



Carnlough - An Inside Story Script

HERITAGE HUB – MAUREEN WADDELL

Everybody, everybody, attention please. I see a few friendly faces here today. I'm just going to introduce myself. My name is Ms Maureen Waddell. For the purposes of today you can call me Ms Waddell.

We all know what we're here for. Lady Londonderry is arriving tomorrow. We need to get organised, to put on a good show. There's just so much to do. There's the cloth to drape over the windows, the flowers and evergreens on the walls and ceiling, never mind making sure the flags and banners are artfully displayed. And we've got to get those flags up on the front of the building, across the railway bridge and along the pier. We will have Lord Adolphus there, Mr McNaughton, our wonderful agent Mr Wilson and her honourable Lady Susan Vane Tempest. James McVicker is sorting out the food, he should be here soon. There's to be 255 tenants coming to the second tenant's dinner.

Audience have bags of veg under their seats. All the veg are small apart from one bag which has a very large bunch of carrots.

Now. The vegetable display. I know you are excited to show everyone your veg. Can everyone bring out your potatoes, your turnips and your carrots from under your seats. Now I know you are excited and want to show everyone your vegetables, but we are going to do this one at a time. Ooooh. You've always had a good carrot. I hope you are not reserving your best vegetables for the competition. The display is just as important. We are going to do Lady Londonderry proud. Yes, we are. Now we know what happened in Donegal, the savages. Ungrateful hallions, complaining about the rent. Well we are better than that, we know our manners, we are hardy, yet refined.

Now let me see your bows and curtsies [teaches bows and curtsies]. Ladies, curtsies first. I did ask you to practice for the past week, but I see some of you just haven't bothered. So, I'm going to walk it through one more time and I expect to see much better behaviour when we are in the harbour tomorrow. So, with your forefinger and thumb, lift your skirt delicately, kick your right foot behind your left foot and lower your eyes down. Now, Gentlemen, I want to see your bows.

Now we are going to practice the hymn that we will be greeting Lady Londonderry with. Everyone knows the hymn, yes. *Sing - All things bright and beautiful, all creatures... Creatures!* Mr Wilson is checking the houses today. I know some of you may have a problem with him, but now is not the time, I need you to be vigilant. There cannot be a goat, a pig or any animal inside the house. If you see a pig or a goat passing the threshold, you make sure you let me, or my husband, know. Lady Londonderry has said no animals shall dwell within the home. You don't see the English keeping animals in the house. No, you don't. Not in the house, keep them outside the house, as far away from the house as possible. She is only looking after us. I think we're her favourites. As she said last year 'Your attachment to me from my childhood, and the clanship which existed between our forefathers, creates a bond of union between us stronger than the common relationship of landlord and tenant.' That would bring a tear to your eye. Now let's practise our hymn that we will greet our Lady with tomorrow and use our voices to praise the Lord. That Lord, not that Lord, well both Lords.



Starts singing *All Things Bright and Beautiful*, hymn sheet in cardboard folder, note in charcoal scribbled - 'You need to get rid of her. Tell her Mr Wilson is outside.'

Actor leaves before the audience and heads to Cut & Curls for next scene.

Another note on the hymn sheet instructs the audience to go outside and downstairs to the Clocktower.

CLOCKTOWER SFX of clock cogs - Team see note on rope 'Pull Me' - another note lowered from above written in charcoal on brown paper bag - 'Too dangerous here. Meet me at my house.' Includes directions to Cut & Curl.

CUT & CURL – THE MCVEENE'S HOUSE

SFX - pig sounds

[Door Opens] - Granda - speaks in Irish (hanky over a white wig and a big nose w/ beard) *Cad e. Cé tusa. Cén fáth a bhfuil tú anseo. céim siar. Le do thoil. Slan.*

[Door Closes and Opens] - Lanky (different cap, brown hair - standing on a stool) - actor mumbles and then closes door.

[Door Closes and Opens] - Sarah (mob cap, long hair - tied back) *Who are you looking for?... Ba mhaith leo mo mhamai*

[Door Closes and Opens] - Sniffly Tim - takes them to Jimmy's store. You've got to do what I tell ya. My mummy told me not to tell you anything unless you do what you're told, so you have to follow me, and I'll take ya to my mummy. But I'm not telling you where she is in case you tell Mr Wilson because she's been juking him all day. Follow me.

Actor leads audience across the road to Jimmy's store.

JIMMY'S STORE – MAGGIE MCVEENE

I'm going to go in and get my mummy. You have to stay here and mind them horses, stay in, I'm keeping an eye on you.

[Timmy goes in] Mummy!

Shut up! Keep your voice down! [*Maggie comes out and gets the audience inside*]. Well the kelp's been smiling at you today for you're very smart. Right get in get in! Can you all hear me? Right, we are here because we are meeting her Ladyship off the boat tomorrow and we are going to tell her she needs to forget the arrears and she needs to cut the rent, because it's been too many years and we've not enough to eat. Are you with me?

[*Inside on wall drawn in chalk – plan of tenant's dinner tables, key characters. Darkness except for battery tea lights/candles*]

How did you get on with yer doll Waddell? She's a carnaptious biddy, isn't she? Did Wilson see ya? I've been jukin' him all day. We need to get this plan sorted while our Mick is up on brake duty at the quarry. Settle everybody, we need to remember what we're doing this for. We wouldn't be going through this if we had Lanktree. They got rid of him and now we're stuck with Wilson. All he cares about is the money. How can we pay back the arrears when we can't afford today's rent. Working our fingers to the bone and all we get is rules and regulations. Tellin' us how to run our own homes, and we pay them for the privilege. They think they can ignore our voices. Well we will shout louder than everybody else. She needs to cancel the arrears and lower the rent, or she'll never see a penny more from any of us. Let's get down to the plan.



SFX - banging on the door and sound of Mr Wilson's voice "Maggie are you in there?"

[nach é an pleota é] That would go through ye. Whisht! Quiet! Not a sound Okay. I think he's gone on now Right now. Back to business. We all know McVicker is in charge of the dinner. And we all know he is nothing but a drunkard. John Thompson is speaking for the tenants. Lord Adolphus is going to introduce him. You men will already be in there, so don't lose your bottle. Yous ins will hide amongst the 'women' bringing in the food. They aren't going to expect us. Only problem is that McVicker knows me too well. But we'll sort him out. Right, you're to gag Wilson. You two are on Adolphus, for he's a big yin. And a bag over McNaughton's head, that'll be the only thing that shuts him up. Shorty! Here! You're goin' to have tied the ankles under the big table, and don't worry about yer woman Susan, our Sarah is goin' to take her out with a ladle. And then I'll say my piece. Now our Mick'll go mad. You'll need to remember, he's got a good heart now, but he's blinded by duty. You're gonna have to get me where we're goin' next without anybody seein' us. Keep an eye out for Wilson. And I've an idea for sortin' McVicker out. Keep me hid well boys. 'Mon, together now. You're going to follow me.

Actor leads the audience around to the harbour, sneaking close to the pier wall.

Right, we're going to go to the harbour wall, where there will be further instructions, are you ready? Come on.

Game where audience run from the back of the group to front and make the sound of a seagull.

HARBOUR – MAGGIE MCVEENE

SFX - Mr Wilson's voice "Illicit distillation has also been attempted but from the watchfulness of the Police. I believe a stop has been put to it. Nothing tends so much to demoralise a district at the permission of such practices with impunity... Maggie McVeene is that you?"

Maggie: Ok. Let's get this done. Herself will be coming in on the boat soon, and the fishing boats after that. Right see that boy there, that's Davy the smuggler. Make sure he doesn't see what's going on. Right you, there's a door on the right-hand side. That's where they keep the drink. I need ya to get some. One whiff of that and McVicker won't know me from Adam.

SFX - a loud commotion of breaks, explosion and crash etc.

There's the whistle, that's to let us know the explosives are about to go off at the quarry.... That's the explosives going off at the quarry... Hold on, that's not meant to happen. I need to see what's going on here, look I'll get a message to you, but I need you to go to that store and get the bottle and I'll meet you in a wee while.

Actor walks away from the audience, up the harbour steps and changes into the Foreman.

DAVY'S STORE

Audience steal hip flask to spike McVicker's drink at the Londonderry Arms.

FOREMAN – WORKS FOR MR WILSON

Right you lot I need you through this gate. There's been an accident, all trucks are stopped! You lot! You have to help me get the coal to the kiln. The lime will be ruined. That stupid brakeman has put our necks on the line, not payin' attention. We will pay for his mistake. Move those bags! Shift it! Quicker! Get up that line!



Audience wheel the carts taking the coal to the quarry. They follow a white chalk path to the Railway Bridge.

THE KILN – MAGGIE MCVEENE

FX - white smoke grenade - Maggie McVeene walks towards the audience through white smoke. Husband (Mick McVeene) has been fatally injured in an accident at the quarry.

He's gone. He's gone. It's my Mick. He's gone. He sacrificed himself to save everyone else. Don't you let anyone else tell you different. He would have done anything for anyone. That's my Mick. I'm left with no husband. The children no father ... I need to go and find Wilson. Swallow my pride and ask him to help us or we'll end up in the workhouse. I can't go through with the plan. Do you understand? I'm sorry. But I still need you to speak up, remember if you see something that's not right or someone not being treated well, you still have your voice. I just can't raise mine today. I'm proud of you, look after each other. Take Care.

THE END

© Big Telly Theatre Company, 2019



Shaped by Industry - Shared with Pride

Carnlough: An Inside Story Audience Fact Sheet

The story you have just been part of is based on historical fact, combined with a healthy dose of creative imagination.

Frances Anne Vane, 3rd Marchioness of Londonderry, inherited a 10,000-acre estate in County Antrim in 1834. It is thanks to her that the Carnlough limestone quarry, kilns, railway and harbour were developed, as well as the Town Hall and the Londonderry Arms Hotel.

Over just 15 years, Carnlough was transformed from a quiet fishing village to a busy industrial hub. Limestone was a valuable commodity in Lady Londonderry's vast business, which also included coalmines at Seaham in Durham.

Lady Londonderry encouraged her tenants to educate their children and awarded prizes for the best crops and best-kept farms. She wanted pigsties to be built so the animals wouldn't be kept in the house. She donated clothes, blankets, food and seeds in times of need. But she was also a shrewd businesswoman and a demanding employer, known for her caustic tongue.

Her first agent in Carnlough, John Lanktree, witnessed the devastating impact of the Famine. He was dismissed after Lady Londonderry grew impatient with his demands for leniency on rents. She was much happier with his successor, Richard Wilson.

In 1854, on Lady Londonderry's first visit since her husband's death, she was welcomed at the harbour by a large deputation of tenants, led by Rev Waddell. Waddell's wife was involved in the Glencloy Relief Committee set up by Lady Londonderry during the Famine.

Every September, Lady Londonderry would host a Tenant's Dinner in Carnlough Town Hall. On that day the harbour and railway arches were decorated with flags and the Town Hall with branches, flowers, vegetables and banners. Up to 300 people sat down to dinner, including male tenants representing each townland on the estate. Lady Londonderry's son, Lord Adolphus would chair, his wife Susan would also attend, as well as other local landowners and dignitaries, such as Edward Macnaghten.

The first dinner was catered by James McVicker, landlord of the Londonderry Arms Hotel. He was celebrated in song and verse for his superior liquor and seems to have enjoyed it greatly himself.

In July 1855 a man of the surname McVeene died tragically in an accident on the limestone railway. We don't know what happened afterwards, but if Lady Londonderry was not inclined to help his family they may have ended up in the Workhouse.



Glenarm – An Inside Story Script

Auctioneer's welcome.

Sale of 5 lots.

Exclusive gated community.

Selling the stories alongside the land.

Interruption... Auctioneer asked to move his car. Audience told the auctioneer (Ivan T Buyitt) is planning to sell off the land and the stories and that we cannot let that happen. Audience must work together and bid for each lot.

Auctioneer returns. Auction begins.

Lot 1 – The Cloney – The Shore Thieves late 1800s.

Lot 2 – The Harbour and Ailsa Craig – Industrial Heritage, mining and Olympic curling stone.

Lot 3 – The Whiting Mill – Industrial Heritage.

Lot 4 – Madman's Window – Story of man driven mad waiting for his lost love to return. HMS Thrush which was wrecked of Glenarm in 1917.

Lot 5 – Ballygally – Marina Jane story.

Auctioneer exits. Audience are on a mission to follow him and must find out what he is up to.

Eavesdrop on Ivan T Buyitt's phonecall. He needs the Bridge End Tavern. Cholera outbreak 1800s, Protest meetings 1960s.

Time Travel training.

Time Travel back to a protest meeting in 1967. Enter through back door of Bridge End Tavern.

SFX - Smoke Grenade

Protest Meeting at The Bridge Tavern 1967

Robert Moore: Come on in. Quick now. Yes, Jimmy I know you've got a poem. You'll get your chance later. We've a lot to get through. We're here to discuss...

Mrs Legg: (interrupting) yes to talk about this. It's not good enough, there's been a drop-in business with this road closure. People in authority not getting their finger out. These signs, warning of road closures are putting my customers off.

Robert Moore: This is not true now Mrs Legg.

Council Official: I can absolutely back that up.

Farmer: I would like to make a point. What was your man Bald playing at? That's what designing it after sea creatures does for you. Sure, he didn't even study engineering. He was a cowboy. Too busy having weans. 14 of them.

Mrs Legg: I'm going to make my own sign, cover up that council one.

Robert Moore: You can't cover up the council signs.

Council Official: I can absolutely back that up.

Farmer: We need those boys from the Alps to build a new road.

Mrs Legg: Yes, I'm definitely making my own sign. Jimmy has a poem to read.

Joe: I'm only expecting half of my tourist income. I'm going to be left with all those fancy goods.

Garage: I don't think the road will be open again until end of summer, we're going to miss tourist season.

Trade Union: Look I suggest that the army come in and build a floating bridge around the landslide site so that the road can still be used while the new section is being built.

Farmer 2: That diversion involves a long and dangerous uphill struggle for my cattle lorry on market days.



Farmer: I'm telling you we need to get those boys in from the Alps.
Miss Positive: Can I suggest that the council remove the danger road closed signs and replace them with special scenic route ones instead, to put a positive spin on the diversion.
Robert Moore: That's an interesting suggestion. Yes Jimmy. I know, your poem.
Farmer 2: That's not going to get the cows up the hill any quicker.
Farmer: I'm telling you, bring in the boys from the Alps.
Farmer 2: I'm sick of listening to you.
Council Official: I can absolutely back that up.
Farmer 2: What are you saying to me?
Council Official: Sir I'm going to have to ask you to sit down.
Farmer 2: (Annoyed walking away)
Tour Operator: Look I don't know why everyone's getting so het up. None of us tour operators are not a bit bothered. There's nearly 30 miles of coast road, a few miles less are neither here nor there...especially as the diversion is attractive in itself.
Gossip: What do you know, was it not one of your ones that burnt down the castle.
Robert Moore: I hardly think that's relevant.
Gossip: One of his lot kept the fire lit to keep her bald parrot warm.
Tour Operator: That was a long time ago.
Gossip: Burnt down the castle, nearly burnt the town.
Robert Moore: Like I said that's hardly relevant.
Gossip: It still happened though... 1929.
Farmer: I'm telling you, bring in the boys from the Alps.
Miss Positive: Maybe it was an act of God.
Farmer: Aye maybe it was an act of stupidity. Those boys from the Alps aren't stupid. I say we get them.
Mrs Legg: The weans can't get to school and if any of you were to take a heart attack right now, good luck to you getting to the hospital. You need to build a new road.
Jimmy Kelly: You men who read will you take heed what Jimmy has to say,
You cannot stop the waves that roll along Glenarm bay.
What wall or fence that man can make the tide will soon destroy,
What will stop it on its course of whom will they employ?
Now their labour is not lost, their blasting and their boring,
That road of state, washed out of date, and now they're left deploring.
Almost half a million pounds was thrown about quite free,
To rumble at the bottom of an ever-restless sea.

Good counsel of them I did give, but that made little matter,
Willful men will go their way, defying wind and water.
And now they must retrace their steps to that road of days of yore,
That stood the pounding of the waves for a hundred years or more.
But hope is bright for us in that lesson they have learned,
They'll change their plan another way, those who are concerned.
Robert Thank you Jimmy. I'll take your concerns to the council and put to them that they consider building a new road.

Note passed to audience to exit the tavern and follow Ivan T Buyitt. Don't let him see you. Follow him to the Carriage Shed and enter.

The Night of the Big Wind (6th January 1839)

Jane: You're all in here, everyone's safe. This is a good place. Take shelter. Look what I've just found in the garden (holds up fish) Some people are saying this



is an act of God, and I know it's the date of the epiphany 'a time when the living felt the dead very close', but I know it's the little people.

I've been hiding in the soup kitchen. They built it because of the ash cloud and they'll maybe have to open it again after this. God knows what'll be left.

I've seen trees that have braved the boisterous blast of 140 winters torn down and falling. I've heard there's a factory chimney fallen on some poor critters in Ballymena, the tall chimney in Mr. Barnett's distillery in Carrickfergus is rocking and could fall yet. Seaweed in the hills, hay lines the riverbeds. The boats! Our vessels to Scotland? Our connection to the sea and a life beyond washed up... Oh my lord... I have just waved off the Diligence... a young family; the coast guard, his wife and young children sailing on to Donegal.

SFX – Banshee

Nein Roe!

But what of legends old she spoke. Of ghosts and fairy lore
Of country customs and the folk who lived along the shore
A dearest, up the shadowy stream. Born on the mountain's breath
Is heard by night the banshee scream. The tides of coming death
I don't think the Diligence is going to make it. God love that family.

The people that are building this road, they think they were in control of the elements but they're not... They're building it to keep an eye on us - the law... can't they see what they are doing? It's the building... the faeries. We didn't pay heed to the warnings and now they're in a great battle in the faerie realm. There is severe displeasure at the actions of humankind. We need to keep them on the land. Protectors of land, sea, and story.

Passes out the charms... sharing of faerie stories

A young girl was engaged to be married to a boy from Glenarm, but he deceived her, and went off to Scotland with another girl. She disappeared, the neighbours thought she had followed the boy to Scotland, but nobody knew for certain. She had been missing for years. One night, while her brother was taking a walk, he heard the voice of his sister say, 'Go home and fetch the dress I was to be married in, and come after us to Tieveboulia, and you'll see me.' When he got there, he saw a light on the slope of the hill next Glen Dun and made for it at once. He saw his sister and she told him not to eat or drink anything that night or else he too will be trapped there forever. That night they danced and sang, and he did not eat or drink anything. The next morning, he left and waved goodbye to his sister knowing that he would never see her again.

Storm passes... share your stories... Take care.... THE END



Shaped by Industry - Shared with Pride Glenarm: An Inside Story Audience Fact Sheet

The story you have just been part of is based on historical fact, combined with a healthy dose of creative imagination. It explores the impact of industrial development in Glenarm and seeks to celebrate local stories, playing with the notion that the heritage of a place can be privatised for economic gain.

The Antrim Coast Road is one of the most famous road trips in the world. It is the legacy of William Bald, a gifted and visionary engineer and cartographer.

The road was constructed between 1832 and 1842. Using cutting edge explosives techniques entire headlands were blasted and the rocks used to create the road along the shoreline. The geology of the Antrim coast presented several challenging obstacles, such as the banks of sliding blue clay at Clooney Point, north of Glenarm, and an extremely difficult section of limestone cliffs south of the village at Little Deer Park.

On the night of the 6th January 1839, a powerful storm swept over Ireland causing severe damage to property and several hundred deaths. Ulster bore some of the worst effects.

The Night of the Big Wind wrought such devastation that it became legendary. In an exciting and confident age, when nothing seemed impossible, a moment of primal chaos had exposed the fragility of human achievement. Many saw the storm as a visitation of God's wrath in response to human arrogance. Many others suspected that the fairies were to blame, and the storm was a sign that the 'Gentry' had left Ireland for good in displeasure at human behaviour.

In February 1967, another storm caused over two hundred tonnes of rubble to slip from the cliffs onto the Coast Road, completely blocking the road at Glenarm. It wasn't until June 1968 that the road was fully re-opened to traffic, but on Hallowe'en night (or Samhain in the Celtic pagan tradition) that same year, the new causeway was swept away in another storm.

The prolonged closure of the Coast Road caused significant problems for the people of Glenarm. In response, the Glenarm Improvements Committee was formed to lobby local government to make much needed changes benefitting the economic life of the village. Today, local residents continue that work, seeking new investment to transform former industrial sites and improve services for visitors to the area.

Before leaving the village, drop in to Glenarm Visitor Centre to find out more about local heritage and nature walks and event programming developed by their team of passionate staff and volunteers.



The Dining Car, Whitehead Railway Museum – An Inside Story Script

Waiters welcome everyone on board. Hand out menus. Take orders for starters.

FIRST TIMERS

Hello. Are you allowed to say hello?

Yes.

Hello.

You don't have to say hello to everyone. Stop embarrassing me.

I'm just nervous. This is not natural. If God had wanted us to travel at speed, he would've given us wings.

Calm down.

I've heard you can melt.

What do mean you can melt? Like a candle?

Yes. Exactly like a candle.

But you've no wick.

Grabs pillow.

What are you doing with that?

Keeping my uterus in.

Don't say uterus.

I'm keeping my bits in.

Why where're they going?

Apparently, at high speed, they can fly out. Through your knickers.

Don't say knickers.

Apparently, the motion can send you nuts.

Don't say nuts.

Once on a train, a burly sailor became incensed, flailing around in an erratic manner, trying to climb out the window, swearing and shouting, had to be bound to his seat.

Well that's sailors for you.

And the same thing happened to a Scottish aristocrat.

You know what the Scottish are like.

Apparently, he took all his clothes off. Until he was naked.

Don't say naked. You are showing me up this day. I don't want to hear another peep out of you until we get to Belfast.

SFX Train starts.

Actor goes mad running up and down the carriage.

What happened? Are you ok?

Well that's us. Now, I don't know what all the fuss was about. Come on. You are really embarrassing me this day.

CRASH OF THE DAY

Waiter hand out paper plates with newspaper articles about the 19th February 1910 Briggs Loop accident pasted onto them.

Story of the crash plays out in the carriage. Train carrying 30 passengers' crashes into a landslide at Briggs Loop.

Waiter puts everything back in its place.



LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

XXXXX censored text – actor sings song ‘Keep the Home Fires Burning’.

30/04/1916

Dear Mary,

My lady what a lot of news I could tell you, if only I was allowed. But we have got stricter orders still, about censorship now and so I must keep my mouth shut I suppose.

We are now stationed XXXXXXXXXX I want to let you know that I am well and got your letters and parcels at night, they were not broken or anything. I got them in the trenches which really lifted my spirits although I’m sad to say the rest of the boys are feeling XXXXXXXXXX.

I believe there is hot times in Ireland at the present, there must be something bad as the letters that are coming here are all censored. If some of the ones that are starting a war at home were out here and stood the hardships, we have done in the last five months. Believe me they would hide if they heard a war mentioned all the same, we can beat the Germans.

We’re moving this time next week rumour is we’re heading XXXXXXXXXX.

Yours Always,

James Henry

THE STATION ROBBERY

Midnight. The 6th February 1939.

FX chimes

**Thomas Stewart is locking up the booking office.
And then he cycles home.**

Actor cycling

He had worked there for 6 years without incident. But this night, 6th of February 1939 he was not alone. He was being followed by not one, not two but three unsavoury characters.

IMAGE three men in windows

Suddenly, he was set upon. They stole his keys, dragged him into a field and left him bound and gagged.

(Open door, actor gagged)

One stayed to guard the hostage

(Open door)

No funny business

(Close door)

Thomas was scared out of his wits.

(Open door)

(Actor gagged: I’m scared outta my wits)

(Close door)

And no wonder because that robber looked mean.

(Open door)

I’m scared too, I don’t like the dark.



(Close door)

An hour later, the other two came back.

(Open door) Robber 3: We're millionaires.

(Close door). **They got 132 pounds, 12 shillings, 11d.**

(Open door). Robber 2: and look what we got!

(Close door). **They were two watches for Jimmy's retirement do.**

(Open door) Robber 1: I hope we don't get caught.

(Close door). **And they never did.**

BALLYMENA SMUGGLER

Actor throws props in through train window.... Tobacco, whiskey, stockings, braces.....

He takes a seat in the carriage telling audience to hide the contraband.

Customs Officer boards the train asking if anyone has anything to declare.

Smuggler tries to exit through the rear door but is stopped by the Customs officer.

What is your name?

Stephen Fergus Coulter

Where are you from?

Ahoghill, Ballymena

What's your occupation?

Professional bookmaker

Where are you headed?

Belfast

Take your trousers off.

He removes trousers.

You have not paid tax on the extra pair of trousers. Come with me sir.

He is escorted from the train by the Customs Officer.

Waiter hands out the Dessert Menu and exits train.

THE ENTERTAINERS

Music starts – Andrew Rhubarb sticks his poster on the window.

Joanne Custard sticks her poster over Andrew Rhubarb's poster. Both enter the train.

Silent movie type scene plays out. Each holds up conversational cards. Ends with them both deciding to be a double act. They sing a duet 'You'll never get rid of me', Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr.

Both exit carriage at the end of the song.

WINTER EXCURSION

I've been everywhere since they build a train station outside my house... Portrush, Giant's Causeway.... This fella told me he built a three-storey villa in Whitehead to get a first-class rail ticket for life. I'm looking forward to this winter excursion. Lough Neagh has frozen over and people are ice skating on it.

*SFX - Snow machine and music starts (Bolero, Maurice Ravel). Actor skating outside the carriage. Actor joins in. Sign held up saying **The End**.*

Actor re-enters carriage, thanks everyone for coming and hands out the takeaway menus.

THE END.

© Big Telly Theatre Company, 2019



DINING CAR MENU

TO START

First Time On A Train
1864

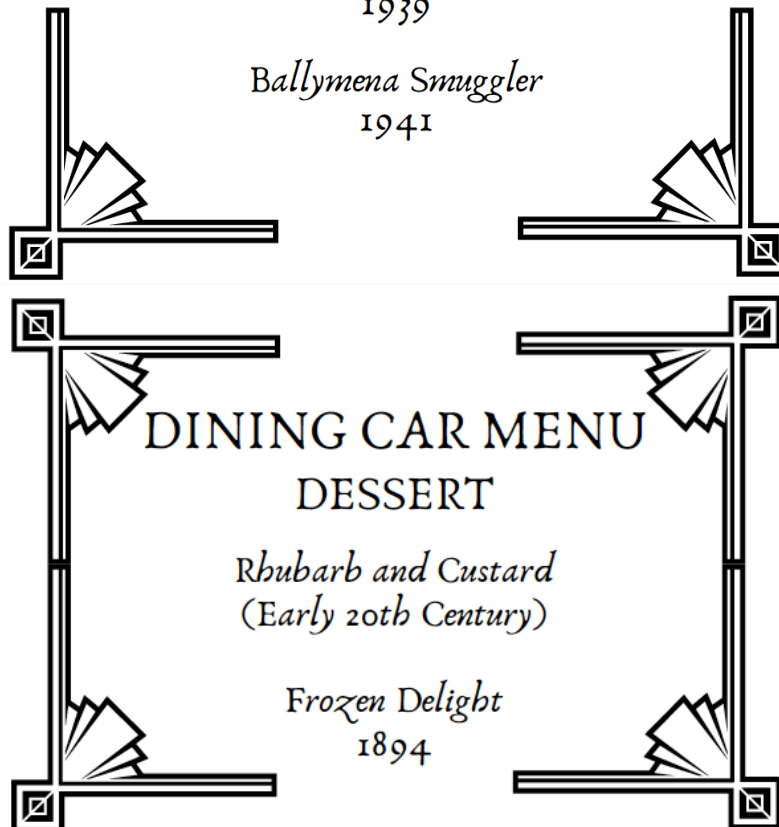
Crash of the Day
(ask your waiter)

Letters From The Front (censored)
1916

MAIN COURSE

The Station Robbery
1939

Ballymena Smuggler
1941



DINING CAR MENU

DESSERT

Rhubarb and Custard
(Early 20th Century)

Frozen Delight
1894



Whitehead Railway Museum: An Inside Story Audience Fact Sheet

Starters

First Time on a Train

Trains transformed Victorian industry and society, but their size, noise and speed could be extremely unsettling at first. From the 1860s reports began emerging of bizarre and socially unacceptable passenger behaviour. In one instance from 1864 a burly sailor became incensed, flailing around in an erratic manner, trying to climb out of the window, and swearing and shouting at other passengers. A superhuman strength gripped this aggressor and four people were required to restrain him. It was alleged normally sane minds could become unhinged as a result of the jarring motion of the train, and that this phenomenon was particularly prevalent in men.

Crash of the Day

On the night of 19th February 1910, the Larne express mail train was approaching Briggs Loop, between Carrickfergus and Whitehead, when suddenly a mud landslide fell onto the track. Travelling at about 50 miles per hour, the train had no time to stop. It ploughed into the landslide, covering the engine right up to the firebox. The four passenger coaches were derailed, three of them being flung over the embankment towards the sea, 12 feet below. The passengers were badly shaken, but thankfully there were no serious injuries or fatalities.

Letters from the Front

Letters exchanged to and from the front were the main form of communication and a vital boost to national morale during the First World War. The British Army Postal Service delivered around 2 billion letters during the war and it only took 2 or 3 days for a letter to reach the front. Receiving well wishes and gifts from family was one of the few comforts a soldier had letters helped sustain many a romance between young lovers. But letters were also strictly censored to prevent any damage to morale, both at home and at the front.

Main Courses

Station Robbery 1939

On the night of 6th February 1939, Station Clerk Thomas Stewart locked up the Booking Office and set off for home on his bicycle shortly after midnight. On the way, he was set upon by three men, who dragged him into a field, bound his legs and hands, blindfolded him and stole his keys to the office and safe. Two days of takings amounting to over £130 were taken from the safe. The culprits were never identified.

The Ballymena Smuggler 1948

The partition of Ireland in 1922 created opportunities for creative smuggling on the Belfast to Dublin train. In 1948 a Ballymena bookmaker was arrested on the train when he was found wearing two pairs of trousers, as well as silk stockings, tobacco, braces and socks hidden about his person.

Desserts

The railway introduced tourism to Whitehead on a grand scale, attracting up to 7,000 excursionists a day at the height of its popularity. The railway company built a promenade, bandstands and a swimming pool, as well as pathways, footbridges, bathing boxes and picnic sites. They even transported sand by goods train from Portrush to create a beach. They also organised firework displays, band concerts, puppet shows, Pierrots, bathing events and sailing regattas. A pavilion was created in the 1920s to host concerts, dances, roller-skating, badminton and boxing matches. When Lough Neagh froze for a period of six weeks during the severely cold winter of 1894, the railways ran skating specials and lit up Antrim Bay.



Flame Gasworks, Carrickfergus – An Inside Story

Intro from Gary the Estate Agent and his business partner Leslie.

Square footage and potential. I could see a theme park out there, something amazing, modern. Les, would you mind going up and checking on the room upstairs for us?

Yes. Wait until you see the room upstairs, there's books from when this place opened. It's fascinating.

Yeah. Fascinating why they would ever keep such a load of rubbish. It's crazy. There are a lot of books up there, but don't worry. We can get rid of those. We'll throw them in the bin before you come in don't worry about that. As I said, you've got to try and use your imagination for this place because it has a lot of potential, a lot of square footage. Think about taking these walls down. If you took down that shed, you get a sea view. Imagine that sir. A sea view, how much would you pay for that? Don't tell me now. Keep that bid for later. Okay. We're going to have a look upstairs.

Actor leads audience upstairs into the Board Room.

This building. It's almost like it's got a life of its own. It almost feels like it's out to get me. That's crazy though. The sooner it's down the better.

Time travel SFX

Robbery, 1894

At a special meeting of the company directors on 18th August 1894, it was minuted that the manager, Andrew Todd, had fled the country with the company funds. Just two months previously, he has been praised in an article in the Carrickfergus Tribute for being 'indefatigable in his exertions to give satisfaction alike to customers and directors.' No further details of what he took or what happened to him are documented!

***Board meeting called to order.* Thank you for joining me. No need to stand. Please take a seat at the table. Good to see you all. I have called you directors together tonight. I know it's slightly unorthodox. I know you're all busy people. This is an emergency meeting about recent events that you may have heard about. We have been betrayed by one of our own. Andrew Todd, the Manager, has absconded with a quite large amount of money. Now obviously we don't want this getting out.**

Mr Secretary, you could take notes for me.

I can't believe it. Can you believe it? I'm so angry. I can't sit down.

Mr. Bowman. we've just broken the news to them, so they are in a state of shock. Now we need to edit from the minutes of last meeting...highly unusual but of course we had suggested a plaque be put up about the strong work of Andrew Todd following the glowing article in the Carrick Tribute....obviously after recent events which can't be mentioned this is slightly embarrassing so I propose we strike it from the minutes.

The talk in the town is the stokers. They're grumbling, they're talking strikes. We can't let this get out.

The last thing we can do is afford to upset the stokers. It takes two years to train them.

They are paid five shillings for one shift.



If they start a strike, then the lamplighters would be next.

The reason that I brought us all here tonight is to try and divert attention away from all of this. That is why I brought our previous chairman Mr. Bowman here today. I suggest we distract from all of this bad feeling and all of these events by having a party. Next year is 40 years since we opened. I say we do an even bigger and better party than we did at the opening.

Oh, you remember the opening Terry? My goodness. We were young men. He might not remember because of all the free ale at the party. We looked up at those three beams of light on the building Terry with the crown in between. And what did you say to me Terry? Do you remember? It was so poetic. Tell me again...

Right, we are going to have a cooking demonstration....

Who will make the food in the gas oven?

If no one wants to then my wife has recently purchased a gas oven, and it has absolutely revolutionized her life. She could do the cooking demonstration.

We are important to this community. We will stay that way. We have half the town coming for the whooping cough cure tomorrow. We show the benefits of gas and therefore we sell more product and we show how important we are to the community and we keep all this electricity nonsense at bay.

Mr Bowman exits.

Apologies gentlemen and ladies of the board. I had thought bringing our previous chairman, Mr Bowman here to the meeting would speed things up and help us come to some sort of resolution. But however, I think we're onto it with this party idea. So, if anyone asks why you were here tonight, we can't let them know. So why were you all here tonight? Party. Yes, Karen, we were here for a party. We were here to discuss the 40th anniversary celebration. So, if anyone asks, that was why we can't let this get out. Okay, good. All in favour of the party say 'I'. Very well, meeting adjourned. Thank you so much folks. Feel free to stay there. Rest your feet. Destroy all of those meeting notes. We can't have those getting out.

Audience exit Board Room and make their way outside.

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming. I'm truly sorry for your loss. Please take an umbrella and we'll join the procession.

Audio recording...

Fatal accident, 1946

- One of the trimmers, Harry McAuley, was wheeling his barrow across the yard; the barrow held about one hundred weight of hot coke and had a cast iron front wheel.
 - Work was going on in the yard and heavy-duty electrical cables were in use; they had not been covered.
 - Harry ran his barrow over an electrical cable, and he was killed instantly.
 - This was the one and only fatal accident at the works during its entire history, and ironically was not related to the production of gas.
-



Stoker's strike, 1919

- The stokers were requesting a pay rise and though a more modest pay rise was agreed between the union and the directors, they refused to accept it and downed tools at 6am on 9th September 1919.
- Local carters supported the men and came out in support.
- A new settlement was made, and the men returned to work at 10pm on 12th September 1919.
- This was only the second, and the last time Carrickfergus was without gas.

Brothers! Pick up your placards. Pick them up. Raise them high. Pick up your placards. Raise them up high. Shout out your slogans. What have you got?

Shouting out of placards... Fair wages for a fair day's work... Skilled labour deserves higher wages... You can't break the strike... Fair Day's pay... Cut crooked Campbell's bonus... Stokers stand together on strike.

Brothers, members of the Stoker's union. Thank you for coming. Thanks also to the members of the local Carter's Union for their ongoing support. This great gathering that is here today signals to the people in charge, the bigwigs, the corporations that we will no longer stay silent. We make a reasonable request, three pounds a week. A living wage and their response of two pounds and 10 shillings was a slap in our faces. They give us what they want, and we will take it no longer. We work hard. Graft three eight hour shifts to keep the lights on in their factories and the heat in their houses. Well, we shall see how well they do without our blood, sweat, and tears. We will see how well they cope with the dark night without our lights to guide their way home, without our heat to heat their hearts. Stay strong brothers. We shall overcome. Tomorrow at 6am we make history. We take back control of our destiny. On the 9th of September 1919 we down tools. Who's with me? Who is with me?

Ladies and gentlemen roll up, roll up, this way. Put your hands together for the Housewives Challenge.

Improvised piece - Aprons on. Housewives present slippers to their husbands. Chores - washing, topping up the electric meter, ironing, cake judging competition.

Sam, Sam, has anyone seen Sam? The Manager, Sam Gault.

Whoa. What's going on?

I hid some money away in the old gas oven and now I can't find it. I don't know where I've put it.

Why would you hide money in an old gas oven?

Why not? I didn't want my Mrs to find it. I won the money from the horse racing.

How much was it?

£400.

No wonder you didn't want the Mrs to find out about it. Right, which one was it? These are the old ovens.



Oh, right. Uh Oh wait, uh. Oh, it's this one? No, that one.
Looks in all the old ovens. Finds the money.

I think you owe me £100 for the gas bill.

Both make a hasty exit.

Right there you are. Have you seen my brother? No. Listen, I've just been outside chatting. We can't sell. The auction is off. I've been chatting to Sam Gault. He was the last manager here. He was here from 1967 to 1987. He was the one who finally locked the doors on this place. But he is full of stories. It wasn't all laughs... He used to have to work on Christmas Day because everyone was using their ovens for Christmas dinner. He would have to come and stand by the meter to make sure that the pressure didn't get too high. Otherwise their houses would explode. He didn't get his dinner until five o'clock in the evening. I'm away on. See you all later. Thank you very much.

Estate Agent chatting on the phone.... bids/investors

Sorry for leaving you in here with all this old tat. We're going to do the proper auction now. Okay, so is everyone feeling ready? Somebody really needs to take a bulldozer to this place. It feels like this building is out to get me.

The auction is off I'm afraid. This is too important. We can't sell it. It's like this place is alive. It's just full of stories. It's full of history.

Nobody cares about history. They care about square footage and profits. The profitability.

I'll prove it to you. This place is full of stories, full of history, and the auction is off. Come on, this place is alive.

*Audience enter the retort room.
Soundscape, smoke from retorts.*

It's too important. The auction is off. Thank you for coming.

THE END.



Shaped by Industry - Shared with Pride

Flame Gasworks, Carrickfergus: An Inside Story Audience Fact Sheet

The story you have just been part of is based on historical fact, combined with a healthy dose of creative imagination. It celebrates the unique heritage of Carrickfergus Gasworks, which supplied light and warmth to the people of this town between 1855 and 1987.

In the last century it was believed that the hydrogen sulphide could cure whooping cough. Hydrogen sulphide happened to be one of the main by-products of the iron oxide purifying beds at every town gas works. Periodically, the iron oxide (known as bog ore) was shovelled out of the purifier beds and laid out in the yard to release some of the toxins it had captured. The gasworks manager would notify local families and children were brought in to inhale the noxious fumes.

At a special meeting of the company directors on 18th August 1894, it was minuted that the manager, Andrew Todd, had fled the country with the company funds. Just two months previously, he has been praised in the Carrickfergus Tribute for being 'indefatigable in his exertions to give satisfaction alike to customers and directors.' No further details of what he took or what happened to him are documented.

The stokers at Carrickfergus gas works downed tools at 6am on 9th September 1919 in protest against low wages. This was only the second, and last, time Carrickfergus was without gas. As you may imagine, it was of great importance to restore light and heat to the town as quickly as possible. A wage increase was agreed, and the men returned to work at 10pm on 12th September

In 1946, Harry McAuley was wheeling a full barrow of hot coke across the yard when he accidentally ran over an uncovered heavy-duty electric cable. The barrow had a cast iron wheel; Harry was killed instantly. This was the one and only fatal accident at the works during its entire history, ironically unrelated to the production of gas.

Sam Gault took over as manager of the gas works in 1967 after coal gas production came to an end and presided over the works until it was finally closed down in 1987. He remembers an incident in the 1960s when a worried man arrived at the gas works with a strange request. He had won £400 on the horses but didn't want his wife to find out about it. He had hidden the winnings inside their gas oven, not realising that the oven was due to be collected by the gas works for disposal. The man could not believe his luck when Sam directed him to the old gas cooker, and he found all the money safe inside.