

Under Milk Wood : Audition Pieces (8)

MRS ORGAN MORGAN AND MARY ANN SAILORS

Mrs Organ Morgan: Would like it if her husband would give her more attention. His obsession for playing the organ drives her to distraction.

Mary Ann Sailors: The oldest inhabitant of Llargetgub, who owns the Sailor's Arms which she runs with her grandson, Sinbad.

MRS ORGAN M: And when they saw me they pretended they were looking for nests.

2nd VOICE: said Mrs Organ Morgan to her husband, with her mouth full of fish like a pelican's.

MRS ORGAN M: But you don't go nesting in long combinations, I said to myself, like Mr Waldo was wearing, and your dress nearly over your head like Polly Garter's. Oh, they didn't fool me.

2nd VOICE: One big bird gulp and the flounder's gone. She licks her lips and goes stabbing again.

MRS ORGAN M: And when you think of all those babies she's got, then all I can say is she'd better give up bird nesting that's all I can say, it isn't the right kind of hobby at all for a woman that can't say No even to midgets. Remember Bob Spit? He wasn't any bigger than a baby and he gave her two. But they're two nice boys, I will say that, Fred Spit and Arthur. Sometimes I like Fred best and sometimes I like Arthur. Who do you like best, Organ?

ORGAN M: Oh, Bach without any doubt. Bach every time for me.

MRS ORGAN M: Organ Morgan, you haven't been listening to a word I said. It's organ organ all the time with you...

1st VOICE: And she burst into tears, and, in the middle of her salty howling, nimbly spears a small flatfish and pelicans it whole.

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1st VOICE: Mary Ann Sailors dreams of

MARY ANN S: The Garden of Eden.

1st VOICE: She comes in her smock-frock and clogs

MARY ANN S: away from the cool scrubbed cobbled kitchen with the Sunday-School pictures on the whitewashed wall and the farmers' almanac hung above the settle and the sides of bacon on the ceiling hooks, and goes down the cockleshelled paths of that applepie kitchen garden, catching her apron on the blackcurrant bushes, past beanrows and onion-bed and tomatoes ripening on the wall towards the old man playing the harmonium in the orchard, and sits down on the grass at his side and shells the green peas that grow up through the lap of her frock that brushes the dew.