

Act 2

SCENE 3

MARY MILLS stands outside her home cleaning her front window. Kids play in the street. A POSTMAN swings by dropping off her post.

POSTMAN

Good morning Mrs Mills, here you go.

MARY takes the letter from him. She opens it, excited, until she reads the first sentence. She puts a hand over her mouth, whimpers and drops the letter.

HEATHER rushes outside to her mother, concerned.

HEATHER

/ Mum, what's wrong? (Concerned)

HEATHER picks up the letter.

HEATHER

/ Oh my god. (Shocked and sad)

She weeps.

MARY MILLS

Come here love.

They hug, crying in each others arms.

*/ HEATHER breaks out of the hug in **panic** and runs to her bedroom, shutting the door.*

HEATHER drops to her feet pulling out a small box from underneath the bed. She frantically opens it taking out a picture of Alfred. She holds the picture in her hands, desperately wishing he was home. She unfolds a letter from inside the box. (Panic)

ALFRED (V.O)

Dear Heather. I'm writing my first letter to you sat on a pile of sandbags. There's an unusual beauty here, it's calm and quiet with endless green fields surround us. It's not too different from home. I could imagine it was once a peaceful place to visit. The men seem nice enough. Unafraid. I guess we just don't know what to expect? It doesn't feel like we are at a war. I haven't heard a single gun shot. Your father makes me laugh, he likes to give the men a hard time. As long as it's them instead of me. I think they are more scared of him than the Germans. I will keep an eye on him for you. I see us getting on better already. I just wanted

(More)

ALFRED (V.O) (Cont'd)

you to know that I am safe this day. Forever yours.
Alfred.

*/HEATHER holds the letter against her chest as if
she was hugging Alfred himself. She rocks back and
forth crying hard. sadness*

MARY MILLS (O.S)

(Gentle)

Heather?

*MARY enters the room and sits with HEATHER,
hugging her.*