

THE LAURELS

Lytton	DR KEIT
Carrington	his grandchild, MURIEL DASH
Mansfield	FLORENCE KAZIANY
Aldous	BALLIOL DODD
Maria	JANE
Murry	IVAN TCHEK

(Act I. Scene I. Breakfast room. IVAN enters, pours out a cup of coffee, lights a cigarette, stamps on the cigarette, says)

IVAN. And so it goes on. (And walks out, wrapped in gloom. Enter JANE who clears away, brushes* up cigarette ash, resets the table etc. and goes to door and calls)

JANE. Miss Muriel.

MURIEL. (in the distance) Just coming. (She comes in with a bird in a cage, takes off cover and hangs the bird in the window, saying) Now you can look out and sing and see the sun (sighs profoundly*) shining on the land.

JANE. Mr Tchek has had his breakfast Miss. It's all ready for the master.

MURIEL. Oh very well Jane, I'll call him. (Looks at Jane) What's the matter, Jane? You've been crying.

JANE. (at table*) Oh, don't notice me, Miss Muriel. I'm nobody. I'm nothing.

MURIEL. (touched*) Whatever do you mean, Jane? (Jane puts her hand over her eyes and sobs)

MURIEL. (taking her hand away) Poor Jane, and you do look so dreadful. (brightly) Tell the [illegible].

JANE. Oh Miss if you knew what I feel about—It seems funny don't it Miss, but things happen like that. When I saw 'is boots in the passage this morning—those black button ones with the brown tops, I felt I could bear it no longer. I felt quite wild, Miss, in the kitchen jest now. Oh Mother what 'ave you been and gone and done. And it isn't as though it's my fault, Miss. That's what makes it so hard to bear.

MURIEL. Bewildering—what on earth are you talking about Jane?

JANE. Oh Miss—it's Mr Tchek. The Russian gentleman.

MURIEL. Are you in love with him Jane?

JANE. Oh Miss—

MURIEL. But whatever is there to cry about in that Jane? Oh, Jane—you lucky girl. Just to be in love—isn't that enough? Oh, how I