

Under Milk Wood : Audition Pieces (5)

WILLY NILLY AND MR PRITCHARD

Willy Nilly: The postman who, together with his wife, steams open the mail before he delivers it and spreads all the gossip around town.

Mr Pritchard: One of the dead husbands of houseproud dominatrix Ms Ogmores-Pritchard.

WILLY N: Morning, Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard.

MRS OGMORE-P: Good morning, postman.

WILLY N: Here's a letter for you with stamped and addressed envelope enclosed, all the way from Builth Wells. A gentleman wants to study birds and can he have accommodation for two weeks and a bath vegetarian.

MRS OGMORE-P: No.

WILLY N: You wouldn't know he was in the house, Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard. He'd be out in the mornings at the bang of dawn with his bag of breadcrumbs and his little telescope...

MRS OGMORE-P: And come home all hours covered with feathers. I don't want persons in my nice clean rooms breathing all over the chairs.

WILLY N: Cross my heart, he won't breathe.

MRS OGMORE-P: ...and putting their feet on my carpets and sneezing on my china and sleeping in my sheets...

WILLY N: He only wants a *single* bed, Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard.

SFX: DOOR SLAMS

CAPTAIN CAT: And back she goes to the kitchen to polish the potatoes.

1st VOICE: Captain Cat hears Willy Nilly's feet heavy on the distant cobbles.

CAPTAIN CAT: One, two, three, four, five... That's Mrs Rose Cottage. What's today? Today she gets the letter from her sister in Gorslas. How's the twin's teeth? He's stopping at School House.

WILLY N: Morning, Mrs Pugh. Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard won't have a gentleman in from Builth Wells because he'll sleep in her sheets, Mrs Rose Cottage's sister in Gorslas's twins have got to have them out...

MRS PUGH: Give me the parcel.

WILLY N: It's for *Mr* Pugh, Mrs Pugh.

MRS PUGH: Never you mind. What's inside it?

WILLY N: A book called *Lives of the Great Poisoners*.

CAPTAIN CAT: That's Manchester House.

WILLY N: Morning, Mr Edwards. Very small news. Mrs Ogmores-Pritchard won't have birds in the house, and Mr Pugh's bought a book now on how to do in Mrs Pugh.

MR EDWARDS: Have you got a letter from *her*?

WILLY N: Miss Price loves you with all her heart. Smelling of lavender today. She's down to the last of the elderflower wine but the quince jam's bearing up and she's knitting roses on the

doilies. Last week she sold three jars of boiled sweets, pound of humbugs, half a box of jellybabies and six coloured photos of Llareggub. Yours for ever. Then twenty-one X's.

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MRS OGMORE-P: Mr Ogmores! Mr Pritchard! It is time to inhale your balsam.

MR OGMORE: Oh, Mrs Ogmores!

MR PRITCHARD: Oh, Mrs Pritchard!

MRS OGMORE-P: Soon it will be time to get up. Tell me your tasks in order.

MR OGMORE: I must put my pyjamas in the drawer marked pyjamas.

MR PRITCHARD: I must take my cold bath which is good for me.

MR OGMORE: I must wear my flannel band to ward off sciatica.

MR PRITCHARD: I must dress behind the curtain and put on my apron.

MR OGMORE: I must blow my nose.

MRS OGMORE-P: In the garden, if you please.

MR OGMORE: In a piece of tissue-paper which I afterwards burn.

MR PRITCHARD: I must take my salts which are nature's friend.

MR OGMORE: I must boil the drinking water because of germs.

MR PRITCHARD: I must take my herb tea which is free from tannin.

MR OGMORE: And have a charcoal biscuit which is good for me.

MR PRITCHARD: I may smoke one pipe of asthma mixture.

MRS OGMORE-P: In the woodshed if you please.

MR PRITCHARD: And dust the parlour and spray the canary.

MR OGMORE: I must put on rubber gloves and search the peke for fleas.

MR PRITCHARD: I must dust the blinds and then I must raise them.

MRS OGMORE-P: And before you let the sun in, mind it wipes its shoes.