

14 Hawthorne Terrace

A play

by

Ken Reid
Tony Baker
Paul Danby

Scenes/Characters/Students

Scene 1

Annie – English
Joyce – Portuguese
Dora – French
Eliza – German
James – Lithuanian

Scene 2

George – English
Angela – Portuguese
Peter – French
Eva – German
Mother – Lithuanian

Scene 3

Sue – English
Maureen – German
Brenda – French
Linda – Portuguese
Mr Fraser – Lithuanian

Scene 4

Jackie – English
Alison – German
Diane – Portuguese
Paula – Lithuanian
Marilyn – English
Linda – French
Andrea – English
Cath – German
June – Lithuanian
Karen – English
Heather – French
Susan – English
Sheila – Portuguese
Margaret – English
Maureen – English
Katie – English

Scene 5

Mum – English
Sean – English
Jamie – English
Sally - English

On screen we see a montage of images and video footage detailing the historical events within the play. The footage is running backwards until we reach 14 Hawthorne Terrace, 1907 – The Suffragettes.

Scene 1

Three sisters Annie, Joyce and Dora return home with their Mother Eliza, after a Womens Political and Social, Union meeting. James (husband & father) is sat by the fire. We hear the sound of keys in the door.

Dora (off) Hurry up mam - What are you doing?

Eliza (off) I can't get the keys in the door - I don't know what's come over me - I feel all of a dither.

Dora (off): Here, let me do it.

Eliza (off): No - I'll do it - it's just that the meeting has got me all fired up.

Annie (off): If you don't hurry up, we won't be catching that train.

Eliza (off): It just seems that some of the women need to be pushed - I mean - what are they there for, if not to take action?

Sound of key opening door

Eliza (off): There we are

They enter the room

James: Now then - what's got you all so agitated?

Eliza: You'll never guess what your girls have gone and done.

James: What now?

Joyce: Da - We're going to London.....

Dora: We're going to London tonight.....

Annie: By train, from Manchester.....

Eliza: They've only gone and signed up to go to London - to march on the Houses of Parliament, no less.

James: London is it?

Eliza: All the other women were umming and erring, but our three stood up straight away and said 'count us in' – Our Dora said 'It would be an honour to fight for what is right' - ooh, you would have been dead proud of them Dad.

James: My Girls going to London - well I never.

Dora: They want women who are brave Dad and aren't afraid to get arrested and imprisonment for the cause – We were the first to volunteer.

James: Are you sure this is wise Eliza? It's one thing to go round villages in caravans leafleting, but London? You might end up in prison - I'm not so sure. This isn't a game you know.

Annie: But we've got to do something, you said so yourself - that Campbell Bannerman needs putting in his place. Calls himself a radical Prime Minister - but it's all bluster - he's doing nothing for the rights of women.

Joyce: Let us go Da, We're quite capable...We understand what we're fighting for, and we're prepared to go to prison for it. We were born to fight the fight.

James: There are already people saying that you've only joined the union just so that you can draw attention to yourselves. Bob Pinnance was telling me that he and Elizabeth had stones thrown through their windows – because of her protesting.

Dora: But women should have their rights - we can't let things like that stand in our way.

James: Don't get me wrong - it's not what people might think that bothers me - what you're doing is right. It's what we brought you up for - and if anybody has a head for politics and what is right - then it's you three.

Dora: We know what we're doing Da and we're ready.

Joyce: They've just rejected the Dickenson Bill, so if we can't change things through formal representation, then we have to take some other form of action....And like you always used to tell us - We should always follow our hearts.

Eliza: Democracy is more important than action – but without actions, democracy wouldn't exist.

James: I know your minds are made up and nothing will change it – nothing ever has. As young girls you were always headstrong – but you're not always as strong as you think. London is a big city and the constabulary will not take to kindly to the clogs and shawl brigade descending on the seat of government.

Dora: If we don't go, we won't be able to live with ourselves.

James: I know – but you must promise me that you will take care.

Annie, Dora and Joyce: We will.

James: Just make sure you do

The girls hug their Father

Eliza: It's the start of a new century - it's time for a change, and if we can't get the vote for women now - then we never will.

Dora: We love you, Da.

Annie: We need to be leaving now - the train will be getting full with the women.

Joyce: But I haven't got myself ready yet.

Annie: We're not going on the Grand Tour – where we're going you'll only need your clogs and your shawl.

Dora: What about the banners – have we got the banners?

Annie: They're already there – and the London branch is going to provide food and shelter when we get down there.

Dora: But I'm not ready.

Eliza: Don't be daft girl – just get your shawl and go.

Dora: But Ma.

Eliza: Go.

James: Just make us proud.

The sisters leave their parents – hugs kisses tears etc.

A new montage is now seen on screen showing events in English history from 1907 to 1938.

On screen – 14 Hawthorne Terrace, 1938 - Kindertransport

Scene 2

Living room. George and Angela are brother and sister, both in late teens. Peter is younger and has a cricket ball in his hand.

PETER: Why not?

GEORGE: Because it isn't cricket season. And because we're expecting a visitor.

PETER: Oh. **(Knowing it is – that's why he's there)** Is it today?

ANGELA: I think 'visitor' is understating it somewhat George. Visitors tend to come for a cup of tea and then go. This one could be here for months. Years even.

GEORGE: Mother says she'll only stay until the situation in her country improves.

ANGELA: Which could be years.

PETER: So it is a 'she' then?

ANGELA: A 'fraulein' Peter. A 'Marlene Dietrich' – she's bound to fall for your charm, intelligence and good looks.

PETER: Why's she so afraid of old Hitler. He's an idiot. No-one would scare me into leaving home.

GEORGE: Peter, I think you need to go. Mother said she wanted things nice and quiet when our guest arrives.

PETER: **(To George)** A quick game. I'll be England, you can be Australia.

GEORGE: **(Firmly)** Pete!

He reluctantly goes.

ANGELA: Poor Peter. Has he ever had a girlfriend?

GEORGE: Cricket comes first with Peter.

George starts tidying up a little.

GEORGE: We have to keep the room tidy. Spotless, mother says.

ANGELA: It's such a chore.

GEORGE: Don't be selfish Angela. She'll have been through a lot.

ANGELA: Why us? None of my other friends are having an orphan.

GEORGE: She's not an orphan. Don't call her an orphan – she'll get upset.

ANGELA: Refugee then. I think I'd rather be called an orphan – it has a certain romance.

MOTHER: *(Off)* Hello?

Mother enters. She immediately checks the room and eyeballs George and Angela who stand to attention.

Eva, aged about 14, eventually follows her in. She is tiny, dressed in a black coat. She carries a small, battered suitcase tied shut with wire. She looks exhausted.

MOTHER: John. Angela. This is Eva.

GEORGE: Hello.

ANGELA: Hello.

EVA: **(Holding out her hand)** Hello.

John moves to her and returns the handshake. Angela does so too. Both are shocked by how ill Eva looks.

EVA: Angenehm. **(Pleased to meet you)**

GEORGE: I'm sorry?

EVA: Angenehm. Es ist sehr lieb von Ihnen mich anzunehmen. **(It is very kind of you to take me)**

ANGELA: **(Quietly)** Oh God.

GEORGE: I'm sorry. We don't speak German.

ANGELA: **(To her mother)** I thought she spoke English –

GEORGE: Ich nich ... sprichen ... German.

ANGELA: Very good, George. You're virtually bilingual.

MOTHER: They told me she spoke English.

ANGELA: She'll have to learn.

MOTHER: Don't call her 'she' Angela. It's Eva.

EVA: Hello.

ANGELA: What's that on her coat?

GEORGE: Ask her.

ANGELA: I would if I could speak German. **(She points and speaks to Eva)** What's that? That?

Eva has a label on her coat which is made up of a Star of David and the number 156. She doesn't know what Angela is pointing at. Angela moves across to her and touches it.

ANGELA: This.

EVA: Ich muss es tragen. **(I must wear it)** Ich hasse es. **(I hate it)**

ANGELA: What?

GEORGE: **(Realising)** Angela.

He moves to Eva now and gently takes the label from her coat.

GEORGE: You don't need to wear this. Not any longer.

EVA: Und wenn ich meine Nummer vergesse? **(And if I forget my number?)**

ANGELA: Oh God, this is an absolute calamity.

MOTHER: Don't blaspheme Angela.

GEORGE: **(Gesturing to Eva)** All gone. **(He continues to try to make his gesture clear)** Over. Finished. Kaput. Goodbye.

EVA: **(Puzzled)** Goodbye?

GEORGE: No, no. Not goodbye. This **(the badge)** - goodbye.

EVA: **(Still puzzled, hesitant)** Hello.

ANGELA: The conversation is simply going to flow.

EVA: Goodbye. Ich verstehe. **(I understand)**

MOTHER: Eva is very tired.

ANGELA: She's prettier than I imagined. But smaller. How long is she staying?

A sharp look from her mother.

ANGELA: It's just a question. She can't understand anyway.

MOTHER: Not long. Until the situation over there improves.

GEORGE: Norman Kennedy says we're going to war.

MOTHER: Norman Kennedy is a buffoon.

ANGELA: That'll be strange, being at war with Germany and having a German in the house.

MOTHER: I don't think we should be discussing this in front of Eva.

Peter re-enters, this time he has a cricket bat with him.

PETER: Hello. **(He is immediately fascinated by Eva)**

MOTHER: Peter, I asked you not to call by today.

PETER: I was just wondering if George fancied a game of cricket. I forgot you were having visitors.

Eva has never seen a cricket bat. She eyes it cautiously, a little scared of it.

MOTHER: **(Annoyed at his intrusion)** It's too cold for cricket Peter and you know it.

PETER: **(To Eva, in German)** Hallo, mein Name ist Peter. Ich wohne nebenan.

GEORGE: Pete! Since when have you been able to speak German?

PETER: Since I knew you had a German guest arriving. Where are your manners?

EVA: Ich wurde gerne nach Hause gehen. **(I think I would like to go home)**

GEORGE: What does she say?

PETER: Not a clue. I only learned Ich wohne nebenan.

EVA: **(Becoming upset)** Ich will meine Mutti. Ich will meinen Vati. **(I want my mother. I want my father)**

MOTHER: Now look what you've done. Peter – you've made her homesick. Eva –

EVA: **(Backing away)** Ich will meine Mutti.

MOTHER: Eva, darling, you've done a very brave thing. Your mother – your Mutti – has done a very brave thing. You will be fine. We will look after you.

EVA: Warum hat meine Mutti das gemacht. **(Why has my mother done this to me?)** Sie hat mich verlassen. **(She has abandoned me)**

MOTHER: Eva, we will look after you –

Eva is crying. She runs for the door. Peter stops her in the doorway with the bat. It is unintentionally violent.

PETER: Whoah!

Eva screams.

EVA: **(Hysterical)** Schlag mich nicht! Bitte, bitte, schlag mich nicht! **(Do not beat me! Please, please do not beat me!)**

The family are frozen. They have never seen fear like this before. Eva's dilemma is suddenly clearer to them.

After a silence, Angela moves gently towards her. Eva is cowering.

ANGELA: **(Holding out her hand, trying to draw Eva towards her as if she was a kitten)** Come. Come, Eva.

Eva is resistant, unsure of what to do.

EVA: **(Softly)** Schlag mich nicht.

ANGELA: Come with me. I will show you my room. And I will show you your room too.

EVA: Ich will meine Mutti.

ANGELA: Come on.

GEORGE: How long has she been travelling?

MOTHER: Three days. Possibly four. She was still being seasick when I met her.

ANGELA: Come.

Still hesitancy from Eva. Angela has an idea and goes to the sideboard and picks up a box

PETER: **(Gently, to Eva)** It's a cricket bat. It's not a weapon. **(He demonstrates a gentle defensive cricket shot)** You use it like this.

Angela brings the box over to Eva and lifts the lid. It is a ballerina music box. It plays. Eva listens, and cries but this time she is calmer.

ANGELA: Come. Come with me Eva. Let me show you my room. And when you've had a bath you must give my first German lesson.

Angela takes Eva's hand and they move across the room and go upstairs, watched by the others.

A Pause.

PETER: I'm glad I didn't do my Hitler impression.

GEORGE: Not funny, Peter. Not funny at all.

A new montage is now seen on screen showing events in English history from 1938 to 1963.

On screen.

14 Hawthorne Terrace, 1963 – The Beatles

Scene 4

An empty living room. From upstairs we hear a Beatles record playing: *All My Loving*.

SUE, 15, eventually peers carefully around the door which leads from upstairs. Her hair has been carefully done, a little bouffant, and she has a short skirt and boots on. She's obviously going out somewhere.

SUE: Sssh. **(Checks)** They're gone.

MAUREEN, also 15, less stylishly dressed but obviously going out too, carefully follows her into the room.

MAUREEN: You sure?

SUE: I told you, they play cards with next door every Sunday night.

MAUREEN: What if they come back?

SUE: We'll have gone. We need to be there by 6 to make sure we get right down the front.

MAUREEN: Barbs and Pat have been there since 2.

SUE: Yeh, well they're obsessed. It's just not cool. We need to be cool.

MAUREEN: I think *I'm* a bit obsessed.

SUE: Where have they put it?

MAUREEN: What?

SUE: It was here yesterday.

MAUREEN: I think I'm going to scream.

SUE: Don't.

MAUREEN: I have to.

SUE: Pull yourself together.

She doesn't. Then she screams a 'Beatles scream'. (Hysterical)

SUE: Shut it will you. They'll hear.

MAUREEN: Oh that feels so nice.

She goes to scream again. SUE slaps her hand over her mouth.

SUE: If they hear we won't be going anywhere.

MAUREEN: We've got tickets, they can't stop us.

SUE: It's Sunday night. School tomorrow. Do you really think my parents are going to let me go to something like this on a school night.

MAUREEN: Where do they think you're going?

SUE: I said I was going to yours to get some help with my homework.

MAUREEN: And they believed that? I'm thick, you're brainy – why would they believe that?

SUE: They just did. Now where's the tin?

The record has finished upstairs. BRENDA comes in. She looks great – 1963 personified.

BRENDA: Are we screaming?

SUE: No.

MAUREEN: It was me. It felt fab.

SUE: We're not screaming.

MAUREEN: It felt so nice.

BRENDA screams. MAUREEN joins in.

SUE: Will you shut it!

BRENDA: You should try it Sue. Blow some of them cobwebs off.

SUE: I'm not screaming. It's not cool.

BRENDA nudges MAUREEN. They like to annoy Sue.

BRENDA: You mean cool ... like George.

SUE: George *is* cool.

BRENDA: I know he is. They're all cool. John's cool, Paul's cool, even Ringo's a little bit cool. But George isn't going to notice you sitting there being 'cool' so you might as well scream along with the rest of us.

SUE: I'm not screaming. **(Holds up a tin which she has found in a drawer)** Here it is.

MAUREEN: What's that?

SUE: It's my parents' holiday tin. They put threepennies and sixpences in it. For when they go on holiday.

MAUREEN: You're not robbing it?

SUE: I'll put it back. They'll never know. It's my bus fare.

BRENDA: Won't they just give you it? My mam's given me a ten bob note.

MAUREEN: **(To Brenda)** They don't know.

BRENDA: What?

MAUREEN: That we're going.

BRENDA: You're joking. Why?

SUE: Look it doesn't matter. We're off now aren't we. Now where's that coat?

She heads off into front porch.

BRENDA: Why doesn't she just tell them?

MAUREEN: They don't like them.

BRENDA: Who?

MAUREEN: The Beatles.

BRENDA: Who doesn't like The Beatles?

MAUREEN: Her mum and dad. Well, her dad mainly.

BRENDA: So?

MAUREEN: He doesn't like their hair.

BRENDA: So??

MAUREEN: I think he thinks they're a bad influence.

BRENDA: That's the whole idea isn't it? Parents are so thick sometimes. Mine gave up trying to work me out long ago. They just let me get on with it.

SUE returns wearing a stylish camel coat.

MAUREEN: Ah, that's nice Sue.

BRENDA: Is that your mam's?

SUE: Might be.

BRENDA: Well isn't she going to miss it?

SUE: She's hardly needing it tonight is she.

BRENDA: It's a bit old.

SUE: How do you mean?

BRENDA: You look like Doris Day in that.

SUE: Well I'll tell you what Bren, I'll pop my school coat on shall I? With my satchel. Will that make you happy?

MAUREEN: You won't need a coat in there. They reckon it's like an oven. Everyone's fainting. My cousin went to see them in Hull and she said it was like a casualty ward at the end, bodies everywhere. People dying.

SUE: Nobody died Maureen.

MAUREEN: People just passing out everywhere.

BRENDA: Sounds great. Let's get going.

LINDA, younger sister of SUE, comes in. She's clearly not going out.

LINDA: Everyone's screaming.

SUE: You go to bed.

LINDA: **(Insulted)** It's half past 5!

SUE: Then go to your room.

LINDA: I've been in my room but everyone was screaming so I've come out now.

SUE: Then go back in.

LINDA: You've got mam's coat on.

BRENDA: Hey Lin, do you like my skirt?

SUE: Don't get her started Brenda.

LINDA: It's nice. You look like Helen Shapiro.

BRENDA: Thanks.

MAUREEN: Ah, that's sweet. Helen Shapiro. **(Sings)** 'Walking back to happiness, oompah oh yeh yeh...'

LINDA: Why've you got mam's coat on?

SUE: To your room now.

LINDA: Are you going out? You can't go out – you're meant to be looking after me.

SUE: They're just next door, they haven't gone to Butlins. You won't starve.

LINDA: Where you going?

SUE: Look, if you go to your room you can borrow some of my records. But not my new ones.

LINDA: **(Sudden realisation)** Uhh! You're going to see The Beatles!

SUE: We're not. Now just go to your room.

MAUREEN: How did she know that? She's clever isn't she Sue.

SUE: Shut it Maureen.

LINDA: You are, you are, you are! You're going to The Odeon to see The Beatles!

SUE: Keep the noise down!

LINDA: Take me.

SUE: Don't be thick.

LINDA: Take me, take me or I'll tell them where you've gone.

SUE: You wouldn't.

BRENDA: **(Enjoying this)** Oh I think she would. See where dishonesty gets you Sue.

The back door suddenly opens and we hear someone come into the house.

SUE: Oh God. It's them. They can't see us like this – they'll know.

Total panic. They all try to hide or act cool. Neither works. SUE slaps her hand over LINDA's mouth to shut her up.

MR FRASER: *(Off)* Susan? Susan!

Gestures, ideas are silently rejected between the girls.

MR FRASER: *(Off)* Susan. You in?

MR FRASER: *(Off)* Where the bloody hell is she?

BRENDA eventually goes to the door and speaks through it.

BRENDA: Hello Mr Fraser.

MR FRASER: *(Off)* Oh hello Brenda love. Where's Susan?

BRENDA: She's just

He tries the handle of the door. BRENDA is holding it shut. Panic.

MR FRASER: *(Off)* Well can I come in?

BRENDA: Well the truth is Mr Fraser, I'm having a little problem with my skirt. It won't stay up so I erm ... well I haven't got it on at the minute ...

MR FRASER: **(Embarrassed, off)** Oh sorry love -

BRENDA: ... well, because Susan is going to lend me a belt when she's back from the shop ...

MR FRASER: *(Off)* Oh I'm sorry love. Sorry to embarrass you.

BRENDA: It just keeps coming down and I've only got my slip on.

MR FRASER: *(Off)* No, no. You stay there love. Sorry to have embarrassed you. I just popped back for my dominoes.

BRENDA: That's alright Mr Fraser.

MR FRASER: *(Off)* Right, I'll get gone. Tell Susan to keep an eye on Linda.

BRENDA: Right-o Mr Fraser.

A beat. BRENDA has her back to the door. Everyone is silent.

A noise comes from BRENDA. We realise that she is laughing. Sliding-down-the-door laughing.

SUE: It's not funny.

We bring up the opening of Eight Days A Week and project footage of fans screaming at Beatles concerts.

A new montage is now seen on screen showing events in English history from 1951 to 1985.

On screen.

14 Hawthorne Terrace, 1985 - Miner's Wives

Scene 4

Living Room. JACKIE, ALISON, DIANE, PAULA, MARILYN and LINDA – wives and girlfriends of striking miners - are in the room preparing it for a party.

JACKIE and ALISON are making sandwiches with thin sliced bread, DIANE is putting the finishing touches to a doll she has tried to modernise, PAULA is wrapping second hand presents in tissue paper, MARILYN is trying to find the end of a roll of sellotape, LINDA is moving furniture and arranging paper cups. Orange juice is being diluted etc.

JACKIE: Crusts or no crusts?

ALISON: Crusts. They make your hair curl.

PAULA: **(Looking at the cover of a cassette tape)** Whatever happened to pop stars who looked like real blokes?

DIANE: Showing your age there Paula.

PAULA: It's right though. There isn't any of them you'd be happy to have your daughter bring home.

DIANE: Oh and you'd be happy if they came home with a Rolling Stone would you?

PAULA: Hey they wouldn't get a look in.

JACKIE: Slice that tomato a bit thinner Ali. You're not at The Ritz.

MARILYN: **(Trying to find the end of some sellotape)** Bloody hell. This is impossible.

LINDA: More tissue Diane.

DIANE: What do you think?

She holds up a home made doll.

LINDA: God that'd give me nightmares.

DIANE: It's a Cabbage Patch Kid. Well it's as close as she's going to get to a Cabbage Patch Kid. Have you seen the price of them?

ALISON: Isn't she a bit old for that?

DIANE: She's at that awkward age isn't she? You know somewhere between Cabbage Patch Kids and boys. She doesn't know what she likes.

JACKIE: Well I hope she likes Spam.

MARILYN: **(Finally succeeding)** Got it! Right – give it here.

The doll is passed to MARILYN. In taking it she drops the sellotape.

MARILYN: Oh bloody hell I give up.

ANDREA and CATH enter with a cake tin and a couple of paper bags.

ANDREA: God that was a fight.

DIANE: What's up?

ANDREA: It's those coppers. Telling you where you can and can't walk. In your own town.

CATH: They asked her what she had in the bag.

JACKIE: Public enemy number one!

PAULA: They're not coppers anyway most of them. Bill Turner's nephew joined the army last year and he's been up in Durham with a copper's uniform on for six weeks.

DIANE: What've you got?

She unveils a Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen banner from her paper bag.

ANDREA: Da-da.

DIANE: Very nice. She's twelve.

ANDREA: I'll cut that bit off.

CATH: Some people are never happy.

ANDREA: I'll put it above the fire.

As the preparations continue, JUNE enters. As the others see her the room falls silent. JUNE was half expecting this.

JUNE: **(Offering a wrapped up gift)** I've brought this for Katie.

A silence.

JUNE: It's Duran Duran. She likes them.

The silence is uncomfortable now.

JUNE: I know what you're thinking.

JACKIE: Is he going back to work?

JUNE: He hasn't made his mind up yet? He's still thinking about it.

JACKIE: What's there to think about?

JUNE: His family Jackie. He's thinking about his family.

ALISON: Oh and our lads aren't?

JUNE: I'm not saying that.

ALISON: It bloody sounds like you are.

JUNE: We've got nowt. Not a penny.

CATH: Join the club.

JUNE: We haven't had heating since before Christmas.

CATH: Oh aye and we're all living in saunas.

DIANE: We're in this together June. That's all we've got. You can't let him go back.

JUNE: Look, I was just dropping this off –

MARILYN takes it from her.

JACKIE: You're a good girl Juney. And your Barry's a nice lad. But if he goes back it's finished for you both around here. And the kids.

JUNE: Look, I've done my bit. I work three days a week in that bloody kitchen. You can't tell me that I haven't supported it. My kids are hungry.

LINDA: And my Jimmy's in Armley Jail.

JUNE: **(Quickly)** I know he is Linda.

LINDA: For what? For picketing. That's our country now Juney –young lads being put behind bars for trying to save their jobs.

JUNE: Look, I know it's awful but I just don't know if I can keep it going –

JACKIE is starting to get very agitated. ANDREA tries to keep things calm by moving in closer to JUNE.

ANDREA: You work in the kitchen June. You know. Food parcels from Germany, from Russia. It's not just about here. The world's watching us. It's about making a stand against a government that wants to do away with a whole way of life.

JUNE: And my Barry going back to work is going to lose us the whole fight is it?

JACKIE: Yeh. Yeh in his own way he's losing it for all of us.

A pause.

JUNE: We've lost it anyway. Thatcher's laughing at us now. Arthur's Army? It's a bloody joke. Barry's not the only one and you know that for a fact.

JACKIE: Get out.

JUNE doesn't move.

JACKIE: Get out or I'll bloody belt you.

MARILYN moves to JUNE and gives her back the gift she had brought. JUNE takes it, looks at it for a moment and then places it on the table.

JUNE leaves.

A sombre mood now.

DIANE: She could change his mind. I've changed Davey's twenty times or more.

MARILYN: I bloody hate this strike.

JACKIE: We all do. We all hate it. But we're in it. And if we start to weaken now we'll never forgive ourselves.

PAULA: **(Not sure whether she should say it)** She's right though. Barry's not the only one thinking of going back.

JACKIE: But he's the only one talking about it.

Three trendy young girls – KAREN, HEATHER and SUSAN - come in, hair back combed. Their clothes are not in any way expensive. They have a parcel with them.

ALISON: **(Trying to lighten the mood)** Ey up it's Bananarama. Are you doing a concert?

KAREN: Right listen up you lot. Make sure she opens this one last cos she's going to love it.

HEATHER: They're dungarees. My old ones. I loved them.

SUSAN: It's meant to be a surprise idiot.

HEATHER: Yeh, a surprise for Katie, not for these. She still doesn't know does she?

SUSAN: You've got a right gob on you.

KAREN: We've spruced them up a bit. Badges and that. She'll look lovely in them.

SUSAN: I made the badges.

SHEILA and MARGARET – both wearing kitchen overalls - come through carrying large catering trays.

SHEILA: Coming through!

DIANE: About bloody time. Where've you been?

MARGARET: Hey that kitchen doesn't clean itself. They've got the table manners of pigs some of that lot.

CATH: What've you got there?

SHEILA: Vol au vents.

An amazed reaction from all.

LINDA: Where'd you get them?

SHEILA: Some students from Leeds Uni dropped them in about four o'clock just as the kitchen was closing. They're from last night's ball or something.

MARGARET: They'd probably just got up, bless them.

MARILYN: A ball?

SHEILA: They're a bit dried up but it's a waste of time offering them to the men.

MARGARET: Harold Mitchell had one and said it was the worst pasty he'd ever tasted.

MARILYN: A ball. It's so weird to think that normal life is going on out there.

JACKIE: So normal life's a ball is it?

DIANE: Come on, Jackie. It's a birthday party.

SUSAN: **(From the window)** And here come the guests of honour.

JACKIE: Right.

SUSAN: **(Still at window)** She's coming.

JACKIE: Places. Now!

The lights dim. We hear the door open. MAUREEN and her daughter KATIE step into the room.

We should now realise that this is MAUREEN's house.

ALL: Surprise!!!

MAUREEN is stunned. KATIE too is shocked and momentarily hides behind her mother.

Everyone sings 'Happy Birthday Dear Katie' KATIE eventually emerges from behind her mother and moves over to where the presents and her friends are.

MAUREEN: How'd you get in?

DIANE: How does anyone get in around here?

MAUREEN: I hadn't tidied up.

PAULA: Just as well. Because in ten minutes it's going to look like a bomb site.

MAUREEN: **(Still stunned)** You're bloody crazy you lot.

JACKIE: **(Quietly)** A quiet night in? For a twelfth birthday? Where's your sense of fun Maureen?

MAUREEN looks close to tears.

JACKIE: Hey. Cut it out. We don't want any of that southern softness here. We're the tough ones remember.

MAUREEN nods and moves into the party.

A new montage is now seen on screen showing events in English history from 1985 to 2011.

On screen.

14 Hawthorne Terrace, 2011 - Comenius Project

Living room. Sean rushes into the room, throws his bag down and finds his brother Jamie, his sister Sally and his Mum watching Home and Away. He has just got back from college.

Mum: Ayya Love. You had a good day?

Sean: Yeah not bad. We're learning a new routine in dance and it's well hard and we got this new script in acting. I don't know what it's about.

Mum: What is it?

Sean: Shakespeare.

Sally: We're doing Shakespeare at school. It's crap.

Mum: Watch your language young lady. And see if Shakespeare can teach you some new words, honestly.

Jamie: Can I have some crisps?

Mum: No your dinner's ready soon. You can wait.

Jamie: Ah mum!

Sean: Mum, have I got a passport?

Mum: No love. Why? Are you leaving us?

Sean: Nah, it's just that there's a trip going at college and I wondered if I could go?

Mum: How much is it? Who's going? And where to?

Sean: It will be a few Teachers from college, we might go to France, Portugal, Lithuanian or Germany and it's free, I think.

Mum: Bloody hell, if it's free I'll go!

Sally: Oi, that's not fair! You wouldn't let me go to Alton Towers with school.

Mum: Yeah well, Alton Towers wasn't free was it.

Sean: Thing is, if I go, I'll have to stay with a family whilst I'm there.

Jamie: No way man, I wouldn't do that. You don't know who you might get. Some wierdo's probably, in the middle of nowhere that don't speak English.

Sean: Shut up you. That's why you'll never do anything with your life. Too scared to take a risk.

Mum: Well if you think you wouldn't mind staying with strangers love, you go for it. Get out and see the world, I wish I had the chance.

Sean: Could we maybe put someone up when they all come to England?

Sally: No way, I don't want some foreigner in our house.

Mum: Then you can stay in the garage for that week can't you? I'm not sure about that love, we'll have a think closer to the time. Let your teachers know that you're interested and I'll pick up a passport application form for you tomorrow. Hay, I wonder where you go and who you'll meet? How exciting!

A final montage is now seen on screen showing footage and film clips from the work and experiences in each country of the Comenius project. As each country is highlighted the students from that country stand and say one thing that they have got from the project in their own language. The montage concludes with a picture of the students altogether on a trip taken during the week. This montage is underscored throughout.

End