



The Road to **Bilborough**

by Andy Barrett

The show begins with a public information film from the nineteen fifties in which using maps and images we see Bilborough develop from a hamlet into a thriving estate. This is accompanied by a voice over by Agent P:

This is a small hamlet to the west of Nottingham. Once, in the deepest recesses of history, it found itself on the shoreline of the Atlantic Ocean, before becoming home to Roman settlers, and Saxon invaders where the chief of the local tribe was to give it the name by which is now known. He was called Billa, and this is Bilborough.

With the Norman conquest Bilborough found itself in the hands of one of William the Conqueror's most favoured men, William Peverel, before the thirteenth century saw it pass through marriage to the de Strelley family. They were to hold on to it for 375 years before selling it on to the Edge family of Strelley Hall, who were to be equally lengthy Lords of the Manor.

This was a sleepy community, a farming village with crops of wheat and barley and root vegetables. Home to bootmakers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights and cow keepers. A church had been built around 1400. Some say that bowmen from Bilborough were among the archers which caused havoc against the French knights at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. There was a small school, for eight children, by 1744. The open fields were enclosed in 1808. Some coal mines were owned by Lord Middleton at Wollaton Hall and a small stretch of canal was built to link his pits to the Nottingham canal. In 1901 the census records that the population was 202 and there was no reason for this peaceful place to grow or expand.

But expand it did. In 1932 Bilborough is incorporated into the City of Nottingham and the land is purchased by the city to become the site for building council houses. One estate is built in the area between Denewood Crescent and Beechdale Road and the builders are at the ready to continue with their work when war strikes.

After six years of turmoil and sacrifice, of blood, sweat and tears the Allies are victorious and the planners can return to their maps. But this is a new world. A post war world. A world where men are returning home from conflict. Where they want a better future for their children. Where the sacrifices they have made for the good of the nation must be repaid. Bilborough must not simply grow, but must become a beacon; of hope, of promise, of a better future for all, forging a new community where the working classes come together in the best houses that can be built utilising the most modern methods of the day. Where smiling neighbours can watch as their

children play on the street and the vicar comes to visit. Where shops develop, organisations thrive and this brave new world reflects all that is best about the British spirit.

Welcome to the future. Welcome to Bilborough.

The film ends and the narrator appears.

Narrator: Good afternoon. What you have just seen was a piece of propaganda made by the British government in the nineteen fifties. It is, I am sure you will agree, a fascinating film and yet it is also a film that was never shown. We are not sure who it was intended for. Whether it was prepared in case of civil unrest here in Britain, to remind people of the progress that was being made in the immediate post war years. Or maybe to be smuggled into Eastern Europe as part of the ideological battle between communism and social democracy, when both sides tried to prove that their way of life was of the greatest benefit to the people. But why Bilborough you may ask? Of all the places in the country why did the British government decide to sing the praises of Bilborough? Well today we are going to tell you. Because thanks to the Fifty Year Secret Information Act which declares that all public records relating to surveillance activities of entire communities must be made available to the public we now have access to an incredible store of never previously seen information. Diaries, reports, films, audio recordings, and endless transcripts from interviews with people from across this very community all those years ago.

Today we will share with you information from these archives, which tell of the experiences of those who came here, who those people were, and how a new community was forged. But it also tells of darker things. Of the government official in charge of the project who became obsessed with the idea of living in a pre-fab and who slowly lost his marbles; of a normal everyday family who were in fact secret agents reporting under the code name The Bilboroughs and of how the lessons from these archives are now being studied for clues as to how to reinvigorate what was once amongst the most dynamic communities in England. So, let me take you back in time. To 1954. Stalin has died the year before, Eisenhower has announced that the Americans have tested the hydrogen bomb, Winston Churchill is entering his final months as Prime Minister and in a small office in the corridors of Whitehall a man, who we know only as P, is staring at a map of England.

Agent P comes forward and looks up as a map of England is projected onto the screen. Nigel enters carrying documents.

Nigel: You wanted to see me sir?

P: Look at that Nigel, what do you see?

Nigel: Um... it's a map sir.

P: Yes. It is. But if we were to move in closer what do you think we would see then?

Nigel: Um... towns sir. And mountains. And ox bow lakes.

P: Change Nigel, that's what we'd see. The frantic energy of change.

P throws a document at Nigel.

P: We've located the perfect place. It came to our attention during the Festival of Britain in 1951 when some fool decided to award Trowell the honour of being the quintessential English village.

Nigel: I remember the arguments sir. Diddlebury, Pucklechurch and Fenney Bentley were furious.

P: As they had every right to be. But while some of our men were there desperately trying to tart the place up they came across this....

And now we zoom in on the map until we come to a plan of the Bilborough Estate in 1951

Nigel: What is it?

P: A new estate that's being built in Bilborough, though it's pretty much completed now. Hundreds upon hundreds of young families being moved in from across Nottingham. Working class the lot of them. Arriving by bicycle, bus and corporation vans. Day by day they're walking up the half finished roads clutching keys to their brand new houses, away from the ties of family and friends that so many of them are used to. And we want to get in there. To find out what's going on. To see whether or not people can forge a new community. I want you to put together a crack team to see if there's anyone out there that we can use to help us gather information on what exactly they're all up to.

Nigel: Of course sir. But how will we approach people?

P: We want to keep it quiet for now. Just observe. See if you come across a suitable family that we can bring into the fold. Typical, they must be typical. The last ones on earth that you would imagine becoming informants. You'll be given the use of a vehicle to travel around in.

Nigel: What do the department have in mind sir? An Alfa Romeo with rotating number plates and standard ejector seat?

P: No, something much more suitable. This.

An image of a nineteen fifties fish and chip van.

P: You'll be given training in how to fry fish. We don't want you to blow your cover by making a hash of the batter. You've got three weeks.

Nigel: Yes sir. I won't let you down.

Nigel exits and we see an image of the same van with Nigel serving from it.

Narrator: From the reports that Nigel sent back it can be seen that the van pursued a punishing schedule.

We see images of these roads – a map of the route with arrows on.

Narrator: Along Beechdale Road, Wigman Road, Bramerton and Staverton. From Melbury to Graylands, from Chingford to Tremayne. And that was before they hit the crescents.

We see a husband and wife in fifties attire walking into the space looking very nervous. These are Bert and Dorothy.

Narrator: But after serving over one thousand fish suppers, with the odd saveloy being thrown in for good measure, and making polite small talk with the locals Nigel found the perfect family.

P: Good afternoon. Thank you for coming along.

Dorothy: It's not about the garden is it? I know the grass is a bit overgrown.

P: Your grass is fine.

Bert: And I know we owe a little bit on the Co-op tab.

Dorothy: But the delivery lad dropped half a dozen eggs last week. He's always trying to take too many on that bike of his.

Bert: And it was the mothers sixtieth and she does love her pink salmon.

P: Please, your dealings with the co-op are none of our concern.

Dorothy: It's the bonfire that our Danny made isn't it. I told him not to chop down so much wood. But he had a bet his bonfire would be biggest. And they get very competitive over their bonfires, each crescent trying to outdo the other....

P: Excellent. That kind of information is invaluable. Please let me make a note. 'Analyse the importance of bonfire making on the self esteem of a community'.

Bert: What is this? Who are you?

P: You have two children I believe. A son aged thirteen and a daughter aged nine.

Dorothy: Yes, why?

P: Danny and Margaret?

Bert: Yes.

P: And are they sociable sorts? Members of local organisations?

Bert: One or two.

Dorothy: And they've never been in any trouble either.

Bert: That's not strictly true Dorothy.

Dorothy: Whose side are you on Bert? They were lead into that. Any anyway there's nothing wrong with scrumping or spirit tapping. And I'm sure that bloke fell into the canal purely by accident.

P: Please don't worry. I've not come here to find fault or to threaten you with eviction. Quite the opposite. How would you like to earn some extra money?

Dorothy: How?

P: By working for us.

Bert: Well that depends what you want us to do.

P: We need information.

Bert: What kind of information?

P: About Bilborough. We want to know how this great experiment is working.

Dorothy: What are you on about?

P: We are moving thousands of young families into a place that never previously existed. We are conjuring something out of thin air and want to see how it works. How it develops. This is important research. Vital. And we need someone on the ground. Our eyes and ears so to speak.

Bert: Are you asking us to be spies?

P: That is not the word I would use.

Bert: Then what word would you use?

Official: How about patriots?

Dorothy: We weren't expecting any of this when we put our name on the housing list.

Bert: No we weren't. A nice house that's all we were after.

Dorothy: Moving away from a one down, three up...

Bert: With no electricity...

Dorothy: and communal toilets.

Bert: We came here for the luxury of gas for cooking...

Dorothy: ... running water in our own bathroom...

Bert: ...gardens.

Dorothy: ... and a better life for our children.

Bert: Not being involved in underhandedness.

Dorothy: I'm not sure if we're cut out for this kind of thing.

P: What kind of thing?

Dorothy: Disguises and the like.

Bert: Maps rolled up inside wooden legs.

Dorothy: Winks and nods and all of that.

Bert: We're just an ordinary family. We've no desire to enter into the world of espionage. Have we Dorothy?

Dorothy: No Bert. We're happy as we are. So thank you very much but we'll have to say no.

P: We could arrange for some extra deliveries of that pink salmon your mother likes so much. Free of charge. And have a word with your foreman at ... Raleigh isn't it, Bert?

Bert: Yes.

P: Make sure you're not looked over if a promotion possibility arises.

Dorothy: We could do with some new curtains.

P: You're getting the idea.

Dorothy: I am. And how about a television set?

Bert: Dorothy!

Dorothy: If you don't ask you don't get Bert, how many times must I tell you?

P: I believe that what is happening in Bilborough is a model for the betterment of man. And I am prepared to make sure that you are provided for. But I am not asking you to become secret agents. I will not be giving you cyanide pills to take in case your mission fails or ask you to parachute into enemy territory.

Dorothy: We never go into Aspley.

P: I am simply asking for evidence. Carry on with your life as normal. Forget this even happened. Don't even mention it to your children. Just talk to people, write down what they say.

Nigel has entered in his fish and chip shop attire and hands over a typewriter.

P: ... or better still type it. Take some photographs or maybe some film, with this.

Nigel hands over a cine camera.

Bert: And what do we do with it? All this....

P: evidence. We'll be in touch.

Dorothy: And that's it? That's all you're going to tell us?

P: Of course. I mean surely you want to be just a little bit like secret agents. It's great fun, it really is.

Bert, Dorothy and P exit.

Narrator: The family – known in the records as The Bilboroughs – agreed to work for P. Theirs was not to be an undercover operation, they were to go about their business freely, simple local people recording simple local events. And it appears that to begin with they were reticent; there are only sporadic reports and pieces of film but as the days and weeks passed they became more confident in their activities with the information being passed over in a covert manner as you can see from these images....

Images of Bert and Dorothy handing over documents in various locations to people who obviously looks like spies. These are shown in that spy format of several photos as though they are being observed from elsewhere, with a clicking sound as of a shutter firing.

Narrator: So, now we know how the information was gathered. And what an extensive archive it is. The Bilboroughs turned out to be highly productive agents gathering testimonies from across their community. So, who were the people who moved here to Bilborough; a new estate rising from the ashes of post war Britain? What was their Road to Bilborough? Tonight we can share with you several case studies.

We see the words 'The Road to Bilborough. Case Study One' as a woman comes forward.

Lily: How did I come to be living here? Well that was down to a German bomber. I'd got through one war, the first, when I was little and when the second one came I had kids of my own, young mind. Anyway my husband had gone off to war on the 7th May 1941, I remember the date very well, and the next night I was lying there, in an empty bed feeling sorry for myself, with the four kids next door when the sirens went off. We went into the cellar at first with the neighbour but you could tell it were proper bad and so we all thought we should go to the church over the road. But a bomb got it first. How we weren't cut to ribbons by the glass that came out of that thing I'll never know. We ran up the road and it was such a sight, everything burning, and my youngest never had anything on his feet and I can still hear the crunch of the slates that had fallen from all the roofs around.

The house was a wreck. All my clothes, everything I had was burnt or covered in dust. I had to stay at my mother in laws until it was my turn to go to the Guildhall to see what they could offer me. 105 Denewood Crescent, Bilborough they said and I said 'can I go and have a look first' and they said 'it's the last one we've got'. So that was that and I went to the Council House to see if they'd give me something, you know reparations or whatever it was called for them that had been bombed out. And the Lord Mayor saw me and allowed me £25 and I got lino for the stairs and lino for the living room.

It was a nice house, roomy, quite new. But it was the neighbours that made it, all coming round to see what they could do for me. And whenever the sirens went off somebody would be at the door fetching me and the kids into their house. They understood.

They'd been here for a while a lot of them. From the slum clearance of Narrow Marsh. Apparently the bloke who laid it out the way it was, was a big Christian who wanted to give the people of Nottingham good housing. Though some of them that first came didn't know what a bath was and put coal in it. And thought that it was disgusting to have a toilet inside your house.

There was a lot more fields then of course. And in the summer if the wind was in the right direction you'd get the smell of slurry. There were kids that would come and do potato picking and some of the neighbours would invite the yanks from Wollaton Park over in the evenings or at Christmas.

The kids went to the new school, Players, named after the tobacco baron. Girls in one, boys in the other. All full of modern equipment it is, lovely. Makes them feel important. Part of the future. Obviously I had my hands full, we all did, and every now and again someone would get some bad news and that was terrible. But it ended, the war, and there was a really big party at the crescent. There were decorations all the way down and I had a piano which I took outside and it was wonderful, really wonderful.

It got busy after that. They started to build the houses and put all those prefabs up Wigman Road right down to where they had the gun site with the great big guns on. You used to see the Germans, the Prisoners of War, arriving every morning by army lorry from an army camp in Bestwood, in these black outfits with these bloody great circular white patches that were sewn onto their tops and trousers. And they helped make Wigman road, the actual road, and I'd say hello to them and they'd say a few

words back. Very good with the language they were too, a lot of them. Impressive. Used to make me smile they did. I mean they're only people aren't they? Like everybody else. I don't think there were many that had anything bad to say about them. You wondered about their families. Whether they had been put in new houses like us. Whether they were waiting for their men as we were. My husband worked at the Co-op when he got back. And I got a job at The Players school, as a dinner lady, under Miss Gough. You never know do you, where you're going to end up. I mean I could have been sent anywhere. Just luck I suppose.

Narrator: It appears from the mission log kept by P that The Bilboroughs became increasingly involved in their mission.

We now see a collection of images from social occasions in Bilborough in the 1950's with Bert and Dorothy Bilborough added to them.

Narrator: Look through any photograph of any social event of Bilborough and there they are, somewhere in the photo, obviously busy insinuating themselves into the fabric of the community. But how about their children, Danny and Margaret?

Danny and Margaret now enter and stand next to the narrator.

Narrator: Where did they fit into the picture?

Bert and Dorothy enter. Bert is in his work clothes and Dorothy is carrying shopping in brown paper bags. She begins to unpack them – they are full of tins of pink salmon.

Bert: Aren't you in your uniform yet?

Danny: I don't think I want to go to the Scouts tonight dad.

Bert: Don't be daft, it's good for you.

Danny: I'm exhausted. And nobody else is in three different scout troupes. Or gets asked so many questions about what they do there when they get home.

Dorothy: Well that makes you extra special doesn't it?

Margaret: We go to everything. Youth club, boys and girls brigade, scouts and guides. You even make me go the Catholic Club at William Crane.

Dorothy: What's wrong with that?

Margaret: We're not catholic! And then there's the ballet dancing and the gymnastics at Old Park Farm. I'm not sure my legs are up to it.

Bert: You're lucky that's there so much to do.

Danny: But I just want to go and play Cowboys and Indians.

Bert: Well you can't. You should embrace what the estate has to offer. There wasn't half as much to do when I was your age.

Danny: And why do we go to different secondary schools? I mean no other family does that. And why does she get to go to William Sharp?

Dorothy: There's nothing wrong with Players. It's just a bit older that's all.

Danny: But William Sharp is the posh school, everyone knows that.

Margaret: Dad?

Bert: What?

Margaret: I'm not sure if I want to go to the Girls Brigade any more.

Bert: What's got into everyone?

Margaret: They've put me on that xylophone thing. For the parades. And I'm no good at it.

Bert: Well practise then.

Margaret: I keep clanging in the wrong place. And the leader shouts at me. Will you have a word? Ask her if I can go back on bugle.

Dorothy: Look love, it's an honour to be put on that xylophone thing. You won't stand out will you, if you play the bugle.

Margaret: I don't want to stand out.

Bert: It's a challenge. A chance to better yourself.

Danny: Why are you always going on about bettering ourselves? Don't you think we're good enough already?

Dorothy: All your father is trying to say is that he never got the chance to play a xylophone thing. So stop moaning about it and just try and bang it in the right place.

Margaret: You don't bang it, you strike it. With grace. Like this...

Bert: See, you've got it, haven't you?

Danny: And how come we've got so much pink salmon again?

Dorothy: Never you mind about that. It's good for you. For your brains. That's what the scientists say. And they know.

Danny: My friends think we're rich. What with salmon every time they come round for tea and the television and the washing machine and the caravan. They wonder how we get it all.

Dorothy: Well you tell them it's your fathers assembling bonuses. Raleigh have never seen a man with such quick fingers.

Bert: Hey look, we're in the paper.

Dorothy: What do you mean?

Bert: (*reading the Notts Guardian*) 'There is in Bilborough an answer for another type of critic – the man who says the new housing estates lack leadership. This is a working class area and perhaps the highest ranker among its people is a charge hand or foreman. Wollaton pit, across the rough, employs a good many of the menfolk. More than half the women have at least a part time job for they get through the job of keeping a small prefab clean in quick time. Few if any are in executive positions, except perhaps in their trade unions. In spite of this there has been no lack of willing hands and heads who have set up thriving organisations whose activities go hand in hand with services of worship. There has been no lack of leadership in these spheres'.

Dorothy: See. You should be proud of playing that xylophone thing in such a place. Now got and get yourselves ready, both of you, while I make tea. I thought we'd have some salmon.

The Bilboroughs exit to and we see the words 'The Road to Bilborough. Case Study Two'. A man comes forward.

Jim: I moved in after the war. I came down for Scotland, looking for work and got a job at Wollaton pit. There was a house waiting for me, well a bungalow. Made of aluminium. A lot of them there were, at Glaisedale, two hundred and fifty I think. Mostly for miners. They wanted more coal you see, thought that giving us these new places to live in would help. And there was a lot of miners around, what with the pits at Wollaton, Radford, Babbington and then going out Eastwood Way. And during the day the only blokes you'd see here were miners because all the other men were at Players, or Raleigh or Boots with the women.

The wife wasn't so keen mind, on the prefab, she preferred brick. And they all looked the same too. I remember one night we were walking home from Nottingham and there was a thick fog and we thought we'll never know which ones ours, and she said 'we just need to look for the one with the pink curtains'. And they all had pink curtains. No hedges too, that was the other thing she wasn't too keen on.

And the condensation. You got a lot of condensation on the windows. It used to drive her mad. And I'd say 'it's only water vapour, it's nothing to worry about'. But she couldn't get on with it. Said that you wouldn't get condensation with brick.

But everyone else I knew never seemed to get bothered. And my parents, well they'd never seen anything like it. I'd been brought up in a tiny village you see, nothing there at all really. It was the first time they had seen an electric kettle or a fridge – a little gas thing it was, all built in, same with all of them. And there was a lot of metal. That was the thing they noticed, my parents, the metal, because they were used to wood. A metal table, a metal cabinet in the kitchen, a metal pantry. I mean it was clever really, how they did it. How you came to be living in a home made from melted down aircraft that weren't any good for flying. Four sectioned bungalows delivered to the site by two lorries carrying two parts each, unloaded onto a prepared concrete base with all your gas and water sorted and then just join it all together and make sure the water doesn't get it, that the joints are tight. No I was impressed, like most I think. But the garden, that wasn't so good. The council would come round with a load of soil whenever you asked them, I can't fault them for that, and there was plenty of grass seed that was being passed round on the hush hush when they brought the big bags of it to make King George V park. But it was all clay. Terrible. Took me ages to get right.

Jim exits as P comes forward with his daughters Elizabeth and Catherine.

P: I'm afraid I won't be able to take you out on your ponies tomorrow.

Elizabeth: But you promised.

P: I'm sorry.

Catherine: You know that mummy can't take us.

Elizabeth: It's your turn.

Catherine: So what are we supposed to do?

P: You'll just have to amuse yourselves. Like lots of children do.

Elizabeth: Why are you always working? Why do we hardly ever see you?

Catherine: It's the new project. He's more interested in it than us.

P: That's not true.

Catherine: It is.

P: It's not. Really. But it is important. It's a special place.

Elizabeth: Mummy says it's like a big holiday camp for the working classes but without any entertainment. And that it's a place you'll only ever see by being sent there.

P: She doesn't understand. She never will.

Catherine: So what does happen there?

P: All sorts. Right at this very moment people are out collecting money for pews for the new church they're building.

Elizabeth: Don't they have a church?

P: They do. Old Prisoner of War huts from Colwick.

Catherine: That's not very church like.

P: People sit on wooden chairs. They have a wooden table for an altar. And it is so busy. It's wonderful. Weddings, christenings, all in those old huts.

Elizabeth: Well I'm sure I wouldn't like it at all. Fancy getting married in a wooden hut. It sounds too awful for words.

P: They've been living in a prefab, the vicar and his family. The Bishop came round one day and asked them how they got upstairs.

Catherine: How silly of him.

P: Exactly.

Catherine: What other way is there than a staircase?

P: There is no upstairs.

Elizabeth: Of course there's an upstairs daddy, don't be stupid.

P: No, there isn't.

Elizabeth: And people live in these things? Real people?

P: Yes. Real people. And he rides a bike too, the vicar. He's been round to every house, him and the minister from the Baptist church, the two of them, comrades in arms, ignoring liturgical differences for the benefit of the community. Inspiring.

Catherine: We really don't care daddy. It all sounds rather frightful.

P: They have five hundred children, at the Church of England Sunday schools. In three different school buildings. The vicar and his wife cycle from school to school piled up with bibles and have a boiled egg for their lunch. A boiled egg! And the Baptist church has three hundred at Old Park Farm on Graylands. All from

the estate. And it doesn't matter what denomination you are. It's all about which is the nearest to you. Wonderful.

Elizabeth: Mummy told us that you were becoming a bore daddy and she was right.

Catherine: I'm going to ask grandpa to get you relocated to another department so that you start to pay more attention to us. And to take us horse riding when you're meant to!

Catherine and Elizabeth leave. P turns to the audience. A piece of music from the nineteen fifties underscores this speech.

P: They didn't understand. Nobody could understand. But they were right. I was beginning to get caught up in my work. And I was beginning to imagine what it would be like. To have coal tipped at the end of my street and gather it in with all of my neighbours, talking and laughing as we carried it to our coal sheds in buckets. To do the cha cha round a crescent on New Years Eve, opening my back door to let the old year out and having have a dark haired man come through the front door carrying some coal and bread so that I would have warmth and food to eat in the year ahead.

To be given that key. To look at that house with its fridge and garden and cupboards and know that I was part of a new world! A new world, not an old one. Not this old and stuffy one that suffocates me day by day! I imagined sharing a lawnmower with others on our street. To make a pact that if anyone moves that the others would keep it. To go to the Co-op with a list and then look out of my window to see them deliver for an extra 6p. To go to the gardening club at Wollaton Grange on Tremayne Road and buy tools and compost. To take somebody's washing in if it rained. To throw open my window as the Boys and Girls Brigades came past on their weekly processions and shout out in joy at what England had become!

He exits

Narrator: From the records we can see that P watched the films that were being sent by The Bilboroughs over and over again. Like this one, the opening of the Co-operative Women's Guild. It is his voice that you hear over the top.

A film of the Wigman Ladies re-enacting the opening of the Co-operative Women's Guild, with P's voiceover. We see Dorothy Bilborough in this.

P: (voiceover) Here they come. The ladies of the newly formed Co-operative Womens Guild. A night out for the young wives of the estate, all of whom have been given permission from their husbands to escape from the family home and to meet up every Thursday to learn useful and productive crafts such as sewing and knitting and embroidery. And there will be informative talks too. Already plans have been made for visits from a Spiritualist, a lady with her Aloe Vera plants and a man who knows a lot about owls. Anybody is welcome, aren't they ladies? So who are they? These women of this new estate? Well some have come from the Lady's Fellowship at St. Martin's church, and others have been invited by their neighbours, yet another example of the comradely spirit that exists here in Bilborough. And even more impressive is the fact that a number of these members have young children too, children who are even now being looked after by their fathers as they realise the importance of such groups as this to the overall welfare of the community. And to ensure that there is a steady stream of new members each of these ladies has been given an enticing incentive. Recruit a lady to join the fold and you will be given a brand new cup and saucer in return. This lady has eight already! This is an organisation with a structure, with rules and regulations, audited accounts and monthly reports. Whilst there are many amongst the menfolk who wonder if the ladies are up to such a task these happily married women are obviously intent on proving them wrong. Even if there does seem to be some confusion over how to properly inaugurate proceedings. In the morning some of these women will go off to work. This one is a bus conductress and here is a lady who works at John Browns the printers. Hands up all those who work at Boots or Players. And others will be at home looking after their children or sending them off to the primary schools. Maybe Players Infants and Junior, Melbury, Brocklewood or Beechdale. And when their children have gone maybe they will go and visit their neighbours and talk about the goings on

of life on the estate. Well ladies congratulations to all of you. And long may your organisation thrive!

Narrator: So. I hope you are beginning to understand, to get a clearer idea of the origins of the estate and of the spirit that prevailed. But just as we have access to this material so do They, the modern versions of P, wonks who live in Think Tanks, wondering how to create a stronger sense of community in places such as these. Social cohesion is the word they use out there, in policy land. And this is the thing. They need somewhere to try out their ideas. And just as back in the fifties Bilborough was seen as something of a human laboratory so it is to become again. How do we know this? Well we have acquired leaked information and it is quite shocking. We were not sure whether to include this as part of our show but ultimately felt that we have a duty to do so. What you are about to see is based on transcripts of secret discussions. All of the images and video material as part of this re-enactment are genuine.

Two Think Tank officials come forward carrying stools which they sit on. They carry clipboards and are well dressed.

Official B: Right let's hit the ground running.

Official A: Right. Well I have been leading a team that has focussed on community activity. We felt that this lay at the heart of fifties Bilborough – bonfires, dancing, youth clubs, etc – and have come up with a number of proposals. One...

We see a slide of a maypole on the small green on Bracebridge Drive.

Official A: A maypole. Which will be at the centre of May Day celebrations.

Official B: What May Day celebrations?

Official A: We want to instigate a timetable of public events that will help to give Bilborough some more definition, some shape.

Official B: By dancing round a maypole?

Official A: Yes. And then barmaids at The Pelican will serve trays of mead.

An image of this, with the small area renamed 'The Village Green'.

Official B: You can't call that a village green.

Official A: It is small but our market research has shown us that it's a term with very positive connotations. And that people would be less likely to let their dogs foul it if they knew it was a village green.

Official B: I think you're barking up the wrong tree here Official.

Official A: Alright let's move on.

There are a series of images from races that take place in towns and villages across the world: Palio do Siena; Monaco Grand Prix; Olney pancake race; Ashbourne Shrovetide football; Hallaton hare pie scramble; Gawthorpe world coal carrying competition; Stilton cheese rolling; Coopers hill cheese rolling; Tetbury wool sack race; St. Bartholomew's bun race; Ottery St. Mary tar barrel rolling. As this is happening A continues:

Official A: All of these sporting events have become internationally known traditions. Moments of madness that liberate the joy and anarchy of a community. Events which make people feel proud of where they live.

Official B: And you want to initiate some kind of race in Bilborough? Something that represents the identity of the place.

Official A: I do.

Official B: What do you have in mind?

An image of a group of old ladies on mobility scooters lined up for a race.

Official A: The Great Mobility Race.

Official B: You're joking.

Official A: There's dozens of the things out there. It's more dangerous on the pavements than it is on the roads.

Official B: I'm not sure this is going to work.

Official A: No it will. You see Bilborough is full of pensioners. All those bungalows you see. And this is what a lot of your pensioners have for wheels. Think of it like the Monaco Grand prix. Only in Bilborough. With mobility scooters.

Official B: Right I think we need to take a break. Let's reconvene in five and forget this ever happened.

As they exit we see the words 'The Road to Bilborough. Case Study Three' as a woman comes forward.

Rose: We moved in when there was the Radford Clearance. To a double steel on Bramson Road. There were a few others that moved here at the same time. Not neighbours but folks you'd see sometimes walking about, that you knew from your old pubs and shops. People knew that we were being shifted, dispersed. And there was talk, you know, what's this place like, what's that place like? And I remember Bilborough was seen as being the best really. Modern. No-one had a bad word to say about it. Even though the houses, you know, they looked a bit funny. I remember coming up to see them being built, and they were kind of on stilts with the top bit built first, like some kind of strange foreign house. There was lots of building going on. Lots of noise and dust. Thomas Bow it was. These sirens would go off when the men were due a break or had to go back to work. And they had this huge compound before they built The Pelican, where they kept all their dumpers and diggers. It all just seemed like such a huge operation. And that somehow it was being built for us.

Anyway we were notified by the council that a house had become available and we were given the key to go and have a look and off we went. And if you turned it down you would be stuck in Radford 'til you got somewhere else. Nobody came round with you, they just gave you the keys to go and have a look at it. As soon as we saw it we liked it.

I can't remember what day it was when we moved in but it was nice, and it wasn't a Friday – it's bad luck to move in on a Friday; I can't remember why but it is bad luck. And there weren't any numbers on the doors so we had to count the houses from the bottom of the street. A few days later we had a couple knock on the door and tell us that we'd got the wrong house, that this was meant to be there's. But it wasn't.

I was worried at first, about how I would feel moving away from all those people that I knew. But they were scattered, we all were, all across Nottingham, like blowing a daisy. And it was a bit lonely to start with. I used to go off to work at Players, I weren't an angel though, I had had my wings clipped. And then in the evenings me and my husband would go down Aspley Lane to the Players Club or go back to Radford to have a drink with my mother and father, we didn't really mix in. Not until I got pregnant. That's how it worked. When the kids came it all made a bit more sense. It felt more like home. The baby clinic was in a house on Bracebridge Drive and our doctor was in a front room in a house on Wigman; Griffin he was called. Dr Cole was on Burnside, he had a front room too.

What else? Well a lady used to come round to collect the rent and we always had a good natter while she wrote in the book. And my brother in law decorated the house for us – emulsion, we couldn't afford paint. And the first thing we bought was a bedroom suite on docketts. I mean we had next to nothing to start with; a single bed, a push bike, and a second hand sofa. It's all we had. But we weren't the only ones. It was a street of empty houses really. Of course within a couple of years everybody went mad and bought electric washers and that. We used to go round to each others houses to see what we'd all bought. You would never have believed it really. Not when you remember what it used to be like.

But you couldn't get a nail into the wall.

Rose exits. Officials A and B enter.

Official A: Hit me with it.

Official B: I have a proposal that is radical but simple. I have called it...

On the screen we see 'The Ground Zero Option'.

Official B: It starts with the enforced re-purchase of every single property on the estate.

Official A: You can't do that.

Official B: We can in Bilborough. There's a line in everyone's deeds. A very small line. Right at the bottom.

B takes out some deeds which A reads.

Official A: 'As this house is part of a social experiment it may at any time in the future be re-bought by the government for the current market price'.

Official B: Exactly.

Official A: Where will you put everybody?

Official B: Nobody will have to move they will simply become council tenants once again. And if they don't like it we'll ship them out to Broxtowe.

Official A: That won't go down very well.

Official B: Not in the short term. But once we own the properties then we can begin to influence behaviour. If people live in council accommodation we can evict them if they don't look after their properties or maintain their gardens.

Official A: But the people who bought their houses do look after their properties and maintain the gardens. I don't understand.

Official B: Because that's just the beginning. We start to make other demands. Demands that will create a fifties style community.

Official A: I like it. Go on.

Official B: First we make them go to church.

Official A: They won't. They don't believe any more.

Official B: A lot of those that went in the fifties weren't believers. They just realised that a church was part of a community. And if people don't go then they'll get evicted, simple as that. And they'll have to join a choir.

Official A: What all of them? It'll be the biggest choir in the world.

Official B: No. Just one member of every family. And they have to grow rhubarb. In their gardens.

Official A: Why rhubarb?

Official B: It's easy. Any fool can grow rhubarb. It's like a weed. And if everyone grows the same thing they have a shared interest and vocabulary. They can talk about it. You know 'how's your rhubarb coming on'?

Official A: That'll be a long conversation.

Official B: You compare it. Swap recipes. Pies, crumbles, fools. Have competitions. Like this –

Image of Sheila Russell centre with a sign indicating a rhubarb competition and several people holding enormous sticks of rhubarb.

Official A: What'll they do with it all?

Official B: There will be an excess of rhubarb, that is true. But we can export and Bilborough will become known across the world for its rhubarb.

Image of a 'Bilborough' sign with the added words 'home of rhubarb'.

Official A: Doesn't rhubarb, you know, make you go more often?

Official B: Can we move on from the rhubarb?

Official A: Of course.

Official B: Neighbourliness. I think, in a nutshell, that is what we are all looking for. To know that our neighbours are not just the people who share our postcode but are in some ways extensions of ourselves, ready to drop everything to come to our aid..

Official A: I'm hearing you.

Official B: So it will be insisted upon. As part of the tenancy agreement.

Official A: Explain.

Official B: We make sure that people are nice to their neighbours and if not then they are evicted. On the spot. To get the message across. Be nice, or else.

Official A: And you think this could work?

Official B: Absolutely. In fact I have already prepared a short film that will be given out to every resident to watch.

The Good Neighbours Film.

Official B: If we adopt my proposal I envisage compulsory purchase orders going out in July and the rolling out of the programme by next January. This time next year Bilborough could be the most neighbourly place on the earth. Thank you.

Official A: Shall we break again and reconvene in ten?

Official B: Yes.

Officials A and B exit as Danny and Margaret Bilborough enter; they have just returned from school.

Danny: Where's mum?

Margaret: She's left a note. Says we're to get our own tea.

Danny: Good.

Margaret: She's left some salmon in the fridge.

Danny: I'm not having salmon, I'm not. We're turning pink, all of us.

Margaret: Do you think there's something going on?

Danny: What do you mean?

Margaret: I don't know. I just think it's a bit strange. The way she acts. Always making notes and filming things and taking photos. And making us keep diaries and asking friends round all the time for tea. I don't even like half of them.

Danny: I know. And she asks them ever such a lot of questions.

Margaret: And the way she shines that lamp in their face when she's talking to them.

Danny: It's like she's trying to interrogate them or something. Hey look what I've found in the coal shed. I think one of the local kids must have hid it there.

He takes a fake nose and glasses and moustache out of his pocket and puts it on.

Margaret: What have you done with my brother?

Danny: What are you on about?

Margaret: Who are you and what have you done with my brother?

Danny takes it off.

Danny: It's me.

Margaret: I know it is you idiot. I was just joking. Here let me put it on.

Margaret puts it on.

Danny: You look just like him.

Margaret: Like who?

Danny: Like that chap who's been skulking about. Haven't you heard?

Margaret: No.

Danny: I saw him when on was on my way to school. It was like he was looking into people's windows. I told my teacher about it and apparently there's been a few sightings of this bloke but nobody knows who he is and where he comes from.

Margaret: Where have they seen him?

Danny: Billy saw him hanging round the shops on Chingford, said he was asking what people had bought for their tea as part of some survey. Michael reckoned that he volunteered to play Santa for the Christmas do at Manor Farm. And Alan said that his sister had gone into Nottingham dancing last Saturday night and that he was sitting on the late night paddy bus bringing everyone home asking all sorts of questions.

Margaret: Maybe mum saw him. Didn't she say she was going into Nottingham last Saturday?

The Narrator comes on as Margaret and Danny exit.

Narrator: It seems as though neither Margaret or Danny ever realised what their parents were up to or the fact that they themselves were being used to gather information. Dorothy, it appears became the main information gatherer and was also becoming increasingly caught up in her role. You only have to read entries from her diary such as this one:

We see Dorothy come forward and read from her diary.

Dorothy: 11th February 1957. This afternoon at around four o'clock all of my ornaments moved off of the mantelpiece and crashed onto the floor. There was a terrible rumbling sound and I ran out of the house, as did everybody else on the street. To start with the neighbours thought there must have been an explosion at the pit, although I had darker concerns before we all realised that it was an earthquake. With such consternation around me I was able to catch people unawares, to enter into over a dozen houses and obtain information all of which I was able to write down in code, explaining to my neighbours that I was merely adding items to a shopping list that I was to leave at Marsdens. Sometimes I worry that my position may be compromised, that my cover may be blown, that everyone will realise I am a mole; that I will cease to be an operative, my surveillance tactics will be terminated and the residents of Bilborough will be left in the wind. But on days like this I realise that I am still active and very much alive in the field.

Narrator: We can also see that Dorothy's alter ego became increasingly bold with his appearances in public.

Images of Dorothy wearing the false glasses, nose and moustache.

Narrator: But it wasn't just Dorothy that was immersing herself in her role, blurring the boundaries between fact and fiction.

P is wrapping himself up with a scarf and a hat and gloves. Catherine and Elizabeth enter..

Catherine: Where are you going?

P: To Bilborough.

Elizabeth: But why? Mummy's invited some friends round.

P: But its bonfire night. I've made some bonfire toffee. Look. You could come too. We can have bonfire apples on a stick and throw potatoes into the fire to eat, with all their muck on. You can put bangers under dustbin lids and warm your faces against the glow of the fires on the crescents.

Catherine: But it'll be all smoky.

Elizabeth: And Uncle Harold is coming and he always brings us a present.

P: Right, well I will see you both in the morning.

Elizabeth: I didn't think you were meant to be seen there. That it was top secret.

P: I can't stand it any more. Reading the reports but not setting foot there myself. It's the perfect night for it. No-one will know.

Catherine: Mummy won't be pleased.

P: I know. But I have to go. Are you sure you won't come with me?

Elizabeth: We can't daddy. You know that.

P: Right. Well, say hello to your Uncle Harold for me.

Catherine and Elizabeth watch as P exits and then exit themselves as we see the words 'The Road to Bilborough. Case Study Four' as a young man comes forward.

Peter: The funny thing is that I used to run around over the foundations of the house, before it was built. I mean I didn't know it was going to be our house. We were just messing around after we'd been playing rugby or football at the grammar school before we cycled back to Carrington where I lived.

Burnside Road it is, where we moved in. All the houses were built on our side but they were still building the houses on the other side and I used to watch. I've always been interested in making things, construction. I work in engineering, at Weller Gauge and Welding Company on Wigman Road. I started my apprenticeship a few weeks after I got here.

But it was amazing to see. There was the concrete on the bottom, the floor and these huge bolts coming up through it. And then a lorry would come along, and it was a huge thing, and it would be carrying a concrete wall, a whole concrete wall, the side of a house, not a bungalow but a house, and it would just drop it into place.

Incredible. A whole side of a semi detached house just dropped into place by a huge lorry.

It was a big house that we moved into, we all had a bedroom and there was this brown shiny floor. I remember when they put the carpet in they had to stick it down, that was the only way to do it.

There were children everywhere, just streets and streets of them, all ages. And my younger brother and sister would keep bringing new children round to the house, it was really difficult to remember all their names. But it meant that I didn't have to look after them, they just looked after themselves really. I mean sometimes me and a friend would do something with them, like take them up to where the old open cast pit was with the old railway sidings and play with them on those trolleys, you know like the ones in the films.

I made most of my friends through the youth club at Glenbrook School. I reckon there's four hundred of us. We take over the whole place. Table tennis, snooker, badminton, discussions, and a drama group. And we're good. We enter all the competitions. We wrote a melodrama last year and were only beaten by Padstow which had a hanging scene in theirs which was frowned upon in some quarters but it was the only thing that beat us.

That's it really. That's what I do, apart from work. Sometimes I take a tent and go and camp up by the canal or Martins Pond. And I walk a bit. But I like to make things really. So I'm always fiddling. But it's good being somewhere where you can see that it's being made around you.

The Officials come forward again.

Official B: I think we're on a roll.

Official A: Me too. And my next idea goes a step further than The Ground Zero option but also uses the notion of taking the accommodation back under council ownership. I call this...

Image of 'The Buddy Holly Option'. 'Rave On' begins to play.

Official A: What do the nineteen fifties mean to us now? Well increasingly they mean a time of glamour. When the world of music was being transformed by Elvis Presley and Buddy Holly, when Cliff Richard was cool and so was the jazz. And how about the world of film? Will there ever be anyone with the vivacity and magnetism of Marilyn Monroe?

Official B: What exactly are you getting at here? Are you really equating Bilborough with the star of Some Like It Hot and the King of Rock and Roll?

Official A: What I am saying is that the further we get from the fifties the more we see them as a time of optimism and confidence, when everything appeared in technicolour. So we return there. Literally. We turn Bilborough into a tourist

attraction. The perfect model fifties estate. Everyone becomes an employee of that attraction and all the houses are returned to their nineteen fifties condition.

Official B: How?

Official A: We get rid of all satellite dishes, electronic games, mobile phones and bring in lots of formica.

Official B: What about the newer buildings. Like the Community Centre on Birchover Road.

Official A: I've thought of that.

A film of the Birchover Community Centre exploding.

Official A: We'll say it's a gas leak.

Official B: What about the local population?

Official A: All restyled. As I can show you.

An image of Councillor Malcolm Wood who is then seen again with a quiff.

Official B: But who will want to come to this tourist attraction? I mean what will there be to do?

Official A: Glamour. To experience it first hand. We're going to bring in lookalikes for every fifties icon that we can and fill the place.

The following has images to accompany it.

Official A: You'll see Liz Taylor coming out of Greggs with a cheese and onion pasty; Gene Kelly singing in the rain down Staverton Road; James Dean on the cereal aisle at Iceland; Frankie Vaughn waiting for a bus on Chingford Road; Kim Novak in

Bargain Booze; John Wayne buying a kettle in Baxters and Buddy Holly and the Crickets will be playing at The Pelican.

Official B: I think you've got a little bit carried away.

Official A: I have, haven't I?

Official B: (*Phone rings, he answers it*). Right well it looks as though we won't be needing to bring forward any of our proposals. There are plans afoot to simply flatten the place and build a mega Tesco's. So it looks as though everyone will have to move out again and be sent somewhere else.

Official A: Another frappucino?

Official B: I believe it's your round.

They exit.

Narrator: Well there you have it. I'm sorry that this is the place where you have to find out such terrible news. But maybe it will come to nothing. Maybe if there are enough people willing to stand up then you can save this place. I wonder what P would have thought? But then maybe he is out there amongst you right now. You see he also had his own road to Bilborough.

P enters as we see a section of a film of a group of primary school children doing Keep Fit activities. He is recording a voice over for it.

P: Yes, young people of Bilborough, you keep fit as you set out on a life of which ordered liberty is the watchword. And after you have exercised your young limbs with such gusto then maybe you can go to the new library to exercise your minds too. No, not quite right....

He rewinds the film and starts again. Elizabeth and Catherine come in over the course of the following speech and watch him.

P: These are the children of men and women who only fourteen years ago had won the war; and now they are playing their part in winning the peace. Look at them, these proud boys and girls, enthusiastic, co-operative, wanting to be included in what is happening, the future of our country, a future that is being hammered out in estates such as these. Better. But still not on the button...

He rewinds the film again.

P: They jump, oh how they jump, they jump to the pulse of community...

Elizabeth: What are you doing daddy?

P: I'm sorry. Did I wake you?

Catherine: It's four o'clock in the morning.

P: Is it?

Elizabeth: Mummy says that we've lost you.

P: What are you on about?

Elizabeth: To this place.

P: No. Not at all. Though...

Catherine: Though what daddy?

P: I was wondering if you would both like to move there. I know mummy doesn't but if you both said that you wanted to then maybe she would change her mind.

Elizabeth: No daddy. We don't.

Catherine: It's not right for us.

P: The Queen was there you know, when she was a Princess, with the Duke of Edinburgh and a nine month old Charles. They came to Bilborough up Wigman Road to Strelley Road around midday with all the housewives gathering to see her in their aprons and curlers.

Elizabeth: Please stop now daddy. You're scaring us.

P: There'll be kids next door. And they'll all call me and your mummy Uncle and Auntie.

Catherine: Why?

P: They just will.

Catherine: But you won't be related. I don't understand.

P: I know you don't. And you never will. And I'm very, very sorry.

The narrator gives him a case.

Elizabeth: What are you doing?

P: I think you know what I'm doing. And I hope that one day that you will forgive me. It's just that ... I don't really belong here anymore. Goodbye. Give your mother a kiss on the cheek for me.

P walks off and as he does so the film starts again – but now we see P enter it with the costume and briefcase that he has been wearing whilst on stage.

P: *(as voiceover on the film)* And so I crossed over the line. I parachuted into territory I should have been observing. I played table tennis at Old Park Farm, watched the Catholic Church of St. Hugh's being opened, shopped at Marsdons and

Farrons and Scoop, Appleyards and Purdeys, Pearce the chemists and Fords. I got a job with Crossland Filters on the new industrial estate and would arrive with all the men and women, and talk to my fellow workers in the canteen and watch them kick a football around on the greens and sports fields there. I went to the talent nights at The Pelican and the yearly trips with the other men. And I was happy. So very, very happy.....

Narrator: That was the last we heard of P. He was declared lost and missing in action, part of the community he had been instructed to spy on. The research project was wrapped up, one last payment being made to the family known as The Bilboroughs...

Danny enters combing his hair, Margaret enters from the other side. Dorothy is calling out from offstage.

Dorothy: Bert! There's a lorry pulled up outside full of tins of pink salmon.

Margaret: What are you getting so dressed up for?

Danny: I'm going to the film showing at Westwick Road Grange.

Dorothy: He's unloading it all over the road! There's people coming out to look at it!

Bert enters with a fishing rod.

Bert: It's your metal work teacher isn't it, who brings his projector?

Danny: Mr Osborne.

Bert: They used to show Charlie Chaplin films at the Methodist Church on Aspley Lane you know.

Margaret: How come you know so much about round here?

Bert: I just do.

Dorothy enters.

Dorothy: It's chaos out there, absolute chaos! A pink salmon free for all! You don't think that... that they're trying to send us a message?

Margaret: What are you on about mum?

Dorothy: That maybe it's over.

Bert: Well I hope it is. We've done our bit and now it's time for us all to live in peace.

Danny: Are you two alright?

Bert: Yes we are. Now come here, all of you and give us a hug.

The family come together and form a family pose.

Narrator: Long after The Bilboroughs ceased sending information in 1959 the two children were kept under limited surveillance. To see what would happen to a typical child from the estate as the years went by.

The performers now enter to join this scene.

Performer: They went jiving at the Sheila Russell community centre...

Danny and Margaret begin to dance.

Performer: They went running at the new Harvey Hadden sports stadium....

Danny and Julia run on the spot.

Narrator: The new Harvey Hadden sports stadium at Bilborough Park is to be opened on August 8th. Officials believe that the sight of the amphitheatre will amaze people who have never seen a track and field designed up to Olympic Games standards.

Performer: They walked to Strelley to gather blackberries and hazlenuts in the sun and the rain and the snow...

Members of the cast come out and throw snow over Danny and Julia.

Performer: They drank shandy at the Broad Oak when there were power cuts and everything was sold in bottles by candlelight.

Danny and Margaret are given bottles..

Performer: They strolled through Backies and imagined how the world would look in the future.

Danny: One day they'll build houses here.

Margaret: And robots will do all the work.

Performer: Julia shouted from the sidelines as Danny played football for the Bilborough All Colours.

Margaret: Come on Danny!

Performer: We can't afford a proper kit so just turn up in what you can and we'll take care of it somehow with the name.

Performer: They went swimming at Beechdale Baths and dived off of the big board.

Danny and Margaret walk to the end of the board to a drum roll.

Performer: They met their fiancées and picnicked on the bridge together over the newly built M1 and Margaret said to Danny.

Margaret: Our parents want us to live here in Bilborough. But we cannot, because there are no houses left. We must leave. We must head along this road below us, to the north or to the south and one day we may return.

Performer: They didn't return.

Performer: Like so many others.

Performer: They were right. There were no more houses.

Narrator: They had all been taken.

Performer: The children of the young families grew up and moved away.

Performer: The parents of the young families grew old and stayed where they were.

Narrator: By the seventies the idea of hundreds upon hundreds of children taking over whole schools for youth club nights or parading in their dozens around the estate was nothing but mere fancy.

And now the cast all exit the stage.

Narrator: Bilborough had flared brightly but now it began to fall quiet, and in many ways that is the end of our story. There are other things in the archives that we have not shared with you; fragments of other lives. But our time here has come to a close. So how do we end? Well I think about that moment when P wrote down 'Analyse the importance of bonfire making on the self esteem of a community'. And I think about potatoes, potatoes with all their muck on being cooked in those bonfires.

Sound of a bonfire and the cast appear amongst the audience and hand out potatoes.

Narrator: So take these home, these potatoes. Potatoes that used to be grown here, when Bilborough was a country village with farms and pigsties, a tithe barn and horse troughs and a little old church with an ivy laden tower. When it was a village with a field full of gypsies who sold pegs to those who began to arrive in the fifties, before they too were moved on. Take them home, these symbols of those wonderful bonfire nights when the new families of the modern estate came together as one.

The cast return to the stage to make the closing tableaux of a bonfire party.

Narrator: Take them home, bake them in their jackets, give them to your neighbour and tell them what it represents. This place where you live, that must therefore be part of you; this place that, like any other, can always be made better. And remember the things that have already been achieved and ask yourself what part you will play in the next chapter of this story.
Good night and good luck.

Fin

Copyright Andy Barrett