

Landlord's tales - The Earl of Beaconsfield

A collaboration between Mary Naylor & Kay Blayney

Two characters sitting around a table with drinks – wine or beer

Both: Cheers

V1: To your good health & wealth

V2: To memories of days gone past and the people that have passed through this place.

V1: To landlords past and present (and ladies) and all the stories that have been told in this place (*Both characters raise their glasses*)

V2: To Landlord's tales

Character 2 puts drink down and stands up to become Mrs Rickards.

Character 1 freezes

V2: Where is he? He's late today! Come on Joseph Turner Bailey, it's time for my daily outing.

(Performed as monologue).

Morning Mrs Rickards he'd say, I've arrived and to prove it, I'm here.

Morning Joseph, where are we off to today?

You see he used take me out in my bath chair. I would have been home alone all day if he hadn't turned up. Once his brother came instead but he was a miserable young man. I preferred Joseph.

He'd arrive all suited and booted and he would push me around town and up and down Mill Road and to visit my dear husband's grave.

He was a good one you know. And, it is the good ones that get their just rewards.

Reap what you sow is what I say.

I hereby declare that it is my wish to leave Joseph Turner Bailey Esq. the sum of £300 for all his efforts and all he did for me – Mrs Rickards.

Character 2 sits down and both characters raise their glasses.

V1: *(Stands up)* Mrs Rickards deceased – hereby leaves the sum of £300 to Joseph Turner Bailey.

Character 1 mimics an Auctioneer with character 2 watching.

V1: Asking once, asking twice. Is that your final offer sir?

Going, going and gone to the gentleman in the tweed jacket.

Character 1 bangs the table as this speech is delivered

Property 1 sold, and another property, and another one.

Properties in and around the Mill Road area – Sold to Mr Joseph Bailey

A public house for sale, 133 Mill Road, The Earl of Beaconsfield –

SOLD to Joseph Turner Bailey.

Character 1 shakes character 2s hand and then sits back down (exhausted) by all of this buying and selling talk while character 2 stands-up.

V2: What's mine is mine; all is fair in love and war and let's be honest I did most of the pushing of that old bath chair, hence, Mrs Rickards left me the money and not my brother William.

Drinks on the house! *(Pause)*

You must be joking! Look after your pennies and your crown pieces, and they will look after you that's my moto.

(Directly addressing an audience member) You look very lovely this evening if I may say so and that's a fine broach you are wearing my dear.

I'll take that off your hands.

(As aside to the audience) I collect broaches.

But only the ones with crown pieces in them. Why wear a crown piece on your coat lapel when you can spend it.

Character 1 knocks on the table and character 2 quickly stands up as JTB collecting rent.

V1: It's Mr Turner Bailey here, I've come for your rent.

I'm here to collect your rent.

Morning Mrs Franklin – I've come for your rent.

Character 2 sits down and knocks on the table for character 1

V1: Stiv Thompson here. Joseph's man, I'm collecting your rent.

Rent please – collecting on behalf of Joseph.

Walter, I'm here to collect your rent.

Character 1 sits back down and reads the headlines of the paper

Cambridge Daily News, Friday February 8th, 1918

Cambridge Will Suit – Bath-Chairman who Amassed a fortune – Brothers
Amazing letters –

A mania for collecting crown pieces

Character 1 stands up

High Court Action concerning the Will of Mr Joseph Turner Bailey.

His brother William Samuel Bailey wishes to contest the Will which has left all
of Joseph Turner Bailey's monies and properties to Mr Stephen Thompson

William Bailey did you write these letters to your brother

I did my Lord - Dear Sir, when do you intend to settle up with me. You stick to
all; surely there is something for me. Please let me know what you intend.

Dear Joe, you are a miserable man. I can see by your manner you are all on the
grab. You will peg out and leave it.

And you did – but not to me – not to me!

Order – What is your objection to the Will?

Don't you think a brother should get his share?

Stephen Thompson new landlord of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Character 2 stands up

V1 Here's to Stiv – Cheers!

V2: And what do you think to it all Bob?

V1: Bob wants a bit, Bob wants a bit...

V2: I bet you do and quite frankly, I wished Joseph had have left this place to
you Bob the parrot and not me.

Why me? I was happy enough being the pot-man.

Still onwards and upwards...it looks like I've got a pub to run.

V1: *(Talks to Stiv as a number of punters)*

‘ere Stiv, half for me and a pint for ole Harry please.

Your nephew’s a bonny lad, I just see him out playing in the yard with Bob and the dogs.

Bob wants a bit, Bob wants a bit...

V2: We all want a bit Bob, but we don’t keep shouting about it!

V1: I bet Bob could tell us a few tales about what’s gone on in this public house.

V2: Landlords tales from the past the punters stories.

V1: Who ran this pub and who came into to drink the fine ales.

Let’s drink to them all.

V2: To Joseph Turner Bailey ran the pub before me. 20 years – 1884 until 1904
Old miser he was.

V1: To his wife Susan

V2: To Mrs Rickards

V1: To Little Steve Thompson. And Uncle Stiv who ran the pub from 1907.

Ooh and not forgetting Bob the parrot.

V2: To all of our soldiers fighting over there!

V1: God bless ‘em.

V2: Did I ever tell you about the time JTB went to motor show – in that old tweed jacket of his with the leather patches on the arms – carrying that old fish basket full of cash.

V1: Didn’t a Toff ask him to mind his horse?

V2 : Yes and he got paid sixpence, then went in himself and bought a brand new car.

V1: What a character!

(Bell rings)

Last orders

V1 & 2: (Both stand)

Come, come
 come and make eyes at me
 down at the
 ole Beaconsfield

Come, come, drink some
 port wine with me
 down at the
 ole Beaconsfield

Hear the little
 German band
 da-da-da-da-da-da-da
 just let me
 hold your hand,

Dear, dear,

do come have drink or two

Down at the ole Beaconsfield.

Additional ending (if required) but not essential

V2: Bob wants a bit. Bob wants a bit.

V1: All this talk about Landlords tales....makes you wonder about Bob's tales

The pub through the eyes of a parrot!

Researched by Mary Naylor and written by Kay Blayney as part of a collaborative venture.

Kay Blayney©

November 2017