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SF PERUSALS

Beyond the Fringe

A Revue

Alan Bennett,
Peter Cook,
Jonathan Miller,
and Dudley Moore

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

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BEYOND THE FRINGE opened in London at the Fortune Theatre, on May 10, 1961, under the auspices of William Donaldson and Donald Albery. It was first presented in New York by Alexander H. Cohen, at the John Golden Theatre, on October 27, 1962, with the following cast:

ALAN BENNETT

PETER COOK

JONATHAN MILLER

DUDLEY MOORE

Original London Production Directed by Eleanor Fazan

Setting by John Wyckham

Lighting by Ralph Alswang

Production Associates:

Andre Goulston and Gabriel Katzka

ACT ONE

Steppes in the Right Direction
Royal Box
Man Bites God
Fruits of Experience
Bollard
The Heat Death of the Universe
Deutscher Chansons
The Sadder and Wiser Beaver
Words . . . and Things
T.V.P.M.
And the Same to You
Aftermyth of War

ACT TWO

Civil War
Real Class
Little Miss Britten
The Suspense Is Killing Me
Porn Shopping
Studio 5
Sitting on the Bench
Bread Alone
Take a Pew
So That's the Way You Like It
The End of the World

Additional Material Added to the Second Edition for the 1964 Production

Beyond the Fringe

ACT ONE

STEPPES IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

JONATHAN, PETER *and* ALAN *are sitting or standing around the Stage as the CURTAIN rises.*

DUDLEY *enters through the arch, walks to the piano, and sits down and plays the National Anthem. The other* THREE *all stand. After the National Anthem,* DUDLEY *exits and the other* THREE *all sit down again.*)

PETER. Who is that fellow who keeps coming in and playing "God Save the Queen"?

JON. I don't know, but he's not English. No Englishman would keep coming in and keep playing the National Anthem quite like that.

ALAN. He's not English, certainly.

PETER. Do you know what I think he is?

JON. No, what do you think he is?

PETER. I think he is a member of the Moscow State Circus.

JON. Really, what makes you say that?

PETER. Well, I was in the washroom the other day and I was chatting to him—he was developing some photographs or something at the time—and I asked what he was doing over here, and he said, "I am a member of the Moscow State Circus." So I put two and two together. The whole thing added up to his being a member—

ALL. —of the Moscow State Circus.

ALAN. He's an awfully nice fellow.

ALL. Awfully nice fellow!

ALAN. But I do wish he wouldn't keep coming in and playing "God Save the Queen."

JON. I quite agree with you—I mean I like the National Anthem. I like to start the day with the National Anthem.

PETER. Exactly, but every other minute of the day—I prefer a more sedentary way of life, myself.

ALAN. It's probably because they get so very little chance to play it over there.

JON. It's amazing how little their Bolshevism has contaminated their music.

PETER. Practically not at all—they play like absolute angels.

JON and ALAN. Absolute angels. Absolute Engels.

PETER. We could do with some of them over here.

ALL. Oh, we could, indeed.

PETER. I tell you what, next time he comes in why don't we grab him, and try and indoctrinate him—win him over to our point of view. Jonathan, you lie doggo behind there. Alan, you lull his suspicions, look fat and contented—symbolize the British way of life. And I'll be behind this hat stand here. Cavey, chaps, here he comes. (DUDLEY *enters through the arch. He sees* PETER, *who pretends to be dusting the hat stand.*) Hello, there's a bit of dust on this hat stand. I was just— (DUDLEY *gets to the steps and they all rush forward and grab him.*) Right . . . Hello, there. Sit down, we're quite friendly —welcome to our lovely land, we hope you'll be very happy. No need to be alarmed.

ALAN. You'll have to shout at him—they don't speak a word of English.

PETER. We in this country enjoy a high standard of living, with a considerable measure of political freedom—

ALAN. Under the National Health Service for twelve shillings a week we are treated absolutely free.

PETER. Having any effect?

JON. No, he's quite impervious. We'll have to try shock tactics.

PETER. Shock tactics—what do you suggest? (*They*

whisper together.) Oh, yes. (*To* DUDLEY.) Hello there, Russian man. Now, you listen to me—I'm going to say something that will change your whole ideology. Just you listen to me. Khrushchev—sss! (*Bronx cheer.*)

JON. All right, all together. Khrushchev—ssss, Krushchev—ssss! No, it's no good. It's not positive enough.

ALAN. It's too negative?

JON. Far too negative. Why not offer him something positive from our own culture—something encouraging from our way of life to persuade him to join us.

PETER. Yes—what have we got? I know—trump card! Now you listen again, Russian man. I want you to say after me these words—it's quite simple. Macmillan—mmmm. Now you have a shot. It's good fun. Macmillan—mmmm . . .

DUDLEY. (*Simultaneously.*) . . . ssss.

PETER. No, you're quite wrong, it's Khrushchev—ssss, it's Macmillan—mmmm.

DUDLEY. (*Simultaneously.*) . . . ssss.

PETER. Macmillan—mmmm.

DUDLEY. (*Simultaneously.*) . . . ssss.

PETER. Macmillan—mmmm. Smile, you stupid Serbo-Croat!

ALAN. No, no, it's no use. Macmillan's obviously too bitter a pill to swallow first time.

JON. All right. Let's start with something harmless or innocuous that he can't possibly take exception to, like Lord Snowden, and work slowly up into a climax and hit him with it.

PETER. All right, you set the ball rolling, would you?

JON. Yes. Right, then. Something really fatuous to begin with. C. P. Snow—mmmm.

ALAN. Rule Britannia—mmmm.

PETER. Arnold Wesker—mmmm.

JON. Henley Regatta—mmmm.

ALAN. Abide With Me—mmmm.

PETER. This sea-girt isle—mmmm.

JON. Ian Fleming—mmmm.

ALAN. T. S. Eliot—mmmm.
PETER. Robin Hood—mmmm.
JON. Never had it . . .
ALAN. . . . so good—
ALL. Macmillan—mmmm.
DUDLEY. (*Simultaneously.*) . . . ssss.
PETER. No—you don't seem to understand at all. It's Khrushchev—ssss. It's Macmillan—mmmm.
DUDLEY. (*Simultaneously.*) . . . ssss.
PETER. No, Macmillan—mmmm.
DUDLEY. (*Simultaneously.*) . . . ssss.
PETER. Macmillan—ssss— Do you know, I think's he's got something—
JON. Macmillan—ssss. Macmillan—ssss. Well, I must admit it's got a certain lilt to it.
ALAN. Macmillan—ssss. It's short but it's catchy.
ALL. (*Singing.*)

Macmillan—ssss.
Macmillan—ssss.
(DUDLEY *playing the "Volga Boatmen."*)
Macmillan—ssss.
Macmillan—hoy!

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

ROYAL BOX

PETER. No, I won't have a program, thank you very much. Excuse me, is this P. Row P?
DUDLEY. Yes, P 1, 2, and 3.
PETER. I'm P 3.
DUDLEY. I'm P 2.
PETER. I'm most frightfully sorry to come in late like this but I couldn't get a taxi, you know how it is at this time of night.

DUDLEY. Oh yes, I know how it is. Well, you've only missed three and a half minutes of the overture. It's a seven-and-a-half-minute overture actually.

PETER. You've seen this show before, have you?

DUDLEY. Oh yes, I've seen this show, let me see now, five hundred—no, I tell a lie—four hundred and ninety-seven times.

PETER. Four hundred ninety-seven times. That must be some sort of a record. Are you that fond of the show?

DUDLEY. Oh no. It's not my sort of show at all, really.

PETER. Well, why on earth do you keep coming?

DUDLEY. Well, you see, it's the Royal Family.

PETER. The Royal Family? Are they in some way connected—

DUDLEY. No. No, you see, I read in the newspapers that the Royal Family was planning a visit to this theatre, so naturally I came along. You see, up there, that's what they call the Royal Box. But I don't know if you've noticed, there's no Royalty in it. No Royal People there at all. No Royal Personage actually gracing the Royal Box . . . unless of course they're crouching. But, I mean, that wouldn't be Royalty, would it?

PETER. Not crouching, no.

DUDLEY. No, not on the crouch.

PETER. Not on the crouch, they don't go in for that very much.

DUDLEY. Anyway, I was here last Tuesday and guess who I saw.

PETER. Do you really want me to guess?

DUDLEY. Yes, go on, guess.

PETER. Arthur Tinty.

DUDLEY. Arthur Tinty!

PETER. It's just a guess. He sometimes comes to the theatre.

DUDLEY. Arthur Tinty. No, I can't say I saw Arthur Tinty.

PETER. Well, he probably wasn't here.

DUDLEY. I tell you who I did see, Arthur Grodes, but I can't say I saw Arthur Tinty.

PETER. Well, don't worry—he may not have been here.

DUDLEY. No, what's he look like?

PETER. Tinty, well, he's very hard to describe, really. He has a typical Tinty look about him. Average height. Average build.

DUDLEY. I saw him. Yes—so that's Arthur Tinty. But is he regal?

PETER. No, he's not regal, no.

DUDLEY. Noble?

PETER. Not noble, no.

DUDLEY. No, well, er— Anyway, I am hoping against hope that one night the Royal Family will turn up and make my having to sit through this rotten, awful show every night worth while.

PETER. Do you really mean to say you spend fifteen shillings every night just on the off-chance you may catch a glimpse of the Royal Family?

DUDLEY. Well, they're not worth the pound.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

MAN BITES GOD

JON. (*In dimness. On mike.*) The time is seven o'clock! By the Grace of God and Associated Rediffusion, we bring you "Always on a Sunday"! A program of religion on the move. Let there be light!

(*The LIGHT goes on.*)

DUDLEY. (*Singing.*)

If you baby does you wrong,
Turn the other cheek.

Keep it turning, turning, turning.
Love thy neighbor as thyself,
Turn the other cheek.

Now if the Lord starts getting stroppy,
Don't think you are soppy
If you turn the other cheek.
Oh, keep it turning, turning, turning . . .

JON. Thank you. Jolly good, boys. Thank you very much. That was really spiffing. It really had my feet tapping. Now let's get down to God. God. Who is He, where is He, and above all, why is He—and of course why is He above all? Now, Dudley, have you got any questions you would like to fire off about God?

DUDLEY. Yes . . . well, Vicar . . .

JON. Don't call me Vicar—call me Dick—that's the sort of Vicar I am!

DUDLEY. Well, Dicker . . . one thing that has always been a great mystery to me is the exact age of the Almighty. How old is God?

JON. Good, good! Good God! Well, Dudley—it isn't really a question of age with God. You see, God is ageless. That is to say, He's age-old. He's old-aged, if you like. In fact, God is as old as He feels and in that way He's exactly the same as you or I and that's the message I'm trying to get across to you youngsters down at my little dockland parish of St. Jack in the Lifeboat. You see, I think we have got to get right away from this stuffy old idea of thinking of God as something holy or divine, and once we do that we'll get you youngsters flooding back into the churches—I know that for sure. Now—Alan—is there anything in the Bible that actually puts you off religion?

ALAN. Well, I'm glad you asked that.
DUDLEY. Thank you. Alan, do you mind, do you mind? } (*Together.*)

DUDLEY. Thank you, Alan—can we leave Lot's wife till later? Well, Dicker, during my study of the good work

I was very shocked by all the cruelty and violence in the New Testament. I mean, take for example this ghastly case of shoving a needle up the eye of a camel. Now that's taking unfair advantage of a dumb animal. It's an appalling sight, the poor old ship of the desert standing there with a needle up his eye—and frankly, Dicker, that was the straw that broke the camel's back.

ALL. Last straw.

JON. Yes, thank you, yes. Well, I think you are putting words into God's mouth here, and I think we can turn a blind eye on the whole affair—after all, the camel had to, by Jove, yes. But I am very grateful to you, Dudley, for bringing this up, because it does bring me to the whole problem of juvenile violence in general. Now I think an awful lot of tommyrot has been spoken about teen-age and juvenile violence. I think we can use this violence and channel it towards God. It is my aim to get the violence off the streets and into the churches, where it belongs. In the old days people used to think of the saints as pious old milksops—well, they weren't. The old saints were rough, toothless—no, I mean tough, ruthless tearaways who knew where they were going. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John went through life with their heads screwed on. That's the little rhyme we all sing—and with these principles firmly in mind, we've now got ourselves a young, vigorous church where youngsters like yourselves can come in off the streets, pick up a chick, jive in the aisles, and really have yourselves a ball. The result is we are playing to packed houses every night, except of course for Sunday, when we are forced to close our doors because of the Lord's Day Observance Society.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

ALAN BENNETT SOLO

We're going to have just a little chat this evening about international relations. I'd like to kick off, if I may, by quoting you something said by H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, God bless him, to the Annual General Meeting of the World Federation of Women's Institutes. He said, and I quote here: "So far as Anglo-American relations are concerned . . ." (*Laughter.*) ". . . I am not an expert, but I am going to stick my neck right out and say that our two great countries, that's to say Great Britain and America, ought to get together." Now, I think in his own inimitable fashion His Royal Highness has put his finger on it. It's tremendously important that we in Great Britain should try and pass on to you in America some of that traditional wisdom and experience which has come down to us, from hand to mouth, from generation to generation.

And I think the first thing you've got to learn is that this business of international politics is a game. It's a game. To start with, there are two sides . . . I've no need to tell you who they are . . . It's a hard game, it's a rough game . . . sometimes alas, it's a dirty game, but the point about a game, surely, is that there's no need to take it seriously. Anyway, that's what we in Great Britain think and we've been playing the game now for rather a long time. Give a year, take a year—a thousand years. And in our day you see we were a bloody good side. Bloody good side. And we still are. Oh yes. But naturally —well, we're a bit long in the tooth, a bit short in the wind. But that's where you come in, you see. Because you've only just come onto the field . . . you're young, you're vigorous, you're alive . . . of course you're a bit raw, you've got a bit more brawn than brains . . . but that's where we come in, you see. Together, together we're world beaters.

Now, let's try and find out where it is that you've been going wrong. Take all that Cuban business . . . oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. No, no, no, no. Of course, one can see what you were trying to do . . . trying, I suppose, in your own way to emulate our splendid effort at Suez. Ah well, you'll live and learn.

Now, before I go I would like to set your mind at rest on one point. While I've been over here in your charming country several people have come up to me and said, "Now look here, old chap, where does Great Britain stand in the nuclear defense pogr—program, sorry." Well, I can reassure you on this point—we are all very much of one mind on nuclear defense. Wouldn't like you to take any notice of these Ban the Bombers. You know Bertrand Russell and hooligans like that, sincere though these people are, I mean I yield to no one in my admiration for Bertrand Russell. He's a great philosopher and nudist. But as a thinker, as a thinker he should stick to thinking —he shouldn't meddle in politics. After all, we live in a democracy. Government isn't run by people like that. It's run by the people. Of course, I suppose he's right in this sense that the hydrogen bomb is a terrible weapon. It is. I know it kills millions of people, I know it seals the fate of millions as yet unborn. All right. Fair enough. But I put this to you. The hydrogen bomb is just the same as the bow and arrow in principle . . . and thank goodness, in this modern world today, our two great countries care about principles.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

BOLLARD

ALAN *is on the rostrum with a camera.* JON *and* PETER *enter.*

JON. So I said to him, I said, "Do you do vests in mauve?" And he said, "No, we don't do vests in mauve." "Don't do vests in mauve," I said very sharply. "No," he said. So I had to settle for the green, the Lincoln green!

PETER. I think you look lovely in green, you look like a tree lizard.

JON. Hello, Arthur, what have we got today?

ALAN. Surprise! Surprise! Today we've got Bollard.

JON. Bollard? That sounds exciting. What is it?

ALAN. It's a ciggy.

PETER. Oh, a cigarette.

DUDLEY. (*Entering.*) Hello, men! So sorry I'm late, I got held up at the hairdresser's. I was so worried about it, I can't tell you. He was going on and on—I said, "Stop, you'll ruin it!"

JON. No, he hasn't.

DUDLEY. What's the back like?

PETER. Lovely, lovely. You can hardly see the join.

DUDLEY. Thank you. (*Bumps into* JON.) Oh, hello—Oh, have you seen what I've seen? Oh, Cyril, what a lovely tie you're sporting!

PETER. It is a lovely tie. It's the new color.

DUDLEY. Qu'est que c'est, que ça? Well, what is it?

PETER. Blue. Can't you see?

DUDLEY. Oh, I say, aren't these sou'-westers fabulous?

ALAN. Come along, then.

(*They move to top. They group.* ALAN *poses* DUDLEY.)

DUDLEY. Oh, please don't touch me this morning, Arthur.

ALAN. Oh. Are you ready? Right! Action!

DUDLEY. Stormy days at sea are followed.

PETER. By the smoking of a Bollard.

JON. Once that lovely smoke is swallowed, so much Satisfaction! Smoke Bollard—a man's cigarette.

ALL. Whoops!

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

THE HEAT DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE

JONATHAN MILLER SOLO

Some years ago, when I was rather hard up, I wanted to buy myself a new pair of trousers—but being hard up, I could not afford to buy a new pair. However, some kind friend told me that if I looked sharp about it I could get myself a very nice second-hand pair from the Sales Department of the London Passenger Transport Board Lost Property. Now before I accepted this interesting offer I got involved in a certain amount of fastidious conflict with my inner soul as I was not very keen to assume the trousers which some lunatic had taken off on a train going eastbound towards Whitechapel.

However, after a certain amount of moral contortion in this area, I managed to steel myself to the alien crutch, and made my way towards the shop in question, praying as I did so, "Oh, God, let them be dry-cleaned when I get there." And when I arrived there, you can imagine my pleasure and surprise when I found, instead of a dishevelled heap of lunatics' trousers lying all over the place, a very neat heap of brand-new, bright blue corduroy trousers. There were four hundred of them. How can anyone lose four hundred pairs of trousers on a train? I mean, it's hard enough to lose a brown paper bag full of

old orange peel when you really try very hard. Besides which, four hundred men wearing no trousers in the rush hour— No, it's obviously part of a London Passenger Transport Board plot—a rather complex economic scheme along Galbraithian or Keynesian lines—something rather baroque to expand the economy. So we go over to investigate this to the London Passenger Transport Board Economics Planning Division Ops Room. "Carry on Smoking. Operation Cerulean Trousers. Now we are going to issue each one of you men a brand-new, bright blue pair of corduroy trousers. Your job will be to spread out to all parts of London, to empty railway carriages, and there in the darkness and solitude you are to divest yourselves of these garments and leave them in horrid little heaps on the floors of the carriages concerned. Do I make myself absolutely clear? Good—well, on your way. Godspeed, chins up and trousers down!"

Then out into the blue of the night the four hundred men disperse identically in blue corduroy trousers, trying to look as inconspicuous as a great massed phalanx of four hundred men dressed in identical blue corduroy trousers possibly can look. And they disperse to places far out on the ends of the central line, places out on the Essex marshes, which are totally uninhabited, one presumes, except for a few stray wading marsh birds mournfully pacing the primeval slime.

And there in the moonlit sidings they let themselves separately and individually into the empty compartments and just before the final awful existential act of detrousering they do some of those things people sometimes do in railway compartments when they think they are alone . . . or, indeed, alone anywhere for that matter. Things like . . . well, things like smelling their own armpits.

Of course, it's quite possible the men did not remove their trousers in the compartments at all but with a proper sense of privacy made their way along the corridor to the locked seclusion of the lavatory. Now English Railway lavatories have a rather mysterious, unpunctuated motto

printed on the wall, saying, "Gentlemen lift the seat." Now, what exactly does this mean? It could be a blunt military order—it might be an invitation to upper-class larceny—

Anyway, one way or the other, off come the trousers and then the four hundred half-naked men make their way back to headquarters through the sleeping chilly streets of nocturnal London—four hundred fleet white nude figures in the night, their eight hundred horny feet pattering on the pavements and arousing small children from their slumbers in upstairs bedrooms. Children who are soothed back into their sleep by their parents with the ancient words, "Turn your face to the wall, my darling, while the gentlemen trot by."

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

DEUTSCHER CHANSONS

JON. And now Dudley Moore accompanies himself upon the pianoforte in settings of European songs. First a setting by Faure of Verlaine's poem, "La nuit s' epanouit," in which the poet bemoans the evil spirits which are at the bottom of his garden. "La nuit s' epanouit."

DUDLEY. (*Sings.*)

La nuit s'epanouit la vie sanglotante
Et les ombres velours des vagues tenebreuses
S'en vont dans les bonnes de la vague distance
Sanglotant violon sanglotant
Sanglotant violon sanglotant de l'amour.

JON. And now Dudley Moore continues to play with himself, this time in a setting by Shubert of Heiner's poem, "Die Flabbergast," in which the poet and his lover bemoan, and bemoan, and bemoan "Die Flabbergast."

DUDLEY. (*Sings.*)

Ist eine hunst die far die Flabbergast
Ist Sweinhunst die fi hein heinst.
Ist eine hunst die far die Flabbergast
Ist Sweinhunst die fi hein heinst.
Finish is "Ist mein
Ist mein."

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

THE SADDER AND WISER BEAVER

ALAN *and* PETER *come through the archway.*

ALAN. And you're still working for Beaverbrook?

PETER. Well yes, I'm still working for the Beaver, if work's the right word. Don't get me wrong, Alan, I haven't changed, working on the paper hasn't altered my outlook. You and I in the old days always used to think alike on most things. Well, it's just the same now—you name any issue and I'll agree with you on it. Just because my name's at the top of the column you mustn't think I have any connection with it, it's just that I think he does a grand job of work, and if ever I have to write anything on him, every now and then I am forced to write something. I always ring him up afterwards and apologize, or get my secretary to. You've met the wife, got a lovely little house now down in East Grinstead, two little kids, you've got to fight for it. We go for holidays in Germany, drink a stein with the people, I like the people. I'm working on the novel, you know. One day that novel's going to come out and blast the lid off the whole filthy business—name the names, show up Fleet Street for what it really is—a really accurate novel about all those people. But if you are going to write a really

accurate novel, you've got to join the people you are writing about for a while anyway. I am going through a sort of research period at the moment. There are about ten of us on the paper, young, progressive liberal people who don't believe a word we are writing, and whenever the old man has a party—a cocktail party—we all gather together down the far end of the room, and drink as much as we can—we really knock it back—we drink and drink and drink—trying to break him from within; then —quite openly, behind our hands—we snigger at him.

ALAN. You snigger at him?

PETER. That's right! We snigger and titter at him, "Ha ha, putting on a bit of weight in St. Tropez."

ALAN. Well, I don't know, it doesn't seem very much to me—sniggering and tittering.

PETER. A titter here, a titter there—it all adds up—you'd be surprised—

ALAN. Well, take me—I'm no saint, but I turned down five thousand pounds a year with an advertising agency, because I didn't want to make that sort of money.

PETER. Yes, I think that is wonderful of you, Alan, really wonderful—in a way I wish I could be like you. But we don't all come into fifty thousand pounds at the age of twenty-one.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

WORDS . . . AND THINGS

ALAN. Hello there, Urchfont, how are you?

JON. Hello there, Bleaney.

ALAN. Hello— What was that little philosophical paper you were telling me about in Common Room—Hegel's Moral Doubts, I think you said it was.

JON. Oh, that—well, it's not really a paper so much as

an annotation which I've run up for the proceedings of the Aristotelian Society. It's certainly no principia—shall I fire ahead?

(DUDLEY *walks on, then exits.*)

ALAN. Oh yes.

JON. Now Wittgenstein says, does he not, rather ham-handedly in my opinion, in the Blue and Brown books, that the statement, "Fetch me that slab," implies there is a slab, such that were I to fetch it, the statement, "Fetch me that slab," would be disjunctively denied by the opposite statement.

ALAN. Yes.

JON. Well, it seems to me Wittgenstein has made rather a bad blunder here, for as far as I can see, the unfetched slab can claim to exist really no more than the unseen tree in the quad.

ALAN. No no, I think you're making a rather primitive category mistake here.

JON. Surely not.

ALAN. Oh no, you're not, it's me. I'm terribly sorry.

JON. No no no, it seems to me what we have here is an example of a synthetic a-priori proposition of the sort "there are no sense data which are both blue and green all over at the same time and sense data," which is a statement really both about our world as we know it in the Wittgenstein sense of everything that is the case, and also a statement about our language as we use it. Now, I know you get very worked up about propositional disjunctive functions, Bleaney, so I thought you might like to deal with the whole . . .

ALAN. Yes.

JON. I see. Well, tell me—are you using yes in its affirmative sense here?

ALAN. No no. I like that paper. I liked it, you see, because it bears on something I am considering myself, namely, what part—what role—we as philosophers play

in this great heterogeneous—confusing—and—confused—jumble—of—political—social—and—economic—relationships—we—call—Society. I mean, other people have jobs to do, don't they—what do people do these days?

JON. They chop down trees.

ALAN. They chop down trees, they drive buses, or they play games.

JON. Yes, that's very important—they play games.

ALAN. Now, we also play games, but we as philosophers play language games. Games at language. Now, when you and I go onto the cricket pitch, we do so secure in the knowledge that a game of cricket is in the offing. But when we play language games, we do so rather in order to find out what game it is we are playing. In other words, why do we do philosophy at all? Why?

JON. Why yes, why yes . . . no no. I think I must take exception with you on that point, Bleaney, for it seems we want to ask not so much why questions as how questions.

ALAN. Why?

JON. Well, there you are—need I say more?

ALAN. Yes.

JON. Well, I shall. It seems to me that philosophers, or at least they like to call themselves philosophers, who start off by asking why questions end up by making pseudo statements of the sort . . . Saturday got into bed with me . . .

ALAN. Is that a pseudo statement?

JON. Well, I'll take one from real life . . . in that case, hammer home the point . . . there is too much Tuesday in my beetroot sadad, or something of that general sort.

ALAN. I think that is perfectly obvious, but I don't think you are saying and I don't say you are thinking I don't think you are saying that these statements are in themselves meaningless?

JON. No—oh, good heavens, no. All I am saying really is that such statements are in themselves metaphysical statements.

ALAN. Metaphysical statements? As well, if they are metaphysical statements I do not think we should forget, or I don't think you should forget, as Bradley pointed out, that a man who rejects the existence of metaphysics is simply a metaphysician with a rival theory of his own. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

JON. Yes, yes . . . ouch! In that case allow me to illustrate with an example from real life.

ALAN. You seem very fond of real life.

JON. Well, yes. Say we meet a friend say at the factory, or in the pub, or at the football match, we don't say to that friend, do we, Why are you? It would be quite absurd to say, Why are you?—no, we say, How are you?

ALAN. So we do. In this connection, what do you think of Plato and Aristotle and C. S. Lewis?

JON. Well, it seems to me that while Plato and Aristotle and C. S. Lewis—by the way, how is he?

ALAN. Oh, he's quite well.

JON. Oh, I am glad. Now, it seems to me while they had very interesting things to say about the society which they represent—

ALAN. He's been having a bit of bother with his teeth. They're not what they were.

JON. Oh, poor fellow.

ALAN. In fact, they're not where they were. They're out. It's a great loss to scholarship.

JON. Oh, I am sorry to hear that. But as I was saying, while these people—

ALAN. What people?

JON. Plato, Aristotle and poor old Toothless Lewis were asking questions about life and about death which are therefore entirely irrelevant.

ALAN. I call them not philosophers, but para-philosophers.

JON. Para-philosophers. How come para-philosophers?

ALAN. Well, you've heard of these chaps—paratroops—well, para-philosophers are the same, you see. Philosophers with their feet off the ground.

JON. Yes yes, very saucy. In that case, the burden is fair and square on your shoulders to explain to me the exact relevance philosophy does have on everyday life.

ALAN. Yes, I can do this quite easily. This morning I went into a shop, and a shop assistant was having an argument with a customer. The shop assistant said, "Yes," you see, and the customer said, "What do you mean, yes?" and the shop assistant said, "I mean yes."

JON. This is very exciting indeed.

ALAN. Here is a splendid example in everyday life where two very ordinary people are asking each other what are in essence philosophical questions— What do you mean, yes?— I mean yes—and where I, as a philosopher, could help them.

JON. And did you?

ALAN. Well, no—they were in rather a hurry—

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

T.V.P.M.

PETER COOK SOLO

Good evening. I have recently been traveling round the world, on your behalf and at your expense, visiting some of the chaps with whom I hope to be shaping your future. I went first to Germany, and there I spoke with the German Foreign Minister, Herr . . . Herr and there. And we exchanged many frank words in our respective languages—

From thence I flew by Boeing to the Bahamas, where I was having talks with the American President, Mr. Kennedy, and I must say I was very struck by his youth and vigor. The talks we had were of a very friendly nature and at one time we even exchanged photographs

of our respective families, and I was very touched, very touched indeed, to discover that here was yet another great world leader who regarded the business of Government as being a family affair.

Our talks ranged over a wide variety of subjects including that of the Skybolt Missile program. And after a great deal of good-natured give and take I decided on behalf of Great Britain to accept the Polaris in the place of the Skybolt. This is a good solution—as far as I can see, the Polaris starts where the Skybolt left off. In the sea.

I was privileged to see some actual photographs of this weapon. The President was kind enough to show me actual photographs of this missile, beautiful photographs taken by Karsch of Ottawa. A very handsome weapon, we shall be very proud to have them, the photographs, that is, we don't get the missile till round about 1970—in the meantime we shall just have to keep our fingers crossed, sit very quietly and try not to alienate anyone.

This is not to say that we do not have our own Nuclear Striking Force—we do, we have the Blue Steel, a very effective missile, as it has a range of one hundred and fifty miles, which means we can just about get Paris—and by God we will.

While I was abroad I was very moved to receive letters from people in acute distress all over the country. And one in particular from an old-age pensioner in Fyfe is indelibly printed on my memory. Let me read it to you. It reads, "Dear Prime Minister, I am an old-age pensioner in Fyfe, living on a fixed income of some two pounds, seven shillings a week. This is not enough. What do you of the Conservative Party propose to do about it?"

(*He tears up the letter.*)

Well, let me say right away, Mrs. MacFarlane—as one Scottish old-age pensioner to another—be of good cheer. There are many people in this country today who are far

worse off than yourself. And it is the policy of the Conservative Party to see that this position is maintained.

And now I see the sands of time are alas drawing all too rapidly to a close, so I leave you all with that grand old Celtic saying that is so popular up there: good night, and may God be wi' ye!

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

AND THE SAME TO YOU

DUDLEY MOORE SOLO

(DUDLEY *plays this piece with touching solemnity—moving finally to the interminable coda, from which he extricates himself at the expense of his dignity and after an enormous amount of unnecessary effort.*)

ACT ONE

AFTERMYTH OF WAR

PETER. So you want to know about the war! The thirties were coming to an end. Heavy with menace the forties were just around the corner. At the Victoria Palace, Lupino Lane was entrancing London with Me and My Girl. At Ascot a year of Royal victories. Walt Disney had done it again with Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

JON. But underneath the gaiety, the storm clouds were gathering. Across Europe, German soldiers were dancing the hideous gavotte of war.

(PETER *and* ALAN *do a salute on the rostrum, then march down the steps.*)

ALAN. And then came a break in the clouds.

(JON *comes through the arch with a paper bag. The others wave.*)

JON. I have here from Herr Hitler a piece of paper.

(*The bang of the bursting paper bag is echoed by a tape of a BOMBING RAID.* ALAN, *wearing a head scarf, steps onto the balcony.*)

ALAN. I'll always remember that weekend war broke out. I was at a house party at Cliveden with the Astors and we sat around listening to the moving broadcast by Mr. Churchill, or Mr. Chamberlain as he then was. I remember turning to my husband and saying, "Squiffy, ou sont les neiges d'ans temps?" But I did not feel then that all was quite lost and immediately afterwards I got on the telephone to Berlin to try to speak to Herr Hitler, who had been so kind to us on our last visit to Germany that summer. Unfortunately the line was engaged. There was nothing I could do to avert the carnage of the next six years.

(*Sound of EXPLOSION.*)

DUDLEY. Mr. Charles Spedding of Hoxton remembers:

PETER. (*Coming up through the hatch.*) I'll always remember the day that war was declared. I was out in the garden at the time, planting out some chrysanths. It was a grand year for chrysanths—1939, I wish we could have another one like it. My wife came out to me in the garden and told me about the outbreak of hostilities. "Never you mind," I says to her. "You put on the kettle, and we'll have a nice hot cup of tea."

(*A SIREN shrieks.*)

DUDLEY. Put out that light. (PETER *goes down in the hatch.*) All over Britain, the humble little people showed the same spirit of courage.

(JON *enters with a tea trolley, amidst the FLASHES and NOISE of an AIR RAID.*)

JON. You could always tell the difference between theirs and ours. Ours has a steady sort of reliable British hum, rather like a homely old bumblebee. Theirs, on the other hand, has a nasty intermittent whine rather like a ghastly foreign mosquito.

ALAN. (*Off, on mike.*) Meanwhile, as invasion threatened, England was blanketed in security.

(PETER *and* DUDLEY *enter with a signpost.*)

PETER. Wait a moment now. We'll put Ipswich round there.

DUDLEY. We'll put Lyme Regis where Ipswich was.

PETER. And we'll put Great Yarmouth where Lyme Regis was. There now, that should fool the Boche. Bye-bye, then. Here—how do we get home?

JON. Home. The very word had a sort of comforting sound, didn't it? Homes whose very foundations were built upon the air. (PETER, ALAN *and* DUDLEY *pose on the steps.*) Young men, scarcely boys, tossed aside youthful things and grew up overnight in the grimmer game that is war. A game where only one side was playing the game. Young men flocked to join the Few.

DUDLEY. Please, sir, I want to join the Few.

JON. I'm sorry, there are far too many.

PETER. From the Rugby fields into the air.

JON. From the squash courts into the clouds.

ALAN. From the skiffs into the Spitfires.

JON. This was war.

ALAN. I had a pretty quiet war really. I was one of the Few. We were stationed down at Biggin Hill. One Sunday

we got word Jerry was coming in. Over Broadstairs, I think it was. We got up there as quickly as we could, and you know, everything was very calm and peaceful. England lay like a green carpet below us, and the war seemed worlds away. I could see Tunbridge Wells and the sun glinting on the river, and I remember that last weekend I spent there with Celia that summer of '39. Suddenly, Jerry was coming at me out of a bank of cloud. I let him have it, and I think I must have got him in the wing because he spiraled past me out of control. As he did so —I will always remember this—I got a glimpse of his face, and you know—he smiled. Funny thing—war.

(*There is the sound of HEARTY SINGING.* PETER *enters on the rostrum.*)

PETER. Perkins! Sorry to drag you away from the fun, old boy. War's not going very well, you know.

JON. Oh, my God!

PETER. We are two down, and the ball's in the enemy court. War is a psychological thing, Perkins, rather like a game of football. And you know how in a game of football ten men often play better than eleven—?

JON. Yes, sir.

PETER. Perkins, we are asking you to be that one man. I want you to lay down your life, Perkins. We need a futile gesture at this stage. It will raise the whole tone of the war. Get up in a crate, over to Bremen, take a shufti, don't come back. Good-bye, Perkins. God, I wish I was going too.

JON. Good-bye, sir—or perhaps it's au revoir?

PETER. No, Perkins.

(JON *exits.*)

ALAN. But London, that gallant old lady, nurtures her children well.

DUDLEY. At the National Gallery, in a series of lunch-

time concerts, Dame Myra Hess wove her magic fingers inextricably into the heart strings of London.

ALAN. The music you are listening to, Timothy, is German music. We are fighting the Germans. That is something you are going to have to work out later on.

(GUN SHOTS intensify into an AIR RAID. JON *and* ALAN *crawl across the Stage.* PETER *comes up through the trap.)*

PETER. That was the night they got Pithy Street. I'll always remember it. I was out in the garden at the time planting out some deadly nightshade for the Boche. My wife came out to me in the garden and told me the abominable news: "Thousands have died in Pithy Street." "Never you mind the thousands of dead," I says to her. "You put on the kettle, we'll have a nice hot cup of tea!"

JON. How many children do you have, Andrews?

ALAN. Six, sir. How about you, sir?

JON. Mary and I only had twenty-four hours before I came out here. I've never even seen my son Timothy. We've got him down for Eton of course. He has the makings of a damn fine football player, Mary tells me.

ALAN. Good show, sir.

JON. Andrews, I've not said this before, but we've been right through this beastly business together now, right the way through.

ALAN. So we have, sir.

JON. And until this horrible war started, I'd never known men of your class before, and there is just one thing I'd like to say, Andrews. It's been a privilege.

ALAN. God bless you, sir. God bless you.

JON. Right—this is it. Let's go.

DUDLEY. How grateful we were to the B.B.C. in those dark days of the war when every night at nine o'clock Alver Lidell brought us news of fresh disasters.

(Sound of EXPLOSION.)

PETER. I never ever used to hear the nine o'clock news because I was always out in the garden round about nine-ish planting out some carrots for the night fighters. But I do remember that black, black day that rationing was imposed. My wife came out to me in the garden, her face a mask of pain. "Charlie," she said, "rationing has been imposed and all that that entails." "Never mind, my dear," I says to her. "You put on the kettle—we'll have a nice cup of boiling hot water."

ALAN. But the tide was turning, the wicket was drying out. It was deuce, advantage Great Britain. Then America and Russia asked if they could join in and the whole thing turned into a free-for-all. So, unavoidably, came peace, putting an end to organized war as we knew it.

(*FLAGS fly, BALLONS fall, BELLS chime.*)

PETER. Well, we've done our best, now it's up to the youngsters.

JON. I wonder what they'll make of it.

ALL.
Should old acquaintance
Be forgot
And never brought to mind,
Should O . . . l . . . d A . . . c . . . q . . . u . . .

(ALL *droop.*)

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

CIVIL WAR

ALAN *sitting behind the table*—JON *and* PETER *on either side of him.*

ALAN. In these days of the Test Ban and the relaxation of international tensions I think there is a very real danger I think of being lulled into a sense of false security. I think it was the great French statesman, Talleyrand, who said, "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." Of course, today the price has gone up since the eighteenth century, however, the Government's defense—what for want of a better word, I'll call policy—is based on the concept of the deterrent—say what for the purpose of argument I will call an un-named power—an un-named power takes a nuclear missile and drops it on the United Kingdom. We, in the United Kingdom, would then take another nuclear missile and drop it on Russia . . . I mean, the un-named power—the un-named power. This, you see, would deter them from . . . no, well, it would effectively discourage them . . . well, it would jolly well serve them right.

PETER. Now a lot of people in this country today tend to think of the whole problem of the hydrogen bomb as being rather above their heads. Well, nothing could be further from the truth. The issue is a simple one—kill or be killed.

DUDLEY. (*In audience.*) Or both! Ha ha ha.

PETER. I beg your pardon?

DUDLEY. I said, "Or both." Ha ha ha.

PETER. I thought you did. Thank you.

DUDLEY. Thank you very much.

PETER. Not at all.

DUDLEY. Thank you—good evening.

ALAN. Shut up! Be careful, young man, or I'll have a large person come and remove you.

PETER. Have we got one?

ALAN. Yes—Miss Hargreaves is in this evening.

PETER. Watch your step. Now, basically, the defense of Great Britain rests in the hands of our Sea-slugs. If our Sea-slugs fail to get through, we shall fall back on our Blue-waters. If our Blue-waters let us down, we still have got good old germ warfare up our sleeves. Thank goodness for that. Now I must admit here, that there is a very strong possibility that our Sea-slugs won't get through. The British Sea-slug is a ludicrously cumbersome vehicle depending as it does on a group of trained runners carrying it into enemy territory. Mind you, the boffins are working on this one day and night—thinking of fitting it out with some ingenious device—wings or something along those lines and turning it into some kind of flying machine, in which case it will be renamed, "Greased Lightning." I must sit down here, as I can feel one of my spells coming on.

JON. So this does mean if we are fortunate enough in and future hostilities to be the aggressor, we are in a position to inflict a blow of 20, 30, or even 40 mega-deaths —or to put that in more familiar terms, 40 million lifeless forms strewn all about the place, here and there. Jolly good show. Following this, our Sea-slugs would then come into their own in a second wave and bring our score up into the 70 or even 80 mega-death bracket, which is practically the maximum score permitted by the Geneva Convention.

ALAN. Now one or two people are a wee bit worried, lest somebody makes a boo-boo and presses the wrong button and sends up one of these missiles by mistake. Well, it couldn't happen—it couldn't happen. You see—before he presses that button he has to get on the telephone to Number 10 Downing Street, and say, "Now look here, Mr. Prime Minister, Sir—can I press this button?" And the Prime Minister will say, "Yes" or

"No," as the mood takes him. Now, at this point I think I'll throw the whole thing over to you. If you're at all worried about Civil Defense, or any question you would like to ask the panel, we'd be only to pleased to help. Any queries . . . ?

(DUDLEY *whistles. Tries to attract their attention.*)

PETER. This wretched fellow again.
DUDLEY. Hello, panel.
ALL. Hello.
DUDLEY. I would like to ask a question if I might?

(ALAN *and* PETER, *simultaneously.*)

ALAN. That's what we're here for to answer any questions which you might have on Civil Defense . . . The Government, as you know, wants the general public to be familiar with problems of Civil Defense . . . The purpose is to familiarize the laymen with the jungle of regulations and to deal with the complex problems of Civil Defense, as we know it today . . .

PETER. Please do — of course we must have a question before we can give you an answer . . . The whole purpose of this meeting is to answer any questions which may help members of the audience on the subject of Civil Defense. . . . But as you should know we can't give you an answer until we receive a question from you. That's the whole concept of this particular period of the meeting is to have a question followed by an answer from us . . .

JON. I'll have to go along with that too, I suppose.

(*Long pause.*)

DUDLEY. No, no—do go on.

PETER. We've already explained to you, we can't go on until we get a question.

ALAN. An answer without a question is like a . . .

PETER. A ship without a sail . . .

DUDLEY. A rose without a thorn . . .

ALAN. A cat without a tail . . .

PETER. A cow without an udder . . .

DUDLEY. A cloud without a sky . . .

ALAN. A horse without a cart . . .

DUDLEY. A puppy without its mummy . . .

PETER. A what?

ALAN. "A puppy without its mummy."

PETER. How disgustingly sentimental.

DUDLEY. Well, a puppy, up to a certain age, without its mummy.

ALAN. What age do puppies leave their mummies?

PETER. Well, it depends on the dog. Weaning periods vary from breed to breed. For instance, I know the Dalmatian is a very long weaner.

ALAN. Oh, no—you're thinking of the Dachshund.

PETER. No, I'm not. I never do if I can help it. I'm referring to the length of the weaning time—not the footage of the animal.

DUDLEY. Of course you know, the Chihuahua is a very short weaner. Ten minutes and he's off.

PETER. That's very quick.

DUDLEY. My name for the Chihuahua is teeny-weaner. Ha ha ha . . .

PETER. Don't they call them Chihuahua-huas?

DUDLEY. No—there's only two "huas" per doggie.

PETER. I know my Aunt Beryl breeds them and she calls them Chihuahua-huas.

ALAN. Oh, but your Aunt Beryl has a terrible stutter.

PETER. Yes, I think you're probably right as she refers to her Pekinese as her Pekinese-nese-nese.

DUDLEY. Have you got a doggie?

ALAN. Have I got a doggie? No, I haven't a doggie. (*To* PETER.) Have you got a doggie?

PETER. Ah—yes.

DUDLEY. What kind is it?

PETER. It's a Borghound—it's a foot long and three feet high.

ALAN. Are you sure it's a dog?

PETER. Well, it shouts and yelps and it's covered completely with hair.

DUDLEY. What do you call it?

PETER. Anything that comes to mind . . .

JON. I wonder if I might interrupt here— Am I at the right meeting?

PETER. You'll have to search your own mind for that answer, Sir Basil.

JON. Well, I thought I was here to speak on Civil Defense.

ALAN. Well, of course, that is the purpose of this meeting.

PETER. Perhaps it would be better if we had a question on Civil Defense. Have you got a question on Civil Defense?

DUDLEY. Yes, I think I can rustle up one. Rustle, rustle —my little joke. Ha ha ha.

ALAN. Have you a question?

DUDLEY. Yes. Shall I fire straight ahead?

PETER. Yes, by all means.

DUDLEY. All right, here goes then. Following the nuclear holocaust—could you tell me when normal public services will be resumed?

JON. (*Rises.*) Jolly good question, actually. We have got it in hand of course. Following Armageddon, we do hope to have public services working fairly smoothly pretty soon after the event. Though I feel in all fairness, I should point out to all of you that it must needs be something in the nature of a skeleton service.

PETER. Now, what can we do from a practical point of view in the event of a nuclear attack? Well, the first golden rule to remember about hydrogen warfare is to be out of the area where the attack is about to occur—

get right out of the area because that's the danger area where the bombs are dropping. Get right out of it—get right out of it—if you're out of it, you're well out of it. If you're in it, you're really in it. Now—what about radiation, I hear a strangled cry? Well, there's a great deal you can do about radiation. As soon as the dust settles—jump into a brown paper bag. Draw it on rather like a shroud . . . (ALAN *helps* PETER *into brown paper bag.*) It's perfectly simple. You're very manoeuverable. You can do anything you want to inside your bag. So there you have it. The bomb drops, the dust settles, jump into your brown paper bag, and pop along to your local Civil Defense Leader.

ALAN. And he will tell you exactly where you can go.

FADE OUT

ACT TWO

REAL CLASS

PETER *and* JON *on balcony*—ALAN *and* DUDLEY *are striking table and chairs.*

PETER. I think at about this juncture, it would be wise to point out to those of you who haven't noticed already —and God knows it's apparent enough, that Jonathan Miller and myself come from good families and have had the benefits of a public school education. Whereas the other two members of the cast have worked their way up from working class origins. Yet, Jonathan and I are working together with them in the show and treating them as equals, and I must say it's proving to be a most worthwhile, enjoyable, and stimulating experience for both of us. Wouldn't you agree, Jonathan?

JON. Oh, yes. Jolly good for them.

ALAN. Well, I suppose we are working class, but it doesn't matter over here.

DUDLEY. How do you mean?
ALAN. Well, they don't have a class system.
DUDLEY. Well, what's the incentive to get on?
ALAN. Greed!

CROSSFADE

ACT TWO

LITTLE MISS BRITTEN

JON. Dudley Moore continues to accompany himself on the pianoforte, this time in settings of English songs. A setting by Benjamin Britten of the old English air, "Little Miss Muffet." The "Little Miss Muffet" referred to is thought to have been related to the English entomologist of the same name. (JON *exits.*)

DUDLEY. (*Playing and singing.*)

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds
Eating her curds
Eating her curds and whey.
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet
Away
Away
Away
Away
And frightened Miss Muffet away.
(*He ends with a crashing chord.*)

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

THE SUSPENSE IS KILLING ME

PETER *stands Upstage holding a notice: "A Death Cell."*

PETER *exits.*

DUDLEY *and* JON *sit Downstage, playing chess.*

DUDLEY. There we are, sir. Your move. Oh, I do believe I've got your bishop there.

JON. Is it going to hurt?

DUDLEY. Look. I wouldn't worry about that if I was you, sir. You take a tip from me, I've seen hundreds come and go—relax, let yourself go loose. You're in experienced hands—he's a craftsman, sir.

JON. Is it going to hurt?

DUDLEY. Well, I suppose it's rather like a visit to the dentist. It's always worse in anticipation. But you won't see any of the apparatus if that's what you are worried about—you'll have a little white bag over your head.

JON. What white bag?

DUDLEY. It's just a little white bag, sir. They make them in Birmingham. But I can't explain to you what goes on out there, I'm not here for that sort of thing—am I now? You wait till the prison governor comes down—he'll set your mind at rest. Really he will.

(ALAN *enters.*)

ALAN. 'Morning, and a lovely morning it is too. Though there will be rain before the day is out. Fine before eleven, rain before seven. You know what they say.

DUDLEY. So you'll be missing the rain, sir, won't you?

ALAN. I don't mind saying, you know, there's been an awful hoo-ha in Parliament about you, and so far as I can see, the Home Secretary doesn't like this business

any more than you do. But you know what parliamentary procedure is, and the case being sub-judice and all that —anyway, we'll see if we can't do something about it afterwards. You know, when I was at school I was a bit of a lad, and whenever I used to get into a scrape my headmaster used to say to me, "Now look here, I'll give you a choice, you can either be gated for a fortnight, or you can take six of the best and we'll forget all about it!" Well, like any self-respecting lad I used to take six of the best—what's the difference between this and capital punishment? You don't want to be cooped up for life.

JON. Yes, I do want to be cooped up for life.

ALAN. Come along, now, you're playing with words.

(*A BELL starts tolling.* JON *and* ALAN *exit up the stairs. There is a great sound of BELLS, then a CRASH Offstage.*)

PETER. (*Re-entering in the silence.*) I think it should be done in public.

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

PORN SHOPPING

JONATHAN MILLER SOLO

Some years ago when I was a medical student I became rather interested in the shops that one finds down the Charing Cross Road in London.

THE SHOPS . . .

where for some curious reason rupture appliances and trusses seem to feature rather prominently.

NOW . . .

I've often wondered to myself why it was that these

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