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**SCENE 1**      **MUSIC: RADIO 2 PLAYS THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.**

MIKE AND HELEN ARE RECENTLY RETIRED TEACHERS AT HOME. IT IS MORNING.

A SMALL DOG CAN BE HEARD BARKING OCCASIONALLY FROM OUTSIDE DURING THIS SCENE.

HELEN:            So ... if I can get down to the shops by 10 o'clock, I'll have time to pick up a few things and then get across to see Jackie...

SOUND OF MIKE MAKING CUP OF TEA, CLINKING OF SPOON IN CUP.

MIKE:            Internal monologue

HELEN:            What?

MIKE:            Get to the shops by 10 o'clock, all that stuff ... it's your internal monologue. It's what's running through your head. Why do you have to say it out loud ?

CHAIR SCRAPING AS MIKE SITS DOWN.

HELEN:            It helps me focus on what I've got to do, that's all. What's your point ?

MIKE:            I just wish you wouldn't. ... It does my head in.

HELEN:            Well poor you ... hard luck !

MIKE:            I'm just saying.

DOOR OPENS. HELEN'S VOICE BECOMES MORE DISTANT AS SHE HAS MOVED TO ADJOINING ROOM.

HELEN: Get down to your shed if I'm doing your head in. Get your radio on, have a fiddle with your bloody clocks, and stop having a go at me. You got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning, didn't you.

MIKE SPEAKS UP A BIT SO SHE CAN HEAR HIM FROM THE NEXT ROOM.

MIKE: You said to me, and I quote: "The only way we'll get on now we're retired is, if we can be honest with each other. If something upsets us, get it out into the open ... nip things in the bud."

HELEN: Serious things, not internal bloody monologues for Christ's sake.

PAUSE

MIKE: I don't feel like going down to the shed.

HELEN RETURNS INTO THE SAME ROOM AS MIKE.

HELEN: IRRITATED. What do you feel like ?

MIKE: Honestly ?

HELEN: Of course honestly ...

MIKE: I feel like going to work... I'd have been there a couple of hours by now CHECKS HIS WATCH ... Let's have a look: Second Period, bell should go in 5 minutes; down to the staff-room; coffee and a biscuit and listen to Gerry banging on about the football, or the government or the Head.

HELEN: You're not selling it.

MIKE: It's more than that though isn't it ... It's that feeling that you belong somewhere ... you're a part of something ... and you're doing something that's worth doing: something that has a purpose.

HELEN: You seem to forget that I lived through those last few years with you ... you weren't talking about 'purpose' at the end. You were talking about stress and burn-out.

MIKE: I might just have needed the summer ... I still wonder if I jumped too soon.

HELEN: Mike ... Get a grip, for goodness sake. You are retired, same as me. You've got to accept it; you can't go back. I know what this is; I've read about it: it's to do with 'the management of change'. You're going through the 'nostalgia phase' where the old situation seems better than where you are now. You've got to get yourself to 'the acceptance phase'. It's all very normal ... And, part of what you've got to accept is being around me all day ... and listening to internal monologues occasionally.

PAUSE

MIKE: Shall we drive down to the garden centre, have a look for a green-house? Might get a bit of lunch down there.

HELEN: You're trying to turn my head now aren't you ... whisk me off my feet... 'Fraid I can't do any of that. I'm going to town; you should know that: it was in the internal monologue.

DOG BARKS. WE HEAR MIKE OPEN THE DOOR TO LET THE DOG IN FROM THE GARDEN.

MIKE: TO THE DOG, SAL You're in luck Sal. You and me, Fawley Woods and back in time for a bowl of soup with the one o'clock news.

SOUND OF DRAWER BEING OPENED AND DOG-  
LEAD TAKEN OUT. DOG BARKS AGAIN.

HELEN: Very good plan. Do you both good. I'll have a full report from both of you when I get back.

SOUND OF DOOR AS HELEN GOES OUT AGAIN.

MIKE: SARCASTIC Yes Miss, anything you say miss ...  
CLOSE Nostalgia phase: my arse.

**SCENE 2** OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, FRONT DRIVE. SOUND OF  
MIKE UNLOCKING CAR AND OPENING THE REAR  
DOOR, THEN GETTING THE DOG TO JUMP IN.

MIKE: In you go.

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR, RON, COMES OUT OF  
HIS FRONT DOOR BECAUSE HE HAS SEEN MIKE  
COME OUT, AND HE IS NOSY.

RON: All right Mike ?

MIKE: All right Ron... CLOSE. WE HEAR MIKE'S  
THOUGHTS Here we go ...

RON: Got much on today ?

MIKE: Not a lot.

RON: Another lazy day for the idle rich.

MIKE: Come again ... CLOSE You cheeky sod ...

RON: Well ... the old Teacher's Pension ... nice work if you can get it ... All right for some.

MIKE: Don't believe all you read in the Daily Mail Ron.

RON: Oh no, you're right there ...

PAUSE

Off out then, are you?

MIKE: Yeah ... (CLOSE) ... What a towering intellect. How could he possibly know ... ?

RON: Taking the dog out ?

MIKE: Yeah.

RON: Down the Common ?

MIKE: No, not today.... Well, I'll see you Ron.

PAUSE

CLOSE Come on then ... You can't leave it there you nosy old sod ...

SOUND OF MIKE OPENING DRIVER'S DOOR.

RON: SOUNDS A BIT DESPERATE TO KNOW Where you going then Mike?

ENGINE STARTS.

MIKE: Fawley Woods ... See you later ...

SOUND OF CAR DRIVING OFF.

RON: I thought that might be it ... VOICE IS DROWNED OUT BY THE SOUND OF THE CAR.

**SCENE 3** OUTSIDE IN FAWLEY WOODS, BIRDSONG, STRONG WIND IN THE TREES.

MIKE: Off you go. SENDING THE DOG OFF TO RUN

SOUND: VERY STRONG GUST OF WIND

Blimey what's this: Hurricane Herbert ...

PAUSE

HE RECITES THE OPENING OF A POEM HE  
REMEMBERS FROM CHILDHOOD

MIKE: No-one can tell me,  
Nobody knows  
Where the wind comes from  
Where the wind goes ...

IT MAKES HIM THINK OF HIS DEAD FATHER, AND  
SPEAK TO HIM OUT LOUD

All right Dad, you up there ? ... That was one of  
ours, remember ...

BARKING IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

SHOUTS Come on Sal.

LOW, TALKS TO HIS FATHER AGAIN

Spent a few hours in here over the years, didn't we.  
About the only place we could have a proper talk.

SHOUTS AND WHISTLES

Sal !

SOUND OF BARKING; MIKE RUNS THROUGH  
UNDERGROWTH

Here you are ... Oh bloody hell.

MIKE HAS FOUND A FLY-TIPPING SITE. SOUND OF DOG SNIFFING AND RIFLING THROUGH THE RUBBISH, TIN CANS ETC. SOUND OF FLIES BUZZING.

Fly tippers ... Dirty sods ... What's this, animal feed bags full of every sort of crap you can think of ... empty tubs from chemicals ... SOUND AS HE SHAKES ONE ... Not all empty ... Hello ... There's an address on here. You've slipped up my boy: 'Radegund Farm'. That shouldn't be too hard to identify.

SOUND OF MIKE USING HIS MOBILE 'PHONE.

Now ... HE READS ALOUD FROM A WEBSITE ... 'Fly-tipping ... Report the location and give a brief description of the materials that have been discarded ...'

SOUND OF MIKE MAKING A CALL.

OPERATOR: DISTORT Good morning, Waste Warriors.

MIKE: Morning, I'd like to report some fly-tipping.

OPERATOR: DISTORT Thank you. What is the location of the waste please ?

MIKE: Fawley Woods, about 100 yards down the Church Lane path

OPERATOR: DISTORT And what is the nature of the waste, caller ?

MIKE: Some of it looks like agricultural waste: old chemicals and so on, and then there's bags and bags of household stuff. Flies and maggots all over it ...



OPERATOR: Are there any labels on the chemicals, caller ?

MIKE: Hold on, let's have a look ... Yes, CyMag.  
C.Y.M.A.G. ... with a skull and crossbones.

OPERATOR: Right, please don't touch the containers, caller ...

MIKE: The good news is that there's an address on a box,  
so you should be able to identify who's done it.

OPERATOR: DISTORT That doesn't usually hold up in court,  
I'm afraid unless you witnessed them dropping the  
waste.

MIKE: Bloody hell ! ... So what happens now ?

OPERATOR DISTORT I'll inform the council and they'll take  
it from there ... Thank you for your call today.

MIKE: Don't you ...

### SOUND OF OPERATOR HANGING UP

... Want my name ... ? Bloody hell ! ... So, what  
actually happens now is that the wind spreads it  
right through the wood, and foxes do the rest, and  
the dirty sods get away with it.

### PAUSE

Well they don't get away with it this time ?

### SPEAKS TO HIS FATHER AGAIN

What do you reckon Dad ? No way to treat our  
wood is it. I know what you would have done ...

### SPEAKING TO THE DOG.

Come on Sal.

SOUND OF WALKING QUICKLY BACK THROUGH  
THE WOOD, STARTING CAR, DRIVING AWAY.

MUSIC

**SCENE 4**      OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, FRONT DRIVE

SOUND OF FRONT DOOR CLOSING AS MIKE  
GOES OUT

MIKE:      CLOSE

Ah, Mr Nosy, what a surprise ...

SPEAKS OUT LOUD

All right Ron ? ...

RON:      Yes, I'm all right. It's you I'm worried about ... One minute you're off out for a dog walk ... ten minutes later you're back ... bit of noise from the shed, and now you seem to be off out again ... but with no dog.

MIKE:      Yes ... That's a fair summary.

RON:      Everything all right ?

MIKE:      All fine ...

RON:      Taking gardening gloves and bin-bags this time eh ?

PAUSE

Hope you're not burying a body.

RON LAUGHS AT HIS OWN JOKE

MIKE: CLOSE If only !

OUT LOUD No, you can sleep safe Ron.

SOUND OF CAR ENGINE STARTING. CAR DRIVES AWAY

MUSIC

**SCENE 5** FAWLEY WOODS. BIRDSONG, WIND AND RAIN NOW

Right Mr Lee of Radegund Farm, let's see how you like it.

WE HEAR MIKE FILLING THE REFUSE SACKS WITH THE FILTHY WASTE THAT HAS BEEN DUMPED

Dirty sods ! God knows what's drained into the soil ... SOUND OF CONTAINERS BEING DROPPED INTO THE BAGS ... But you, and you and you are going home, with the rest of this assorted crap ...

WE HEAR MIKE COUGH AND EXHALE LOUDLY, CLEARLY DISGUSTED BY THE TASK AND THE SMELL

MUSIC, AND THE WEATHER NOISE INCREASES

MIKE RETURNS TO HIS CAR, AND GETS IN

Right, let battle commence ... Google maps ... Radegund Farm ... Ah ... 16 miles; about half an hour ... You're about to get a special delivery Mr Lee, courtesy of Mike's mail ... Phwoar! What a stink. I'll be glad to get rid of this lot. OK ... Let's go ...

SOUND OF CAR DRIVING AWAY.

## MUSIC

MIKE: CLOSE OK We're here ... Take it steady ... Looks quiet ... 2 o'clock, midweek. what's a farmer doing at this sort of time, assuming he is a farmer ? ... Come on, get on with it ... Cross your fingers Dad, and wish me luck.

WE HEAR MIKE DRIVING INTO THE FARMYARD  
OVER MUD AND UNEVEN CONCRETE. THE CAR  
STOPS AND HE GETS OUT.

IN THE DISTANCE WE HEAR A HIGH-PRESSURE  
WATER SPRAY. SOMEONE IS WASHING A  
TRACTOR.

CLOSE.

OK ... kid washing a tractor, looks about ten ... Don't panic ... Casual wave ... Hmmm, not good: he looks terrified ... Stay there son, keep washing your tractor, there's a good boy.

SOUND OF MIKE UNLOADING THE RUBBISH IN  
THE FARMYARD; HE WHISTLES QUIETLY,  
BECAUSE HE IS NERVOUS

CLOSE

Bugger, the kid's gone inside ... Right, let's get cracking ... THE PACE OF THE UNLOADING  
INCREASES.

WIND AND RAIN

Shit ... Here comes mother.

CHRISTINA: SPEAKS WITH A RUMANIAN ACCENT. SHE SOUNDS FRIGHTENED, FOR HERSELF AND FOR MIKE

Who are you, what are you doing ? Are you a delivery ? We're not expecting nothing ... You're supposed to phone or something, make appointment.

MIKE: Oh, hello there ... Yes, sorry about that. This is a delivery for Mr Lee ... Is he the boss here ?

CHRISTINA: Yes.

MIKE: Is he in at the moment ?

CHRISTINA: No, has gone out. He come back very soon ... What is delivery ? Stinks very bad.

MARIUS: THE 10 YEAR OLD BOY HAS CROSSED THE FARM-YARD TO BE WITH HIS MOTHER

MIKE: Hello son ...

MARIUS: TO CHRISTINA, SPEAKS IN RUMANIAN

Mumie (Mummy)

CHRISTINA: Marius, du te inauntru (Marius, get inside).

MARIUS: Cine este el ? (Who is he ?)

CHRISTINA: Du te inauntru ... get inside Marius.

THE BOY LEAVES

MIKE: He's a good boy. He wants to look after you.

CHRISTINA: I hope you don't make trouble ... What is delivery please ?

MIKE: This is rubbish. Mr Lee left it in some woods near my house ... Fly-tipping ... I am bringing it back for him.

CHRISTINA: No ... You are crazy. Mr Lee very bad man ... Really. You go.

MIKE: This was important to me, to bring this back.

DISTANT SOUND OF APPROACHING LAND-ROVER.

CHRISTINA: Go, please ...