

WINGS
RADIO DRAMA

PROLOGUE:

ALL SINGING:

Wish me luck as you wave me goodbye
Cheerio, here I go on my way

Wish me luck as you wave me goodbye
With a cheer, not a tear, make it gay

SOUND EFFECT: AIR RAID SIREN

SCENE ONE: AIR RAID SHELTER ONE

LINE MANAGER: Come on, come on, as quickly as you can and sit yourselves down. Oh, erm, hello, who are you?

Cynthia: Who am I?! You don't know who I am! Who are you?

LINE MANAGER: Well I am the Line Manager, I supervise this section.

Cynthia: I don't work in the chocolate factory.

LINE MANAGER: What do you do then?

Cynthia: I'm a lady that lunches, I do charity work and I manage the maypole dancing in the village fête.

LINE MANAGER: Oh right, well pleased to meet you.

(turning to factory workers)
Are you alright there girls?

FACTORY WORKER: I'm just worried I haven't seen Dora, she was in the other bit of the factory and she's not here.

LINE MANAGER: You know we've got three shelters here ladies, Dora will be fine I'm sure. I know it's dark here but we just have to make the best of things.

Cynthia: Oh this is so inconvenient! Don't they know I've got people to see and things to do? I can't sit here all day. There is cakes to be made and things to be organised.

LINE MANAGER: *(whispering)* I've actually brought some, erm, treats. Just to keep us going. Try to keep calm, we don't know how long we're going to be here for.

Cynthia: Is anyone else getting hot in here? I can't abide small, dark, spaces. Oh here it comes! I think I'm going to have a bit of a do. My blood sugar has gone incredibly low, has anybody got anything? I haven't brought my tablets with me.

SOUND EFFECT: RUSTLE OF SWEET WRAPPERS

Cynthia: What are these?

LINE MANAGER: They're, erm, mishapes.

Cynthia: Needs must!

SFX Air Raid

Air Raid Shelter Two:

COOK ONE: What shall we make? Sausage rolls?

COOK TWO: Meatballs? Those egg ones?

COOK ONE: Scotch eggs? Sausage rolls, scotch egg, chips.

SFX: FOOT STEPS GETTING CLOSER

FASHION DESIGNER: What is this place? Is this a dining room?!

COOKS: Yes, it's also an air raid shelter.

FASHION DESIGNER: This is very strange, what is going on?!

SFX KNOCK KNOCK

DELIVERY DRIVER: Can I come in?

COOKS: Of course you can, get yourself in here.

DELIVERY DRIVER: It's a bit dark in here.

COOK ONE: It is unfortunately, the lighting is terrible.

DELIVERY DRIVER: I can just about see you!

COOK ONE: Try cooking in it.

DELIVERY DRIVER: I thought I could smell food.

COOK ONE: It's not easy cooking in this light but it's just about manageable, we wouldn't like to give anybody food poisoning.

DELIVERY DRIVER: So you two work in the kitchen, what do you do then?

FASHION DESIGNER: Excuse moi, well what do you do?

DELIVERY DRIVER: I'm only visiting, I've come up the road from Hull. I've got a shed load of cocoa. With this air raid, I'm never going to shift that!

FASHION DESIGNER: I have no idea what you just said, so what do you two do?

COOKS: We're cooks.

DELIVERY DRIVER: Can't you smell the food?

FASHION DESIGNER: Oh I see.

COOK ONE: Sausage rolls.

COOK TWO: And scotch eggs.

FASHION DESIGNER: What?

COOK ONE: We create a new menu each day.

FASHION DESIGNER: A menu I understand that. Well what is this sausage roll and a scotch egg?

DELIVERY DRIVER: What do you mean 'what is this sausage roll and a scotch egg'? You haven't lived if you haven't had a scotch egg!

COOK ONE: You definitely have not!

AIR RAID SHELTER THREE:

SFX: KNOCKING IN METAL

AGNES: Let me in, let me in!

BOBBIE: Sorry sorry.

AGNES: : I didn't think I was going to make it then.

BOBBIE: Oh god, you're covered in mud.

AGNES: : Well, I'm the new gardener aren't I, it takes me ages to get here.

BOBBIE: I've never been to this shelter.

AGNES: : Me neither, looks like it's just us. What do you do?

BOBBIE: Well, I work in the new section...

AGNES: : A new bit? I haven't heard about that.

BOBBIE: Well I'm not meant to tell anyone actually.

AGNES: : You can tell me, I'm out in the garden all day.

BOBBIE: Do you promise?

AGNES: : Yeah, I've only got the weeds to talk to.

BOBBIE: So, I'm making spark plugs for the war effort.

AGNES: : No you never!

BOBBIE: I know I'm properly helping. It's a bit dangerous but I feel like I'm really making a difference.

AGNES: My sister is down in London.

BOBBIE: No she's never, mine is too!

AGNES: My sister's a nurse in the Royal Army Corps.

BOBBIE: Mine is too! I haven't heard from her in ages, I haven't had a letter or anything.

AGNES: Me neither, I'm constantly reading the magazine to see if there's any word or pictures.

BOBBIE: Yes I'm always looking forward to the next edition of the *Cocoa Works*, I read yesterday's new edition already. Where has Jim gone then, I thought he was the gardener?

AGNES: : He was, he's been conscripted.

BOBBIE: Oh right, well good for you getting the job!

AGNES: I know, I got the experience growing up on my dad's farm. Normally they wouldn't have a woman in this position so I'm taking every opportunity I can get. They're even thinking about letting us have a donkey.

SFX: Humming of wave me goodbye (fade in and slow fade out as monologue starts)

MONOLOGUE ONE TEENAGE POSTIE:

June 3rd 1941

Monday

I'm tired, I'm up so early delivering and sorting mail.

Ma says we need the money more than ever now, especially since our Paul is missing or gone AWOL.

Ma got the afternoon shifts up at the factory on the line, packing chocolates.

It's so boring and other ladies just gossip and eat the chocolates.

My legs are killing me, soles of my shoes are threadbare now.

Roll on Sunday, least I can get a sleep in before Church

Thought school was dull, but this is a new dull to that

Most of my friends are only having to do one job, not two.

I am scared I'm gonna be like me Ma, worn before my time.

Could be worse I suppose, could have a bun in the oven like Grace's sister and she's only fifteen years.

Didn't think working would feel like this, no nice clothes for me, wages have to go to Ma.

Thank god for the black market, Ma may let me spend some of my wages for new shoes.

SFX: Humming of wave me goodbye (fade in)

Monologue two: Dear Daphne

(slow fade out of humming as monologue starts)

June 4th 1941

Wednesday

Dear Daphne,

I've had some exciting news—if I can call it that. I do feel guilty getting excited seen as my news comes at a cost. The gardener, Jim has been conscripted and the manager heard about how me and you have always helped on Dad's farm. They have offered the role to me! Guess what? I get to wear trousers! I'm looking forward to this opportunity. Being outside, planting, growing, watering. Actually picking what will be grown. It's even more important now with the effort at home. They want me to create lots of produce to be eaten and cooked in the kitchens. Dad would be so proud. They're even thinking about whether I could have pigs and donkeys too, imagine that! I hope everything is as well as can be over there—we are so proud of you nursing our boys and can't wait to hug you soon.

Your darling sister.

SFX: Humming of wave me goodbye (fade in)

Monologue three

(slow fade out of humming as monologue starts)

June 5th 1941

Thursday

The ground is cold and hard. The grass, dew-drenched, sticks to my shoes and hands as I clamber back up from my knees—the flowers now sat at the foot of the memorial. All that I have left; a name engraved in marble. A name buried in mud and blood beyond our York horizon. They said it was the war to end all wars. Now 20 years on the same earth, re-churned, drowns again. You wouldn't believe the state of the convalescents I'm cooking for, escapees of the land that took you from me. The stories. So much that you never got a chance to tell me. My imagination... haunts me.

SFX: Humming of wave me goodbye (fade in)

Monologue Four: Young Factory Girl's Worry

(slow fade out of humming as monologue starts)

June 6th 1941

Friday

Today was a rough day, my boss Beryl kept shouting at me to pick up the speed but I just couldn't, all I can think about is Dad, we haven't heard from him in weeks, Mum tries to put a brave face on, but I can tell that she's worried too. The ladies at the factory try their best, we keep the spirits up, singing as we work but sometimes it's just not enough. So many of us are always waiting for the next letter, wondering if it will bring good or bad news.....

I hope he's ok..... Maybe I'll try and send him some chocolates..... Hopefully they'll reach him.

SFX: Humming of wave me goodbye (fade in)

Monologue Five: Floor Mopper's Confession:

(slow fade out of humming as monologue starts)

June 8th 1941

Sunday

Oh my word not again, I just mopped that floor and then they go and have another gym class stomp their dirty plimsoles over my nice immaculate floor. My supervisor will think I've been slacking off. But it's not true. I'll just have to go and fill another bucket and start over. I so wish I could start my life over as well, I just made so many mistakes. I just want to do a job that's a bit more worthwhile than mopping floors. Could I at least move to the chocolate line or into the office, I wish I paid more attention at school rather than messing around. I might be able to read better so I could be a secretary. I did hear the other day from Florrie that Mr Rowntree was going to make provision for evening class for us to learn our numbers and writing a bit better. I just hope my mum will let me go rather than just looking after my little brothers and sisters all the time. I'm so tired from work—I barely have the energy to watch the kids.

SFX: Humming of wave me goodbye (fade in)

Monologue Six: Letter to Sister in London:

(slow fade out of humming as monologue starts)

June 11th 1941

Wednesday

Hello lovely,

I'm thinking of you always.

I hope London is treating you well, I read every new Cocoa Workers magazine as soon as it's out—scanning for your name.

I've been moved to a new job in the factory—I can't discuss it in writing but it's very different from the tea round—much less gossip that's for sure.

We had another air raid siren today it made me think of you.

I can't imagine what you're seeing down in London.

York has changed enough as it is.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Haven't heard from Brother since he left.

Stay safe.

Please.

Love you sister

Sincerely.

P.S Paul and Maggie are tying the knot tomorrow! Would you ever have guessed!!

SFX: Humming of wave me goodbye (fade in)

Monologue seven: Supervisor's Exhaustion:

(slow fade out of humming as monologue starts)

June 12th 1941

Thursday

I'm exhausted... trying to keep the morale of my girls up is hard.

Elsie who's a trojan of a worker, bless her, is having to take care of 7 younger brothers and sisters and is struggling to get here without a couple of them in her wake.

Three of the lasses are at their wits end what with their men missing in action.

SFX: Humming of wave me goodbye (fade in)

Monologue eight: French Fashion Designer's Diary:

(slow fade out of humming as monologue starts)

June 14th 1941

Saturday

Mon cher diary

Sacre Bleu! The English is soo drab!

The war does not give anyone the excuse to be dawdy, plain, BORING!

Thank mon dieu that they have called for my help.

Today, I visited the kitchens, to watch how people work, see how the uniforms are used, how they move.

I was shocked by the grey and shapeless dresses.

In France we even put our help in beautiful uniforms with tailoring and detail. It helps moral, comradery, Non?

However, there was something I found cest strange. The workers are happy! Even more, they were singing! Such beautiful sound against the impoverished war torn England, with their mashed potatoes. I am truly inspired, maybe a little 'umbled by their, how do you say? Blitz Spirit. Maybe fashion is not as important as I have always thought.

SFX: Humming of wave me goodbye (fade in)

Monologue nine: Cocoa Delivery Driver's Letter

(slow fade outof humming as monologue starts)

June 15th 1941

Sunday

Dear Dad,

What a long day today. Drove from the docks in Hull with my load of cocoa, hoping to sell it to the Rowntree factory in York. One ton of the stuff. I want a good price so I can get another load next week. I know that you said that I am just another woman doing a man's job, 'cos they can't do it themselves right now, because they are fighting to keep us free. I'm working long hours, travelling away from home but I'm doing it so well. Although the job is hard work, I really love working the cocoa shipments. Without me and the other girls doing these jobs, there wouldn't be any chocolates or other such things made by Rowntree. Their factory here is amazing! It is massive and all the women are working so hard making, packing and shipping out the chocolates. Always trying to be cheerful, singing in the factory whilst they work. I need to remember that and keep smiling me self. I hope that I can get a tin of their famous chocolates for Ben. Oh how I miss him. No word from him for over a month now. I thought that I would volunteer for this job to help the time pass whilst he is away fighting. I try so hard not to think about what he might be doing or seeing and I pray that he is staying safe.

The war to end all wars they called the last one. Well what about now, I ask, what about this one. Here we go again. I just want it to end.

Anyways, I miss you and mum so much and I hope that you are keeping well. Give my love to my little sis' Cora and tell her that I'll see her again soon.

Bye Dad

Love and miss you.

Betsy.

SFX: Humming of wave me goodbye (fade in)

Monologue ten: Truck Driver's Mishap:

(slow fade out of humming as monologue starts)

June 17th 1941

Tuesday

Last week I blew a tyre.

Had to walk three miles before I found someone driving the same way I was going back to the depot.

Thankfully I had Gracie to give me a lift back to the truck, but by the time I changed the tyre I got on the road again. I was two hours late on the delivery.

The bosses were fuming—said I shouldn't have left the truck unattended in case the goods got nicked, some special delivery I had it turns out.

How was I to know it was so important?

Anyway, no harm done, no-one pinched anything while I was gone and the special delivery got there in the end.

I wonder what was inside?

SFX: Humming of wave me goodbye (fade in)

Monologue eleven: Cynthia Hardcastle's Diary

(slow fade out of humming as monologue starts)

June 18th 1941

Wednesday

Cynthia Hardcastle:

Dear Diary,

Today's maypole rehearsal was an unmitigated disaster... these ladies from the chocolate factory have zero coordination and, frankly, I'd say some of them have been helping themselves to rather too many choc-mint fondants!

If anyone can whip them into shape in time for the village fête, it's me, but I'm going to need some reinforced panty girdles, plenty of lippy, and a small miracle to make these girls look worthy of twirling my deluxe satin ribbons! What these girls fail to understand is that this is not merely an opportunity to improve their constitution and shine in front of the local dignitaries... it's an all-important exercise in raising morale. And there's slim chance of that when they turn up to rehearsals with faces like wet weekends and the collective vim and vigour of a suet pudding!

Sfx: WISH ME LUCK AS YOU WAVE ME GOODBYE HUMMING

DANCE HALL LAUGHTER

SOUNDS OF DANCING

Sound effect: tapping microphone

Line Manager: I am sorry to disrupt this dance at a time when joy is needed most but I have been urged to speak to you in this way.

Sound effect: letter being opened

The letter reads

Please see below urgent message to be read out at the earliest opportunity from Mr Rowntree.

Dear Women of the Rowntree Factory,

I have some grave news to share with you today.

I have been contacted by the War Office.

They have intel that there is a spy amongst you women.

We must find out who it is and uphold the Rowntree values.

Each and every one of you will be under suspicion until we find out.

Anything you hear must be reported to your supervisor, and if you suspect it to be her, come straight to me.

Yours faithfully and suspiciously,

Mr Rowntree

SFX: women gasp and shock

SPY SCENE ONE

Sfx: of mopping etc.

TILLY: Geraldine stop, you're covered in...what are you covered in?

GERALDINE: I've had to trail across the fields to get back here and my tyre has blown on the truck

TILLY: I'm really sorry about that but I've got to clean this floor. Beryl will come and the floor will be filthy and she'll get so cross with me. Have you heard, they stopped everyone at the dance last night? Beryl got a letter and someone is apparently a spy

GERALDINE: A spy? Around here?

TILLY: Apparently

GERALDINE: I don't think anyone has enough brain cells to rub together around here to be a spy

FIONA: I reckon it's that Betsy if you're asking me. She's always in and out and asking lots of questions

TILLY: What the cocoa buyer? Do you see her on your rounds?

GERALDINE: Well sometimes I do yeah. Can I make it clear i'm also in and out but that doesn't mean I'm a spy.

FIONA: What about that Mary?

TILLY: She just got that promotion didn't she? How did she manage that?

GERALDINE: She's always milling about, raking around

FIONA: listening to conversations I reckon

TILLY: Outrageous isn't it

FIONA: or that new one, she's now in that secretive bit

GERALDINE: oh the sparky?

FIONA: she's gone all quiet, it's really weird

GERALDINE: i've heard they're up to all sorts of things in there so it wouldn't surprise me

TILLY: It's war work isn't it, what does that even mean? I wonder whether some of the other girls will get moved over there. Do you reckon it will happen?

FIONA: i'd like to but then I wouldn't be able to sneak the smarties

GERALDINE: What's your favourite colour?

FIONA: brown

TILLY: I heard that someone was driving along and dropped the whole load of Smarties, could that be a disguise or a cover up?

LINE MANAGER (OVER TANNOY): GET BACK TO WORK!

GERALDINE: I only spilled the Smarties once and I'm tired of being known for it!

SPY SCENE TWO

MAVIS: Are you coming?

CHRISTINA: Sorry, we're coming now

MAVIS: Have you heard the gossip?

CHRISTINA: What?

MAVIS: About what Mr Rowntree said

SHELLY: No, what's happened?

MAVIS: He reckons there's a spy! What do you reckon? Could there be? Here in York?

SHELLY: If I had to guess anyone in has to be that (Beryl?)

MAVIS: I reckon it is because she's not happy is she, always wants better for herself. How many stockings has she got?

CHRISTINA: She has so many to spare, nobody else does

B: And they're silky, that's so expensive

MAVIS: She liked Mr Rowntree years ago, remember when she asked him when we were all at school and he turned her down

CHRISTINA: I think she's out for revenge

SHELLY: Me too

MAVIS: She never used to be friends with the post room either and now they're all pally. She must be using them to share messages surely.

SHELLY: Maybe they're in on it too

CHRISTINA: This is serious allegations but maybe it is true, I'm in packing and she is trying to get friendly with us too

SHELLY: Well you're right next door to the post room, she doesn't want you overhearing any messages, she might even be stashing them in the chocolate packages!

CHRISTINA: She's always asking us to explain what we're doing now, never gives us a moments peace

MAVIS: Gossip is Mr Rowntree reckons there will be a reward for doing it. Think of that! Come to think of it, my father lives round the back of her in New Earswick and said he was awfully jealous of the amount of food going into hers, meat and all sorts!

B: Where is she getting that from?

CHRISTINA: Must be the black market surely

B: Getting her stockings and food on the black market maybe, it's all adding up

MAVIS: I better go before someone overhears us gossiping, see you later

Spy scene three:

COCOA DELIVERY DRIVER: Well I'm not even supposed to be here, I mean all I've done is drop my cocoa off. I've just looked around the factory and now I'm supposed to go down the road but there was this dance on and I thought why not! It just makes a change from the usual routine doesn't it.

CYNTHIA: You do realise it is invitation only

COCOA DELIVERY DRIVER: Oh they don't mind me, I've known the family for years. I could just sneak in, I mean there's food and there's booze I'm not driving tonight. I haven't seen either of you around the factory.

CYNTHIA: I don't work at the factory

COCOA DELIVERY DRIVER: So what do you do then?

CYNTHIA: organise the village fete

COCOA DELIVERY DRIVER: Is that a job?

CYNTHIA: Sorry?

COCOA DELIVERY DRIVER: Is that a job?

CYNTHIA: Well it is for me it's a rather large job

COCOA DELIVERY DRIVER: oh right, fancy, well what about you what do you do?

LADY: I just come here for the food, roof over my head

COCOA DELIVERY DRIVER: oh right, what do you think about that announcement about the spy? There's a spy here

CYNTHIA: it's not me, I'll tell you that for nothing

COCOA DELIVERY DRIVER: Well I tell you what I've seen, I've seen someone come out of the backdoor of the factory, go down that alley, towards the post room.

Nobody worries about me noticing because I'm not here very often. I think they could be here tonight

LADY: I know who it is, I've got proof, they're right over there...

WISH ME LUCK TO EASTENDERS DUFFS