

theatre alibi

Teapot by Daniel Jamieson

Then the War Came Playscript

Storyteller 1: Not long after that the war came and everything changed. One foggy afternoon Jack was walking down the cliff path. Suddenly something made him stop and look out to sea. He could just hear, far out in the fog, the sound of aeroplanes coming. It was clear the planes were coming straight towards Jack. (*Planes fly over low*) One of the planes had gone over so low, Jack had seen the pilot's face.

Storyteller 3: A while later, signs went up around the village.

Jack: What does it mean?

Olivia: It means we have to leave the farm for a while, because of the war.

Jack: Why?

Olivia: Because the army need to use the village and the beach for practice.

Jack: Practice for what?

Olivia: Fighting the war, I suppose.

Jack: Where will we go?

Olivia: I don't know dear. Maybe your Uncle Richard's farm, if they'll have us.

Storyteller 2: It all happened in such a rush after that.

Storyteller 1: Everyone had to pack up and leave the village within a few weeks.

Storyteller 2: Doctor Bradham filled his car with books and drove off one day...

Storyteller 3: With old Mrs Trout squeezed in the front seat.

Storyteller 2: Young Findlay rode Barley Baron away to Uncle Richard's farm.

Storyteller 1: The geese went to market and were all sold.

- Storyteller 3:** Jack's family were almost the last to leave. How strange and quiet the village seemed that last day. Everything was packed in boxes and carried out of the farmhouse 'til it was quite empty and the big lorry parked in the farmyard was completely full. But all day nobody could find Blinky.
- Jack:** *(Calling)* Blinky!?
- Olivia:** Come on Jack, get in the van. Blinky's a farm cat – he can look after himself. There'll always be plenty of mice for him to eat. He can look after the place for us 'til we come back.
- Jack:** I'll just have one more look. *(He runs off to look for Blinky. He finds Charlie Tremlett in the vegetable patch).*
- Charlie:** Hello young Jack, thought you'd all gone!
- Jack:** Not yet.
- Charlie:** No point wasting good parsnips!
- Jack:** I suppose. You haven't seen Blinky have you?
- Charlie:** Can't say I have. *(Jack starts to leave)* No need to mention a few parsnips to anyone?
- Jack:** No.
- Charlie:** You'll go far, son, I can tell.
- Storyteller 1:** Jack ran into the farmhouse and went from one empty room to another.
- Jack:** Blinky?!
- Storyteller 1:** He was just about to give up when he came back into the kitchen.
- Jack:** *(Finding Blinky)* Blinky! *(Seeing the teapot left behind in a cardboard box)* The teapot! *(He runs out to the van and holds the teapot up to his mother)* Mum! The teapot!
- Olivia:** Leave it! There's no room. We'll find it when we come back.
- Jack:** But someone might steal it!
- Olivia:** Hide it then. But be quick. We have to leave.

- Storyteller 1:** Jack couldn't think of anywhere that felt safe enough. Then he remembered Charlie Tremlett digging the parsnips. *(Jack starts digging).*
- Storyteller 3:** When he'd dug a good big hole he put the teapot in the ground, then he turned the earth carefully back into the hole. He sat still a moment, feeling strange and empty, like he'd made the teapot vanish into thin air.
(Blinky arrives and sits on the place where the teapot was buried)
- Jack:** Blinky! You want to stay, don't you?
- Blinky:** Miaow.
- Jack:** Alright. You stay and look after our teapot.
- Blinky:** Miaow.
- Jack:** *(Leaving)* Goodbye, you funny old thing, goodbye.
- Storyteller 3:** Then he ran and jumped in the lorry.
- Storyteller 2:** They never did come back.
- Storyteller 1:** After the war the family moved to a farm far away.
- Storyteller 2:** When Jack grew up he moved to another country and started a family of his own.
- Storyteller 3:** But every now and again, maybe when he was stroking a cat,
- Storyteller 2:** Or maybe digging in his garden...
- Storyteller 1:** Or maybe making a pot of tea...
- Storyteller 2:** He wondered if anyone ever did find that teapot buried in the ground.
- (Teapot- finding man appears, holding the muddy old teapot)*
- Man:** That spout's a bit chipped isn't it? You know, I've got just the thing indoors to fix that. Then, I think, Mr Teapot, you and I deserve some nice hot tea.
- Storyteller 2:** Then the man took the teapot inside to wash it up...
- Storyteller 1:** Just as clean and beautiful as it ever had been.