

# The Mystery of Pine Tree Mountain

by

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## CAST

Tim: At twelve. (Could be played by either sex.)

June: Tim's mum.

David: Tim's granddad.

Adam Wilson: White hair. Stooped.

Scene: *Granddad's living room. Three piece suite, sideboard, small tables next to each chair and a coffee table centre in front of settee. Window to rear. Door stage right.*

Act one.

Opens: *Granddad Dave sitting in a chair. Twelve year old Tim playing on the floor. Granddad looks to window then back at Tim.*

Dave: *(Beckoning Tim to him.)* Come up here young Tim and let me tell you about that mountain you can see out of the window there.

Tim: You mean Pine Tree Mountain granddad?

Dave: I do Tim! I'll tell you all about it just as my grandfather told it to me.

Tim: Gosh!

*(Enter June with a mug of tea.)*

Tim: That must have been a long time ago.

June: Don't you be cheeky young man. Where do you want your tea dad?

Dave: Down there'll be fine love. Do you remember me telling you about the mountain June?

June: Old Pine Tree dad? How could I forget it? I couldn't sleep for a week with the nightmares.

*(She puts the mug down on the table next to the chair.)*

Tim: Is it scary mum? I do hope that it's scary.

*(Tim goes to the chair and sits next to Dave, who puts his arm round the boy.)*

June: It was to me Tim. Now just you sit still and listen to your granddad.

*(She turns to leave the room.)*

Tim: Aren't you going to listen to it as well mum?

June: No I'm not! I've heard it once and that's enough. I don't need any more nightmares thank you. Mind you dad it was dark when you told me the story.

*(June exits.)*

Dave: Story! This is more than a story young lady. This actually happened. *(Under his breath.)* At least that's what my granddad told me.

Tim: You have to remember that mum's just a girl granddad. They're always scared of something. Not like us men, eh granddad?

Dave: You're right Tim.

*(Dave ruffles Tim's hair but stares at the closed door.)*

Tim: Are you all right granddad? *(Looking up at the old man.)*

Dave: What! Oh yes of course I am Tim. *(He settles back in the chair.)* Now I'm going to take you back to a time before televisions and radios.

Tim: What's a television granddad?

Dave: Eh! Oh it's a TV Tim.

Tim: This **is** going to be a story. We've had TV's like forever granddad.

Dave: You might have had Tim but when I was your age we didn't have a TV. In fact there was only one in the street.

Tim: Wow! How boring! What did you do granddad?

Dave: We read, or played games, or played out in the street.

Tim: I'm not allowed to do that. Because of that strange man who lives down the road from us.

Dave: Well this story involves that man and tells you why he's so strange. Or at least it involves his grandfather Tim.

Tim: You know him granddad?

Dave: I know his family, yes Tim. Have you seen the dark mark near the top of the mountain Tim?

Tim: Sure! Stands out a mile.

*(Stage lights start to dim.)*

Dave: Do you know what made that mark Tim?

Tim: Granddad, everybody knows that! It was made when a German bomber crashed into it and burst into flames.

Dave: Is that what you think? Is that what you've been told? Who told you that?

Tim: Everybody granddad. The kids at school, the teachers.

Dave: Your mother?

Tim: She won't talk about it. I asked her but she just said that I was too young to be asking questions like that. She said that there were a lot of fairy-tales told about how it was made.

Dave: But your mother knows the truth Tim. All the rest are just guessing. You see Tim, my grandfather and Mr Wilson's grandfather were best friends.

Tim: Who's Mr Wilson granddad?

Dave: The strange man Tim.

Tim: How do you know his name granddad?

Dave: As I said. His grandfather and mine were best friends. He was my best friend when we were at school. Then he went away to the army and when he came back he was changed Tim. Quiet, withdrawn, refused to speak to anyone, even me. He lives there without a friend or family.

Tim: Maybe you should go and see him granddad. Maybe he'd talk to you now after all this time.

Dave: You know Tim, maybe I should. Show him that he's not on his own and that he still has a friend.

Tim: That's the way to go granddad.

Dave: Now this story about the mountain.

Tim: And the bomber crashing into it.  
*(Tim jumps up and runs around the room with his arms out wide like an aeroplane.)*

Tim: Waaah! Crash! Boom!  
*(He falls down to the floor in a heap.)*

Dave: Come sit here and I'll tell you what that mark really is Tim, and it's not a crashed German bomber.  
*(Tim gets up and sits in the chair by Dave.)*

Dave: Now then! You're not going to leap up again are you Tim?

Tim: No granddad. It's getting dark do you want the light switching on?  
*(Lightning flashes through window.)*

Dave: I think that we'd better Tim my lad. I think your mother will be in here shortly, I know that she's frightened of thunder storms.

Tim: She's not is she granddad? That's a girl for you.  
*(Tim gets up, moves to door to switch light on. June opens door and puts her head round it.)*

June: Are you two all right?

Tim: We're all right mum, but are you?  
*(Tim switches the lights on. Lights back up.)*

June: Of course I am! Why shouldn't I be?

Tim: Granddad says that you're frightened of thunder.

June: I don't like it, but I'm not frightened of it.  
*(Another flash of lightning and the sound of thunder very close.)*

June: *(Glancing up)* Your granddad likes to make up stories and fairy-tales that frighten people. Don't let your tea go cold dad.

Tim: You're not staying mum?

June: No dear! I'll let granddad tell you on his own. Just don't scare him too much dad.

Dave: I'll try not to love. You just hide from the thunder under the kitchen table.