



# Home Front II

## Episode 2

**2nd December 1914 – Mrs Kitty Lumley**

By Sarah Daniels

### Cast

Kitty	Ami Metcalf
Adam	Leo Montague
Mrs Edkins	Rachel Davies
Florrie	Claire Rushbrook
Lilian	Lisa Brookes
Tom	Clive Hayward (RDC)

Directed by JESSICA DROMGOOLE

**PLEASE BRING HARD-SOLED SHOES TO THE STUDIO**

**TX Date:** 2nd December 2014

**SCENE 1. INT. WILSON'S. 9. 00. AM.**

**FX FLORRIE IS WASHING UP. KITTY COMES IN HOLDING A LETTER.**

FLORRIE: (WORRIED THAT IT MIGHT BE ANOTHER LETTER FROM DIETER) What's that you've got there?

KITTY: (LIGHT) A letter. What does it look like?

FLORRIE: I didn't hear the post come.

KITTY: I met him coming up the path.

FLORRIE: Aren't you going to say who it's from?

KITTY: If you'll give me a chance.

**FX KITTY OPENS THE LETTER**

KITTY You'd think you'd be pleased for me - getting a letter.

FLORRIE: Who's it from then?

KITTY: Victor, who else.

FLORRIE: (RELIEVED) Oh, yes of course. How's he getting on?

KITTY: He says he's coming on leave next week.

FLORRIE: Next week?

KITTY: Yes.

FLORRIE: Back here?

KITTY: Yes.

FLORRIE: Where's he going to sleep?

KITTY: I don't know.

FLORRIE: You'll have to have your father's and my bed.

KITTY: I don't think Victor would expect that.

FLORRIE: Well, he can't sleep in your bed with you - you can hardly fit into it as it is, and what sort of things does he like to eat?

KITTY: He likes everything. He says it's because he went to boarding school and you have to get used to eating cardboard at those sort of schools.

FLORRIE: You know I think these curtains could do with a wash.

KITTY: He won't notice. He's a man.

FLORRIE: But I will.

**ADAM COMES IN**

FX **BACK DOOR BANGS.**

ADAM: (CALLS) Kitty...Kitty...?

FLORRIE: Wipe your feet...

KITTY: Too late.

FLORRIE: Adam!

ADAM: Tom says could you go and see him.

FLORRIE: Tom? Who's Tom?

KITTY: Works at the Metropole. Used to work at the Grand.

FLORRIE: What does he want with you?

ADAM: He said he was making something for the baby and he wanted Kitty to take a look at it.

FLORRIE: This Tom does knitting, does he?

KITTY: No, he makes things out of wood.

ADAM: Not very comfortable for a baby to wear then.

KITTY: Toys, I mean!

ADAM: Can I take some bread and cheese?

FLORRIE: Where are you off to now?

ADAM: Scouts.

FLORRIE: I thought that was Thursday evenings.

ADAM: We meet all the time now. (PROUDLY) There's a war on, don't you know.

FLORRIE: We haven't got any cheese. You can take bread and a scrape – it's in that old pudding basin.

ADAM: Ugh, it looks like a slimy white pond. I'll just take the bread.

**ADAM GOES**

**FX                    DOOR SLAMS BEHIND HIM.**

FLORRIE: I don't think you should be traipsing up there to see this Tom, not in your condition.

KITTY: Ah Mum, bit of sea air will do me good.

FLORRIE: These curtains won't wash themselves?

KITTY: Tom won't be able to talk to me until he has his dinner. So let's do that now. But you'll have to be the one to get on the chair and get them down though.

**FX:                    FLORRIE SCRAPES KITCHEN CHAIR ACROSS THE FLOOR SO SHE CAN STAND ON IT.**

FLORRIE: You'll need to hold on to me legs then.

KITTY: I know, I know.

FLORRIE: It's such a treat for me having you at home again.

KITTY: Just don't lean over too far.

**OUT ON BOTH OF THEM HAVING A GIGGLE.**

**2. INT. GRAND HOTEL, TOM'S BEDROOM. 1.00. PM**

KITTY: This don't feel right, Tom. I shouldn't be in your room.

TOM: No one saw us. Besides I couldn't take all this downstairs to show you. Look –

**FX** **TOM OPENS A CUPBOARD DOOR**

KITTY: Oh Tom I don't know what to say.

TOM: It's not finished yet.

KITTY: Oh look, you've even done a little Noah. And all these animals. What are these? Like little Teddy bears?

TOM: They are called Koala bears.

KITTY: I've never heard of them.

TOM: They live in Australia. I saw them in a book in the library. They were quite easy to do because they don't have any long fiddly sticky out bits.

KITTY: You say that but these giraffe's are the bee's knees

TOM: Oh and I haven't done any bees or any insects at all for that matter

KITTY: It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. If I'd had this when I was little I'd have thought it was magical. (THEN SEEING THE PHOTO) Oh

TOM: What? What is it?

KITTY: That photograph on your wall. Is that-

TOM: Yes, they gave us all one. All the staff at the Grand.

KITTY: Oh yes, it's a bit blurry but I can see-

TOM: (CUTTING HER OFF) Lots of friends there I'll probably never see again – all signed up.

KITTY: And lots of Germans. Look there's Dieter.

TOM: Yes. The thing is Kitty, I didn't really get you in here to show you the Noah's ark. I don't know how to tell you-

KITTY: Oh Tom, now I hope you aint going to start no funny business with me.

TOM: (OVER HER) No, no, Kitty. I've had a letter.

KITTY: Snap.

TOM: You've had a letter?

KITTY: Yes.

TOM: So you know.

KITTY: Yes. He's coming home.

TOM: (FRIGHTENED) What? He's what? (THEN) Hold on, who was yours from?

KITTY: (LAUGHS) Who do you think?

TOM: I don't know. That's why I'm asking.

KITTY: Who's was your from then?

TOM: You first.

KITTY: Victor, of course.

TOM: Oh.

KITTY: Now you – go on.

TOM: Kitty, please sit down, please on the bed.

KITTY: I've not come up here to do anything on your bed, Tom Wright.

TOM: Shush, keep your voice down.

KITTY: Take one step nearer and I'll scream the place down.

TOM: (SHOUTS OVER HER) Dieter!

KITTY: What? Shush.

TOM: My letter is from Dieter.

KITTY: Dieter? Dieter's dead.

TOM: No.

KITTY: (ABOUT TO FAINT) Dieter.

TOM: Kitty, Kitty, put your head between your knees. Take deep breaths. That's it.

KITTY: When? When was it post-marked?

TOM: Three days ago.

KITTY: Why didn't you tell me before?

TOM: I didn't know what to do. You're married now. I spent a whole day thinking should I tell you or not.

KITTY: Can I see it?

TOM: Are you sure?

KITTY: I have to know what it says.

TOM : Here-

**FX: LETTER.**

KITTY: Oh Tom, I'm shaking so much, the words keep jumping.

TOM: Let me.

**FX TOM TAKES THE LETTER BACK**

TOM It says 'Dear Tom – I expect this is a bit of a shock to hear from your old friend Dieter. I'm hoping this will reach you, and more importantly reaches my beloved Kitty.'

KITTY: Go on.

TOM: 'I did write to her at her home a few months ago soon after my narrow escape from Folkestone but as it was too risky to put an address on it I have no way of knowing if she got it.'

KITTY: I never got it! I never got it! Let me see that. Let me see.

TOM: Here –

KITTY: (READING) Oh Dieter. Oh Dieter. You're alive. He's alive. Oh Tom, Dieter's alive.

TOM: So can you see now why I asked you to my room?

KITTY: I can. I can. Oh Tom. I can't take it in. It's such a shock. And lucky! Lucky you hadn't signed up or I might not have got this letter.

TOM: I don't want to Kitty.

KITTY: What?

TOM: Sign up. I can't bear the notion of killing anyone.

KITTY: Me neither. Well, I'm saying that but right now at this moment I could kill my mother!

**3. INT. WILSON'S. 2.00. PM.**

**KITTY COMES IN**

FLORRIE: There you are, at last. (NO RESPONSE) What's that you've got there? (NO RESPONSE) What does this one say? He'd like a tuck box, ha ha? (NO RESPONSE) That's what they get sent at boarding school, isn't it? (NO RESPONSE) Kitty? What is it?

KITTY: Dieter.

FLORRIE: Oh love think on this- it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

KITTY: (FURIOUS, SHOUTS) This letter is from Dieter!

FLORRIE: Dieter?

KITTY: Don't! I know, I know about the first letter.

FLORRIE: Kitty, Kitty, love. Let me explain-

KITTY: No! You'll only try and lie your way out of it, again. How could you?

FLORRIE: Please just try and calm down.

**SILENCE.**

FLORRIE That's better.

KITTY: (SCREAMS) Nothing's better! Nothing. You've made everything worse a hundred times worse.

FLORRIE: No, love if you think about it-

KITTY: (FURIOUS) No, you think about it! You let me – no, you pushed, bullied, me into marrying Victor, all the time knowing Dieter was still alive?!

FLORRIE: I know you don't think it now, but it was the right thing to do

KITTY: The right thing?!

FLORRIE: Kitty, I have always put your concerns above mine. You may not think it now but it's for the best.

KITTY: For your best, maybe! But not mine! Not mine!

FLORRIE: Don't over-agitate yourself, not in your condition.

KITTY: (DISTRAUGHT) What am I going to do now, what am I going to do?

FLORRIE: Why? What's Dieter say in the letter? He's not thinking of coming back is he?

KITTY: I wouldn't tell you if he was! I'm never telling you anything again!

FLORRIE: He won't. He daren't. Kitty you've just got to forget about him. You've got a lovely life with Victor. Everything's set up for you.

KITTY: I didn't want a lovely life with Victor. I wanted one with Dieter!!

FLORRIE: (NOW VERY UPSET) I know but we can't always have what we want.

KITTY: (RAGE) How can you say that, how can you say that!

FLORRIE: (THROUGH TEARS) I meant he could never have married you. He's German – you have got to put him out of your mind. If you saw him now you'd be shamed as a traitor.

KITTY: (BESIDE HERSELF WITH FURY) No one, no one could ever be as bigger a traitor as you! How could you betray me like this? Your own flesh and blood...

FLORRIE: (PLEADING) Sam was missing. I was out of my mind with worry. I still am.

KITTY: How dare you bring Sam into this, you scheming, evil witch!

FLORRIE: I did it for your own good. I did it because I love you. You are my life.

KITTY: What you've done is ruin my life! I hate you. I hate you! I hate you. And I never want to see you again.

FLORRIE: Where are you going? Oh Kitty- (CRYING) Oh Kitty, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

**KITTY HAS GONE.**

**FX: DOOR SLAMS**

**4. INT. GRAND HOTEL. 4.00. PM.**

**KITTY FINDS TOM IN THE DINING ROOM.**

**FX: BACKGROUND NOISE OF SUBDUED, POLITE, TEATIME CONVERSATION.**

KITTY: Tom, I need to ask you something.

TOM: I can't talk to you now, Kitty. I'm working.

KITTY: Can I have that photograph?

TOM: No. You mustn't go looking for him. (THEN) The headwaiter's just given me a look. You better order something quick.

KITTY: Thank you. Pot of very strong tea and scrambled eggs on toast and a scone – with jam and cream.

TOM: Yes of course, Madam. That's another thing – your condition. You better stay put till that baby's born. (THEN FOR SHOW) Earl Grey or Darjeeling? (THEN) Keep an eye on the Captain at the next table for me, will you? Well not him so much but that Herald journalist who's interviewing him. Wouldn't be the first time he's walked out of here, bold as brass without paying.

KITTY: What are they talking about? You never said nothing about Dieter?

TOM: Of course not. Recruitment. They're desperate now. (WORK VOICE) Your high tea's coming right up, madam.

KITTY: Then will you let me have the photograph?

TOM: No, absolutely not.

**HE GOES.**

**5. INT. PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOP. 5.00.PM.**

**FX: BELL RINGS.**

KITTY: Hello, Mrs Frost. Do you remember me?

LILIAN: Of course I do, Kitty. I still have the photo of you on the wall. Look. (THEN) How are you keeping?

KITTY: Bit tired, you know.

LILIAN: When are you due?

KITTY: Not until the end of next month.

**FX LILIAN PULLS A CHAIR OUT**

LILIAN: Here, sit down for a minute. How is Victor?

**KITTY SITS**

KITTY: He's coming home on leave next week. You remembered his name as well.

LILIAN: It's not every day I win a prize for a photo of the best-looking couple in Folkestone. Anyway what can I do for you?

KITTY: I've come to ask if I could have a copy of a photo.

LILIAN: My pleasure. Why don't you take this one?

KITTY: No.

LILIAN: I'll have another one framed for the wall.

KITTY: Not the one of me and Victor. The picture you took of all the staff at the Grand Hotel just before the war.

LILIAN: (LAUGHS) Why on earth would you want that?

(BEAT. THE PENNY DROPS) I thought he drowned, the German fella?

KITTY: I've just found out he didn't. He wrote to me. Only I don't have an address for him. I thought if I had a photo I could maybe try and find him, please.

LILIAN: I don't know where the plate is. Kitty. I'm not going to give you a lecture on love or on which side your bread's buttered but you look so tired I am going to insist you sleep on it.

KITTY: The thing is I've fallen out with my Mum. I don't have anywhere to go.

LILIAN: You do get an allowance from Victor?

KITTY: Oh yes, he's on officer's wage.

LILIAN: Then there are plenty of perfectly nice places to rent in Folkestone.

**SCENE SIX**      **EXT. MRS EDKINS. 6. 30. PM.**

**FX**      **KITTY KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. MRS EDKINS OPENS IT.**

MRS EDKINS: Yes?

KITTY: Mrs Edkins?

MRS EDKINS: Yes.

KITTY: I heard you have rooms to rent.

MRS EDKINS: Not for young women like you in your condition, I haven't.

KITTY: I can pay.

MRS EDKINS: That's as maybe, but this is a respectable establishment – not a knocking shop.

KITTY: (SUDDENLY REMEMBERING HER STATUS)  
My husband is a Lieutenant in the Kings Own  
Hussars – he is home on leave next week and he  
would be very upset to learn that you didn't think  
we were respectable.

MRS EDKINS: Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't see your wedding  
ring. Please let me show you what's available.