

Where My Wellies Take Me

PIPPA is a young girl spending her holidays with her Aunty Peggy in the Devon countryside during the 1950s. In this scene, she is reflecting on the things she likes about the countryside, while imagining herself taking part in the annual May Day race.

PIPPA: I'm not mad about games and I hate races, so yes, I would miss the whole horrible thing if I could... But I know enough not to say it out loud... Walking is different though. My wellies like to go for a walk and I just go with them! I put them on... and I'm off!

(Looking around her) The whole world smells new. *(Moving carefully, but almost slipping over)* Ooops! The cobbled path to the churchyard is slippy with moss, so you have to be careful. I like to go past Annie's grave and touch her gravestone.

(Crouching down, pushing the foliage back and reading)

'Here lies Annie Bisset, who
passed away, aged 8
on 15 May 1887
Gone, but never forgotten.'

She was exactly my age. That's why I touch the stone, so she knows I haven't forgotten.

(Moving away from the gravestone) The quickest way out of the churchyard is to slide down the bank into the lane. Even if it does give me a wet backside – it is the best way. *(Looking towards a stream)* We're in Marsh Field now. There's millions of cowpats in Marsh Field. Dry ones, hard-baked, so hard that you could pick one up and throw it like a discus. Just like this. *(She stoops to pick one up, attempts to throw it, but drops it in disgust)* Urrghhh! That one is still wet and definitely not hard-baked enough. *(Running to the stream)* I must wash it off. My fingers are covered in gunk... and it stinks like anything! One thing's for sure, I won't do discus throwing with cowpats ever again.

Continued ▶



(Looking around her) What's that sound? I can hear the Church bells ringing... and they shouldn't be. It's not Sunday is it? And there's music playing too, the silver band, and look, there's flags flying everywhere. *(Excitedly)* The race... I've been in my own world and forgotten, the Round the Island Road race, all three miles of it. But look, *(beginning to run on the spot)* the finishing tape's right there ahead of me and they're all cheering me on... the whole village! I'm running now, and funnily enough I'm not puffed and my legs don't hurt at all. I'm going for the finishing tape, arms raised like an Olympic champion, an Olympic champion in wellies...!

by Clare and Michael Morpurgo, adapted by LAMDA