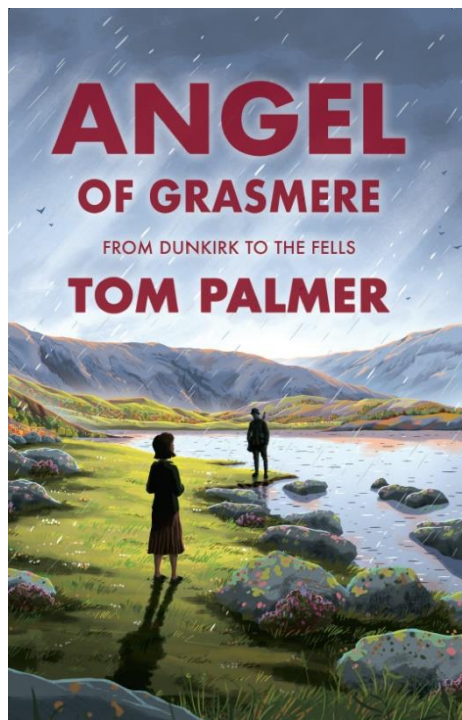


Angel of Grasmere Playscript

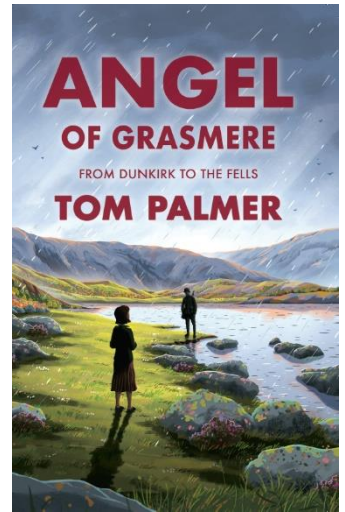
To accompany the children's book
Angel of Grasmere by Tom Palmer



Angel of Grasmere Playscript

Cast

- Eric a short young evacuee from Manchester
- Peter a stockier farmer's son from Grasmere
- Tarn the headteacher's daughter from Grasmere
- Dennis a taller boy with slicked black hair from Grasmere



Props

a large tin, marked "ammo"

Optional Extras

fell ponies, herdwick sheep

Scene 1

Daytime. On a hillside above the village of Grasmere

Directions

(Eric, Peter and Tarn enter on their walk uphill along a path from the village of Grasmere.)

(Tarn and Eric are chatting, Peter squints as if looking far ahead of them)

Peter (frowning) Who's that?

(Tarn looks annoyed)

Tarn (groaning) Dennis!

(Peter rolls his eyes)

Peter (sighing) Oh Dear!

(Eric looks confused)

Eric (brightly questioning) Who's Dennis?

Tarn (to Peter) He's carrying something.

Peter (jokily) Something he's nicked or is going to hit
someone with.

Silence

Eric (louder questioning) Who ... is ... Dennis?

Peter Just a lad from round here. He's a bit of a loner.

(Tarn rolls her eyes)

Tarn That's one word for him.

Eric (questioning) Where does he live? Up here?

(Peter shakes his head)

(Eric is looking at Dennis)

Dennis (boastfully) I'll probably get good money for it. But that's nothing. I've got stuff from that RAF plane that crashed on Brownrigg a few weeks ago. I went up soon as it came down. Before the Home Guard or anyone.

Dennis (nodding) I found the body of the pilot too. Gruesome, it was.

Dennis (sneers & pats his chest) Got something from his jacket Can't say about that though.

Eric (shakes head in disgust) You stole something from a dead body?

Dennis (gulps and then grins nastily)

Dennis (questioning) Who's this?

(Tarn shivers)

(Peter moves protectively to stand between Tarn and Eric)

Peter (proudly, hands on hips) This is Eric. Our evacuee. Staying at the farm.

(Dennis brushes air like swatting a fly)

Dennis Looks like he'll only be useful as a scarecrow on the farm. Scrawny git

(Dennis smirks)

(Dennis turns to questions Eric)

Dennis Where are you from, little boy?

(Tarn turns back to Dennis, opens her mouth to speak and steps back and shakes her head)

Eric (proudly) Manchester

(Dennis looks at Tarn and laughs)

Dennis (questioning) Manchester? Does he know we hate Manchester?.

(Dennis steps towards Eric)

Dennis (slightly menacingly) They've not told you, have they?

Eric (confusedly) Told me what?

Dennis (more menacingly) Why we hate you

Peter (interrupting) We don't hate him

Dennis Yes, we do.

(Dennis takes another step towards Eric)

(Dennis smirks and carefully places the ammunition box on the ground).

Dennis Let me tell you a story, little boy ... there was once a lovely valley round here with farms and a pub and a church, and your lot – the Mancs – came along and built a dam. And that sweet valley was flooded. And we lost all that land.

(Dennis looks Eric up and down).

Dennis And now water that's rightfully ours goes down a big pipe all the way to your filthy city with its filthy people so you can wash your disgusting filthy bodies.

Dennis (grinning nastily) Though it doesn't look like you've used it much

(Dennis punches Eric on the side of his forehead)

(Eric falls down on his hands and knees and breathes loudly)

(Dennis stands over him and lifts his foot about to kick him)

(Peter quickly forces himself between them)

(Tarn steps forward)

(Tarn pushes Dennis's arm away)

Tarn (forcefully) Leave him alone

(Eric gets up. He is cut and bleeding)

(Dennis laughs in Tarn's face)

(Dennis moves around Tarn and faces Eric who is staring back at him)

Dennis Want some more?

Peter (in a low voice) Leave it. Let's just ...

(Dennis punches Eric again on the nose)

(Eric drops to the floor)

(Peter kneels and put his hand on Eric's back)

(Tarn moves to stands in front of Dennis)

(Tarn pushes Dennis's chest away)

Tarn (shouting) Get lost, Dennis.

(Dennis steps back and laughs)

Peter (muttering to Eric) Stay down for a minute

(Eric shakes his head)

Eric (whispering but firm) No

(Eric stands up. Eric pushes past Peter. Eric pushes past Tarn. Eric faces Dennis)

(Dennis looks nervous)

(Tarn looks surprised and then proud of Eric)

Dennis (less bravely) Do you want another?

(Eric stares hard at Dennis)

(Dennis turns to look cruelly at Tarn)

(Tarn looks cross)

Tarn (in a low voice) Leave my friend alone

(Tarn pushes Dennis's chest)

(Dennis steps backwards)

(Dennis snorts. Dennis picks up the ammunition box)

Dennis I'm bored. Off to make some money.

(Dennis walks away trying to look casual then hurries)

(Tarn looks at ground and makes to punch one of her fist into the palm of her other hand)

Teacher's notes

This playscript incorporates issues including friendship, prejudice, bullying and a fight scene.

It is entirely at the teacher's discretion and knowledge of their students how to present this.

For example, it could be used as an opportunity to study non-contact playfight techniques or to discuss how to use fake blood or to use music to signify the drama with percussion instruments off or on stage.

Alternatively, a simple seated read-through might suffice.

You could also consider writing your own script as a group or using improvisation.

Or discuss ideas such as whether adding a narrator might change the feel of the play.

