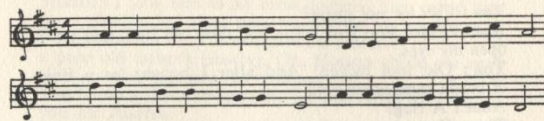


ONE AND ONE MAKES ONE
(TIM and ANNE)



Both : When we went to village school,
Even then the simplest fool
Learned that one and one makes two.
Sums like that ain't hard to do.
Anne : But I tells thee when we're wed,
That the answer's one instead.
Tim : I may not be very bright
But I knows that can't be right.
Anne : One and one makes one, I say
On our happy wedding day.
Tim : But I'll prove to you ere long
That you're very, very wrong.
Anne : One and one makes one, 'tis true.
Parson will unite us two.
Tim : When we's wed then I tell thee
One and one will soon make—three.

Music Cue 54—(Link—One and One into London Town).

ACT TWO

SCENE SEVEN

INTERIOR OF CORDER'S HOUSE AT BRENTFORD—*A week later.*
There is a table left centre, with a chair behind it and another to the right of it, in which CORDER is seated.
End Music Cue 54.

Corder : How strange is every action of my life. I met by chance a lady sometime ago at Seaford, where I had been for the recovery of my health. From thence, I came to London. We parted and, wonderful to say, she was one of the women who answered my advertisement for a wife. Now am I married to her and, being a wealthy and accomplished lady, all things now proceed in my favour. (*Rises*). I'll call the servant and see if there are any letters. (*Moves to stage right to ring the bell and returns to table and sits in chair above it*).

ALICE RUMBLE, the maid, enters right.

Alice : You rang for me, sir ?

Corder : Are there any letters, Alice?

Alice : No, sir—only one for the mistress and that I have taken to her room.

Corder : The mistress is in her room?

Alice : Yes, sir, she complained of a headache and is lying down.

Corder : Come here, Alice.

Alice (*moving to right of CORDER*) : Yes, sir?

Corder (*pinching her cheek*) : You are a comely wench, are you not? (*Catching hold of her and pulling her onto his knee*). Stay for a while and keep me company. I vow that since my wife turned this house into a school, I see her but rarely. (*Tries to kiss her*).

Alice (*struggling to get away*) : Nay, sir, I have work to do and 'tis not proper that you should use me so.

Corder : Egad, I'd treat thee well enough if you'd but say the word.

Alice (*freeing herself and getting up*) : No, sir, please!

Corder : Very well—but think on what I have said.

Alice : Can I go now, sir? (*Moving towards exit*).

Corder : One minute—why did you not come when I rang for you half an hour ago?

Alice : I was looking out of the window, watching a poor man go by to execution.

Music Cue 55—(London Town slowly).

CORDER appears distraught.

Corder : Execution? What has he done?

Alice : Oh, he's murdered some poor girl. Lor bless me, sir, you've got a face like a ghost.

Corder (*rising*) : Leave the room at once!

End Music Cue 55.

Alice : Yes, sir, certainly, sir. (*Rushes off right*).

Corder (*aside*) : Now are my days as haunted as my nights. Last night, my rest was disturbed by a horrid, distressful dream. I saw Maria Marten's form, arrayed in white, wandering along the fields. Twice did she seem to pause and cast her eyes towards the Red Barn. I saw no more. 'Tis said that dreams oft denote some hidden truth. (*To centre stage*). But no; she sleeps for ever and dreams are but the fleeting visions of a troubled mind—no more.

Music Cue 56—(Gypsy Theme).

Enter ALICE right.

Corder : What is it?

Alice : There is a man here says he must speak with you.

Corder : Who is he?

Alice : I have never seen him before, sir. He is a stranger.

Corder (*aside*). A stranger enquiring for me. (*Aloud*). I