

ARF 'N' ARF

A Victorian Musical

by

PETE TALMAN

Music by

PAUL R. HARVEY

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

ARF 'N' ARF

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PRODUCTION NOTES

ARF 'N ARF: *A London Public House, 19th Century*
Half and Half: *A mixture half of black beer (porter)
and half of ale.*

From *'Passing English of the Victorian Era'*.

"**ARF-N-ARF**" is set in Victorian times. It is conceived as a musical to involve large numbers of children of secondary school age. In addition to a range of colourful Principals there is a Junior and Senior chorus with younger and older pupils in mind.

The show written in two distinct acts, demonstrates the gulf between rich and poor. The "two halves" theme continues in the romantic aspirations of male and female characters but the precise derivation of the title is explained in the song "*Arf-n-Arf*". However, the chief focus of dramatic interest is the story.

A callow schoolmaster, Henry Mould, is at the heart of the romantic entanglement which ensnares the four principal characters. He falls helplessly in love with dancer Jessie Kemp and seeks instruction in the ways and wiles of love from his urbane colleague, John Matthews. Meanwhile, kitchen maid Daisy seeks similar advice from Jessie in her amorous quest for Henry! Their adventures move from the domestic setting of Bradshaw's Private School to the more threatening streets of London, in pursuit of Joseph Farthing, a pupil at the school. Farthing, misunderstanding news concerning his father's finances, has run away to the big city. His vulnerability is exposed by the smooth talking Jack O'Diamonds and soon the outrageous Silas Webber and Aggy Yapp have him in their criminal clutches. Possessed of extraordinary psychic powers, Farthing graduates from chimney sweep to boy wonder in Webber's "Freak Show". The story culminates in an act of desperate heroism from Henry Mould to secure Farthing's release and win the affections of Jessie.

The Victorian period offers a variety of extravagant settings and characters which "**ARF-N-ARF**" fully exploits. Equally the range of songs gives a great opportunity for exciting chorus routines and moving ballads. "**ARF-N-ARF**" is a highly entertaining show embracing romance, comedy, strong drama and stirring musical numbers.

Pete Talman.

CAST

Henry Mould
Jessie Kemp
John Matthews
Mr. Prescott
Headmaster
Sir George Farthing
Daisy
Beth
Doris Turtle
Joseph Farthing
Greenwood
Meredith
Other pupils
Silas Webber
Aggy Yapp
Jack O' Diamonds
Thomas Staines
Patterer
Ring Seller
Swell Mobsters
Lady
Gentleman
Other Street Tradesmen
Other Ladies and Gentlemen
Lizard
Ribs

Other Climbing Boys
Crowd Members

The action takes place in the 1870's

Dedicated to the pupils and staff of Imberthorne School, East Grinstead, Sussex

ARF 'N' ARF

Book and Lyrics by Pete Talman

Music by Paul R. Harvey

ACT I

SCENE 1

The stage is arranged in two areas, the larger of which depicts a classroom, the smaller a study. In the classroom there are rows of desks facing upstage. The master, MR. PRESCOTT, stands centre stage also facing upstage. The study is the HEADMASTER'S. The School is BRADSHAW'S, a Private Boys' School, and the atmosphere of the place is austere, sombre and rather oppressive.

(The BOYS are hard at work in an "audible silence". HENRY MOULD is barely visible in the shadows, stage right).

MUSIC 1 - THE PRIVILEGED FEW

Children: *We must not move in school, it is very very strict
We dare not break a rule and I'm sure you can predict
That we may not do a thing and we never can relax
Our heads all ring and sting with the constant whacks and smacks.
Each day we feel the pinch as our bodies cringe in fear
The desk lids even flinch when the teacher comes too near
The atmosphere is tense you could slice it with a knife
I wish that I was dense what a way to spend a life.*

*We are the privileged few
We do appreciate it
We are the privileged few
And truth to tell you know quite well
We really really hate it.*

Prescott: *Despicable boys
Miserable vermin
Cease all this noise
Stop all that squirmin'
You over there snivellin' swine
Stand on a chair start to decline.*

Solo Pupil: *Amo Amas Amat Amamus Amatis Amant.*

Children: *We sit like empty bags as they pour in endless facts
And time so slowly drags as the teacher overacts
We're told to show respect but we dare not hardly breathe
And what can you expect when our elders sneer and seethe.*

** We'd rather be half-starved than to live in constant dread.
And on the desk is carved "Oh, I wish that I was dead".
The room is dull and bleak there's no friendly social chats
And if you hear a shriek it's the children not the rats.*

Teacher: ** Impossible worms
Study your betters
Unspeakable germs
Study your letters
Now don't you dare whimper and whine
Stand on a chair, start to decline.*

Solo Pupil: ** Amo Amas Amat Amamus Amatis Amant.*

(* = These three parts are sung together)

Children: *We are the privileged few
We do appreciate it
We are the privileged few
And truth to tell you know quite well
We really really hate it.*

Mr. Prescott: Love! Love! Amore! To love! Love, that flowing fountain of
pristine feeling, that most sacred and pure of all emotion. Greenwood, in
what fond form does love manifest itself?

Greenwood: Sorry, sir?

Mr. Prescott: (*Tugging his ear*). Love, you wriggling insect, who above all merits your thin slice of love?

Greenwood: My mother, sir?

Mr. Prescott: No, you witless toad, not your long suffering mother. Who can enlighten this human fog?

Pupil: Is it God, sir?

Mr. Prescott: Precisely, lad. Devote your love to God above, boys, and even your inky souls may one day be saved. Consider, boys, every breath your frail bodies devour, each timid step you take in your privileged journey across this bountiful land, each awesome sight your eyes encounter. For all these wonders you must give thanks to your Mother.

Farthing: What about the poor, sir?

Mr. Prescott: Which squeaking rodent dares to interrupt?

Farthing: I was wondering, sir, whether the poor whose every breath is choked with soot and whose stinging eyes gaze upon blackened buildings on their daily journey to find work, whether they would form the same opinion of their Maker sir.

Mr. Prescott: And what do you know of these things, Farthing?

Farthing: My father has spoken to me about those less fortunate than ourselves, sir.

Mr. Prescott: Indeed. Come out here boy. Now tell me, Farthing, how many boys would you say attended this class?

Farthing: Sixteen, sir

Mr. Prescott: And how many squirming boys are there in the entire school?

Farthing: Fifty six, sir.

Mr. Prescott: And how many snorting boys in the county of Wiltshire?

Farthing: Wiltshire, sir?

Mr. Prescott: And how many cringing boys in the whole of England?

Farthing: I'm not sure, sir.

Mr. Prescott: And how many squirming, snorting, cringing boys are there in the entire Universe?

Farthing: I don't know, sir.

Mr. Prescott: You don't know. Of course you don't know. Your brain is still soggy with the porridge of childhood, lad. You know very little. And what is the one quality your tender age permits you that you have forgotten?

Farthing: I don't know, sir.

Mr. Prescott: I don't know, sir. Humility, Farthing. You stand here with the temerity and arrogance of a free thinker and question the valued word of one far wiser than yourself. Let me tell you, lad, all the wretched boys in whatever circumstances you care to mention, they are all God's children. We

are endowed with his precious gifts at birth and whether we choose to squander or nurture these gifts is the choice He allows us. Is that understood?

Farthing: Yes, sir.

Mr. Prescott: Good.

Farthing: I merely thought you were presenting rather a jaundiced view, sir.

Mr. Prescott: Why you precocious little brat, you're here to learn not think, and it's about time you were taught that lesson.

(Raises cane as HEADMASTER enters).

Head: Mr. Prescott.

Mr. Prescott: *(Changing attitudes rapidly).* Why - Headmaster, what a pleasure it is -

Head: Mr. Prescott, we have a distinguished visitor. I wonder would you be good enough to join us in my study for a few minutes.

Mr. Prescott: Most certainly, Headmaster. Mr. Mould will you kindly administer the lesson in my absence?

(MOULD hitherto has been standing upstage at the back of the schoolroom. He is suddenly jerked out of his thoughts).

Mould: Mm? Oh Oh yes, of course, Mr. Prescott.

(Exeunt HEAD and MR. PRESCOTT).

Mould: *(addressing PUPILS)* Yes, well er Love, that flowing fountain of pissed in ceilings, er I mean pristine feelings, that most stagnant and poor of all emotion, oh no, that's wrong, er *(Giggles from CLASS).* Be quiet, now continue with your scripture. *(MOULD moves downstage of class for the soliloquy).* Ah Love One day I shall know you truly. One day soon I shall meet the frail flower of my desire.

(As he proceeds the PUPILS creep forward and act out a dumb show mocking his sentiments).

Mould: She will flutter like a falling leaf on the gentle breeze, float into my life and surrender herself to my masculine charms. Her skin will be soft and white as the passing clouds

Pupil: *(whispers)* And twice as puffy.

Mould: Her eyes will be aflame with desire

Pupil: (*whispers*) One red and one orange.

Mould: I can see her delicate locks, her endearing face and her tender smile as she whispers these loving words

Pupil: 'Ere lend us 'alf a bob, mate, me guts are grumbling. (*Loud laughter from pupils*).

Mould: (*Shouting*). Sit down! Now be quiet and continue your studies (*He strides in mock authority about the room while pupils whisper conspiratorially behind his back*).

Pupil: Sir, we can't continue with our studies if we don't understand it.

Mould: Mm? What do you mean?

Pupil: Well, sir, the passage we've been told to study, it's too difficult, sir.

(*Chorus of "Yes, Sir", "That's right, Sir"*).

Mould: Quiet! Now quiet! What precisely is it that you don't understand?

Pupil: It's the passage in 'Chronicles'. Where everyone begats everybody else. What does it mean?

Mould: Mm? Well, it's concerned with, well, it's all about

Pupil: Yes, sir?

Mould: The perpetuation of the species, the continuation of Mankind.

Pupil: But how is it done?

Mould: How is what done?

MUSIC 2 - BEGIN TO BEGAT

Chorus: *Tell me how do you begin to begat
Is it better to be thin or be fat
Is it thrilling
Is it tiring
Can it ever be inspiring
Oh now how do you begin to begat?*

Verse: *If you have the Good Book
You can study it all
If you take a good look
You'll find Kish begat Saul
Now it must be all right
If you care to read on
For the very next night
You know Saul begat Jon*

Chorus: *Tell me how do you begin to begat
Is it better to be thin or be fat
Is it chilling
Is it charming
Can it ever be alarming
Oh now how do you begin to begat?*

Mould: *Be quiet!*

Pupils: *Be quiet
Be careful
Be silent
Be thoughtful
Be this
Be that
Be this
Be that
But the most of all you have to
Begat*

Verse: *If you turn the next page
There's some more about "that"
It was simply the rage
To begat and begat
It was hardly disguised
It went on for so long
I would not be surprised
If it's still going strong.*

Chorus: *Tell me how do you begin to begat
Is it better to be thin or be fat
Is it killing
Is it taxing
Can it ever be relaxing
Oh now how do you begin?*

Mould: *Fancy that!*

Chorus: *Oh now how do you begin?*

Mould: *Tit for Tat!*

Oh now how do you begin to begat?

Mould: This behaviour is intolerable. I shall be reporting this disturbance to Mr. Prescott. Immediately!

(At the mention of MR. PRESCOTT'S name the class sit down again. MOULD exits. He moves across to the HEADMASTER'S study where the HEAD and MR. PRESCOTT are entertaining SIR GEORGE FARTHING and his ward, JESSIE. MOULD bursts in on them).

Mould: Mr. Prescott, I'm afraid I must speak to you about *(He stops in mid-sentence seeing the reaction of surprise and annoyance on the faces of the HEAD and MR. PRESCOTT).* I-I-I-I'm sorry, sir, I did not intend to interrupt *(He attempts to back out).*

Head: Wait! Come here, Mr. Mould, I should like to introduce you to someone who may have an important bearing on your future.

Mould: Yes, sir, of course, sir.

Head: *(Turning to SIR GEORGE).* Mr. Mould, here, is an assistant to Mr. Prescott, and hopes one day to aspire to his eminent position *(Laughs).* Is that not so, Mr. Mould?

Mould: Well, yes sir, that would be most

Head: The gentleman you see before you, Mr. Mould, is none other than Sir George Farthing, the agriculturalist and corn merchant, one of our generous benefactors.

Sir George: Good Day to you, Mr. Mould.

Mould: I am greatly honoured to meet you, sir.

Head: And this is his charming ward, Jessie Kemp.

Mould: At your service, Miss Kemp.

Head: As you well know, we have Joseph Farthing with us here at Bradshaws. One of Mr. Prescott's pupils I believe.

Mould: Was he the lad who spoke out this morning, Mr. Prescott *(PRESCOTT kicks him)* so - eloquently in our scripture lesson?

Mr. Prescott: A confident little fellow

Mould: And a very able pupil, Sir George.

(PRESCOTT gives him a withering look).

Head: Good! Good! Well now, you will be delighted to learn that Sir George here has most kindly donated the princely sum of £500 to equip our new laboratory for the teaching of scientific subjects. We must keep pace with the explorers who are continually *(laughs)* bursting through the frontiers of knowledge and understanding, eh, Prescott?

Mr. Prescott: Precisely, Headmaster.

Head: In return for which favour, Sir George has asked us to employ Jessie as a housemaid and in this capacity she will join Mrs. Turtle's hard working team. However, I must say it does seem, on the face of it that we are gaining rather than bestowing the favour. (*Laughs loudly*). Good, well Sir George, naturally you would like to see the new buildings and while Mr. Prescott returns to his class, I'm sure we can rely upon Mr. Mould to entertain Jessie. Quite a raconteur, Mr. Mould.

(*Laughs as they exeunt. The two are left together and for a moment MOULD is left staring open-mouthed at JESSIE, suddenly struck by her beauty*).

Jessie: (*Feeling rather uncomfortable*). Is anything the matter?

Mould: Mm? Oh, I'm terribly sorry, was I staring at you? It was just that I suddenly noticed how

Jessie: How what?

Mould: How, how tired you must be after your journey. Would you care to sit down? (*Fetches chair*).

Jessie: No, I prefer to stand, thank you.

Mould: Do you? Yes, of course you do, well can I find you something to drink? (*Rushes around and picks up a bottle and a glass*).

Jessie: That's ink.

Mould: Is it? Oh, how silly of me. In that case would you rather er er listen to a recitation. I am familiar with one or two of Tennyson's poems. (*Begins to recite*). 'Love for the maiden, crown'd with marriage, no regrets for aught that has been, Household happiness, gracious children, debtless competence golden mean'.

Jessie: (*Giggling and cutting him off*). Oh Mr. Mould you are funny.

Mould: Am I? I wasn't intending to be.

Jessie: Why are you so anxious?

Mould: I don't know. I suppose I've never seen anyone quite so beguiling.

Jessie: (*In mock alarm*). Why, Mr. Mould, you are so bold!

Mould: I'm sorry I didn't mean to offend.

Jessie: (*Laughing*). On the contrary, you are far more interesting than those stuffy old bores.

Mould: (*Shocked*). Stuffy old bores!

Jessie: Now tell me about the boys. Are they a source of endless pleasure?

Mould: Well, in a manner of speaking.

Jessie: Do they all have their little idiosyncrasies?

Mould: Yes, you could say that.

Jessie: And are they ever mischievous?

Mould: Only very occasionally.

Jessie: What do you do when they step out of line?

Mould: I have to show them who is master, of course.

Jessie: And how exactly do you achieve that?

Mould: Well

Jessie: Show me.

Mould: I'm not sure -

Jessie: Let's imagine I'm a naughty boy who is going to misbehave in your class.
You turn round and pretend to be writing on the blackboard.

Mould: If you really want me to.

Jessie: Yes, I really want you to.

Mould: (*Crumbling under her gaze*). Very well.

(*He turns. JESSIE tip'toes up behind him and taps him on the shoulder and ducks to one side. He turns but fails to see her. She repeats the trick, then capers away, making a face*).

Mould: Now then, that's quite enough silliness.

Jessie: Come now, Mr. Mould, you can do better than that. (*She pulls another face*).

Mould: Behave yourself.

Jessie: Mouldy! Mouldy! Mouldy!

Mould: (*Suddenly stung*). I won't tolerate such rudeness. It's high time you had more respect for your elders.

(*As he continues SIR GEORGE and the HEADMASTER enter - They are seen by JESSIE but not by MOULD*).

Mould: Your manners are deplorable and if you were not new here I would recommend a severe punishment for your insubordination. Now get out of my sight, you little grub.

Head: Mr. Mould?

Mould: (*Jumping*). Oh!

Jessie: (*Applauding*). Splendid!

Sir George: What exactly is happening, my dear?

Jessie: Mr. Mould was giving me a magnificent demonstration of how masterful he can be.

Sir George: Is that so, Mr. Mould?

Mould: Well - um - I - er - yes, sir.

Sir George: Well, then I must congratulate you for a most convincing performance.

Head: Masterful eh? Mmm. Well, Sir George, you're a busy man so I won't detain you further. I'll accompany you to your carriage and find someone to show you to your room Jessie. Doubtless Mr. Mould will continue to demonstrate his pedagogic attributes in the near future. (*Laughs*).

Sir George: Goodbye, Mr. Mould.

Mould: Goodbye, Sir.

Jessie: Au revoir, Mr. Mould.

Mould: Au rev - er goodbye, Jes - er Miss Kemp.

(*Exeunt all except MOULD*).

Mould: (*To himself*). Au revoir, Mr. Mould. Au revoir, Jessie, Jessie.

MUSIC 3 - YOU HELD MY HEART

Mould: *You held my heart I held my breath
The world stood still when I met you
I met a lovely kind of death
And you supplied the only clue.
My past life shuddered to a halt
It crumbled up and fell apart
The earth turned one big somersault
Then nothing moved except my heart.*

*For no one grew and no one aged
And whirlwinds froze like giant shells
As time for once herself was caged
She could not weave her endless spells
Impatient winds began to cease
And earthquakes stopped, volcanoes too
For one short moment there was peace
And love on earth when I met you.*

*If only all these dreams were true
And I could hold Time in my hands
There's only one thing I would do
To halt the slowly shifting sands.
So many moments fill our days*

*Some quickly fade while others shine
But all these moments I'd erase
To cherish when your eyes met mine.*

(As song ends the lone voice of the PUPIL singing "Amo, amas, amat" can be heard in the background).

SCENE 2

(Enter MRS. TURTLE, with a basket piled high with laundry. She bustles across the room and trips over a desk. The washing spills everywhere).

Mrs. Turtle: Of all the steamin' places to leave a desk! Now look at me laundry! Daisy! Beth! Where are those lumps of pastry? Oh I suppose I'll have to do it meself. *(Stoops to pick up linen).* Oooh me sodden back. Sheets, shirts, socks, scrub me sober, What's this? *(Holds up bloomers).* How did they get there? *(Discards them. Picks up shirt).* Ah now I know whose this is! Pomfret Minor. Such a delicate lad, his shirts 'ardly need a wash. Little angel! *(Changes mood abruptly).* Whereas that Mollop, where is he? *(Hunts among laundry for another shirt).* 'Ere, now what did I tell you! Take a look at that! Three times I scrubbed that collar and it still resembles a ploughed field. Mind you, mind you this is positively edifyin' next to Erpington-Smythe. Dear oh dear and squeeze me smalls! Do you know I have to chase his underclothing round the kitchen table before I can wash it. Oooh! Rigid it is! I don't know what he gets up to. And when you think of their backgrounds and what it costs to send 'em 'ere. As though I haven't enough to do. I mean.

MUSIC 4 - ALL ME WAKIN' DAYS

Mrs. Turtle: *I get up at 'alf past five
Feeling only 'alf alive
And I start to fetch the coal in from the cellar*

*And when all the fires are lit
There's no time to stop and sit
I ain't got no-one to 'elp like Cinderella.*

Chorus: *Get the fruit cake in
Oh the bread's bakin'
And me back's achin'
For their money rakin' ways
Get the beef steak in
Oh the bed makin'
And me 'ands shakin'
All me wakin', pleasure takin', godforsaken days.*

Verse: *All day I'm rushed off me feet
Trying 'ard to make ends meet
Oh they give me nowt and tell me to be thrifty
Now I'll give you some advice
Dig an 'ole an' make it nice
'Cos I'll need it long before I get to fifty.
I'm still up at ten o'clock
Darnin' some young blighter's sock
It's enough to make you swear and I'm not jokin'
And just after twelve p.m.
I collapse, but then the phlegm
Keeps me up all night what with the bleedin' chokin'*

Final Chorus: *All me wakin', pleasure takin', finger shakin', muscle achin',
angry makin', body breakin', godforsaken days!*

(Enter DAISY, BETH and JESSIE).

Mrs. Turtle: There you are! Didn't you 'ear me calling you? What 'ave you been up to?

Daisy: We was showing the new girl the ropes, Mrs. Turtle.

Mrs. Turtle: So you're Jessie, are you?

Jessie: *(Curtseying).* Yes, miss.

Mrs. Turtle: Mmm, well I 'ope you'll be more use than these two mopheads. Always titivatin' themselves up. Like a pair of pressed flowers. Pretty but lifeless. Now shift yourselves and clear up this mess. *(Claps her hands).* Come on, then, it won't do itself will it. Dear oh dear and scrape me

saucepans.

(Exits muttering under her breath).

Daisy: Bloomin' cheek! Who made the mess in the first place?

Jessie: Is she always like that?

Beth: Oh you get used to it. The Turtle just likes to throw her weight about.

Daisy: She 'opes she might lose some that way! *(They laugh and begin picking up the laundry).*

Beth: 'Ere Dais, I caught a glimpse of a certain gentleman you know comin' out of the chapel this morning.

Daisy: You never!

Beth: I did. An' he 'ad 'is check waistcoat on. The one that makes the backs of your knees go funny.

Daisy: 'E didn't!

Beth: He walked right past me when I was takin' the Head's breakfast things to the kitchen.

Daisy: No!

Beth: So I said, excuse me, Henry, could I have a word with you?

Daisy: You said what?

Beth: Henry, I said, I was wonderin' are you terribly busy this afternoon on account of a friend of mine who goes all wobbly at the mention of your name.

Daisy: You never said that!

Beth: And he turned to me ever so slowly and stared at me with those penetratin' eyes of his.

Daisy: Oh yes!

Beth: An' 'e said, as meaningful as you please, who is this friend of yours?

Daisy: Oh what did you say?

Beth: I said she works with me every day.

Daisy: Yes.

Beth: And she's awfully pretty.

Daisy: Yes!

Beth: And her name's....

Daisy: Yes!!

Beth: Doris Turtle: *(She shrieks with laughter).*

Daisy: Oh you little leech! *(Throws clothing at her and chases her around the room).*

Jessie: Who is this Henry anyway?

Beth: Henry Mould, one of the assistant masters.

Jessie: Oh Mr. Mould, yes he's rather sweet.

Daisy: Do you know him?

Jessie: I met him when I first arrived.

Daisy: Don't you find him strikingly 'andsome?

Beth: Daisy sees the world through mould-coloured spectacles.

Daisy: Very funny, I'm sure. *(She sulks).*

Beth: What was you doin' before you found employment here then, Jessie? I hope you don't mind me sayin' but you don't somehow seem to belong in this job.

Jessie: Have you heard of Saddlers Wells?

Beth: Famous ballet place ain't it?

Jessie: That's right, well my mother was a dancer and the company she worked for used to travel around and perform in different theatres. One of them was Sadlers' Wells.

(As this conversation continues the girls tidy up the laundry).

Daisy: Blimey!

Jessie: And I used to go with her. There was a private tutor attached to the troupe and he taught the children in the company. I attended his lessons.

Daisy: How romantic!

Jessie: But one night my mother was injured after a bad fall. She'll never dance again and the company can't afford to support her.

Beth: Oh what a shame!

Jessie: Sir George has been wonderful though. My mother has known him for a long time and when the money ran out he found me this post.

Beth: Did you ever dance on a proper stage like your ma?

Jessie: Sometimes I joined in the chorus if someone dropped out through illness.

Daisy: Ooh I wish that I could dance.

Jessie: Anybody can dance if they really want to.

Daisy: Imagine me an' 'Enry dancin' together.

Beth: Do you mean that about anyone bein' able to dance?

Jessie: Of course. Oh you can spend a lifetime learning all the different steps. But if you have the desire to dance inside you it's just a matter of releasing that desire and letting it fly out of you. Like releasing a caged linnet. Dancing is letting a locked-up part of yourself go free.

Beth: I say, Jessie, could you teach us to dance proper?

Jessie: What now?

Daisy: Oh yes! Please Jessie, show us how!

(During the dance which follows the girls use the washed shirts as imaginary partners).

MUSIC 5 - WALKING ON AIR

- Jessie:** *Well there are lots of different dances
Each one has its separate splendour
But every one enhances
All your most romantic chances
With those belonging to the other gender.*
- Chorus (All):** *Walking on air like the birds
Dancing says far more than words
There's so many steps, make your request
But the waltz is the one I like the best.*
- Daisy:** *Oh how I wish that I was clever
But my brain is very shoddy
I could go on for ever
With such cerebral endeavour
But now I'll concentrate more on my body.*
- Chorus (All):** *Walking on air like the birds
Dancing says far more than words
There's so many steps make your request
But the polka's the one I like the best.*
- Beth:** *Phew all this dancing makes me dizzy
And my heart is beating wildly
I'm getting in a tizzy
Have I ever been so busy?
I'm on my knees and that's to put it mildly.*
- Chorus(All):** *Walking on air like the birds
Dancing says far more than words
There's so many steps make your request.*
- Daisy:** *Oh what a thrill
Is the quadrille.*
- Beth:** *I can't forget
The pirouette*

Jessie: *And as for the mazurka
There is nothing so berserk oh!*

Daisy: *But the waltz is the one*

Beth: *The polka is the one*

Daisy: *The waltz is the one*

Beth: *The polka is the one*

ALL 3: *The dance is the one I like the best!*

Mrs. Turtle: Squash me sirloins, what a shambles! Now you dolly mops can just stop this maunderin' and start to tidy up around here. I've never seen nothing like it.

(As she rants on JOHN MATTHEWS enters unseen to MRS. TURTLE but visible to the others).

Mrs. Turtle: My back's turned for five minutes and the place looks like a regular midden. I could find more hardworking skivvies in the sweatshop. Dear oh dear and squeeze me smalls! It's not good enough! *(Suddenly notices MATTHEWS)*. Oh! Oh! Oh! *(Changes her attitude abruptly to impress the smart newcomer)*. May I be of assistance to you?

Matthews: Why thank you, that's most kind.

Mrs. Turtle: I must apologise for the slovenliness but my domestic staff ain't what they should be.

Matthews: John Matthews, I appear to have lost my sense of direction. I was looking for the Headmaster's study.

Mrs. Turtle: Doris Turtle, at your service. May I be so bold as to ask what business brings you 'ere?

Matthews: Why certainly, ma'am. I have tendered an application for the post of Assistant Master of Scientific Subjects at Bradshaws School.

Mrs. Turtle: Oh. Yes, I see, of course, yes well I'll ask one of my staff to escort you right away.

Daisy: I will, Mrs. Turtle.

Beth: No, I'll do it. Mrs. Turtle.

Daisy: 'Ere I asked first.

Mrs. Turtle: That's enough clack from you two. Jessie, would you take Mr. Matthews to the Headmaster's study. You'll find it up the stairs and on the right.

Jessie: It would be a pleasure, Mrs. Turtle.. *(Making eyes at MATTHEWS, she exits with him. DAISY and BETH pull a face)*.

Mrs. Turtle: Now then you two, no more shinnanikins, there's a days work to do in fifty minutes.

(They pick up the laundry and exit).

SCENE 3

(The BOYS enter, there is the usual pandemonium with a lot of chatter and BOYS playing round the desks. One pretends to be MR. PRESCOTT).

1st Boy: What are you insufferable wretches doing? *(Laughs as he catches them out).*

2nd Boy: I say, Meredith, do you know any more of those murder stories? *(Shouts of 'Oh yes, tell us, Meredith,' etc.).*

Meredith: There's a trump being worked at the moment about the plight of a wench in Lincoln. It's called "The Scarborough Tragedy" concerning the untimely death of poor Mary Holmes.

MUSIC 6 - THE SCARBOROUGH TRAGEDY

Meredith: *Now imagine this innocent girl
She was a poor clergyman's daughter
But one day she was all in a whirl
When the man in this tale came to court her.*

Chorus: *Oh tell us a gruesome story
Oh make our flesh shiver and creep
Oh let it be livid and gory
Then we'll see it again when we sleep.*

Meredith: *Oh he was a rich officer swell
She fell for his nautical rollin'
Yet in more ways than one Sarah fell
And the swell left the girl very swollen.*

Chorus: *Oh tell us a gruesome story, etc.*

Meredith: *She delivered the child in a ditch
She was so ashamed of the scandal
And before the babe barely could twitch
She had snuffed out its life like a candle.*

Chorus: *Oh tell us a gruesome story, etc.*

Meredith: *Now she ran to the back streets of town
Her mother and father were baffled
But the bobbies soon hunted her down
And poor Sarah then swung from the scaffold.*

Chorus: *Oh tell us a gruesome story, etc.*

Farthing: A time will come one day when not one but thousands will be slaughtered. In mud, in trenches, on fences of metal.

1st Boy: What's he on about?

2nd Boy: It's Farthing and his premonitions.

3rd Boy: When is this going to happen, Farthing?

Farthing: Not for three, perhaps four decades. Man will march with glory in their eyes but before the echo of cheering crowds, lining the streets at their departure, has died away they will choke on the ugly reality of an awful hell on earth. Many of us here will lose our sons in this hideous conflagration. Others will return from foreign lands without limbs, without sight, without sanity. But they will all return with memories, burned into their minds like a brand sears the flesh. Indelible, inexorable memories.

(During this speech SILAS WEBBER has entered and, unseen by the BOYS, has been listening to the speech).

Webber: Fascinating! Fascinating, my shrunken heart was fairly throbbing at your discourse. Such an imagination!

1st Boy: Who are you, sir?

Webber: Who am I? *(Chuckles unpleasantly).* Much more than meets your polished eye, my friend.

2nd Boy: May we help you, sir?

Webber: And how would a young sliver like you be able to help the likes of me? Your muscles are thin, your chin is weak although your pretty hair is certainly an invitation.... to bugs and lice! *(Laughs).*

1st Boy: What do you want here, sir?

Webber: A position, my persistent puppy, a position that elevates me, a position that enables me to step out of the river of filth and slime that has sucked me down all these years. *(He ascends to the HEADMASTER'S study)*. But that my cosseted, closeted friends is something about which you are blissfully unaware. Sharkey! Sharkey!

(A pale-faced BOY runs from the shadows to join WEBBER, who enters the HEAD'S study, as JESSIE exits).

SCENE 4

Head: Now it seems there are two applicants for the post of Science Master. A Mr. John Matthews and a Mr. Silas Webber. Now I can't *(laughs)* provide a situation for the pair of you. So perhaps you ought to explain to me why you are worthy of this position, Mr. Matthews.

(Attention diverts to JESSIE downstage left of the classroom).

Jessie: *(Whispering)*. Joseph.

Joseph: *(Delighted)*. Jessie! *(Goes over to her)*. What are you doing here?

Jessie: I am employed here now.

Joseph: That's wonderful, Jessie, I'll be able to see you every day. How is my father?

Jessie: He's in good spirits. He says he will see you when the term finishes for the Christmas holidays.

Joseph: Will you be joining us for Christmas?

Jessie: I hope to but my mother may not be well enough.

Joseph: Oh please, please!

(MOULD enters and the rest of the class settle down).

Jessie: Hush now or Mr. Mould will be displeased with me.

Mould: *(Embarrassed)*. Oh no, er that is um quite all right Miss Kemp.

Jessie: Run along now, Joseph.

Joseph: Bye, Jessie.

(Attention returns to the study area).

Matthews: More recently I've been re-examining the work of Davy and Faraday. Trained men whose scientific knowledge has resulted in benefits of a practical nature. It is this sort of understanding that young people must be made aware of, so that Science can help to relieve the burden of the common people.

Head: Very laudable, I'm sure. Now, Mr. Webber, what can you tell us of your credentials and *(Laughs)* aspirations?

(Attention is once again diverted to the classroom where MOULD is supervising the class. DAISY enters).

Daisy: So there you are, the Turtle wants the silver polished. *(Suddenly notices MR. MOULD)*. Oh!

Jessie: I'm coming right away *(Moves to exit, then realises DAISY hasn't moved, stops)*. What's the matter?

Daisy: Oh, I've just seen Henry.

Jessie: Oh yes, come on Daisy or Mrs. Turtle will be in a taking.

Daisy: Jessie.

Jessie: What is it?

Daisy: Would you mind awfully if I asked a favour of you?

Jessie: Of course not. What would you like me to do?

Daisy: It's Henry. I'm so enamoured of him but I don't think he'd look twice at me. Would you speak to him?

Jessie: What should I say?

Daisy: Oh you're the clever one, you'd think of something.

(Attention returns to the Study).

Mr. Webber: At present I am engaged in the maintenance of a modest Private Academy for the edification of impoverished children. What a wonderful thing, Education! Sharkey here is a shining example of our painstaking methods.

Head: I see, what exactly are your educational objectives?

Webber: Knowledge is continually expanding and we seek to stretch our boys so that they fully understand the world they live in. Shall we provide a little demonstration. Sharkey, what is the capital city of France? *(SHARKEY, who has been gazing in awe at the room, fails to hear. WEBBER whispers fiercely)* Sharkey, capital of France!

Sharkey: James Watt.

Webber: James what! You drivelling booby! *(Stops himself manhandling*

SHARKEY with difficulty and forces a smile for the HEAD). A little misunderstanding. Shall we have another try? (Digs SHARKEY in the back). Sharkey dear boy, who invented the Steam Engine? Steam Engine, Sharkey, now think.

Sharkey: Eighty one!

Webber: Eighty one! *(Nearly weeping).* God above, have I deserved this abomination? *(Making a further effort to control himself).* Sharkey, you are confused, now concentrate, we shall make a final effort. What is nine multiplied by nine?

Sharkey: *(Jubilantly).* Paris!

Webber: Aaaah! You putrid half-wit. I'll teach you to sport with me.

(Grips SHARKEY around the neck. SHARKEY wriggles free and runs out if the study with WEBBER, shouting, in pursuit).

Head: Well, what a thoroughly unpleasant fellow. I think I can say Mr. Matthews, without hesitation, that the job is yours.

SCENE 5

(There is a brief interlude during which time the Class dismiss in a Blackout. When the lights go up MATTHEWS is busy setting up specimens of rocks and fossils for a lesson. MOULD is dithering beside him).

Matthews: Just think that these actual flint tools were handled by Stone Age Man thousands of years ago.

Mould: Mmm.

Matthews: It's possible to find literally hundreds of these quite close by here.

Mould: Really.

Matthews: Extraordinary to think they have been perfectly preserved. Look at that cutting edge.

Mould: Oh yes.

Matthews: You have something on your mind?

Mould: Oh no, no.

Matthews: You have been hopping about here not listening to a word I've been saying for the past fifteen minutes. Why don't you speak up?

Mould: Well, it's er look, you're a man of the world aren't you?

Matthews: I suppose you could say that.

Mould: Well I wonder if you could give me some advice on an er an affair of the heart.

Matthews: Oh, I see.

Mould: I'm besotted with a young lady, I cannot stop thinking about her. And I keep seeing her in my mind. I invent conversation with her but somehow I can never actually bring myself to say anything to her face.

Matthews: It's only a matter of confidence. You need to think of a way of attracting the lady's attention.

Mould: Yes, but how?

Matthews: A little contrivance to secure her interest in you.

Mould: What though?

Matthews: The er dropped handkerchief manoeuvre is rather hackneyed but usually successful.

Mould: I don't understand.

Matthews: Oh it's perfectly simple. If you were to walk by, yes go on, start walking, that's it, just as you pass by I drop the handkerchief and then say 'Excuse me, I believe you have dropped something'. Then I give you the handkerchief and proceed to converse with you. The important thing is to win your attention.

Mould: I see.

Matthews: Listen, there's somebody coming - (*Peers round L.*) Yes, a young lady, why don't you try it out?

Mould: (*Aghast*). What now?

Matthews: Yes, good practice for you.

(MATTHEWS gives him the handkerchief, stifles his protests and retreats to the shadows. BETH enters S.L. carrying a basket and walks across the stage. As she passes MOULD drops the handkerchief).

Mould: (*ineptly*). Er - excuse me - I think you've - er dropped your (*BETH fails to hear him and exits S.R.*). Oh it's hopeless!

Matthews: No, you need to be rather more forthright, that's all. As soon as she passes you, jump in with the hanky and shout it out. Imagine I am the young lady in question.

(MATTHEWS strolls by, MOULD waits tensely for him to pass, throws the hanky down with venom and bellows in his ear).

Mould: Excuse me! (*MATTHEWS leaps in the air and rubs his ear with his hand*).

Matthews: You could afford to relax rather more.

Mould: Was that better?

Matthews: A little over zealous but certainly an improvement. Hey, we're in luck, here's another customer. Try again but not quite so loud. Remember, as soon as she passes you.

(*DAISY enters, carrying a picture. She gets to within a yard of MOULD who is desperately trying to look nonchalant - suddenly DAISY recognises MOULD and stops dead in her tracks, transfixed*).

Daisy: Oh! (*MOULD is thrown and stares at her in horror. He motions for her to pass him*).

Daisy: Oh, Mr. Mould, I never saw you there. (*MOULD, desperate, makes odd noises and gesticulates oddly for DAISY to pass him*).

Daisy: Whatever is the matter, Mr. Mould?

Mould: (*In a fierce, strangled whisper*). Go on! You're meant to walk past me!

Daisy: (*Upset*). Oh! Oh dear! (*Almost sobbing*). If that's the way it is to be (*Turns and runs off, distressed, from where she entered*).

Mould: (*Throws down the hanky in disgust*). It's not going to work.

Matthews: (*Coming forward clutching his head*). But you didn't need the handkerchief.

Mould: What do you mean?

Matthews: (*Waving the hanky*). This is only a device! The important thing is to make contact and that you had done!

Mould: Oh!

Matthews: Look, would you like me to demonstrate?

Mould: That might be helpful.

Matthews: I think she's coming back. Now you must watch me.

(*JESSIE enters, carrying DAISY'S picture*).

Mould: Oh, no! That isn't - I mean this is -

Matthews: Hush! She'll hear you.

(*JESSIE walks by, MATTHEWS deftly drops the handkerchief*).

Matthews: Excuse me, I believe you have dropped something.

Jessie: (*Turning*). I'm sorry.

Matthews: This has such a delicate fragrance, it must belong to you.

Jessie: *(Affected by his charm).* You are very gracious, sir.

Matthews: *(Handing her the handkerchief).* Why, what soft hands you have. Are you accustomed to work of this nature?

Jessie: I am not but it has its attractions.

Matthews: I'm pleased to hear it. *(They gaze in each other's eyes. MOULD coughs meaningfully)*

Matthews: *(Jolted).* Oh, well run along now. It's been a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

Jessie: *(Curtseying).* The pleasure's all mine, I assure you.

(She exits. MATTHEWS turns to MOULD).

Matthews: There you are, you see, nothing to it.

Mould: Yes, but what you don't understand is -

(He is interrupted by the arrival of MR. PRESCOTT leading in the PUPILS).

Matthews: Good, well, I have a class now with Mr. Prescott. We'll discuss this again later.

(MOULD exits muttering. The Class settle. PRESCOTT and MATTHEWS go to opposite ends of the Classroom and teach in a back to back situation).

Prescott: Let us consider God's wonderful act of creation.

Matthews: *(Holding up Fossils).* I'd like to talk to you today about the work of Charles Darwin and the stories that these things can tell us.

Prescott: In six glorious days He made the entire Earth.

Matthews: Darwin's studies in South America led him to a fresh understanding of how life developed on this planet.

Prescott: And all the bountiful variety of God's creatures were fashioned in one magnificent day.

Matthews: This book, "The Origin of the Species", explains how life gradually evolved over countless thousands of years.

(The TEACHERS walk round to address the other half of the Class, exchanging a questioning look as they cross).

MUSIC 7 - BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Prescott: *Quieten down right now you little menaces
Let me clarify the Book of Genesis
It states God made the world and how he started it
And six days later he'd made every part of it
The lion and the lizard
The iron and the blizzard
Everything from passion flower to pigeon
A week's a long time in religion.*

Matthews: *This book will relieve the day's monotony
Written by a man who studied botany
The message is quite clear for all who want to see.
The story in the Bible is a fantasy
For life is like a flower
It changes by the hour
Science can reveal the true solution
The name of the game's Evolution.*

Children: *We don't follow what you mean
We are confused
In the words of our dear Queen
We're not amused
Now before we work ourselves into a lather
If this is Mother Earth who is the Father?*

SCENE 6

*(Class dismiss. DAISY enters to sweep up the classroom. She appears upset.
JESSIE enters and notices her distress).*

Jessie: Whatever is the matter?

Daisy: It's Henry, he told me to go away the other day. 'E don't like me, I know it.

Jessie: I think he's just nervous, Daisy.

Daisy: What should I do then?

Jessie: Make it clear to him just what your intentions are.

Daisy: But every time I see him I become tongue-tied. You said you was going to speak to him.

Jessie: Mmmm I know.

Daisy: What?

Jessie: Well, you know when I first arrived, Beth was mentioning how she saw him.

Daisy: What of it?

Jessie: Why not ask Beth to speak to him on your behalf?

Daisy: Oh no!

Jessie: I know she was joking on that occasion, but if she was discreet about it.

Daisy: Beth couldn't be discreet at her own funeral.

Jessie: But if she were told exactly what to say. I think I know a way that might work.

(JESSIE beckons DAISY over and they exit, whispering. JOSEPH FARTHING enters with a bowl of roses that he starts to arrange. He removes one which won't fit and is about to exit when he overhears voices in the HEADMASTER'S Study).

Head: The news is rather bad, I'm afraid. Young Farthing will have to be told in good time.

Prescott: You mean the man is completely bankrupt. But it's rather sudden isn't it?

Head: Farming in this country hasn't exactly been flourishing for the past few years. Now with the Corn Market flooded by cheap imported wheat from Canada and America, the English merchants are in a very bad way. Sir George is no exception.

Prescott: But what is to happen to the boy?

Head: I see no alternative to his having to leave us. With no money to pay his own labourers, I don't see how Sir George Farthing will be able to afford his son's fees at Bradshaws.

Prescott: Pity. A promising lad, too, in many ways.

Head: He needs to be if he's to support his father in the debtors' prison.

(JOSEPH moves downstage. Other BOYS enter from stage left and right and call out his name. He ignores them and proceeds to the front of the stage).

MUSIC 8 - I HEAR ALL THE WORDS

Farthing: *I hear all the words that are spoken
In lessons I answer my name*

*But something inside me has broken
Although I may still look the same.*

*An anguish within has awoken
As though love had shrivelled to hate
And friendship is merely a token
When you're made aware of your fate.*

*I think of the rose that is planted
She opens her heart to your gaze
And seeking the sun she is slanted
Just bathing her face in the blaze.*

*And I felt that I was enchanted
I cut off the rose without thought
Oh how much I'd taken for granted
Now my life is also cut short.*

SCENE 7

Mould: (*Addressing an imaginary Class*). That's better, we'll have no more of that silliness (*Moves away from Class but turns back sharply*). Er - what did I say? You, boy, come out here (*Beckons to imaginary Pupil*) stand there. Do you know who you've been fooling with young man, eh, mm? Did you know I've carried elephants across rivers on African expeditions? I could lift you up with one hand before you could say David Livingstone. Get back to work. (*Shrugs and turns to AUDIENCE*). Why can't I be like that when they're really here? It's the same with Jessie (*Sighs*). Ah Jessie. If you were to walk in right now, what would I do? (*Imagines her coming in*). Jessie, every time I see you (*Clears throat and lowers voice*). Jessie, every time I see you my head turns to jelly and my knees start spinning - oh no - I mean, my knees turn to jelly and my head starts spinning. Oh it's useless! (*Stuffs his hands in his pockets in an attitude of resignation*).

(*BETH enters and moves towards MOULD*).

Beth: Good day to you, Mr. Mould.

Mould: (*Disinterested*). Hello.

Beth: Will you be attending the end of term farewells?

Mould: Yes I expect so.

Beth: Oh good, someone was asking whether you would be.

Mould: Mmmm.

Beth: Someone I work closely with.

Mould: Really? (*Showing interest finally*).

Beth: Yes, she was hoping to see you before you went.

Mould: You don't mean -

Beth: Shh, she was anxious not to have her name mentioned.

Mould: Oh.

Beth: She is very shy and retiring.

Mould: Yes, of course.

Beth: Such a delicate, frail creature.

Mould: Yes, indeed.

Beth: Yet she has such strong feelings.

Mould: Does she?

Beth: Passionately strong feelings.

Mould: (*Squeaking*). Does she?

Beth: Which is why it's so sad.

Mould: Is it?

Beth: Heartbreaking.

Mould: Oh? (*Pause*).

Beth: Such turbulent feelings and too shy to give voice to them.

Mould: Yes, yes. (*Pause*).

Beth: Perhaps if a certain young man were to make his feelings known to her, it would ease her confusion.

Mould: Do you think so?

Beth: I'm sure if this young man were to declare his intentions he as well as she would reap the benefits.

Mould: Oh, I see.

(*Enter MRS. TURTLE with JESSIE*).

Mrs. Turtle: Dear oh dear and scour me saucepans, standing around when there's all this tidying up to do. Look alive, girl, and clear up the classroom. Jessie, you can 'elp. I'll do 'is Lordship's study with Daisy.

(*MOULD is left centre stage, gazing at JESSIE*).

Mould: (*Coughs to gain her attention*). Er I do understand.

Jessie: What?

Mould: I have a little experience in these things. You don't have to worry.

Jessie: Don't I?

Mould: No, it's not a crime to feel shy. In fact, it belies a sensitive nature.

Jessie: (*Laughing*). Me shy? I wish I was. My mother says my mouth will be my undoing.

Mould: Oh I oh, but I thought -

(*He is interrupted by the arrival of the HEAD, PRESCOTT and MATTHEWS*).

Head: Ah dear boy, come here, come here. We have something rather important to announce.

(*He beckons MOULD over. As they confer, CHILDREN enter severally*).

1st Boy: How about this one then? I'll wager no-one can bite an inch off this rule. (*Holds up ruler. Two BOYS attempt and fail. Shouts of 'it's impossible' and 'Go on then, show us'. 1st BOY then bites the air an inch away from the ruler*).

1st Boy: See? An inch off the rule. (*Groans*).

2nd Boy: All right, then, you'll never manage this. Place your left hand where your right hand can't touch it. (*PUPILS contort themselves unsuccessfully to do this*).

3rd Boy: How is it done then? (*2nd BOY demonstrates by placing left hand on right elbow. Others groan and generally pummel him. General hubbub builds up between all groups - TEACHERS, PUPILS and DOMESTIC STAFF. One BOY tries without success to gain the attention of the HEAD. He is shooed away. Bell rings, all freeze. Song begins*).

MUSIC 9a - FINALE ACT I (Part A)

Pupils: *We finished our lessons quite early
And we cleared out our desks before noon
Not even the teacher looks surly
For he knows we'll be out of here soon
We've tidied the room to perfection
Now there's just a few prayers left to say*

*We've suffered the final correction
Now we just want to go out and play.*

Chorus: *It's the last day of school for both teacher and taught
And now we'll all go on our way
Oh let's hope we depart with far more than we brought
For the term terminates today.*

Head: *I'll visit my brother in Morecambe
Yes it's time he was given a laugh.*

Mrs Turtle: *My brother's been gone since the law come
He's locked up for a year and a half.*

Daisy: *I'll learn how to waltz nice and proper
I'll dance like a dream in the sky.*

Beth: *Watch out that you don't come a cropper
If the earth breaks your fall when you fly.*

Chorus: *It's the last day etc*

Head: Now boys, good news (*Laughs*). Joseph Farthing has been the unfortunate victim of an economic decline in his father's er business affairs. However, we are pleased to announce, in view of Joseph's exceptional ability - that Bradshaws is able to award him a scholarship so he may continue his studies with us. (*A ripple of applause is disrupted*).

Boy: Sir! Sir!

Head: What is it lad?

Boy: It's Farthing, sir, I was trying to tell you.

Head: Go on, boy.

Boy: He's gone.

Head: Gone?

Boy: He's gone missing, run away, since this morning, sir. (*Silence. JESSIE runs off*).

MUSIC 9b - FINALE ACT I (Part B)

Solo Boy: *You've thought of this moment for ages
You can't wait for the end to arrive
You've turned over all the last pages*

*Oh at last you'll feel really alive
Then why don't you feel like rejoicing
When you watch all your friends wave goodbye
But you won't hear one single boy sing
For the end of all things makes us cry.*

All: *It's the last day of school for both teacher and taught
And now we'll all go on our way
Oh let's hope we depart with far more than we brought
For the term terminates today.*

Pupils: *We finished our lessons quite early
And we cleared out our desks before noon
Not even the teacher looks surly
For he knows we'll be out of here soon
We've tidied the room to perfection
Now there's just a few prayers left to say
We've suffered the final correction
Now we just want to go out and play.*

End of Act I

ACT II

SCENE 1

(The Curtain rises to reveal a busy, noisy street scene. There is a stationary patterer in ragged uniform, a seller of short-hand penny cards, a ring seller, a beggar, a crossing sweeper, children playing with wooden hoops, ladies and gents taking 'their walks abroad' and a member of the swell mob.)

MUSIC 10 - A VICTORIAN STREET

Chorus: (1) *A Victorian street in the daytime
Has a flavour and feel all its own
Gents and ladies are having a gay time
But they see only what they are shown*

Chorus (2) *A Victorian street in the daytime
Is a colourful sight to behold
Gents and ladies are having a gay time
With all manner of goods bought and sold*

Jack O' Diamonds: *Shall I introduce to you
All the people in the street
It's amazing what they'll do
Just to earn a crust to eat
Over here the little girl in the ragged linen dress
She gets up at 'alf past four just to sell her water cress
In this shallow wooden box creatures cannot budge an inch
You'll find linnets, lark and daw, sometimes nightingale and
finch.
And behind these gentle folk there's a man who'll bend your ears
How the patterer's sad tale will dissolve your eyes to tears.*

Patterer: Ladies and gentlemen, it is with feelings of great reluctance that I stand before you at this time; but although I am not without feelings, I am totally without friends and frequently without food. This wound (*Showing a disfigured arm*). I acquired in the service of the Queen of Spain, and I have many more. I received no pension for my brave conduct and here I am ill in health, poor in pocket and exposed without proper nourishment to wind and weather.

(Cries of 'Bravo' and 'Poor fellow' from the gentlemen and ladies who contribute to the LAD collecting money in a soldier's cap).

Chorus: (2) *A Victorian Street in the daytime
Is a colourful sight to behold
Gents and ladies are having a gay time
With all manner of goods bought and sold.*

Jack O' Diamonds: *If you care to come with me
By the cove who cleans the place
Oh I swear you'll never see
This poor beggar's shrunken face
Over there the poor old hag with her clothes made up from drapes
Makes a penny every day selling cotton, lace and tapes
And this fellow standing here who can jabber like the bards
Tries to sell these wealthy gents all his short hand penny cards
But the ladies draw the gents far away from all these things
For the one who takes their eye is the seller of fine rings.*

Ring Seller: Wonderful gold rings! Must be sold now as I am not permitted to remain here more than ten minutes. What am I asking you for this unique ring worth £5 or more. Not 4, not 3, not 2 pounds. No, ladies and gentlemen. As I am in a hurry I'm not even asking one pound for this fine ring. Ten shillings is all that you shall have to pay, sir, to bring a smile to the lady's face.

Lady: Oh Barty, it does sound a wonderful bargain.

Gent: I'm not so certain, my darling.

Ring Seller: Time is precious, good sir, as I have only a few more minutes before I must move on.

Lady: I can't think of a more suitable anniversary present, Barty.

Ring Seller: I'll tell you what I'll do, my lady, your countenance being more radiant than the morning sun, just on this occasion I shall halve my price to five shillings. Now -

(He is interrupted by a BOY who whispers in his ear).

Ring Seller: Too late, my friend here tells me that a peeler is on his way. I shall have to move as my time is up.

Lady: Oh, Barty!

Gent: Oh very well, I say, take five shillings and give the lady the ring.

Ring Seller: Much obliged, sir, you won't regret it, I can assure you.

Chorus: *A Victorian street in the daytime*

Jack: *I can swear on the Book and predict*

Chorus: *Gents and ladies will have such a gay time*

Jack: *As they're swizzled and swindled and tricked.*

Now if I may make so bold

You've been living in a dream

For you may as well be told

Things are not what they may seem.

Now recall the soldier's tale and the crowds that he can pull

His lament of wars in Spain is a lot of Spanish bull

And the wound upon his arm that produced a worried sigh

Was no more than special paint and a strong acidic dye

And as for all those rings, well the truth must now be told

At the swag shop they was bought, all that glisters is not gold.

(The PATERER and RING SELLER move forward, annoyed at having their deceit exposed).

Patterer: Just a moment, I know you, Jack O' Diamonds.

Jack: That's me, a regular card, always turn up when I'm least expected.

Patterer: You're not so innocent yourself, you and your swell mob.

Jack: Well I may indulge in the occasional legal discrepancy.

Ring Seller: Occasional legal discrep - why you're a bigger criminal than any of us poor folk scraping to rub two coins together.

Jack: Harsh words, sir.

Ring Seller: *(Threatening)*. Admit it, penny tosh!

Jack: All right! All right! We do share a common enemy, that's true, but there is one important distinction what separates us.

Patterer: And what's that may I ask?

Jack: Style, sir.

(Whistles onstage a Youth and a Girl similarly dressed to complete the 'swell mobsters' style).

Jack: Allow us to illustrate the point.

MUSIC 11 - THE SWELL MOB

Jack: *When a gentleman turns round
And his handkerchief is found
Dangling like the tail you'll find upon a rabbit
Then, my friends, it's tempting fate
When the chances are so great
Now then what advice can you two give me?*

Other Mobsters: *Grab it!*

Chorus: *We do the odd job
We make a few bob. Now you can see
We are the swell mob
We have our own slang, we let the rest hang
Now you'll agree we are the swell gang.*

Jack: *Having swiped the wipe with ease
Now the lady; if you please
Puts her money in her purse where we can't nick it
Then she puts the purse inside
Her front pocket open wide
Now then what advice can you two give me?*

Other Mobsters: *Pick it!*

Chorus: *We do the odd job
We make a few bob, Now you can see
We are the swell mob
We have our own slang, we let the rest hang
Now you'll agree we are the swell gang.*

Jack: *But the trick to win your heart
Is the gent who likes a tart
I can show you if you like, I'll just prepare it*

(Motions for his girl to approach the gent).

Girl: Hello, fine features, do you fancy a stroll?

Gent: Well, I er - *(Glances round)* I do have a few minutes.

Girl: That's the ticket, what's life for if you can't enjoy yourself?

(They move away and she begins to seduce him. When he responds JACK moves in).

Jack: Excuse me, sir, what are you doing with my good wife?

Gent: *(Flustered)*. Your wife? I - er - well - I didn't realise.

Jack: I shall have to notify the police. This kind of assault on a lady is a public menace.

Gent: Oh no, surely we can come to some arrangement.

Jack: I'm certainly not going to fight you in the street, sir, and descend to your level.

Gent: No, no, I was thinking perhaps a small sum of money would -

Jack: A bribe! Officer!

Girl: *(Interrupting)*. Oh accept it, dearest, he's really a kind man at heart.

Jack: You can keep out of this.

Girl: Please.

Gent: Ten shillings.

Jack: Mmmmmm very well but don't let me see you again. *(Gent pays up, bolts, and the Mobsters laugh in delight).*

Jack: *Oh I've never known 'em stay
They're embarrassed so they pay
Now then what advice can you two give me?*

Other Mobsters: *Share it!*

(They start to crowd him, but he raises his arms to delay them).

Jack: Now then, my friends, don't forget, it's style that matters.

Chorus: *We do the odd job
We make a few bob. Now you can see
We are the swell mob
We have our own slang, we let the rest hang
Now you'll agree we are the swell gang.*

(The PATERER and RING SELLER move upstage in disgust, the Swell Mob huddle to admire their booty; almost undetected a dishevelled JOSEPH FARTHING makes his way through the crowd to the front of the stage. JACK

is not slow to notice him).

Jack: Well, well, well what have we here then? Little boy lost? (*JOSEPH glances up but doesn't answer*). What's your name then, totty?

Joseph: Joseph Farthing. (*Turns away in thought*).

Jack: Penny for 'em Joseph Farthing. (*He winks and gestures to his friends that he's made a catch*).

Joseph: Oh it's nothing to concern you.

Jack: Now how would you know that until you tell me.

Joseph: Well

Jack: Wait, I know, you've lost a penny and found a farthing. (*Laughs*).

Joseph: More like I've lost a farthing.

Jack: What was that?

Joseph: My father, Sir George Farthing, he's in trouble, I've been looking for him.

Jack: SIR George Farthing, eh.

Joseph: I've tried the debtor's prison at Newgate and Blackfriars but he wasn't there. I must find him. I'm going to Horsemonger Lane tomorrow but I've nowhere to stay the night.

Jack: Well, Joseph Farthing, you are a very lucky fellow.

Joseph: Why is that?

Jack: Well it just so happens that I know the very place where you may enjoy a night of peaceful, undisturbed sleep.

Joseph: Do you really?

Jack: I most certainly do.

Joseph: Oh but I have very little money.

Jack: No matter, I shall take care of that.

Joseph: You are very kind, sir, I know my father will repay you when his fortunes improve.

Jack: Not another word, Joseph Farthing, come on I'll take you there now. (*Gestures to his friends that he's 'scored'*).

Chorus: *A Victorian street in the daytime
Is a colourful sight to behold
Gents and ladies are having a gay time.*

Jack: *With all manner of goods*

Chorus: *Bought and sold.*

SCENE 2

(On the road to London. There is a tree stump. JESSIE enters, trailing an exhausted DAISY behind her. DAISY flops down on the bench).

Daisy: 'Aven't we come far enough?

Jessie: A little further, Daisy.

Daisy: Oooh me feet, it feels like someone's trying to eat 'em down there.

Jessie: I must find him, Daisy.

Daisy: But it's hopeless, he could be anywhere.

Jessie: Exactly, he doesn't realise how dangerous it can be wandering around the streets of London.

Daisy: But how are you going to find him?

Jessie: I don't know, but I've got to keep trying.

Daisy: Just come and sit down for a minute, Jessie, you'll wear yourself out.

Jessie: *(Moves over to DAISY).* Just one minute *(Sits).* poor little mite, where is he going to sleep?

Daisy: Oh he'll be all right. *(Pause).* I wonder where 'Enry is right now?

Jessie: You and your 'Enry. *(Suddenly laughs).* Oh I never told you.

Daisy: What?

Jessie: I think Mr. Mould has taken a shine to me, isn't it funny?

Daisy: Hilarious.

Jessie: He was behaving very oddly before we left.

Daisy: *(Sullenly).* I hope you'll be very happy together.

Jessie: Oh don't be ridiculous, Daisy.

Daisy: I may as well give up. I spend all day and night dreamin' about 'im and he don't even blink. You ignore him and he splits 'is trousers.

Jessie: Daisy!

Daisy: Well it ain't fair. I can't even express me feelings when I do see 'im.
(Pause).

Jessie: I know what you should do.

Daisy: What?

Jessie: Write to him.

Daisy: Me write, you're jokin'.

Jessie: Write him a letter saying exactly how you feel about him.

Daisy: I can't write fancy like that.

Jessie: I'll write it for you.

Daisy: Would you?

Jessie: Of course.

Daisy: Oh you're an angel.

Jessie: (*Gets up*) But only if you get a move on.

Daisy: (*Jumping up*). I'm right behind you. Ooh what shall we say in the letter?
(*They move off*). I'm getting all peas in a pot thinking about it.

Jessie: (*Laughing*). Oh Daisy.

(*They exeunt. As they do so MOULD and MATTHEWS enter. MOULD collapses on the bench.*)

Mould: I must sit down for a while.

Matthews: Are you certain they came this way?

Mould: I couldn't say for sure. Jessie left in such a hurry when she heard about the boy. She just grabbed Daisy and they were off without a word.

Matthews: But why come in this direction?

Mould: Apparently the lad thinks his father's in debtors prison. That was the last thing he said to his friend at school.

Matthews: That could be any number of places.

Mould: London is the nearest though.

Matthews: That's true. Did you say Daisy's people lived in London?

Mould: Whitechapel, her father's a policeman.

Matthews: He might know where Sir George is, I suppose.

Mould: Possibly (*Pause*). While we're resting for a moment, just to change the subject, I've something I'd like you to hear.

Matthews: What's that?

Mould: (*Enthusiastically*). It's a poem I've written to Jessie. I'd like you to tell me what you think.

Matthews: By all means.

Mould: (*Unwrapping sheet of paper*). I've had a bit of trouble with one or two of the rhymes but anyway, (*clears throat*) this is it.

Jessie when I hear your name
My heart goes all a-quiver
All my body is aflame
My lips, my legs, my liver.

Matthews: My liver?

Mould: It rhymes with quiver.

Matthews: Yes, yes, I see.

Mould: Shall I carry on?

Matthews: Please do.

Mould: Jessie you are like a frog -

Matthews: A what?

Mould: A frog.

Matthews: (*Smiles weakly*). Oh.

Mould: Shall I go on?

Matthews: Mm yes go on.

Mould: Jessie you are like a frog
You've jumped into my fountain
And I will dog you like a dog
Right up life's lonely mountain.

Mould: What do you think?

Matthews: (*Nodding*). Well it's unusual. (*Looks at watch*). Goodness me,
we ought to be going.

Mould: Don't you want to hear the rest?

Matthews: There's more?

Mould: Just one verse

Jessie I am but a fish
And in your net you caught me
Take this ode, I'm on my knees (*Falls on knees*)
My love will follow shortly.

Mould: Do you think she'll like it?

Matthews: I er well it's not really for me to say.

Mould: (*Disconsolate*). It's awful isn't it?

Matthews: Oh it has its good points.

Mould: You don't have to flatter me.

Matthews: I'm not, look why don't you let me have it and perhaps I can make one
or two minor adjustments.

Mould: What do you know about my feelings?

Matthews: I meant it only from a technical point of view.

Mould: Mm.

Matthews: I don't pretend to be an expert such as you in the romantic appreciation
of life's virtues but perhaps my analytical approach could lend a more
objective view to the structure of the piece.

Mould: Oh, I see, I'm sorry, here take it (*Hands over poem*).

Matthews: Come on, then, we ought to try and find them.

Mould: Yes, you're right, it will be dark soon and I don't fancy getting lost in these
parts.

(*They exeunt*).

SCENE 3

(SILAS WEBBER is in his "Office". He is looking for something amongst a mass of papers on his desk. Unseen by him AGGY YAPP is drinking quietly from a bottle).

Webber: Where are those receipts for Staines? Aggy? Where are you? He claims he's already paid me for last month but I know the old rodent is lying through his putrefying teeth. Aggy! Are you drinking again? Your guts must be more rancid than the sewers of London. Where is the flaccid hag? Aggy! *(AGGY is jolted out of her drunken state by Webber's final shout).*

Aggy: What a blessed row! Can't a body relax for a few minutes? *(She hides the bottle behind her back).*

Webber: There you are, my God what a sight! If I squeezed you like a sponge they could bottle what comes out and sell it for a pound a snort!

Aggy: Ah go and bottle yourself, Silas Webber. *(She takes a quick swig).*

Webber: So you are drinking. I thought you looked fishy about the gills.

Aggy: And what if I am, your 'ighness?

Webber: You should be up here with me, clackbox.

Aggy: Oh yes and what's the big attraction? *(She climbs the steps to the "office" with some difficulty).*

Webber: These bills, who's been at them? The place looks like a hovel.

Aggy: It is a hovel, dear Silas, it's always been a hovel and as long as you're here it always will be a hovel.

Webber: You viper, I ought to rip your tongue out.

Aggy: What a way you have with words. Now without any more abuse tell Aggy what the problem is.

Webber: Those filthy sweeps are bleeding me dry. I provide them with clean, healthy boys for an honest sum and they refuse to pay up.

Aggy: Ah, poor Silas, can't he control his business associates then. Why doesn't he take five minutes off and play with his little Aggy? *(She makes up to him).*

Webber: Leave me alone, you slobbering judy, I want you to clear up this rotting hole, not entice me with another.

Aggy: *(Sulking).* I thought no-one was allowed to interfere with your precious papers.

Webber: And so they aren't unless I instruct otherwise.

Aggy: Well I don't know where to start.

Webber: Start by finding me the counterfoil for Staines receipt. And get rid of that stinking bottle.

(The Climbing Boys trail in down below, tired, dirty and ragged).

Aggy: I'd love to, your 'ighness, but there's one thing that's stopping me.

Webber: What's that?

Aggy: Your livelihood's back and they'll need scrubbing and feeding.

Webber: Aaaah, grubby little pigs, you better see to 'em, but if Staines arrives I want him.

(The CHILDREN collapse around the room as AGGY comes down amongst them).

Aggy: Come on, you lazy good-for-nothings, you're not finished yet. You fetch the water, you the brine and I'll find the brush.

1st Child: But we're tired.

2nd Child: We've been climbing chimneys all day.

3rd Child: I'm hungry.

Aggy: You'll stay hungry if you don't get up this minute. Now move yourselves!

(Exit AGGY).

MUSIC 12 - WHERE'S THE SUNSHINE?

Children: *Where's the sunshine?
Where's the joy?
What's the value of your life when you're a climbing boy?
Where's the sunshine?
Where's the light?
Why must we spend all our days trapped in this endless night?*

Verse: *Long before the break of day
We were turned out of our sacks
And before the sun's first ray
We'd been up two chimney stacks
And if you find you get stuck
Climbing in that smoky cell
Then you'll need much more than luck
To escape the fires of Hell.*

Verse: *Oh the soot gets in your eyes
As it seeps in every crack
And it comes as no surprise*

*When your thoughts start turning black
After only several weeks
Tiny boys just four years old
Lose the blossom from their cheeks
And their eyes are strangely cold.*

*Where's the sunshine?
Where's the joy?
What's the value of your life when you're a climbing boy?
Where's the sunshine?
Where's the light?
Why must we spend all our days trapped in this endless night?*

(Enter AGGY YAPP with her brush, followed by two boys carrying her tub of salty water. She sits down with her tub beside, as the boys cower from her).

MUSIC 13 - THE SOLUTION

Aggy: *Now then who's to be the first?
Don't be timid, don't be shy
Oooh me brush has got a thirst
And it hurts more when it's dry
Get yourselves into a line
Starting with the very keen
When I dip into me brine
All you scoundrels will come clean.*

Chorus: *A rubbing and a scrubbing on the places where it's sore
Can we ever clean up such pollution?
A rubbing and a scrubbing 'til the flesh is bleeding raw.
Salt and water give you the solution.*

Verse: *See, the chimneys are all shapes
And it's sometimes quite a squeeze
And the parts he rubs and scrapes
Are his elbows and his knees
So we harden up his skin
Just to cure his little faults
Which is why he makes a din
When he takes his dose of salts.*

(There is a knocking at the door).

Aggy: Silas! Silas! I'm up to me arms in salty water. See to the door.

(SILAS comes down from his "office" as the knocking continues).

Webber: All right, all right! We're not dead yet. *(Opens the door).* Oh it's you Jack, what's fuss all about?

(JACK enters with FARTHING).

Jack: I've a little present for you.

Webber: Another scab, is that what all the banging was for?

Jack: This one's special.

Webber: The place is crawling with them as it is.

Jack: His name's Farthing, Silas.

Silas: There isn't the employment, Jack.

Farthing: Excuse me.

Jack: His father's name is Sir George Farthing.

Silas: Oh throw him in with the rest, he looks healthy enough. Half a crown though, Jack, that's all he's worth.

Farthing: Excuse me, sir.

Jack: You're not listening to me, Silas.

Farthing: Excuse me, but I think I'll find my own resting place. *(He makes to exit but is hauled back by WEBBER).*

Silas: Oh no you don't my beauty *(Holds him close).* Just a minute. I know you. I've seen you somewhere before. Sir George Farthing is it? *(Drops FARTHING and turns to JACK).* Well done, Jack lad, there's five shillings in this for you.

Jack: Ten.

(At this moment STAINES arrives with two more boys. WEBBER brushes JACK aside and moves abruptly across to the doorway).

Webber: Mr. Staines?

Staines: We had a devilish tricky flue last thing. *(Refers to boy).* This one nearly got stuck in the passage but we managed to drag him down.

Webber: Mr. Staines I would appreciate a little word in your ear.

Staines: Well I can't stay too long, the missus

Webber: A small matter of payment for last month's boys, Mr. Staines. Two

nimble little climbers in your employ for which you owe me two guineas.

Staines: But you've been paid, Webber, last week.

Webber: You have the receipt?

Staines: I don't keep no receipts.

Webber: Staines, you're lying to me. Lying through those soot-soiled stumps of your

Staines: Don't you talk to me like that, Webber.

(WEBBER suddenly knees him in the groin and as STAINES doubles up he kicks him viciously to the floor).

Webber: And don't you try to cheat me again, ever, Mr. Staines *(Kicks him again)*. Do you understand?

Staines: Yes, Mr. Webber. *(He crawls out)*.

Webber: And I'll have the money by the morning.

Staines: Yes, Mr. Webber.

(STAINES exits. AGGY, meanwhile, has worked her way through the line of boys and is left facing FARTHING who has attached himself to the end of the line).

Aggy: Well that's the last, oh no, one more *(Takes hold of FARTHING)*. Well you don't need no washing. Who are you?

Farthing: I'm afraid there's been a terrible mistake. I have to go now.

Aggy: *(Laughs)*. You have to go now! *(Laughs louder)*. Oh that's rich, you have to go now!

Webber: *(Who by now is back upstairs)*. Aggy, send him up to me, we've some business to sort out have me and young Farthing. Isn't that right lad?

Farthing: *(Slowly mounting steps)*. Yes, sir thank you sir.

SCENE 4

(Further along the road to London. Enter MATTHEWS with MOULD).

Matthews: I'm sure we've lost them.

Mould: No they came this way, I'm certain of it.

Matthews: *(Taking off his jacket)*. Phew, I'm getting warm chasing after those two.

Mould: Just a minute.

Matthews: What is it?

Mould: Did we turn left or right at the last crossroads?

Matthews: Definitely left or was it right? No left I think. Oh I can't remember.

Mould: I think we've gone wrong.

Matthews: Look we may as well admit it - we're lost!

Mould: What should we do then?

Matthews: I'll retrace our steps back to the crossroads and you carry on for a few hundred yards. We'll meet back here in half-an-hour or so.

Mould: How shall we remember this place?

Matthews: I'll leave my coat, no harm will come to it for a few minutes.

Mould: All right, bring the girls here if you should find them.

(They exit, MATTHEWS R., MOULD L. A few seconds elapse, then DAISY and JESSIE enter R.)

Daisy: Not far to go now. I 'ope me mum's baking one of her lovely meat pies.

Jessie: Do you think we'll make it by nightfall?

Daisy: I 'ope so, it's getting a bit creepy round 'ere. Hey, you don't suppose there's any wild animals round 'ere do you?

Jessie: Oh, only a few bears, I should think.

Daisy: Bears? Oh you're 'aving me on - *(Breaks off having noticed MATTHEWS'S jacket)*. 'Ere someone's left 'is coat look.

Jessie: Mmm, I wonder whose it could be *(Picks it up)*.

Daisy: Funny, I seem to 'ave seen one just like that somewhere.

Jessie: I'm not surprised, look whose name is inside.

Daisy: *(Looking)*. John Matthews! Whatever is he doing out 'ere?

Jessie: Looking for us, no doubt.

Daisy: Do you really think so?

Jessie: Bound to be. I wonder where he is.

Daisy: Wouldn't you like to know?

Jessie: What do you mean?

Daisy: I've seen the way you look at 'im.

Jessie: Daisy!

Daisy: Oh why not admit it, after all he is somewhat 'andsome.

Jessie: *(Grinning)*. I know. Perhaps he'll come soon and protect us.

Daisy: From the bears.

(They laugh and lark around, DAISY pretending to be the Bear and JESSIE

protecting herself with MATTHEWS' Jacket. At the height of their horseplay MOULD'S poem falls from a pocket in the jacket).

Daisy: Oooh what's that?

Jessie: A love letter *(They giggle).*

Daisy : Shall we 'ave a snoop?

Jessie: No, we ought not to.

Daisy: No, of course not.

Jessie: After all it's private.

Daisy: And we don't know whom it's written to.

Jessie: No.

(They pause, then both dive to pick it up. They read it quickly. DAISY bursts out laughing, JESSIE exclaims in annoyance).

Jessie: Well of all the cheek.

Daisy: It's a poem to you. *(Laughing again).* A love poem!

Jessie: It's humiliating, I don't know about a love poem.

Daisy: "Jessie you are like a frog" *(Bursts out laughing).*

Jessie: Oh be quiet, it's not funny.

Daisy: No, no, you're right, it's not.

(DAISY makes an effort to control herself. There is a short silence, then DAISY makes a croaking frog noise and this starts her off again).

Jessie: Oh, you're mean, I won't read your letter to you now.

Daisy: Oh I'm sorry, have you written it yet?

Jessie: Yes.

Daisy: When did you do it?

Jessie: When you had a nap a few miles back.

Daisy: Oh please read it to me, please.

Jessie: I don't feel like it.

Daisy: Oh I'm sorry I was rude, please Jessie.

Jessie: *(Looks at her).* Oh all right. *(Takes it out of her pocket).* It's not quite finished but I thought perhaps something like this.

(As she starts to read it, MOULD appears stage left. He is about to speak when he hears his name being read out. He stops in his tracks to listen, unseen by the GIRLS).

Jessie: "My darling Henry, ever since I first glimpsed your enchanting face, my heart has been fluttering like a restless love-bird. Your manly features travel with me like a constant companion whither I wander. You are so strong and yet so gentle, like the wind you can be a typhoon which blows me off my feet or a soft breeze delicately caressing my cheek. Henry, those two sweet syllables I love to whisper to myself at night before I dream of your embrace. Henry, oh say you will be mine, for I shall be yours eternally.

(MOULD exits left entranced by what he has heard).

Daisy: Oh, Jessie, oh that's wonderful.

Jessie: You like it?

Daisy: Oh it's beautiful.

Jessie: Here you are then *(Gives her the letter)*. Hey come on, we'd better hurry, it's nearly dark *(Pulls DAISY after her)*.

Daisy: So beautiful.

(They exeunt).

SCENE 5.

(It is night time. The CHILDREN are asleep in their dirty sacks. FARTHING is tossing and turning and suddenly sits up choking and coughing. The others urge him to be quiet).

1st Boy: Sssshh! Get back to sleep.

Farthing: I can't, the soot gets caught in my throat.

2nd Boy: Be quiet!

Farthing: *(Coughs louder)*. It's all right for you, you're used to it. I can't bear it. It's intolerable.

3rd Boy: *(Fiercely)*. I'll tell you what's intolerable, you getting us all a whippin' with your belly achin'.

Farthing: But I shouldn't be here.

4th Boy: You can say that again, now shut it and go to sleep.

Farthing: But my father is Sir George Farthing.

5th Boy: And mine's Lord Shaftesbury, least that's what he told me mother. *(General laughter)*.

Farthing: Oh no-one understands.

6th Boy: I understand, Fadge, you're new to the trade, right? And tomorrow is your first climb.

7th Boy: Don't worry, Fadge, it's not that bad.

8th Boy: As long as you keep a cool head.

9th Boy: And your feet on the ground. (*More laughter*).

10th Boy: Button it, muck snipe, we're tryin' to 'elp 'im.

11th Boy: It's all a question of technique.

12th Boy: Yeah, let the Lizard tell you.

6th Boy: The Lizard's the quickest chummy in the business, Fadge.

Lizard: Well climbin's no trouble as long as you get a wide flue. It's the tight uns you 'ave to watch, you know the nine inch jobs. The trick is to slant it. Like this. (*He gets into a position with one hand pressed to his side palm outwards and the other arm outstretched palm outwards*). Make yourself as small as you can, inch along, and then you won't get stuck.

13th Boy: And if you do, don't panic, cos you'll only get wedged worse.

14th Boy: Another thing, Fadge, don't freeze.

Farthing: Freeze?

14th Boy: 'Appens to everyone on their first climb. You look up into that stinkin' flue and you say to yourself, "I'm never going up there".

6th Boy: But they'll only make you if you don't.

Farthing: How?

14th Boy: Shove you up and if you still refuse they'll stick pins in your feet.

15th Boy: Mine was burnt to make me go quicker.

Farthing: But this is terrible. (*They laugh again*).

6th Boy: You are quaint, Fadge, maybe you ain't like us.

Farthing: But why do you put up with it? Why don't you run away?

6th Boy: Ribs! Tell 'im what 'appened when you went on a spree.

Ribs: Well, me flue faker was so -

Farthing: Your what?

6th Boy: 'is master.

Ribs: That's it, he treated us bad, never fed us enough or give us nothin'. One day I'd 'ad enough. I just scarpered. But he followed me the whole way, he wouldn't give up. Days I was away but I knew he was there, always right behind me. Anyway I got down to Kent, found a new master. 'E was kind. 'Is mistress was even givin' me tea and I thought I was in paradise. Then there was a knockin' at the door. I nearly choked on the tea. I knew it was 'im, just by the way 'e knocked. I pleaded with me new master not to give me up, but they're in league all the masters, and the sweep in Kent couldn't 'old me against the other. We walked all the way back to London. 'E never spoke a word. But when we got 'ere 'e nearly killed me. Bust me ribs, that's why they're all misshapen now.

Farthing: That's awful.

6th Boy: Ah it's not worth it, Fadge, and don't try runnin' from 'ere either. Webber or Aggy'll only flog you 'alf to death.

Farthing: But how do you bear it?

6th Boy: You 'ave to think of these days as trainin'.

Farthing: What do you mean?

16th Boy: Well, soon we'll all be too big to climb. They'll have to recruit younger lads.

17th Boy: And think what a wonderful apprenticeship you've 'ad.

Farthing: Apprenticeship?

6th Boy: Cat-burgling, Fadge, some of the best snakesmen started out as climbing boys.

Farthing: But that's going from bad to worse. This just shouldn't be allowed to -

18th Boy: Ssssh! They're comin'. Shut it all of you and get back to bed.

(They dive back in their sacks and feign sleep, as WEBBER and AGGY enter).

Webber: *(Laughing).* It's an ingenious idea, Aggy, a masterpiece. We shall be rich. I shall be able at last to raise myself above the rancid slush that has slowed me down for so long.

Aggy: Let me get this right, you mean you've met this boy Farthing before.

Webber: Yes! Yes! I knew I'd seen his face somewhere. He was at that ridiculous school.

Aggy: Where you never got that job?

Webber: Where they failed to recognise my talents you mean. Yes, I overheard him babbling and at first I thought it the mindless prattle of schoolboys. But when I listened there was a certain prophecy in his words.

Aggy: Prophecy?

Webber: Oh yes, a foretelling of events to come. And when I looked at this boy, this jewel in the marsh of human degradation, I saw a shining in his face. And I knew this was no ordinary boy.

Aggy: He looks ordinary enough to me.

Webber: But you haven't heard him, Aggy. He speaks the words but the meaning arrives from another source. And he's here, a flower growing in our dung heap.

Aggy: 'Ere, do you mind, I keep this place as respectable as I can. How do you expect me to -

Webber: *(Shuts her mouth with his hand).* You haven't been listening to me, woman, we have our means of escape in this raving boy. People will pay money, good money, to hear his words. He can supply answers to the unanswerable questions. If we publicise this well, they'll be queueing down to the river just to get a glimpse. He has a tongue of gold and I shall suck the riches from his mouth. *(FARTHING has been listening to this open-mouthed*

At this point he gets up and is about to speak but he is restrained by the others). I shall finally slough this impoverished skin of filth and walk the earth in the light and not in the gloomy shadows.

Aggy: 'Ere where do I fit into all this?

Webber: You shall be with me, by my side.

Aggy: Is there truly a lot of money in this?

Webber: Wealth immeasurable!

Aggy: Will I have a new silk dress?

Webber: A whole wardrobe!

Aggy: And can we go on holiday, to the seaside?

Webber: Anywhere you like!

Aggy: And will you buy me a ruby ring, beloved?

Webber: You'll have so much jewellery that when we emerge from this putrid place, Aggy, they will think I have discovered buried treasure.

Aggy: *(Throws her arms around him).* Oh Silas, let's celebrate!

Webber: Tonight, Aggy, you may drink whatever is your fancy.

Aggy: *(Laughing).* Well now, there's an offer.

MUSIC 14 - ARF-N-ARF

Webber: (1) *Now imagine all the drinks you've ever had*

Aggy: *Blimey now you'll make me feel I'm really bad*

Webber: *Well let us just suppose*

They're all standing up in rows

Aggy: *The sight'd be enough to drive me mad.*

Webber: *Well now, what would you say to a rum*

Aggy: *I'd say why you look flushed my old chum*

Webber: *Then perhaps you'd prefer a straight gin*

Aggy: *It depends what you're pouring it in*

Webber: *Have a whisky, if only a dash*

Aggy: *No, it brings me all up in a rash*

Webber: *Now I'm sure you'll enjoy a large port*

Aggy: *Well I do like Southampton old sport*

Webber: (2) *Now then what would really make you sing and laugh?*

Aggy: *Only one thing makes me high as a giraffe*

Webber: *May I tactfully enquire*

What it is that you desire?

Aggy: *A brimming jar of good old Arf-n-arf.*

Chorus: *Arf-n-arf Arf-n-arf*
(All together) *They like a jarful to give them a laugh*
Arf-n-arf Arf-n-arf
There's nothing "half" as good as your old Arf-n-arf.

Webber: *I know a drink that really is unique*
Aggy: *I'll have none of your love potion, so to speak.*
Webber: *Oh I know that you'll be fine for the spirit is divine*
Aggy: *The spirit's willing but the flesh is weak!*

Webber: (3) *Well then surely you'd like some champagne*
Aggy: *All them bubbles would drive me insane*
Webber: *Can I tempt you, my sweet, with some wine?*
Aggy: *I'm afraid it goes straight to my spine*
Webber: *I've a brandy that's good for your head*
Aggy: *Just one sip and I go straight to bed.*
Webber: *I'm an expert at soothing your pain*
Aggy: *But I'd only get thirsty again.*

Webber: (4) *Look it doesn't matter what it costs, my dear*
Aggy: *All them spirits only make me end up queer.*
Webber: *How about a little punch?*
Then we'll come back here for lunch
Aggy: *But all I want's a pint of ale and beer.*

Chorus: *Arf-n-arf Arf-n-arf*
(All together) *They like a jarful to give them a laugh*
Arf-n-arf Arf-n-arf
There's nothing "half" as good as your old Arf-n-arf.

SCENE 6

(In the streets of London JESSIE, DAISY, MOULD and MATTHEWS are all arguing and pointing one way and another).

Jessie: (Shouting above the bedlam). That's enough, this is getting us nowhere.
Now one at a time. Daisy.

Daisy: Well my dad said to look in the workhouses but so far there's been no trace

of 'im.

Matthews: It's the same story at the Infant Asylums.

Jessie: Well, I've been to the new place, Barnado's, and they've never heard of a Joseph Farthing.

Mould: Perhaps he is still wandering the streets.

Jessie: He's an intelligent boy, he'd find somewhere to stay.

Matthews: But it's a different world here, Jessie, have you seen some of these characters? They wouldn't think twice about ripping the clothes off his back.

Jessie: (*Coldly*). Well that's very helpful.

Matthews: The point is he could be anywhere.

Jessie: Can't you say anything positive?

Mould: Perhaps we ought to split up and look again.

Daisy: It took enough time to find each other in the first place. If we keep splitting up we might get lost again. Besides I don't like the look of some of these streets.

Jessie: Oh this is hopeless. That poor boy is lost in this terrible place and all we do is moan and argue.

Matthews: What do you suggest?

Jessie: I don't know! Something! Anything! Joseph! Joseph Farthing!

Matthews: Oh this is ridiculous.

Jessie: Do you have a better idea? Joseph Farthing! Joseph!

(The other three look on helplessly as Jessie rather frantically calls out JOSEPH'S name. Just then STAINES, one of the people going about their business in the street, walks by and overhears JESSIE'S calls).

Staines: Excuse me, Miss, but you wouldn't be looking for a small boy, by any chance.

Jessie: Yes!

Staines: About this high? Black hair, posh clothes.

Jessie: Yes, yes, do you know where he is?

Staines: Oh dear me yes, if this is the same one.

Jessie: Tell me, where?

Staines: The Academy, Webber's place.

Jessie: Where's that?

Staines: I could take you there in two minutes.

Jessie: Can we go there now?

Staines: Well, are you acquainted with Mr. Webber?

Jessie: No.

Staines: In that case you're wasting your time, Miss.

Jessie: Why?

Staines: An evil man, Miss. It's an evil man who kicks another when he's on the floor.

Matthews: (*Stepping in*). Who exactly are you, sir?

Staines: (*Bowing over-formally*). Thomas Staines, Master Sweep, at yer service, sir, coppers cleaned, fires extinguished with the greatest possible care and safety and all chimneys swept with the strictest personal attendance and -

Matthews: Yes, yes, that's quite enough of that, my good man, but we're looking for a boy not a chimney sweep. Are you certain you know where he is?

Staines: I was at Webber's the other evening, sir, standing as near to the boy as I am to you right now.

Matthews: And who is the Webber?

Staines: Silas Webber, sir, an evil man, it's an evil man who would kick another -

Matthews: Silas Webber! I remember Silas Webber. At Bradshaws! He came for the job! The man's an utter rogue.

Jessie: You know him!

Matthews: Well I've met him once, a thoroughly disreputable fellow. Come Staines, we'll soon sort this out.

Daisy: (*Calling after them*). Shouldn't Mr. Mould go with you?

Matthews: No, I'll deal with this. Mould, you stay and look after the ladies.

(*MATTHEWS exits sharply trailing STAINES behind him*).

Daisy: Oh, Mr. Mould, you ought to 'ave gone with 'im.

Mould: Well I would have done but he seemed to prefer to go alone.

Daisy: Oh ain't he brave!

Jessie: Foolhardy, you mean.

Daisy: Steppin' forward in the name of Truth and Justice.

Mould: Jessie, there's something I ought to tell you.

Jessie: (*Preoccupied*). Mmmm?

Mould: Something important.

Jessie: (*Turning to face him*). What is it?

Mould: (*Facing her*). I - I - I - I hope Joseph returns safely.

Jessie: (*Turning away*). So do I, poor little fellow. (*MOULD is annoyed with himself for his lack of courage and tries again*).

Mould: No, actually, what I really meant to say was, well

Jessie: He's such a sweet innocent boy.

Mould: It's not easy to put into words but deep down inside I feel something.

Jessie: And these streets are so full of corruption.

Mould: It's something that I have to bring out into the open and say to your face. I

think -

Jessie: *(Turning to him again)*. What are you trying to say?

Mould: I think - I think - I think he'll be all right.

Jessie: *(Turning away)*. Do you, Mr. Mould? Well, I certainly hope your optimism is well founded.

(MOULD is now furious with himself and suddenly turns JESSIE to him and blurts out).

Mould: Jessie, it's no good! I must tell you! I lo-

(He doesn't finish because they are disturbed by a shriek from DAISY).

Daisy: He's coming! He's coming back!

Jessie: *(Running across to her)*. Does he have Joseph with him?

Daisy: I can't see! No, I think he is alone.

Jessie: What's the matter with his face?

Daisy: I think he's bleedin'.

(MATTHEWS stumbles in, clutching a bleeding nose).

Matthews: That scoundrel! He set about me.

Daisy: Oh you poor thing. Are you badly hurt? *(She attends to his wounds)*.

Matthews: No I think it's stopped now.

Jessie: Where is Joseph? Did you see him?

Matthews: He's there all right, but I couldn't get near him. That brute, he's an animal. Do you know what he's proposing to do?

Mould/ Daisy/ Jessie: What?

Matthews: He's going to parade Joseph as some sort of freak. He's making out he's a prophet or something. People are going to pay a lot of money to hear him.

Jessie: What do you mean?

Matthews: He has this wild notion that Joseph has some power or other to predict the future. He intends to exploit him by making him perform in front of an audience.

Jessie: How do you know this?

Matthews: He has posters advertising the "entertainment" tonight.

Mould: What can we do?

Daisy: I'll get my dad. He'll bring 'is bobbies round.

Matthews: There may not be time. If his "show" is successful Webber's planning

to take Joseph with him on tour.

Daisy: 'E's jokin'!

Matthews: I assure you he's deadly serious, Daisy. He thinks he'll make his fortune out of Joseph.

(Short silence).

Mould: *(Suddenly).* Let's go and break the place down!

Jessie: *(Calmly).* No wait, he may have reinforcements. We're out of our depth here. We need a plan if we're to save Joseph. We must somehow infiltrate this place.

Daisy: What do you mean, a plan?

Jessie: Come round. I think I have an idea.

(They gather round and listen to her plan).

SCENE 7

(At WEBBER'S place, people are pouring in to see the "entertainment". WEBBER is over-seeing the operation with some satisfaction. AGGY is collecting the money and the CHILDREN are enjoying an unexpected freedom).

MUSIC 15 - FREAK SHOW

Children: *What's all the fuss?
What's all the fever?
What's all the fuss?
Would you believe a*

Adults: *Freak show!*
All: *Don't you know there is a
Freak Show!
We're all going to the
Freak Show! Oh!*

Children: *Roll up!
Stroll up!*

See the funny creatures
Roll up!
Stroll up!
Men with funny features
Solo 1: *You may see a man who's lost his head*
Solo 2: *There might be a lady with a beard*
Solo 3: *What about the boy whose skin is red?*
Solo 4: *We can guarantee you something weird!*

Children: *What's all the fuss?*
What's all the fever?
What's all the fuss?
Would you believe a

Adults: *Freak show!*
All: *Don't you know there is a*
Freak Show!
We're all going to the
Freak Show! Oh!

Children: *Roll up!*
Stroll up!
Oh it's quite informal
Roll up!
Stroll up!
Ain't you glad you're normal!

Solo 5: *You may see a lady with no toes*
Solo 6: *There might be a man who thinks he's God*
Solo 7: *What about the boy who never grows?*
Solo 8: *We can guarantee you something odd!*

Children: *What's all the fuss?*
What's all the fever?
What's all the fuss?
Would you believe a

Adults: *Freak show!*
Don't you know there is a
Freak Show!
We're all going to the
Freak Show! Oh!

(Enter JESSIE and MOULD dressed up in costume for a Music Hall dance routine. DAISY is dressed up as a lady and she mingles with the other ladies and gentlemen gathering to see the 'Show').

Mould: Jessie, I'm not sure this is such a good idea.

Jessie: Oh you'll be fine, Mr. Mould, just watch everything I do.

Mould: But I've never danced before in my life.

Jessie: *(Seeing WEBBER).* Mr. Webber?

Webber: Not long to wait now, ladies and gents, just be patient.

Jessie: Mr. Webber, I think I can help you out.

Webber: Either pay up or get out!

Jessie: You're planning an entertainment here this evening, I believe.

Webber: Oh yes, something rather extraordinary, I can assure you. What's that to you?

Jessie: And how many acts are to be performed?

Webber: *(Noticing her properly for the first time).* How many acts?

Jessie: Yes, people are paying a lot of money, so naturally they expect a variety of acts.

Webber: *(Jolted).* Well, our main event is so special, we don't see the need for peripheral distractions.

Jessie: Oh, but Mr. Webber, the main event is all the more successful if it is withheld for a time.

Webber: How do you mean?

Jessie: Forgive me, Mr. Webber, but I somehow feel you lack experience in these matters.

Webber: *(Angry).* What!

Jessie: No disrespect intended, but it is customary to break in an audience with a little routine or two before revealing the main attraction. Make them wait. Build up atmosphere. Create a little suspense!

Webber: Oh I see.

Jessie: My friend and I have performed the Halls and we're greatly interested in your enterprise. The news of your coup de grace has travelled far.

Webber: *(Pleased).* Has it indeed?

Jessie: So what we propose to do is provide you with an opening number. *(She curtseys and kicks MOULD into a bow).*

Webber: You! Just a moment. There's a catch in this. What about payment?

Jessie: Put it this way, Mr. Webber, we will perform here free of charge this evening and should you like us we can perhaps negotiate a business arrangement when you begin your World Tour.

Webber: World Tour! Yes, I like the sound of that. All right. How much time do

you need?

Jessie: We are ready when you are.

Webber: In that case (*Shouts*). Ladies and Gentlemen, just to whet your appetites prior to the stunning and spectacular revelations to be witnessed later on this evening, we have for you (*Whispers*). What are you called?

Jessie: (*Thrown for a moment*). Oh.

Mould: (*Rescuing her*). Effort and Ease.

Webber: Ladies and Gentlemen, - Effort and Ease!

(There is sporadic applause. The two launch into their dance routine which is a fairly slapstick affair. MOULD is clumsy but JESSIE'S talent covers him. At the climax JESSIE is magnificent but MOULD appears particularly awkward. They finish in an uneasy silence which is broken by DAISY'S enthusiastic clapping which leads to general applause).

MUSIC 16 - THE SOLDIER AND THE PLAIN MAIDEN

Jessie: *There was a soldier boy fearless and brave
He dreamed of maidens he one day would save
Oh how the ladies love men trained to fight
Oh how he fought them all day and all night.*

Mould: *There was a maiden but she was so plain
She watched the soldier in sun and in rain
All she desired was a glimpse of his face
While he was locked in another's embrace.*

*One day she looked but could find him no more
He had been sent far away in the war
She wrote him letters and fed him the line
That she was beautiful, charming and fine.*

Jessie: *They fell in love 'though they were far apart
And he could picture her face in his heart
They'd planned to meet when his leave came round
But when he came she was not to be found.*

Mould: *She couldn't face him because of her lies
She'd won the game, but rejected the prize*

*Years drifted by and she moved far away
But in the distance she saw him one day.*

Jessie: *She ran towards him but then stopped in shock
His face was scarred like a weathertorn rock
Beauty and pride are both painfully thin
She should have known love goes deeper than skin.*

Webber: Wonderful! Wonderful! And now this is the moment you've been waiting for. The boy wonder, a prophet in our midst, a child who can foretell the unfathomable future, a mere infant who can strip away the mysteries of Time itself. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you Joseph Farthing.

(Cheers and applause, FARTHING enters, WEBBER beams at the AUDIENCE. FARTHING, bewildered, suddenly notices JESSIE. JESSIE puts her finger to her lips to silence him. The Crowd quieten down. FARTHING stands uncomfortably. There is an uneasy silence).

Member of Crowd: Come on, get on with it!

(Laughter, which WEBBER subsides).

Webber: Please, the boy wonder must concentrate.

Farthing: I can't do it just like that. It's when the mood takes me.

Webber: Tell them about the next century, that's what they want to know.

(Another silence during which FARTHING is obviously concentrating hard but to no avail).

Member of Crowd: Hey, boy wonder, tell us some good news for a change.

Another man: Yeah, like when is my old woman going to kick the bucket?
(Laughter).

Another man: Who's going to win the Derby next year?

Another man: What's the weather forecast for 1890?

(The laughter builds. WEBBER, frustrated, turns on the crowd).

Webber: Silence, you braying fools! *(Restrains himself as Crowd quieten uneasily).* I mean, you're not helping the child genius to think.

Farthing: *(Suddenly perceptibly entranced).* I see a time of great change, many changes when the new century arrives. Machines replacing the horse-drawn carriage, men and families possessing their own mechanical boxes which they run on special fluid -

(As he proceeds the Crowd begin to titter, then giggle and finally laugh out loud at his 'absurd' predictions)

Farthing: - and one day men will fly iron machines across the seas. And women will change too *(Shout of 'for the better I hope!')*. They will make their own demands, chain themselves to fences, go to prison *(Shout of 'Hooray!')*. but in the end they will succeed and all women will be granted the right to vote. *(An explosion of laughter greets this last prediction which jerks FARTHING out of trance).*

Farthing: I can't do it any more.

Webber: Tell them about the wars, the blood and the guts, that's what they want to hear.

Farthing: *(Tries feebly but breaks down).* I can't do it any more. I can't. Jessie, tell them I can't do it any more *(Appeals to Jessie).*

Webber: Jessie! I knew there was something funny about you two. *(Grabs hold of FARTHING as he moves towards JESSIE).* Come here, boy, you're not going anywhere - not without me.

Farthing: Jessie!

Mould: *(Stepping forward).* Take your hands off him.

Webber: *(throws FARTHING behind him where AGGY catches him).* And who's this powder puff giving orders to me?

(MOULD goes for him and they grapple. The Crowd cheer, thinking this is part of the entertainment. But their cheering is halted by the arrival of the police, heralded by a whistle. Three POLICEMEN, MATTHEWS and SIR GEORGE FARTHING enter).

Matthews: *(Pointing).* There he is! Child Abductor!

(Two POLICEMEN rush forward to assist MOULD in restraining WEBBER).

Farthing: Father! *(Running to SIR GEORGE).*

Sir George: My boy!

Man in Crowd: Constable! You can have this one as well. *(He restrains JACK O' DIAMONDS who has been 'working' the Crowd).* He's got half our

belongings in his pockets.

(Members of the CROWD discover they have lost their possessions).

Farthing: But how did you get here, Father? I thought you were in prison.

Sir George: No, they don't lock up debtors any longer. I've been trying to arrange a loan of money, Joseph.

Farthing: But how did you know where I was?

Sir George: Well, when Jessie and Daisy came to look for you, they called on Daisy's father. His friends in the police force found me and told me all about your exploits.

Matthews: Your plan worked then, Jessie.

Jessie: But only because Henry was so splendid.

Mould: Yes, I don't know what came over me. *(They laugh).*

Police Sergeant: Take these villains away.

Matthews: But where's Daisy?

Daisy: I'm right behind you and I think you were splendid to fetch my father in time.

Matthews: Daisy! Why you're transformed and so beautiful.

Webber: Just a moment! There's a thing or two I'd like to say before I'm taken away.

MUSIC 17 - ONE DAY

Webber: *Ask yourselves when I'm away
Who will have these boys of mine?
Just you listen when they say
They would rather toe my line*

*There's a lot worse stinking dives
Housing hordes of stinking brats
And you'll see when night arrives
Children's faces gnawed by rats.*

Chorus: *One day a man will surely come along
Soldier, sailor, politician, clown
No matter just as long as he is strong
Strong enough to turn this world upside down.*

Webber: *Toffs and dandies tread with care
Lest you soil your shiny shoes
Toffs and dandies oh beware
For you have much more to lose.*

*You may think that I'm a brute
You don't breathe in smoke and soot
But in time you'll find your boot
Sits upon another foot.*

Sergeant: Take him away. Come on now, ladies and gents, the show's over, move on quietly.

(The stage clears, leaving MATTHEWS with DAISY and FARTHING with SIR GEORGE upstage: and JESSIE with MOULD downstage, in distinct pair groupings).

Farthing: Father, something must be done for my friends.

Sir George: You must forget all about that now, Joseph. Did you know that Bradshaws has awarded you a scholarship? You can return there and we'll presume this terrible experience never happened.

Daisy: I was so relieved when you came in with my dad. It was a joy to see your face.

Matthews: Not so great a joy as it was to see your face, Daisy.

Farthing: But you've got to help them, Father.

Sir George: My boy, you may be clever but you still have a lot to learn about life.

Jessie: You were wonderful, Henry.

Mould: Yes I was, wasn't I? *(They laugh).*

Jessie: I don't know which I enjoyed most, your attempt at dancing or your attack on Webber.

Mould: Mmm, I don't know which was the more painful.

Jessie: Oh Henry.

MUSIC 18 - YOU HELD MY HEART (Reprise)

Mould: *You held my heart, I held my breath
The world stood still when I met you
I met a lovely kind of death
And you supplied the only clue*

*My past life shuddered to a halt
It crumbled up and fell apart
The earth turned one big somersault
Then nothing moved except my heart.*

Jessie: *And when I was a tiny child
I used to close my eyes and dream
I'd let my thoughts go running wild
And let my feelings flow downstream.
Since then I've looked at life unwind
I thought I knew what I could see
But now I know I have been blind
And you're the one who sees through me.*

Both: *So many moments fill our days
Some quickly fade while others shine
But all those moments I'd erase
To cherish when your eyes met mine.*

(The Characters regroup with SIR GEORGE moving across to talk to DAISY, JESSIE and MOULD stay together and move upstage. MATTHEWS moves downstage with FARTHING).

Matthews: Everything has resolved itself happily then, Joseph.

Farthing: *(Pensive)*. Has it?

Matthews: Of course, you're reunited with your father and you can go back to Bradshaws next term.

Farthing: But my father speaks as though all this has never happened.

Matthews: Well, is that so bad?

Farthing: I have learned things here that I never could at Bradshaws. I didn't realise that people led such miserable lives.

Matthews: The world is divided in two, Joseph, those who have and those who have not. It has always been so.

Farthing: But surely it can change.

Matthews: I think it can, yes.

Farthing: Then tell me how!

Matthews: I believe Science holds the key to the future, Joseph. Look at the marvellous changes that Science has brought about in only twenty years or so. Think of the world in in a hundred years time.

(As he speaks the lights narrow down and the company assemble on stage, half representing the rich, half representing the poor).

Matthews: Science will improve all our lives, the rich and the poor. In a hundred years time the world will be a wonderful Utopia fuelled by the energies of scientific discoveries. There will be no rich and no poor, all Mankind will be enriched in this perfect new world. There's only one problem, Joseph.

Farthing: What's that?

Matthews: We won't be alive to see it.

Farthing: What!

Matthews: I've just had a thought! You can take us there.

Farthing: Where?

Matthews: Into the future. You can give us a glimpse at least of what that wonderful world will be like.

Farthing: I don't know if I can see a hundred years ahead. It's so far.

Matthews: Try, just for me, try to picture the perfect society where all our dreams will be realised.

(FARTHING frowns with concentration and suddenly he is entranced. MATTHEWS looks ahead and his face is full of hope. FARTHING looks ahead but his face gradually changes to one of horror. He looks at MATTHEWS but cannot tell him. He slowly shakes his head. MATTHEWS turns to look at FARTHING and misinterprets his shaking of the head).

Matthews: Nothing? I'm sorry. I shouldn't have taxed you after all this. It was too much to ask.

Farthing: *(Stares at him for a long time before answering).* Er yes yes, it was too much, too much.

(The lights reveal the full company on stage for the final number).

MUSIC 19 - WHERE'S THE SUNSHINE? (Reprise)

Company: *Where's the sunshine?
Where's the joy?
Will we ever build a world we don't seek to destroy?
Where's the sunshine?
Where's the light?
Oh as long as we can see what's wrong then
Hope's in sight.*

*We have watched the time pass by
Gazing into space above
Painting slogans in the sky
Peace on Earth and God is Love
But the problems aren't out there
Only dreamers fly like birds
Fiery words produce hot air
Now we must have deeds not words.*

*You would think that you or I
Could help someone in despair
But we sometimes journey by
And pretend he's just not there
If we only had more trust
When our hearts provide a clue
Greed and fear would flake like rust
And our kindness would shine through.*

THE END