

Please feel free to read this accessible transcript of our Podcast Audio Drama, From Sad Shires. It contains the dialogue and description of all of the sound effects.

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From Sad Shires

Transcript

SCENE 1: INT. A Dream

FX: Sound of shod horses over cobbles pulling a gun carriage fast.

Soldiers being called to 'Attention', the clip of boots.

The sound of crowds.

The deep slow tolling of bells as if at a funeral.

The crowd sound morphs into the gaiety of the sound at the seaside.

The sound of gulls.

A beach.

A fairground.

HARRY HARMES

(Calling happily as if he has lost Maisie in the crowds)

Maisie.

Maisie.

(Harry sees Maisie - they hold each other and Harry swings Maisie around)

(Softly)

Maisie

There you are.

(Bursts into song)

Maisie, Maisie,

Give me your answer do.

I'm half crazy.

All for the love of you.

MAISIE MERMAN

(Maisie laughs)

It's 'Daisy', you silly man.

(Maisie sings)

Daisy, Daisy.

HARRY HARMES

But I don't know any girls called Daisy, do I?

And even if I did, they wouldn't be like you would they, Miss Maisie Merman?

MAISIE MERMAN

Wouldn't they?

Don't you?

I mean.

(pause)

are you?

HARRY HARMES

What?

MAISIE MERMAN

You know.

HARRY HARMES

In love with you?

Of course I am.

Half crazily.

So will you give me your answer?

MAISIE MERMAN

Oh Harry.

I would if you asked me.

FX: It is suddenly very quiet.

The sounds of Maisie waking up.

The sound of a Mantlepiece clock ticking loudly.

MAISIE MERMAN

(Distressed)

Harry?

Harry!

Oh God No!

Harry!

(Maisie cries)

SCENE 2: INT. A bedroom.

FX: Very quiet.

The sounds of a baby.

MAISIE MERMAN

A soldier came marching down the road.
Marching.
One, Two!
One, Two!
Because that's how soldiers march, Tom. Just like your Daddy did.
And the soldier had been to war and was on his way home.
With a knapsack on his back and a sword at his side.
One, Two!
One, Two!
(brokenly)
But no more war for him.

SCENE 3: EXT. Western Front

FX: The sounds of a heavy artillery bombardment.

SERGEANT

Fix bayonets!
Steady lads, wait for the officers command.

JACK DAVEY

Jesus!

SCENE 4: INT. A Lyons Cornerhouse.

FX: Customer chatter.

The clink of cups.

HARRY HARMES

Look, it's not so bad is it.
I mean, it's not too bad. Not bad at all. Not really.
They'll put me in some office way back from the front.

WAITRESS

What would you like sir?

HARRY HARMES

Erm, two teas, please.

WAITRESS

(bored)
We're doing a nice Hotpot special. It looks lovely. Or there's some cakes and scones.

HARRY HARMES

Would you like a piece of cake? A scone or something?
Just the teas then, for the moment please Miss.

WAITRESS

Well just call me over if you change your minds.

HARRY HARMES

What?

WAITRESS

(Primly)
I'll bring your teas over presently then.

HARRY HARMES

Yeh that'll be fine.
Look they'll say 'You're more valuable to the war effort, Harry boy, clerking rather than fighting'. Won't they?

The King won't see me as much of a fighter.
Will he girl?
He'll say 'Er Harry, take a seat over there boy' won't he?
I mean they ain't stupid, are they?
And I'll work hard and keep tidy and come home with a pension.
And maybe some stripes, you see if I don't.

MAISIE MERMAN

I don't want you to go, Harry.

HARRY HARMES

Well I ain't got much choice have I girl?
They don't give you much choice. Do they?

The King and all that?

SCENE 5: INT. The Merman sisters shared bedroom.

FX: Bedsprings squeak.

ELSIE MERMAN

(whispering)
Hey Maisie.
(pause)
Psst Maisie.
You awake?

MAISIE MERMAN

Am now you idiot.
Keep your voice down, you'll wake 'em all up.
What is it? Got cramp?

ELSIE MERMAN

You were going to tell me.
(pause)
You know.
You were going to tell me.
About.
(pause)
You know.

MAISIE MERMAN

About what?

ELSIE MERMAN

(Quickly. Impatiently. Loudly)
Harry.

MAISIE MERMAN

Shoosh. For Pete's sake, keep your voice down. They'll hear you all the way down in hell, and where will you be then?

ELSIE MERMAN

And?

MAISIE MERMAN

And?
And it's Harold to you.

ELSIE MERMAN

(pouting)
Well?

MAISIE MERMAN

Well.
(pause)
(Quickly. Gushing. Excited)
He's twenty-one.
He's got two suits. One's grey and one's blue. Worsted they are, Else. Three buttons. Just the job. Beautiful they are. He looks a swank. He really does. He's friends with the tailors in the shop and they did 'em for cost, they did.

ELSIE MERMAN

And?

MAISIE MERMAN

Well?

ELSIE MERMAN

(impatiently)
What's he like?
Apart from the suits that is.

MAISIE MERMAN

(thinks)
He's not tall. Five foot five or there or thereabouts.
(pause)

ELSIE MERMAN

(impatiently)

And he looks like his head was designed for someone much taller. Yeh? Five foot ten or so?
Got sticky-out ears.
And with those legs, he wouldn't stop a pig in a passage.
(laughs)

MAISIE MERMAN

(pouting)
I'm not speaking to you anymore.

ELSIE MERMAN

Just filling in the gaps, Maisie. Couldn't wait anymore.

MAISIE MERMAN

(pause)
(they both giggle)
He's nice, Else.
All the girls like him. Not just the young ones, I mean. The old ladies like him just as much.
He talks to 'em nice. Cheeky he is. Always smiling.
I really like 'im.
He took me down the Pavilion and we saw Marie Lloyd and she sang 'The Boy I love' and I cried.
And he put his arm around me.

ELSIE MERMAN

I bet that cheered you up.

MAISIE MERMAN

He's got lovely arms.
And hands.
He's got lovely hands, Else.
Oh Else. I really like 'im.

SCENE 6: INT. The London Pavilion Music Hall

FX: Very loud customer chatter. Sounds of performers.

COMEDIAN 1

It's only the hairs on a gooseberry that stop it from being a grape.
(in a cod posh voice)
It's Tudor you know.

COMEDIAN 2

I'm not surprised Bert, it looks absolutely vicious.
(audience raucous laughter)
Here, right then Ladies and Gentlemen, here's a bit of a laugh. Watch this.
Excuse me Mr Chairman...

FX: In a quieter corner by the bar.

HARRY HARMES

I dreamt about this girl last night, Jack.

JACK DAVEY

Oh Yeh.
The girl I saw you with last night?

HARRY HARMES

Yeh.
Maisie Merman's her name.
She's a seamstress at the shop.

JACK DAVEY

Pretty thing, Harry.

HARRY HARMES

Yeh. Look. I dreamt about her, right?
We were at the seaside.
It was summer.
Except.
Well I was really cold.
Freezing I was, Jack.
And.
Well.
There were a lot of people there.
Loads of 'em.
I kept calling her.
But no matter how hard I tried to get to her she kept getting further away.

And then I lost her in the crowd.

JACK DAVEY

You've got it bad kid.

HARRY HARMES

It means something, don't it, Jack?
I don't want to lose her.

JACK DAVEY

Look Harry, you know my opinion on the subject of the female sex.
For what it's worth and all that.
Your mates, a packet of Benson and a pint of mild are the only three things that matter in this world.
And maybe having a shilling or two in yer pocket for a bet.
But women? Much as I like Lottie, right, there's plenty of 'em, boy. Yer only young.
Right?
Right.
(pause)
(confidentially)
There's gonna be a war, Harry.
You won't wanna miss out on that. Will yer?
Not just for some bird?

COMEDIAN 1

(gurgles unintelligibly and idiotically)

COMEDIAN 2

What'd you think lady, is he alright?
I know what he needs ladies, and I bet you know too don't cher? 'specially you Lady. You know what he needs.
I can tell!
The summer being so nice and everything.
And when the weather turns this hot, the mind turns to proper ventilation, if you know what I mean?
Getting a bit of a breeze in the right areas ladies and gents.
The sea air beckons.

FX: COMEDIAN 2 begins to sing 'You can do a lot of things at the seaside that you can't do in town.' It fades.

COMEDIAN 2

You can do a lot of things at the seaside that you can't do in town.
Fancy seeing mother with her legs all bare.
Paddling in the fountain in Trafalgar Square!
Bobbing up and down in the water 'twould make the policemen frown.
You can do a lot of things at the seaside that you can't do in town.

FX: Back to the quieter corner by the bar.

HARRY HARMES

Look I tossed a coin to decide it Jack.
Fate and all that.
Had to make it best of five eventually.
To get the right outcome, obviously.
(laughs)
But I've made my mind up.
About Maisie and that.
I'm going to marry her, if she'll 'ave me.

FX: A lady sings intro to 'The Boy I love is up in the Gallery'.

SCENE 7: INT. The Parlour in the Merman House.

FX: Murmur of polite conversation and clinking of cups.

MRS MERMAN

So, how about your parents Harold?

MAISIE MERMAN

His parents have passed, Mum.
Haven't they Harold?
He lives in respectable digs off Cable Street.
He's got two sisters, though.
They're both in service, aren't they?
He sees them occasionally but they don't get much time off.
Do they Harold?

MR MERMAN

Speak for yourself, boy, do you?

HARRY HARMES

(splutters on tea. Coughs to clear throat) Hmm. Having a problem in getting a word in edgeways, Mr Merman, to be honest.

(everyone laughs)

SCENE 8: INT. An estaminet behind the Allied Lines.

FX: There are the sounds of a busy establishment, laughing, chatter, shouting, raucous singing and badly played piano. OFFICER 2 is drunk

OFFICER 1

Must have been three hundred yards or so of open ground to cover.

OFFICER 2

Another?

Apportez deux grands cognacs Madame S'il vous plaît.

(pause)

(whispering)

The brandy's terrible.

The food's terrible.

The entertainment is terrible.

The clientele is terrible.

And the girls?

Well I like the girls, Robert.

But they are very bad. Very bad girls indeed.

(pause)

Where were we?

OFFICER 1

The attack.

OFFICER 2

Yes, the attack. Go on.

OFFICER 1

Must have been three hundred yards or so of open ground.

SCENE 9: INT. The Merman's house.

FX: Quiet.

ELSIE MERMAN

Harry?

MR MERMAN

It came this morning.

ELSIE MERMAN

Harry's dead?

MR MERMAN

'Missing, presumed dead' it said.

That's what it said.

ELSIE MERMAN

Oh Dad.

He can't be.

It's gotta be a mistake.

Where's Maisie?

MR MERMAN

Your Mother's with her, Elsie.

ELSIE MERMAN

Maisie!

SCENE 10: INT. An estaminet behind the Allied Lines.

FX: There are the sounds of a busy establishment, laughing, chatter, shouting, raucous singing and badly played piano.

OFFICER 1

If you cared to look across no-mans land.

As I did, Charles. Before the attack.

I could see some jumping off tapes, the sappers had laid down.

But they'd positioned the pins too far apart so they sagged.
And some curious little flags hanging on the wire that looked like handkerchiefs waving at us from no-mans land.
But I didn't like to think about that.
It seemed an ill omen.
I thought, maybe they were more like bunting set up for the village fete.
It all looked quite festive really.
(annoyed)
Do you think they would shut up?
Anyway, our artillery had cut the wire to shreds. Which was good.
But it all looked badly cratered and churned up out there, what with the shelling and the rain. And I didn't fancy our chances of advancing across it at any pace.
The ground rose after 300 yards or so to what was described as a wood on our maps. But the wood looked like a row of broken teeth, it had been shelled so badly. Like something out of a fairy-tale.
There was a fine mist in the forward trenches. And we were all wet and cold despite the rum ration.
And the visibility up top wasn't good, what with the mist and smoke drifting down from the burning timber.

But it cuts both ways doesn't it?

OFFICER 2

Merci Madame.

OFFICER 1

They couldn't see us either, I suppose.

OFFICER 2

Drink your Cognac, Robert. I find it helps.

OFFICER 1

Anyway, the barrage stopped. It was all quiet for a minute or so as the watches ticked down and then we could hear the whistles all down the line, making a ragged sort of tune.
There was a lump in my throat. I took a swallow and then we all went over the bags.
From a distance it must have looked quite peaceful, I suppose.
But then the creeping barrage started in, but there's not much room for error for the artillery and I can see it churning up the ground on the rise in front of us.

SCENE 11: INT. A bedroom.

FX: Very quiet.

The sounds of a baby.

MAISIE MERMAN

And the soldier had been to war and was on his way home.
With a knapsack on his back and a sword at his side.
One, Two!
One, Two!
Because that's how soldiers march.
(pause)
But as night fell, the soldier came to the edge of a dark wood.
Where an old witch stopped him
and said ' Good evening soldier. What a fine young man you are'.

SCENE 12: INT. An estaminet behind the Allied Lines.

FX: There are the sounds of a busy establishment, laughing, chatter, shouting, raucous singing and badly played piano.

OFFICER 1

Well, it's only three hundred yards or so for Christ's sake. But far enough.
Anyway, we're walking forward as fast as we could go, all things considering. Picking our way through the remaining wire.
I could have run it in no time at school but not in those conditions.
And I'd taken a rifle and a tin hat so I don't look like an officer, but the lads are in full pack and the ground's like treacle.
Anyway, the Brigadier, looking through his field glasses, watched the company on my left all go down on their bellies.
And stay there.
And he cursed them for cowards, I understand.
(pause)
A machine-gun set up on the edge of the wood above had caught them in an arc and got the lot.
And the poor bastards were all bloody dead.

SCENE 13: INT. A bedroom.

FX: Very quiet.

The sounds of a baby.

MAISIE MERMAN

'What do you want with me, mother?' the soldier asked.
And the old witch replied.
'I have a simple task I need you to carry out, young man.
If you do this for me, I shall make you very rich indeed'.

SCENE 14: INT. An estaminet behind the Allied Lines.

FX: There are the sounds of a busy establishment, laughing, chatter, shouting, raucous singing and badly played piano.

OFFICER 1

But the machine-gun must have jammed or run out of ammunition before it got to the Captain who was a bit in front of the rest of his company.
Stokes. You might know him?

OFFICER 2

Oh yes, Stokes. Told me he wanted to marry my sister when he was blind drunk.
Wouldn't have wanted to if he had ever met her, or was sober, mind you.
Couldn't give her away to be honest.

OFFICER 1

Well Stokes was blinded by the mist and smoke and deafened by the thud of the covering fire, so didn't spot anything amiss behind him.
Got to the wire, turned to urge the others on and there's no-one there.
Flops on his face. Realises what's happened. Waits until nightfall and crawls back.
Not a scratch on him.
He was lucky. Before dawn our artillery had another go, but it was all falling short. Churned everything up again and would have finished anybody who was wounded and still lying out there.
I saw Stokes in the support trench later trying to steady his hands with rum and cigarettes, before starting to write some letters to the families.
You know the stuff.
'Didn't suffer'. 'A good soldier'.

OFFICER 2

'Should be proud'.

OFFICER 1

Yes, all that.

OFFICER 2

We've all written them, haven't we Robert?

OFFICER 1

What do you think they will do when all of us are dead, Charles?

OFFICER 2

Another Brandy, Old Man?
Madame, S'il vous plaît.

SOLDIER 1

(shouts)
Oi, oi, give us a song, son.

FX: The soldiers in the background are singing 'When this lousy war is over' (to the tune of 'What a friend we have in Jesus').

SCENE 15: EXT. A street in Whitechapel.

FX: Street sounds. The sound of street seller, a Salvation Army Band is playing 'What a friend we have in Jesus'. The sound of Harry running up street puffing.

ELSIE MERMAN

Harry stop!
What's going on?

HARRY HARMES

Else.
I've gotta go see Maisie.

ELSIE MERMAN

What's the hurry?

HARRY HARMES

Look, Jack went down the Palace last night with Lottie, right?

ELSIE MERMAN

So?

HARRY HARMES

He'd got some tickets somewhere.
But Maisie and me were seeing your Mum and Dad so we didn't go.
And...

ELSIE MERMAN

And?
What have you done Harry?

HARRY HARMES

There was a recruiting drive, Else.

ELSIE MERMAN

Oh you idiot.

HARRY HARMES

Vesta Tilley sang 'I don't want to lose you'.
And Jack says she came down the aisle and touched him on the shoulder and he followed her up on stage.

I saw him this morning and he said 'I've taken the King's shilling and I'm off to war'.
So I had to go didn't I?

ELSIE MERMAN

What!

HARRY HARMES

Couldn't let him go on his own, could I, Else?
And the lads.
I asked Mr Gold down the shop this morning if I could and went off down the recruiting office and here I am.

ELSIE MERMAN

What!

HARRY HARMES

I'm in the army now, Else.
And I've gotta tell Maisie.

ELSIE MERMAN

You fool Harry.
You'll do no such thing.
Tell her anything but the truth.
If she knows you volunteered she'd never forgive yer.
And that idiot Jack. He must 'ave known.

HARRY HARMES

Don't worry. We'll be back soon Else.

ELSIE MERMAN

You're married Harry and you've got a kid on the way. What were you thinking of?

SCENE 16: EXT. Western Front

FX: The sounds of a heavy artillery bombardment muffled by the trench.

SOLDIER 3

Jonesy said the Officer took a shufti.
The wires are cut.
It's about 250 yards clear before you hit the rise to the wood.

PORRIDGE

Can't be anything alive out there after that bombardment.

SOLDIER 2

Shut yer mouth Porridge, I don't want any of your bad luck.

SOLDIER 3

Quiet up lads.

SOLDIER 2

Come on boys, time to go, Officer's on his way.

SOLDIER 3

Put yer fags out and stand-to nicely for the Sergeant.

HARRY HARMES

What do yer think Jack?

JACK DAVEY

Cake Walk Harry.
Cake Walk, boy.
Don't you worry.

FX: Sound of heavily equipment troops moving to positions in trench, grunts, curses. The sounds the bombardment slowly subsides. Finally there is silence.

HARRY HARMES

(Softly)
It's going quiet.

SERGEANT

Fix bayonets.
Steady lads. Wait for the officers command.

JACK DAVEY

(under breath)
Jesus!

SERGEANT

When you hear the Officer's whistle, I want you up those ladders as quick as you like lads.
Keep moving forward. There's others behind you, don't delay 'em. There'll be plenty to go 'round.

SOLDIER 4

(Whispering under breath)
[Jewish prayer in Hebrew]

HARRY HARMES

(Softly)
No-one could 'ave survived that bombardment.
Surely?

JACK DAVEY

(Whispering under breath)
O Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of mercy, pray for me that I may be preserved this night all evil, whether of body or soul...

FX: The sound of whistles being blown all along the line. The sound of boots on ladders, the clank of metal and straps taking load. Then, starting slowly, rifle fire in the distance and then the sound of machine guns opening up. Finally the sound of artillery in the distance. Then massive explosion close to.

SCENE 17: EXT. London Bridge Railway Station

FX: Sound of crowd. Sound of steam engine. Whistle of engine. Whistle of Guard.

HARRY HARMES

Two return tickets to Hastings.
S.E.R.
Two nights at the Imperial.
(pause)
Just you and me Mrs Harmes.
On our honeymoon.

MAISIE MERMAN

Just you and me, Mr Harmes.

HARRY HARMES

Sounds good, don't it?
Mr and Mrs Harmes.
Has a ring about it, Maisie.
Down the pier we'll go. Promenade on the Front.
And we'll get our fortunes told, won't we?
'Cross my palm with silver, Maisie!
A long and happy life to you both, the gypsy will say.
Better than Southend, eh?

MAISIE MERMAN

I was thinking.

HARRY HARMES

Yeh?

MAISIE MERMAN

My Aunt Eadie lives in Bexhill.

HARRY HARMES

Well I never knew your family was so posh, Mrs Harmes.

MAISIE MERMAN

They're all posh, like the Royal Family they are, the lot of 'em.

You don't know how lucky you are Mr Harmes, marrying me.

(laughs)

(pause)

Anyway. Look.

Eadie married a sailor and they run a little Grocers down there.

It's only ten minutes from Hastings on the train, we could go see 'em. Pinch a cauli or something.

(laughs)

HARRY HARMES

Well we could.

And you're wrong Maisie, I do know how lucky I am marrying you.

Give us yer bag girl.

FX: Clunk of the railway carriage door. Whistle of the Guard.

SCENE 18: INT. Maisie Merman's house.

FX: Sound of door opening.

MR MERMAN

Hello Jack.

Come in.

JACK DAVEY

Hello Mr Merman.

Mrs Merman.

Maisie.

Else.

I can't stop.

I just came to say I'm sorry I can't come with you, Maisie.

The legs won't carry me far nowadays.

You know how it is.

MAISIE MERMAN

I know, Jack.

Don't worry, Dad's coming with me. Aren't you Dad? And Else.

And one of Harry's sisters has got the day off, so we're meeting her there.

They held a ballot, Jack. For the widows.

To see who would be able to sit in the Abbey.

But I didn't get a ticket.

So we'll stand in the crowd, Jack. Me, Dad, Else and Tom.

And when Tom's older we'll talk about it, Jack.

About his Dad.

How we watched the carriage go past.

How we sang a few hymns.

We'll go up there, Jack. Me, Dad, Else and Tom.

And then we'll come home again. Won't we?

And nothing will have changed.

Not really.

Eighteen bob a week. It ain't much for a life is it Jack?

But Tom won't ever go to war. We'll all see to that, won't we? Won't we Jack?

JACK DAVEY

I'm sorry, Maisie.

I'm truly sorry Harry's dead and I'm still here.

MAISIE MERMAN

Don't be silly Jack.

You're not to blame.

God knows there are others. But not you.

Not any of those boys.

(pause)

(dabbing her eyes with her apron)

Look Jack, there a couple of Harry's suits.

Worsted they are. One's grey and one's blue.

He was friends with the tailors in the shop and they did 'em for cost. They're nice, good quality and they're hardly worn.

I mean, it'd be a shame not to see 'em used, wouldn't it?

Harry would have liked you to have 'em.

They should fit you. May need to be taken in.

Or let out.

You know.

Or something.

I don't know what I'm saying now.

(pause)

Look, I can't look at them hanging up there anymore, Jack.

Please take 'em for me.

(sobs)

SCENE 19: INT. No. 2 Whitehall Gardens, SW 1 - The Cabinet Office / A busy street.

FX: Sound of a typewriter. Maurice Hankey is dictating notes. The sounds of the voices fade in and out to suggest paraphrasing of a long document and intercut between the Mermans and Maurice Hankey the Cabinet Secretary.

MAURICE HANKEY

Recommendations of the Cabinet Committee Memorial Services.

New paragraph.

The Committee do not recommend that November 11th be proclaimed a Public Holiday, as this would cause a great dislocation of business, and holidays are occasions for public rejoicing and not suitable for the ceremonies contemplated on Armistice Day.

New paragraph.

(fades)

FX: Sounds of a busy street

BOY NEWSPAPER SELLER

Standar'd. Standar'd.

Newspaper Mister?

Newspaper Lady?

Newspaper Ladies?

FX: Rustle of newspaper

ELSIE MERMAN

(reading from a newspaper)

The Unknown Warrior.

The Remains to be interred in the Abbey shall be those of an unknown British Fighting man, and every precaution shall be taken that his identity shall never become known.

Known only to God.

MAISIE MERMAN

'Missing, presumed dead' the telegram said.

Not really dead is it?

Not so as you would know.

Not so that there's a place to go, Else.

Where my Harry is.

ELSIE MERMAN

I know.

(pause)

(softly)

Look it says here.

'The Remains shall be exhumed by British Military authorities in France and shall be placed in a coffin for conveyance across the channel.

The inscription on the coffin shall be –

A BRITISH WARRIOR

WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR OF 1914 – 1918

“FOR KING AND COUNTRY”

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS:

BOY NEWSPAPER SELLER

Standar'd.

Newspaper Mister?

FX: Sound of a typewriter.

MAURICE HANKEY

The Body shall be brought by train, without ceremony, on the evening of November 10th, to London so as to reach Victoria Station the same evening.

On the morning of November 11th a Military Procession will be formed at Victoria station, headed by the Bands and Drums of the four Regiments of Foot-Guards and the Pipes of the Scots Guards.

New Paragraph.

On removal from the train, the coffin will be placed on a gun carriage and covered by a Union Jack, which will be brought from one of the battlefields in France.

Simultaneously with the placing of the coffin on the gun carriage, a Field-Marshal's salute of 19 guns will be fired by a battery of Horse Artillery in Hyde Park.

New Paragraph.

Invitations will also be sent to the heads of the most prominent Religious Denominations in this country, e.g. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Westminster, the Chief Rabbi and the Heads of the Wesleyan, United Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Church of Scotland and Presbyterians.

After consultation with the Secretary of State for India, the Committee decided that invitations should also be sent to the principal Sikh Priest and the principal Mohammedan Priest in this country...

New Paragraph.

On arrival at the Cenotaph the gun team will wheel to the left in order to bring the Body immediately in front of His Majesty.

The Ceremony at the Cenotaph will be conducted on the following lines –

The singing of the hymn "O God our help in ages past", led by the massed choirs;

The recitation of the Lord's Prayer, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury;

The unveiling of the Cenotaph by the King, the covering falling on the last stroke of 11am of "Big Ben";

FX: Sounds of a busy street

ELSIE MERMAN

(reading newspaper)

Two minutes' silence will then be observed throughout the United Kingdom and, if possible, in the Dominions and Indian Empire.

At the conclusion of the two minutes' silence, massed buglers will form up on the East side of the Cenotaph, and will sound the "Last Post".

FX: Sound of a typewriter.

MAURICE HANKEY

The Office of Works in consultation with the Home Office and the Chief Commission of Police will arrange for the erection of such barricades in the vicinity of the Cenotaph and Abbey as may be required.

As soon as the "Last Post" has sounded the Procession will be reformed, with certain modifications and extensions, and march to the Abbey – preceded by the massed bands as before.

New paragraph.

The Committee decided that the fairest way in which to allot tickets at the Abbey will be by ballot among the following categories :-

A Women who have lost Husband and son or only son.

B Mothers who have lost all or only sons.

C Widows.

The ballot will be conducted on the 5th November, 1920 at the Office of Works.

M. A. P. Hankey, Cabinet Secretary.

Then the usual top and tail Miss Baynton. Please bring the document to my office when you have finished and I will sign it.

SCENE 20: EXT. November 11th, 1920 and a poem

FX: Sound of shod horses over cobbles pulling a gun carriage fast.

Soldiers being called to 'Attention', the clip of boots.

The sound of crowds.

The deep slow tolling of bells as if at a funeral.

The Last Post.

WILFRED OWEN

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?

Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle

Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;

Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,

The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;

And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?

Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes

Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.

The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;

Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,

And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

FX: Soprano sings 'Abide with me'.

SCENE 21: INT. A Memory

*FX: 'Abide with me' morphs into the gaiety of the sound of the crowds at the seaside.
The sound of gulls.
A beach.
A fairground.*

HARRY HARMES

(Calling happily as if he has lost Maisie in the crowds)
Maisie.
Maisie.
(Harry sees Maisie - they hold each other and Harry swings Maisie around)
(Softly)
Maisie
There you are.
(Bursts into song)
Maisie, Maisie,
Give me your answer do
I'm half crazy
All for the love of you.

MAISIE MERMAN

(Maisie laughs)
It's 'Daisy', you silly man.
(Maisie sings)
Daisy, Daisy

HARRY HARMES

But I don't know any girls called Daisy, do I?
And even if I did, they wouldn't be like you would they, Miss Maisie Merman?

MAISIE MERMAN

Wouldn't they?
Don't you?
I mean.
(pause)
Are you?

HARRY HARMES

What?

MAISIE MERMAN

You know.

HARRY HARMES

In love with you?
Of course I am.
I love you Maisie.
I will always love you.

FX: 'love you' fades away to complete silence.

(pause)

FX: The sounds of a baby.

MAISIE MERMAN

(whispering)
And I love you Harry Harmes.
(acapella. Haltingly)
The boy I love is up in the gallery.
The boy I love is looking now at me.
There he is, can't you see, waving his handkerchief.
As merry as a robin that sings on a tree.
(pause)
Now, if I were a Duchess and had a lot of money,
I'd give it to the boy that's going to marry me.
(speaks the remaining words)
But I haven't got a penny, so we'll live on love and kisses,
And be just as happy as the birds on the tree.
(silence)