SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an excerpt - an appetiser, if you will - from a full Samuel French title.

This sample is just for you to try out, and it can't be used for performance, downloaded, printed or distributed in any way.

Take it for a whirl and see if it tickles your fancy!

For more information about licensing this or other shows, or to browse thousands more plays and theatre books to buy please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk
or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

SF PERUSALS

The End of the Pier Show

A Musical Play

Book, music and lyrics by
Roger Parsley

Music arranged by
Duncan Lane

Samuel French – London
New York – Sydney – Toronto – Hollywood



Copyright © 1989 by Roger Parsley (book and lyrics)
All Rights Reserved

THE END OF THE PIER SHOW is fully protected under the copyright laws of the British Commonwealth, including Canada, the United States of America, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-08083-8

www.samuelfrench.co.uk
www.samuelfrench.com

FOR AMATEUR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED KINGDOM AND WORLD
EXCLUDING NORTH AMERICA
plays@samuelfrench.co.uk
020 7255 4302/01

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *THE END OF THE PIER SHOW* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

No one shall make any changes in this title for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title, or part of this title, to any social media websites.

The right of Roger Parsley to be identified as author of this work has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

CHARACTERS

Ronnie Matthews, founder/leader of The Sunshiners
Myrtle Martin, founder-member
Reg Carter, founder-member
Penelope "Poppy" Day, soubrette type
Lennie Richards, leading man
Wally Mason, comic song specialist
Sarah King, chorus member promoted to full member of the troupe during the season
Shirley Clarke, tenant of the Pier Theatre
Chorus

The action of the play takes place in a coastal resort somewhere in Britain

ACT I The morning

ACT II The afternoon

Time—28th August, 1939

PERFORMANCE NUMBERS

ACT I

No. 1	The Sunshiners	Company
No. 2	One Summer Day	Lennie and Sarah
No. 3	The Anniversary Present—non musical	Myrtle and Reg
No. 4	What the Butler Saw	Wally
No. 5	I've Just Met a Boy Called Sam	Poppy
No. 6	It Could Be Love	Myrtle and chorus
No. 7	The Sunshine Stroll	Company
No. 8	Everyone Is Talking (The Sunshiners on Parade)	Company

ACT II

No. 9	On the Pier	Company
No. 10	Gurning 'Erbert—non musical	Reg
No. 11	When the Sun Comes Up Tomorrow	Lennie and Sarah
No. 12	The Spotty Boy	Wally
No. 13	Only You Will Do	Myrtle, Ronnie and chorus
No. 14	The Branch Office—non musical	Reg, Poppy and Myrtle
No. 15	The Sun Is Going Down	Company
Finale.	Reprise—On the Pier	Company

The vocal line is given at the back of this script, whilst the piano score is available separately from Samuel French Ltd.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author would like to express his gratitude for the help and encouragement of Keith Harrison and the St Joseph's Parish Theatre Group.

ACT I

A coastal resort somewhere in Britain. Monday, 28th August, 1939. Morning

The scene is a stage with a simple adaptable set suggesting the slightly tawdry glamour of a second-rate end-of-the-pier show. The Company—known as "The Sunshiners"—are rehearsing their traditional final show at the end of their tenth season. Usually the show in the last week of a "concert party" season was made up of the successes of earlier weeks. Act I represents the events and rehearsals of the morning of that day, while Act II concerns the afternoon's activity

There is visible proof that war is expected—sandbags, gun installations, etc.

When the CURTAIN *rises, the opening song begins. The performers wear sunflower-type masks, with a hole cut out for the face*

No. 1: The Sunshiners

Company

Nineteen thirty-nine is the year
We're the Sunshiners here on the pier
Raise your voices; give us a cheer
As the sun goes down . . .

1. It's the end of the day
And we're here to say
"Why don't you come along?
We've got a little show
That might detain you."

2. At the end of the pier
That's where you'll hear
Loud and clear our song
The Sunshiners are here
To entertain you

Chorus:

A chorus song to sing along
A melody to savour
And in between a comical scene
Now we think you've got the flavour

3. If it's raining outdoors
Who cares if it pours?
There's sunshine here within
So sit right back and we'll begin

Dance routine for two verses and chorus, then:

4. If it's raining outdoors
Who cares if it pours?
There's sunshine here within
The clouds we'll clear
And we're all here . . .

Ronnie (*spoken over music—Verse 1, 2, Chorus, 3; then 1, 2, again*) Yes, the Sunshiners are here to entertain you once more, in our final show of the season. So let's meet the boys and girls . . . I'm Ronnie Matthews, trying to pretend that I'm not responsible for what follows . . . First, let me introduce our saucy soubrette with that wicked twinkle in her eye—Miss Poppy Day. Then there's Mr Laughter himself Reg Carter . . . And talking of comedy we give a big welcome in his first season with us—silly songs unlimited from Wally Mason . . . And now we come to the lady who over the years has sung her way into your hearts—the golden-voiced Miss Myrtle Martin . . . Now, keep in your seats, girls, for here we have the man a hundred women have fallen for, and that's just tonight! Mr Lennie Richards . . . And lastly but not at all leastly the young lady who started this season in the chorus—now displaying her talents as a front-liner—Miss Sarah King . . . And let's not forget our *local* boys and girls who have been helping us all season—our wonderful chorus, the Sunbeams! And finally the person without whom nothing would be possible—our MAESTRO (*fill in name of pianist/band leader here, or he or she may prefer to use a pseudonym!*)

Chorus

Company

5. Now we're ready to go
So it's on with the show
We aim to please you all
Before we bring the curtain down
We'll spread the sunshine all around
The Sunshiners on stage for you once more.

Ronnie That's fine, my lovelies. Don't forget, let 'em feel that energy! There's a running schedule in the dressing-rooms. Please look at it—we'll take a look at all the major sections of the show this morning and this afternoon, but I've got to make a telephone call, and collect the post, so take five minutes and look at lines, everyone.

Ronnie exits

The Company break up, look at scripts, chatter, etc.

Wally I say, Myrtle—that opening song . . .
Myrtle What about it?
Wally Well, I mean, I hope I'm not offending anyone—but isn't it a bit dated?

Myrtle We've opened with that number ever since we've been here—ten years, now.

Wally Well, perhaps that's what it is, then—I mean, it must have been written in the twenties . . .

Myrtle It's our signature tune.

Wally Oh, well . . .

Poppy (*coming over*) Is it in the same key as last year?

Myrtle Yes: and has been all season.

Poppy Oh. Well, maybe my range has changed. Couldn't it be lower?

Myrtle You've been singing it in that key all summer. No point in changing it just for the last week.

Wally I like last weeks—especially doing all the material that's gone well during the season.

Poppy Bookings aren't too good, again.

Wally They'll pick up during the week.

Myrtle Well you can't help the weather, can you? People don't want to come when it's warm.

Wally Er . . . when does Ronnie give an indication, you know . . .

Poppy About next season?

Myrtle If there *is* going to be a season next year.

Wally What do you mean?

Poppy Eh?

Myrtle Well, you know Shirley Clarke's the licensee--not Ronnie. Well, Ronnie's been trying to talk to her about next year, and apparently she's being very evasive; there's something up.

Poppy Could be Hitler. They say we'll have to fight sooner or later—they might have to close the pier.

Wally Why?

Poppy To stop them using it for an invasion.

Reg (*coming over*) Close the pier? What are you saying, Pops? If we have to take Adolph on, we'll have him sorted out by Christmas.

Myrtle They said that in nineteen fourteen.

Reg Yes, but this time we're prepared, aren't we? You've only got to look around you. Barrage balloons, sandbags, concrete bunkers—the lot.

Wally It may not come to anything—I mean, Chamberlain's doing his best to stop it getting out of hand.

Reg Tell that to the people of Poland, Wally.

Wally I hope there's no war—I've got a panto season coming up—with any luck.

Poppy Have you, where?

Wally Manchester; should hear this week, actually—I asked them to contact me down here; looks more impressive if you're working!

Myrtle Look at that womanizer over there.

She points to Lennie who is talking in an intimate way with Sarah

If only his poor wife knew!

Reg If only Sarah knew about his poor wife!

Myrtle Can't see what they see in him.

Wally You've got to admit the songs they've done together this season have gone well, though.

Reg Oh, yes—but I feel sorry for Sarah; she keeps talking about a permanent partnership—very sad.

Ronnie enters, carrying some letters

Ah, here's Ronnie—have we all got our call-up papers, then?

Ronnie They could certainly use you in the forces, Reg. You give those Jerries one of your monologues you'd bore 'em to death and we could just pick up the bodies.

Reg Ooh, nasty!

Ronnie (*distributing the letters*) Two for you, Reg; one for Myrtle. One for you, Lennie. Nice fat one for you, Wally—feels like work, to me.

Wally (*taking the letter from him*) Hope you're right.

Ronnie Couple that were left at the stage door for you again, Poppy.

Poppy Probably from that dirty man who comes on Mondays. You can feel his eyes all over you. I can't understand what he gets out of writing like that.

Reg Tell Shirley Clarke; she'll have him banned.

Poppy Oh, I have—trouble is, we can't prove it's him who writes them.

Myrtle Filthy lot, men!

Reg Steady on, Myrt. You're talking about my sex. Mind you, that's about all *I* do these days—talk about it!

Ronnie You want this letter, Lennie?

Lennie What?

Ronnie Letter for you.

Lennie Oh, ta. (*He leaves Sarah, comes over and takes the letter. He then moves to a side of the stage and opens it*)

Sarah exits and Shirley enters

Shirley Morning, Ronnie. Have you started rehearsing, yet?

Ronnie Well, we've murdered the opening number, and no doubt a few more things will get massacred any second now. Why?

Shirley I'd like to have a quiet word.

Ronnie Oh, right. Give us a couple of minutes, please, folks, then we'll start with Lennie and Sarah's number.

All exit, except Ronnie, Shirley and Lennie

Lennie. Could you take a couple of minutes to go over your song with Sarah?

Lennie (*still reading*) What?

Ronnie Because Shirley wants a chat. (*Pause*) Lennie . . . anything wrong? Bad news?

Lennie It's my wife. She's suing for a divorce. Left the flat. I can't believe it.

Ronnie I'm sorry.

Lennie You know what she says? She says I've messed up half her life and she's going to save the bit that's left.

Ronnie I'm sorry. Why not take a walk, or——

Lennie I always went back to her. She never wanted to come down here . . .

She must have been thinking about this all summer—she's got solicitors and everything! All the while I was here she must have been getting ready to clear out . . .

Ronnie Take a little walk, Lennie . . . round the pier.

Lennie No. I'm all right.

Ronnie Tell you what—give the morning a break, eh?

Lennie No, no . . . it's all right. Do you really think I can have ruined half her life, Ronnie? I mean, we had some good times.

Ronnie Look, Lennie. I can run your stuff, take Sarah for separate rehearsal——

Lennie No. Don't do that. I've got to talk to Sarah, anyway.

Ronnie Lennie, don't hurt her, old boy—she's a nice kid and got some real talent.

Lennie I know. I know . . . that's why I want to talk to her. I'll be back for our number.

Lennie exits

Shirley I suppose it was inevitable, Rachel leaving him?

Ronnie She took so much . . . but you can see he needed her . . .

Shirley Nonsense! He just needed *someone*. I've watched him, year after year—he treats women as if they were chip paper—useful while he's gorging himself, then tossed away.

Ronnie There's more to Lennie than that. I'm not defending him, he's no angel—but there's good there, when you really know him.

Shirley I'll have to take your word for that.

Ronnie Anyway, you wanted to see me.

Shirley Yes.

Ronnie I think I know what it's about. It's not been a great season, has it? I mean, the weather's been against us.

Shirley Maybe it's not just the weather, what do you think, Ronnie?

Ronnie Well, perhaps we haven't been as strong this year.

Shirley I don't think it's that . . .

Ronnie You know, when you took on the pier after poor old Bill passed over—that surprised me, that did—surprised a lot of people. And you made a go of it. Mind you, you started in the right way, by booking yours truly and the Sunshiners for the summer season.

Shirley You were bloody marvellous to me——

He holds up a hand

No, I mean it, Ronnie.

Ronnie It's not been a bad partnership, has it? (*Pause*) All right, what is it, Shirl?

Shirley (*after a pause*) I can't take the risk for another year, Ronnie.

Ronnie What do you mean?

Shirley I mean, I've got to look for alternatives.

Ronnie What? Another concert party? The Sunshiners have got the support of the town—built it up over the years.

Shirley I know. I'm not thinking about another company. I wouldn't do that . . .

Ronnie What, then?

Shirley It's nineteen thirty-nine, Ronnie. You know what I think? The concert party has had its day. Maybe I should have seen the light before.

Ronnie The concert party had its day? I can't believe it! Look at the Fol-de-rols.

Shirley I know; but not here.

Ronnie What do you mean?

Shirley I mean that this place has changed, or at least the people who come here have changed—they don't seem to want the sophistication of a concert party any more.

Ronnie Things haven't been that bad.

Shirley Look where the queues are, Ronnie.

Ronnie What do you mean? (*Pause, then with disbelief*) The cinema?

Shirley Look for yourself.

Ronnie You mean the Pier Theatre—as a cinema?

Shirley The Pier Picture Palace, yes. If this place doesn't change and give 'em what they want—it's dead—it's dying already. Look at this season.

Ronnie (*after a pause*) It's the end of the pier, then.

Shirley No. Not the end. Just a new start. I'll tell the others if you like.

Ronnie No. Don't do that. That'll have to be me. Whew! It's not just Lennie that needs a long walk!

Shirley There's something else . . .

Ronnie Don't hit a man when he's down.

Shirley I'd like to put a proposition to you . . . Next season I'm taking on the big arcade in Marine Drive.

Ronnie Giving up the pier?

Shirley No. Two strings to my bow so to speak, and I'm asking if you'll play one of them for me.

Ronnie What does that mean?

Shirley It means, I'd like you to consider a partnership. You run the cinema, I run the arcade.

Ronnie Me, run a cinema?

Shirley Think about it.

Ronnie I don't even know the first thing about it.

Shirley Yes you do. You're a showman. You know how to please the public. You're not as young as you might be for this game, year after year . . .

Ronnie I'm not in the grave, yet, and anyway, it would need me to live here.

Shirley Yes.

Ronnie Well, what about my flat in London?

Shirley The work would be here. There's a flat above my office going begging. I don't expect an immediate answer. I know how much the Sunshiners have meant to you . . . and you could always try to take the troupe somewhere else . . . but we've got to move with the times, Ronnie. (*She rises*) I'll let you get on with your rehearsal, then. Think about it.

Shirley exits. Lennie enters followed by Sarah, who is obviously agitated

Sarah But Lennie, I just don't understand! (*Seeing Ronnie*) Oh, sorry.

Lennie Ready to run, then, Ronnie?
Ronnie Yes, more or less . . . but I thought you'd have needed some time to get yourself together . . .
Lennie I've had it.
Ronnie You could leave it a while, you know.
Lennie Might as well stick to schedule.
Ronnie Well, if you're sure you're OK . . .
Lennie Yes. Everything's fine.
Ronnie Sarah?
Sarah I . . . Yes, fine.
Ronnie Well, look—I forgot I wanted to take Reg and Poppy through the office sketch first. Can you two manage?
Lennie Yes, we'll get on with it. No trouble.

Ronnie picks up a script and walks out

Give us the intro for "One Summer Day", Duncan.

Music for "One Summer Day" begins

Sarah Lennie! Why has everything suddenly changed? What's happened?
Lennie Don't make a scene in rehearsal, love. Especially when it's nothing to do with the show. It's unprofessional.
Sarah You mean, you can just go ahead and rehearse, in spite of what you just said?
Lennie Yes, of course. And so can you!

Music stops

Sorry, Duncan. (*To Sarah*) Can we rehearse now?
Sarah You mean all that's happened between us is over—just like that? You get Ronnie to take me out of the chorus to work your spots with you, give me all that stuff about your agent giving me a start, working together—what was that all about, then?
Lennie I lied.
Sarah What?
Lennie Lied. Told an untruth. Falsified the facts.
Sarah What facts?
Lennie I've finished with my agent—finished weeks ago, or perhaps I should say he's finished with me.
Sarah What happened?
Lennie Nothing. That's just the point. Look where I am, stuck in a third-rate seaside show, with a bunch of has-beens, never-will-bes and who-the-hell-are-theys!
Sarah Was your agent no good?
Lennie Not my agent. It was me that was no good. No good to anyone, for anything.
Sarah So now you've changed your mind about helping me?
Lennie Look. I can't even help myself.
Sarah Are you in trouble, Lennie? (*Pause*) Lennie. Something's happened, hasn't it?

Lennie I had a letter this morning. My wife's gone off.
Sarah Your wife?
Lennie Yes. (*Pause*) Didn't tell you about her, did I?
Sarah How long have you been married?
Lennie Six years.
Sarah But ... the things you said ... the contracts, working the clubs together. You said you'd advise me ...
Lennie The best advice I can give you is don't believe a word I say.
Sarah And what about us?
Lennie Eh?
Sarah Don't you care for me at all?
Lennie I don't even care for myself, right at this moment.
Sarah I see ... Lennie, I don't think I can sing this.
Lennie Yes you can; let's try the intro again, please, Duncan. (*He sings*)

No. 2: One Summer Day

1. I knew a man who fell in love
One summer day
Don't know what he was thinking of
One summer day
Hadn't even meant to cast a glance
Never thinking that his heart could dance
Saw no reason why he should give love a chance
One summer day

Sarah

2. I knew a girl who fell in love
One summer day
Don't know what she was dreaming of
One summer day
Hadn't even meant to look his way
Can't remember what he had to say
Something in his voice had made her stay
One summer day

Chorus:

Both

Under a tree
We stood and watched the rain
Knowing that we might never meet again
Both feeling there was nothing
To explain
No pain for him or her
Oh Lord! How wrong we were

Lennie

3. He had no right to be around
That summer day
Not his to keep this love he found
That summer day

Somehow couldn't help it; he just fell
Like a fool he fell without a yell
Knew that it was wrong; he knew it very well
That summer day

Sarah

4. With no good reason to be there
That summer day
She gave her love without a care
That summer day
She had just allowed one kiss and so
Something told her it was time to go
Ask me if she went then; I will tell you no
That summer day

Both sing the chorus and repeat "How wrong we were"

Lennie Thanks, Duncan. That's fine. (*To Sarah*) Told you you could do it.
Sarah I wanted to cry; that was the first song we ever did together . . .
Lennie Don't get sentimental: never get you anywhere—unless you're using it for energy, like you did there.
Sarah Sentiment may be all I have left.
Lennie What's left is you. That's the last remainder of anything.
Sarah What about thoughts, memories, remembrances—they're left, too, aren't they?
Lennie Pure sentiment!
Sarah You don't mean that. Can't we talk things over—I mean, about you and me?
Lennie I think all has been said that's necessary. It's over.
Sarah I know you must feel hurt . . . however you feel about your wife . . . but at least let's discuss things. Please, Lennie.
Lennie I'm not hurt. Not in that way. I'm just coming to terms with the way things are, and I'm doing my best to help you by putting a stop to this before it's a real mess.
Sarah You're the one that needs help, it seems to me. Can't I try?
Lennie Yes, you can try to accept things as they are! An episode is closed. Look to the future.
Sarah But what if that's not how I see the future?
Lennie Get yourself a new crystal ball. I'm going to make a coffee.

Lennie exits and Ronnie enters

Ronnie How did the song go?
Sarah Oh, er—fine, Mr Matthews.
Ronnie Where's Lennie?
Sarah Gone to make a coffee. I'll be just outside if you want me—need a bit of air.
Ronnie OK, Sarah.

Sarah exits

Right—let's run the shop sketch. You ready, Reg?

Reg enters with Myrtle

Reg Can't find the blasted horn, Ronnie.
Ronnie What horn?
Reg For the sketch—you know, the horn of plenty—what's it called?
Myrtle He means cornucopia. I had it in my hands a couple of minutes ago.

Poppy enters, carrying a cornucopia

Poppy Hey, Myrtle. You left this ice-cream cornet in the ladies.
Reg Now, everyone gets three guesses as to why our Myrt took this object into the dim recesses of the powder room.
Myrtle (*taking it from Poppy*) Don't be vulgar, Reg.
Poppy I'd like to know how Reg *knows* there are dim recesses in the ladies! I'm rehearsing after Wally's number—that right, Ronnie?
Ronnie Yes, that's it.
Poppy Bye!

Poppy exits

The Stage Manager places a board

Myrtle What's that?
Ronnie It's the counter front.
Myrtle Very convincing!
Ronnie Can't find the original one—it'll be painted by tonight. Right—the props are on that tray behind. Got the lines?
Myrtle I have; but Reg thinks he's got licence to roam—if you give me duff cues, Reg—I warn you. (*She raises the cornucopia above her head*)
Reg Oh, you're so glowing when you're angry!
Ronnie Right, let's go. Myrt, behind the counter, ping of shop bell, enter Reg as shopper . . .

No. 3: The Anniversary Present

Myrtle Good-morning sir, can I help you?
Reg Yes, I've come to buy my wife an anniversary present.
Myrtle Oh, yes sir; what year is it?
Reg Eh? It's nineteen thirty-nine.
Myrtle No, I don't mean what year are we *in*, I mean how long have we been married?
Reg I've never seen you before in my life. (*He laughs*)
Myrtle Oh very droll, sir. Let's try again . . . How long have you had the pleasure——
Reg Oh, not for about two weeks, now.
Myrtle (*out of role*) I warned you, Reg! (*Back into character*) I was trying to ascertain how long the two of you had been living together in matrimonial bliss.
Reg Oh! I should say about a tenth of the time we've been married.
Myrtle You see, sir, if we know how long we've been married, we can ascertain the most appropriate gift.
Reg That's clever. How do you do that?
Myrtle Each year has a special material allocated to it—first year paper,

second year calico, tenth year tin—how long have you been married, sir?
Reg Fourteen years, actually.
Myrtle Ah! If I remember correctly, that's ivory.
Reg So what do I give her—an elephant? We've a very small garden, you see . . .
Myrtle Well, we have several items that might be of interest—for example, ear-rings . . . is she pierced?
Reg Only of a Saturday when we've been down the pub.
Myrtle (*out of role*) Reg. The line is "Pardon?".
Reg Oh, sorry.
Myrtle Is she pierced?
Reg Pardon?
Myrtle I was referring to her ears.
Reg Yeah, most people do—she takes off in a high wind if we don't strap her down.
Myrtle Well, then perhaps an ivory ornament—this carved Buddha, perhaps?
Reg Dead spit of her, that is! No, don't think so. What else have you got?
Myrtle There's this very special gift, sir—our ornately carved cornucopia with the glazed fruit, all hand-painted.
Reg Very nice, yes, very nice. How much?
Myrtle Twelve pounds ten shillings and sixpence.
Reg You what? It looks like one o' them knick-knacks you win at the fair—twelve pound ten?
Myrtle And sixpence, sir.
Reg Blimey!
Myrtle Perhaps something a little less exotic, sir?
Reg If that means cheaper, yes!
Myrtle How about our carved wise-monkey set—hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil?
Reg No, wouldn't do. It would bring such a sad reminder of her family, you see.
Myrtle They had such an ornament?
Reg No, no, they all look like chimpanzees!
Myrtle Well, sir, I don't think in the circumstances——
Reg What did you say ten years was?
Myrtle Tin, sir.
Reg Pity.
Myrtle What's that, sir?
Reg Well, I mean if we'd been married ten years she could have 'ad a tin of peas and done with it. But, I mean, ivory—a bit limiting, innit? I suppose there's no way of changing it?
Myrtle Changing it?
Reg Changing them around a bit—I mean, what else is there? What other materials?
Myrtle Offhand, er . . . fifth year, wood.
Reg Box o' matches.
Myrtle Twelfth year, linen.
Reg Handkerchief.

Myrtle Thirteenth year, lace.

Reg I wouldn't mind running to a pair of laces—for 'er boots, like. See some years is really cheap—but it seems this year I'm stuck with ivory. What is it next year?

Myrtle Nineteen forty, sir.

Reg (*sarcastic*) Oh, ha ha!

Myrtle Just my little joke, sir. Next year is crystal.

Reg Crystal! Lumme! It's crystal-clear to me I shall have to get a divorce before then.

Myrtle Meanwhile it's ivory.

Reg Ivory? Ivory much regret to hear that!

Myrtle The joke department is downstairs, sir.

Reg Ah, you have a joke department?

Myrtle Yes, sir.

Reg Pity they didn't supply you with any!

Myrtle I'll just make do with you, sir.

Reg Oh, I say! Well, I'll be off down there, then.

Myrtle To the joke department?

Reg Yes. For a cushion.

Myrtle A cushion?

Reg Why, yes. An ideal present. Don't know why I didn't think of it before. One of those that make a rude noise, you know. One should always celebrate one's anniversary.

Myrtle Yes, sir, but why a cushion?

Reg Well, with *my* wife it's the only chance I'll get to make whoopee! Bye!

He exits

Myrtle makes a despairing gesture at the audience

Black-out, during which Reg comes back on stage and the Lights come up again

Ronnie Right-o . . . Keep it tight, Reg—you know how it is with ad libs—only fifty per cent really add anything.

Reg Yes, but they keep Myrt on her toes.

Myrtle I am a concert party artiste, not a ballet dancer, Reg.

Reg You a ballet dancer? You'd need points the size of barrels.

Myrtle Do you know you're half-right when you imagine you're a wit. What do you want me for next?

Wally comes in

Reg Now there's an offer!

Ronnie Wally's going to run through his butler song, now, then it's Poppy, then we'll have a go at your love number—I should get changed—shouldn't be long.

Myrtle Right-o.

Myrtle exits

Wally Lennie's made some absolutely foul Camp coffee in the green room if you want some, Reg.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk
or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and enjoy other theatre-related larks, do follow us on our spangley social media channels.



Samuel French London



SamuelFrenchLtd

SF **PERUSALS**