

**Under Milk Wood : Audition Pieces (6)**

**MYFANWY PRICE AND MRS CHERRY OWEN**

**Myfanwy Price:** Runs the sweetshop and is very sweet, herself. She has a longstanding romance with Mr Mog Edwards by post, which is never going to come to anything in real life.

**Mrs Cherry Owen:** Half of a slovenly married pair. She loves her husband and doesn't mind him getting drunk.

**MR EDWARDS:** Myfanwy Price!

**MISS PRICE:** Mr Mog Edwards!

**MR EDWARDS:** I am a draper mad with love. I love you more than all the flannelette and calico, candlewick, dimity, crash and merino, tussore, cretonne, crepon, muslin, poplin, ticking and twill in the whole Cloth Hall of the world. I have come to take you away to my Emporium on the hill, where the change hums on wires. Throw away your little bedsocks and your Welsh wool knitted jacket, I will warm the sheets like an electric toaster, I will lie by your side like the Sunday roast.

**MISS PRICE:** I will knit you a wallet of forget-me-not blue, for the money to be comfy. I will warm your heart by the fire so that you can slip it under your vest when the shop is closed.

**MR EDWARDS:** Myfanwy, Myfanwy, before the mice gnaw at your bottom drawer, will you say

**MISS PRICE:** Yes, Mog, yes, Mog, yes, yes, yes.

.....

**MRS CHERRY O:** See that smudge on the wall by the picture of Auntie Blossom? That's where you threw the sago.

*(She laughs with delight)*

You only missed me by an inch.

**CHERRY O:** I always miss Auntie Blossom too.

**MRS CHERRY O:** Remember last night? In you reeled, my boy, as drunk as a deacon with a big wet bucket and a fish-frail full of stout and you looked at me and you said, 'God has come home!' you said, and then over the bucket you went, sprawling and bawling, and the floor was all flagons and eels.

**CHERRY O:** Was I wounded?

**MRS CHERRY O:** And then you took off your trousers and you said, 'Does anybody want a fight!' Oh, you old baboon.

**CHERRY O:** Give me a kiss.

**MRS CHERRY O:** And then you sang 'Bread of Heaven', tenor and bass.

**CHERRY O:** I *always* sing 'Bread of Heaven'.

**MRS CHERRY O:** And then you did a little dance on the table.

**CHERRY O:** I did?

**MRS CHERRY O:** Drop dead!

**CHERRY O:** And then what did I do?

**MRS CHERRY O:** Then you cried like a baby and said you were a poor drunk orphan with nowhere to go but the grave.

**CHERRY O:** And what did I do next, my dear?

**MRS CHERRY O:** Then you danced on the table all over again and said you were King Soloman Owen and I was your Mrs Sheba.

**CHERRY O:** And then?

**MRS CHERRY O:** And then I got you into bed and you snored all night like a brewery.