

Under Milk Wood : Audition Pieces (2)

2ND VOICE AND MRS BEYNON

2nd Voice : one of the two narrators, who sets the scene and gives us additional detail about the characters we meet in the small, seaside town of Llareggub.

Mrs Beynon: Very prim and proper. She's scandalised by her husband's tall stories about chopping up cats and wild animals to sell in his shop.

2nd VOICE: Cherry Owen, next door, lifts a tankard to his lips but nothing flows out of it. He shakes the tankard. It turns into a fish. He drinks the fish.

1st VOICE: P.C. Attila Rees lumps out of bed, dead to the dark and still foghorning, and drags out his helmet from under the bed; but deep in the backyard lock-up of his sleep a mean voice murmurs.

VOICE: You'll be sorry for this in the morning,

1st VOICE: and he heave-ho's back to bed. His helmet swashes in the dark.

2nd VOICE: Willy Nilly, postman, asleep up street, walks fourteen miles to deliver the post as he does every day of the night, and rat-a-tats hard and sharp on Mrs Willy Nilly.

MRS W-NILLY: Don't spank me, please, teacher,

2nd VOICE: whimpers his wife at his side, but every night of her married life she has been late for school.

1st VOICE: Sinbad Sailors, over the taproom of the Sailor's Arms, hugs his damp pillow whose secret name is Gossamer Beynon.

A mogul catches Lily Smalls in the washhouse.

LILY S: Ooh, you old mogul!

2nd VOICE: Mrs Rose Cottage's eldest, Mae, peels off her pink-and-white skin in a furnace in a tower in a cave in a waterfall in a wood and waits there raw as an onion for Mister Right to leap up the burning tall hollow splashes of leaves like a brilliantined trout.

MAE ROSE C: Call me Dolores
Like they do in the stories.

2nd VOICE: And the Inspectors of Cruelty fly down into Mrs Butcher Beynon's dream to persecute Mr Beynon for selling

BUTCHER B: owlmeat, dogs' eyes, manchop.

2nd VOICE: Mr Beynon, in butcher's bloodied apron, spring-heels down Coronation Street, a finger, not his own, in his mouth. Straightfaced in his cunning sleep he pulls the legs of his dreams and

BUTCHER B: hunting on pigback shoots down the wild giblets.

ORGAN MORGAN: Help!

GOSSAMER B: My foxy darling.

1st VOICE: Now behind the eyes and secrets of the dreamers in the streets rocked to sleep by the sea, see the

2nd VOICE: titbits and topsyturvies, bobs and buttontops, bags and bones, ash and rind and dandruff and nailparings, saliva

and snowflakes and moulted feathers of dreams, the wrecks and sprats and shells and fishbones, whalejuice and moonshine and small salt fry dished up by the hidden sea.

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MRS BEYNON: She likes the liver, Ben.

MR BEYNON: She ought to do, Bess. It's her brother's.

MRS BEYNON: Oh, d'you hear that, Lily? *(screams)*

LILY S: Yes, mum.

MRS BEYNON: We're eating pussycat.

LILY S: Yes, mum.

MRS BEYNON: Oh, you cat-butcher!

MR BEYNON: It was doctored, mind.

MRS BEYNON: What's that got to do with it? *(hysterical)*

MR BEYNON: Yesterday we had mole.

MRS BEYNON: Oh, Lily, Lily!

MR BEYNON: Monday, otter. Tuesday, shrews.

(Mrs Beynon screams)

LILY S: Go on, Mrs Beynon. He's the biggest liar in town.

MRS BEYNON: Don't you dare say that about Mr Beynon.

LILY S: Everybody knows it, mum.

MRS BEYNON: Mr Beynon never tells a lie. Do you, Ben?

MR BEYNON: No, Bess. And now I am going out after the corgis with my little cleaver.

MRS BEYNON: Oh, Lily, Lily!

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