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CONCORD
THEATRICALS

MISS LITTLEWOOD

Book, music and lyrics
by Sam Kenyon

SAMUEL FRENCH

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MISS LITTLEWOOD SONG LIST

Act One

1: Prelude
2: Joan All Alone
2A: Nuns Theme
3: The Trouble With Theatre
4: My Father's Eyes
5: Paris Is a Woman
6: The Trouble With Theatre: RADA reprise
7: Joan All Alone: The Walk to Manchester reprise
8: The Wanderer's Lament
8A: Chopin Funeral March
9: Goodbye
10: The Theatre Workshop Story 1: Fuente Ovejuna
11: The Theatre Workshop Story 2: Last Edition
12: Now
13: The Theatre Workshop Story 3: Uranium 235
13A: Joan All Alone
14: Goodbye: Ormesby reprise

Act Two

15: In Stratford East
15A: Top of the Morning
16: A Taste of Honey: Shelagh Delaney
17: A Taste of Honey: Frank Norman reprise
18: A Taste Of Honey: Hal Prince reprise
19: Change
20: A Little Bit Of Business
21: Where Have You Been All My Life?
22: The Theatre Workshop Story 4: Oh What a Lovely War
23: Nothing Much Happened After That
24: A Decent Day

AUTHOR'S NOTE

As soon as I began researching Joan Littlewood - reading about her and interviewing former colleagues – I realised that she was a truly multi-faceted character, and decided very early on that a number of performers would serve her story best. Given that men already have the 'Seven Ages of Man' speech in *As You Like It*, I figured it was only fair to redress the balance, hence the seven Joans. They should be diverse in a number of ways – age, ethnicity, appearance, accent – and no one should be concerned about doing an impersonation. That said, Jimmie Miller (Salford) and Avis Bunnage (Chorlton-Cum-Hardy) have quite specific accents, which should be as authentic as possible. In the very first workshop reading we had only eight performers: seven women playing all the roles except for that of Gerry, played by the single man in that company. Any fully-realised production should draw on this Littlewood-inspired theatrical economy whereby, with a simple change of hat, a woman plays many parts. The set can be as basic as funds dictate, and the band a solo piano, but the music should always be played live, with any instruments as visible as possible.

Sam Kenyon, 2018



ABOUT THE ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre opened in Stratford-upon-Avon in 1879. Since then the plays of Shakespeare have been performed here, alongside the work of his contemporaries and of living modern playwrights. In 1960, the Royal Shakespeare Company was formed, gaining its Royal Charter in 1961. The founding principles of the Company were threefold: the Company would embrace the freedom and power of Shakespeare's work, train and develop young actors and directors and, crucially, experiment in new ways of making theatre. The RSC quickly became known for exhilarating performances of Shakespeare alongside new masterpieces such as *The Homecoming* and *Old Times* by Harold Pinter. It was a combination that thrilled audiences and this close and exacting relationship between writers from different eras has become the fuel that powers the creativity of the RSC.

In 1974, The Other Place opened in a tin hut on Waterside under the visionary leadership and artistic directorship of Buzz Goodbody. Determined to explore Shakespeare's plays in intimate proximity to her audience and to make small-scale, radical new work, Buzz revitalised the Company's interrogation between the contemporary and classical repertoire. Reopened in 2016 under the artistic directorship of Erica Whyman, The Other Place is once again the home for experimentation and the development of exciting new ideas.

In our 55 years of producing new plays, we have collaborated with some of the most exciting writers of their generation. These have included: Edward Albee, Howard Barker, Alice Birch, Richard Bean, Edward Bond, Howard Brenton, Marina Carr, Caryl Churchill, Martin Crimp, Can Dündar, David Edgar, Helen Edmundson, James Fenton, Georgia Fitch, Fraser Grace, David Greig, Tanika Gupta, Matt Hartley, Ella Hickson, Kirsty Housley, Dennis Kelly, Anders Lustgarten, Tarell Alvin McCraney, Martin McDonagh, Tom Morton-Smith, Rona Munro, Richard Nelson, Anthony Neilson, Harold Pinter, Phil Porter, Mike Poulton, Mark Ravenhill, Somalia Seaton, Adriano Shaplin, Tom Stoppard, debbie tucker green, Frances Ya-Chu Cowhig, Timberlake Wertenbaker, Peter Whelan and Roy Williams.

The Company today is led by Gregory Doran, whose appointment as Artistic Director represents a long-term commitment to the disciplines and craftsmanship required to put on the plays of Shakespeare. The RSC under his leadership is committed to illuminating the relevance of Shakespeare's plays and the works of his contemporaries for the next generation of audiences and believes that our continued investment in new plays and living writers is an essential part of that mission.

The RSC is grateful for the significant support of its principal funder, Arts Council England, without which our work would not be possible. Around 75 per cent of the RSC's income is self-generated from Box Office sales, sponsorship, donations, enterprise and partnerships with other organisations.

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NEW WORK AT THE RSC

We are a contemporary theatre company built on classical rigour. Through an extensive programme of research and development, we resource writers, directors and actors to explore and develop new ideas for our stages, and as part of this we commission playwrights to engage with the muscularity and ambition of the classics and to set Shakespeare's world in the context of our own.

We invite writers to spend time with us in our rehearsal rooms, with our actors and creative teams. Alongside developing new plays for all our stages, we invite playwrights to contribute dramaturgically to both our productions of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, as well as our work for, and with, young people. We believe that engaging with living writers and contemporary theatre-makers helps to establish a creative culture within the Company which both inspires new work and creates an ever more urgent sense of enquiry into the classics.

Shakespeare was a great innovator and breaker of rules, as well as a bold commentator on the times in which he lived. It is his spirit which informs new work at the RSC. Erica Whyman, Deputy Artistic Director, heads up this strand of the Company's work alongside Pippa Hill as Literary Manager.

The work of the RSC Literary Department is generously supported by
THE DRUE HEINZ TRUST.

Miss Littlewood was first presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company in the Swan Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, on 22 June 2018. The cast was as follows:

JOAN 2/FRANK NORMAN	**ARETHA AYEH**
SISTER MARY/ROSALIE WILLIAMS/ REPORTER	**DAISY BADGER**
JIMMIE MILLER/CEDRIC PRICE/ ROBERT LITTLEWOOD	**GREG BARNETT**
JOAN LITTLEWOOD	**CLARE BURT**
SHELAGH DELANEY/ KATE LITTLEWOOD/BEATTIE	**LAURA ELSWORTHY**
JOAN 4/SISTER GERTRUDE/ JEAN NEWLOVE/OLDER WOMAN	**SANDY FOSTER**
JOAN 5/SISTER SUSANNAH/NICK/ VICTOR SPINETTI/JOHN BURY/ ARCHIE HARDING	**AMANDA HADINGUE**
JOAN 6/CAROLINE EMILY/ BETSY MILLER/HAL PRINCE	**DAWN HOPE**
GERRY RAFFLES	**SOLOMON ISRAEL**
JOAN 1/PEARL TURNER/ BARBARA YOUNG/LIONEL BART/ BARBARA/BARBARA WINDSOR	**EMILY JOHNSTONE**
NELLIE	**NATASHA LEWIS**
JOAN 3/AVIS BUNNAGE	**SOPHIA NOMVETE**
MURRAY MELVIN/HOWARD GOORNEY/ GIELGUD'S MACBETH /BELLBOY	**TAM WILLIAMS**

Miss Littlewood and the Director are generously supported by Miranda Curtis.

The RSC Acting Companies are generously supported by THE GATSBY CHARITABLE FOUNDATION and THE KOVNER FOUNDATION.

Book, Music & Lyrics	**Sam Kenyon**
Director	**Erica Whyman**
Designer	**Tom Piper**
Lighting Designer	**Charles Balfour**
Musical Supervisor & Orchestrator	**Sarah Travis**
Music Director	**Tarek Merchant**
Sound Designer	**Jonathan Ruddick**
Movement Director	**Lucy Hind**
Dramaturg	**Pippa Hill**
Video Designer	**Nina Dunn**
Singing, Voice & Dialect Work	**Louisa Clarke**
Assistant Director	**Floriana Dezou**
Casting Director	**Matthew Dewsbury**
Production Manager	**Simon Ash**
Costume Supervisor	**Sam Pickering**
Props Supervisor	**Liz Vass**
Company Manager	**Michael Dembowicz**
Stage Manager	**Pip Horobin**
Deputy Stage Manager	**Jen Davey**
Assistant Stage Manager	**Polly Rowe**
Producer	**Zoë Donegan**

Musicians

Clarinet/Bass Clarinet/Flute	**Sufia Manya**
Trumpet	**Andrew Stone-Fewings**
Violin/Viola	**Samantha Norman**
Cello/Double Bass	**Matthew Forbes**
Percussion	**Kevin Waterman**
Keyboard/Accordion	**Tarek Merchant**

This text may differ slightly from the play as performed

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The RSC was established in 1961. It is incorporated under Royal Charter and is a registered charity, number 212481.

CHARACTERS

(in order of appearance)

CAROLINE EMILY – Joan's grandmother
KATE LITTLEWOOD – Joan's mother
ROBERT LITTLEWOOD – Joan's grandfather
JOAN LITTLEWOOD – sixties
JOAN 1 – young girl to young teenager
SISTER SUSANNAH – nuns, teachers
SISTER MARY
SISTER GERTRUDE
SCHOOLGIRLS
JOHN BURY GIELGUD
JOAN 2 – late teens/early twenties
SUSANNAH NICHOLSON – known as Nick – Joan's art teacher
OLDER WOMAN – Joan's paternal grandmother
PRINCIPAL OF RADA – played by Joan Littlewood herself
BEATTIE – a kindly woman en route to Manchester
JIMMIE MILLER – (later Ewan MacColl) – writer, actor, singer, songwriter
HOWARD GOORNEY – actor
ROSALIE WILLIAMS – actress
TEDDY – ASM
GERARD – actor
ALF – actor
BETSY MILLER – Jimmie's mother
JEAN NEWLOVE – choreographer and Laban expert
JOAN 3 – late twenties/early thirties
GERRY RAFFLES – actor and producer
PEARL TURNER – actress and singer
THE ARTS COUNCIL – played by Joan Littlewood herself
JOHN BURY – Designer

BARBARA YOUNG, aka **PIGEON** – actress
JOAN 4 – late thirties/early forties
AVIS BUNNAGE – actress
MURRAY MELVIN, aka **NUT** – actor
SHELAGH DELANEY – writer
FRANK NORMAN – writer
LIONEL BART – writer/composer
BARBARA (not named) – actress
VICTOR SPINETTI – actor
HAL PRINCE – director
JOAN 5 – late forties/early fifties
CEDRIC PRICE – architect of The Fun Palace
FRENCH BELLBOY
BARBARA WINDSOR – actress
JOAN 6 – late fifties
REPORTER

To
Mum

For
Dad

Because of
Murray

ACT ONE

There is a large screen above the stage, onto which various images will be projected during the show, and a year counter, currently set at 1914. A selected seat in the auditorium has a script with **JACK***'s lines under it.*

[MUSIC NO. 1: "PRELUDE"]

ALL WOMEN
AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH

Scene One

The **LITTLEWOOD** *home: eight, Stockwell Road, London.* **KATE** *at the kitchen sink, vomiting into it,* **CAROLINE EMILY** *seated at a table.*

CAROLINE EMILY Turn around. I knew it. You little...

KATE Don't, Ma. What am I to do?

CAROLINE EMILY Too late for questions like that. How far gone are you?

KATE Nearly seven months.

CAROLINE EMILY Well it's too late for the gin cure. We could put it up for adoption, I suppose, not that anyone would want it.

KATE Stop it, Ma. You're cruel, you are.

CAROLINE EMILY Wait till your father gets home. Then you'll know cruel.

ROBERT *enters.*

ROBERT Well he's home, now. What's up?

KATE We're having silverside for supper.

CAROLINE EMILY Fine: Robert? Our Kate is eating for two, nowadays.

KATE *is silent.* **ROBERT** *sits down slowly at the kitchen table. Tension.*

ROBERT You'll tell, or you'll be out on your ear, girl. Well?

KATE *gets up and whispers into his ear, then runs upstairs.*

And now, Caroline Emily, you're going to tell me where I can find him, and I'm going to sort him out.

CAROLINE EMILY St Martin's le Grand. You'll find him in the Lord Raglan pub, most likely. His stall's round the corner.

ROBERT *nods to* **CAROLINE EMILY**, *puts his boots, coat and hat back on and turns to the* **AUDIENCE**.

ROBERT You there, I want a word with you. Yes, you.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD *appears and indicates the* **AUDIENCE MEMBER** *who is to play* **JACK**.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD Don't panic, darling. You'll find the script under your seat.

ROBERT Stand up. Know a girl called Kate Littlewood, do you? Goes by the name of Kitty.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD Deny it. Shake your head.

ROBERT Don't you shake your head at me, young lad. Don't you dare.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD Don't blush, whatever you do.

ROBERT You might well blush. I am Kate Littlewood's father and I am here to know your intentions.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD That's your cue.

JACK *(reading)* I'm to be married to another girl, sir.

ROBERT I see. Spineless little coward. You've made your bed, and my daughter's. Now you'll lie in it. Six shillings a week from now until the child turns sixteen. Take my offer before I double it.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD Nod.

ROBERT Now then: your business?

JACK *(reading)* Grocer, sir.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD You tell him.

ROBERT Six shillings a week, Mondays, prompt. And a tray of Williams pears on the child's birthday. The finest, you understand. You may sit down.

ROBERT *nods to* **JOAN LITTLEWOOD** *who steps up on stage.* **ROBERT** *exits during the following speech.*

JOAN LITTLEWOOD So that's how I came to be. A gusset shifter down by the station, New Year's Eve 1913, and the champagne of Jack's orgasm spawned yours truly. *(To the* **AUDIENCE MEMBER***)* Thanks, darling: you've done your bit for the war effort. *(To* **AUDIENCE***)* October sixth, 1914 was my birthdate, a few months into The War To End All Wars – although, as there hasn't been a single day without war since then, it's hard not to take it personally. Kate named me Joan Maudie Littlewood. And she never forgave me. For being born, that is. I do hope, by the end of all this, that you feel somewhat differently. About time for a song, don't you think?

[MUSIC NO. 2: "JOAN ALL ALONE"]

I'M JOAN
JOAN ALL ALONE FROM MY HEAD TO MY TOES
IF NOBODY LOVES ME, WHAT DO I CARE?
AS JOAN, JOAN ALL ALONE FROM MY HEELS TO MY NOSE,
I SING TO MYSELF, AND PLAY SOLITAIRE.
BUT IF, SOMEDAY, SOMEONE SHOULD APPEAR,

SHOULD COME FROM OVER THERE
TO SOMEWHERE NEARER HERE,
I'D TELL THEM:
"NOW THAT YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF KNOWN, I'LL BE 'JOAN
ALL ALONE' NO MORE".

Music continues under **JOAN LITTLEWOOD***'s speech.*

Now you may all be thinking: 'Joan Littlewood? Who's she when she's at home?' Well, this was not always the case. You might as well ask, 'Why do we know about so many unremarkable men and so few remarkable women?' 'A charismatic theatrical revolutionary', they called me. When we returned to the International Theatre Festival in Paris in '58 the crowd carried me into the theatre: that's how famous I was. None of this 'a-blurry-photo-of-my-arse-trended-on-Twitter-for-twelve seconds-and-now-I've-got-a-book-deal' nonsense. No. Proper 'I had that Joan Littlewood in my cab the other week' famous. One of my shows is so notorious it still pisses off the establishment. But that's for Act Two. Tonight, we're going on tour, just like in the old days, with my theatre company, only this time it's a tour of my life. The lows, the highs, how I changed the world: that sort of light-hearted stuff. And you'll meet a chap called Gerry. Nowadays this is the only place to catch sight of him. I've got a bone to pick. But for now I need a volunteer…*(underscoring ends) (To* **JOAN 1***, planted in the* **AUDIENCE***)* You. You'd make terrific casting. Do you mind coming with me? *(To* **JOAN 1***'s audience neighbours)* I promise you can have her back in a short while.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD *and* **JOAN 1** *step onto the stage together.*

(handing **JOAN 1** *a cap)* Pop this on. Think of it as a costume. Or a weapon. There was something in the way you took your seat that caught my eye. You're perfect. You're playing me. No pressure. My advice to you, sweetheart: don't like

what you see? Do something better. Change, and the world changes with you. *(To* **AUDIENCE***)* So yes: a tour. That last scene? How Not To Tell Your Parents You're Pregnant.

Musical underscoring restarts.

SISTERS SUSANNAH, **MARY** *and* **GERTRUDE**, *and* **SCHOOLGIRLS** *enter, carrying desks, which they begin to lay out in a grid. Year counter counts up to 1921. Music continues, morphing back into* ***"JOAN ALL ALONE"*** *in time for the reprise.*

Oh: here they come. Subtle. *(To the* **CAST***)* So rude, interrupting. I can take a hint, you know. *(To* **JOAN 1***)* You mustn't mind me. I'll be better with you. The rest of them drive me up the wall, sometimes, but you won't ever get the sharp end of my tongue. *(To* **AUDIENCE***)* This lot are clearly itching to get on. Itching. *(To* **JOAN 1***)* So listen you and I will do a bit of that song again, and then…well: here we go: –

JOAN LITTLEWOOD and **JOAN 1**

BUT IF, SOMEDAY, SOMEONE SHOULD APPEAR,
SHOULD COME FROM OVER THERE
TO SOMEWHERE NEARER HERE,
I'D TELL THEM:

JOAN LITTLEWOOD and **JOAN 1**

"NOW THAT YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF KNOWN,

JOAN 1

I'LL BE 'JOAN ALL ALONE' NO MORE".

Song ends.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD Things I Learned At School: How a School Trip Can Change Your Life.

[MUSIC NO. 2A: "NUNS THEME"]

Scene Two

A classroom. Desks are laid out in rows, with girls sitting facing away from the **AUDIENCE**. **SISTERS SUSANNAH**, **MARY** *and* **GERTRUDE** *interrupt each other throughout, indicated by /. The effect should be that of a radio being retuned. Year counter counts up to 1926 by the end of the scene.*

SISTER SUSANNAH Today, girls, we shall be learning about The Great War...

SISTER MARY ...when Great Britain and the allies stood up to the great threat to our safety and coastal/ integrity: Kaiser Wilhelm...

SISTER SUSANNAH /And when a great number of brilliant – quite brilliant/ – men

SISTER MARY /A devastating number/ of wonderful men...

SISTER GERTRUDE /of beautiful men and women laid down their lives for /each and every one of us...

ALL /Each and every one of us.

SISTER GERTRUDE If you'll turn to page one of your text books/ – you in the corner: you'll have to share – we'll start with the war's origins...

SISTER MARY /On June twenty-eighth, 1914, a nineteen-year-old Bosnian Serb named Gavrilo Princip set out with six other accomplices. Their aim? To throw a grenade/ into the car of Franz Ferdinand, the Archduke of Austria...

SISTER SUSANNAH /Shakespeare, girls. The Merchant of/ Venice...

SISTER GERTRUDE /Today, girls, we'll be dissecting an onion. Prepare/ yourselves for tears...

SISTER MARY /And now, girls, please turn to page ninety-three in your calculus/ textbook...

SISTER GERTRUDE /And now, girls, if you'll pair up, we shall make our way to the Old Vic theatre, where we shall see Mr John Gielgud take the part of /Macbeth…

SISTER SUSANNAH /Macbeth…

SISTER MARY /Macbeth, Thane of Glamis…

SISTER SUSANNAH …but be sure, ladies, not to mention the name of /Macbeth—

SISTER GERTRUDE AND SISTER MARY /Macbeth…

SISTER SUSANNAH —within the auspices of the theatre itself. It is considered terribly bad luck to say the name—

JOAN 1 Macbeth!

Scene Three

1926. The Old Vic Theatre: interior.

[MUSIC NO. 3: "THE TROUBLE WITH THEATRE"]

JOAN 1

I ENTER THE THEATRE
AS THOUGH IN A DREAM
FOR I'D NEVER SEEN A THEATRE FROM INSIDE
IT SMELLS OF EXPECTATION
OF PLEASURE AND DELIGHT... WHAT A NIGHT,

JOAN 1 AND JOAN LITTLEWOOD

WHAT A NIGHT!

JOAN 1

THE FIERCE AUDITORIUM
IS GOLDEN AND RED
WITH THICK VELVET CURTAINS HANGING DOWN
I LOOK UP TO THE CEILING
SEE CHERUBS TAKING FLIGHT... WHAT A NIGHT, WHAT A NIGHT!

THE CURTAIN, IT RISES
THE PLAY IT BEGINS
THE CAULDRON, THE WITCHES AND THE VERSE
AND I HAVE SEEN SUCH BEAUTY
YES I HAVE WITNESSED GOD
IN THE POWER AND GLORY OF THE BARD!

JOHN GIELGUD *enters, dressed as Macbeth.*

JOHN GIELGUD Is this a dagger which I see before me? *(He hesitates)*

JOAN 1

THEN SOMEBODY FALTERS
BUT NO ONE REACTS

JOHN GIELGUD Come, let me clutch thee!

JOHN GIELGUD *gradually exits during the following verse.*

JOAN 1

THEY JUST SAY THE LINE AND CARRY ON
THE SINGLE MOST AUTHENTIC MOMENT IN THE SHOW IS IGNORED
THE REST OF THE EVENING
PASSES ME BY
I FALL INTO A DIFFERENT SORT OF DREAM

JOAN 1 and **JOAN LITTLEWOOD**

WHERE I AM THE PRODUCER

JOAN 1

IT'S ME WHO CALLS THE SHOTS
WHEN SOMEBODY FALTERS IT ALTERS THE COURSE OF THE PLAY...

I EXIT THE THEATRE
NOW FULLY AWAKE
THE PLACE'S FORMER GLORY LEAVES ME COLD
THE GILT AND ALL THE VELVET
ARE GUILTY AS ALL HELL... I FEEL OLD

JOAN 1 and **ENSEMBLE**

I FEEL OLD!
THE TROUBLE WITH THEATRE
IS ALWAYS THE SAME
IT ISN'T JUST THE PICTURE; IT'S THE FRAME

JOAN 1

THE ENTRANCE AND THE FOYER, THE WAY THAT YOU'RE ADDRESSED;
THE REASON THEY'RE CALLED HOUSES? YOU ENTER AS A GUEST.
I LEAVE THE OLD VIC THEATRE DISTINCTLY UNIMPRESSED...

ENSEMBLE

AH

JOAN 1

AND DEPRESSED...

ENSEMBLE

AH

JOAN 1 and **JOAN LITTLEWOOD**

AND OBSESSED!

JOAN LITTLEWOOD And we're back home, once more. Number eight, Stockwell Road. How To Sabotage Your Own Birthday, With The Help Of Your Mother.

Scene Four

Saturday Morning. Eight, Stockwell Road. **CAROLINE EMILY** *and* **ROBERT** *are sitting having a cup of tea. A knock at the door. Year counter counts up to 1930.*

ROBERT Come in.

An **OLDER WOMAN** *enters, carrying a box marked 'Williams Pears', and an envelope.*

CAROLINE EMILY Oh.

OLDER WOMAN Can I see her?

ROBERT You're not to say a word to her.

OLDER WOMAN Then I'll say it to you. Today is her sixteenth birthday. This is the last year. And this *(she hands over the envelope)* is the final payment. I'll thank you to keep your word. And not to mess with my son no more.

CAROLINE EMILY *stands in anger.* **ROBERT** *places a hand on her shoulder and she sits once more. The* **OLDER WOMAN** *nods, and places the pears on the kitchen table.* **CAROLINE EMILY** *exits and returns with* **JOAN 1**. *She sees the pears, then looks at the* **OLDER WOMAN**.

JOAN 1 Hello?

The **OLDER WOMAN** *looks* **JOAN 1** *slowly up and down, then stares into her eyes. She draws breath as though to speak.* **ROBERT** *tenses.* **KATE** *enters as the* **OLDER WOMAN** *leaves.* **JOAN 1** *shrugs and picks up the pears.*

KATE I suppose the good news is, now you'll have to earn your keep like the rest of us.

ROBERT Kate. It's her birthday.

JOAN 1 Stuff you.

CAROLINE EMILY Joan!

KATE There's gratitude. I gave birth to you when I was your age.

JOAN 1 Well, days like this I wish you'd kept your maidenhood.

KATE You're just like him. Face of a peasant, pig-eyed, voice like a foghorn and a heart like flint.

JOAN 1 And you are, and always will be, a slut.

The kitchen disappears and **JOAN 1** *is in her bedroom, the pears on her lap.* **JOAN 1** *takes a mirror off her bedside table and looks at herself.*

[MUSIC NO. 4: "MY FATHER'S EYES"]

MY FATHER'S EYES
WERE DARK, LIKE MINE
HE ALSO HAD THIS GAP BETWEEN HIS TEETH
AND UNDERNEATH
APPARENTLY
WE'RE SIMILAR

MY FATHER'S VOICE
WAS DEEP, LIKE MINE
HIS FACE, LIKE MINE, WAS BROAD AND FLAT AND PLAIN
SHE CAN'T EXPLAIN
THE OTHER WAYS
WE'RE SIMILAR

OTHER GIRLS' FATHERS CHOP LOGS
OTHER GIRLS' FATHERS FIGHT FIRES
THEY DIG HOLES IN THE GROUND
OR JUST STICK AROUND

OTHER GIRLS' FATHERS CUT CLOTH
OTHER GIRLS' FATHERS MEND FENCES
THEY CLIMB CHIMNEYS, SWEEP SOOT
OR SIMPLY STAY PUT

MINE SENDS A BOX OF WILLIAMS PEARS ONCE A YEAR...

(spoken) Who does he think he is?

Sung:

ONE DOZEN PERFECT WILLIAMS PEARS ONCE A YEAR...

(spoken) Who do *I* think he is?

Sung:

MY OLD MAN IS HANDSOME
MY OLD MAN IS KIND
MY OLD MAN IS SAD HE HAD TO LEAVE ME BEHIND
MY OLD MAN IS FAMOUS
MY OLD MAN IS ALIVE
AND ONE DAY, SOME DAY, MY OLD MAN WILL ARRIVE

HE'LL SAY "JOAN, YOU'RE BRILLIANT, JOAN, YOU'RE EXCITING"
HE'LL SAY, "JOAN, YOU'VE NOTHING TO HIDE"

HE WON'T TELL ME I'M DRIVING HIM WILD
HE'LL SAY

JOAN LITTLEWOOD

" YOU'RE ALL THAT A FATHER COULD WANT IN A CHILD"

JOAN 1

AND I WILL BE MY FATHER'S PRIDE

MY FATHER'S EYES
WERE DARK, LIKE MINE

MY FATHER'S VOICE
WAS DEEP, LIKE MINE

BUT TILL I MEET THE MAN HIMSELF
I'LL SIT HERE IN MY LONELY BED
MY FATHER'S EYES ARE ONLY IN MY HEAD

Music continues as underscore.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD *(interrupting, over underscore:)* No, no. Far too self-indulgent, darling. Especially when it's your birthday. No, we can't have it like that.

KATE *(offstage)* Who are you talking to in there?

JOAN LITTLEWOOD and **JOAN 1** Myself.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD *(to* **JOAN 1***)* Tell you what, darling, why don't you go and make us both a nice cup of tea? I'll cover you. Oh, and give us that cap, would you? I'd hate for you to lose it.

JOAN 1 *hands* **JOAN LITTLEWOOD** *the cap, and exits, bemused.*

(spotting **JOAN 2***)* Little bird, come with me. Could you take over? *(Handing* **JOAN 2** *the cap)* Try it on for size. I age, after all, like any other mortal, and now is as good a time as any.

JOAN 2 *puts on the cap.*

Suits you. Now then…we're going to try that number again, only this time… *(To* **CONDUCTOR***)* Take us back a bit, please?

*(***BAND** *plays beginning of final section)* Bit further. *(…Previous section)* Yes lovely. *(To* **JOAN 2***)* Sing with me.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD *sings, conducting* **JOAN 2** *in for second line onwards:*

DA, DA, DA-DA ALIVE

JOAN 2 and **JOAN LITTLEWOOD**

AND ONE DAY, SOMEDAY, MY OLD MAN WILL ARRIVE

JOAN LITTLEWOOD Now then, this time, really give him what for.

JOAN 2

I'LL SAY, "WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED A FATHER?"

JOAN LITTLEWOOD That's more like it!

JOAN 2

THEN I'LL SAY: "TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE"

JOAN LITTLEWOOD That's terrific!

JOAN 2

I WON'T SIMPER AND CLING TO HIS SLEEVE
I'LL SAY "MAKE SURE THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND WHEN YOU LEAVE.
NOW GO AND MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH KATE."

MY FATHER'S EYES
MAY LOOK LIKE MINE
MY FATHER'S VOICE
MAY SOUND LIKE MINE
BUT HE HAS NEVER BEEN AROUND
THE ONLY WAY I KNOW HE CARES
IS WILLIAMS PEARS...

MMM underscore.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD Much better. Much more me. Now pick one of the pears. Give it a squeeze...now a sniff...and now... take a big bite!

Humming, **JOAN 2** *does the following under* **JOAN LITTLEWOOD***'s speech: holds one up, squeezes it, sniffs it, then, when instructed, bites into it with great satisfaction.*

(under playout) ...and don't forget: your art teacher, Miss Nicholson, is waiting for you in Lyons' tea rooms. Happy birthday, darling.

JOAN 2 *bites the pear to hold it and grabs her coat and scarf.* **JOAN 1** *reappears carrying a cup of tea. Song continues as underscore.*

(to **JOAN 1***)* Thanks, sparrow. Piping hot: lovely. We had to make do in your absence. Do stick around, though, won't you? I've got you in mind for a couple of other parts.

JOAN 1 What? You just sent me out to make a cup of tea.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD That's right. And you took a little longer than I'd hoped.

JOAN 1 That's how long it takes a kettle to boil.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD *(to* **AUDIENCE***)* It's called 'casting by availability'. *(To* **JOAN 1***)* I promise you I'll keep you busy.

JOAN 1 But—

JOAN LITTLEWOOD You're slowing the pace of the story. Trust me: I'm a director.

Song ends. **JOAN 1** *relents and re-enters* **AUDIENCE.**

(to **JOAN 2***)* You're on! *(To* **AUDIENCE***)* Meeting My Art Teacher at Lyons' Tea Rooms, or How To Accept An Invitation From A Probable Lesbian, Without Actually Committing To Anything.

Scene Five

In Lyons' tea rooms. **NICK** *and* **JOAN 2** *are at a table together.*

NICK ...I went through an existentialist phase, myself. You know: smoking like a navvy and taking moonlit riverside walks with a faintly suicidal flavour to them. So I know exactly what it's like.

JOAN 2 *sips her tea, lifts her scone.*

JOAN 2 Miss Nicholson—

NICK Call me Nick, out of hours, Joan.

JOAN 2 Nick. It's my birthday today. Sixteen.

She grimaces, then takes a bite. **NICK** *raises her eyebrows, then raises her teacup.*

NICK Then I'd like to make a toast: to you, to art, and to fruitful relationships.

They toast.

JOAN 2 Thank you.

NICK Oh, you've nothing to thank me for, yet.

JOAN 2 I've had an audition—

NICK Look: it's probably a silly idea, but I've just had an awfully jolly thought. It's just that, well, I'm going somewhere on holiday and I think you'd rather like it, too.

JOAN 2 Really? Where?

NICK Oh no, that's a surprise. If you think your family would allow you, that is. I'd vouch for your safety and everything. And we could call it your birthday treat. What do you say?

JOAN 2 Er...yes?! Yes please?!

NICK Now, what were you going to say? Something about an audition?

JOAN 2 Well yes. I haven't been able to tell anyone. You see I've been offered a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

NICK The RADA? I thought we'd agreed that painting is your real talent. But listen: I do think you're awfully clever, and on holiday, of course, we'll have oodles of time to talk this sort of thing through.

JOAN 2 You still want me to come?

NICK Of course you must come. Don't be silly.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD *(to* **AUDIENCE***)* So I did. Once we'd got Robert and Carrie Em's permission, Nick told me where we were going. And it wasn't a stick of rock and a Kiss-Me-Quick postcard. No, by the light of heaven, it was PARIS!

Scene Six

Song. During the number, **JOAN 2** *and* **NICK** *travel to Paris.*

[MUSIC NO. 5: "PARIS IS A WOMAN"]

JOAN 2

THIS IS THE TRAIN
THIS IS THE TRAIN TO DOVER
THESE ARE THE FIELDS
THESE ARE THE COWS
THIS IS THE AIR
THIS IS THE AIR OF FREEDOM
BREATHE IT IN!

THESE ARE THE CLIFFS
THESE ARE THE DOVER SEAGULLS
THIS IS THE SEA
THESE ARE THE WAVES
THIS IS LA MANCHE
THIS IS THE SHORE OF FRANCE
KINGDOM COME!

Arrival in Paris.

THERE ON A TREE, A SWEET CHESTNUT FLOWER;
SOIR DE PARIS: THE SCENT OF THE HOUR;
MADELEINES IN TEA, FOR PROUST AND THE POWER OF MEMORY...
COFFEE, BAGUETTE, THE NOSE OF A CLARET;
LEEKS VINAIGRETTE WITH FRESH-GRATED CARROT;
MY FIRST CIGARETTE: PERFUMES OF SUCH CLARITY...
IT'S SO INTENSE...
PARIS: THE PLACE WHERE SCENTS MAKE SENSE!

	ENSEMBLE
PARIS IS A WOMAN	AH
INTELLIGENT AND BOLD	AH
PARIS IS A WOMAN	AH

SOMETHING TO BEHOLD AH

JOAN LITTLEWOOD

LA, LA, LA, LA, LA LA, LA, LA

JOAN 2

PARIS IS A WOMAN AH
COMPLEX BY DECREE AH

JOAN LITTLEWOOD

LA, LA, LA, LA, LA LA, LA, LA

PARIS IS THE WOMAN I THE WOMAN
INTEND TO BE

JOAN 2 AND ENSEMBLE

PARIS IS AN ACTRESS
BORN TO PLAY HER PART
PARIS IS AN ARTIST
DEVOTED TO HER ART

JOAN 2

PARIS IS A WRITER
ERUDITE AND FREE
PARIS IS THE WOMAN I INTEND TO BE

A balcony overlooking the Seine. **NICK** *and* **JOAN 2** *are sitting, sharing a cigarette and a glass of wine. Song continues as underscore.*

These galleries, Nick: you only get to see them if you can pay.

NICK Oils and canvases don't come cheap, Joan.

JOAN 2 I want art for everyone. A place where anyone can come and learn anything they'd like. Pottery, French, football, you name it: there'll be a class for it. A gallery; a sports hall; a library. And free, for all ages. Sciences. Arts. For people like me.

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