



THE QUARTER JACK'S CHALLENGE

Allendale House, June 2012

CAST (in order of appearance)

Charles Castleman	Tony
Hannah	Harley
Lady Margaret Beaufort	Ken
Alicia Payntere	Jean
Isaac Gulliver	Jeff
Elizabeth Gulliver	Barbara
Mrs Henrietta Banks	Marion
St Cuthburga	Tuppy
Alice Maud Baker	Ellyn

HANNAH is seated at end of row, facing stage right. Long table covered by tablecloth. At one end, is a decanter with glasses and wine. Scroll with words "Quarter Jack's Challenge" written on it. And a small steam train,

SFX. Mysterious sounds to set mood. Clock chimes loudly – the quarter of the hour. Excerpt from Hardy's poem about The Quarter Jack played. Mysterious. Could be combined with other sounds of clocks/clockwork

Cast are in position at entrances A, B, C. Bell rings. From A, CHARLES CASTLEMAN enters. Looks at the table. He picks up the scroll on the table and reads aloud the Quarter Jack's speech.

The Quarter Jack's Challenge.

I, Jack O'Clock, otherwise known as The Quarter Jack, have faithfully guarded this ancient town of Wimborne Minister and marked every quarter of an hour for hundreds of years. It is my custom from time to time to step down from my perch in the Tower to march about incognito. On this day 23rd June 2012, I have come here to Allendale House to issue a challenge to all those Gentlemen and Ladies who have, over a thousand years, contributed significantly to the wellbeing and development of Wimborne. I shall assist each

contestant to travel across time and place to stake their claim to be Wimborne Worthy of Worthies. (Pause) Those gathered from the present, must then decide whom should be adjudged the Worthiest Oyez! Oyez! The Challenge is uttered! You may commence!"

Bell rings. SFX echo. CHARLES puts down the document. Looks at audience for first time.

CHARLES: Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am Charles Castleman, son of William Castleman, who had Allendale House, in which you sit, constructed in 1823.
I appear ... unwittingly ... mysteriously ... to be your host tonight. You are surely welcome here. I am unaware of who will be joining us on this unusual occasion. While we wait, perhaps I can briefly inform you of a small part of the history of this building, which I once called home. Allendale House was built for my father to the designs of the eminent architect, Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, who later designed St. George's Chapel in Windsor.

*A bell rings – Again with interesting sound effects.
From C, St. Cuthburga enters. Kneels and crosses herself.*

CHARLES: You must be the next contestant! Let me guess...

CUTHBURGA: Cuthburga, sister of King Ine of Wessex.

CHARLES: Goodness! You are the one our Minster is named after?

CUTHBURGA: Where shall I sit, sir?

*Charles shows her to her chair. She places her cross/a bible on the table.
Cuthburga sings something in Latin.*

Bell rings. SFX again. From B, ALICIA Payntere enters. She and her 2 children move to upstage right of CHARLES. CHARLES shocked – as she is in rags.

CHARLES: I think there must be some mistake. If you are bringing something in from the work house, you must go to the back door and wait for cook...

ALICIA (*stubborn & strong*): I WAS INVITED. (*She sets her gift of herbs on the table.
Stares at CHARLES and the posh house*)

CHARLES (*upstage right close to her*): We want no trouble here tonight, woman. (*To audience*) Once, a rabble of farm labourers came to this house, wanting my father to burn all the threshing machines for which he was responsible. We sent for the Dragoons from Dorchester.

ALICIA (*continuing without listening to him*): By the Quarter Jack. He told me to come. I cured his ancestor once. Gout. Very nasty. Smelly.

CHARLES: No, I am sorry, but....

CUTHBURGA: Let her stay.

CHARLES: But surely, a lady such as yourself, a saint no less, cannot be allowed to inhale the toxic....

CUTHBURGA (*ignoring him, speaking to ALICIA*): Sit down. Who are you?

ALICIA goes to sit next to CUTHBURGA at end of table – stage right.

ALICIA: Alicia Payntere. Late of Cowgrove. 14th century. Healer. In the Moot Court Records of Cowgrove, they called me a Witch. But it was not my fault Ricardo Abbott preferred me to his own nag of a wife, was it?

CUTHBURGA: I never trusted men. Least of all my brother, Ine. You may serve us drinks now.

CHARLES (*USL*): Of course (*He pours wine from decanter into goblets*)

Bell rings. SFX. From C, Margaret Beaufort enters proudly. Takes a glass from Charles. Goes to speak to the other women.

MARGARET: Lady Margaret Beaufort. 15th century, King Maker and Educator. Your health!

The others clink glasses. Bell rings. Noise off. From A & B, GULLIVER and MRS G come in, searching for each other. They meet – as if for first time in many years, pleased to see each other. Then they converge to USL, Sit on stage left.

GULLIVER: We are ever so honoured to be invited!

MRS G: Amongst such illuminations, my dear!

GULLIVER: To think, I used to be a smugg...

MRS G: Free Trader, my dearest.

GULLIVER: Yes, of course. Good evening all. I am Isaac Gulliver and this is my charming wife, Elizabeth. You can still find me inside the Minster, you know, ...

MRS G: ... where he was churchwarden in his latter years

GULLIVER: Just opposite the clock.

BOTH: Isaac Gulliver! Esquire!! No less.

GULLIVER: A little drink, my dear?

MRS G: Don't mind if I do, Mr G.

They hold up glasses for CHARLES to serve them. He does so.

ALL (toast): To Wimborne Minster!

Bell rings. From C, MRS BANKES enters, followed by maid carrying her things, calling Castleman.

HENRIETTA: Castleman, Castleman! Where on earth are your servants? I had to see myself in!

CHARLES: I apologize, madam...er...you are?

HENRIETTA: Mrs Henrietta Bankes, of course, mistress of Kingston Lacy at the start of the 20th century, mother of Ralph Bankes, the future squire. *(To CHARLES again)* Your brother worked for Ralph's great uncle, William John, the collector!

CHARLES: Ah, yes! Of course. Welcome. Do be seated, Mrs. Bankes. *(She takes her place at end stage right of table)*

ALICIA (to ALICE MAUD BAKER): And who are you, dearie?

ALICE: I...

HENRIETTA: She's just my maidservant. She is of no significance to Wimborne. Are we all here? If so, let us proceed with haste. I am a busy woman. *(Pause)* Well?

CHARLES: Of course ... *(Looks at the scroll again)* It appears we must each persuade our audience of our claim to immortality.

ALICIA: I was never immoral! Whatever they said!

CASTLEMAN *(embarrassed)*: But first we need a chief judge from the audience. Do we have a volunteer!

MARGARET: She should be young. In Education.

She points at Hannah.

ALL: YOU! *(They point)* Yes, you!

HANNAH: Me!

ALL: Yes, you! Stand up. (*Hannah comes forward*)

CHARLES: Name?

HANNAH: Hannah.

CHARLES: Your occupation?

HANNAH: I'm at school.

MARGARET: Excellent.

CHARLES: *Now, Hannah, you must decide who should speak first by choosing one of the gifts. (ALL wave objects and vie for attention)*

HANNAH: What should I choose?

ALL (*in turn*): A book, a scroll, a Bible, some herbs, brandy, the keys...

HANNAH: This one. (*Picks up book*)

CHARLES: The book, Ladies and Gentlemen. I believe it belongs to Lady Margaret Beaufort. She will speak first. Ladies and Gentlemen....Lady Margaret Beaufort!

Lady Margaret Beaufort comes forward.

MARGARET: Educare, educare, educare!

HANNAH: What's that mean?

MARGARET: It means, Education, young lady! As you should know. Surely you study Latin?

HANNAH: Er....No!

MARGARET (*reads from scroll*): The greatest gift one can give is knowledge. I had one child, a son, born when I was 14 and *already a widow*. My husband was Edmund Tudor, son of Katherine, French widow of Good King Harry – (To *HANNAH*) Henry Vth. After I had achieved my lifetime's ambition and seen my son Henry become King of England and founder of the House of Tudor, I devoted myself to charitable deeds. I founded a chantry to pray for the souls of my beloved parents, John and Margaret Beaufort, Duke and Duchess of Somerset, now at peace in Wimborne Minster.

I survived four husbands (*Others gasp in surprise*) and because I had no family to call on my fortune, I devoted myself and my wealth to founding places of learning. Lady Margaret Hall, a college for women in the University of Oxford, among them. And you will know of the one here in Wimborne, I presume - made even greater when my great granddaughter, Queen Elizabeth I, granted a Royal Charter to allow it to become known by her name: Queen Elizabeth's School. Imagine, by 1850, 50 boarding pupils were taught there and in 1970 it moved to its present site. I believe it has now a new incarnation?

HANNAH: Yes! That's my school. It's pretty cool. As schools go.

MARGARET: Try and remember, child: The flesh is weak and turns to dust – but a thought taught well lives on.

ALL: A thought taught well lives on.

Applause as Lady Margaret Beaufort returns to her seat. Alice goes to help her to her seat.

CASTLEMAN Time to choose again, Hannah. Hold up those gifts, please. A book, keys, the Bible, herbs, the train ...

HANNAH: Let's have... the herbs.

CASTLEMAN: Oh...those belong to...

ALICIA: Me. Alicia Payntere.

SFX. Alicia rises to speak, goes to front, climbs onto table.

ALICIA: What's the value of books for those of us who can't read?
(General murmuring of interest)
A piece of vellum's a fine thing to touch and sniff, so I've been told. But the truth is that all the remedies and recipes, rhymes and spells, puzzles and potions that I've learned came from the mouths of cunning men and wise women, all of it remembered, down the ages, passed on with no need for writing down. And so I told my own sweet children so they would have the strength of knowing.
(Alicia goes into a trance, then suddenly turns to Lady Margaret)
I could cure you, you know.

MARGARET: Oh, no, no!

ALICIA: *(looking at audience)* Do we have anyone here who wishes to be healed by me?

Alicia proceeds to nominate a person from the audience. Plant comes forward and sits down on the block. Alicia puts a suspect mixture on his head to cure baldness. Sends him back into the audience)

ALICIA: It was a way to make a living of sorts. But we lived poorly in Cowgrove with a great quantity of herbs and a muddle of gourds and jars all over the house, and people did point and whisper. *(ALL point at Alicia and begin whispering)* Because we were *different*, they made things up about me, which weren't true. *(ALL start gossiping to each other)* 'That Alicia Payntere has put the evil eye on Agnesse Abbott's cows' said my neighbour, and his neighbour told his neighbour's neighbour. Which did build up - so half the village believed that Agnesse's cattle had had a spell put upon them. But I know, and my children knows, that the poor beasts were sick with a bout of pox. *(CHILDREN agree, nodding heads)* You see, Lady Margaret, we had learning but no could see it. So I was taken up before the Moot Court at Cowgrove and sentenced, *(ALL slam the table)* burnt *(ALL start clapping hands to create fire sound)* before my very own children who raged days and nights against their mother's unjust death.

CHILDREN: NO! *(Clapping dies down)*

ALICIA: *(Walks back to place at table)* But I am pleased to see how today people favour much more the great goodness the earth offers and some try to teach old ways of tuning into its mysteries. My gift to you, would be a herb of your choice to place by your back door, and to know its uses and what it offers you. So! I have done. *(Sits)*

Applause.

HANNAH: That's horrible. Burnt in front of your kids. Just for trying to heal people!

CHARLES: You must choose the next challenger.

HANNAH *(goes and looks on table. Picks up barrel):*
This reminds me of a project we did at school.

CHARLES: Mr Isaac Gulliver's, I believe.

ISAAC & ELIZ *(standing up):* At your service *(They bow)*

ELIZABETH: I remember that time in our younger days when I had you laid on the table.

ALL look shocked, giggling "Oooh". Isaac looks to the audience with a grin.

ISAAC: You don't want to be talking like that, Elizabeth. We're fine, respectable folk. You keep our married life quiet.

ELIZABETH: Oh Isaac, that's not what I'm talking about. Just remembering that night when that overkeen customs officer young Abram Pike came so close ...

ALL giggle "Oooh". Isaac looks again to the audience shocked.

ISAAC: So close to what?

ELIZABETH: To finally catching you!

ISAAC: I got to give that young Gobloo credit. He never gave up easily but you and me had him outsmarted at every turn, lass.

ELIZABETH (*to the audience*): Now, here's a tale that will demonstrate to you good people of Wimborne what quick wit and daring can achieve.

ISAAC: You will surely realise why we should be your choice for the Worthiest of Worthies! (*Off into position stage right*)

SFX.

ELIZABETH (*storytelling, atmospherically*): It was a very cold night and the sky was clear and covered in stars...

(ALL make wind noises)

It were windy but not gale force! Isaac had been out for some time waiting for his lugger the Dolphin to drop anchor off Branksome Chine.

ISAAC (*mimes, sitting on his hobby horse, watching and waiting*): Ho there, John! Tell them to load those casks carefully into the wagons! We don't want any spillages of brandy tonight! Here, bring me one of those casks. I'm going on ahead to see my lady wife.

Elizabeth passes him cask from table.

ISAAC: Look out for any trouble and I'll meet you at St Andrews in Kinson.

(He waves, turns, rides off. Others make galloping sounds)

I galloped over the gorse and heather, homeward bound to Elizabeth. As I reached the crossroads, I heard the sound of hooves and a cry rang out.

VOICES: Stop in the King's name!

ISAAC: Ha Ha, come on, lass! (*Gallops faster*)

ELIZABETH: The Gobloo chased him over the heath but Isaac gave him a good run for his money and arrived home minutes before him.

ISAAC (*dismounting, to MIA and ALFIE, CHILDREN*): Unsaddle the horse and turn her loose in the paddock. (*Gives CHILDREN the hobbyhorse. Still carrying the cask, knocks on the door*) Elizabeth, open this door! Hurry woman!

ELIZABETH: Isaac, what's going on?

ISAAC: Don't just stand there. Revenue men coming. Get that trap door open.

ELIZABETH pulls back carpet and opens door. Isaac leaves cask and crawls in – under the table.

ELIZABETH: Then there was a banging on the door such as you've never heard.

VOICES (*ALL banging on table*): Open up in the King's name!

Elizabeth sees cask and hides it under her skirts.

ELIZABETH: He was shouting and banging and raising the households throughout Kinson with his cussing.

VOICES: Open up in the King's name!

MARGARET: We know you're in there.

HENRIETTA: You smuggling swine.

ELIZABETH (*to her maid*): Girl, stay calm and let him in. Just a minute (*She arranges her skirt over cask*) All right, now!

Alice, acting as maid, opens the door.

ELIZABETH: Why, sir, what an unaccustomed pleasure, to receive so distinguished a looking gentleman, on such a cold night. Oh, my husband you've come to see, is it? Well sir, I'm afraid he's not at home. No sir, it would be wasting your time waiting for him for I know his business will detain him at least until the morrow.

Search my house! Oh sir, you do not presume that I am some slip of a girl who knows no better than to allow you in without a warrant from the magistrate! Now off with you, young sir. It is not seemly to be visiting respectable married ladies at this hour without the master of the house present.

Gobloo leaves. Isaac peeps out from under the table.

ISAAC: My brave and smart girl. *(They embrace)* But now he's found his way here, the rogue will be back. Of that I'm sure.

ELIZABETH: And the very next day, with his document clutched in his hand, he was back, banging on the door and shouting.

VOICES: Open up in the King's name!

MARGARET: I demand entry to search this property.

CUTHBURGA: I have a magistrate's warrant.

ALICIA: Open up I tell you.

ELIZABETH: Isaac, come here and lay down!

ALL show shocked reaction.

ISAAC: Elizabeth, my dear, this is hardly a good time for ...

ELIZABETH: Isaac, shut up and do exactly as I say. *(He lies down)* Pass me that box of wig powder.

Lie as still as a corpse, for my dear, that is exactly what you must be. I am mourning your sudden demise of the plague.

ISAAC: The plague!

She liberally applies the powder to his face and hands, crosses his arms. St Cuthburga places her cross on his chest. Elizabeth rehearses her look of grief. Isaac coughs and splutters, then lies perfectly still. ALL make knocking sound on table.

ELIZABETH: Girl, open the door and let the gentleman in. *(Alice opens door. ALL start crying)* Oh sir, little did I think when you last saw me that our next meeting would be such a sorrowful one. Sir, you intrude on our grief. Yes, you may see my husband but you will hear not a word from him. For he is dead! Felled by the merciless hand of the plague! My own dear husband. His cheeks so pale, life-blood drained. His warmth and vigour all gone! See for yourself, sir, his cold, stiff plague-ridden corpse! *(ISAAC turns head and grimaces)*
What, you do not wish to approach further? You must depart so soon? Then, leave us quickly for soon they will take his body from me! *(She breaks down completely)*

ISAAC (*sits up*): Oh, such a quick witted beauty. (*They embrace*) (*To characters*) My burial took place with a coffin filled with stones and I left Kinson for a few months to let matters settle.

MARGARET (*shocked*): I fail to see how such illicit acts constitute worthy behaviour!

ISAAC: You may wonder what's noble about such exploits – well our business provided hundreds of stately folks with their high quality wines and brandies, gin and silk, tea and lace at very reasonable prices. *And we made people's lives a little happier!*

ELIZABETH: And never once did Isaac or his brave men resort to this (*Pulls out pistol. ALL sit back aghast*) or any violence to further our trade.

ISAAC: So, Wimborne, (*Holds up bottle of brandy*) *with this* you may drink to our gift of gentlemanly conduct, quick wit and enterprise. Thank you.

They bow and move back to their seats. Others clap.

ISAAC: Did I tell you that I became “esquire”, and was buried in the Minster?

ELIZABETH: Yes, yes and as usual, my contribution to your success gets ignored – but that's another story. Come on, Isaac.

CHARLES: What do you think, Hannah?

HANNAH: I liked it. A very funny story. Now let me see. The train – or choo-choo as my baby brother says.

CHARLES: Ah! My turn then. The train means progress...the hiss of steam, the sound of change. For my contribution to the town was to bring the railway to Wimborne. I was on the Board of the South Western Shareholders. It took us 10 years to persuade the powers that be. And it was in this very room that we finally heard we had triumphed.

CHARLES climbs onto chair and raises glass to begin speech. ALL listen and applaud as if dignitaries of the time.

CHARLES: Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to officially open the westward line. The railway has arrived in Wimborne at last! The future is steam!

We have overcome all the obstacles, convinced those who poured scorn, those who cast doubt...Those who resisted change... now they will see we were right! And the Great Western Company, the losers, must concede that the best team won in the end! Let us express our gratitude for the genius of

our industrious and able friend, Captain Moorson, the finest engineer in the land.

This day will go down in the annals of Wimborne's history...no longer a sleepy country town, but an artery beating fast with the blood of progress, heading westwards!! Look around you - all are here....the landed gentry, the businessmen - all united in this endeavour....!

I thank you for your confidence and support through the many years it has taken to bring our scheme to fruition. We are all here to gain...by the train!!

New manures for the farmers and new products for our shops. Profits and Progress! Speed and Success! Remember, my friends - only four hours to London! London to Winchester! Winchester to Southampton!! Southampton to West Moors! West Moors to Wimborne! *(Blows whistle and bows)*

HENRIETTA: An innovation and a vital service to the town, Mr Castleman. My family and I used it often when we travelled up to London to our town house.

HANNAH: But it didn't stay forever, did it, the railway? It's a row of houses now – the platform.

CHARLES: So I was informed. For which reason, I am surprised to be amongst such worthy contenders.

HANNAH: But they've kept part of it – it's a track - you can cycle all along it to Poole. The Castleman Trailway. I've done it with my dad. So it sort of still helps us now.

CHARLES: Thank you. You must choose again, Hannah.

HANNAH: The keys! Who do they belong to?

HENRIETTA: They are mine. Come, Alice.

CHARLES: Mrs Bankes of Kingston Lacy.

Mrs Bankes comes forward and takes the keys from Hannah. She holds them up proudly.

HENRIETTA: These keys represent duty. For they are the keys to the estate of Kingston Lacy. Built by my family built and for generations we gave employment to the people of Wimborne. Stability and prosperity, we've brought. At times, it was a struggle but I never shirked my duty. I was a widow for many years, with only my children Ralph, Daphne and Viola ...

ALICE: Oh, dear Miss Viola ...

HENRIETTA: Quiet, Alice. ... with only them for comfort and company. But I carried out my husband's wishes and managed the estate diligently. When Ralph, my

beloved son, came of age, how proud I was to hand over the estate to him. And he gave you the finest gift of all – the land for you to enjoy. *(Applause)* I haven't finished yet.

(Land of Hope and Glory starts playing) A beautiful park to walk in (for a very modest charge), bluebell woods and gardens, the church of St Stephen's. And the house itself and all its treasures – paintings by Velasquez, Rubens and Van Dyck. One of the finest art collections in England! Wouldn't you agree, Mr Castleman?

CHARLES: Quite so, Madam.

HENRIETTA: Gifts for the whole town. Duty - the key to civilisation.

ISAAC: I never pay no duty.

HENRIETTA: Oh, it would serve you well. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.
(Applause) Come, Alice. *(They start to return to seat)*

HANNAH: Wait a minute. *(Mrs Bankes & Alice freeze)* What about her servant? She hasn't said anything yet.

ALICE *(flustered)*: Oh, please forgive me but I haven't much of a story to tell.

Hannah and others urge her to tell her story.

ALICE: And I've not brought a gift.

HANNAH: That doesn't matter. I'd really like to hear your tale.

Mrs Bankes sighs impatiently but returns to her seat.

ALICE: Well if it please you, Ma'am. I entered service as a nursery maid to the dear young ladies, Miss Daphne and Miss Viola. I was particularly fond of Miss Viola. I used to call her "Cissie", I don't know why. And don't think I am impertinent when I say, but I do believe Miss Viola was fond of me, because on my birthday, which was just any other day to everyone else, she gave me this *(Produces a trinket box, shows it to audience and holds it affectionately)* Oh, I treasured it! And kept it safe. *(Pause)* It was hard being a nursery maid. My favourite part of the day was just before I put the little ones to bed. I loved brushing Miss Viola's hair. *(Starts brushing child's hair)* She always cursed it for being so wiry but to me it was the most beautiful hair in the world. A mass of chestnut brown cascading down her back with golden curly ends. *(Music, ALL sway. Suddenly ALL bang on table and Alice doubles up in pain)* Such stomach pains, so suddenly. Something was very wrong. All night, the pain, and next morning bending over the fire grates to blacken them, it took twice as long. Nurse Stanley scolded me for coming late to the nursery. I

tried to explain how much it hurt. To punish me she wouldn't let me see the children. And I never saw Miss Viola again. I died short afterwards - from undiagnosed appendicitis.

(ALICIA tuts, and puts her arm around ALICE. CUTHBURGA mutters a prayer. SFX: time passing again)

The gift I will give to you for the future is - dedication. Not only to your work but more importantly to each other. As I dedicated my life to Miss Viola.

Alice gives Hannah the trinket box and returns to the table.

CUTHBURGA: Take comfort, child, for the meek shall inherit the earth.

(Sung) I am Cuthburga
Founder of this Minster church

Mrs Bankes and your servant girl, Alice, I share with both of you the sense of duty and dedication, which shaped my life. And Lady Margaret shares with me a love of education and of learning.

(Sung) From this place
The great Leoba went to Frankish lands
To spread the word of God
These many different people and countless others
Throughout all generations
Have made this town the special place it is.
For we are all important,
Those that came before
And those who will come after.

This has been a holy site for more than one thousand years. May it please God to keep it so for many years to come. This is my gift to you.

(Sung) May he grant us peace
Dona nobis pacem
Dona nobis pacem
Amen

ALL: Amen

Hannah and Alice join hands at front. St Cuthburga comes and stands on the table behind them with arms outstretched and hands on their shoulders.

CHARLES So, Hannah, you have indeed heard all the challenges. Now it is time for you to speak. Time for you to decide whose gift should be chosen and carried across the divide. Remember, Hannah ...

ALL: The choice is yours. *(ALL point at HANNAH)*

HANNAH: I don't know. *(To audience, ad lib)* Which one shall I choose? They were all brilliant. *(To CHARLES)* Can I please....ask the audience?

CHARLES: Yes, of course. We will be interested to hear what they think. Perhaps you should give them a minute or talk to their neighbours before they speak aloud and perhaps ask us questions – if that helps.

Audience talk together for a minute. CHARLES helps HANNAH/HARLEY to facilitate next part. Audience give views and maybe ask questions. After a minute is up -

CHARLES: We are ready to hear from the audience now, Hannah. Perhaps you could pass this object to whoever wishes to speak. *(Bell handed over)*

HANNAH: Who would like to speak? *(Hands them the small brass bell. They have to ring it then speak or ask question)*
Who do you think is the most worthy of all? And why?

After a while, CHARLES/TONY will say time is now up and HANNAH must decide.

CHARLES: I will have to hurry you, Hannah. Time waits for nobody.

HANNAH: I know! I've got it! There's this great big space in the square in the centre of Wimborne – everyone is saying that it needs something to fill it! So why not build a statue, a statue of all these lot – who have done so much for Wimborne? They are all the winners! I've decided!!

SFX again as at start. HANNAH rings the bell as all characters slowly transform themselves into a large group statue.

Hannah: Yes! There, I've done it! The statue will look like This!!

CHARLES: Wait a minute. Hannah, you were asked to choose *one* personality. We can't *all* be winners, can we?

HANNAH: Well, I couldn't just choose one. They were all important in their own right. Each of them is different.

*Statue breaks for Bow
The End*