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SF PERUSALS

DAD'S ARMY

THE DEADLY ATTACHMENT
MUM'S ARMY
THE GODIVA AFFAIR
THE FLORAL DANCE

by Jimmy Perry and David Croft

SAMUEL FRENCH

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(written with JEREMY LLOYD)
published by Samuel French

’Allo ’Allo

Are You Being Served?

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Dad's Army has been through many stages in its lifetime. Apart from the television series of which there were 80 episodes—two of them of an hour's duration—there was a film, a long-running series of radio shows and a London stage production at The Shaftesbury Theatre.

When compiling the London stage version we were keen not to include incidents and sketches that had been seen on television and as a result we concocted what we described on the posters as "A Nostalgic Music and Laughter Show of Britain's Finest Hour". This worked out wonderfully at that time but it was many years ago. Nostalgia is not what it used to be. Many of the household names in wartime showbusiness are unknown to present day audiences.

As a result, when assembling a show for amateur societies we thought a different approach was needed. We thought that societies are now keen to perform episodes that have been seen on television and to give impersonations of the well-loved characters. The other consideration was to allow for the fact that there is usually a preponderance of females in most societies so we have included episodes where they are well represented. If extra time is needed we have left it to societies to judge the age of their audiences and include such wartime songs as they think suitable. They can thus exploit the musical talent in their midst. We know there is a lot of producing talent out there. Go to it!

David Croft
2004

When I saw the first two productions of *Dad's Army* by amateur dramatic societies I was amazed to see how everything came together; scripts that were written for television worked so well on the stage. Then the thought struck me—how the Home Guard and amateur dramatic societies had so much in common; it's a rather absurd comparison but they were both made up of members of the local community, and both did their legitimate jobs by day and went on duty at night! The Home Guard ceased to exist nearly 60 years ago but the amateur dramatic societies go from strength to strength and they are something uniquely British.

Dad's Army can be staged as simply or ambitiously as each society wishes. The church hall can be a full set or just tabs with a few pieces of scenery. To cover scene changes there are so many wonderful wartime songs that can be performed on the front tabs. Rifles and uniforms can be hired from various sources—a trawl of the Internet can yield hundreds of outlets. Videos of the televised episodes are readily available for business that may not be included in the original scripts. Having said that, feel free to interpret the scripts in your own way. You will find the characters rich, round and a joy to play.

Jimmy Perry
2004

DAD'S ARMY

*We have included "The Floral Dance" sketch because it was so successful in the production at The Shaftesbury Theatre, London, and was also performed by the *Dad's Army* team when they appeared in the Royal Command Variety Performance. If the length of the entertainment permits, it makes a wonderful finish to the first or second half of the show and includes a larger cast of Wardens and Ladies.

J.P. and D.C.

THE DEADLY ATTACHMENT

THE DEADLY ATTACHMENT

Original television transmission by the BBC on 31st October, 1973 with the following cast of characters:

CAPTAIN MAINWARING	Arthur Lowe
SERGEANT WILSON	John Le Mesurier
LANCE CORPORAL JONES	Clive Dunn
PRIVATE FRAZER	John Laurie
PRIVATE WALKER	James Beck
PRIVATE GODFREY	Arnold Ridley
PRIVATE PIKE	Ian Lavender
U-BOAT CAPTAIN	Philip Madoc
CHIEF WARDEN HODGES	Bill Pertwee
VERGER	Edward Sinclair
COLONEL	Robert Raglan
PRIVATE SPONGE	Colin Bean
PLATOON	Desmond Callum-Jones, George Hancock Evan Ross, Leslie Noyes, William Gossling, Freddie White, Freddie Wiles, Roger Bourne, Michael Moore
POLICEMAN	Ray Emmins
NAZI SAILORS	Les Conrad, Reg Turner, Clive Roger, Danny Lions, Alan Thomas, Emmett Hennessy, Barry Summerford

CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN MAINWARING
SERGEANT WILSON
LANCE CORPORAL JONES
PRIVATE FRAZER
PRIVATE GODFREY
PRIVATE WALKER
PRIVATE PIKE
PRIVATE SPONGE
PRIVATE HANCOCK
COLONEL
U-BOAT CAPTAIN
CHIEF WARDEN HODGES, ARP Warden
MR YEATMAN, the Verger
Other members of the **PLATOON** and seven **U-BOAT SAILORS**

The action takes place in the church hall and office at Walmington-on-Sea on the south coast of England

Time—1940

Scene One

The Church Hall.

The lights come up on a tableau: the platoon in heroic pose. Above them is a scroll sign with the words "Walmington-on-Sea Home Guard". Hold the tableau for applause.

The platoon form up in two ranks at attention. **PIKE** *is wearing a woolly scarf over his uniform.*

MAINWARING Walmington-on-Sea Home Guard, slope arms. Forward march.

The platoon march right downstage.

Platoon, halt. Salute. Order arms.

JONES *is a beat behind.*

Stand at ease. Attention.

JONES *is a beat behind.*

Try and keep up, Jones.

JONES Sorry, sir. I'm not myself today. You see my brawn went runny, and you can't slice runny brawn, sir.

MAINWARING All right, Jones.

JONES You have to serve it by the spoonful, and then you can't wrap it, it drips through the paper.

MAINWARING That will do, Jones. Now pay attention, men. Now I'm going to inspect the men, Wilson. Call them to attention.

WILSON Rightho. Attention!

MAINWARING Not like some nancy boy. You're supposed to be a sergeant. Bark it out.

WILSON *(barking)* Attention!

JONES Permission to speak, sir. I have to inform you that we are already at attention.

WILSON So you are. Stand at ease.

The men stand at ease. **JONES** *is a beat behind.*

JONES I wasn't ready then. You caught me on the hop.

MAINWARING Attention! *(He inspects* **JONES***)* Very smart, Jones.

JONES Thank you, sir. I am also very alert. Even as I am talking to you, my eyes are everywhere. Whoa! *(He grabs* **PIKE***'s throat)*

PIKE What are you doing, Mr Jones?

JONES You moved. He moved, sir. And my reflex action came into play instantly.

PIKE Can I stand somewhere else, please Mr Mainwaring?

MAINWARING Stay where you are, Pike. How many times have I told you, Pike, not to wear that scarf on parade?

PIKE My mum makes me wear it. I've got a weak chest. You ask Uncle Arthur.

MAINWARING Wilson. *(He takes him downstage)* That boy's mother pampers and spoils him to death. Can't you do anything about it?

WILSON Not really, sir. You see Mavis, I mean Mrs Pike, makes him wear a scarf because he gets croup.

MAINWARING Croup? That's what chickens get.

WILSON He gets it as well.

MAINWARING Extraordinary! *(He passes on to* **FRAZER***)*

FRAZER Captain Mainwaring, may I point out that while you're walking up and down wasting time, the Germans are just across the channel waiting to invade us.

MAINWARING Thank you, Frazer. I've made arrangements, Frazer. *(He passes on to* **WALKER***)* Very smart, Walker. *(He taps him on the chest)* Just a minute. What's that?

WALKER *(pulling a flat half bottle of whisky out of his blouse)* A bottle of whisky.

MAINWARING How many times have I told you not to bring your black market activities on parade. Get rid of that bottle.

WALKER *(to the man next to him)* It's up to him. He ordered it.

MAINWARING What? Well… I'll overlook it this time. *(He passes on to* **GODFREY***)*

GODFREY Good-evening.

MAINWARING Good-evening? This isn't a church social, Godfrey. This is war—and take that smile off your face. I am carrying out a military inspection.

GODFREY Do you think you'll be long, sir?

MAINWARING Why do you ask?

GODFREY Well I'd rather like to…

MAINWARING You'll just have to wait. Stand at ease. *(He crosses back to* **WILSON***)* Now pay attention men. I have just received a new directive from GHQ regarding Nazi parachutists, and I'll read it to you. *(Reading)* "There is a danger that the Home Guard might confuse British pilots and air crews who are bailing out, with actual German parachute troops". *(Pause)* Not that our chaps get shot down very often, of course, but this could happen. *(Pause)* "A good point to remember here is the fact that no British plane contains more than six men. *(Pause)* So if you see a bunch of parachutists floating down, you count them, *(pause)* and if there are more than six, you shoot them in the air."

PIKE Mr Mainwaring.

MAINWARING Yes.

PIKE Mr Mainwaring, if they're dressed as nuns, do we still count them?

MAINWARING You count them however they're dressed, although it isn't likely that a whole plane-load of real nuns would drop by parachute.

JONES You never know, sir. I look at it this way. Supposing somewhere in occupied France there is a nunnery. And one day the chief nun calls all the other nuns together and she says, "Now listen, girls, I've had enough of being under Nazi heels, let us escape to dear old England", and they all creep out and steal a plane. And they fly, and fly and fly. And when these flying nuns get here, they don't know how to land, so they all jump out in parachutes.

MAINWARING I think you're getting into the realms of fantasy now, Jones.

JONES But it is a possibility, sir. It is a possibility.

MAINWARING It's a million to one chance. But I suppose we should take every precaution.

WILSON Excuse me, sir. If I may be allowed to interject at this point of the discussion?

MAINWARING Hmmmm?

WILSON It's really perfectly simple, you see. As they float down, the turbulence of the air will cause the habits to rise, and we shall be able to see their legs. Then we can tell if they're real nuns or not.

MAINWARING A very good point, Wilson, very good. You must look at their legs.

GODFREY Mr Mainwaring, *(pause)* I'm afraid I don't think I should care to look at nuns' legs, sir. It would be very impolite.

MAINWARING You'd just have to force yourself, Godfrey. This is war.

PIKE Mr Mainwaring, I don't know what real nuns' legs look like. I've never seen them.

WALKER If it comes to that, I don't think anybody has.

FRAZER Hairy 'uns!

MAINWARING I beg your pardon, Frazer?

FRAZER If they're Nazis, they'll have nasty hairy legs with jackboots on.

WALKER What do we do if the real nuns have got nasty hairy legs with jackboots on?

MAINWARING That will do, Walker. Now. *(Reading)* "If a Nazi parachutist was floating down with his hands up, would you think this was strange?"

WALKER Not half as strange as if he was floating up with his hands down.

MAINWARING I shan't tell you again, Walker. If he is floating down with his hands up, this does not necessarily mean that he is surrendering. He could have a grenade concealed in each hand, so watch it.

The phone rings in the office.

Answer the phone, Pike.

PIKE Yes, Mr Mainwaring.

PIKE *crosses to the office.*

MAINWARING By the way, Wilson, while we are on the subject of grenades, have you primed our stock of Mills bombs?

WILSON No, sir.

MAINWARING I told you to do it yesterday.

WILSON But it's awfully dangerous, sir.

MAINWARING War is awfully dangerous, Wilson. What would you do if a hoard of Nazi parachutists were to descend on

MUM'S ARMY

MUM'S ARMY

Original television transmission by the BBC on 20th November, 1970 with the following cast of characters:

CAPTAIN MAINWARING	Arthur Lowe
SERGEANT WILSON	John Le Mesurier
LANCE CORPORAL JONES	Clive Dunn
PRIVATE FRAZER	John Laurie
PRIVATE WALKER	James Beck
PRIVATE GODFREY	Arnold Ridley
PRIVATE PIKE	Ian Lavender
MRS GRAY	Carmen Silvera
EDITH PARISH	Wendy Richard
MRS PIKE	Janet Davies
MRS FOX	Pamela Cundell
MISS IRONSIDE	Julia Burbury
IVY SAMWAYS	Rosemary Faith
WAITRESS	Melita Manger
BUFFET ATTENDANT	Deirdre Costello
SERVICEMAN	David Gilchrist
MRS PROSSER	Eleanor Smale
PORTER	Jack Le White
PLATOON	Colin Bean, Hugh Hastings, Vic Taylor, Hugh Cecil, Desmond Cullum-Jones, Leslie Noyes, Freddie Wiles, George Hancock, Frank Godfrey, Freddie White
SERVICEMEN	Eric Stark, Les Conrad, David Melbourne, Peter Wilson
SERVICE GIRLS	Hilary Martin, Ann Downs, Carol Brett
CUSTOMERS	Clifford Hemsley, Maria Cope

CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN MAINWARING
SERGEANT WILSON
CORPORAL JONES
PRIVATE FRAZER
PRIVATE GODFREY
PRIVATE WALKER
PRIVATE PIKE
PRIVATE SPONGE
PRIVATE HANCOCK
MRS FOX
IVY SAMWAYS
EDITH PARISH
MRS GRAY
MISS IRONSIDE
MRS PIKE
WAITRESS
MRS PROSSER
SERVICEMAN
OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PLATOON
RAIL PASSENGERS

The action takes place in Walmington-on-Sea on the south coast of England

Time—1940

Scene One

The Church Hall. Night.

The platoon is on parade. **MAINWARING** *and* **WILSON** *are in their usual positions.* **JONES** *is at the far end, away from them.*

MAINWARING Platoon—stand at ease.

JONES *is late.*

Platoon—'shun!

JONES *is late.*

WILSON Try to do it with the others, Jones.

JONES Sorry, sir.

MAINWARING Thank you, Wilson. Platoon—stand at ease.

JONES *is late yet again.*

JONES I think what is causing it, sir, is that—you being at the end of the line—the sound of your command is taking longer to cross the air to reach me, sir.

MAINWARING Yes—it must be something like that.

WALKER Perhaps, if you was to nod your head, sir, he would catch on a bit quicker.

JONES That's right, sir, you nod yer head, sir, and I'll not be found wanting.

MAINWARING I don't think we'll get involved with that, Jones. Now, pay attention. Some of your uniforms are looking pretty shoddy and one or two badges could do with brassing up a bit. Now, this brings me to a little scheme that we have been discussing—haven't we, Wilson?

WILSON That's right, sir.

MAINWARING *nods.*

JONES *(coming suddenly to attention)* H'up.

MAINWARING What's the matter, Jones?

JONES You nodded, sir, so I sprung to it.

MAINWARING We're not doing that, Jones.

JONES I'm sorry, sir.

MAINWARING Now, we've been approached by several of the womenfolk.

JONES Ay 'up. *(He stands at ease)*

MAINWARING What's the matter now, Jones?

JONES I was standing at attention, sir. Now I'm easing myself.

MAINWARING We have been approached by several of the womenfolk, who would like to join with us in our fight against the common foe. Wilson and I think this is quite a good scheme—don't we, Wilson?

WILSON Yes, sir. Don't nod, will you, sir?

MAINWARING I'll watch it. They could take over some of the paperwork and the making of tea and cocoa, etc...

FRAZER Buttons!

MAINWARING I beg your pardon, Frazer?

FRAZER Buttons, sir. They could sew on buttons.

MAINWARING Precisely—a very good point. Make a note of that, Wilson.

WILSON Yes, sir.

MAINWARING *(nodding)* A very good point, indeed.

JONES *(jumping to attention)* Ay 'up.

MAINWARING Jones!

JONES You nodded, sir. Oh—sorry, sir—I forgot we wasn't doing it.

MAINWARING *(to* **WILSON***)* We're going to have to let him go.

GODFREY My sister is very good at sewing—petit point and all that sort of thing—providing someone else will thread the needle.

MAINWARING I think perhaps we should concentrate on rather a younger age group, Godfrey.

PIKE There's a new girl at the sweet shop—she's very obliging.

MAINWARING That sounds more like the girl we need.

WALKER That's right—comforts for the troops.

MAINWARING We don't want any of that sort of talk, Walker.

FRAZER There's a lassie works for the Gaslight and Coke Company. She's a good weight-bearing sonsie girl with a firm body and big strong thighs.

JONES They're very strong—the ones with big thighs.

MAINWARING Well, I'm sure between us, we can round up the right sort of material. What does sonsie mean?

WILSON An obscure Scottish term.

MAINWARING Anyway, bring them along to the office tomorrow. We only need a handful. Properly trained, they'll release us—the frontline troops—so that we can grapple with the enemy.

WALKER I don't suppose Taffy and Jones' ere will have much energy left after grappling with those big thighs.

MAINWARING Walker, I shan't tell you again.

Blackout.

Scene Two

In the Office and the Church Hall. Night.

WILSON *is in the office at the desk doing some work. In the church hall stands a group:* **JONES** *is waiting with* **MRS FOX***;* **PIKE** *is with* **IVY SAMWAYS***—a very quiet, retiring girl;* **FRAZER** *is without his girl;* **WALKER** *has brought* **EDITH PARISH** *who is a blonde, forthcoming cockney.*

MAINWARING *enters the office by the outside door.*

MAINWARING Ah, good-evening, Wilson. How goes the recruiting?

WILSON The men seem to have brought quite a few along.

MAINWARING Right, we'd better bash on. Get them in—one at a time.

WILSON *crosses to the hall door.*

WILSON Ah, now, who's first?

JONES This is Mrs Fox, Sergeant.

WILSON Ah, yes, Mrs Fox. I wonder if you would be so kind as to come in.

MRS FOX Oo—thanks ever so.

MRS FOX *comes into the office with* **JONES**.

WILSON What an awfully humid day it's been.

MRS FOX Yes, hasn't it.

WILSON Still—you're looking marvellously cool. This is Mrs Fox, sir.

MAINWARING *(standing and saluting)* How do you do, Mrs Fox.

MRS FOX Nicely, thank you.

THE GODIVA AFFAIR

THE GODIVA AFFAIR

Original television transmission by the BBC on 6th December, 1974 with the following cast of characters:

CAPTAIN MAINWARING	Arthur Lowe
SERGEANT WILSON	John Le Mesurier
LANCE CORPORAL JONES	Clive Dunn
PRIVATE FRAZER	John Laurie
PRIVATE GODFREY	Arnold Ridley
PRIVATE PIKE	Ian Lavender
CHIEF WARDEN HODGES, ARP warden	Bill Pertwee
PRIVATE CHEESEMAN	Talfryn Thomas
VICAR	Frank Williams
MR YEATMAN, the Verger	Edward Sinclair
MRS PIKE	Janet Davies
MRS FOX	Pamela Cundell
MR GORDON, the Town Clerk	Eric Longworth
PRIVATE DAY	Peter Honri
WAITRESS	Rosemary Faith
PRIVATE SPONGE	Colin Bean
PRIVATE HANCOCK	George Hancock
PLATOON	Michael Moore, Desmond Cullum-Jones Freddie White, Freddie Wiles, Evan Ross, Leslie Noyes, Roger Bourne, Hugh Cecil
YOUNG GIRLS	Penny Lambirth, Yasmin Lascelles, Elaina Grand, Belinda Lee

CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN MAINWARING
SERGEANT WILSON
LANCE CORPORAL JONES
PRIVATE FRAZER
PRIVATE GODFREY
PRIVATE CHEESEMAN
PRIVATE PIKE
PRIVATE SPONGE
PRIVATE HANCOCK
PRIVATE DAY
MRS FOX
WAITRESS
CHIEF WARDEN HODGES, ARP Warden
MR YEATMAN, the Verger
VICAR
MR GORDON, the Town Clerk
MRS PIKE
OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PLATOON
GIRLS IN SWIMMING COSTUMES

The action takes place in Walmington-on-Sea on the south coast of England

Time—1940

Scene One

In the Office and the Church Hall.

MAINWARING *is in the office talking to* **PRIVATE HANCOCK**, *who has a rifle and affixed bayonet.*

MAINWARING Right, Hancock, you are to stay on guard outside this door and let no-one through. Understand?

HANCOCK Right, sir. Let no-one through.

MAINWARING Maximum security. Is that clear? Maximum security.

HANCOCK Yes, Captain Mainwaring, maximum security.

MAINWARING *goes through the door into the hall. The lights go down in the office.*

MAINWARING Right, men, this is top secret. Put the blackouts up. Private Woods and Meadows on guard outside the main doors. No-one is to enter. I don't care who they are. *(He knocks on the office door)* All clear out there, Hancock?

HANCOCK All clear, sir.

MAINWARING *comes down to centre of the hall.*

MAINWARING Good. *(Pause)* Right, Jones, all clear!

JONES *(offstage)* Right you are, sir.

The door at the side of the stage opens. **JONES**, **FRAZER**, **PIKE** *and* **GODFREY**, **CHEESEMAN** *and* **SPONGE** *file on. They are dressed as Morris Dancers, with* **PRIVATE DAY** *who plays the concertina or recorder.*

MAINWARING Excellent turnout, men, excellent!

JONES Permission to speak, sir! Aren't you going to wear your attire?

MAINWARING Not at the moment. I'll just wear the hat. Now pay attention. The reasons I have taken all these precautions to keep this secret is because no-one must see this dance until it's perfect, otherwise we might look like a bunch of idiots! *(He puts on his hat—his bowler hat which is adorned with ribbons and rosettes)*

FRAZER Captain Mainwaring, if l can have a word. As a Scot I must say that I feel a right Jessie dressed up in this pansy Sassenach get-up!

JONES They are not pansy! This is our English national dress.

FRAZER English national dress, rubbish! Cricket clothes, with bells and ribbons on.

MAINWARING All right, Frazer, you can sneer, but if you care to work it out, it's a costume that sums up the English character pretty well. Clean white cricket flannels that stand for fair play and sportsmanship. The bowler hat that stands for respectability and clear thinking. And the ribbons and bells for just a touch of frivolity.

GODFREY Beautifully put, Captain Mainwaring.

JONES General Kitchener liked a touch of frivolity, sir. He used to wear great long—

MAINWARING All right, Jones, we've no time for that now.

JONES Pity, it was a good story.

MAINWARING *(shouting)* Hurry up, Wilson!

WILSON *(offstage left)* Do you think that someone could open the door for me, sir?

MAINWARING Go and help him, Pike. *(To the others)* Now I don't want to take too long over this rehearsal, we've got a full training programme ahead of us tonight. Right, Private Day. Stand by with your concertina. *(Or recorder)*

DAY Right you are, sir.

PRIVATE DAY *plays a chord.*

MAINWARING Good.

WILSON *comes through the door wearing a hobby horse with a skirt and little legs which are the wrong way round. He has some trouble getting through the door.*

WILSON This is really most awkward, sir.

MAINWARING You'll soon get used to it.

JONES Permission to speak, sir. Sergeant Wilson is not looking like a normal man, his little legs are going in the wrong direction.

MAINWARING Do try and sort yourself out, Wilson. *(He pulls the legs the right way round)* As you know, men, we only need another two thousand pounds to reach our target, which is to buy a Spitfire. Now, during the whole of next week, everyone in Walmington-on-Sea will be doing their utmost to raise the money. The grand climax will be the procession next Saturday afternoon: that is when we will perform our dance. Sergeant Wilson will collect the money from the crowd.

WILSON Excuse me, sir. I don't think I like the idea of asking strangers for money.

MAINWARING It's perfectly simple. All you have to do is to gallop the horse, try to make it look as life-like as possible, then you weave in and out of the dancers. Then you weave round the edge of the crowd, pull open the horse's mouth for them to put the money in, and while you're doing it, make jocular remarks.

WILSON What sort of jocular remarks?

MAINWARING Oh I don't know. You could say: "Har, har, har, give 'til it hurts. Har, har, har". Try that.

WILSON *(pathetically)* Har, har, har, give 'til it hurts. Har, har, har.

JONES If we're going to collect two thousand pounds he'll have to be a bit more jocular than that, sir.

GODFREY I don't think he can afford to be too jocular, otherwise people will think he's being over-familiar.

PIKE I've got it. Why can't he say: "We need Spitfires to beat the Hun, put money in my mouth and it goes to my tum".

FRAZER Rubbish. All he's got to do is to wave his stick at the crowd and shout: "Give us some money or I'll bash your head in".

WILSON Oh really, sir, couldn't you get someone else to do the horse?

MAINWARING No, you are going to do the horse, and that is an order. Right. Form up. Sponge, give the book to Sergeant Wilson.

SPONGE *hands the book to* **WILSON**. *They form up in two lines facing each other.* **FRAZER** *opposite* **JONES**, **PIKE** *opposite* **GODFREY** *and* **SPONGE** *opposite* **CHEESEMAN**. **WILSON** *sits down awkwardly, he tries crossing his legs but can't.*

Now where did we get to last time?

JONES I was having trouble with my whiffling, sir.

MAINWARING Oh yes. Whiffling. Now I think it is very important that we should fully understand the meaning of these movements. Read out the bit about whiffling, Wilson.

WILSON Whiffling. Right, whiffling. *(Reading)* 'The movements with the whiffling stick represent frightening the evil spirits away."

MAINWARING There you are.

PIKE Away from what, Mr Mainwaring?

MAINWARING This is a fertility dance, Pike.

GODFREY I don't think my sister Dolly would approve of that sort of thing, sir.

FRAZER Ah, you silly old fool. The whole idea of this dance is to encourage the crops to grow. It's danced every Spring by the young fertile men of the village.

JONES Well, it's not much good us doing it, is it?

FRAZER You speak for yourself.

JONES *and* **FRAZER** *face up to each other.*

MAINWARING All right, that will do.

JONES Permission to speak, sir. I do not want to stand opposite Private Frazer when he is whiffling.

MAINWARING Why not?

JONES Well sir, I have faced whirling Dervishes, and I have faced charging Fuzzie Wuzzies, but I do not want to face Private Frazer when he is waving his whiffling stick. He's got a mad look in his eyes.

FRAZER Mad? Mad? My eyes are perfectly sane. Captain Mainwaring, would you say that I had mad eyes?

MAINWARING Well, er...no...not really mad.

FRAZER There you are you see.

MAINWARING What's next, Wilson?

WILSON The bean sprouting.

MAINWARING Ah yes, the bean sprouting. Come here, Pike. Now you tap twice on the ground, so... *(He taps* **PIKE***'s stick)* ...then you shout, "Woa!" and leap up in the air; this represents the beans growing.

PIKE How high do you want us to leap, Mr Mainwaring?

MAINWARING As high as a bean grows.

CHEESEMAN I had some last year that grew to eight feet.

THE FLORAL DANCE

THE FLORAL DANCE

CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN MAINWARING
SERGEANT WILSON
LANCE CORPORAL JONES
PRIVATE FRAZER
PRIVATE GODFREY
PRIVATE WALKER
MRS FOX
CHIEF WARDEN HODGES, ARP Warden
MR YEATMAN, the Verger
VICAR
MRS PIKE
OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PLATOON
MRS HART
WARDENS
LADIES

The action takes place in Walmington-on-Sea on the south coast of England

Time—1940

We have included "The Floral Dance" sketch because it was so successful in the production at The Shaftesbury Theatre, London, and was also performed by the Dad's Army team when they appeared in the Royal Command Variety Performance. If the length of the entertainment permits, it makes a wonderful finish to the first or second half of the show and includes a larger cast of Wardens and Ladies.

Scene One

In front of the tabs.

MAINWARING *and* **HODGES** *enter.*

MAINWARING No, no, certainly not. I've never heard of anything so outrageous in all my life.

HODGES Why should you be in charge of the choir any more than me, what do you know about music?

MAINWARING Now look here, Hodges. For the last time I'm telling you that this choir is my idea, and I'm conducting it.

HODGES Listen, Napoleon, you asked for some Ladies. I'm bringing 'em along, so why can't I conduct?

MAINWARING Because most of the choir come from my platoon and they're all men.

HODGES I've only got your word for that, mate.

MAINWARING How dare you!

HODGES Those wounded soldiers don't want to look at a lot of old men, they like to see pretty women.

MAINWARING We'll toss for it. *(He produces a coin)* Heads I conduct the choir, tails you conduct it.

HODGES Oh, all right.

MAINWARING *tosses the coin.*

MAINWARING Heads! I conduct the choir.

HODGES Best out of three.

Blackout.

Scene Two

The Church Hall.

The tabs go up on the Church hall.

WILSON *marches on the platoon.*

WILSON Platoon, halt! Now just get into a choir arrangement.

JONES Right, you heard what the sergeant said. Into a choir arrangement at the double.

The platoon take their places.

The **VICAR** *and* **VERGER** *enter with* **MRS HART**, **MRS PIKE** *and* **MRS FOX.**

VERGER Left, right, left, right.

VICAR Oh, don't be silly, Mr Yeatman. They're not soldiers, just take your places, ladies.

The ladies take their places.

HODGES *marches on the* **WARDENS.**

HODGES Left, right, left, right, halt. Into position please, ladies and gentlemen.

The **WARDENS** *don't move.*

(to **WILSON***)* You'll notice that I don't have to bawl and shout to keep my people in order. I dominate them by the power of my personality.

WILSON It doesn't seem to be working awfully well.

The **WARDENS** *still haven't moved.*

HODGES *(shouting)* Will you get in position.

The **WARDENS** *take their places.* **HODGES** *stands in front of* **MRS FOX.**

MAINWARING *enters.*

Evening, Sir Thomas.

MAINWARING Thank you for coming along, ladies and gentlemen. As you know, we are giving this concert next Saturday night for wounded soldiers, and as quite a number of the men are from the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, I have chosen the Floral Dance to open the proceedings. *(To* **WILSON***)* Take your place at the piano, Wilson.

WILSON Right, sir. *(He sits at the piano; finger business)*

MAINWARING What are you doing?

WILSON Just limbering up the digits, sir.

MAINWARING You're not Charlie Kunz, you know. Mr Hodges.

HODGES Yes?

MAINWARING I don't think it's necessary to wear your steel helmet to sing in.

MRS FOX I don't mind him keeping it on. I can rest my music and things on it.

HODGES I'll take it off. Not because of what you said, but because of what she said. *(He takes it off)*

PIKE *(to* **GODFREY***)* I've never seen him without his helmet before. I always thought he hadn't got a top to his head.

HODGES I heard that, you stupid, soppy-looking boy.

MRS PIKE Don't you call my son a stupid, soppy-looking boy.

HODGES Well, he is a stupid, soppy-looking boy.

MAINWARING Please, ladies and gentlemen.

MRS HART Can we get on, please.

MAINWARING Yes, of course, Mrs Hart. *(Grin business)* Now most of you know the tune. It's very simple. The first bit's nearly all one note like this. *(He la's the first few bars)* Right, Wilson, just play the tune through for them in single notes.

WILSON *plays the first few notes. Nothing happens.*

WILSON I'm afraid the note's broken, sir.

MAINWARING Well, play the next note.

WILSON That's not the right one.

MAINWARING All right then, play one like it.

WILSON There isn't one like it in this part of the keyboard.

MAINWARING Don't try and blind me with science, Wilson.

WILSON I can manage it an octave lower, sir.

MAINWARING Well, play it then.

WILSON *plays the first few bars through with one finger an octave lower.*

That's it! We'll take that bit first. Are you ready? One—two...

OMNES *(singing)*

AS I WALKED HOME ON A SUMMER NIGHT
WHEN STARS IN THE HEAVENS WERE SHINING BRIGHT.

It is very low for them. **MAINWARING** *stops them.*

JONES Permission to speak, sir. It's too low. I think the ladies are having a little trouble.

MAINWARING It's too low, Wilson.

WILSON All right, sir. I'll go up a bit.

MAINWARING Good. Ready, one—two...

WILSON *plays it two octaves higher.*

OMNES *(singing)*

AS I WALKED HOME ON A SUMMER NIGHT
WHEN STARS IN THE HEAVENS WERE SHINING
BRIGHT.

JONES *(speaking)* Mr Mainwaring, it's too high. The men are having a bit of trouble.

MAINWARING It's far too high, Wilson. We don't want the one below or the one up there—we want the one in the middle.

HODGES I can't stand any more of this—I'll give it to you. *(He sings)*

AS I WALKED HOME ON A SUMMER NIGHT
WHEN STARS IN THE HEAVEN WERE SHINING BRIGHT
FAR AWAY FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS GLARE
INTO THE SWEET AND SCENTED AIR
OF A QUAINT OLD CORNISH TOWN

(speaking) How's that?

JONES Rotten.

VICAR Wait a minute. *(He gets out a pitch pipe)* I'll give it to you on my little pitch pipe.

He blows it, they all "la."

MAINWARING Thank you, Vicar.

VICAR It's such a handy little thing. I carry it with me everywhere.

VERGER His Reverence uses it to tune boy scouts.

MAINWARING Right, ladies and gentlemen, we'll take it from the beginning. We want someone for the solo "Borne from afar on the gentle breeze".

JONES Permission to speak, sir. I should like to volunteer to be the one "Borne from afar on the gentle breeze".

MAINWARING I was afraid you might—all ready? One—two...

They sing the first six bars properly. When they reach the word "town" they hold the note for the next two bars and the girls harmonize.

JONES *(singing, coming in two beats too soon)*
BORNE FROM AFAR ON THE GENTLE BREEZE.

MAINWARING *(stopping him)* Jones! Jones!

The rest stop. **JONES** *still carries on.*

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