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SF PERUSALS

TRELAWNY

Adapted from Sir Arthur Pinero's
Trelawny of the Wells

by

AUBREY WOODS, GEORGE ROWELL
and JULIAN SLADE

Book by AUBREY WOODS

Music and Lyrics by JULIAN SLADE

SAMUEL  FRENCH

LONDON
NEW YORK SYDNEY TORONTO HOLLYWOOD

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TRELAWNY

TRELAWNY

First presented by The Bristol Old Vic Trust Ltd. on Wednesday 12 January 1972 at the Theatre Royal Bristol with the following cast of characters:

Mr Mossop	Timothy Kightley
Barker	Graham Allum
Albert	Kenneth Shanley
Arthur Gower	John Watts
Mrs Mossop	Veronica Clifford
Tom Wrench	Ian Richardson
Ferdinand Gadd	Phillip Hinton
Augustus Colpoys	John Parker
James Telfer	Brendan Barry
Mrs Telfer	Betty Benfield
Evie Pellat	Jan Austen
Mr Ablett	Nicholas Loukes
Avonia Bunn	Elizabeth Power
Rose Trelawny	Hayley Mills
Sir William Gower	Timothy West
Miss Trafalgar Gower	Rosamund Greenwood
Clara de Foenix	Jeanette Ranger
Captain de Foenix	Paul Spinetti
Charles	Robert Lister
Call Boy	Kenneth Shanley
Prince's Stage Manager	Robert Lister
Prince's ASM	David Rome
Mr Hunston	Paul Spinetti
Mr Denzil	Nicholas Loukes
Miss Brewster	Carol Hall

The play directed by **Val May**
Designed by **Alexander McPherson**
Choreographed by **Bob Stevenson**
Musical direction, orchestral and vocal arrangements by **Neil Rhoden**

The production transferred to the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London on 27 June 1972, and then to the Prince of Wales Theatre, London on 3 August 1972, under the management of Veronica Flint-Shipman and Cameron Mackintosh, with the following cast of characters:

Mr Mossop	Roy Skelton
Barker	Dudley Stevens
Albert	Kenneth Shanley
Arthur Gower	John Watts
Mrs Mossop	Veronica Clifford
Tom Wrench	Ian Richardson
Ferdinand Gadd	David Morton
Augustus Colpoys	Teddy Green
James Telfer	John Gower
Mrs Telfer	Betty Benfield
Evie Pellat	Jan Austen
Shirley	Dianne Roberts
Mr Ablett	Nicholas Loukes
Avonia Bunn	Elizabeth Power
Rose Trelawny	Gemma Craven
Sir William Gower	Max Adrian
Miss Trafalgar Gower	Joyce Carey
Clara de Foenix	Jean Hampson
Captain de Foenix	John Quayle
Charles	Robert Lister
Prince's Stage Manager	Robert Lister
Prince's ASM	David Goodland
Mr Denzil	Nicholas Loukes
Miss Brewster	Yvonne Lloyd
George	Dudley Stevens

During the run at the Prince of Wales Theatre, the role of Sir William Gower was taken over by Roland Culver.

ACT I Scene 1	The Sadler's Wells Theatre, London
ACT I Scene 2	Tom Wrench's Letter
ACT I Scene 3	Cavendish Square
ACT I Scene 4	The Journey to the Wells
ACT II Scene 1	The Sadler's Wells Theatre
ACT II Scene 2	Rose's Dressing Room
ACT II Scene 3	The Wells Pantomime
ACT II Scene 4	Rose's Dressing Room
ACT II Scene 5	To the Prince's
ACT II Scene 6	The Prince's Theatre

Time—the mid-nineteenth century

THE SONGS

ACT I

1. "Pull Yourself Together"	**The Company**
2. "Walking On"	**Tom and Avonia**
3. "Ever of Thee"	**Rose and Arthur**
4. "Trelawny of the Wells"	**Mr and Mrs Telfer and Company**
5. "On Approval"	**Sir William, Miss Gower, Arthur, Clara and de Foenix**
6. "Rules"	**Rose**
7. "Rules" (Reprise)	**Rose, Tom, Gadd, Colpoys and Avonia**
8. "Back to the Wells"	**The Company**

ACT II

9. "Old Friends"	**Wells Company**
10. "The One Who Isn't There"	**Rose**
11. "We Can't Keep 'em Waiting"	**Gadd and Colpoys**
12. "The Turn of Avonia Bunn"	**Avonia**
13. "Hail to Aladdin"	**Chorus**
14. "Arthur's Letter"	**Arthur**
15. "Two Fools"	**Sir William and Rose**
16. "Life"	**Tom and Company**
17. Finale	**The Company**

TRELAWNY

ACT I

SCENE 1

The Sadler's Wells Theatre, London

As the Overture *ends, the house lights dim and the Front Curtain of the "Wells" is revealed. Mr Mossop, the Stage Manager, pokes his head out through the centre opening and addresses the Musical Director in the pit*

Mossop Thank you Mr Grayson. Gentlemen. (*He calls up to the circle*) All out up there, Barker?

Barker (*from above*) All out, Mr Mossop.

Mossop (*calling to the back of the stalls*) All out down there, Albert?

Albert All except the gent over there, Mr Mossop.

Mossop Over where? (*He sees a figure in full evening-dress standing by the orchestra rail*) Ah, good evening, Mr Gower sir. (*Peering*) It is Mr Gower, ain't it?

Arthur Yes indeed, Mr Mossop, it is I.

Mossop Come on up sir. Up the steps there. Mind your footing sir. There ain't no 'andrail.

Arthur (*clambering on to the stage*) Thank you. Are you sure I shan't be in the way?

Mossop God bless you no sir. There wouldn't be no party if it weren't for you, Mr Gower. We don't lose a Rose Trelawny every night of the year. (*Calling up to the flies*) Take your tabs out, Briggs. This way, sir . . .

The tabs are flown, revealing the set of "The Pedlar of Marseilles". One or two Stage Hands are quietly moving pieces of scenery or sweeping the stage. The gas light is dim. Arthur gazes round in wonder.

Mossop Never been on the stage of the Wells before, sir?

Arthur No, never. It all appears very—different—from down there.

Mossop (*with the air of one imparting an important professional secret*) The magic of the footlights, Mr Gower.

Arthur Ah yes—of course. Er—Mr Mossop—I—I realize that Mr Telfer may be persuaded to make a brief speech after the supper tonight—

Mossop Very little persuading needed there, sir.

Arthur I was only hoping that I should not be expected to follow his example—as Miss Rose's future husband, I mean.

Mossop (*tapping the side of his nose and winking heavily*) You never can tell, sir!
Arthur Oh dear! I fear I should be a laughing stock . . .

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER

For the first part of this song the accompaniment creeps in unobtrusively and Mossop half sings, half speaks his lines

Mossop (*ad lib*) Pull yourself together—sir . . .
Arthur (*speaking*) I beg your pardon?
Mossop (singing) Pull yourself together
Pull yourself together
For the Great Event
Now that Miss Trelawny
Is to leave these portals
Much preferring you, sir,
To us lesser mortals
You should have the confidence
To silence chortles
If you are called on
To speak this evening . . .
Arthur (*speaking*) Oh I do hope I won't be—
Mossop (*speaking*) All I'm saying, sir, if it *should* happen—you must
(*singing*) Pull yourself together
Pull yourself together
Speaking should come easy
To a true blue gent—

Mrs Mossop enters, somewhat tearful

'Ere's my lady wife
Whom I believe you knows, sir . . .
Mrs Mossop I'm the one that used to dress
Your lovely Rose, sir,
Now that the darling is leaving—
Well, that's how it goes, sir—
She really was a splendid pro . . .
Mossop } (*together*) But now it's our farewell show
Mrs Mossop } For Rose.
Arthur It's all for Rose!
My darling Rose!

Tom Wrench enters. He still wears part of his costume from "The Pedlar of Marseilles"

Tom Rebecca, my loved one!
Mrs Mossop Oh, go along with you, Mr Wrench.

Tom My own, especial Rebecca! (*He clasps her round the waist*)
Mrs Mossop Now then, Mr Wrench, don't you be so forward. Not in front of Mr Gower here.
Tom (*turning*) Ah—the lucky man himself! You were in front for *The Pedlar of Marseilles* tonight?
Arthur Of course, Mr Wrench.
Tom How many times does that make, Mr Gower?
Arthur Fourteen. I am only sorry that I shall never see Rose on the stage again . . .
Mrs Mossop Oh don't, sir, don't say that. You'll have her at your side for the rest of your life, but we shall have lost her forever! (*She bursts into floods of tears on Mossop's shoulder*)

Tom } (*singing*) Pull yourself together!
Mossop } Pull yourself together!
Quell your lamentations
Till the proper time.
Tom Everybody knows you have
A great big heart, dear
Mossop There's no need to sob it out
Before we start, dear
Tom Hecuba was charming, but
It's not your part, dear
Both Save all the sorrows
And sighs for later . . .

Gadd and Colpoys enter, laden with provisions for the party, having lowered a glass or two along the way

Gadd Clear for us to enter!
Colpoys In we move to centre!
Gadd Loaded up with victuals—
Colpoys And with wine sublime!
Mossop May I introduce you, sir,
To Gadd and Colpoys?
Gadd Ever your obedient—
Colpoys But who is this, boys?
Mrs Mossop That's Mister Arthur Gower.
Colpoys Blow him a kiss, boys!
Gadd How can the fellow sink so low?
All When this is our farewell show
For Rose!
Arthur It's all for Rose!
My darling Rose!

The music continues

Tom (*speaking*) Mr Gadd is our leading juvenile man—Mr Colpoys, our low comedian.

Gadd (*pompously*) I'm hitting them hard this season, Mr Gower—tomorrow night, Romeo! They're simply waiting for my Romeo . . .
Colpoys They'd have to be simple to wait for that!
Arthur (*confused*) I beg your pardon.
Gadd (*darkly*) Colpoys isn't nearly as funny as he was last year. Everybody's saying so. We want a new low comedian badly.
Arthur (*breaking away from them*) What have I let myself in for? I could never make a speech to people like these!

Arthur now sings in counterpoint to Tom, Gadd, Colpoys, and the Mossops repeating the refrain sotto voce behind him.

During this part of the music, other members of the Company enter to strike parts of the set, bring on tables, etc

Arthur	**Tom, Gadd, Colpoys, Mr and Mrs Mossop**
Though near the stage	Pull yourself together
I've often been	Pull yourself together
Now I'm on it	Pull yourself together
I must say	For the Great Event
The stage presents	Now that Miss Trelawny
A diff'rent scene	Is to leave these portals
That's not at all	Much preferring you, sir,
Like any play	To us lesser mortals
It takes my breath!	You should have the confidence
I'm scared to death	To silence chortles
And, but for my Rose,	If you are called on
I would run away.	To speak this evening.

The music changes to a grandiose march

The Company clear deferentially to allow a majestic entrance for Mr and Mrs Telfer who advance slowly downstage towards Arthur

Telfer (*recitative*) My friend! Mr Gower!
I bid you welcome!
My wife—Miss Violet Sylvester—
God rest 'er—
I mean, God bless 'er—
Bids you welcome!
Both Our Theatre
Bids you welcome!
Telfer As you tread these 'allowed boards
You'll realize the tradition
Mrs Telfer That Rose will leave be'ind 'er
In her marital condition.
Betterton!
Telfer Garrick!
Mrs Telfer Kean!

Telfer Macready!
Mrs Telfer Telfer!
Telfer To name but a few—
Both Now hand over this precious pearl
To you, Mr Gower, to you.

With deep emotion, Telfer puts both hands on Arthur's shoulders. The Company heave a musical sigh

All A—a—a—h!

Telfer claps his hands with sudden managerial briskness

Both Pull yourselves together!
Pull yourselves together!
Get the tables ready
And the flats away!
Make the stage presentable
And in good order!
Clear the bits and pieces
And remove that border
Prove to Miss Trelawny
We can well afford a
Party that's worthy
Of such an actress!

The stage now becomes a hive of activity as the Stage Hands and Actors attempt to strike the set and prepare tables and chairs for the party. The excitement of the occasion makes everyone a little over-eager, and chaos ensues. Mr and Mrs Telfer march round, directing proceedings. Arthur finds that wherever he stands he is in somebody's way

Mrs Telfer Conquer all affliction!
Telfer Make this valediction
Something she'll remember
To 'er dying day!
Mrs Telfer Let me see a happy smile
On all your faces
Telfer Please be'ave like gentlemen
And 'oist your braces
Mrs Telfer Any of you who are ladies
Tighten your laces
Both And strive to make the party go
For this is our Farewell Show
For Rose!

A table topples over, nearly hitting Mrs Telfer

Mrs Telfer Violent fellow!

The stage is now a hopeless jumble of half-struck scenery. Three Assistant Stage Managers (two Girls and one Man) take a counter-part, as the Company clears up the mess and restores order with great speed

Company
Now the time has come for us to—
Pull ourselves together!
Pull ourselves together!
Get the tables ready
And the flats away!
Make the stage presentable
And in good order
Clear the bits and pieces
And remove that border
Prove to Miss Trelawny
We can well afford a
Party that's worthy
Of such an actress

A.S.M.s
Although we seldom
Take the stage
We often take
The stage away
While leading actors
Rant and rage
We work and work
That they may play
Tonight at least
At Rosie's feast
We've just as important
A part as they

All Conquer all affliction!
Make this valediction
Something she'll remember
To her dying day
We must put a happy smile
On all our faces
Girls Please behave like gentlemen
And hoist your braces
Men Any of you who are ladies
Tighten your laces
All We have to make the party go
For this is our Farewell Show—
This is our Farewell Show—
This is our Farewell Show
For Rose!

All the scenery has now been removed, revealing the back wall of the Wells stage. A large supper table has been set up and laid and Rose's Bridge from "The Pedlar of Marseilles" is now upstage in one corner

Telfer Ladies and gentlemen, your attention pray! Let us mummers quit this scene and leave it in the 'ands of those who will transform it into a banqueting hall for our dear departing. When all is prepared, we shall descend from our tiring rooms and partake of the cold collation.

All Bravo!

Mossop (*to Arthur*) If you'll place yourself in my 'ands, Mr Gower, I'll find you somewhere to 'ide until (*he taps his nose*)—the celebrations

They all disperse, leaving the Stage Hands to complete the preparations for the supper. Tom and Mrs Mossop remain

Mrs Mossop Aren't you off to change for the feast then, Mr Wrench?

Tom No need, sweet Mossop. Behold—my "one and only"...! (*He puts on a battered black coat he has had over his arm*)

Mrs Mossop You look very nice, Mr Wrench.

Tom False, dear Mossop—kind but false. I stand desperately in need of a little skilful trimming at your fair hands.

Mrs Mossop (*produces scissors and sets about his frayed cuffs*) I can't stand 'ere all day, you know. I 'ave to go and keep cavey over Miss Rose, if she's not to come rushing down, poor thing, and spoil the surprise farewell.

Tom obediently proffers both cuffs, and stands stock still

Ablett, laden with groceries, appears through the stage-door, and is nearly felled by a stage hand carrying a cardboard tree

Ablett 'Ave a care, there!

Tom Aha! Provisions for the feast—borne aloft by the eminent greengrocer himself!

Mrs Mossop Just put them on the table, if you'd be so kind, Mr Ablett.

Ablett Right, ma'am . . .

Mrs Mossop Didn't you see Miss Rose in her last performance, Mr Ablett?

Ablett Wot do you take me for, Mrs Mossop? Hof course I did. Marryin' a non-professional gentleman they give out, ma'am?

Mrs Mossop Yes.

Ablett Name of Glover.

Tom (*glowering*) Gower.

Mrs Mossop Grandson of Vice-Chancellor Sir William Gower.

Ablett You don't say, ma'am!

Mrs Mossop No father nor mother, and lives with the old judge and a great-aunt, in Cavendish Square!

Ablett Er—when is the weddin' to be, Mrs Mossop?

Mrs Mossop bursts into floods of tears and moves away

Tom Not yet decided. In point of fact, before the distinguished family give a positive seal of approval to the union, Miss Trelawny is to make her home with them for a short term—their own expression—to habituate herself to the rarified atmosphere of the West End; far from the rotting cabbage leaves we know so well!

Ablett Her leaving will make all the difference to the old Wells. The season'll terminate abrupt, then the comp'ny'll be hout, Mr Wrench—hout sir!

Tom Which will lighten the demand for the spongy turnip and the watery marrow, my poor Ablett.

Ablett (*with malice aforethought*) Wos you in the piece tonight, Mr Wrench?

Tom As much as I am ever in any of the pieces in this theatre, yes, I was.

Ablett Ah, I must 'ave glanced away at that moment. Another small part, I take it, Mr Wrench?

Tom (*heavily*) You take it correctly, Mr Ablett.

Mrs Mossop (*now recovered*) Ah well! somebody must play the bad parts in this world, on and off the stage. There (*Putting away her scissors*) there's no more edge left to fray; we've come to the soft.

Tom snatches the scissors from her and points them at his breast

Ah! don't do that!

Tom You are right, sweet Mossop, I won't perish on an empty stomach. But tell me—(*taking her aside*)—shall I disgrace the feast, eh? Is my appearance too scandalously seedy?

Mrs Mossop Not *it* my dear.

Tom Miss Trelawny, do you think she'll regard me as a blot on the banquet? Do you Beccy?

Mrs Mossop She? La! Don't distress yourself. She'll be far too excited to notice you.

Tom H'm yes. Now I recollect, she has always been that. Thanks, Beccy.

Avonia bursts on to the stage from Rose's dressing room

Avonia Tom Wrench, what do you think you're up to? Standing there as if tomorrow will do. There's Rose, poor dear, crying her eyes out in the dressing room, and the table's not even laid.

Mrs Mossop Come along Mr Wrench, come along.

Avonia Rose will be down in about five minutes, Mrs Mossop; maybe you'd better go and keep your eye on her, and give the warning *when.*

Mrs Mossop Very well, dearie. Come along, Mr Ablett.

Mrs Mossop and Ablett exit

Tom Have you been crying Avonia Bunn?

Avonia No, Tom Wrench, I haven't, and if I have I can't help it! Rose and I have chummed together all this season and part of last, and—oh, it's a hateful profession! The moment you make a friend . . . (*She bursts into tears*)

Tom I hereby give due warning that if there's any more weeping I shall don my hat with the feathers.

Avonia Oh, Tom!

Tom It never ceases to amuse the gallery boys, so why not you?

Avonia You're supposed to be a playwright, can't you say something to cheer me up?

Tom My plays never cheer anyone up.

Avonia Well at least help me with the table. Bring those chairs over—come along . . .

Tom Just a moment. (*Removing his coat*) I don't want to get myself dishevelled—

Avonia Still anxious to make an impression—even down to the last?

Tom Now, Vonia . . .

Avonia (*kindly*) Oh, Tom! It's no good your being sweet on her any longer, surely?

Pause

Tom Let us just say I shall miss her as much as you. (*He brings the chairs to the table*)

Avonia We're a fine pair, I must say. There's Rose, only nineteen years old, and soon she'll be ordering about her own powdered footmen and playing on her grand piano—and what will we be doing?

Avonia } (*speaking together*) General Utility!
Tom }

Avonia (*with a mock curtsey*) Singing Parlourmaid . . .

Tom (*with a mock bow*) Walking Gentleman. Oh, the frustration of it all . . . ! Still carrying a spear after ten years!

Avonia And in another ten years . . . ?

Tom I'll be exactly where I am now.

WALKING ON

Avonia Still no name in lights, Tom Wrench?
Tom Still!
Avonia Still darning your tights, Tom Wrench?
Tom Still!
Still walking on in the same old wig—
Avonia The one with the ringlets? Oh that's a pig!
Tom But still it's the time-honoured, much-loved rig
That my friends in the gallery
Recognize me by
Avonia But you will still write those plays you write?
Tom Still!
Avonia Well one of these days they might—
Tom Oh yes they will!
But until that day—until . . .
I'll be known to the public
As "That Wrench man—
"The one who played the messenger
"Or was it the henchman?"
I'll be a walking gentleman
Walking still.
Walking on
Walking on
This is the life
At the bottom of the bill
Years after Rose has gone
I shall be walking on
Walking, walking,
Listening to talking
Walking on
Still.
Both Walking on
Walking on
That's how it is
When you're runners-of-the-mill
Years after Rose has gone

We shall be walking on
Walking, walking,
Listening to talking
Walking on
Still.

Tom (*speaking*) And what about you, Vonia? Will things be any better for you, in ten years time?

Avonia I don't expect so, Tom.

Tom Still playing the parlourmaid?
Avonia Still!
Tom Still getting the table laid?
Avonia Still!
Still walking on with my cap in place—
Tom A bright little smile lighting up your face
Avonia To show I am "naughty" and yet "quaite naice"
And to make sure that I shall be
Seen if never heard
Tom But you will still have the pantomime
Avonia Still!
Tom That's always your chance to shine
Avonia And shine I will!
But until that day—until . . .
I am doomed to be cast
As a humble servant
A nothing sort of mumble-
Grumble servant
I'll be a saucy parlourmaid
Saucing still.
Avonia Walking on
Walking on
This is the life
At the bottom of the bill
Years after Rose has gone
We shall be walking on
Walking, walking,
Listening to talking
Walking on
Still
Both Walking on
Walking on
Soldiering on
Going at it with a will
Years after Rose has gone
We shall be walking on
Tom Minding—
Avonia Minding—
Tom The agony is blinding
Both But we shall be walking

Listening to talking
Walking, walking,
Walking, walking,
Walking on
Still.

As Tom and Avonia exit at the end of the number, the lights dim and the stage is empty for a moment. Then a dressing-room door at the back of the stage opens, casting a shaft of light down to where a bouquet of roses lies, left there since Arthur handed them up to Rose at the end of her farewell. Rose enters from the dressing room, and is framed in the door as she turns back to speak to someone inside

Rose I must go and find my flowers, Mrs Mossop. I shan't be a minute.
Mrs Mossop (*off*) All right, Rose dear . . .

Rose's shadow is cast across the deserted stage, as she walks slowly down to where the bouquet is lying, and picks it up.
She takes a long last look round the theatre—the stalls, the circle, the gallery, and after a long pause, turns abruptly, and makes for the stage door

Arthur steps out into Rose's view

Rose runs headlong into Arthur's arms, half-laughing, half-crying

Arthur Rose!
Rose Oh, Arthur, my dearest, dearest Arthur! Where has everyone gone? I did say goodbye to them all, but I thought . . .

Arthur hands her his handkerchief

Arthur The carriage will be here soon, Rose.
Rose We'd better wait at the stage door, then. (*She wipes her eyes*) Forgive me, my love—but I did just want to see them all for the last time . . .
Arthur I know. Come . . .

Arthur gives her his arm and they turn and walk towards the stage door. Suddenly they are surrounded by a flickering circle of candles, as the entire cast appear from hiding with Telfer at the centre

All (*singing quietly*)
This is our Farewell Show—
This is our Farewell Show—
This is our Farewell Show
For Ro—o—ose!
Rose (*breathlessly*) Oh, I can't believe it!
Telfer You surely didn't expect us to let you make your last appearance to an empty house, Rose!
Rose Oh, Arthur, you knew!

The stage is flooded with light and colour, as Rose is surrounded by all her friends. Everyone in turn greets her, except Tom, who just gazes

Telfer (*embracing her*) Blessings on you, my child!
Mrs Telfer (*kissing her*) Sweet lamb—be happy!
Telfer Ladies and gentlemen, fill your glasses! Let the festivities commence!

They all move upstage to drink round the table, leaving Rose and Avonia together

Avonia Well, Rose, the moment's come! Are you nervous?
Rose No, Vonia—because I know this is my fate! Mother often used to stare into my face when I was little and whisper, "Rosie, I wonder what is to be your—fate." Poor mother! I hope she sees.
Avonia (*admiringly*) Your Arthur is lovely.
Rose Oh, he's a dear. Very young, of course—but he'll grow manly in time, and have moustaches and whiskers out to here, he says.
Avonia What luck he saw you in the "Pedlar".
Rose It was the song that sealed my destiny, Arthur declares . . .
Avonia (*singing quietly*) "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming . . ."
Rose Do you remember the flowers he sent the next day . . . ?
Avonia And his first visit to the stage door—how excited we were!
Rose Of course, I never spoke to him, never even glanced at him. Poor mother brought me up that way, not to speak to anybody, nor look.
Avonia Quite right.
Rose I do hope she sees.

Mrs Mossop and Ablett enter carrying trays of food

Mrs Mossop Take your places please, Ladies and Gentlemen! Supper is served!

Colpoys takes the pigeon pie and puts it on his head

Ablett (*convulsed with laughter*) Oh, Mr Colpoys! Oh, really, sir! Ho, dear!
Mrs Telfer Yes, Augustus Colpoys, you are extremely humorous *off*.
Colpoys (*stung*) Mrs Telfer!
Mrs Telfer *On* the stage, sir, you are enough to make a cat weep.

Colpoys retreats, muttering

Avonia Well, God bless you, Rose. I'm afraid *I* couldn't give up the stage, not for all the Arthurs . . .
Rose Ah, but your mother wasn't an actress.
Avonia No.
Rose Mine was, and I remember her saying to me once, "Rose, if ever a good man comes along, and offers to marry you and take you off the stage, seize the chance—get out of it."
Avonia Your mother was never popular, was she?
Rose Yes, indeed she was—till she grew oldish and lost her looks. Poor mother! Well, I hope she sees!
Telfer Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg you to be seated.

There is a general movement towards the table

Miss Trelawny will sit 'ere, on my right. On my left, my friend Mr Gower will sit.

The Company sit down, and the meal is eaten in a great atmosphere of confusion and hubbub

Mr Gower, sir, follow the advice of one who has sat at many a good man's feast—have a little 'am.

Arthur Thank you sir.

Colpoys swathes himself in Avonia's wrap, and minces across to the wings. Ablett is convulsed with laughter

Ablett Ho, ho, ho! Oh, don't Mr Colpoys! Oh don't sir!

Telfer stands on his chair

Telfer Friends! Romans! Fellow actors! Lend me your ears . . .! We are about to lose, to part with, one of our companions.

Avonia (*with a sob*) I detested her at first.

Telfer Miss Rose Trelawny—for I will no longer conceal from you that it is to 'er I refer . . .

Loud applause

Rose is a good girl——

More applause

—a good girl . . .

Mrs Telfer (*rising and clutching a knife*) Yes, and I should like to hear anybody, man or woman . . .!

Telfer She is a good girl, and one who will long be remembered by us. And now, what has 'appened to "the expectancy and Rose of the fair state"?

Gadd (*aside*) Tsch, tsch, forced, forced!

Telfer I will tell you—a man has crossed her path.

Ablett Shame!

All Sssh!

Telfer A man—ah, but also a gentleman—who comes to us and asks us to give him this girl to wife. And, friends, we 'ave done so. May they—I can wish them no greater joy—be as 'appy in their married life—as Miss Sylvester and I 'ave been in ours! Miss Rose Trelawny—Mr Arthur Gower!

The Company (*heartily*) Miss Rose Trelawny! (*politely*) Mr Arthur Gower.

Three cheers are asked for by Colpoys, and given

Telfer Mr Gower.

Arthur Oh no—I—er—oh!

Gadd A reply there! A reply!

Telfer Be upstanding, Mr Gower.

Avonia Isn't he handsome?

Gadd glowers

All Come now! A speech! Words from Mr Gower.
Ablett (*resolving the situation*) Silence for Mr Glover!
Arthur (*rising*) Ladies and gentlemen, I—I would I were endowed with Mr Telfer's flow of—of—of splendid eloquence. But I am no orator, no speaker, and therefore cannot tell you how highly—how deeply I appreciate the—the compliment . . .
Ablett You deserve it, Mr Glover.
Telfer (*to Ablett*) Avaunt!
Arthur All I can say is that I regard Miss Trelawny in the light of a—a solemn charge and I—I trust that if I ever have the pleasure of—of meeting any of you again, I shall be able to render a good—a—a—satisfactory—satisfactory . . .
Tom (*in an audible whisper*) Account.
Arthur Account of the way in which—of the way—in which—in which I . . .

Loud applause

Before I bring these observations to a conclusion, let me assure you that it has been a great privilege to me to meet—to have been thrown with—a band of artists—whose talents—whose striking talents—whose talents . . .
Tom (*kindly, behind his hand*) Sit down.
Arthur Whose talents not only interest and instruct the—the more refined residents of this district, but whose talents . . .
Avonia (*to Colpoys; quietly*) Get him to sit down.
Arthur The fame of whose talents, I should say . . .
Colpoys (*to Mrs Mossop; quietly*) He's to sit down. Tell Mother Telfer.
Arthur The fame of whose talents has spread to—to regions . . .
Mrs Mossop (*to Mrs Telfer; quietly*) They say he's to sit down.
Arthur To—to quarters of the town—to quarters . . .
Mrs Telfer (*to Arthur*) Sit down.
Arthur Eh?
Mrs Telfer You finished long ago. Sit down.
Arthur Thank you. I'm exceedingly sorry. I knew! I knew! Great Heavens, how wretchedly I've done it!

Arthur sits, amid vast applause

Telfer Rose, my child.

Rose rises to cheers and general excitement. Avonia runs to the piano and strikes up "Ever of Thee"

Rose Mr Telfer! Mrs Telfer! My friends! Boys! Ladies and Gentlemen . . .

Avonia stops playing

No, don't stop, Vonia! Go on! Let it be my last memory of the Wells! My song in "*The Pedlar*" . . . (*Softly, looking at Arthur*) The song which made Arthur fall in love with me . . .
Mossop Sing it for us, Rose!
All Bravo! Encore! Encore!

They cheer her and thump the table, demanding the song

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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