

Not Just an Enemy (extracts from script)

Student 4: High Achieved

NZQA Intended for teacher use only

Statement of Intention:

This play demonstrates the humanity on both sides of this fighting. As Frank goes along his Journey, he learns that the faceless enemy, the soldier he and his brothers in arms are shooting down are actually people just like them. They are men who have wives and sons and daughters and mothers and fathers and homes and lives. This play shows the realisation everybody should have that war is not just US and THEM, our side and THEIR side, is in fact many, many individuals caught in the crossfire, both a literal one and one made up of words and accusations.

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Time: As the scenes switch between two parallel story lines, it also switches between two different time frames. The separate time frames are quite close to each other but are quite different.

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Scene 1

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Anna: Hello? Can I help you?

Frank: Hello, are you Anna Fitzgerald

Anna: Yes.

Frank: My name is Frank Porter. I have some unfortunate news. May I come in?

Anna: Of course, come in. *Moves 'inside'.* Is this about Frederick?

Frank: Yes. You may wish to sit down. *Anna sits on chair.* I'm sorry, but Frederick is dead. He made me promise to give this to you.

Anna: How did you know him?

Frank: We met several months ago, during the last few weeks of the war. It took a while to find you to deliver this

Anna: *Reads letter.* Th-thank you for your trouble. It is much appreciated.

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Scene 2

Frank: *Looks around while waiting.* Sir, who's that? I don't believe you introduced him.

Oliver: That's Walter. He keeps to himself.

Harold: That's right; he's a sneaky one, that one. You never know what he's thinking.

Oliver: He hasn't taken well to war.

Frank: Oh. *Pause, play cards, hear coughing.* What's that?

Harold: Oh never mind him.

Frank: Him?

Harold: Yeah, the German in the corner.

Frank: Oh. *More coughing, Walter flinching at each one.* Why does Walter look so tortured over the German?

Oliver: Because he put him there.

Harold: That's right! That's right! Walter shot the bugger and now he feels sorry for him.

Frank: If Walter shot him? Then why is he here?

Oliver: It was the strangest thing I ever saw. As soon as Walter saw the man go down, he went white as a sheet, threw down his gun and ran over to him. Without a word, he lifted him over his shoulder and carried him back here, refusing to put him down even though he was getting blood all over his uniform.

Harold: I swear the man's touched in the head.

Oliver: It's like I said, Walter didn't take well to war.

Harold: Well, whatever the reason, he hasn't said a word or done much of anything since. *Throws down his hand of cards.* I win! I think I'll take my victory and get to bed.

Oliver: Me too. Goodnight everyone.

Everyone goes to bed, pause but not asleep.

Oliver: How long do you think the new one will last?

Harold: Five cigarettes says he won't see the end of the month.

Oliver: Five says he'll live till Christmas but not New Years.

Harold: Deal. *Shake hands.*

2

Fred: *Laughs, coughs.* I like you. If only we'd met under better circumstances.

Frank: If only.

Fred: You got a family at home?

Frank: I've a mother who wishes I stayed and a brother who wishes to join me as soon as possible.

Fred: What about your father?

Frank: He's dead.

Fred: I'm *cough* sorry.

Frank: I never really knew him so don't worry. What about your family?

Fred: I've a lovely wife called Anna and a beautiful little boy called-*cough, cough, cough ra de ra.*

Argh, damn this bullet! *Cough, cough, etc, etc.*

Frank: How much longer do you think you'll last?

Fred: Not long, Frank Porter, not long.

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Scene 3

Frank: Wiltmire Resting Home, Room 23. Ah, here it is. *Knock*

Mrs Fitzgerald: Come in.

Frank: Good morning Mrs Fitzgerald.

Mrs Fitzgerald: Who are you?

Frank: My name is Frank Porter and I've come to deliver a letter. It's from your son, Frederick.

Mrs Fitzgerald: Where is my boy? Why can't he deliver it himself? The war is over now and he is free to come home.

Frank: I'm sorry Mrs Fitzgerald, but your son is dead. He was killed in action several months ago.

Mrs Fitzgerald: No. You're lying.

Frank: His final request was that I bring this to you.

Mrs Fitzgerald: Leave me to my grief. *F starts walking away.* Wait... thank you, for this last piece of my son.

Frank: It is the least I could do.

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Scene 8

Mother: Frank, you're home.

Frank: Yes Mother, I am.

Mother: Did you do what you set out to do?

Frank: Yes.

Mother: Now son, don't look so downtrodden. You've done something that many others would shake their heads at. I am proud of you. Even if that young man is dead and in the ground, you have helped those grieving his loss to find comfort.

Frank: I suppose.

Mother: Well, I know it. If it had been you who had died, I would've welcomed such a gesture. Now, come inside. I have fresh apple pie to eat and an ear to hear your full tale.

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