

**WURZEL-
FLUMMERY; A
COMEDY IN ONE ACT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649764273

Wurzel-Flummery; a comedy in one act by A. A. Milne

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

A. A. MILNE

**WURZEL-
FLUMMERY; A
COMEDY IN ONE ACT**

2
WURZEL-FLUMMERY //

A Comedy in One Act

BY
A. A. MILNE

COPYRIGHT 1922 BY A. A. MILNE

All rights reserved

New York
SAMUEL FRENCH
Publisher
25 WEST 45TH STREET

London
SAMUEL FRENCH, Ltd.
Publishers
26 Southampton Street
Strand, W.C. 2.

All Rights Reserved

"WURZEL-FLUMMERY" is fully protected by copyright, and all rights are reserved.

Permission to act, to read publicly, or to make any use of this play must be obtained from Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

It may be presented by amateurs upon payment of a royalty of ten dollars for each performance, payable to Samuel French one week before the date when the play is given.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French of New York."

PR
6025
M63 wuv

CHARACTERS

ROBERT CRAWSHAW, M.P.
MARGARET CRAWSHAW (*his wife*).
VIOLA CRAWSHAW (*his daughter*).
RICHARD MERITON, M.P.
DENIS CLIFTON.

ROBERT CRAWSHAW'S town house (*morning*).

1232872

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Mr. Milne originally wrote *Wurzel-Flummery* in three acts. Being offered the chance of production if it were cut down to two acts, the play was produced by Mr. Dion Boucicault in the form in which it is now printed here. We also publish a version in one act and amateurs experiencing difficulty in managing the two scenes which the two-act play requires are recommended to the piece in the one-act form.

WURZEL-FLUMMERY

SCENE.—ROBERT CRAWSHAW'S town house. Morning.

It is a June day before the war in the morning-room of ROBERT CRAWSHAW'S town house. Entering it with our friend the house-agent, our attention would first be called to the delightful club fender round the fireplace. On one side of this a Chesterfield sofa comes out at right angles. In a corner of the sofa MISS VIOLA CRAWSHAW is sitting, deep in "The Times." The house-agent would hesitate to catalogue her, but we notice for ourselves, before he points out the comfortable arm-chair opposite, that she is young and pretty. In the middle of the room and facing the fireplace is (observe) a solid knee-hole writing-table, covered with papers and books of reference, and supported by a chair at the middle and another at the side. The rest of the furniture, and the books and pictures round the walls, we must leave until another time, for at this moment the door behind the sofa opens and RICHARD MERITON comes in. He looks about thirty-five, has a clean-shaven intelligent face, and is dressed in a dark tweed suit. We withdraw hastily, as he comes behind VIOLA and puts his hands over her eyes.

RICHARD. Three guesses who it is.

VIOLA (*putting her hands over his*). The Archbishop of Canterbury.

RICHARD. No.

VIOLA. The Archbishop of York.

RICHARD. Fortunately that exhausts the archbishops. Now, then, your last guess.

VIOLA. Richard Meriton, M.P.

RICHARD. Wonderful! (*He kisses the top of her head lightly and goes round to the club fender, where he sits with his back to the fireplace.*) How did you know? (*He begins to fill a pipe.*)

VIOLA (*smiling*). Well, it couldn't have been father.

RICHARD. N-no, I suppose not. Not just after breakfast anyway. Anything in the paper?

VIOLA. There's a letter from father pointing out that—

RICHARD. I never knew such a man as Robert for pointing out.

VIOLA. Anyhow, it's in big print.

RICHARD. It would be.

VIOLA. You are very cynical this morning, Dick.

RICHARD. The sausages were cold, dear.

VIOLA. Poor Dick! Oh, Dick, I wish you were on the same side as father.

RICHARD. But he's on the wrong side. Surely I've told you that before. . . . Viola, do you really think it would make a difference?

VIOLA. Well, you know what he said about you at Basingstoke the other day.

RICHARD. No, I don't, really.

VIOLA. He said that your intellectual arrogance was only equalled by your spiritual instability. I don't quite know what it means, but it doesn't sound the sort of thing you want in a son-in-law.

RICHARD. Still, it was friendly of him to go right away to Basingstoke to say it. Anyhow, you don't believe it.

VIOLA. Of course not.

RICHARD. And Robert doesn't really.

VIOLA. Then why does he say it?

RICHARD. Ah, now you're opening up very grave questions. The whole structure of the British Constitution rests upon Robert's right to say things like that at Basingstoke. . . . But really, darling, we're very good friends. He's always asking my advice about things—he doesn't take it, of course, but still he asks it; and it was awfully good of him to insist on my staying here

while my flat was being done up. (*Seriously.*) I bless him for that. If it hadn't been for the last week I should never have known you. You were just "Viola"—the girl I'd seen at odd times since she was a child; and now—oh, why won't you let me tell your father? I hate it like this.

VIOLA. Because I love you, Dick, and because I know father. He would, as they say in novels, show you the door. (*Smiling.*) And I want you this side of the door for a little bit longer.

RICHARD (*firmly*). I shall tell him before I go.

VIOLA (*pleadingly*). But not till then; that gives us two more days. You see, darling, it's going to take me all I know to get round him. You see, apart from politics, you're so poor—and father hates poor people.

RICHARD (*viciously*). Damn money!

VIOLA (*thoughtfully*). I think that's what father means by spiritual instability.

RICHARD. Viola! (*He stands up and holds out his arms to her. She goes to him and—*) Oh, Lord, look out!

VIOLA (*reaching across to the mantelpiece*). Matches!

RICHARD. Thanks very much. (*He lights his pipe as ROBERT CRAWSHAW comes in.*)

(*CRAWSHAW is forty-five, but his closely-trimmed moustache and whiskers, his inclination to stoutness, and the loud old-gentlemanly style in trousers which he affects with his morning-coat, make him look older, and, what is more important, the Pillar of the State which he undoubtedly is.*)

CRAWSHAW. Good morning, Richard. Down at last?

RICHARD. Good morning. I did warn you, didn't I, that I was bad at breakfasts?

CRAWSHAW. Viola, where's your mother?

VIOLA (*making for the door*). I don't know, father; do you want her?

CRAWSHAW. I wish to speak to her.

VIOLA. All right, I'll tell her.

(*She goes out.*)