

THE HEROES OF THE ICEBERG HOTEL.....

by Andy Smith.....

(Charlie and Harry are on stage, they've got a suitcase each
They put the luggage down... They have umbrellas....
It's raining.....)

Char. There was a time when we had dreams...

Harry. Now they've all been torn away and there's nothing left...

Char. And you wish you were ten thousand miles away....

Har. And you want to die...now or later...

Char. And you wish it was a hundred years ago...

Har. ...or you had a limousine to carry you...

Char. ...out of it..!

Har. And you long for wings of steel...and dreams that live and
days that last...and odds that never lengthen...

Char. And long blonde hair...on a platinum pillow...

Har. On diamond island...

Char. ...that's ten thousand miles away...

With this expensive cigarette hanging out my face...

Har. ...worth a week's work for an ordinary fella...

Char. Watching the water reflected in my teeth...my diamond solit-
aire glints like the Southern Cross...

Har. ...an unfamiliar constellation....

Char. I think I'll drop it over the side..!

Har. Oh...see it fall..!

Char. ...for a second like a shooting-star...

Har. Curving like a gob down in the water...!

Oh yes..! We're chasing the cure...across the Oceans...

Char. Seeing the world...down greasy back alleys...

Har. In doorways and shaving mirrors...hotel room and corridors...

Char. Tenement stairways...

Har. In classy diners.....

Char. But right now...

Har. This very minute...!

Char. We're laughing at the world..! Laughing gravy..!

Har. Balancing on the water like a two-man human pyramid..!

Char. On a greasy steamer's deck plates....

(Harry looks at his cuffs.....)

Har. Will you look at that..!? Look... Supposed to be the finest
of their kind, them... and the bloody things are staining my
shirt-sleeves green..!

Char. Well...throw8'em in the water...

Har. Catching the light through the rain...

Char. Like a commerant...

Har. ...a rainbow arching to the foam... Oh how exquisite..!

Char. And a tart all in silks comes rising out of the eddies that swirl around the sinking joujaws...

Har. Her body slippery with brine...her deseases burned out by the salt...

Char. And gazing up at us from where she's standing on the water she says...through her tears...

Har. She says...

Char. Make a wish..!

Har. But first she says...

Char. Do I remind you of your daughter...?

Har. Yes..!

Char. And then she asks... Why...?

Har. Because of the way the tears are running down your face..

Char. And then there's nothing more to say...

Har. So she walks towards the island..

Char. ...and we watch the knick-knacks sink...

(pause...)

'Ere..! She's standing on the beach and waving her scarf..!

Har. But..! We're looking for the cure...

Char. ...and I hope we get it quick..!

Har. We hope we get the answer to it all..!

Char. She's waving from the sand-dunes...and she's filled her hair with flowers...!

(pause...)

Har. Supposing we was on an island...

Char. And...?

Har. Well...suppose we were... Where a hoodlum could walk tall to the sun and raise his prgeny with pride and all the dignity of violence,safe in the sure sand certain faith in a full and joyful life under one flag,united..!?

Char. Justa minute..!

Har. I'm only trying to put an idea across,that's all...
A land free under God and dedicated to the ideal of being dedicated to the Ideal... Where a man...can be a man..!

Char. I want a great white bird with feathers of silver and claws of gold...riveted with plates of rusty steel..!

Har. With eyes like fire...windows into blazing buildings...

Char. The gates alone are worth their weight in gold on a diamond island...

Har. Thats ten thousand years ago..! And thats in a fast automobile
thats cost you ten years grafting and a pain above the liver..

Char. But thats all so long ago...when they took our dreams and
made them into beer-cans and talc-tins in ladies boudoirs...

Har. But we're seeking a cure for parasites...

Char. Heading south...downhill on the curve of the Earth...

Har. Seeking a cure for our abuses...

Char. In the tropical rain on the rusty decks of a greasy tramp-steam-
er...and every drop is worth its weight in gold...

Har. Yeh... Hike when you're screwing this tart and shes got you
pictured as her Dede... Thats worth its weight in golden blocks.

Char. And she tells you after it was just like Father Christmas...
But theres nothing you can do because you stopped a Rose...

Har. And every drip is money in the bank...

Char. So we're off to find the cure...leaning on the rail...

Har. Watching the water and laughing up our sleeves...

Char. Laughing inside...

Har. We was laughing inside when we robbed the Bank of Toyland...
and stole a millionsmiles....

Char. It seems like only yesterday we left our shack where the holes
let in the rain...

Har. Sun...

Char. Hail...

Har. Snow...and fresh air...whats left of it... And insects and the
little birds that live in tin cans and remember the time when...

Char. All right...all right...! Yes... we left our ruined terrace
and stuck up the Bank of Plenty..!

Har. Cracking the glass towers....

Char. Bending the steel bars.....

Har. Clipping the wires....

Char. Blowing the doors right off the hinges and misbehaving
generally...

Har. We set light to what we couldnt get in Auntie Veras overnight
bag...

Char. Which was very heavy...cos she did have some very heavy nights!

Har. And they all squarke'd as it burned round them and all the
ashes went up in the air...and they couldnt do nothing about
it... But we was laughing inside...

Char. Yeh... I laughed til the tears ran down me leg....
(pause...)

Har. To get away from the pain of being alive is all we can ask for.
But I cant see how to do it...

Char. Theres nothing you can do is there...? Wh t ever happens you'll be the same as you are now...

Har. All right... but I find it hard to believe that me being miserable is essential to the smooth running of the Universe...

Char. Look... Be constructive...right...? You're fed up...right...? Nar what havent you got...?

Har. What d'you mean...?

Char. Well,I mean...whats goina make you more...er..how shall I put it Content...? Eh...?

Har. Er...yeh...well,my feet are wet..!

Char. Well thats simple,init...?

Har. But its not that simple is it...?

Char. Well ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ all right..!

Har. Well it isnt..!

Char. Look...I mean to say...I was only trying to cheer you up a bit... Thats all.....

Har. It all comes down to money in the end...

Char. Well what have we got I cansell...?

Har. Theres nothing left,is there...?

Char. No...not that I can think of...

Har. Thats what I thought...

Char. Theres no point in saying it like that...Its not my fault..!

Har. I aint blaming you...

Char. But...?

Har. Well... It does rather over-define our relationship to the rest of the world...dunnit..!?

Char. Relationship with...

Har. Its relationship with...

Har. Not for us my son... With implies inclusion... So for us its TO the rest of the world...

Char. I take your point...more than somewhat....

Har. Thats right... 'Having nothing ~~is~~ being nothing...'

Char. Thats a well-known fact...

Har. A well-known fact...
(A woman enters unseen by Charlie and Harry...she is followed by a one-man-band...)

Char. In this tight little world having ~~nothing~~ and being are one and the same thing... You'veseen that and I've seen that... Having nothing is being nothing..!

Har. A well-known fact among people of our acquaintanceship...who live from hand to mouth from day to day on what remains of the f: t of the land...

Char. Stuffing their guts with pork and beans,egg and sausage,ham and

herring...pie and mash and pea liquor,bread and jam...slice and
marge washed down with sweet weak tea...

Har. But on the other hand...

Char. Theres coffee from South America,tea from Ceylon...spices from
all points East...onions...cabbage in vinegar,mustard sauce and
garlic sausage...gin from the Hague...croissants from the
suburbs of Marsielles come all the way by airship...beef from
Smithfield and halibut from the Kiel Canal,cod from off the
Dogger Bank and big fat whelks off Tubby Isaacs stall just round
the corner...

Har. Then theres Dutch cigars,of course...

Char. Who's that over there...?

Har. ...and from Avana...

Char. Who is it,I asked you...

Har. How should I know...? We only been here five minutes...

Char. I only wanted to...

Har. ...and from Avana too if thats more to your liking... and pine-
apples,oranges and apples of the straight kind...and pommes de
terres...

Char. Tomatoes and aubergines...

Har. Avacadoes...tangerines and Chinese gooseberries...

Char. Limberger...Danish Blue...Stilton...gorgonzola...parmesan...and
black bread and rye-bread... white,brown and malt bread and soda
and milk bread and caraway bread... Five different beers and...

Har. Who is she...?

Char. How should I know who she is...? What we gotta do is find out
who runs this place...

Har. That...and introduce ourselves...?

Char. Thats right... Come on..!

(They exit with lugurje...)

(The woman Loretta becomes the focus of attention...)

(The one-man-band gives occasional emphasis to her words...)

Lor. You might look me over and enquire why my seams are straight in
this middle of nowhere... Why my hair shines like city lights
and my breasts still bear their weight...

Thats right... Look me over...! Want to buy a girl a drinkie,Big
Boy...? Hello there Big Boy... wanna buy a girl a drinkie...and
do all those filthy things you've always dreamed of...? In your
dirty hotel room with a jug for a douche...?

Yes ask me what I'm up to while you try and get your thumbs in
my elastic...!

You might ask me why I walk this jetty...why my hips sway out
their satin invitation and my scent floats...a spiders web on the

lazy lousy tropic air...
I'm here because my man is in the asylum...locked away like an animal playing pattacake with his shit...head shaved, stumbling in the yard...mooned his sex hanging out under his empty eyes... Shuffling up to the fence...My man..!

(Loretta moves to exit followed by the one-man-band...)
So know you know it all, Steve...now you know it all....

(exit...)
(The following scene takes place in the office of the Chief of Police...)

(Enter Charlie and Harry with the Chief of Police...)

CP. Ah...Now sit down, boys...and if you want to put your feet on the desk... A drink...? And a few seeds from this jer will stick the seal on our all too short acquaintanceship...

Char. I dont mind if I do...

CP. Boys...I'm a man who takes his pleasures seriously and his tribulations lightly...am what you ask...what troubles could there be in the dead centre of this blue, still ocean...? What abrasive inconvenience...? I'll answer that right away... I dont court the insomniae anguish...and thats a fact..! And another thing...I'm in favour of the symmetrical... Anything upsets it...naturally I dont favour,..I view it askance, and whats more I look at it sideways too... Another drink? Now fellas...I'm no intellectual...a creature of the senses I'd say... Near to existensial as a police official with civic duties can approach...and draw his wages every Thursday...

Char. ...without reproach...

CP. Exactly... I'm no intellectual... but I observe the carryings on of the multitude of creatures native to these parts and I learn a little from their comings and goings....
Am I boring you...?

Char. No...please continue...

Har. ...do...

CP. In the intricacies of lifes infrastructure there is an order of things...in section chaotic...but in total, breath-taking in its symetry.... Now one creature devours another and is in turn devoured...those that escape through strength, luck or judgement or holes in the ground are gobbled up by Time... A vast cycle...a perfect function...Ah yes...Mine is a symmetrical island... (Harry moves to speak...) A moment, my friend... Please...a drink...? Help yourself..!

In us all there is a great hunger for order and at the same moment a longing for disintegration and the fruits of catastrophe... We seek an inexpressible freedom and at the same

second a primal security... The two in apparent opposition are contained absolutely the one within the other... Chaos within the section...but the section and all it contains contained within and as part of the whole... The security of the Universe...the primal security of its order contains us entirely within its symmetry and all our local catastrophes, adventurous freedoms and disasters...

Yes mine is a symmetrical island...

Char. A symmetrical island...?

CP. Exactly...Tidy...if you understand me... There's an infinity of islands like this.On some I dont exist...on others you haven't arrived,or one of you has...alone... On some I am still in my prime...on others senile.On some of them there is a grain less sand or ten or twelve more... or one palmtree fewer... On some of them none of us exist though the situation awaits our arrival...on some of them we shall never set foot...or I shall wait uninterrupted...or you may strike a match on my gravestone...

An infinity of islands...a vast problem of administration dealt with by an infinite number of administrators each possessed of an infinite number of biros,revolvers,rubberstamps,telescopes,microscopes,flyswats,verandas and lock-ups...

There will an island where you will be waiting for me,my friends...but of course that goes without saying... The branches of Time,fellas... An infinity of demensions...

(Lights...end of scene... Lights up...enter Charlie and Harry...)

Char. Every time... We try to get on...but every time something goes wrong and we're right back where we started... (Harry moves to answer but says nothing..) We're finished,son... On the scrap-heap... We've fumbled the passes..laid an egg..rocked the boat drawn a blank... Come unstuck...! We're lumbered here on this island with no chance of getting off...

Sit over there while I work out what to do...! And pretend we're in a white painted hut...

Har. Are we in a hut now...?

Char. And be careful what you say...! Its probably bugged..(clears throat..) Looking out the window of this white-painted hut I can see clouds like black and hump-backed whales along the horizon...

Har. We dont know where we stand...! Some island in the sun this turned out to be... Do you reckon he was trying to tell us something? A tropic'l paradise where you dont know where you stand aint a lot of fun,is it..? We just dont know,do we..!?

Char. Thats not important... We'll get told what to do...

Har. What ever you say...

Char. Spare me you interpolations please, while I'm planning what to do.

Har. What can we do...? We're stuck here, and theres no getting away from this island...and theres no getting away from that...!

Char. We'll just have to make the best of it...

Har. What... The old Dunkirk spirit...? Struggling through...?
I should rub-a-dub...! You cant even swim..!

Char. Exactly..! (pause...)

Har. Theres nothing we can do, is there...?

Char. We could...er... What d'you mean there nothing we can do...?

We could...er, on the other hand...we could... You're right..!

Har. What does it leave...eh..?

Char. I could learn to swim...

Har. Shut yer face...! it leaves nothing, does it...?

We dont know what do do...let alone how to do it...!

(Exit...end of scene..)

(Enter Charlie...he takes out a cigarette, looks for light, Enter Loretta...)

Char. Excuse me... Do you have a light..?

Lor. I'm not certain... I'll have a look...(she looks)

Char. Cigarette...?

Lor. Why, thank you... (she take one...) But I'm afraid I dont have a light....

Char. (produces lighter..) Allow me..!

Lor. Ah... A man of the world...

Char. Perhaps you'd join me for a drink...yes...?

Lor. No...

Char. Yes...

Lor. Yes....

(Exit Charlie and Loretta... Enter Narrator...)

Nar. A little time has passed... The other fella is feeling the lack of getting his end away with Madame...and under this strain fancies himself in love... He attempts to communicate the tumult in his tiny mind....

(enter Charlie and Harry ...)

Har. So what'll I do...?

Char. Do what you want...

Har. What would you do...?

Char. Me...? I'd say come here and get your knickers off...I mean to say...shes ready for it...ce ve sans dire, dunnit..?

Har. I cant do that..!

Char. Well do what you want... (pause...)

Har. Shall I go to her then...and suggest we set out together...she and

I across the Earths curved surface...? Shall I ask here to undergo the pangs of rebirth into this uncommensurate world...? We'd be pioneers of necessity...for mankind is driven to new frontiers by grief and disinheritance...for in my way I love her and in time there may be moments when she'll feel an uncertain tremulous warmth, a tenderness towards me....

Char. (applauds...) Oh very good...very good...Didn't he do well...? You're going soft...! We gotta get out of this place or we'll be here for ever...! (Enter Loretta...) We're getting out of here now...right now...! We aint stopping here to turn into vegetables...!

Lor. (Har.) What about you...?

Har. I dont know....

Lor. What about me...? Take me with you....I could go for you in a big way if you did...

Har. I dont know.... (Lor. turns her face away..)

Char. Whassa matter...? You always cry from the beauty of the Pacific coastline...?

Har. He told her we were both leaving... But not in so many words....

Lor. What about me...?

Har. She said...

Lor. Take me with you...!

Char. (to aud..) A moment turns the world on its axis...

Har. (' ') Archimedes point of application...

Lor. Why not...?

Har. She kicked a pebble which bounced down the rocks into the sea...

Lor. Why not...? Please take me with you... I cant stay here...!

Char. Nothings that simple...

Har. Its not that easy...but its not that difficult...

Char. Do you mind... You want to come with us...Am I understanding you right...?

Lor. That is correct...!

Char. I see... And what about the nutter...? (to aud.) We had from time to time discussed her husband...

Har. What about him...yes...

Lor. I want you help me...please...theres no one I can turn to...

Har. What d'you want us to do...?

Lor. Help me...

Char. Now...what can we do...?

Lor. I want to be free of this place...to get my cases on a steamer and shout...! Where ever youre going will do me fine...? I remember so clearly as the humming bird hung among the acacias we walked up the beach I promised my love to him...

And even now that love has not passed entirely away from me
Part of me remains with him and to love a mad-man is to court
his contagion...

A corner of the world that would be ours...(laughs..)
And now unutterable distances separate us... Time...under the
trees... It would be ours...ours... (laughs..) Call me on the
telephone..? Yes my dear,my one true love...every slow unending
night...slow unfolding,enfolding night before his body turned
to stone...and of course in those days...we walked up the beach.

Little humming-bird (sings)

Where are you going...?

Where the bright flowers

Rivers flowing...

Little hummingbird

Little hummingbird.... (speaks) and of course in those days
he didnt dribble all the time...

(She screams..animal,like a whine...)

I had a suitcase bound in brass for my private things...
Shadows on the wall...and in the afternoon we'd lie under the fr
fan.... How was I to know...in all my innocence...How was I to
know...?

Char, What do you want of us...?

Lor. I want to be free of all this....

Har. You want us to get him out of Happy Valley..?

Lor. I want to be rid of it all.... to go...

Char, You want us to break him out...?

Har. Yes...?

Char, We aint mind readers..!

Lor. Please help me...please... I dont want to go there..! I dont
want to go there..!

Char, OK...OK..! But what...what do you want done...? Do you want him
out...?

Har. Well..?

Char, Well..?

Lor. I want him dead..!

Har. Oh...

Char, I,see...Yes...You want us to...er...

Lor. Yes...

Char, Creak him...?

Har. Knock him over,eh... Why us...?

Char, Son,at least we'll have the professionals compassion...come
here... Excuse us... Well,what'll we do..? Try and talk her out
of it..? From a moral standpoint...? It dont seem right if he's,

a nutter...I mean..if he could look out for himself..itd be all right...He could watch out for himself...

Har. Shes dead set on it, thats obvious... It dont seem fair...

Char. (to Lor.) Will he know a shooter when he sees it..?

(Lor. shakes her head..) So he wont know whats coming...?

Lor. He wont know... (Char, and Har. draw aside..)

Har. What d'you think...?

Char. Dont know... shes got no bread...right...so we'll do it as a favour.Anyway look on the bright...if he's a nutter...it wont matter will it...? Eh...?

Har. I still dont fancy...its like putting a kitten down the toilet. But theres things a mans gotta do...when hes gotta do'em...(toL) I'll give it a whirl...for you...

Char. All right...all right...but it'll end in tears...

Where is this place then...?

(Lor. take big wire-cutters out of handbag.Gives them to Har.)

Lor. You'll need them to get in through the barbed wire...

Char. Hang about...I thought that was there to keep people in not out. Whats wrong with the main gate...eh..?

Lor. We wont go into that now... You'll have to go in through the wire... The spot is marked on this map...

Char. Now look...what about this gate business..? I mean to say... theres no bother is there..?

Har. Whats the matter...dont you trust me..?

Har. Stop mucking about,will you...! We havent got all night...so stop effing around and come on...

Lor. Take my car...the roads safe most of the way... You'll have to walk the rest...

(Exeunt.....lights...)

(Lights up... An office...Radio.Turpin enters with Clarissa...)

(They are in mid-conversation...)

Tur. What is left but a ferocious verbosity...and the only satisfactions actions I derive...my dear...are ill-defined and nebulous... Abstract things... Despite the tumult of my reactions I feel a failure of coherence at the centre of my being... My words are stolen...and perverted...

I feel a paralysis at the centre of the Republic... The dead-weight of a vast political cancer spreading through every corridor into every organ... I see a failure of every ideal...the death of each aspiration in a systematic destruction of all higher aims... The vocabulary of human concern is being

stripped from us...the sole remaining emotion is hate...
The minorities await the fatal assault from the dull psychic
pulse that throbs within a population mobilised with evil intention....

I, who all my life have avoided abstract things now find against
my will a refuge within them... I am witness to ~~xxx~~ the end of
all my hope and for all my words I am too weary and too far
withdrawn to feel with any immediacy what my intellect deduces.

I have been defeated in the very centre of myself...
If you want peace of mind you must resign yourself to the
inevitable.....

Clar. How can you say these things..!?

Tur. What is there left...? 'They've taken my life and spat it in my
face...! That's not so easy to wipe off..!'

Clar. I'm sorry but I can't stand your self-pity..! Disgusting..!
You're going the same way as all the others... Do you realize ~~that~~
that...?

Tur. I don't have to take this from you...or anybody else..! Just
remember that..! You don't have to tell me these things...
I know better than you..! I'm sure you must have some work to do?
Yes...?

Clar. Yes....

Tur. Then I suggest you get down to it... We all have work to do..!

Clar. Yes...you're right...I'll leave you now...

Tur. Yes... (Clar. exits...)

(Tur. dials number on phone)

Yes... Have you attended to that matter I spoke to you of...?

Uh huh...Tell them vague commitments are not enough..!

Make it clear to him that comrades are being placed at risk by
his inefficiency and that is inexcusable... Is that so...?

I've told you before...that's right... we k links must be eradicated
and replaced... Yes...you may record these as my instructions

Yes...Goodbye... (Tur. replaces the receiver and lights a cigarette... He picks up a second receiver...)

Tur. Hello...yes...I'll have my coffee now... Thank you...

(Hangs up and returns to paperwork...Enter Charlie and
Harry. They approach Tur. silently from behind...almost
as they reach him he turns. There is a struggle...)

Char. Get hold of his head...Hold his head...That's right...

(They shoot him and exit...)

(The scene is cleared.....)

(Enter the Narrator....)

Nar. When they arrived back at the coast the women had vanished...!
Suprise...suprise...! What a shame...!

And now a word of elucidation....

After the holocaust it was discovered that nothing was changed.
After a momentary blindness following the detonation of a million
war-heads, nothing was altered, evrything continued...

Much research and examination of the evidence was conducted
and after many false starts, red herrings and contradictions a
conclusion was arrived at...

The world was an organism...

To defend itself against such a disaster it had
produced anti-bodies and specialised altering its form and
structure... Caught up in this process mankind has been preserv-
ed...hurled through the dimensions like a man on a runaway
tram... Time had become cancerous, evolving into strange back-
waters, swamps and everglades....

Verticals became horizontals...and the horizi-
ontal vertical... On might travel from Amsterdam to Berlin,
Pekin or Valparaiso by lift, depending on the phases of the moon.
This is how things stood after the sneak attack on the world
population by its self-appointed leaders...!

In the ensuing Chaos a rule of strength emerged
a small island of the coast of Europe, which shall remain name-
less was no exception to the rule, As we have seen despite the
beneficent regime under the guidance of Doctor Uric Skatol
...it is apparent that the Father of his People is not without
critics...

(An office...enter Clarissa... she dials a number on
the phone...)

Clar. Ah...yes...How are you...? I take it the papers I asked for last
night have infact been dispatched...Good, yes....Thank you...

(Dials second number...)

Hello, yes thats right... How are you...? Yes indeed it is...
If you could send a car round to pick me up...say, one-thirty...?
Very well then....thank you...Good bye...

(Enter Turpin and Yesmann...)

Clar. Ah...there you are...! As I've informed you from time to time in
my communiques...the situation has deteriorated to such an extent
extent I'm not suprised its penetrated even your ivory towers...!

(with a gesture of exasperation she turns away and lights a
cigarette...)

Tur. So we dont participate in the Presidential Elections..?

- Yes. There are rigorous laws that stop us getting on the ballot...
- Tur. And the CPC...?
- Yes. They buy their way in... The CPC buys signatures from those who make it their business to sell them..!
- Tur. And what do we tell the workers when they ask us who they should vote for...?
- Yes. They shouldn't ask such embarrassing questions...
- Tur. What I want to know is this... Why haven't you proposed a Congress of Unions to nominate a candidate for the Presidency...?
- Clar. At one time they were full of reformist tendencies here...but that was before the last big flare-up... Now its self-evident that they've exhausted all their democratic posturing... I talked to Johnson a couple of days ago...he was absolutely helpless about further possibilities... When I questioned him he was incapable of answering...I thought he was going to burst into tears...
- Yes. But we did get some new support from the last campaign...
(to T) I meant to mention how much I enjoyed your polemic in Flyboy 'Form a Scratch to the Danger of Gangrene...' ...and that bit that's particularly relevant to what we're talking about...
- Tur. You'll get it wrong...I know the bit you mean...
- Yes. We'll see...we'll see... 'More than once the Party will have to remind itself and its own Trades Unions that a...pedagogical adaptation to the more backward layers of the proletariat must not become transformed into a political adaptation to the conservative bureaucracy of the Trades Unions:!!'
- Clar. Olay...!
- Tur. Very good...Word for word... (to Clar.) Would you like ~~xxxx~~ a banana...?
- Clar. That depends on whose it is... Your cynical posturing as revolutionaries makes me sick...! Once perhaps...! But now you're time servers...! You speak a language that means nothing more than sign-posts to a dead-end of posturing self-delusion...! I know all your cliches backwards...! And you forget...even those who except exploitation, subjection and oppression as the essence of human life still dream of a world without them...!
- I see a little boat sailing down the Mississippi...
I see a woman with a laughing child, brown from the sun...who one day will be President...!
There is a strong man leaning on the steering oar...
This man has an insatiable longing for justice and rebels against any order which denies it to him...
This man is filled with a strange and stubborn urge to rem-

ember, to think things out and to change them...
This man carries within him the burning desire to have what has
been denied him..!

(They become still...Tur. lights a cigarette...they stand in
monchalant suspension...)

(Enter Charlie and Harry...)

Har. We came into the world like thieves on a dogs back...

Char. Into its soft sows belly... Like the Sepheradin, vaselined and
varnished like the Waldorf Astoria...marcelled like ten thousand
slick swing orchestras slit from the night sky with a razor..!
Have you noticed what we're surrounded by...?

Har. Yes I have...

Char. Piles of trash...?

Har. That's right...Have you looked at it..?

Char. I have looked at it..-

Har. Have you seen how useless it is...?

Char. Yes I have...

Har. And on top of that...have you worked out what it all costs...?

Char. Yes I have... I've given it my earnest attention...and consid-
eration... We came into the world through the Tradesmans Enter-
ance... Gained entrance incognito...

(Har.walks over to Char.and lights up her skirt...)

You cant do that..!

(Har. turns to Char. panic-stricken...)

Har. Shes wearing stockings made of human skin,....!

(Har. collapses on the floor...)

(The others come to life...)

(They try and pick Har. up...)

Yes. My God...Hes made out of rubber...!

Char. It isnt that,he's just very relaxed...

Tur. Look here...why dont you fold him in half...?

Yes. I dont know about that... We'll think of something...

Tur. I dont care what you do just get him out of here..!

Char. What about a drop of medicinal then...?

Tur. This isnt a charitable institution..! (Char. catches Tur's eye.)
Give him a drink..!

Char. No,no...not him... Me..!

Tur. All right...all right.. But get him out of here...even if you
have to roll him up in the rug..!!

Yes. Will you get him out of here..!

Tur. Gound get my revolver out of the bureau...

Yes. Yes:::at once... (Yes. jumps on Char's. back...)
Thank you..!

Char. I thank you...

Yes. I thank yo:::!!

Tur. I thank you:::!!

Char. I thank you:::!!

Har. Thank you:::!!

Char. I thank yo..! (They start across the room...)

(Enter the Detective....)

- Det. All right....hold everything... Don't nobody move..! Where the stiff...?
- Tur. Stiff...?
- Det. Yeh...but its getting better...its only when I... Just a minute, are you tryin to pervert the course of justice...? wheres the corpse...?
- Tur. Over there..!
- Det. Ah ha...! You mean the man lying down..!
- Tur. That right...! Well...?
- Det. Yes thanks...but I keep getting these shooting paints evrytime I fire my revolver..! (Takes Her's pulse..) Either this man is dead od my watch has stopped...!
- Clar. What are you going to do...?
- Det. Who's this fella...? What your name,son...?
- Clar. Do you mind...?
- Det. Are you trying to bribe me...?
- Tur. What makes you say that...?
- Det. Call foolish if you like... Call it whimsey... Call it a womens intuition... You wanna make a statement now...? Wanna come ~~xxxx~~ clean...make it easy on the dame...
- Tur. I was not offering you a bribe....
- Det. In that case I'm gonna have to runn you in..!
- Tur. I advise you I am a man of some stature in the community...
- Det. Ah ha...the Venus de Milo,I suppose...D'you mind...! I'm looking for two men...one tall,short one and one fat,thin one...
- Tur. What happens now...? (Tur sits down in the corner...)
- Det. Don't you worry about that...
- Yes. As long as you know what you're doing..!
- Det. As long as I know what I'm doing...what..? Eh..Bimbo...?
- Yes. As long as you know what you're doing...er,do it...
(Det. gr bs his lapels...)
- Det. Don't get clever with me,Buster..!
- Yes. I...I wasn't...
- Det. And why not...? There's more than enough stupid people to go round as it is..! And thats a fact..!
- Clar. Hey look,he's coming unravelled...! Oh look...Come and look..!
- pet. Get the sellotape...and while you're at it,get his revolver out of the bureau drawer... (Ch r. starts across the Room)
- Oh you there....
- Step over here... There's a couple of things I want to ask you..!
- Char. Go ahead I've got nothing to hide..!
- Det. Er.... Excuse me,son...would you mind stepping into the next

room for a moment...? You too, fellows...if you dont mind...
Come on,move it..! (He nudges Tur. in the chair...Tur.falls out
of the chair onto the floor.There is a knife in his back)
Oh yeh...get me that revolver before I forget... Humn...what a
strange place to keep a knife..

(The others have gone out...)

Det. (to Char.) O.K....you and me are going to have a little talk...
Where were you at the time of the shooting..? Don't interrupt..!
Where were you on the night of the November uprising..?

Char. I...I...I...

Det. Dont interrupt me,boy..! (photo) Have you seen this woman before?

Char. E...I...I...

Det. Shuttup..! Thats right..! How many times I gotta tell you..!
Next time you wont get off so easy..! (Det. grabs Char's hand..)
Do you deny these are your fingerprints...? (Det.produces
envelope exhibit 'A'...) This hair was found on your head
within walking distance of the scene of the crime..!
Account for that if you can..! Ah ha ha..!

Nar. Prosecuted under the Name Arnstien, alias Bronstein also known as
Blomberg...Charlie Knowles was brought to trial with a minimum of
fuss on the same day as a woman in Coffee Bean City gave birth to
a Kangaroo...

(Charlie appears before Chairman,the Detective and an Examiner
Examiner...)

Chair. Take it away,SAM...

Det. Why didnt you play the waiting game,Arnstein...?

Char. I didnt have time...

Det. A statement designed to mislead and misinform this Committee..!

Chair. Blomberg...I advise you to limit yourself to cooperation...

Det. That goes for Bronstein and Arnstein too...Not to mention
Knowles...

Chair. I told you not to mention Knowles..! This investigation will
ignore your last remark which will be expunged from the records
of this proceedings...

Det. Account for your movements on the Twelfth of November of this year...

Char. Once in the morning and twice in the afternoon...

Exam. What kind of an answer is that...?

Char. Its short,sweet,concise and to the point...Thats the sort of
answer it is..! And whats more I dont like your tone of face..!

Chair. Keep a civil tongue in your head,Bumface..! Is it not true that
immediately after the event you assumed a disguise...?

Char. I lost a tooth and I walked a little lame...if thats what you

mean....

Exam. Now where were you on the afternoon the geezer got snuffed..!

Char. I was mountain climbing..!

Chair. Do you deny that on the afternoon in question you were in possession of an Ice-pick...?

Char. I was mountain-climbing...

Exam. And an Ice-pick is an essential part of the equipment of such a pursuit...?

Char. Yes...But...

Exam. Where were you on the night of the twenty seventh...?

Det. Perhaps this will refresh your memory..! (Smack) Or this..! (Slap)

Exam. This person was employed as a 'Specialist Dancer' and female impersonator at the Oder-Niese Cafe where certain incidents of a...particular nature occurred...These were noted by members of my department...

Char. I've never been anywhere called that..!

Chair. We shall be the judge of that...

Char. There's no such place..!

Chair. Why do you do this...? I know you have asked for pencil and paper, which was given to you...for the sole purpose of writing denunciations of me to the Central Committee... This is permitted...even under these circumstances... I don't mind... have a cigarette...

Char. I know all your tricks, there's no such place...

Chair. I want all of you here tonight to remember a little old lady... her tired, grey head bent in grief...the true victim of your filthy crime...

Exam. You were heard to remark... 'What a swine...he has twenty thousand roses...while ordinary people are starving...'

What kind of a remark is that, you sub-human..!

(Char. gets up and stands next to Char....)

Chair. Between you, you broke her heart...

Exam. You brought her universe crashing around her in ruins...

Chair. Blotted out the sun and plunged her world into black misery..! Josephine Stalin was a God-fearing little old lady who never allowed a harsh word to pass her lips... Or entertained a wicked thought... The assassination of her only child...

Char. Excuse me..! My record speaks for itself..! I was a good and

honest soldier of the strillary train..!

Exam. Is that all...?

Char. Not that pint all..! I was agood soldier of the State..!

Chair. Silence,you will haveyour chance to speck later..!

Char. No..! I will speck..! I will be heard..!

Chair. There re in a situation of this nature two alternatives open to me... The first is to have you silenced...with various degrees of permanence... The second is to ~~put~~ stick my fingers in my ears..! At present I propose to adopt the latter course..!

Char. History will be my witness..! I will be heard..!

The question of Justice is ignored here..!

(Chair. sticks his fingers in his ears...)

Chair. So you see...Nothing..! Now to return to the question of the Ice-pick.... (The lights dim...Char and Har dance a slow waltz...lights fade...Black out..)

Char. What am I going to do...eh...?

Har. Its not going our way,is it...?

(lights snap up...)

(the Committee is in session...)

Chair. It's been decided that as your only interest in these proceedings lies in obstruction and prevarication we shall hear no further evidence from you... You will leave this Committee... Our sessions will continue in camera.The investigation will proceed unhindered...! Go out through that door and turn right...gå straight down the corridor and turn right... Take the second corridor on the left...

Exam. Go up in the lift two floors.. then go straight ahead and turn right... then turn right again...

Chair. There you will wait until you are sent for..! And remember you cant afford any slip ups...! (Exit Char. and Har...)

(The committee leaves the stage as the Narrator speaks..)

Narr.. It is self-evident... There was no hope for them....

It goes without saying,...

The events which followed are simple enough...and well enough known known to every one... (the electric sign goes on...)

Ah yes my friends.... Over the door we read...

'Freedom through Work...' and...

' To Each his Own.....'

Loudspeaker... Get in the line... Find your place according to weight and height... and remain motionless...Stand to attention...! Get in the line..! Locate your place according to height and weight...! Stand to attention without moving..!

Char. You go at the front!...

Har. Your taller and heavier than me...you go at the front...!

Char. Well...its not that important,is it...?

Har. Not really,is it...?

Char. I think we better shut out little faces...
 (Lights...
 End of First Half...)

THE SECOND HALF.....

(The second half begins with the singing of a song.)

When I was a kid
 The world was flat
 Or so it seemed and that was that...
 Day was day
 And night was night
 And wrong was wrong and right was right...
 But when I went
 And looked I found
 Right was wrong and the world was round
 Some have plenty
 And some have none
 Some wear silk,some skin and bone...
 And then I found ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~
 With some suprise
 I saw the world with different eyes
 When I was a kid
 The world was flat
 Or so it seemed and that was that.....

Narr. It is night in the snug of Kelly's Bar in the backroom of the Joseph Goebel...which stands on the corner of Park Lane and Cable Street:....

My friends...Let no sound be heard...No clink of change or
 clink of glasses in the rosy half-light...no whisper of a laugh
 For tonight...To night is the Night of Cryst l...
 Tonight is the night of...Blood on the Pavement...
 Tonight is the night of...Teeth in the Moonlit Gutter...
 Tonight is the night of...Faces to the Wall...
 Let there be no vows of love...no circles of assignation...
 No smiling glances...no lowered eyelashes...or entwining fingers..

No mingling breath...
 For tonight is not the night of...
 Love in a Doorway...
 No...tonight is not the night of...
 Two-up in a Single...
 Tonight is not the night of...
 Love in a Backseat Cortina.....
 No...myfriends...tonight is the night of...
 Death in Back Alley.....
 The night of.....
 Blood in the Streets of the City of Starvation.....:

(Doctor Uric Sketol...Mr.Green and a Female Advisor..)
 US. When I say for the good of the State...believe me Mr. Green
 That its not merely to hear the sound of my own voice...

In this enterprise of Statecraft I'd point out there are certain freedoms that are considered...not without reason...undeniable... But lets not forget that freedom and responsibility are inevitably linked and the historical lesson is that responsibility is an intolerable burden to our less genetically priveleged brothers...and by equution freedom of thought and action...

The agony of using degenerate critical faculties and atrophied imaginations is such that they will go to any lengths and accept any depth of humiliation to avoid it... And so when we consider the Morality of Government and the States requirements we should never ignore, ~~xxxxxxxixxxf~~ accidentally or with deliberations the slaves happiness or fail to contrast it with the 'free' mans neurotic and self-destructive state...

Our only ideology will be the destruction of all Ideologies...! The prupose of power in this scheme of things being its own propagation and nothing more...! Remember in the absence of Ideologies opposition becomes nothing more than personal intrigue. Therefore to dispose of Ideologies is to destroy the possibility of any opposition other than the machinations of isolated individuals...more easily dealt with than cells of men and women united by a devotion to visions and ideals that renders their own lifex and its preservation insignificant when set beside their eventual aims....!

However that isnt why we're here... Leave out he ground-work.. Straight to the point,my friend..!

Gr. Right...Well after much research...it seems to me there is only one meat fit to be consumed by the human race and this is not

merely an economic statement...but also an extension of the conduct of Life... There is only one meat fit for the Human Race and that belongs to members of its own species...

US. Tell me more....

Gr. It would be beyond compare in its flavour and succulence...after all the human is in the main raised, housed and fed in a way that far surpasses the treatment accorded to other animals. None of the diseases that plague livestock from the States Pastures to the peasants scrubland... No the human is generally spared this... though there's a geographical factor that can't be ignored...

Fem. They grow and fructify to no purpose but to work...to provide the succeeding generation and to be exploited fully and efficiently by the machinery we have set up to do so... Lives are consumed... Why not bodies...? Why should so much...if I may permit myself... RAW material be laid in hallowed ground to fertilise that which will never bear fruit...?

US. This kids got class..!

Gr. Leaving the economics out of it for a moment... Consider the final possession of one individual by another in this act... A new realm to explore in the control of sexuality...? A short step from the gluttons bed onto his table...? Humn...? Think of the carcasses cuts...prepared with all the cuisiniers grande art... in the diversity of recipes from every region of the Earth...

'Enfant Kebab de Grand Turque...'

'Soupe d'une Bonne Femme.....'

'Jeune Homme a la Vice Anglais.'

Fem. Yes...the inhabitants of the world served up in the manner of their national cuisine... Ah...in all the Eastern spices...saffron tumeric...Ginger and Jihra...Flesh in aspic...! Or well-koshered... or stripped living of the bone...for why in death should dignity be accorded when life affords none...? Lets not be hypocritical..!

US. Real class,...real class..!

Gr. And what's fitting end to a life of willing subjection...those whose flesh has become firm as the slaves of others should finally become the sweetmeats of those who have provided for them... To be picked at and exclaimed over by delicate, gem-like, bob-haired ladies...cheeks puffed up with food like the bags that rodents carry in their faces...

US. You're a sick man, Green...but I like you..!

Gr. Not only sound economics but good for business too... Parents would sell their children...husbands, wives...children, parents... wives, husbands...and at what a premium...we'll cut living from the

womb... Population contrl...eh! And you see...its a whole new area in which to promote conspicuous consumption and connoisseurship... The parallels with the wine trade provide us with a blueprint...vintages...cuvées...etcetera... Buying in for the cellar early to await maturity...?

US: Have you costed this little lot out...? Have a cigarette...
(they all light up...)

Gr: Economics,yes...and sound... The first question is one of psych-ops and familiarization... The breakdown of prejudice would be the first objective... In this area and that of economics my thinking runs along these lines... That being to tie in the whole operation with one of the Foreign Aid Programmes as part of a loan deal...

Fem: The financial structure will conform to our usual prognostications. A return of seventy percent profit on our capital investment... Strategy... It will be difficult to persuade the population of this country to gobble each other from the word go...

US: Not so fast Little Girl...They've been doing it for years...!

Fem: We feel that their attitude to the inhabitants of the nations on the periphery of the Worlds Economy is such that it will take very little to accostom them to the idea that to eat these people... almost a act of charity... Within three years of the psychological breakthrough they'll be talking with their mouths full, and loving every minute...

US: What can I say...? Real coloss...!

Fem: The first step of one of the Medical Aid Programmes will be a Canning Factory...the former will be conditional on the latter and will be bought from us on a loan basis... This will in part be paid off in produce from the Canning Factory...

We shall pick our regime with care...for example, a degree of political instability...essentially a military government...with considerable opposition,vocal but ineffective...tribal,rather than ideological opposition because these are always the situations that lead to genocide of an unsophisticated nature.Instead of which the Opposition can be processed through our Canning Plant...and Medical Aid programme as opposed to inconvenient street massacres and public executions... As I mentioned the produce of the Plant will be used to pay off part of the loan... A proportion of the produce exported to us on this basis will be re-labelled and re-exported to its country of origin...and sold as part of a Military Trade and Aid Programme at sufficient profit to underwrite the entire Medical Aid Programme...

Gr: Once the pattern of consumption has been established in this country

the entire output of the Medical Aid Programme can be diverted into the resources of the country in question as a pillar of a Peaceful Co-existence Platform....

Fem. At which point we can turn our attention to the dissidents at home.....

US. I like it,..Ilike it a lot...! This could mean promotion for you Green...at least.....My word,dinnertime already...

(Exeunt,....)

Narr. Just for the purposes of tonight,you understand,and nothing more Englishmen are like fat little monkeys in a tree unaware of the man with the axe looking for firewood....

We are like mice in the fields autumn stubble unaware of fires on the distant edges..!

We scratch each others backs but miss the lice and do not learn from History.....!

Of course it goes without saying that nothing could be further from the truth in actual fact...

But in the Land of the Blind the One-eyed Man is King..!

Voice... Tonight a Nation calls out to and to night in answer to your Nations prayer your spirit moves among us...! Tonight we are your children... We are your children in need of guidance... Tonight a Nation searches for you Uric Skatol...f ces streaked with tears... You have brought us back from the shadows of Death rekindling the light of hope in our lives filling us with your strength and uplifting our hearts with your humanity.

Tonight we have need of you to show us where our duty lies...to lead and to protect us...to guide and teach us by your example... You will be our living Ikon...our holy image.

We will carry you before us...

We will hang your neck with flowers...

We will strew your path with roses....

We will make ~~our~~ our skulls your ashtray...

And when the time comes for us to be sacrificed upon your altar we shall be proud for our bones to become flour and our skins lampshades for the bread and soft furnishings of the Future.... Doctor Uric Skatol...we thank you...

US. (On balcony....) And I thank you,suckers..!

(Lights....)

(Enter Har. he has something under his coat...

Enter Char. They are both in prison uniform...

Striped pajama style....)

Char. Whatca got there.. ?

Har. What...?

Har. What have you got there...?

Har. Nothing...

Char. Dont muck about...what is it...? You can tell me...

Har. No...its private...

Char. Whats private between us two...eh...? What is it...?
You dont have to be embarrassed...

Har. But I am..!

Char. But you dont have to be...

Har. But I am....

Char. But you dont have to be...

Har. ~~xxxxxx~~ But I am..!

Char. But you do not have to be embarrass d...! What is it..!

Har. No..!

Char. Yes..!

Har. No...!

Char. Dont prevaricate... what is it...?

Har. Well if you must know its a sparra,aint it..!?

Char. Correct me if I'm wrong...but did I hear you say,sparra...?

Har. Its got a broken wing...

Char. Brocken wing...?

Har. Yes I keep it in a tin under me jacket...it'll be all right...

Char. I'm lost for words..! I suppose you've been giving it our
dinner...?

Har. As a matter of fact I have..!
(Voice over Loudspeaker...
There are certain fundamentals that may be regarded as
self-evident... There is no need for the innocent man to
defend himself...only the guilty need defence...!
The position of the innocent is unassailable....!
Bear in mind that at all times we are more aware of and
more conversant with your inalienable rights as human beings
than you are yourselves...!)

Har. Well...

Char. Thats put a different complexion on things...

Har. It most certainly has... After you,Claude..!

Char. No after you,Claude... I insist.....
(Song and dance Routine...)
(A Happy Grin...)
Just give a happy grin
And let the day begin... With laughter..!
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
When the sky is grey
Chase the blues away... With laughter..!

When troubles come
 And blot out the sun
 Dont you fret and complain... Ah..ha... Um humn...

When things go wrong
 And faces are long
 Dont let them turn
 The sunshine to rain....!

And by and by
 There'll be a blue sky
 You wait and see... Um humn... Ah...ha..!

In the meantime
 Things'll be fine
 Come on, son
 We'll singit again..!

Just give a happy grin
 And let the day begin
 With laughter.....Ah...ha..! Um humn..!
 (reprise verse to exit....)
 (Re-enter Char. and Har....)

Char. Every cloud has a silver lining...

Har. Yeh...

Char. Something is bound to turn up...

Har. Yeh...

Char. No really....

(Enter uniformed officer, armed... He is guarding
 two other fellas in CC uniform... They are
 carrying Char. and Har's suitcases...)

Off. Gentlemen...your luggage...

Har. You what...?

Char. Who are they...?

Off. Themn...? Two men of no consequence...Just to keep the totals
 straight. The searchlights will be switched off for ten
 minutes... ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ A car is waiting for you at a spot in
 in the perimeter where the wire is rusty with tears....

(Excunt...)

(Crowd hurrying back and forward reading newspapers etc.

Enter Char. and Har. with suitcases...)

(Song.... 'Hello London..!')

Char. Hello London...
 Har. Come on Charlie...
 C. Hello London
 Do you remember me...?
 H. And me...!?
 C. Hello Soho... We aint stopping,
 Hello Shadwell...! Hello Wapping...!
 H. Hello Shoreditch...!
 C. Hello Greenwich ...!
 H. Hello Wodlwich....!
 C. Do you remember me...?
 H. And me...!?
 C. Hello London...what d'you say..?
 Hello London...are you going our way...?
 CH. D'you remember me...?
 C. And me...!?
 H. And me...!
 C. And me...!
 C. Just two kids...
 H. In ragged clothes...
 C. You dont remember...
 H. I suppose...!
 C. Hello Stepney...!
 You do look pleased to see me...!
 H. Hello Shooters Hill...
 C. Oh I say... Nice one,Cyril....
 H. Him,me on' the fellas
 C. Use' to go down Crystal Palace
 H. And sometimes we all
 C. Even went to look at Millwall...!
 But I reckon I always am
 Gonna queque in the snow to see West Ham...!
 H. You cant say fairer than that...!
 C.H. Hello London...Youre my home town...
 Hello London...I know you wont
 Ever let me down...!

H. Hello London...
 C. Are you going my way..?
 H. Hello London..!
 C. Now that we are back to stay...!
 H. Oh Hello London..!
 C. Hello London.....!
 HC. Oh...oh...oh...!
 Hello London Town.....!!
 (Exeunt...)

Narr. As the river eases its muscle through Woolwich Reach the Towers of the Millennium fall into decay... Tin worm shreds the girders and concrete bulges ruptured by its own strength... On the high windows paint blisters and plate-glass cracks... On the high parapets grass takes root...and on the rooftops flowers exiled for generations ~~xxxxxxx~~ bloom under the white sun... The wind gathers the gutters dust and whirls it ~~xxxxxxx~~ through the aisles of deserted supermarkets....

(Enter People.... Enter Chr. and Har...)

Char. Excuse me...Here, can you tell me where I can find my Uncle Jack...

I. I dont mate,I'm a stranger round here meself...

Har. Can you tell me where my Cousin Billy's living now...?

2. Here...I know you..! Harry-boy..!

Har. Thats right Wally...you remember Charlie..?

3. Course we do...

I. Yeh,..sorry about that... Your uncle Jack you say.... I didnt reconize you at first and we dont answer question,see..?

Char. Wheres Benny...?

2. They came for Benny in the night...and his ~~xxx~~ Dad,anall..

Char. What about Sally...?

3. I'm sorry son...there wasnt nothing we could do...

I. I'll take you round to see Billy in a minute...but first I got some bad news...

Har. Whats that then...?

I. Billy dont see so good anymore...

2. Cos he's blind see...

3. And Jackies been badly damaged..they was involved in a little bit of organising..and it all went wrong for them see... Here...I'll tell you about it...

Char. Thats as likely a cue for a song as I've evr heard...

(A song for Performer and Chorus...)

Per. In the spūlces under the City
Running down to the great reservoir
Where the steamers ply with straight stack
And torpedo ram, worked Uncle Jack
With brass pipe and steel hawser....

In the brick lined tunnels to the marshes
In the gasemains and the viaduct arches
Where the cables slash the air
Worked Cousin Billy, the double of Fred Astaire...

Now Jack is broken
And Billy is blind
And life is a bit of a burden...

Yes Billy as blind
And Jackie-boy is broken
And nobody seems to mind...

It really is unkind
To Laughing Uncle Jack...
And extremely unfair
To Cousin Billy
The double of Fred Astaire..!

(Girls..)

Sally was young
Sally was pretty
Now shes a gobbler
Up the City.....

Per. Where the fat men bangs his drum
To the sucker-traps they come
On boulevard and back-alley

Barker.. Walk up and see our Sally
A lovely mover...
Three floors up ~~xxxx~~
And a cunt like a brand-new Hoover..!

Per. So think of Sallies life, you girls
And shed a liberal tear
But when the Golden Eagle shits
It sticks there..!

Chorus. And Crippled Jack and Blinded Bill
 Dont get around much, never will
 Oh the ruin of their wasted lives
 It all goes on the bill
 But Blinded Bill and Crippled Jack
 Dont ever get their young lives back...

Per. The world rolls on with out a hitch
 The poor are robbed to feed the rich,
 The playboys and society bitches
 Live their lives on stolen riches...
 And so I dedicate my life... (Enter Secret Police,...)
 To working with the gun and knife...

Pol. Come along with us please,,

2Pol. Yes..do...Come along with us... Have a cigarette...

Pol. Now lets have no trouble... You people, go to your homes. .
 Disperse at once..;

Per. (sings) I have a little voice goes...Help...Help...Hel...!
 (the Chorus picks up the song detailed at the end of this scene
 and singings throught the remainder of the scene...)

Pol. Do stop that silly singing....

2Pol. But reasonable...

(Loudspeaker... ' Go to your homes at once...Clear the st

Pol Shall we proceed Claude...?

2Pol. After you Claude...

(There is a struggle, the Performer disappears into the
 Chorus...)

(the song of the Chorus....)

I have a little voice goes...Help...!Help...! Help...!

I have a little wound goes...Hurt...!Hurt...! Hurt...!

I have a little stick goes...Hit...!Hit...! Hit...!

I have a little knife goes...Cut...!Cut...! Cut...!

I have a little gun goes.....Bang...!Bang...! Bang...!

I have a little dream goes....Now...!Now...! Now...!

(end of scene...)

(People on stage...one man is cleaning a machine-gun ...

Enter Char, Har, they watch for a moment...)

Char. Who's in charge here

Fella. Who's asking...?

Char. We're asking....

Har. Thats who's asking..!

(A woman appears on the balcony...overalls, cloth-cap, sub-
 machine gun...Lone Banger Mask...)

Woman. Up here!!!
 Char. You...?
 Woman. Thats right...what do you want...?
 Har. We came to see Bill and Jack...
 Char. Jack and Bill... And I want to know where my Sally is...
 Woman. Come up here then... From here you can see up the River as
 far as the ~~Rxxx~~ Post Office Tower...
 Perhaps you'll see her...
 (Exit Char. and Har. to go up to the balcony...the rest
 sing.. as they ~~xxxx~~ get ready with the weapons..)
 Chorus. I have a little stick goes...Hit Hit Hit...!
 I have a little knife goes...Cut Cut Cut...!
 I have a little gun goes.....Bang Bang Bang...!
 I have a little dream goes n.Now Now Now.....!
 (Char. and Har. appear on the Balcony..)
 Woman. There... find her in that lot if you can... (to crowd...)
 All right... Get that stuff together and get moving...
 (to C and H.) Are you coming...?
 Char. Well,er...no...~~xxx~~ er,we'll see you later... ~~xxx~~ We're going
 up town for a look around...
 Woman. ~~Sxxx~~ Suit yourself...but watch out..! (Exit Woman and the
 Crowd...)
 Char. Ready then...?
 Har. Right... Lets go.... (Exit...)
 (Enter Char. and Har. Downstairs...)
 Har. Are ready then...
 Char. Yes... Have you got Justice...?
 Har. Yes I have...
 Char. I think you ought to leave him behind in case theres y...
 you know...
 Har. You think its a good idea...?
 Char. I think it would be advisable...all things being considered...
 It would be concomittant with the prognosications... and on
 top of that Sparras dont like bright lights...
 Har. Well...in that case what can I say...
 (He takes the tin can out from under his coat and puts it
 the ground...)
 Har. ~~xxx~~ He'll be all right there...
 Char. Right off we go then...
 Har. Apres vous...mon vieux son...
 (Exeunt...)

(Enter a Man...whistling...he sees the tincan... he kicks it...
 He plays football with it and finally stamps on it...
 As he does so...Enter Char, and Har...)

Har. What did you do that for...?

Char. It was only a little dickie-bird in a tincan...

Har. Not doing any harm...

Char. That's very true...

Har. I want to hurt him...

Char. He wants to hurt you...

Har.feh...that's right..!

Char. Hear that, Big Boy...? I'd like to help you out, but I'm on the
 horns of a dimilia...and I mean...you should have...not to the
 little sparra... should you, eh...?

Har. I want to make him hurt...

Char. He wants to make you hurt...

Har. I want to inflict him with GBH...

Char. To chastise you with his fist...

Har. I want to render him unfit to plead..!

Char. What can I say...?

Har. I want to give him the old Clunk-Click...!

Char. That's what living in London is all about..!

Har. I'll tear his head off..!

Char. You appreciate my position... There's nothing I can do...
 He won't listen to me...not when he gets like this..!

Man. But I only came here to clean the telephone..!

Char. A likely story..!

Man. But it's the truth..! (whispers to Har.) As a matter of fact
 I have a message for you..!

Har. A message...?

Man. That's right, a message..!

Char. Who's it from...?

Man. Who's it from...? Who's it from...? I'll tell you who it's
 from..!

Char. Well go on...

Man. All right I will...

Char. Well get on with it...

Man. I'm going to...

Har. Well go on...then..!

Man. I will...

Char. Well get on with it..!

Man. Well I will...!

Char. Well all right then...!

Man. Well I'm going to...!

Har. Well get on with it... who's it from...!

Man. Well...it's from the girl on the island..!

Char. (to aud) Aint it a small world...

Har. What happened to her...?

Man. My friend...hold back a tear...! For shes the darling of the Macao waterfront... the sweetheart of the wong-wong knocking-shops and the poppy-slaves Dogoodeed rat-traps...in a cataract blind dead-end of a still-born rotting dream-world...!

Har. (very English) Oh my God,..no!..

Char. That slack-jawed Jezebel...! Why I wouldnt give her the Viennas off my snitzels...!

Har. You are speaking of the women I love...!

Char. That pointy-toothed Tullulah Bankhead... Why...I wouldnt give her the chickens off my Vindaloo...! But thats another story, !

Har. So.. you have a message from her...!?

Man. Thats right...(they shake hands...) Oh,excuse the wart...!

Har. I didnt know you were a Mason...!

Char. (to aud) I work him with me foot...have you noticed...?

(sound of phone ringing...Man exits to answer phone...)

Ah that could be the telephone... come on son...its worth a smile...(aud-) See those teeth...? Those are the actual set used by Burt Lancaster throughout his film careere....

(enter Man with phone reciever,no cord...)

Man. Its for you...

Har. Who is it..?

Char. Never mind who it is... Who is it...? (light on balcony... girl with phone....perhaps behind a very fine see-through screen...)

Har. Hello,..Hello...?

Lor. Oh... What days we had together...! Days of such fine splendour when the world was an open account and echoed with the fine and distant tinkling of the crystal spheres of a universe too young for fear....

Char. Excuse me a moment while I ring out my toupe...!

Lor. ...and we whirled like a glistening tops on the far horizon of the Solar System...in a world where Love was King..!

Har. Oh Lorretta...Lorretta...! To hell with my aft...My happiness was in my own backyard all the time,and I was a blind,blind fool...!

(Blackout...)

(Enter kkk Char. and Har. with a group of people...)

2. After the war it was...and by the time anyone caught on it was too late...

Har. And who is this geezer...?

I. Nobody's really sure...hes just a name and a face...

Char. And what happened to Billy and Jack...?

3. Well,... It was soon after they set up the first Labour Camps...

I. All right all of you...thats enough of that...

2. Yeh...come on... (exit)

Char. I'll settle with you later...punk..!

I. Shut up Charlie... You too... Now come on we cant not all day.... (2. comes on with a big suitcase...)

I. opens it and gives out various weapons...)

I. Right lets get it over with..!

(Exeunt...)

(Lights....)

(Spotlight up on Clarissa....)

(She sings...)

Clar. Dictatorship Blues...

Oh honey I've got the Dictatorship Blues..!

You came along with a new song

That turned the world upside down...

You were so strong that now I belong..

To you...ooohhh please push me around..!

I dont want a now and then man

But an again and again man

And thats what I've found...

So old man trouble keep away from my door

Old man trouble dont you come round

Here no more..!

I was waiting for you,somebody who

Could fill all my dreams

Now I found you,I'll be so true

I'll be the coffee,you be the cream...

Oh Dictatorship blues...

Oh no no...you wont hear me complain

OHH...! My sweet Dictatorship blues....

Oooh COOH...! Honey,you can hit me again....

I dont want a now and then man

But an again and again man

And you know I'll be true

So I'll sing my sweet Dictatorship Blues for you Honey...

Sing my sweet Dictatorship Blues..!

A penny for your thoughts,Big Boy....

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