

**HOME, SWEET HOME on Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> October 2025**  
**WCT Scenario for Green Festival performance on the Minster Green**  
(Script as of 22 SEP 25)

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**Setting:** *Staging blocks with everyone's special objects on them, covered by a cloth. Microphone set up for WCT actors (except JEFF, TUPPY, JACKIE; TONY) among audience.*

*Jubilate Choir (including JEFF, TUPPY, JACKIE; TONY) come to stage left and make clump (or centre?) .*

**SONG: "HOME SWEET HOME" (2 mins, 27 secs)**

*While choir sing, SAFFY (THE WANDERER) enters wrapped in large parka with hood up and blanket*

*(Unseen by audience?) She goes to in centre, close to the stage blocks with special objects on them. After song. Choir exits, humming as they go, slowly to reveal THE WANDERER huddled on Green.*

*Cast make wind sounds. Movement piece as ANNA speaks through microphone in Bulgarian, then in English.*

ANNA

The Wanderer, like a kite blown by the wind,  
she goes around the world  
looking for a place to call home,  
a place where she feels accepted,  
where she belongs.

WANDERER : (TO ANNA) Home is a feeling, not a building. People make me feel at home.

ANNA: Like guardian angels?

WANDERER: Yes. To the soul of the inner child we all harbour.

ANNA: Is there something happy that reminds you of your childhood home?

WANDERER: Nothing.

ANNA: Hmmm. Maybe we can help you.

*(CHOIR humming softly in background - Home, Sweet, Home.*

*ANNA takes WANDERER over to display of objects on stage blocks. She indicates the Dolls House.*

*(Rest of WCT actors move together in unison to the microphone, watching THE WANDERER intently. BARBARA steps forward to mic to speak first)*

BARBARA: My old Doll's House. Do you like it?

WANDERER: I do.

BARBARA: A home in miniature, from a distant father;  
a gift to his twins aged five,  
who peeped through the windows in the dark.

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*As B speaks, WANDERER and EVA sit and look through Doll's House windows  
– in amazement:*

WANDERER: Tiny chairs and beds,  
EVA: Plates of food

BARBARA: *(maybe also says through mic, so words are clear)*

Tiny chairs and beds; plates of food....

and electric lights that shone into our 1950 living room.

A home shared though the years  
played with by **my** children.

And now my first **grand-daughter**, Jasmine,  
every time she visits.

*(More humming from choir as JEFF comes to mic. WANDERER picks up the photo  
from display and BARBARA moves to 'become' mother in photo and picks up baby.  
Freeze Frame (BARBARA 'baby'; EVA; SAFFY/WANDERER)*

JEFF *(microphone)*: In front of the family house they pose, Aware of the pasts,  
imagining the futures. Mother clings to her baby Love knits the family together. You  
feel as it felt in the good times

WANDERER *(breaking away, disturbed movement, causing the 'tableaux' to  
dissolve)*

Not really. My 'Home' was never like that. Not a true home. Shouting, crashing,  
banging, drinking, smoking. Rinse and repeat, day after day for eighteen years.

*She picks up black plastic bag from the display, holds it to audience*

WANDERER: This rubbish says more about my home.

HAYDN *(stepping up to mic, as JEFF LEAVES it)*: Not rubbish! A magical bag, a  
McGuffin.

WANDERER: A what?

HAYDN: I found it in a loft, kneeling on the rafters,  
where my father, Roy, stored it.  
To keep it safe for me to discover  
30 years after his passing.  
Look inside.

WANDERER: *looks inside. SMELLS and reacts. Gets some T shirts out.*

WANDERER: T- SHIRTS!?! Pooh! They need a wash.

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HAYDN: To be expected after 30 years in a black bag!  
But to me, like finding gold.  
My motor cycling tee shirts, screen printed.  
small to extra-large.

WANDERER: Why keep those?

HAYDN: *(like a chant)* A pilgrimage to forgotten cotton treasures.  
Racing motorcyclists. *(appropriate SFX by cast)*  
a Schwantz, a Lawson, a Gardner,  
a Rainey, a Kocinski and, yes, a Mackenzie

JAMES: Or a Majestic Motor Mower!

WANDERER: What?

*ALL: ? Adding chugging SFX of mower*

JAMES: My mower made me majestic,

Cutting clover, consuming clods,

Lovely lines, limitless lengths

My mower manoeuvred my mind **majestically!**

WANDERER: Motorbikes and motor mowers? Strange! You two remind me of  
Tweedledum and Tweedledee in that story - where the girl goes down a rabbit  
hole...Alice in Wonderland?

SHEILA *(taking her turn at the mic)*: Those two are in Alice Through The Looking  
Glass. I love both stories! Look at the book - There! *(WANDERER finds SHEILA's  
book)*

That book's been with me  
ever since childhood  
Kept through many house moves.  
It conjures a time of being free  
of responsibility;  
immersed in their nonsensical  
dreamlike world.

SAFFY: Like me! When I'm not wandering round the town, I'm living in a cupboard at  
the moment.

SHEILA: Sorry to hear that.

WANDERER: Don't be sorry. It's better than before. It's light at the end of a very,  
very long tunnel, like moonlight in a still night. Living with people like E *(points to  
EVA who steps forward waving)*, H, and C who make me feel at home.

*(WANDERER picks up EVA's Teddy as a 'comforter')*

EVA *(at mic)*: Do you like him?

WANDERER: He's great.

EVA: That's my Green Stripy Teddy. He sleeps on my pillow every night. Although he likes being close to me and is very happy, he's had two independent adventures without me. Once, on a trip to the cinema, he enjoyed the film so much, he decided to stay and watch it a second time. Fortunately, he found his way home the next day. Another time, he travelled all the way to Manchester without me (on a train?) and, once again, got back home safely. *(She goes over to sit again with WANDERER)*

TUPPY *(at mic)*: That's a good story - how something lost comes back home. That happened to me with my monkey.

*(WANDERER passes teddy to EVA and picks up TUPPY'S Monkey)*

WANDERER: *(holding T's Monkey)*: This one? He's so tiny and cute!

TUPPY: Mmm.. He's one of The 'Three Wise Monkeys':

WANDERER: Excuse me?

TUPPY: An old Japanese proverb, advising us how best to live. Like the Three Wise Monkeys - 'See No Evil, Speak No Evil, Hear no Evil'.

WANDERER: I like that.

TUPPY: Me too. He's Speak No Evil, *(WANDERER nods)*  
Mum gave it\* to me,  
& I carried it,  
hidden in my pocket -  
until I lost it -  
at school far away.  
It was my one link to home.

After two years, as if  
reaching out to me  
up through some gravel  
in the school playground  
I found it again.

WANDERER: How did you feel?

TUPPY: Elated! *(walks over to collect her monkey from WANDERER. Picks up HEATHER's Panda for her)* \* 'it' or 'him' or h'her/?

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HEATHER *(walking over)*: Soft toys for me too! What says Home to me is my Panda.  
*(HEATHER holds panda up)*  
Peeping out from under my duvet,  
Adorable eyes,  
Needing a hug,  
My arms engulfing him  
in the tightest cuddle ever.

WANDERER: You've reminded me! I do have some comforters. I have Big Bear, a 4 foot brown cuddly bear I sleep with, cos it makes me feel like I'm cuddling a person. As I struggle to get to sleep without cuddling something. I also have Rabbie, a toy rabbit I have taken literally everywhere with me - to France, Austria, Luxembourg, Holland, Italy, Belgium, Bulgaria, Greece. I love her to bits.

CLARE: So they've been on a journey with you throughout your life. And can you fit them in your new cupboard?

WANDERER: Yes, just. It's cosy.

CLARE: I keep precious things in a home-made wooden box.

WANDERER *(picking up wooden box)* Is this it?

CLARE: It's part of the family. Part of Home.  
Small, simple  
but carefully made  
by my dad's youthful hand -  
long stilled.  
Wooden, strong, enduring  
A repository of family treasures -  
Tin whistles; a diary; an almanac,  
hidden in its secret compartments.

WANDER: Mysterious!

CLARE: Yes. A Box of mystery and memory  
for me to hand on.

WANDERER *replaces box. Picks up SUE'S Toby Jug*

WANDERER: What's this?

SUE *(laughs)* Another special, family-made object.  
Toby Jug. It reminds me of both my parents.  
Mum was so proud of her huge collection.  
Dad loved working with wood  
and carved her this in a piece of oak.  
It's a copy of one of her Jugs,  
and shows his love for her.

That's why I keep it.

STEWART (*interrupting*): Excuse me – would you mind finding my blue mittens? The fingerless gloves. Just I'm getting a bit nippy. Do you like astronomy - Looking at the stars?

WANDERER: Yes. But I don't really know what they are.

(*WANDERER finds them, holds them up, takes them over to STEWART. He puts them on during speech – maybe SUE holds mic for him while he does so*)

STEWART:

As a kid I studied the stars,  
for hours beneath the winter sky.  
So Mum knitted me these fingerless gloves  
to keep me warm.  
When I was nineteen  
Mum died.  
Dad kept the home.  
Later, I studied Physics,  
which holds the Universe together.  
But these gloves will always  
remind me of Mum and home,  
when I was a child  
under the stars.

WANDERER: I'm trying but I can't imagine...my family making lovely things like yours have ...for you. But...I remember ...the smell of bread! In fact.... that makes me think of Home – on visits to Italy with relatives - when I made focaccia in the kitchen with my grandmother; baking for nine hours felt like twenty minutes when I was there.

ALL: Led by SAFFY:

STEWART: Home is not four walls;

SUE: it is the warmth in the voice that says your name softly.

BARBARA: The silence that does not demand you explain;

JAMES: The chair that still remembers the shape of your rest.

JEFF: The place your heart exhales;

HEATHER: The laughter stitched into old scars.

SHEILA The smell of bread or earth or rain //

HAYDN: // that reminds you who you were before the world asked you to be more.

TUPPY: Sometimes home is a person; sometimes a memory;

CLARE: Sometimes, the quiet courage you carry when you realise you belong to  
**you**

EVA: belong to **yourself**.

SAFFY: Last of all, home is not where you are,  
but what you are becoming.

(*ALL made SFX of wind, SAFFY moves symbolically to ANNA'S words*)

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ANNA *(In Bulgarian – maybe others – or choir - speak in English)*: The Wanderer  
Like a kite blown by the wind,  
she goes around the world  
looking for a place to call home,  
a place where she feels accepted,  
where she belongs.

*(During 'Green Green song, which is upbeat, all clap and move to the music.*

CHOIR sing: GREEN, GREEN.  
a-Well I told my mama on the day I was born  
"Dontcha cry when you see I'm gone"  
"Ya know there ain't no woman gonna settle me down"  
"I just gotta be travellin' on"  
a-Singin'  
*(CHORUS) Green, Green the grass is green  
on the far side of the hill  
Green Green I'm going away  
To where the grass is greener still.)*

Nah, there ain't nobody in this whole wide world  
Gonna tell me how to spend my time  
I'm just a good-lovin' ramblin' man  
Say, buddy, can ya spare me a dime?

*(CHORUS)*

Yeah, I don't care when the sun goes down  
Where I lay my weary head  
Could be green, green valley or rocky road  
It's there I'm gonna make my bed

CHORUS

ALL bow