

# *BUCKETS*



# Introduction

On the occasion of rade's tenth anniversary our publication for this year combines images from our programme for 2014 with writing that had never been published from our theatre production of 2006. This year saw RADE's debut into dance under the guidance of choreographer Cathy Coughlan. The production was called 'Source' and it was performed as part of the Tiger Dublin Fringe Festival. The show packed out for the full run and was subsequently nominated for two festival awards. RADE's art programme for 2014 culminated with an exhibition of stained glass in DCC Civic Buildings. This was also the first time our project had worked with glass. Workshops were facilitated by the artist Peter Young and the final central pieces consisted of six panels, designed and built by the participants and installed as windows in RADE's work studio in the OLV Building.

The play 'Jack and Jill' was produced from the creative writing programme of 2006 and became the first of a template structure that we have used in a number of productions since. The poet and member of Aosdána, Tony Curtis was our creative writing facilitator on that year and we developed a story loosely based on the Jack and Jill nursery rhyme. The workshops consisted of fantasising about how Jack and Jill met and in our story, got married. Michael Egan compiled the script which included writing from him, Tony Curtis and the participants. The play was performed in The Project Arts Centre.



**EMMA / SHARON POSITIONED STAGE LEFT AND RIGHT SPEAKING INTO MOBILE PHONES. BACKGROUND MUSIC PLAYS 'THERE'S A HOLE IN MY BUCKET'. THE FULL CAST SIT ON THEIR BUCKETS IN A SEMI CIRCLE DEFINING THE STAGE AREA**

**She does take away**

**She does remote control**

**She does taxi**

**She does her nails**

**She does shopping in Grafton St.**

**She does Smirnoff**

**She does instant tan**

**She does high-lighting, high heels**

**She does high as a kite**

**She does doggy style**

**She does sixty-nine**

**She does oral**

**She does fish fingers**

**She does Costa Del Sol**

**She does microwave**

**She does low fat**

**She does prayer**

**She does escort**

**She does text**

**She does Oprah**

**She does Fair City**

**She doesn't cook**

**She doesn't DVD**

**She doesn't walk, bus or bike**

**She doesn't gym**

**She doesn't Oxfam**

**She doesn't AA**

**She doesn't beach**

**She doesn't high life, hi tech**

**She doesn't low life**

**She doesn't golden shower**

**She doesn't do porn**

**She doesn't do anal**

**She doesn't do fresh fish**

**She doesn't do the Ring of Kerry**

**She doesn't do body wave**

**She doesn't do health food**

**She doesn't do Mass**

**She doesn't do Benburb Street**

**She doesn't do email**

**She doesn't do Pat Kenny**

She doesn't do Coronation Street  
She does Christmas  
She does slip on  
She does piercing

She doesn't do Easter  
She doesn't do flip flop  
She doesn't do tattoo

ROBERT F Jack, he does  
He does drink  
He does drugs  
He does sex  
He does bed  
He does sweet fuck all  
ALL  
He doesn't.... worry!

JOHN To Begin their story – a  
story of drugs, drink, family  
and marriage – we must go back to that faithful day three years ago when Jill,  
a bucket fetishist, saw Jack with his cart loaded with buckets passing under  
the arch of Christchurch Cathedral. He was heading towards the long, damp  
shadow of St Patrick's Cathedral. They were having the place cleaned down  
and Jack had the order to supply two hundred assorted buckets – both plastic  
and galvanized.

He was rattling over what must be now some of the last cobble stones in  
Dublin when he spotted Jill. He didn't want any delay. He just wanted to get  
his money and head back to his local, The Well, which was at the top of the



Hill. He wanted a few pints with his mates, but she was a terribly good looking woman and she was looking at him. When he knew her better, he would take her to the Well and together they would swallow buckets of beer

**EDDIE INTERRUPTS JOHN AND BARGES FORWARD SHOUTING**

**EDDIE**                      Uses for buckets  
Red buckets  
Yellow buckets  
Galvanised buckets  
Wooden buckets  
Paper buckets  
Plastic buckets  
She wheeled her wheel buckets

**EDDIE IS DRAGGED BACK TO SEMI CIRCLE JOHN CONTINUES**

**JOHN**                      This was a love at first sight thing. For both of them. What could he say?  
..... he wondered... And what could she say?..... she wondered too. There wasn't much time. The chance might get lost and they both could pass out of each others lives never to meet again. He checked himself quickly, spat on his hand smoothed his hair. his fly was open... he pulled it up. He looked again, his lace was undone,.... He tied them. ... he was ready. Here's a sample of some desperate chat up lines that they struggled to come up with on the spot. Jill took the first step and said the first thing that came into her head...

**EMMA**                      Would you look at the buckets on that. Hey ! I love your buckets  
**JOHNNY**                      Do you wanna free one?  
**EMMA**                      Yeah, but I've a long way to walk and I've loads to carry

JOHNNY You could always wear it  
EMMA How would I wear a bucket?  
JOHNNY You can do lots of things with a bucket  
EMMA Are you having me on?  
JOHNNY You could use it as a handbag  
EMMA I'm not cheap. I wouldn't use a bucket as a handbag  
JOHNNY I'm only suggesting how you could carry your stuff  
EMMA I thought you were goin' to offer me a lift  
JOHNNY Oh, you want a ride  
EMMA A lift (SHE SITS)

NEXT COUPLE STEP FORWARD AS OTHERS RETURN TO CIRCLE

TARA Hi handsome, how much are your buckets?  
RORY Hang on love till I tie the owl horse to the railings and we'll try to come to some arrangement.  
TARA that's grand because the owl plastic bucket I have is no use any more. I want to buy a steel one for the coal.  
RORY The steel ones are a lot more expensive than the plastic one but seeing you're so pretty I'm sure we can work something out.  
TARA Well, you're not so bad looking yourself  
RORY I tell you what love, if I give you a steel one will you meet me later for a drink in the Well?  
TARA Yes, big boy, come up and see me sometime, I'll have nothing on but the radio.  
(SHE SITS)



NEXT COUPLE STEP FORWARD OTHERS RETURN TO CIRCLE



**CHRISTINE** Come over here, bucket man! Jaysus, I love your buckets. Oh look I think there's a hole in that one.

**ROBERT F** Well love, if you wanna block it up, I'll block up yours, so you come over here sexy lady and I'll show you how to block a hole up good and proper

**CHRISTINE** Oh stop, you're making me go red. (SHE SITS)

**ROBERT F** I tell you it will be a time you'll never forget and you'll like it that much you won't wanna leave. It will be just you me and the buckets.

**NEXT COUPLE STEP FORWARD OTHER RETURN TO CIRCLE**

**SARAH** hey, you with the buckets. Why have you got so many?

**MICK B** I wouldn't have enough room in one, Because my love for you is overflowing and the sweet scent of the apple blossoms

**SARAH** Ah here, what's he on? (SHE EXITS)

**MICK** And the red ripe virgin nymphs leap like my blood....

**SARAH** What's with the virgin?

**MICK** My veins trashing.....Where's she gone? Ah, well, at least me bucket is still there (HE LEAVES)

**EDDIE AGAIN INTERRUPTS SHOUTING**

**EDDIE** Uses for buckets  
Rich people make buckets of money  
Sad people shed buckets of tears



Some people have buckets of fun  
My granny has buckets of coal  
Travellers make empty buckets...for a living

#### **EDDIE IS DRAGGED BACK TO CIRCLE**

**JOHN D** And that was how it started, their first date it was. And Jack took her to the Well, which was at the top of the hill. They loved it so much, wasn't it the only place they ever went on a date from that day forth.

**MICHELLE** He took me to the well on the first date  
He took me to the well on the second date  
He took me to the well on the third date  
Well, well, well.

**JOHNNY** Jack and Jill climb the hill to get to The Well. It is a steep hill. Jack and Jill go up to The Well for a few drinks. It's worth the climb for the end result. A wide hill it is, cars traveling both ways with traffic lights half way up. A raggedy surface it has. With potholes and burnt out cars over on the right by the shop. Facing the shop is a block of flats where Jill's aunt Carmel lives. A dirty hill it can be. Dog shit and rubbish all the way up, especially by the bin outside the shop. Jack is always on about the dirt on the sides of the hill. Where is the man with the electric cart who is supposed to clean up? He is, as always, round the back having a smoke and a doss. A busy pub The Well can be, with hard men and hungry women making up the most of the customers. Jack and Jill, and the man with the cart, are on their way to join them.

**THE 3 WOMEN COME FORWARD TOGETHER. THE POEMS ARE DELIVERED  
IN SINGING FASHION**



**MIRO**

Jack and Jill robbed the till  
For the flowers he should have bought her  
Jack broke down and went on the town  
And Jill came running after  
Then up Jack got and bought some Pot  
As fast as he could leave her  
They put him to bed and bothering his head  
With advice and a stone cold dinner

**MICHELLE**

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch some holy water  
Jack knelt down and blessed his crown  
And Jill did the same after  
Then up Jack got and home they trot  
As fast as they could scaper  
They went to bed and blessed their heads  
And chased the brown on foil paper

**SANDRA**

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To bath in a pale of water  
Jack fell down And nearly drown  
And Jill broke out with laughter  
Then up Jack got and home did trot  
As fast as they could scaper  
They went to bed and covered their heads  
And had lots of sex and laughter



**JOHN**           The lads in the Well saw the change come over Jack. He was like a new man. It had something to do with the big smile he had on his face and it had even more to do with his darling Jill, who was perched like a hawk on his arm. We were all terrified of her, to be honest... the way she'd be looking at you,... You'd swear we were going to try drink his pint. And rob his bucket

**EDDIE**               **Uses for buckets**  
Buckets are used by kids to make sandcastles  
Buckets are used by scrubbers to wash floors  
Buckets are used by saints to carry souls  
Buckets are used by Catholics to collect cents  
Buckets is where everyone keeps their slops

**JOHN**           The night before after Jack had gone home to propose marriage, the lads in the Well called a meeting ....and they pondered very deeply as they poured over the pints, what exactly happened.....

**ROBERT F**   I'd say it went something like this.....The Proposal  
Jack on bended knee  
Jill will you marry me  
Jill said yes  
even though you're a mess  
and not a penny to be seen.  
Give up the drink and the drugs  
Sorry Jill, Can I change  
me knee as it's killing me  
Just like the drink and  
the drugs  
Ah here Jack



I think I'll change me  
mind, fuck you  
and your stupid knee  
Jack sobered up as soon as he could  
Then Jill came back with  
a "Yes"

**TARA** No, no, no. Jack is much more of a romantic, I'm telling you. I'll give you his proposal. He brought her to the park and they were having a fill of cans of beer. Then didn't it come up about his friend that got married and Jack said to Jill as he went down on one knee,

- will you marry me. And Jill said
- yes. Then Jack took out a daisy ring that he had made out of them flowers that he picked in the park. When Jill saw the ring she said to him
- you hungry pig, you couldn't get me a real ring. For that you can get the fuck, the answer is "No". Jack said
- why did you only say "yes" a minute ago and Jill said
- I thought you would have a lovely ring for me. Then he put his hand in his pocket and took out the real ring. When Jill saw it she started to cry with happiness. Then she noticed he had a big bunch of flowers hidden and a bottle of Champagne

**MICHELLE** I know what happened: Jack heard the footsteps on the stairs outside the flat as he was watching the clock, seen as there was no telly. They weren't the uncle's heavy hob nailers. They were a dainty light step that almost made a musical instrument of the stairs, a kind of percussion solo, tapping out the rhythm, the crescendo saw the door swing open to reveal the beautiful Jill, standing like a vision. He fell to his knees, like it was the Virgin Mary herself appearing to him, and the words slid from his mouth like a prayer, -I will

**COLIN**

That's a load of bollix, sure wasn't Jack in here only last night. I'll tell you how it went Jack was after been working all day on the horse and cart collecting scrap. He got this mad thought into his head: "ah fuck it, I've been with Jill long enough, it's about time I made an honest girl out of her. But he was afraid of making a thick of himself. He thought he needed a bit of Dutch courage. That'll soften it if she says no. Straight off to Thomas Street on the horse and cart. Lovely a few yellows and a bit of brown, that'll do the trick. If she says no I wont even remember. Off he goes to have the jab with the yellows. He gets them into him and he's out of his head. He takes the horse away from the cart. Just leaves it there. He jockey's the horse home. When he gallops up his road, he sees Jill sittin' in the garden. As he gets to Jill, one of the neighbours kids, runs in front of the horse. The horse rares up and throws Jack flying. He lands right in front of Jill on his back.

-Will you get up off your back, Jill says as she puts her hand out to help him up. Jack puts a brass ring on her finger that he found with his scrap.

-Jill, will you marry me?

-Of course I will, you big dope. Now will you get up off your back and give me a hug.

**RORY**

No way Jose, Jill would never hug that ugly oul shite, it was like this....The door blows open as if there is a cyclone going on outside. In storms Jack with a grin as wide as Sally's Gap.

-It's a great day for a proposal, he spits out, as saliva dribbles down his chin.

-Oh God, here we go again, says Jill, another day of torment. Without shyness or embarrassment he falls to his knees, but in a flash, he's on his back. Not being able to stay still on one knee for more than a second, up he stumbles on



one knee again, but still only for a second.

-Fuck this for a lark, there must be easier ways to propose, Jack says to himself. So he begs Jill to lift him onto the sofa. Then out of the blue he starts crying like a two-year-old.

-I am sorry for all the shit I put you through Jill, but will you forgive me please and do me the great honor of becoming my wife.

- What! she says in bewilderment.

-Will you fucking marry me, woman! Sorry, sorry for the language but will you please marry me.

-I will, I love you so much Jack. They both were laughing their heads off. But then Jill noticed she was the only one laughing. Jack was just lying on the sofa smiling, sleeping beginning to snore....with one foot in his Bucket

#### **EDDIE BARGES FORWARD SHOUTING**

**EDDIE**

**Uses for buckets**

**Some people put flowers in buckets**

**Mammy puts the kids toys in buckets**

**Window cleaners carry water in buckets**

**Firemen put out fires with buckets**

**On Sundays the rain comes down in buckets**

#### **EDDIE DRAGGED BACK TO SEMI CIRCLE**

**JOHN**

**She said yes. And Jack was out for the count. Jill left him sleeping but when she went to check on him, he was gone. Gone to celebrate with his mates. She just sat there, totally in charge of the remote control, now and wondering what she had gotten herself into. She decided to list down the reasons for getting married.**

**MICHELLE EDDIE**

I'm not getting any younger  
He's ok when he's sober  
He's lovely brown eyes  
Other girls fall over him  
Sweet talker  
Smooth dude  
He loves me  
I love him  
He'll protect me  
He's good in bed  
He's good in the kitchen  
He buys me things  
He cooks for me  
He makes me feel good  
He makes me laugh  
He's a good dresser  
I'd marry him to spite  
my mother  
I'd have my big day  
He is a lovely kisser  
He's generous  
He turns me on  
I'd have lovely rings  
I'd have his kids  
He has a car  
To spite all my friends  
Companionship  
Relationship

My tits are going south  
He's never sober  
Blood shot  
When he's on the ground  
Crumbs in bed  
Sweats like a pig  
He loves me not  
Sometimes  
Extra strength Durex  
He's good on the sofa,  
Domestic appliances (Chorus) spin cycle  
before bad news  
Beans on toast  
Rubs me up the right way  
Till I piss meself  
Because I dress him

She married my father to spite me  
The big white blowjob  
I taught him  
with my money  
He knows all my buttons  
He pukes his rings  
She's mad for the mickey, money  
He robbed it yesterday  
He's had all your friends  
Sinking Ship  
Abandon Ship

Happiness  
Commitment

More or less  
Signing away your life  
This is your life.

ROBERT He stayed out all night celebrating. When he arrived in her bed  
They had a small row – nothing volcanic. Just a ‘

EMMA And what happened to you?’

ROBERT And the usual reply ‘ Ah you know Babe, Mates, pints, time.

EMMA And where did you go ?

ROBERT ‘Here and there. You know Babe, time flies.

EMMA And where did you sleep?

ROBER Here I am now. Come here and I want you.

EMMA Your mouth smells like a dog slept in it,  
Get into your bucket and drown.

ROBERT What is it with Jack and Jill and their bleedin’  
buckets. There’s buckets of buckets in this story. I’m  
getting a pain in me buckets listening to  
them.

JOHN / CHRISTINE ENTER WITH BUCKET EACH AND SIT DOWN

JACK Jill my bucket is fuckin’ freezing. What’s yours like?

JILL It’s not too bad. I have my heavy body socks on,  
which I wear in the winter.

JACK How would you put your body in a sock? You wouldn’t fit and you’d look  
stupid.





JILL            They're very sexy, I think.

JACK           A sock? Sexy?

JILL           Very sexy.....I think.

JACK           What ever turns you on..... And where's the other one?

JILL           The other what?

JACK           The other sock. They always come in pairs.

JILL           Not body socks, they don't. It's just the one.

JACK           That's a pity. You could have given me the other one, if there were two.

JILL           No, you'd look a right sissy, in a sock.

JACK           I'd look more than a sissy, I'd look a proper gobshite walking around in a sock. Or would I be hopping? Suppose I'd have to hop if there was only the one.

JILL           The one what?

JACK           The one sock

JILL           Oh,.....(PAUSE)... you don't see me hopping.

JACK That's true. This is getting complicated....The point is at least I wouldn't be freezing.

JILL Why don't you put your hat under your arse? That'd keep you warm.

JACK If I do that, me head will be bleeding freezing. (PAUSE) A fuck it, lets have a cuddle and warm ourselves up. (THEY CUDDLE. PAUSE) What'll we do now?

JILL We could stop cuddling for a bit. (THEY STOP CUDDLE)

JACK A change is as good as a rest, isn't it?

JILL I prefer resting. (SHE SITS)

JACK Sure that would be a change. We'll have a rest. (HE TURNS TO SIT. LOOKS AT AUDIENCE. LOOKS AT JILL)

JILL Will you go back to your bucket?

JACK No, that's no good. Remember me arse?

JILL Remember your arse?

JACK Yeah, remember, it was freezing. You were all right. You had your sock.

JILL Why don't you try putting the hat under your arse. It might work. Give it a try. ... go on.



**JACK** I'll try, but it won't work, I'm telling you, I know. (HE PUTS HAT DOWN. LOWERS HIMSELF SLOWLY ON TO THE BUCKET. HE SITS. AFTER A MOMENT..HE SCREAMS) Me head is fucking freezing. (HE JUMPS UP). I knew that would happen.

**JILL** It was worth a try

**JACK** I suppose so. Can't think of anything else..... unless.... But , no.

**JILL** Go on, say it.

**JACK** Well....

**JILL** Well?

**JACK** Well.

**JILL** Well, well, well. We'll go to the Well.

**JACK** Just for the one.

**JILL** I'll get the buckets.

**EDDIE** Uses for buckets  
In Vietnam they shot holes in buckets  
And used them for showering.... Good morning Bagdad  
In Australia Ned Kelly hid under a bucket  
And the bullets bounced off him

In Dublin I went to the Abbey Theatre  
And they wouldn't let me in, cause I didn't..... book it.

**ROBERT** Well, do you know or have you ever wondered what she keeps in her buckets?

**CHRISTINE** She keeps secrets in her bucket  
She keeps regrets in her bucket  
She keeps her troubles  
Her good times  
And bad times

**ROBERT** She keeps her hurt in her bucket  
She keeps her pain in her bucket  
She keeps her dreams  
She keeps her fears  
keeps her diary

**CHRISTINE** She keeps her memories  
She keeps her nightmares  
She keeps her family photos  
Her father's rosary beads  
And her ma's big hugs

**ROBERT** She keeps moonshine in her bucket  
She keeps sunshine in her bucket  
She keeps rain  
She keeps mist  
She keeps stormy nights

**CHRISTINE** She keeps canals with bicycles in her bucket  
She keeps spells in her bucket  
She keeps cures,  
She keeps chants



She keeps medicines

**ROBERT** She keeps a small house in her bucket  
She keeps a garden in her bucket  
She keeps a swing  
She keeps a dog  
She keeps a cat

**CHRISTINE** She keeps wooden floors in her bucket  
She keeps curtained windows in her bucket  
She keeps CDs ,PVDs and DVDs

**ROBERT** She keeps an enormous bed in her bucket  
She keeps condoms in her bucket  
She keeps a good man  
She keeps a clean man  
She keeps a sober man

**CHRISTINE** She keeps a long handled  
Stainless steel castrating shears in her bucket  
Along with her last boyfriend's Bouncing balls –

**ROBERT** he's all falsetto now.

**JOHNNY** And what does Jack Keep in His Bucket  
You would expect him to keep. Piss. Puke. Sweat. Toe nails. Farts  
Anything that runs  
'It wasn't the ten pints,  
it was the curried chips.'  
But he keeps it clean...  
It holds his dreams.  
Odd, isn't it?

**JOHN** Oh and the neighbours started talking. The local grapevine was better than e  
mail, better than An Post and better than text



**SARAH** Hay ye Mrs O'Reilly well I heard about the famous wedding across the road. Is she mad signing her life away to that waster? The drunken owl fuck. He'll drag her down and wreck her life just like he did with my daughter before he dumped her for Jill. I hope they're happy with themselves after putting my daughter through all that heart ache and sorrow. Not only that he left her 6 months pregnant. The child will be nothing like his father. Little jonnie won't be playing with the buckets up on the hill. He won't even know who his father is, if I have anything to do with it. I should have had him knee capped while I had the offer, the bastard. I'll never let him forget what he has done to my daughter.

**JOHN** And what would Jack give Jill for a wedding present?

**RORY** As Jack stares at MTV he suddenly comes awake as the MTV cameraman from Cribs knocks' on Elton John's door. Elton looks genuinely surprised even though Jack knows it's all rehearsed. As Elton shows off his immaculate house he shows a self-portrait of himself that he gave to his partner for a Christmas present. When Jack saw it the penny dropped, he will get his mate Sausage, who's an artist, to do a picture of himself in the nude, or maybe one with the jeans on and the fly and button open. Could even stand under the shower for the wet look. "That would keep her happy when I'm not there he thought to himself and I'll give it to Jill for a wedding present.

**JOHN** To cut a long story short, we'll cut to the famous fateful day. The mother of all weddings. There was skin and hair flying that morning as the two tribes got dressed in their best .. So the scene was set. Everyone decked out in their battle gear. Dressed to kill. Take Jill's mate, Tasha for instance

EDDIE                      Dress?  
MIRO                    Cream, salsa, fish tail. Bra style strapless top. Hand made by me for free.  
EDDIE                    Shoes?  
MIRO                    Stiletto, cream, toeless with diamond studded strap. Swapped  
EDDIE                    Knickers?  
MIRO                    Cream, lace, tong. €29.99 Laura's lingerie shop, Athlone  
EDDIE                    Tan?  
MIRO                    All over body, spray on. Another D.I. Y job, that was.  
EDDIE                    Hair  
MIRO                    Flowers. From the garden

MIRO                    I wore a lovely cream dress. It came just over the knees. The top was a bra style, to show off my cleavage. Even the chicken fillets fit perfect, because the dress was strapless and came in at the waist, like a dream.. It fitted perfect. The bottom was a salsa style. My shoes were cream toeless and backless, just a strap with diamonds on them. I even splashed out on my knickers. A cream lace €29.99 they cost me and they would fit in the palm of your hand. I'll be watching for dirty hands. I hate that crap any time I wear something bright and special some prick has to spill their drink over me. Bastards. It won't be happening tonight and the lucky fucker who gets as far as my cream lace tong, is gonna be a clean handed, dirty minded good fucker. After all I even got my Body sprayed with false tan. Now I want a man.



ATTIRE                    ( the mother)  
EDDIE                    Dress?



**MOLLY** John Rocha. Satin blue, plunging neck line. Habitat €399.00

**EDDIE** Hat?

**MOLLY** Wide brim, white. Cleary's 1961.. £12.99 It was punts in those days

**EDDIE** Blouse?

**MOLLY** Oriental pattern. Sky blue, Marks&Spencers €29.99

**EDDIE** Shoes?

**MOLLY** Silver sharpened stilettos. Oxfam €3.50 (Shush, say nothing. Sure didn't I meet Jack's Aunt in there. And her routing through the bra box. I nearly died. Lucky I had the presence of mind to tell her I was leaving in some old clothes)

**EDDIE** Bra?

**MOLLY** Oh, that was a Wonder. I mean a wonder bra, Cage scaffolding, lift & press together. Ann Summers €69.99

**MOLLY** Maybe I should've worn something more simple. Sure compared with the other side, I looked like someone lost from the Galway races. They were a wretched lookin' bunch, but I might have guessed. The waft of booze ozzing over to our side of the chapel! Jesus, I nearly got up and ran when the priest came to that part in the mass where he tells you to shake hands. Didn't the oul fella and his mouldy brother, make a bee line for me. Hands outstretched, in front of them, like blind men, the pair of them, and their four collective eyes glued to my two bulging boobs. I should never have worn that bra, but it was the only one to go with the beautiful blouse, that went so well with my hat. And I was not going to go to my daughters wedding without the hat. Beautiful, it was. I wore it to my own wedding, and just because they were dog rough on his side, I wasn't about to let our side down. I always look at the shoes meself. You can tell the poverty be the shoes. The way the heels do be worn. Sure the oul lads suit was rented. Doubt he ever dressed proper, maybe in a court. But the shoes, how embarrassing, I mean sneakers? The gobshite. At his son's wedding?

## JACK'S DA, JIMMY

EDDIE                    Suit  
JIMMY                His own 30 year old black, 2 piece wedding suit. Still dusty.  
EDDIE                    How much?  
JIMMY                Can't remember, it was that long ago.  
EDDIE                    Shirt?  
JIMMY                White, frills down both sides.  
EDDIE                    (IMPATIENT) How much?  
JIMMY                Can't remember that either.  
EDDIE                    Dickie bow?  
JIMMY                Dark brown. And that was borrowed.  
EDDIE                    Shoes?  
JIMMY                Brown velvet and before you ask, I can't remember  
EDDIE                    Jocks?  
JIMMY                Knickers, robbed from Mrs.Mac, Next door neighbour's washing basket. He was funny that way . Oh, they were free.  
EDDIE                    Cummerbund?  
JIMMY                Dark brown €9.99. Penny's of Henry Street.

JIMMY                I wore my wedding suit that I wore on my big day. I have this suit 30 years. It was lying in the back of my wardrobe and when I took it out, the dust on it, mother of god, I said how can I wear this to me sons wedding. It is a black suit and the shirt had the frills down the both sides of it. I had a dark brown dicky



bow and for around my waist a cummerbund and that was dark brown. And  
me brown velvet shoes

**JOHN**           The priest washed his fingers like Punches Pilot in a little bucket.....

**EDDIE**           Uses for buckets

At the end of a JCB there's a bucket

At the end of the rainbow there's a bucket

At the end of the day there's a hole in the bucket

At the end of your life you kick the bucket

There should be a bank holiday for buckets

**JOHN CONT**

The priest washed his fingers like Punches Pilot in a little bowl The forging of  
man and wife. Two souls hammered into one. There was a lot of hammering.  
They were all hammered. The bubbles of alcohol percolated up to the brains  
and popped in blissful abundance for all the congregation. Music could be  
heard, but none was played. ~Words floated through the day. Wedding  
Words

**HOLE IN THE BUCKET MUSIC**

**CHRISTINE / MICK B**

Do you?

I do!

Will you?

I will!

Mr.

Mrs.

Best Man

Old Man.

Bride's Maids.

Bride's Whores

Page boy

Page three girls

Flower girls

Priest

Bridal party

Virgin

Aisle

Dress

Vail

Garter

Suit

Flowers

Ring

Readings

Old

Borrowed

Limo

Photographer

Speech

Confetti

Welcome

Family

Bouquet

Red Carpet

Cards

Afters

Drinks

Meal

Cake

DJ

Money

Call girls

Pedo

Orgy

used

Road to nowhere

Undress

Unveil

Stocking

Unsuited

Weeds

Me hole!

Illiterate

Young

Kept

Banger

Disposable

Stuck for words

Rice

So you came

the Osbournes

Wreath

Threadbare

Jokers

Wipes herself

Under the table

Made one of it...

Ate that too

DTs

Washed out



<b>Drunk</b>	<b>Spewed out</b>
<b>Last orders</b>	<b>Last rites</b>
<b>Honeymoon</b>	<b>Sunset</b>
<b>Good night</b>	<b>All night</b>

**GROUP AS IF STANDING AT A BAR CALLING DRINKS**

**JOHNNY     2 Guinness a Budweiser and a pint of Harp**

**THE BIRDIE SONG BEGINS SLOWLY AND ONE BY ONE EACH OF THE CAST  
STEP FORWARD TO CALL DRINK OUT TO AUD. AS IF AT A BAR. SONG  
SPEEDS UP**

- **3 Bulmers please**
- **4 pints of Carlsberg**
- **A glass of Tennents and a Britvik orange**
- **A pint of Heineken and a pot of tea.**
- **A large bucket of Satzinbrow**
- **A Vodka and tonic and 2 G and T's please**
- **A double Whiskey**
- **2 Bacardis and just the one coke**
- **Have you any Brandy**
- **Jemy and red. Just a dash**
- **Rum and coke**
- **2 Peach Schnapps**
- **more Gin and Tonic.**
- **A bottle of Red wine**
- **Smirnoff ice and 2 Guinness**
- **Wkd, Fat frog And a glass of White wine**

- Bottle of Champagne
- 3 Red bull
- A packet of crisps and a Coke
- Do you do Stella, 2 please and a Red lemonade
- Excuse me where's the toilet
- 

**EDDIE** I've got a bucket. I just need a mop. The carpet's destroyed  
Buckets of booze

**THE FULL CAST ARE NOW SPRAWLED ON  
THE GROUND WAKING FROM A DRUNKEN  
SLEEP**

**MOLLY** What time is it?  
**EDDIE** Where am I?  
**SARAH** It's very late  
**JOHNNY** It's very early  
**RORY** Yeah, it's late at night and early in the morning  
**ROBERT** I was at a wedding  
**CHRISTINE** We were all at a wedding  
**JIMMY** Oh me head is soup  
**MICHELLE** Did someone get married  
**RORY** 2 people did  
**EDDIE** Jack and Jill got hitched  
**MOLLY** Ah, it was great  
**EDDIE** Was it?  
**COLIN** I cant remember  
**SARAH** Where do you get the 16a? I'll be late for me  
**FAS course**



JOHN

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
to fetch a pail of water  
Jack fell down and broke his crown  
And Jill came tumbling after

The End





# RADE's Stained Glass Windows





**The Lord Mayor of Dublin Christy Burke opens the Stained Glass windows in the RADE building in Dublin 8.**





# RADE



SOUTH INNER CITY LOCAL DRUGS TASK FORCE

THE CORK STREET FUND