

(Deck the Halls)

Oer yw'r gwr sy'n mrthu caru

Fa la la la la la la

Hen fyndodd anwyl Cymru

Fa la la la la la la

Iddo ef a'u car gynheasaf

Fa la la la la la la

Gwyliau llawwen flwyddn nesaf

Fa la la la la la la

Act I, Scene 5

(Uncle Dylan is standing by SR window, Uncle Jim is DSL, Grandpa is asleep in his rocker)

Uncle Dylan I see ya hiding there! Now stay our of my garden. Have ya nothing better to do on Christmas day than be plaguing the life out o' me?

Mrs. P Mr. Thomas, it's time; for dinner.

Dylan Oh Aberwistwrith! *(getting vests from the US peg board)* Here, put this on.

Uncle Jim What's this then?

Uncle Dylan It's your vest.

Uncle Jim I can see it's a vest there's nothing wrong with my eyes. What do I have to put it on for?

Uncle Dylan For dinner. You want your Christmas dinner don't you?

Uncle Jim Of course I want it. What'd my vest got to do with it?

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Uncle Dylan Women! Worse than Will Sentry. She won't let you eat if you haven't got your vest on.

Uncle Jim: Oh she won't, will she? (*crosses to Mrs. P who snaps apron in his face*) Ah the things a man has to do to get a Christmas dinner, I don't know.

Uncle Dylan: I don't know why we bother. I won't enjoy mine anyway. He's got me so upset.

Uncle Jim: Who has?

Uncle Dylan: Will Sentry. Will Sentry. Didn't I just tell you Will Sentry,

Uncle Jim: What's wrong with Will Sentry then? You're acting worse than the constable when he saw the salmon pool had been dynamited.

Uncle Dylan: Never mind, never mind, I don't want to talk about it

Uncle Jim: I've got something here will take your mind off Will Sentry

(produces 3 cigars)

Uncle Dylan Nothing could take my mind off WillOh ho, will you look at that now.

(hands Jim a cigar and tucks one in Grandpa's hand. They do preparation routine and look in vain for an ashtray)

Uncle Dylan: *(with great pathos)* Hannah! *(she brings over the ash tray, waits for the stub then returns it to the hutch.*

Uncle Dylan: Well do you have a match, or do I have to wait till Easter to smoke it?

Uncle Jim: I haven't had a match since Owen Glendower. *(lights D's cigar)* that's as near to heaven as you're even going to get.

Uncle Dylan: That's the pot calling the kettle black!

The uncles puff on their cigars and after a hacking cough

Together: Ah!

Uncle Jim: *(holding out the burnt match)* Hannah!

She brings over the ashtray and leaves it on SR table.

The coughing and general enjoyment awakens Grandpa

Grandpa: One man, I remember, used to take off his hat and set fire to his hair every now and then, but I do not remember what it proved, if it proved anything at all, except that he was a very interesting man.

General reaction to this peculiar story. Uncle Dylan crosses to USSR window. Ma to hutch.

Uncle Dylan: Ah, he's out there again! All day long. Wherever I go he's after me like a collie with one eye.

Uncle Jim: Who?

Uncle Dylan: Will Sentry. I've been telling you. I've got a shadow of my own and a dog. I don't need no Tom, Dick or Harry pursuing me with his dirty muffler on.

Uncle Jim: It's only oily. He's got a bicycle.

Uncle Dylan: A man's got no privacy at all. I tell you he sticks so close I'm afraid to go.....out the back.....I'm afraid I might sit on his lap. I tell you It's a wonder he don't follow me into bed at night.

Uncle Jim: Wife won't let.

Mrs. P. Never you mind Will Sentry. No harm in old Will. He's only keeping an eye on the money.

Uncle Dylan: Ain't I honest?

Mrs. P Hah!

Uncle Jim: You know what the Committee is. Ever since Bob the Fiddle they don't feel safe with a new treasurer.

Uncle Dylan: And do you think I'm going to drink the outing funds like Bob the Fiddle did?

Uncle Jim: You just might.

Uncle Dylan: I resign.

Uncle Jim: Not with our money you don't

Mrs. P. And who put the dynamite in the salmon pool?

The Uncles look at Ma, then at each other, then they point to the sleeping D.

Grandpa: What?

Blackout

WASSAIL SONG

Wassail, wassail all over the town.

Our bread it is white, and our bowl it is brown.

Our bowl it is made from the maple tree,

So hear my good fellow I'll drink to thee.

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