

# UNCLE JACK

by Judith Prior (c)

“The play is set in a church hall where the Fortieth Wedding Anniversary of Harold and Maude Connolly is about to be celebrated.

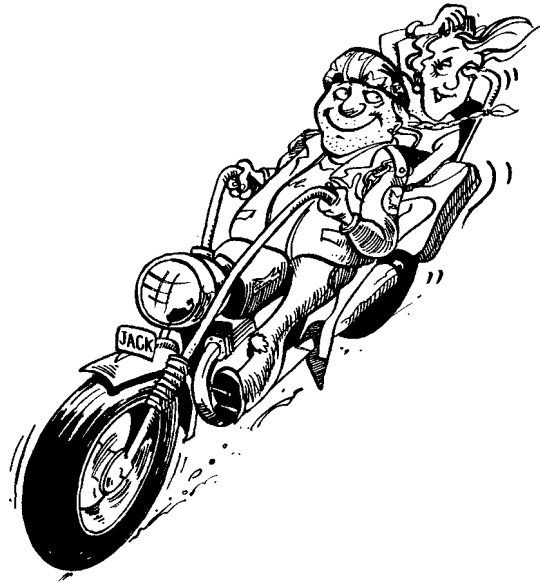
Their two married daughters, Claire and Lorna are setting the table as Harold arrives with the news that their mother, Maude has just been seen leaving town, with on the back of a Harley Davidson motorbike. The girls have invited over one hundred guests, a band and a professional entertainer. Everyone will be able to identify with this dysfunctional family as their carefully planned special event becomes an hilarious disaster. Mum and Dad are fighting, the black sheep of the family “Uncle Jack” has turned up uninvited, somebody has spiked the punch and the Vicar is doing a creditable impression of The Vicar of Tiddley.....

**The ages of the characters make this suitable for a more mature cast.  
Cast required Four male Four female one M/F(The Vicar)**

## DIRECTORS NOTES.

The play is set in a church hall where the Fortieth Wedding Anniversary of Harold and Maude Connolly is about to be celebrated. A long table is set on stage, as for a wedding. Six chairs are set along the upstage side facing the audience and one chair at either end. Leave enough downstage area for action.

Somewhere a banner reads “Congratulations Mum and Dad 40 Years.” The audience are included as “Guests”. Crystal or silver vases etc grace the tables. Depending on the ages of the cast it may be advisable to make the wedding anniversary either a “Silver Wedding” or a “Golden Wedding” as the actual ages of Harold and Maude and your cast may well determine the plausible length of their union. The musical content of the play is open to the discretion of the director. A pianist may be substituted for “The Band”. If you have a cast with musical ability, you may want to put in more songs. If not leave some, or all of the music out.



# “Uncle Jack”

Judith Prior (c) [www.judithprior.com](http://www.judithprior.com)

## Cast in order of appearance:-

**Claire** ..... Well off, Oldest Daughter.

**Lorna** ..... Not so well off, Younger Daughter

**Ralph** ..... Long suffering Husband of Claire

**Harold** ..... Father Celebrating Wedding Anniversary

**Vicar** ..... Male or Female

**Uncle Jack** ..... Brother of Harold

**Stephen** ..... Friend of Jack’s from the City.

**Maude** ..... Mother Celebrating Wedding Anniversary

**Gran** ..... Elderly mother of Jack and Harold

## Cast required:-

**Four Male, Four Female, One Male/Female**

**Suggested table seating.** Vicar seated at one end of table. Upstage next to Vicar, Ralph, Claire, Harold, Maude, Stephen, Lorna. With Gran at other end (Next to Lorna.)

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## SUGGESTED MUSIC

### ACT ONE.

1. (Overture.) Wedding March (Music only.)
2. The Anniversary Song.. (Claire.)  
(Oh how they danced on the night they were wed.... )
3. I Love to have a Beer with Duncan.  
Or Thank Heaven for Little Girls. (Lorna and Harold.)
4. Side by Side. (Claire and Lorna.)
5. I'm My Own Grandpa . Or, Sheik of Scrubby Creek  
(Stephen.)

### ACT TWO

6. Anniversary Waltz. (Say that you will always dance..)
7. A solo item for any member of the family. Recitation or song.
8. For They are Jolly Good Fellows.  
(All except Harold and Maude.)
9. I walk the Line. Or, When I'm Sixty Four.  
(Maude and Harold.)
10. All of Me. Or, Any Popular Torch Song. (Possibly mimed.)  
( “ Jacqui la Mond” aka. Uncle Jack )
11. Friends and neighbours. Or, Side by Side  
(Finale Entire cast.)

**N.B.** This script is text only. Above music is an indication only of the type of song suitable. Music is of your own choosing and copyright permission should be sought.

**Setting:-** The play is set in a Church Hall where the Silver Wedding Anniversary Dinner of Harold and Maude Connolly is about to be celebrated. A long table is set on stage. Six seats along the back facing the audience and one at either end. Leave enough downstage area for action. Somewhere a banner reads “Congratulations Mum and Dad 40 Years.” The audience are included as “Guests”. Silver serviettes, Silver vases etc grace the tables. Lights come up on musicians, off stage to one side.....

**MUSIC No. 1** .....The Anniversary Waltz.....

**LORNA.** (Entering.) Hello! Hello! Is anyone here?

**BAND MEMBER.** Only the boys in the band. We're just tuning up. Everything set for the big event?

(Lights fade from band and come up on table as Lorna places her handbag on a small side table and begins checking the cutlery etc.)

**LORNA.** Yes, just about. The music sounds great; carry on then, the others will be here shortly.

**HAROLD.** (Loudly from off stage.) Maude! Answer me woman. Maude! Are you in here?

**LORNA.** (Answering him. ) Nobody here but little old me.

**HAROLD.** (Entering, from elsewhere, agitated.) Is that you, Lorna?

**LORNA.** (Continuing to set table.) Yep! Sure is, Dad. I didn't expect to find you here; I thought Ralph and Claire and Mum might have been...

**HAROLD.** (Looking around.) So did I. (Urgently.) Have you seen your mother this morning?

**LORNA.** No. Why?

**HAROLD.** (Feigning nonchalance.) No special reason. I just need to talk to her, about something.

**LORNA.** (Casually.) Uncle Jack turn up?

**HAROLD.** (Surprised.) How did you know?

**LORNA.** Lucky guess.

**HAROLD.** (*Agitated.*) That useless brother of mine always turns up like a bad penny, just when you don't need him.

**LORNA.** It's a pity you two can't sort out whatever it is that's been bothering you all these years. I mean Geez , Dad; he is your only brother.

**HAROLD.** Yeah! Worse luck. You can choose your friends, but you can't help your relations.

**LORNA.** That's not very nice.

**HAROLD.** Neither is that no good bludger, Jack.

**LORNA.** For goodness sake, Dad; can't you bury the hatchet for just one day?

**HAROLD.** I know where I'd like to bury a hatchet. Right in Jack's thick skull.

**LORNA.** (*Reasoning.*) Look, lighten up a bit, Dad. Give it a rest for the day. Let Claire have her celebration dinner, impress all the locals then Jack will go back to the city and you and Mum can get on with your lives as though nothing had happened.

**HAROLD.** (*Worried.*) I don't think so, Lorna; not this time. This time I think she's gone and done it.

**LORNA.** Gone and done what?

**HAROLD.** This time I think Maude really intends to..... leave me.

**LORNA.** (*Amused.*) Leave you? After all these years together? Don't be silly. Mum wouldn't know what to do without you; she'd be lost on her own.

**HAROLD.** Yeah? You reckon? Well, I don't think she's planning to be on her own.

**LORNA.** (*Curious.*) What do you mean?

**HAROLD.** (*Dramatically.*) Last I saw of her she had her arms around another bloke.

**LORNA.** (*Shocked.*) Are you sure?

**HAROLD.** Yeah. I tell you I saw them. She was wrapped around him like a flamin' band-aid.

**LORNA.** Where were they?

**HAROLD.** In (*Local main street.*)

**LORNA.** (*Incredulous.*) Mother and some man were, hugging each other in (*Local main street.*)

**HAROLD.** (*Grudgingly.*) I didn't say they were hugging.

**LORNA.** Well, exactly what were they doing then?

**HAROLD.** He was riding his flamin' great Harley Davidson and she was plastered all over him on the back.

**LORNA.** (*Incredulous.*) Mother was riding pillion on a motor bike?

**HAROLD.** That's right! She had a suitcase; and they were headed out of town.

**LORNA.** Mum had a suitcase.....? Hang on there. Let me get this straight. This other man; it was Uncle Jack, right?

**HAROLD.** Too flamin' right it was. And when I catch up with him I'm going to....

**LORNA.** Settle down now. There's got to be some logical explanation.

**HAROLD.** Well, I can't think of one.

**LORNA.** I know! They were probably on their way up to see Gran, at the nursing home.

**HAROLD.** (*Unconvinced.*) A likely story.

**LORNA.** Look, if Jack is in town he would naturally call in and see Gran. He probably just took Mum with him, gave her a lift.

**HAROLD.** Ha! I'd like to give him a lift, under the ear. And if you see him, you can tell him that, from me!

**LORNA.** Now, hang on there Dad....

*(Exit Harold and Lorna to the kitchen as Claire enters from elsewhere with a large basket of cut flowers. Claire proceeds to place flowers on table as she sings..... )*

**MUSIC NO. 2.** .....(*The Anniversary Song...*).....*Oh how they danced etc....*

*(At the end of the song Lorna enters from the kitchen, and applauds. )*

**CLAIRE.** So there you are Lorna. I saw your car in the car park, and Dad's, where is he, by the way?

**LORNA.** He just left; he was looking for Mum.

**CLAIRE.** (*Disinterested.*) That's nice, dear. The hall looks lovely, doesn't it? Everything is going beautifully; and the flowers are really stunning, don't you think?

**LORNA.** (*Moving to help with the flowers.*) They sure are, Sis. (*Smells flowers.*) Smell beaut too. Did you raid the botanical gardens on the way over?

**CLAIRE.** (*Offended.*) Of course not. Most of these came from my own garden; and several of my friends from the horticultural society were most generous.

**LORNA.** (*Laughing.*) No need to get your knickers in a knot; I was only joking.

**CLAIRE.** Organising an important family function like this is no joking matter. There's so much still to be done. I do hope we have enough flowers to do all of the tables.

**LORNA.** Don't worry, Claire, we'll have heaps. It's a Wedding anniversary, not a funeral. I just hope Mum and Dad behave themselves.

**CLAIRE.** (*Firmly.*) After all the trouble I've gone to; they had better behave themselves.

**LORNA.** Have you seen her today?

**CLAIRE.** Who? Mother? No; as a matter of fact I thought she'd be here to help with some of this.

**RALPH.** (*Entering with tray of glasses.*) I just had the strangest experience.

**CLAIRE.** (*Uninterested.*) Really, dear?

**RALPH.** Yes. (*Shakes his head in disbelief.*) No! I must have been mistaken. (*Puts tray down on table.*) It couldn't have been.

**LORNA.** (*Interested.*) Couldn't have been, what?

**RALPH.** Just now, as I was parking the car out front; a motorbike with a couple of those bikie people all done up in leather on it, roared past the hall. (*Puts tray of glasses on table.*)

**CLAIRE.** So? What's strange about that?

**RALPH.** They both waved to me; as if they knew me.

**CLAIRE.** Perhaps they thought you were somebody else, dear.

**RALPH.** Perhaps. But I could have sworn that the pillion passenger was, your mother.

**CLAIRE.** (*Upsets vase of flowers.*) Mother! Don't be silly, Ralph. You must have been mistaken. Mum, on a motorbike! I don't think so.

**RALPH.** Yes, must have been some.....

**CLAIRE.** Unless... (*Sharply*) What did the driver look like?

**RALPH.** (*Begins to set glasses out.*) Hard to tell really. They were both wearing those helmet thingies, you know, that cover the face.

**CLAIRE.** (*Obviously upset.*) But you must have got a general impression? Was he young or old, tall or short? Concentrate Ralph, this is important.

**RALPH.** Well, he was a big chap, long hair in a ponytail. Grey ponytail..... As I said it was only a fleeting glimpse.

**CLAIRE.** Jack! I'll bet it was Jack. (*Annoyed.*) I didn't invite him. Who told him about the celebration?

(*Replaces flowers in vase roughly.*)

**LORNA.** (*Innocently*) Don't look at me.

**CLAIRE.** (*Suspiciously.*) You know something, don't you?

**LORNA.** I'm not saying a thing, just standing here smelling the flowers. (*Takes a deep breath and looks innocent.*) .

**CLAIRE.** I can always tell when you're hiding something from me, Lorna. Come on, out with it.

**LORNA.** I don't know what you mean; just smell the flowers Claire, they're beautiful.

**CLAIRE.** You do know something. Don't you?

**LORNA.** I know that time is ticking away and we had better get on with the flowers.

**CLAIRE.** Damn it! I knew something would go wrong. I just knew it! All my planning, all my work preparing the invitations. Oh dear, I feel faint. (*Clutches her chest.*) I'm having one of my turns, fetch my handbag, quickly. Ralph. My tablets....

(*Claire sits heavily in a chair, clutching her chest.*)