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SF PERUSALS

# The Old Lady Shows Her Medals

A Play in One Act

J. M. Barrie

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

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## THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS

### STORY OF THE PLAY

(2 Males; 4 Females)

Probably the most amusing and touching play inspired by the War. An old Scotch charwoman invents a son and finds to her surprise that a fine upstanding soldier adopts her as a mother.

## THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS

Produced on April 7th, 1917, at the New Theatre, London, with the following cast of characters:

MRS. DOWEY ..... *Beryl Mercer.*
MRS. MICKLEHAM ..... *Clara T. Bracey.*
MRS. HAGGERTY ..... *Alice Esden.*
MRS. TULLY ..... *Lillian Brennard.*
THE REV. MR. WILKINSON ..... *Edward Broadley.*
PRIVATE K. DOWEY of the BLACK WATCH ..... *John M. MacFarlane.*

SCENE I is Mrs. Dowey's living-room in a London basement in the afternoon.

SCENE II is the same. Five days later, at night.

SCENE III is the same. A month or two later in the early morning.

## THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS

Produced by the Charles Frohman Company at the Empire Theatre, New York, May 14, 1917.

Cast:

PRIVATE DOWEY ..... *John M. McFarlane.*
MR. WILKINSON ..... *Theodore Von Eltz.*
MRS. DOWEY ..... *Beryl Mercer.*
THE CHORUS: *Clara T. Bracy, Alice Esden and Lillian Brennard.*

Play staged by B. Iden Payne.

First production of this play in America.

# The Old Lady Shows Her Medals

## SCENE ONE

*A basement in a drab locality in London; the kitchen, sitting-room and bedroom of* MRS. DOWEY, *the charwoman. It is a poor room, as small as possible but clean and tidy; not at all bare, but containing many little articles and adornments.*

*The window at the back shows the area wall and a few steps up to the street, the level of which can just be seen.*

*The door to the area is* L.C. *The door to a small scullery is in the right wall rather up stage, below which is a small kitchen grate. (See Ground Plan at the end of the play.)*

*In the left wall is a piece of furniture with the appearance of a cheap wardrobe, but which is, in fact, a bed which can be let down. Below this is a small chest of drawers.*

*There is a shabby deal table, its length across the stage, set* R.C., *with two wooden chairs above it and one at each end.*

*The time is about 5 p.m.*

*The* CURTAIN *rises on* MRS. DOWEY *entertaining three other* CHARWOMEN *to tea. She is on the right of the table. On her left, above the table is* MRS. MICKLE-

HAM, *on whose left is* MRS. TULLY. MRS. HAGGERTY, *the unpopular one, is at the left end of the table.*

*There is no tablecloth, but there is tea, bread and butter, a dish of shrimps, of which only two are left, jam, and winkles—even a small sponge cake. The loaf and two cut slices are near the hostess. The remaining shrimps, it is noted, are within easy reach of* MRS. HAGGERTY.

*There is a cheerful fire, and the kettle steams on the hob.*

*All the ladies are elderly, typical, without exaggeration of their profession.* MRS. MICKLEHAM, *whose cap and shawl are on a chair above the bed, is the plump one.* MRS. HAGGERTY, *whose things are on the chair up* R., *is small and rather pathetic.* MRS. TULLY, *apt to be aggressive, wears her shabby hat, an old coat over the back of her chair.*

MRS. DOWEY *has a pale brave face; a Scotswoman who has made a fine struggle against poverty in London.*

*It is wartime, and the conversation fluctuates between military strategy and dress fashions.*

MRS. DOWEY *stands* R., *re-filling the teapot with hot water.*

MRS. DOWEY *(crossing back to the table).* Another cup of tea, Mrs. Mickleham? (MRS. MICKLEHAM *waves the offer away.)* Mrs. Haggerty?

MRS. HAGGERTY. No, I thank you, I've had so much tea I'm fair running over.

*(Looks of disapproval.)*

MRS. DOWEY. Another winkle?

MRS. HAGGERTY. If I took one more winkle it'd have to swim for it.

MRS. DOWEY *(to* MRS. TULLY). The shrimps are with you, Sarah. There's two yet.

MRS. TULLY. Two shrimps yet? There's twelve yet.

MRS. HAGGERTY *(feeling this is meant for her)*. How d'you make that out, ma'am?

MRS. TULLY *(who has been nursing a grievance)*. There's these two, Mrs. Haggerty, and there's the five *you* had, and the four Mrs. Mickleham had, and the *one* I had.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. But they're eaten.

MRS. TULLY *(after a glance at* MRS. HAGGERTY). In Germany, Mrs. Mickleham, when a shrimp is eaten, is that the end of the shrimp?

(MRS. MICKLEHAM *nods approval of this thrust.)*

MRS. HAGGERTY. It may be so.

MRS. TULLY. I suppose I ought to know, me that has a son a prisoner in Germany. *(Rather bumptiously.)* Being the only lady present that has that proud misfortune.

*(They are humiliated for a moment. Then:)*

MRS. DOWEY. My son's fighting in France.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. Mine is wounded in two places.

MRS. HAGGERTY. Mine is at *Salonikkey.*

*(The* OTHERS *look at her, and she is annoyed.)*

MRS. DOWEY *(firmly but not unkindly)*. You'll excuse us, Mrs. Haggerty, but the correct pro*oun*ciation is Salo*nikey.*

MRS. HAGGERTY. I don't think. *(With a little more spirit than usual.)* And I speak as one that has War Savings Certificates.

MRS. TULLY. We all have them.

*(They disdain* MRS. HAGGERTY, *and she whimpers.)*

MRS. DOWEY *(to restore cheerfulness)*. Oh, it's a

terrible war. *(General chorus of: "It is." "You may say so.")* The men is splendid, but I'm none so easy about the staff. That's your weak point, Mrs. Mickleham.

MRS. MICKLEHAM *(instantly on the defensive)*. What none of you grasp is that this is a h'artillery war. Now—

MRS. HAGGERTY. I say the word is Salo*nikk*ey.

*(Having surreptitiously eaten the final shrimps, she is strengthened. But the* OTHERS *only display disgust at her ignorance.)*

MRS. TULLY. We'll change the subjeck. *(She takes a magazine from the front of her dress.)* Have you seen this week's "Fashion Chat"? (ALL *very attentive.)* The plain smock has come in again with the silk lacing, giving that charming *cheek* effect.

MRS. DOWEY. Oho! I must say I was always partial to the straight line—though trying to them as is of too friendly a figure. *(Her eye considers briefly* MRS. MICKLEHAM'S *want of "line."* MRS. MICKLEHAM *is resentfully conscious of this and listens earnestly to* MRS TULLY'S *next.)*

MRS. TULLY *(reading)*. "Lady Dolly Kinley was seen conversing across the railings in a dainty *de jou.*"

MRS. MICKLEHAM *(eating it)*. Was she now?

MRS. TULLY. "She is equally popular as maid, wife, mother, and munition worker." *(Great approval.)* "Lady Pops Babington was married in a tight tulle."

MRS. HAGGERTY *(fortified by stolen sugar)*. What was her going-away dress?

MR.. TULLY *(rolling it out)*. "A champagny cream velvet with dreamy corsage. She's married to Colonel the Honourable Chingford.—'Snubs' they called him at Eton."

MRS. HAGGERTY. Very likely he'll be sent to Salo*nikk*ey.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. Wherever he's sent, she'll have

the same tremors as the rest of us. She'll be as keen to get the letters wrote in pencil as you or me.

MRS. TULLY. Them pencil letters!

MRS. DOWEY *(timidly)*. And women in enemy lands gets those pencil letters—and then stops getting them, the same as ourselves—let's sometimes think of that.

*(The* LADIES *gasp. Chairs are pushed back.)*

MRS. TULLY. I've heard of females that have no male relations, and so have no man-party at the war. I've heard of them—but I don't mix with them.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. What can the likes of us have to say to them? It's not *their* war.

MRS. DOWEY. They are to be pitied.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. But the place for them, Mrs. Dowey, is within doors with the blinds down.

MRS. DOWEY *(hurriedly)*. Ay, that's the place for them.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. I saw one of them to-day, buying a flag. I thought it was very impudent of her.

MRS. DOWEY *(meekly)*. So it was.

MRS. MICKLEHAM *(preening herself and looking at the* OTHERS). I had a letter from my son Percy to-day.

MRS. TULLY *(not to be outdone)*. Alfred sent me his photo.

MRS. HAGGERTY. Letters from Salo*nikk*ey is less common.

*(A general display of pride except from* MRS. DOWEY, *who doggedly sets her lips.)*

MRS. DOWEY. Kenneth writes to me every week. *(Exclamations of incredulity. She rises, and crosses* L.) I'll show you. *(She takes a packet of letters, tied up, from the chest of drawers.)* Look at this. All his.

(MRS. HAGGERTY *who, behind her hostess's back has just taken and eaten another piece of sugar, whimpers.)*

MRS. MICKLEHAM. My word!

MRS. TULLY. Alfred has little time for writing, being a bombardier.

MRS. DOWEY (L.C.). Do your letters begin "Dear Mother"?

MRS. TULLY. Generally.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. Invariable.

MRS. HAGGERTY. Every time.

MRS. DOWEY. Kenneth's begin— *"Dearest* Mother."

*(Speechless, their eyes follow her as she goes up to* R.C. *and fetches a little tray from a small table.)*

MRS. TULLY. A short man, I should say, judging by yourself.

MRS. DOWEY *(coming down to* R. *end of the table).* Six feet two—and a half.

*(The* OTHERS *are depressed.)*

MRS. HAGGERTY. A kilty, did you tell me?

MRS. DOWEY *(smiling).* Most certainly. He's in the famous Black Watch.

MRS. HAGGERTY *(tearful).* The Surrey Rifles is the famousest.

MRS. MICKLEHAM *(pushing her plate away and leaning forward).* There, you and the King disagree, Mrs. Haggerty. The King's choice is the Buffs—same as my Percy's.

MRS. TULLY *(sitting back, complacent).* Give me the R. H. A., and you can keep the rest.

MRS. DOWEY *(putting plates and cups on the tray).* I'm sure I've nothing to say against the Surreys *(this to* MRS. HAGGERTY) —nor the R. H. A. *(to* MRS. TULLY) —nor the Buffs *(to* MRS. MICKLEHAM. *She lifts the filled tray)* —but they're all three just breeches regiments, I understand.

MRS. HAGGERTY. We can't all be kilties.

MRS. DOWEY *(with satisfaction)*. That's verra true. *(She takes the tray up to the little table.)*

MRS. TULLY *(trying again)*. Has your Kenneth great hairy legs?

MRS. DOWEY *(coming back to* R. *of the table)*. Enormous.

*(The depression deepens.)*

MRS. HAGGERTY *(rising, speaks across the table)*. At any rate it's Salonikkey. *(She goes up to the window at the back and glances out, then sees some one is descending the steps.)* Ho ho!

*(The* OTHERS *turn to look at her.)*

MRS. TULLY. Who is it, Mrs. Haggerty?

MRS. HAGGERTY *(moving* R.). It's the Reverent gent.

*(There is instant movement. They rise,* MRS. DOWEY *moves down* R. MRS. MICKLEHAM *to above her chair,* MRS. TULLY *to* L. *of the table.* ALL *tidy themselves, smooth hair, etc.*

*There is a knock at the door, but the visitor enters at once. It is the* REV. MR. WILKINSON, *a curate. He is a very good fellow, to whom every little incident in which he figures is of astounding importance. He imparts any information with an air of profound secrecy.)*

WILKINSON *(up* L.). Quite a party! (MRS. TULLY *offers a chair, dusting it with her apron, forestalling* MRS. DOWEY, *who had moved to do the same.* MR. WILKINSON *waves the chair aside.)* Thank you—not at all. *(Glowing with the surprise in store.)* Friends, I have news!

(ALL *are instantly anxious.* MRS. HAGGERTY *moves down a step.)*

MRS. MICKLEHAM *(coming to back of the table).* News?

MRS. HAGGERTY. From the Front?

MRS. TULLY *(a step towards* MR. WILKINSON). My Alfred, sir?

WILKINSON *(with a calming gesture).* I tell you at once, all's well. *(General relief.)* The news— *(with an air)* is for Mrs. Dowey.

MRS. DOWEY *(who is really a lonely soul, is thunderstruck).* News? For me?

WILKINSON *(with triumph).* Your son, Mrs. Dowey —he has got five days leave! *(She wets her lips, unable to speak, and lays the letters on* L. *end of the table. The* OTHERS *all look at her, pleased, if a little envious.)* Now, now! Good news doesn't kill.

MRS. TULLY *(sincerely).* We're glad, Mrs. Dowey.

MRS. DOWEY *(moving a pace* L., *speaks directly to* MR. WILKINSON). You're sure?

WILKINSON. Quite sure. He has arrived!

MRS. DOWEY. He's in London?

WILKINSON. He is. I have spoken to him.

MRS. MICKLEHAM *(to* MRS. DOWEY). You lucky!

MRS. DOWEY *(to* WILKINSON). Where?

WILKINSON *(up to* MRS. TULLY). Ladies, it's quite a romance! I was in the— *(he glances round cautiously before continuing)* in the Church Army quarters in Central Street, trying to get on the track of one or two of our missing men, when—suddenly, I can't account for it—my eyes alighted on a Highlander seated rather drearily on a bench with his kit at his feet.

MRS. HAGGERTY *(anxiously, approaching* R. *end of the table).* A big man?

WILKINSON. A great brawny fellow. (MRS. HAGGERTY *sighs and turns away.)* "My friend," I said at once, "welcome back to Blighty!" I make a point of calling it Blighty. "I wonder," I said, "if there is anything I can do for you?" He shook his head. "What regi-

ment?" I asked. "Black Watch, Fifth Battalion," he said. "Name?" I asked. *(A slight pause.)* "Dowey!" says he. *(Triumphantly.)* "Kenneth Dowey," I said, "I know your mother."

MRS. HAGGERTY. I declare! I do declare!

MRS. DOWEY *(quietly, again wetting her lips)*. What did he say to that?

WILKINSON. He was incredulous. Indeed, he seemed to think I was balmy. But I offered to bring him straight to you. I told him how much you had talked to me about him.

MRS. DOWEY *(almost in a whisper)*. Bring him here?

MRS. MICKLEHAM. I wonder he needed to be brought.

WILKINSON. He had just arrived, and was bewildered in the great city. He listened to me in his taciturn Scotch way, and then he gave a curious laugh.

MRS. TULLY. Laugh?

WILKINSON *(turning to her)*. The Scottish, Mrs. Tully, express their emotions differently from us. With them, tears signify a rollicking mood, while merriment denotes that they are plunged in gloom. When I had finished, he said, "Let's go and see the old lady."

MRS. DOWEY *(picking up the letters without glancing down, backs a step)*. Is he—coming?

WILKINSON. He *has* come! He is up there!

MRS. MICKLEHAM *(goes to the window)*. My word!

*(The other two guests follow her.)*

WILKINSON *(moving towards* MRS. DOWEY). I told him I thought I had better break the joyful news to you.

MRS. DOWEY *(in a low, urgent voice)*. Get them away. *(She goes down* L. *to the chest of drawers.)*

WILKINSON *(turning up to the* OTHERS). Ladies, I think this happy occasion scarcely requires *us*. *(They nod acquiescence.)* I don't mean to stay, myself.

(MRS. MICKLEHAM *goes to the chair above the bed for her cap and shawl and pail.)*

MRS. TULLY *(putting on her coat and cap).* I would thank none for their company if my Alfred was at the door. *(She goes up to the door with the pail.)* A noble five days to you, Mrs. Dowey.

(MRS. HAGGERTY *has fetched her things from the chair above the fire.)*

MRS. HAGGERTY *(to* R. *of* MRS. TULLY). The same from me.

MRS. TULLY *(to* WILKINSON). Shall I send him down, sir?

WILKINSON. Yes, do! Do!

*(Exit* MRS. TULLY *and* MRS. HAGGERTY.)

MRS. MICKLEHAM. Look at the poor joyous thing, sir. She has his letters in her hand.

*(She exits after the* OTHERS.)

WILKINSON *(coming down a little).* A good son to have written to you so often, Mrs. Dowey. *(The letters slip from her hand to the floor. He picks them up and gives them back.)* There! There! (DOWEY *is seen descending the steps outside. He enters up* L. *He is a big grim fellow in field service kit, with kilt, bonnet, overcoat, scarf, etc., of the Black Watch. They are muddy. He carries pack and rifle. He is a dour-looking fellow at present. Up to* L. *of* DOWEY, *who is up* C.). Dowey, there she, is waiting for you with your letters in her hand.

DOWEY *(grimly).* That's great! (MR. WILKINSON *goes off consciously and stealthily, without looking behind him. He closes the door and is seen to ascend the steps, and off.* DOWEY *surveys* MRS. DOWEY, *lowering the butt of his rifle. She backs a pace or two timidly.)* Do you recognize your loving son, Missis? *(He puts his rifle against the chair above the bed and comes to* C., *on the left of the table.)* I'm pleased I wrote to ye so

often. *(Roughly.)* Let's see them. *(Stepping to her, he takes the letters from her hand, and returns* C. *She moves a pace nearer him. He pulls off the ribbon and examines the letters.)* Nothing but blank paper! Is this your writing on the envelopes? *(She can only nod.)* The covey told me you were a charwoman, so I suppose you picked the envelopes out of waste-paper baskets, and then changed the address—them being written in pencil. *(She nods again.)* Hah! *(He strides above the table to the fire. She follows him quickly below the table, on his* L.)

MRS. DOWEY. Don't you burn them letters, Mister!

DOWEY *(staying his hand)*. They're not real letters.

MRS. DOWEY. They're all I have.

DOWEY *(ironically)*. I thought you had a son?

MRS. DOWEY *(turning her face from him a little)*. I never had a son, nor a husband, nor anything. I just call myself Missis to give me a standing.

DOWEY *(amazed)*. Well, it's past my understanding. *(He throws the letters on the table.)* What made you do it?

MRS. DOWEY. It was everybody's war except mine. I wanted it to be my war too.

DOWEY. You'll need to be plainer—

MRS. DOWEY. Well—I—

DOWEY *(crossing back above the table)*. And yet I'm d—d if I care to hear, you lying old trickster! *(He goes to the rifle* L. *and picks it up.)*

MRS. DOWEY *(following him, to* L. *end of the table)*. You're not going already?

DOWEY. Yes. I just came to give you a piece of my mind.

MRS. DOWEY *(with a little begging gesture)*. You haven't given it to me yet.

*(He gives a short, hard laugh. His rifle butt thuds on the floor.)*

DOWEY. You have a cheek! *(He stares at her.)*

MRS. DOWEY. You wouldn't—drink some tea? *(She goes* R. *towards the fire.)*

DOWEY *(following her to* L. *end of the table).* Me! I tell you I came here for the one purpose of blazing away at you!

MRS. DOWEY *(putting the kettle on the hob).* You could drink the tea while you was blazing away. *(With a nod at the table.)* There's shrimps.

DOWEY *(interested).* Is there? *(About to take one, then checks.)* Not me. You're just a common rogue. *(He sits in* MRS. TULLY'S *chair about a yard* L. *of the table.)* Now then, out with it! *(He roars.)* Sit down! *(She returns to* R. *of the table.)* Although it's on your knees you should be to me.

MRS. DOWEY. I'm willing.

DOWEY. Stop it! *(She sits, and fingers the letters.)* Go on, you accomplished liar.

MRS. DOWEY. It's true that my name is Dowey.

DOWEY. It's enough to make me change mine.

MRS. DOWEY. I've been charring and charring and charring as far back as I mind. I've been in London this twenty years.

DOWEY *(moving restlessly).* We'll skip your early days. I've an appointment.

MRS. DOWEY. And then, when I was old, the war broke out.

DOWEY. How could it affect you?

MRS. DOWEY *(rising, she speaks with slow hesitation).* Oh, Mister, that's the thing. It didn't affect me. It affected everybody *but* me. The neighbors looked down on me. Even the posters on the walls, of the woman saying, "Go, my boy," leered at me. I sometimes cried by myself in the dark. *(She moves tentatively to the hob.)* You won't have a cup of tea?

DOWEY. No.

MRS. DOWEY. Sudden-like, the idea came to me to pretend I had a son.

DOWEY. You nasty old limmer! But what in the name

of old Nick made you choose *me* out of the whole British Army?

MRS. DOWEY *(with a sly chuckle, she approaches him)*. Maybe, Mister, it was because I liked you best.

DOWEY *(sitting up, sharply)*. Now, now, woman!

MRS. DOWEY. I read one day in the papers, "In which he was assisted by Private K. Dowey, 5th Battalion, Black Watch."

DOWEY *(flattered)*. Did you now? Well, I expect that's the only time I was ever in the papers.

MRS. DOWEY *(quickly)*. But I didn't choose you for that alone.

DOWEY. Eh?

MRS. DOWEY. I read a history of the Black Watch first to make sure it was the best regiment in the world.

DOWEY *(complacently)*. Anybody could have told you that. *(He rises, to the table, on her* L. *Almost unconsciously he picks up a loaf)* I like the voice of you— *(unthinkingly he is cutting a slice)* it drummles on like a Scotch burn.

MRS. DOWEY. Brosen Water runs by where I was born. *(He notices the shrimps. She observes this.)* Maybe it learned me to speak, Mister.

*(He looks at her sharply. Then, evasively:)*

DOWEY. Oh, havers! *(He takes and skins a shrimp.)*

MRS. DOWEY *(sitting* R. *end of the table)*. I read about the Black Watch's ghostly piper, that plays proudly when the men of the Black Watch do well, and still prouder when they fall.

DOWEY. *(pleased, still busy with the shrimp)*. Ay, there's some foolish story of the kind. *(He looks at her.)* But you couldn't have been living here at the time, or they would have guessed. *(He carelessly butters the slice.)* I suppose you changed your place of residence?

MRS. DOWEY. Ay! It cost eleven and six-pence.

DOWEY *(puts down the slice and takes another*

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