

FORTY

A One Act Play

by

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&

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SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

FORTY

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Cast List

| | |
|--------------------|---|
| Charlie | <i>Working class family man, head of household "breadwinner". Older than the other soldiers except Sarge.</i> |
| Mother | <i>Charlie's wife, typical housewife and loving mother.</i> |
| Victoria | <i>6 - 8 year old daughter of Charlie.</i> |
| Sarge: | <i>Older soldier who is "married to the Army".</i> |
| Tomkins | <i>Young soldier but not very bright.</i> |
| Withers | <i>Young boy soldier, public schoolboy, well spoken.</i> |
| Nightingale | <i>Slightly older soldier, bit of a "wide boy".</i> |
| Fritz | <i>Tall German soldier preferably blonde.</i> |
| Lewis | <i>Modern teenager, bit of a lad.</i> |
| Charley | <i>Modern teenager, could be a schoolgirl.</i> |
| Beth | <i>Modern teenager, wears heavy make up.</i> |

FORTY - A one act play by Matt Smith, John Winson and Stephanie Winson

Director Notes

The play can be based in any part of the country so accents should be uniform, actors are working class with the exception of Withers, Nightingale and Sarge.

Withers has a polished accent as he comes from an upper class family and has been to public school.

Nightingale would be the "cockney wide boy" type.

Wolfgang - German accent

Sarge- has been in the army for years and sadly has no roots, he would not have an accent but would use a lot of slang words.

During early civilian scenes, all characters would wear old working clothes. However for the last scene today's fashion be worn.

The cottage in the opening scene can be based on the local area, a miners home, farm workers cottage or cotton mill workers cottage. Very sparsely furnished and darkly decorated.

The trench scene could be staged with a back drop or actual sand bags to give the feel of the trench, by this time all characters should be muddy, unkempt and it would be very cold, if they have greatcoats or capes they would be pulling them around themselves.

Red lighting to simulate the glow of bombs at random intervals would set a good scene as would the sound of bombs at various sound levels.

At the end of Scene 3 they follow the runner off stage with their heads bowed and in a slow trudge, if conditions allow it could be staged with half exiting each side.

"FORTY"

Preface

11.11.18 - A date in time and history which slowly melts into obscurity with each passing year. "Oh yeah, that's when the First World War ended didn't it?"

Well yes it did end, at 11am to be exact. Yet right up to the last moment men continued to fall, sent to their deaths by the higher ranks. Who made these decisions, why and what was the thinking behind it all? We will probably never really know.

This story "Forty" (just add 11 + 11 + 18) is a tale concerning these times.

Charles Wadey (Private 1473 - 7th Battalion, The Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment) actually died on Tuesday 4th January 1916. he was 28 years old and prior to "joining up to do his bit" he had indeed been a milkman. His grave (Ref: I A 26) is located in the Norfolk Cemetery, Becordel-Becourt, on the Somme. He was my great grandfather.

**Matt Smith
September 2007**

O Valiant Hearts

**O Valiant hearts who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.**

George Lawrence Price

Private George Lawrence Price (Regimental Number: 256265) was a Canadian soldier who is traditionally recognised as being the last soldier killed during the First World War.

After crossing the Canal Du Centre into the town of Ville-sur-Haine under German machine gun fire, Pte Price and his patrol moved toward a row of houses intent on pursuing the machine gunner who had harrassed their crossing of the canal. The patrol had entered the house they had thought the shooting had come from but found the Germans had exited through the back door as they entered the front. They then pursued into the house next door and again found it empty. George Price was fatally shot in the region of his heart by a German sniper as he stepped out of the house into the street at 10.58am November 11th 1918, just two minutes before the armistice ceasefire that ended the war went into effect at 11.00am.

He is buried at St. Symphorien Military Cemetery, just southwest of mons.

There is also a marker beside the Canal Du Centre in the town of Ville-Sur-Haine that marks the place where Private Price was shot.

FORTY

by Matt Smith John Winson & Stephanie Winson

SCENE 1

(Play opens in the parlour of a small cottage. MOTHER is sitting in a chair with her little girl, VICTORIA on her lap. They are reading a bedtime story. Victoria, with her hair in bunches is dressed ready for bed. They are a working class family living in modest comfort).

Mother: *(Putting the book down).* That's enough for tonight, time for bed now
(VICTORIA hugs her MOTHER, as she is doing so the noise of the front door opening is heard and CHARLIE walks in).

Victoria: Daddy *(She runs to CHARLIE who picks her up and/or gives her a big hug).*

Charlie: 'ello my love *(and then in mock anger wags his finger in her face).* you should be in bed by now.

Victoria: Ohh Daddy *(hugging him tight and wagging her finger back in his face).* you know I don't go to bed until I've said goodnight to my Daddy. *(They both gaze at each other with great affection watched benignly by MOTHER who interrupts the moment).*

Mother: Charlie you're 'ome early *(MOTHER and CHARLIE exchange a poignant look and then to Victoria whilst holding Charlie's gaze) go on you, up you go and don't wake your brother.*

(CHARLIE puts her down/lets her go and VICTORIA turns to go to bed).

Victoria: *(sweetly)* I won't, goodnight Mummy *(she wags her finger at CHARLIE).* Goodnight Daddy.

Charlie: 'night darlin'

(VICTORIA goes off to bed still wagging her finger at her father. CHARLIE watches her go and wags his finger back at her. He then turns back to MOTHER. He appears to be steeling himself for an announcement. there is a nervous silence as CHARLIE sits down and rubs his shins for something to do).

Charlie: *(As he sits down he begins to speak).* Bloomin' milk round, my legs is killin' me

Mother: *(Also feeling awkward.)* Oh yeah the err Doctor give us some ointment for George's rash.

Pause as they both try to take an interest in each others news

Mother: *(unhappily)*. I saw Peggy in the Baker's this morning, she looks fit to pop.
(pause) There's some tea in the pot, would you like one?

Charlie: *(His mind elsewhere)* Erm Yes please

(MOTHER pours a cup of tea and hands it to CHARLIE).

Charlie: Ta I err

(MOTHER cuts him off quickly).

Mother: I 'ear Mrs Thirwell got another letter today, that's her husband and two sons gone now, poor woman's 'eartbroken

Charlie: Ay ay well I saw Arthur Walsh on me round this morning, 'is lad Stanley caught a packet somewhere near that "Wipers" place

Mother: *(Horried)*. That must be more than twelve from the village now

Charlie: Ay well erm me and some of the lads we was talking down the pub about going over there you know *(pauses to gauge MOTHER'S reaction. MOTHER sits on the edge of her seat.)* Johnny Nightingale and Billy Tompkins are joining up *(MOTHER wipes away a tear with her handkerchief.)* even Mr Wither's son is going.

Mother: *(distressed.)* But 'e's only fifteen 'e's only just finished at that posh school? 'e's

Charlie: *(interrupts her and stands up proudly)*. An' I'm going wiv 'em

Mother: *(distressed)*. But Charlie

Charlie: *(Striking his chest proudly)*. For King and country! *(Sees MOTHER'S reaction.)* well somebody 'as to look after 'em an' anyway, it'll be all over by Christmas you'll see.

Mother: *(tearfully)*. They said that last year - remember?

Victoria: *(calling out from off)*. Dad-dy can you come and tuck me in please?
Dad-dy!

(CHARLIE and MOTHER look sadly at each other, lights fade to spot on side of stage).

The Soldier by Rupert Brooke is read

*If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.*

(Lights then fade to black out).

SCENE 2

(Continues in the cottage, some time after CHARLIE'S departure. MOTHER is sitting in her chair darning some socks. The baby is asleep near the fire. VICTORIA is sat at the table trying to read a nursery rhyme book stumbling over the words, MOTHER is helping her. There is a knock at the door).

Victoria: *(jumping up. Excitedly).* That will be the post man Mummy, I'll go and see him, he might have a letter from *(she disappears).*

Mother: Shhh darling you will wake up Georgie.

Victoria: Mummy, mummy a letter has arrived for you, I think it's from Daddy, I think it's his writing is it? Is it mummy? Is it ?

Mother: It's probably another letter from that horrid landlord, that mean old man, just because daddy has gone to war, he thinks he can put the rent up whenever he feels like it

Victoria: *(Still excited, waving the envelope in MOTHER'S face).* Here you are mummy, can we open it?

Mother: *(stands up hesitantly as if nervous before gathering herself and putting on a brave face).* Oh yes of course darling, *(takes the letter and looks at the writing).* Thank you darling, you're right of course they're definitely daddy's "R's" let's 'ave a look then and see what Daddy has to say, I do

hope 'e's keeping safe over there. (*MOTHER opens the letter*). Oh look oh Victoria daddy has made a silk postcard (*holding it up*). "To my darling daughter - Victoria".

(*VICTORIA looks at it in wonder*).

Victoria: (*taking the postcard in awe*). Ohh mummy it's beautiful, look at the colours, how did daddy do this while the horrid Germans were trying to shoot him? My Daddy is the cleverest daddy in the whole world wait 'till I show Emily

Mother: (*Clearly emotional*). Yes darling, he certainly is (*sits and starts to read letter, while VICTORIA listens*).

(*Charlie's voice is heard reading his letter to MOTHER, VICTORIA and GEORGE*).

My dearest Susan,

Just a few lines dear to tell you I am still in the land of the living and keeping well, trusting you are the same. I have just received your letter and was pleased to get it. It were quicker this time it only took five days. We are not in the same place dear, in fact we don't stay in the same place for very long. We are having very nice weather at present and I hope it continues. I have made Victoria a silk postcard which should be with this letter and I am now working on a trinket for little George made from a spent shell case. I hope you are keeping well and not fretting, because I will be home soon my love.

*Fondest love and kisses from your
loving husband*

*Charlie
xxxxxx*

Victoria: Mummy, can I go to Emily's house now and show her my postcard

Mother: Yes yes, of course sweetheart, mind you don't lose it.

Victoria: (*exiting happily*). Bye Mummy!

(*MOTHER sits down, looks at the letter again and starts to weep. BABY GEORGE starts to cry off stage. MOTHER composes herself and stands to leave*).

Blackout.

SCENE 3

(Flash/Bang in darkness. Scene opens with 4 pals and their sergeant sitting in trench waiting. TOMKINS is playing "Keep the home fires burning" on his harmonica. It is early morning before dawn on the 11/11/18. They are sitting with their backs to the sandbags, facing the audience at a diagonal and they are lit from below with a reddish night time glow. Some more flash/bangs go off then some machine gun fire is heard. The dialogue begins with lots of flashes in distance from behind trench, and the flashing of exploding shells continues throughout the scene).

Charlie: *(holding letter).* Letter from missus, cats gonna have kittens

Tomkins: What's 'is name?

Sarge: Unlikely to be a "him" don't you think Tomkins?

Nightingale: Ha ha ha perhaps Tommo don't know the difference between boys an' girls eh Sarge?

Charlie: 'Ave a guess

Tomkins: What about?

Nightingale: The name of his cat you dimwit.

Tomkins: Oh er er kitty?

Nightingale: Jees, can't you come up wiv nothing better than "kitty?" What about Lavender, my aunt had one called Lavender, nice little thing, got run over by the Milkman.

Tomkins: You'se a milkman ain't ya Charlie?

Charlie: Yeah, seems like a lifetime ago

Sarge: C'mon lads, lets get some rest, need to conserve your energy for the big push

Withers: I I I I'm scared sergeant, *(indicates over the top of the trench).* I don't want to go over My Grandfather was killed in the Charge of the Light Brigade, he was decorated.

Tomkins: My dad's a decorator.

Nightingale: I know a bloke who can get him some cheap paint if he's interested.

Sarge: Shut it you two, his Grandfather, Colonel Withers was a hero. You ain't gonna die Withers, you're gonna be ok.

Withers: Am I sergeant? How can you be sure?

Sarge: Because I'm the sergeant and I'm in charge

Withers: Yes you are *(relieved).* You know best sergeant *(thinking)* but hang on a moment, Private Smith was scared last week and you said he was

going to be all right and he was killed a few minutes later (*starts to stand up*).

Sarge: (*grabs him and pulls him down*) (*shouting*). Sit down for god's sake boy (*a loud rattle of machine gun fire is heard*). Smiffy got shot in the face because HE kept standing up!

Withers: (*getting a bit hysterical*). I don't think I can stand this much longer

Sarge: (*kindly*). Listen son, we all wanna get out of here, so lets keep our 'eads down, get some kip, and then were gonna go over the top and give the hun a good seeing to right lads? Right Lads?

(*They all nod reluctantly*).

Tomkins: One of the stretcher bearers said he 'eard there was gonna be an armistiey.

Nightingale: Armistice you mean?

Tomkins: Yeah, one of them We could all do wiv one of them what is an armisticey?

Sarge: (*a little uneasy*). Well, it means that the Hun may be surrendering and well we can all go home

Withers: (*quietly almost to himself*). the literal meaning is a cessation of fighting by mutual consent

Charlie: Amen to that lads.

Tomkins: (*beginning to stand - overjoyed*). We can go 'ome?

Sarge: (*grabbing him, machine gun fire*). Siddown boy, how many more times? (*getting cross*). There's no armistice until we get orders saying there is one, so let's get some rest eh? We're going over in a while

Withers: Well, I heard a similar story from one of the miners and if this armistice has been signed then it would be futile to send more soldiers to their deaths, I mean

Sarge: (*slightly threatening, pointing at WITHERS*). If we've got orders to go over boy, over we go

Withers: (*getting agitated*). But sergeant, surely What is the point are the Generals really thinking clearly hasn't there been enough carnage can't we just stay where we are or (*begins to stand*). go back to the reserve trench

Sarge: (*grabbing him*). Siddown you'll get one in a minute I'll have you shot for disobeying orders

Nightingale: (*dryly*). If he keeps standing up, he's gonna get shot anyway Sarge

Sarge: I'll decide when he gets shot, not some bloody fritz

Withers: *(becoming hysterical)*. But why should we go over if they've surrendered?

Charlie: *(sensing the rising mutiny tries to diffuse the situation)*. I'd be 'alf way round with me deliveries by now if I were back 'ome

(They all turn to look at him, as he gets out his "Mary Tin" and eats a sweet and admires the picture tucked inside the lid).

Nightingale: 'Ere, where did you get that "Mary Tin" Charlie, you wasn't 'ere in 14 was you?

Charlie: Nah, it was me brothers *(Stares into distance deep in thought)*.

Sarge: I was 'ere in 14 freezin' it were we met Gerry in no mans land on Christmas Day, bloody 'ell, can't imagine it happening now swapped me "Mary Tin" for a pair of socks, bloody good ones too, lasted 6 months

Nightingale: *(laughing)*. Gather round lads, let's hear the story of how Sarge got new socks from the Hun

(Lights dim and SARGE is standing on the tab, he is not yet a "Sarge", but he is young and nervous. A GERMAN SOLDIER walks cautiously towards him; they are both nervous and in one single spotlight).

Wolfgang: *(warily)*. Hallo Tommy.

Sarge: Err Hello Fritz

(There is a poignant and nervous pause as both men realise the significance of the moment and eventually their eyes meet).

Sarge: *(getting out his new "Mary Tin")*. Chocolate errrm Schokolde er

Wolfgang: Dank thank you *(Takes the chocolate but is unsure what to say next)*. das ist kalt *(rubbing his hands, he realises he has spoken German and translates for Sarge)*. it is cold.

Sarge: Yeah bleeding cold mate

Wolfgang: *(Speaking quickly, eager to break the awkwardness of the moment)*. Wurde Sie, einen cigarette mogen? *(Realising he is speaking German again)*. ahh sorry a cigarette?

Sarge: Oh yeaherthanks er danke

(They both have a good look at each other).

Sarge: (*emotionally, slightly accusingly*). Bloody war I lost my best mate yesterday a good man Bob

Wolfgang: (*sadly nodding*). Ve all loose our best friends everyday Tommy

Sarge: (*accepting the futility of the situation*). Yeah

Wolfgang: (*gets out a photo of his wife and child and proudly holds it out for SARGE to see*). Meine Frau and Sohn

Sarge: Oh yeah pretty lady bonny boy too

Wolfgang: (*pleased with Sarge's remark*). Thank you, I hope I vill be with zem soon do you have ?

Sarge: Oh erm no just me Mum back home sent me some new writing paper for Christmas wish she'd sent me socks my feet (*stamps his feet*).

Wolfgang: (*puzzled*). Schade verstehe ich nicht er sorry I don't understand

(*SARGE points to his feet*).

Sarge: Er socken

Wolfgang: (*suddenly understanding*). Ahhh socken, ja sehe ich SOCKS!!

Sarge: (*a bit annoyed by Wolfgang's amusement*.) Well, it's alright for you blokes over there with yer

Wolfgang: (*interrupts him and pulls out a pair of thick woolly socks*). Fur sie mein freund (*and proudly presents him with the socks*). Frolicher Weihnachten - Tommy! (*seeing the puzzled look on Sarge's face*). Merry Christmas Tommy!

(*SARGE takes the socks and looks at the Mary Tin in his hand. Suddenly he makes a decision*).

Sarge: (*offering the tin to WOLFGANG*). Here for you it's nearly full (*a voice is heard shouting in ENGLISH off stage*). I I have to go my Sarge is (*they hold each others gaze for a few seconds and then he nods at Wolfgang knowing they will never meet on these terms again and runs off*).

(*WOLFGANG is left standing there looking at the tin*).

Wolfgang: (*sadly, looking into the distance*). Sie sind ein guter Mann -Tommy, wir sind alle guten Manner (*and then in ENGLISH*) Ve are all good men

(*Lights fade*).

(The scene changes back to the trenches).

Sarge: 'Course never saw him again that Gerry, 'spect he's dead by now, who knows? Not many left from back then.

Tomkins: *(changing the subject).* Nah s'pose not er did you 'ave an 'orse Charlie? On yer milk round I mean?

Charlie: Oh aye, lovely old girl she was, she went to Flanders too

Tomkins: What were her name Charlie?

Charlie: *(sadly, looking into the distance).* Poppy were her name Poppy

Tomkins: Where is she now?

Charlie: Dunno dead too I suppose *(wistfully)*. Missus has to deliver milk with the handcart.

Withers: *(sadly, appears resigned to his fate).* My father had twenty of his best mares and ten stallions requisitioned for Ypres; I expect they have all perished. animals that's all they were that's how we are treated, like animals. That's how we are going to die, like animals

Charlie: *(brightly.)* Gonna get a new one, when I get back lovely big mare dappled maybe your old dad could help me get one eh, Withers?

Withers: *(gazing into the distance).* I don't think we are going to get back Charlie

Nightingale: I know a bloke in Wallington, he can get racehorses

Sarge: Christ Nightingale, if Charlie's got a bloody racehorse tearing round to deliver the milk he'll be back before he's left, and all the bloody milk'll be churned into butter

Charlie: *(smiling)*. Wouldn't mind a pat of butter right now, on a freshly baked roundel of scone

Tomkins: Yeah *(smacks his lips)* mmmm

(A RUNNER appears from stage right).

Runner: *(shouting).* Follow me, positions please, the whistle's going to go in five minutes

(They all stand with heads bowed and start to follow the runner off stage right).

(In Flanders Fields is read).

In Flanders Fields

By: Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, MD (1872 - 1918).

Canadian Army

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

(Blackout).

SCENE 4

(MOTHER is sewing in her chair, VICTORIA enters bringing the mornings post).

Victoria: *(excitedly)*. Mummy, mummy, the postman has delivered this letter, is it from Daddy, has he made me another silk postcard? Has he? *(handing it over)*. has he, has he? I know he's he's he's telling us when he's coming home isn't he?

Mother: *(standing up, she recognises the envelope and tries to maintain her poise)*. Oh yes, thank you darling, err no I think it's a letter from er Nana yes I recognise the postmark II think I'll open it after

Victoria: Oh Mummy, Mummy open it now please, it might be from Daddy, perhaps he's at the station, perhaps we've to meet him immediately

Mother: *(trying desperately to control her emotions)*. Now run along darling, I Ithink you're getting a bit excited, the war only ended a few weeks ago, I expect there's still lots of jobs to do over there

Victoria: Yes, still a few horrid Germans to shoot I expect.

Mother: *(close to tears)* Oh no darling, no more shooting, that thatwouldn't

be allowed. Now now run along and play, there's a good girl

Victoria: Yes Mummy (*thinking hard, starts to leave but turns back.*) do you think they'll let Daddy keep his gun?

Mother: (*trying to smile*). Oh no sweetheart, Daddy wouldn't want to keep a gun now would he now off you go

Victoria: (*leaving again*). Mummy, if Daddy does come home today and I'm in bed, can you make sure he comes and tucks me in?

Mother: (*almost in tears*). Oh yes of course darling

(*VICTORIA, satisfied with answer skips off humming to herself. MOTHER waits until she has gone and quickly opens the letter. As she reads the news she has been dreading she sits down and stares into space. CHARLIE'S voice is heard from back stage repeating his line from Act 1*).

Charlie: For king and country! well, somebody 'as to look after 'em and anyway, it'll all be over by Christmas you'll see.

(*Pause and fade to blackout*).

SCENE 5

(*Modern day park with war memorial and a couple of old poppy wreaths lying on the floor. THREE TEENAGERS are mooching around. There's a bit of flirting, machismo and general silliness. LEWIS is threatening to spray the memorial with some paint*).

Lewis: (*with spray can*). Here we go for the latest "Lewis Tag".

Charley: (*girl*). 'Ere, leave off Lewis, what do you think you're doing? My great great Granddad's name is on that

Lewis: Ohh don't get yer knickers in a twist Charley Which one is he anyway, I'll spray 'im first if you like

Charley: Charles Wadey if you must know, he's there near the bottom.

Lewis: (*looking in the wrong place*). Can't see 'im, where is it?

Charley: They are in alphabetical order you dim wit.

Lewis: (*reading slowly*.) Smiff Thirwell Tomkins Wadey! Oh yeah I see, so you're named after a geezer then ha!! Geezer Bird, geezer bird Charley is a geezer bird!!!

Charley: Grow up Lewis.

Beth: (*having a closer look*). Yeah shut up Lewis, I didn't know your great great

gramps was on the memorial Charley.

Charley: Yeah, he died on the last day of the war how crap is that? My great Grandma Victoria used to say she just about remembered him going down to the station to go off to war, he never came back.

Lewis: (*sniggering*). You mean he went all through the war thing and snuffed it on the last day, nice touch what was 'is middle name Lucky?

Beth: Oh don't be horrid Lewis, thousands of men were killed on the last day, it was important back then and it's important now

Lewis: Oh yeah and all they got were their names chipped into a stone thing for it sod that for a game of soldiers.

Charley: Things were different then, people cared about stuff, they had values

Lewis: Dunno why all them blokes bothered, nothing much round here worth dying for (*mischievously*). 'cept maybe Beth's knockers!

Charley: (*with a sigh*). Typical bloke aren't you Lewis?

(*LEWIS grins in reply, Beth looks thoughtful*).

Beth: (*to herself*). I think I've got values.

Lewis: (*eyeing BETH up*). Well show us yer values then darlin'!!

Charley: (*disgusted.*) Lewis, you're such a savage

Beth: (*pretending to be disgusted by him, but actually quite pleased with the attention*). You'll have to catch me first

Lewis: (*delighted by the challenge and shouting*). Warning warning, Lewis the super stud alert, whoop, whoop (*dalek like*). Show me your values - show me your values (*And chases BETH around the memorial and off stage to much giggling and squeaking*).

Charley: (*out loud to the memorial*). Sorry Gramps, they're good guys really, even Lewis.

(*Just then from round the back of the memorial a little girl walks round - it is VICTORIA from Act 1*).

Victoria: Hello Charley.

Charley: Ohh God you made me jump, where did you come from?

Victoria: I always come here.

Charley: Oh, why's that?

Victoria: I like it here

Charley: (*suddenly realising the little girl knew her name.*) How do you know my name? Are you from around here? (*no answer*). What's your name?

Victoria: Victoria of course, I always come and say goodnight to my Daddy.

Charley: *(not comprehending)*. Say goodnight to your ?

(VICTORIA starts to walk around the memorial disappearing out of sight as LEWIS enters).

Lewis: Who are you talking to?

Charley: Ohh, now you made me jump er that little girl

Lewis: What little girl?

Charley: The one that was here a moment ago went round there *(pointing)*.
Where's Beth?

Lewis: Gone 'ome, *(looking around the memorial)*. there's no girl here.

Charley: *(thoughtfully, keeps looking at the memorial and where VICTORIA disappeared from view)*. Well I I think I'm going home night Lewis
(looks back at memorial as she exits) Victoria?

Lewis: *(picking up the spray can again)*. Yeah see ya tomorrow, now then Lewis
my man, lets see what we can do with the Charley Wadey memorial for silly
old gits dot com forward slash "keep yer 'eads down lads "

(As he makes to start spraying the memorial the lights go dim, there is the sound of a big gun firing once, LEWIS stops to listen, unsure what the noise is, the initial noise is followed by a long "wizz-bang" getting louder until the "shell" "lands" with a huge BANG!

LEWIS panicked by the huge noise drops the can and crouches down by the memorial. After the "bang" he looks up as he is gently showered with dirt and soil, trying to comprehend what's going on. He stands up and looks wildly around before running off shouting after CHARLEY).

CURTAIN