

"THE LEG-UP"

a play for radio

by

Pamela Gens

Production by Mary Hope Allen

TRANSMISSION: THURSDAY, 2ND JANUARY 1958 8.00-9.00 p.m. HOME SERVICE.
REC: REPEAT: WEDNESDAY, 8TH JANUARY 1958 3.00-4.00 p.m. HOME SERVICE.
PRE-RECORDING: Thursday, 2nd January 1958 12.45-2.15 p.m.
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EDITING SESSION: Thursday, 2nd January 1958 2.30-4.30 p.m. H.1.
REHEARSALS: Tuesday, 31st December 1957 10.30-5.30 p.m.
Wednesday, 1st January 1958 10.30-5.30 p.m.
Thursday, 2nd January 1958 10.30-pro-recording

CAST

Hazel..... Patricia Hayes
Eileen }
Gwendolen } Joan Ireland
Potty..... Hilda Schroder
Juno }
Atty } Denise Eryer
Boy's Voice }
Brenda..... Mollie Mauroen
Mauroen }
2nd Educated Voice } Ann Rye
Edith }
Miss Blount } Kathleen Helme
Mrs. Davies }
John, Hazel's brother..... Douglas Hankin
Mrs. Hiscock, Hazel's mother..... Juno Tobin
Gran..... Susan Richmond
Verger }
Mr. Platt } Frank Partington
Margo Potter..... Joan Sanderson
Mr. Dauncoy }
Herbie } Malcolm Hayes
Mr. Finch..... Godfrey Kenton
Postman }
Bus Conductor } Trevor Martin
Hoarse Voice }
Tom Collins..... William Bedle
David..... Charles Kay
Hugo..... Peter Wildo
1st Educated Voice..... Una Vonning

*Test a low on 1st base
same.
Sanderson.
Hoarse voice.*

"THE LEG-UP"

1. ANNOUNCER:

(FADE IN CHILDREN SKIPPING, ON OPEN-AIR ACOUSTIC)

2. VOICES: One and a two and a three and a four, over and under and then no more.

3. EILEEN: Go on, Brenda, you've had two goes.

4. MAUREEN:) (Together) Yes, get out.
BETTY:) " Get out of it, Brenda.
EILEEN:) " She's had three.
MAUREEN:) " Come on, Brend.

5. BRENDA: All right, keep your skipping rope. Wouldn't give you twopence for it. (Going off mike)

(A PAUSE)

6. MAUREEN: I never liked that Brenda Cullis.

7. EILEEN: She was the one who took your sweets, wasn't it, Haze?

8. HAZEL: Yes, it was her all right. Coming down the harbour, Bet?

(THE TOWN CHURCH BELLS CHIME THE HOUR)

9. BETTY: O.K. ~~Shall we take the skipping rope?~~

10. HAZEL: No, leave it here. We don't want to take it.

11. EILEEN: I think I'd better go home, it's dinner-time.

12. MAUREEN: Yes, I better go.

13. BETTY: See you after dinner, Hay, all right?

14. HAZEL: Okeydoke. Bring the skipping-rope.

15. BETTY:) Cheerio.
EILEEN:) Ta ta!
MAUREEN:) Cheerio!

(THEY GO)

1. HAZEL: Cheero, Eileen; cheero, Mary; cheero, Bet.
 (She hums to herself on mike, and then calls)
 Rover! Rover! Come here, boy! Oh, don't then.
 Here - our John - come on and have some dinner.
2. JOHN: (Off) No.
3. HAZEL: John! Come on, it's dinner-time. Get off the
 gate and come in. If you don't come, I'll beat
 you up. COME ON!
- (A SCUFFLE)
4. JOHN: (Whimpers)
5. HAZEL: Serves you right. Anyway, you're not supposed to
 play with those Seymour kids. They got things in
 their heads. You know what Mum told you.
6. JOHN: Oh, go on and leave me alone.
7. HAZEL: If I tell her, she'll give you a good hiding, so
 there. She told you to play in the garden and not
 go outside. And stop making faces!
8. JOHN: (Squeaks as she touches him)
9. MOTHER: (Approach) Whatever's the matter now? Hazel, come
 here! ~~[You miserable little devil.]~~ Get inside with
 you!
- (A SCUFFLE. DOOR OFF)
- Come and sit in your place, John, and stop
 snivelling. ~~[You didn't know I was in, did you?]~~
 You were hitting him again, weren't you?...
 ~~[weren't you?]~~
10. HAZEL: (Mumbles)
11. MOTHER: How many times have I got to tell you to leave him
 alone when I'm out?
12. HAZEL: It wasn't my fault. He was aggravating me.
13. JOHN: I wasn't!
14. MOTHER: Never mind what he was doing. He's smaller than
 you. Sit still. Who've you been with this
 morning?
15. HAZEL: Maureen ~~[and Eileen ...]~~ and Betty. We played
 skipping. (Servile) Eileen's mum gave us a cake
 each.
16. MOTHER: Just like her, filling you up so's you don't want
 your dinner. ~~[I suppose it was a bought one.~~
 (Pause) Well, wasn't it?
17. HAZEL: It was a doughnut.
18. MOTHER: From Foster's van, I know. ~~]~~ Who else did you playing
 with?

1. HAZEL: Nobody else, only those ^(two) ~~three~~. But John was playing with the Seymour twins.
2. MOTHER: I don't want to know who John was playing with. I want to know who you were playing with. (A pause) You were with Brenda Cullis, weren't you...? Weren't you?
3. HAZEL: (Yelling) Stop it ... cut it out.
4. MOTHER: I don't know where you get the lies from. I saw you when I came down the road, playing with her.
5. HAZEL: She was trying to play with us, but we wouldn't let her.
6. MOTHER: If I see you with that woman's kid again, I'll give you such a hiding - what are you doing? Who said you could start? [Who said you could start?]
7. HAZEL: (Faintly) Nobody.
8. MOTHER: (Slowly enunciating each word) Put that spoon down. Now just listen to me, young woman. If I catch you hitting him, or [going behind my back and] telling any more lies ... you're for the Home. I've said it before, but I mean it this time. I don't have to keep you, you know. My pension would see me and John, and I wouldn't have to work half so hard. So you'd better watch out. Now get on with it before it's cold.
9. JOHN: (Meek and frightened) Could I have some bread, Mummy?
10. MOTHER: Here you are. Get on with it, I said.
11. HAZEL: (Swallowing down tears) I can't. I don't want it.
(THROWING DOWN SPOON WITH A CRASH)
12. MOTHER: There! I rush back from work to cook dinner for her and (Mimicking her) she doesn't want it! Get outside that door before I kill you!
(DOOR OPENS. OUTDOOR ACOUSTIC)
13. POSTMAN: (Approach) Morning, Mrs. 'Iscock. I was just going to put it through the door.
14. MOTHER: Oh, thank you. (Calling after him) Lovely day.
15. POSTMAN: (Off) Ow, not so bad, not so bad. Roll on Christmas.
(GOES)
16. MOTHER: Now just stay out there and keep out of my sight.
(DOOR) SLAMS. A SLIGHT PAUSE. A BIRD SINGS. A TRAIN HOOTS IN THE DISTANCE)
17. HAZEL: (On top of it: gives a deep sigh. Hums a little)

1. HAZEL: Hey you ant, get off my foot. (Right on mike)
Come on - walk up this stick. Not that way, you
fool. (Said with affection) That's right, fall
off. No more sense than you were born with. Go on
then. I'm not stopping you. (Begins to hum
'Scatterbrain' and breaks into the words)
(BEGINS TO TAPDANCE)
(Taking a bar again to get it right with a
exasperation) No! (Stops in mid bar as:)
(DOOR OPENS)
2. MOTHER: (Subdued and preoccupied) Go indoors and eat your
dinner. I'm going round to Mrs. Davies.
(FADE. DOOR CLOSES. CHAIR DRAWN UP
TO TABLE)
3. HAZEL: What's she going round there for?
4. JOHN: You've won the scholarship.
5. HAZEL: What? Me and who else? I never even tried.
6. JOHN: You've won it. She said so.
7. HAZEL: I gave in my papers long before anybody else. And
I smudged the intelligence paper. Where's the
letter?
8. JOHN: On the table, by the bottle.
(RUSTLE)
9. HAZEL: It's only the envelope.
10. JOHN: I expect she took it round to Mrs. Davies.
11. HAZEL: Huh. Now there'll be ructions. (She imitates her
mother's mimicking tones) "Why didn't my Gwennie
pass ... I'll tell you why ... favouritism, that's
what it is." *(Frankie Welton)*
12. JOHN: Will you have to go to college, Haze?
13. HAZEL: Naow. She won't let me go.
14. JOHN: ~~They~~ play tennis at college.
15. HAZEL: I know.
16. JOHN: Jimmy O'Farrell's got a tennis racquet. He ain't
got proper balls though. I lent him the one I
got in my stocking last year, but he hit it over
Bryant's fence.
17. HAZEL: Old Daddy Finch will be pleased. I wonder if
anybody else got through.
18. JOHN: Will your name go up on the board?
19. HAZEL: I shouldn't think so - not if I don't go to college.

1. HAZEL: Yes, let's go to Gran's.
2. JOHN: Can we see the baby chickens?
3. MOTHER: I expect she'll let you if you behave.

1. JOHN: If Gwen's passed, will her mum let her go?
2. HAZEL: I dunno. She might. Anyway, she's got a father. They got a wage coming in.
- (DOOR OPENS)
3. MOTHER: You've passed the scholarship. (She is breathing heavily) That's put paid to Ma Davies.
4. HAZEL: Has Gwennie passed?
5. MOTHER: Passed, that silly-looking thing? I'm surprised you go around with her. I should have thought you'd have more sense. You should have seen Mrs. Davies' face ... she was flabbergasted. Couldn't get a word out. They'll all be green with jealousy.
6. HAZEL: Perhaps it's a mistake.
7. MOTHER: Here you are, have a look for yourself. Evelyn Hazel Elizabeth Hiscock. You've passed right through ... don't even have to go for an interview.
8. HAZEL: Um. Their year starts in the Autumn. If I went I'd have to go next September.
9. MOTHER: Well, don't start getting ideas into your head. It's bad enough the way you hang round those boys from the Big House - coming back with your grand ideas. [If you think I can afford to waste money for you to dress up like a college girl, you're mistaken.] The sooner you're earning your living and get your head out of those books, the better, though God knows who'd employ you. I never met such a lazy, dirty-looking thing. Look at your frock. (~~You've dribbled all down yourself like a baby.~~) And what have you done with your glasses?
10. HAZEL: They're upstairs.
11. MOTHER: Fat lot of good they're doing you up there. I get time off from work to take you to the clinic ... lose half a day's wages ... and then you don't wear the things. I know what it is. You don't like being called 'Four eyes'. You deserve to go blind.
12. HAZEL: I'm not going blind.
13. MOTHER: How do you know you're not? You don't think they'd tell you, do you? (Slight pause) Of course you're not going blind. But it's all the same if you were. You don't want to go round cross-eyed for the rest of your life, do you? Well, do you?
14. HAZEL: No.
15. MOTHER: Well then. Hurry up, we'll go down to Gran's for tea and tell her about the scholarship. Perhaps she'll give you sixpence.
16. JOHN: Ooh!

1. HAZEL: Yes, let's go to Gran's.
2. JOHN: Can we see the baby chickens?
3. MOTHER: I expect she'll let you if you behave.
- (CROSSFADE)
4. GRAN: (Wheezy)... Must give the child her chance, Edie. It don't seem fair after she's won it.
5. MOTHER: How on earth can I? I'm slaving away as it is to keep them in shoes. Really, Mum, I don't know how I go on. I went to the doctor on Tuesday and he said I shouldn't do any standing or kneeling. I ask you! Yesterday I scrubbed at the Watson-Hunts from eight o'clock till nearly one - and I only stopped five minutes for a cup of tea. No kneeling - I ask you.
6. GRAN: How much does she give you?
7. MOTHER: Shilling an hour.
8. GRAN: Well, you can't grumble at that, Ede. When I was a girl -
9. MOTHER: Mum it's nothing nowadays; the money goes nowhere. Seven and six last week for sandals for them, and I shall have to get some new sheets soon, I haven't got one pair that doesn't rip the minute I put them on the bed - I'm fed up with mending them.
10. GRAN: Perhaps I can look out some bits for patching. I got some old stuff from the parson's wife somewhere.
11. MOTHER: Huh - can't see her giving you anything worth having. Ah, you should have seen Kath Davies' face when I told her.
12. GRAN: Her little girl hasn't passed then?
13. MOTHER: No, and a good job too, you'd never have seen them for swank. I can just see that Gwennie Davies with her piddling little pigtails.
14. GRAN: Would they send her then?
15. MOTHER: They'd starve themselves if necessary. Every penny he makes goes on their backs as it is. I've seen the club-man at the door. I bet that woman is up to her neck in debt.
16. GRAN: The girls always look very nice. Still. So you're not thinking of sending Hazel?
17. MOTHER: I can't, Mum. They pay the fees, I know, but that's only the beginning. There's her dinners, the train fares, uniform, books and God knows what. Where could I get the money from?
18. GRAN: Aye, that's right. Oh well, she's got the honour of winning it. No one can take that away from the little maid.

~~See also, 1000116,~~
Oh ye distracted, enter here,
No pain, nor loss, nor sorrow fear,
All striving done, all sins forgiven,
God give thee grace to enter Heaven.

Eliza Mary Beck, b. June 4th 1835, d. November 5th ...
ha, Guy Fawkes Day - 1876. Erected by her sorrowing
husband, John Beck.

*Song of Night (Kuch song)
Telling for poetry*

1. MOTHER: Oh, yes. Her name'll go up on the board at school, even if she doesn't go. We've given them all something to think about.
2. GRAN: 'Tis a pity, just the same. A waste when you come to think of it. She'm a bright one, our little Hazel. Still, I expect they'll find some other clever little thing to give it to.
- (BEGIN TO FADE ON GRAN'S LAST SPEECH.
BRING UP CHURCH BELLS RINGING. HOLD,
THEN DOWN UNDER AS CLOCK TOLLS TWELVE)
- (QUICK CROSSFADE TO ROWDY CHILDREN
SCREAMING AND PLAYING. BELLS RINGING,
OPEN AIR ACOUSTIC NOW)
3. HAZEL: (Middle distance) 'Lo, Edith, 'lo, June.
4. EDITH: (Middle distance; very thick accent) 'Lo, 'Aze. Coo, look at that old gorgl! Comin' in with us, 'Aze?
5. HAZEL: (Closer) Yes, in a minute.
6. EDITH: What you reading the graves for...?
7. JUNE: Choosing one for yourself?
8. HAZEL: (On mike. Laughs)
9. 1ST WOMAN: Re-ally, the way these children scream and shout in the churchyard. Charity's all very well, but I do think they should give the bread away somewhere else. I can't think why they don't use the Church Hall.
10. 2ND WOMAN: I think there is a clause in this particular charity, that the bread is given away in the vestry. I do agree they make a shocking noise.
11. 1ST WOMAN: Look at that one, treading all over the graves.
12. 2ND WOMAN: Yes, it cught to be stopped. (Goes)
13. EDITH: (Off mike) Come on, 'Aze, they're goin' in!
14. HAZEL: (Right on mike, reading)
Oh ye distracted, enter here,
No pain, nor loss, nor sorrow fear,
All striving done, all sins forgiven,
God give thee grace to enter Heaven.

Eliza Mary Beck, b. June 4th 1835, d. November 5th ...
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Surface Night (Leads away)
Relief for poetry

1. EDITH: (Shriek, high-pitched) Hazow!
2. JUNE: (Shriek, high-pitched) Hazowwww!!
3. HAZEL: (Hoarse bellow - half exasperated, half release of similar energy) Com-ingggg!
- (BRING UP VERGER'S VOICE, BIT OFF MIKE, PLAY HAZEL SCENE OVER IT)
4. VERGER: ~~Caulder ... Crayshaw ... four loaves for Crayshaw ... that's right.~~ *Avery, Baker, Bishop* *Bishop*
5. HERBIE: (Weak old man's voice) Is that right, Eli?
6. VERGER: (Irritable - this is an Eric Barker act) That's right, Herbie. Dennison ... Dennison, is Dennison here ... be quiet, you boys... *Full of chicken*
7. HERBIE: Quiet ... quiet!
8. HAZEL: (App.) Hullo, how far's he got?
9. VERGER: Be quiet, you girls. Harper ... ~~Hayes~~ ... ~~Hiscock~~ ... Hutchinson. Johnson ... Kennedy ... Kennedy not 'ere then? ** CHANGE NAMES*
10. EDITH: (Flat) Hullo.
11. BOY'S VOICE: 'Is mum's ill, sir.
12. HAZEL: What's the matter with you?
13. VERGER: Is anybody taking them?
14. JUNE: Is it true?
15. HOARSE VOICE: I'll take 'em, Mr. Bradley
16. HAZEL: (She knows) Is what true?
17. MAUREEN: You won the scholarship?
18. HAZEL: So what?
19. MAUREEN: It is true.
20. JUNE: I told you so.
21. EDITH: College girls aren't much ... spit in their eye.
22. BETTY: Hazel's not going.
23. HAZEL: I'm not going.
24. EDITH: Why not?
25. HAZEL: Don't want to.
26. JUNE: Good old Hazel. Tell them where to stuff it.
27. MAUREEN: Arnold Mason's won - he's going.
28. EDITH: Oh, 'im.
29. JUNE: Well, his mother's got a fish and chip shop.

*Avery, Baker, Bishop, ~~Gardner~~ ~~Dennison~~
Elliot, ~~Evans~~, Frampton .. Frampton will be*

21. HAZEL: That's not very likely.
22. BETTY: Well, my mum was talking to yours in ~~the~~ the shop and your mum said Daddy Finch had been to see her.
23. HAZEL: Yes, he come back from school with me the other day. Imagine us, riding along together. (Dissolves into laughter) He gets off and walks up the hills - I didn't know whether to wait or go on!
24. GIRLS: (Dissolve into helpless laughter)
25. HAZEL: And on the way down he kept passing me with a click-click noise.

1. MAUREEN: Would you like to go, Haze?
2. HAZEL: Who, me? What do you think I am? (She imitates)
Ew I say!
3. VERGER: Be quiet you girls, I can't hear myself speak.
4. EDITH: (Rudely) Urahh!
5. BETTY: *Verger;* (Harper, Hayes .. Hiscock.)
(Whispering) Coming round the harbour afterwards,
Haze?
6. HAZEL: O.K., Bet.
7. JUNE: It's your turn, Hay!
- ~~(SLIGHT PAUSE)~~
8. HAZEL: Well, get out of my way then - (Exit)
9. EDITH: Isn't she going, really?
10. BETTY: I don't know ... I don't think so.
11. MAUREEN: You do usually if you win.
12. JUNE: You have to if you win.
13. MAUREEN: They make you!
14. EDITH: You wait, Betty Sawyer, she won't want to be seen
dead with you ---
15. BETTY: Don't be daft.
16. EDITH: (In disgust) Ah, I seen 'em before. She'll be
stuck up.
17. JUNE: Yeah, like the rest of them.
18. BETTY: No she won't then -
19. ~~THIRD GIRL:~~ *Maureen;* Shut up, here she is.
- (FADE. PAUSE. FADE IN SEAGULL. AN
OUTBOARD PUTTERS BY. SILENCE)
20. BETTY: *Just the 2 of them*
Haze ... if you go to college...
21. HAZEL: That's not very likely.
22. BETTY: Well, my mum was talking to yours in ~~the~~ the shop
and your mum said Daddy Finch had been to see her.
23. HAZEL: Yes, he come back from school with me the other
day. Imagine us, riding along together. (Dissolves
into laughter) He gets off and walks up the hills -
I didn't know whether to wait or go on!
24. GIRLS: (Dissolve into helpless laughter)
25. HAZEL: And on the way down he kept passing me with a
click-click noise.

1. BETTY: I expect that was his teeth - you know the way they go in prayers!
2. GIRLS: (Laugh)
3. BETTY: Would you like to go though, Haze, honest, I mean?
4. HAZEL: Naow. Not really.
5. BETTY: You'd get to know a lot of snooty girls ... that Mavis Mitchell from Riversdale Avenue.
6. HAZEL: (Contempt) Oh 'er.
7. BETTY: They got a tennis court in their garden.
8. HAZEL: I know. I been keen on tennis since - well, you know what.
9. BETTY: (Fervently) I know. (Pause) I bet she has all her friends in to play.
10. HAZEL: I'd rather be out on the harbour any day.
11. BETTY: (Eagerly) Would you, Haze?
12. HAZEL: (Lazily) Yeah, any day. So there's no need for them ~~Fisher~~ ^{Thomas} girls to start thinking I'm swanking.
13. BETTY: Oh, they never said that.
14. HAZEL: I suppose you told them.
15. BETTY: Well, you never asked me to keep it a secret.
16. HAZEL: No, well ... it's all right, Bet. I don't care who knows. Going to the pictures, Saturday?
17. BETTY: Seen it. Went with our mum last night.
18. HAZEL: What's it like?
19. BETTY: Ooh, not bad. Quite good really. There's some lovely dancing.
20. HAZEL: [What part does Ginger Rogers play?
21. BETTY: We-ell ... she's in the chorus of this show and the leading girl goes off in a temper because Fred Astaire won't take her dog for a walk.
22. HAZEL: So Ginger Rogers gets the part?
23. BETTY: Yeah, and Fred Astaire falls in love with her -
24. HAZEL: What part's he playing?
25. BETTY: Oh, he's the leading man in the show - rather cocky, you know.
26. HAZEL: And she takes him down a peg or two?]

1. BETTY: [Ye-es, but really it isn't his fault. She won't let him EXPLAIN. She goes off in a temper -
2. HAZEL: What, her too?
3. BETTY: Yes, and when he gets to this lovely big house with the swimming pool ...
4. HAZEL: Which house?
5. BETTY: (Slightly irritated) Oh, well, it comes into it - he comes to EXPLAIN everything, but she won't listen...
6. HAZEL: She's still fed up?
7. BETTY: (Rushing her climax) Yes and when he tries, she slaps his face!
8. HAZEL: Wow! What happens then?
9. BETTY: He tap-dances down the stairs. (Sighs) I wish I could dance like that. Anyway, he goes off -
10. HAZEL: Well, don't tell me the whole story. I want to see it too, you know.
11. BETTY: You asked me.
12. HAZEL: I never.
13. BETTY: You did!
14. HAZEL: I never!
15. BETTY: You DID!]

(FADE ON THESE SPEECHES. PAUSE.
SLOWLY, WRITING)

16. HAZEL: Dear David, Here is the letter I promised you. Nothing much has happened here since you left. I have been practising my tennis nearly every day, and am much better than I was. I hope we can play when you come home for the holidays. No, I still have my hair parted at the side. I tried it in the middle but it looked awful. Hoping to see you soon. I must go now as Rover is jumping up. Love ... no ... Your loving friend, Hazel. P.S. I have a secret to tell you - not very much, just something I won.

(FADE. PAUSE. THEN BRING UP QUICKLY)

17. MOTHER: (Voice weak and prissy with nerves) Oh, of course I want to do the right thing for her, Mr. Platt, but ...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Excuse me.

(OPENS DOOR)

Oh, hullo, Marge, what is it?

1. MARGE: (Very West Country in voice, ignorant, scurrilous, a cadger, but amiable) You got company? Don't matter then. I only wanted a bit of suet.
2. PLATT: Well, I won't trouble you any longer now, Mrs. Hiscock. If you'll just think over what I've said. I'll get in touch with Mr. Dauncey at once and send him along to see you. I've left the - er - on the table. Good morning.
3. MOTHER: Good morning, Mr. Platt.
4. PLATT: Good morning, Mrs. Potter. (Exit)
5. MARGE: Good morning, Mr. Platt.
- (A SUITABLE PAUSE. DOOR SHUTS)
6. MOTHER: Come in, Marge. I'll put the kettle on. Phew. I dunno.
7. MARGE: 'Ad enough, gal?
8. MOTHER: Yes, I have. I'm fed up with the sound of the word scholarship, I don't mind telling you.
9. MARGE: What's it to do with him?
10. MOTHER: Don't ask me. He comes round with my money ... hardly worth coming for, and I wouldn't get that if he knew I was working -
11. MARGE: Not like t'old Relieving Officer, you could tell him anything.
12. MOTHER: Well I told this one it's a fat lot of good wanting me to put Hazel to college on what they give me --- They must think I'm made of money.
13. MARGE: The nerve of it. I don't suppose he offered to pay.
14. MOTHER: It's all very well for them to talk.
- (CHINK OF CUPS)
15. MARGE: Well, I 'ope you told 'im, dear.
16. MOTHER: They make me sick. Old Finch was here the other night, filling her up with ideas, and I can hardly keep her in clothes as it is. I don't mind telling you, Marge, it's all I can do some nights to pour myself out a cup of tea after I've put them to bed, I'm so done in.
17. MARGE: Ah, you do too much, dear.
18. MOTHER: I've never been right since John was born. And then they want me to send her to college.
19. MARGE: As if you hadn't enough to get on with.
20. MOTHER: Mind you, there's a lot of people round here I wouldn't mind doing in the eye, I don't mind telling you.

(CHINK OF CUPS)

1. MARGE: Oh, thank 'ee, dear. You'm right enough there.
2. MOTHER: ~~That old Mother Sanderson down the road for one, always looking down her nose as if we were dirt because we live in a Council house.~~
3. MARGE: I hear they're buying their place.
4. MOTHER: ^{Rt} It wouldn't surprise me, all he puts away on that Water Board job - I know how he makes it. I'd like to show them, you know, Marge.
5. MARGE: Ah.
6. MOTHER: Make them all look up.
7. MARGE: Yeah, why not? Your 'Azels as good as any of 'em.
8. MOTHER: You know, if it wasn't for the thought of those extra two years before she was earning anything, I'd send her, Marge, just to spite them.
9. MARGE: Ah, they'd all look twice then and no mistake. Ooh, is that lard cake? - Well, ever such a little bit then. Oooh, this is nice.
10. MOTHER: Same as usual - here, have a bit more. You know, Marge, it would shake them all up a bit if our Hazel could be going off to Breconfield every day instead of that Central School.
11. MARGE: Well, 'twould be one in the eye for old Kath Davies and no mistake. She was saying in the sweet shop the other day what a waste it was giving it to Hazel.
12. MOTHER: (Hackles up) Oh, she was, was she? I suppose she never dreamed I might be thinking of letting her go.
13. MARGE: Oh well, no, not seeing as 'ow you are, Edie.
14. MOTHER: The nerve! Pity she can't mind her own business a bit more! (Sighs) I don't know. Old Platt, and Daddy Finch are keen on the idea, and they're supposed to know what they're talking about.
15. MARGE: Oh, yeah, 'e's a nice old bird, Finchy. 'e was the one 'elped Ron when 'e come out.
16. MOTHER: (With interest) Was he? (Pause. The idea is taking hold of her) Would you send her, Marge, if you was me? I mean, d'you think there's anything in it, whether it's worth it or not?
17. MARGE: (Irresponsibly sycophant) Yeah, why not, my dear? You 'ave a go if you wants to. You can always take 'er away if it's too much of a good thing or if she don't like it. That's what I always say. Is there a drop more in the pot?
18. MOTHER: (Pondering) Ye-es, I could always do that - there's nothing to stop me
(POURS)

MOTHER: Here. But what about the uniform?
(Cont'd)

(FADE. PAUSE)

~~(FADE UP. OLD-FASHIONED DOORBELL
RINGS. DOOR OPENED)~~

1. DAUNCEY: Oh, Mrs. Hiscock ... would you like to wait in the fitting-room, Mrs. Hiscock? I shan't be long. (Exit)
2. MOTHER: (Voice weak with nerves) Thank you very much.
(PAUSE)
3. HAZEL: (Close on mike, hoarse) Mum. Mum!
4. MOTHER: (Irritably) Ssh! What is it?
5. HAZEL: Can I go to the -
6. MOTHER: No, you can't. (Very slight pause) You'll have to wait.
7. HAZEL: (Gives a slight groan of complaint)
8. MOTHER: We shan't be long. Whatever's the matter with you ... you went before we came out.
(SLIGHT PAUSE)
9. HAZEL: Do women have clothes made here as well as men?
10. MOTHER: (Irritably) Ssh!
(PAUSE)
11. DAUNCEY: (On mike. His manner now is brisker, a little irascible) Sorry to keep you waiting, Mrs. Hiscock I'll just put this cloth away, I hope you don't mind.
12. MOTHER: Oh, no.
13. DAUNCEY: A beautiful piece this.
14. MOTHER: It looks lovely. Sir William had a suit very much like it, when I was in service there.
15. DAUNCEY: I expect we cut it for him. (He grunts, putting the bale up) (More briskly) Well now, Mrs. Hiscock, now let me see, how tall is Evelyn?
16. MOTHER: Stand up, Hazel.
17. DAUNCEY: Mm. Most of the things will have to be turned up, I think. ^{My} Rosemary is tall for her age.
18. MOTHER: She takes after you, Mr. Dauncey.
19. DAUNCEY: Yes. Yes. Now my wife put the parcel down, let me see, here it is I think. Ah yes. The overcoat is from Mrs. Mitchell so that may not need altering .. her daughter goes to Breconfield, you know.

1. MOTHER: Oh, yes.
2. DAUNCEY: Yes, she's very happy there. One of the sleeves is a little worn, I believe my wife said - she looked the things over just to - er, but I expect -
3. MOTHER: Oh, I can see to that, Mr. Dauncey.
4. DAUNCEY: Just stand still, my dear. I'll measure it against you. Yes, that'll do nicely. Then there's the mackintosh ... oh, and the hat. That's from Mrs. Mitchell, too. We'd better try that on for size, eh, Evelyn? See if you've got a swelled head from winning the scholarship.
5. MOTHER: Come on, Hazel, put it on.
6. DAUNCEY: Ah, yes, now. Let me see. A lovely fit.
7. MOTHER: Yes, that's fine.
8. HAZEL: (Very low and sullen) It's too tight.
9. DAUNCEY: There, what did I tell you? (He neighs like a horse)
10. MOTHER: She'll soon get used to it.
11. DAUNCEY: Now ... four blouses, I think, and the gym slips, just the turning up. And, er, there is some underwear. I didn't know whether it would come in useful, Mrs. Hiscock, but my wife thought -
12. MOTHER: She is very short, Mr. Dauncey. I would be grateful.
13. HAZEL: (Clears her throat in agonised fashion)
14. DAUNCEY: (Voice drops delicately) Three vests, three liberty bodices, and ... er ... three pairs of knickers (Rushes last phrase) oh, and the blazer (With pride) - now this is almost new - Mavis outgrew it before she had any wear out of it.
15. HAZEL: (Strangled sob)
16. MOTHER: Whatever's the matter, Hazel?
17. HAZEL: Nothing.
18. MOTHER: Well, for goodness' sakes stop that noise and say, thank you to Mr. Dauncey for all he's done for you. They don't realise how lucky they are.
19. DAUNCEY: Ah, Mrs. Hiscock, things are different from when we were young. It all comes easy for them.
20. MOTHER: Yes. All they have to do nowadays, is to sit back and wait for it to be poured into their laps.

(CROSSFADE BUNNING BUS. PAUSE. BUS CONDUCTOR COLLECTING FARES)

(In nagging undertones) I've never been so disgusted in my life. There you stood, with your head hung down like a ninny, whatever do you think people will think of you, anybody would think you'd never been taught any manners. All those lovely clothes.

1. HAZEL: I don't want them. I don't want to go to college.
2. MOTHER: (Very sharp) Don't you be so silly. You've won the scholarship and you're going. Any ordinary girl would be grateful, [~~but you're so miserable and moody.~~] I can't think what's the matter with you.
3. HAZEL: I'm not wearing Mavis Mitchell's clothes. And I'm not wearing that hat.
4. MOTHER: You'll wear what you're told.
5. CONDUCTOR: Fares, please.
6. MOTHER: Two threepennies, please, and I've got a case in the back...
7. CONDUCTOR: Oh, I'll look after that, missis, don't you worry. Ey, what's the matter with you, littlun? You look a bit down in the mouth?
8. HAZEL: (Bursts into tears)
(HOLD, FADE. PAUSE. FADE UP
THREE-NOTE WHISTLE, OFF)
(Whistles, on mike in reply. Repeat)
9. ATTY: (Off) 'Lo, 'Azew.
10. HAZEL: (Puffed) Watcha doing?
11. ATTY: Catching shrimps.
12. HAZEL: How many you got?
13. ATTY: Jarful.
14. HAZEL: Huh, call that a jarful.
15. ATTY: (He is abstracted) You try and get 'em. (A pause) There's a biggun.
(SLIGHT SCUFFLE AS HE MOVES)
16. HAZEL: You'll lose him.
17. ATTY: (Soft and concentrated; he has an innate gentleness that springs from a happy mild-climated, feckless home ... very different from the sharp tensions that Hazel is involved in both in her family and school life) Na-ow. Come 'ere, my little lovely.
(A SCUFFLE AND)
(A gasp)
18. HAZEL: You got 'im! Here's the jar. You having 'them for tea?
19. ATTY: You can have them if you wants 'em.

1. HAZEL: (With automatic scorn) No-o. When I want shrimps, I'll catch me own, thanks. Anyway, why aren't you at school?
2. ATTY: Why aren't you, come to that?
3. HAZEL: Daddy Finch give me the afternoon off for winning the scholarship. Ah, that 'ad you, didn't it? I suppose you got the afternoon off for being the best behaved.
4. ATTY: (He is no match for her 'wit') That's right.
5. HAZEL: What did you do, play ^{hockey} hockey or get sent home?
6. ATTY: Got sent 'ome, yesterday. I gotta wait till the district nurse comes. It's my head ---
7. HAZEL: You're telling me. *What, bugs again?*
8. ATTY: I gotta have a clean head by next week. Otherwise my mum'll be had up.
9. HAZEL: What for?
10. ATTY: For not sending me to school. *Mum*
11. HAZEL: But she does send you. 'Taint her fault if you gets sent home. The trouble with your ~~mother~~ is, she's too soft. She lets them all put upon her. Why don't she tell 'em all where to get off?
12. ATTY: They'll 'ave 'er up in Court if I get sent 'ome.
13. HAZEL: So what? Who do they think they are? That old Earl of Westchurch, so old he can't even sit still! I seen him at the school play and his hand shook so much he couldn't get his false teeth round the glass. What does he know about it with all his dough?
14. ATTY: He's the beak.
15. HAZEL: *Kids*
Huh. I bet he ain't had seven ~~children~~ like your mum. If I was her I'd stick you all in the ~~Home~~, I would, honest. Not really, of course, I was only kidding. But what's the magistrates know about it? Not a thing!
16. ATTY: They can put you in Borstal or get you sent to prison.
17. HAZEL: (She is aware of his fear) Well, don't let that worry you, they wouldn't have you as a gift, At.
18. ATTY: I ain't so sure. Look at Windy Miller.
19. HAZEL: Oh, I know ... but he pinched something. That's different.
- (SLIGHT PAUSE)
20. ATTY: 'Aze...

1. HAZEL: Yeah?
2. ATTY: I love you.
3. HAZEL: I know.
4. ATTY: Do you love me?
5. HAZEL: Not in that way, At. I mean, I don't want to kiss you or anything.
6. ATTY: I'll always love you, even when we're grown up.
7. HAZEL: (Carelessly) Well, I might be glad of it, some day. Coming down the gravel heaps?
8. ATTY: (Stoutly) I'm gonna get apprenticed when I leave school, and get a good trade - a carpenter or something.
9. HAZEL: (Unimpressed) Mm.
10. ATTY: Well, a plasterer then. They earn very good money.
11. HAZEL: Who've you been listening to, At? The people who make money never get their hands dirty. [~~Look at Ben Goodman, or old Sanderson down our road.~~] You wanna get your head screwed on.
12. ATTY: Well, I ain't no good at reading an' writing.
13. HAZEL: That's because you're always away. If you was to go more regular -
14. ATTY: (Without enthusiasm) Yeah.
15. HAZEL: You'd rather be out here catching shrimps, ey, or scrumping apples?

(A SCUFFLE)

(Squeaks) Mind me glasses! Now I'll have to clean the muck off ~~them~~.
16. ATTY: Funny colour eyes you got, Haze.
17. HAZEL: (Indifferently) Yeah, I know. Seen the ponies?
18. ATTY: They're down by the water. I seen 'em when I come by.
19. HAZEL: Let's go and round them up.
20. ATTY: We'll catch it if old Mackenzie sees us. I got told off last week for worrying 'em.
21. HAZEL: He won't see us, we're miles away. Anyway, he's not supposed to let them stray all down ~~here~~. You coming?
22. ATTY: In a minute.
23. HAZEL: Well, I'm going to look for Rusty.

1. ATTY: Yeah 'e's there. 'E nearly came up to me t'other day.
2. HAZEL: I know. I been taming him. He knows me now. Be seeing you.
3. ATTY: Okeydoke.

(FADE. PAUSE, THEN UP PEEWIT, DREDGERS,
AND DOWN UNDER)

4. HAZEL: ~~(Up; Humming Bach, quite accurately)~~ Rusty. Rusty!
Come on then, come on, Rusty.

(SOUND OF PONY TURNING AND TROTTING OFF)

Oh, don't go walloping off, I'm not going to touch you. Now how can I get over there?

(GRUNTS, JUMPING; A SQUELCHING SOUND)

(All in a crooning, excited tone) There's some nice long grass here, a lovely dinner for you. Here! Here you are, come and have some lovely grass. (Pause) Come on, I shan't move. Come on! I shan't move!

(HORSE SNORTS, TAKING THE GRASS)

There! (She is very excited) You like that, don't you? You're my horse you know. I'm going to ride you one day. I'll ride you right over the marsh to the sea, right in the sea, right up to your neck. Would you like that? Would you like to be ridden in the sea? It would be lovely - we'd go up and down together, all in the sea, and the waves would come up and splash over us, my hair and your mane, all splashed up together. That would be nice, wouldn't it? You'd like that, you know.

(HORSE SNORTS GENTLY)

You know me, don't you? You know me better than anybody else, (Sighs) and I know you, my lovely boy. You're my boy. My own lovely darling boy. Wait a minute and I'll pick you some more grass. Keep still while I bend down.

(HOOVES MOVE AWAY SLOWLY)

Oh! (Disappointed) You silly thing, I wasn't going to hurt you - oh! (Cross) Stupid-looking thing! You'll have to learn who's boss, you know -

(FADE VOICE, UP DREDGERS, HOLD - THEN
TOP WITH:)

5. ATTY: (Three-note piercing whistle)
6. HAZEL: (Off, calls on a sustained note) Atty! }

(PEEWITS, MERGING INTO RING OF
OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL BELL. HOLD BELL,
THEN DOWN UNDER BUSTLE OF CLASS-ROOM
EMPTYING AND CHILDREN PLAYING OFF)

1. FINCH: (Nasal) Here, you boy, get away from that window, you'll have that cord off. Hurry up there!
2. GIRL: (Prim) Goodbye, Mr. Finch.
3. OTHERS: (Severally) Goodbye, Mr. Finch.
4. FINCH: Goodbye, goodbye. And try and behave yourselves during the holidays. I don't want any complaints on my desk when we reassemble.
- (HUBBUB DIES)
- Well, Hazel...?
5. HAZEL: Thank you for the book, Mr. Finch.
6. FINCH: Your first complete Shakespeare ... ah, yes. (Reminiscently) Have you looked at it yet?
7. HAZEL: I read some of it... 'The Merchant of Venice', 'As You Like It', and some of 'Hamlet'.
8. FINCH: Which did you like best?
9. HAZEL: (Fervour overcomes her deep shyness) Oh, 'Hamlet'!
10. FINCH: Humph. 'Macbeth' is a very great play you know. Try 'Macbeth'. You're a little young of course, but there's some fine stuff...
11. HAZEL: Oh, I've read bits of it ... I liked the scenes with Lady Macbeth.
12. FINCH: Not an important character. A much misunderstood play, 'Macbeth'. Knight is all wrong about it. I should like very much to produce it myself - if I had the cast of course... I once played Macbeth myself, you know; you might not think it ... that was many years ago ... a great play, a great play ... but I must get on. Would you get me my bicycle clips out of the cupboard, Hazel, they're hanging inside the door. Thank you. When does your term start at Breconfield?
13. HAZEL: September the twenty second.
14. FINCH: Ah, yes. Of course, when you get there, you'll have plenty of opportunity for reading. They've an excellent library... I wish I had more facilities for you here. Oh, yes, those books please

(HE IS CLEARING UP)

... you'll be able to delve deep; there's a good staff at Breconfield, all university people ... you'll find keenness there. Learn all you can, and don't be afraid to go to the staff with your problems... That's what they're for - is that door

FINCH:
(Cont'd)

shut? I must get Mrs. Piper ~~to~~ to clear out this room, all those jam jars and specimens will have to go; I can't keep the place cluttered up. [I shall have to speak to Miss Thompson about it.]

1. HAZEL: It's Mrs. Bennett's class has been doing all this growing, sir.

2. FINCH: Oh, is it?

(DOOR)

Well, I must speak to her. Out you go.

(KEYS. DOOR CLOSSES HEAVILY, KEYS JANGLE AS HE LOCKS IT)

Well, Hazel, (More gently) the best of luck in your new venture. Work hard, and come back and see us whenever you can.

3. HAZEL: I will, Mr. Finch.

4. FINCH: You never know, there may be some little problem I can help you with ... advise you. Well, goodbye, and good luck.

5. HAZEL: Goodbye, Mr. Finch. Thank you very much.

(A SLIGHT PAUSE, THEN SOUND OF CHILDREN PLAYING. A BICYCLE BELL IS RUNG FURIOUSLY)

6. FINCH: (Angrily ... off mike) How many times have I told you children to keep out of the road? Mrs. Norman, your boy's one of them - get those children off the road, will you?

(FADE. PAUSE. FADE IN)

7. MOTHER: You've got the uniform, you might as well wear it. If you think I'm going to keep two sets of clothes for you to go round parading yourself in, you're much mistaken, and the sooner you get that into your mind the better.

8. HAZEL: (Sullenly) I said all right. I'm putting it on, aren't I? There's no need to go on.

9. MOTHER: And just keep yourself clean and tidy, and come straight home after Sunday school - no going down the harbour with all that mud. I know where you got to that Friday afternoon you had off - coming up the road with that Atty Seymour. You'll get sent home first day from your la-di-da school -

NOTE: (The actress must convey the justifiable annoyance of the mother of such a clumsy, short-sighted and dreamy child with some sympathy, though Hazel's feelings of degradation should predominate)

Do your coat up properly ... not that button ... the OTHER button ... tch! You're doing up the wrong button - did you ever see such a child!

MOTHER:
(Cont'd)

Have you got the gloves? Don't lose them for goodness' sakes. Here, let me look at you. It's a lovely coat.

1. HAZEL:

I shall be late.

2. MOTHER:

Off you go then. Wait a minute ... you forgot the hat!

3. HAZEL:

(Groans) Oh, Mum!

4. MOTHER:

Go on, put it on! You've got to wear it soon enough anyway. You might as well get used to it. There's no need to pull it on anyhow. Stand still. That's better. It looks very nice.

5. HAZEL:

I look like that daft boy that goes about in a chair - the one that's all hat.

6. MOTHER:

Of course you don't. It looks very smart. Now hurry up, do ... I don't want old mother Blount glaring at me in the street because you're late for her class.

7. HAZEL:

(Miserably) Cheero then. (Fading)

8. MOTHER:

(Still on mike; giggles) What does she look like, poor little devil! I do hope they don't take it out of her too much. (Sighs)

(CROSSFADE)

9. BLOUNT:

(Fluty spinster voice) Come along, Hazel Hiscock, late again. Ew, you've got your Breconfield uniform on. Let's all have a look at you. Come forward, Hazel. Children -

10. CHILDREN:

(Giggling)

11. BLOUNT:

Listen, children. If you all work hard, and win a scholarship like Hazel, you can wear a lovely uniform like this. You're a credit to your mother, Hazel, and you may tell her I said so. I've never seen you looking so smart.

12. HAZEL:

(Sotto voce) Silly old faggot.

13. BLOUNT:

Now, children, first hymn - coat off, Hazel; we don't praise the Lord with our coats on. 'The King of Love MY Shepherd Is, HIS Goodness Faileth Never. I Nothing Lack ...

(CROSSFADE. PAUSE. FADE UP PEEWITS)

14. BETTY:

(Approach; discreetly off mike) Haze! Haze!

15. HAZEL:

Oh, hullo, Bet, what happened to you?

16. BETTY:

Our dinner was late. Coming round the harbour?

17. HAZEL:

Mm ... dunno. (She is uncommunicative) I might.

(A PAUSE)

1. BETTY: (Softly) Haze ... I like the uniform.
2. HAZEL: (With a betraying fervour) DO you? I feel daft in it.
3. BETTY: No-o - it's lovely. Put the hat on.
4. HAZEL: I look funny in it. Like that daft boy - you know, the one who's head wobbles.
5. BETTY: Go on, put it on, let's have a look. (She shrieks with laughter) Gooch, Haze, you do look funny!
6. HAZEL: I know. (Starts to laugh) 'Ere, look, the daft boy! (She mumbles an affectionate imitation) Er, yer, yer ...
7. BETTY: Stop it, Haze, my sides are aching. Let me try it on!
8. HAZEL: Hey, let go. It's my hat. I'm very fond of this hat, you know. Best hat I ever had.
9. BETTY: Better than your old blue beret, eh? The one we put the tiddlers in!
10. BETTY:) (They dissolve in laughter again)
HAZEL:)
11. BETTY: Let's have a go, Hazel, come on, don't be mean!
12. HAZEL: You want it, you get it - here, catch!
13. BETTY: (Screeches) It's gone in a puddle! (Laughing and breathless)
14. MRS. DAVIES: (Welsh accent; approach) Well, I am surprised. If this is how college girls behave, I must say, Gwendolen, I'm very glad your father won't let you go.
15. GWEN: (Just as Welsh) Don't want to go.
16. BETTY: (With the fervour of the aroused timid) You never won it, so there's not much chance.
17. MRS. DAVIES: I don't expect manners from you, Betty Sawyer, but I should have thought Hazel's bit of luck might have changed her a bit.
18. BETTY: She won it fair and square.
19. HAZEL: Oh, shut up, Bet. ✓✓
20. MRS. DAVIES: That's what you say, Betty, and far be it from me to upset a child. That's not my way. But there are some of us who know different, you know. Gwendoline had private lessons for three months. There's something very funny somewhere.
21. HAZEL: (Satirical, sotto voce) Yeah!
22. BETTY: (Roused in defence) Yes, but that doesn't mean to say -

1. MRS. DAVIES: Anyway, her daddy's bought her a new bike. She'll be riding it next week when we've got the basket for it. You'd rather have that than the old scholarship any day, wouldn't you, Gwennie?
2. GWEN: (Squeaks ingratiatingly) Ye-es.
3. MRS. DAVIES: You look very nice in your uniform, Hazel, tidier than I've ever seen you look. First time on I suppose?
4. HAZEL: I'm just getting the feel of it.
5. MRS. DAVIES: Yes, I saw you rolling your hat in the gutter. Don't stand near the edge of the pavement, Gwendolen, you might get splashed. Well, we must be getting along, Father will be wanting his tea. Remember me to your mother, Hazel. She must be very grateful to Mrs. Mitchell - I hear she's given you all Mavis's cast-off stuff. You can come round and play with Gwennie now and then if you like. Mavis often stops by for a bit of tea, she and Gwennie get on very well. (Exit)
6. HAZEL: (Underlining Mrs. Davies' last words) Yeah!
7. BETTY: They would.
8. HAZEL: Make a good pair.
9. BETTY: (She'll tell your mum about your hat going in the muck.)
10. HAZEL: (Carelessly) Oh, I'll say it blew off.
11. BETTY: (Murmurs agreement)
12. HAZEL: Except that she knows what a tight fit it is.
13. BETTY: Still, it's quite a windy day.
14. HAZEL: Ye-ah ... I could say we were just walking along ... and just as we got round the corner...)
15. BETTY: Watch out ... here's that Brenda Cullis!
16. BRENDA: (Approach) Hey - look at 'Aze 'Iscock! ^{Sing} Where oh where, where oh where, where did you get that 'at? *all laugh*
17. MAUREEN: Coming in the cave?
18. EILEEN: We're going round the harbour wall way - coming?
(FADE. BRING UP ROAR OF WAVES, HOLD THEN DOWN UNDER NEXT SCENE. ACOUSTIC AS FOR CAVE)
19. GIRLS: (On echo: laughing)
20. MAUREEN: You never!
21. BRENDA: Yes I did then. I said it to his face.
22. GIRLS: (Squeal)

1. BETTY: What did he say, Brenda?
2. BRENDA: He didn't say anything!
3. HAZEL: Well, what did he do, then?
4. BRENDA: (Giggles infuriatingly)
5. EILEEN: Oh, come on, Brend.
6. MAUREEN: She'll never tell you.
7. HAZEL: I don't believe he did anything.
8. BRENDA: Oh yes he did then, Hazel Hiscock. And it's none of your business.
9. HAZEL: Well, shut up about it then.
10. BETTY: Wow, listen to the waves. If we stay here long enough, the tide'll come right up to the cave.
11. EILEEN: It never comes this far.
12. BETTY: Yes it does.
13. HAZEL: Look at the slime on the wall.
14. EILEEN: That's old. That was the Spring tides back in April done that. Remember, Maureen, when that boat broke up and we found all them cushions?
15. BRENDA: Our Billy found a watch on the beach, a gold one.
16. HAZEL: Huh.
17. BRENDA: He did ~~it~~ our mum sold it and got thirty bob for it, so ~~there~~.
18. HAZEL: Trouble with you, Brend, is you tell so many tales, we never know what to believe.
19. BRENDA: I could tell you a few things you don't know, in spite of winning the scholarship.
20. HAZEL: Such as what?
21. BRENDA: (Screams with laughter again) What I was telling you, Maureen, ch?
22. MAUREEN: You are awful, Brend, honestly.
23. EILEEN: Is it what she was telling us yesterday?
24. MAUREEN: Yes, you know.
25. GIRLS: (Laugh infuriatingly)
26. HAZEL: Well, what is it?
27. BETTY: Come on, tell us.

1. BRENDA: Oh, I can't tell Hazel, with her going to be a college girl. Might ruin her for life, eh, girls?
2. GIRLS: (Laugh again)
3. HAZEL: (Getting irritated) Keep it to yourself then. I don't suppose it's anything worth hearing, or we should have heard it by now.
4. BRENDA: Yes it is then, isn't it, Maureen?
5. MAUREEN: Oh yes, it is, Haze. (Tell her, Brend ... go on.
6. BRENDA: Naow
7. EILEEN: Oh, go on, Brend. Tell her what you told us.
8. BETTY: Come on...
9. HAZEL: Come on, then, I'm listening.
10. BRENDA: (Her voice goes down to a whisper) We-ell -
11. GIRLS: (Squeals and oohs)
12. HAZEL: (Eventually) I don't believe it.
13. BETTY: Brend, honestly?
14. BRENDA: It's true. Try it yourself.
15. HAZEL: Don't take any notice of her, Bet, she's making it up.
16. BETTY: (Wavering) You do tell 'em, Brend.
17. BRENDA: Oh, you, Betty Sawyer, you're so sloppy, you wouldn't know what to do with a boy if you had one. You nor her!
18. BETTY: (Hotly) Hazel's got a boy, so there!
19. HAZEL: (With some urgency) Bet!
20. BRENDA: I'll believe that when I see it. What's his name?
21. BETTY: It's a secret.
22. EILEEN: Tell us, Hazel.
23. MAUREEN: Who is he?
24. EILEEN: Is it that new boy down your road?
25. BETTY: No, it isn't. It's a secret and I promised not to tell, didn't I, Hazel?
26. HAZEL: (Bluntly) Yes, you did.
27. BRENDA: Well you can tell that to the marines. The day old four-eyes here gets a boy, I'll die laughing. Coming, Maureen?

1. MAUREEN: Might as well.
2. EILEEN: Where are you going? Can I come?
- (FADE. SLIGHT PAUSE. THEN BRING UP
SOUND OF A TROWEL ON A FLOWER-POT...
TAP, TAP, TAP. OPENING DOOR)
3. HAZEL: ^{ullo} Can I come in, Mr. Collins?
4. TOM: Ah, 'ullo there, young 'Azel.
5. HAZEL: Er ... Mum said thank you very much for the vegetables. I've brought the basket back.
6. TOM: Oh. Put it down there. Shut the door, there's a good girl.
7. HAZEL: ~~It is shut.~~ Phew! It's pretty hot in here.
8. TOM: Ah yes, well, can't grow things wi'out 'eat, you know.
9. HAZEL: I know.
10. TOM: ? Leastways not liliums, you can't, not like this. Come and 'ave a look.
11. HAZEL: Ooh, they're lovely. ~~Knocks you over, doesn't it?~~
12. TOM: Ah, they'm beautiful, all right.
13. HAZEL: Are they for anything special?
14. TOM: (He is uncommunicative) Oh, aye.
15. HAZEL: (Very casually) What are they for then? Are the boys back or something?
16. TOM: Oh, I don't take no notice who comes and goes...
- (FADE UP OPEN AIR ACOUSTIC. DISTANT
ROOKS)
17. HAZEL: What's this stuff, Mr. Collins?
18. TOM: That's peat. All the way from Ireland, that've come.
19. HAZEL: Yes I know. I read about it at school.
20. TOM: I 'ere's you won a schollyship.
21. HAZEL: Yes.
22. TOM: (A statement) Get yourself an education. (She doesn't answer) No more time for old Tom Collins, then, eh?
23. HAZEL: Yes, I will, Mr. Collins.
24. TOM: Ah well, we'll see about that. 'And me over that bass, there's a good girl. I'll cut some flowers for your mum when I finished this job.

1. HAZEL: Oh, thank you. I was just wondering if Master David was back. He promised me -
2. TOM: 'Tis asters she likes, ain't it?
3. HAZEL: (Sighs with exasperation, then regains her habitual politeness) Yes. She takes them up to Daddy's grave.
4. TOM: We'll go round after. There's more 'un'll ever be used, for all 'er blimming vases.
5. HAZEL: I wish I could live in a big house with flowers everywhere.
6. TOM: Well, that don't say much for you then. Best place for flowers is on the plant, where they was meant to be. (*One on out of it*)
7. HAZEL: They make the room smell nice.
8. TOM: Naow; stinking things. I'd rather grow a good row of leeks any day.
9. HAZEL: (Laughs) I don't care what you say, Mr. Collins. You like flowers best. You told me once.
10. TOM: Ah. (Pause) Must have 'ad a bit too much.
11. HAZEL: (Makes a warm derisive noise through her nose)
- (PAUSE)
- Phew, what a stink! What is it, the dung-heap?
12. TOM: Aye, That's good manure, that. ~~Doing what it ought to be.~~
12. HAZEL: [What's that?
13. TOM: ~~Working itself, so's it'll be of some use in the garden.~~ There's nothing like it, if you leaves it alone for a couple of year. (Don't you never let nobody sell you any of this trumpy made-up stuff they sell in bags nowadays. (Tain't no bit of use. You stick to dung.)
14. HAZEL: Mm. By the way, Mr. Collins, have you seen anything of -
15. TOM: Worth remembering.
16. HAZEL: Yes. I'll remember that. Have you - ?
17. TOM: 'Tain't no bit of use, that other stuff. Ooh, my back do give me the jumps now and then.
18. HAZEL: Shall I do it? I can bend down.
19. TOM: No, leave 'em be. You better be off before the missis sees you.
20. HAZEL: I done some last year.

1. TOM: Ah, and missed 'alf on 'em. 'Ere, come on then. 'Ere they be, all them side shoots, they 'ave to come out ... even the littlins.
2. HAZEL: (Alert, eager) I know. Hey, I can hear somebody...
3. TOM: Don't give 'em no chance, or you won't get no fruits, leastways, nothing worth 'aving.
4. HAZEL: This one's turning pink already.
5. TOM: Ye-es, so 'tis. They says you can't grow tomatoes out of doors but I been doing it for forty years. Stick 'em under the wall for the sun, y'see - they laps up the sun off the wall. Put your 'ands on that brick ... see, 'tis 'ot. They likes that.
6. HAZEL: Can I have this one, Mr. Collins? It's nearly ripe.
7. TOM: Ripe, that ain't nowhere near ripe. You leave un be.
8. HAZEL: If I put a mark on it with my thumb, I'll know it's mine.
9. TOM: Yah, that's right, speckle 'em all up.
10. HAZEL: (Absorbed) Only this one. (Then) Ssh! Did you hear somebody?
11. TOM: Ah, 'tis only one of the boys 'ome from school.
12. HAZEL: (Drawing in breath) WHICH ONE?
13. TOM: Oh I don't know. Mind them lettuces.
14. HAZEL: But -
15. DAVID: (Off) This leads to the kitchen garden ... there's a gate along here somewhere.
16. HAZEL: (Whispers) Who's that? I think it's David.
17. TOM: Sounds like one of your young 'uns. You'd better cut back into your own garden. Pick up all them shoots and put 'em on the rubbish 'eap as you go, there's a good girl.
18. HUGO: (Off) Which way, David?
(SLIGHT FADE AND STRAIGHT UP)
19. DAVID: (On mike) And this brings you through to the gardener's cottage, now let to a starving widow and her brood ... oh, hullo, Hazel, I didn't see you.
20. HAZEL: (Very soft and gentle, quite unlike herself) Hullo, David.
21. DAVID: I'm just showing Hugo here round the estate.

1. HUGO: Good morning.
2. HAZEL: Good morning.
3. HUGO: Is that your dog?
4. HAZEL: Yes.
5. HUGO: What's his name?
6. HAZEL: Rover.
7. DAVID: My dear Hugo, the locals run to two sorts of dogs. Rover, who is large, usually black, comes swaying up to be fondled and then expires with orgiastic bliss all over your feet ... and Rex, smaller and liable to yap.
8. HUGO: Ha! Ha! Ha! (He rattles this off ... we realise that David has been trying to copy his style) Oh, we have a special breed of our own down in Leicestershire ... much less noble than Rover I'm afraid ... usually female, looks and smells like a cottager's hearth-rug ... ~~apt to lick herself embarrassingly before visitors, usually of great age, invariably prodigiously fertile,~~ and bound to answer to the name of Flossie.
9. DAVID: (Laughs) How is the tennis, Hazel?
10. HAZEL: I been practising against the wall like you said, but the strings keep breaking.
11. DAVID: Hazel's a keen tennis fan ... I gave her one of my old racquets and a bit of coaching last hols. Keep it up, Hazel. Constant practice is the thing, you know. (Turning away)
12. HAZEL: (Desperately) Are you going to put the net up? You remember, you said you would and we could have some more games when you came home for the Summer holidays.
13. DAVID: ^{Not enough} Doubt if I'll have the time. Why don't you get a partner and string a rope across the yard - you could get some good knock-ups.

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1. HAZEL: (Very cut) Nobody else has got a racquet, except me.
2. HUGO: (Laughs) Slight handicap.
3. DAVID: (Laughing too, lightly) Well, look here. (Turning away) I'll see what I can look out for you.
4. HAZEL: (Desperate) David, I got something to tell you.
5. DAVID: (With a light, patronising kindness) Yes?
6. HAZEL: I won a scholarship. To high school. *I gave her an old racquet*
7. DAVID: Oh - oh, good for you, Hazel. 'Bye.

~~(SOUND OF DOOR AND BOLT BEING PUSHED,
VOICES COMING THROUGH QUITE PLAINLY)~~

(Off mike) I've been giving her some coaching.... something to do, encourages them you know. It's extraordinary how little exercise they take left to themselves.

8. HAZEL: (On mike) (Strangled cry of anguish. Furious and in tears) Oh! How could he! How could he say...
9. MOTHER: (Off) Hazel! Hazel! *get the sly fuck* Hazel, where are you, you little devil! ~~What's this frock doing here all smothered in muck...you just wait till I get my hands on you!!~~
10. HAZEL: (Mutters) Come on, Rover, come on you fool - (Exit)
11. MOTHER: (Coming on mike) HAZEL!! Hazel -

(CUT ALMOST AT ONCE TO HARBOUR, WITH THE GULLS AND THE BOATS, AND THE CLOCK IN THE DISTANCE)

12. HAZEL: (Close on mike) Exercise! (Burst into tears) Oh, David! I hate him! I hate him! Showing off to that toothy fatass! Pretending he forgot what happened at Easter. He knew. He was ashamed to show he knew me, I know. I bet that fatty would be surprised to know he's kissed me - I've a good mind to come out with it....'Oh, hullo, David, I'm afraid our affair's off - I'd rather not be kissed by you, thank you very much.' That'd make him look a proper fool.

(DOG SCUFFLES, AND PANTS CLOSE TO MICROPHONE, TRYING TO LICK HER FACE)

Get out of it Rover, slobbering all over me. It's all your fault. Get out. Oh, all right, I didn't mean to hurt you. Come here, old boy, you're Mummy's boy aren't you? Poor old Rover, making fun of you, you're as good as any of them. Your father was a gun dog, a proper gun dog. There you like that don't you, you silly old thing.

(DOG SNUFFLES)

I'll show him. I never wanted to go to the mouldy school but I do now....I do now. You wait till we get to this old school. It'll be lovely, you'll see.

~~(FADE. BRING UP TINNY ALARM CLOCK TICKING. (?)
PAUSE. A SWOOSH AND A PLOP... SOMEONE HAS
THROWN A CLOD AT HER)~~

- HAZEL: Oh! (Squeaked in alarm...then, viciously) Buzz
(Cont'd.) off, Atty Seymour. I got better things to do than
talk to you.
1. ATTY: Wassa matter wi' you, gutsache?
2. HAZEL: Hoppit. What are you doing down here, anyway?
3. ATTY: My mum give me some bread and dripping to bring
out with me. I got a bottle of pop.
4. HAZEL: (Rather listlessly, but interested) Any left?
5. ATTY: What do you think?
6. HAZEL: (Sighs)
7. ATTY: (To gain grace) I been rounding up the ponies.
Rusty's there, with two more.
8. HAZEL: (It works) Where?
9. ATTY: Down on the other side of the stream.
10. HAZEL: What, all in the marsh?
11. ATTY: It's all right, if you know the way across.
12. HAZEL: What you know, Atty Seymour, wouldn't go on the
back of a sixpence. See him off, Rover.
- ~~(DOG PANTS OBLIGINGLY. ATTY THROWS ANOTHER CLOD)~~
- Hey, stop it! Cut it out!
- ~~(SCUFFLE AS SHE THROWS STONE)~~
13. ATTY: (Off) Missed me!
- ~~(ANOTHER CLOD)~~
14. HAZEL: (Running off) Get out out of it! Lousy, Atty Seymour,
where's your front teeth?
15. ATTY: (Exit) Foureyes!
- ~~(PAUSE. SKYLARK)~~
- Coming on* ~~(Off)~~ 'Ere, 'Aze, where are you? (Quite amicable)
16. HAZEL: (~~Off~~) Picking sea lavender. There's masses of it.
17. ATTY: (Coming on mike) Come and have a look. (Close on
mike, whispers) Look, a water rat.
18. HAZEL: (Coming on mike) Where is he?
19. ATTY: Keep quiet. Down there. See 'is whiskers?
20. HAZEL: He's cleaning them! (Of sheer delight) Oh, At. Trust you
to find something.
21. ATTY: There's 'is 'ole.

1. HAZEL: Where?
2. ATTY: By that big lump of grass.
3. HAZEL: (Impatient) Where?
4. ATTY: There, where that bit of wood's lapping up. I'll throw a stone.

5. ~~HAZEL: Don't - you'll frighten him away.~~

(SPLASH OF STONE)

What did you want to do that for? Now he's gone.

6. ~~ATTY: I nearly got 'im.~~

7. ~~HAZEL: Yah, you were a mile off. I'm gonna get some more sea lavender.~~

8. ATTY: I'm gonna round up the horses.

9. ~~HAZEL: What, over there, on the other side of the ditch? We can't get over there.~~

10. ~~ATTY: I can get across easy. You stay this side and I'll drive 'em over to you. (Going off)~~

11. HAZEL: O.K. See if you can catch Rusty. (She hums, then calls) How you doing, At?

12. ~~ATTY: (Off) I ain't fell in yet!~~

13. ~~HAZEL: (Humorously to herself) You will! There he goes! Just as well he ain't got no socks! (Shouts) Take your boots off, Atty, they'll be sopping wet!~~

14. ~~ATTY: (Indistinguishable reply. He begins to 'giddup' at the horses)~~

(HORSES HOOVES BEGIN TO ADVANCE ON MIKE. THE NEXT SEQUENCE MUST BE BUILT UP INTO A CLIMAX OF SOUND SO THAT THE LISTENER IS BUFFETED BY NOISE AS THE HORSES PASS)

15. HAZEL: (Very excited) Goodee!! Here they come! Come on! I'll turn 'em off, At! Come on, Rusty, come on my horse!

(HOOVES APPROACH)

No - not that way - that's it...good old Atty - come on, Rusty, my darling little pony...you're the fastest. He's SEEN me! Come on Rusty, he's coming for me...I'm gonna Ride you.

(THE HORSES THUNDER CLOSE)

(Gives an excited cry, then a grunt and then a rather animal cry of pain, which dominates the sound of the horses for a moment)

(THE HOOVES RECEDE)

(Moans again, a more human sound this time)

1. ATTY: (Comes on mike, breathless and frightened) You all right, Haze?
2. HAZEL: Ye-es. I think so.
3. ATTY: They nearly got you. What was you trying to do?
4. HAZEL: Catch Rusty.
5. ATTY: (Aghast at her recklessness) Ah, they was going too fast, you didn't want to have done that.
6. HAZEL: I wanted to ride him.
7. ATTY: You should of cut 'im out from the other two first...you might of got your face kicked in.
8. HAZEL: (Shaken) I know.
9. ATTY: Let me 'ave a look.
10. HAZEL: 'Snothing much.
11. ATTY: (Absorbed) It looks all right.
12. HAZEL: Leave it, At. I'll see if I can walk.
13. ATTY: (With some succulence) Does it 'urt much?
14. HAZEL: A bit. I'll be all right in a minute. You go on.
15. ATTY: Ain't you going 'ome?
16. HAZEL: Not yet. Our Mum'll make a fuss.
17. ATTY: (Unwillingly) Well...I must be off.
18. HAZEL: Be seeing you.
19. ATTY: Okeydoke. Coming down tomorrow after tea?
20. HAZEL: Might. Might not.
21. ATTY: (Going off) I'm bringing me fishing line down.
22. HAZEL: (Calling after him) You watch out the bailiff don't get you.
23. ATTY: (With contempt) Urrah.
- (FADE UP)
24. MOTHER: Get your feet off that chair, John. How many times must I tell you? You'll go on till the back falls off. Why don't you go out to play? You've had your tea?
25. JOHN: I'm waiting for our Hazel to come back from college -
26. MOTHER: Humph. (but she understands) Well it looks as if you'll be waiting a long time. I can't think where she is. She should have been home ages ago. [Still it's the first day]

1. JOHN: Perhaps the train crashed.
2. MOTHER: (Sharply) Don't be so silly. (Go and have a look out of the gate, and make yourself useful.)
(DOOR SLAMS)
And don't slam the door. (Sighs. Short pause)
(DOOR OPENS)
~~DON'T slam that door!~~
3. JOHN: (Breathless) ~~She's not coming! Wherever can she be?~~
4. MOTHER: *More likely* ~~Probably~~ been kept in for misbehaving. Just like her to start off right.
5. JOHN: I wonder what they did today.
6. MOTHER: Well, we shall know soon enough. Mind that ironing. (You can switch the wireless on for me.)
(A CLICK. THE WIRELESS COMES ON AT ONCE AS IT IS A BATTERY SET)
~~We'll have it on for a little while. The battery's nearly run down and I can't afford another one.~~
(PAUSE. SOUND OF DOOR AFTER WIRELESS HAS BEEN HELD FOR AS LONG AS TENSION WILL HOLD)
Here you are at last. This is a fine time to get back...it's nearly half past five.
7. HAZEL: Me bike had a puncture. I had to walk from the station.
8. MOTHER: You better hang your things up in front the fire, you're wet through. Don't put them near the ironing, I've just done that. Well - how did you get on?
9. HAZEL: All right.
10. MOTHER: Is that all you've got to say, all right?
11. JOHN: Did you play hockey, Naze?
12. HAZEL: Not today. Hockey's on Tuesdays and Fridays.
13. MOTHER: I've got a cooked tea for you...it's in the oven, you can help yourself.
(OFF SOUNDS AS HAZEL GETS IT. SLIGHT PAUSE)
14. HAZEL: We got to take milk money on Mondays, and threepence a week for the deaf children.
15. MOTHER: Now it starts. I knew it. It'll be pull out for this, pull out for that. ~~There's a lot of gravy with the faggots, you'd better have some bread to soak it up.~~
16. HAZEL: Any sauce?

1. MOTHER: Get the sauce out of the cupboard Johnny, there's a good boy.
2. JOHN: ~~I'm not going to wait on her.~~
3. MOTHER: ~~Do as you're told for once.~~ Who did you travel up with?
4. HAZEL: Nobody.
5. MOTHER: What do you mean, you got on the right train, didn't you?
6. HAZEL: (Seems to be under a strain) Oh, yes.
7. MOTHER: Didn't you see Mavis Mitchell?
8. HAZEL: Yes. She was with some other girls.
9. MOTHER: Hmm. Well, you'll have to learn to get on with them, you know. It's no good hanging around on your own. What's the matter? Tch. Oh, for goodness sakes, come here.
- (SOUND OF CHAIR)
10. JOHN: Don't you like it, Haze?
11. MOTHER: Bit rough with you were they?
12. HAZEL: (In a very small voice) Nobody spoke to me.
13. MOTHER: We'll you don't expect them to, do you? You're new you got to lie low for a bit and feel your way in. You can't expect them to know you're all right straight away.
14. HAZEL: I'm not all right.
15. MOTHER: What do you mean? You won the scholarship, didn't you? You got a damn sight more right to be there than all those whose parents pay for them, you know. You earned the right to be there...they didn't.
16. HAZEL: You wouldn't think so, if you were me.
17. MOTHER: Don't talk so silly.
18. HAZEL: (Bursts out) We 'ave to sit separate...there are two other girls in our class...form...and the scholarship people have to sit together.
19. MOTHER: What for?
20. HAZEL: Because we ain't good enough.
21. MOTHER: What d'you mean? ~~They wouldn't do a thing like that?~~
22. HAZEL: Oh, wouldn't they?
23. MOTHER: Did you get told off then?
24. HAZEL: Yeah.
25. JOHN: What for?

1. HAZEL: I called the teacher 'miss'. Her name's Miss Rowlinson 'if you deawn't maind'. And I have had vowel sounds. They're afraid the others might catch it.
2. JOHN: Catch what?
3. MOTHER: Oh, shut up. (Slight pause) Hmm ... it sounds a snobby sort of place to me.
4. HAZEL: It is.
(A SLIGHT PAUSE)
5. MOTHER: You'll have to give it a try you know. After all, a lot of people have helped you to get there. It wouldn't be fair to let them down without giving the thing a good try.
6. HAZEL: How long?
7. MOTHER: We-ell, you ought to go for a term.
8. HAZEL: (Aghast) A term?
9. MOTHER: Oh, I know it seems a long time, but it won't be so bad when you get used to it.
10. HAZEL: Oh, won't it? You haven't tried it. Another thing, the tea ^{at} the mistress I mean - made fun of the way I ate at dinner ... we have to call it lunch, that was wrong too. And they have two knives at the side of the plate, I don't know what for.
11. MOTHER: That's for cutting your bread.
12. HAZEL: Oh, how did you know?
13. MOTHER: When you've been in service (~~with the nobs~~) as long as I have, there won't be much you don't know about laying a table. What did you have?
14. HAZEL: Roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and prunes and custard. It was lovely. Everybody else grumbled but I can't see why ... ~~(there was nothing wrong with it)~~ it was like a Sunday dinner.
15. MOTHER: ~~(X)~~ Well, that's something if you enjoy the food. (Slight pause) ~~What else?~~
16. HAZEL: ~~We have to have house shoes, as well as plimsols.~~
17. MOTHER: ~~Oh, my God!~~ (X)
18. HAZEL: ~~Well, I can't help it, can I?~~ (X)
19. MOTHER: ~~I'll see Mr. Dauncey and see if he can do something for me.~~
20. HAZEL: Mum. I don't want to go any more. Don't make me go.
21. MOTHER: Oh, listen, Hazel, do be reasonable. Of course you feel like a fish out of water at first. Everybody does.

1. HAZEL: But I don't like it. I don't feel like myself there ... I feel like somebody else.
2. MOTHER: That'll wear off. You'll think different this time next week. And anyway, you'd look a fool in front of everybody, crawling back to that Senior School. What would old Finch think of you? He'd want his book back! (Laughs)
3. HAZEL: (Sickened) Oh, Mum!
4. MOTHER: Well, look. If it don't get any better, you can leave at the end of the term. I can't say fairer than that.
5. HAZEL: CAN I?
6. MOTHER: I bet by then you won't even remember you wanted to.
7. HAZEL: ~~Don't go and spoil it.~~
8. MOTHER: ~~What do you mean, spoil it? I've said so, haven't I?~~
9. HAZEL: Do you mean it?))
10. MOTHER: Mean what?
11. HAZEL: ~~What you said ... that I can leave at the end of the term.~~
12. MOTHER: Well, we'll see how you go on. You can't just do as you like you know. It isn't as if it was our own money. I got to answer for it, after all.
13. HAZEL: (Gives a great sigh)
14. MOTHER: What's the matter now?
15. HAZEL: I knew you never meant it. I should have known better.
16. MOTHER: (Very sharp) There's no need to go on like that. The trouble with you is you have too much done for you.
17. HAZEL: (Grim humour) More'n I asked for.
18. MOTHER: I work and slave my guts out, and here's half the town running round for you to have your chance, and what do you do ...?
19. HAZEL: As far as I'm concerned they can keep it. I don't want their charity.
20. MOTHER: There! After all I've done! ~~(After all I've been through, worrying and chasing here, there and everywhere -~~
21. HAZEL: Oh, all right.
22. MOTHER: It isn't all right. It's just what Mr. Dauncey said you don't appreciate all the hard work and sacrifice that people are making for you.

Central

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1. HAZEL: You never meant a word of it, about letting me leave. (She nearly breaks down) You don't care whether I'm happy or not.
2. MOTHER: Happy? What do you know about being happy or unhappy? What do you know about anything ... all I've given up for you...
3. HAZEL: Oh, don't start that...
4. MOTHER: I will start it ... I'll start anything I like ... this is my house, not yours.
5. HAZEL: All I said was ...
6. MOTHER: I don't care what you said, you ungrateful little pig.
7. HAZEL: Oh, Mum...
8. MOTHER: ~~And don't "Oh, Mum, me"! (You dam well knuckle down for once in your life and do as you're told. I hope they knock some sense into you; it's more than I've been able to. (Slight pause)) I don't want any more nonsense about not going to the school, d'you understand? D'you understand?~~
9. HAZEL: (Disenchanted) Yes.
10. MOTHER: ~~And there's no need to be so lordly about it. (Pause) I can't go running round saying you've changed your mind. What would Mrs. Davies think? They'd all have a good laugh.~~
11. HAZEL: All right. I've said I'll go. I can't do more than that. Where's Rover?
12. MOTHER: Upstairs on your bed.
13. HAZEL: Rover! Rover! (She whistles)
14. MOTHER: Everybody feels funny their first day. I remember my first day in service. I cried all the morning.
15. HAZEL: (Mildly) I wouldn't mind going into service.
16. MOTHER: (Sharply) That's one thing you'll never do, not while I'm alive.
17. HAZEL: (Humorously) Well, I don't suppose I'd be any good at it.
18. MOTHER: Hah - see you amongst the cups and saucers.
19. MOTHER:)
HAZEL:) (Laugh)
20. HAZEL: (Has forgiven her mother for ratting on her) Ah, here's Rover.

(LOG PANTS AND GIVES A YAWNY WHINE)
21. MOTHER: I might go down and see your gran when I've finished. Coming?

1. HAZEL: No. I'm going down the harbour. ~~Hullo, Rover,~~
~~hullo, boy.~~
2. MOTHER: (Rebuffed) Well, mind you change your clothes
before you go.
3. HAZEL: What about it, Rover? Ah, you daft old thing,
you knew I'd come back, didn't you? Coming down
the marsh with me?
4. MOTHER: You do make a fool of him.
5. HAZEL: Well, he's my dog.

(FADE UP ~~SKYLARK~~ VERY DISTANT. ~~ONE~~
~~HOOT FROM BOAT~~)

(Yawns and stretches) ~~She's going to port.~~

~~(TWO HOOTS)~~

~~She's going to starboard.~~ (Grunts with pain)
Come on, Rover, get your nose out of them
rabbit holes. You won't catch nothing. Come on

(SOUND OF HOOVES - RUSTY ONLY)

Hu-llo! Well - well, I never did! (She is
immensely pleased) Look who's here. King-Kong
himself! Well, this is a surprise. Don't say
you've come to see me, not after what you done.
Who'd ever believe it? (Affectionately) It's no
good being sorry now you know. Look at my leg - LL
you did that. Pushed me face in the mud you did.
We shall have to call you Miss Rowlinson. There -
I don't suppose you meant it. You never thought
you were going to hurt me, did you? (Breaks down,
she cries) Oh, David, what's the use of it? (Sighs)
(Recovers) It was me own fault, wasn't it, Rusty?.....
I shouldn't of got in the way.

(WHINNY)

Don't you go getting soft now. It don't get you
nowhere. You won't give in, will you, my beauty?
They'll put a saddle on you one of these days -
hah, I bet you'll kick somebody's teeth out (With
pride) So long as it ain't mine. (Sighs) I wish
you were really mine, (all my own and nobody else's.)
Then you and me and Rover could live together,
just the three of us. That'd be lovely, wouldn't
it? Well, never mind. I'll keep me eye on you,
Rusty, don't you worry. You never know, old
Mackenzie might put you in for the milk round ...
that would be nice.

(DOG BARKS OFF MIKE; AN EXCITED WOOF-WOOF)

Look at that fool Rover, thinks he's got a rabbit
down there. Things been sitting in a fuzz bush
laughing at him for the last ten minutes. (Bawls)
Come on out of it, you silly fool!

(CHURCH CLOCK CHIMES)

Still got
LL bawls

HAZEL:
(Cont'd)

Ey, we must be getting back ... don't want a more rows, not today, anyway. Goodbye for now, Rusty. Be a good boy. I'll pinch some hay for you next time we come down. Come on, Rover, come on, boy. (Whistles for him) Come on, my old cocker.

slower

(AS HER VOICE FADES THE HORSE SNICKERS, AND THE PEEWITS TAKE UP THE NOTE. THE BOAT GIVES THREE BLASTS, FURTHER OFF. FADE ON A SINGLE PEEWIT CALLING)

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