusa, the Curlew and the Skylark, Zanzibar, Rhianon, the Rover, the Cormorant, and the Star of Wales tilt and ride.

Listen. It is night moving in the streets, the processional salt slow musical wind in Coronation Street and Cockle Row, it is the grass growing on Llaregyb Hill, dewfall, starfall, the sleep of birds in Milk Wood.

Listen... It is night in the chill, squat chapel, hymning in bonnet and brooch and bombazine black, butterfly choker and bootlace bow, coughing like nanny goats, sucking mintoes, fortywinking hallelujah; night in the four-ale quiet as a domino; in Ocky Milkman's lofts like a mouse with gloves; in Dai Bread's bakery flying like black flour.

It is tonight in Donkey Street trotting silent with seaweed on its hooves, along the cockled cobbles, past curtained fernpot, text and trinket, harmonium, holy dresser, water colours done by hand, china dog, rosy tin tea caddy.

It is night neddyng among the snuggeries of babies.

Look. It is night, dumbly, royally winding through the Coronation cherry trees; going through the graveyard of Bethesda with winds gloved and folded, and dew doffed; tumbling by the Sailors Arms.

Time passes. Listen. Time passes. **★SFX 5**

...Come closer now.

Only you can hear the houses sleeping in the streets in the slow deep salt and silent black, bandaged night. Only you can see, in the blinded bedrooms, the combs and petticoats over the chairs, the jugs and basins, the glasses-of-teeth, Thou Shalt Not on the wall, and the yellowing dickybird watching pictures of the dead.

Only you can see and hear, behind the eyes of the sleepers, the movements and countries and mazes and colours and dismays and rainbows and tunes and wishes and flight and fall and despairs and big seas of their dreams.

PREP FX1

From where you are you can hear their dreams. (Count 2) **LX 5** **F1 (4 Secs)**

Captain Cat, the retired blind seacaptain, asleep in his bunk in the seashelled, ship-in-bottled, shipshape best cabin of Schooner House dreams of **★SFX 6** never such seas as

any that swamped the decks of his S.S. Kidwelly bellying
over the bedclothes and jellyfish slippery sucking him down
salt deep into the Davy dark where the fish come
biting out and nibble him down to his wishbone, and the long
drowned nuzzle up to him: **Mic ON**

Remember me Captain? **Mic OFF**

You're Dancing Williams! **Mic ON**

- I lost my step in Nantucket.

*D'you see me, Captain? the white bone talking? I'm
Tom-Fred the donkeyman. We shared the same girl
once. Her name Was Mrs Probert.* **★SFX 7**

*- Rosie Probert, 33 Duck Lane. Come on up boys, I'm
dead.*

*Hold me Captain, I'm Jonah Jarvis, come to a bad end,
very enjoyable!*

*- Alfred Pomeroy Jones, sea-lawyer, born in Mumbles,
sung like a linnnet, crowned you with a flagon, tattooed
with mermaids thirst like a dredger, died of blisters.*

*This skull at your earhole is Curly Bevan...Tell my
auntie it was me that pawned the ormulu clock.* **Mic OFF**

- Aye aye, Curly. **Mic ON**

*Tell my missus no I never. I never done what she said,
I never.* **Mic OFF**

- Yes he did. **Mic ON**

*And who brings coconuts and shawls and parrots to
my Gwen now?*

- How's it above..? Is there rum and lava-bread?

Bosoms and robins?

- Concertinas?

Ebenezer's bell?

- Fighting and onions?

And sparrows and daisies?

- *Tiddlers in a jam jar?*

Buttermilk and whippets?

- *Rock-a-bye-baby?*

Washing on the line?

- *And old girls in the snug?*

How's the tenors in Dowlais?

- *Who milks the cows in Maesgwyn?*

When she smiles, is there dimples?

- *What's the smell of parsley?* **Mic OFF**

Oh, my dead dears... LX 6

F2 (3 secs)

From where you are you can hear in Cockle Row in the spring, moonless night, Miss Price, dressmaker and sweetshop-keeper, dream of her lover, tall as the town clock tower, Samson-syrup-gold maned, whacking thighed and piping hot, thunderbolt-bass'd and barnacle breasted, flailing up the cockles with eyes like blowlamps and scooping low over her lonely loving hotwaterbottled body.

Myfanwy Price!

Mr Mog Edwards! ★SFX 8

I am a draper mad with love. I love you more than all the flannelette and calico, candlewick, dimity, crash and merino, tussore, cretonne, crepon, muslin, poplin, ticking and twill in the whole Cloth Hall of the world. I have come to take you away to my emporium on the hill, where the change hums on wires. Throw away your little bedsocks and your Welsh-wool knitted jacket, I will warm the sheets like an electric toaster, I will lie by your side like the Sunday roast.

I will knit you a wallet of forget-me-not blue, for the money to be comfy. I will warm your heart by the fire so that you can slip it in under your vest when the shop is closed.

Myfanwy, Myfanwy, before the mice gnaw at your bottom draw will you say...

-Yes, Mog, yes, Mog, yes, yes, yes. ★SFX 9

*And all the bells of the tills of the town shall ring for
our wedding...* **LX 7**

F2 (3 secs)

Come now, drift up the dark, come up the drifting sea-dark
street now in the dark night seesawing like the sea, to the
bible-black airless attic over Jack Black the cobbler's shop
where alone and savagely, Jack Black sleeps in a nightshirt
tied to his ankles with elastic and dreams of:

*Chasing the naughty couples down the grassgreen
gooseberried double bed of the wood, flogging the
tossspots in the spit-and-sawdust, driving out the bare
bold girls from the sixpenny hops of my nightmares.
Ach y fi! Ach y fi!*

Evans the Death, the undertaker, **★SFX 10** laughs high and
aloud in his sleep and curls up his toes as he sees, upon
waking fifty years ago, snow lie deep on the goosefield
behind the sleeping house; and he runs out into the fields
where his mother is making Welshcakes in the snow, and
steals a fistful of snowflakes and currants and climbs back to
bed to eat them cold and sweet under the warm, white
clothes while his mother dances in the snow kitchen crying
out for her lost currants.

And in the little pink-eyed cottage next to the undertaker's,
lie, alone, the seventeen snoring gentle stone of Mister
Waldo, rabbit-catcher, barber, herbalist, cat-doctor, quack,
his fat pink hands, palms up, over the edge of the patchwork
quilt, his black boots neat and tidy
in the washing basin, his bowler on a nail above the bed, a
milk stout and slice of cold bread pudding under the pillow;
and dripping in the dark, he dreams of...

This little piggy went to market

This little piggy stayed at home

This little piggy had roast beef

This little piggy had none

*And this little piggy went wee wee wee wee wee all
the way home to:* **Mic ON**

-Waldo! Wal-do! **Mic OFF**

Yes, Blodwen love? **Mic ON**

*-Oh, what'll the neighbours say, what'll the
neighbours...* **Mic OFF LX 8**

(SNAP BLACKOUT)

COUNT 1

**THEN TOGGLE MANUALLY BETWEEN F1 & F2 ONLY AS ACTOR TURNS FROM
ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER**

Poor Mrs Waldo **GO**

What she puts up with **GO**

Never should have married **GO**

If she didn't had to **GO**

Same as her mother **GO**

There's a husband for you **GO**

Bad as his father **GO**

And you know where he ended **GO**

Up in the asylum **GO**

Crying for his ma **GO**

Every Saturday **GO**

He hasn't got a leg **GO**

And carrying on **GO**

With that Mrs Beattie Morris **GO**

Up in the Quarry **GO**

And seen her baby **GO**

It's got his nose **GO**

Oh it makes my heart bleed **GO**

What he'll do for drink **GO**

He sold the pianola **GO**

And her sewing machine **GO**

Falling in the gutter **GO**

Talking to the lamp-post **GO**

Using language **GO**

Singing in the W **GO**

Poor Mrs Waldo **GO** **Mic ON**

Oh, Waldo, Waldo! **Mic OFF**

Hush, love, hush. I'm widower Waldo now. **GO Mic ON**

Waldo, Wal-do! **Mic OFF**

Yes, our mam? **Mic ON**

Oh, what'll the neighbours say? What'll the
neighbours... **GO Mic OFF**

Black as a chimbley **GO**

Ringing doorbells **GO**

Breaking windows **GO**

Making mudpies **GO**

Stealing currants **GO**

Chalking words **GO**

Saw him in the bushes **GO**

Playing Mwchins **GO**

Send him to bed without any supper **GO**

Give him sennapods and lock him in the dark **GO**

Off to the reformatory **GO**

Off to the reformatory **GO**

Learn him with a sipper on his b.t.m. **GO Mic ON**

Waldo, wal-do! What you doing with our Matti? **GO**

Give us a kiss, Matti Richards **!!! VERY IMPORTANT!!! RECUE-UP LX 9**

Give us a penny then

I only got a halfpenny

Lips is a penny. **(AFTER KISS) LX 9** **SNAP TO A + RELEASE F2**

Will you take this woman **★SFX 11** *Matti Richards,
Dulcie Prothero, Effie Bevan, Lil the Gluepot, Mrs
Flusher, Blodwen Bowen to be your awful wedded
wife?* **LX 10**

BLACKOUT (snap)

NO! NO! Mic OFF NOOOOOooooo! LX 11 (at end of "NO") F2 (4 secs)

Now, in her iceberg-white, holily laundered crinolene
nightgown, under virtuous polar sheets, in her spruced and
scoured dust defying bedroom in trig and trim Bay View, a

house for paying guests, at the top of the town, Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard, widow, twice, of Mr Ogmores, linoleum, retired, and Mr Pritchard, failed bookmaker, who maddened by besoming, swabbing and scrubbing, the voice of the vacuum cleaner and the fume of polish, ironically swallowed disinfectant, fidgets in her rinsed sleep, wakes in a dream, and nudges in the ribs dead Mr Ogmores, dead Mr Pritchard, ghostly on either side.

Mr Ogmores! Mr Pritchard! It's time to inhale your balsam. Mic ON

- Oh, Mrs Ogmores!

- Oh, Mrs Pritchard! Mic OFF

Soon it will be time to get up. Tell me your tasks in order: **Mic ON**

O: I must put my pyjamas in the drawer marked pyjamas.

P: I must take my cold bath which is good for me.

O: I must wear my flannel band to ward off sciatica.

P: I must dress behind the curtain and put on my apron.

O: I must blow my nose. Mic OFF

... In the garden, if you please. Mic ON

O: In a piece of tissue-paper which I afterwards burn.

P: I must take my salts which are nature's friend.

O: I must boil the drinking water because of germs.

P: I must make my herb tea which is free from tannin.

O: And have a charcoal biscuit which is good for me.

P: I may smoke one pipe of asthma mixture. Mic OFF

... In the woodshed, if you please. Mic ON

P: and dust the parlour and spray the canary.

O: I must put on rubber gloves and search the peke for fleas.

P: I must dust the blinds and then I must raise them. Mic OFF

... And before you let the sun in, mind it wipes its shoes. LX 12

F1 (3 secs)

In Butcher Beynon's, Gossamer Beynon, daughter, schoolteacher, dreaming deep, daintily ferrets under a

fluttering hummock of chicken's feathers in a slaughter-house that has chintz curtains and a three piece suite, and finds, with no surprise, a small rough ready man with a bushy tail, winking in a paper carrier...

At last, my love, sighs Gossamer Beynon. And the bushy tail wags rude and ginger (*count 2*) **★SFX 12** & **LX 13**

F2 (snap)

Help! cries Organ Morgan, the organist, in his dream...

There is perturbation and music in Coronation Street! All the spouses are honking like geese and the babies singing opera. P.C. Attila Rees has got his truncheon out and is playing cadenzas by the pump, the cows from Sunday Meadow ring like reindeer, and on the roof of Handel Villa see the Women's Welfare hoofing bloomed, in the moon.

At the sea-end of town, Mr and Mrs Floyd, the cocklers, are sleeping as quiet as death, side by wrinkled side, toothless, salt and brown, like two old kippers in a box...

And high above, in **★SFX 13** Salt Lake Farm, Mr Utah Watkins counts, all night, the wife-faced sheep as they leap the fences on the hill, smiling and knitting and bleating, just like Mrs Utah Watkins...

Thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six, forty-eight, eighty-nine...

Knit one (Jump) slip one (Jump) knit two together(Jump) pass the slipstitch over(Jump) **LX 14**

F1 (3 secs)

Ocky Milkman, drowned asleep in Cockle Street, is emptying his churns into the Dewi River, *Regardless of expense* and weeping like a funeral.

Cherry Owen, next door, lifts a tankard to his lips but nothing flows out of it. He shakes the tankard. It turns into a fish. He drinks the fish. **LX 15**

F2 (3 secs)

P.C. Attila Rees lumps out of bed, dead to the dark and still foghorning, and drags out his helmet from under the bed; **★SFX 14** ...but deep in the backyard lock-up of his sleep a mean voice murmurs *You'll be sorry for this in the morning!* and he heave-hoes back to bed. His helmet swashes in the dark.

Willy-Nilly, postman, asleep up street, walks fourteen miles to deliver the post as he does every day of the night, and rat-a-tats hard and sharp on Mrs Willy-Nilly...

Oh, don't spank me, please teacher! whimpers his wife at his side, but every night of her married life she has been late for school.

Sinbad Sailors, over the taproom of the Sailors Arms, hugs his damp pillow whose secret name is Gossamer Beynon.

A mogul catches Lily Smalls in the wash-house...

Oh, you old Mogul! **LX 16**

F1 (3 secs)

Mrs Rose Cottage's eldest, Mae, peels off her pink and white skin in a furnace, in a tower, in a cave, in a waterfall, in a wood, and waits there raw as an onion for Mister Right to leap up the burning tall hollow splashes of leaves like a brilliantined trout...

Call me Dolores, like they do in the stories.

Alone until she dies, Bessie Bighead, hired help, born in the workhouse, smelling of the cowshed, snores bass and gruff on a couch of straw in a loft in Salt Lake Farm and picks a posy of daisies in Sunday Meadow to put on the grave of Gomer Owen who kissed her once by the pig-sty when she wasn't looking and never kissed her again although she was looking all the time.

And the Inspectors of Cruelty fly down Mrs Butcher Beynon's dream to persecute Mr Beynon for selling

Owlmeat, dog's eyes, manchop!

Mr Beynon, in butcher's bloodied apron, spring heels down Coronation Street, a finger, not his own, in his mouth. Straight-faced in his cunning sleep he pulls the legs of his dreams and, hunting on pigback, shoots down the wild giblets!

HELP! ★ SFX 15

Oh, my foxy darling! (count 1) **LX 17**

A (2 secs)

Now, behind the eyes and secrets of the dreamers in the street rocked to sleep by the sea, see the titbits and topsyturvies, bobs and buttontops, bags and bones, ash and rind and dandruff and nailpairings, saliva and snowflakes and moulted feathers of dreams, the wrecks and sprats and shells and fishbones, whalejuice and moonshine and small fry dished up by the hidden sea.

The owls are hunting. Look, over Bethesda Gravestones one hoots and swoops and catches a mouse by Hannah Rees,

Beloved Wife. **LX 18**

F2 + † (3 secs)

And in Coronation Street, which you alone can see, it is so dark under the chapel in the skies, the Reverend Eli Jenkins, poet, preacher, turns in his deep towards-dawn sleep and dreams of *Eisteddfodau!* He intricately rhymes, to the music of crwth and pibgorn, all night long in his druid's seedy nightie, in a beer-tent black with parchs. *Count 2* **LX 19**

F1 (3 secs)

★SFX 16 Mr Pugh, schoolmaster, fathoms asleep, pretends to be sleeping, spies foxy round the droop of his night-cap and psst! whistles up *Murder!*

Mrs Organ-Morgan, groceress, coiled grey like a dormouse, her paws to her ears, conjures *Silence!*

She sleeps very dulcet in a cove of wool, and trumpeting Organ-Morgan at her side snores no louder than a spider. (*Count 2*) **★SFX 17**

Mary Anne Sailors dreams of *The Garden of Eden*. She comes in her smock-frock and clogs away from the cool scrubbed, cobbled kitchen with the Sunday School pictures on the whitewashed wall and the farmer's almanac hung above the settle and the sides of bacon on the ceiling hooks, and goes down the cockle-shelled paths of that apple-pie kitchen garden, ducking under the gyppo's clothespegs, catching her apron on the blackcurrant bushes, past bean-rows and onion-bed and tomatoes ripening on the wall towards the old man playing the harmonium in the orchard, and sits down on the grass at his side and shells the green peas that grow up through the lap of her frock that brushes the dew.

In Donkey Street, so furred with sleep, Dai Bread, Polly Garter, Nogood Boyo and Lord Cut-Glass sigh before the dawn that is about to be and dream of... **★SFX 18**

Turkish girls horizontal... Babies... Nothin

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Time passes. Listen. Time Passes. **★SFX 19**

An owl flies home past Bethesda, to a chapel in an oak... and the dawn inches up. **LX 20**

A @ 60% (3 secs)

Stand on this hill. This is Llaregyb Hill, old as the hills, high, cool, and green, and from this small circle of stones, made not by druids but by Mrs Beynon's Billy, you can see all the town below you sleeping in the first of the dawn. You can hear the love-sick wood-pigeons mooning in bed.

PREP FX4

★SFX 20 A dog barks in his sleep, farmyards away. The town ripples like a lake in the waking haze. **★SFX 21** & **LX 21**

B/O (snap)

AS PROJECTOR SOUND KICKS IN **Mic ON**

LX 21.1 goes AUTOMATICALLY

F1 & F2 flicker (2 secs)

Less than five hundred souls inhabit the three quaint streets and few narrow by-lanes that constitute this small, decaying watering place – which might indeed be called “a backwater of life” without disrespect to its natives who possess, to this day, a salty individuality of their own... The main street, Coronation Street, consists for the most part of humble two storied houses, many of which attempt to achieve some measure of gaiety by prinking themselves out in crude colours and by the liberal use of pink wash, though there are remaining a few eighteenth century houses of more pretension, if, on the whole, in sad state of disrepair. Though there is little to attract the health-seeker, the hill climber, the sportsman or the weekend motorist, the contemplative may, if sufficiently attracted to spare some leisurely hours, find in its cobbled streets and its little fishing harbour, its curious customs and in the conversation of its local characters, some of that picturesque sense of the past so frequently lacking in towns and villages that have kept more abreast of the time. The River Dewi is said to abound in Trout, but is much poached. The one place of worship, with its neglected graveyard, is of no architectural interest. **Mic OFF**

AS PROJECTOR SOUND CUTS OUT LX 21.2 (AUTOMATIC) BLACKOUT (2 secs)

ON COCK CROW LX 22 GOES (AUTOMATIC) A + B @ 30% (7 secs)

The principality of the sky lightens now, over our green hill, into spring morning larked and crowed **★SFX 22** and belling... Who pulls the townhall bellrope but blind Captain Cat? One by one, the sleepers are rung out of sleep this one morning as every morning.

And soon you shall see the chimneys' slow upflying snow as Captain Cat, in sailors' cap and seaboots, announces to-day with his loud get-out-of-bed bell.

The Reverend Eli Jenkins, in Bethesda House, gropes out of bed into his preacher's black, combs back his bards white hair, forgets to wash, pads barefoot downstairs

open **★SFX 23** & **LX23** the front door, stands in the **A + (B @ 30%) + D2 + † (3 secs)**

doorway and, looking out at the day and up at the eternal hill, and hearing the sea break and the gab of birds,

remembers his own verses ★SFX 24 and tells them softly to empty Coronation Street that is rising and raising its blinds...

*Dear Gwalia! I know there are
Towns lovelier than ours,
And fairer hills and loftier far,
And groves more full of flowers,
And boskier woods more blithe with spring
And bright with birds' adorning,
And sweeter bards than I to sing
Their praise this beauteous morning.*

*By Cader Idris, tempest-torn,
Or Moel yr Wyddfa's glory,
Carnedd Llewelyn beauty born,
Plinlimmon old in story,
By mountains where King Arthur dreams
By Penmaenmawr defiant,
Llaregyb Hill a molehill seems
A pygmy to a giant.*

*By Sawdde Senny, Dovey, Dee,
Edw, Eden, Aled, all,
Taff and Towry broad and free,
Llyfnant with its waterfall,
Claerwen, Cleddau, Dulais, Daw,
Ely Gwili Ogwr, Nedd,
Small is our River Dewi, Lord
A baby on a rushy bed.*

*By Carreg Cennen, King of time,
Our Heron Head is only
A bit of stone with seaweed spread
Where gulls come to be lonely.*

*A tiny dingle is Milk Wood
By Golden Grove 'neath Grongar,
But let me choose and oh! I should
Love all my life and longer
To stroll among our trees and stray
In Goosegog Lane, on Donkey Down,
And hear the Dewi sing all day,
And never, never leave the town...*

The Reverend Eli Jenkins closes ★SFX 25 & LX 24

A + (B@30%) B (3 secs)

the front door. His morning service is over.

Now woken at last by the out-of-bed-sleepy-head-Polly-put-the-kettle-on town hall bell, Lily Smalls, Mrs Beynon's "treasure", comes downstairs from a dream of royalty who all night long went larking with her full of sauce in the Milk Wood dark, and puts the kettle on the primus ring in Mrs Beynon's kitchen, and looks at herself in Mr Beynon's shaving glass over the sink, and sees: **LX 25**

B (120 secs)

*Oh there's a face!
Where you get that hair from?
Got it from a old tom cat.
Give it back then, love
Oh there's a perm!*

PREP FX3

*Where you get that nose from, Lily?
Got it from my father, silly.
You've got it on upside down!
Oh there's a conk!*

*Look at your complexion!
Oh no, you look.
Needs a bit of make up.
Needs a veil.
Oh there's glamour!*

*Where you get that smile, Lil?
Never you mind, girl.
Nobody loves you.
That's what you think.*

*Who is it loves you?
Shan't tell.
Come on, Lily.
Cross your heart then?
Cross my heart..."*

And very softly, her lips almost touching her reflection, she breathes the name and clouds the shaving-glass...

LILY!

Yes, mam?

Where's my tea, girl?

Where do you think? in the cat box? Coming up, mam!

Mr Pugh, in the schoolhouse opposite, takes up the morning tea to Mrs Pugh, and whispers on the stairs... **Mic ON**

Here's your arsenic, dear, and your weedkiller biscuit. I've throttled your parakeet. I've spat in the vases. I've put cheese in the mouseholes. Here's your... Nice tea, dear.

Too much sugar.

You haven't tasted it yet, dear.

Too much milk, then... Has Mr Jenkins said his poetry?

Yes, dear.

Then it's time to get up. Give me my glasses... No, not my reading glasses, I want to look out. I want to see. **Mic OFF**

Lily Smalls the treasure down on her red knees washing the front step... **Mic ON**

She's tucked her dress in her bloomers...

Oh, the baggage! Mic OFF

P.C. Attila Rees, ox-broad, barge-booted, stamping out of Handcuff House in a heavy beef red huff, black browed under his damp helmet... **Mic ON**

He's going to arrest Polly Garter, mark my words.

What for, dear?

For having babies. Mic OFF

And lumbering down towards the strand to see that the sea is still there.

Mary Anne Sailors, opening her bedroom window above the taproom and calling out to the heavens... *I'm eighty-five years, three months and a day!* **Mic ON**

I will say this for her, she never makes a mistake. Mic OFF

★SFX 26 ORGAN Morgan at his bedroom window playing chords on the sill to the morning fishwife gulls who, heckling over Donkey Street, observe...

Me, Dai Bread, hurrying to the bakery, pushing in my shirt tails, buttoning my waistcoat, ping goes a button, why can't they sew them, no time for breakfast, nothing for breakfast, there's wives for you.

Me, Mrs Dai Bread One, capped and shawled and no old corset, nice to be comfy, nice to be nice, clogging on the cobbles to stir up a neighbour. Oh, Mrs Sarah, can you spare a loaf love? Dai Bread forgot the bread. There's a lovely morning! How's your boils this

morning? Isn't that good news now, it's a change to sit down. Ta, Mrs Sarah.

Me, Mrs Dai Bread two, gypsied to kill in a silky scarlet petticoat above my knees, dirty pretty knees, see my body through my petticoat brown as a berry, high heel shoes with one heel missing, tortoiseshell comb in my bright black slinky hair, nothing else at all but a dab of scent, lolling gaudy at the doorway, tell your fortune in the tea-leaves, scowling at the sunshine, lighting up my pipe.

Me, Lord Cut-Glass, in an old frock-coat belonged to Eli Jenkins and a pair of postman's trousers from Bethesda Jumble, running out of doors to empty slops **★SFX 27** - mind there Rover! - and then running in again, tick-tock.

Me, Nogood Boyo, up to no good in the wash-house.

Me, Miss Price, in my pretty print housecoat, deft at the clothesline, natty as a jenny-wren, then pit-pat back to my egg in its cosy, my crisp toast fingers, my home-made plum and butterpat.

Me, Polly Garter, under the washing line, giving the breast in the garden to my bonny new baby. Nothing grows in our garden, only washing. And babies. And where's their fathers live, my love? Over the hills and far away. You're looking up at me now. I know what you're thinking, you poor little milky creature. You're thinking, you're no better than you should be, Polly, and that's good enough for me. Oh, isn't life a terrible thing, thank God?

NOW... ★SFX 28 frying pans spit, kettles and cats purr in the kitchen. The town smells of seaweed and breakfast all the way down from Bay View, where Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard, in smock and turban, big besomed to engage the dust, picks at her starchless bread and sips lemon-rind tea, to Bottom Cottage, where Mr Waldo, in bowler and bib, gobbles his bubble-and-squeak and kippers and swigs from the saucebottle.

Mary Anne Sailors *praises the Lord who made porridge.*

Mr Pugh **Mic ON** *remembers ground glass as he juggles his omelette.* **Mic OFF**

Mrs Pugh **Mic ON** *nags the salt-cellar.* **Mic OFF**

Willy Nilly postman downs his last bucket of black brackish tea and rumbles out bandy to the clucking back where the hens twitch and grieve for their tea soaked sops.

Mrs Willy Nilly ★SFX 29 full of tea to her double-chinned brim broods and bubbles over her coven of kettles on the hissing hot range always ready to... steam open the mail.

The Reverend Eli Jenkins finds a rhyme and ★SFX 30 dips his pen in his cocoa.

Lord Cut-Glass in his ticking kitchen scampers from clock to clock, a bunch of clock keys in one hand, a fish head in the other.

★SFX 31 Captain Cat in his galley, blind and fine-fingered savours his sea-fry.

Mr and Mrs Cherry Owen, in their Donkey LX 26 Street room that is bedroom, parlour, kitchen, and scullery sit down to last night's supper of onions boiled in their overcoats and broth of spuds and bacon-rind and leeks and bones:..

A + (B @ 20%) (4 secs)

See that smudge on the wall by the picture of Auntie Blossom? That's where you threw the sago... You only missed by an inch.

- I always miss Auntie Blossom too!

Remember last night? In you reeled, my boy, as drunk as a deacon with a big wet bucket and a fish frail full of stout and you looked at me and you said, "God has come home!" you said, and then over the bucket you went, sprawling and bawling, and the floor was all flagons and eels.

- Was I wounded?

And then you took off your trousers and you said, "Does anybody want a fight!?" Oh you old baboon.

- Give me a kiss.

And then you sang 'Bread of Heaven', tenor and bass.

- I always sing 'Bread of Heaven.'

And then you did a little dance on the table.

- I did?

Drop dead!

- And then what did I do?

Then you cried like a baby and said you were a poor drunk orphan with nowhere to go but the grave.

- And what did I do next, my dear?

Then you danced on the table all over again and said you were King Solomon Owen and I was your Mrs Sheba.

- And then?

And then I got you into bed and you snored all night like a brewery. **LX 27**

B (4 secs)

From Beynon butchers in Coronation Street, the smell of fried liver sidles out with onions on its breath. And listen! In the dark breakfast-room behind the shop, Mr and Mrs Beynon, waited on by their treasure, enjoy, between bites, their everymorning hullabaloo... and Mrs Beynon slips her grisly bits under **LX 28** the tasselled tablecloth

A + (B @ 20%) (4 secs)

to her fat cat... **★SFX 32**

She likes the liver, Ben.

She ought to do Bess. It's her brother's.

Oh, d'you hear that, Lily?

- Yes, mam.

We're eating pusscat.

- Yes, mam.

Oh, you cat-butcher!

It was doctored, mind.

What's that got to do with it?

Yesterday we had mole...

Oh, Lily, Lily!

Monday, otter, Tuesday, shrews.

- Go on, Mrs Beynon. He's the biggest liar in town!

Don't you dare say that about Mr Beynon!

- Everybody knows it, mam.

Mr Beynon never tells a lie. Do you, Ben?

No, Bess. And now I am going out after the Corgies with my little cleaver!

Oh, Lily, Lily! **LX 29**

B (4 secs)

Up the street, in the Sailors Arms **LX 30** Sinbad

D1 + (B @ 40%) (4 secs)

Sailors, grandson of Mary Anne Sailors, draws a pint in the sunlit bar. The ships clock in the bar says half past eleven. Half past eleven is opening time. The hands of the clock have stayed still at half past eleven for fifty years. It's always opening time in the Sailors Arms... *Here's to me, Sinbad.*

All **LX 31** over town, babies and old men are cleaned

B (4 secs)

and put into their broken prams and wheeled on to the sunlit cockled cobbles or out into the backyards under the dancing underclothes, and left. A baby cries.... *I want my pipe and he wants his bottle!!* **★SFX 33**

A school bell rings... **LX 32**

C (180 secs)

Noses are wiped, heads picked, hair combed, paws scrubbed, ears boxed, and the children shrilled off to school.

Fishermen grumble to their nets.

Nogood **★SFX 34** Boyo goes out in the dinghy "Zanzibar", ships the oars, drifts slowly in the dab filled bay, and, lying on his back in the unbaled water, among crabs' legs and tangled lines, looks up at the spring sky. *I don't know what's up there and I don't care.* He turns his head and looks up at Llaregyb Hill, and sees, among the green lathered trees, the white houses of the strewn away farms, where farmboys whistle, dogs shout, cows low, but all too far away for him **★SFX 34.1** or you, to hear. And in the town, the shops squeak open.

Mr Edwards, in butterfly-collar and straw hat at the doorway of Manchester House, measures with his eye the dawdlers-by for striped flannel shirts and shrouds and flowery blouses, and bellows to himself in the darkness behind his eye...*I love Miss Price.*

Syrup is sold in the post-office. A car drives to market, full of fowls and a farmer. Milk churns stand at Coronation Corner like short silver policemen.

And sitting at the open window of Schooner house blind Captain Cat hears all the morning of the town... **★SFX 35**

The Schoolbell is still ringing. Children's voices are screaming to the heavens and their many little feet clatter on the cobbles...

Maggie Richards, Ricky Rhys, Tommy Powell, our Sal, Little Gerwain **★SFX 36** *Billy Swansea with the dog's voice, one of Mr Waldo's, nasty Humphrey, Jackie with the sniff.... Where's Dicky's Albie? and the boys from Ty-pant? Perhaps they got the rash again...* **★SFX 37**

Oops, Somebody's hit Maggie Richards. Two to one it's Billy Swansea. Never trust a boy who barks.... ★SFX 38

Right again, it's Billy!

And the children's voices cry away.

That's Willy Nilly knocking at Bay View. Rat-a-tat, very soft. The knocker's got a kid glove on. Who's sent a letter to Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard? Careful now, she swabs the front glassy. Every step's like a bar of soap. Mind your size twelveses. That old Bessie would beeswax the lawn to make the birds slip.

Morning, Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard.

- Good morning, postman.

Here's a letter for you with stamped addressed envelope enclosed, all the way from Builth Wells. A gentleman wants to study birds and can he have accommodation for two weeks and a bath, vegetarian.

- No!

You wouldn't know he was in the house, Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard. He'd be out in the mornings at the bang of dawn with his bag of breadcrumbs and his little telescope...

And come home at all hours covered with feathers. I don't want persons in my nice clean rooms breathing all over the chairs...

Cross my heart he won't breathe.

- *And putting their feet on my carpets and sneezing on my china and sleeping in my sheets... He only wants a single bed, Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard....* ★SFX 39

- *And back she goes to the kitchen to polish the potatoes.*

Captain Cat hears Willy Nilly's feet heavy on the distant cobbles... *One, two, three, four, five... That's Rose Cottage. What's today? Today she gets the letter from her sister in Gorslas. How's the twin's teeth?... He's stopping at School house:*

Morning Mrs Pugh. Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard won't have a gentleman in from Builth Wells because he'll sleep in her sheets, Mrs Rose Cottage's sister in Gorsla's twins have got to have them out...

- *Give me the parcel.*

It's for Mr Pugh, Mrs Pugh.

- *Never you mind. What's inside it?*

A book called the "Lives Of The Great Poisoners"! (COUNT 1) ★SFX 40

- *That's Manchester House...*

Morning, Mr Edwards. Very small news. Mrs Ogmores - Pritchard won't have birds in the house, and Mr Pugh's bought a book on how to do in Mrs Pugh.

- *Have you got a letter from her?*

Miss Price loves you with all her heart. Smelling of lavender today. She's down to the last of the elderflower wine but the quince jam's bearing up and she's knitting roses on the doilies. Last week she sold three jars of boiled sweets, pound of humbugs, half a box of jellybabies and six coloured photos of Llaregyb. Yours for ever. Then twenty-one exe's.

- *Oh, Willy Nilly, she's a ruby! Here's my letter. Put it into her hands now.*

Mr Waldo hurrying to the Sailors Arms. Pint of stout with a egg in it... There's a letter for him.

- *It's another paternity summons, Mr Waldo.*

The quick footsteps hurry on along the cobbles **LX 33** **D1 + (B @ 40%) (3 secs)**
and up three steps to the Sailors Arms... *Quick, Sinbad.*

Pint of stout. And no egg in. **LX 34** **B (3 secs)**

People are moving now up and down the cobbled street...

All ★SFX 41 *the women are out this morning, in the sun. You can tell it's spring. There goes Mrs Cherry, you can tell her by her trotters, off she trots new as a daisy. Who's that talking by the pump? Mrs Floyd and Boyo, talking flatfish. What can you talk about flatfish? That's Mrs Dai Bread One, waltzing up the street like a jelly, every time she takes a step it's slap slap...*

Who's that? Mrs Butcher Beynon with her pet black cat, it follows her everywhere, miaow and all. There goes Mrs Twenty-three, important, the sun gets up and goes down in her dewlap, when she shuts her eyes it's night. ★SFX 42 High heels now, in the morning too, Mrs Rose Cottage's eldest Mae, seventeen and never been kissed, ho ho, going young and milking under my window to the field with the nannygoats, she reminds me all the way. Can't hear what the women are

gabbing round the pump, who blacked who's eye, seen Polly Garter giving her belly an airing, there should be a law, seen Mrs Beynon's new mauve jumper, it's her old grey jumper dyed, who's dead, who's dying, there's a lovely day, oh the cost of soapflakes!... ★SFX 43
Organ Morgan's at it early... You can tell it's spring... Ocky Milkman on his round. I will say this, his milk's as fresh as the dew. Half dew it is. Snuffle on, Ocky, watering the town...

Somebody's coming. Now the voices round the pump can see somebody coming. Hush, there's a hush! You can tell by the noise of the hush, it's Polly Garter. ...Hullo, Polly, who's there?

- Me, Love.

That's Polly Garter. ★SFX 44 Hullo, Polly my love. Can you hear the dumb goose-hiss of the wives as they huddle and peck or flounce at a waddle away? Who cuddled you when? Which of their gandering hubbies moaned in Milk Wood for your naughty mothering arms and body like a wardrobe, love? Scrub the floors of the Welfare Hall for the Mother's Union Social Dance;

you're one mother won't wriggle her roly-poly bum or pat her fat little buttery feet in that wedding-ringed holy tonight through the waltzing breadwinners snatched from the cosy smoke of the Sailors Arms will grizzle and mope... ★SFX 45 Too late, cock, too late....

For ★SFX 46 the town's half over with its morning. The morning's busy as bees...

There's the clip clop of horses on the sunhoneyed cobbles of the humming streets, hammering of horseshoes, gobble quack and cackle, tomtit twitter from the bird-ounced boughs, braying on Donkey Down. Bread is baking, pigs are grunting, chop goes the butcher, milk-churns bell, tills ring, sheep cough, dogs shout, saws sing. Oh, the spring whinny and morning moo from the clog dancing farms, the gulls' gab and rabble on the boat bobbing river and sea and the cockles bubbling in the sand, scamper of sanderlings, curlew cry, crow caw, pigeon coo, clock strike, bull bellow, and the ragged gabble of the bear-garden school as the women scratch and babble in Mrs Organ Morgan's general shop where everything is sold: custard, buckets henna, rat-traps, shrimp nets, sugar, stamps, confetti, paraffin, hatchets, whistles...

Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard

La di da

Got a man in Builth Wells

And he got a little telescope to look at birds, Willy Nilly said.

Remember her first husband? He didn't need a telescope. He looked at them undressing through the keyhole...

And he used to shout tallyho.

But Mr Ogmores was a proper gentleman.

Even though he hanged his collie?

Seen Mrs butcher Beynon? She said Butcher Beynon puts dogs in the mincer.

Go on, he's pulling her leg.

Now don't you dare tell her that, there's a dear, or she'll think he's trying to pull it off and eat it.

There's a nasty lot live here when you come to think.

Look at that Nogood Boyo now, too lazy to wipe his snout.

And going out fishing every day and all he ever brought back was a Mrs Samuels.

Been in the water a week.

And look at Ocky Milkman's wife that nobody's ever seen...

He keeps her in the cupboard with the empties.

And think of Dai Bread with two wives.

One for the daytime, one for the night.

Men are brutes on the quiet. ★SFX 47

And how's Organ Morgan, Mrs Morgan? You look dead beat.

It's organ organ all the time with him!, Up everynight until midnight playing the organ. I'm a martyr to music!

IF NO INTERVAL – NO CHANGE

(and the next SFX cue will be 49 - see below)

IF INTERVAL – ACTOR BOWS

LX 34.1

BLACKOUT (snap)

FOLLOW AFTER 5 SECONDS

LX 34.2

AUTO (A @ 50%) + H/L (7 secs)

ALLOW MUSIC TO PLAY OUT

(Sea sounds will remain)

ACT II

PRE 2nd ACT CHECK – refill water glass to brim

AFTER INTERVAL @ CLEARANCE

CHECK ACTOR READY

GO ★ **SFX 48** & **LX 34.3** (SIMULTANEOUS)

BLACKOUT (8 secs)

FOLLOW AFTER 17 SECS (EXACTLY) | **LX 34.4**

C (snap)

Outside, the sun springs down on the rough and tumbling town. It runs through the hedges of Goosegog Lane, cuffing the birds to sing. Spring whips green down Cockle Row, and the shells ring out. Llaregyb, this snip of a morning, is wild-fruit and warm, the streets, fields, sands and waters springing in the young sun.

Evans the Death presses hard with black gloves on the coffin of his breast in case his heart jumps out... *Where's your dignity. Lie down!*

Spring stirs Gossamer Beynon, schoolmistress, like a spoon. *Oh, what can I do? I'll never be refined if I twitch.*

Spring, this strong morning, foams in a flame in Jack Black as he cobbles a high-heeled shoe for Mrs Dai Bread Two the gypsy, but he hammers it sternly out.

There is no leg ★ **SFX 49**

belonging to the foot ★ **SFX 50**

that belongs to this shoe! ★ **SFX 51**

The sun and the green breeze ship Captain Cat's sea-memory again... *No, I'll take the mulatto, by God, who's captain here? Parlez-vous jig-jig, Madam?*

Mary Anne Sailors says very softly to herself as she looks out at Llaregyb Hill from the bedroom where she was born..

“It is spring in Llaregyb in the sun in my old age

★SFX 52 *and this is the chosen land!”*

AFTERSFX 52 COMPLETES LX 35

C @ 40% (20 secs)

And in Willy Nilly the postman’s dark and sizzling damp tea-coated misty pygmy kitchen where the spitting-cat kettles throb and hop on the range, Mrs Willy Nilly steams open Mr Mog Edwards’ letter to Miss Myfanwy Price and reads it aloud to Willy Nilly by the squint of the Spring sun through the one sealed window running with tears while the drugged, bedraggled hens at the back door whimper and snivel for the licquorish bog-black tea.

From Manchester House, Llaregyb. Sole Prop: Mr Mog Edwards, (late of Twll), linen-draper, haberdasher, Master Tailor, costumier. For West End negligee, lingerie, tea-gowns, evening dress, trousseaux, layettes. Also, ready-to-wear-for-all-occasions. Economical outfitting for agricultural employment our speciality, Wardrobes bought. Among our satisfied customers Ministers of Religion and JP’s. Fittings by appointment. Advertising weekly in the Twll Bugle...

Beloved Myfanwy Price my Bride in Heaven!

★SFX 53 *I love you until death do us part and then we shall be together for ever and ever. A new parcel of ribbons has come from Carmarthen today, all the colours in the rainbow. I wish I could tie a ribbon in your hair - a white one - but it cannot be. I dreamed last night you were all dripping wet and you sat on my lap as the Reverend Eli Jenkins went down the street. “I see you got a mermaid in your lap.” he said and he lifted his hat. He’s a proper Christian. Not like Cherry Owen who said, “You should have thrown her back!” he said. Business is very poorly. Polly Garter bought two garters with roses but she never got stockings so what is the use I say.*

Mr Waldo tried to sell me a woman’s nightie, outsize, he said he found it and we know where. I sold a packet of pins to Tom-the-Sailors to pick his teeth. If this goes on I shall be in the poorhouse. My heart is in your bosom and yours is in mine. God be with you always, Myfanwy Price, and keep you lovely for me in His Heavenly mansion. I must stop now and remain your eternal, Mog Edwards...

- And then a little message with a rubber stamp, “Shop at Mog’s!” (VISUAL on HAND STAMP) **LX 36**

C (snap)

And Willy Nilly, rumbling, jockeys out again to the three-seated shack called the House of Commons in the back where the hens weep, and sees **★SFX 54** in sudden Springshine, herring gulls heckling down to the harbour where the fishermen spit and prop the morning up and eye the fishy sea smooth to the sea’s end as it lulls in blue. Green and gold money, tobacco, tinned salmon, hats with feathers, pots of fish paste, warmth for the winter-to-be, weave and leap in it rich and slippery in the flash and shapes of fishes through the cold sea streets...But with blue lazy eyes the fishermen gaze at the milkmaid whispering water with no ruck or ripple as though it blew great guns and serpents **★SFX 55** and typhooned the town...

Too rough for fishing today... And they thank God, and gob at a gull for luck, and moss-slow and silent make their way uphill from the still, still sea **★SFX 55.1** towards the Sailors Arms **★SFX 56**...

As the children spank and scamper rough and singing out of school into the draggletail yard... and Captain Cat at his window says soft to himself the words of their song:

*Johnny Crack and Flossie Snail
Ket their baby in a milking pail
Flossie Snail and Johnny Crack
One would pull it out and one would put it back.*

*O it’s my turn now said Flossie Snail
To take the baby from the milking pail
And it’s my turn now said Johnny Crack
To smack it on the head and put it back.*

*Johnny Crack and Flossie Snail
Kept their baby in a milking pail
One would put it back and one would pull it out
And all it had to drink was ale and stout
For Johnny Crack and Flossie Snail
Always used to say that stout and ale
Was good for a baby in a milking pail. **★SFX 57***

The Music Of The Spheres is heard distinctly over Milk Wood. It is “The Rustle of Spring.” A glee-party sings in Bethesda Graveyard, gay but muffled. Vegetables make love above the tenors **★SFX 58** and dogs bark blue in the face.

Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard belches in a teeny hanky and chases the sunlight with a flywhisk, but even she cannot drive out the spring... From one of the finger-bowls a Primrose grows.

LX 37

B (15 secs)

Mrs Dai Bread One and Mrs Dai Bread Two are sitting outside their house in Donkey Lane, one darkly, one plumply blooming in the quick, dewy sun. Mrs Dai Bread Two is looking into a crystal ball...

PREP FX2

which she holds in the lap of her dirty yellow petticoat, hard against her hard dark thighs...

Cross my palm with silver. ★SFX 59 Out of our housekeeping money. Aah!

- What d'you see, lovie?

I see a featherbed, with three pillows on it. And a text above the bed. I can't read what it says, there's great clouds blowing. ★SFX 60 Now they have blown away... God is Love, the text says.

- That's our bed.

And now it's vanished. The sun's spinning like a top. Who's this coming out of the sun? It's a hairy little man with big pink lips. ★SFX 61 He got a wall eye.

- It's Dai, it's Dai Bread!

Ssh! The featherbed's floating back. The little man's taking his boots off. He's pulling his shirt over his head. He's beating on his chest with his fists. He's climbing into bed...

Go ★SFX 62 on, go on!

There's two women in bed. He looks at them both, with his head cocked on one side. He's whistling through his teeth. Now he grips his little arms round one of his women.

- Which one. Which one?

I can't see anymore. There's great clouds blowing again.

- Ach, the mean old clouds! **LX 38**

C (3 secs)

*For Johnny Crack and Flossie Snail
Always used to say that stout and ale
Was good for a baby in a milking pail.*

The morning is all singing. The Reverend Eli Jenkins, busy on his morning calls, ★SFX 63 stops outside the Welfare Hall to hear Polly Garter as she scrubs the floors for the Mother's Union Dance tonight... LX 39 & Mic ON

DIP C to 50% (3 secs)

*I loved a man whose name was Tom
He was strong as a bear and two yards long
I loved a man whose name was Dick
He was big as a barrel and three feet thick.*

*And I loved a man whose name was Harry
Six feet tall and sweet as a cherry ★SFX 64
But the one I loved best awake or asleep
Was little Willy Wee and he's six feet deep.*

*O Tom Dick and Harry were three fine men
And I'll never have such loving again
But little Willy Wee who took me on his knee
Little Willy Wee was the man for me.*

*Now men from every parish round
Run after me and roll me on the ground
But whenever I love another man back
Johnnie from the hill or Sailing Jack*

*I always think as they do what they please
Of Tom Dick and Harry who were tall as trees
And most I think when I'm by their side
Of little Willy Wee who downed and died.*

*O Tom Dick and Harry were three fine men
And I'll never have such loving again
But little Willy Wee who took me on his knee
Little Willy Weazel is the man for me.*

Mic OFF Praise the Lord! We are a musical nation! LX 40 C (3 secs)

And the Reverend Jenkins hurries on through the town to visit the sick with jelly and poems... The town's as full as a lovebird's egg. ★SFX 65 & LX 41

D1 + (C @ 40%) (3 secs)

There goes the Reverend, says Mr Waldo at the smoked herring brown window of the unwashed Sailors Arms - *with his brolly and his odes. Fill 'em up, Sinbad, I'm on the treacle to-day!*

The silent fishermen flush down their pints.

**Oh, Mr Waldo - sighs Sinbad Sailors - I dote on that
Gossamer Beynon. She's a lady all over.**

And Mr Waldo, who is thinking of a woman soft as Eve and
sharp as sciatica to share his bread-pudding bed, answers -
No lady that I know is.

**- And if only Grandma'd die, cross my heart I'd go
down on my knees Mr Waldo and I'd say "Miss
Gossamer," I'd say,**

**"When birds do sing hey ding a ding a ding, sweet
lovers love the Spring ..."** ★SFX 66 & LX 42

C (3 secs)

Polly Garter sings LX 43 still on her knees...

C to 50% (3 secs)

*Tom Dick and Harry were three fine men, and I'll
never have such*

- ding a ding

again.. (Count 1) LX 44

C (7 secs)

And the morning school is over, and Captain Cat at his
curtained schooner's porthole open to the Spring sun tides
hears the naughty forfeiting children tumble and rhyme on the
cobble...

**Gwennie call the boys
They make such a noise.**

*Boys boys boys
Come along to me*

**Boys boys boys
Kiss Gwennie where she says
Or give her a penny.
Go on, Gwennie.**

*Kiss me in Goosegog Lane
Or give me a penny.
What's your name?*

Billy.

*Kiss me in Goosegog Lane Billy
Or give me a penny silly.*

**-Gwennie Gwennie, I kiss you in Goosegog Lane.
Now I haven't got to give you a penny.**

**Boys boys boys
Kiss Gwennie where she says**

Or give her a penny.
Go on, Gwennie.

Kiss me on Llaregyb Hill
Or give me a penny.
What's your name?

Johnnie Cristo.

Kiss me on Llaregyb Hill Johnnie Cristo
Or give me a penny mister.

Gwennie Gwennie
I kiss you on Llaregyb Hill. (kisssssssssssssssssssss)
Now I haven't got to give you a penny.

Boys boys boys
Kiss Gwennie where she says
Or give her a penny.
What's your name?

Dicky.

Kiss me in Milk Wood Dicky
Or give me a penny quickly.

Gwennie Gwennie...
I can't kiss you in Milk Wood.

Gwennie ask him why.

Why?

Because my mother says I mustn't.

Cowardy cowardy custard
Give Gwennie a penny.

Give me a penny.

I haven't got any.
Put him in the river
Up to his liver
Quick, quick Dirty Dick
Beat him on the bum
With a rhubarb stick.

Aieeeeeeee!

Shhhhhhhhhhh! **LX 45**

B (90 secs)

★SFX 67 And the shrill girls giggle and master around him and squeal as they clutch and thrash, and he blubbers away downhill with his patched pants falling, and his tear splashed blush burns all the way as the triumphant bird-like sisters scream with buttons in their claws and the bully brothers hoot after him his little nickname and his mother's shame and his father's wickedness with the loose wild barefoot women of the hovels of the hills. It all means nothing at all, and, howling for his milky mum, for her cawl and buttermilk and cowbreath and Welshcakes and the fat birth-smelling bed and moonlit kitchen of her arms, he'll never forget as he paddles blind home through the weeping end of the world.

PREP FX3

Then his tormentors tussle and run to the Cockle Street sweet-shop, their pennies sticky as honey, to buy from Miss Myfanwy Price, who is cocky and neat as a puff-bosomed robin and her small round buttocks tight as ticks, gobstoppers big as wens that rainbow as you suck, brandyballs, winegums, hundreds and thousands, liquorice sweet as sick, nougat to tug and ribbon out like another red rubbery tongue, gum to glue in girls' curls, crimson coughdrops to spit blood, ice-cream cornets, dandelion-and-burdock, raspberry and cherryade, pop goes the weasel... and the wind. ★SFX 68

Gossamer Beynon high-heels out of school. The sun hums down through the cotton flowers of her dress into the bell of her heart and buzzes in the honey there and couches and kisses, lazy-loving and boozed, in her red-berried breast.

Eyes run from the trees and windows of the street, steaming 'Gossamer,' and strip her to the nipples and the bees. She blazes naked past the Sailors Arms, the only woman on the Dai-Adamed earth... LX 46

D1 + (B @ 40%) (3 secs)

Sinbad Sailors places on her thighs, still dewdamp from the first mangrowing cock-crow garden, his reverent goat-bearded hands. LX 47

B (3 secs)

I don't care if he is common, she whispers to her salad-day deep self, *I want to gobble him up. I don't care if he does drop his aitches*, she tells the stripped and mother-of-the-world big-beamed and Eve-hipped spring of her self, *so long as he's all cucumber and hooves.* LX 48

D1 + (B @ 40%) (3 secs)

Sinbad Sailors watches her go by, demure and proud and schoolmarm in her crisp flower dress and sun-defying hat, with never a look or lilt or wriggle, the butcher's unmelting

icemaide daughter veiled forever from the hungry hug of his eyes. ★SFX 68.1

Ohhhhhh! Gossamer Beynon, why are you so proud?
he grieves to his Guinness, *Oh, beautiful, beautiful*
Gossamer B, I wish I wish that you were for me. I wish
you were not so educated. LX 49

B (3 secs)

She feels his goatbeard tickle her in the middle of the world
like a tuft of wiry fire, and she turns in a terror of delight
away from his whips and whiskery conflagration, and sits
down in the kitchen to a plate heaped high with chips and the
kidneys of lambs. LX 50

E (10 secs)

In the blind-drawn dark dining-room of School House, dusty
and echoing as a dining-room in a vault, Mr and Mrs Pugh
are silent over cold grey cottage pie. Mr Pugh reads, as he
forks the shroud meat in, from "Lives Of The Great
Poisoners". He has bound a plain brown-paper cover round
the book...

Slyly, ★SFX 69 between slow mouthfuls, he sidespies up at
Mrs Pugh, poisons her with his eye, then goes on reading.

He under-lines certain passages and smiles in secret. Mic ON

Persons with manners do not read at table... Mic OFF

She swallows a digestive tablet as big as a horse-pill, Mic ON

Gulp! Mic OFF

washing it down with clouded peasoup water... Mic ON

Some persons were brought up in pigsties.

- **Pigs don't read at table, dear.** Mic OFF

Bitterly she flicks dust from the broken cruet. It settles on the
pie in a thin gnat-rain. Mic ON

- **Pigs can't read, my dear.**

I know one who can. Mic OFF & ★SFX 70

Alone in the hissing laboratory of his wishes, Mr Pugh
minces among bad vats and jeroboams, tiptoes through
spinneys of murdering herbs, agony dancing in his crucibles,
and mixes especially for Mrs Pugh a venomous porridge
unknown to toxicologists which will scald and viper through
her until her ears fall off like figs, her toes grow big and black
as balloons, and steam comes screaming out of her navel. Mic ON

You know best, dear, Mic OFF

and quick as a flash he ducks her in rat soup. ★SFX 71 Mic ON

What's that book by your trough, Mr Pugh?

- It's a theological work, my dear. "Lives Of The Great Saints". **Mic OFF**

Mrs Pugh smiles. **Mic ON** Haaaaaaaaaaaaaa! **Mic OFF**

An icicle forms in the cold air of the dining-vault. **Mic ON**

I saw you talking to a saint this morning. Saint Polly Garter. She was martyred again (in Milk Wood) last night. Mrs Organ Morgan saw her with Mr Waldo. **LX 51 & Mic OFF**

A (snap)

And when they saw me they pretended they were looking for nests...

says Mrs Organ Morgan to her husband, with her mouth full of fish as a pelican's...

But you don't go nesting in long combinations, I said to myself, like Mr Waldo was wearing, and your dress nearly over your head like Polly Garter's. Oh, they didn't fool me.

One big bird gulp, and the flounder's gone. She licks her lips and goes stabbing again...

And when you think of all those babies she's got, then all I can say is she'd better give up bird-nesting, that's all I can say, it isn't the right kind of hobby at all for a woman that can't say "No" even to midgets.

Remember Bob Spit? ★SFX 72 He wasn't any bigger than a baby and he gave her two. But they're two nice boys, I will say that, Fred Spit and Arthur. Sometimes I like Fred best and sometimes I like Arthur. Who do you like best, Organ?

Oh, Bach without any doubt. Bach every time for me.

Organ Morgan, you haven't been listening to a word I said. It's organ organ all the time with you.

And she bursts into tears, and, in the middle of her salty howling, nimbly spears a small flatfish and pelicans it whole.

And then Palestrina, says Organ Morgan. LX 52

D (5 secs)

★SFX 73 Lord Cut-Glass, in his kitchen full of time, squats down alone to a dogdish marked 'Fido', of peppery fish-scrap and listens to the voices of his sixty-six clocks, one for each year of his loony age, and watches, with love, their black-and-white moony loudlipped faces tocking the earth away... Slow clocks, quick clocks, pendulumed heart-knocks, china, alarm, grandfather, cuckoo; clocks shaped like Noah's whirring Ark, clocks that bicker in marble ships, clocks in the wombs of glass women, hourglass chimers, tu-

PREP FX2

wit-tu-woo clocks, clocks that pluck tunes, Vesuvius clocks
all black bells and lava, Niagra clocks that cataract their
ticks, old time-weeping clocks with ebony beards, clocks
with no hands for ever drumming out time without ever
knowing what time it is... His sixty-six singers are all set at
different hours. Lord Cut-Glass lives in a house and a life at
siege. ★SFX 74 & LX 53

B (3 secs)

Any minute or dark day now, the unknown enemy will loot
and savage downhill, but they will not catch him napping.
Sixty-six different times in the fish-slimy kitchen ping, strike,
tick, chime, and tock.

The lust and lilt and lather and emerald breeze and crackle of
the bird-praise and body of Spring with its breasts full of
rivering May-milk, means, to that lordly fish-head nibbler,
nothing but another nearness to the tribes and navvies of the
Last Black Day who'll sear and pillage down Armageddon
Hill to his double-locked rusty-shuttered tick-tock dust-
scrabbled shack ★SFX 75 at the bottom of the town that
has fallen head over bells in love. LX 54 & Mic ON

B @ 50% (3 secs)

And I'll never have such loving again... Mic OFF

pretty Polly hums and longs... Mic ON

*Now when farmers' boys on the first fair day
Come down from the hills to drink and be gay
Before the sun sinks I'll lie there in their arms
For they're good bad boys from the lonely farms
But I always think as we tumble into bed
Of little Willy Wee who is dead, dead, (dead...)* LX 55 & Mic OFF

B (3 secs)

The sunny slow lulling afternoon yawns and moons through
the dozy town. The sea lolls, laps and idles in, with fishes
sleeping in its lap. The meadows still as Sunday, the shut-eye
tasselled bulls, the goat-and- daisy dingles, nap happy and
lazy. The dumb duck- ponds snooze. Clouds sag and pillow
on Llaregyb Hill.

PREP FX3

★SFX 76 Pigs grunt in a wet wallow-bath, and smile as
they snort and dream... They dream of the acorned swill of
the world, the rooting for pig-fruit, the bag-pipe dugs of the
mother sow, the squeal and snuffle of yesses of the women
pigs in rut. They mud-bask and snout in the pig-loving sun;
their tails curl; they rollick and slobber and snore to deep
smug, ★SFX 76.1 after-swill sleep. Donkeys angelically
drowse on Donkey Down...

(As actor sits sharply) LX 56 & Mic ON

E (snap)

Persons with manners, **Mic OFF** snaps Mrs cold Pugh, **Mic ON**
do not nod at table. **Mic OFF**

Mr Pugh cringes awake. He puts on a soft-soaping smile: It is sad and grey under his nicotine-eggyellow weeping walrus Victorian moustache worn thick and long in memory of Doctor Crippen. **Mic ON**

You should wait until you retire to your sty, **Mic OFF** says Mrs Pugh, sweet as a razor.

His fawning measly quarter-smile freezes. **★SFX 77**
Sly and silent, he foxes into his chemist's den and there, in a hiss and prussic circle of cauldrons and phials brimful with pox and the Black Death, cooks up a fricassee of deadly night-shade, nicotine, hot frog, cyanide and bat-spit for his needling stalactite hag and bednag of a pokerbacked nutcracker wife. **Mic ON**

I beg your pardon, my dear," **Mic OFF** he murmurs with a wheedle. (count 2) **LX 57**

B (3 secs)

Captain Cat, at his window thrown wide to the sun and the clippered seas he sailed long ago when his eyes were blue and bright, slumbers and voyages; ear-ringed and rolling, "I Love You Rose Probert" tattooed on his belly,
he brawls with broken bottles in the fug and babel of the dark dock bars, roves with a herd of short and good time cows in every naughty port and twines and souses with the drowned and blowzy-breasted dead. He weeps as he sleeps and sails... **★SFX 78 & LX 58**

PREP FX1

A + (B @ 20%) (30 secs)

One voice of all he remembers most dearly as his dream buckets down. Lazy early Rosie with the flaxen thatch, whom he shared with Tom-Fred the donkeyman and many another seaman, clearly and near to him speaks from the bedroom of her dust. In that gulf and haven, fleets by the dozen have anchored for the little heaven of the night; but she speaks to Captain napping Cat alone. Mrs Probert... **Mic ON**

From Duck Lane, Jack. Quack twice and ask for Rosie... **Mic OFF** is the one love of his sea-life that was sardined **★SFX 79** with women. **Mic ON**

What seas did you see, Tom Cat, Tom Cat, in your sailing days long long ago? What sea beasts were in the wavery green when you were my master? **Mic OFF**

I'll tell you the truth. Seas barking like seals, blue seas and green, seas covered with eels and mermen and whales. **Mic ON**

What seas did you sail, old whaler when on the blubbery waves between Frisco and Wales you were my bosun? **Mic OFF**

As true as I'm here, dear you Tom Cat's tart, you landlubber Rosie, you cosy love, my easy as easy, my true sweetheart, seas green as a bean, seas gliding with swans in the seal-barking moon. **Mic ON**

What seas were rocking, my little deck hand, my favourite husband, in your seaboots and hunger, my duck, my whaler, my honey, my daddy, my pretty sugar sailor with my name on your belly, when you were a boy, long, long ago? **Mic OFF**

I'll tell you no lies. The only sea I saw was the seesaw sea with you riding on it. Lie down, lie easy. Let me shipwreck in your thighs. **Mic ON**

Knock twice, Jack, at the door of my grave, and ask for Rosie. **Mic OFF**

Rosie Probert. **Mic ON**

Remember her. She is forgetting. The earth which filled her mouth is vanishing from her. Remember me. I have forgotten you. I am going into the darkness of the darkness for ever. I have forgotten that I was ever born. **Mic OFF** **LX 59** (after music & sea fades out)

B (4 secs)

Look, says a child to her mother as they pass by the window of Schooner House, **Captain Cat is crying!**.. Captain Cat is crying...

Come back, come back! up the silences and echoes of the passages of the eternal night.

He's crying all over his nose. says the child, as Mother and child move on down the street. *He's got a nose like strawberries*, the child says; and then she forgets him too.

She **★SFX 80** sees in the still middle of the blue-bagged bay Nogood Boyo fishing from the "Zanzibar". *Nogood Boyo gave me three pennies yesterday but I wouldn't!* the child tells her mother.

Boyo catches a whalebone corset. It is all he has caught all day. *Bloody funny fish!*

Mrs Dai Bread Two gypsies up his mind's slow eye, dressed only in a bangle.

She's wearing her nightgown. Would you like this nice wet corset, Mrs Dai Bread Two?

- No, I won't!

And a bite of my little apple? he offers with no hope.

She shakes her brass nightgown and he chases her out of his mind; and when he comes gusting back, there in the bloodshot centre of his eye **★SFX 81** a geisha girl grins and bows in a kimono of ricepaper.

I want to be good Boyo, but nobody'll let me! he sighs as she writhes politely.

The land fades, the sea flocks silently away; and through the warm white cloud where he lies, silky, tingling, uneasy Eastern music undoes him in a Japanese minute.

The afternoon buzzes like lazy bees round the flowers round Mae Rose Cottage. Nearly asleep in the field of nannygoats who hum and gently butt the sun, she blows love on a puffball...

He loves me

He loves me not

He loves me

He loves me not

He loves me! - the dirty old fool.

Lazy she lies alone in clover and sweet-grass, seventeen and never been sweet in the grass, ho ho. **LX 60**

D2 + (B @ 40%) + † (4 secs)

The Reverend Eli Jenkins inky in his cool front parlour or poem-room tells only the truth in his Lifework - the Population, Main Industry, Shipping, History, Topography, Flora and Fauna of the town he worships in the White Book of Llaregyb. Portraits of famous bards and preachers, all fur and wool from the squint to the kneecaps, hang over him heavy as sheep, next to faint lady watercolours of pale green Milk Wood like a lettuce salad dying.

His mother, propped against a pot in a palm, with the wedding- ring waist and bust like a black-clothed dining-table, suffers in her stays.

Oh angels be careful there with your knives and forks -

he prays. **LX 61**

B + † (4 secs)

There is no known likeness of his father Esau, who, undogcollared because of his little weakness, was scythed to the bone one harvest by mistake when sleeping with his weakness in the corn. He lost all ambition and died, with one leg.

Poor Dad - grieves the Reverend Eli, *to die of drink and agriculture.* **LX 62**

B (4 secs)

Farmer Watkins **★SFX 82** in Salt Lake Farm hates his cattle on the hill as he ho's them in to milking. *Damn you, you damned dairies!*

A cow kisses him.

Bite her to death Rover! he shouts to his deaf dog who smiles and licks his hands.

Gore him, sit on him, Daisy! he bawls to the cow who barbed him with her tongue, and she moos gentle words as he raves and dances among his summer-breathed slaves walking delicately to the farm.

The coming of the end of the Spring day is already reflected in the lakes of their great eyes. Bessie Bighead greets them by the names she gave them when there were maidens. *Peg, Meg, Buttercup, Moll, Fan from the Castle, Theodosia and Daisy.*

They bow their heads. **★SFX 83 & LX 63**

B @ 30% (120 secs)

Look up Bessie Bighead in the White Book of Llaregyb and you will find the few haggard rags and the one poor glittering thread of her history laid out in pages there with as much love and care as the lock of hair of a first lost love.

Conceived in Milk Wood, born in a barn, wrapped in paper, left on a doorstep, big-headed and bass-voiced she grew in the dark until long-dead Gomer Owen kissed her when she wasn't looking because he was dared. Now in the light she'll work, sing, milk, say the cows' sweet names and sleep until the night sucks out her soul and spits it into the sky. In her life-long love light, holily Bessie milks the fond lake-eyed cows as dusk showers slowly down over byre, sea and town.

Utah Watkins curses through the farmyard on a carthorse.

Gallop, you bleeding cripple! - and the huge horse neighs softly as though he had given it a lump of sugar. **★SFX 84**

Now the town is dusk. Each cobble, donkey, goose and gooseberry street is a thoroughfare of dusk; and dusk and ceremonial dust, and night's first darkening snow, and the sleep of birds, drift under and through the live dust of this place of love. Llaregyb is the capital of dusk.

Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard, at the first drop of the dusk-shower, seals all her sea-view doors, draws the germ-free blinds, sits,

erect as a dry dream on a high-backed hygienic chair and wills herself to cold, quick sleep.

At once, at twice, Mr Ogmores and Mr Pritchard, who all dead day long have been gossiping like ghosts in the woodshed, planning the loveless destruction of the glass widow, reluctantly sigh and sidle into her clean house... **Mic ON**

You first, Mr Ogmores.

- **After you, Mr Pritchard.**

No, no, Mr Ogmores. You widowed her first. **Mic OFF**

And in through the keyhole, with tears where their eyes once were, they ooze and grumble.

Husbands! she says in her sleep. There is acid love in her voice for one of the two shambling phantoms. Mr Ogmores hopes that it is not for him. So does Mr Pritchard.

I love you both. **Mic ON**

- **Oh, Mrs Ogmores.**

- **Oh, Mrs Pritchard.** **Mic OFF**

Soon it will be time to go to bed. Now, tell me your tasks in order. **Mic ON**

- **We must take our pyjamas from the drawer marked pyjamas...** **Mic OFF**

And then you must take them off.

Down **★SFX 85** in the dusking town, Mae Rose Cottage, still lying in clover, listens to the nanny goats chew, draws circles of lipstick round her nipples.

I'm fast.. I'm a bad lot. God will strike me dead. I'm seventeen. I'll go to hell. she tells the goats. *You just wait. I'll sin till I blow up!*

And she lies deep, waiting for the worst to happen; the goats champ and sneer. **LX 64**

D2 + (B @ 30%) + † (4 secs)

And **★SFX 86** at the doorway of Bethesda House, the Reverend Jenkins recites to Llaregyb Hill his sunset poem:

*Every morning when I wake,
Dear Lord, a little prayer I make,
O please to keep Thy lovely eye
On all poor creatures born to die.*

*And every evening at sun-down
I ask a blessing on the town,
For whether we last the night or no
I'm sure is always touch-and-go.*

*We are not wholly bad or good
Who live our lives under Milk Wood,
And Thou, I know, wilt be the first
To see our best side, not our worst.*

*O let us see another day!
Bless us this night, I pray,
And to the sun we all will bow*

And say, goodbye - but just for now! **LX 65** **B @ 30% (4 secs)**

Jack Black prepares once more to meet his Satan in the Wood. He grinds his night-teeth, closes his eyes, climbs into his religious trousers, their flies sewn up with cobbler's thread, and pads out, torched and Bibles, grimly, joyfully, into the already sinning dusk... *Off to Gomorrah!*

And Lily Smalls is up to Nogood Boyo in the wash-house.

And Cherry Owen, sober as Sunday as he is every day of the week, goes off happy as Saturday to get drunk as a deacon as he does every night...

I always say she's got two husbands, (says Cherry Owen), *one drunk and one sober.*

(And Mrs Cherry simply says) *And aren't I a lucky woman... because I love* **★SFX 87** **LX 66** *them both!* **D1 + B @ 30% (3 secs)both.**

Evening, Cherry.

- Evening, Sinbad!

What'll you have?

- Tooooooooooooooooo much!

The Sailors Arms is always open ... Sinbad suffers to himself, heartbroken,

...oh, Gossamer, open yours! (Count 2) ★SFX 88 & LX 67 **A (10 secs)**

Dusk is drowned for ever until tomorrow. It is all at once night now. The windy town is a hill of windows, and from the

larrupped waves, the lights of the lamps in the windows call back the day and the dead that have run away to sea. All over the calling dark, babies and old men are bribed and lullabied to sleep.

Hushabye, baby, the sandman is coming ...

*Rockabye, grandpa, in the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come grandpa, whiskers and all...*

Or their daughters cover up the old unwinking men like parrots, and in their little dark in the lit and bustling young kitchen corners, all night long they watch, beady-eyed, the long night through in case death catches them asleep.

LX 68

F1 (4 secs)

Unmarried girls, alone in the privately bridal bedrooms, powder and curl for the Dance of the World. ★SFX 89 They make, in front of their looking-glasses, haughty or come-hithering faces for the young men in the street outside, at the lamplit leaning corners, who wait in the all-at-once wind to wolve and whistle.

The drinkers in the Sailors Arms drink to the failure of the dance...

*Down with the waltzing and the skipping!
Dancing isn't natural!* righteously says Cherry Owen who has just downed seventeen pints of flat, warm, thin, Welsh, bitter beer.

A farmer's lantern glimmers ★SFX 90 ...a spark LX 69 on Llaregyb hillside.

F2 + † (4 secs)

Llaregyb Hill, writes the Reverend Jenkins in his poem-room, *Llaregyb Hill, that mystic tumulus, the memorial of peoples that dwelt in the region of Llaregyb before the Celts left the Land of Summer and where the old wizards made themselves a wife out of flowers.*

LX 70

F1 (4 secs)

Mr Waldo, ★SFX 91 in his corner of the Sailors Arms, sings...

*In Pembroke City when I was young
I lived by the Castle Keep
Sixpence a week was my wages
For working for the chimbley sweep.*

*Six cold pennies he gave me
Not a farthing more or less
And all the fare I could afford
Was parsnip gin and watercress.*

*I did not need a knife and fork
Or a bib up to my chin
To dine on a dish of watercress
And a jug of parsnip gin.*

*Did you ever hear a growing boy
To live so cruel cheap
On grub that has no flesh and bones
And liquor that makes you weep?*

*Sweep, sweep chimbley sweep,
I wept through Pembroke City
Poor and barefoot in the snow
Till a kind young woman took pity.*

*Poor little chimbley sweep, she said
Black as the ace of spaces
O nobody's swept my chimbley
Since my husband went his ways.*

*So... Come and sweep my chimbley
Come and sweep my chimbley
Come and sweep my chimbley
She sighed to me with a blush*

*Come and sweep my chimbley
Come and sweep my chimbley
Come and sweep my chimbley
Bring along your chimbley brush!*

(After actor wipes mouth) ★SFX 92 & LX 71 **F1 (4 secs)**

Blind Captain Cat climbs into his bunk. Like a cat, he sees in the dark. ★SFX 93 Through the voyages of his tears he sails to see the dead.

Dancing Williams! **Mic ON**

Still dancing. **Mic OFF**

Jonah Jarvis. **Mic ON**

Still.

Curly Bevan's skull.

Rosie, with God. She has forgotten dying. **Mic OFF**

The dead come out in their Sunday Best.

Listen to the night breaking

Organ Morgan goes to chapel to play the organ. ★SFX 94

He plays alone at night to anyone who will listen; lovers, revellers, the silent dead, tramps ★SFX 95 and sheep. He sees Bach lying on a tombstone...

Johann Sebastian!

- Who?

Johann Sebastian mighty Bach. Oh, Bach fach!

- **To hell with you!** says Cherry Owen, who is resting on the tombstone on his way home.

Mr Mog Edwards and Miss Myfanwy Price ★SFX 96 happily apart from one another at the top and the sea end of the town, write their everynight letters of love and desire. In the warm White Book of Llaregyb you will find the little maps of the islands of their contentment.

Oh, my Mog, I am yours for ever.. And she looks around with pleasure at her own neat neverdull room which Mr Mog Edwards will never enter.

Come to my arms, Myfanwy. And he hugs his lovely money to his own heart.

And Mr Waldo drunk in the dusky wood hugs his lovely Polly Garter under the eyes and rattling tongues of the neighbours and the birds, and he does not care. He smacks his live red lips. But it is not his name that Polly Garter whispers as she lies under the oak and loves him back. Six feet deep that name sings in the cold earth...

*But I always think as we tumble into bed
Of little Willy Wee who is dead, dead, dead.*

Count 3 ★SFX 97 & LX 72 SIMULTANEOUS

A @15% (15 secs)

The thin night darkens. A breeze from the creased water sighs the streets close under Milk waking Wood. The Wood, whose every tree-foot's cloven in the black glad sight of the hunters of lovers, that is a God-built garden to Mary Ann Sailors who knows there is Heaven on earth and the chosen people of His kind fire in Llaregyb's land, that is the fairday farmhands' wantoning ignorant chapel of bridesbeds, and to the Reverend Eli Jenkins, a greenleaved sermon on the innocence of men, the suddenly wind-shaken wood springs awake for the second dark time this one Spring day... LX 73 AUTOMATIC FOLLOW ON

Blackout (10 secs) F/O

LX 74 AUTO

C (3 secs) F/O

LX 75 (As actor leaves)

Blackout (3 secs)

LX 76 AUTO

C (3 secs) F/O

LX 74 (As actor leaves finally) & ★SFX 98

A @ 50% + H/L (7 secs)
