

For my country and for you, my friend (extracts from script)

Intention and background: William Fitzgerald and Waiora King are New Zealand soldiers fighting in France during the First World War. Their NZ battalion had been killed so they were transferred to fight with the British. **Because they are the only New Zealanders in this new battalion they have formed a strong friendship.**

Costumes, Characters, Props, Sound & Lighting.

Will and Waiora lie facing towards each other, bodies facing out towards the audience, they huddle over a piece of chocolate.

William: *Whispers* Hey Wai, want this chocolate?

Waiora: But it's your last piece.

William: I know, but you need it more than me, the captain cut your food rations not mine, anyway he only did that because you stuck up for me.

Waiora: I can't Will, I just can't.

William: *Pauses* Wai, you've been a great friend, take it.

Waiora sighs and takes chocolate

Waiora: *Tears into chocolate with great passion* You know what Will, I think chocolate's a really good way of improving your memory. When we get back to good ol' Aotearoa I might even get you to help me write a book on it. We could call it 'Will and Wai bring back the past.'

William: *Laughs* Sounds like a great idea but what on earth makes you think that chocolate improves the memory?

Waiora: I'm not sure actually, it's just whenever I eat it it takes me back home. I can smell Grandma's kai cooking on the hangi that we have every Christmas. I can taste the lamb chops that Uncle Jonah brings from his farm in Waikato. It brings back the hugs and kisses my mother gave me as a child and father slapping me on the back for shooting my first deer. It brings back all the good memories and leaves the bad ones behind. I can honestly say Will, meeting you will be a good memory in years to come.

William: Well, that chocolate sure did put you in good mood, hopefully you'll shoot some Germans today! *Glances at watch* Hey Wai, we've still got half an hour before the captain gets us up and out. We've got time to write another letter to your Mum! We haven't written one to her in 3 weeks!

Waiora: Really? That'd be great. But only if you don't mind, it's so good of you to help me write letters like this, I wish I'd had the opportunity to learn to read and write, but unfortunately I never had the chance.

William: Seriously, don't worry about it, I like helping people out, plus I enjoy letter writing... *pulls out paper and pen* Now, where to start...

Waiora's mother enters stage right and stands at the side of the stage, she has the 'letter' in her hand and reads bit by bit as Waiora reads out to Will what he wants to say. Will scribbles on piece of paper.

Waiora: Dear Mother, It's me again. I'm sorry I haven't written, it's been so busy up on the front line, there's hardly any down time. The supply line was also cut last week because the Germans destroyed our wagons in an air attack. I don't want to frighten you but I feel you should know the truth. Honestly I'm fine I haven't been injured at all,

Waioras Mum: touch wood. I hope you're all ok back in New Zealand. I'd bet my last cigar that dad's been out drinking every night. Please tell him that I don't want him doing this, he needs to be at home supporting you. I'm getting stronger now, maybe I can return him a hiding when I get back home. How's baby Rawini? Let me know what her first words are I'm dying to know!

Captain: *Shouting* You two scruffy dogs necks need to get yourselves up to the guns immediately! Do you think just because you're from some pre-historic country full of uneducated idiots you can let my trained English soldiers down? The answer's no! So you are going to get up there now, AND THAT'S AN ORDER! Do I make myself clear?

Will and Waiora: Yes Sir!

Captain: Good, at least they taught you basic English! I expect to see you up there in 2 minutes! *Leaves*

Will: Holy smoke! He's got a bit of temper on him today.

Waiora: No he's just being normal, remember when he forced that poor little French guy out of bed and demanded him to go and do a solo mission to the German trenches? The French guy refused and the captain shot him to smithereens right in his bed. That'll be us if we don't move.

Will: But I can't move! I twisted my ankle when I fell into the trench yesterday, remember?

Waiora: Oh yeah that's right, damn! You're really screwed now, he won't believe an inch of what we say. Don't worry I'll stick up for you.

Will: Thanks Wai, but I can cover my own back.

Waiora: I'm sure you can, but two of us is better than one, whatever the story.

Will: Yeah, well whatever. I just don't want you to get hurt. We just told your Mum you'll be home by Christmas remember.

Waiora: Bro, we'll be sweet, I just gotta go to the dunny. I'll be back in a jiffy.

Waiora leaves with chamber pot. Will stands with pen and paper. Wills mum walks on from stage left and has paper (Wills letter). Like before Will writes and reads and then Mum reads a bit.

Lights dim on mother and Waiora enters just as Will puts away his letter.

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Waiora: Did you just write a letter? Wow that was quick, when it come to brains you really are the full package!

Will: Full package or not we've been 10minutes, it's too late to care about that, the captain will be back to turn us into dog meat in a minute

Waiora: Will, I'm not going to let him hurt you. You have way more potential to succeed in life than me, if it comes to it, I'll give my life to save yours.

Will: Wai, please no! You have a bigger family than me, you promised them you'd be back by Christmas!

Waiora: It's too late Will, I think I can hear the captain now.

Captain stomps in flanked by a beefy looking English meat head.

Captain: You two slime balls are a disgrace to your country and to my battalion. Whatever made you think that by disobeying my orders you would get away with it.

Well it's too late now, you've both been classified as deserters and under regular circumstances you would be court marshalled, but as you know, the court marshal is living in a nice mansion 100 miles away! So instead I'll do things my way.

Waiora: *Interrupts* Please sir, Will can't move, he twisted his ankle yesterday.

Will: *Loudly whispers* Wai shssshh! You'll get yourself killed!

Captain: haha ha! Does it look like I care, if he injured himself he should have told me when it happened.

Signals to meathead to kick Will. Meathead kicks Will in ankle

Will: *Screams in agony* You evil b----d!

Captain signals for meathead to strike again, meathead grabs the butt of his gun and smashes Will a few times in the ankle/shin area. Waiora watches in horror and then stands up.

Waiora: Oi! You evil piece of shit! How dare you hurt an injured man, don't you have a heart, wait till I get my hands on you.

Waiora charges at captain, captain responds himself by pulling out a knife, As this happens Will screams

Will: WAIORA!!!! NO!!!!

Waiora continues to run and then captain suddenly lunges forward and stabs Waiora in the gut.

Captain: *laughs evilly* Did you honestly think you could beat me?

Waiora recoils backwards and stumbles back to Will. Captain advances and just stares down at Waiora on the ground. He gets down and sticks a hand under Waioras chin, staring straight in the eye. He evilly grins before quickly slicing Waiora's cheek with the knife.

Waiora: *trembling* You can cut me and beat me all you like, but I won't let you lay a hand on Will!

The captain quickly stands up and takes the rifle from the bodyguard. He points it directly at Waiora

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Captain: Move out of the way before I kill you both!

Waiora does his last brave action in trying to save Will

Waiora: *loud whispers to Will* This is for my country! And for you, my friend!

He lunges at the captain. The captain fires the gun 3 times. The first shot hits Wai in the gut, the second shot in the heart Wai is now hunched over lying on the floor. The captain stands right over his head and puts the last shot in his temple.