



'DEAR BRUTUS' AUDITION PACK

We're delighted that you're interested in joining us for our 2019 production of 'DEAR BRUTUS' and look forward to welcoming you at the auditions.

VERY IMPORTANT

If, after reading all the information, you decide that you definitely do want to audition for us then you **MUST** register with us by emailing auditions@threepenny-theatricals.org **before 21st June** and simply tell us your name and how many parts you are auditioning for. This lets us know how many people to expect on the day.

DATES AND PLACES

AUDITION REGISTRATION: Before Thursday 21st June

AUDITIONS: Sunday 24th June 2pm - 5.30pm at Murrayfield Church Dove Café, 2B Ormidale Terrace, Edinburgh. Please enter through the rear door of the Church Halls, accessed by walking up the r.h.s. of the building. You will be seen on a first-come-first-served basis. We will try not to keep people waiting. If you can't make the audition day then please email us at auditions@threepenny-theatricals.org and we will do our best to organise a mutually agreeable alternative. We are NOT fans of video auditions and will only accept them as a last resort.

REHEARSAL EVENINGS: Thursday evenings 7pm - 9.30pm from 30th August 2018 at St Augustine's RC High School, South Gyle.

PERFORMANCE DATES: Dress rehearsal Wednesday 6th February 2019, Performances Thursday 7th - Saturday 9th February 2019 (2 performances on Saturday 9th) at Church Hill Theatre, Morningside Road, Edinburgh.

All cast members **MUST** be available for show week dress rehearsal and performances which are 6th - 9th February 2019.

Rehearsals for the show will commence on 31st August 2018 and for most Thursday Evenings until the performance (with the exception of a Christmas and New Year break). Cast members will be expected to attend as many of these rehearsals as possible and auditionees should note prior commitments (holidays/other productions etc.) on the audition form (provided at the auditions) to allow the production team to take these into consideration for casting. A rehearsal schedule will be produced so prior commitments will not necessarily prevent you from being cast. Additional rehearsals may be called in the week before the show.



ABOUT 'DEAR BRUTUS'

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves"

Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare

1917. In a remote English village there are rumours of an enchanted wood that only appears on Midsummer night. One of the inhabitants - a mysterious man - invites eight strangers to stay. They all have something in common but they don't know what that something is. When, one evening, the wood miraculously appears, the guests feel compelled to enter. What happens there has the power to change their lives forever...

Dear Brutus explores what might happen if ordinary men and women, mired in unhappiness, were given the magical opportunity to remake their lives, or, as the butler Matey says, the chance to "take the right turning." The play addresses the human proclivity to blame others or fate for their failures and unhappiness and provides the audience with penetrating insights into human nature.



AVAILABLE PARTS

We are looking to fill 8 of the 11 parts in this production - 3 have been pre-cast. The parts available are listed below with a short character description and playing age range.

General notes on casting:

- Playing ages are the ages I expect the characters to appear on stage rather than the age I expect the actors to be. Much can be done with make-up/costume (within reason) and most importantly acting to achieve what is required, so do not let the playing age put you off auditioning if you think it is the perfect part for you.
 - You will see that in many cases the age ranges are quite wide as the ages are not of huge importance. However, as many of the characters make up part of a 'pair' then casting will be required to match people up as believable couples.
 - I have deliberately left the character descriptions sparse to see what you do with the parts based purely on the text. As you can see, they are all described as leads, are of significant size and play an important part in the story. There are no walk-ons or cameos.
 - You are not required to memorise the sides for the audition unless you prefer to do so. I'd like you to be as comfortable and relaxed as possible during the audition. I am looking for potential – not a polished performance.
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MALE

Lob (Lead)

Playing age: 30s – 50s

The Puck-like owner of Sinister Warren, a large country house in a remote part of England. Mischievous, child-like and likeable.

Mr John Purdie (Lead)

Playing age: 20s – 40s

A young barrister with a self-professed deeply passionate nature. Believes he is noble and self-sacrificing.

Mr Coade (Lead)

Playing age: 50s – 60s

A happy, lazy old man. Requires a certain amount of movement (there will be freestyle dancing, not choreography).



Matey (Lead)

Playing age: 20s – 50s

Lob's furtive, bruising butler. Generally well-liked but with a tendency to be light-fingered.

FEMALE

Joanna Trout (Lead)

Playing age: 20s – 40s

A sentimental woman. Romantic and idealistic in love. Chatty, charming and easily led.

Mabel Purdie (Lead)

Playing age: 20s – 40s

A simple, young, disillusioned wife, capable of a cutting remark when provoked.

Mrs Coade (Lead)

Playing age: 50s – 60s

A delightful, resigned lady. Loved by all. A mother-figure.

Lady Caroline Laney (Lead)

Playing age: 30s – 50s

A posh, languid lady with a drawling manner. A definite sense of entitlement and desire not to associate with the lower classes. Always replaces her R's with W's, as is the fashion in upper class finishing schools.



SIDE 1 - LOB

- ALICE:** Miss Trout, wait a moment. Lob, has this wonderful wood any special properties?
- LOB:** Pooh! There's no wood.
- LADY CAROLINE:** You've never seen it?
- LOB:** Not I. I don't believe in it.
- ALICE:** Have any of the villagers ever been in it?
- LOB:** *(dreamily)*. So it's said; so it's said.
- ALICE:** What did they say were their experiences?
- LOB:** That isn't known. They never came back.
- JOANNA:** *(promptly resuming her seat)*. Never came back!
- LOB:** Absurd, of course. You see in the morning the wood was gone; and so they were gone, too. *(He clucks again.)*
- JOANNA:** I don't think I like this wood.
- MRS. COADE:** It certainly is Midsummer Eve.
- COADE:** *(remembering that women are not yet civilised)*. Of course if you ladies are against it we will drop the idea. It was only a bit of fun.
- ALICE:** *(with a malicious eye on LOB)*. Yes, better give it up--to please Lob.
- PURDIE:** Oh, all right, Lob. What about that round game of cards?
(The proposal meets with approval.)
- LOB:** *(bursting into tears)*. I wanted you to go. I had set my heart on your going. It is the thing I wanted, and it isn't good for me not to get the thing I want.
(He creeps under the table and threatens the hands that would draw him out.)
- MRS. COADE:** Good gracious, he has wanted it all the time. You wicked Lob!
- ALICE:** Now, you see there is something in it.
- COADE:** Nonsense, Mrs. Dearth, it was only a joke.
- MABEL:** *(melting)*. Don't cry, Lobby.
- LOB:** Nobody cares for me--nobody loves me. And I need to be loved.
(Several of them are on their knees to him.)
- JOANNA:** Yes, we do, we all love you. Nice, nice Lobby.
- MABEL:** Dear Lob, I am so fond of you.



JOANNA: Dry his eyes with my own handkerchief.

LADY CAROLINE: Don't pamper him.

LOB: *(furiously)* I need to be pampered.

MRS. COADE: You funny little man. Let us go at once and look for his wood.

JOANNA: Boots and cloaks, hats forward. Come on, Lady Caroline, just to show you are not afraid of Matey.

(Lob, left alone, gloats over his success in an uncanny way. Mrs Dearth goes last, the only one who really suspects Lob. He suddenly sees her down L, watching him, and drops the flowers from the vase which he has taken from the table, C. To him, this is a tragedy. He utters long-drawn moans, then goes down on the floor, picking up the flowers, individually examining their hurts, pressing them to him as if they were children.)

LOB: *(to the flowers)* Poor bruised one, it was I who hurt you. Lob is so sorry. Lie there! *(To another.)* Pretty, pretty, let me see where you have a pain? You fell on your head; is this the place? Now I make it better. Oh, little rascal, you are not hurt at all; you just pretend. Oh dear, oh dear! Sweetheart, don't cry, you are now prettier than ever. You were too tall. Oh, how beautifully you smell now that you are small. *(He replaces the wounded tenderly in their bowl.)* Drink, drink. Now, you are happy again. The little rascal smiles. All smile, please--nod heads--aha! aha! You love Lob—Lob loves you.



SIDE 2 – JOANNA TROUT

- JOANNA:** *(faltering).* Yes, but he saw you kiss my hand. Jack, if Mabel were to suspect!
- PURDIE:** *(happily).* There is nothing for her to suspect.
- JOANNA:** *(eagerly).* No, there isn't, is there? *(She is desirous ever to be without a flaw.)* Jack, I am not doing anything wrong, am I?
- PURDIE:** You!
- (With an adorable gesture she gives him one of her hands, and manlike he takes the other also.)*
- JOANNA:** Mabel is your wife, Jack. I should so hate myself if I did anything that was disloyal to her.
- PURDIE:** Those eyes could never be disloyal--my lady of the nut-brown eyes. *(He holds her from him, surveying her, and is scorched in the flame of her femininity.)* Oh, the sveltdness of you. *(Almost with reproach.)* Joanna, why are you so sveldt!
- JOANNA:** *(while out of sight).* All I want is to help her and you.
- PURDIE:** I know--how well I know--my dear brave love.
- JOANNA:** I am very fond of Mabel, Jack. I should like to be the best friend she has in the world.
- PURDIE:** You are, dearest. No woman ever had a better friend.
- JOANNA:** And yet I don't think she really likes me. I wonder why?
- PURDIE:** *(who is the bigger brained of the two.)* It is just that Mabel doesn't understand. Nothing could make me say a word against my wife.
- JOANNA:** *(sternly).* I wouldn't listen to you if you did.
- PURDIE:** I love you all the more, dear, for saying that. But Mabel is a cold nature and she doesn't understand.
- JOANNA:** *(thinking never of herself but only of him).* She doesn't appreciate your finer qualities.
- PURDIE:** *(ruminating).* That's it. But of course I am difficult. I always was a strange, strange creature. I often think, Joanna, that I am rather like a flower that has never had the sun to shine on it nor the rain to water it.
- JOANNA:** You break my heart.
- PURDIE:** *(with considerable enjoyment).* I suppose there is no more lonely man than I walking the earth to-day.
- JOANNA:** It is so mournful.
- PURDIE:** It is the thought of you that sustains me, elevates me. You shine high above me like a star.



JOANNA: No, no. I wish I was wonderful, but I am not.

PURDIE: You have made me a better man, Joanna.

JOANNA: I am so proud to think that.

PURDIE: You have made me kinder to Mabel.

JOANNA: I am sure you are always kind to her.

PURDIE: Yes, I hope so. But I think now of special little ways of giving her pleasure. That never-to-be-forgotten day when we first met, you and I!

JOANNA: That tragic, lovely day by the weir. Oh, Jack!

PURDIE: Do you know how in gratitude I spent the rest of that day?

JOANNA: *(crooning)*. Tell me.

PURDIE: I read to Mabel aloud for an hour. I did it out of kindness to her, because I had met you.

JOANNA: It was dear of you.

PURDIE: Do you remember that first time my arms--your waist--you are so fluid, Joanna. *(Passionately.)* Why are you so fluid?

JOANNA: *(downcast)*. I can't help it, Jack.

PURDIE: I gave her a ruby bracelet for that.

JOANNA: It is a gem. You have given that lucky woman many lovely things.

PURDIE: It is my invariable custom to go straight off and buy Mabel something whenever you have been sympathetic to me. Those new earrings of hers--they are in memory of the first day you called me Jack. Her gown--the one with the beads--was because you let me kiss you.

JOANNA: I didn't exactly let you.

PURDIE: No, but you have such a dear way of giving in.

JOANNA: Jack, she hasn't worn that gown of late.

PURDIE: No, nor the jewels. I think she has some sort of idea now that when I give her anything nice it means that you have been nice to me. She has rather a suspicious nature, Mabel; she never used to have it, but it seems to be growing on her. I wonder why, I wonder why?

SIDE 3 – MR COADE

- COADE:** *(popping in buoyantly).* May I intrude? My name is Coade. The fact is I was playing about in the wood on a whistle, and I saw your light.
- MRS. COADE:** *(the only one with the nerve to answer).* Playing about in the wood with a whistle!
- COADE:** *(with mild dignity).* And why not, madam?
- MRS. COADE:** Madam! Don't you know me?
- COADE:** I don't know you ... *(Reflecting.)* But I wish I did.
- MRS. COADE:** Do you? Why?
- COADE:** If I may say so, you have a very soft, lovable face.
(Several persons breathe again.)
- MRS. COADE:** *(inquisitorially).* Who was with you, playing whistles in the wood?
(The breathing ceases.)
- COADE:** No one was with me.
(And is resumed.)
- MRS. COADE:** No ... lady?
- COADE:** Certainly not. *(Then he spoils it.)* I am a bachelor.
- MRS. COADE:** A bachelor!
- JOANNA:** Don't give way, dear; it might be much worse.
- MRS. COADE:** A bachelor! And you are sure you never spoke to me before? Do think.
- COADE:** Not to my knowledge. Never ... except in dreams.
- MABEL:** *(taking a risk).* What did you say to her in dreams?
- COADE:** I said, 'My dear.' *(This when uttered surprises him.)* Odd!
- JOANNA:** The darling man!
- MRS. COADE:** *(wavering).* How could you say such things to an old woman?
- COADE:** *(thinking it out).* Old? I didn't think of you as old. No, no, young--with the morning dew on your face--coming across a lawn--in a black and green dress--and carrying such a pretty parasol.
- MRS. COADE:** *(thrilling).* That was how he first met me! He used to love me in black and green; and it was a pretty parasol. Look, I am old... So it can't be the same woman.



- COADE:** *(blinking)*. Old? Yes, I suppose so. But it is the same soft, lovable face, and the same kind, beaming smile that children could warm their hands at.
- MRS. COADE:** He always liked my smile.
- PURDIE:** So do we all.
- COADE:** *(to himself)*. Emma!
- MRS. COADE:** He hasn't forgotten my name!
- COADE:** It is sad that we didn't meet long ago. I think I have been waiting for you. I suppose we have met too late? You couldn't overlook my being an old fellow, could you, eh?
- JOANNA:** How lovely; he is going to propose to her again. Coady, you happy thing, he is wanting the same soft face after thirty years!
- MRS. COADE:** *(undoubtedly hopeful)*. We mustn't be too sure, but I think that is it. *(Primly)*. What is it exactly that you want, Mr. Coade?
- COADE:** *(under a lucky star)*. I want to have the right to hold the parasol over you. Won't you be my wife, my dear, and so give my long dream of you a happy ending?
- MRS. COADE:** *(preening)*. Kisses are not called for at our age, Coady, but here is a muffler for your old neck.
- COADE:** My muffler; I have missed it. *(It is however to his forehead that his hand goes. Immediately thereafter he misses his sylvan attire.)* Why... why ... what ... who ... how is this?
- PURDIE:** *(nervously)*. He is coming to.
- COADE:** *(reeling and righting himself)*. Lob! *(The leg indicates that he has got it.)* Bless me, Coady, I went into that wood!

SIDE 4 - MATEY

- ALICE:** *(who is not omniscient).* None whatever. Tell me this, did he specially ask you all for Midsummer week?
- (They assent.)*
- MATEY:** *(who might more judiciously have remained silent).* He would!
- MRS. COADE:** Now what do you mean?
- MATEY:** He always likes them to be here on Midsummer night, ma'am.
- ALICE:** Them? Whom?
- MATEY:** Them who have that in common.
- MABEL:** What can it be?
- MATEY:** I don't know.
- LADY CAROLINE:** *(suddenly introspective).* I hope we are all nice women? We don't know each other very well. *(Certain suspicions are reborn in various breasts.)* Does anything startling happen at those times?
- MATEY:** I don't know.
- JOANNA:** Why, I believe this is Midsummer Eve!
- MATEY:** Yes, miss, it is. The villagers know it. They are all inside their houses, to-night--with the doors barred.
- LADY CAROLINE:** Because of--of him?
- MATEY:** He frightens them. There are stories.
- ALICE:** What alarms them? Tell us--or--*(She brandishes the telegram.)*
- MATEY:** I know nothing for certain, ma'am. I have never done it myself. He has wanted me to, but I wouldn't.
- MABEL:** Done what?
- MATEY:** *(with fine appeal).* Oh. ma'am, don't ask me. Be merciful to me, ma'am. I am not bad naturally. It was just going into domestic service that did for me; the accident of being flung among bad companions. It's touch and go how the poor turn out in this world; all depends on your taking the right or the wrong turning.
- MRS. COADE:** *(the lenient).* I daresay that is true.
- MATEY:** *(under this touch of sun).* When I was young, ma'am, I was offered a clerkship in the city. If I had taken it there wouldn't be a more honest man alive to-day. I would give the world to be able to begin over again.



(He means every word of it, though the flowers would here, if they dared, burst into ironical applause.)

MRS. COADE: It is very sad, Mrs. Dearth.

ALICE: I am sorry for him; but still--

MATEY: *(his eyes turning to LADY CAROLINE)*. What do you say, my lady?

LADY CAROLINE: *(briefly)*. As you ask me, I should certainly say jail.

MATEY: *(desperately)*. If you will say no more about this, ma'am--I'll give you a tip that is worth it.

ALICE: Ah, now you are talking.

LADY CAROLINE: Don't listen to him.

MATEY: *(lowering)*. You are the one that is hardest on me.

LADY CAROLINE: Yes, I flatter myself I am.

MATEY: *(forgetting himself)*. You might take a wrong turning yourself, my lady.

LADY CAROLINE: I? How dare you, man.

(But the flowers rather like him for this; it is possibly what gave them a certain idea.)

JOANNA: *(near the keyhole of the dining-room door)*. The men are rising.

ALICE: *(hurriedly)*. Very well, Matey, we agree--if the 'tip' is good enough.

LADY CAROLINE: You will regret this.

MATEY: I think not, my lady. It's this: I wouldn't go out to-night if he asks you. Go into the garden, if you like. The garden is all right. *(He really believes this.)* I wouldn't go farther--not to-night.

MRS. COADE: But he never proposes to us to go farther. Why should he to-night?

MATEY: I don't know, ma'am, but don't any of you go--*(devilishly)* except you, my lady; I should like you to go.

LADY CAROLINE: Fellow!

SIDE 5 – JOHN PURDIE

- PURDIE:** A wife should be incapable of jealousy.
- MABEL:** Joanna jealous? But has she any reason? Jack, tell me, who is the woman?
- PURDIE:** *(restraining himself by a mighty effort, for he wishes always to be true to JOANNA).* Shall I, Mabel, shall I?
- MABEL:** *(faltering, yet not wholly giving up the chase).* I can't think who she is. Have I ever seen her?
- PURDIE:** Every time you look in a mirror.
- MABEL:** *(with her head on one side).* How odd, Jack, that can't be; when I look in a mirror I see only myself.
- PURDIE:** *(gloating).* How adorably innocent you are, Mabel. Joanna would have guessed at once. *(Slowly his meaning comes to her, and she is appalled.)*
- MABEL:** Not that!
- PURDIE:** *(aflame).* Shall I tell you now?
- MABEL:** *(palpitating exquisitely).* I don't know, I am not sure. Jack, try not to say it, but if you feel you must, say it in such a way that it would not hurt the feelings of Joanna if she happened to be passing by, as she nearly always is.
- (A little moan from JOANNA'S tree is unnoticed.)*
- PURDIE:** I would rather not say it at all than that way. *(He is touchingly anxious that she should know him as he really is.)* I don't know, Mabel, whether you have noticed that I am not like other men. *(He goes deeply into the very structure of his being.)* All my life I have been a soul that has had to walk alone. Even as a child I had no hope that it would be otherwise. I distinctly remember when I was six thinking how unlike other children I was. Before I was twelve I suffered from terrible self-depreciation; I do so still. I suppose there never was a man who had a more lowly opinion of himself.
- MABEL:** Jack, you who are so universally admired.
- PURDIE:** That doesn't help; I remain my own judge. I am afraid I am a dark spirit, Mabel. Yes, yes, my dear, let me leave nothing untold however it may damage me in your eyes. Your eyes! I cannot remember a time when I did not think of Love as a great consuming passion; I visualised it, Mabel, as perhaps few have done, but always as the abounding joy that could come to others but never to me. I expected too much of women: I suppose I was touched to finer issues than most. That has been my tragedy.
- MABEL:** Then you met Joanna.
- PURDIE:** Then I met Joanna. Yes! Foolishly, as I now see, I thought she would understand that I was far too deep a nature really to mean the little things I sometimes said to her. I suppose a man was never placed in such a position before. What was I



to do? Remember, I was always certain that the ideal love could never come to me. Whatever the circumstances, I was convinced that my soul must walk alone.

MABEL: Joanna, how could you.

PURDIE: *(firmly)*. Not a word against her, Mabel; if blame there is the blame is mine.

MABEL: And so you married her.

PURDIE: And so I married her.

MABEL: Out of pity.

PURDIE: I felt it was a man's part. I was such a child in worldly matters that it was pleasant to me to have the right to pay a woman's bills; I enjoyed seeing her garments lying about on my chairs. In time that exultation wore off. But I was not unhappy, I didn't expect much, I was always so sure that no woman could ever plumb the well of my emotions.

MABEL: Then you met me.

PURDIE: Then I met you.

SIDE 6 – MABEL PURDIE

MABEL: *(apologetically).* I am so sorry to interrupt you, Jack; but please wait a moment before you kiss her again. Excuse me, Joanna. *(She quietly draws the curtains, thus shutting out the garden and any possible onlooker.)* I did not want the others to see you; they might not understand how noble you are, Jack. You can go on now. *(Having thus passed the time of day with them she withdraws by the door, leaving JACK bewildered and JOANNA knowing all about it.)*

JOANNA: How extraordinary! Of all the--! Oh, but how contemptible! *(She sweeps to the door and calls to MABEL by name.)* Mabel!

MABEL: *(returning with promptitude).* Did you call me, Joanna?

JOANNA: *(guardedly).* I insist on an explanation. *(With creditable hauteur.)* What were you doing in the garden, Mabel?

MABEL: *(who has not been so quiet all day).* I was looking for something I have lost.

PURDIE: *(hope springing eternal).* Anything important?

MABEL: I used to fancy it, Jack. It is my husband's love. You don't happen to have picked it up, Joanna? If so and you don't set great store by it I should like it back--the pieces, I mean.

(MR. PURDIE is about to reply to this, when JOANNA rather wisely fills the breach.)

JOANNA: Mabel, I--I will not be talked to in that way. To imply that I-- that your husband--oh, shame!

PURDIE: *(finely).* I must say, Mabel, that I am a little disappointed in you. I certainly understood that you had gone upstairs to put on your boots.

MABEL: Poor old Jack. *(She muses.)* A woman like that!

MABEL: *(as he catches her).* No, and no, and no. I don't know you nearly well enough for that. Besides, what would your wife say! I shall begin to think you are a very dreadful man, Mr. Purdie.

PURDIE: *(whose sincerity is not to be questioned).* Surely you might call me Jack by this time.

MABEL: *(heaving).* Perhaps, if you are very good, Jack.

PURDIE: *(of noble thoughts compact).* If only Joanna were more like you.



- MABEL:** Like me? You mean her face? It is a--well, if it is not precisely pretty, it is a good face. (*Handsomely.*) I don't mind her face at all. I am glad you have got such a dependable little wife, Jack.
- PURDIE:** (*gloomily.*) Thanks.
- MABEL:** (*seated with a moonbeam in her lap.*) What would Joanna have said if she had seen you just now?
- PURDIE:** A wife should be incapable of jealousy.
- MABEL:** Joanna jealous? But has she any reason? Jack, tell me, who is the woman?
- PURDIE:** (*restraining himself by a mighty effort, for he wishes always to be true to JOANNA.*) Shall I, Mabel, shall I?
- MABEL:** (*faltering, yet not wholly giving up the chase.*) I can't think who she is. Have I ever seen her?
- PURDIE:** Every time you look in a mirror.
- MABEL:** (*with her head on one side.*) How odd, Jack, that can't be; when I look in a mirror I see only myself.
- PURDIE:** (*gloating.*) How adorably innocent you are, Mabel. Joanna would have guessed at once. (*Slowly his meaning comes to her, and she is appalled.*)
- MABEL:** Not that!
- PURDIE:** (*afame.*) Shall I tell you now?
- MABEL:** (*palpitating exquisitely.*) I don't know, I am not sure. Jack, try not to say it, but if you feel you must, say it in such a way that it would not hurt the feelings of Joanna if she happened to be passing by, as she nearly always is.

SIDE 7 – MRS COADE

- MRS. COADE:** *(wavering)*. How could you say such things to an old woman?
- COADE:** *(thinking it out)*. Old? I didn't think of you as old. No, no, young--with the morning dew on your face--coming across a lawn--in a black and green dress--and carrying such a pretty parasol.
- MRS. COADE:** *(thrilling)*. That was how he first met me! He used to love me in black and green; and it was a pretty parasol. Look, I am old... So it can't be the same woman.
- COADE:** *(blinking)*. Old? Yes, I suppose so. But it is the same soft, lovable face, and the same kind, beaming smile that children could warm their hands at.
- MRS. COADE:** He always liked my smile.
- PURDIE:** So do we all.
- COADE:** *(to himself)*. Emma!
- MRS. COADE:** He hasn't forgotten my name!
- COADE:** It is sad that we didn't meet long ago. I think I have been waiting for you. I suppose we have met too late? You couldn't overlook my being an old fellow, could you, eh?
- JOANNA:** How lovely; he is going to propose to her again. Coady, you happy thing, he is wanting the same soft face after thirty years!
- MRS. COADE:** *(undoubtedly hopeful)*. We mustn't be too sure, but I think that is it. *(Primly)*. What is it exactly that you want, Mr. Coad?
- COADE:** *(under a lucky star)*. I want to have the right to hold the parasol over you. Won't you be my wife, my dear, and so give my long dream of you a happy ending?
- MRS. COADE:** *(preening)*. Kisses are not called for at our age, Coady, but here is a muffler for your old neck.
- COADE:** My muffler; I have missed it. *(It is however to his forehead that his hand goes. Immediately thereafter he misses his sylvan attire.)* Why... why ... what ... who ... how is this?
- PURDIE:** *(nervously)*. He is coming to.
- COADE:** *(reeling and righting himself)*. Lob! *(The leg indicates that he has got it.)* Bless me, Coady, I went into that wood!
- MRS. COADE:** And without your muffler, you that are so subject to chills. What are you feeling for in your pocket?
- COADE:** The whistle. It is a whistle I--Gone! of course it is. It's rather a pity, but ... *(Anxious.)* Have I been saying awful things to you?



- MABEL:** You have been making her so proud. It is a compliment to our whole sex. You had a second chance, and it is her, again!
- COADE:** Of course it is. (*Crestfallen.*) But I see I was just the same nice old lazy Coady as before; and I had thought that if I had a second chance, I could do things. I have often said to you, Coady, that it was owing to my being cursed with a competency that I didn't write my great book. But I had no competency this time, and I haven't written a word.
- PURDIE:** (*bitterly enough.*) That needn't make you feel lonely in this house.
- MRS. COADE:** (*in a small voice.*) You seem to have been quite happy as an old bachelor, dear.
- COADE:** I am surprised at myself, Emma, but I fear I was.
- MRS. COADE:** (*with melancholy perspicacity.*) I wonder if what it means is that you don't especially need even me. I wonder if it means that you are just the sort of amiable creature that would be happy anywhere, and anyhow?
- COADE:** Oh dear, can it be as bad as that!
- JOANNA:** (*a ministering angel she.*) Certainly not. It is a romance, and I won't have it looked upon as anything else.
- MRS. COADE:** Thank you, Joanna. You will try not to miss that whistle, Coady?
- COADE:** (*getting the footstool for her.*) You are all I need.
- MRS. COADE:** Yes; but I am not so sure as I used to be that it is a great compliment.



SIDE 8 – LADY CAROLINE *(Remember to replace R's with W's throughout)*

- MATEY:** *(his eyes turning to LADY CAROLINE).* What do you say, my lady?
- LADY CAROLINE:** *(briefly).* As you ask me, I should certainly say jail.
- MATEY:** *(desperately).* If you will say no more about this, ma'am--I'll give you a tip that is worth it.
- ALICE:** Ah, now you are talking.
- LADY CAROLINE:** Don't listen to him.
- MATEY:** *(lowering).* You are the one that is hardest on me.
- LADY CAROLINE:** Yes, I flatter myself I am.
- MATEY:** *(forgetting himself).* You might take a wrong turning yourself, my lady.
- LADY CAROLINE:** I? How dare you, man.
- (But the flowers rather like him for this; it is possibly what gave them a certain idea.)*
- JOANNA:** *(near the keyhole of the dining-room door).* The men are rising.
- ALICE:** *(hurriedly).* Very well, Matey, we agree--if the 'tip' is good enough.
- LADY CAROLINE:** You will regret this.
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- LADY CAROLINE:** Is it not a lovely night, Jim. Listen, my own, to Philomel; he is saying that he is lately married. So are we, you ducky thing. I feel, Jim, that I am Rosalind and that you are my Orlando. *(The handkerchief being removed MR. MATEY is revealed; and the nightingale seeks some farther tree.)*
- MATEY:** What do you say I am, Caroliny?
- LADY CAROLINE:** *(clapping her hands).* My own one, don't you think it would be fun if we were to write poems about each other and pin them on the tree trunks?
- MATEY:** *(tolerantly).* Poems? I never knew such a lass for high-flown language.
- LADY CAROLINE:** Your lass, dearest. Jim's lass.
- MATEY:** *(pulling her ear).* And don't you forget it.
- LADY CAROLINE:** *(with the curiosity of woman).* What would you do if I were to forget it, great bear?
- MATEY:** Take a stick to you.
- LADY CAROLINE:** *(so proud of him).* I love to hear you talk like that; it is so virile. I always knew that it was a master I needed.



MATEY: It's what you all need.

LADY CAROLINE: It is, it is, you knowing wretch.

MATEY: Listen, Carolyn. *(He touches his money pocket, which emits a crinkly sound--the squeak of angels.)* That is what gets the ladies.

LADY CAROLINE: How much have you made this week, you wonderful man?

MATEY: *(blandly).* Another two hundred or so. That's all, just two hundred or so.

LADY CAROLINE: *(caressing her wedding ring).* My dear golden fetter, listen to him. Kiss my fetter, Jim.

MATEY: Wait till I light this cigar.

LADY CAROLINE: Let me hold the darling match.

MATEY: Tidy-looking Petitey Corona, this. There was a time when one of that sort would have run away with two days of my screw.

LADY CAROLINE: How I should have loved, Jim, to know you when you were poor. Fancy your having once been a clerk.

MATEY: *(remembering Napoleon and others).* We all have our beginnings. But it wouldn't have mattered how I began, Carolyn: I should have come to the top just the same. *(Becoming a poet himself.)* I am a climber and there are nails in my boots for the parties beneath me. Boots! I tell you if I had been a bootmaker, I should have been the first bootmaker in London.

LADY CAROLINE: *(a humourist at last).* I am sure you would, Jim; but should you have made the best boots?

MATEY: *(uxoriously wishing that others could have heard this).* Very good. Carolyn; that is the neatest thing I have heard you say. But it's late; we had best be strolling back to our Rolls-Royce.