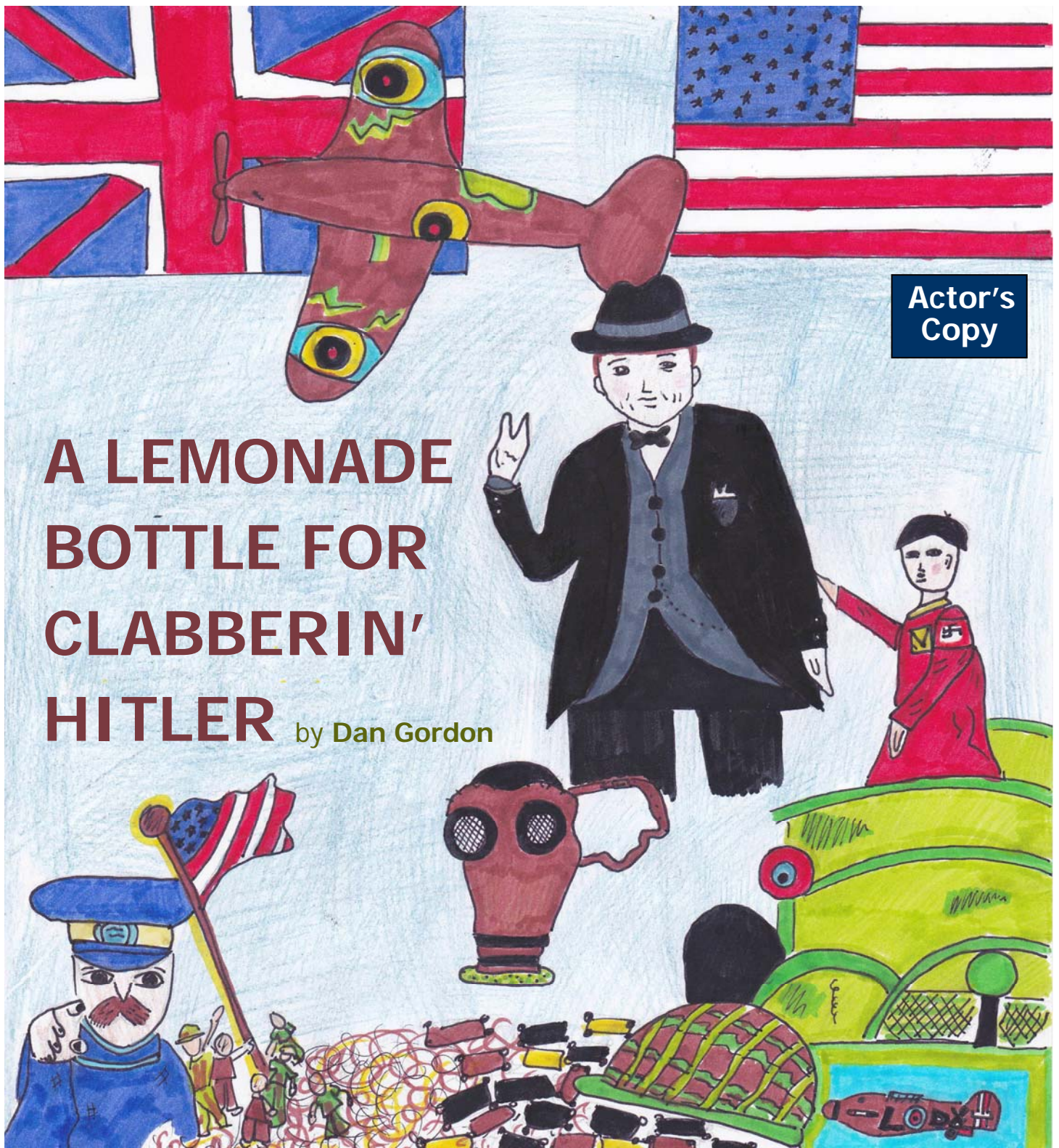




**Ulster-Scots Agency**  
Boord o Ulstèr-Scotch

**PAT & PLAIN (Chapter 3)**



**Actor's  
Copy**

**A LEMONADE  
BOTTLE FOR  
CLABBERIN'  
HITLER** by Dan Gordon

**Lyric**  
Theatre  
The Theatre on the River



Cover designed by Jasmine Smith (P7)  
Wheatfield Primary School

Copies of this script are downloadable from [www.ulsterscotsagency.com](http://www.ulsterscotsagency.com)

## **THE PROLOGUE:      WAR DECLARED – MAGGIE & AGGIE**

*House lights go to blackout and the pre-show music fades.*

***Radio soundtrack: I'll See You Again.***

*Maggie and Aggie enter into the centre of the space and freeze, like statues, in a low light. The radio plays over them. We want the audience to listen, not look.*

***Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain declares war on Germany.***

I am speaking to you from the Cabinet Room of 10 Downing Street. This morning the British Ambassador in Berlin handed the German Government a final note stating that unless we heard from them by 11 o'clock that they were prepared at once to withdraw their troops from Poland, a state of war would exist between us. I have to tell you now that no such undertaking has been received and that consequently, this country is at war with Germany.

*Maggie and Aggie –two typical Ulster housewives with overcoats, house coats, headscarves/rollers and string/woven shopping bags and slippers!*

Maggie:      Ach, hello there Aggie. I'm just out gettin' a few wee **messages**. Have you heard the news?

Aggie:        Ach, Maggie isn't it terrible? Mr Chamberlain, the British Prime Minister, says there's going to be another war with Germany.

Maggie:      I know – I just **heered** it on the **wireless** up in Speers's **Shap**.

Aggie:        My Willie says – 'that Hitler is one **quare oul pachle**.' (*pronounced 'packle'*)

Maggie:      Oh he is – I've seen him on the newsreels in the **Picture House** and I never liked that wee black moustache.

Aggie:        That wee black moustache makes him look real **sleekit** – goose-stepping all over the place.

Maggie:      Is your Willie going to join up and fight?

Aggie:        Away and feel your head – my Willie can hardly join his hands! He said fighting in the last war was enough for him. Anyway, he's building ships for the Navy down in Harland and Wolff, so they'll need him for to do that.

Maggie: Oh my Charlie's just the same – he says the trenches were enough for him too. He's building Stirling Bombers for the Air Force in Shorts aircraft factory – and they'll need *him* for to do that.

Aggie: I suppose everybody'll have to fight in their own way.

*Maggie finds this funny.*

Maggie: Oh aye – sure when I was up gettin' **ma** messages, wee Hughie in Speers's **shap** says he's ready for Mr. Hitler.

Aggie: Wee Hughie Speers? Sure he's only ten!

Maggie: Aye, dear love him – he's **ascared** Hitler is going to come for his **Da** because he owns the **shap**.

Aggie: Is he the full shillin'? Why would Hitler want to come to Speers' **shap**?

Maggie: For supplies, Hughie says.

Aggie: Ach his head's a **marlie**.

Maggie: I know – but Wee Hughie says he has a lemonade bottle ready.

Aggie: Wee Hughie Speers has a *what* ready?

Maggie: A lemonade bottle – he has it behind the door. Hughie Speers says if Adolf Hitler tries to come for his **Da**, he's gonna **clabber** him round the head **wi'** it!

*They start to laugh at the silliness of it.*

Maggie & (together) A lemonade bottle for clabberin' Hitler!

Aggie:

*They laugh loudly, do a Les Dawson chest **hoike** and go in opposite directions.*

Aggie: Be seeing ya Maggie.

Maggie: Be seeing ya Aggie.

## **SCENE 1: PUT THAT LIGHT OUT!**

### ***Air Raid Siren sounds.***

*Whistles are blown outside the hall. Shouts are heard outside the hall – torch beams flash around doorways and in through available windows – dogs bark in the distance.*

*1<sup>st</sup> Air Raid Warden enters with a torch – shining it around the hall. He/she calls out. When a warden speaks during the opening sequence, he/she can hold their torch under their own chin on every third time they say their line. Don't shine the torches into the eyes of the audience!*

Warden 1: Put that light out! Put that light out! (*keep repeating*)

*2<sup>nd</sup> Air Raid Warden enters with a torch, shining it around the hall. He/she calls out -*

Warden 2: Pull that curtain! Pull that curtain! (*keep repeating*)

*3<sup>rd</sup> Air Raid Warden enters with a torch, shining it around the hall. He/she calls out –*

Warden 3: German planes are comin'! German planes are comin'! (*keep repeating*)

*4<sup>th</sup> Air Raid Warden enters with a torch, shining it around the hall. He/she calls out –*

Warden 4: Go get in the **coal-hole!** Go get in the **coal-hole!** (*keep repeating*)

*5<sup>th</sup> Air Raid Warden enters with a torch, shining it around the hall. He/she calls out –*

Warden 5: Stop them wee dogs **gowlin'!** Stop them wee dogs **gowlin'!** (*keep repeating*)

*6<sup>th</sup> Air Raid Warden enters with a torch, shining it around the hall. He/she calls out –*

Warden 6: Go and **wak yer** neighbours! Go and **wak yer** neighbours! (*keep repeating*)

*7<sup>th</sup> Air Raid Warden enters with a torch, shining it around the hall. He/she calls out –*

Warden 7: **Hammer** at their door! **Hammer** at their door! (*keep repeating*)

*8<sup>th</sup> Air Raid Warden enters with a torch, shining it around the hall. He/she calls out –*

Warden 8: Get them **gurnin' wains** out! Get them **gurnin' wains** out! (*keep repeating*)

*The Wardens are all around. A whistle is blown inside the Hall by the stage manager/lighting operator and the Wardens gather together and stop.*

Wardens 1–8: Put them lights out – pull that curtain,  
 German planes are comin’ – of that we’re certain.  
 Go get in the **coal-hole** underneath the stairs;  
 When the bombs **drap doon** you may start and say your prayers.

Stop them wee dogs **gowlin’** – skidding round the floor,  
 Go an’ **wak yer** neighbours up – **hammer** at their door.  
 Get them **gurnin’ weans** out and dress them for the cold,  
 The grandas and the grannies – the young **wans** and the old.

Turn **yer** gas off at the meter – fill **yer** tin bath in the yard,  
 Its **gonnae** be a freezing night we’re **gonnae** get it hard.  
 Make sure you’ve got **yer** gas mask – make sure it doesn’t leak,  
 Hitler’s trying **tae** blow us to the middle of next week.

**Skite** over to the shelters or up into the hills,  
**Empy** all the factories out – the Ropeworks and the Mills.  
 The Shipyard is a target – the Aircraft it is too;  
 They’ve even moved the Elephant in case they hit the Zoo.

So batten down **oul** Belfast ‘cause we’re going **tae** have a fight,  
**Howl yer** mammy’s hands and hope we make it through the night.  
 It’ll soon be Easter Monday – it’s nineteen forty one,  
 The Blitz will come to Belfast – God bless us every one!

*School hand bell .*

*The Wardens leave as the Playground Children swarm in.*



## **SCENE 2: PLAYGROUND GAMES & POLITICIANS**

*Children run in and fill the space playing – it is before school. They play in various sized groups ranging from 6/8 children down to couples or individuals. They play dusty bluebells, skipping, marbles, football, hopscotch, keepie-up, hide and seek, ring-a-rosey, German jumps and initially sing their accompanying songs all at once .*

**Group 1** stands in a circle, holding hands and raising their arms to make a series of arches. One person is 'it' and skips in and out of the arches. At the same time, the circle sings:

Group 1:      In and out of the dusty bluebells,  
                   In and out of the dusty bluebells,  
                   In and out of the dusty bluebells,  
                   I'll be your master.

*Then, the person who is 'it' stops behind a member of the circle and the circle sings:*

Tipper-ipper-app-her on the left hand shoulder,  
 Tipper-ipper-app-her on the left hand shoulder,  
 Tipper-ipper-app-her on the left hand shoulder,  
 I'll be your master.

*The person who has been patted on the shoulder stands behind the person who is 'it' and holds onto their waist. They then skip in and out of the arches together while the circle sings, with the person behind holding on to the leader's waist.*

**Group 1** does this three times – then freezes.

*A general House of Commons harrumphing – using 'posh' Anglo Irish accents if possible.*

Speaker:      Order – Order – Order!

Politician 1: As a duly elected Member for the Northern Ireland Parliament at Stormont and Minister of the Cabinet, I can assure the Prime Minister, the Honourable Members and the general public at large that the chance of German Luftwaffe bombers getting as far as us is *extremely remote*.

*Lots of 'here here's' from everyone.*



Skipper 5: I'll tell me ma when I go home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone.  
They pull my hair, they steal my comb,  
But that's all right till I get home.

Skipper 6 &  
all Skippers: She is handsome, she is pretty,  
She is the belle of Belfast city.  
She is courting one, two, three,  
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

*A general House of Commons harrumphing – using ‘posh’ Anglo Irish accents if possible.*

Speaker: Order – Order – Order!

Politician 2: The Honourable Member is quite right: not only would the Luftwaffe not have enough fuel to get here, they would also have to fly across Great Britain where, between barrage balloons, smoke screens, ack ack guns and British Bulldog determination, they will find their welcome will be less than friendly.

*Lots of ‘here here’s’ and some laughing. Back to games...*

**Group 3** are playing Marbles (Marlies). Again they mime them. One of them is obviously the organiser/referee and also plays Willie. He/she mimes drawing a circle on the floor and then oversees the others as they mime flicking marbles into it and knocking marbles out of it. As each collects winning marbles between the verses they shout ‘Keepsies!’ This should be almost dance-like as they devise their own style of flicking – even complicated run ups and arm wind-ups and then celebrations and disappointments as the game progresses. Imagine it like a New York gangster’s game of dice in the street. The other players could keep time by hand clapping while waiting their turn.

Group 3: Wee Willie’s lost his **marlie**,  
Wee Willie’s lost his **marlie**,  
Wee Willie’s lo-o-o-o-o-st his **marlie**,  
Down by the Linfield Road  
(spoken) **Keepsies!**

Marlie 1&2: So he went an' he got a big stick,  
So he went an' he got a big stick,  
So he went an' he go-o-o-o-o-t a big stick,  
Down by the Linfield Road.  
(spoken) **Keepsies!**



**Marlie 3&4:** And he rammed it down the gratin'  
 And he rammed it down the gratin'  
 And he rammed it do-o-o-o-o-wn the gratin'  
 Down by the Linfield Road.  
 (*spoken*) **Keepsies!**

**Marlie 5&6:** But he **didnae** get his **marlie**,  
 But he **didnae** get his **marlie**,  
 But he **didnae** ge-e-e-e-t his **marlie**,  
 Down by the Linfield Road.

**Marlie 7&8:** It was in his bloomin' pocket!  
 It was in his bloomin' pocket!  
 It was in his blo-o-o-o-o-omin' pocket!  
 Down by the Linfield Road  
 (*spoken*) **EEGIT!**

Willie: Gotcha!

*Willie holds the **marlie** up triumphantly. Then, to the horror of the group, it drops and they watch helplessly as they mime it rolling back down the gratin'!*

*A general House of Commons harrumphing – using 'posh' Anglo-Irish accents if possible.*

Speaker: Order – Order – Order!

Politician 3: We don't need fire engines sitting in garages here when they're needed for the war effort back in Britain. We don't need a lot of men wasting time watching for air raid fires that won't happen, instead of building ships and tanks. And we don't need a lot of jumped up **Jinny Anne**, Air Raid Wardens, dressed like the Keystone Cops, telling us to put out our lights!

*Lots and lots of hearty laughing and 'here here's'. Politicians freeze - then we go back to the playground games.*

***Group 4** are distributed all around the performance space playing hopscotch, conkers, German jumps, ball against the wall.*

- 2 Hop Scotchers: Mrs Wright  
Got a fright  
In the middle of the night.  
She saw a ghost  
Eatin' toast  
Halfway up a lamppost!
- 2 Balls against  
the Wallers: Dan, Dan, the funny wee man,  
Washed his face in a frying pan,  
Combed his hair with the donkey's tail  
And scratched his belly with his big toe nail.

*Arm linking and walking in step.*

- 2 Walkers: Skinny-malink-**malogen** legs,  
Big banana feet,  
Went to the pictures and couldn't find a seat,  
When he found a seat,  
He fell fast asleep,  
Skinny-malink-**malogen** legs,  
Big banana feet.
- 2 Conker Players: **Knock an' a knee** when I was **wee**  
I used to sit on my granny's knee.  
Her apron tore..... I fell on the floor,  
**Knock an' a knee** when I was **wee**.
- 2 See-Sawers: Bangor boat's away,  
We have no time to play.  
We'll not go near the water  
To chase the ducks away.
- 2 Children on Swings: Bangor boat's away,  
We have no time to play.  
Give it a kick,  
Make it go quick,  
Bangor boat's away.

*Standing in a circle deciding who is 'it'.*

- 4 Hide and Seekers: A bottle of ink  
Fell down the sink:  
What colour was it?  
RED  
R, E, D  
And you are not it!

Ingle angle, silver bangle,  
 Ingle angle, ooooooh.  
 Ingle angle, silver bangle,  
 Out goes you.

All Girl Gamers:           There was an old man named Michael Finnegan,  
 He grew whiskers on his chin **a-gin**.

All Boy Gamers:           The wind came out and blew them in **a-gin**,  
 Poor old Michael Finnegan... begin **a-gin**.

All Gamers:                There was an old man called Michael Finnegan,  
 He grew fat and then grew thin **a-gin**.  
 Went and died and had to begin **a-gin**,  
 Poor old Michael Finnegan begin **a-gin**.

*All playground children pair up and 'potato' each other's fists, building to a crescendo.*

All Playground            One potato, two potato, three potato four.  
 Children:                 Five potato, six potato, seven potato more.  
                               Baked potato, boiled potato, tato mashed with cheese,  
                               Big potato, small potato, more potato please!

*Children freeze in the playground. Politician 4 appears in the middle of them.*

Speaker:                 Order – Order – Order!

Politician 4:            Mr Speaker, the people of Belfast quite clearly don't see what the  
 panic is about. There are a 1000 people a month being charged with  
 blackout offences; around three quarters of the population don't carry  
 gasmasks and only a sixth of businesses have fire watchers on duty –  
 and I must say Mr Speaker, I agree with them.

*Lots and lots of hearty laughing and 'here here's'.*

*All freeze for Maggie/Aggie.*

**SCENE 3                    MAGGIE AND AGGIE - RATIONING**

Maggie:        Morning Aggie.

Aggie:         Morning Maggie.

Maggie:        Shocking weather.

Aggie:         Aye I know, isn't it just?

Maggie:        I can't get heat **in'til** me.

Aggie:         Me too and I'm as **bad with my chest**.

Maggie:        Are ye down for your bread? More oul queues.

Aggie:         I hate this rationing my **head's near turned**.

Maggie:        I hear McCafferty's expecting eggs in the day.

Aggie:         I believe so but I couldn't be doing with all that waiting around to get served. Mind you, I got a lovely wee bit of shin last week from the butcher's.

Maggie:        Oh don't be talking about that butcher's.

Aggie:         Maggie what's wrong?

Maggie:        Did you not hear about my Uncle Freddie?

Aggie:         No love, what happened him?

Maggie:        Oh he's dead Aggie and it was my Auntie Edie's fault.

Aggie:         Your Auntie Edie's fault – what are you talking about Maggie?

Maggie:        Oh she got a nice bit of liver for Freddie's dinner and a bit of scrag end for the wee dog's dinner. Well, she wasn't watching what she was doing and the dog's meat went into Freddie's dinner and Freddie's meat went into the dog's bowl.

Aggie:           And did that kill him?

*Note underlined line must be delivered in one breath or the audience will laugh and miss the tram part.*

Maggie:        Oh no - but the next day he was chasing a cat and a tram ran over him.

*They have a big laugh and a Les Dawson chest hoike and leave in opposite directions.*

Aggie:           Be seeing ye Maggie.

Maggie:        Be seeing ye Aggie.

## **SCENE 4:           TEACHERS AND TABLES**

*School hand bell rings.*

*The Children scuttle around in a hectic, apparently random, manner and suddenly form into three classes: Standards 4/5/6, sitting on floor or on rostra. 3 Teachers stand at the head of each class.*

Mrs Meneely:           Good morning, standard 4.

Standard 4:           *(in sing-song voices)* Good morning, Mrs Meneely.

Mr Hannah:           Good morning, Standard 5.

Standard 5:           *(in sing- song voices)* Good morning, Mr Hannah.

Mrs Bell:               Good morning, standard 6.

Standard 6:           *(in sing-song voices)* Good morning, Mrs Bell.

*In sweeps the Principal who is very stern. All the Children leap to their feet when ‘he’ comes in – he takes the highest point of the rostra and looks at all the Children.*

Mr Parker:           Good morning, Children.

Children:             *(in sing-song voices)* Good morning, Mr Parker.

Mr Parker:           Molly Martin, stand up straight!

Molly:                Yes, Mr Parker.

Mr Parker:           Bobby Roberts, you were late!

Bobby:                Yes, Mr Parker.

Mr Parker:           Catherine Richards, don’t fidget so.

Catherine:           Yes, Mr Parker.

Mr Parker:           Tommy Marshall, out you’ll go!

Tommy:                Yes, nose Parker.

*All Children – shocked intake of breath.*

Mr Parker: WHAT DID YOU SAY TOMMY MARSHALL????!!!!

Tommy: I said 'Yes Sir, Mr Parker'.

*A big sigh of relief from all Children. Mr Parker looks puzzled/quizzical – but lets it go.*

Mr Parker : (grandly) Siiitaah!

*The Children all sit upright and cross legged...*

Mr Parker (looking at Mrs Meneely) Mrs Meneely!

*Mrs Meneely begins the four times tables with Standard 4 in that rhyming way tables used to be learned by rote. Mrs Meneely conducts them and keeps them together and says it with them.*

Mrs Meneely (counting them in) Standard 4 – one – two – three – four

Standard 4: 4 ones are 4.  
4 twos are 8.  
4 threes are 12.  
And 4 fours are 16.

4 fives are 20.  
4 sixes are 24.  
4 sevens are 28.  
And 4 eights are 32.

4 nines are 36.  
4 tens are 40.  
4 elevens are 44.  
And 4 twelve's are 48.

*When they get to the end they start again but much more quietly - in a loud whisper. Standard four begins the first 'verse' of the four times tables and standard five begins the 'first verse' of the 5 times tables.*

Standard 4: 4 ones are 4.  
(whispered) 4 twos are 8.  
4 threes are 12.  
And 4 fours are 16.

Standard 5: 5 ones are 5.  
5 twos are 10.  
5 threes are 15.  
And 5 fours are 20.



Standard 5:       5 fives are 25.  
                       5 sixes are 30.  
                       5 sevens are 35.  
                       And 5 eights are 40.

                      5 nines are 45.  
                       5 tens are 50.  
                       5 elevens are 55.  
                       And 5 twelves are 60.

*Continue...*

*Standard 5 begins the whole table again – in ‘whisper’ mode standard 6 begins in full voice.*

Standard 6:       6 ones are 6.  
                       6 twos are 12.  
                       6 threes are 18.  
                       And 6 fours are 24.

                      6 fives are 30.  
                       6 sixes are 36.  
                       6 sevens are 42.  
                       And 6 eights are 48.

                      6 nines are 54.  
                       6 tens are 60.  
                       6 elevens are 66.  
                       AND 6 TWELVES ARE 72!

*Standard 6 go into ‘whisper’ mode – and are joined by the other two classes. All three classes are on the first ‘verse’ of their tables in a loud whisper. Mr Parker takes over conducting and brings them louder and softer. Each class does their own table finishing on a gradual build and a loud last line.*

**SCENE 5:            GAS MASK DRILL**

Mr Parker:            Right boys and girls, it's time for gas mask drill. Unhook the string from round your neck and open up your cardboard box.

*Mr Parker has a gas mask – so do the three Teachers if possible. The Children do not; they mime the actions of Mr Parker and the Teacher.*

Mr Parker:            Remember the box is cardboard and be careful not to be too rough and tear it. Don't get it wet and don't let me see anyone swinging their gas mask box round their heads when walking home - Mary Wright!

*The Children mime the following actions:*

Mr Parker:            Take your gas mask carefully out of its box and set your box on the ground. Open the straps and everyone stick out your chin (*everyone sticks out chins in a silly way*) – good. Place your chin into the mask and stretch the straps behind.

*Mr Parker continues to talk but he is wearing the gas mask and we can't understand or hear him properly- the following is done inside the mask.*

Mr Parker:            (*inside the mask*) Once you have done this, breathe normally and don't worry if it steams up a bit. Don't remove your gas mask unless told to do so by a warden.

All Children  
& Teachers:            What?

Mr Parker:            (*taking off gas mask*) I said – once you have done this breathe normally and don't worry if it steams up a bit. Don't remove your gas mask unless told to do so by a warden.

All Children  
& Teachers:            Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!

***Air raid siren and drone of aeroplane engines***

*Everyone scatters and what initially looks like mayhem becomes an orderly evacuation of the performance area. Children reform into their 'Standards' and line out under the supervision of the class Teachers and Mr Parker. Using several exits, they march off. Meanwhile the Wardens have appeared around the back of the audience, chanting sotto voce.*

Wardens: Put them lights out – pull that curtain,  
 German planes are comin’ – of that we’re certain.  
 Go get in the **coal-hole** underneath the stairs;  
 When the bombs **drap doon** you may start and say your prayers.

Stop them wee dogs **gowlin’** – skidding round the floor,  
 Go an’ **wak yer** neighbours up – **hammer** at their door.  
 Get them **gurnin’ weans** out and dress them for the cold,  
 The grandas and the grannies – the young **wans** and the old.

*Four children: Molly, Bobby, Catherine and Tommy don’t leave. Miraculously, they have been given travelling coats and an assortment of a battered suitcase with string round it, a duffel bag, a holdall, a pillow case with clothes in it. To show the contrast in class and poverty levels, they sit on their case or beside their belongings and finish the chant with the Wardens as the other children leave.*

*The four evacuees remain in the performance area during the next Maggie and Aggie scene and the Wardens around the outside of the audience.*

Wardens/Molly/  
 Bobby/Catherine/  
 Tommy: Turn **yer** gas off at the meter – fill **yer** tin bath in the yard,  
 Its **gonnae** be a freezing night - we’re **gonnae** get it hard.  
 Make sure you’ve got **yer** gas mask – make sure it doesn’t leak,  
 Hitler’s trying **tae** blow us to the middle of next week!

**SCENE 6:           MAGGIE AND AGGIE – BLACKOUT**

Maggie:       Morning Aggie.

Aggie:         Morning Maggie.

Maggie:       Did you hear the latest Aggie?

Aggie:         No, what's the latest Maggie?

Maggie:       Ina Pavis got a summons to go to court.

Aggie:         Ina Pavis got a summons to go court? What, was she **clodding halfers** at the **Peelers**?

Maggie:       She left her curtains open during the blackout.

Aggie:         She never did – the **skittery ghost**.

Maggie:       I heard that nobody cares about the blackout because the Government Man on the **wireless** says the Germans are too far away.

Aggie:         Maggie, so did I!

Maggie:       I heard that everybody's getting court summonses because nobody's bothering about the blackout.

Aggie:         Maggie, so did I!

Maggie:       I heard there's so many summonses that the courts can't cope and everybody gets away with it.

Aggie:         Maggie so did I!

Maggie:       Mind you, it's just as well because I got a summons for leaving my curtains open too.

Aggie:         Maggie, so did I!

*They have a big laugh.*

**SCENE 7:            EVACUEES**

Wardens/Molly/  
Bobby/Catherine/  
Tommy:            **Skite**-over to the shelters or up into the hills.  
**Empy** all the factories out – the Ropeworks and the Mills.  
The Shipyard is a target – the Aircraft it is too;  
They've even moved the Elephant in case they hit the Zoo.

Molly:            My name's Molly Martin and my wee sister and me were the first ones in our street that got **evaceeated** (evacuated). My Daddy is in the Air Raid Precautions and he was **ascared** we were going to get bombed by the Luftwaffe. We went to stay with a lady called Mrs Marks who was nice, and her two brothers Tommy and Johnny tho' Johnny's always **boggin'** from the pigs. Mrs Marks and her brothers have a tractor and live on a farm in County Down near a place called Newry. Mrs Mark's husband was dead from the Great War and she was quite sad about it. We went on the train with Mammy and Daddy and it was a very long way. When we got there it was all fields and cows and a bit smelly but it was sunny and nice and we went in a horse and cart and we had bacon and **baps**. When it was time for Mammy and Daddy to go back home, my sister and me didn't want them to go and we just **blirted** and the **snatters** were blinding us. Mrs Marks said Mammy could stay if she wanted but Mammy said she couldn't because she said she had to go back to work in the mill to make parachutes for the pilots and uniforms for the army men.

Bobby:            My name is Bobby Roberts and me and my brothers got **evaceeated** (evacuated) to Helen's Bay at the seaside. On the way home from our new school we always look for **dulse** and crabs in the rock pools. We got split up and our Geordie and our Archie got put in a farmer's house called Mr Mew, who calls them **cubs** and makes them **dung out** pigs and help to milk the cows. I didn't care but, because me and Freddie got put in a baker man's house and we got a bed each. I had to get up every day at half-past four to help Mr McCabe make the bread. When he lights the ovens I **brung** the **begs** of flour in from the store and I help him mix the dough and line up the bread tins for him to fill and I clean the griddle. We make crusty bread and **baps** and **soda farls** and **barmbracks** before me and Freddie go to school. I always get a warm **soda farl** for my breakfast. I hope the war goes on for ages I don't want to go home – I'm going to be a baker when I grow up.

Catherine: My name is Catherine Richards and I got **evaceated** to my Aunty Gracie in Pettigo in County Donegal. County Donegal is in the South of Ireland and that means there is no war there because the South of Ireland people don't want to be in the war because they are neutral. My Da says they should catch **themselves** on and my Auntie Gracie says he's a big **slabber**. There is no rationing here and people come up the street from County Fermanagh on bicycles to get butter and eggs and put chickens up their coats when the customs man goes for his tea. Uncle Jack is a milkman and I have eight cousins who are nice. Uncle Jack started off with 10 hens and now he has 300 **clockers** and he gets us all to find the eggs. Sometimes we can't find all of the eggs and chicks come out of the hedge. I like my house better and I would like to see my mammy.

Tommy: My name is Tommy Marshall and everybody says I'm a **cheeky article**. I have been **evaceated** three times but I just run away and come back home even though I get a **whaling**. I don't want to be away and if any Germans come near me I'll **deck** 'em. I hate the country – it's stinking and cows do their dos all over the place and try and stick their horns in you if you go in their field. Sheeps are **worser** and pigs will bite the legs **aff ye** if you let them. I caught a rabbit in the last place I was **evaceated** to but a big dog ate it. We built a **den** up the woods to spy for German planes but we got **shouted at** for sleeping in it. Our Headmaster got a **crowd of workies** to come and paint all the white walls black and put criss-cross tape on all the **windies** in our school and Nosey Parker says I'm a **head-the-ball!**

Wardens/Molly/  
Bobby/Catherine/  
Tommy: So batten down **oul** Belfast we're going **tae** have a fight:  
**Howl yer** mammy's hands and hope – we make it through the night.  
It'll soon be Easter Monday – it's nineteen forty one,  
The Blitz will come to Belfast – God bless us every one!

## **SCENE 8:            QUESTION TIME**

*The Politicians: the Prime Minister (non-speaking), Sir Wilfred Spender and the Speaker move quickly into the performance area.*

- Speaker:        Order – order – order! The Northern Ireland Parliament at Stormont will come to order! The Prime Minister will now take questions from the Members.
- Politician:     Is it true, Prime Minister, that in July there were sea mines being dropped by German planes into Belfast Lough?
- Politician:     Is it true, Prime Minister, that in August there were high flying German spy planes over County Antrim and County Down?
- Politician:     Is it true, Prime Minister, that in September a Luftwaffe Bomber tried to bomb ships in Belfast Lough and dropped 20 incendiaries on Bangor Town?
- Politician:     Is it true, Prime Minister, that in October three enemy frogmen were captured in Belfast Harbour?
- Politician:     Is it true, Prime Minister, that from November every other similar sized city in the UK was being bombed.
- Politician:     Is it true, Prime Minister, that in December two of the biggest parachute mines the Germans have ever built were dropped on moorland near the Port of Larne?
- Politician:     Is it true, Prime Minister, that in January the enemy were attacking mainly coastal cities?
- Politician:     Is it true, Prime Minister, that February was the first time the Government started to take seriously Belfast was a target?
- Politician:     Is it true, Prime Minister, that in March a defence expert predicted an attack because work of national importance happens here?'
- Politician:     Is it true, Prime Minister, that in April there were no night fighters, no search lights, no smoke screens and only one bomb disposal team?
- Politician:     Is it true that Sir Wilfred Spender, Permanent Secretary, wrote to Mr Andrews, the Northern Irish Prime Minister, and said –
- Speaker:        Order – order – order! Sir Wilfred Spender – Permanent Secretary the Department of Finance.
- Sir Wilfred Spender:    Up to now we have escaped attack. So had Clydeside until recently, Clydeside got its Blitz during the period of the last moon ... the next moon from the 7<sup>th</sup> to the 16<sup>th</sup> of April 1941 may well bring our turn.



## **SCENE 9: THE BLITZ**

*This is intended as a slow movement/ dance sequence, with music, demonstrating the loss of life and the destruction inflicted on Belfast and its citizens and is a representation of all four air raids. The sequence is introduced by the Radio Reporters, explaining censorship: trench coats, trilby hats and BBC microphones.*

### ***Pathé news sting.***

Radio Reporter 1: Good morning there listeners – hello everyone  
It's the dawn – 8<sup>th</sup> of April –1941.  
As the sun rises up over our Belfast town –  
The enemy's coming but nothing falls down.

Radio Reporter 2: Official reports cannot give a clue:  
If the enemy's listening he'd know what we do.  
So we don't tell the truth I am sorry to say  
We have to tell lies there's just no other way.

### ***Music: The Blitz starts to fade up.***

Radio Reporter 3: If we did wind it back and start over again  
To see the results of the cruel war game  
Let's show you the news as it happens today  
If we told you the truth this is what we would say.

### ***Music increases in volume.***

- ***Snapshots of normality:*** Belfast settling down for the night sequence – parents putting children to bed – milk bottles out – washing dishes – walking dogs – dancing in dancehalls – at the theatre – in pubs.
- ***Flying sequence:*** the performers initially could be the German flight crews – loading bombs – boarding their planes – starting propellers –taking off – melting into becoming the actual aeroplanes flying in formation around the space this could happen in tandem with previous sequence or intersperse with it.
- ***The bombs begin to fall:*** fire brigade – ambulance service – ARP (Air Raid Precautions) – everyone trying to do their best – heading for shelters – the destruction ensuing – many were killed by falling masonry as well as the actual explosions – stretcher bearers – lost and confused people – and the wounded, the dying and the dead.

**SCENE 10:            AFTERMATH**

Radio Reporter 1:    Good morning there listeners – hello everyone,  
                               It's the dawn – 8<sup>th</sup> of April –1941.  
                               As the sun rises up over our Belfast town,  
                               Last night by the dozens the bombs they rained down.

Radio Reporter 2:    They call this raid *Dockside* – it's the first one they've done  
                               And already we're **wondrin'** if there's bigger to come.  
                               The Shipyard, the Aircraft, the Docks and Rank's Mill  
                               Are blasted and broken and smouldering still.

Radio Reporter 3:    Incendiary firebombs on dark parachutes  
                               Fell out of the sky stamping down like jackboots.  
                               Belfast was sleeping we just weren't alert,  
                               Now there's 13 folk dead and 81 hurt.

*Reporter 1 steps out and interviews a Wee Man passing*

Reporter 1:            Excuse me sir can you tell me what happened?

Wee Man:              Are ye sure the enemy won't hear this?

Reporter 2/3:         Absolutely!

Wee Man:              Well then I certainly can. I'm a wee man that works in the shipyard – and I  
                               was just gettin' into bed about half past ten. Then I **heard** the planes before I  
                               **heard** the guns and I **heard** the guns before I **heered** the sirens – I just don't  
                               think we were ready – and now the Docks is wrecked along with the  
                               fuselages of 50 Stirling Bombers we were building!

Reporters 1-3:        Businesses locked and nobody on guard:  
                               *(together or*            The Firemen were late to the burning wood yards.  
                               *individually)*        Even shelters were closed and no-one had a key  
                               And women and children were there plain to see.

                              Then nothing was heard for near on a week,  
                               So the City and people they went back to sleep.  
                               The moon was half set on that first April raid  
                               But seven days later we should all be afraid.

- Reporter 2: Ladies and Gentlemen listening at home – in that week after the Docks Raid, Belfast has settled back down again and returned to normality. The City begins patching its wounds and even though there are reports of enemy reconnaissance aircraft overhead on Good Friday and Easter Monday, no one was quite sure of what would come next. Then it was Easter Tuesday the 5<sup>th</sup> of April 1941.
- Reporters 4-6:  
(together or individually)
- Good morning there listeners – hello everyone,  
It's now – 15<sup>th</sup> of April –1941.  
As day break comes up over our Belfast town,  
It's a holiday-day as the rain drizzles down.
- Folks are up to the Zoo or to Windsor Park.  
It's a bob down to Bangor by train for a lark.  
The holiday rain doesn't stop their good cheer  
But when they get home then the enemy's here.
- Nearly two hundred planes fly over tonight,  
Our defences so poor that it just isn't right.  
So started that Tuesday Easter-time raid  
When Belfast's the prize and the debt to be paid.
- Reporter 4: Excuse me ladies can you tell me what happened?
- Nurse 2: Are you sure the enemy won't hear this?
- Reporters 5/6: Absolutely!
- Nurse 1: It was terrible. I'm a Nurse in the Mater Hospital – flares on wee parachutes made it so bright it was just like daylight.
- Chorus: Greencastle – Vandyck Gardens – Whitewell Road –Crosscollyer Street.
- Nurse 2: Then incendiaries fell next, burning everything they touched. 76 land mines were dropped on parachutes and then high explosives just blew up everything –
- Chorus: (*loud haunting whisper*) Shore Road – Michael Street – York Road.
- Man 1: But they didn't hit the harbour or the shipyard or the aircraft factory like they did before in the Docks Raid – no, this time they wrecked wee homes all over North and East Belfast. Whole streets are gone whole families are dead.
- Chorus: Ruth Street – Canning Street – Mervue Street.

- Woman 1: Nearly 900 people died. York Street Mill was hit and when its back wall fell, it crushed 42 wee houses. 29,000 fire bombs fell on Belfast – 900 people died.
- Chorus: Vere Street – Sussex Street – Hillman Street.
- Man 2: Victoria Military Barracks took a direct hit killing women and children.
- Chorus: Duncairn Gardens – Hogarth Street.
- Woman 2: St George’s Market and the Falls Public Baths were used to lie out the bodies. In Atlantic Avenue, the shelter was flattened –
- Chorus: Ohio Street – Heather Street – Crumlin Road.
- Man 3: Thirty textile businesses – seven garages – seven shops – two banks – two cinemas – two tram depots and eleven other commercial buildings and thousands of houses.
- Chorus: Ballynure Street – Oldpark Road – Hudson Street.
- Woman 3: Wilton’s Undertakers - where dozens of horses, used to pull the hearses, were killed outright and Ewart’s Mill burned for a whole day and a night.
- Chorus: Eastland Street – Cavendish Street – Crumlin Road – Percy Street.

***Reprise of Blitz music.***

- Chorus:  
(*individually*) Greencastle – Vandyck – Whitewell – Crosscollyer  
Shore Road – Michael Street – York Road  
Ruth Street – Canning Street – Mervue Street  
Vere Street – Sussex Street – Hillman Street  
Victoria Barracks – Duncairn – Hogarth Street  
Atlantic Avenue  
Ohio – Heather– Crumlin  
Ballynure – Oldpark – Hudson  
Eastland – Cavendish – Crumlin– Percy.

***Music fades.***

**SCENE 11: WILLIE CARSON THE MONEY LENDER**

Aggie: Morning Maggie.

Maggie: Morning Aggie.

Aggie: You didn't get blew up Maggie?

Maggie: Well **amin't** I standing here Aggie?

Aggie: But your whole side of the street is away.

Maggie: Aye – and I'd just whitewashed the yard wall an all.

Aggie: You're standing here nearly twenty minutes?

Maggie: Oh am I, hawk eye?

Aggie: Yes you are – I was watching you from our parlour **windy**. Are you sad about your house?

Maggie: You know, sometimes Aggie, I am amazed that the War Office hasn't parachuted you behind enemy lines for to spy on the Germans.

Aggie: Do you think?

Maggie: No, I don't think.

Aggie: So what are you doing Maggie?

Maggie: Do you see thon big **Peeler** over there with that man with the bowler hat?

Aggie: Aye, what about them?

Maggie: Well the man in the hat is that **sleekit** hook of a moneylender, Willie Carson.

Aggie: So it is – he's a **bake** on him **like a busted gutty**. He charges a **flippin'** fortune in interest. My Mammy is **dukin'** him every time she sees him. What's he doing with the **Peeler**?

Maggie: Last night when the air raid started he was at my door and he dropped his collection book running away to the shelter.

Aggie: His collection book? The one he writes everybody's money in?

Maggie: The very one. Without it, he doesn't know who owes him money. (*Maggie shouting & waving*) Morning Constable – Morning Mr. Carson – has **yer wee** book still not turned up yet? Ach, shame!

Aggie: Maggie are you helping them 'uns look for that book?

Maggie: Aggie, you must think I come up the Lagan in a bubble?

Aggie: Well what *are* you doing?

Maggie: I'm standing on it!

*They laugh loudly – do a Les Dawson chest **hoike** and the lights go out.*

**SCENE 12: PUT THAT LIGHT OUT – AGAIN!**

*The Wardens are all around. A whistle is blown inside the Hall.*

Wardens 1 – 8: Put them lights out – pull that curtain,  
 German planes are comin’ – of that we’re certain.  
 Go get in the **coal-hole** underneath the stairs;  
 When the bombs **drap doon** you may start and say your prayers.

Stop them wee dogs **gowlin’** – skidding round the floor,  
 Go an’ **wak yer** neighbours up – **hammer** at their door.  
 Get them **gurnin’ weans** out and dress them for the cold,  
 The grandas and the grannies – the young **wans** and the old.

Turn **yer** gas off at the meter – fill **yer** tin bath in the yard,  
 It’s **gonnae** be a freezing night we’re **gonnae** get it hard.  
 Make sure you’ve got **yer** gas mask – make sure it doesn’t leak,  
 Hitler’s trying **tae** blow us to the middle of next week.

**Skite**-over to the shelters or up into the hills,  
**Empy** all the factories out – the Ropeworks and the Mills.  
 The Shipyard is a target – the Aircraft, it is too;  
 They’ve even moved the Elephant in case they hit the Zoo.

So batten down **oul** Belfast ‘cause we’re going **tae** have a fight.  
**Howl yer** mammy’s hands and hope – we make it through the night.  
 It’ll soon be Easter Monday – it’s nineteen forty one:

*All of the chorus drop to the ground in a squat position and a single actors says clearly:*

The Blitz will come to Belfast – God bless us every one!

*Black out and then an air raid siren sounds.*



## GLOSSARY

|                          |  |
|--------------------------|--|
| aff                      | off/from   |
| a-gin                    | again  |
| amin't                   | aren't I   |
| ascared                  | afraid/frightened                                      |
| bad with my chest        | I have a chest infection/cough                         |
| bake like a busted gutty | very distorted unhappy face like a burst open gym shoe |
| baps                     | bread roll   |
| barmbrack                | a bread with sultanas and raisins                      |
| begs                     | bags   |
| blirted                  | cried/wept   |
| bogeyman                 | imaginary scary person                                 |
| boggin'                  | filthy   |
| brung                    | brought  |
| cheeky article           | troublesome back- talking child                        |
| clabber                  | thump/hit/strike (also muck)                           |
| clockers                 | brooding hens  |
| cloddin'                 | throw/pelt   |
| coal-hole                | storage space for coal/fuel                            |
| crowd of workies         | a group of workmen                                     |
| cubs                     | young ones   |
| da                       | father   |
| deck                     | flatten/thump  |
| den                      | rough built shelter/hut                                |
| didnae                   | did not  |
| doon                     | down   |
| drap                     | drop   |
| dulse ( <i>dull-us</i> ) | edible dried seaweed                                   |
| dukin'                   | dodging  |
| eegit                    | fool/idiot   |
| empy                     | empty – pour out                                       |
| evaceeated               | evacuated  |
| flippin'                 | exasperating!  |
| gonnae                   | going to be  |
| gowlin'                  | howling barking growling                               |
| gurn/gurning             | cry/crying or wailing loudly                           |
| halfers                  | half bricks/big stones                                 |
| hammer                   | beat repeatedly upon                                   |
| head the ball            | eccentric person                                       |
| head's near turned       | I'm driven almost mad                                  |
| heered                   | heard  |
| hoike                    | hitch up   |

|                          |  |
|--------------------------|--|
| howl                     | hold   |
| in'til                   | into   |
| Jinny-anne               | not very manly in behaviour  |
| keepsies                 | cry when claiming prize (marble)   |
| knock an' a knee         | tap on my knee   |
| ma                       | my (also mother)   |
| malogen (after melodeon) | like accordion bellows in look   |
| marlie                   | marble   |
| messages                 | shopping   |
| oul                      | old  |
| pachle ( <i>packle</i> ) | clumsy/blundering person   |
| peeler                   | policeman  |
| Picture House            | cinema   |
| quare                    | considerable   |
| shap                     | shop   |
| shouted at               | scolded  |
| skite                    | travel quickly/run   |
| skittery ghost           | rascally person  |
| slabber                  | talkative uninformed person  |
| sleekit                  | sly/treacherous  |
| snatters                 | nasal (nose) mucus   |
| soda farls               | bread where sodium bicarbonate is used as raising agent and then divided into quarters |
| tae                      | to   |
| therselves               | themselves   |
| weans                    | children babies  |
| wak                      | waken – rouse from sleep   |
| wans                     | individuals  |
| wee                      | small  |
| whaling                  | a beating/physically punished  |
| wi'                      | with   |
| windies                  | windows  |
| wireless                 | radio (receiver)   |
| wondrin'                 | wondering/questioning  |
| worser                   | worse  |
| ye                       | you  |
| yer                      | your (belonging to)  |

All rights reserved.

All intellectual property contained in "A Lemonade Bottle for Clabberin' Hitler" script is owned by Dan Gordon. It has been produced under licence by the Ulster-Scots Agency for usage in the educational sector within Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland.

None of the aforementioned material owned by Dan Gordon may be copied, used for commercial purposes, or distributed without the express written permission of the copyright owners.