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SF PERUSALS

SALAD DAYS

by Dorothy Reynolds and Julian Slade

SAMUEL FRENCH

samuelfrench.co.uk

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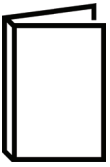
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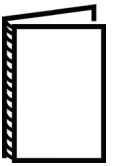
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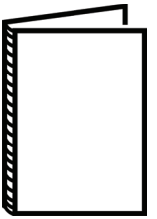
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JULIAN SLADE

1930-2006

Julian Slade was born in 1930 and studied at Cambridge University where he began his career as a writer and composer. He wrote his first two musicals, *Bang Goes the Meringue* and *Lady May*, while at the university. Both were performed at the ADC, where he also acted in a number of productions.

He joined the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School as a student in 1951 and was a member of the theatre company and its resident musical director and composer from 1952-54. During this period he composed a number of scores for existing works including *The Comedy of Errors*, which became one of the first musicals to be televised by the BBC, and Sheridan's *The Duenna*, which opened in London to critical acclaim in 1954.

It was also during this period that Slade co-authored and composed the musical *Salad Days* with fellow actor, Dorothy Reynolds, which was initially staged at Bristol before a triumphant transfer to London's West End in 1954. The musical would eventually become the longest-running show of the decade. After success with *Salad Days* Slade and Reynolds collaborated on further shows, including *Free as Air* (Savoy Theatre, 1957) which ran for over a year.

His other collaborations include a musical adaptation of Thackeray's classic novel *Vanity Fair* (1962) with Robin Miller and Alan Pryce-Jones; *The Pursuit of Love* in close consultation with Nancy Mitford (Bristol, 1967) and *Trelawny* with Aubrey Woods and George Rowell, adapted from Pinero's play *Trelawny of the Wells*, which was produced by Cameron Mackintosh in London's West End, 1972.

Other works include *Follow That Girl* (West End, 1960); *Wildest Dreams* (West End, 1961); *Winnie the Pooh* (Phoenix Theatre, 1971); *Christmas in King St* (Theatre Royal Bristol, 1952); *The Merry Gentleman* (Bristol, 1953); *Hooray for Daisy* (Bristol, 1959); *Out of Bounds*, an adaptation of Pinero's 'The Schoolmistress' (Bristol, 1974); a musical adaptation of 'The

Knight of the Burning Pestle' entitled *Nutmeg and Ginger* (Cheltenham Everyman, 1963) and *Now We Are Sixty* with Gyles Brandreth (Cheltenham Everyman, 1986).
Julian Slade died in 2006.

For more information, please visit www.julianslade.com

DOROTHY REYNOLDS

1913–1977

Dorothy Reynolds was a British writer and actress, born in 1913. She is best known for her work collaborating with Julian Slade, in particular *Salad Days* which ran initially in Bristol before its transfer to the West End in 1954. It ran for a record-breaking 2,288 performances.

Slade and Reynolds began collaborating in 1952 and following the success of *Salad Days* went on to write *Free as Air* (1957), *Hooray for Daisy* (1959), *Vanity Fair* (1962), *Sixty Thousand Nights* (1966), and *The Pursuit of Love* (1967).
Dorothy Reynolds died in 1977.

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Produced by Linnit and Dunfree Ltd and Jack Hylton, by arrangement with J. A. Gatti, the Bristol Old Vic production, at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, on the 5th August 1954, with the following cast of characters:

(in the order of their appearance)

THE TRAMP	Newton Blick
JANE	Eleanor Drew
TIMOTHY	John Warner
DONS	Dorothy Reynolds Yvonne Coulette Christine Finn Pat Heywood Michael Aldridge James Cairncross Michael Meacham Joe Greig
TIMOTHY'S MOTHER	Dorothy Reynolds
TIMOTHY'S FATHER	Michael Aldridge
AUNT PRUE	Pat Heywood
LADY RAEBURN	Yvonne Coulette
HELOISE	Dorothy Reynolds
ASSISTANT	Christine Finn
MANICURIST	Pat Heywood
P.C. BOOT	Joe Greig
ROWENA	Pat Heywood
THE BISHOP	Newton Blick
TROPPO	Bob Harris
A BUTTERFLY CATCHER	Michael Aldridge
AN ARTIST	Yvonne Coulette
A SUNBATHER	Dorothy Reynolds
A TENNIS PLAYER	Christine Finn
FOSDYKE	Michael Meacham

SIR CLAMSBY WILLIAMS	James Cairncross
INSPECTOR	Michael Aldridge
NIGEL	Michael Meacham
AMERICAN	Newton Blick
SHOPGIRL	Christine Finn
THEATREGOERS	Yvonne Coulette James Cairncross
LADY	Dorothy Reynolds
MANAGER	James Cairncross
PIANIST	Angus Mackay
FIONA	Christine Finn
TOM SMITH	Newton Blick
WAITRESS	Pat Heywood
SLAVE	Bob Harris
ARMS DANCERS	Yvonne Coulette John Warner
AUGUSTINE WILLIAMS	Michael Aldridge
ASPHYNXIA	Dorothy Reynolds
PRESSMEN	Newton Blick James Cairncross
LADIES	Dorothy Reynolds Yvonne Coulette Pat Heywood
AMBROSE	Michael Aldridge
MARGUERITE	Yvonne Coulette
ANTHEA	Dorothy Reynolds
ELECTRODE	Joe Greig
UNCLE ZED	James Cairncross

Directed by Denis Carey
Musical Numbers staged by Elizabeth West
Décor by Patrick Robertson

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene One	The University
Scene Two	The Breakfast-room
Scene Three	The Park
Scene Four	The Beauty Parlour
Scene Five	The Park
Scene Six	The Foreign Office
Scene Seven	The Inspector's Office
Scene Eight	The Park

ACT II

Scene One	The Night Club
Scene Two	Night Frontcloth
Scene Three	The Park Café Terrace
Scene Four	Frontcloth
Scene Five	The Dress Shop
Scene Six	Frontcloth
Scene Seven	The Park
Scene Eight	Frontcloth
Scene Nine	The Flying Saucer
Scene Ten	Frontcloth
Scene Eleven	The Park

MUSIC

	Overture		
		ACT I	
No. 1	Opening Music		
No. 2	Opening Chorus	"The Things that are Done by a Don"	Jane, Timothy and Dons
No. 3	Duet	"We Said We Wouldn't Look Back"	Jane and Timothy
No. 4	Concerted	"Find Yourself Something to Do"	Father, Mother, Aunt Prue and Timothy
No. 5	Song	"I Sit in the Sun"	Jane
No. 6	Song and Dance	"Oh, Look at Me, I'm Dancing!"	Timothy and Jane
No. 6a	Reprise	"Oh, Look at Me, I'm Dancing!"	Jane
No. 7	Bishop's Dance		Bishop
No. 8	Reprise	"Oh, Look at Me, I'm Dancing!"	Ensemble
No. 9	Trio and Dance	"It's Hush-Hush"	Uncle Clam, Fosdyke and Timothy
No. 10	Dance, Song and Chorus	"Out of Breath"	Ensemble
		ACT II	
No. 11	Song	"Cleopatra"	Manager
No. 11a	Reprise		Fiona
No. 12	Song	"Sand in My Eyes"	Asphynxia
No. 13	Trio	"It's Easy to Sing"	Jane, Timothy and Nigel

No. 13a	Reprise	"It's Easy to Sing"	Jane, Fiona and Nigel
No. 14	Concerted	"We're Looking for a Piano"	Ensemble
No. 14a	Reprise	"We're Looking for a Piano"	
No. 14b	Reprise	"We're Looking for a Piano"	
No. 15	Song	"The Time of My Life"	Jane
No. 16	Trio	"The Saucer Song"	Jane, Timothy and Uncle Zed
No. 16a	Reprise	"The Saucer Song"	Jane, Timothy and Uncle Zed
No. 17	Duet	"We Don't Understand Our Children"	Timothy's Mother and Lady Raeburn
No. 18	Reprise	"Oh, Look at Me, I'm Dancing!"	Ensemble
No. 19	Reprise	"Oh, Look at Me, I'm Dancing!"	Ensemble
No. 20	Reprise	"We Said We Wouldn't Look Back"	Jane and Timothy

ACT I

Scene One
The University

The backcloth depicts the park-like grounds of the University with a view of the buildings in the distance. Immediately below the backcloth, a slightly raised path runs from right to left, fronted by a large, arched gateway. There are tree and stone column wings right and left.

NO. 1 – OPENING MUSIC

When the curtain rises, the general lighting is dim, with a pool of light centre, where the **TRAMP** *is seated on a stool at his piano, playing, as if composing,* ***"I SIT IN THE SUN".*** *The piano, known as "Minnie", is a small, five octave, ornate, Victorian upright, mounted on four small wheels. It has two largish ornate oil lamps where there are usually candles, and there is a large lamp with red glass at one end. At the other end there are barrow-like handles. After a few moments, the* **TRAMP** *rises and props the stool on the shafts. The lights come up and the music swells.*

A **MALE DON** *enters right. The* **TRAMP** *collects a coin from the* **DON** *who exits up right. A* **FEMALE DON** *enters left, dodges the* **TRAMP** *and exits up left. The* **TRAMP** *pushes the piano off right, leaving the stage empty.*

NO. 2 – OPENING CHORUS: "THE THINGS THAT ARE DONE BY A DON" – Jane, Timothy and Dons

The music becomes dignified and processional.

Four **MALE DONS** *enter up right and four* **FEMALE DONS** *enter up left. They are capped and gowned. They march ceremoniously on and group. The* **MEN** *are right centre and the* **GIRLS** *are left centre.*

TIMOTHY *and* **JANE***, wearing B.A. gowns are lead on up right and up left respectively by the last two* **DONS.** *They come down centre and* **TIMOTHY** *stands right of* **JANE.**

DONS

FAREWELL! FAREWELL! FAREWELL!
NOBLE BACHELORS OF ART!
BY DINT OF LABOUR UNABATED
YOU HAVE GRADUALLY GRADUATED.
FAREWELL! FAREWELL! FAREWELL!
THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO PART,
BUT ERE YOU PASS FROM OUR TUITION
HEAR ONE FINAL WORD OF ADMONITION.

The following sequence is sung antiphonally, like a psalm. **JANE** *and* **TIMOTHY** *are presented with their scrolls.*

GIRLS

WHEN YOU GO FROM THIS UNIVERSITY INTO THE WORLD OUTSIDE

MEN

REMEMBER TO SPEAK OF US WITH LOYALTY AND PRIDE.

GIRLS

IF YOUR ABYSMAL LACK OF KNOWLEDGE IS EXPOSED, DO NOT ATTEMPT TO SHOOT A

MEN

RUDE AND UNGRATEFUL LINE ABOUT YOUR TUTOR.

1ST MAN

IF SOMEBODY WISHES TO RECALL A SPEECH FROM
SHAKESPEARE AND ASKS YOU TO QUOTE IT,

2ND MAN

QUOTE IT AS I REWROTE IT.

GIRLS

ABOVE ALL YOU MUST CORRECT AND ADMONISH

ALL

ANY SLANDERER WHO INSISTS ON AFFIRMING THAT DONS
ARE DONNISH.

TIMOTHY *and* **JANE** *exchange sceptical glances. During the following verses the* **DONS** *execute lively movements and actions.* **JANE** *crosses and stands down right.* **TIMOTHY** *crosses and stands down left.*

YOU CLEARLY THINK THERE'S NOTHING DREARIER
THAN A POOR OLD DON.
DON'T JUDGE US BY OUR GRIM EXTERIOR
THAT IS ALL PUT ON.
FOR IF YOU SHOULD STRAY BY CHANCE ONE DAY
AND COME ON A GAGGLE OF DONS AT PLAY
YOU THEN WOULD SAY THAT AN OLD M.A.
IS QUITE THE GAYEST OF THE GAY.

REFRAIN

OH, THE THINGS THAT ARE DONE BY A DON!
WE MAY LOOK DRY AND DUSTY
BUT UNDER THE GOWN
YOU WILL FIND A CLOWN
WHO IS GAME FOR ANYTHING LUSTY!
WE PLAY JOKES THAT ARE ACADEMICAL,
LEGAL, CLASSICAL, EVEN CHEMICAL!
OH, THE THINGS, THE MAD, MAD THINGS
THAT ARE DONE BY A DON, DON, DON.

MEN

DEAR OLD POTTS! WE ALL ACKNOWLEDGE
HE'S THE DAREDEVIL OF THE COLLEGE.
LOOK AT THE WAY HE ROMPS AND ROISTERS
SWALLOWING OYSTERS IN THE CLOISTERS!

GIRLS

THE PRINCIPAL, SO PEOPLE SAY,
HAD A WHALE OF A TIME ON FOUNDER'S DAY,
AND, IF WE ARE TO BELIEVE THE RUMOUR
NEARLY LOST HER SENSE OF HUMOUR.
HA HA HAHA HAHA HAHA HAH!

ALL

OH, THE THINGS THAT ARE DONE BY A DON
ARE THINGS WHICH A DON DIDN'T OUGHTER.
IF YOU WANT TO CRAM
FOR A LATIN EXAM
JUST VISIT OUR LATIN QUARTER.

MEN

TURKISH COFFEE—JUST FOR THE SMELL OF IT.

GIRLS

COCOA PARTIES—JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT.

ALL

OH, THE THINGS, THE MAD, MAD THINGS
THAT ARE DONE BY A DON, DON, DON.

1ST MAN

DIDN'T THE PORTERS THINK US ODD,
DOING A SQUARE DANCE IN THE QUAD!

2ND MAN

AND ALL BECAUSE YOU PROVED THAT HOMER
WROTE HIS BOOKS IN A DRUNKEN COMA.

A GIRL

WASN'T IT FUN THE DAY YOU FOUND
A ROMAN VASE ON THE FOOTBALL GROUND.

A MAN

AND WASN'T IT ONE OF MY BEST CAPRICES
KICKING THE GRUBBY OLD THING TO PIECES.

ALL

HA-HA! HA-HA! HA-HA! HA-HA! HA-HA¡
OH, THE THINGS THAT ARE DONE BY A DON!

1ST GIRL

THAT NIGHT WHEN I AND THE WARDEN
WENT OUT IN A BOAT
IN ORDER TO QUOTE
THE JOLLIEST BITS OF AUDEN!

2ND GIRL

OFF TO BED WITH PROUST AND MALLORY!

TWO GIRLS

HOLDING HANDS IN THE MINSTRELS' GALLERY!

GIRLS

OH, THE THINGS, THE MAD, MAD THINGS,
THAT ARE DONE BY A DON, DON, DON!

By this time they are all dancing with Bacchic abandon round **TIMOTHY** *and* **JANE**, *who are both amazed and amused by the whole proceeding.*

OH, THE THINGS THAT ARE DONE BY A DON!
BY JIMINY, WHAT BRAVADO!
SINGING AT DAWN
ON THE CROQUET LAWN
THE MADRIGAL FROM *THE MIKADO!*
ALL OUR PRANKS ARE QUITE UNBEATABLE,
MANY OF THEM ARE UNREPEATABLE!
OH, THE THINGS, THE MAD, MAD THINGS
THAT ARE DONE BY A DON, DON, DON!
OH, THE THINGS, THE MAD, MAD THINGS
THAT ARE DONE BY A DON, DON, DON.

The **DONS** *dance gleefully out up right and up left, leaving* **TIMOTHY** *and* **JANE** *standing on opposite sides of the stage. During the number they have been symbols of the departing graduate. Now they become individuals and notice each other properly for the first time.* **JANE** *moves to exit up centre.*

TIMOTHY *(crossing to left of* **JANE** *up centre)* Jane!

JANE *(stopping and turning)* Hallo, Timothy.

During the following speeches they move gradually down centre.

TIMOTHY Hullo!

JANE When are you leaving?

TIMOTHY By the twelve forty-five.

JANE Oh. *(She pauses)* I'm catching the one-twenty.

TIMOTHY Oh. Good.

JANE Why good?

TIMOTHY I mean – it's a good train.

JANE What are you going to do, Timothy?

TIMOTHY Just go home, I suppose. My family has plans for me.

JANE Bad luck. So has mine. Have you said all your goodbyes?

TIMOTHY Yes, I've seen everybody except you.

JANE It's lucky we bumped into each other.

TIMOTHY Yes. *(With unexpected fatality)* I don't suppose we shall ever bump into each other again.

JANE *(laughing)* Oh, Timothy, what nonsense! You know what London is. We shall be constantly bumping.

TIMOTHY Even so – it always seems to be the way – once you've gone down.

JANE Then we'll arrange to meet this minute. Would Wednesday of next week suit you?

TIMOTHY *(slightly taken aback)* Oh, well – I'm not sure. I...

JANE Let's say eleven. Where? At your place?

TIMOTHY *(recoiling)* Oh, *no!* My mother would ask questions.

JANE Do your people nag at you, too?

TIMOTHY Yes. At breakfast.

JANE Always at breakfast?

TIMOTHY That's usually the time for concerted attacks.

JANE I know. *(She moves a step or two down centre)*

TIMOTHY *follows* **JANE.**

Look, why don't we meet in the park? You know – the place where we once had a picnic.

TIMOTHY The day we cut the Shakespeare exam to go to the first night of *Hamlet*...

JANE *(after a pause; with an air of discovery)* Oh, Timothy, that seems *years* ago.

TIMOTHY Yes. And you said Wednesday of next week, that seems years *ahead*. I hope I shall recognize you.

JANE Do you realize, Tim, what we shall be leaving behind?

TIMOTHY Shall we be *able* to leave it behind?

NO. 3 – DUET: "WE SAID WE WOULDN'T LOOK BACK" – Jane and Timothy

JANE

WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO BREAK THE SPELL,

TIMOTHY

THE MAGIC WILL HOLD US STILL.

JANE

SOMETIMES WE MAY PRETEND TO FORGET

TIMOTHY

BUT OF COURSE WE NEVER WILL.
THREE PERFECT YEARS.

JANE

PERHAPS THERE'LL BE MORE,
LIFE'S ONLY BEGINNING, YOU KNOW.

TIMOTHY

OH, YES, IT'S NOT THAT I WANT TO STAY—
IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T WANT TO GO.

JANE

WE MUSTN'T LOOK BACK,

TIMOTHY

NO, WE MUSTN'T LOOK BACK.

BOTH

WHATEVER OUR MEMORIES ARE
WE MUSTN'T SAY THESE WERE OUR HAPPIEST DAYS,
BUT OUR HAPPIEST DAYS SO FAR.

JANE

IF I START LOOKING BEHIND ME
AND BEGIN RETRACING MY TRACK,
I'LL REMIND YOU TO REMIND ME
WE SAID WE WOULDN'T LOOK BACK.

TIMOTHY

AND IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO FIND ME
WITH AN OUTLOOK DREARY AND BLACK,
I'LL REMIND YOU TO REMIND ME
WE SAID WE WOULDN'T LOOK BACK.

BOTH

IT'S HARD TO FORGET THE PLAYS, THE DANCES,
THE WALKS BY THE RIVER IN SPRING,
THE DONS WE'VE PLACATED,
THE LECTURES WE MISSED

BUT SOON THEY WON'T MEAN A THING.
SO IF I LET NOSTALGIA BLIND ME
AND MY RESOLUTION IS SLACK,
I'LL REMIND YOU TO REMIND ME
WE SAID WE WOULDN'T LOOK BACK.

JANE *(spoken)* The quad's going to look awfully bare after we've gone.

TIMOTHY *(spoken)* We shall visit it and think it looks much smaller.

JANE Who do you suppose will give all the parties?

TIMOTHY There won't *be* any parties. *(He sings)*

JANE

THEY'RE CERTAIN TO MISS US WHEN WE'VE GONE,
THEY'RE NOT WORTH MUCH IF THEY DON'T.
AND THEY'LL BEG US TO VISIT THEM TIME AFTER TIME.
OH, DEAR! MAYBE THEY WON'T.

TIMOTHY

BUT IF I ONCE START LOOKING BEHIND ME
AND BEGIN RETRACING MY TRACK,
I'LL REMIND YOU TO REMIND ME

BOTH

WE SAID WE WOULDN'T LOOK BACK.
WE'VE BROKEN THE TIES
WE'VE SAID THE GOODBYES,
THERE'S NO MORE FOR US TO PACK.
DON'T TURN ROUND
WE'RE OUTWARD BOUND
AND WE SAID WE WOULDN'T LOOK BACK.
WE SAID WE WOULDN'T LOOK BACK.

JANE *and* **TIMOTHY** *walk slowly up centre and turn round for a last look as – the lights dim to blackout.*

Scene Two
The Breakfast-room

The setting is a window flat down centre, packed by black drapes. In front of the window there is a round table set with breakfast.

NO. 4 – CONCERTED NUMBER: "FIND YOURSELF SOMETHING TO DO" – Father, Mother, Aunt Prue and Timothy

Lighting Cue 3

When the lights come up, **TIMOTHY'S FATHER, MOTHER** *and* **AUNT PRUE** *enter on the musical introduction, each carrying a chair. They set the chairs at the table and sit on the last beat of the introduction.* **MOTHER** *sits centre, above the table,* **FATHER** *sits right of it and* **AUNT PRUE** *sits left of it.*

FATHER *and* **MOTHER** *(over the music)*
TIMOTHY'S LATE. TIMOTHY'S LATE.

FATHER
IT'S WELL AFTER NINE.

AUNT
IT'S TWENTY TO EIGHT.

FATHER
YOUR WATCH IS WRONG, AUNT.

AUNT
IT ISN'T WRONG, YOURS IS.

MOTHER
HE'S LATER EACH DAY, CAN YOU GUESS WHAT THE CAUSE IS?

FATHER
TIMOTHY'S LAZY. TIMOTHY'S DAYS
ARE SPENT IN RECLINING.

AUNT

IT'S ONLY A PHASE.

MOTHER

SOME MARMALADE, AUNT? OR WILL YOU HAVE HONEY?

FATHER

IT'S CERTAINLY TIME HE WAS EARNING SOME MONEY.
(He reads his newspaper)

MOTHER

WELL, SPEAK TO HIM, DARLING, NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

AUNT

NO NEED TO BE POMPOUS, JUST POINTED AND PLEASANT.

FATHER

YOU DO IT.

MOTHER

NO, YOU.

FATHER

WELL, IT WON'T MATTER WHO.

MOTHER AND FATHER *(singing)*

IF WE CAN SUCCEED IN SUPPRESSING AUNT PRUE.

The music continues. **AUNT PRUE** *drinks her tea.*

FATHER *(speaking)* Here he is.

MOTHER *(speaking)* Now, then.

She rises and stands behind her chair.

TIMOTHY *enters left and sits above the table. The following are sung on ascending notes of a sustained chord.*

MOTHER

TIMOTHY!

AUNT

TIMMY!

FATHER

TIM!

FATHER, MOTHER, AUNT PRUE *(singing)*

FIND YOURSELF SOMETHING TO DO, DEAR,
FIND YOURSELF SOMETHING TO DO.
CHOOSE A NICHE, A NICHE IN WHICH
YOU CAN NESTLE AND KNOW THAT IT'S YOU.
YOU'LL BE ILLUSTRIOUS IF YOU'RE INDUSTRIOUS
WHAT WE ARE SAYING IS TRUE,
SO FIND YOURSELF SOMETHING TO DO, DEAR,
FIND YOURSELF SOMETHING TO DO, DO, DO, DO, DO, DO,
FIND YOURSELF SOMETHING TO DO.

AUNT PRUE *reads a comic paper.* **MOTHER** *stands right of* **TIMOTHY.**

FATHER *(over the music)*

YOUR UNCLES WILL HELP YOU, THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY.

MOTHER

SOME TEA, DARLING? *(She pours milk)*

TIMOTHY

THANK YOU.

MOTHER

WE THINK YOU SHOULD HURRY.
YOU'VE FOUR WILLING UNCLES WHO'LL GIVE YOU
ATTENTION. *(She pours tea for* **TIMOTHY***)*

AUNT *(lowering her comic)*

THERE'S FIVE OF THEM.

MOTHER *and* **FATHER** *(firmly)*

FOUR! AND THE ONE WE DON'T MENTION.

TIMOTHY *helps himself to sugar.*

MOTHER

THERE'S DEAR UNCLE CLAM IN THAT NICE DIPLOMATIC...

AUNT

HE'S MAD AS A...

MOTHER

NO, JUST A LITTLE ERRATIC.

AUNT

HE'S MAD AS A HATTER.

MOTHER

WELL, THAT DOESN'T MATTER,
HE'S WILLING TO HELP US.

She crosses above **TIMOTHY** *to left of him and hits* **AUNT PRUE** *with her newspaper.*

NOW, AUNTIE, DON'T NATTER.

TIMOTHY *picks up his cup.*

FATHER

THERE IS UNCLE AUGUSTINE—IN PARLIAMENT, TIM.

AUNT

A STICKY OLD HUMBUG, DON'T GO AND SEE HIM.

TIMOTHY *drinks his tea.*

FATHER

THERE'S GENERAL SIR HECTOR, THE PRIDE OF THE ARMY.
HE'S BOLD AND HE'S BRAVE.

AUNT

HE'S BALD AND HE'S BARMY.

MOTHER

THERE'S DEAR UNCLE ZED.

AUNT

OH, I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD.

MOTHER *and* **FATHER**

WHATEVER HAS PUT SUCH A THING IN YOUR HEAD?

MOTHER

SO FOUR OF THEM, DARLING, WHO'D GIVE YOU ATTENTION.

AUNT

NO, FIVE OF THEM.

MOTHER AND FATHER

FOUR! AND THE ONE WE DON'T MENTION.

MOTHER

ONCE MORE.

FATHER

ALTOGETHER, NOW. *(He rises)*

AUNT PRUE *rises.*

MOTHER *(singing)*

TIMOTHY!

AUNT *(singing)*

TIMMY!

FATHER *(singing)*

TIM!

FATHER, MOTHER *and* **AUNT PRUE** *(singing)*

GO AND SEE UNCLE CLAM.

(spoken) Jam?

FIND YOURSELF SOMETHING TO DO.
THEN SEE UNCLE ZED.

(spoken) Some bread?

HE'D DO ANYTHING, DARLING, FOR YOU.
SEE UNCLE HECTOR, THERE'S NO ONE CORRECTOR,
SEE UNCLE AUGUSTINE, TOO.

TIMOTHY *takes out cigarettes and match.*

SO FIND YOURSELF SOMETHING TO DO, DEAR
FIND YOURSELF SOMETHING TO DO.
DO, DO, DO, DO, DO, ETC.

TIMOTHY *tries to strike a match.*

FIND YOURSELF SOMETHING TO DO.

TIMOTHY, *on the last beat, succeeds in striking the match.* **MOTHER** *blows it out as—*

The lights dim to blackout.

Scene Three
The Park

There are small fenced trees up right centre, up centre and up left centre. Two park chairs stand left centre.

NO. 5 – SONG: "I SIT IN THE SUN" – Jane

When the lights come up, **JANE** *wanders in up right, humming. She is wearing the lightest of summer dresses, in contrast to her more severe clothes in Scene One. She looks around her for* **TIMOTHY**, *glances at her watch, then sings.*

JANE

TIMOTHY'S LATE! TIMOTHY'S LATE!
NEVER MIND! I'M HAPPY TO WAIT.
I'VE NOTHING TO DO. ON A FINE SUMMER DAY
IT'S EASY TO WHILE THE TIME AWAY.

She moves to the chairs left centre.

I OUGHT TO DO AS MY MOTHER SAID,
AND THINK OF THE MEN I MIGHT HAVE WED,
BUT NOW I'M HAPPY, NOW I'M FREE,
AND THE SUMMER SUN'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

She sits on the upstage chair left centre.

I SIT IN THE SUN
AND ONE BY ONE
I COLLECT MY THOUGHTS AND THINK THEM OVER,
SAY TO MYSELF
SIT TIGHT ON THE SHELF
AS LONG AS YOU FEEL THAT YOU'RE IN CLOVER.
WHY BE IN HASTE?
YOU'VE NOTHING TO WASTE
THE BEST THINGS COME WITHOUT RHYME OR REASON.
SIT IN THE SUN
THE SUN, THE SUN,
AND YOU MIGHT BE IN LOVE BY THE END OF THE SEASON.

She rises.

THERE'S VISCOUNT A, AND GAY LORD B.
AND OF COURSE THE HON'RABLE MISTER C.

She crosses to centre.

WHOM HAVE I MISSED FROM THIS GLITTERING LIST?
SURELY THERE MUST BE THE ONE FOR ME?

She moves left centre.

WHY NOT DO AS THE OTHER GIRLS DO,
AND SEARCH FOR A MAN THE SUMMER THROUGH?
CALL ME A FOOL, BUT I'LL FOLLOW THE RULE
"WAIT AND YOUR LOVE WILL COME TO YOU."

She sits on the upstage chair left centre.

I SIT IN THE SUN
AND ONE BY ONE
I FORGET THE GENTLEMEN I'M REFUSING.
ONE HAPPY DAY
THE SUMMER MAY
PROVIDE AN ADONIS OF MY OWN CHOOSING.
MAYBE I'LL WAIT
TILL I'M TOO LATE
BUT I SHALL HAVE WAITED FOR ONE GOOD REASON.
HERE IN THE SUN
THE SUN, THE SUN,
I MIGHT BE IN LOVE BY THE END OF THE SEASON.

JANE *rises, looks about her, moves up left centre, sees* **TIMOTHY** *off up right, waves and waves again.*

TIMOTHY *wanders in up right, engrossed in a book, and nearly bumps into the tree up centre.*

TIMOTHY Sorry. *(He turns and wanders down centre)*

JANE *moves and stands in* **TIMOTHY***'s path.* **TIMOTHY** *walks round her to right centre.* **JANE** *follows him.*

JANE *(tapping* **TIMOTHY** *on the shoulder)* Excuse me.

TIMOTHY *(moving right)* That's quite all right. *(He turns)* Jane!

JANE *(moving to left of him)* I've been waiting for hours.

TIMOTHY Oh, I'm sorry. I went to the wrong side of the park. The fact is, I was deep in this book.

JANE *(nodding)* You seemed to be. *(She crosses and sits on the downstage chair left centre)*

TIMOTHY *(following* **JANE***)* Yes. I've been thinking pretty deeply lately, Jane. *(He puts the book on the upstage chair and sits on the ground beside* **JANE***)*

JANE Really? *(She is sympathetic, but amused and unhelpful)*

TIMOTHY It's about my future. Actually. All this sitting about in the park – it won't... Well, I feel – I feel I ought to – find myself something to do.

JANE *nods.*

A sort – of *niche,* where I can settle...

JANE Are your parents being troublesome?

TIMOTHY *(surprised)* Yes.

JANE You had a bad breakfast?

TIMOTHY How did you know?

JANE I know the signs. They're on at *me* again, about getting married.

TIMOTHY *(rising)* It's ridiculous! You can't marry just anyone.

JANE That's exactly what mother's afraid of. She's got a very exclusive list.

TIMOTHY *(sitting on the upstage chair left centre; gloomily)* *My* mother's got a list of uncles.

JANE Uncles?

TIMOTHY Yes. She's arranging for me to see them. You see, I happen to have rather a lot of influential ones. I'm very fortunate.

JANE Yes. I'm very fortunate, too. My mother's throwing a party for the eligibles – a sort of big dance affair.

TIMOTHY And all the young men come? The ones who'd like to marry you?

JANE The ones my mother would *like* to like to marry me.

TIMOTHY I suppose they're all rich and handsome and clever.

JANE Some of them are *rich.*

TIMOTHY *(nodding)* Yes. *(He takes the book from under him)* My uncles are rich, too.

JANE Our situations are very much alike.

TIMOTHY What can one do? One can't fight them. *(He fingers the book)*

JANE No, but you can make them unnecessary. *(She ponders)* I take it you're not against work on principle?

TIMOTHY Oh, no. *(He puts the book on his knee)*

JANE What sort of job would you like, if you could choose?

TIMOTHY *(reeling it off)* Something adventurous, amusing, with a living wage, and *temporary.* Imagine being in the same job for life.

JANE That's exactly how I feel about marriage. Except that I wouldn't mind it being permanent.

TIMOTHY But someone you were in love with.

JANE *(with studied casualness)* Not necessarily. *(She takes the book)* I can imagine marrying someone I was – fond of, and – used to; someone I'd known for – one – or two years, and who thought the same as I about things.

TIMOTHY *(rising; violently)* I say!

JANE What?

TIMOTHY *(crossing to right centre)* Oh, nothing. *(He mops his brow)* It seems to be getting hotter.

JANE *rises and puts the book on her chair.*

JANE *(crossing to left of* **TIMOTHY***)* I mean, if you're happy with someone *without* marriage, you might fall in love *after.* I've always thought that.

TIMOTHY *(very deep in thought)* Yes.

JANE So you see, *we* want what *they* do, really.

TIMOTHY They?

JANE The parents. Only without all *the fuss. You* could just get a job, and *I* could just get married.

TIMOTHY *(deep in thought)* People do it every day.

JANE Exactly. I could *help* you with the job, perhaps.

TIMOTHY *(turning to her)* And I could help you to... *(He turns away)* No, no, no. I had an idea just now. I... *(He pulls himself together)* If I just took the first job that came along, I'd be too *busy* to see the uncles.

JANE Yes, Timothy! Yes!

TIMOTHY I could tell the family afterwards, when I'd *got* the job.

JANE *(with two steps towards him)* Yes! Yes!

TIMOTHY Gosh! Yes!

JANE They'd forgive us. They're quite fond of us, really.

TIMOTHY Yes. I say, Jane, would it help at all if you married *me?*

JANE *(stepping back)* Tim!

TIMOTHY *(hurriedly)* Only if it would help, Jane. Only if it would help.

JANE *(embracing him)* Darling...

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