

# **"SAY GOODBYE TO SATCHWELL ROAD"**

A Musical Drama

by

**PETER NIXON**

**SchoolPlay Productions Ltd**

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

# IS IT TIME YET, DAD?

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## CAST

### *LONDON, SATCHWELL ROAD:*

#### Crawford family:

**Mr. Stan Crawford** (*bank clerk*)

**Mrs. Peggy Crawford**

**Patricia** (*12*)

**May** (*11*)

**Jerry** (*10*)

**Mickey** (*6*)

#### Haynes family:

**Mr. Jack Haynes** (*bus driver*)

**Mrs. Vera Haynes**

**Barbara** (*11*)

**George** (*10*)

**Charlie** (*9*)

#### Gridley family:

**Miss Gridley**

**Doreen** (*10-11*)

#### Spedding family:

**Mrs. Rita Spedding** (*barmaid*)

**Barry** (*11*)

**Brian** (*11*)

#### Other London children:

**Gordon Wright** (*11*) *friend of Jerry,*

**Joan Forsyth** (*10*) *friend of May and Barbara,*

**Maurice Keates** (*9*) *friend of George and Charlie,*

**Kay Tuffin** (*9*) *friend of Doreen,*

**Archie Tuffin** (*6*) *Kay's brother, friend of Charlie,*

**Other Evacuees** - *as needed; can double with village children.*

#### Other London adults:

**Mr. John Reed** (*teacher*)

**Mr. Bell** (*headmaster*)

**Mrs. Stoddart** (*WVS*)

**Railway Guard**

*Several more parents, enough for all evacuees at*

*departure.B.B.C.: (all can double with other parts)*

**Announcer**  
**Minister of Health**  
**Princess Elizabeth**  
**L.C.C. Chairman**

NORFOLK, WHEATON SAINT MARTIN:

Reception Committee:

**Colonel Glover**  
**Rev. John Hammond** (*vicar*)  
**Miss Leach** (*postmistress*)

Village hosts:

**Mrs. Crabtree** (*middle age widow*)  
**Miss Ferguson** (*early thirties spinster*)  
**Mr. Thompson** (*retired sea officer*)  
**Miss Hicks** (*village school teacher*)  
**Mrs. Sargent** (*farmer*)  
*Several more hosts, three speaking, enough to take in all evacuees*

Village children:

**Ronnie Duckworth** (*Veronica, 11*)  
**Joe Pearce** (*11*)  
**Tom Sutton** (*10*)  
**Freda Burrell** (*10*)  
**Alf Sargent** (*9*) *son of Mrs. Sargent*  
**Betty Sargent** (*8*) *sister of Alf*  
*Other village children to make up number similar to evacuees.*

*Cast totals: (named parts only):*

**London children: 15**

**London adults: 10**

**Village adults: 8**

**Total named parts 43.**

**Village children 6**

**B.B.C.: 4**

## MUSIC CUES

No:	Title / Writers:	Publisher / Source:
1	<b>Prelude: Oranges and Lemons</b> (Trad)	
2	{ <b>Deutschland Uber Alles</b> { (Haydn) { <b>Whistle While You Work</b> { (Churchill / Morley)	<i>Bourne Music Ltd</i>
3	<b>There is a Happy Land, far, far away</b> ( <i>'Indian Air' / Young</i> )	<i>The English Hymnal No. 608</i>
4	<b>Oranges and Lemons [Reprise]</b> (Trad)	
5	<b>Marching Along Together</b> ( <i>Steininger / Pola</i> )	<i>P. Maurice Mus Co (c/o EMI)</i>
6	<b>Wish Me Luck</b> ( <i>Parr / Park</i> )	<i>Chappell Music Ltd</i>
7	<b>In The Quarter Master's Stores</b> ( <i>Trad / Box / Co / Read</i> )	<i>Cavendish Music Ltd</i>
8	<b>Goodnight Children Everywhere</b> ( <i>Rogers / Phillips</i> )	<i>Cecil Lennox Ltd</i>
9	<b>There is a Happy Land, far, far away [reprise]</b> ( <i>'Indian Air' / Young</i> )	<i>The English Hymnal No. 608</i>
10	<b>Run Rabbit Run</b> ( <i>Gay / Butler</i> )	<i>Noel Gay Music / Campbell Connelly &amp; Co</i>
11	<b>Hey Little Hen</b> ( <i>Gay / Butler</i> )	<i>Noel Gay Music / Campbell Connelly &amp; Co 12All</i>

- things Bright and Beautiful**  
(Trad / Shaw / Alexander) *Songs of Praise No. 444*
- 13 Why Has a Cow Got Four Legs?**  
(Ellis / Furber ) *Chappell Music Ltd.*
- 14 Let the People Sing**  
(Gay / Grant / Eyton) *Noel Gay Music*
- 15 Once in Royal David's City**  
(Gauntlett / Alexander) *Songs of Praise No. 368*
- 16 O Little Town of Bethlehem**  
(Trad / Brooks) *Songs of Praise No. 79*
- 17 Roll Out the Barrel**  
(Brown / Timm / Vejvoda) *Keith Prowse Music Publishing*
- 18 Der Fuehrer's Face**  
*Oliver Wallace* *Southern Music Publishing Co.*
- 19 Kings of Orient**  
(Hopkins) *Oxford Book of Carols No. 195*
- 20 Away in a Manger**  
*Trad.*
- 21 { Hark the Herald Angels Sing**  
{ *(M-Bartholdy / Wesley & others)*  
**{ There'll Always Be an England**  
{ *(Parker / Charles)* *Dash Music Co. Ltd.*
- 22 Oranges and Lemons [Reprise]**  
(Trad)
- 23 Wish Me Luck [Reprise]**  
(Parr / Park) *Chappell Music Ltd*

# "SAY GOODBYE TO SATCHWELL ROAD"

by Peter Nixon

## PART ONE

### SCENE 1

*Satchwell Road School Playground - Monday 28 August 1939, 9.00 am.*

#### MUSIC 1: PRELUDE

*London Children playing games or standing and chatting. One group, which includes MICKEY, are playing **ORANGES AND LEMONS**.*

**Children:** .... Here comes a candle to light you to bed,  
and here comes a chopper to chop off your head:  
Chip, chop, chip, chop.... the last man's DEAD!

*(MICKEY is caught. He screams. He is comforted by MAY and her friends.  
MAURICE, GEORGE, CHARLIE and ARCHIE are chatting).*

**George:** We had a smashing time down at Eastbourne.

**Maurice:** We went to Clacton. It was terrific. The sun shone every day.

**Charlie:** My dad says its been the hottest summer ever.

**Maurice:** Then why've they dragged us back here a whole week early?

**Archie:** Not fair, it ain't.

**Gordon:** *(coming over, with JERRY).* I expect it's all that Schiklegruber's fault.  
Hey, Jerry?

**George:** Schikle.... what? Who's he, then?

**Gordon:** Achtung! Silence for the leader of the Third Ricebag. Der one and only  
Fohrer of the Nasti party; Adolf Schiklegruber!

**Jerry:** Sieg Heil mein Liebschens! Himmel und Blitzen! Schpitz und Fritz und  
Pitz! Mein Kampf an' your Dampf an' his Stampf!

**Gordon:** Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!

**Brian:** Oh no, not Jerry the blimmin' Jerry again. We had enough of that last term.

**Barry:** Put a sock in it, Jerry!

**Jerry:** Nein, nein! I am Adolf Schiklegruber, ze greatest painter in ze world! You  
vant your house painted? I painted all ze houses in Austria in one week.

**Maurice:** Is that why you marched into Czechoslovakia as well?

**Jerry:** Those naughty Czechs! They insult me! They call me a voman!. HER  
Schiklegruber, they go.

**All:** Her Schiklegruber! Her Schilkegruber!

**Jerry:** Hambag und Ricebag! Take care or I come und paint YOUR houses!

**Maurice:** You couldn't paint a sausage you old rice pudding!

**Jerry:** Swinehund! Just for that you back to school one veek early.

**Charlie:** Get lost you silly old Nasti!

**George:** Awful Adolf!

**Maurice:** Daft old Foohrer!

**Archie:** You're horrible, HER Hitler!

**Jerry:** (*mock horror*). You call me Her Hitler! Zis means VAR! (*He and GORDON make mock salutes and begin marching to and fro singing the word 'Schiklegruber' to DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES. Everyone else leaps around them jeering and singing*).

*MUSIC 2: [Unaccompanied]*

**DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES / WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK**

**All:** (*sing one chorus*)

*Whistle while you work,  
Hitler is a twerp,  
He's half barmy,  
So's his army,  
Whistle while you work.*

(*MR. REED enters and blows a whistle. All freeze. On a second whistle all line up*).

**Reed:** Morning everyone. Welcome back to Satchwell Road. Glad to see you all so bright and cheerful on the first day of term. Now pay attention: Mr. Bell, the Headmaster, has some important information for you. (*The HEADMASTER has entered*).

**Bell:** Thank you, Mr. Reed. Good morning, school.

**School:** Good morning, sir.

**Bell:** You may be seated. It is much to be regretted that you have been obliged to return to school a week early, but the international situation has assumed an aspect of the deepest gravity. As you will be aware, last week Russia and Germany signed a mutual pact of non-aggression, as a consequence of which His Majesty's Government has initiated certain precautionary measures, including the mobilisation of the armed forces and the imminent introduction of conscription. (*He consults with MR. REED, giving him a sheaf of envelopes*).

**Barry:** 'Ere, anyone know wot he's going on about?

**Patricia:** He's talking about the war.

**Barry:** Don't be soft, he ain't said the word war once. (*BARRY is shushed as MR. BELL turns to speak again*).

**Bell:** This morning, instead of the normal timetable, we will be conducting a series of air-raid practices, and tomorrow the local A.R.P. warden will be issuing each of you with a gas mask. (*He pauses and steps closer*). I am afraid, children, that when this war comes, it will affect everyone in the country, even us here at Satchwell Road. In fact you must all be prepared for the possibility of evacuation; in connection with which you will each take a letter home to your parents, this afternoon. Now we will sing Hymn No. 608: "There is a Happy Land, far, far away." (*CHILDREN rise and sing*).

*MUSIC 3: THERE IS A HAPPY LAND*

**All:**                *There is a Happy Land, far, far away  
Where Saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day,  
Oh how they sweetly sing  
"Worthy is our Saviour King,  
Loud let his praises sing; praise, praise for aye."*

**Solo:**                *There is a Happy Land, far, far away  
Where you get bread and jam, three times a day.  
Oh how the Angels yell  
When they hear the dinner bell  
They're fed so blimmin' well: far, far away.*

(*During the solo the CHILDREN line up to receive their envelopes. Then they begin to disperse*).

*SCENE 2*

*Outside the School. 3.30 p.m. CHILDREN going home carrying letters. The girls, PATRICIA, MAY, BARBARA, JOAN, DOREEN and KAY are chatting. BRIAN and BARRY SPEDDING stand to one side, away from the girls.*

**Doreen:** What's this letter all about, Kay? Got any ideas?

**Kay:** It's very important, Mr. Bell said so.

**Joan:** It's something to do with, "The possibility of.... um....Vacuation."

**Doreen:** What's that? I couldn't understand what old Ding-Dong was going on about.

**Joan:** Evacuation.... There were some other long words as well. I don't know what they mean: Conscription.... Mobilation....

**Patricia:** (*looking up from her book*). Mobilization, Joan. It means calling up the army to fight.

**Joan:** Sounds like the army doesn't it: MobilizaSHUN.... ConscripSHUN....

**Patricia:** Conscription is where they make people join the army whether they want to or not.

**Barbara:** They force people?

**Kay:** Girls as well? (*BARRY and BRIAN are wandering over*).

**Barry:** Wouldn't need to force us, would they Bri? We'd go and have a smash at Hitler any day.

**Patricia:** Sorry to disappoint you but you do have to be over eighteen.

**Brian:** Cor what a swiz. I'd love to have a go at Heil Schiklegruber. First I'd stick his feet in plaster of Paris; then I'd get a match and singe the edge of his moustache; then I'd get a dirty great pair of pincers and....

**Kay:** (*hands over her ears*). Don't be horrible!

**Doreen:** Shut up, Brian Spedding, you bloodthirsty pig.

**Barry:** What's the matter with you? You lot ought to be grateful for us protecting you. Don't you know Germans bomb women and girls specially?

**Brian:** It's to stop 'em having babies.

**May:** Don't talk utter rot. How can they tell if someone's a girl from right up there?

**Barry:** Oh, they've got special machines, ain't they Bri?

**Brian:** 'S right. That's fer certain.

**Kay:** I'm going home.

**May:** Haven't you two got anything better to do than go round frightening little girls? You're cowardly bullies, the pair of you.

**Brian:** Did you hear wot she said, Barry?

**Barry:** Just say that again.... (*They advance on MAY. Enter MRS. RITA SPEDDING*).

**Rita:** Barry! Brian! What do you think you're doing?

**Brian:** Not now, mum, we're busy.

**Rita:** I told you two to be home by three o'clock. Now come on.

**Barry:** Oh, what for?

**Rita:** I'll give you what for if you don't get over here sharpish. We're going to Uncle Bert's. He's got some special gas masks he can let us have cheap.

**Brian:** What, fell off the back of an A.R.P. lorry, did they?

**Barry:** Don't need 'em, mum, we're gonna get free ones at school tomorrow.

**Rita:** I shan't tell you again. Barry. Brian. (*They slink over, much to the amusement of the GIRLS. MRS. SPEDDING sees the envelopes*).

**Rita:** And what's this, then?

**Brian:** From school. It's all about.... er.... what's it about?

**Patricia:** (*spelling it out*). E-vac-u-ation.

**Brian:** Yeah. Evac ... Evac ... What she said.

**Rita:** Vacation? You don't need none of that. You had it all done as a baby.  
Barry's arm swelled up something shocking, didn't it Barry?

**Barry:** I don't know, mum.

**Rita:** Now come along you cheeky monkeys before I give the pair of you a good  
hiding. (*They hang back. MRS. SPEDDING grabs their ears*).

**Rita:** March! (*They protest as they go. The GIRLS laugh*).

**May:** Serves them right.

**Kay:** Patricia. I'm sorry to be a nuisance, but please can you tell me what  
evacuation is?

**Barbara:** Why are we taking a letter home about it?

**Patricia:** (*looking it up in a dictionary*). Better be quite precise about this.  
(*reads*). "Evacuate - to throw out the contents of, to empty (stomach)."

**Doreen:** Stomach?

**Barbara:** That can't be right, surely?

**Patricia:** "Evacuation - to withdraw to a place of greater safety from a place of  
danger." (*Silence*).

**Barbara:** Oh. (*KAY begins to cry*).

### **ANNOUNCEMENT A**

**Announcer:** This is the B.B.C. Home Service. There follows an official  
announcement by the Minister of Health.

**Minister:** Do you realise what evacuation means? It means that in time of  
emergency your children must leave their homes and all that is familiar to  
them in order to be safeguarded from the danger of air attack on the big towns  
and find greater measure of safety in the country. Of course it means  
heartache to be separated from your children but you can be quite sure that  
they will be well looked after. The government will pay their rail fares and  
ensure that a weekly allowance is made for each child.

### **SCENE 3**

*Satchwell Road. Evening. The scene alternates between three families.*

(i) *Gridley's - DOREEN and MISS GRIDLEY, her aunt.*

**Aunt:** That's that, then.

**Doreen:** What is, Aunt?

**Aunt:** You are, miss. You're off with the others.

**Doreen:** But I told you, I don't want to go. I want to stay here in London.

**Aunt:** I'm not passing this one up: free ticket and all found, by courtesy of H.M.G.  
As far as I'm concerned it's an answer to a prayer.

**Doreen:** I'm stopping here, Aunt.

**Aunt:** You'll do as you're told, girl. I've done quite enough for you. I took you in, fed and clothed you when my blessed sister upped and went. You've wanted for nothing all these years, though it's precious few thanks I've had for all my efforts. But my duty is done, my conscience is clear, and from now on you can be someone else's burden.

**Doreen:** Well that's hard luck, 'cos I ain't going.

**Aunt:** (*looking at letter*). Now, what's it say here.... ?

**Doreen:** I AIN'T GOING!

**Aunt:** (*ignoring her*). "The stay may be for some considerable time. If you wish...."

(ii) *Crawford's:*

*STAN and PEGGY CRAWFORD, the parents, with their children. PATRICIA, who is reading; MAY and JERRY, who are playing spillikins. STAN is reading the evacuation letter, and has several Government pamphlets in front of him.*

**Stan:** ".... if you wish your child/children to go please complete the accompanying form and return it to school as soon as possible." (*He picks up his pen. PEGGY stops him*).

**Peggy:** Have they got to go, Stanley?

**Stan:** No, dear, it says here: ".... the scheme is entirely voluntary, but clearly children will be much safer and happier...."

**Peggy:** Oh, that's all right then. You don't have to go.

**May:** Mum, don't you think we'd be better out of the way?

**Peggy:** You don't understand, May. Your dad or I could get injured and then what would happen to all of you? Especially poor Mickey?

**May:** We'd look after him, wouldn't we Pat? Pat?

**Patricia:** What's that, May?

**May:** I'd look after him, Mum, don't worry.

**Peggy:** That's not the point. I think, if there's an emergency, we should all stay together. I can't bear to think of the family being split up.

**Jerry:** (*over dramatic*). And if we're gonna die, we'll all die together!

**May:** For heaven's sake, Jerry.

**Jerry:** Sorry! Only trying to brighten things up a bit.

**May:** Well don't.

**Peggy:** I mean.... sending you all away.... it's such an awful risk. How do I know you'd be properly cared for; get regular cooked meals, clean sheets, warm clothes....

**Stan:** It says here, "Most of the injuries in a bombing raid are not caused by direct hits but by flying fragments of debris, for example sharp bits of shell casing or splinters of glass..."

**Jerry:** Thanks dad, that's just what we needed to know right now.

**Peggy:** Oh dear, I really don't know what to do for the best.

**Patricia:** (*looking up*). Mum, what if we DID stay here and then got killed in an air raid. You'd never forgive yourself would you? (*JERRY drops the spillikins. All look at PAT*).

**Peggy:** You want to go don't you. You want to leave us all alone, your dad and me, to face the Germans.... (*breaks down*).

**May:** Oh Pat.

**Jerry:** Well done, fathead.

**Patricia:** I was only thinking....

**Jerry:** Stick to your books, there's a good girl.

(iii) *Haynes'*:

*JACK and VERA HAYNES, the parents, with their children: BARBARA, GEORGE and CHARLIE. VERA is sorting through piles of clothes. BARBARA reads from the evacuation letter.*

**Jack:** For goodness sake, Vera, stop bustling about so. There isn't going to be a war and that's a fact.

**Vera:** Read what it says next, Barbara, please.

**Barbara:** "Besides the clothes which the child will be wearing the following should also be carried; one petticoat, 2 prs stockings, 2 prs knickers.... "

**Charlie:** Knickers!

**George:** That's for girls, stupid, isn't it Barbara?

**Barbara:** Yes, George, and for boys it says: "one vest, one shirt with collar, and...oh.... 2 prs knickers...."

**Charlie:** There it is again. I'm not taking any knickers!

**George:** You got to. The list says so.

**Charlie:** Mummm.

**Vera:** Charlie, don't whine. Knickers only means underpants like you've got on now. What's next, Barbara?

**Barbara:** One spare pair trousers, one pullover or jersey...."

**Vera:** Oh dear, George, you've only got the one pair of trousers haven't you? The others are all worn to shreds and there's no winter ones in the shops yet. Well, it can't be helped, I'll send money for a new pair just as soon as I know where you're staying....

**Jack:** I tell you where they'll be staying. Right here. You mark my words. There won't be no evacuation.

**Vera:** And you know all about it, I suppose?

**Jack:** Mister Chamberlain has talked to Hitler in person, and he says it's "Peace for our time.... Peace with honour." And that's a fact.

**Vera:** Big friend of yours this Mister Chamberlain, is he? Well a lot's happened since he said that, and I shall look after my children the way I see best.

**Jack:** They're my children too, Vera, and I think you should leave things be.

**Vera:** That's what you always say, Jack Haynes: "Do nothing." If I left everything to you we'd all be dead in our beds before you sat up and took notice. (*JACK begins to stomp off*). And where do you think you're going?

**Jack:** Out.

**Vera:** No you're not. You keep away from that 'Rose and Crown'; cheap vulgar place! (*throws a bundle of clothes at him*). Here, make yourself useful for a change. Fold that lot.

**Jack:** (*muttering*). Evacuating your own kids.... Never heard of such a thing.

**Vera:** Now, Barbara, what does it say about food for the journey?

**Barbara:** "Sandwiches (egg or cheese), packets of nuts or seedless raisins and dry biscuits may be taken...."

**Vera:** And what to drink?

**Barbara:** Nothing, mum. It says: "Liquids have been deliberately omitted. Bottles must not be carried by children."

**Charlie:** Why not?

**George:** Because the bottles might get broken.

**Vera:** More likely it's to stop someone wanting to go somewhere.

**George:** Oh yeah, like Charlie always does.

**Charlie:** I don't.

**George:** You do.

**Charlie:** I do not.... and that's a fact!

(iv) *Crawford's.*

**Stan:** "... One of the main objects is that children should not interrupt their education. We will make it our first duty to carry on with their school work...."

**Jerry:** Oh no, and I thought it would be one long and lovely holiday in the country.

**Peggy:** There you are, Stan, what did I say? They WANT to go. (*PATRICIA looks up and smiles at JERRY. MAY sighs. JERRY looks embarrassed*).

**Stan:** Listen, dear: "Due to the requisition of all available buildings by the Civil Defence, city schools will be closed for the duration of the emergency...."

**Peggy:** What, there won't be any schools open in London?

**Stan:** That's right. All the teachers are going with the evacuation.

**Jerry:** (*whispering*). Staying in London begins to sound like a good idea.

**Peggy:** (*sighing*). Then they'll have to go. We can't upset their education.

**May:** Yes, mum. Think of it as if you've sent us to some nice boarding school in the country.

**Jerry:** Oh, yah, what a wizard wheeze!

**Peggy:** All right children, I know you'll be safer out of London. It's just so hard for me to let you go.

**May:** We'll be all right, Mum. (*pause*). Honest we will.

(v) *Gridley's*.

**Aunt:** Huh, if they think I'm sending all that stuff then they can think again. Petticoat! 2 pairs stockings! Soap! They must think I'm made of money. (*screws up letter*). That's quite enough of that. Now get your things together, girl. Come on, stir yourself!

**Doreen:** I said I ain't going, and you can't make me.

**Aunt:** We'll soon see about that. (*turns her round*). Now do as you're told. (*shakes her*).

**Doreen:** Leave off me, you old bag!

**Aunt:** Don't you talk to me like that! (*slaps her hard. DOREEN falls down*). I'll have your guts for garters. You know your trouble don't you? You take after your precious mother; not an ounce of gratitude in either of you. You don't imagine I've enjoyed having you round my neck all these years do you? Proper millstone you've been; and never a word of thanks. Well, it's good riddance to bad rubbish, I say. And don't think you'll be coming back here afterwards either, 'cos I won't be here.

**Doreen:** What am I going to do?

**Aunt:** Ask them that. Them what has all the money to throw around. And get up you snivelling brat, and get your stuff packed, or I'll really give you something to holler about. (*grabs DOREEN and pushes her out*).

**ANNOUNCEMENT B:**

**Announcer:** Here is the eight o'clock news from the B.B.C. Germany has invaded Poland and bombs are falling on the capital, Warsaw. A statement from Adolf Hitler declares, "From now on, bomb will be answered by bomb." The government has ordered the immediate evacuation of all school children. If your children are registered for evacuation, please send them to their assembly point at once.

*SCENE 4*

*Satchwell Road School Playground. Friday 1st September 1939, 9.00a.m.*

*MUSIC 4: Haunting Refrain of 'ORANGES AND LEMONS'.*

*Still picture of the EVACUEES standing with luggage, gas masks and wearing labels. Whistle blown: the picture comes to life as MR. REED enters accompanied by MRS. STODDART (W.V.S.), who carries a capacious carpet bag.*

**Reed:** Right, line up all of you, in height order, as we practised. Joan Forsyth, take the sign please and go to the front.

**Gordon:** What's that for, Joan?

**Joan:** Sir says it's our school number. Tells the people at the station who we are, so we get put on the right train.

**Gordon:** Then someone knows where we're going? Wish we did.

**Reed:** Now are we all assembled? All washed, brushed, luggaged and labelled?

**Jerry:** Just like human parcels, sir, all wrapped up ready for posting.

**Reed:** And are we all carrying our gasmasks? Carrying, not wearing, Barry Spedding. Take it off.

**Barry:** (*making a rude noise as he does so*). It wasn't me, sir.

**Reed:** Now I'd like to introduce Mrs. Stoddart from the W.V.S., who's coming to keep us company on our travels.

**Stoddart:** Good morning everyone. I'm here to help you, so if you are worried about anything please come and see me. Now will you all check your labels are tied on tight? Lovely. And if you just wait a tick, I'll come round and

give you your new identity cards.

**Reed:** Your identity card is very important. You must keep it with you at all times and it must not get lost. What did I just say, Brian Spedding?

**Brian:** Get lost, sir.

**Reed:** Yes. I pity the poor unsuspecting family that's going to lumbered with you tonight.

**Brian:** So do I, sir. (*BARBARA arrives out of breath, with GEORGE and CHARLIE. CHARLIE has a teddy bear tied to his luggage.*)

**Barbara:** Sorry we're late, Mr. Reed, sir, only we couldn't find our Charlie. He was hiding in the cupboard under the stairs.

**George:** He thought Hitler was dropping bombs on us.

**Reed:** All right, Barbara. Will you get in line now?

**Barbara:** Oh, and mum says I've got to go with George and Charlie, 'cos we mustn't be separated.

**Reed:** Yes, of course. Anyone else with brothers and sisters should keep together as well. (*The CHILDREN all change positions.*)

**Reed:** Come on, sort yourselves out.

**Barry:** (*to MICKEY*). Hey, kid, what you got there?

**Brian:** He's brought his bucket and spade.

**Mickey:** I'm going to make sandcastles.

**Brian:** He thinks he's going to the seaside.

**Barry:** He must be barmy. 'Ere kid, are you barmy?

**May:** You leave my little brother alone, Barry Spedding, or I'll thump you.

**Barry:** Lay off will yer.

**Reed:** Cheer up, Doreen, it's not as bad as all that.

**Doreen:** I don't want to go.

**Reed:** None of us do, Doreen. But you'll love the contryside, I promise you.

**Stoddart:** Poor little mouse. She looks half starved.

**Reed:** Will you keep a special eye on her, Mrs. Stoddart? She worries me. (*to all*). Now everyone, it's time we set off. Liverpool Street Station next stop, and remember what we practised crossing Bishopsgate. Got all your things? Good. (*As he picks up his own case, he turns and looks round him*). Make sure you say goodbye to Satchwell Road as you go.

**Kay:** (*crying*). I want to go home.

**Archie:** Don't cry, Kay. I'll look after you.

**Reed:** Oh dear. Do try and cheer up everyone. You don't want your parents to see you looking quite so glum do you? Give us a smile. That's right. Now, quick march.... (*They move off, in double column. A song starts hesitantly, gradually gaining in strength as they proceed.*)

*MUSIC 5: MARCHING ALONG TOGETHER*

**All:** *(sing one verse and chorus)*

*Off we go . . .*

*. . . side by side.*

*(Chorus is repeated as the EVACUEES cross Bishopsgate and near the station. PARENTS assemble as they arrive).*

*SCENE 5*

*Liverpool Street Station. 10.30 a.m. THE CHILDREN arrive in the Station and halt. Their PARENTS are waiting for them.*

**Guard:** Liverpool Street Station! Liverpool Street Station!

**Stan:** Here they come. Give them a cheer everyone. *(They do. CHILDREN run to see their parents. MRS. STODDART consults the GUARD).*

**Peggy:** Patricia, May, Jerry, Mickey. We're over here. Look after yourselves now won't you? Wrap up well, and always wear your scarves; it can be awfully cold in the country. *(She fusses over their clothing).* Don't let them separate you whatever happens, and do look after Mickey. He's so little to be going on such a long journey.

**May:** We'll be all right, Mum, don't worry.

**Peggy:** Goodness Jerry, I do believe I forgot to pack your new underpants.

**Jerry:** Oh, Mum!

**Stan:** Better be careful then, son. Patricia, you've got the post-card haven't you? Don't forget to send it off as soon as you know your new address.

**Patricia:** All right Dad. Goodbye now; Look after yourself and Mum.

**Vera:** George, just look, you've got breakfast all round your mouth.

**Jack:** Don't fuss, Vera.

**Vera:** I want them to arrive spick and span. I'm not having anyone think we're not a clean family.

**Jack:** Better make sure you all wash behind your lugholes, then.

**Vera:** Jack, there's no need for that. Now mind you don't go mixing with those rough Spedding boys, Barbara. I've heard their language.

**George:** 'S all right, Mum, we don't go anywhere near them if we can help it.

**Charlie:** They smell.

**Vera:** Good. Well all the best then. I'm going to miss you, you know. *(she gives each a kiss).*

**Jack:** Ta ta kids. *(whispers).* You'll all be home in no time, you'll see.

**Guard:** Will the children from school number L.C.C. 0437 please assemble on platform seven. L.C.C. 0437 to platform seven please. *(MR. REED and*

*MRS. STODDART assemble the CHILDREN).*

**Stoddart:** Come along then dears. *(to PEGGY).* Would you leave them to us now, Ma'am?

**Stan:** Peg.... Let the children get to the train.

**Stoddart:** That's right, they'll be quite safe with us. *(to DOREEN).* Come on, luv, we're over here. Hurry up everyone, the train's about to leave.

**Mickey:** Is Mummy crying 'cos she can't come on holiday too?

**May:** I expect so, Mickey.

**Key:** I want my Mummy, I want my Mummy.... *(MRS. RITA SPEDDING dashes in and calls loudly to her sons).*

**Rita:** Oohoo! Barry! Brian! It's Mummy come to say goodbye! Look, I've brought you some sweeties for the journey! *(throws them).*

**Brian:** Cor; pear drops. Ta Mum.

**Rita:** Have a lovely time where you're going. Love and kisses.

**Barry:** Hey Mum. Come wiv' us!

**Rita:** Ooh no, I couldn't. I don't fancy the country myself; not what I'm used to at all. And what would the boys down the 'Rose and Crown' do without me? Hey, come on now, give your mummy a great big hug!

**Guard:** No parents past the barrier, Missus.

**Rita:** 'Ere who do you think you're pushing? Out of my way. They're my kids and no-one's gonna to stop me saying goodbye to my own kids. Ruddy cheek! *(She barges forward and embraces the BOYS. As they go, she blows kisses, jumps up and down, waving),*

**Jack:** Just look at that Rita Spedding. Ain't she a caution!

**Vera:** Common as muck, the way she puts herself about. Just who does she think she is, creating scenes at a time like this? *(RITA SPEDDING catches JACK'S eye and waves at him. JACK waves back).*

**Vera:** Jack Haynes! *(hauls him away).* Shameless baggage! *(The CHILDREN have boarded the train).*

**Stoddart:** Settle down now, dears. Put your bits under the seats.

**Barry:** Oi, I'm having a window seat.

**Brian:** So'm I. Out of the way you!

**Stoddart:** Careful boys. Now you won't lean out of the windows, will you? *(sees DOREEN standing outside the carriage).* You come and sit by me, dear, over here. That's right.

**Reed:** Everyone set? You've got a long journey in front of you, so take it easy. And I don't want any trouble from you two, do you hear?

**Brian:** What us, sir?

**Reed:** You sir. I'll be in the next compartment, so watch it. Have a good trip everyone.

**Guard:** (*coming along the train*). All aboard the Skylark! Full up inside? Let's have the door shut, if you please. (*He closes the door and locks it*).

**Stoddart:** What are you doing, Guard?

**Guard:** Got to lock you all in.

**Stoddart:** But there are no corridors on this train.

**Guard:** Regulations, ma'am. It's to stop accidents.

**Stoddart:** Well I only hope it's not the cause of any.

**Guard:** Excuse me, ma'am. All snug inside? And away we go! (*He waves his flag and blows his whistle. PARENTS and CHILDREN wave. ALL sing*).

### MUSIC 6: WISH ME LUCK

**All:** (*sing one chorus*)

*Wish me luck . . .*

*. . . wave me goodbye.*

(*Chorus repeated as the PARENTS gradually disperse. The song fades to silence*).

### SCENE 6

*On the train. The scene alternates between two compartments.*

(i) *Compartment A: - MR. REED, BARBARA, CHARLIE, GEORGE, MAURICE, KAY and ARCHIE.*

**Charlie:** How far is it now?

**Barbara:** Really, I don't know, Charlie.

**Reed:** None of us know till we get there, Charlie.

**Maurice:** But we are going to the country, aren't we sir?

**Reed:** Somewhere in East Anglia. I should think.

**Barbara:** Like Norwich?

**Maurice:** Or Clacton?

**Archie:** Or Brighton? (*Everyone laughs - ARCHIE looks puzzled*).

**Charlie:** I'm hungry.

**George:** You shouldn't have eaten everything as soon as we started.

**Charlie:** I didn't, I waited ages.

**George:** Well you're not having any of mine.

**Charlie:** Barbara, I'm really hungry. I'm so hungry, I've got a pain in my tummy.

**Barbara:** Oh, all right. (*She hands over one of her sandwiches*).

**George:** You greedy pig. I hope it chokes you.

(ii) *Compartment B: - MRS. STODDART, DOREEN, JOAN, GORDON, JERRY, BRIAN, BARRY, PATRICIA, MARY and MICKEY.*

**Joan:** Gosh, I'm thirsty.

**Stoddart:** There isn't any drink I'm afraid, luv, but I can give you an orange. (*She takes one out of her bag*).

**Joan:** Thank you very much, Miss.

**Stoddart:** Enjoy it now, it'll probably be the last you'll get for a long time. Anyone else want one? (*She offers them round*). Try not to squirt the juice everywhere. Here, use this. (*takes paper napkins from the bag*). Would you like a sweetie, dearie? (*MICKEY nods*). Barley sugar or glacier mint?

**Mickey:** Barley sugar, please.

**Stoddart:** (*takes them from the bag*). There you are, then.

**May:** Say thank you to the nice lady.

**Mickey:** Thank you.

**May:** Look Mickey, can you see the chickens in the field? Oh, and look, there's a big horse.

**Mickey:** (*standing on the seat looking out of the window*). Won't the horse eat the chickens? (*The SPEDDINGS are busy breathing on the windows and writing dubious messages*).

**Stoddart:** You two boys by the window. What are your names?

**Gordon:** Barry and Brian Spedding, Miss. They're the two B's.

**Brian:** We ain't.

**Jerry:** Or not two B's... (*with GORDON*). That is the question!

**Barry:** Shut yer gobs.

**Stoddart:** Well, Barry and Brian Spedding, why don't you have a look at these? And the rest of you as well. Help yourselves. (*She produces a heap of comics*).

**All:** (*variously*). Wow, comics. Beano, Dandy, Knock-Out.... Thanks missus.... Smashing! Look it's Desperate Dan.... Lord Snooty.... Our Ernie.... etc.

**Barry:** Hey, Bri, What else do you think she's got in that bag of hers?

**Brian:** Dunno. I'm just waiting for her to pull out a rabbit.

(iii) *Compartment A.*

**Barbara:** What's going to happen when we get there, sir? Do we have to go round knocking on people's doors till someone lets us in?

**Reed:** I hope they'll be a bit more organised than that, Barbara.

**Maurice:** Sir, do you think there's going to be a war?

**Reed:** I'm afraid it's very likely.

**Charlie:** My dad says there won't be no war and that's a fact.

**Maurice:** But Hitler's a dictator ain't he? Dictators always want wars.

**Kay:** I hate Hitler! He's a mean old pig.

**Archie:** But we'll win won't we? We're English, and the English always win.

**Barbara:** I wish wars had never been invented. What are they for, anyway? They only seem to make everyone unhappy.

(iv) *Compartment B.*

**Mickey:** I feel sick.

**Barry:** 'Ere, Mickey feels sicky.

**Stoddart:** Open the window, May, and help him....

**Barry:** (*rushing up*). We'll give you a hand, missus! (*They pick up MICKEY and hold him out of the window*).

**Mickey:** (*screaming*). No, put me down! Put me down! (*confusion reigns*).

**May:** Put him down at once. Barry! Brian!

**Stoddart:** Leave the child alone! Dear me! (*MR. REED in the other compartment, gets up and looks out of his window*).

**Reed:** Spedding! Stop that at once, do you hear? (*They pull MICKEY in and seat him*).

**Barry:** There you are, he's right as rain now. (*MRS. STODDART and MAY tend to MICKEY*).

**Patricia:** Hey you two, that wasn't fair.

**Jerry:** You're a right couple of swines.

**Brian:** Glad to be of service.

**May:** (*Going over to them*). I told you to leave my brother alone. (*She hits both the SPEDDINGS, hard*).

**Brian:** Hey, that hurt! (*MAY looks furiously at both of them, then returns to MICKEY*).

**Mickey:** I want to go home.

**Stoddart:** Hush dearie. You're a bit tired, I expect. Here use this and have a little sleep. (*produces a pillow*). There now. You'll feel much better after a bit of a rest. (*She helps MICKEY to curl up on the seat. She gets a toy rabbit out of her bag to comfort him. The SPEDDINGS are open-mouthed*).

**Brian:** She has pulled out a rabbit! (*MICKEY goes to sleep*).

(v) *Compartment A: MR. REED is dozing.*

**Charlie:** Barbara, I want to go....

**Barbara:** Charlie, you can't. There's no lavvys.

**Charlie:** But I'm desperate.

**George:** Me too, Barbara. (*others join in*).

**Barbara:** Oh dear. Sir! Sir! What shall we do?

**Reed:** (*waking*). Eh! What's the problem, Barbara?

**All:** We want to go to the lavvy, sir....

**Reed:** What, all of you?

**All:** Yes, sir....

**Reed:** I see. Well there's only one thing to do isn't there? Hang on tight everyone!  
(*He gets up and pulls the communication cord. The train jerks to a halt.*)

**Barbara:** Oh sir, you've pulled the cord. There's a five pound fine for doing that unless it's an emergency.

**Reed:** Well, it is, isn't it?

(vi) *Both Compartments.*

**Gordon:** What's going on? Why've we stopped so suddenly?

**Jerry:** Someone must have pulled the cord.

**Gordon:** They wouldn't do that, would they? Cor, what a bunch of kids! Not even Barry or Brian would do that.

**Brian:** Yes we would, wouldn't we, Barry? (*They crowd round the window to look down the line*).

**Guard:** (*approaching*). All right who stopped the train? (*arriving opposite THE SPEDDINGS*). Come on now, own up.

**Reed:** Guard. These children are desperate to go to the lavatory. You'll have to open the door and let them out.

**Guard:** Can't do that. It's against regulations.

**Reed:** Well if you don't there's going to be some very nasty accidents in here. Come on open up, man.

**Guard:** Very well. But I'll have to make a report to Head Office. (*He reluctantly opens the doors*).

**Reed:** Do as you like. Off you go everyone. Five minutes. (*Cheers as the CHILDREN dash away*).

**Reed:** Er, sorry for the inconvenience. (*MR. REED slips him some money*).

**Guard:** Oh, ta very much sir. Much obliged I'm sure. Er, perhaps on second thoughts Head Office have got enough to do without getting reports from me.

**Reed:** I'm sure you're right. (*The CHILDREN are returning*).

**Maurice:** Hey, did you know it was sir who pulled the cord?

**Gordon:** Really? I'd never have believed it.

**Maurice:** Yeah, and what's more, I just seen him give the guard some money.

**Jerry:** Bribing a railway official! Whatever next! (*The CHILDREN have returned. The GUARD locks up and blows the whistle. Quiet music begins as the train starts. Evening descends*).

**Archie:** It's getting dark.

**Maurice:** We must have been travelling all day.

**Archie:** Why don't they put on the lights?

**Reed:** It's the new blackout regulations. Mustn't show any lights at night in case enemy aircraft spot us.

**Archie:** Well I only hope the driver can see where he's going. (*Song begins quietly, to the tune of IN THE QUARTERMASTER'S STORES*) -

*MUSIC 7*

**All:**                *My eyes are dim I cannot see  
I have not brought my specs with me  
I have not brought my specs with me.*

**Solo 1:**            *There was Kay, Kay, looking rather grey  
On the train, on the train  
There was Kay, Kay, looking rather grey  
On the 'Vacuation train.*

**Solo 2:**            *There was Jerry, Jerry, acting very merry....*

**Solo 3:**            *There was Bri, Bri, sweet as apple pie....*

**Solo 4:**            *There was May, May, always gets her way....*  
(*Chorus repeated after each two verses. Music slows down: All seem asleep*).

**Guard:** All change! All change! Everybody off the train. (*Everyone begins to wake up*).

**Barbara:** We've arrived.

**Charlie:** Where are we?

**George:** Dunno. Can't see any signs.

**Reed:** (*sleepy*). Right, off we get and line up.

**Stoddart:** Collect your things, everyone. Don't forget anything.

**May:** Mickey wake up. We're here.

**Joan:** (*helping to clear up*). Here are your things, Miss. Thank you very much for looking after us.

**Stoddart:** That's all right, luv. I hope you find a good home. I've got to get back to London now, for the next lot! Bye, bye. All the best. (*THE CHILDREN sleepily line up. MRS. STODDART talks to MR. REED, then goes*).

**May:** Hold my hand now, Mickey. Put your bucket and spade in the other one. That's right.

**Barbara:** Gosh, look at all those stars. There must be hundreds of them. I never knew the sky was so big.

**Brian:** I'm starving. I wonder where the chippy is? (*MR. REED blows the whistle*).

**Jerry:** (*sighing*). And off we jolly well go again. (*THE CHILDREN move off*).

### **ANNOUNCEMENT C**

**Announcer:** Here is the nine o'clock news. The evacuation of British children has been going on smoothly and efficiently all day. Some eight hundred thousand school children are in the process of being re-housed and the Ministry of Health reports that the Railways, the Teachers, the Voluntary Workers and not least the Billeting Officers in the Reception Areas are all playing their parts splendidly.

### **SCENE 7**

*School Hall, Wheaton St. Martin, Evening. The RECEPTION COMMITTEE: COLONEL GLOVER, REV. HAMMOND, and MISS LEACH are seated round a table on the School Hall stage. At the side, the tea table is ministered by MRS. CRABTREE and MISS FERGUSON. The EVACUEES enter wearily.*

**Colonel:** Ah there you are at last. Come in, ladies.

**Leach:** Colonel, look!

**Colonel:** Good grief!

**Leach:** What on earth are we going to do?

**Colonel:** Calm down, Miss Leach. Er.... as you were.... stand easy a mo and we'll get you sorted out.

**Leach:** They'll have to go back.

**Vicar:** Impossible. Look at them, Miss Leach, they're utterly exhausted.

**Colonel:** Weary Willie and Tired Tim, eh? Could whoever is in charge come over

here, please?

**Reed:** (*going over*). Hello, I'm John Reed, the children's teacher.

**Colonel:** (*shaking hands*). Glad to meet you. I'm Colonel Glover; this is the Vicar, Mr. Hammond; and this is Miss Leach, our postmistress. We are the Reception Committee for the Evacuees.

**Vicar:** Colonel, I think I'd better see to the children.

**Colonel:** Good thinking. Carry on, Vicar, while I explain our little problem to Mr. Reed here.

**Leach:** It's a total disaster. We don't know what to do!

**Colonel:** I wouldn't put it quite as strongly as that, but you see Mr. Reed.... (*The VICAR addresses the CHILDREN, who are all huddled together*).

**Vicar:** Good evening, children. I'd just like to welcome you all to our little village, which is called Wheaton Saint Martin. Now I can see that you are all very tired so we won't keep you waiting any longer than necessary, I hope. In the meantime, if you'd like to assemble by the table there, Mrs. Crabtree and Miss Ferguson will pour each of you a nice hot cup of tea. (*CHILDREN begin to line up for tea*).

**Brian:** Cup of tea? What's this then, a muvvers meeting?

**Crabtree:** Here you are, children. This'll put some cheer into you.

**Ferguson:** Poor things. They look dead on their feet.

**Gordon:** What's this place do you think?

**Maurice:** Looks like a school hall. Posh isn't it?

**Joan:** Who's that big man talking to Mr. Reed, Pat?

**Patricia:** He's in charge of finding us our billets, I think.

**Archie:** What's billets?

**Patricia:** Where we're going to live. Our new homes.

**Kay:** I want to go home. (*ARCHIE comforts her*).

**Ferguson:** Your little brother looks a bit pale. Is he all right?

**May:** He's OK at the moment. But I'm worried about what he'll do if he wakes up properly, and sees where he is.

**Crabtree:** What's your name, dear?

**Barbara:** Barbara. And these are my brothers, George and Charlie.

**Crabtree:** Well, if I may say so, I think you all need a good night's sleep, followed by a hearty breakfast and lots of fresh country air. Oh, mind he doesn't spill tea all down his front!

**Barbara:** (*rescuing CHARLIE*). Oh dear, I wish this was all over.

**Reed:** It's spelled SATCHWELL but pronounced Satchel.

**Colonel:** Very appropriate name for a school, eh? Ha, ha.

**Leach:** So you see, Mr. Reed, it's all very awkward. I don't know what the village will say.

**Colonel:** They'll toe the line, don't you worry about that.

**Leach:** We've only had three days to get ready. I'm sure we've done the best we can, but it's not been easy. Some people weren't keen at all.

**Reed:** What do you mean?

**Leach:** About taking in Londoners. Off the street, as it were.

**Vicar:** Come, come now, Miss Leach. It wasn't as bad as that.

**Leach:** I'm only saying what I heard.

**Colonel:** Now don't fret, Mr. Reed, we'll soon get your kids sorted out.

**Reed:** I hope so, Colonel, they've had a very long day.

**Colonel:** Of course. Ah, and here come the cavalry now. Battle stations everyone. *(The Village HOSTS enter. They see the CHILDREN and react in shocked whispers).*

**Hosts:** *(Variously).* Do you see them?... They're children.... Well I never....But I thought they said.... I'm not taking in.... Poor kids, don't they look tired....

**Colonel:** *(formally).* Ladies and Gentlemen, could I have your attention please. As you can see, there has been a last minute change of plan. In fact I suspect they've had a bit of a cock-up at the other end. Now I know we told you to expect a party of pregnant mothers and infants, *(There is some reaction to this)* but, well, we've got this lovely group of children instead: so I'm sure we'll all muck in and do our bit won't we? Children, now will you fall in over there by the wall, and we'll get you all fixed up in two shakes of a lamb's tail. *(MISS LEACH and MR. REED line the CHILDREN up).*

**Barbara:** Oh dear, oh dear, what's happening now?

**Patricia:** I'd say it's going to be a cross between a cattle auction and a Roman slave market.

**Jerry:** Yeah, or an "Everything-Must-Go" sale at Selfridges.

**Leach:** We're ready, Colonel. Now who's going to take first pick?

**Barry:** First pick! Just who does she think we are? *(VILLAGERS hesitate, discussing the matter amongst themselves).*

**Hosts:** I'm not sure I like the look of any of them. They don't look very clean to me.... I couldn't possibly have more than one: nice little fair-haired girl....  
If I take any, it must be clearly understood that the dogs come first....

**Colonel:** Come on, everyone, don't be shy. You couldn't ask for a nicer bunch of kids.

**Jerry:** Roll up, roll up, everyone a bargain!

**Barbara:** Why don't they get on with it? This is awful, like picking teams at school.

**Kay:** It's horrible. I want my Mummy.

**Crabtree:** I'll start you off, Colonel. I'll take Barbara and her brothers.

**Leach:** Who's Barbara? Come forward, please.

**Barbara:** Oh, oh, oh, George, Charlie, come on quickly. Before she changes her mind.

**May:** Good luck, Barbara. See you tomorrow.

**Crabtree:** Now you call me "Auntie". (*They go up on to the stage to sign papers, as all the others will do*).

**Leach:** Thank you, Mrs. Crabtree. Who's next?

**Farmer:** I'll take two, if I may, Miss Leach. Two strong, healthy lads that can help on the farm.

**Leach:** (*bringing forward two boys*). Here you are, Mr. Smithson, just what you need.

**Jerry:** (*aside*). Will you take them as they are, Mr. Smithson, or would you prefer them wrapped?

**Leach:** Now, how about someone for this little girl here?

**May:** (*holding on to MICKEY*). Please, miss, there are four of us. We're all together.

**Leach:** Four? Which four? (*PATRICIA and JERRY join them*). Oh, I don't think we can manage that, not four in one house. No one's house is big enough. We're only a small village you know.

**Thompson:** (*stepping forward*). I'll take them, Miss Leach. I have the room.

**Leach:** Would you, Mr. Thompson? That is a relief, thank you. (*MICKEY wakes up and screams*).

**May:** Mickey, stop it! Please, oh, please. (*MR. THOMPSON looks at MICKEY, takes a sweet lolly from his pocket and offers it to him. MICKEY stops, looks at MR. THOMPSON and takes the lolly*). Say thank you to the kind gentleman, Mickey.

**Thompson:** (*waving his walking stick over his head*). Follow me, shipmates! (*Most of the CHILDREN have now been chosen*).

**Kay:** Nobody wants me. Archie! Archie, what are we going to do? Nobody wants us.

**Archie:** (*gets up and goes over to HOST*). Hey, missus. I'll give you a threepenny bit if you take me and my sister.

**Host:** Goodness gracious me! I'm very sorry, I can only take one. (*ARCHIE fetches KAY who stands there miserably*). Oh, very well. (*to KAY*). But you'll have to help around the house. (*to ARCHIE*). And you'll have to give a hand with the garden.

**Kay:** Please miss, my brother's only six. He doesn't know how to garden.

**Host:** Really, you London children are cheeky. If I take you in I won't have any answering back.

**Archie:** (*as KAY begins to cry again*). Sorry, missus. We'll be good as gold. Honest we will. (*The HOST sighs and takes them to the stage. Only the*

*SPEDDINGS and DOREEN remain to be chosen. DOREEN sits dejectedly on her bundle of clothes).*

**Vicar:** Well, that wasn't too bad was it?

**Colonel:** Only three to go now, Miss Leach.

**Leach:** But just look at them, Colonel, no one in their right mind is going to....

**Ferguson:** (*approaching shyly*). Colonel, may I have a word with you?

**Colonel:** Miss Ferguson, of course. Thank you for supplying such a refreshing tea. Don't know what we'd have done without it.

**Brian:** Hey, Barry, ever known what it feels like to be the last sausage in the shop?

**Barry:** I think we just been sold.

**Colonel:** Do you think you can manage, Miss Ferguson?

**Ferguson:** I'll do my best for you, Colonel.

**Colonel:** You're a real Trojan, Miss F. (*MISS FERGUSON beckons the SPEDDINGS over*).

**Barry:** Gawd, she's soft in the head. Come on, Bri. (*Music begins. DOREEN sits alone, centre*).

**Colonel:** And then there was one.

#### *MUSIC 8: GOODNIGHT CHILDREN*

**All:**                    *Goodnight children . . .*  
                              *. . . everywhere.*

*(Lights dim except for spot on DOREEN. SOLOIST repeats song as EVACUEES and HOSTS leave).*

**END OF PART ONE**

## PART TWO

### SCENE 8

Village Green, Wheaton St. Martin. The LONDON CHILDREN are sitting round, bored. The VILLAGE CHILDREN are eyeing them from a distance. MICKEY is dragging his bucket and spade about. CHARLIE sings.

MUSIC 9: *THERE IS A HAPPY LAND* [REPRISE - unaccompanied]

**Charlie:** *I know a rotten place, we have to stay  
Where we get bread and jam, three times a day.  
No sugar in our tea; egg and bacon never see  
I think we're gradually, fading away....*

**George:** Weeks and weeks and weeks....

**Charlie:** And weeks.

**Archie:** Days and days and days....

**Maurice:** Two weeks and three flippin' days, that's all.

**Doreen:** Evacuation stinks!

*(Pause).*

**Gordon:** *(Sigh).* What we gonna do then?

**Brian:** Do? What is there to do? No pubs, no pictures, no dogs, no football. Just fields, woods, hills and more fields.

**Barry:** Blimmin' great fields. They give me the willies.

**Patricia:** Hmm. I believe you're suffering from agraphobia, Barry.

**Barry:** Yer what?

**Patricia:** Agoraphobia. It's a fear of open spaces. Comes of living cooped-up all your life.

**May:** I like the open spaces. It's lovely to be able to walk about in the fresh air with the sun on your face.

**Barbara:** I just love the real peace and quiet.

**Barry:** Peace! It give me headaches. And I can't get to sleep at night for the flippin' quiet.

**May:** Count yourself lucky, Barry Spedding, I've got Mickey in my room, sobbing away to himself for hours every night. I hardly sleep a wink.

**Kay:** I get horrible nightmares. Last night I dreamed Hitler was chasing after me in big black boots waving an axe.

**Jerry:** Hitler? Herr Schiklegruber, if you please!

**Brian:** Oh shut up.

**Jerry:** Hey everyone, listen to this: What did Hitler say when he fell through the

bed? Eh? At last I'm in Poland. *(He laughs. Everyone else ignores him).*

**Brian:** I said shut up.

**May:** Just look at him now, dragging round that old bucket and spade. I think he's going bats.

**Patricia:** He's better than he was, May.

**May:** He is?

**Patricia:** It's just taking him longer to settle down than the rest of us.

**Doreen:** Settle down? What do you mean, settle down? First chance I get I'm going back home.

**Joan:** But surely we can't do that now the war has started, can we?

**Doreen:** Why not? Nothing's happening is it? There ain't been no bombs or gas or anything. So why are they making us stay in this horrible dump? Why are we being kept here? That's what I want to know. Why? Why? *(No-one can answer. The VILLAGE CHILDREN:- RONNIE [Veronica] and JOE in front, TOM, FRED, ALF, BETTY and others behind them, are now seen approaching, laughing as they come).*

**Jerry:** Look out everyone, I think we're in for another visit from the peasants.

**Gordon:** I wonder what samples of rustic wit they're going to regale us with this time!

**Ronnie:** *(Halts and listens with her hand to her ear).* Hark, Joe my old pal, did you hear that?

**Joe:** Hear what, Ronnie?

**Ronnie:** That's a very rare sound in these parts, if I'm not mistaken. I wouldn't be surprised if it weren't some new kind of migrating species.

**Joe:** Yes, Ronnie, or perhaps some bird that's been blown off course.

**Ronnie:** Now I'd guess it was the call of the greater-crested toffee-nosed city-slicker, wouldn't you, Joey?

**Joe:** I believe you're right, sounds awful posh to me.

**Tom:** Yes, Ronnie, too posh for this place. I reckon it ought to go back where it came from.

**Barry:** Why don't you bumpkins just push off!

**Ronnie:** Ah, now that is quite a different sound.

**Joe:** Certainly is. Do you know that one too, Ronnie?

**Ronnie:** Let me see.... it's a much coarser note of course....

**Freda:** Much commoner too, I'd say, Ronnie.

**Ronnie:** You know, I may be wrong, but I fancy that's none other than the smelly little grey-necked ragamuffin.

**Joe:** Otherwise known as the ruddy cockney sparrahead.

**Tom:** Or lousy stinking guttersnipe. *(They laugh, and gather in a group in order to prepare more insults).*

**Jerry:** Oh dear, ain't it a shame. Just when we were enjoying a lovely bit of peace and quiet in the beautiful countryside, along comes a load of scruffy squealing starlings.

**Gordon:** Yeah, swaggering about as if they owned the place.

**Jerry:** And making such disgusting messes absolutely everywhere! Ugh!

**Brian:** Barry, you know what we does with pesky starlings at home?

**Barry:** Sure do, Bri. Only way to be rid of 'em. Anyone care to join us?

**Doreen:** Yeah, me! Better mind out you lot. (*DOREEN and the SPEDDINGS get up and begin to gather stones. RONNIE and her gang turn to face the LONDONERS again.*)

**Freda:** Don't you think, Ronnie, that since they are so scarce, we ought to shoot some and get 'em stuffed?

**Brian:** Get stuffed, yourselves. Right - skimmers! (*they skim stones at the VILLAGE CHILDREN'S legs.*)

**Tom:** Hey, watch out! Ronnie they're chucking stones. Stop it!

**Freda:** Hasn't anyone told you that's dangerous?

**Brian:** Is it now? Fancy that!

**Joe:** Ow, that hurt.

**Doreen:** Did it? I am so sorry.

**Joe:** Ronnie, stop them.

**Ronnie:** Yes, pack it in you lot, or it'll be the worse for you.

**Barry:** Oh, I'm really scared. Bombs away! (*They throw in earnest. The VILLAGERS back off.*)

**Ronnie:** They're stark staring bonkers! Come on, let's get out of here! (*The VILLAGERS run off. The LONDONERS cheer.*)

**All:** Victory to London! Satchwell Road wins again!

**Barry:** That'll learn 'em to mess wiv us.

**Brian:** Just look at 'em scarper! (*They mimic the VILLAGERS, and begin to sing.*)

#### **MUSIC 10: RUN RABBIT RUN**

**All:** (*sing two choruses and one verse*)

**Run rabbit, . . .**

**. . . this little song:**

(*Repeat first chorus as they go.*)

SCENE 9

Village School Classroom. Younger LONDON CHILDREN: GEORGE, CHARLIE, MICKEY, MAURICE, ARCHIE, KAY, JOAN. The Village TEACHER, MISS HICKS, has set up a blackboard.

**Hicks:** Good morning, girls and boys. My name is Miss Hicks. I teach the village children, but I am also going to be teaching you, until a replacement for Mr. Reed can be found.

**Maurice:** Where's Mr. Reed gone then Miss?

**Hicks:** You will be pleased to know that Mr. Reed has joined the army. He will soon be fighting the Germans.

**Archie:** Well I hope he kills hundreds of 'em.

**Charlie:** Yeah, me too. Then we can go home.

**Hicks:** Quiet please. Sit up straight. Good. Now I'd like to begin by finding out what you know about the countryside. Put up your hands.... (*several do so*). Not yet, wait till I've asked the question. Put up your hands if you had been to the country before you were evacuated. (*No hands go up. All remain still*).

**Hicks:** You can put your hands up now. Oh, I see. What none of you?

**Archie:** I've been to the zoo, Missus.

**Hicks:** That's not quite the same, is it? What's your name, child?

**Archie:** Archie Tuffin, Missus.

**Hicks:** Well, Archie Tuffin, you address me as Miss Hicks.

**Archie:** Right, Missus.... Miss Hicks.

**Hicks:** Well done. Now you boy. (*pointing at MAURICE*). What's your name?

**Maurice:** Maurice, Miss Hicks.

**Hicks:** Will you come here, please, Maurice. (*He does so, reluctantly*). Can you tell me what this is you're wearing, Maurice?

**Maurice:** It's a jersey, Miss Hicks.

**Hicks:** Good, and what is it made of?

**Maurice:** (*panicking*). Don't know.

**Hicks:** It's made of wool. Now can anyone tell me where wool comes from? (*All are panicking now*).

**Joan:** From Woollies, Miss Hicks?

**Hicks:** Woollies? What do you mean?

**Joan:** You know. Woollies. It's a shop in London.

**George:** It's short for Woolworths, Miss.

**Hicks:** I see. No, wool does not come from Woollies, as you call it.

**Maurice:** It does, Miss. My mum bought this jersey from Woollies.

**Hicks:** Ah yes, but wool actually comes from sheep. (*stunned silence*). Sheep

are animals. They grow woolly coats. You must have seen them in the fields. Oh dear. Perhaps we'd better look at some pictures. (*goes to the board*). Now what is this? (*She reveals a picture showing: a plate of egg and bacon, with a glass and a bottle of milk beside it. Below are a chicken, a cow and a pig*).

**All:** That's an egg.... bacon.... bottle of milk....

**Hicks:** Good, well done. All of these things come from the countryside. Eggs, for instance, come from this animal.

**Joan:** I think that's a chicken, Miss.

**Hicks:** It is indeed. You feed the chicken with corn here, and the eggs come out here. Now what about milk. Milk comes from this animal.

**Archie:** That's a dog.

**Charlie:** No it ain't, it's a cow.

**Archie:** It's too big for a cow. It must be a dog.

**Hicks:** It is a cow. Cows are actually bigger than dogs. And have you ever seen a dog with horns?

**Archie:** Suppose not.

**Hicks:** Once again, the cow eats grass here, and the milk comes out here. It's then put into bottles for you to drink. Now, this is a hard one. Where does bacon come from?

**Kay:** From the other animal, Miss Hicks.

**Hicks:** Good girl. And what is the other animal?

**Joan:** Is it a pig, Miss Hicks?

**Hicks:** Well done. Now, how do we get the bacon from the pig?

**Archie:** I know, Miss, please, Miss, please, please.

**Hicks:** Very well, then. Come and show us. (*ARCHIE comes up to the board and points*).

**Archie:** You put grass in here and the bacon comes out here.

**Hicks:** Good try, but no. Bacon is made inside the pig. It doesn't come out anywhere.

**Kay:** Then how do you get it out, Miss?

**Hicks:** The pig is taken to be slaughtered. Then the bacon is cut out. (*This causes consternation and horror*).

**Maurice:** You mean bacon is dead pig?

**Kay:** Oh how horrid.

**Joan:** I'm never going to eat bacon again.

**Mickey:** Poor piggy.

**Hicks:** Yes, well I think we've done quite enough for today, so we'll end our lesson with a little song. I've written up the words. Just follow me. (*She reveals the words on the back of the board. MISS HICKS sings the song to particular*

*mimed movements*).

**MUSIC 11: HEY, LITTLE HEN**

**Hicks:** *(sing one chorus)*

*Hey, little hen! . . .  
. . . for my tea?*

*(The CLASS repeat the song, with the movements).*

**ANNOUNCEMENT D**

**Announcer:** Calling all evacuees! Calling all evacuees everywhere! Here is a personal message recorded especially for you by Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth.

**Elizabeth:** Thousands of you in this country have had to leave your homes and be separated from your fathers and mothers. My sister, Margaret Rose and I, feel so much for you as we know from experience what it means to be away from those we love most of all. To you living in new surroundings we send a message of true sympathy and at the same time we would like to thank the kind people who have welcomed you to their homes in the country.

**SCENE 10**

*The Billets, Wheaton Saint Martin. The scene alternates between three billets.*

(i) *Sargent's: DOREEN is scrubbing the floor. ALF and BETTY enter.*

**Alf:** Ugh, Betty, can you smell something?

**Betty:** What, sort of like sheep-dip. Alf?

**Alf:** That's it. A strong smell of disinfectant.

**Betty:** Yes I can, and I think it's coming from over there.

**Alf:** I wonder what it is?

**Doreen:** *(looking up)*. Clear off, can't you see I'm washing this floor?

**Betty:** Lummie! Keep away, Alf, we don't want to catch anything nasty.

**Alf:** We don't want her diseases....

**Betty:** All those crawly things in her hair....

**Alf:** You're disgusting. Mum says so.

**Doreen:** Look shut up will yer.

**Both:** Lousy, lousy vaccie! Mummy sent you packing!

**Doreen:** I've had enough of this! *(gets up threatening)*.

**Both:** Ah, she's after us. Can't catch us! Mummy! Daddy! Help, she's after us!  
(*Mrs. SARGENT comes in*).

**Sargent:** Stop it at once, all of you. Now, do you hear? You, girl: get in that yard and clean out the pigs.

**Doreen:** What for? I ain't done nothing.

**Sargent:** You do as I tell you. (*pushes her out*). Go on. As for you two, I heard you getting at her, so don't come running to me if she belts you, because you'll get no sympathy. Now go on in. (*watches them go, then turns*). Doreen, what's this I hear about you throwing stones? (*stomps off after DOREEN*).

(ii) *Mrs. Crabtree's. Tea table set. MRS. CRABTREE, BARBARA, GEORGE, and CHARLIE are having tea.*

**Crabtree:** Charles, cut up your food before eating it.

**Charlie:** I don't know what knife to use.

**Barbara:** It's that one, Charlie. Here, let me do it.

**Crabtree:** Barbara, he's quite old enough to cut up his own food.

**Barbara:** Sorry, Auntie, only I didn't want him to make a mess of your lovely table.

**George:** Yes, you can see your face in it, it's so polished. (*He breathes on it and rubs it*).

**Crabtree:** Don't do that, you'll spoil the patina.

**George:** Sorry, Auntie, only it's the best table I've ever seen.

**Charlie:** Yes, me too....

**Crabtree:** Charles don't speak with your mouth full. Take your elbows off the table and sit up straight. That's right. Now I'll go and see about some more bread and butter. (*She takes a plate and goes out*).

**Charlie:** Cor, ain't she narky!

**Barbara:** Quiet, Charlie, she'll hear you.

**Charlie:** Don't care. The way she carries on, you'd think it was Buckingham Palace in here.

**Barbara:** She's only trying to improve your table manners, and they could certainly do with it.

**George:** (*sighing as he picks up a piece of bread*). Why do we have to have bread and butter with everything?

**Barbara:** I expect because it's good for us, George.

**Charlie:** It isn't. It's all dry and horrible, like her. She's always getting at us. Honestly it's worse than being at school round here.

(iii) *Mr. Thompson's. Plates of fresh green salad on a table set for dinner. PATRICIA, MAY, MICKEY, JERRY sitting at table. MICKEY has his bucket and spade with him.*

**May:** Eat up your dinner, Mickey.

**Mickey:** No.... Don't want it.

**May:** Come on, there's a good boy.

**Mickey:** No. Don't like this green stuff. *(He starts to shovel his food into the bucket, using the spade).*

**May:** *(stopping him).* Put your bucket and spade down, pick up your knife and fork, and eat. You must eat something.

**Mickey:** *(whining)* Nooooo....

**Patricia:** What's the matter with it, Mickey? It's beautiful food: fresh tomatoes, carrots, lettuce, cucumber, all from Mr. Thompson's garden. You couldn't get better food anywhere

**Jerry:** Look at me, Mickey, I'm loving it. Yum, yum. Aren't you loving it too, May?

**May:** For goodness sake. Mickey I'm telling you to eat. If you don't I'll give you a smack bottom. I mean it.

**Mickey:** No, no, no, no! *(MR. THOMPSON comes in).*

**Thompson:** Now, now, what is all the fuss about?

**Patricia:** Mickey won't eat his food again, Mr. Thompson.

**Thompson:** Off his rations, is he? Come on, lad, you want to grow up a big strong soldier, don't you? *(MICKEY shakes his head. MR. THOMPSON puts some food on to a fork).*

**Thompson:** Look, here's a British submarine - Oh help, it's being chased by a Nazi U-boat - it's racing for home - will it get there on time? - The Nazis are getting closer - quick open the harbour doors - Open the doors or it's a goner - *(MICKEY opens his mouth and the food is popped in).* Just in time, it's home! *(MICKEY eats. MR. THOMPSON repeats the procedure).* Now here's another submarine coming the same way ....

**Mickey:** *(hitting the food all over MAY).* The Nazis sunk it! *(giggles).*

**May:** Mickey! You little brat! You spoiled little beast! You're....you're impossible! *(She looks at them all, then dashes out. PATRICIA gets up to go after her).*

**Thompson:** No, leave her, Patricia. Let her calm down. She's a bit worked up, that's all. It's not easy being a mother when you're still a child. Don't worry, she'll be all right in a bit.

**Mickey:** *(bouncing up and down, open-mouthed).* More .... more submarine!

**Thompson:** All right then, here it comes ....

(iv) *Mrs. Crabtree's: The table is being cleared. Mrs. Crabtree has brought in writing materials.*

**Crabtree:** Now children, it's time for you to write your letters home. Spread the paper over the table please, Barbara. Here's your pen and ink. You will be careful won't you?

**Barbara:** Yes, Auntie, thank you.

**Crabtree:** Here are your pencils, boys. Don't press too hard or you'll break them.

**Both:** No, Auntie.

**Crabtree:** One side each please, in your best writing. Now I've got to go to the reception committee meeting, so I'm leaving you in charge, Barbara.

**Barabara:** Yes, Auntie.

**Crabtree:** When you've finished, leave the letters here and I'll put them in an envelope and send them to your mother. Well, goodnight then, children.

**All:** Good night, Auntie. (*She goes*).

**George:** (*mimicking*). "Leave the letters here and I'll put them in an envelope." I bet she flippin' well reads them too.

**Charlie:** Yeah, to make sure we don't say anything about HER. She's a spy.

**Barbara:** Charlie, that's not a very nice thing to say.

**Charlie:** Well it's not a very nice thing to do, is it?

**George:** You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to write a secret letter to mum, and post it to her myself, secretly.

**Charlie:** Yeah, then we can tell her all about Mrs. Crabtree: how she makes us go to church every week ....

**George:** How she's always making us clean our teeth .... How she makes us go to bed at seven o'clock every day ....

**Charlie:** And I'll tell mum how narky she is.

**Barbara:** You will do no such thing.

**Charlie:** I will. You can't stop me.

**Barbara:** You will not, Charlie Haynes, nor will you George. You'd worry Mum sick if you did, and she's got enough to worry about as it is, what with the war and Hitler and that. I know her last letter was all bright and cheerful, but you can tell she's really missing us, and you know she can't come and see us till she gets those special tickets she's sent for.

**Charlie:** But Barbara ....

**Barbara:** Don't whine, Charlie. Trouble with you is you don't know when you're well off. Mrs. Crabtree may be strict but at least she looks after us properly, which is more than can be said for some of the kids here. So you get on with those letters, write them neatly and don't say anything, except that we're really happy.

**Both:** Oh, all right.

**Barbara:** And when you've done you can go straight upstairs and clean your teeth and get into bed. It's nearly seven o'clock now. (*Both sigh, look despairingly at each other and write*).

(v) *Sargent's: DOREEN enters with bucket and brush.*

**Doreen:** That's enough of that! Wash up; scrub floors; fetch water; clean out pigs: if you want any more done, get yer own kids to do it! (*MRS. SARGENT enters*).

**Sargent:** Hey where do you think you're going?

**Doreen:** I got homework to do.

**Sargent:** Just you hold on there a minute, my girl.

**Doreen:** Well, what?

**Sargent:** Tell me, who was it who took you in when nobody else would? Diseased, dirty and infested with lice? Who was it had to burn those disgusting clothes and buy you new ones? All out of our own pocket too.

**Doreen:** Wasn't my fault.

**Sargent:** We feed you, give you a clean bed, which you treat with scant respect, I may say.

**Doreen:** I wash the sheets, don't I?

**Sargent:** And what do we get in return?

**Doreen:** You get your money's worth, I know that.

**Sargent:** Insolence and filth. That's what we get. You know what the trouble with your sort is, you've got no gratitude....

**Doreen:** Gratitude! That's all I've ever heard. Gratitude! First her, now you. No one asked me if I wanted to come to this hole. No one asked me if I wanted all my clothes burned. Why should I have gratitude when I'm treated no better'n a slave? I tell you: I hate this stinkin' village, I hate your stinkin' farm, and I ain't going to be your stinkin' skivvy no more! (*She throws the brush into the bucket and storms off. MRS. SARGENT is astonished*).

## SCENE 11

*Reception Committee Meeting. COLONEL, VICAR, MISS LEACH and MRS. CRABTREE - acting as secretary - at a table.*

**Vicar:** I am afraid, Colonel, that some of the children are finding it quite difficult to settle down.

**Leach:** I just can't get out of my mind those sorry little notes Kay Tuffin keeps putting under stones everywhere. "Please come and get me, I'll do anything, just come and get me," they say.

**Colonel:** Yes indeed. Er, how about your lot, Mrs. Crabtree?

**Crabtree:** Oh my George and Charlie are fine, I'm glad to say. But I don't flatter myself it's much of my doing. I'm sure they think I'm quite a fearful old dragon.

**Colonel:** Oh come now, Mrs. Crabtree.

**Crabtree:** No, it's their sister, Barbara. She's the one that's done it. She's quite astonishing.

**Vicar:** Poor girl. Some of them have had to grow up very quickly.

**Colonel:** Quite so. Now what's next, Miss Leach?

**Leach:** Mrs. Pearce has written complaining that the evacuees threw stones at her boy, Joe.

**Colonel:** If I know anything about it, her boy Joe was half the trouble himself. And I wouldn't be surprised if that Veronica Duckworth hadn't something to do with it too.

**Leach:** Yes, Mrs. Duckworth has also written.

**Vicar:** If I may say so, Colonel, this isn't the first incident of the kind to come to our notice. I'm afraid the evacuees and our children aren't getting on very well together.

**Colonel:** It's to be expected, while they shake down.

**Vicar:** It's more than that. There's a great deal of resentment among our children that is not going to go away, unless we do something positive about it.

**Leach:** I agree with the Vicar.

**Vicar:** It's our job to try and help the children understand each other better. That way they may be at least a bit more tolerant. Otherwise this is going to be a very unhappy war for all of them.

**Colonel:** Wars generally are. But point taken, Vicar. Any ideas?

**Vicar:** I think I have. Let me consider the matter a bit longer, then I'll let you know.

**Colonel:** Keep us posted then. Now, Miss Leach, if there's no more business ....  
(*MISS FERGUSON steams in, propelling the SPEDDINGS before her. She throws their luggage on the floor.*)

**Ferguson:** Colonel Glover. I'll put up with many things to help my country, and you know I'd do anything to oblige you ....

**Colonel:** Miss Ferguson! What can be the matter?

**Ferguson:** I'll put up with my wallpaper being torn off in strips; I'll put up with initials carved on my sideboard; I'll put up with food being eaten off my carpet; with slices of bread stuck down the toilet; even with half my china

smashed to pieces; let alone the cheek, the insults and the foul language ....

**Colonel:** What can you be meaning, Miss Ferguson?

**Ferguson:** But there is one thing I will not put up with and that is deliberate cruelty to animals. There I draw the line. Putting the cat's paws in the mincer I will not put up with, not even for you, Colonel.

**Colonel:** I should say not, Miss Ferguson.

**Ferguson:** These are the culprits, and here are their things. If you have any other children that need a home, I am sure I should be happy to oblige, but please ensure that in future they are CHILDREN, not monsters. *(She goes. Awkward silence as the COLONEL approaches the SPEDDINGS).*

**Colonel:** Who are they, Mrs. Crabtree?

**Crabtree:** Barry and Brian Spedding, Colonel.

**Colonel:** I remember you two.

**Vicar:** I believe they are generally known as the "two B's".

**Colonel:** Very appropriate, I'm sure. Well, what have you got to say for yourselves?

**Barry:** We never done it.

**Brian:** She's an old cow.

**Colonel:** I ought to knock your blocks off.

**Barry:** She fancies you, don't she?

**Brian:** Old Ma Ferguson. That's fer certain.

**Leach:** Oh dear, what can we do with them? I don't think we could pay anyone to take them.

**Vicar:** People would be more likely to pay not to take them!

**Colonel:** Indeed, what are we going to do with you?

**Barry:** Search me, mister.

**Brian:** That's your problem, ain't it?

**Colonel:** My problem? Righty ho, then! Pick up your kit. I said, pick up your kit! Fall in! Tenshun! *(grabs them by the collars).* TENSHUN! Left turn! Quick march! At the double! One.. Two.. One.. Two.... *(He marches them out, much to the amusement of the others).*

## SCENE 12

*School Hall. MISS HICKS and the School Governors - same as the Reception Committee - are on the plaform. CHILDREN singing.*

## MUSIC 12 - ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

**All:**            *All things bright and beautiful  
All creatures great and small  
All things wise and wonderful  
The Lord God made them all.*

*Each little flower that opens  
Each little bird that sings  
He made their glowing colours  
He made their tiny wings.*

*(Chorus repeated -- ALL sit).*

**Hicks:** Good morning, School.

**All:** Good morning, Miss Hicks.

**Hicks:** You may sit. I'm very pleased to welcome the School Governors to our assembly this morning. They have come especially to see how our London visitors are settling into their new school. But first Mr. Hammond has an important announcement to make. Vicar?

**Vicar:** Thank you, Miss Hicks. As you know, Christmas is fast approaching, and I don't need to remind the local children that one of our traditional Christmas events is the Nativity play which you put on for us each year before the party. Now this year we want to give everyone a very special Christmas. There will be an extra special Christmas party, and I am sure that you village children will want to join me in inviting our London visitors to come and take part in an even bigger and better Christmas play. *(Murmurs from the CHILDREN).*

**Hicks:** Thank you Vicar. Isn't that exciting news? I believe the first rehearsal is today isn't it?

**Vicar:** That's right. Four o'clock here in the school hall. You don't have to be a brilliant actor, just come along and join in the fun.

**Barry:** *(aside).* What fun?

**Colonel:** Now, Miss Hicks, we would like to hear what some of our visitors have been learning at school.

**Hicks:** Yes of course, Colonel. They have been learning all about the countryside, and I have asked them to bring some of their work along with them. I wonder if there is anyone who would like to read something out? *(Embarrassed silence).* Come on, there's no need to be shy.

**Doreen:** *(hesitantly).* I'll read my homework, if you like, Miss Hicks.

**Hicks:** Oh, Doreen.... Of course. What is it about?

**Doreen:** Cows, Miss.

**Hicks:** I'm sure that will be very interesting. Please come up here and read it ....

**Doreen:** *(reading from her workbook, haltingly).* "The cow has six sides: right,

left, upper and below. The cow does not eat much but what it eats, it eats twice so that it gets enough. Under the cow hangs the milk. When people milk, the milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it, I do not know, but it makes more and more. The cow has a good sense of smell, you can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country ...." (*Laughter and jeering has spread amongst the VILLAGE CHILDREN, as well as threats from the EVACUEES. DOREEN throws down her book and runs out. The VICAR goes after her.*)

**Hicks:** Be quiet. Quiet, I say. Children of Wheaton St. Martin, I am ashamed of you. Get out on the playground. I shall speak to you later. (*They begin to go*). Colonel, I do apologise for their disgraceful behaviour. I just can't understand what has got into them lately ...

(*Lights follow the VILLAGE CHILDREN.*)

### SCENE 13

*School Playground. VILLAGE CHILDREN singing and capering in aggressive mood.*

#### MUSIC 13: WHY HAS A COW GOT FOUR LEGS? [*unaccompanied*]

**All:**                    *Why has a cow got four legs?  
I must find out somehow.  
You don't know, and I don't know  
And neither does the cow.*

**Joe:** And neither does smelly Doreen.

**Freda:** And they have the cheek to call US thick country yokels.

**Alf:** She don't only smell, she wets her bed too.

**Freda:** Ugh! that's disgusting!

**Betty:** She doesn't care. Just swears at everyone....

**Alf:** And gets Betty and me into trouble.

**Joe:** Yeah, and now she's got us all into trouble.

**Tom:** Blimmin' vakkies. They come here, get petted and pampered and treated like blimmin' royalty, and all we get is a kick in the pants.

**Joe:** It's not fair. This is our village.

**Freda:** This is our home.

**Joe:** I've had just about enough of them lousy kids. I wish they'd push off back where they come from, and get bombed to bits, the lot of 'em.

**Ronnie:** Oh Joe, surely you can't mean that. Put yourself in their shoes: they're

such a long long way from home, and without their mummies and daddies to wipe their noses and sit them on the lavatory.

**Tom:** Yeah, half of 'em don't know how to use one.

**Ronnie:** They can't help it, poor little mites. Let's be nice to them. Let's cheer them up with a special Christmas party and show them what good friends we are by inviting them all to take part in our Christmas play. Don't you think that would be a lovely idea? *(All protest loudly).*

**Freda:** No it wouldn't, it's our play. They'd just ruin it.

**Alf:** Just as they've spoiled everything since they've been here.

**Betty:** Everything's rotten now.

**Ronnie:** Oh but they're so lonesome and sad and suffering and soft and stupid and spoilt and smelly and scabby and stinking, sewer rats. And we are going to show 'em just what we think of 'em. *(Protests have turned to cheers. All suddenly stop as they hear MICKEY - singing as he enters).*

**Mickey:** "Ten green bottles hanging on the wall.... Ten green bottles hanging on the wall...." *(He repeats the first line again and again).*

**Ronnie:** I've got an idea. Listen. *(They huddle together, then turn and face MICKEY).* Hey, little kid, come over here. *(MICKEY shakes his head).* Come on, we only want to play a game. Don't you want to play a game?

**Mickey:** What game?

**Ronnie:** It's called "Submarines".

**Mickey:** Submarines! I like submarines.

**Ronnie:** Want to play?

**Mickey:** Don't know.

**Ronnie:** It's a really good game, isn't it, Joe?

**Joe:** It's smashing, you'll love it.

**Mickey:** All right.

**Ronnie:** Terrific. Now, you be the submarine. Take off your coat and lie down here.

**Mickey:** No.

**Ronnie:** Oh come on, it's all part of the game. *(MICKEY does so).* We put your coat over you like this.

**Tom:** And this *(holding up his sleeve)* is your periscope, so you can see what's going on, on the surface. *(RONNIE signals JOE to go off).*

**Ronnie:** Raise periscope! Lower periscope! *(TOM raises and lowers the sleeve).* Can you see up your periscope?

**Mickey:** Yes. This is good.

**Ronnie:** Just keep looking up then. The rest of you, be the crew.

**Freda:** Aye aye captain. *(They position themselves round MICKEY and act the parts of a submarine crew).*

**Freda:** Ding! Ding! Ding!

**Ronnie:** Captain to bridge. Report please.

**Freda:** Proceeding at 25 knots, depth of 50 feet, sir.

**Ronnie:** Prepare to surface.

**Freda:** Surfacing, sir. Just below surface, sir. Standing by.

**Ronnie:** Raise periscope.

**Tom:** *(raising the sleeve)*. Periscope raised, captain.

**Ronnie:** Situation report, please.

**Tom:** All clear. *(JOE is seen returning carrying a bottle of water)*. No - wait - enemy torpedo boat approaching 200 degrees east, sir.

**Ronnie:** Action stations! Sound the alarm! *(ALL sound the alarm)*.

**Tom:** It's spotted us, sir. It's fired a torpedo at us.

**Ronnie:** Take evasive action. Hold tight everyone!

**Freda:** *(holding MICKEY firmly)*. Holding tight, sir.

**Tom:** Too late it's going to hit us!

**All:** Boom!!

**Tom:** We're hit!

**Ronnie:** *(nodding to JOE)*. We're sinking! *(JOE pours water down the sleeve. MICKEY screams. Everyone jumps away from him, laughing. MICKEY sits and howls. MAY comes rushing in followed by BARRY, BRIAN, JERRY, GORDON and the rest)*.

**May:** Mickey, what's the matter? You're all wet. What's happened?

**Mickey:** *(points, howling)*. It was them ....

**May:** What? Why you rotten swines .... *(she goes for RONNIE)*.

**Barry:** *(pitching in)*. Take it out on a little kid would yer.

**Brian:** You've bin asking for this.

**Jerry:** Miserable cowards. Come on, Gordon.

**Gordon:** Satchwell Road into battle! *(Big punch up. Those not fighting watch and shout. The VICAR enters with DOREEN)*.

**Vicar:** *(marching amongst them)*. Stop fighting. At once. Stop it I say. *(He pulls MAY off RONNIE. All subside, smouldering)*.

**Vicar:** What on earth do you think you're up to?

**May:** They ganged up on little Mickey, the bullies.

**Joe:** They started it. They threw stones at us. *(Argument flares up)*.

**Vicar:** Be quiet. Really this is a pretty poor show. Don't you know there's a war on? We are supposed to be fighting the Germans, not each other. Wouldn't Hitler be pleased if he could see you now. And what would your parents say?

**Barry:** It's not our fault. We didn't ask to come here.

**Ronnie:** We didn't want you either.

**Vicar:** No. But you are here now. And quite likely to be here for months. If not

years.

**Doreen:** Oh no.

**Vicar:** Oh yes. So you're going to have to learn to get on together whether you like it or not. And you can start this afternoon by all coming to the play rehearsal.

**Evacuees:** (*variously*). Oh no, not us.... etc.

**Brian:** We don't want to be in no soppy Nativity play.

**Joe:** We don't want you, either.

**Vicar:** Oh yes you do, you need them. You need each other, because we are all going to write this play together, and it will be full of peace and goodwill. And it will not be soppy because you will make sure it isn't. (*ALL begin to protest again*). No argument. Four o'clock this afternoon, without fail. Now go. (*He watches them slowly depart, eyeing each other balefully*).

**Vicar:** (*briskly*). Now, Doreen, come along with me and we'll get you sorted out. (*They go*).

**ANNOUNCEMENT E:**

**Announcer:** This is the B.B.C. Home Service. We are now broadcasting a message from the Chairman of the London County Council.

**Chairman:** With the approach of Christmas the kind people of the evacuation reception areas are planning festivities which we hope the evacuated children and the children of the countryside will enjoy together. Although this Christmas may be clouded for grown-ups, we want the children to have a happy time and anything which contributes to this result will encourage the parents to leave their children in those safer country areas. The London County Council is making special arrangements for parents to visit their children for the festivities and we know that you will want to join us in wishing them all a very happy Christmas 1939.

**SCENE 14**

*School Hall. Christmas week. The School Hall stage is set. London parents and village adults are audience. MISS FERGUSON and MISS LEACH ( or whichever Village adults have the best voices) are on the stage, singing.*

**MUSIC 14: LET THE PEOPLE SING**

**Both:** *If I were king . . .  
. . . let the people sing!*

**Ferguson:** *(or whoever is leading the singing)* Come on now everybody, one last time:

*(Chorus is repeated by everyone. The VICAR enters during the applause).*

**Vicar:** Thank you very much Miss Ferguson and Miss Leach. *(or whoever sang the song)* There will now be a short break while we get the stage ready for the Nativity play. Thank you. *(JACK and VERA HAYNES and STAN and PEGGY CRAWFORD rise and come forward).*

**Jack:** Nativity play? George told me it was all about the war.

**Stan:** Rum sort of do in that case, then.

**Vera:** All our children and all the village children are in it.

**Peggy:** I'm so glad. Isn't it a relief to know they are making so many friends? I'm ashamed to admit it now, but when I stepped on the train this morning I was quite determined to bring mine back with me. I miss them terribly and Christmas just won't be the same without them.

**Stan:** It's quite safe too. There won't be any air raids for months yet.

**Peggy:** Stan's joined the A.R.P., and he knows all the latest news about the war.

**Jack:** A.R.P.? What's that stand for, then. " 'Anging Round Pubs?'"

**Vera:** Jack!

**Jack:** I don't need no A.R.P. to tell me this war's all a put-up job. Nothing's happened and nothing's going to happen, and that's a fact. We might as well take the kids back, that's what I say.

**Vera:** I won't have it, Jack. Just look at the good it's doing them. Charlie's put on ten pounds at least, and Barbara - well - she's become so grown up.

**Peggy:** Indeed, I hardly recognised my Mickey he's got such lovely plump cheeks. *(MRS. RITA SPEDDING approaches. VERA turns away).* Oh, good afternoon, Mrs. Spedding. I was just saying to Mrs. Haynes how well the children look.

**Rita:** Speak for yourself, Mrs. Crawford. It takes more than a few blooming cheeks to fool me. I'm taking my two back to Satchwell Road tonight.

**Peggy:** But surely they're safer here, Mrs. Spedding?

**Rita:** Safer! With that mad old Colonel! Do you know he locked my Barry in a broom cupboard for two hours, just because he pinched a bit of cake from the larder.

**Stan:** Really? Have you talked to the Colonel about it?

**Rita:** I've talked to him all right, and I don't mind telling you, I've given him a piece of my mind. Make no mistake about that.

**Stan:** What happened then, Mrs. Spedding?

**Rita:** The man ought to be locked up. You know what he said to me - and these

are his actual words - he said: "Just a spot of Jankers, Mrs. Spedding, do the lad some good, build up his character." What's that supposed to mean, I'd like to know? I'll Jankers him!

**Peggy:** Well I don't know I'm sure. I am pleased with what he did for poor Doreen Gridley. She had a dreadful time to begin with, my May told me, but now she's stopping with the Vicar's family, she's a different person.

**Rita:** Typical! Butter up the bosses and you're in clover. Well my boys know better than to try anything like that. I'd tan their behinds if I caught them so much as thinking it. Which they won't 'cos they're coming home with me. *(She stomps away).*

**Vera:** Good riddance to them too, and to her the brazen hussy!

**Stan:** I'm sure the village will heave a sigh of relief.

**Jack:** She's quite a firebrand, isn't she!

**Vera:** She's an odious minx. And you should be ashamed of yourself, Jack Haynes.

**Jack:** Her kids too. They'll go far.

**Stan:** All the way to Wormwood Scrubs, I expect. *(VERA tells JACK off. PEGGY seeks to cover up the embarrassment: She sees MR. REED in army uniform).*

**Peggy:** Er, Stan dear, isn't that the children's teacher from London?

**Stan:** Why yes, it's Mr. Reed, and he's in uniform.

**Reed:** *(coming up).* Good afternoon to you. Mr. & Mrs. Crawford. Mr. and Mrs. Haynes. How do you do?

**Stan:** So you're in khaki, then?

**Reed:** Yes, off to fight for king and country tomorrow.

**Jack:** Where are you going?

**Reed:** Now I can't tell you that, can I? "Careless talk costs lives."

**Stan:** "Be like dad, keep mum." Eh?

**Reed:** I was given forty-eight hours embarkation leave so I thought I'd see how my children are doing. They seem fine don't they?

**Peggy:** Oh yes, we're very pleased really.

**Reed:** Looking forward to the show too. *(Lights begin to dim).* Ah, I think it's time to take our seats

**Vera:** Will you sit with us, Mr. Reed?

**Reed:** I should be delighted, Mrs. Haynes.

**Jack:** That's the ticket.

**Vera:** Quiet, Jack, it's going to start. *(Lights are down. Spotlight on the stage).*

## SCENE 15

"Nativity '39."

*Characters are played as equally as possible by EVACUEES and VILLAGE CHILDREN at the discretion of the Director. The following suggestions, however, are made for some of the key characters:*

*EVANGELIST: RONNIE.*

*MARY: DOREEN.*

*HEROD: JERRY.*

*GOBBLE: GORDON.*

*JESUS: MICKEY.*

*(Enter the EVANGELIST).*

**Evang:** Ladies and Gentlemen we are proud to present  
A Christmas entertainment written for our time.  
We aim to be light-hearted, so please don't take offence  
When we call our celebration: NATIVITY '39.

*MUSIC 15: ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY*  
*(Opening Lines)*

*(Enter MARY and the ANGEL).*

**Evang:** In Nazareth where war had long been feared  
The Angel Chamberlain one day appeared.  
'Twas long ago, in nought B.C. or less  
He spoke to Mary on the Wireless.

*(THE ANGEL stands on the Wireless and speaks).*

**Angel:** Expectant mothers and your families hear  
The Roman army now is very near  
And as they may invade us any day  
Precautions we must take without delay.  
The time has come to pack your bags and flee  
The countryside is dangerous, you see,  
So make your way to Bethlehem to hide  
It's safer there because it's fortified. *(THE ANGEL leaves).*

**Evang:** On hearing this, well Mary was concerned  
She hurried to tell Joseph what she'd learned.

*(Enter JOSEPH).*

**Mary:** The Angel Chamberlain says we must go  
But how we're going to manage, I don't know.

**Joseph:** Now calm down, Mary, don't you get upset  
Your little baby isn't due just yet.  
We'll get our things and set off straight away  
And look for somewhere nice and quiet to stay. *(They go).*

**MUSIC 16: O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.**  
*(Opening Lines)*

*(THE EVACUEES enter carrying luggage, gas masks and wearing labels).*

**Evang:** From far and wide to Bethlehem they came  
The old, the young, the sick, the halt, the lame;  
The trains were packed, the roads and buses crammed  
With coats and cases, parcels, bags and prams.

*(Enter MARY and JOSEPH also carrying luggage etc.).*

**Evang:** Poor Mary and her Joseph in despair  
Just couldn't find a single room to spare.

**All:** Please give us shelter!

**Evang:** Everybody screamed  
But Bethlehem was bursting at the seams.

**Mary:** Oh Joseph I must stop, I can't go on.  
I've got to rest, my strength is all but gone.

**Joseph:** A few more steps now Mary; there, that's right.  
And look! A tiny inn tucked out of sight.

*(Loud singing from CUSTOMERS at the Inn).*

**MUSIC 17: ROLL OUT THE BARREL**

**All:** *(sing one chorus)*

**Roll out the barrel, . . .**  
**. . . for the gang's all here.**

*(The LANDLORD sees MARY and JOSEPH).*

**Landlord:** What's this, not more of 'em, there's no room here.  
We don't want your sort spoiling our good cheer.  
You filthy country yokels full of fleas:  
Just push off home, you foul EVACUEES!

**Joseph:** Oh sir, have pity on us, don't be wild,  
My poor wife here is due to have a child.  
*(LANDLORD'S Wife comes forward).*

**Wife:** Expecting are you? Well ain't that a shame.  
*(to husband).* You know the local council man who came  
Told us we ought to take in folk like that?

**Landlord:** We're full up, wife, can't take no more, that's flat! *(He stomps off).*

**Wife:** There is an air-raid shelter down the garden,  
It's full of pigs, but if you'll beg my pardon,  
I 'spect you're used to that, so you'll not mind.

**Joseph:** Oh thank you ma'am, you are so very kind.  
*(They move off, slowly).*

**Evang:** The Andersen indeed was nice and snug  
And Joseph tucked up Mary in a rug.  
But, do you know, before he could drop off  
She'd had her son: and laid him in the trough.

*(Loud march music. Enter ROMAN SOLDIERS who form up in line. Enter KING HEROD).*

**Herod:** Halt! Sieg Heil, mine little liebschens, King Herod I am called,  
Und mit my Roman soldiers, I'm going to rule the world.  
They all call me der Fuehrer, and that cannot be wrong  
They LOVE their Fuehrer baby: come on let's sing our song!  
*(Roman Soldiers goose step in time to song).*

#### *MUSIC 18: DER FUEHRER'S FACE*

**All:** *Ven der Fuehrer . . .*  
*. . . der Fuehrer's face.* Heil!

(Enter GOBBLE).

**Gobble:** Heil Herod! Guden aben mein Fuehrer!

**Herod:** Ah it's my liddle sidekick, Herr Gobble, friend of mine.  
You can call me 'Schiklegruber', and I'll call you 'Sunshine'.

**Gobble:** Herr Herod, vot an honour, but I have come to say  
That there are three Kings waiting to see you now, O.K.?

**Herod:** Three Kings! They are admirers who come to vorship me  
And I who am so modest: come in on bended knee!

(Enter Kings: a SOLDIER, a SAILOR, a PILOT).

*MUSIC 19: KINGS OF ORIENT*

**Kings:** *We three kings of Orient are  
I am a pilot, I am a tar,  
I am a soldier, pack on my shoulder  
Following yonder star.*

**Soldier:** I say, old chap, can you tell us the way  
To find the King who has been born this day?

**Herod:** A King? Vot's this you talk about? There is no King but me!  
Mein Gobble, there is trouble here, and we must careful be.

**Pilot:** We had the star right in our sights, you know,  
And then we went and lost it, dashed poor show!

**Herod:** A star? 'Tis me who iss the Star, what fools these monarchs be,  
Mein friends, I know of no such King. For what do you want he?

**Sailor:** From wicked men we must protect the child.  
For we've been told one day he'll save the world.

**Herod:** He save the vorld? That liddle babe? Ah, Gobble, he must die!

**Gobble:** Well gentlemens, we sorry are we know not where he lie.

Ve hope you find dis vunderkind. Search now with life and limb,  
And ven you've got him bring him here and we'll take care of him.  
(*KINGS bow and go. HEROD and GOBBLE chuckle nastily.*)

**Herod:** Mein chum ve tricked the swinehund kings.  
Now after them ve chase,  
Ve kill that brat and show the World;  
VE ARE THE MASTER RACE!

(*Repeat of their song as they march off. Music changes as final tableau set up.*)

### *MUSIC 20: AWAY IN A MANGER*

**Solo:** *Away in a pig-trough  
No crib for a bed  
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head,  
And all the pink piggies looked down where he lay  
And oink oinked at Jesus asleep on the hay.*

(*Tableau: MARY, JOSEPH and JESUS in the shelter attended by PIGGIES. The ANGEL carrying the STAR is behind them. Enter THE KINGS.*)

**Kings:** Lady be warned:  
Your son is in great danger if he's found.  
But fear you not:  
These gifts we bring will keep him safe and sound.  
(*They present their gifts.*)

**Soldier:** The army gives you this armour-shielded tank.

**Sailor:** Here's a Naval boat that can't be sank.

**Pilot:** This Spitfire is the Air Force gift to you.

**Kings:** And never may so much be owed so few.

(*Enter HEROD and the ROMANS, through the AUDIENCE.*)

**Herod:** There they are! Now kill that child. Fill him full of lead!

(They attack. *THE KINGS* protect *JESUS* with the gifts. *ROMANS*, *GOBBLE* and *HEROD* fall dramatically).

**Herod:** (*hamming it up like crazy*).

The Master Race is all vashed up!

Mummy, I die! I'm dead! Deeeaad! Dead!

(*He dies. EVANGELIST comes forward*).

**Evang:** So all such tyrants perish must,  
When good folk are united.  
And if we live like Jesus mild:  
Evacuee and village child;  
Town and Country; Rich and Poor;  
Work together! Fight no more!  
Then Evil shall be blighted!

**MUSIC 21: HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING**

*becomes*

**THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND.**

(*JESUS rises wearing a sash saying 'FREEDOM' and waving a Union Jack*).

**All:** *Hark, the Herald Angels sing,  
Glory to the newborn King,  
Hark, the Herald Angels sing:*

*There'll always be . . .*

*. . . nothing can break.*

(*ALL rise and join in. The VICAR enters and stands with the cast*).

**All:** *There'll always be an England, and England shall be free,  
If England means as much to you as England means to me!*

(*As this ends: Sounds of sirens, aircraft, bombs falling, guns firing etc. Flames and smoke seem to engulf the whole stage. EVERYONE stands, looking up and outwards, wonderingly. The sounds fade as a trumpet plays:*

**MUSIC 22: ORANGES AND LEMONS**

*(as if it were **THE LAST POST**).*

**Ronnie:** I have a feeling that we are only at the beginning.

**Doreen:** And it's going to be a long, long war.

*(ALL begin to sing, whispering at first, then as they move into their final positions, strongly and positively).*

**MUSIC 23: WISH ME LUCK [REPRISE]**

**All** *(sing one chorus)*

***Wish me luck . . .***

***. . . as you wave me goodbye.***

*(They stand and wave as the lights fade).*

**THE END**