



Preview Script

Lumley Mill

Lumley Mill
by John Bartlett

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LUMLEY MILL

Characters

Cast Size	39
Principals	11m, 8f
Juvenile Leads	1m, 4f
Support	5m, 8f
Juvenile Support	1m

Cast by Complexity of Part

Male Principals (11)

Nadger
Old Tupp
Billy Bates
Squibsy
Strap
Wassname Johnny
Henry Goodchild
Sam Page
Harold Eldridge
Convict
Major Gifford

Female Principals (8)

Dolly Slater
Molly Goodchild
Jessie
Mary Hobbs
Miss Kimble
Sarah Flaherty
Lily Thorn
Victoria Goodchild

Male Juvenile Leads (1)

Nipper

Female Juvenile Leads (4)

Emmie Goodchild
Joan Goodchild
Violet Goodchild
Ruth Kitter

Male Support (5)

Harry Adams
Constable
Farmer Slocombe
Judd
Gabriel Hobbs

Female Support (8)

Old Sally
Mary Olden
Gladys
Martha Jane
Mrs Hobson
Mrs Gifford
Young Molly
Matty

Male Juvenile Support (1)

Matthew Gifford

Cast in Order Of Appearance

Nadger	<i>A farm labourer</i>
Jethro Tupp ('Old Tupp')	<i>A shepherd</i>
Billy Bates	<i>A Carter</i>
Nipper	<i>His son</i>
Joe 'Squibsy' Randall	<i>A farm labourer</i>
Dolly Slater	<i>A milk-maid</i>
John 'Strap' Harris	<i>A farm labourer</i>
Harry Adams	<i>A farm labourer</i>
Constable	
Farmer Slocombe	<i>A gentlemen farmer</i>
Two Gamekeepers	<i>non-speaking</i>
Convict	
Wassname Johnny	<i>A simpleton</i>
Henry Goodchild	<i>Publican of 'The Coal Exchange'</i>
Molly Goodchild	<i>His wife</i>
Victoria Goodchild	<i>Their eldest daughter 'in service'</i>
Joan Goodchild	<i>Their second eldest daughter</i>
Violet Goodchild	<i>Their third eldest daughter</i>
Emmie Goodchild	<i>Their youngest daughter</i>
Sam Page	<i>An old sailor</i>
Jessie	<i>A country maid</i>
Mary Hobbs	<i>A country maid</i>
Old Sally	<i>Head milk-maid</i>
Mary Olden	<i>A milk-maid</i>
Gladys	<i>A milk-maid</i>
Martha Jane	<i>A milk-maid</i>
Judd	<i>Head dairyman</i>
Gabriel Hobbs	<i>A Sweep</i>
Young Molly Goodchild	<i>Molly on her Wedding Day</i>
Ruth Kitter	<i>A child of about ten</i>
Miss Kimble	<i>A school teacher</i>
Sarah Flaherty	<i>An Irish peddler</i>
Lily Thorn	<i>A maid 'in service'</i>
Mrs Hobson	<i>The Housekeeper</i>
Major Gifford	<i>A retired major</i>
Matthew Gifford	<i>His son</i>
Mrs Gifford	<i>His wife</i>
'Matty'	<i>The nurse</i>
The Cook	<i>Non-speaking</i>
The Butler	<i>Non-speaking</i>
Estate Workers	<i>Various non-speaking roles</i>
Harold Eldridge	<i>The Miller</i>

Doubling of some parts (eg Slocombe/Eldridge) is possible.

Cast by Scene

Act One

Scene 1 Nadger
Old Tupp
Billy Bates
Nipper
Squibsy
Dolly
Strap
Harry
Constable
Gamekeepers

Scene 2 Henry Goodchild
Molly Goodchild
Emmie
Violet
Joan

Scene 3 Sam
Mary
Jessie

Scene 4 Old Sally
Mary
Dolly
Gladys
Martha
Mary
Judd

Scene 5 Nipper
Old Tupp

Scene 6 Nipper
Convict

Scene 7 Emmie
Molly
Violet
Joan

Scene 8 The Morris
Villagers
Gabriel
Henry
Young Molly

Act Two

Scene 1 Henry
Strap
Old Tupp
Squibsy
Billy
Nadger
Slocombe
Constable
Wassname Johnny
Sam
Molly

Scene 2 Emmie
Violet
Ruth
Miss Kimble
Sarah Flaherty

Scene 3 Convict
Nipper

Scene 4 Lily
Violet
Victoria
Emmie
Mrs Hobson

Scene 5 Major Gifford
Matthew
Mrs Gifford
Matty
The Household
4 Harrow Schoolboys

Scene 6 Nipper
Nadger
Billy

Scene 7 Eldridge
Slocombe

Scene 8 The Morris
Strap
Billy
Nadger
Old Tupp
Squibsy
Nipper
Major Gifford
Mrs Gifford

Scene 9 Dolly
Squibsy
Eldridge

Scene 10 Billy
Old Tupp
Squibsy
Dolly
Nipper

Musical Numbers

Act One

Scene 1	Hal-en-Tow Shepherds Hey Dogs and Ferrets	Band Singer The Morris (unaccompanied) Band Singer
Scene 2	Adieu Sweet Lovely Nancy	Emmie/Violet/Band Singer
Scene 3	A Sailors Hornpipe	
Scene 4	Three Maidens	Band Singer
Scene 5	The Shepherds Song	Band Singer
Scene 7	I Wish I Were Home In Hampshire	Old Tupp, unaccompanied
Scene 9	Getting Upstairs Come Write Me Down (The Wedding Song)	Instrumental Band Singer

Act Two

Scene 1	Sportsmen Arouse Bonny Bunch Of Roses O My Pretty Lass	Band Singer Old Tupp, unaccompanied Band Singer
Scene 4	In The Summertime	Band Singer
Scene 6	The Fox	Band Singer
Scene 8	Oh Good Ale The Cuckoo's Nest	The Morris Band Singer
Scene 9	The Moon Shines Bright	Band Singer
Scene 10	The Moon Shines Bright (Reprise)	Band Singer

Settings

The stile outside Lumley could be a section of a fence with a stile incorporated in it. The Coal Exchange should be quite substantial and appear to be a whole building with a cut-away bar area to reveal the interior. The Band/Singers could be situated on a small stage. A Georgian-style front door with pillars and steps represents the Manor House. The Mill might be represented by two very large wooden cogs that turn, one enmeshing the other with interlocking pegs. This could be placed in situ during the interval underneath a pulley system to lift grain/flour bags.

Act One

Scene 1	A stile outside Lumley village
Scene 2	The bar at 'The Coal Exchange' public house
Scene 3	A stile outside Lumley village
Scene 4	Farmer Wiggs's milking parlour
Scene 5	A shepherds hide
Scene 6	A lane near the shepherds hide
Scene 7	A shepherds hide
Scene 8	The kitchen at 'The Coal Exchange'
Scene 9	Outside the Church (<i>Flashback</i>)

Act Two

Scene 1	The bar at 'The Coal Exchange'
Scene 2	A lane outside Lumley village
Scene 3	The same lane, a few minutes later
Scene 4	The laundry room at the 'Big House'
Scene 5	Outside the main entrance at the 'Big House'
Scene 6	A lane outside Lumley village
Scene 7	The interior of Lumley Mill
Scene 8	Outside the main entrance at the 'Big House'
Scene 9	The interior of Lumley Mill
Scene 10	A stile outside Lumley village

LUMLEY MILL

DIRECTORS NOTE : This play with music was originally written to be performed in the 'Promenade' style, that is where there are no seats and the audience sit or stand on the floor, making 'circles' around the action. In and around the performing space various 'setting pieces' of scenery are constructed. The audience can perch on these items when not in use. The audience are guided as to where they should move to next by the change in the lighting and as such, flow around and into the appropriate area. The actors occupy the same ground as the audience, however they are in 1890 and don't acknowledge the audience at all. They move into their allocated 'blocking' by walking towards the audience, who obligingly move out of the way owing to the fact that the actors have the status and look straight through people, regardless of the fact that they might not be able to see their fellow actors at any given time. The actors must assume that the modern audience does not exist at all. The use of this style is not mandatory however, and the play will work equally well on a Proscenium Arch, Thrust or 'In The Round' stage. The stage directions in the play contain occasional directions specific to the Promenade style.

ACT 1

Scene 1

The band welcome the audience in with a loud rumbustous tune which eventually leads into 'Allan-Toe'. The scene opens to a black stage.

Music – 'Hal-en-Tow'

*Band Singer Hal-en-toe jolly rumble oh
We were up long before the day oh
To welcome in the summer
To welcome in the May, oh
For summer is a coming in
And winter's gone away oh.
We will take the corn to wear the horn
This was your crest when you were born
Your father's father wore it
And your father wore it too
Robin Hood and Little John
They've both gone to the fair oh
And we will to the bonny green wood
To hunt the Buck and Hare oh
Now where are those Spaniards
Who made so proud a boast oh
Oh they shall eat the feathered goose
Whilst we shall eat the roast oh
Now it's blessed Mary Moses
And all their power and might oh
Oh bring us peace to England
Bring us peace by day and night oh*

There is total silence for some considerable time. The odd bird is heard as a prelude to the full-blown dawn chorus. As the bird song increases the lights begin imperceptibly to illuminate the stage. It is May the first and the local Morris Side are beginning to assemble from all over the hamlet. Jethro Tupp is discovered, already sitting by the wooden signpost and stile which reads Emsworth 2 miles, Westbourne 1 mile. He is a knarled old shepherd, advanced in years but still able to dance the Morris. The weather has, as it were, carved his features from a knotty old piece of driftwood. He is at present enjoying a quiet smoke from an old clay pipe.

Nadger Marnin' old Master Tupp.
Old Tupp Marnin' Nadge.
Nadger Fust 'ere as usual eh?

Old Tupp Arh! That be oi! Early to roise an' erly to bed. Always bin moi motto, an will be till the day oi'm called.
Nadger A-goin' to be a fine one! What say you Master Tupp?
Old Tupp Oi reckon so roight enough.

Billy Bates and his son, Nipper enter. Billy is a stocky, rather bluff man, somewhat perplexed by the apparent stupidity of his only son. As they enter Nipper is cramming the last morsal of his Joe an' 'Arry (bread and cheese) into his mouth.

Billy Now boi 'ave you brought yer Joe an' 'Arry?
Nipper Where?

Billy cuffs him round the ear.

Billy Not 'Arry an' Joe! Yer bate boi, yer bate!
Nipper Wal oi reckon oi 'ave, an oi reckon oi 'aven't!
Billy An jest wot d'ye mean by that boi?
Nipper Wal oi et-en, didn' oi!
Billy God preserve us. Marnin old Master Tupp, (*nodding*) Nadger.
Old Tupp Marnin' Billy boi.
Nadger Marnin.
Billy A-goin to be a fine one.
Old Tupp Arh! Reckon so, reckon so.
Billy Where's the rest of 'em then? Thought we was late. Where's the squire an' young Joe Randall.
Nadger Bain't 'ere yet Bill.
Billy A-chasin that Dolly Slater, no doubt.
Nipper Bet you chased a few girls in yer time Master Tupp?
Old Tupp Argh that oi 'ave Nipper, that oi 'ave.
Billy You mind yer manners boi. That there's field talk. (*Billy clips him round the ear*). Oi'll be a-washin' yer mouth out with the carbolic soon as we gits you home, you mark moi words. Now get you on!
Old Tupp Leave the boi alone Bill, aint no 'arm in 'is askin'.
Billy 'Taint roight oi tell 'ee.
Old Tupp Boi's jus' curious that's all.
Nipper 'Ere there's old Squibsy an' Dolly.
Nadger Where? Oi can't see en.
Nipper Down there, by that old 'awthorn bush, side of the mill rush.
Old Tupp Oh argh! Oi see en now.

By the mill rush Dolly and Joe are canoodling. Dolly is slightly plump but attractive. She is a milkmaid employed by Farmer Wiggs. Joe Randall is a young farmhand with a reputation. He has a rustic charm about him and is considered to be quite handsome.

Dolly Get you on Joe Randall!
Squibsy Come on Dolly jus' one more, afore you go.
Dolly No you've had enough to last all week. Besides wot if ol' farmer Wiggs catches us?
Squibsy An wot if 'ee do!
Dolly Leastways he'll be a-waitin in the dairy with a hazel twig if oi don't get off soon.
Squibsy Oh let en wait!

He tries to kiss her.

Dolly No oi tell 'ee, no, oi'll not 'ave none of it. Oi've got work to do, Bell an' Primrose needs a -milkin'. Not to mention wot old Sally an' the girls will say if they foinds out oi've been a-canoodling with you!
Squibsy Come on Doll, one more won't 'urt.
Dolly Oi'll swing for you one of these day's Joe Randall.

They embrace, much to the amusement of the men.

Old Tupp Reckon they two'll be hitched up afore summers out! An oi don't mind tellin' ee, if oi were forty years younger oi moight 'ave 'ad a run in with that there Dolly me-self!
Nipper Oi Squibsy, while yer at it, give 'er one for me!

Billy clouts Nipper behind the ear.

Billy Oi've told you Nipper oi wont put up with any more o' that there field talk, you 'ere?
Nipper Aw that weren't fair Dad, you'm nearly knocked me bleedin block off!
Billy Any more o' that language boi, an so 'elp me, oi damn well will!

At the mill rush Dolly and Joe are saying farewell.

Squibsy Meet you in Wigg's barn tonight, same toim as usual.
Dolly Moight, moight not!
Squibsy You be there!
Dolly An' wot if oi'm not?
Squibsy You will be.

Dolly exits. Joe joins the men.

Squibsy Marnin' men, Master Tupp.
Nadger Marnin' Joe.
Nipper Wot ho Squibsy.
Billy Marnin'.
Nadger You'm late this marnin Joe.
Squibsy Argh well oi were a touch busy weren't oi.
Nipper You'm 'ad yer 'ands full yer moight say.

Billy chases Nipper, who on this occasion is far too quick.

Billy Come 'ere ya liddle varmet.
Nadger Sun'll be up soon. Where the devil are the rest of en then. Oi Bill! Bill! Wot time o' day 'ave you?

Billy stops chasing Nipper and produces a half-hunter pocket watch.

Billy Foive past foive.
Old Tupp Toim waits fer no man.
Squibsy They'll be 'ere, don't you be a worrin' yourself.
Nadger Wal oi jus' 'opes so thats all. It'll be bad year if we misses sun up, that's all oi can say.
Squibsy They'll be 'ere oi'm tellin' ee.

John 'Strap' Harris enters somewhat flustered. He is the current Squire of the Morris team. At present he is only half dressed having left the house in a hurry.

Strap *(Calling)* Oi! Oi! Lads.
Billy 'Ere 'e is!
Nipper Good ol' Squire.
Strap Don't you be a frettin', oi'm 'ere at last, better late than never aye.
Nadger We woz gettin a bit worried Strap.
Strap Argh wal, oi woz 'avin a sup of ol' Granny Cook's Parsmutt woine, last noight see. Wal this marnin', look you, oi gits up early loik, an oi still 'ad a liddle ol' drop left in the bottom of me mug. Wal oi soon see's 'im off pretty smartish . It was then oi see's the ol' clock. Seems me missus 'ad put 'er on apace, an oi've only gawn an got up a good 'our or so early 'aven't oi! Wal it were too late to go back to bed' so oi sits meself down in me ol' armchair, comfortable loik, an pours meself another lil ol' drop o' parsmutt, an promptly fell a kip! Next thing oi know, me ol' misses is shakin me arm saying it's jus' gone foive!
Nadger Still you'm 'ere now Strap.
Strap That oi am, an oi brought some o' that there parsmutt woin along a me an all. 'Ere you are lads. *(The men all gather round for a drink).* Roight-o lads if we're to see the sun up proper loik, we better bell up pretty smartish. 'As anyone seen 'Arry yet?

The men begin to put on their bell pads.

Nipper No 'ee aint 'ere neither.
Billy Humph! 'Ee only lives across the way an all!
Old Tupp An the first shall come last, an the last shall come first.
Strap Oi Nipper fetch you along an knock him up.

Nipper Righto Squire.
Billy An no skylarkin' moind!

Nipper exits and bangs on 'Arry's front door.

Old Tupp You'm too 'ard on the lad, why 'ee's only a boy-chap arter all.
Billy Spare the rod an spoil the child, Master Tupp, an well you knows it!
Old Tupp Aye, aye, I suppose you'm roight.
Billy Since is mother passed on, oi jus' don't know what's got into the lad, 'ees as difficult as a parcel o' bees!
Strap 'Ees jus' a-growin' up Bill.
Billy Wal a moight too fast fer moi loikin.
Old Tupp Wal you'm stick to yer word Bill an marry the widda Kimble. She'll kip 'im on 'is toes roight enough!
The men laugh.
Billy Oh eye, that she will, that she will. But oi'm not a-goin to rush into things, arter all oi've only bin seein 'er eighteen months or so.
Squibsy Once bitten twice shy aye?
Old Tupp You'm git in there boi.
Billy Wal we shall see.
Old Tupp Oh aye, wot will be will be, I s'pose.

Enter Nipper.

Nipper Oi knocked on 'is door loik you said Strap, but oi got no answer. So off oi goes round the back, oi lifts up the latch, soft loik, an went in, but ol' 'Arry 'ee wasn't there. In fact, didn't look loik 'e'd bin there at all.
Old Tupp Off poachin', no doubt! Still that'll please ol' 'Enry down the "Exchange". 'Ee loiks is game 'ee do.
Strap Wal boi's we'll 'ave to go ahead without 'im. Nipper now's yer big chance.
Old Tupp Best go middle's along-o-me.
Nadger Shame we ent got enough men for the animal though.
Strap True, but it can't be 'elped. I dare say 'e'll show up sooner or later.
Billy Wal what's it goin to be Squire?
Strap We'll start off wiv some-at easy. How's about the Shepherds Hey.

The men collect a stick and form up to dance. Once in position they sing.

Omnes I can whistle
I can play
I can dance
The Shepherds Hey

As Strap is the Squire it falls upon him to call the dance from the number one position.

Strap *(Calling)* This time / Half-a-gyp / Whole gyp / Rounds / All up / Walk the round ... *(then, to Nipper)*
Wal done young Nipper! Roight boi's let's 'ave us a 'anky dance.
Squibsy What will it be then Squire?
Strap Valentines lads, step lively now. *(The men form up to dance).* Watch yer loines ... *(the music begins)*
... This toim!

They begin the foot-up but are interrupted by Harry Adams, who enters in some haste.

Harry Strap! Master Tupp!
Billy 'Bout toim you showed up, 'Arry boi!
Harry You'm got to 'elp me, oi'm in a deal o' trouble!
Strap Wot's the matter lad?
Old Tupp You'm been poachin' agin 'Arry?
Harry 'Tis worse than that Master Tupp! Wal oi never done it, so 'elp me, oi never done it oi tell ee!
Strap 'Old 'ard lad, calm you down!
Nadger Back off! Give 'im room, give 'im room!
Harry You'm got to 'elp me. They'm sayin oi bin sheep stealin'!

Omnes What! Oi don't believe it! Can't be roight! Not 'Arry boi!

Old Tupp That be a 'anging offence that be.

Harry An' wal oi knows it! But oi never done such a thing. Not sheep stealin', no not me!

Billy Whom be accusin' you 'Arry?

Omnes Aye! Speak up! Don't 'old back!

Harry Wal oi were up an out early loik, 'opin' t' tickle a few trout or catch a hare or somat, an' oi were seen!

Squibsy Where?

Harry Up near they ol' watercress beds, back o' Westbourne.

Billy Who by?

Harry Ol' farmer Slocombe an' 'ees gang.

Billy Go on lad, take yer toim, jus tells us wot 'appened.

Harry Wal oi was jus' a-creepin' through some bushes see, an oi almost trips up on this 'ere dead sheep. Someone 'ad pulled 'er in there, out o' 'arms way loik, slit 'er throat, an whipped off 'er back legs! Wal oi was jus' a scratchin' me 'ead an' wonderin' wot t' do next, when oi 'ears ol' farmer Slocombe shoutin'. "There 'ee be Constable, there 'ee be!" An with that 'ee raises 'is ol' gun loik, an let's one floi! Wal oi weren't a-goin to 'ang around an' be shot at fer somat oi didn' do. So oi ups an' shows 'em a clean pair o' heels.

Nadger Mmmm you did the roight thing there boi.

Billy Aye, but were you recognised?

Harry 'Fraid oi were, or at least oi thinks so. As oi made off oi overheard one o' Slocombe's men shout "Oi seed 'im Mr Slocombe, that's old Corney Adams' son, oi recognise 'is 'at an coat!"

Old Tupp But did they git a good look at yer face 'Arry?

Harry Oi'm not sure Master Tupp, oi don't think so, but oi can't be sure.

Nipper Squire! Quick! There's some men a-comin up o'er yonder.

Strap Roight, discretion's the better part o' valour. Git you in the animal double quick. (*Harry puts on the Morris animal costume which consists of a large sack, big enough to cover a man. The head is painted black and made to look like a mock dragon. The mouth can open*). Roight-o lads, as you were, steady as you loik!

The men reform and begin the dance again, with Harry dancing about among them. Enter a Constable, Farmer Slocombe and two Gamekeepers.

Constable You men! 'Ave you seen a man runnin' through 'ere?

Strap Can't say oi 'ave, an oi can't say oi 'aven't!

Slocombe And what exactly do you mean by that remark?

Strap Wal sir, begin' yer pardon, oi can't say oi seed anybody run through 'ere, but oi did see some fellah makin off o'er there.

Slocombe Can you describe him man? What did he look like?

Strap Can't roightly say sir, oi didn' git a proper gander at 'im see. But oi think 'ee 'ad a limp, an' then agin' it weren't quite like a limp, more of a sort-a stumblin' gait look you.

Slocombe What about some of you other men?

Omnes Can't roightly say / Not too sure / Didn't quite catch 'im etc

Old Tupp Oi seed 'im! Roight nasty piece o'work. 'Ee were a big fellah, wiv dark curly wiskers, a big 'at, an' a red nose. Oh an 'ee had a girt big shotgun an' all.

The men snigger and smirk as they begin to realise that Old Tupp has been describing Slocombe.

Slocombe Come on Constable we're wasting valuable time here! I know exactly who you men are. You haven't heard the last of this Harris! God help the next man that comes before the bench, no mercy, damn-ee, no mercy at all! This way Constable!

Constable Yes sir. Look lively you two. (*Slocombe storms off. The gamekeepers follow.*) Don't you worry, oi've got moi eye on you 'Arris! Sheep stealin is serious business. You can't hide 'im forever, we'll catch 'im in the end, an' when we do ...

The Constable exits.

Billy By all that's holy that were near, that were very near.

Strap You can come you out o' there now 'Arry, they'm gone.

Harry Wot am oi agoin' to do. If they gits 'alf a chance they'll 'ang oi fer sure. Oi knows it oi jus' knows it!

Strap 'Old 'ard, you'm bain't be caught yet.

Nadger We got t' think o' a plan.

Billy Aye, Nadge be roight there.

Nadger You can't bide along o' us, that old Slocombe is as sly as a weasel in a 'en coup, an' im bein' a justice o' the peace an all, 'ees sure to put two an' two together an' then he'll be a-comin' straight back 'ere.

Omnes Aye tis true! That 'ee will! Your roight there! Nadge has got a point!

Old Tupp We've got t' hide you some place 'ee won't think o' lookin. Till we can sort this out, an' catch the blighter who really done it.

Strap Makes sense Master Tupp but where?

Old Tupp Wot toim's the tide, Squibsy?

Squibsy Not till after six.

Old Tupp Wal that means yer brother an' the fishin' fleet en't put to sea.

Squibsy Argh, oi see which way the wind be a blowin' Master Tupp!

Old Tupp Roight! Now listen you 'ere, we knows for a fac' Slocombe made orff toward Westbourne, which means 'ee wont be back 'ere yet awhile! Which leaves you plenty o' toim to get you down to the foreshore. 'Afore 'ee realises wot's a-goin' on it'll be too late. Now you take this 'ere note to the skipper of 'The Lady Jane' (*He produces a scrap of paper and a pencil*) 'ee's a mate o'mine an 'ee owes me a favour.

Strap Roight 'Arry, git you down to the 'Lady Jane' smartish.

Harry But wot about ...

Nadger We'll cover fer ee, 'till you git's back that is.

Billy An' boi that toim we should be able to throw a bit more loight on the subject.

Harry Will somebody tell me woif what's 'appened, she'll be a-frettin' 'erself otherwise.

Strap Don't you worry yourself we'll sort it. Now git you on, 'afore Slocombe gits back.

Old Tupp 'Ere you'm better take some-at to eat, you moight be gone some toim.

He produces a hunk of bread, a lump of cheese, and an onion which he proceeds to cut in two with his penknife.

Harry Thankee kindly but what about you Master Tupp?

Old Tupp Argh stop yer row boi, share an' share aloik.

Strap 'Ere you'm better take wot's left of ol' Granny Cook's parsmutt an' all. Now be off with you, we'll see you tonight. (*Harry exits across the stile in the direction of Emsworth.*) Roight lads we best be off ourselves, bein' Saturday we've still got a marnin's work to do.

Nadger Wot say you we meets in the 'Exchange' after work, afore we sets off this afternoon.

Old Tupp Jus' fer a quick 'alf, moind.

There is general agreement amongst the men.

Nipper Wot a 'Ampshire 'alf Master Tupp?

The men laugh. (A 'Hampshire Half' is a whole pint.)

Old Tupp (*With irony.*) Argh an' woi not indeed, specially if you'm be a-payin cocker!

Strap Wal oi'll see you all later on then.

Exit Strap.

Omnes Cheerio Strap / Bye/ See you later Squire etc.

The men gradually disperse going their separate ways.

Nipper 'Ere Dad, oi think oi got the belly ache a-comin.

Billy Sarves you damn well roight Nipper!

Exit Billy and Nipper.

Nadger Poachin' be one thing Master Tupp but this 'ere sheep stealin's a bad business.

Old Tupp Aye, it be that. The last toim anything loik this 'appened round these 'ere parts, oi were no more than a boy chap.

Nadger That were a few summers ago, aye Master Tupp!

Old Tupp Aye, it were that Nadge mi boi, it were that!

Old Tupp and Nadger Exit. Old Tupp is heard offstage whistling and calling for his dog, Toby.

Old Tupp Cum bye! Toby! Toby! 'Eel boi, 'eel.

The band play 'Dogs and Ferrets'. During the song a desperate character, furtively crosses the stage, he looks fearfully this way and that. Under his arm he carries a blooded bundle.

Music - 'Dogs and Ferrets'

Band Singer Oh I've got a dog an' a good dog too
An' I keeps him in my keeping
To catch those hares that run by night
While the gamekeepers lie a sleeping
My dog an' me went out one night
For to learn some education
Up jumped a hare and away she run
Right into some large plantation
She had not gone so very far
For something stopped her running
Oh Aunt, oh Aunt she loudly cried
Stop a minute your Uncles coming
Oh I took out my little penknife
An' quickly I did paunch her
She turned out one of the female kind
How glad am I, I've caught her
I picks her up an' smooths her down
An I puts her in my keeping
I says to me dog it's time to be gone
While the gamekeepers lie sleeping
Oh away me an' my dog did go
Back into the town
We took that hare to a labouring man
We sold her for a crown
We went into some public House (Coal Exchange)
An' then we got quite mellow
For we spent that crown an another one too
Don't you think I'm a good hearty fellow.

Scene 2

At the "Coal Exchange" the landlord, Henry Goodchild, is making himself busy in the bar. He is sweeping up and putting the chairs/stools down.

Henry *(Calling off while he draws himself half a pint of beer).* Molly! Tell Joaney oi want's 'er.

Molly *(Offstage)* She's still a-bed, an' oi don't want to raise 'er yet awhile.

Henry You'm git that there girl down 'ere, an' while yer at it, oi wants to see the rest o' that pack o' little whipper snappers an all!

Enter Molly, his wife. She is a large jolly woman with ruddy cheeks and a joyful countenance.

Molly Oi told 'ee they're all asleep!

Henry That counts fer nothing! The ol' clock is fair racing round the dial woman, an' there's chores to be done.

Molly Oh very well, but you mind yer temper 'Enry Goodchild.

Henry The early bird catches the worm Molly. Besides, it's fer their own good, they'll thank me in a few summers toim, you mark moi words.

Molly That's as may be.

Molly exits.

Henry That's as good a drop o'beer as oi've 'ad all marnin, an' that's a fac'.

Enter Molly.

Molly Wal them there birds 'ave flown the nest!
Henry Out a Maying, oi shouldn't wonder!
Molly Aye, an' it weren't so very long ago you was a leavin' sprigs o' May on moi doorstep!
Henry *(With mock surprise)* Oi did no such thing Molly Goodchild; no, not oi!
Molly Don't you give me that you rascal, oi seems to remember my ol' father, God rest 'is soul, a-chasin you with a gert great stick nie on up to the Ashlings!
Henry Argh 'ee did an' all. *(Laughing)* Moi word, 'ee were a rum ol' cove, 'ee certainly loiked 'is drink. Probably the cause of that there fire that killed 'im. Oi weren't exactly sorry t' see the back of him even if 'ee were yer father!
Molly Aye that's as maybe, but oi'll thank you not t' speak ill of the dead! He 'ad is reasons, an when all's said an' done, 'ee still brought me into the world. In the mean toim, you'm a father yourself an our Joaney's yer daughter!
Henry Wot d'you mean?
Molly Wal jus' you think on it ... *(Pause)* ... Aye, if only you could see it, she's fast becomin' a woman. Besides which oi think she's sweet on young Martin Harvey.
Henry Are you sure? ... Oi can't believe it ... Not moi little maid ... Oi'll tan 'is scrawny little 'ide.
Molly 'Enry you'll do no such thing, 'ees a good lad, an' besides which, oi've invited 'im round next Sunday afternoon fer tea.
Henry You've wot!
Molly You 'eard, an while 'ee's 'ere oi'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in yer 'ead an' all!
Henry But ...
Molly It's settled 'Enry Goodchild ...
Henry B...
Molly Not another word.

The familiar sound of the latch is heard as the three girls return from their trip to the woods. The eldest, Joan, is a pretty young lady with dark flowing tresses tied with ribbon. Her two sisters Emmie and Violet are equally attractive.

Henry Roight me girl ... *(from the look upon Molly's face he decides not to continue).*
Emmie *(Excited)* Father! Father!
Violet Father!
Emmie We brought you some mushrooms.
Violet An' some May blossom,
Emmie Fer the bar.
Henry Oi, oi, oi! One at a toim moi little chickens. Now you come 'ere an sit on moi ol' knee an' tell yer ol' dad where you bin!
Emmie We walked moils an' moils, aint we Violet.
Violet Almost up to Westbourne an' back.
Henry Joaney, take these 'ere field mushrooms an' froi 'em up with a bit o' drippin' fer me breakfast. Oh an' put the old kettle on while yer at it.
Joan Yes father.

Molly and Joan exit.

Henry You younguns knows 'ow to spoil yer ol' dad, fresh mushrooms is me favourite. Now then fairs fair, wot 'ave oi got in exchange. Argh oi knows. *(He fetches down a pot from behind the bar).* 'Ere we go, 'ave one these 'ere barley twists, but you'm got to sing fer 'em first moind. You knows 'ow oi loves to 'ear you sing. Now let me see, let's 'ave ...
Emmie 'Young Johnny'.
Violet No, 'False Lanky'.
Henry No, no let's 'ave the one Granfer Goodchild taught you, 'Adieu Sweet Lovely Nancy'.

The girls rather timidly look at each other and begin. They sing the first two verses, then gradually the band take over.

Music - 'Adieu Sweet Lovely Nancy'

*Emm / Vio Here's adieu, sweet lovely Nancy, ten thousand times adieu,
I'm a-going around the ocean, love, to seek for something new.
Come change your ring with me, dear girl,*

*Come change your ring with me,
 For it might be a token of true love while I am on the sea.
 When I am far upon the sea you know not where I am,
 Kind letters I will write to you from every Foreign land.
 The secrets of your heart dear girl,
 Are the best of my good will,
 So let your body be where it might my heart shall be with you still
 There's a heavy storm a-rising see how it gathers round
 While we poor souls on the ocean wide are fighting for the Crown.
 There is nothing to protect us, love,
 Or to keep us from the cold,
 On the ocean wide where we must bide like jolly seamen bold.
 There are tinkers, tailors and shoemakers lie snoring fast asleep
 While we poor souls on the ocean wide are ploughing through the deep.
 Our officers commanding us
 And them we must obey
 Expecting every moment for to get cast away.
 But when the wars are all over there'll be peace on every shore,
 We'll return to our wives and families and the girls that we adore.
 We will call for liquor merrily,
 We will spend our money free,
 And when our money it is all gone we'll boldly go to sea.*

Scene 3

During the latter part of the song an old sailor is seen approaching the stile from the direction of Emsworth. He is carrying his 'ditty' box which holds all his worldly possessions. Although past his prime he is quite jaunty and one would expect him to be able to tell a tale or two. He slowly mounts the stile pausing for a brief rest. Two country maids approach carrying baskets of produce. They blush and giggle as the sailor (Sam Page) gives them the eye.

Sam Avast there me pretties, an' stand boi fer the Cap'n's gig! Oi've seen sights that would make yer blood run cold, oi bin shipwrecked twice, an' abandoned on a desert isle, but never in all me day's 'ave oi seen a pair o' sirens such as thee! Now oi be a-wondering, fair maidens, if you would be o' service to an old sea dog that's seen better days, an' should know better if 'ee were only to stop an' think, instead of firing off of tittle-tattle broadsides of verbal chit-chat.

The girls exchange glances and giggle.

Jessie Oi'm sure we're obliged to do whatever service we can sir.

Sam That's the spirit, now would you be a knowin' anything concerning an' ol' fellah called Page, lived with is misses o'er yonder.

Mary Would that be Lumley sir?

Sam Aye that it would, moi little maid, that it would.

Jessie To be sure, oi can't think o' no Page, there be a Pagett?

Sam No Missey, sure as a mermaid 'as a tail, it be Page without a doubt.

Jessie We've both lived 'ere since we was born, an' oi aint never 'eard of no Page.

Sam *(Wistfully)* Lord a-mighty, 'ow the waters close over one's 'ead.

Mary 'Ere you alroight mister?

Sam Aye, aye *(sighing)* But you be sure moind?

Jessie Honest oi can't think o' no Page.

Sam Argh wal, s'pose it were too much to ask after all this toim.

Mary 'Ere what you got in yer box?

Sam Memories, Missey, jus' a few ol' memories oi couldn't bring meself to part with.

Mary You can't kip memories in a box! You 'as to kip memories up 'ere *(She taps her head)*.

Sam Wal, that's where you'm wrong! Oi've bin t' places you've only dreamed of, from the far off Americces, to the stink pots of Bombay. From Afric's burning shores to the vast frozen wastes o'the North, that freeze a man t'death 'afore 'ee knows it! Oi faced enemies no bigger than this, an' oi seen seas as high as a mountain! An' this 'ere liddle ol box 'as bin through it all an back agin. *(He opens it)*. This 'ere is a bit o' coral from waters as clear an' blue as yer own two sparklin eyes. This

'ere is a bit o' whale bone carved by me own fair 'and! An this 'ere ol' anchor, was given to all the sailors that sailed with Admiral Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgee ...

Mary You weren't there was you?
Sam Gawd bless yer 'eart, no oi weren't there. This was given t' me boi an old ship-mate that went the way o' all flesh twenty year ago.
Jessie You want's to talk to Granny Thurgood or Old Master Tupp. Now 'ees family 'ave lived in the village as long as most.
Mary Churchyard stands testimony to that!
Sam Wot ol' Jethro Tupp?
Jessie That's roight or oi think so, aint never called 'im boi 'is Christian name afore. 'Ee's always bin known as Old Master Tupp as long as oi can remember, aint that so Mary?
Mary Tis true roight enough!
Sam Wal! Wal! Fancy old Tuppy still bein' alive.
Mary 'Ee is that, 'ee clipped me brother round the ear not two days past fer takin the roise.
Sam (*Laughing*) Argh wal no doubt 'ee deserved it! Now where can oi foind en?
Jessie That oi don't roightly know, but you could try the 'Exchange' it bein' May the first, an a Saturday, an all. Oi expect they'll all be in there fer a wet or two afore they goes off round the big 'ouse fer a dance.
Sam Wal oi'm much obliged to ye.
Jessie Not at all Mr ... Mr ...
Sam Sam, Sam Page, some toim o' this Parish, but roight now oi'm about to cast off an' set me course fer the old 'Exchange'. Good day to ye both and thankee kindly.

Sam hobbles off in the direction of Emsworth, to the accompaniment of a lively hornpipe. The two girls continue on their way.

Music – A Sailors Hornpipe (non-specific)

Scene 4

Meanwhile in farmer Wigg's dairy several women are discovered milking the remainder of the herd. They are a rough and ready group, able to give as good as they get.

Old Sally You'm still not told us wot kept you so long this marnin' Dolly Slater, we're all a-waitin'!
Mary Aye we're all ears!
Dolly That would be a-tellin' now wouldn't it!
Old Sally Wal that's the general idea, steady now Poppy, steady.
Gladys Moi 'Enery say's you'm a touch sweet on that Joe Randall! Ent that the way of it Dolly?
Dolly An wot's it to you if oi am!
Martha Oooh! Hoity-toity!
Dolly Shut you up Martha!
Mary You'm kick me danged bucket over this marnin' Lady Anne, an so 'elp me oi'll ...
Judd You'll do no such thing Mary Olden, they'm God's critters an don't know no better! Besides which you'll 'ave old Wiggys after yer 'ide.
Mary Dang cow!
Judd Jus' you remember. "Four stiff standers, four dilly danders, two lookers, two crookers and a long wig-wag".
Martha Aye an a gert pile o' cow shit every day!

General laughter.

Judd You'm jus' make sure you fills yer bucket up with milk Martha Jane!
Old Sally So it's Old Randall's boi that's makin' stars in yer eyes, is it?
Gladys Let's 'ope that's not all 'ees a-makin', aye girls!
Old Sally You'm be careful you don't catch a little bird or two Dolly.
Mary Aye you wants t' keep a look out for the long peggin' awl.
Gladys That'll give you a grumble in yer belly fer nine month or more.
Dolly Why don't you leave oi alone!
Martha Oi was jus' a wanderin' if 'ees takin' you out a-huntin' yet?
Dolly Wot do you mean?

Martha Wal you as t' watch out fer the old sportin' gun Dolly. We wants t' know if 'ee's been firin' off at the bonny black 'air?

Dolly Roight that's it! Oi've jus' about 'ad enough o' yer laughin' an' sniggerin'. At least oi 'ave a man! Unlike some as oi could mention. Wouldn't surprise me Martha Jane if you didn't end up on the shelf loik some unwonted tombola prize. Any man would need 'is 'ead seein' to, t' even look at you, with yer scrawny neck, yer big fat podgy 'ands an' dug's no bigger than a mouses tit!

Enraged at the insult, Martha flies at Dolly, scratching kicking and biting. Dolly is able to give as good as she gets. The fracas is eventually broken up by Old Sally and Judd.

Old Sally 'Ere! 'Ere! That's quite enough o' that!

Judd If ol' Wiggys comes in 'ere 'e'll dismiss the pair o' you!

Martha Wal it were 'er fault.

Dolly You started it!

Martha No oi never, you shouldn't go about callin' a body names!

Old Sally 'Ark at whose callin' the kettle black, besides which, sticks an' stones.

Martha Anyways oi ent got no scrawny neck neither. (*Gladys and Mary snigger, silenced by a withering look from Old Sally*). An' you two can moind yer own bees-wax an' all!

Old Sally That's enough! Now you two kiss and make up.

Dolly Oi'm not kissin' that weasel, not fer nobody.

Old Sally Dolly Slater, you'll do as yer told. (*Reluctantly they kiss each other on the cheek*). There now, let that be an end to it.

Judd This 'ere 'en house be too much t' bear, oi've jus' about 'ad enough o' your caterwauling, oi'm off up to Dinksy's Pen, t' check up on Goliath. Sal, finish you up 'ere an' oi'll see you vipers on the morrow!

Exit Judd. The women return to their work as the band sing "Three Maidens".

Music - 'Three Maidens'

Band Singer Three maidens a milking did go
 Three maidens a milking did go
 And the wind it did blow high
 And the wind it did blow low
 And it waved their petticoats too and fro
 They met with some young man they know
 They met with some young man they know
 And they asked of him
 If he had any skill
 For to catch them a small bird or two
 So away to the greenwood went they
 So away to the greenwood went they
 And he tapped at the bush
 And the bird it did fly in
 Just a little above her lily-white knee
 Here's a health to the bird in the bush
 Here's a health to the bird in the bush
 And we'll drink down the moon
 And we'll drink up the sun
 Let the neighbours sail it along much

Scene 5

The scene changes to a shepherds hide. Old Tupp and Nipper are engaged in a conversation concerning the manner in which sheep are counted.

Nipper Learn oi that agin, Master Tupp, oi jus' don't seem t' be able t' grasp it.

Old Tupp Wal it's loik this, now listen you 'ard boi, an' we'll start all over. When countin' ship you as t' 'ave a tally ...

Nipper Oi understands that bit, every toim y' gits to 'den' you holds yer finger up.

Old Tupp That's roight! An' every finger is equal to what?

Nipper Twenty ship.

Old Tupp An' when all yer fingers is up yer makes a liddle ol' mark on this 'ere stick.

Nipper Which makes a total tally o' two hundred ship per mark.

Old Tupp You got it, we'll make a shepherd o' you yet boi!

Nipper It's the order o' things oi can't quite 'old in me 'ead.

Old Tupp Tis easy boi, now listen you up once more. Each word stands fer, not one moind, but a pair o' ship. Now 'ave you got that?

Nipper Aye!

Old Tupp Argh! Wal oi can't see yer problem then.

Nipper It's them dang words Master Tupp, tis loik chasin a bullock round a field. They'm wot you moight say as bein' elusive!

Old Tupp Wal why didn' y' say so afore.

Nipper Oi were a-tryin' to.

Old Tupp (*Using the fingers on his left hand he counts*) Wuntherum, twotherum, cockerum, cutherum, shetherum, (*changing hands*) shatherum, wineberry, wigtail, tarry-diddle, den! Now you try.

Nipper (*Tentatively*) Wuntherum, twotherum, shetherum ...

Old Tupp No! No! No! That's too early. Wuntherum, twotherum, cockerum, cutherum, shetherum.

Nipper Wuntherum, twotherum, cockerum, cutherum, shetherum.

Old Tupp Aye! That be the way of it. Then comes ... shath .. er .. um ...

Nipper Shatherum ... (*with difficulty.*) ... wineberry ... wigtail ... it bain't be no good oi'll never git the 'ang o' this.

Old Tupp Tarry-diddle.

Nipper Den!

Old Tupp Tis easy once y' knows it boi. (*He rattles it off with great speed.*) Wuntherum, twotherum, cockerum, cutherum, shetherum, shatherum, wineberry, wigtail, tarry-diddle, den.

Nipper Why don't y' jus' count up t' twenty on a slate, wi' a bit o' chalk. Loik we used t' wi' Miss Kimber?

Old Tupp Cos it bain't be the way boi, y' jus' can't go around a changin' o' things, jus' fer the sake of it. Besides which old shepherd Whetstone, the 'ead shepherd afore oi, god rest en, would be a-turnin in 'is grave jus' loik one o' they wooden spinnin' tops if oi did.

Nipper Wal oi can't see that oi'll ever git the 'ang o' this, no, not never.

Old Tupp Oh yes y' will boi, it jus' takes toim, that's all.

Nipper They ol' ship look as they need shearin' soon! Wot say you Master Tupp?

Old Tupp Aye be lookin' loik that Nipper, but be too early yet awhile. Shear ship in May, you'll shear them all away. If y' wants moi advice, shear ship when elder blossoms peep, that's the toim t' shear they ship, an not a day afore. Toby! Toby! (*He whistles*) Fetch en out boi! Fetch en out!

Nipper 'Ees a good ol' dog that'n Master Tupp.

Old Tupp Aye, 'ee aint bad. Oi wouldn't want to part with 'im mind, no sir. Oi've 'ad 'im since 'ee were no bigger than this. (*He holds up his clenched fist*) Trained 'im up meself, the only one o' the litter oi kept. 'Ee 'as the strength o' 'is father, an' the cunning of 'is mother. See 'ow 'ee saw that ol' ewe strayin' off into that gorse o'er yonder.

Nipper Aye that oi did.

Old Tupp 'Ee soon cut 'er out. Oi tell 'ee, a good dog's worth a kings ransom to oi. There be some dogs y' puts to work, an' they bain't be no use at all, but ol' Toby 'as a gert deal more common sense than a lot as oi could mention. Oh argh oi wouldnt part with 'ee, not fer nothin' oi wouldn't.

Nipper 'Ere, wert up Master Tupp there be a hare, down there, (*pointing*) boi that ol' edge.

Old Tupp Oh argh oi see's en. (*Old Tupp works his dog with a series of whistles and calls as the two countrymen, man and boy, watch the progress of the hunt intently.*) 'Ee's seen en now.

Nipper 'Ee's workin 'is way round behind.

Old Tupp Bide there Toby! Lie down, lie down! (*He whistles*)

Nipper There she goes. Go on Toby, go on. 'Ee's got 'er!

Old Tupp Aye! (*Matter of fact*) Oh no, oi wouldn't part with 'ee.

Nipper That's one fer the pot then Master Tupp.

Old Tupp Argh! An' as you spotted 'im fust, you'm take 'er home with you.

Nipper You mean it? Thankee Master Tupp, thankee kindly.

Old Tupp But don't you go a braggin' as how you came by it, and don't let nobody see it neither.

Nipper Course oi wont, oi'm not that daft!
Old Tupp No boi, oi dare say yer not. Now you best be gettin' along. Thank Mr Wiggs fer the message, tell 'im oi'll be a movin' the flock down t' 'Moggs Mead' afore long, so 'ee needn't worry 'i'self on that score.
Nipper Righto Master Tupp, see you in the 'Coal Exchange'.
Old Tupp That you will me boi, that you will.

Nipper makes his way through the audience whilst the band play the 'Shepherds Song'

Music – 'The Shepherds Song'

Band Singer *Shepherds are the cleverest men that 'ere walked Englands ground
 When they come unto an ale house they value not one crown
 They'll call for ale right merrily and pay before they go
 For there's no ale house in the fields where stormy winds do blow
 Blow, blow, where stormy winds do blow.
 As I were walking up Harting Hill I broadly cut my feet
 An my own pretty lambs around me oh they began to bleat
 I gathered up my courage and across the hills did go
 And I drove them to the fold where stormy winds do blow
 Blow, blow, where stormy winds do blow.
 And now that I have folded them and returned back safe again
 Unto some jovial company and boldly entered in
 With a pint of ale and a pint by the fire outside the raging snow
 And my sheep lay asleep where stormy winds do blow
 Blow, blow, where stormy winds do blow.
 So come all you brisk young shepherds wherever you do march
 On a cold and a rainy morning have you ever felt the smart
 Have you ever felt the smart boys of a hail or a sleet or a snow
 As you drove them to the fold where stormy winds do blow
 Blow, blow, where stormy winds do blow.*

Scene 6

Nipper circles the acting area whilst the Convict shadows him from a distance. Towards the end of the song the Convict leaps on Nipper from behind, holding a knife to his throat and pinioning his arms. He is unkempt, desperate and extremely dangerous. During the scene Wassname Johnny observes furtively and with some agitation.

Convict Not one word boi, or so 'elp me oi'll cut yer throat from chaps to gizzard. Oi'm not a-frighted, oi done it afore, and would 'ave 'anged fer it too, if oi 'adn't escaped fust.
Nipper Wot you wants with me mister, oi ent done nuthin'!
Convict Oi wants money an' vittals boi, whatever you've got! Oi'm on the run see, an' oi needs yer 'elp.
Nipper Oi ent got nuthin ...
Convict You'm be a lying t' me boi ...
Nipper Honest oi ent got nuthin' oi tell ee.
Convict Turn yer pockets out boi, an be quick about it. Oi'm in no mood fer joshing, so don't tax me patience. (*Nipper does as he is told*). Wot y' got there?
Nipper Tis nuthin, jus a few coppers.
Convict 'And 'em over. Wot else y' got?
Nipper Jus' a few bits o' binder twine an' a rabbits foot.
Convict Oi'm a-goin' t' let you go, but don't you try nuthin', don't you even think it, you hear boi? Otherwise oi'll cut ee, oi'll cut ee bad, an' don't think oi wont!
Nipper Yes sir, you 'ave me word.
Convict Pah! Oi spits on yer word. Now turn you around slow, so as oi can 'ave a gander at ee. (*Nipper, very frightened, slowly turns around*) Scrawny young cove aint ee. 'Ow many summers be ee, come on pipe up!
Nipper Oi be fourteen last March.
Convict Wal if y' wants t' see fifteen y' better do as oi say. Now does y' live close boi?
Nipper Aye, oi do, jus' down there o'er yonder, past that ol' burnt out oak.
Convict Whoose at home? Now don't cross me boi!

Nipper Nobody this toim o' day. Me Fathers a-cartin' fer the master, an' me Mothers gone visiting relatives in Nutbourne. Was you really goin' t' be 'anged?

Convict Ask no questions an you'll be told no lies. All you needs t' know is that oi escaped from they cursed prison hulks moored up in Portsmouth 'arbour.

Nipper Wal 'ow come you 'ere?

Convict Wot's it t' you? *(He lunges at him and succeeds in grasping Nipper by the throat)* You'm askin' too many questions boi!

Nipper Oi didn' mean nuthin' by it, honest.

Convict *(Relaxing his hold)* Oi swam ashore, stole a skiff an put t' sea, but the damned wind an' tide were against me. Oi fetched up a moil or two that-a-way.

Nipper That would be Langstone.

Convict Since then oi bin hidin' out in some ol' barn. *(Observing Nipper closely)* Oi killed a ship last night, opin' t' sell the meat! But oi only managed to cut they hind legs off afore oi were disturbed.

Nipper That be a 'angin' offence that be.

Convict An' wot do oi care? Oi were jus' agoin' back t' finish the job when you comes stumblin' in. So oi'm a-thinkin' t' meself that p'raps oi don't need that ol' ship arter all.

Nipper You'm best not go near it neither.

Convict Wot say you?

Nipper 'Tis already discovered by Farmer Slocombe an ee's gang o' ruffians. You don't want to tangle with the loiks o' they. An' besides which, 'ee as the whole area staked out.

Convict Oi'm obliged to ee boi, now ye can oblige me some more. Where's this 'ere cottage o' yours?

Nipper 'Tis jus' down yonder, o'er that they ridge, an past that oak.

Convict Give us yer arm boi, an don't give me cause to use this! *(He threatens him with the knife)* Murder aint a pretty sight.

They exit. Wassname Johnny in a very agitated condition pokes out his tongue in desperation.

Wassname 'Ee's got a wassname, taint roight, taint roight! Oi got t' tell somebody, taint roight. Wassname! Wassname! Wassname!

Scene 7

This short scene is a device to manipulate the audience to move into the next area of the stage/auditorium, however the audience should enjoy the fact that they have apparently become a flock of sheep to be herded to the next location. If the play is to be produced in a conventional theatre then the scene is superfluous to the plot and the Director may choose to cut it if required.

Wassname Johnny rushes off stage mumbling to himself. Meanwhile Old Tupp is using his pocket knife to cut up the remainder of his "Joe an' 'Arry". Between mouthfuls he sings at the top of his voice 'I Wish I Were Home in Hampshire'. At length, he consults his consults his timepiece.

Old Tupp *If I were back home in Hampshire
Where they birds do flock round I
I'd clap my hands and laugh like buggery
And they birds would fly away
I knows where that blackbird be
He be up yon wurzel tree
He see's I and I see's he
And I be after he
If I had a bloody gert stick
Bugger I wouldn't I swipe he quick
If I were back home in Hampshire
Where they birds do flock round I.*

Old Tupp Roight, eleven twenty-foive, toim oi was a gettin' on down t' the water medows, loik farmer Wigg's ordered. *(He whistles).* Toby! Cum bye.

The audience are rounded up like a flock of sheep and herded towards 'The Coal Exchange'.

Scene 8

Molly and her daughters are engaged in the kitchen at 'The Coal Exchange' making a 'Raisin Roly-Poly Pudding'. To assist the actors in the preparation of such a pudding, the recipe is given at the end of the script. Obviously for a stage production

the actual recipe is not really required in such detail, however as the girls are supposed to be talking whilst making the roly poly so it is provided in order to have plenty to do to cover the action during the scene.

Emmie Wal oi don't wants t' git married, not never!

Molly Oh yes you will my poppet, just you wait an see. Besides, there's plenty of time fer lovin' yet awhile. A humble heart has humble desires.

Violet Wal oi want's to git married!

Emmie Wot to a beggar man loik them stones said?

Violet That was only cos oi 'ad seconds, besides which, oi don't believe in all that 'Tinker, Tailor, Soldier' stuff anyways!

Molly Violet you run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Didn't we make a 'Dumb Cake' together on St. Agnes's Eve? An' didn't you wait up till yer little eyes couldn't stay open no more?

Violet *(Begrudgingly)* Aye, but oi didn't see no spirit of me future husband neither!

Molly That's because you didn't stay awake till the clock struck twelve.

Joan Oi've tried all they silly ol' charms, an they've done nothing fer me!

Emmie You still washed yer face in the dew this marnin' !

Joan So! No sense in tempting fate is there?

Molly Joan! Joan! Hush child, you cannot sell the cow and sup the milk! Besides there's no harm in it.

Violet An' you was spinnin' a ring tied to one o' your hairs last night.

Molly Well?

Joan Well wot?

Molly Was the ring spinnin' fast or slow?

Joan *(In tears)* Oh mother, it were slow, it were slow!

Molly There, there, *(comforting her)* 'tis only one o' they silly ol' superstitions arter all. Come you 'ere, oi knows 'ow yer feelin'.

Joan But oi don't wants t' git married twice! Wot's a-goin' t' 'appen t' me first 'usband?

Molly Come on, dry yer eyes, these things don't always work out the way you think. If it weren't fer hope the heart would break. Now listen, oi've spoken with yer father, 'tis all settled, Martin is welcome at our table, you may ask him round on Sunday between four and five.

Joan *(Hugging her)* Oh thankyou Mother, thankyou!

Molly Jus' so long as your 'appy, then so am oi! Now come on, we got work to do! This 'ere Roly-Poly Puddin' won't make itself now, will it! You girls can take up a slice fer your big sister at the 'Big House' later.

Emmie Tell us about when you got married Mother.

Molly Why there's nothing t' tell, beides you must 'ave 'eard they ol' stories a thousand toims a-more.

Emmie Oh we don't care, we loiks t' 'ear 'em, don't we Violet?

Violet Tell us about father, an' how 'ee proposed.

Molly Wal it were a long toim ago, I'm not sure as oi can remember.

Joan Yes you can Mother, please tell us, please.

Molly Wal yer Father was the son of ol' man Goodchild, who was the skipper o' the 'Pride Of Hampshire', she were a fine ol' craft, ooh an' 'ee were that proud of 'er, an' roightly so too. But fishing can be a cruel, hard life, an' 'ee were set. Yer father pleaded with 'im but 'ee were adamant. I can hear 'im now, "The sea will kill ee boi, sooner or later she always takes back 'er due". Never a truer word spoken, aye, but that be another story.

Emmie Tell us about you an' father!

Molly Hush child I'm a-comin' t' that, patience now. As oi were a sayin, ol' man Goodchild would floi into a tarrible rage at the mere mention, no son of his would ever be a fisherman so long as 'ee had an ounce o' breath in his body. To this end 'ee managed to find yer father a place as stable boy up at the big 'ouse. Wal 'ee loves 'orses, as y' know, so 'ee were only too pleased t' go.

Violet An' that's 'ow you an' father met!

Molly Aye that were the way of it.

Joan Arter the accident, you went into service, fer M'lady.

Violet An' the Misses took a shine to you.

Emmie An' you 'ad t' go an tell father t' saddle up the 'orses whenever she wanted t' go fer a ride.

Molly Whose a-tellin of this tale, thee or me?

Violet But you 'aven't told us 'ow ee proposed, that's the best bit, aint it Emmie? 'Tis so romantic, jus loik one o' they stories in 'Household Words'.

Molly Ee get away with you child! Wal it were Easter an they liddle ol' flowers were nodding their 'eads in the spring sunshine. The Mistress wanted to go out riding on such a fine morning, an' as usual she'd asked me t' tell 'Enry, yer father, t' saddle up. Wal oi didn't wait t' be asked twice, oi fair flew out the 'ouse, jus' so as oi could bide with 'im a while. We'd bin walkin' out fer some toim an' it were common knowledge that we two would wind up together. Mind you, it weren't easy though, the Master an' Mistress were good Christian folk, they treated us well, an oi ent got no reason t' grumble. But they 'ad a rule that none in their employ could be married, no matter 'ow good they was at their work. This meant if we wanted t' get wed, we would 'ave t' leave service an' start up on our own. Wal that were a big step fer us poor country folk, an nye on impossible in them days.

Violet But 'ow did father propose?

Molly Wal it 'appened loik this. In me haste t' go tell yer father t' saddle up fer the Mistress, oi turns the corner into the stableyard in such a dither, oi weren't a-lookin' where oi were a-goin'! The next thing oi knows is oi'm turned up all topsy turvey, landin' in a pile o' straw all arms an' legs, with yer poor ol' father takin the brunt of it! "Molly," 'ee says, pickin' 'imself up, "oi were a jus' comin' up to the big 'ouse to 'ave a word with ee an' now you've saved oi the trouble". "Wot is it?", says oi rubbin' me elbow. "Molly, oi've bin a-ponderin, an' oi've come to a decision", say's 'ee cap in 'and an' lookin' all downcast an' sheepish. "You'm be sweet on oi, an' oi be willin'". "Oh 'Enry Goodchild", says oi, "Oi'm sure oi'm flattered, an me 'eart says yes a thousand toims o'er, but 'ow can it be possible?". "If it be the livin' that be a-worritin' ye, oi thought o' that! In the nine years oi bin with the Master oi've saved up seventeen pound, eight shillin' and threepence, three farthings. Furthermore, oi 'appen t' know that the ol' 'Coal Exchange' be a comin' up soon, an' thee an oi can swing it our way if we so wishes". Wal oi weren't too keen on a public 'ouse, oi can tell ee, but if it meant oi could be with moi 'Enry then so be it. An' we bin 'ere ever since, an' oi ent never regretted it, no not once.

Joan 'Tis a lovely story, mother, an oi loves t' 'ere you tell it.

She kisses her on the cheek.

Molly Why wot were that fer?

Joan Because, jus' because.

Emmie Tell us about the weddin'.

Violet An' they flowers.

Emmie An' the weddin' cake.

Violet An' wot about all they weddin' guests?

Molly Wal, we 'ad t' wait fer the back end o' May, it bein' unlucky t' get get married in that month. Besides which, it can be a might cold this toim o' the year, "Don't cast a clout, till May be out", as the sayin' goes. We got married on a beautiful summers day toward the end of June. All the village folk were there, including old aunt Bessie, an' all o' moi side o' the family. Even the Master an' Mistress put in an appearance! An' wot a toim we 'ad of it! I can see it all now jus' loik it were yesterday. The ol' Morris were-a dancin fer us, an' the village folk were ...

Scene 9

Cut to the wedding flashback. Church bells are heard. The Morris are dancing "Getting Upstairs"

Squire This toim!

Villagers 'Ere they come!

Woman 1 Oooh, she be pretty as a picture an that's a fac'.

Woman 2 Aye, they certainly make a fine couple.

Gabriel Jack, hold up they garland ropes, be quick now, they're nearly upon us.

Ropes of flowers are hastily stretched across the path of the bride and groom.

Henry Wal lass, as you know, oi loves ee with all moi 'eart, an' this day you'm made oi the 'appiest man alive. But afore thee an me makes us a life together, seems we two must negotiate these 'ere flower garlands t' symbolize leavin' our old life behind an' leapin' into the new.

Gabriel Aye Mrs Goodchild, an' t' leave all yer fanciful moods behind yer, an all!

General laughter from the assembled crowd.

Molly Gabriel Hobbs, 'tis lucky you'm a sweep an it's me weddin' day, otherwise I'd ... besides 'tis vain to cast yer net where there bain't be no fish!

Gabriel Aye an' a horse that will not carry a saddle, must 'ave no oats!

More good natured laughter.

Henry Gabriel if that be yer game, then y' needs t' look no further than yer own doorstep, fer every man can rule a shrew save 'ee that 'as 'er! (*Further merriment*). But enough, this day oi'm as proud as a dog with two tails an' no end o' your silly banter's a-goin' t' spoil it! Besides wot can you expect from a hog, but a grunt!

Gabriel 'Enry you'm a good man, an oi don't wish t' cause quarrel! Oi wish ee luck! May this union be blessed, an' may ye live together in perfect 'armony fer as many years as the good Lord thinks fit t' grant ee.

Villagers Aye! / Amen t' that! / God bless ee both! etc

Henry Gabriel, that were well said an' oi thankee kindly, an' all you good gentlefolk gathered 'ere t' wish us well. May God bless ee, an keep ee all, every one!

Henry sweeps Molly off her feet and carries her over the flower ropes, to general cheering from the crowd. The band sing 'The Wedding Song' as Henry and Molly walk around under human arches.

When played in 'Promenade' style this scene is absolutely delightful and works although it breaks the earlier convention allowing cast and audience to share the same time. The audience are temporarily transported back to the 1890's time of the cast. To set up the idea some cast members form a line of arches to give the audience the idea of what is expected, and then other members of the cast form arches with members of the audience. Very quickly the remainder of the audience should form arches for the 'bride and groom' to pass under.

Music – 'Come Write Me Down' (The Wedding Song)

Band Come write me down ye powers above,
The man that first created love,
For I've a diamond in my eye
Where all my joys and comforts lie,
Where all my joys and comforts lie.
I will give you gold, I will give you pearl
If you can fancy me, dear girl,
Rich costly robes that you shall wear
If you can fancy me, my dear
If you can fancy me, my dear.
It's not your gold shall me entice
To leave off pleasure to be a wife
For I don't mean or intend at all
To be at any young man's call,
To be at any young man's call.
Then go your way you scornful dame
Since you've proved false I'll prove the same
For I don't care but I shall find
Some other fair maid to my mind,
Some other fair maid to my mind.
Oh, stay young man don't be in haste
You seem afraid your time will waste
Let reason rule your roving mind
And unto you I will prove kind,
And unto you I will prove kind.
So to Church they went that very next day
And were married by asking as I've heard say,
So now that girl she is his wife
She will prove his comforts day and night,
She will prove his comforts day and night.
So now his trouble and sorrow is past
His joy and comfort has come at last
That girl to him always said, Nay,

*She will prove his comforts night and day,
She will prove his comforts night and day.*

END OF ACT ONE

INTERVAL

Where the production is played in Promenade Style, 'The Coal Exchange' should be open to the public, either throughout the whole play or just for the duration of the interval. During the interval the house lights should go up in the main auditorium or acting space. 'The Coal Exchange' then becomes the focal point of the action with a barrel of beer set up behind the counter, with the audience being able to purchase a pint from the landlord (Henry), who stays in character throughout. He freely ad-libs with the audience, but always behaving both in speech and manner, as if he is still living in the 1890's. Members of the audience should be able to purchase a pint of ale for 2d. (Note : 2d, 'tuppence' was the price of a pint in late Victorian times when the system of money was twelve pennies to a shilling and twenty shillings to a pound. Two one-penny coins could be sold for the current price of a pint of ale to the audience at a convenient, but different location, some distance from the pub.)

Members of the band and other actors required for the next scene, should arrive gradually throughout the interval and take up their positions in the bar. If a member of the audience is in their seat, they should either ignore the fact, or remonstrate with the offender, saying that "...they are in 'so and so's' seat", or "'Old Tup won't like it if 'e catches you in 'is seat" etc.

Over the duration of the interval, the house lights and stage lights should make a very slow cross fade, so that the auditorium gradually becomes darker and the pub becomes lit for Act 2, Scene 1. This has the effect of making the audience gravitate towards the 'The Coal Exchange'.

ACT 2

Scene 1

The men gradually gather in the bar of the 'Coal Exchange'. They have finished their mornings work and are looking forward to the festivities of the forthcoming afternoon. As the interval ends and the scene begins, the men are engaged in a game of 'Tippet'. Where the action is played in Promenade Style, the men should start a game using the proper rules. Otherwise, the game may be omitted and the Scene starts with the dialogue. The Rules of Tippet are given at the end of the script.

Henry 'Bout time we has ourselves a song, wot say you lads?
Strap Argh! Oi reckon so landlord, wot's it t' be then boy's?
Omnes 'Thousands or More' / 'Oi Loiks t' Rise / 'Sportsmen Arouse' etc
Strap 'Sportsmen Arouse' it is then, let's be 'avin you then Tom! Hush you up singer in the bar!

The men settle down for the song.

Music – 'Sportsmen Arouse'

Band Singer *Sportsmen arouse the morning is clear,
The larks are singing all in the air, (Repeat)
Go and tell sweet lover the hounds are out, (Repeat)
Saddle you horses, your saddles prepare
We'll away to some cover to seek for a hare.
We searched the woods and the groves all round,
The trial being over the game it is found (Repeat)
Then off she springs through brake she flies, (Repeat)
Follow, follow the musical horn,
Sing follow, hark forward the innocent hare.
Our huntsman blows his joyful sound,
Tally ho, my boys, all over the downs. (Repeat)
From the woods to the valleys see how she creeps, (Repeat)
Follow, follow the musical horn,
Sing follow, hark forward the innocent hare.
All along the green turf she pants for breath
Our sportsmen he shouts for death. (Repeat)
Relope, relope, retiring hare. (Repeat)
Follow, follow the musical horn,
Sing follow, hark forward the innocent hare.*

*This hare has led us a noble run
Success to sportsmen every one, (Repeat)
Such a chase she has led us, four hours or more, (Repeat)
Wine and beer we'll drink without fear,
We'll drink a success to the innocent hare.*

Henry Wal done! That be one o' my favourites. Now 'ow's about one from you Master Tupp?
Old Tupp Dang me, oi 'ardly wet me throistle yet!
Omnes Come on Master Tupp / Sing us a drinking song / Aye! etc
Old Tupp Oi'll sing ee a song, concerning old Boney an' the Bonny Bunch of Roses O.
Henry Order! Order!

Music – 'Bonny Bunch of Roses, O'

Old Tupp *By the dangers of the ocean
one morning in the month of June,
A famous warbling songster he
chimes they notes out sweetly too,
There I espied a female
seemly in grief and woe
And conversing with young Bonaparte concerning
the Bonny bunch of roses, O.
O then, said young Napoleon
as he shook his mother by the hand,
Do mother, pray have patience
until I am able to command.
I'll raise a treble army and through tremen ...*

Old Tupp tails off half way through the second verse as Slocombe and a Constable enter. A quiet hush descends over the bar.

Henry Arternoon Mr Slocombe, (*Nodding*) Constable. An' wot can oi be a-gettin' you two gentlemen?
Slocombe We're not here on a social visit Goodchild.
Henry Oi see, wal wot exactly can oi do fer ee then?
Slocombe Sheep stealing Mr Goodchild, sheep stealing!
Henry Sheep stealin' is it?
Slocombe Aye sir, it is! An' mark my words, I will get to the bottom of it sir, even if it is the last thing I do! I will not leave a stone unturned, justice will be done sir!
Henry These 'ere lads be good men an' true, as you well know Mr Slocombe, 'tis serious accusations you'm be a makin', aye serious accusations.
Slocombe I am not here to bandy words with you Goodchild! I know my man, and if he's here we will take him up! The Constable is acquainted with the wretch, he has been identified, sir!
Henry Oh argh! An' just who is this man your so sure on?
Slocombe I don't much care for your tone of voice, you'd best mind your manners, otherwise it will go ill with you, I assure you of that!
Henry Mr Slocombe oi'm a free man an' oi don't need a lesson in manners from the loiks of ee. State your business, an' then oi' ll thankee t' leave us be.
Slocombe Goodchild, I have no quarrel with you sir! I just want justice and reparation for what is mine. Now you men, there's no sense in protecting him from the law, it will only be worse for him in the end if you do. Constable, do your duty.
Constable Yes sir. (*He looks carefully at every man*). Begin' yer pardon sir, but ee aint 'ere.
Slocombe I know you men know more about this affair than you appear to. (*Pause*). Well, I'm waiting, damn you!
Old Tupp Wal oi knows who 'ad that there ship, Mr Slocombe.
Slocombe Then it is your duty, yes, your duty to the Crown to speak up man!
Old Tupp Wal a drink moight 'elp.
Slocombe Constable! (*The Constable pays Henry, who pours out a pint*). Well?
Old Tupp 'Tis like this Mr Slocombe, you 'ad 'er, but you aint got 'er now!

Slocombe in near apoplexy storms out of the bar, whilst the men do their best not to laugh.

Strap 'Ere that were sharp Master Tupp!
Billy 'Tis not often you pulls one over the loiks of 'im!
Old Tupp Aye. The Lord 'elps them that 'elp themselves!
Henry Let's 'ope you don't live to regret it. His sort never lets up.
Old Tupp Slocombe don't intimidate oi.
Henry Aye, but all the same ...
Old Tupp Listen, oi be 'ead shepherd t' farmer Wiggs, an' there's plenty o' farmers round 'ere that would take oi on if oi needed a place. Besides which, oi've over two hundred pound saved up with the Friendly Society, oi'm law abidin', honest and trustworthy, an' ther's no man livin' that can take that away, no sir!
Nadger Wal said Master Tupp.
Billy If you ask me, 'tis about toim they politicians took up the cause of us poor labourin' men, instead of featherin' the nest o' they landed gentry.
Old Tupp Old Mr Gladstone will see us roight don't you worry. In the mean toim 'ere's to Mr Slocombe, God bless 'ee!

Old Tupp takes a long pull at his pint.

Strap Beggin' yer pardon Master Tupp, but oi bain't be so sure. Seems t' me Mr Gladstone would rather be a ponderin' on them gibberin' Irishmen than take up the cross fer the loiks o' we!

There is some agreement amongst the men.

Squibsy Argh! Moi money's on that Joseph Chamberlain 'ee's our man, even if 'ee do wear a monocle!

General laughter.

Old Tupp Pah! That young whipper-snapper ain't worth a loight! He'll bring down the government with 'is antics, you mark moi words. Wot we needs is a period o' prosperity, jus' you consider the price o' corn over the last decade or so.

Omnes Argh! / Yer roight Master Tupp / You'm talkin' sense etc

Old Tupp Why it stands t' reason if the Master be makin' a bob or two 'ee can afford t' pay us a livin' wage.

Strap I'm sorry but oi can't quite agree with you there.

Old Tupp Wot say you then?

Strap Wal they farmers never done it afore so why should they do it now. When they 'ad the cash they only screwed us down tighter than ever. You of all people should remember that Master Tupp!

Squibsy If you ask me ol' Gladstone only be in power by the skin o' 'is teeth! If it weren't fer they Irish Nationals 'ee'd be out on 'is ear!

Old Tupp Don't give oi that! Mr Gladstone 'as served 'is country well! I'm a warnin' thee, that there Chamberlain will bring down the government, 'ee be too radical fer moi loikin'!

Henry Now lads, you knows 'ow oi feels about politics an' religion in the bar. Let's 'ave us a change o' subject afore we all falls out!

Billy Hear! Hear! Oi'll drink t' that! Now listen you up, oi 'eard a funny ol' tale last week while oi were a cartin' fer the Master. 'Ee'd bought a few sticks o' furniture and a load o' ol' tools from a farm sale up by Hooks Way ...

Henry Did y' call in t' see Alf Ainger, while y' were up there Bill?

Billy Argh that oi did Henry, in fac', ol' Alf be right at the heart o' this 'ere story!

Old Tupp Oi ent bin up that way fer a twelve month or more, not since the Master took it into 'is 'ead t' sell half the flock up in Alton market. Oi 'ad t' drive they ship up t' Hooks Way, then up o'er the Downs t' The Jolly Drover at Hillbrow, then finally on down t' Alton. Took nigh on four day's an' caused oi a deal o' trouble into the bargain! An' t' cap it all 'ee got no more for en than if 'ee'd sold 'em at Chichester or even Petersfield fer that matter. Still, Master knows best, they be 'is ship when all's said and done! Anyways you'm were a-sayin' Bill?

Billy Wal funny you should mention Droving, fer drovin be wot this is all about! Wal as y' know old Alf kips a few animals around the place, an' it seems a month or so ago a feller named Tom Hicks brought a flock up from Chichester. Big feller 'ee were by all accounts, 'ands the size o' dinner plates. Wal look you, after 'eed put they ship in the paddock provided fer the purpose, 'im an' 'is mates settled down fer a few jars o' ale. Wal this 'ere Sam, loiks a good drop o' beer an after half a dozen pints or so 'ee says t' Alf, "Alf", 'ee says, "Where's that ol' billy goat o' yourn then?". "Why 'ee's in the yard out back", says Alf. "Wal, oi'm a-goin' t' 'ave a wrassel widden then!". An' with

that they all turns out t' 'ave a gander at the sport. Wal this 'ere drover squares up t' the ol' billy, an' there they stood with 'im lookin' at the billy goat, and the ol' billy lookin' at 'im! In the end look, they goes fer each other, an' they was a wrasslin' and a tumblin' all over the place until in the end look, 'ee broke 'is bloody neck! An' when this 'ere Sam gits up, 'ee were a-covered all over in pig shit! (*The men appreciate the joke*). Argh, but that weren't the end o' the matter, cause a week or so later, another drove comes through, an' one o' they drovers say's to Alf, "Where's yer ol' billy goat then Alf?", "Why", says Alf, "Ol' Tom Hicks came through 'ere a week or two back an' 'ad a wrassel widden and broke 'is bloody neck!". "Oh argh", 'ee says, "an' wot did you do widden then?", "Oi buried 'im up top field, under the old oak". "Wal oi'm a goin' t' dig 'im up, he'll make a damn fine bit o' venison by now!". (*The men laugh*). Argh, damn fine venison!

Nadger Wert up, 'ere comes Wassname Johnny.
Wassname 'Ere!
Henry Now oi've told ee not t' come in 'ere no more.
Wassname Oi got summat! Oi got a wassname, oi got me a fish.
Henry An' where did you get that?
Wassname Why oi got en out o' the wassname o' course. 'Ere 'ee be, aint 'ee a beauty (*He produces the fish*). Oi only got im last wik.
Henry Get that stinking fish out o' my pub!
Wassname He's my liddle fish, oi caught en in the wassname. (*Conspiratorially*). Oi seed 'im, oi did!
Henry Oi don't give a damn where it came from, jus' get you out of my bar afore oi chucks you out on yer ear!
Wassname Oi saw wassname! Nasty man! Nasty man! 'Ee were angry, oi didn't loik 'im! Stuck me tongue out oi did, behind 'is back.
Strap (*Gently*) Who did you see Johnny?
Wassname Wassname, oi saw wassname. It were young Batesey.
Billy Nipper? You saw Nipper?
Wassname Nasty man, angry 'ee were, 'ee had a knife!
Billy Who did?
Wassname Wassname did, Mr Bates.
Strap Sit you down 'ere Johnny an' try and think straight.
Wassname 'Ee were a bad man, 'ee 'ad 'im by the throat, oi saw!
Billy What's that? Where was this?
Wassname (*Getting agitated*) It were wassname, wassname, wassname! Father say's oi'm thick, but oi ent, oi jus talk slow that's all.
Old Tupp 'Old 'ard there Bill, you'm afrighted the lad.
Strap You say you saw a man an' 'ee 'ad a knife at Nipper's throat?
Wassname Aye, he 'ad a wassname. Stuck me tongue out oi did!
Old Tupp There's our man lads, there's our sheep thief, without a doubt!
Billy Where did you see 'im Johnny?
Wassname By the wassname, in the field up near your cottage.
Squibsy Wot's t' be done? Wot we goin' t' do?
Strap Flush 'im out boi, flush 'im out!
Nadger But 'ee's armed Strap, ee's got a knife.
Strap Aye. One of us must go an' inform the authorities, in the mean time we must get weapons ourselves.

The latch door opens and Sam Page enters. There is a general hush as the stranger enters their midst.

Sam Arternoon. (*He nods in the direction of the assembled men*). Landlord.
Henry Arternoon.
Sam Oi'll 'ave me a tot o' rum if that be alroight with you me 'ol shipmate.
Henry Certainly, that'll be threepence half-penny. Jus' travellin' through?
Sam Aye maybe. Tell me Landlord, oi be a-lookin' fer one Jethro Tupp. Oi bin advised oi might be able to locate 'im in 'ere.
Henry Wal that depends on who wants 'im.
Billy Johnny, is that the man?

Wassname That bain't be 'im, he's a wassname he is.
Old Tupp Oi knows you, you're Page, Sam Page!
Sam Jethro, be that you? You've 'ardly changed at all, oi'd recognize you anywhere!

Henry looks shocked as he quietly slips away unnoticed.

Old Tupp Wal! Wal! Arter all these years, oi never thought oi'd set eyes on you agin. Sit yourself down. 'Tis ol' Ma Page's eldest, ran away to sea over forty year ago! Wot on earth brings you back 'ere?

Sam Wal oi jus' 'ad a hankerin' t' see the ol' place once more afore oi croak. Time heals everything, but seems oi should have made the journey sooner. Oi went past the ol' place but there's nothin' there, 'tis all gone, as if it 'ad never bin there at all! If only oi 'ad me letters oi would 'ave written, not that the old folks could 'ave read it though. Trouble was oi were that bitter, an as the years slipped by it got more an' more difficult. Tell me, what 'appened to them?

Old Tupp Dead, Sam! Stone dead! Almost fifteen year ago now, there were a fire see. Toim anybody knew about it, it were too late.

Sam Did they all perish?

Molly and Henry appear behind him.

Molly No Sam, they didn't.

Sam Molly! *(There are tears in his eyes as he recognizes his younger sister).*

The band sing 'My Pretty Lass' during the scene change.

Music – 'My Pretty Lass'

Band Singer *Have you seen aught of my pretty lass
And are you sure she's well-o
She's going along with a stick in her hand
She's going to bowl the hoop-o
Oh yes I have seen your pretty lass
'Twas in the fields I spied her
Her hair is long but life is short
And she'll never...*

Scene 2

The song fades out as Emmie and Violet Goodchild are discovered on their way to the "Big House", they are going to visit their big sister who is in service there. They are taking a portion of the "Roly-poly Pudding" they made earlier. At present they are engaged in a hand clapping game.

Emmie *(Chanting)* Quee-nie, Quee-nie Car-o-line,
Dipped her hair in turpentine.
Turpentine to make it shine,
Queenie, Queenie Caroline

Violet No Emmie! That bain't be roight! Try doin' it again.

Emmie *(Chanting)* Quee-nie, Quee-nie Car-o-line,
Dipped her hair in turpentine.
Turpentine to make it ...

Violet Yer not tryin' 'ard enough Emmie!

Emmie Oi can't remember the rhyme. Let's try 'Mother, Mother'.

Both *(Chanting)* Mother, mother, oi feel sick,
Send fer the doctor quick, quick, quick.
Doctor, doctor, shall oi die?
Yes, my dear, and so shall oi.
How many carriages shall oi have?
(more quickly) One, two, three, four ...

Violet We best be gettin' along.

Enter Ruth Kitter bowling a hoop. She is a sickly-looking child and one whom it is imagined will not be for this world for very long.

Ruth Hallo Violet, Emmie. Can oi play too?

Violet Hallo Ruth, sorry, but we ent got the toim. We're takin' this 'ere Roly-poly Puddin' up t' the big house fer our big sister. If yer lets me 'ave a go of yer hoop you can walk with us if yer loik.

Ruth Want t' know a secret? But yer 'as t' promise yer wont tell.

Violet Course oi wont, cross me heart an' hope t' die!

Ruth Wot about 'er?

Violet Emmie's all roight, ent you M.

Ruth You swear on it then.

Emmie *(Chanting)* Wet my thumb,
wipe it dry.
Cut my throat
If oi tells a lie.

Ruth Now you.

The two girls link little fingers and the bargain is struck.

Ruth/Emmie *(Chanting)* Ring finger, blue bell.
Tell a lie, go t' hell.

Ruth Bet you don't know how baby's is got, cos oi do.

Violet How?

Ruth Oi were out late last night an' oi saw Dolly Slater an' Joe Randall in ol' farmer Wiggys's barn.

Violet So?

Ruth Wal they was doin' it, wern't they.

Emmie Doin' wot?

Ruth They was kissin' an' cuddlin'! Now they'll 'ave t' get married double quick, cos that means she's a-goin' t' 'ave a baby

Miss Kimble, the village school teacher enters on her bicycle. She is well dressed with a rather stern exterior. She has the air of one who must be obeyed.!

Violet Oi don't believe you.

Ruth 'Tis true oi tell ee, Robin Samson said so.

Miss Kimble You gals there! Come here at once!

Ruth Oh no, it's Miss Kimble.

Miss Kimble Come along don't dawdle! I won't bite!

Girls Yes Miss Kimble.

Miss Kimble Now then, what are you girls up to? Mischief no doubt

Violet No Miss! We're takin' this 'ere roly-poly puddin' up to me sister, Victoria, at the big house.

Miss Kimble Speak when you are spoken to young lady.

Violet Yes Miss Kimble.

Miss Kimble If you ask me, you Goodchild children are all tarred with the same brush.

Violet Yes Miss.

Miss Kimble There now, don't be impertinent.

Violet No Miss.

Miss Kimble Your sister Joan was just the same, and as for Victoria, well! Heaven knows what possessed your mother, to name her after our own dear Queen. Ruth Kitter, what have you to say for yourself?

Ruth Nothin' Miss.

Miss Kimble Well you may start with your eight times table.

Ruth But it's Saturday Miss.

Miss Kimble I am well aware of the day of the week child! Well I am waiting, begin!

Resigned to her fate Ruth attempts the task.

Ruth Once eight is eight
Two eights are sixteen
Three eights are twenty four
Four eights are thirty two
Five eights are forty
Six eights are forty eight

Seven eights are ... er
Seven eights are fifty six
Eight eights are sixty four
Nine eights are seventy, um, seventy one
Miss Kimble No, no, no! It won't do! It wont do, I tell you. Violet?
Violet Seventy two Miss.
Miss Kimble Correct, continue.
Violet Ten eights are are eighty
Eleven eights are eighty eight
Twelve eights are ninety six.
Miss Kimble Good! Emily, six nines? Quickly now!
Emmie Fifty four Miss.
Miss Kimble Spell Madagascar
Emmie M. A. D. A. G. A. S. C. A. R.
Miss Kimble Ruth, where are the Antipodes?
Ruth I don't know Miss.
Miss Kimble What is an archipelago.
Ruth A man with a clubbed foot Miss?
Miss Kimble Don't be so exasperating! We were only doing this last week!
Ruth Yes Miss.
Miss Kimble You can come and see me after school on Monday.
Ruth Yes Miss.
Miss Kimble Now you gals can run an errand for me
Violet But Miss Kimble, we 'as t' take this up t' the big house for our Victoria.
Miss Kimble Oh yes, so you have. Well you can run my errand afterwards.
Violet Yes Miss.
Miss Kimble Now I would like you to give this letter to Mr Bates.
Violet Wot's in it Miss?
Miss Kimble You don't need to worry yourself about that. Make sure you hand it to him personally and nobody else mind, do you hear?
Violet Yes Miss.
Miss Kimble Oh, and er, you had better have this for your trouble. *(She gives her a penny)*. Buy yourself some broken biscuits at Mr Sadlers.
Violet Cor! Thankyou Miss!

Unbeknown to Miss Kimble and the girls, an Irish Peddler woman, Sarah Flaherty enters behind them. She is fairly jolly, and intent on making a sale from her collection of small items, ribbon, thread, head scarves, shawls etc.

Sarah I'm standing here, an' I am thinking now to myself, you might be wanting to spend your penny on some pretty ribbon for your mother's hair, God bless the very ground she walks on ... and what about herself, beyond? May the blessings of God go with you always, a complexion such as yours needs no adornment. But here I am almost destroyed by the walking, so I am. Is there not little thing or two that catches the glint in your eye, as it were, a trinket for your man or something for herself, I'm thinking, a pretty broach or a sprig of heather from the Mountains of Mourne itself, I'm saying.

Miss Kimble No thank you, come along girls.
Sarah There now and there I was thinking we were after making a good bargain together, so I was.
Miss Kimble No really, there is nothing that I require.
Sarah Now there's a pity, and you with your pretty curls that only want for a shawl to set them off. But sure, I'm thinking there's no harm in looking now, is there?
Miss Kimble No please, do not trouble yourself there is really no need.
Sarah Sure, but there is every need, for I like to see the pretty things myself. I'm all but destroyed by the travel, so I am and a rest would do me the power of good.
Emmie Oh please Kiss Kimble, it won't do no 'arm jus' t' 'ave a little peak loik.
Miss Kimble Oh very well, but only a quick look mind, and no touching!

Sarah There now, I see you have the discerning eye upon you, so you have. If you will wait a moment I'll show you wonders the like of which you've never seen, I'm thinking.

Sarah opens the valise she is carrying and spreads out the contents.

Emmie Oh jus' look at that Violet, it's beautiful.

Sarah Ah well, you've picked upon the jewel without a doubt, but you must try it on. There now, does it not become you, like the full moon in August seen across the fields of nodding barley. Never have I seen such a match, never in all the days the good Lord has seen fit to send me. Now what about herself? Is there anything that takes your fancy now, only to be having a look mind. Now what about this broach, made of the finest silver, that would set a man's heart racing at the very sight of it, so it would!

Miss Kimble Certainly, it is very fine, and it does have a certain ...

Sarah Ah that it does! Some do say the little people made these stones and threw them in the way of man to illustrate a folly of his own making. But the jewel looks fine on your coat for all that, I'm thinking.

Miss Kimble Tell me what you would take for the broach?

Sarah Whisht! I'm saying there's no need to feel obliged on account of the trouble I've put myself to, when it was only the sight of the pretty things you were after.

Miss Kimble No, no, provided we agree on a price I do intend to make the purchase.

Sarah Well if it's after a good bargain you are, I should be asking for a ten shillings, but as you have a kind face you can take it off me hands, so you can, for five.

Miss Kimble Four shillings and our transaction will be completed.

Sarah Four and six and the broach is yours.

Miss Kimble Agreed!

Sarah To be sure you drive a hard bargain I'm thinking, but the broach that's been in me family for generations couldn't have gone to a better home. (*Miss Kimble presses coins into Sarah's hand*). Thank you and god bless.

Miss Kimble Now then girls, I must be on my way and so should you. Now remember to put the letter into Mr Bate's hand, and no other. Well, be off with you, and make sure you are not late for school on Monday.

Girls Yes Miss Kimble.

Sarah Ah well I must be on my way myself, I'm thinking. Good afternoon to you's all, an' may the blessings of heaven light your path for evermore!

They depart and go their separate ways to the accompaniment of a lively Irish jig.

Scene 3

Nipper and the Convict enter, he has a hunk of bread and a bottle which he is putting away in a knap-sack.

Convict Right, me lad this'll do, an' remember if oi'm a-goin' to let you go, you don't know nuthin', an' you aint got no idea where oi be, you understand?

Nipper Yes sir.

Convict 'Cos if oi 'ears that you've been blabbing, I'll be straight back 'ere an' oi'll cut yer tongue out, an' feed it t' the dogs! You 'ear me? Well boy, do you?

Nipper Yes sir.

Convict Right, now yer a good lad at heart an' oi don't wants to 'urt ee, but that's not to say oi won't! Now get you over 'ere, oi'm a-goin' t' 'ave t' tie you up. You wont come t' no 'arm, somebody is bound t' find ee, an when they do oi'll be long gone! (*He ties Nipper up with some binder twine and gags him with his neckerchief*). This 'ere tin, oi got from yer father's baccy jar, is all oi needs t' make a clean break of it. There now, that should do it, an' remember, you don't know nuthin'!

He looks furtively around before making off in a very surreptitious manner.

Scene 4

The Laundry Room at the 'Big House', Victoria Goodchild and Lily Thorn are hard at work with the mangle. They are both of a similar age, and neatly turned out in their maid's uniforms. Whilst they work they gently sing a work song.

Lily 'Ere wot you doin' Sunday arternoon Victoria?

Victoria After church oi'm goin' 'ome t' visit my family. Why wot are you doin'?

Lily Oh nuthin' much. You're so lucky, my folks lives too far away to go visiting ... oi do miss 'em something terrible. If the weather be fine I expect oi'll go fer a walk along the seashore or summat.

Victoria Wal if yer goin' Emsworth way oi'll keep you company. Tell you wot oi'll introduce you to me Ma if y' want.

Lily Oh would you, oi'd really like that. It do get so lonesome on yer own.

Victoria Aye, oi knows wot you mean. Oi don't know wot's worse, there's many a time oi've cried meself to sleep in sheer frustration at not bein' able t' see me folks when oi want's to. 'Tis very hard on a body bein' so close, an' 'ardly ever gettin' home t' see me family.

Lily Oi usually spends me little bit o' spare time dreamin' o' settlin' down, gettin' married an settin' up wi' a place o' me own. Oi know it's only dreamin', but it do 'elp t' pass the time.

Victoria Aye, but at least the master an' mistress are very kind, which is more than a blessing.

Lily They be all right it's ol' 'Starchy' Hobson oi can't abide.

Victoria Hush! She might 'ear. Besides, you shouldn't talk o' Mrs Hobson like that.

Lily Oh she wont be a-botherin us yet awhile, she's still at 'er preservin' in 'Pugs Parlour'! 'An anyway's, 'tis true, "do this", "do that", never a moments peace. You got the patience of a saint you 'ave. After we finnish 'ere, we still got cletterin' t' do, an' then cook wants the pantry scrubbed, an' then we 'as t' scour the kitchen tables. An' no doubt arter all that Starchy's a-goin' t' find us summat else. I do feel so tired some day's oi can 'ardly keep me eye's open!

Victoria There do seem t' be an awful lot t' do, still there's no sense in gettin' maudlin, we must keep our spirits up.

Lily S'pose yer right. 'Ow much more 'ave we got t' do?

Victoria There's still a fair bit left, but we'll soon get it done if we put our backs into it.

Lily Oi'm that famished, oi wonder wot we got?

Victoria As if you didn't know!

Lily Oi do gets so sick of the same ol' thing all the time. It don't seem fair that them upstairs gets to eat all they fancy goods, an' we 'as t' put up wi' such plain fare.

Victoria Aye, but that's jus' they way of the world oi'm afraid, there's them that 'as, an' there's them that 'asn't. Besides which, oi wouldn't give you so much as a thankyou fer some o' they vittles they calls delicacies. There bain't be much meat on one o' they liddle ol' quail, an' as fer oysters, why they's nuthin' more than slimy salt water!

Lily Argh, but wouldn't it be fine t' lord it with the best, jus' once in a way.

Victoria You jus' watch out you don't get ideas above yer station, there's no sense in in wishing fer things that can't 'appen, an' never will niether, no good will come of it. The good Lord will give us our reward in heaven. Idle hands get's into mischief and junketing's the devils work!

Lily Oi knows you'm talkin' sense, but oi still say there's no 'arm in dreamin', arter all it's jus' about all oi got that oi can call me own. 'Ere whose that a-comin' up o'er yonder?

The two girls Emmie and Violet enter, waving and calling from a distance.

Violet Victoria! Victoria!

Victoria Why it's Emmie and Violet. Hush child you'll get oi into a deal o' trouble if Mrs Hobson 'ears you. Now wot brings you two up t' the Big House t' see yer older sister then?

Emmie We bin cookin wi' mother, an' she says were t' bring you up a liddle bit, jus' fer a treat loik, it's a roly-poly puddin' made wi' raisins, we knows 'ow it's yer favourite, 'ere.

She hands over the wrapped bundle.

Victoria (*Excited*) Lily! Didn' oi say the Lord was lookin' oe'r us. We mus' keep watch fer Mrs Hobson, an' 'ave some right away.

Lily No oi couldn't, 'tis yours, you mus' 'ave it!

Victoria Lily, oi insist!

Lily Are you sure?

Victoria Course oi am, come on take it.

Lily (*With obvious relish*) Oh Vikki! You're a real sort, you are!

Victoria An' wot about me two little messangers?

Violet No thank you sis, we've already 'ad some, it's all yours.

Emmie Aye, you 'ave it.

With great delight Victoria and Lily, tuck into the pudding.

Lily Mmm, it be wonderful, jus' 'ow me own mother makes it.
Emmie You still comin' 'ome tomorrow arternoon?
Victoria Yes Emmie, an' oi'm bringin' Lily wi' me an all.
Violet Edith Granville be back 'ome, oi seen 'er last week.
Victoria Why she come 'ome so soon? She only went into service five or six month ago.
Violet She's up the duff, that's why!
Victoria Violet! Language!
Violet Wal 'tis true.
Victoria Maybe it is, but there's no need put it quite like that.
Violet Seems the head coachman be t' blame, but 'im bein' married an all, 'ee wern't 'avin' none of it! 'Ee said she were jus' makin' it all up on account of a grudge she were 'oldin' against 'im, or so Edith says.
Victoria Wot's she goin' t' do?
Violet Wal she 'as t' stop at 'ome, an' old man Granville be none too pleased about it niether. Everybody's sayin' it be disgraceful, an' she should be turned out. Soon as she caught sight of 'er, ol' Mrs Thurgood stuck 'er nose in the air an' crossed the road!
Victoria Poor Edith. Oh wal, there's nuthin' we can do, wot's done is done, no use cryin' over spilt milk, but heaven knows wot's to become of 'er!
Lily Oi know's wot we can do, this 'ere laundry! We'll never be finished at this rate.
Emmie Can we 'elp? Please.
Lily Oh can we?
Victoria Don't see why not.
Emmie Oi wants t' turn the 'andle.

The two girls see to the mangling while Victoria and Lily begin pegging up the clothes. During this the band play 'In The Summer Time'

Music – 'In The Summer Time'

Band Singer In the Summer time, oh isn't it fine
 In a grove hid from the eye
 To lay a lass in the verdant grass
 And tickle her on the sty
 To lift up her modest veil
 And view her secret charms
 And tickle her bubbies, her belly, her tail
 And roll her in your arms
 Sing fol-de rol-dol-de, fol de rol day
 Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-da
 Sing fol-de rol-dol-de, fol de rol day
 Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-da
 Thus with the fair, I such ecstasy share
 I'm known through the country around
 Each damsel with joy with my rudder employ
 For better can nowhere be found
 The sweet mossy cave is my pride
 That yields such exquisit bliss
 And as long as I wag I never shall lag
 But roll in such pleasure as this
 Sing fol-de rol-dol-de, fol de rol day
 Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-da
 Sing fol-de rol-dol-de, fol de rol day
 Sing fol-de-rol-dol-de-da

Towards the end of the song Mrs Hobson enters. She is neatly attired, with a large bunch of keys dangling at her waist. She has a fearful countenance with piercing eyes, which apparently miss nothing.

Mrs Hobson What exactly is the meaning of this! Who are these urchins and what are they doing here?
Victoria They'm not urchins ma'am, they's me sisters.

Mrs Hobson Hold your tongue and speak when you are spoken too!
Victoria Yes ma'am, sorry ma'am.
Mrs Hobson Visitors are not allowed during working hours, as you very well know.
Victoria Yes ma'am.
Mrs Hobson I will speak to you later, but, for the present, Major Gifford has requested that all servants gather together to see young master Gifford off to Harrow School. Off you go and tidy yourselves up. You girls had better go home, hurry along now!
Violet Yes miss, thank you miss. Come along M.

... in this Preview Script, the remainder of the play has been deleted from here ...

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