

The Last Post Performance Sharing: Meet the Characters!



Mr Ritzy



Janine the Travel Agent



Bouncer



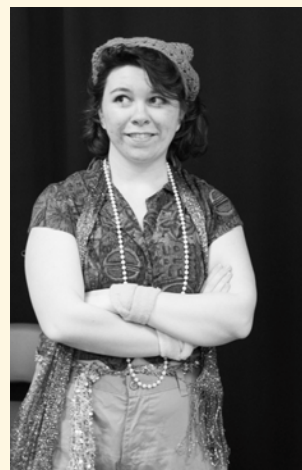
Jergen and Clive



Mick 'big hands' Hucknel and Brenda



Jergen



The Nightclub Ensemble



Bouncer

The Last Post Performance Sharing: Guide and Audio Transcripts

Welcome to *The Last Post*! This interactive experience brings to life the history of the old Post Office and the nightclub that once thrived on Bridge Street, now home to The Place. Much of this piece is improvised, and we hope that the following guide provides some insight into characters, activities, and moments you'll encounter this evening as you explore the space.

Scene 1: Welcome to the Old Post Office

You enter into the Old Post Office. An improvised, interactive and participatory section of the piece.

Pam and Mike are at the front desk, slightly worse for wear after a night at the club upstairs. They're preparing for the day ahead. Feel free to say hello... they might even sell you a drink for later!

You'll notice some different activities and exhibitions which you can get involved in dotted around the space. Feel free to engage with them. Slowly, our Post Office performers will arrive... and bring some of the activity stations to life. For example:

Send a Postcard

Collect a free postcard and stamp. Write a message and post it in the letterbox at the front desk—it'll be sent after the show!

The World of Post

Browse displays of old photos, stamps, audio and memorabilia showcasing the history of the Post Office.

Travel with Janine

Visit Janine at her travel desk, complete with a globe and vintage brochures. Plan an imaginary trip or take a fun passport photo!

The Roaming Post Office Counter

Meet Mick 'big hands' Hucknel... with oversized hands, Mick tries to help but often ends up in comical situations. Supported by Brenda, who's always there to assist... observe their ridiculous antics!

The Sorting Office

Milo and Clive keep things moving, following their golden rule: every box must be carried by two people. Try lending a hand and see what happens...

Mr. Ritzy...?

A quiet, mysterious man arrives to collect a parcel. When alone, he carefully unwraps it to reveal a wig. What's his story?

Our Post Office team have different attitudes about their jobs, which you'll notice in the way that they clock in and out for work. This is how they behave on a day to day in their work environment... but what are they like on a night out at Ritzy's?

Scene 2: Queue!

As the day ends, one by one, the Post Office staff clock out and leave. The main lights dim, neon lights switch on, and the space begins to transform. Bye all! Enjoy the weekend! See you Monday! Don't be late again... Clive!

Suddenly, a group of partygoers arrive to form a queue. Bouncers will step in and encourage you to join this whilst we await for the club to open. Take a glowstick from one of the performers... or get a stamp on your hand to gain entry to the club!

Look out for some familiar faces in the queue as our Post Office staff return for a night out at the club... swapping their uniforms for glamorous evening outfits. Do you notice anyone new?

The bouncers will let you into the club... but they might check your shoes on the way. They like people to be wearing smart outfits (as was required for entry to the nightclubs back in the day). Don't worry if you didn't match their dress code... they need to update themselves with the current times! No one wears posh shoes to the club anymore!

"Hmm... I'm not sure if your shoes are shiny enough for Ritzy's. And you're wearing a colourful button!? I'm afraid we don't allow colourful buttons in Ritzy's".

Ignore them! Follow the actors as they usher you into the nightclub! It's time to embrace the energy and excitement of the night!

Scene 3: The Nightclub

Step into a world of music, lights, and dancing in our vibrant nightclub. Join our performers as they dance around the space. They make their way to the stage, offer a move... and you're very welcome to copy. Or, even, go up on to the stage yourself to offer a move for the crowd!

This section of the show is a series of movement pieces and audio recordings of people who were interviewed as part of the project. Below are the transcripts of their memories:

Audio about the Post Office:

Oh there's a memory of the post office itself. You entered in the same entrance as now, off the pavement in Bridge Street. You'd walk into the main doors. You'd just have the zig zag queue sign where the main bit is now. It was always busy there as well weren't it? It was quite busy and you had a load of different sections. You'd obviously have the sounds that were in the post office of stuff getting stamped... and then obviously the caller calling out which number you're going to. He'd say number 5 or number 4 you know. Very echoey, and lots of.. because it was all hard surfaces. I mean you didn't have carpeting and stuff on the floor it was all tiles. And course you'd be stood in a queue and everyone's talking and what have you. It's basically being in a candy store for adults. I guess it's

one of those things where you just say that life moves on really. And it might be closed but some might pop up in another place.

Audio about the Nightclub :

So, I started as a glass collector. Landed up working behind the bar. I can't remember the timelines. It was a fun place to work. It was one of those places where it was fun. I'd come home from the nightclub, sleep, get up, go to work, come home from work, sleep, go to the nightclub. Get up, go to work, come home from work, sleep, go to the nightclub. Get up, go to work, come home from work, sleep, go to the nightclub. When I left, it was the only place I've left when I've cried when I've left. It was the only place I've left when I've cried when I've left. It was properly garish, I mean it was really really really bright colours... like cruise ships on speed or or or or um, cruise ships on speed or or or um. The colours of Mr Tumble you know it was almost like a freaking rainbow. Drinks spilt across the floor. Cigarettes pushed into the floor. Food pushed into the floor. Your feet stuck to the floor as you wandered around. Cigarettes and stale beer. Stale cigarettes and stale beer. The busiest the biggest the best. The busiest the biggest the best. It was the only place I've left when I've cried when I've left

Audio about the Buses:

It was the central place because it's right in the middle of town. Buses at the time would come down High Street, where the market is now. I mean at one point we used to... we used to lay on buses from up the Valley. To bring people down and take them home. Um.. it was.. I don't know... a pound to the entry cost or whatever. But we'd be literally busing people down from the likes of Blackwood and stuff like this and... um... of course they'd park right outside of the club. Straight in. You know. They wouldn't go anywhere else. You'd get the boys come down on the trains from the valleys. And they always clashed with the Newport boys. The boys from Tredegar would actually arrange to meet up with the boys from Ebbw Vale. No love lost between either camp. And they would come down, and Tiffany's would be the place. And they would get extra bouncers in because somebody would tip them off. And towards the end of the evening it would suddenly kick off. And it was Mr Sands, wasn't it. Code word: Mr Sands to the Dance Floor, Mr Sands to the Jungle Bar. **(An alarm begins to sound)**.

Scene 4: Mr Ritzy

The following is a monologue written by one of our performers, about his character, Mr Ritzy. Dressed in a white suit with bike lights attached, watch as the story of Mr Ritzy's whacky wig unfurls.

It is almost believable that I have already met Mr Ritzy. Oh yes, I have. In the post office, at the nightclub and drinking in The Lamb next door. You'd know if you've met him too, as he looked different in appearance and character from most others, with a twinkle in his eye and a wonderful smile, thinking himself smart and ahead of his time. By the way he dressed and walked with his head held high, an Elvis loving man, you can spot him in his blue suede shoes, white suit and spotted tie shining in the disco lights.

People had a particular thing for good old Mr Ritzy, the famous rock'n'roll dancer, because he acted as a gentleman mostly. But on the dance floor he would go almost berserk, throwing his arms out and displaying all his body's function. Elegant movements in a wild, uncontrollable fashion. He was transformed into the modern funky dance man of the underground collective through a love of electronica. It's how he kept up with it with the kids, or rather a few steps in front of them as they would mirror all his movements.

And really, all I wanted to tell you about was the one final session on the dance floor. And whether this was true or not remains to be seen. Bald as a coot underneath a Bob of curly locks, he'd stick this mask of gorgeous hair to his head with a square of sticky tape. Schlop!

And though it made him happy to appear more youthful, the abundance of hair woven into the wig did generate some heat, especially as he danced the way he did. So now inside the club, body moving, building himself up to a terrible sweat, the wig caused the overheating that led to his entire body becoming increasingly slippy. For behind this mask of his, he grew exhausted. For his age preceded his ambition, and the more he moved, the more this became evident. Little did Mr Ritzy know that his wig elsewhere was being tampered with, and as he patted himself dry with the sponge, he touched his baldness and immediately knew. So getting up, bald headed, bobbing, he shuffled his way quickly back out onto the dance floor to retrieve the missing hairpiece. And that's when he saw the group of students.

And before Mr Ritzy could even say it, he watched as the wig flew up towards the ceiling before slapping and sticking perfectly to the bottom of a rotating disco ball. Oh, how they laughed together and danced the rest of the night away to the rotating joy of Mr Ritz's wonderful wobbling wig. And who knows now what became of Mr Ritzy? Maybe you've seen him. Maybe he's still upstairs in the club, dancing to the beat of the drum.

Scene 5: Film

A film... recorded in the closed nightclub upstairs. The following poem plays as we see glimpses of the old space. This is what is left of it now.

A night in Newport,

Is like a never-ending round-a-bout;

Constant parties,

No-one's without an overdraft,

The night goes on,

Packed with revelers, partygoers and taxi drivers.

Dawn arrives eventually,
And the scattered, discarded pages of 'The Sun',
Flutter in the breeze;
Pigeons crowd the streets, looking for scraps;
The two-halves of Newport switch places,
And the chaos is over.

Scene 6: Bows

The night concludes as our characters take their bows. Join us for a dance at the end of the night, then make your way back to the old Post Office as we say goodbye to these much loved spaces for one final time.