

TRAGEDY!

by

Ann Hecke

copyright 2012

Characters: Hermione, her husband
Jules Cardinal/Lover, Detective
Watson, Dr. Holmes Nun/Stripper,
Margaret Thatcher/Ghost of Fred Phone,
Radio Voice, Ghost of Hamlets Father

This is a light-hearted farce intended
to be played in a cabaret-type venue

1**** O V E R T U R E

*We are in the study and the drawing room of an isolated house, 5 km from the nearest hamlet. The hamlet is called Hamlet.

Hermione is the very short sighted thirty-something-ish composer of fifties-ish musicals, and she is sitting in her study. The study is half the set, which is of the study and the sitting room with a front door somewhere and a pair of exit doors (toilet cloakroom and bedroom kitchen).

There is a storm threatening outside which gradually gets worse during the action. Rain comes and goes to taste. Lightning flashes at useful moments. We hear dramatic and unexpected bursts of music ranging from Beethoven to Francis Lai at unexpected and useful moments.

HERMIONE

Dammit, I'll never get this song right.

I really should go to the nearby hamlet

of Hamlet and..... (scribbles furiously)

I'm....

She sings a couple of words experimentally -suddenly we are into a cabaret number- the number she's

trying to finish-which, however never ends because she hasn't finished it yet.

2****

A massive clap of thunder and a flash in the sitting room, just visible through the half- open study door- A movement in the darkened sitting room-

Enter HAMLET'S FATHER'S GHOST with his head under his arm in a spotlight;

HAMLET'S FATHER'S GHOST

Dammit. Boring Boring Boring. The modern age is such a pain in the arse. They've forgotten drama, and now all they understand is bloody television, pop videos and instant Chinese food!

(Gestures at head.) For example, since the dawn of the bionic implant my head has become a sort of irrelevant satellite. I mean I have a perfectly good one here! Where does Hamlets Father's Ghost put his crown! Nothing to do!

I'm here because it's the place I was born, yes, a few kilometres from the ex-castle, now by-pass large underground nuclear missile base and mega multistorey carpark right next to the almost unknown small gathering of

ten people and a three legged dog known
as HAMLET!

And I'm bored. Well, I had to tell someone.

(He puts the head down, fiddles with the
telephone cables and wrenches something out,
then he disappears. The invisible head stays
there during the rest of the action, until
indicated.)

HERMIONE

(In Study, poring over script)

Who is that? Ugh! These nights give me
the creeps sometimes!

She gets up and opens the dividing door,
turns on the light

Oh! God! No!

Now we see that the corpse of her lover
lies in the middle of the rug.

HERMIONE panics and rushes round the room,

but does not approach the body:

HERMIONE

Oh God! Whathisname! After all it was
only a quickly forgotten night of
anonymous passion..and I enjoyed the
breakfast more than the sex!, what am
I saying!

.. how the hell did he get

here? I mean, how on earth...but Jules will go mad when he sees this... what am I saying... my loving husband Jules seeing my lover dead in my sitting room!... no trace of water on his clothes, or mud... there's only one conclusion that Jules can possibly draw!

No, I'll call the police!.... No, what am I saying... dammit, they'll obviously accuse me.. I must be the prime suspect...

after all this is my hidden hidey-hole!
Oh dear, my work... my undiscovered
genius ... no I owe it to the world to
sort this out., after all I - think of
all the musicals I'll never write!

AWFUL MUSIC tells us about the full horror

She has returned to the study.

....I'll phone Doctor Holmes!
He should know what to do...
after all he's my
psychiatrist...(dials phone)
Doctor Holmes., listen... yes
I know it's tough... is she?
Is that so? God! Really. Wow.
No.. You listen for a moment look yes,
I know Dr. Holmes.... well these
things happen and you have to be
philosophical about them!
but I., hey listen a moment!

***Thunder starts as the lights darken in the
study and
we go through blackout to the Sitting Room.***

***No body there any more., light
changes..rain... it's later.
we go through blackout to the Sitting Room.***

HERMIONE enters and searches the room

wearing thick gloves.

She says nothing. She absent mindedly puts the plastic copy of a cat out as if it's a live one, leaves room. Lights out.

FX: Someone clumping around in the darkness.

In the lightning flashes we see the very gay
TELEPHONE

ENGINEER, FRED PHONE clutching his equipment and wearing an Official Post Mac. He flashes his torch at the audience.

FRED PHONE

What a night to be on the emergency roster.
Damn lines down all the way to the road....
Funny, though, door wide open,
footsteps in drive., can't find
anybody... damn electricity on the
blink... where is the dam
'phone..?..
the dam 'phone..?

Light unexpectedly comes on. **FRED PHONE** seen to be wearing heavy make-up and womens' clothing beneath Official Post Mackintosh..

FRED PHONE

Dammit, I knew there was
something I'd forgotten! these
emergency calls always disturb
my routine... no time for
private life

The light goes *off*. Then:

A light comes on and we see HERMIONE
abstractedly crash through the room all in a
tizzy.

FRED PHONE

Cryin' out loud. Lady I (Stops)
Are you Mrs Hermione - ?

HERMIONE (*Not thinking*)
Never mind about that call a
Detective or a Priest or some...
er... thing-. (Exits)

*HERMIONE goes into the STUDY (which only we can
see) and turns the light on. There is a dead
CARDINAL on the sofa.*

HERMIONE

**Oh My God Not a Cardinal...
and Dead! Another one! But I...**

she looks around the Room..

(Cont) **No.. No.. I'm sure that's all the
Cardinals they have around
here!**

*She exits to find FRED PHONE still
standing in SITTING ROOM*

8

FRED PHONE

Eh?

*HERMIONE has exited. Now FRED PHONE, in
manner of John Wayne, declaims:*

Te beh ur nut te be, thet is the
question Whether it is nobler in
the mind to surfer The slings
and arrows uv outrageous

forchewn or eh...

Ur ter teke arrms again a sea a trebles And
by opp...opp..trying' ter stop them end
it To die?..Ter weep or sleep no
more....Ay there's the rub....

at some point in declaiming he stops and looks puzzled -

a beat-

Who wrote this shit?

END of ACT 1

MUSIC / CABARET TURN

ACT 2

Light dawns slowly in Study. Funereal, sad music.

HERMIONE lies upon floor, apparently dead.

*Suddenly she springs to her feet, rushes to find bottle of
tranquillisers, shovels them into her mouth like
smarties.*

Now all lights are on.

HERMIONE

(Shovelling tranquillisers into her mouth.

*Scribbling furiously.) Reaches for a
dagger...*

*(searches amongst litter in study, finds dagger) Rips
open her blouse...(Rips open her blouse
experimentally and rehearsing lines, exposing a
breast) Poised to strike (Crescendo)*

Voice of DETECTIVE in Sitting Room

..... **No no no no no!**

HERMIONE

How dare you!

(Struggles to cover breast with torn blouse)

DETECTIVE 10

Don't worry, it is I (enters room) Detective Watson.

(Proffers ID)

HERMIONE

My god you were quick! .. (*Thinks, panics*) No but
they're not....

DETECTIVE

Here? 5 Kilometres from the tiny hamlet of Hamlet?

HERMIONE

Here! Oh No...!

DETECTIVE

Well. I'm pleased about that... the mess your hall is in,
what with the storm (*Thunder*) and the rain
(*lightning*), I would be really put-off to find such a...
an interesting lady beset by criminals...

HERMIONE

Eh?... what., yes, of course! Well! How refreshing, of
course!

DETECTIVE

But of naturally a little warm refreshment would not
come amiss

HERMIONE

A cup of tea?

DETECTIVE

Very nice. But first I should explain: my Sergeant lost
the road in the storm (*Thunder*) and suddenly
(*Lightning*) I found myself on this road here -
Actually I was following the course of an
investigation....

HERMIONE

Righto then.

11

12

HERMIONE exits across study

DETECTIVE

No, No, what I mean is... that he's now
disappeared, but meanwhile I am
required to be in the Maiden's Arms, a
public house, near the diminutive
hamlet called Hamlet in order to
further further my investigations into
the alleged illegal consumption of
alcohol there after hours as they say so
to speak, and now I expect that I will
not be able to get in as the landlord will
have closed the doors as his licensing
hours have now reached their end: this
you can see (more).....

*The lights are dimmed in the Study. Meanwhile, in the
Sitting Room HERMIONE freezes as a NUN
enters in the darkness.*

..... (cont:) puts one in a difficult situation!

NUN

Hullo

HERMIONE

What?

NUN

**I say... do you happen to have seen a Cardinal
hereabouts., you know., a man with a sash
and. (gestures), magenta and black...**

HERMIONE

**Yes Yes yes... I mean I mean... definitely NO!
NO!**

NUN

**Excuse me, but did I hear you talking in the next
room?**

HERMIONE

**Oh, him., only
a detective.**

*Alone in the study, the detective finds a gun amongst
all the stuff and begins to play with it-*

DETECTIVE

(Through half-open door)

This yours then?

NUN

Just the person I wa....

**HERMIONE
(To Nun)**

But why., sister?

14

NUN

Well, it's a long story., but...

HERMIONE

Well, go on, go on,...

NUN

I see that you are agitated, my daughter..

Everyone freezes as Hamlet's Father's GHOST enters

HAMLET'S FATHER'S GHOST

Look, I've got an important speech just here

It starts... ehm...

'Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And, for the day, confin'd to waste in fires Till the

foul crimes done in my days of nature...

.... But the people are all wrong....! What's an

electrical repair kit? (*Holds up repair tools*)

The cast unfreezes as the GHOST vanishes

HERMIONE

What?

NUN

....

Well

***BANG! A bright flash in the Darkened Study. The ghost
Has blown the fuses.***

Blackout.

Confusion in the darkness.

*Light comes on in the Sitting Room, members of the
Cast are
gathered around while the empty Study now has an
unidentified
Corpse in the middle of the floor. The Nun is
explaining:*

NUN

...well I just knew that this could not be
(Gestures theatrically) every time I
saw him in his smart Magenta and
Black, with that amazing ring..,that
superb (throws arms up)
Beretta well I got sort of shivers up and
down my spine.... So I felt I had to
follow him wherever was up this
one way street near the tiny hamlet
of Hamlet, in darkness and pelting
hail... mud... cold (shivers) and
well... I mean, what would you do?

FRED PHONE

... oh, such is the very essence of life, dear

DETECTIVE

He was carrying a Beretta eh? *(turns to Audience)*
which is a sort of automatic pistol....₁₆

NUN

No, no, a sort of hat..

DETECTIVE

**A hat? Oh, come off it! After all, I am a
detective, you know!**

FRED PHONE

Dear

NUN

A religious hat.

DETECTIVE

A religious flamin' hat?

HERMIONE

No, what she means is that Cardinals wear them.

DETECTIVE

I suppose priests do too!

HERMIONE

**For chrissake, no, I mean a hat worn by a
Cardinal**

DETECTIVE

Which Cardinal

NUN

Oh, him, of course. That was why..

FRED PHONE

....oh! ...Him!

HERMIONE¹⁷

Go on...

NUN

I dropped my calling and became a

DETECTIVE

What?

NUN

A stripper

HERMIONE

My God!

NUN

Oh, it isn't all bad!

DETECTIVE

A sort of Stripper in drag!

NUN

No, no, you see it was part of the act... (She removes her outfit to show strippers gear. HERMIONE collapses into DETECTIVES arms sobbing. Now the corpse on the floor resolves itself into- PSYCHIATRIST DR. HOLMES)

HERMIONE

My goodness, my Psychiatrist, Dr. Holmes...

PSYCHIATRIST HOLMES

(enters)

Yes. it is indeed me
What? At last., a moment of truth

HERMIONE

Do what?

PSYCHIATRIST

I had to appear as inconspicuous as possible
it's accepted scientific practice!

NUN

I was only doing what every red-blooded
woman would *do*-(*Appeals to audience*) I
mean follow my man to the end., in this
case up a narrow road in the dark, across
a ploughed field full of cow shit and past
the old barn and the flamin' withered
oak, past the rusty Mazda in the drive, all
covered in mud and soaked in rain,
freezing cold, then

DETECTIVE

And then?

HERMIONE

And then?

NUN

And then lose the bastard and wonder in here..
somewhere near Hamlet...

HERMIONE

What?

HERMIONE

No, but *I (stops)* Hamlet?

NUN

What?

DETECTIVE

Eh... carry on..

HERMIONE

N-no...

NUN

I think I'd rather go home.!

DETECTIVE

Blast it, I felt a tingle of expectation...

NUN

**You flamin' pervert., you may think you're
a detective, but deep down you're like
all men, just the same, all they think of
is getting fun out of some poor helpless
girl.... all they - (breaks off)**

DETECTIVE

What?

FRED PHONE

I think I hear a phone trying to ring ...

HERMIONE

You fool, shut up for goodness sake..!

The PSYCHIATRIST has been taking notes all the while.

HOLMES

I think I've got it...

*The DETECTIVE has been playing with HERMIONE'S
gun and
gestures with it. BANG! Blackout as it goes off.*

21

*Wild movement in the darkness. When the lights come
on*

again, all the characters are in different positions.

MARGARET THATCHER enters:

THATCHER

**We're Margaret Thatcher- Where the
fuck is this?**

The CAST are thunderstruck

**Well for God's sake answer me you
flaming fools... don't gawk for
chrissake.. We know you're all**

**ignorant peasants but at least
you must have half a brain
between you., well., are you
FRIT? (She used this like; are
you chicken?)**

FRED PHONE

Well.I

HOLMES

By George, I've got it!

THATCHER

Oh., so that's all you have to say for yourself eh!

Woolv minded Damn Liberals!

What you need is-

BANG! THATCHER drops dead,

HOLMES

Now I've lost it again!

HERMIONE

Oh wonderful, **wonderful!**

PSYCHIATRIST

Oh, don't say that for goodness sake!..

DETECTIVE

Blast this gun

PSYCHIATRIST

It's tough enough trying to straighten out twisted minds -

The CARDINAL enters

NUN

My God., that's him!

HERMIONE
You were dead!

CARDINAL
I beg your pardon... (looks at dead THATCHER)
Is this scene avoidable?

HERMIONE
Not at all, not at all

CARDINAL
Well I suppose I did take a little nap in the other room

HERMIONE
My Study!

CARDINAL
Yes, well, I was tired and wet and a scantily dressed young woman in dark robes was pursuing...

HERMIONE

(Reeling)

God! And I thought you were DEAD!

PSYCHIATRIST

This is revealing...!

CARDINAL

all the way from the Cathedral., and I felt..

PSYCHIATRIST

(taking Notes)

yes., carry on..

CARDINAL

(Lies down)

well. I left the Cathedral..

DETECTIVE

Hey doc., is there any Freudian significance in all this...

PSYCHIATRIST

(Scribbling furiously)

God no... unless it gives you pleasure.. I mean in polite society

CARDINAL

A group of people who determine what is in the public arena..

HERMIONE

**But societies aren't free enough to change the agenda in order
to force peripheral groups into change...**

PSYCHIATRIST

.... you see, all over the world society as we know it is
happening in bedrooms in the dark

*ALL FREEZE as THATCHERS GHOST enters in
ghastly funereal green*

THATCHERS GHOST

Huh! You didn't think you could get rid of me
as easily as that! We can only be turned off
by a silver bullet or an act of God! You
morons should know that. Anyway we
know that there's no such bloody thing as
society, and you can quote me

EXITS

ALL UNFREEZE

FRED PHONE

They talk to each other through a nervous system called the
media

CARDINAL

Universal education ... the telephone ...

PSYCHIATRIST

(Scribbles)

analytical thinking Coca Cola...

FRED PHONE

**I think the media have been enormously
important and millions of people ,
particularly in the USA belong to a
global society in which the empire
state building has an importance
vastly in excess of its real value...**

CRACKLING RADIO VOICE

Quite so, Quite so.

PSYCHIATRIST

Show me a rose, or leave me alone...

CAST

(Sing) Show me a rose

PSYCHIATRIST

Hurray! That's it! (*gestures*)

EXITS

Kill lights: Music

Shakespearean atmosphere:

Enter ROSENCRANZ and GULDENSTERN

ROSENCRANZ

Both you Majesties

**Might, by the Sovereign power you have of us, Put
your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty**

GUILDENSTERN

We both obey,

**and here give ourselves, in the full bent To lay our
service freely at your feet...**

(breaks off)...Hey!

They both become aware of the AUDIENCE

ROSENCRANZ

Hey. Guildenstern – Where the fuck are we?

GUILDENSTERN

Ever heard of a time-warp, Rosencranz?

ROSENCRANZ

No

GUILDENSTERN

Well, I can't help you then. No need to swear either, old man.

BLACKOUT

MUSIC/CABARET TURN

END of ACT 2

ACT 3

Suddenly we find the CARDINAL, caught in the spotlight.

CARDINAL

No no, it's too early to turn the lights on- after all, I'm just a peripheral character!

MEMBER of AUDIENCE

Yes, but while you're here for goodness sake say something intelligent

CARDINAL

I don't have lines here... after all he..
(gestures) hasn't written me into this bit!

NUN

Yes, well, they are paying for this, aren't they?

CARDINAL

Who told you to be so bloody charitable!

After all, existence cannot be calculated by the expenditure of simple monetary symbols-

(flourishes money)- these foolish, blank and mute symbols of the music of our cultural hedonism simply underline the vast empty centre of our whole stupid world -and I should know *(bursts into tears)*- more later- after all I'm only a man

only a man, a man with two legs and two arms

NUN

and lots more besides for a girl like me....

CARDINAL

Oh, No, no - this is awful! You're so vulgar!

FRED PHONE enters

FRED PHONE

**.. I could think of worse things. Dear, well not that much
worse mind you....!**

**HERMIONE enters pursuing her husband JULES who is
a big bruiser**

HERMIONE

**No, Jules Dear, you may be my husband
but still it really wasn't as simple
as that- and anyway you know^r I always buy you Rice Krispies when I go
shopping**

JULES

**Oh! If I could only believe you Hermione!
I mean you know I hate Shredded Wheat and**

DETECTIVE

**I expect that at some point I must go to the Maiden's Arms ...
however**

JULES

(totally misunderstanding)

**Do you know just how depraved you sound? Can't you leave
that poor girl (looks at Nun, who is looking angelic in her
habit) alone for one instant, you pig!**

DETECTIVE

**I'm not a delirious detective you know., apart from which, I'm
on duty so watch your lip!**

JULES

**The girl, the girl., (*gestures at NUN*) .. can't you leave the
poor girl alone for a minute?**

DETECTIVE

Excuse me a moment, but I must... *****

HERMIONE

Jules, leave poor Mr Watson alone..

JULES

Yes- go on!

**31
DETECTIVE**

to my next....

JULES

go on, go on, yes...

DETECTIVE

I've forgotten what I was going to say

JULES

think man, think....

DETECTIVE

ah, yes the Maidens Arms! That was it!

the CAST FREEZE

THATCHERS GHOST enters

THATCHERS GHOST

Seems bloody obvious to me you bunch of....

CAST UNFREEZE

JULES

**You swine... and you never so much as asked her! (*He knocks the
DETECTIVE out*)**

DETECTIVE

Did I say something wrong.... (*subsides*)

32

NUN

Have you killed him?

HERMIONE

Women's rights... Artists rights... Male Emancipation.... I

warned you this would happen Jules... getting involved

with all those Organisations...

JULES

How dare he! (*Appeals to Audience*) Anyway it was male hormones.... wasn't it?

NUN

And he was so good looking, lots of mileage in him yet

..... **CARDINAL**
Dead, and so young....

JULES

(panics)

Quick. Call an ambulance. Oh! What have I done?

HERMIONE

(To audience)

**How many is that? I'm
loosing count! Well,
at least you can't kill him again!**

JULES

What?... Who?

HERMIONE

33

Oh, just a friend of mine- come to think of it ... (*to Audience*) Where on earth is he?

MEMBER of AUDIENCE

Listen, I came here to be amused, not harangued..

HERMIONE

Don't you keep your eyes open... were you asleep? Well?

MEMBER of AUDIENCE

Well, if you really must know

HERMIONE

No. don't tell me- he was a really good friend of yours...

MEMBER of AUDIENCE

Are you implying that I..?...

HERMIONE

(sniggers)

Well, what do you think.?... ha ha!

JULES picks up a bottle of scotch and begins to down it.

CARDINAL takes cover as NUN advances across room.

FRED PHONE

He's still alive!

HERMIONE has her back to him:

HERMIONE

(thinking of dead lover, looking at site)

No, he was definitely dead!

NUN How did you know?

HERMIONE

Rigor Mortis

FRED PHONE

**That wasn't Rigor Mortis, only self-interest dear,
because - (he leaps over the Furniture) he's
mine!**

HERMIONE

Don't be stupid!

CARDINAL

**No, he's right- because... he was me! You see
(music swells) I'm not a Cardinal at all... I did
it for personal reasons**

MEMBER of AUDIENCE

Come off it, that's not part of the story!

CARDINAL

Listen, that's what's written here (*flourishes*
script) and anyway it's my turn, not
yours.... (*points gun at Mo A*).

BANG! MofA falls dead . Blackout SCREAMS

Spotlight on ROSENCRANZ and GUILDENSTERN wearing same
Shakespearean costumes:

ROSENCRANTZ

Eh... Most like a gentleman

GUILDENSTERN

But with much forcing of his disposition

ROSENCRANTZ

Eh... Niggard of question but, of our demands

Most free in his reply

GUILDENSTERN *steps forward, peers at AUDIENCE*

GUILDENSTERN

Hey, Dammit, it's happened again!

ROSENCRANTZ 36

Eh... Beam me up, Scotty.

BEEP!

BLACKOUT

16*** MUSIC/CABARET TURN**

ACT 4

The CARDINAL and the NUN are on stage:

CARDINAL

yes, it's tough being a bank
robber.... inflation and all that.. so I became a priest in the 17th
Chapel of the Lost Chord on Channel 36b of the South
West Texas Television Network well, it's one way of
getting rich I suppose....

NUN

Oh, you poor dear ...

CARDINAL

Yes, strictly speaking, before I was a bank robber I was a
fashion designer, my name's really Pierre C-...

NUN

But lets forget your past dear: let's just think of the future....

38

CARDINAL

... and so when I rushed up this little road in the dark it was
because I thought that they'd finally got me.... the police,
you know- and they'd take me back to the States...
I couldn't stand prison....

NUN

Yes, prison can be hell—

CARDINAL

**... and now they're privatised you have to eat hamburgers
and watch TV all day long and all your creditors can
reach you on the phone and harangue you over the
fence ...- open prisons are like that- Oh Dear! ..**

NUN

**Yes, you are a little old fashioned - but that's why I like you so
much I guess**

CARDINAL

**It was the lack of strictness I couldn't stand! ... I mean I really need
discipline.**

**That's why I like this outfit so much - belts and habits, you
know!**

NUN

39

Have I heard that word somewhere before? What's that mean?

HERMIONE

So you weren't dead!

CARDINAL/LOVER

No, just playing possum, Hermione, sorry-

HERMIONE

Don't be sorry, don't be sorry ...

NUN

And the Beretta?

CARDINAL

**Yes dear.... It was really a skilfully fashioned automatic pistol,
not a hat at all ...**

HERMIONE

I'm dumbfounded- I always thought I had such a good fashion sense!

FRED PHONE

Well, get you, Dears

NUN

I knew there was something hard and long-

PS YCHI ATRIST

Which all proves, I think - yes, I think I've finally got it! -

DETECTIVE

So this is a real -

40

NUN

Hard

CARDINAL

Friendly

FRED PHONE

Hark!.. I think I hear a sparrow fart....?

HERMIONE

No, you fool, it's a distant phone ...

MUSIC/CABARET

TURN

END of ACT 4

ACT 5

HAMLETS FATHERS GHOST flits across stage looking confused,

Important overture music **Lights up,**

on PSYCHIATRIST

PSYCHIATRIST

(to Audience)

**Let me explain the story so far.... and if you fidget it will
take twice as long, I warn you -**

**Well, Hermione, my patient, has discovered that her lover,
an ex-Fashion Designer turned Bank Robber through
hunger and poverty, who through sore straits later
became a Televisic Cardinal**

was not dead after alleh... well ...

In fact he was masquerading as a sleeping Cardinal

**because a nubile lady was threatening his manhood
after Hermione had likewise excelled herself at their
joint endeavours after which she**

**discovered his apparently dead body in this
part of the-world. 5Km from a tiny hamlet named Hamlet.**

Though I'm not sure what that has to do with it.

**Then the nubile lady, an ex-Nun who later became a stripper
and then disguised herself in**

her own bad habit

Follow me? Too bad, you're pretty slow anyway - you
haven't picked up a single deliberate error yet-

*(All this time he has been walking round the room, selecting
books from shelves, sitting at desk, fiddling with things-)*

Anyway, when Detective Watson appeared, by accident because
he had lost his sergeant who was driving
him to the Maidens Arms, a public house where he had
been detailed to pursue an investigation- so you can see that
when the telephones broke down and the
phone man appeared the confusion that this unfortunate caused
was paralleled only by the horror our Hermione felt when
discovering the apparent body of her apparently demised
one light of passion style lover upon the floor of the study-
Are you paying attention there at the back? What?

So far so good.

Meanwhile. Margaret Thatcher, the now ex- Premier of Great
Britain Limited, now in receivership, said a few fragrant
sentences and quickly met her come-uppance.

So far, even worse.

Where does that bring us to.

Ah, yes:

Speaking professionally , I am appalled. After all, it's not to say
that I don't have my own struggles, thwarted ambitions
and great inner loneliness to contend with. Everyone in my
Club knows that I wanted to be a girl! Well, what's wrong
with that?

Oh, you can go-on with your bourgeois fables, your middle class
pretensions and your cynical tales, but who's to say what
struggles to escape from the very smallest, humblest,
Imperial Breast!

Yes, you may think all your smutty rubbish, but Oh! don't tell
me what flows through your bile-filled veins!

Ah! (takes out a gun) If only I had the courage! (throws gun
down pulls out a handkerchief to wipe his eyes which
resolves itself as a pair of knickers. He dries his eyes).

Poor Yorrick!

(He has located a SKULL on the desk, takes the skull)

Alas, poor Yorrick - I knew him well Not personally, but quite
well- Well, not as well as all that, but I knew him slightly,
anyway- after all, he was a fellow of infinite jest, of most
excellent fancy- just a fraction gay, actually- but we must
allow for others fantasies mustn't we?

Here, for example, hung those lips that various people kissed.

Hard to imagine, I grant you.

He did have awful halitosis sometimes.

Where are his jibes now?

Where were they then?

Well, I didn't know him that well actually.

Your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were
wont to set the table on a roar.?

Well it is rather cold today.(Shivers)

Bloody cold weather recently.

Rain, bloody rain. Piddle Piddle piddle.

Ruins the constitution- poor old Yorrick -warned
him to get a jumper - and can say that as a
real Doctor *(Brightens)*.

GHOST of THATCHER in ghastly green wonders across stage.

HERMIONE enters

HERMIONE

Ah, Doctor Holmes!

PSYCHIATRIST

Yes, Hermione

HERMIONE

How will it all end?

ALL FREEZE THATCHERS GHOST enters

THATCHERS GHOST

**and We were the world leaders in anything with a
green colour aeons before all the bloody pooftas
and wets started to bullshit about bloody
pollution and**

CAST UNFREEZE

THA TCHERS GHOST FREEZES

PSYCHIATRIST

All end? 45

HERMIONE

**Well, I'm in a dreadful tizzy over this story- God knows what's
happened, I just caught the NUN in my bed with the
Cardinal...**

PSYCHIATRIST

Dents your faith in human institutions, doesn't it!

The DETECTIVE *enters*:

DETECTIVE

Goddam it, this situation is strange! I seem to have lost control of
my senses the moment I stepped into your house! Anyway,
who wrote this thing?

HERMIONE

Who do you mean - the AUTHOR?

Heavy dramatic music

DETECTIVE

No, no- this thing, this note here-

he hands piece of paper to HERMIONE

HERMIONE

(reads)

TRAGEDY! - a sort of comedy in 15 acts by: my god! this
could go on all night!

THATCHERS GHOST

We bloody knew it! All We needed was a fluffy
pinko playwright like that poofy
Shakesawilly and ⁴⁶by jingo all you've got are
unworkable economies and

Massive lightning bolt hits stage:

*THATCHERS GHOST disappears leaving only charred old
boot*

PSYCHIATRIST

Ouch!... yes, there's no doubt about it.... who wrote
the bloody script? ... but at least we have each
other (a moment of truth)

JULES enters brandishing pistol:

JULES

Oh no you don't!

HERMIONE

Hey! There's the AUTHOR! (She points. We see the AUTHOR
sneaking across the stage).

DETECTIVE

(Checks script) You swine! You've
written me without an ending!

NUN

(her voice from off)

Oh God! – Though I use that expression reservedly and
entirely in the vernacular! That was Nice! Hey... my
lines have run out... this is my comeuppance!

CABARET TURN

47

BLACKOUT

BANG! A gunshot.

*Lights up as we see HERMIONE on phone and then we see
crumpled ,dead. figure of AUTHOR in other room:*

*Enter HAMLET'S FATHER'S GHOST who wonders around room
going various things like scaring the cat, turning off
lights, re-arranging furniture, disarranging things.
Finally he goes into STUDY and rips 'phone
connection out before sitting in chair and going to
sleep.*

HERMIONE

(on phone, scribbling)

Wait a minute - I've nearly got it- must get this down-

Dammit! The phone's gone dead!

And I've just reached the end!

HAMLET'S FATHER'S GHOST

(Springs to feet)

Dead! Dead! Bloody ghost called Thatcher something

driving me mad! Wish I was, sometimes! Hey, Hamlet,

Hamlet...!

Wanders off

blackout

END