

Blue Remembered Hills

Arian

You will perform the selected scenes on **Monday 12th January 2008**. Although you may think that it is a long time away, I can assure you that it is only **6** weeks of lesson time. You must know your lines by **Monday 10th November** (the day before Parents Evening!). I will be available to help you if you arrange a time with me. Extensions will not be given unless you have arranged at least three times to come and see me for help. If you do not know your lines you will be Pink Slipped! Remember not knowing your lines delays your own and your groups progress! If you lose your script it is your responsibility to replace it! I do not have any spares.

Scene	Character	Actor
1	Peter	1
	Willie	2
4	Peter	1
	Willie	2
	John	3
	Raymond	④
5	Audrey	1
	Angela	2
	Donald	3
6	Peter	1
	Willie	2
	John	3
	Raymond	④
13	Peter	④
	Donald	3

In my group the person playing each part is...

Actor 1- *Sima*

Actor 2- *Aysha*

Actor 3- *Dikara*

Actor 4- *Arian*

When rehearsing your piece you should rehearse it like this...

Rehearsal A- Actors 1&2- Scenes 1-3

Actors 3&4- Scene 13

Rehearsal B- Actors 1,2,3,4- Scenes 4 and 6

Rehearsal C- Actors 1,2&3- Scene 5

Actor 4- Directing

SCENE I

West Country. The long summer holiday, 1943

A seven-year-old boy, played by a mature adult, is walking along a path that meanders from some distant houses into a stretch of gorse and scrub common, and beyond that to a wood. At one side of the common is a pasture field with an old wooden barn in the middle of it. He is eating a large cooking apple

At first sight, no doubt, he will appear to be an imbecilic adult rather than a normal child—his walk, his fidgets, his expressions and, above all, his mannerisms being modelled on the non-stop near-gymnastics of a seven-year-old, brought into compelling focus by the adult body rather than simply parodied or caricatured

As he walks and dawdles and eats and screws up his face and tunelessly whistles he kicks an old cigarette packet, or throws a stick or a stone. But then he sees a long, thin puddle of muddy water in a cart or lorry track, and swerves deliberately to go splish-splash through it, with great pleasure. Then, mouth full of apple, he starts to make aeroplane noises, extending his arms into wings, and breaking into a run

This now swooping, zooming Spitfire is known to his friends as Willie

Willie Waaaaaoom vroooooaaaaaaak! (Imitating gunfire) At-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat! Waaaaa-zzzzzoooooooom! At-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!

Then Willie, at full flight, decides he has been shot down. The burning spitfire goes into a long death dive, "wings" sloping, "engine" howling

Aaaaaaaooooooooooooo. . . .

Willie staggers and crashes, with all due melodrama, sprawling on his back, finished. His run-and-dive has ended under the first of a few outriding trees, the gradual beginning of the wood. Four or five seconds of being dead are enough for Willie. He takes another bite from his huge apple, staring up into the sky

Then be all dead. Dead, dead. Burnt to nothing. (A tuneless whistle, then a tuneless song. He sings)

You are my Woodbine

My only Woodbine

You make me (burp) hap-py

When skies are grey

You'll never—know—dear . . . (His voice trails off)

Comically, a pair of sturdy, short-trousered legs are descending from the

tree above him. It is Peter, played by a fairly burly adult. A bit of a bully, but none too bright. Willie's response is a little wary. Peter swings out along the lowest branch

Peter Hatch open! Hatch open! *(And he drops dramatically on the ground)*

Willie Hello, Peter.

Peter What do you think of that, then, Willie? Good, weren't it?

Willie What are you doing?

Peter Parachute drop. What's it look like?

Willie Yeh. Pretty good.

Peter You got to bend at the knees, see. When you do hit the ground.

That's Rule Number One, that is.

Willie What happens if you don't?

Peter You break your flaming ankles.

Willie Cor! Bet that d'hurt!

Peter That's the first thing you gotta learn, my Uncle Arnold says. Him showed I. I be going to be a parachuter, see.

Willie I be going to be a commando.

Peter has been looking avariciously at the apple

Peter Give us a bit of thik apple, Willie.

Willie *(trying to deflect his attention)* Your Uncle Arnold is a good parachuter.

Peter Oy. Him is. Got medals and all. Hundreds and hundreds.

Willie Do they keep their parachutes—bring 'um home, and that—?

Peter 'Course they do! *(He picks up a stone for no apparent reason, and hurls it away)* That's a good throw, that is. Near nigh half a bloody mile. *(He sniffs)* Expect him'll bring I a parachute when him d'come home.

Willie *(impressed)* Caw!

Peter Two or dree if I d'want 'em. They be made of silk.

Willie And summat else is—

Willie sniggers. Peter looks at him suspiciously

Peter Was mean?

Willie Knickers is.

The two boys hoot and giggle. Then Peter's expression changes

Peter I said give us a bit, didn't I?

Willie *(reluctantly)* Him's a cooker, mind.

Peter Wha—?

Willie Cooking apple. And him yunt half sour. Honest.

Peter Bist thou going to give I a bit or not? *(He stands straddle-legged over Willie, so far only half threatening)*

Willie You can have the core.

Peter And you can have my fist! What do I want with the flaming core, Willie?

Willie Our dad says it's the best part of the apple.

Peter Your dad is a loony, then.

Willie *(passionately)* Him yunt!

Peter They oodn't even have him in the Army! What sort of bloke is that?

Willie *(upset)* Shut thee chops!

Peter Your dad ent no blinking good for nothing at all.

Willie You wait till I tell him! Him'll sort you out!

Peter Yeh?

Willie Yeh!

Peter My dad's got a stripe. *(He points to his arm)* Him's in charge of hundreds of men. Hundreds and hundreds.

The two boys look at each other, but Willie is almost in tears, hugging 'the apple into this chest. Pause. Peter wipes his nose on the sleeve of his jersey

'Xpect him'll end up a general or summat. That's what our mam says—and her ought to know. Her cousin is a sergeant!

Suddenly, and defiantly, Willies takes a bite out of the apple. Peter scowls ferociously at him. Just as Willie is about to swallow the bit of apple, Peter launches himself upon him with shattering force

Willie *(gasping)* Oof!

Peter *(shouting)* You greedy devil!

Willie *(gasping)* Peter—no!

He spits the bit of apple out of his mouth. Peter subdues and pins the struggling, gasping, choking Willie to the ground, planting his knees hard on Willie's chest

Peter Give in?

Willie Get off!

Peter I'll spit.

Willie No! No—Pe-ter!

Peter *(with immense satisfaction)* I will! I'll spit! Right in the middle of your face! *(And he makes a huge frothy bubble of spit, ready to drop)*

Willie Give in! Give in!

Peter swallows his spit

Peter Sure? You sure?

Willie The apple's all dirty any road—thou's knocked it into the dirt, loony.

Peter Who's a loony?

Willie You be.

Peter tightens his grip, viciously

Peter Who is? Who is? Who is?

Willie Ow! Ow! Ow!

Peter *(grinding his teeth)* Who's a loony? Eh?

Willie *(gasping)* I be—ow! Ow!

Peter Who? Who's a loony? Who?

Willie Me! *(He starts to cry)* I be.

Just to underline the point, Peter spits on him anyway

Peter And doosn't thee forget it, you great babby!

Peter releases his cruel grip, gets up, goes for the apple. Willie wipes the spit from his face

Willie (*tearful*) There's dirt on thik apple.

Peter picks it up, rubs it on his sleeve, bites into it

Peter (*with his mouth full*) Don't make no odds.

Willie Germs!

Peter What?

Willie Horrible germs and things. You'll get the stomach ache, Peter. The dirt round here is really bad for you. Honest.

Peter Pooh. Bit of dirt never hurt nobody.

Willie (*sensing a shadow of doubt*) You'll be rolling about in terrible a-gony. (*He sucks in his breath*) There was a boy who died from eating a dirty apple. It was on the wireless. Honest. One bite, that's all. One bite and him was dead.

Peter (*alarmed, mouth still full*) Don't talk so soft!

Willie, who is brighter, sees revenge opening up before him

Willie That's why the RAF drops 'em over Germany. Dirty apples.

Peter has stopped chewing

Peter What for? What you on about?

Willie (*with relish*) They do! So that Germans'll pick 'em up, wipe 'em on their German sleeves, eat 'em and then go home and die. In agony. (*He sniffs*) Good, ennit?

Peter (*alarmed*) Who told you that? If you're having I on, I'll—

Willie (*quickly*) It's true! Honest it is. Cross my heart and hope to die!

Peter looks at him, then spits out what is left in his mouth. But then has a thought

Peter (*suspicious*) The apples'd smash to bits if they were dropped like that. They're too squishy.

Willie That—that's why they fly very low. Dive-bombers. Aaaaaa—splosh!—aaaaaa.

Peter Who told you?—

Willie draws in his breath, then releases a name of obvious significance

Willie Wallace Wilson did.

Peter (*impressed*) Wallace did?

Willie And Wallace yunt cock of the class for nothing. Wallace d'know what him's on about, Wallace do.

Peter purses his lips, swivels on his heel, and hurls the remains of the apple away

Peter I don't want nern a rotten cooker, any road. Too sour for I. (*He leers daringly at Willie*) Give I the shits.

Willie oooles

Willie That was a good throw.

Peter Best ever. I can throw an apple, mind!

Willie Near nigh as good as Wallace Wilson's.

Peter Better. I got the best throw in Standard One. And the most deadliest.

Willie You oodn't say that if Wallace was here. Him can hit a butterfly out of the air.

Peter Shut thee chops!

Willie Anyway, we shall be in Standard Two when we d'goo back.

Peter Standard Two! Oy—that's right, Willie. We shall and all! (*He wipes his nose on his sleeve again*) Where is Wallace, I wonder.

Willie Down the quarry, I'll bet. Mooching about.

Peter No. I been there. The Williams' gang's there this marnin'. They have got hold of an old tyre, the lucky devils.

Willie I'm not going there, then!

Peter Got any fags?

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

Peter Ant your grancher left none on the mantelpiece?

Willie No.

Peter Nasty old devil.

Willie And him do count 'em now. Told our dad there was two or dree gone, and I didn't half get a good hiding.

Peters sniggers, picks up another stone, and hurls it away. They start to walk towards the wood—all over the place in their movements

SCENE 2

Deep in the woods

They rarely stay still, scarcely for a moment

Peter Can't you get hold of no matches?

Willie What's the good of a match wi'out a fag?

Peter Set fire to a gorse bush. Couldn't us?

Willie (*giggling*) Mrs Baker caught Wallace Wilson peeing on a gorse bush.

Peter (*delighted*) Her didn't, did her?

Willie Her did! Last Saturday.

They start to double up with childish glee

Peter What—hoo! hoo!—what did—hee! hee!—what did Wallace say?

Willie Him said—him said—

He has to stop so that they can laugh some more

Him said as him thought the gorse was on fire and—and—

Peter Hee hee ho ho ho!

Willie (*gasping*) —and him was trying to put it out!

Overcome, they roll about in helpless laughter

Peter (*eventually*) Wallace can pee the highest. I'll give him that.

Willie Oh, that Wallace! Him have got a lot of belly!

Peter And a punch like I-don't-know-what. A donkey.

Willie gives him a sly, sidelong look

Willie Made *your* tith rattle, didn't he Peter?

Peter (*stung*) Shut thee chops, Willie. I'm Number Two a'ter Wallace—and don't you forget it.

Willie (*sullen*) I gotta go.

Peter Where to?

Willie Oh—um—Donald Duck's.

Peter (*jeering*) What for?

Willie (*shrugging*) Play football. P'raps. I'm easy.

Peter Him ant got nern a ball or nothing! The sissy. Him's scared of everything.

Willie Scared of his mam, all right.

Peter Her 'oodn't treat *I* like it!

Willie I saw her hit'n with a shovel. Right round the yud.

Peter Honest?

Willie Cut his mouth and his ear an' all.

They fall silent. Then, as if to break a tension they cannot understand, Peter runs on ahead suddenly, and stoops over

Peter Come on!

Willie sprints, and vaults over him. They walk on

Willie I think I'll go and call on Donald Duck. We be going to collect empty jam jars.

Peter That's a waste of time. There yunt none left. I bin all over. They be all bloody gone.

Willie I dunno, mind. Donald got ninepence last week.

Peter (*scornfully*) Ne-ver!

Willie Him did! Him showed I! Seven two-pound jars—

Peter That's only sevenpence, soggy yud!

Willie And four pound jars. Ninepence, see.

Peter Where did he get them?

Willie (*obviously evasive*) Dunno. Somewhere.

Peter glares at him, suspiciously

Peter Come on. Out with it.

Willie (*uncomfortable*) I bent supposed to say, be I?

Peter puts his fist to his mouth, threateningly

Peter You better had, Willie! You better tell me. Else!

Willie Oh leave I alone will ya!

Peter I'll—ah—I'll let you have a look at my *Dandy*.

Willie If I can get hold of two or dree big jam jars and take 'em back to the shop I can buy me own comic.

Peter If.

Willie I d'have the *Dandy* any road.

Peter (*put out*) *Beano* is better. How about the *Beano*—?

Willie I'd rather have the *Dandy*. 'S got Desperate Dan.

But Peter is distracted

Peter (*excitedly*) See that! See!

Willie Wha?

Peter is already running into the trees

SCENE 3

The Chase

Peter (*shouting*) A squirrel! A squirrel!

Warbling and hooting like Red Indians on the warpath the two "boys" charge deeper into the woods after the squirrel. A wild, fast, breath-pumping chase, ending up beneath a huge, gnarled old oak, isolated a little from the other trees, at the side of a woodland path

SCENE 4

The Old Oak

Willie (*pant, pant*) Is him up there? Did you see him?

Peter (*gasping*) This is where him went all right. (*He pants*) By God, didn't him move!

Willie Like lightning.

Peter Him went up these tree like a don't-know-what.

Willie We can't get'n, then. Him have beat us.

Peter (*surveying the scene*) Him can't jump across to thik tree over there. 'S too far. Him's trapped, Willie. We've got him trapped, good and proper.

Willie How we gonna get him down?

They look at each other

Peter Frighten the buggger.

Willie (*enthusiastically*) Oy. Put the fear of God in him!

They giggle with excitement

Peter Throw stones up into the branches. Knock him down! Eh?

Willie Or climb up. Get a bit closer.

Peter They got sharp tith, mind. Like little red-hot needles. And once they get hold of you they never let go, squirrels don't.

Willie But we might be able to capture him. Live, I mean. Eh?

Peter Nah! You can get a tanner just for his tail. That's what Wallace said they pay down at the police station. There's a lot I could do wi' a sixpence.
Willie True nuff! Still——

All the time they are circling round and round the tree, gathering stones, peering up into the branches

Two more "boys" appear through the trees. They are John and, in cowboy hat and gun-belt, Raymond

John What's up in thik tree, then?
Willie How be, John. Hello, Raymond.
Raymond (*grinning*) How b-be.

Raymond is almost always grinning. But, alas, he also stutters

Peter We got us a squirrel, John.
John (*delighted*) Have ya? Honest?
Raymond (*excitedly*) Wh-Where? Where? (*He pulls out his lead pistol*)
Willie Him's trapped up there. Good—ennit! We have really got him!
John (*peering up*) Ah, but how are you going to get him down? You bent going to get him down. Him'll never come down from there. You tell me how you are going to get him down.

But Raymond has been working his face

Raymond P-P-Poor littool devil.
Peter (*to John*) Throw stones, o' course. Knock him down. That'll do't.
John (*sniffing*) Be better to climb up. You tell me how you are going to get him down.
Willie Don't keep on.
Peter (*jeering*) Who's going to climb up there! Break your neck. Aaaaaaa—crack! Just like that, loony!
John Wallace Wilson ood. Him ood goo up there. Like a shot.
Raymond W-Why don't we l-l-lul-leave it al-lul-lone—?
Peter Hark at him!
John } (*singing together*) When the mum-moon shines
Willie } On the cuc-cowshed . . .

Raymond's smile wavers. They peer up into the tree again

Willie I reckon we ought to catch him alive. Put him on show. Be the start of a circus. No—it ood, though. Wouldn't it?
John (*the sceptic*) How do we know him's still up there? You tell me that. I can't see nothing. Him ent up there.
Peter That's where him is, all right. Look! See!

Peter aims with his forefinger and makes a gun noise. This, in turn, triggers off the other three. Whooping and yelling and letting off "gunfire" they hop and dance round and round the tree. Up, up, in the thick foliage—a swift glimpse of a squirrel

SCENE 5

The old barn. Nearby. Same time

Wooden. Cobwebs at a broken window. A scatter of tools. A wheelbarrow. An old feeding trough. A big pile of hay. A cartwheel, etc.—A great place to play

Two seven-year-old girls, Angela, pretty, with ringlet curls and blue ribbons, and Audrey, who is plain, with cheap owl-like metal-framed glasses and short, straight hair, are "playing house" with the splay-footed, timid, anaemic-looking boy nicknamed Donald Duck, who has shoes or boots, but no socks. He also has nasty scabs round his mouth. An abused child

They have a battered, squeaking old pram with a buckled wheel, which holds a chocolate-coloured china doll called "Dinah". Dinah, when tilted, closes her eyes and emits a plaintive little "Ma-ma! Ma-ma!"

Pretty Angela—who owns the doll—tilts and tilts Dinah, watched with an extremely aggressive expression by disgruntled Audrey

Angela (*as Dinah "cries"*) Now, now, now. Go to sleep, Dinah. You naughty naughty naughty little babby.
Audrey Smack her one in the chops, Angela. That'll keep her quiet!
Donald No, no. You can't do that. No smacking. Not in my house.
Angela (*to Dinah*) There, there, there. Mummy is with oo den.
Donald You can't hit a little babby, Audrey. You'd kill it.
Audrey What dost thee know about it, Donald Duck? You ant never had a babby. Smack her arse, Angela.
Donald I be supposed to be the daddy here, byunt I? And—and—don't call me Donald Duck.
Angela No. Don't call him that, Aud. You *are* the daddy, Donald. Coming home from work, aren't you?
Donald (*smirking*) That's right. I be tired out and all, working on them sawmills. I cut me thumb off and all. (*He imitates a saw*) Zzzzzzzz-chop! Ow! Ow! Bang goes me thumb.
Angela Oh, dear. Poor, poor Donald. My poor husband.
Donald Ow! Ow! Ow! It don't half hurt. Blood all over the saw. Blood all over me. Blood everywhere. Blood. Blood!
Angela Never mind. I'll put the kettle on. We'll have us a nice cup of tea.
Donald With four lots of sugar. Eh?
Audrey (*aggressively*) Are you Mummy, then! Why should *you* be Mummy all the time?
Angela 'Course I be. I got the babby, ant I? It chunt *your* doll, Audrey.
Audrey Who be I, then?
Donald Where's my bloody tea, Missis? Where's my tea, then? I want my cup of tea! (*He is stamping up and down in angry imitation of "Authority"*)
Angela The kettle's just coming up to the boil, sweetie pie.
Donald (*with enormous deliberation*) I should bloody damn and bloody blast and bugger and bloody flaming bloody think so and all. Give us a kiss. (*He hugs himself in glee, rocking slightly*)

Audrey (*insistent*) Who be I then? Eh? Tell me that!

Angela Oh, Aud-rey!

Audrey I bent just going to do nothing and be nobody. It's not fair.

Angela You can be my other daughter, Audrey. My naughty daughter.

Audrey (*stamping her foot*) No. I'm not going to be that. No!

Donald is coming out of his trance-like reverie

Donald Aw come on, Aud. Doosn't spoil it.

Audrey (*hotly*) I'm not spoiling it.

Donald Yes you are. You always do. Don't her, Angela?

Angela crosses her arms in mimicry of adult exasperation

Angela Who'd you want to be, Aud?

Audrey's eyes glint

Audrey The nurse. I wanna be the nurse. With a little scissors.

Donald Oy—that's a good 'un. You can see to my finger. I mean, me thumb. When I've had my bit of tea.

Audrey What's wrong with your thumb?

Donald Cut the bugger off, ant I? Zzzzzz. Aaaaaagh!

Angela tilts her nose in disapproval

Angela You want to stop swearing, Donald Duck.

Donald (*pained*) Doosn't call I that, Angela! You promised!

Audrey Let me see thik thumb. I got some special stuff in my bag in my car. I'll stick'n back on.

Angela is looking at Donald. Suddenly, as he shows Audrey his thumb:

Angela Quack! Quack! Quack!

Deeply upset, Donald jerks his hand away from Audrey

Donald Angela! Don't do that!

Audrey Oh, dear. Oh, dear. I'll have to put some stingy stuff on that. It'll make you jump, mind.

Donald is giving Angela anguished looks

Angela (*responding*) He'll have to have his tea first, Nurse. He needs his hot cup of tea.

Audrey I can't wait around all day. You want to clean this place up, too. I can't wait.

Angela No, and I'm not letting his tea get cold neither. I'm not slaving away here all day for him to come in at all hours and think his bit of tea have got to be ready and waiting. I'm sick to death of it, I can tell you.

Audrey Oo, Angie. That's our mam, that is!

Donald (*smirking*) Hurry up. I be off up to the bloody pub in half a tick. To get bloody drunk.

Angela I shall wash thy mouth out with soap!

Audrey (*pleased*) Shall us, Angela? Shall us?

Donald Nine or ten pints of scrumpy, that's what I want. I've lost a lot of blood.

Audrey grabs his thumb

Angela You're not coming home stinking of drink at all hours and expect me to put up with it are you?

Audrey sucks his thumb

Donald (*excited*) Shut thee mouth, 'ooman. Nag, nag, nag. I'm not going to put up with it, so there.

Audrey (*spitting*) There. I've stopped the blood gushing out. You'll die in a minute, though. *Really* die, I mean.

Donald Brave, aren't I? I bent half bloody brave, mind!

A sudden shift from Angela

Angela Quack! Quack! Quack!

Donald Shut up!

Audrey Smack her one, Donald.

Angela Yes, and if he hits me I shall tell his mam. Her'll skin him alive, won't her, Donald Duck? Won't her? She hits you with the poker, don't she!

Donald Leave me alone. Leave me alone.

Angela Quack! Quack! Quack!

Donald (*screaming*) Shut up! Shut up!

Audrey looks at Angela. Their eyes seem to flare. They join forces

Audrey (*venomously*) Quack! Quack! Quack!

Horribly, the two girls round on him

Donald (*tearfully*) Please don't. Please don't. Please.

Audrey } (*together*) Donald Duck! Donald Duck! Quack! Quack! Quack!
Angela } Donald Duck! Quack! Quack!

Jabbing their forefingers at him, they drive him towards the barn wall. He claps his hands to his ears to shut out their jeering taunts. In what looks, in adult form, almost like a psychotic frenzy, the two girls—and particularly Audrey—tug and pull at his hair. He howls, totally submissive

SCENE 6

The old oak. Same time

A grey blur as a stunned squirrel, hit by a stone, hurtles out of the tree, down on to the ground beneath

Peter, John, Willie and Raymond immediately close up around the animal, frenziedly kicking at it with their large, hob-nailed, toe-scuffed boots. As they kill the squirrel they giggle and grunt and gasp with shocked awe and

excitement. The violent activity stops, abruptly. They stand off a bit, looking at each other guiltily. The wind shifts and sighs in the big old oak

A feeling of murder

Raymond (eventually) Is—is him d-dud-dead?

Peter Oy. 'Course him is. Deader than dead.

John (awed) Him couldn't live through that.

Pause

Raymond (bleakly) D-Dud-Dead.

John shifts from foot to foot

John They don't half sink their teeth in, mind. When they get the chance.

We had to do it. (He swallows) Didn't us?

Willie We bent going to cut his tail off, be us?

They look at each other, uncertain

Peter Anybody got a knife?

John Raymond have. A proper 'un.

Peter Have ya, Ray?

Raymond (proudly) 'S army knife. C-c-c— (But it takes too long)

John Commando. 'S commando knife.

Raymond (finally) —c-commando.

Peter Let's see. Where did you get it?

John Him won't say.

Peter Come on, let's have a look. Show us.

Raymond (suddenly) N-No!

Peter What's the matter with you?

Willie What's up Raymond?

Raymond screws up his face

Raymond (half-sob) P-Pup-Poor little devil!

Peter Don't be such a baby!

Raymond We k-kuk-killed him ... (A sob)

Obscurely ashamed, Peter gives Raymond a heavy shove

John Hey! Leave him alone!

Peter (snarling) I'll knock his cowboy hat off for him.

John No you won't. Just you leave him alone.

Peter Oh? Who says so?

John You heard!

Peter Keep out of it. Keep your nose out of it.

John Flamin' bully.

Peter You're asking for it, you are.

John Oh? And who's going to give it to me, then?

Peter I will if thou doosn't watch it.

John Yeh?

Peter Yeh!

John Yeh?

Peter Yeh!

They are toe to toe, but each is unsure enough of the other not to be too eager to put it to the test. Pause

John (none too confident) Yeh?

Peter Ah! Shut up! (And he turns away)

Willie Wish I had a knife. My dad won't let me.

Raymond Oh, them be v-vuv-very useful.

Willie (sighing) I could do with me a good sharp knife. By God I could.

Peter Wos want for'n, Raymond old pal? I be good with a knife. (He makes a throwing gesture) Clunk!

Raymond N-Nothing.

John Him daren't swap thik knife. All him d'do is clean it and sharpen it and clean it and sharpen it.

Willie Let's have a look, Ray. Come on.

Raymond No!

John What's up?

Peter Why not?

Raymond points to the dead squirrel

Raymond You'll c-cu-cut off his t-t-t ...

But instead of getting the word out he bursts into tears. They all look at the squirrel again. Pause. Willie, now, is also close to tears

Willie I wish we—

Peter Ah, shut up.

Willie (upset) No—I wish we hadn't—you know ...

John And me.

Peter They be savage, bent 'um?

John I don't fancy cutting off his tail, though. It's all gristle and stuff, any road.

Willie (sucking in his breath) I bent touching him!

Peter (disgusted) Great babbies. I'll twist it off, then.

Willie The blood won't half gush out, mind. All over you.

John Like when our dog got knocked down.

Raymond P-Pup-Poor old R-Rover.

Willie Nice dog, wasn't he?

John I'd rather get some jam jars, meself. 'Tent bad money a'ter all, is it? Penny back on a two-pound jar.

Raymond Let's l-lul-look for some. Eh?

Peter There ent none to be had. They've all been found, what there is. I've looked all over.

Willie Donald Duck got hold of some.

John (interested) Did he, Willie?

Willie Him had a whole sackful yesterday. I saw 'em. (He giggles) Donald oodn't show I what was in the bag till I said I'd kick his head in.