

# 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](http://www.samuelfrench.co.uk)**

**or, in the US [www.samuelfrench.com](http://www.samuelfrench.com)**

# Don't Blame It On The Boots

A comedy

N. J. Warburton

*Samuel French – London*

*New York – Sydney – Toronto – Hollywood*



1. *This play is fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the United States of America and all countries of the Berne and Universal Copyright Conventions.*

2. *All rights, including Stage, Motion Picture, Radio, Television, Public Reading, and Translation into Foreign Languages, are strictly reserved.*

3. **No part of this publication may lawfully be reproduced in ANY form or by any means - photocopying, typescript, recording (including video-recording), manuscript, electronic, mechanical, or otherwise - or be transmitted or stored in a retrieval system, without prior permission.**

4. Rights of Performance by Amateurs are controlled by Samuel French Ltd, 52 Fitzroy Street, London W1P 6JR, and they, or their authorized agents, issue licences to amateurs on payment of a fee. It is an infringement of the Copyright to give any performance or public reading of the play before the fee has been paid and the licence issued.

5. Licences are issued subject to the understanding that it shall be made clear in all advertising matter that the audience will witness an amateur performance; that the names of the authors of the plays shall be included on all announcements and on all programmes; and that the integrity of the author's work will be preserved.

The Royalty Fee indicated below is subject to contract and subject to variation at the sole discretion of Samuel French Ltd.

Basic fee for each and every  
performance by amateurs      Code D  
in the British Isles

In Theatres or Halls seating Six Hundred or more the fee will be subject to negotiation.

In Territories Overseas the fee quoted above may not apply. A fee will be quoted on application to our local authorized agent, or if there is no such agent, on application to Samuel French Ltd, London.

6. The Professional Rights in this play are controlled by David Higham Associates Ltd, 5-8 Lower John Street, Golden Square, London W1R 4HA.

## **DON'T BLAME IT ON THE BOOTS**

First performed by SUDS (Stapleford Umbrella Drama Society) on 8th March, 1986, with the following cast of characters.

**Ophelia**

**Alison Rose**

**Kate**

**Ina Crouch**

**Eric**

**Nick Warburton**

**Liz**

**Carol Tomson**

**Produced by Jenni Sinclair**

The publication of this play does not imply that it is necessarily available for performance by amateurs or professionals, either in the British Isles or Overseas. Amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interests to apply to the appropriate agents for consent before starting rehearsals or booking a theatre or hall.

## CHARACTERS

**Eric, forty**

**Liz, thirty-five**

**Kate, forty**

**Ophelia, seventeen**

**Stage Manager**

**Stage Hands**

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1 On stage during late rehearsals for a production of  
*Hamlet*

Scene 2 On stage. Eight days later, after the first performance  
of *Hamlet*

Scene 3 The dressing-room. The following night

Time—the present

# DON'T BLAME IT ON THE BOOTS\*

## Scene 1

*On stage during late rehearsals for a production of Hamlet*

*Two flats, with a gap C between them, represent castle walls. One is draped with a cloth as if it is still being painted. There is rehearsal clutter dotted about - coffee mugs, coats, pots of paint, etc., a pile of footwear DR, and a couple of chairs*

*When the CURTAIN rises Ophelia, young, pretty and earnest, is in Elizabethan costume and sits studying a copy of Hamlet in the shadows at the back of the stage*

*Music. A pool of light comes up R*

*Liz enters with a bag containing the pair of boots. She is about thirty and casually dressed. She is about to place the bag with a pile of other footwear, when she takes the boots out, looks at them fondly for a moment and returns them to the bag before leaving*

*The music fades. General lighting comes up*

*Kate, the director, is at the back of the auditorium. She is about*

---

\*NB. Paragraph 3 on page ii of this Acting Edition regarding photocopying and video-recording should be carefully read.

*forty, slightly harrassed and inclined to be sarcastic. She is, however, sympathetic to those she thinks need sympathy*

*Ophelia comes forward to make her first speech which she accompanys with strange and mannered hand movements*

**Ophelia** O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,  
Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
Th'observed of all observers, quite, quite down!

*She reaches a melodramatic pause*

*Eric enters from between the two flats. He is about forty, would-be sauve with a tendency to jaunty expression*

*He eyes Ophelia appreciatively. She does not notice him*

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That sucked the honey of his —  
**Kate** *(from the back of the auditorium)* Eric!

*Ophelia becomes instantly shy*

**Eric** *(out to Kate)* Hallo!

**Kate** We're rehearsing, Eric!

**Eric** So I see, Kate, love, but I thought you wanted me.

*Kate begins to make her way towards the stage and Ophelia shrinks back to her place. As soon as Kate reaches the stage she advances on Eric*

**Kate** *(on the move)* Why must you come in through the set? You're the only one, Eric, the only one. Everyone else creeps in at the back of the hall if we've already started. Sometimes I don't even know if they're here till they're needed on stage.

Eric (*casually producing a slip of paper from a pocket* ) But I thought I was needed. Ophelia and the Ghost, on stage, seven fifteen. It says so here.

Kate I know what it says; I wrote it myself. But it's nearly half-past and we can't sit around doing nothing for fifteen precious minutes. We have to be getting on with something!

Eric Yes. Sorry about that, Kate. I was —

Kate We're on in eight days, Eric. Eight days. You know what that means. You should be panicking.

Eric (*slipping an arm round her* ) Look, it's going to be all right. You don't have to panic, you don't have to get tense. We're on course. I feel it in my bones.

*Liz enters quickly from the wings. She carries the Ghost's costume*

Liz Kate, did you want ...? (*She sees Eric and stops*) Oh.

Eric (*removing his arm*) Ah.

*Kate sighs heavily*

Liz, I wonder —

Liz (*coldly, deliberately cutting him*) Do you want him in costume, Kate?

Kate Please. If you don't mind.

*Kate withdraws tactfully to speak to Ophelia. Liz sets the costume on a chair and starts to help Eric climb into it. There is a frosty silence for a while*

Eric (*finally* ) Liz, about last night —

Liz I'd rather not talk about it.

Eric Fine, fine. Whatever you say. (*He begins to whistle*)

Liz Do you mind?

*Eric stops whistling*

# 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](http://www.samuelfrench.co.uk)

or, in the US [www.samuelfrench.com](http://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**