



**Autumn 2015**

**Blue Remembered Hills**

*All flying about the stage, Willie is the only one left on stage.*

*Willie: Waaaaaom wrooak (he dies, waits 5 seconds, and then takes a bite of apple)*

Them be all dead. Dead. Dead, dead. Burnt to nothing!

*(Sings): (whilst Peter swings through trees to surprise him)*

You are my Woodbine

My only woodbine

You make me (burp) happy

When skies are grey

You'll never know – dear

*Peter: Hatch open! Hatch open!*

*W: Hello Peter.*

*P: What do you think of that then, Willie? Good weren't it!*

*W: What you doing?*

*P: Parachute drop. What's it look like?*

*W: Yeh pretty good*

*P: You got to bend your knees, see. When you do hit the ground. That's the number one rule.*

*W: What happens if you don't?*

*P: You break your flaming ankles!*

*W: Cor! Bet that hurt!*

*P: (throws a stone) That's a good throw that is! Near nigh half a bloody mile. Expect him'll bring I a parachute when him come home*

*W: (impressed) caw!*

*P: Two or dree if I d'want em. They be made of silk*

*W: And summat else (he starts to laugh)*

*P: Was mean?*



W: Knickers!

P: Give us a bit of the apple!!

W: NO

P: (*lunges at him*) You greedy devil

W: Peter – no!!

P: Give in?

W: Peter – no!

P: I'll spit!

W; No no no no!

P: I will

W: Give in give in give in!

P: Who's a loony?

W: I be

P: Who is who is?

W: I be! (*Starts to cry*)

P: Got any fags?

W: There ent none to be had. Can't get hold of nern a one!

P: Ant your grancher left none on the mantelpiece?

W: No

P: Nasty old devil

W: And him do count 'em now. Told our dad there was 2 or 3 gone, and I didn't half get a good hiding

(*Playing in the woods with sticks*)

W: Mrs Baker caught Wallace Wilson peeing on a gorse bush.



P: (*Delighted*) her didn't did her?

W: Her did! Last Saturday

P: What did Wallace say?

W: Him said, him said, him said him thought the gorse was on fire and and him was trying to put it out!

P: He has a high pee and him have a good punch

W: Made your teeth rattle didn't he peter?

P: Shut thee chops Willie! I am number two after Wallace – and don't you forgot it!!

W: I gotta go.

P: Where to?

W: Donald's, to play football or summit.

P: The sissy. Him's scared of everything.

W: Scared of his mum alright, I saw her hit him with a shovel once.

P: Honest? (*W shakes head*) Look a squirrel!!

(*Indian noises in a circle and swapping actors*)

W: Is him up there?

P: This is where him went alright, by god didn't him move!

W: Like lightning. How we gonna get him down?

P: Frighten the bigger!

W: Oy. Put the fear of god into him!

P: Throw stones up into the branches. Knock him down!

W: Or climb up, get a bit closer.

P: Ay but them have sharp teeth mind. Like re-hot needles. And once they get hold of you they never let go, squirrels don't.

W: But we might be able to capture him



*(John and Raymond come in playing a game wearing cowboy hats and guns)*

John: What's up in the tree?

W: How be john. Hello Raymond.

P: We got us a squirrel

J: Have ya? Honest?

R: Wh – where – wh –where?

**W:** Him's trapped up there – we really got him.

**J:** Ah but how are you going to get him down? You bent going to get him down. Him'll never come down from there. You tell me how you are going to get him down.

**R:** P-p-p-p-p-poor little devil.

**P:** Throw stones o'course, knock him down.

**J:** Be better to climb up. You tell me how you going to do that?

**W:** don't keep on

**P:** Who's going to climb up there! Break your neck aaaaaaa-crack. Just like that loony!

**J:** Wallace Wilson ood. Him odd go up there. Like a shot.

**R:** Wwwwwwwwhy don't wwwwwwwwwwe jjjuuusstt leave it alllllone??

**P:** *(to the others)* hark at him.

**J and W:** when the m-m-m-mu-moon shines, on the cu-cu-cow shed

**W:** I reckon we ought to catch him alive. Put him on show. Be the start of the circus.

**J:** How'd y'know him still up there?

**P:** That's where him is alright look! See!

**In a nearby barn**

*Angela's doll starts to cry*

Angela: Now now now. Go to sleep, Dinnah. You naughty naughty naughty little babby.



Aud: Smack her one in the chops, Angela. That'll keep her quiet.

D: No you can't do that. No smacking. Not in my house.

Ange: There there there, Mummy is with oo den.

D: You can't go around hitting baby, Audrey. You'd kill it!

Aud: What dost thee know about it Donald Duck. You ant never had a baby. Smack her arse Angela!

D: I be supposed to be the daddy here, byan't i? And and – don't call me Donald Duck!

Ange: No don't call him that Aud. And you are the daddy, Donald. Coming home from work, aren't you!

D: That's right. I be tired out and all, working on them sawmills. I cut me thumb off and all. Zzzzzz-chop o wow o wow! It don't half bloody hurt. Blood all over the saw. Blood all over me. Blood everywhere. Blood blood blood.

Ande: Never mind. I'll put the kettle on. We'll have us a nice cup of tea.

D: With four lots of sugars in it.

Aud: Are you mummy then? Why should you be the mummy all the time?

Ange: 'course I be. I got the babby an't I? It chunt your doll, Audrey.

Aud: Who be I then?

D: Where's my bloody cup of tea missis? Where's my tea then, I want my cup of tea!

Ang: The kettle's just coming up to the boil, sweetie pie.

D: I should bloody damn and bloody blast and bugger and bloody flaming bloody think so and all. Give us a kiss.

Aud: Who be I then? Eh? Tell me that!

Ange: Oh Audrey!!

Aud: I bent just going to do nothing and be nobody that's not fair

Ange: You can be my other daughter, Audrey. My naughty daughter.

Aud: (*stamps foot*) NO I'm not going to be that. NO!



D: Awwwww. Come on Aud. Don't spoil it.

Aud: I'm not spoiling it.

D: Yes you are. You always spoil it! Don't her Angela!

Angela: Who do you wanna be, Aud?

Aud: The nurse. I wanna be the nurse with the little scissors.

D: Oh good – you can see to my finger. I mean my thumb. When I've had a bit of tea.

Aud: What's wrong with your thumb?

D: Cut the bugger off didn't I?! Zzzzz aaaaaah!

Ange: don't call me that Angela! You promised!

Aud: Let me see your thumb. I have got some special stuff to put on that in my car.

Ange: Quack quack quack!

D: Angela! Don't do that.

Aud: Oh dear, oh dear. I've out some stingy stuff on that. It'll make you jump.

Ang: He'll have to have his tea first.

D: Hurry up. I be off to the bloody pub in half a tick to get bloody drunk.

Ang: I'm not having you stinking of drink all hours of the day and expect me to put up with it.

D: Shut thee chops. Nag nag nag.

AUd: I've stopped the blood gushing out but you are going to die in 1 minute.

Ange: Quack quack quack!

D: Shut up!

**Aud:** Smack her one Donald!

**Ang:** And if he hits me I shall tell his mam and her'll skin him alive, won't her, Donald Duck? She hits you with the poker don't she?!

**Donald:** leave me alone. Leave me alone!



**Ange:** Quack quack quack!!

**D:** Shut up, shut up!

**Aud:** Quack quack quack

**D:** Please don't please don't pleassssseeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!

**A and A:** Donald duck Donald duck quack quack quack quack!!

### **In The Woods**

**R:** Is him d-d-d-d-dead?

**P:** Course. Deader than dead.

**John:** Him couldn't live through that.

**R:** D-d-d-d-dead.

**J:** They don't half stick their teeth in mind. We had to do it. (*Swallows*) didn't us?

**W:** We ain't going to cut his tail off, be us?

**P:** Anybody got a knife?

**J:** Raymond have. A proper one.

**P;** Have ya ray?

**R:** (*proudly*) it's a commando knife.

**P:** Let's see. Where did you get it?

**J:** Him won't say

**P:** Come on.... Let's have a look. Show us!

**R:** (*suddenly*) -n-n-n-n- NO

**P:** What's the matter with you?

**R:** Pup-pup-pup-pup-poor little devil

**P:** Don't be such a baby



**R:** We k-k-k-k-killed him (sob)

*(Peter gives Raymond a shove)*

**J:** Hey! Leave him alone!

**P:** I'll knock his cowboy hat off for him

**J:** No you won't. Just you leave him alone!

**P:** Oh and who says so?

**J:** You heard!

**P:** Keep out of it - keep you nose out of it!

**J:** Flamin' bully!

**P:** You're asking for it, you are!

**J:** Yeh?

**P:** Yeh!

**J:** Yeh?

**P:** Yeh!

**J:** Yeh?

**P;** Oh shut up.

**W:** Wish I had my knife, my dad won't let me.

**R:** Oh them be v-v-v-v-very u-u-u-u-useful

**W:** Llet's have a look ray?

**R:** NO!

**J:** What's up?

**P:** Why not!

**R:** *(points at dead squirrel)* you'll cccccccut his ttttttail off

**W:** I wish we -







**Aud:** Am I YOUR best friend as well?

**Ang:** I'm best friends with lots and lots

**Aud:** Ooooh hark who's talking!

**Ang:** Oh yes. Lots and lots. Especially the boys

**Aud:** Are you Wallace Wilson's best friend?

**Angela:** We be getting married. With a ring and all

**Aud:** Funny

**Ange:** Wo's mean?

**Aud:** I heard him was gonna marry Hilary Jones!

**Ang:** Her's too stuck up.

**Aud:** He don't half like her though.

**Ang:** He can't, she's got a big nose.

**Aud:** Shall I bash her in for you?

**Ang:** Would you?

**Aud:** Eeeassssyyyyyy

**Aun:** Bash her on the nose then. Hit her on her great big fat conk!

**Aud:** I'll smack her in the mouth as well. Shall I? Shall I?

**Ang:** Well. Her's been asking for it!

**Aud:** AM I your best friend Angela?

**Angela:** Yes you be Aud, yes you be!

*Everyone runs on stage making wooo woo woo woo noises*

**The open ground**

P: oooof

W: (*panting*) What's the matter? You had a start on us!



P: I got the stitch

J: oy! And I have!

*(Raymond puffing behind)*

P; Slow coach!

R: I was g-g-guarding the back of us

P: Anybody got a match?

W: I ain't.

J: No nor me, wassa the luck!

P: Ray?

R: n-n-n-n-n-n-

P: kuk-kuk-katie

J: Donald Duck sometimes gets hold of a box. We ought to go and look for n'. Him'll give us a match if we let him play with us.

P: We could have us a good fire. Set summit alight!

W: We could make a spark outta it or summat.

P: Oy, I'll bet

W: Oh you can mind. Like rubbing two stones together.

J: It ain't never gonna work. Hark at thik bloody pram. Squeak squeak squeak.

P: We don't want them, do us?

W: Angela's all right.

J and P: opoooooooooooooooooooooh

R: Her's prup-prup-prup-pretty, is her Willie?

W: I mean her's alright for a girl.

P; Have you ever kissed her?



W: Hetaway

P: I have mind!

J: What's thou want to do that for?

P: Tasted like strawberry jam

J: Bet thou hasn't kissed Audrey though!

*(Laughs)*

W: Nobody never have

P: And nobody ever will I bet!

R: Hush up mind. They be c-c-c-c-coming.

Aud: Hell-o Peter. How be sweetheart?

Others: Oooooooooooooooooooooo!

P: What?

Aud: I bin telling Angela about you and me!

P: I'll pull your bloody hair for you. I'll out it all out

Aud: See?

Ang: Wipe thee nose Peter!!

P: Shut your chops.

J: Where be you two off to then?

Aud: Our cabin.

P: What cabin?

Angela: We got a cabin in the trees

John: Honest?

Ang: Him ent finished though.

W: What do you want a cabin for?



P: They ain't for girls!

Aud: To play house in!

J: That's a sissy's game

P: Mummies and bloody bugging daddies!!

Angela: I'll wash your mouth out with soap. It can be a fort when it's not a house!

W: For us soldiers. In case THE GERMANS LAND

Ray: I be a m-m-mu-marine

P: You can't be a marine Raymond!

R: Why not?

P: They won't let you be a marine if you stutter!

J: That's the truth ray. Him's telling the truth!

R: I can stand on my head though!

J: That's right mind. Him can...

P: Oy. I'll bet

R: How m-m-much?

J: Go on Ray. Show him

P: Till we count up to ten

Ray: That's eassssy.

P: Ten THOUSAND then

J: Oy that aint fair!

Ang: You've got to be fair

P: A hundred then!

W: What'll you give him if he does? You said he couldn't!



Aud: Give him a penny

W: Will you Peter?

P: Ah but whaty'll him give I if him don't last out? Eh? What about then?

R: You can b-b-borrow my knife

P: Yeh? For how long?

R: What'll you give I?

P: if you can do it Raymond for k-k-k-keeps.

P: For a day. And I get your knife till tomorrow going-in time.

J: Up to 100.

P: I'll give tha my ball of string. How abouts it?

R: Fair enough.

J: Starting when I ready-steady-go/

Reaaadddyyy-steeeeaddddddyy-goooooo

Willie 1-2-3—5-6

P: not so fast

W & j 7 8 9 10

W j and angela (even faster) 11 12 13

P; (slowly) 10, 11 12

W, j ange : 14-15-16-17-18

Aud: Ahhhhh blood blood blood

Angela: What....!

Aud: Bloood out of Raymond's ear!! Aaaaah!!!

Ray: What? What? What? Where???

P: You knife! You gotta give me your knife!!



J (*Angry*): Here. Let's see....

Aud: I thought it was. Honest. It looked like. Honest, honest

J: There aint nothing there!!!!

Angela: THAT'S NOT FAIR!

P: Him didn't do it! Did he. We shock hands on it

J: You bloody cheat.

P; What?

J: You bloody bugging cheat. I saw you whisper to Audrey. It don't count!

P: Yes it does

J: Doesn't.

P: Do.

J: Doesn't.

P; Shut thee chops.

J: Shut thine!

P: Mind I don't shut them for you, big mouth

J: Yeh

P: Yeh

J; yeh

P: yeh

Aud: Give him one peter! Knock him down!

Angela: Don't let him John hit him back!

J: Cheat

Peter: Say that one more time and I will knock you teeth down your throat. Say it one more time that's all



*(Pause)*

J: Cheat!

*Peter hits John*

*They have a big fight*

*Peter runs away crying*

Peter: *(sobbing)* just –you –wait – just- you –wait – just – you – wait!

P: I'll get him I will bloody get him

D (scared) h-hello peter

P: What you doing here?

D: N-nuthing. Honest

P: I been fighting

D: You with?

P: Who with? Who with? Mind thee own!

D: Sorry

P: John Harris. That's who with!

D: Beat him did you. I expect

P *(reluctantly)* more like a draw.

D: Oh I expect you beat him really

P: What you know about it!

D: Nothing!

P: Quack quack quack quack... go on flap your wings

D: Quack quack quack

P: Him had a couple of lucky punches. I asked you what you were doing here!

D: Nothing





P: There aint no jam jars here are there?

D: No honest!!

P: I'll knock your head in for that Donald duck

D: I-I think I might know where there's some jam jars

P: Tell us then

D: You won't tell anyone else? Behind the shop in the shed there

*Siren goes off*

P: That's from the prisoner of war camp one of them bloody Ities have got loose

D: or a German

### **The wood**

Angela: Our mam says we got to come home when we hear that noise

W: Yeah and our teacher did too

Aud: We'll be alright if we stick together!

Ray: I got me knife that's summit

W: Ities are good with knives. They'll slit your throat.

Ang: I wanna go home I waana go home!

John: don't cry angie. Theres nothing to cry about honest.

Aud: and me. And I do!

Williw: p'raps we ought to get off these here path. Stop this pram from squeaking

J: Oy. Get into the trees a bit more. Find some cover.

Aud: Him wont hurt us, will he?

John: Don't expect him'll come along by here any road. They've atched him by now, I'll bet.

Willie: Stuck a bayonet in him



Ang: I hope I hope!

John: shhhh Angela! Not so much.

W: The Itie might hear us.

R: I-I-I-listen.

### **The Hollow**

J: Him won't find us down in here.

Ang: you sure?

J: Ne-ver. Course him won't.

W: We didn't stand a chance out there on the path.

J: This is nice and safe, innit?

Aud: What did you hear, Ray?

R: Him!

John: we'll have to stay here a bit

W: for how long though?

R: Till d-dark shall us?

J: They'll have the guards out after him. They'll soon catch him

Aud: What'll they do to him?

J: Shoot him

Aud: Good job

W: Where the pram?

Ang: Oh no the pram! Oh Dinah! Her'll be frightened!

J: We'll go and get the pram in a minute

W; Who will?

J: All of us



Aud: Never mind the pram

W: have a look over the top, john

J: What?

W: See if there is anybody moving about up there

J; In a minute

Aud: You're not frightened are you?

R: I-I-I-listen

*(Noises of feet)*

Willie: Raymond? What is it?

R: hark

*(They get louder)*

P: What you doing down in there?

J: Peter! Was though –

Aud: We thought you was that wop.

P: Me? That's a good un

W: Didn't you hear that siren thing?

P: Hear it? Course I heard it. I by'ant deaf be I? I was looking for that.

J: What for?

P: *(Pleased)* frightened – was you?

J: Me? 'Course I warn't

Aud: yes you was yes him was. We've been crying down here.

J: YOU you mean.

P: Donald Duck is trembling like a jelly.



W: Where is he?

P: The barn. Him oodn't leave. Come on I said. Let's go and catch the Ities. No him oodn't. Went back and hid in the corner

J: The sissy

Ang: And ou be john

Aud: You done the same!

J: That's cos we had you girls along ennit? Ennit Willie? Ennit Raymond? We boys weren't frightened was us?

W: NO!

Ray: c-c-course not

Aud: You wouldn't even have a peep, John.

Ang: And you made me leave my pram.

P: 's that right?

J: I got to look after em ain't I? This 'ere I-talian or wop or whatever he calls hisself, might have a knife. Have ou thought of that?

P: Ne-ver!

R: No that's right m-m-mind

J: And what if him's out for blood?

W: English blood.

P: I hadn't thought of that. Him could have GOT I!

W: Stuck a knife in you

P: Him won't never find us in these her woods. Will he?

J: He killed 2 or 3 guards to get out of the camp. Slit their throats.

Aud: did he?

Willie: how do you know John?

J: That's what I heard, any road



P: by gar!

W: But you been with us all the time! You ant bin out of our sight john.

Aud: You been with us the whole time

J: No I ant

Aud: Yes you bloody have

J: Even if I have it's obvious. Ennit

P: Is it?

J: They don't just open the gate and let a prisoner of wsr out – now do um?

W: no 'course not

J: Him'd have to kill oodn't he?

P: That's right. That's it. You have got it!

Ray: l-l-let's go home

J: Nobody's stopping you

R: Ent you co-c-coming?

W: Shall us? Ang: yes!

J: Nobodies stopping you

P: Nobody's stopping YOU!

Ang (tearful) What about my poor little Dinnah? Her'll cry and cry and cry

Willie: Well. I'm not going out there on me own.

Ray: N-n-nor me

Aud: Yes, but what about her doll?

J: Shall we go and get 'm Pter?

P: What? Me and you?



J: We be the best two

Ang: You can't leave us! You can't go on your own!

Aud: Somebody's got to go

Willie: You won't be long though, you will come back!

Ray: P-p-please hurry up

J: Just keep your heads down

P: And don't move

J: Don't make a sound

P: Good job you got us I reckon number 2 and number 3

J: Which is number 2?

P: You be.

J: Peters right. It's a good job you got ua. (*Warmly*) come on Peter old pal.

P: (anxious) you sure?

J: We gotta take a chance

P: oy. Come on then

J: wait here you lot. (To *Peter*) come on

P: Together shall us?

J: Oy. Together

J: If you hear anything we'll throw ourselves on the ground

P: what for?

J: That's what soldiers do

P: Yeh right

### **The Hollow**

W: I don't reckon they be safe out there. Hm'll jump out on 'um



Ang: Will they come back?

Aud: 'course they will

W: I don't trust them. I don't trust em at all. They'll run home for their dinner

Aud: Shhhhh

John: N-ooooooooo! Arghhhh! Him have got me! Aaaaaaagh !! the kknife

P: Keep away keep away noooooooooo

*(They cling to one another)*

*(John and Peter and laughing)*

P: *(whispering)* do you think they heard?

J: they-they heard all right

Willie: help help help help dddddddddyyyyyyyyyyyy

All: help help help!!

### **The Barn**

Donald sticking matches

### **The Hollow**

J: Gotcha

P: Had ya didn't us!

Aud: You DEVIL

P: Come on – let's all run for it....

### **In the Barn**

D: Aw come on come on. If it don't take this time the Japs have won. The bloody flaming bugging bloody bugging japs have won!

### **Outside the barn**



**J:** Ooof I be puffed!

**P:** (GASPING) I could have run another hundred miles

**W:** oy I bet

**Ang:** We kept up, didn't us?

**Aud:** My glasses is all steamed over.

Ray: f-f-f-f-four eyes

Aud: when the m-moon shines on the s-s-sow shed!!

J: Oh stop arguing, for go'ds sake. We be safe now, ben us? Too fast for that bloody ltitie any road.

P: Wonder if Donald duck is still hiding in the barn?

W: poor old quack quack

R: lets p-p-pretend t-to...

J: Be the Italian. Oy. That's a good 'un.

P: It have come off twice!

J: three times lucky

P: It have come off twice.

J: Three times lucky

P: Frighten him to death

W: Who is a there. I gotta kife

P: That's good that is Willie. Last one to the barn is a cissy.

*(Giggling with excitement the other 6 slam door on Donald*

D: Open the door help help help!

P: Hark at him.

W: I got a knife.

D: Help help!!





J: Him have got a fire going, the devil!

P: And him told me him didn't have no matches. Hark at him though. Good ennit?

D: Open the door please please please! Open the door pleasee!

*Fire burns and Donald dies*

W: quick quick!

J: what? Wha...?

W: (sobbing) open the door – open it!

Ang: open it!

W: Donald Donald oh Donald!

P: (crying) come on out donald! Come on old pal

J: I shall tell his mam. I shall. Silly great fool.

W: Oh don't do that. No

J: I shall tell his mam

All: Donald Donald Donald....

Raymond: P-poor Donald

Angela: He shouldn've he should've come out!

Aud: 'twasn't our fault

J: We'll be sure to ge the blame though. You can bank on it

P: I byant going to get the blame for it. I never did anything. I want even holding the door

Ang: yes you were

P: No I wasn't! I was miles away.

Aud: You was with me, peter. Wasn't you with me?

Willie: We was all together



Ang: Miles away!

W: What?

Ang: Well we were! Hiding in the trees, weren't we?

J: That's right we didn't see nothing

P: We don't know nothing about it do us?

Ray: Poor old quack quack

Into my heart, an air that kills  
From yon far country blows  
What are those blue remembered hills?  
What spires, what farms are those?  
That is the land of lost content  
I see it shining plain  
The happy highways where I went  
And cannot come again