

Under Milk Wood : Audition Pieces (3)

CAPTAIN CAT AND MR OGMORE

Captain Cat : A blind ex-sea captain who is tormented by the ghosts of his drowned friends and his dead lover, Rosie Probert.

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

CAPTAIN CAT: All the women are out this morning, in the sun. You can tell it's Spring. There goes Mrs Cherry, you can tell her by her trotters, off she trots new as a daisy. That's Mrs Dai Bread One, waltzing up the street like a jelly, every time she shakes it's slap, slap, slap. High heels now, in the morning too, Mrs Rose Cottage's eldest Mae, seventeen and never been kissed ho ho, going young and milking under my window to the field with the nannygoats, she reminds me all the way. Can't hear what the women are gabbing round the pump. Same as ever. Who's having a baby, who blacked who's eye, seen Polly Garter giving her belly an airing, there should be a law, seen Mrs Beynon's new mauve jumper, it's her old grey jumper dyed, who's dead, who's dying, there's a lovely day, oh the cost of soapflakes!

SFX: *DISTANT ORGAN*

Organ Morgan's at it early. You can tell it's Spring.

1st VOICE: And he hears the noise of milk-cans.

SFX: *MILK-CANS*

CAPTAIN CAT: Ocky Milkman on his round. I will say this, his milk's as fresh as the dew. Half dew it is. Snuffle on Ocky,

watering the town...Somebody's coming. Now the voices round the pump can see somebody coming. Hush, there's a hush! You can tell by the noise of the hush, it's Polly Garter. Hullo Polly, who's there?

POLLY G: Me, love.

CAPTAIN CAT: *That's Polly Garter. (to self)* Hullo, Polly my love, can you hear the dumb goose-hiss of the wives as they huddle and peck or flounce at a waddle away? Who cuddled you when? Which of the gandering hubbies moaned in Milk Wood for your naughty mothering arms and body like a wardrobe, love? Scrub the floors of the Welfare Hall for the Mother's Union Social Dance, you're one mother won't wriggle her roly poly bum or pat her fat little buttery feet in that wedding-ringed holy to-night though the waltzing breadwinners snatched from the cosy smoke of the Sailor's Arms will grizzle and mope.

SFX: A COCK CROWS

Too late, cock, too late.

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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.

