



An extract from **Under Milk Wood** to be used with Lessons 5 & 6

An extract from **Under Milk Wood** by Dylan Thomas

Characters: Lily Smalls, Mrs Beynon, First Voice, Mr Pugh, Mrs Pugh, Second Voice, Mary Ann Sailors, Dai Bread, Mrs Dai Bread One, Mrs Dai Bread Two, Lord Cut-Glass, Nogood Boyo, Miss Price, Polly Garter.

LILY: *(looking in the mirror)*

Oh there's a face!
Where you get that hair from?
Got it from a old tom cat.
Give it back then love.
Oh, there's a perm!

Where you get that nose from, Lily?
Got it from my father, silly.
You've got it on upside down!
Oh, there's a conk!

Look at your complexion!
Oh no, *you* look.
Needs a bit of make up.
Needs a veil.
Oh, there's glamour!

Where you get that smile, Lil?
Never you mind girl.
Nobody loves you.
That's what *you* think.

Who is it loves you?
Shan't tell.
Come on Lily.
Cross your heart then?
Cross my heart

1ST VOICE: And very softly, her lips almost touching her reflection, she breathes the name and clouds the shaving glass.

MRS BEYNON: *(loudly from the bedroom)* Lily!



LILY: *(loudly)* Yes, mum

MRS BEYNON: Where's my tea, girl?

LILY: *(Quietly)* Where d'you think? In the cat box?

(Loudly) Coming up, mum.

FIRST VOICE: Mr Pugh in the School House opposite, takes up the morning tea to Mrs Pugh and whispers on the stairs

MR PUGH: Here's your arsenic, dear.
 And your weedkiller biscuit.
 I've throttled your parakeet.
 I've spat in your vases.
 I've put cheese in the mousehole.
 Here's your...
 ...nice tea dear.

MRS PUGH: Too much sugar.

MR PUGH: You haven't tasted it yet, dear.

MRS PUGH: Too much milk then. Has Mr Jenkins said his poetry?

MR PUGH: Yes, dear.

MRS PUGH: Then it's time to get up. Give me my glasses. No, not my *reading* glasses, I want to look *out*. I want to see

2ND VOICE: Lily Smalls the treasure down on her red knees washing the front step.

MRS PUGH: She's tucked her dress into her bloomers – oh, the baggage!

2ND VOICE: P.C. Attila Rees, ox-broad, barge-booted, stamping, out of Handcuff House in a heavy beef-red huff, black-browed under his damp helmet...

MRS PUGH: He's going to arrest Polly Garter, mark my words.

MR PUGH: What for, dear?

MRS PUGH: For having babies.



DYLAN THOMAS

ROCK AND ROLL POET - KS3

2ND VOICE: ...and lumbering down towards the strand to see that the sea is still there.

1ST VOICE: Mary Ann Sailors, opening her bedroom window above the taproom and calling out to the heavens

MARY ANN: I'm eighty-five years, three months and a day!

MRS PUGH: I will say this for her, she never makes a mistake.

1ST VOICE: Organ Morgan at his bedroom window playing chords on the sill to the morning fishwife gulls who, heckling over Donkey Street, observe

DAI BREAD: Me, Dai Bread, hurrying to the bakery, pushing in my shirt-tails, buttoning my waistcoat, ping goes a button, why can't they sew them, no time for breakfast, nothing for breakfast, there's wives for you.

MRS DAI BREAD ONE:

Me, Mrs Dai Bread One, capped and shawled and no old corset, nice to be comfy, nice to be nice, clogging on the the cobbles to stir up a neighbour. Oh, Mrs Sarah, can you spare a loaf, love? Dai Bread forgot the bread. There's a lovely morning! How's your boils this morning? Isn't that good news now, it's a change to sit down. Ta, Mrs Sarah.

MRS DAI BREAD TWO:

Me, Mrs Dai Bread Two, gypsied to kill in a silky scarlet petticoat above my knees, dirty pretty knees, see my body through my petticoat brown as a berry, high-heel shoes with one heel missing, tortoiseshell comb in my bright black slinky hair, nothing else at all but a daub of scent, lolling gaudy at the doorway, tell your fortune in the tea leaves, scowling at the sunshine, lighting up my pipe.

LORD CUT-GLASS:

Me, Lord Cut-Glass, in an old frock-coat belonged to Eli Jenkins and a pair of postman's trousers from Bethesda Jumble, running out of doors to empty slops – mind there, Rover! – and then running in again, tick tock.

NOGOOD BOYO:

Me, Nogood Boyo, up to no good in the wash-house.



MISS PRICE:

Me, Miss Price, in my pretty print housecoat, deft at the clothesline, natty as a jenny-wren, then pit-pat back to my egg in its cosy, my crisp toast-fingers, my home made plum and butterpat.

POLLY GARTER:

Me, Polly Garter, under the washing line, giving the breast in the garden to my bonny new baby. Nothing grows in our garden, only washing. And babies. And where's their fathers live, my love? Over the hills and far away. You're looking up at me now. I know what you're thinking, you poor little milky creature. You're thinking, you're no better than you should be, Polly, and that's good enough for me. Oh, isn't life a terrible thing, thank God?