Act II, Scene iii

Ma: The silent one-clouded heavens drifted on to the sea. Now we were snow-blind travelers lost on the north hills, and vast dew-lapped dogs, with flasks round their necks, ambled and shambled up to us, baying "Excelsior". We returned home through the poor streets where only a few children fumbled with bare red fingers in the wheel-rutted snow and cat-called after us, their voices fading away as we trudged up hill, into the cries of the dock birds and the hooting of ships out in the whirling bay.

Act II, Scene iv

The uncles are snoring, Ma wakes them by slamming the cake down then pours rum into their teacups, giving herself a double shot. The uncles react negatively to her second helping of rum.

Ma: Well it's only once a year.

Grandpa pours his tea into the saucer then slurps noisily. Ma obliges the uncles to teach him to drink with pinky extended.

Uncle Dylan: I brought the list. Every member fully paid. You ask Will Sentry, he's probably right outside the window.

Uncle Jim: Let's have a look.

Uncle Dylan: There you are.

Uncle Jim: Enoch Davies. Aye. He's good with his fists. You never know. *(Dylan grunts and rubs his jaw.)* Oh that's right you do know. Little Gerwain, very melodious bass. Mr. Cadwalladwr. That's right, He can tell opening time better than my watch. Here! What's this then? I can't read your writing.

Uncle Dylan: Mr. Weazley, of course. *(to Da)* He's been to Paris. Pity he suffers so much in the lorry. Stopped us nine times between the Beehive and the Red Dragon.

Uncle Jim: Noah Bowen

Blackout

Act II, Scene v

The Holly and The Ivy is heard in the dark

The holly and the Ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the woods,
The holly bears the crown.

O, the rising of the sun,
And the rising of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

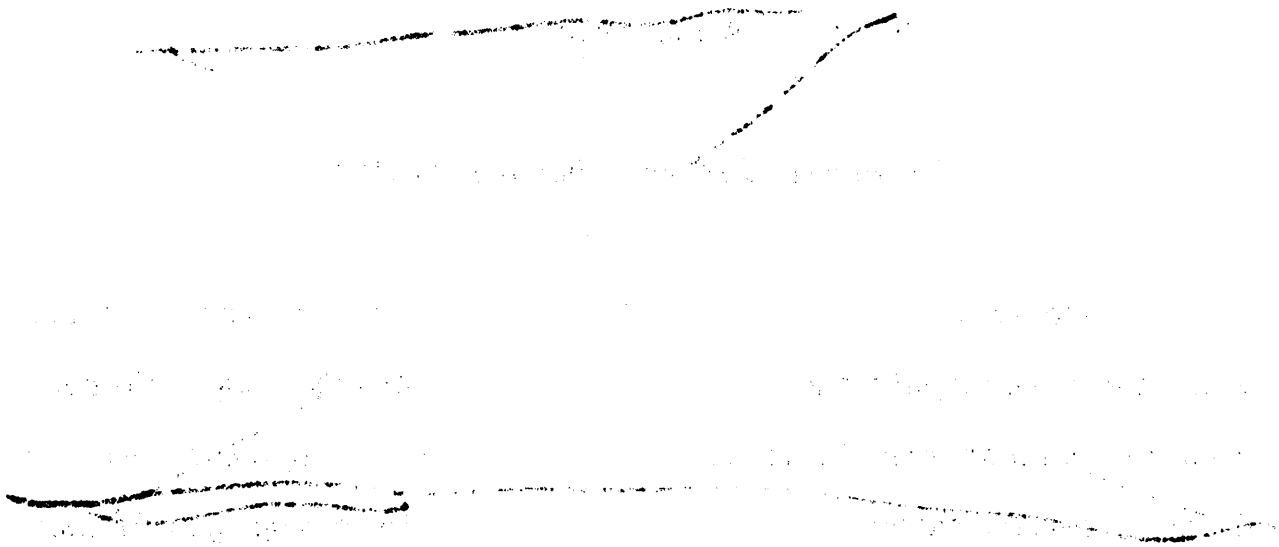
Act II, Scene vi

Ma: Ghosts whooed like owls in the long nights when I dared not look over my shoulder: animals lurked in the cubbyhole under the stairs where the gas meter ticked. And I remember that we went singing carols once, when there wasn't the shaving of a moon to light the flying street. At the end of a long road was a drive that led to a large house, and we stumbled up the darkness of the drive, each one of us afraid, each one holding a stone in his hand, in case, and all of us too brave to say a word. The wind through the trees made noises as of old and unpleasant and maybe web-footed men wheezing in caves. We reached the black bulk of the house.

Light change. Dylan and Jim enter. Ma puts on a shawl to become the old lady.

Dylan: What shall we give them? Hark The Herald?

Jim: No. Good King Wencceoslas. I'll count three. One, two, three.

Together: Good King Wenceslas looked out on the Feast of Stephen

Jim sneaks off stage