

SCENE 1.

OPENING MUSIC: CAT STEVENS 'I LOVE MY

DOG'

EXTERIOR. OPEN MOORLAND, EARLY

SPRING

WIND BLOWING. DOG RUNNING, PAWS &

PANTING

APPROACHING BOOTS CRUNCH OVER

ROCKS, THROUGH MUD.

TOM:

(WHISTLES)

Come on Megan. Good girl; say goodbye to the moors.

FADE

INTERIOR. FAST EXPERT TYPING

Tom's Nature Blog 28th February

A cold day. Brisk wind blowing hard which made it feel even colder up on the moor. Sky very heavy by evening – could be a late snowfall this weekend. Even so, the birds will be nesting soon, and plenty of wildlife about. We spotted a hare in the distance, it soon raced away on those unmistakeable long legs, so I didn't need to put Megan on the lead. I was glad of that. Today is her last chance to run across the heather moor for a few months. Bird nesting season starts tomorrow.

FADE

KEYBOARD, MUCH SLOWER, HALTING

MEGAN:

March the first. Hello, Megan here. Border Collie, Welsh obviously. Tom spends so much time on that nature blog of his and, you know, wherever Tom goes, I go; so I think it's time I made a contribution.

That was it yesterday. My last run on the moors for a while. He does love his birds my Tom, so if I want to run off the lead, we'll be taking our walks in the woods or maybe a trail. I like the trails, lots of other dogs to say hello to.

EXTERIOR, THE MOOR

BINGO'S HUMAN:

Bingo. Bingo, here boy. Bingo. Biiinnngo

BINGO:

(V.O.) Lost. On the moor, Saturday. One red ball. Round, made of rubber. Somewhat chewed but much loved.

BIRD CALL (GOLDEN PLOVER)

KIPPER'S HUMAN:

What is it Kipper? What can you hear?

(LOW) Oh. My. God. A golden plover. Is it? Yes I'm pretty sure it's a golden plover. Kipper old pal, you're a star.

BINGO:

March 2nd

Woofs and wags to everyone in the cyberpack. I've been reading some of your dogblogs. Dogs writing online diaries? Woof! Whatever next!

I'm Bingo, Lakeland Terrier, so I love a sniff at anything new. Here's my Bingo Blog. Woof! There's only so much chewing a dog can do.

EXTERIOR. OPEN MOORLAND

WOMAN, BREATHLESS, LAUGHING.

EXCITED BARKS

FADE TO INTERIOR

BARNEY:

4th March

The world was white today. It made my paws tingle. We drove out to the moor for a long walk and more white stuff started falling from the sky. I ran and jumped, snapping at it and trying to catch it in my mouth.

She was laughing and laughing at me. 'It's snow,' she said. 'Snow, Barney. I bet you've never seen it before.'

She was right. It made me decide to keep this blog, to tell you all back at Battersea about the wonderful things that have been happening since she adopted me.

For everyone who's not from Battersea Dogs Home, big wags to you all, I'm Barney, collie-cross, 10 months old and a handful, so the humans say.

BINGO: Wags Barney. Funny you should be talking about the moor. I was up there myself the other weekend. How about a virtual chase around one day?

BARNEY: 12th March
There's a big world out there, kennelmates. It's not like the city at all! It's great having your own human. We keep going to different places. I'm really learning to walk on the lead. I tow her along at a cracking pace. 'Slow down Barney,' she says.

Our best walks are at the weekend. Yesterday we even ended up in a pub! It was great. There were two other dogs in there. I just had to tell them about our brill walk. 'Shut up Barney,' she says to me. 'You're a monster, what ever am I going to do with you?'

So then we went home and had a great big dinner. Roast chicken bits for afters YUM – now that's something you don't get in the dog's home.

'You don't deserve it,' she says. Ooh I do love her.

March 18th

BINGO: Had a good long run. The old human's getting a bit barrel-shaped. He doesn't like going out in bad weather now he's getting on a bit, so I took him for a really long walk.

Chased a bird or two, managed to keep him out till dark.

BINGO'S HUMAN: Bingo, here boy. Bingo! Bingo! Where are you? Bingo.

FADE TO PEEP-PEEP OF A DOG WHISTLE,

THE NEARLY SILENT KIND

TESSA: Tessa's Gundog Training Blog 3rd April

Winter shooting's over, birds are nesting already and it seems there's hardly any training time left before the round of summer fairs and game shows starts up.

A busy day. Worked on whistle training in the morning, then brushed up on retrieves, but in the woods, so the dummies were all hidden behind trees – found them all and my tail's about wagged off.

YERDOG: Been sniffin' around the edges of the cyberpack for a while, bein' a lurcher an all. Tessa, girl, good to wag a tail at another hunting dog. My running days are about over but, Bones and Biscuits, we had some fun in them woods. My human used to think he was so clever at hiding stuff, but I always found my toys.

MEGAN: Woods is it? Tom and me had a lot of fun today up at the Forestry Commission place. We tried out this new dog friendly activity trail. It's for you to do with your human - a bit like finding parts of an agility course in the woods. You

get to do all kinds of things like crawling through a tunnel, weaving in and out of poles, running along the top of a log. Your human runs alongside, waving his arms around and shouting. Bless him! He did have a good time.

Proper exhausted now, I am. So I'll sign off. Wags to everyone.

BARNEY:

9th April

Well yesterday was a funny old day. She made sandwiches and got out the red rucksack – I know what that means – a long walk. Sure enough, we went to the moor.

There I was in the car park, jumping up and down like I always do. I want her to know how much I love our moors walks. But instead of laughing at me like before, she just read this notice and looked really fed up.

Then she said a strange thing. 'You've got to stay on the lead today, Barney,' she says, 'because the birds are nesting.'

Humans! The things they say! Birds nest in trees. Every dog that's ever cocked a leg knows that! And is there a single tree on the moor? No, there is not. So where are all the birds nesting then?

We set off on our walk but I had to stay on the lead. She didn't let me off. I wanted to run and run like I did before. I

do come back, I do really, I'm getting quite good at it. But it was only a short walk.

(PAUSE)

And my neck's really sore.

TESSA:

Greetings Barney. Forgive me sticking a wet nose in, but I'm a gundog and birds are my life. I can assure you that plenty of birds nest on the ground – especially on the moor. F'rinstance there's grouse, curlew, hen harriers, lapwings, short eared owls, merlins ... ooh, grouse, golden plovers, dunlin, have I said grouse?

In fact, if it weren't for the birds, our heather moor wouldn't be anything like it is today.

You've been put on the lead because from the beginning of March the birds start nesting and we have to leave them alone til the end of July.

Some of 'em, golden plover and grouse (did I mention them?) even nest close to tracks and paths.

YERDOG:

Spot on the scent there, Tessa! About your sore neck Barney my young friend, get your human in to training; something like the Kennel Club Good Citizen Dog Scheme, they have classes all over the place. They'll teach your human to walk you properly on a lead. Sounds

like you've picked yourself a good 'un, but they do need training up properly.

KIPPER:

Wags and a virtual bone to you Barney. It's great to see new pups joining the cyberpack. I've been sniffing around your blog for a while. I showed my human a golden plover the other day. That's a ground nesting bird.

My human calls me a bird dog, but I'm a Hearing Dog really.

When I was in training, I never thought Nature Dog, Bird Dog were part of the job description.

My human likes to be active, though it's not always easy for him. His balance isn't brilliant and the moors can be disorientating for a deaf person with the open space and the wind. Fitness Dog – I can add that to my job description as well.

MEGAN:

Virtual dog biscuit Kipper, for seeing that golden plover!

We enjoy a spot of bird watching. My Tom keeps a nature blog and we always enjoy reading other blogs about the moors. I suppose you won't be visiting for a while now, what with having to stay on the lead?

KIPPER:

Wags and a big bottom sniff Megan. I've put a link from my home page to your nature blog. A lot of us Hearing

Dogs are interested in nature so we can alert our humans to things they can't hear on their own.

Bird nesting doesn't affect us as much as some dogs. The Hearing Dog training is so thorough, I can walk my human anywhere on a lead and know that we'll both be really well behaved.

When I'm on duty - that's usually at work, shopping and around town - I wear my special burgundy-coloured coat so everyone knows 'Hearing Dog At Work', but on the moors, it's our fun time and I just dress down in my burgundy collar.

BARNEY:

24th May

What's happened to the moor? Why don't we go any more? We go to the park a lot. My neck's still sore.

'No, no, no Barney.' she says to me, 'Stop it.'

Stop what? What does she want me to stop doing?

'You must stop pulling,' she says and I try, I do, but I just can't walk that slow and I forget. So off we go: walk, jerk.

Walk, jerk. Walk, jerk.

BINGO:

Rruff! Sounds like you're getting the chewed end of the stick Barney old pal. Run wild, run free, that's my motto.

SCENE 2 SUMMER

EXTERIOR. OPEN MOORLAND.

SUMMERTIME SOUNDS – LARK SONG.

BARKING, LAUGHING VOICES.

SOUNDTRACK: SIMON & GARFUNKEL

'FEELING GROOVY'

TOM:

Tom's Nature Blog 6th August

What a wonderful summer! Great sweeps of white cottongrass on the bog and higher up, the purple heather just coming in to bloom.

(FADE)

MEGAN:

I've had a lovely lazy and a walk on the moor. Best of both worlds. Tom went rock climbing so we had a long walk in then he tied himself up in ropes and tied me up 'On Guard' beside the rucksacks.

Not that I'd dream of running off, but you can't be too careful – don't want to go for an innocent sniff around and wander into a flock of sheep, or chase a rabbit across a busy road. So, just lazed around in the shade all afternoon.

BINGO:

(SINGING) (EDDIE COCHRANE'S 'SUMMERTIME BLUES')

Summertime, summertime, sum sum summertime,
suuummmertime.

BINGO'S HUMAN:

Bingo! BINGO! BINGOOO!

BIRD SONG, VOICES IN DISTANCE, TRAFFIC.
TRAFFIC GETS LOUDER, HOOTING, SCREECH
OF BRAKES, CAR DOOR SLAMS, SHOUTING

BARNEY:

7th August

My tail's between my legs. Had a very bad day. We went back to the moor, bird nesting's over they say, so we were both really excited. We got to a bit of a wood near the car park. She lets me off. BLISS. Off I go. I didn't know that car was going to be there as well!

All the humans were shouting. She even shouted at me.

'Bad dog, Barney. Get in the car.'

'It's no good Barney,' she says to me when we get home.

'You're a handful. I've really got to do something about you. I just can't manage on my own.'

A handful! That's what they said the other time, before I went to the rescue. I'm a handful.

Oh please don't send me back. I love you. I really love you. I'll do anything for you, but I just don't know the right way to do it.

It's just this lead thing. (PAUSE)

And the barking thing ...

(PAUSE)

And I suppose the running around as well.

SOUNDTRACK: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN 'GET
DOWN (YOU'RE A BAD DOG BABY) or
SUPER FURRY ANIMALS 'GOLDEN
RETRIEVER' (YOU NEED PROTECTION FROM
EVERY DIRECTION)

TESSA:

Tessa's Gundog Training Blog 9th August

Car parks! Hate 'em! A dog doesn't know where to put her paws. They're worse than roads if you ask me. Cars going in all directions: forwards, backwards, this way, that way.

At least on roads you know where the cars are and a pup can learn to keep away.

And the stuff there – anti-freeze, chocolate, broken glass – all deadly to dogs. Ashtrays emptied, cigarettes chucked down and starting fires. A dog's not safe inside or out – suffocating inside a hot car, danger all around outside.

(PAUSE)

Now here's an idea - an extra chapter – of course!

STARTS TYPING

'Car ... Parks ... A Danger... Zone... for... Dogs.

MEGAN:

So much for my lazy day. I've only gone and picked up a few ticks! Thought I felt a bit itchy. Thank goodness Tom checks my coat every day, he's found them already and he knows how to twist them off now, he got the vet to show him the first time it happened. Ugh! I do hate them things. There's bits of nature even me and Tom don't like.

BARNEY:

4th September

Guess what we've done today? Only started a class.

'You're going to learn to be a Good Dog Citizen, Barney,' she says to me.

'I'll do anything for you,' I says to her.

Even this. It was the weirdest thing I've ever done. We went into this big room. There were lots of other dogs there – all sorts, all sizes. Humans too – all sorts, all sizes. Everyone was milling around, everyone seemed to be barking. I had to tell the other dogs about us of course. It was mayhem. There was a lot of shouting.

It wasn't all friendly, I can tell you.

Someone peed on the floor.

(PAUSE)

It wasn't me.

We got asked to wait outside.

Then this lady, Janet, came over. All the dogs and all the humans do what she says.

'Well' she says. 'So you're Barney. Bit of a handful eh?

Hello boy,' Janet says to me.

'Hello,' I says.

Then she gives me a bit of cheese and a tickle (how does she know about my favourite tickling spot?) and I decide she's not so bad.

'He's not a bad dog,' says Janet. 'It's all that collie energy, he just needs showing the right way to use it.'

Janet's right. She's clever.

'He's a clever dog,' says Janet. 'He'll catch on.'

YERDOG:

Yer right Barney. There's no such thing as a bad dog if you ask me. There's bad humans though, and there's unlucky dogs, plenty of 'em.

TESSA:

Well done Barney! Have a virtual dog biscuit, have a bowlful! Gundogs start puppy training when we're about 12 weeks old – and let me tell you, training's a game that never stops. There's always more to learn. I write a daily training diary – you might like to glance at it sometime.

SCENE 3 AUTUMN

EXTERIOR. OPEN MOORLAND.

SOUNDTRACK: ROLLING STONES 'WALKING

THE DOG'

TOM:

Tom's Nature Blog 1st October

The sun's lower in the sky and shining through the autumn grasses. We walked down from the moor in a blaze of bronze light, the valley gold and green below us

FADE

MEGAN:

Speaking of bronze, Barney, how's it going with the Good Citizen class? Are you going to try for the Bronze Award?

BARNEY:

3rd October

We're working hard. The humans get ever so excited about this Bronze Award, so I'm trying my best. The sits and downs are OK and I get lots of bits of cheese or sausage. I'm getting the hang of walking on the lead, but that Tyson always swears at me when I walk past, so what am I supposed to do then, eh?

MEGAN:

Stick with it Barney. Remember you're half collie and there's nothing a collie can't do.

BARNEY:

24th October

There are lots of new commands. What's the point of 'stay'
f'rinstance, what use is that?

And 'Stand'! Even worse. Collies aren't made to stand, I
kept telling her. And I hate that Tyson. Sod him and his
pedigree.

KIPPER:

Pedigree isn't everything Barney. Hearing Dogs come in
all shapes and sizes. Lots of us are rescue dogs too and
no one bothers about our pedigrees, just how well we can
do all our jobs: Alarm Clock Dog, Doorbell Dog, Phone
Dog, Human Fetching Dog, Fire Alarm Dog (that's really
important), Ice Breaker Dog, Errand Dog, Healthy
Exercise Dog, Nature Dog, Bird Watching Dog, Early
Warning Dog, Talking Point Dog, Oven Timer Dog, Best
Friend Dog (that's the most important).

BARNEY:

Respect to all you top dogs in the cyberpack. This puppy's
just rolling over with admiration and gratitude.

BINGO'S HUMAN:

(BREATHLESS)

October 30thth

Lost. On the moor, Saturday. One brown Lakeland terrier.
Answers to name of Bingo (sometimes). Disobedient but
much loved. Reward.

ALL THE DOGS:

Bingo! Bingo, where are you? Here boy. Biiinnngoooooo

SOUNDTRACK: BAHAMEN 'WHO LET THE DOGS
OUT?'

BANG. BANG. SHOTGUN – BOTH BARRELS
THEN SILENCE

SCENE 3 WINTER

EXTERIOR. OPEN MOORLAND. HONKING OF
WILD GEESE

TOM:

Tom's Nature Blog 6th November

Watched a great skein of geese crossing the sky from one side of the moor to the other. Frosty tonight.

MEGAN:

(SOFTLY)

Bingo? That you? Where were you? What happened?

We've all been looking for you.

BINGO:

I'm never going to let him out of my sight again. Never.

Barney said it's a big world out there, he's right. It's too big for this terrier. I ran myself into a whole load of trouble.

I was having such a great run as well, and I was only in the general vicinity of those sheep, there was no need for that big old ewe to come on all aggressive. She started chasing me! She wouldn't listen to reason, coming at me

head down with those horns! Neither would the farmer, said I was “at large” – I’m only a little terrier. Then he shot at me.

TESSA: (SYMPATHETICALLY)

“At large” means being on the loose Bingo. Farmers get very angry if dogs worry sheep. The sheep are their livelihood.

BINGO: (GULPS)

The farmer was angry, the sheep was angry. I was worried - and scared, and lost, and cold.

TESSA: I expect the sheep and the farmer didn’t know you were lost. Poor Bingo! I bet they thought you were attacking them. The sheep was probably scared too!

BINGO: (SNIFFS AND GULPS)

Perhaps. By the time I’d got out the other side of the farmyard, goodness knows where my human had got to. I headed on over the moor, thinking he’s bound to turn up. I only got picked up by the Dog Warden, had four rotten, lonely days in a concrete kennel before my human finally tracked me down. Now I’ve been micro-chipped and

there's talk of obedience training and extending leads,
whistles and walking to heel.

BARNEY:

Hey Bingo, walking to heel's not so bad. Make sure your human uses good treats like cheese or chicken bits.
We can do figure of eights now – off the lead!

KIPPER:

I like to stay pretty close to my human, you never know what trouble they can get into if you let them out of your sight. Just the other day I had to warn mine about a galloping horse coming up behind us, so he could step out of the way. Early Warning Dog, Road Safety Dog, that's me.

BARNEY:

Horses! Keep me on a lead purleese!! Big scarey things. I never saw one till a couple of months ago when it came and stuck its great hairy nose right in my face. All my four paws left the ground at once!

TESSA:

Now I like the sound of a dog whistle – sign of a human really working in harmony with their dog; better than all that shouting you get from your badly trained humans.

YERDOG:

Less scarey to the wildlife, a whistle.

MEGAN: Hey, Funny Bones! Have you heard the one about the farmer that sends his collie out to fetch the sheep in? The collie brings 'em in, the farmer counts 'em and goes: 'There's 40 sheep here, I only had 37 last week, what happened?'

The collie goes: 'I rounded 'em up.'

MEGAN AND BARNEY LAUGH. ALL THE

OTHER DOGS GROAN

SOUNDTRACK: PETER SHELLEY 'LOVE ME,

LOVE MY DOG'

V.O. ALL THE HUMANS ONE AFTER THE

OTHER

TOM: Megan, come

BARNEY'S HUMAN: Barney, come

KIPPER'S HUMAN: Kipper come

BINGO'S HUMAN: Bingo, come. Good dog.

PEEP PEEP OF A DOG WHISTLE

TOM: If you'd like to know more about some of the issues covered in this webcast, visit the Moors for the Future website www.moorsforthefuture.org.uk

ENDS