

ACT 1

(We see three logs with space for seven people in a dense forest. It is nighttime. Richard is sat alone, he is an older gentleman wearing a British WW1 uniform. From the right of the stage, EDWARD walks towards a seat. He is much younger looking, and tidier.)

RICHARD: *(Looks up and smirks)* Saw you coming a mile off.

EDWARD: What is this?

RICHARD: How should I know, I just got sent here.

EDWARD: Did you get told why?

RICHARD: Nope, they said classified. Same for you?

EDWARD: Yeah, *(brief pause)* Strange.

RICHARD: Right, it is. *(another pause)* So, what's your name, son?

EDWARD: Edward.

RICHARD: And? There's got to be more to you Edward, god knows how long we'll be here. Might as well pass the time.

EDWARD: Right right, well I was stationed quite far back. With all the artillery. I just helped move things around if they needed moving.

RICHARD: I thought someone like you would be closer to the frontlines.

EDWARD: Someone like me?

RICHARD: Someone young, hopeful, still not ruined by what's out there (*points to the background being lit up with gunshots in the far distance*)

EDWARD: I just wanted to help without dying. I'm not a fighter.

RICHARD: I can tell.

EDWARD: Yeah? What about you?

RICHARD: I've done my fighting.

EDWARD: Sure you have.

RICHARD: Are you doubting me boy?

EDWARD: (*stutters*) I'm sure you've fought, I just don't think it's right to look down on the people behind the action.

RICHARD: Why not?

EDWARD: We aren't just cowards, like there's a lot that needs to be done behind all the death and destruction.

RICHARD: Well why pick the easier option?

EDWARD: It's the option that's less dangerous, sure. It's still important.

(*RICHARD pauses to take it in*)

RICHARD: Actually, that's a fair point.

EDWARD: Really?

RICHARD: Yeah, I understand it when you say it like that.

EDWARD: What do you mean?

RICHARD: Let me tell you a story. (*brief pause*) When I was younger, I had a toy. This small wooden horse, and I took it everywhere. Until a big kid, some kid from down the street, took it. I was so close to just swinging for him. I was ready to fight for that stupid little horse. But I didn't. It just wasn't worth it.

EDWARD: (Long pause) What does that have to do with me?

RICHARD: I picked my fight, going after the toy was just going to harm me. It's the same for you isn't it?

EDWARD: I guess so.

RICHARD: Why go to the fight, and most likely, you know, when you can do something else.

EDWARD: Yeah, I do understand.

(*They both smile for a few seconds, as EDWARD is visibly uncomfortable due to his backpack*)

RICHARD: Here, pass it. I'll put it next to mine.

EDWARD: No no, I'm fine, don't worry.

RICHARD: Pass it, we're going to be here a while.

(*RICHARD puts the backpack behind him next to his own*)

EDWARD: We gotta talk about this right?

RICHARD: I have no clue why we're here son. The officer just told me to come to this forest, and that I couldn't tell a soul.

EDWARD: Do you think there's more people coming?

RICHARD: Of course. Command wouldn't do an op with two soldiers.

EDWARD: Maybe they wan-

RICHARD: Command wouldn't do an op, with just two soldiers.
(*brief pause*) There's something going on.

EDWARD: Well whatever's happening, it better happen soon.

RICHARD: Why's that?

EDWARD: Why's what?

RICHARD: Why do you want it to be soon? Got any special plans?

EDWARD: Well, uh, I didn't expect this to be anything serious. I kinda left all my squadmates without a proper goodbye.

RICHARD: That should be the least of your concerns right now lad.

EDWARD: Right, I guess so. Sorry.

RICHARD: (*A brief pause*) No no, I'm sorry. I shouldn't be going for your throat like that. Let's try to pass the time

EDWARD: How do we do that?

RICHARD: Well, there's lots of things to do. What the bloody hell have you been doing back at the artillery?

EDWARD: Loading it?

RICHARD: (*Chuckles*) I mean, when you're not on duty.

EDWARD: If I'm not on duty, then I'm sleeping.

RICHARD: Damn, they're really working you like a dog aren't they?

EDWARD: It's been like this since I arrived. I thought it was normal.

RICHARD: They must be running low on numbers, if they're having you do most of the heavy lifting (*laughs*).

(The sound of a branch breaking is heard, and RICHARD immediately jumps up. With his pistol aimed to the left side of the stage. ROBERT walks out with his hands held up, but clearly isn't bothered by the gun aimed at him. He is tall, and very brute-like)

RICHARD: Are you with us?

ROBERT: Well I'm not German.

RICHARD: That doesn't answer my question.

ROBERT: (*visibly confused*) Of course I'm with you, no need to be that paranoid... jesus. (*he walks past RICHARD, puts his bag on the pile and sits on the middle log*)

ROBERT: (*points and laughs at EDWARD*) You look like a scared puppy.

RICHARD: Leave him alone, he's not used to all this trouble.

EDWARD: I can speak for myself, and I am not a scared puppy. Don't call me that again.

ROBERT: Oooohh, gotta watch out. (*laughs*)

(RICHARD looks at Edward and mouths the word "no" to calm him down, it works)

ROBERT: I can't believe all this, command has really lost all hope.

RICHARD: There's a reason we are here, there must be.

ROBERT: I suppose you two haven't figured things out yet?

EDWARD: How could we?

ROBERT: Well who knows how long you've both been here, maybe I should be questioning you two.

RICHARD: The boy just got here, less than 5 minutes ago.

ROBERT: Sure he did.

RICHARD: You find that hard to believe?

ROBERT: Actually, I do. If he was only 5 minutes ahead of me, I'm sure I would have seen him.

EDWARD: Maybe your eyes don't work as well as your mouth.

ROBERT: (*Speaks slightly angrier*) You wanna say something, then say it to my face.

RICHARD: Calm it down, Edward here doesn't want a fight and I don't want to be the one to clean up after it.

ROBERT: What's your name then? (*looks at RICHARD*)

RICHARD: Richard.

ROBERT: Richard and Edward, alright then. And Neither of you know why you're here?

RICHARD: We got nothing.

EDWARD: Same, just sent here without a reason.

ROBERT: I've never done an op like this.

(*RICHARD and EDWARD look to each other, visibly confused*)

EDWARD: So? You have a name?

ROBERT: Oh right, right, the name's Robert. That's all I'm saying.

RICHARD: Why you keeping secrets?

ROBERT: I could ask the same to you.

EDWARD: When did he keep a secret?

ROBERT: Well I haven't been told any surnames from you two have I?

RICHARD: So are we just going to stay here then? Questioning each other until morning?

ROBERT: Clearly nothing else going on.

EDWARD: I could say the same ab-

ROBERT: (*Stands up and speaks louder*) I told you, if you wanna say something, then say it to my face.

EDWARD: (*Stands up and speaks louder*) What the hell are you gonna do about it?

ROBERT: (*Gets face to face with EDWARD, and whispers*) I suggest you sit your ass down right now. It took too long to get here, and I'm tired. Don't make me waste the last of my energy on a punk like you.

RICHARD: (*Stands up and yells*) You two morons calm yourselves or I'll do it for you. It's only been a few minutes and I'm already sick of your childish little arguments. We're all on the same side, we're all stuck here. There's also gonna be more people showing up soon. I also aint cleaning up some battered soldier as armed men walk by, you know how bad that looks right? Both of

you, relax, talk, sleep, do whatever it takes. Just don't bloody argue, understood?

EDWARD: *(sits down and mumbles)* Yeah.

(EDWARD looks at ROBERT)

ROBERT: *(stutters)* Yeah yeah, understood *(sits down)*

RICHARD: Can we talk then? Peacefully?

ROBERT: I don't see why. None of us know anything important.

EDWARD: How do you know that?

ROBERT: I'm sure you both got the same orders as me. No info at all, just orders. I'm sure the next person will say the same.

(EDWARD looks behind RICHARD, and looks startled. RICHARD looks at EDWARD very concerned, but stays motionless. ROBERT continues to look at his boots)

RICHARD: Is someone there?

EDWARD: Yes

RICHARD: Does he look friendly?

EDWARD: I think she does.

ROBERT: *(Speaking loudly)* You gonna come out now?

(ANNA steps out into the light from the left side, she stands shy and timid. Her clothes are very neat and tidy. She has a german accent.)

ROBERT: What's a fine lady like you doing out here?

ANNA: I was sent here, officer's orders.

RICHARD: (*points at ANNA's backpack and then at the pile*) Wanna put that here?

ANNA: Yes, thank you.

ROBERT: (*laughs*) Like you have an officer.

ANNA: I do, stationed far north west of here.

ROBERT: (*visibly confused*) Wh-

EDWARD: Are you shocked that a woman can possibly outrank you?

RICHARD: No need for that Edward, he's probably still confused about women joining the army.

ROBERT: Women are allowed to join the army?

ANNA: (*visibly disgusted by ROBERT*) I'm Anna, and I am in the army. I'm usually a medic, but jobs switch around quite a lot these days.

EDWARD: So erm, what's with the accent?

ANNA: I'm Dutch.

EDWARD: Is that so?

ANNA: Yes, why would I lie?

RICHARD: Don't worry about him. We've all been rather paranoid while here.

ANNA: I see. I understand why. (*ANNA sits between ROBERT and EDWARD*) These orders are very strange.

EDWARD: Not a single piece of information, about any of this?

RICHARD: Correct.

EDWARD: All of us from four completely different fronts?

ANNA: I think so.

ROBERT: You're a medic, you're useful. What about you? (*Points at EDWARD*)

EDWARD: What about him? (*Points at Richard*)

ROBERT: He's already shown some pretty good leadership, so I'm sure he's a commander for this ragtag group.

RICHARD: They didn't assign roles to any of us, or tell us why we were picked.

ROBERT: Doesn't mean we can't do it ourselves. It'll be better with someone in charge rather than just arguing all the time.

EDWARD: You were just going to fight me a moment ago, why such a sudden change?

ROBERT: I listened to Richard, I learned something. Try it sometime.

EDWARD: Of course I do that, I've been doing that since I got here.

ANNA: (*sighs*) Is this what it's like being here then?

RICHARD: Unfortunately.

ANNA: Why can't you two just be quiet? God knows how long we're going to be here.

EDWARD: It doesn't seem to be me starting anything.

ROBERT: (*laughing*) Clearly not.

RICHARD: Right, so-

ROBERT: We've done this before. We don't know why we're here, and we're bored. Can you pass me my bag?

RICHARD: What's in there?

ROBERT: Nothing, just need to check my things.

RICHARD: You know we're already paranoid about everything. What's in your bag that you need?

ROBERT: I brought some *(does a drinking motion with his hands)*

EDWARD: *(shocked)* What kind of soldier are you?

ROBERT: A bored one. Now pass the booze.

RICHARD: We could be given orders any minute. No drinking until we're done with all this.

ROBERT: Who's going to give us orders? The tree? Or maybe the logs?

RICHARD: You know what I meant-

ROBERT: *(Leaning his head on the log)* What's that? An order?
(Look at RICHARD) You won't believe what this log just told me.

RICHARD: Enough with your jokes, this is serious.

ROBERT: It's not serious. Not yet. The op could be to deliver some roses to the commander's missus.

RICHARD: And it could be infiltrating a top secret facility, so until we hear more, we're staying sober.

ROBERT: *(Mumbles)* Alright alright.

EDWARD: Could it really be that important?

ANNA: I've never heard of an op so secretive, *(laughs)* So maybe. Something that important would probably need a group of people with different roles. Including a medic.

EDWARD: We could be heroes or something. They'd make a novel about us.

(RICHARD grunts in agreement, ROBERT remains silent for a moment, ANNA smiles to herself)

ROBERT: *(looks at ANNA)* I've honestly never seen a female soldier.

ANNA: Most women are forced to stay back at home, doing all the less violent things.

ROBERT: Why aren't you?

ANNA: I was already training before the war broke out. There are a few units that specialise in women.

ROBERT: But why? Why wouldn't a woman want to stay at home, not being shot at?

ANNA: Because I'm different?

RICHARD: What's so strange about a female soldier to you?

ROBERT: It's just hard to understand.

ANNA: I wanted to fight, so I did. What's not to understand?

Robert: Nothing I guess.

ANNA: Exactly, you're just taught women aren't as strong as men so the moment one shows up that might change that, you can't believe it.

ROBERT: Woah woah woah...

EDWARD: Look! Another person. (Looks behind RICHARD)

(Everyone turns to the left side of the stage, WILLIAM walks out. He looks similar to edward in physique)

WILLIAM: What's up everyone?

RICHARD: And you are?

WILLIAM: Ah you know, a soldier.

(WILLIAM smiles and goes to sit down, but RICHARD stands up and blocks his way)

WILLIAM: Errrr, can I help you?

RICHARD: What's your name?

WILLIAM: It's William.

RICHARD: How did you get here?

WILLIAM: I got weird orders.

RICHARD: So why are acting so laid back?

WILLIAM: I'm always like this, also I was told there were already gonna be people here.

RICHARD: Is that so?

ROBERT: I didn't get told that.

EDWARD: Me neither.

ANNA: (*points at ROBERT and EDWARD*) Same as those two.

RICHARD: You understand how suspicious you seem now?

WILLIAM: Of course I do, but clearly there's nothing to fear.
You can even have this. (*He hands his backpack to RICHARD*)

Richard: (*Brief pause*) Alright then, you can sit.

WILLIAM: Sweet, so how are you all doing tonight? (*He sits between RICHARD and ROBERT*)

ROBERT: You seem funny, thank god you showed up.

WILLIAM: My guess is that none of you are funny and you're all very boring.

ROBERT: Exactly, you're a good change already.

WILLIAM: Well thank you. If we're exchanging compliments, then you're slightly scarier than the others. (*ROBERT laughs out loud*)

EDWARD: It does seem more fun already.

WILLIAM: What were you all talking about before I got here?

ANNA: About me, or about female soldiers.

WILLIAM: Making babies and shooting Nazis, sounds like fun to me.

ROBERT: What?

WILLIAM: Don't ask.

ANNA: Robert didn't understand how I could be a soldier.

ROBERT: I didn't say that, I do respect you. Takes a lot of guts to do what you do.

EDWARD: You just told us, you didn't understa-

ROBERT: To look so pretty and be so deadly is very impressive.

(EDWARD is clearly annoyed)

ANNA: *(ANNA smiles at ROBERT)* Well aren't you kind.

WILLIAM: Oh god, what are you trying to do here?

RICHARD: Doesn't matter, we need to talk about all this.

ROBERT: Again.

RICHARD: Yes again, we have someone new who can help us understand things.

EDWARD: I'm sorry sir, but I doubt he knows more than the rest of us.

WILLIAM: Given weird orders by a higher ranking guy, it leads me out here. I'm told nothing at all.

RICHARD: So we're still completely clueless then.

WILLIAM: I guess so, but at least we all have something to do.

EDWARD: Do we?

WILLIAM: We have 5 very different looking people, so I'm sure we can share stories for a while.

RICHARD: Sure, that can pass the time.

ROBERT: I expected more from you. (*looks at WILLIAM*) You must have some fun games right?

WILLIAM: You wanted me to get out my board games that I bring with me everywhere?

ROBERT: (*his face lights up*) You brought board games?

WILLIAM: What the- You think I actually have space for stuff like that?

EDWARD: Well he brought booze. (*points at Robert*)

WILLIAM: They just let you take it?

ROBERT: Well, actually-

RICHARD: Hold on, why didn't I think of that. Where did you get it from?

ROBERT: It doesn't matter, honestly.

RICHARD: I think it does matter, honestly.

ROBERT: It doesn't. It's not like the officers are going to miss it.

RICHARD: Whether they'll miss it or not, you stole it.

EDWARD: Isn't that a war crime?

ROBERT: (*speaking louder*) A war crime?? What the bloody hell? How dumb can you be?

RICHARD: He's right. It is classed as a war crime.

ROBERT: It was one bottle, I saw 3 more right next to it.

EDWARD: It isn't about what you stole, it's about the fact you stole it.

ROBERT: I'm so sick of this, who cares?

ANNA: I'm sorry, but that is definitely out of order.

(ROBERT is speechless, and shocked)

WILLIAM: Well, who does care? Shouldn't we be more focused on this whole mission thing? We can sort out whatever his crime is when we're done.

ROBERT: Or we just drop this whole thing entirely, because who really cares?

EDWARD: You can't weasel out of this.

ROBERT: And who put you in charge?

ANNA: Please, not again.

EDWARD: I'm no traitor, so it makes me more of a leader than you.

ROBERT: I'm a traitor now?

EDWARD: Oh look, he's finally understanding it.

(ROBERT stands up and starts yelling)

ROBERT: You really wanna start something?

EDWARD: How can you be so simple-minded? Not everyone wants a fight.

ROBERT: Even if they did, I'd still beat everyone.

EDWARD: *(stands up)* You sure about that?

RICHARD: For the love of god please-

ROBERT: (Walks right up to EDWARD's face) Sit down right now, or do something stupid.

WILLIAM: Okay, guys you need to-

(EDWARD raises a fist suddenly, but is instantly headbutted by ROBERT. Edward gets up and swings at ROBERT, knocking him over near WILLIAM and RICHARD. ANNA is scared and motionless, while WILLIAM and RICHARD stand to help but are pushed back down by ROBERT, who uses them to help him stand. EDWARD swings again and causes blood to come from ROBERT's nose. Robert almost falls down but turns around to face EDWARD, and quickly pulls a gun.)

EDWARD: What are you doing?

ROBERT: Maybe I should call you a traitor instead? How'd you like that?

EDWARD: I'm very sorry for calling you a traitor but please put the gun down.

RICHARD: Robert, calm it down, breathe.

ANNA: We're all quite paranoid, but this won't solve anything. Please.

ROBERT: I- I'm sorry-

(ROBERT slowly lowers his gun, and breathes more. Everyone starts to calm down. For a moment things are silent.)

LAWRENCE: Is this the right pl-

(LAWRENCE emerges from behind RICHARD. ROBERT suddenly aims and fires towards him, missing barely. LAWRENCE falls into the stack of bags.)

RICHARD: (shouting) Robert you idiot, why did you do that? Take that bloody thing away from him.

(ANNA quickly snatches the gun from ROBERT, who is completely shocked at what he did. He looks emotionally ruined. There is another pause.)

LAWRENCE: I'm getting up now.

(Everyone is shocked but relieved to know he is still alive, especially ROBERT. RICHARD goes to help LAWRENCE up.)

ANNA: You're not getting this back until new orders arrive.

ROBERT: B- But...

ANNA: You're already in deep trouble, and this hasn't helped.

WILLIAM: Robert's getting told off *(smiles)*

ROBERT: You- *(gets visibly angry)*

ANNA: Please, no more. *(She places a hand on ROBERT's shoulder, they share a moment together. ROBERT calms down and puts his head in his hands.)*

(LAWRENCE takes a seat next to RICHARD and WILLIAM. There's a brief pause.)

LAWRENCE: Same orders?

EDWARD: Yeah.

LAWRENCE: You all don't get along?

WILLIAM: What made you think that? *(laughs)*

LAWRENCE: That guy-

ROBERT: I didn't mean to, it was an accident.

LAWRENCE: I know an accident. You still shot at me.

RICHARD: We're all on edge, people are confused and running out of patience.

LAWRENCE: I see.

RICHARD: So, your name?

LAWRENCE: Lawrence, I was stationed near Egypt.

EDWARD: You travelled all the way here? How?

ANNA: Yeah, how?

LAWRENCE: I took a boat to the north of france.

EDWARD: Someone just gave you a boat?

LAWRENCE: Yes.

ANNA: Who?

LAWRENCE: My commander, he knew this was important.

WILLIAM: Why didn't my commander do that? All he gave me was a slap round the head for asking too much.

LAWRENCE: Maybe he was teaching you something.

WILLIAM: Come on, I barely talk too much- oh right.

LAWRENCE: Your accent (*points at ANNA*)

ANNA: It's Belgian.

RICHARD: What?

ANNA: Hmm?

RICHARD: You didn't say that earlier.

ANNA: Of course I did.

RICHARD: No you bloody didn't.

ANNA: I swear I did, ask anyone else.

RICHARD: Edward? Robert?

Robert: er- i-, I can't remember.

RICHARD: Edward, you heard her.

EDWARD: I'm confused, I'm sure she said Belgian.

(RICHARD Stands perplexed. He is shocked, then angrily settles back down into his seat.)

RICHARD: My eyes are on you now.

EDWARD: I guess I'm with Richard, my eyes are on you.

ANNA: Well I have nothing to hide. I've spent months tending to the injured, and even if something were to happen to either of you, I'd be right by your side helping.

Robert: We have something else to focus on, we were gonna question...

LAWRENCE: Lawrence.

ROBERT: Lawrence. His story doesn't seem real.

LAWRENCE: No one's story seems real.

ROBERT: Especially yours.

LAWRENCE: All of them probably sound strange.

EDWARD: You haven't heard any of them.

(A brief pause as LAWRENCE loses his words)

WILLIAM: It's way too easy for you all to attack each other like that wow.

RICHARD: Right, we need to cut it out.

EDWARD: You've said that before, it doesn't work.

RICHARD: Well this time it will. We're all confused, scared, but we hopefully aren't stuck here for too long.

ANNA: Right, we can stay still and just talk for a bit. Get our minds off anything bad.

WILLIAM: Talking is what makes things bad. There must be something else.

ROBERT: Er- why did we join the war?

RICHARD: Great idea, let's all talk about that.

EDWARD: Wouldn't it be the same answer for everybody? We joined because we were told to.

ROBERT: I wanted to fight, take the war to them.

EDWARD: Look where it led.

WILLIAM: A lovely little camp in the middle of nowhere.

ANNA: If we think positively, this place is very pretty.

LAWRENCE: Right. Lots of flowers.

EDWARD: What flowers grow in Egypt?

LAWRENCE: None.

EDWARD: None? Like completely zero.

LAWRENCE: Completely zero.

EDWARD: Wow.

WILLIAM: Well that's sad, but now you can see them so that's good right?

(LAWRENCE takes a slow look at WILLIAM, looking deadly serious.)

LAWRENCE: Sure.

(A brief pause)

ANNA: Well, I wanted to help people. There's too many people taking lives and not enough people saving them. That's what I thought.

ROBERT: That's very honourable.

EDWARD: Imagine if everyone thought that. Would there even be a war?

RICHARD: There'll always be war. Humans tend to get angry a lot *(look at robert)* and they always want more than they get.

EDWARD: Yeah, I guess you're right.

RICHARD: Or, maybe I'm completely wrong. This is apparently the bloodiest war we've ever faced. It might not ever happen again. This could be it.

ROBERT: Until it happens again.

RICHARD: Come on, like this will ever happen again. After it's all over, people won't just sign up for round 2.

(There is a pause for a few moments)

WILLIAM: It's happened.

RICHARD: What?

WILLIAM: It's- It's happened.

RICHARD: *(speaking louder)* What are you talking about?

WILLIAM: I'm bored.

(Everyone sighs)

ROBERT: I thought you were going to be the one to entertain us.

WILLIAM: What do you think I am, a clown?

ROBERT: You sure act like one.

WILLIAM: I'm honoured *(joking)*, thank you very much.

(ROBERT loses his words, and the rest of the group is silent for a moment. LAWRENCE then sighs.)

LAWRENCE: Here he comes.

EDWARD: Wh-

(Suddenly, a man emerges from the left side of the stage. He stumbles slightly over the bags. He is covered in mud, and has bruises on his face. He looks tired. LAWRENCE immediately stands

up with an aggressive stance, as ANNA rushes over to see if the man is alright.)

JULIAN: *(Speaking in a slow, sexy voice)* Woah, didn't expect to find such beauty out here.

ANNA: *(Looks startled but then slightly smiles)* A-are you okay?

JULIAN: I am now.

ROBERT: She means are you wounded.

JULIAN: Just some bruises, caused by that stupid-

(LAWRENCE walks towards JULIAN)

LAWRENCE: I told you, not to follow me.

JULIAN: And I told you, same mission.

LAWRENCE: I don't believe you.

WILLIAM: Seems like a running theme.

JULIAN: Well I'm here now, nothing you can do. *(JULIAN walks between ANNA and EDWARD, sitting down. LAWRENCE looks frustrated, then sits back down too.)*

RICHARD: You are?

JULIAN: Julian, but some call me Jules *(Smirking)*.

ROBERT: So it's Julian.

WILLIAM: Who's proud to be called Jules?

JULIAN: *(Looking annoyed)* So, we all got the same mission.

RICHARD: None of us know what we're doing here.

EDWARD: We're probably going to find out soon though, there's enough people for a proper op now.

RICHARD: We don't know that son.

EDWARD: Yeah, I know. We can't handle being here any longer though.

ROBERT: Especially not with whatever these two did (*laughs and points at LAWRENCE and JULIAN*).

JULIAN: It's fine, it's in the past.

LAWRENCE: (*Laughs a deep bellowing laugh*) In the past.

EDWARD: When did this happen?

(*JULIAN tries to cut off LAWRENCE but isn't quick enough*)

LAWRENCE: Yesterday.

(*ROBERT bursts out laughing, while WILLIAM smiles. ANNA looks upset.*)

ROBERT: Go on, you gotta tell us what happened.

ANNA: Only if Julian is okay with it right? We shouldn't be causing anymore harm if it can be avoided.

JULIAN: (*Sighs*) Yeah, it's fine.

LAWRENCE: I had been travelling through this forest for hours. I decided to sit down, take a break and have my rations. I heard a noise behind me, so without hesitation I jumped up and pinned him to the ground.

EDWARD: You didn't even look at him before tackling him?

LAWRENCE: Correct. What else would you find out here besides a German?

WILLIAM: Us?

LAWRENCE: (*Looks at William for a moment*) Anyway, he pushed me off and we fought. You'd be surprised by how well he did. He still lost, badly. So then I left for camp, and left my rations behind.

JULIAN: I wanted to ask, was that some sort of kind gesture?

LAWRENCE: I just forgot.

JULIAN: Oh, well thank you anyway.

WILLIAM: What a cute love story.

(LAWRENCE looks angrily at WILLIAM)

WILLIAM: Uuhhh nevermind! What were we talking about earlier?

JULIAN: I don't seem to know any names, care to tell me? (*looks seductively at ANNA*)

ANNA: Well, I'm Anna.

EDWARD: And I'm Edward.

RICHARD: Richard.

WILLIAM: Er, I'm William.

LAWRENCE: Lawrence.

(The group looks at ROBERT who is looking at the floor for a moment.)

ROBERT: Oh right, I'm Robert.

JULIAN: So now what?

RICHARD: Hold on.

(Everyone goes silent, they notice that ROBERT is looking at EDWARD who is looking at the rucksack pile.)

RICHARD: Edward, what's going on?

EDWARD: Do you see that?

RICHARD: *(looks at the pile)* See what?

EDWARD: That piece of paper, right there *(points at the bottom of the pile.)*

(RICHARD notices it, stands up and picks up the piece of paper. He reads it, and looks shocked.)

ANNA: You're scaring us.

ROBERT: What's on the paper?

RICHARD: It's a letter.

ROBERT: And?

WILLIAM: We're going through other people's mail now?

RICHARD: Addressing a spy.

ROBERT: What the-

JULIAN: There's a spy?

EDWARD: That does seem a bit far fetched.

RICHARD: It's even got the German seal, so it's official. *(he flashes the letter to the group)*

JULIAN: Can we see the letter?

(RICHARD pauses for a moment, and looks at the letter once more.)

RICHARD: Of course *(He hands over the letter, and everyone reads it one by one.)*

(Everyone sits in disbelief and shock.)

JULIAN: What have I gotten myself into.

END OF ACT 1

