

Introduction

Isy: Hello and welcome to our show! We're here to take you on a tour of one of the most written-about pieces of recent history: World War Two

In the next half an hour, we'll show you the struggles of life for people here in Bradford, and a little further afield. So grab your gas masks, rustle up your ration cards and prepare to make do and mend!

Raegan: In 1939 Germany invaded Poland, triggering Great Britain to declare war on the German regime.

Ollie: The Nazi's, led by Adolf Hitler, invaded most of Europe, imposing their oppressive laws

Raegan: The people of Britain suffered through rationing, bombing and lots of other shortages in order to free up resources to win the war.

Ollie: Children were evacuated from cities to the countryside, where they could avoid the bombings.

Raegan: Men were sent into the armed forces and women had to get involved in war work

Ollie: Everyone's lives were touched in some way by the war.

All: Let's get on with the show!

Commented [A(1)]: **Background music - 1940s**

Ration Chef

Raegan: During the Second World War there were widespread shortages. With food in short supply, people were forced to become resourceful and creative in order to feed themselves and their families. Here's our take on some of the more interesting 'recipes' that some were unfortunate enough to have for dinner at the time.

Aggie Alberta: Greetings, welcome to the finale of Ration Chef!

Commented [A(2)]: *chef music*

Petite Penny: Where our contestants will be boiling it out to make their recipes their yes-cipies!

Aggie Alberta: Last week we booted Trench Foot Terry back to the barracks.

Petite Penny: At least he has his ration packs, alongside his customisable potato sack.

Aggie Alberta: This week we have Sprucy Brucey ready to spice things up in the kitchen.

Petite Penny: And we have Caesar Salad Suzie, ready to let us (lettuce) see her skills so we can take a leaf out of her book.

Aggie Alberta: Now lets us go see our contestants and see what's marinating in the pot for us today.

Petite Penny: Hello Spruce- err- I mean Bruce! What will you be brewing up today?

Bruce: Ay-up lass, today I'm going to be attempting to make Lord Woolton pie or "the famous one", named after the Minister of Food!

Petite: That sounds... uh... interesting for sure (*looks unsure*). And what is it exactly?

Bruce: So it's basically a big vegetable pie with a potato lid!

Aggie: (*Peers into the pot with an oversized magnifying glass.*) A vegetable pie? With a potato lid? Oh, Bruce that's not a pie, that's just a garden with a hat on! Where's the lamb? Where's the beef? Where's the well.... anything that's not got a leaf?

Bruce: Well Aggie we've got to work with what we can find (*turning to audience*) because of this war unfortunately there's not much 'meat' we can get our hands on!

Penny: Well keep up the good work Brucey, and let's go and see what our woman of the war Suzie is raking up for us in the kitchen today!

Aggie: Hello Suzie, what will you be spinach-ing I mean spinning up for us today?

Suzie: Good afternoon Aggie, today I will be making a Spam-tastic Victory Salad!

Aggie: That does sound Spam-tastic indeed! And what ingredients will you be using to make this questionable salad?

Suzie: Lettuce, tomatoes, peaches and of course you can't forget the main ingredient - Specially Prepared Army Meat! I mean SPAM!

Penny: A spam and lettuce salad? Does that sound like a treat boys and girls?

(Play pantomime with audience - 'oh no it doesn't!' and 'oh yes it does!')

Aggie: Well that's enough chit-chat everybody! It's time to see if these two can actually cook or not - otherwise we will have to order a victory pizza!

Penny: Ready, steady, RATION!

Commented [A(3)]: ** 3 beep noise

(Suzie and her helper Jeremy get crazy making their salad - over the top, dramatic.)

Aggie: Good heavens, Penny! Is Suzie tossing that salad or is she wrestling it?

Penny: It looks as if the spam is winning Aggie! It's bouncier than a rubber ball!

Aggie: Well they did say it was 'specially prepared'. I think they forgot to mention it was 'specially prepared to bounce away'!

(Jeremy starts to smack the spam with a chopping board with a foley sound of a squelch as he does so.)

Commented [A(4)]: ** banging and squelch noise

Penny: I don't think its bouncing away anywhere now Agg! Jeremy, I think you've just turned that Spam into spam-mellows.

Commented [A(5)]: ** start. count down at spam-mellows

(Jeremy uses a massive knife to chop up the Spam whilst the presenters' attention moves on to Brucey and his helper Tabitha.)

Penny: My my, Bruce and his helper Tabitha really are cooking up a garden over there! Wouldn't you say so Aggie?

(Bruce and Tabitha are dropping vegetables everywhere.)

Aggie: Indeed, I would say so! Is everything alright Brucey, looks like you could use a hand?

Brucey: I'm occu-pied!

Tabitha: I've got the mash on the go Brucey!

(The two presenters occupy themselves for a short period whilst the chefs act silly creating their recipes. We could create prop fakes of their recipes if possible. The helpers could try to sabotage the other team's recipes by sneaking things in that shouldn't be there and have the children do the whole 'it's behind you' thing. Potentially Jeremy and Tabitha could get in a tussle with the oversized cutlery.)

Penny: And that's it! Time's up, chefs please put your utensils down!

(Tabitha and Jeremy could act like kids who have been caught in the middle of something and drop the cutlery down on the floor.)

Aggie: It's time for a taste test! *(to the kids)* I hope we aren't going to regret this!

Penny: Let's head over to Bruce and see how his Woolton Pie turned out!

Aggie: So, Bruce why don't you talk us through the structure of this... pie? If you can call it that!

Bruce: It's simple really! It's just a load of veg mashed up.

Tabitha: With a potato lid!

Penny: Well, it certainly looks like... something, let's give it a go!

(Penny smells said pie and faints into Aggie's arms.)

Aggie: It looks like the penny has dropped! Let's hope this doesn't count as a technical knockout!

(Penny comes back around, swooning dramatically.)

Tabitha: *(Stage whisper to Bruce.)* More like a technical blowout!

Bruce: If that's the case, then I'm gone with the wind!

(Whole cast farts. Loud foley fart sound.)

Aggie: Not as much wind as your meal is erupting!

Penny: It certainly smells like garden waste in here now! Talking about gardens, let's see what Suzie has composted for us today!

Aggie: So Suzie your salad is looking crispy and ready for the crunch!

Penny: I must say... It does look rather dry... Have you not added any dressings?

Suzie: Dressings? Why would I add a dress? It's not ration fashion!

Penny: I do know my own show, thank you!

Aggie: Now, now ladies! Let's dig into this victorious garden salad! TROWEL! NOW!

Commented [A(6): ** fart noise

(Penny smashes her face into the salad over the top theatrical! Aggie cautiously approaches the salad to try some.)

Penny: *(Wipes a leaf off her face, disgusted.)* Why does it taste so... How do I explain it... Tastes like... Like smelly shoes that have been left out in the rain!

Aggie: *(stage whisper)* No shocker there Pen! I'm pretty sure Suzie has dragged this lot out of her compost bin!

Penny: If only it were compost; I believe that would have been fresher!

Suzie: I am right here you know!

Aggie: Ah yes, we do apologise! So what is this Jeremy?

Jeremy: Spam.

Aggie: And this?

Jeremy: Old Spam

Penny: I told you about that spam Ag! It's so old I think it might have seen the first world war!

Aggie: Indeed, it very may well have! Anywho let's ask the boys and girls who they think should win this round?

Penny: If you think Brucey's... pie is the best give us a big cheer!

(Children cheer or boo.)

Aggie: And if you think Suzie's garden - I mean salad! - was the best give us a big cheer!

(Children cheer or boo.)

Penny: Well that's your answer folks!

Aggie: [___] is the winner! Here's your prize: a can of old spam!

BORDER CONTROL

Raegan: During the war, France was occupied by the German regime. Many people tried to get in and out of the country illegally, including spies for Britain. They often used false identities and disguises to slip past border guards unnoticed and make their way back to safety.

At the border checkpoint, a German officer is checking people's credentials. First person is pretending to be a nurse, is actually smuggling gold.

GUARD

HALT! Identification card please.

Nurse pulls out ID card and shows the Guard.

NURSE

Is that all? Am I free to go?

GUARD

Wait! Wait! What do you have there?

NURSE/SPY

Nothing! Nothing at all, just my dirty underwear!

GUARD

Underwear? How unusual...do you mind if I inspect this "underwear"?

Opens suitcase and jewellery falls out.

GUARD

What was that?

Nurse/Spy

Nothing! Just some old junk I was meaning to get rid of.

Commented [A(7)]: **background ambience

Commented [A(8)]: **clash/clutter noise

GUARD ignores the suspicious jewellery scattered on the floor.

GUARD

Where is said underwear? All I see is a sheet!

Pulls out massive bloomers in a long party trick style.

NURSE

Don't just pull those out in the open like this! It's personal you know!

GUARD

These briefs are an abomination! These would be too dangerous for the country. You will leave these with me!

NURSE

They cost me ration cards! Could I at least take my jewellery with me?

GUARD

Alright then go crazy! Go through! NEXT!

NURSE takes the suspicious jewellery and runs through, leaving the briefs with the GUARD.

Woman with pram huddles forward, aggressively trying to push past the GUARD.

GUARD

HALT! MADAM? STOP!

GUARD stops right in front of the woman.

MOTHER

YOU ARE BLOCKING MY WAY BOY!

The GUARD uses the huge briefs he is still holding to block the woman from proceeding forward.

MOTHER

WHAT IN ALL OF CREATION IS THAT?

GUARD

BRIEFS! SUPERSTRETCHY A REAL CATCHER! Now... Will you please show me your identification card?

MOTHER

I'm just an innocent mother with a tiny baby. What more could you possibly need to know?

GUARD

ID please... *(Mother flicks through multiple IDs and hands one over)*. Ah, good morning.. Mr Thompson?

MOTHER

Whoops! *(Mother applies moustache and deepens voice)*. Good morning!

Commented [A(9): ** Rizz noise

GUARD

Where did the Mustache come from? Madam?

MOTHER

How dare you suggest I am a madam! I am the beefiest and strongest man there is!

GUARD

In a dress? And a bold red lip?

MOTHER

YES! YES OF COURSE! ALL the beefiest wear a bold red lip!

The woman hands him a red lip stick.

GUARD

You...inspire me! Please go through Madam, I mean, Sir!

The "mother" tuts at the officer.

GUARD (CONT'D)

NEXT!

A large, beefy looking baguette appears vertically upright, with legs waddling out.

Commented [A(10): ** waddle

BAGUETTE

Good morning, how are you dough-ing today?

GUARD

Oh you! We have been expecting you from a list read by one of our agents! How are you?

BAGUETTE

I'd say I'm well baked and well timed.

Commented [A(11): ** ping

GUARD

I'm doing the border today, first time, eh?

BAGUETTE

If someone finds out you've let in spies, you're toast!

GUARD

Tell me about it! I don't want to get fried by the first in command!

BAGUETTE

Even if you did, you'd get battered.

GUARD

Oh, don't make me feel worse, I'm already steaming!

BAGUETTE

Hey, I'm not trying to be sour to you dough. I've come to be a good breadwinner to my family! You guys give good opportunities.

GUARD

Well it's good you've come to us, it's the yeast we could do! You need your money.

BAGUETTE

Oui oui, the dough is so important to open my own bakery, no?

GUARD

You'll rise perfectly! Now go, go!

BAGUETTE

Thank you, fellow *breadth*ren.

Commented [A(12)]: ** waddle

Women at work

Raegan: In order to have enough people to fight, conscription was introduced. This was when healthy men of a certain age were made to join one of the armed forces. In 1941, conscription for women was also introduced. Unmarried women between twenty and thirty years old had to work for the war effort.

Commented [A(13)]: ** ambience - type writer & office noises**

(Women stand behind one another in a line, waiting for the job assigner to give each of them a job. The job assigner comes off the phone and clicks fingers to signal the first woman forward.)

Job Assigner: Now that all the men have gone to fight, we're in a bit of a pickle. We need your labour to keep the country running!

Handy Harriet: Greetings, I have come here for a job!

Job Assigner: I hope you have; it is a job centre after all...what else would you come here for? Well, you seem handy enough – I'm putting you in the WRENS. *(She shakes her head dismissively and writes the job on a piece of paper.)*

Handy Harriet: The Women's Royal Naval Service? My mum was a WREN in the First World War. What will I do?

JA: You'll be working in the Navy, obviously... *(looks at Harriet, who is covered in grease and wearing overalls)*. Something mechanical. You've got that look about you.

Harriet: Ooh! Will I meet anyone important?

Job Assigner: *(Hands paper to Harriet.)* You already have - me! Now get in line! NEXT!

Commented [A(14)]: ** wooden hamer knock X3

Poshface Priscilla: Hello, I'm here for one of those job things the papers mention...

Job Assigner: *(Sighs.)* A job? Right... *(Writes on paper.)*

Poshface Priscilla: Don't you want to take my name? Information about me?

Job Assigner: Not really, but from the sight...you're a right snob. From the richer side of these parts?

Poshface Priscilla: A snob? What is a snob? And yes, I am, you seem rather too poor to even understand my side...

Job Assigner: Goodness, not very down **to** earth are you... *(She looks her up and down.)*
I know... You can be down **with** the earth! *(Hands her a paper that says LAND ARMY in big letters.)*

Poshface Priscilla: Land Army? What is that?

Job Assigner: We need people to take up the jobs of our fine farmers now overseas. We have crops in the fields ready to be grown. We have animal poo to be cleaned up. I hope you like the feeling of dirt under your nails, since that's your life now! Suits you love!
(She folds her arms.)

Poshface Priscilla: WHAT? IM TELLING MY FATHER ABOUT THIS!!

Commented [A(15)]: ** cat fight

Job Assigner: He's too far away right now love. Besides, don't you want the extra rations? NOW WHO'S NEXT?

Commented [A(16)]: ** wooden hammer knock X3

(Poshface Priscilla storms off.)

(A timid young woman steps forward by only a step, clearly intimidated by the job assigner.)

Job Assigner: For goodness' sake! Step forward woman! I don't bite! I'm not allowed to anymore!

Timid Therese: Y-Yes ma'am!

Job Assigner: Now straighten up woman! You are not a sack of potatoes from ration chef! Do you not want a job?

Timid Therese: *(Nods.)* Yes ma'am!

Job Assigner: Right... *(She looks down and begins to write a job on a piece of paper.)*
You're awfully quiet... How will you communicate well with other women?

Timid Therese: *(She nervously looks at the floor.)* I don't usually...I just read.

Job Assigner: *(She raises her brows.)* Well... I suppose you're more adaptable than posh face over there... *(She hands her the written paper.)*

(Therese takes the paper very slowly.)

Timid Therese: You... you think I could be a code breaker? Isn't that for smart people?

Job Assigner: You seem smart enough, now get on with it!

Timid Therese: No-one's ever called me smart. Thank you.

Job Assigner: HURRY UP! Do you have the horsepower of a snail? Goodness me!

Timid Therese: Sorry ma'am! *(The paper is shaking, it's clear she is intimidated hardcore.)*

Job Assigner: Go to the line and stop that rigid movement... *(she sighs)* NEXT!

Commented [A(17)]: ** wooden hammer knock X3

Angry Anne: Who are you yelling at?!

Job Assigner: You, now step forward! Let's get a look at you. *(After looking, she writes a job on a piece of paper.)*

Angry Anne: Just so you know, you better give me a decent job or I'm filing a personal complaint!

Job Assigner: Well, with that attitude, you shouldn't fly a plane OR drive a car. Let's put you... in the munitions factory. With your *explosive personality*, it's a great match!

Angry Anne: I hope you go bald!

Job Assigner: *(Looks up and hands paper to Anne.)* That's fine, I'm still the boss around here! NOW GET IN LINE!

(The women are all stood in line with their job labels attached, the Job assigner stands in front of them, staring them down.)

Job Assigner: This is no easy task, this is no domestic task, this is our home, this is our work! You will represent your community in all its greatness! Putting the work of your hands in our lands! Moulding a future, while the men fight for ours! I WILL NOT HAVE COWARDS! I WILL HAVE STRONG WOMEN, GOOD FIGHTERS AND DIRTY HANDS! LET EVERY HAND BE USED! LET EVERY DROP OF SWEAT FUEL OUR CAUSE! WE WILL BE A MOVEMENT SO GREAT THAT THE WORLD WILL QUAKE BEFORE US! FORGET THE LIVES YOU ONCE KNEW AND EMBRACE A BRIGHTER FUTURE! BRING GLORY TO THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD!

Commented [A(18)]: ** start patriotic music as polly stands up

(Job Assigner stands and signals for them to salute.)

Job Assigner: NOW, MARCH AND SHOW YOUR SISTERS THAT YOU CARE FOR THEM! THAT YOU WOULD RISK YOUR BEST DRESSES FOR THEM!

(The women march to the back of the stage forming another line, they begin to dance, the job assigner stands at the front and whips her hat off sassily, revealing a long, luscious locks.)

Commented [A(19)]: ** transition to dance music

Job Assigner: NOW! show me what victory looks like!

(The women walk in twos either side to form a victory V shape, performing more girl boss moves.)

Hospital Scene

Raegan: Both soldiers and civilians were affected by the destruction of the war. Nurses and doctors had to deal with over-flowing hospitals and shortages of medicines. They coped with difficult circumstances with humour and friendship.

Commented [A(20): ** start hospital ambience

(Opening on a small and crowded hospital ward.)

Nancy: Have you seen the patient in bed three?

Elizabeth: Absolutely atrocious, what a shame.

Nancy: Apparently, he was the Lord of a great house and now look at him.

Elizabeth: Ever since the start of this war there's been nothing but gore. Overflowing toilets, rancid bedpans, gangrene, young men blown up... and children scattered across the whole country.

Nancy: I've learnt so much whilst doing this job, but at least the war is nearly over now and the worst is done.

Elizabeth: I so miss my dear husband Philip, I'm eager for him to get home where he belongs.

Nancy: I hate to be a downer, but what will happen to our jobs, when the men get home? Will we just go back to the way things were? As if nothing has changed at all! Am I supposed to just go back to being the perfect housewife!

(Pause.)

Nancy: It's so sad what happened to our Jerry, he fought so hard in the war!

(The nurses walk over to a pair of patients conversing. The nurses have a conversation between themselves whilst the audience's attention is turned to the patients talking about the NHS.)

Jerry: I still can't get used to the fact that my arm is gone, I swear it still feels like it's there sometimes.

Thomas: Well you still have your good looks, I've never been a looker and now this!

(Silence.)

Jerry: Well at least it didn't cost you an arm and a leg, I'm still waiting for the white paper bill to pass!

Thomas: Ah yes, the National Health Service! It can't come quick enough!

(Nurses enter the conversation.)

Nurse: Sorry to interrupt your conversation lads but I need to give our Jerry his penicillin, do please excuse us.

(Nurse wheels Jerry to centre stage. Other nurses bring 'privacy sheets' around Jerry so only the audience can see.)

Commented [A(21)]: **wheelchair noises

Nurse: Okay, bottoms up Jerry, this will only hurt a little bit! *(Looks at the audience, winks, puts finger over lips, plays on it.)*

(Jerry does not see the big over the top syringe, only the kids do. Depends on children's reactions as what happens next: if there is no reaction, Jerry will ask the kids if he's okay and if the syringe is big!)

(Another nurse to bring the big syringe in and play with the audience.)

Jerry: Ahhhhhhh my toosh!

Commented [A(22)]: ** fart

(Attention goes back to Thomas with his nurse and his burns who is unwrapping his bandages to clean his wounds and re-bandage them.)

Thomas: Tell me the truth now nurse how bad is it? What does it look like?

Nurse (Rose): It's not the worst I've seen *(unconvincingly)*. You'll live and that's what matters the most!

Thomas: Will I be able to play the piano?

Nurse: I should think so.

Thomas: Oh good, because I couldn't play it before!

(Nurses return to nurses' station to talk and have a break.)

Nancy: What a day! I'm exhausted I'm glad that we get to go home at the end of the day unlike the many lads stuck in this 'lovely establishment' *(sarcastic)*. I bet no one gets a wink of sleep around here. Especially that one over there!

Elizabeth: What, Trench Foot Terry? Poor lad's foot nearly fell off!!

Nancy: Oh gosh that is disgusting!

Elizabeth: What, the trench foot? It's actually very treatable.

Nancy: No, Terrance! Awful name!

(Beat.)

Nancy: Will you be listening to Churchill's announcement later?

Elizabeth: Of course. Gosh, I feel sorry for those Germans having to look at Hitler. That mustache is a horrible history in itself.

Nancy: Who on earth told him that that type of facial hair was in style!

Commented [A(23): ** boom

Elizabeth: I know right so 1910s,1920s!

Nancy: Anywho, must dash off - I need to see Handy Harriet, a shelf fell on my head before work, gods forbid.

Commented [A(24): ** boom

(Ethel enters, clearly frazzled.)

Ethel: Elizabeth darling! Terrible news!

Elizabeth: Oh dear, what's happened now?

Ethel: We've missed the last bus home!

Elizabeth: Oh fiddlesticks! We're going to miss Churchill's announcement!

Ethel: Come on girls, we will have to dash if we expect to make it on time!

End scene.

Party Scene

Narrator: On the 2nd of May the Germans surrendered to the Allied troops. After losing their leader their goals become unclear in their movement in the war. The unclear direction the Germans to surrender to the Russians after days of continued fighting.

Commented [A(25): ** party ambience (music & fire crackle)

Betty: Have you heard the news?

Ethel: No, do tell what has happened?

Betty: Hansen lane has recently been rebuilt after the terrible bombing a while back...

Ethel: Oh finally! I can get to work on time

Elizabeth: Oh... don't even mention work, the hospital has been too busy for my liking.

Mary: Never mind work! Have you ladies heard about the party they're planning?

Nancy: *(She grabs the bottle of alcohol.)* Erm...what party?

Mary: A party to celebrate the end of the war.

Ruth: Oh, yes, our troops are almost in Berlin. It'll be any day now.

Judith: Does this mean when all the men return, we will be paid less? Or worse, lose what we've earned?

Betty: Oh, don't talk nonsense, I've missed my Jeremy so much! Life has been tough without him.

Mary: I agree Betty, I can finally get married now. But I do like working too, having a bit of money for myself.

Ruth: And that's exactly why I don't want mine coming back.

Elizabeth: I do like the freedom of having shillings in my pockets, I can buy all the tasty frocks from that Ration Fashion programme.

Ethel: OH, don't even get me started with that!

Nancy: Mary, how's the wedding arrangement going?

Mary: I have thought about it and tried to plan it, but the bills start piling up everywhere.

Ethel: So, you don't have your dress yet? Have you considered the princess parachute design?

Mary: I don't even have coupons for a jumper; you think I have coupons for a dress?

Ethel: Not a normal dress, a **parachute** dress, darling. You can make one yourself with all the spare fabric from parachutes. I know Margaret down the road has some.

Judith: We can help if you need, we all sew darling.

Mary: Really? You really would? Oh, thank you so much, you're a gem! Now me and Geoff still need to find a new venue since the church was bombed.

Elizabeth: They still haven't rebuilt it? What a shame.

Ruth: Have you decided your wedding music?

Mary: Not yet, I want to wait until Geoff has returned. We're going to get married on the day the war officially ends.

(Mary stands centre stage, other cast move staging out of the way then come on with fabric to make a parachute dress. Churchill's speech plays while they doll her up.)

Commented [A26]: ** start churchills speech.

(Geoff arrives in uniform. Mary leads a wedding procession around/down the aisle of the school hall while music plays. When she comes back to the stage she does a bouquet toss, bridesmaids fight over the flowers. All cast then form a line with Mary in the middle.)

Judith: Victory in Europe Day is celebrated on the 8th May every year.

Commented [A(27)]: **jazzy/hopeful music

Ruth: Millions of people came together to celebrate the day, with street parties, dancing and singing.

Elizabeth: In New York, 250,000 people came together to celebrate the end of the war.

Betty: For many people, VE Day was a time for remembering those they had lost, as well as celebrating the end of the war.

Nancy: Although VE Day was the end of the war in Europe, peace wouldn't be fully declared until August 1945, when Japan surrendered.

Ethel: In the three months following VE Day, over three million soldiers were discharged from the army.