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PRIVATE PEACEFUL

by Michael Morpurgo

Adpated by Simon Reade

SAMUEL FRENCH

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Revised 2022 edition
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ISBN 978-0-573-13229-2

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Cover design: Muse Creative Communications

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This version of *Private Peaceful* by Michael Morpurgo, adapted by Simon Reade, was developed with the support of Nottingham Playhouse and was first performed at Nottingham Playhouse on 12 February 2022 with the following cast and creative team:

THOMAS "TOMMO" PEACEFUL | Daniel Rainford

CHARLIE | Daniel Boyd

BIG JOE/ WOUNDED SOLDIER / SOLDIER / ORDERLY | Robert Ewens

HAZEL PEACEFUL / MISS MCALLISTER / ARMY CHAPLAIN / BRIGADIER / ORDERLY / INJURED GERMAN SOLDIER / TOOTHLESS OLD LADY | Emma Manton

JAMES PEACEFUL / MR MUNNINGS / MR MONKS / GRANDMA WOLF / VICAR / SERGEANT MAJOR / SERGEANT HANLEY / CAPTAIN WILKES / ESTAMINET OWNER/ GENERAL HAIG (V/O) / DOCTOR | John Dougall

JIMMY PARSONS / THE COLONEL / PILOT / LIEUTENANT BUCKLAND / PETE / ARMY DOCTOR / OFFICER / MAJOR | Tom Kanji

MOLLY / RECRUITING SERGEANT / WOUNDED SOLDIER / ANNA / GERMAN SOLDIER IN GAS MASK / GUARD | Liyah Summers

UNDERSTUDY | Abigail Hood

MICHAEL MORPURGO | Author

SIMON READE | Writer

ELLE WHILE | Director

LUCY SIERRA | Designer

MATT HASKINS | Lighting Designer

DAN BALFOUR | Sound Designer

NEIL BETTLES | Movement Director

FRANK MOON | Composer

JONATHAN HOLBY | Fight Director

MARIANNE SAMUELS | Voice and Dialect Coach

GINNY SCHILLER CDG | Casting Director

IMOGEN BEECH | Associate Director

TOM NICKSON | Production Manager

LISA LEWIS | Company Stage Manager

ROBYN CLOGG | Deputy Stage Manager

NATHALIE PERTHUISOT | Technical Assistant Stage Manager

EMILIE MADDISON BERGER | Costume Supervisor

FOR NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE

Chief Executive Stephanie Sirr

Artistic Director Adam Penford

FOR JONATHAN CHURCH THEATRE PRODUCTIONS

Director Jonathan Church

Executive Producer Becky Barber

Assistant Producer Hope Ward-Brown

CHARACTERS

DEVON

TOMMO – Thomas Peaceful
CHARLIE – his older brother
BIG JOE – their older brother
JAMES PEACEFUL – their father
HAZEL PEACEFUL – their mother
GRANDMA WOLF – their mother's aunt

MR MUNNINGS – the school master
MISS MCALLISTER – Tommo's school teacher
MOLLY – Charlie and Tommo's friend
MRS MONKS – her mother
JIMMY PARSONS – Charlie's and Tommo's enemy
BIGGUNS
TIDDLERS

THE COLONEL – squire of Iddesleigh

DOCTOR
PILOT
SERGEANT MAJOR
TOOTHLESS OLD LADY
HATHERLEIGH MARKET CROWD
RECRUITING SERGEANT

WAR

ARMY CHAPLAIN
SERGEANT 'HORRIBLE' HANLEY
BRIGADIER
WOUNDED SOLDIER
ORDERLY
CAPTAIN WILKES
ESTAMINET OWNER
ANNA – estaminet owner's daughter
INJURED GERMAN SOLDIER
LIEUTENANT BUCKLAND
PETE

GERMAN SOLDIER IN GAS MASK
ARMY DOCTOR
GUARD – to Charlie
MAJOR – leading trial
GENERAL HAIG
OFFICER – firing squad
SOLDIERS – from both sides
ESTAMINET STAFF

NOTES ON THE PLAY

From five past ten on the night of June 24th 1916 to six o'clock the next morning of the 25th, Tommo looks back on his life as a young boy growing up in rural Devon and on his more recent experiences fighting in the trenches of the Great War.

An ensemble of as few as six can perform this adaptation.

It may be that one performer consistently identifies with a main character throughout – Tommo; Charlie; Molly. The characteristics of a role can be shared between performers: the Colonel; Sergeant Hanley; Grandma Wolf. Or one performer could play all the adult authority figures. Flexible role-playing is key.

The play demands plumbing the depths of the dark night of the soul. This is not a play for puppets.

Scenes are given separate numbers for ease of rehearsing and should not necessarily be observed if they hold up the flow of the action with fussy scene changes. The Tommo scenes in Flanders, in the time-ticking-away present, can snap into the following scene in the past without pause – and follow on without hesitation from the preceding scenes set in the past.

No set is required and only the bare minimum of props should be used, if any at all. It may be that one single versatile item is useful for everything, such as Tommo's bed.

Lighting can be used to sculpt each scene – design can be by turns subliminal and illustrative. When at war, gunfire, bombardments, explosions etc. don't need to be so loud that they drown out the words. We'll get the point just as well if they're muffled, in our head, a subjective sound.

There is room for music and songs. A good reference for both Devon folk songs and First World War songs germane to the story is Coope Boyes Simpson's *Private Peaceful* compilation (No Masters NMCD24), songs which are also featured in the BBC Radio 4 dramatisation. (A licence to perform this play does not include a licence to use or perform any music, please see piii).

There is room to improvise, to devise physical action in the spirit of active recollection. Inventiveness, imagination and what is conjured in our mind's eye is key to the story telling.

Simon Reade, February 2022

THANKS

Thanks to Adam Penford, Elle While, Anna Ledwich, Matthew Flynn, Vincent Lai, Maddie O'Dwyer, Julia Wyatt and Marc Berlin, Paul Chequer, Pip Hockenhull, Hazel Reade.

FOR ELLE
AND FOR ADAM

ACT ONE

Prelude

Flanders. First World War.

Out of the darkness we hear moments from the play – from **TOMMO***'s life – that haunt him in his dreams. We half see them looming, too. For example:*

FATHER Run, Tommo! Run!

TOOTHLESS OLD LADY Y'ain't a coward, are you?

MOLLY We'll be in it soon because we have to fight!

HAZEL When did my little boys grow up?

CHARLIE We didn't want to hurt you, Tommo, honest.

The rumble of distant artillery builds. So does the panicked breathing of close combat. From out of the cacophony the final verdict of the trial is delivered:

MAJOR Private Peaceful: you are a worthless man. This Field General Court Martial finds the accused, Private Peaceful, guilty as charged...

An explosion – boom!

TOMMO *suddenly wakes from the nightmare.*

Scene One

Flanders. First World War.

TOMMO *is in a bed. He panics for a moment then realises where he is, alone. He panics again about the time, checks his watch, then holds it to his ear, listens for the tick, looks at it again (this might be an early 20th century wrist watch or a late 19th century fobwatch).*

TOMMO Five past ten. I have the whole night ahead of me. I shan't sleep. I won't dream it away.

I want to try to remember everything, just as it was, just as it happened. I've had nearly eighteen years of yesterdays and tomorrows, and tonight I must remember as many of them as I can.

Tonight, more than any other night of my life, I want to feel alive!

Scene Two

Iddesleigh, Devon.

CHARLIE *leads* **TOMMO** *by the hand up the lane to school.* **TOMMO** *feels uncomfortable in his collar and boots – his laces are undone. He's dragging his feet.*

CHARLIE Come on, Tommo! We'll be late for school! First day's the worst. Honest! School's not so bad, Tommo. Honest. *(Teasing/serious)* It's true Mr Munnings has a raging temper, and don't get on the wrong side of him when his hands start twitching for his cane – oh, and make sure you keep out of Jimmy Parsons' way – but other than that..!

TOMMO Big Joe doesn't have to go to school and I don't think that's fair at all!

CHARLIE Big Joe's Big Joe.

TOMMO *(protesting)* He's much older than me. He's even older than you, and he's never been to school. He's allowed to stay at home, sitting up in his tree singing *Oranges and Lemons,* all day long.

We catch a glimpse of **BIG JOE***, up his tree, doing what he does.*

(Big Joe is always happy, always laughing. I wish I could be happy like him.) I wish I could be at home like him. I don't want to go, Charlie. I don't want to go to school!

TOMMO *stamps his foot and stops –* **CHARLIE** *stops too.*

CHARLIE D'you want a piggyback, Tommo? *(***TOMMO** *hops up onto* **CHARLIE***'s back and clings on tight)* School's not so bad, Tommo. Honest.

TOMMO Whenever you say "honest", Charlie, I know it's not true.

Scene Three A

School. The school bell rings – **CHARLIE** *and* **TOMMO** *line up.* **CHARLIE** *winks at* **TOMMO***;* **TOMMO** *blinks back. Then* **MR MUNNINGS** *appears, cane in hand.*

MR MUNNINGS *(pointing directly at* **TOMMO***)* Aha! *(Everyone turns to look at* **TOMMO***)* A new boy, a new boy to add to my trials and tribulations. Name, boy?

TOMMO Tommo, sir. Thomas Peaceful.

MR MUNNINGS First a Charlie Peaceful, and now a Thomas Peaceful. Was not one Peaceful enough? Understand this Thomas Peaceful, that here I am your lord and master. You do what I say when I say it. You do not come to school in bare feet. And your hands will be clean. You do not cheat, you do not lie, you do not blaspheme. These are my commandments. Do I make myself clear?

TOMMO *(standing to attention)* Yes, sir.

MR MUNNINGS To your lessons!

The **BIGGUNS** *follow* **MR MUNNINGS** *into one classroom –* **TOMMO** *follows* **CHARLIE** *but he redirects him.*

CHARLIE You're not a Biggun yet, Tommo! Tiddlers with Miss McCallister.

TOMMO Am I a Tiddler, then, Charlie?

Scene Three B

MISS MCALLISTER *greets* **TOMMO.**

MISS MCALLISTER *(Scots, smiling)* Thomas, you will be sitting there, next to Molly. And your boot laces are undone. Tie them up before you trip.

TOMMO *looks down at his boots; then back up at* **MISS MCALLISTER.**

TOMMO I can't, Miss.

MISS MCALLISTER Can't is not a word we use in my class, Thomas Peaceful. We shall just have to teach you how to tie your bootlaces. That's what we're all here for, Thomas, to learn. You show him, Molly. Molly's the oldest in my class, Thomas. She'll help you.

MISS MCALLISTER *calls the register as* **MOLLY** *kneels in front of* **TOMMO** *and ties his bootlaces – he almost reaches out and touches her hair.*

TOMMO Chestnut brown. Same colour as Father's old horse.

As she finishes, **MOLLY** *looks up at him and smiles.*

MOLLY There you go, young Master Peaceful. As right as rain.

The distant patter of rain on leaves.

TOMMO *(to* **MOLLY***)* At home we don't wear boots.

MOLLY Except for church.

TOMMO Yes. Father always wore his great hobnail boots – the boots he died in.

Scene Four

Forest. The patter of rain intensifies.

TOMMO'S FATHER *carries an axe.*

FATHER *(mischievous story-telling)* Deep in the forest, the wicked old axeman stamped and stomped in his heavy, hobnail boots, dragging the terrified little boy with him into the darkness.

TOMMO *(eagerly anticipating the scarey punchline)* And then what, Father?

FATHER Then? *(Milking the moment)* Then... the axeman... gobbled him up!

TOMMO *squeals in delight. He looks up at the trees, dripping in the rain. Wood pigeons, sheltering in the branches.*

See the wood pigeons? I'd like to come back as a bird.

TOMMO Back from where?

FATHER Think of it: to be as free as a bird! Or maybe I'd be a tree.

TOMMO Why a tree?

FATHER Trees, Tommo, they're not just wood, not just leaves. They breathe. They speak. They help one another.

TOMMO Do they? How?

FATHER They help each other to grow. They protect each other against the wind; feed each other goodness. And all the birds and insects and other plants, too. Some here are five hundred years old.

TOMMO That's even older than you!

FATHER Oh, that's nothing in the life of a forest. There have been forests hereabouts for thousands of years.

TOMMO Thousands?

FATHER Since the world began.

TOMMO *thinks.*

TOMMO So why are you chopping them down?

FATHER Because even the bravest have to die some time. And it clears the way for the new. Helps the young walnuts breathe.

TOMMO I don't like walnuts.

FATHER Walnut trees are special.

TOMMO Why?

FATHER The grain of the wood makes fine furniture.

He sharpens his axe.

Now, stand well back – wouldn't want you coming to any mischief, would we?

FATHER *starts chopping away at a tree trunk, grunting and groaning at every stroke.*

TOMMO *sings a song.*

TOMMO *looks up into the branches above, stands and stares.*

TOMMO The great tree sways in the storm – when all the other trees are standing still! The brave axeman lifts his axe – and then—

There is the sound of the tree falling – like a roar of thunder.
FATHER *sees that* **TOMMO** *is standing in the way.*

FATHER Run, Tommo! Run!

TOMMO *is rooted to the spot but* **FATHER** *pushes him out of the way just in time to save* **TOMMO**, *but not himself.*
TOMMO *looks back to his* **FATHER**, *who has fallen like a*

felled tree. His finger points accusingly at **TOMMO**, *the soles of his hobnail boots prominent, his eyes open but unseeing. Dead.*

TOMMO *(shaking his* **FATHER***)* Father! Father!

But **FATHER** *doesn't stir.*

Scene Five A

St James's Church, Iddesleigh.

Solemn harmonium music tells us we're in church (eg Abide With Me).

HAZEL, BIG JOE, CHARLIE *and* **TOMMO** *sit at the front.*

TOMMO *is distracted – his eyes flit back and forth, from front to back, side to side.*

TOMMO *(whispering to* **BIG JOE***)* Look, Joe: a swallow.

BIG JOE Swallow!

TOMMO It's Father trying to escape. He told me that in his next life he'd like to be a bird, so he could fly free wherever he wanted...

HAZEL Shush, boys, the Colonel is stepping up into the pulpit.

CHARLIE Why? He's not the priest. What's lord high-and-mighty got to say for himself?

HAZEL Hush, now, Charlie. He'll be delivering the eulogy.

The **COLONEL** *gets up into the pulpit.*

COLONEL *(hand clutching his jacket lapel)* James Peaceful was a good man, one of the best workers I have ever known, the salt of the earth, always cheerful as he went about his work.

The Peaceful family has been employed by my family – by my dear *wife's* family – for five generations. In all his thirty years as forester on my estate James Peaceful was a credit to his family and his village.

The **COLONEL** *drones on, ad libitum.*

CHARLIE *(whispering to* **HAZEL***)* (The Colonel's just like Father said.)

FATHER *sits up in his coffin.*

FATHER/CHARLIE Silly old fart! Mad old duffer!

BIG JOE Duffer!

HAZEL *(whispering)* Boys! We're in church! It's the Colonel who pays the wages and owns the roof over our heads. So you all show him respect.

BIG JOE Father in box?

HAZEL *(consoling* **BIG JOE***)* Father's not really in his coffin, Big Joe – he's up in heaven *(pointing upwards)* up there. He's happy, happy as the birds.

TOMMO *looks upwards in the same direction as* **BIG JOE.**

BIG JOE Swallow!

Scene Five B

They all gather at the graveside, the coffin lowered into the ground.

ALL We therefore commit his body to the ground: earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust – in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life…

TOMMO *(to himself)* He worked so hard that when he came home late from work, tired and hungry, he never said much.

FATHER/TOMMO *act out the following ritual.*

He'd hang his coat up on the peg by the front door, leave his great hobnail boots outside in the porch, put his pay in the money mug on the mantelpiece, and warm his feet in the bottom oven.

He was trying to save me. If only I had run, he wouldn't now be lying dead. All I can think is that I have killed my own father.

His **FATHER***'s shadow looms large.*

Scene Six

Flanders. **TOMMO** *sits on the bed. He looks at his watch, listens for the tick, looks at it again.*

TOMMO Twenty to Eleven.

He picks up his mess tin, stirs it half-heartedly.

I don't want to eat. Stew, potatoes. I usually like stew, but I've no appetite. I've been nibbling at this biscuit, but I don't want it. Not now.

Big Joe ate more than all the rest of us put together – potato pie, cheese and pickle, stew and dumplings, bread-and-butter pudding.

This could be acted out.

Whatever Mother cooked, he'd stuff it in and scoff it down. Anything Charlie and I didn't like we'd shuffle onto his plate when Mother wasn't looking.

Mother told us, when we were older, that when Big Joe was born... well...

Hospital.

DOCTOR Your son nearly died, Mrs Peaceful – it is Mrs, isn't it? – Meningitis: brain damage. He probably won't live long; and even if he does, he'll be of no use to anyone.

Bed.

TOMMO It was Big Joe who got me into my first fight.

Scene Seven

School. Playtime. **CHARLIE** *is playing with some* **BIGGUNS.** **TOMMO** *watches from a distance, not joining in.*

BIGGUN My Dad's better than your Dad!

My Dad's got nobbly knees.

My Dad's got a stubbly chin.

I want to be like my Dad when I grow up.

Etc.

CHARLIE My Dad's dead.

TOMMO *sees* **BIG JOE** *arriving at the edge of the playground and runs over to him.*

TOMMO Hello Joe!

BIG JOE *cradles something in his closed hands.*

What you got there, Joe?

BIG JOE *opens his cupped hands just enough for* **TOMMO** *to see.*

A slowworm! That's lovely, Joe! *[Not]* Did you get it from Father's grave?

BIG JOE *nods.*

Better head off now, Joe, unless you want to stay at school.

BIG JOE School? Noooooo!!!

BIG JOE *wanders off humming* Oranges and Lemons, *gazing down in wonder at the slowworm.*

TOMMO *watches him go. One of the* **BIGGUNS**, **JIMMY PARSONS**, *taps* **TOMMO** *hard on the shoulder.*

JIMMY PARSONS *(sneering)* Who's got a loony for a brother?

TOMMO What did you say, Jimmy Parsons?

JIMMY PARSONS *(chanting)* Your brother's a loony! Your brother's a loony!

TOMMO Right! That's it!

Fight: **TOMMO** *goes for him, fists flailing, screaming – but he doesn't land a single punch.*

JIMMY *hits* **TOMMO** *full in the face and sends him sprawling. Then he puts the boot in, hard.* **TOMMO** *curls up into a ball, but* **JIMMY** *kicks his back, legs, everywhere.*

Then **CHARLIE** *grabs* **JIMMY** *round the neck, pulling him to the ground. They roll over and over, punching each other and blaspheming.*

The whole school gathers round to watch, egging them on.

TIDDLERS/BIGGUNS Charlie! Charlie! Jimmy! Jimmy!

MR MUNNINGS *rushes out.*

MR MUNNINGS *(roaring)* What the blazes?! This is mutiny! You have broken every rule in the book!

MR MUNNINGS *pulls them apart, takes them by their collars and drags them both off. The playground is hushed.*

MOLLY *comes over to comfort* **TOMMO**.

MOLLY Why do boys fight? Let's get you all cleaned up, young man.

MOLLY *leads* **TOMMO** *by the hand and with her handkerchief gently dabs the blood from his nose, hands, knee.*

I like Big Joe. He's kind. I like people who are kind.

TOMMO *(beaming)* And I like people who like Big Joe!

Off: the whip of the cane.

JIMMY PARSONS *(offstage)* Ow! Ow! Ow!

Off: more strokes of the cane – but no response from **CHARLIE.**

CHARLIE *emerges into the school yard, hitching up his trousers, grinning – everyone cheers.*

CHARLIE Jimmy Parsons won't be doing that again, Tommo. I hit him where it hurts: in the goolies.

Sniggers. **CHARLIE** *lifts* **TOMMO***'s chin and peers at his nose.*

Are you all right, Tommo?

TOMMO My nose hurts a bit, Charlie.

CHARLIE Well, so does my bum!

MOLLY *laughs.* **TOMMO** *laughs.* **CHARLIE** *laughs. The whole school laughs.*

A Devon ensemble song takes us into:*

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Scene Eight

Home.

CHARLIE, **TOMMO**, *and* **BIG JOE** *eating tea with* **HAZEL**, *the boys shuffling their food onto* **BIG JOE***'s plate when they think* **HAZEL** *isn't looking.* **HAZEL** *catches* **CHARLIE** *doing it.*

HAZEL Charlie Peaceful! Big Joe's not the slop bucket!

BIG JOE Slops! Slops!

CHARLIE But potatoes, *again*? We'll turn into potatoes, one of these days.

HAZEL Well, at least it's better than cauliflower ears.

CHARLIE We used to have stew and dumplings, bread-and-butter pudding –

BIG JOE *(licking his lips)* Yum!

CHARLIE Even a trout, if one had accidentally found its way into Father's net.

HAZEL It is hard without your father, Charlie. But we're not starving, are we?

CHARLIE No, Mother.

HAZEL And maybe you and Tommo could forage by the stream.

TOMMO Or go fishing in the river!

HAZEL The river belongs to the Colonel, Tommo.

CHARLIE *(winking at* **TOMMO***)* That'd be poaching, Tommo.

HAZEL I saw that wink, Charlie Peaceful. You stay out of trouble.

BIG JOE Trouble!

A knock at the door.

HAZEL Oh, no.

TOMMO Who is it, Mother?

CHARLIE Trouble.

HAZEL That's enough of that, Charlie.

CHARLIE Is it who I think it is?

HAZEL *gives a curt nod, prepares herself by removing her apron and smoothing down her dress. She opens the door.*

COLONEL I think you know why I'm here, Mrs Peaceful.

HAZEL Children, finish your tea. The Colonel and I won't be a moment.

The **COLONEL** *and* **HAZEL** *stand outside out of earshot – the children strain to listen.*

The **COLONEL** *doesn't look* **HAZEL** *in the eye.*

Well, Colonel?

COLONEL It may seem a little indelicate to broach the subject so soon after your late husband's sad and untimely death, Mrs Peaceful. But it's a question of the cottage.

HAZEL What about our cottage?

COLONEL Strictly speaking, of course, you have no right to live here any more.

HAZEL I beg your pardon?

COLONEL This is a tied cottage, tied to your late husband's employment on the estate. Now of course with him gone –

HAZEL You want us out.

COLONEL Well I wouldn't put it quite like that, Mrs Peaceful. Not if we can come to some arrangement.

HAZEL Arrangement? What kind of arrangement?

COLONEL As you know my wife is not a well woman. She spends most of her days in a wheelchair. She needs constant care

and attention seven days a week. And it's no job for a man, far less for a husband of my standing.

HAZEL *(protesting)* But I have my children. Who would look after my children?

COLONEL The two boys are old enough to fend for themselves. And as for the other one, there's always the lunatic asylum in Exeter.

HAZEL *is aghast.*

HAZEL *(suppressing her fury, cold but calm)* I could never do that, Colonel. Never. But if I want to keep a roof over our heads, then I have to find some way I can come to work for you as your wife's maid. That's what you're telling me, isn't it?

COLONEL I'd say you understand the position perfectly, Mrs Peaceful. Good day. And once again my condolences.

The **COLONEL** *leaves.*

BIG JOE *farts.* **CHARLIE** *and* **TOMMO** *snigger.*

HAZEL Boys, behave!

CHARLIE What will happen now, Mother?

HAZEL Well, we'll have to do as we're told.

TOMMO Big Joe's going to the loony bin?

BIG JOE Loony!

HAZEL Never call Big Joe that again, Tommo. Ever!

TOMMO I didn't! Promise.

HAZEL My aunt can come and look after Big Joe.

CHARLIE/TOMMO Grandma Wolf?!

HAZEL She's your great aunt, not your grandma.

TOMMO But she's so old. As old as the hills. Older than the trees!

HAZEL Show more respect, she's family.

CHARLIE But she's still a wolf.

BIG JOE *howls like a wolf, to everyone's amusement.*

Scene Nine

Home.

Tea. **GRANDMA WOLF** *shows* **CHARLIE, TOMMO** *and* **BIG JOE** *that she is now in charge, exercising her authority, hardly stopping for breath.*

GRANDMA WOLF Tommo: wash your hands before eating. Charlie: is your hair done?

CHARLIE *(his mouth full)* What's that got to do with anything?

GRANDMA WOLF And don't talk with you mouth full.

(to **TOMMO***:)* Don't leave anything on your plate. Waste not, want not.

(talking to **BIG JOE** *as if he's stupid/mad/a baby)* Who's a clever boy then? Did you like your supper? Let mummy wipe your mouth.

TOMMO You're not his mother!

BIG JOE *starts singing* Oranges and Lemons, **GRANDMA WOLF** *smacks him.*

GRANDMA WOLF Stop that ghastly singing at the table, you stupid big baby.

BIG JOE *starts to rock and talk to himself.*

You haven't been brought up properly, you Peaceful boys. Your manners are terrible. Your mother married the first man to turn her head, and him nothing but a forester. We were shopkeepers – made a tidy profit. Broke your grandfather's heart. And now look what she's come to: a lady's maid, at her age. And you boys: you're nothing but coarse and stupid and vulgar. Why can't you be more like Molly?

CHARLIE *(to* **TOMMO***)* Molly?

GRANDMA WOLF Her parents are proper, God-fearing people who have brought her up well and good and strict. Now, bed, the lot of you!