I'll Be Here

Back at the Foreign Office. Mother is alone. Mr Connolly comes in, looking stressed, carrying a pile of papers.

Mother: Oh good afternoon, I was just-
Mr Connolly: I’m sorry, I can’t stop
Mother: Please, it won’t take a moment, I-
Mr Connolly: Not now, I’m sorry
Mother: I’ve come all the way from-
Mr Connolly: I can’t help you! I can’t help you. I’ve tried. There’s nothing. I’m sorry.
Mother: I’m sure that we can-
Mr Connolly: I’ve been told I can’t speak to you anymore. They found the letter and- I just can’t. I can’t.
Mother: If anything’s happened, I’m so sorry
Mr Connolly: Just give up! Give up. Please. You’ve done all you can do [leaves]

Mother: When you’re a child you’re protected from pain
When you’re a child no-one needs to explain
But when you grow up then your life can’t remain like before
Anymore

When you’re a child life is open and free
So many things that I dreamed I could be
But ev’rything changed and it’s all down to me
To save us the best that I can

They say give up this fight
Can’t you see that you’re tired and worn
I say life’s always darkest
The closer you get to the dawn
When we are tested we learn who we are
I won't give up now that we've come so far
I'll go on fighting for year after year

While I breathe, I'll be here

All of these people who just tell me no
It's a mistake if they think that I'll go
I may be broken and bruised, even so
I'll save us the best that I can

They say give up this fight
Can't you see there's no chance that you'll win
I say no-one who knows me
Would think I could ever give in

I may be tired but I'm not afraid
I'll go on clearing the mess that they've made
I'll stand my ground and please let me be clear

While I breathe, I'll be here

Don't say it's not my place
Close the door in my face

I'll be here ev'ry day,
Ev'ry night
Until you do what's right

I won't be silenced and I'll carry on
I will now finish what they have begun
How can this be when there's nothing he's done?
Please God let me just bring him home

I say listen to me
Now it’s time for my voice to be heard

All of these people who tell me to go
Sure that I’ll crumble, well what do they know
They say surrender and I will be here to say no

Just, no

When we are tested we learn who we are
I won’t give up now that we’ve come so far
I’ll go on fighting for year after year

While I breathe

I’ll be here

The 9.15

Mother leaves. Enter the children, walking through the woods

Phyllis: [Thoughtfully] I wonder if the Railway misses us. We never go to see it now.

Peter: It seems ungrateful, we loved it so when we hadn’t anyone else to play with.

Bobbie: The thing I don’t like is our having stopped waving to the 9.15 and sending our love to Father by it.

Phyllis: Let’s begin again

Peter: Let’s begin today. Come on!

Bobbie: Hurry!
Phyllis: I can't hurry more than I am doing. Oh, bother it! My bootlace has come undone again!

Peter: When you're married, your bootlace will come undone going up the church aisle. Look! the signal's down. We must run! [They run, then stop and wave their handkerchiefs to the train]

Bobbie: Take our love to Father!

Peter, Phyllis: Take our love to Father!

Bobbie: The old gentleman's waving!

Peter: I say!

Phyllis: Everyone's waving!

Bobbie: It's almost alive! [They keep waving until the train has passed]

Peter: Well

Bobbie: Well!

Phyllis: Well!

Peter: Whatever on earth does that mean?

Bobbie: Don't you think the old gentleman's waves seemed more significating than usual?

Phyllis: Not really

Bobbie: I do. I thought he was trying to explain something to us with his newspaper.

Peter: Explain what?

Bobbie: I don't know, but I do feel most awfully funny. I feel just exactly as if something was going to happen.

Peter: What is going to happen, is that Phyllis's stocking is going to come down

Phyllis: It has come down [Peter rolls his eyes] It was all the waving!

Peter: Let's get you home, Phil. Come on, Bobbie.

Bobbie: I don't think I'm ready to go home just yet

Phyllis: Are you quite well?

Bobbie: I don't know. I don't know how I feel. I feel as if I want to be quite alone by myself. Perhaps I'll go down to the station

Phyllis: We'll see you at home, Bobbie [Peter and Phyllis leave. Bobbie walks through town]
Old woman:  God bless you, love
Draper's boy:  Morning, Miss, I'm sure
Blacksmith:  Good morning to you, Missie, and many of them! I wish you joy, that I do!

_Bobbie arrives at the platform. Enter Perks._

Perks:  Well, if this is the train, it'll be smart work! God bless you, my dear! I see it in the paper, and I don't think I was ever so glad of anything in all my born days! One I must have, Miss, and no offence, I know, on a day like this 'ere! _[He kisses her once on each cheek]_

Bobbie:  On a day like what?
Perks:  Like this 'ere! Don't I tell you I see it in the paper?
Bobbie:  Saw what in the paper? _[Perks runs off as the train arrives]_

_The stage fills with steam from the train/a crowd of people. Out of the mist/people comes Father_

Bobbie:  Oh! My Daddy, my Daddy! _[She runs into his arms. There is a pause as they hold one another]_ I knew something wonderful was going to happen, but I didn't think it was going to be this. Oh, my Daddy, my Daddy!
Father:  Didn't Mother get my letter?
Bobbie:  There weren't any letters this morning. Oh! Daddy!

_They walk offstage hand in hand_

_The Light_

Narrator:  _There's a light_

   _And it shines_

   _When the world is dark_

   _Through the night_
It will shine
An eternal spark

Though you sometimes feel that
The fire isn't burning
Soon it will reveal that
It's there

You may think it seems as though
It doesn't shine at all, but know
That you will perceive it
If you believe it

In your darkest hour
You worry that it's left you
Pain beyond your power
To bear

There's a light
The reply
To your prayer

Father: [As they walk across the stage, Bobbie leading Father home]] So they've caught the man who did it. Everyone knows now that it wasn't your Daddy
Bobbie: We always knew it wasn't, me and Mother and our old gentleman
Father: Yes, it's all his doing. Mother wrote and told me you had found out. And she told me what you'd been to her. My own little girl! [He takes her in his arms again; they walk offstage again]

Narrator: There's a light
And it shines
When the world is grey
Through the night
It will shine
It will light the way

Though it may grow dimmer
It never dies completely
There’s always a glimmer
A spark

There’s a light
And it shines
In the dark

Bobbie: [Leading Father onstage to the garden; Peter and Phyllis are on the opposite side of the stage] Here we are Daddy. Peter! Phyllis!

Peter, Phyllis: Daddy! Daddy! [They run to him and put their arms around him then lead him offstage]

Narrator: When you fear all is gone
You need to hope but don't know how
You fear you can't go on
It blazes brightly like a star
See it now

There's a light
And it shines
When the world is dark

And it's bright
As it shines
An eternal spark
You must always trust where
You're fading it will save you
It will show you just where
To start

There's a light
And it shines
In your heart

Father and the children have arrived at home, standing on one side of the stage

Mother: [Entering from the other side of the stage, wiping her hands] Bobbie! Are you quite all right, the others said you were feeling [catches sight of Father; stops dead] odd
Bobbie: He did write, Mother, but the letter never arrived
Father: I did write [After a silence, he walks towards her. There are tears running down her face] Don’t cry my darling [They kiss and she buries herself in his arms]