

JEMIMA

Goodnight, Daddy.

POTTS

Goodnight.

GRANDPA

Goodnight, God Bless, don't let the bugs undress.

JEREMY and JEMIMA exit DSL.

POTTS

Thirty shillings. How on earth am I supposed to find thirty shillings?

GRANDPA

I haven't the foggiest. Still they don't ask for much, do they?

POTTS

That's because they don't get much.

GRANDPA

That's true!

POTTS

But, God knows, I'm doing my best.

GRANDPA

Yes, but we're not bad parents are we?

POTTS

No, no we're not.

GRANDPA

But still nothing can replace their mother.

POTTS

I know. I know. But thirty shillings!

GRANDPA

Thirty shillings!

POTTS

Ah well. Nothing's impossible. One of these inventions is going to work one day, isn't it Grandpa?

GRANDPA

Almost entirely certainly.

POTTS

Absolutely. 'Night Grandpa.

Exits DSL

GRANDPA

'Night my boy.

Thinks to himself

My boy... got a lot on his plate he has. Funny old family we are. Still, we all muck in as best we can.

(Set moves off behind Grandpa as light fades, leaving him in a follow spot.)

#5 – Them Three

SOMEONE TO CARE FOR
TO BE THERE FOR
I HAVE THEM THREE

SOMEONE TO DO FOR
MUDDLE THROUGH FOR
I HAVE THEM THREE

WHAT'S MORE
WE FOUR
GET ALONG ENORMOUSLY
CAUSE THEM THREE
HAVE ME
AND THAT'S WHAT US FOUR'S FOR.

On the last beat of the song he has one of the sweets in his hand, and blows it absent-mindedly. It toots fairly melodiously for a sweet.

Good lord.

He tries it again... Bing! An idea.

Well, Blimey O'Reilly, he's invented something that works! Caractacus, Caractacus my boy!

#5a – Lowry Crossover

He exits DSL.