

Flesh

Rehearsal script 1996 (incomplete)

Spencer Hazel

TRACK AUDIENCE ENTRANCE

Four dimly lit performers on stage, eyeing up the audience as they come in, flirting with them. Very little movement. As audience takes seats, performers take position for opening.

TRACK INTRODUCTION

SCOTT *(on mic with intro music build)*

Good evening ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Pleasance Theatre and tonight's offering of Frantic flesh.

My name's Scott Graham and I'll be the acting master of ceremonies for the evening.

We hope you're all fit'n'comfortable, hello Korina's Aunty Mary there at the back.

Tonight, ladies gents, tonight we aim to kidnap the moral high ground and take you all on all the rides through our collective nether-region.

We'll offer anecdotes, antidotes, tell short stories, tall tales, play lip-service and mind-games and later on perhaps a little opera, for those of you who like it noisy, and we've spotted you out there already row 3

There'll be some slapping around sleeping around leaping around lapping up licking up sucking up feeling up sealing up soiling up as we go sailing down the sumptuous Amazon of your subconscious

Park our chocaholic at your Heaven's Gate

Live a little diabolic

Spout sin-bolic muse and prose and prod and speak of God's virtue realities

And may I assure you boys'n'babes all you will witness tonight will be live live live, in front of your eyes we'll toil we'll sweat and burn and thrust just for you yes you

No video links, no tunnel-vision, no Copperfield, none of this is pre-recorded the entire cast is still alive, what you see is what you get, no sloppy second helping re-run copout this is not Boxing day ladies and gentlemen, this is the real thing

So ladies gents let me unwrap your parcels and kick this evening off with a trollop

Ladies gents boys'n'babes me Scott Graham, your host übermost am going to introduce you to tonight's girls the Fringe follies this stable's fillies this cockabilly meat and two vag'.

Blushing in the state of red undress the devil's advocaat his little tipple the very nipple offered as fruit to Adam's thirst ladies gentlemen let me introduce you to Cait Davis

With to her left Miss Blue movies her groovies in all the right ways

Fleshly bottled, no loss of flavour, brimming with bite, this aphrodisiac has no sell-blind-date but matures with experience, boys'n'babes, take a note off Korina Biggs

And finally ladies gents our last girl for the evening is Steven Hoggett otherwise known as Magdalen otherwise known as Titania Queen of the Fairies, knows how to float his asset, all mod cons, rear parking facilities, very flexible, a degree in English but I'm told very good at Greek and French

Ladies and gentlemen, for a private dance please make your way to the front of the stage or speak to house manager after the floor show

Let me tell you, we know what we want

And we know what we're prepared to give to get it

As an aperatif, me, Scott Graham, am prepared to give you our

Flesh

TRACK FLESH PRESENTATION

Music kicks everyone into big physical opening number

TRACK PERSONALS

Four performers come to front of the stage and give their personal ads

Example personal (Spencer's):

Me: Tender as lamb with my prime beef torso

Chicken legged but cocksure

Circumsized circumspect

A beast of a feast

Second helpings my speciality, ladies

Me: rough tongued cunning linguist

Not yet old man never quite new man

eagerly awaiting bodily hair's return to fashion

a caring sensitive euro slut

with effected intellect and presumed passion

a great pretender

a renaissance poodle

One outsized head, dysfunctional eyebrows

this hairy arsed hero (*Others snigger*)

... this hairy arsed hero

aspires to be always up and coming

TRACK SPANISH EYES

SCOTT You
Couldn't get tickets to the Lion King
Thought you'd give it a go

KORINA You
Told your parents you've gone out for drink
Friends you hadn't seen for a while

CAIT You
You can't believe you're here

STEVEN You feeling a bit nervous
Scrutinised almost

SC/ST You were born with Spanish eyes

CA/KO You've always had perfect skin

CA/KO/ST Lovely shoulders, a bit of a lisp

SCOTT Got nine or more inches

KO You need to get away

CAIT Or perhaps you're just broke

STEVEN You own nothing

SC/KO Yet possess so much

KO/CA/ST You look amazing

SCOTT In you Bruce Lee flares

STEVEN Legs the length of the Eiffel Tower

CAIT The job centre said it's government guidelines

SC/ST Get yourself a job

ST/KO You can't pay the rent

SCOTT But you've got beautiful hair

ALL Stunning

STEVENN You look underage

SCOTT You are underage

CAIT Perhaps you just can't get enough

KO/ST Hormones

SCOTT Perhaps you enjoy it

KO/ST Vocation

CAIT Ever since I could crawl I knew what I wanted to be

KORINA Maybe it's out of spite

CAIT Those parents

ST/SC Maybe there's someone you really hate

KORINA You couldn't afford higher education

CA/ST But you really wanted to do that course

KORINA You've only one term to go

SCOTT And you're a really good dancer

KO/CA You know how to move

STEVEN You know how to turn it on

SC/KO/CA You don't mind

STEVENN Why should you

ALL mind. We've all got one

CAIT It's a good way to meet influential people

KORINA You look like Buffy

CAIT You look like a slut

KO/ST You look like a joke

KO/CA You look like a fag

SCOTT You look like your mother

Sharp intake of breath by others

CAIT And you just want to be a star....

TRACK STARS

CAIT My dad used to tell me this story about stars. I don't know where he got it from, he probably just made it up. But it was about how he and my mum got it together, they were out walking one night, soon after they met, they met at a dance actually. They used to call them dances in those days. But anyway, they were out walking one night, and it was pitch black, like really dark, cos it was near my gran's and she lives out in the countryside. And they turned this corner and there was a full moon rising, it's all very gooey this story. But then he said they spotted this star, twinkling. A twinkle in our eye, he said. And he said that was me. And that that's when I was sent down from the heavens to be their little Bella, that's what he used to call me. And of course dad's are always right so for a long time I believed that's how babies were made, and also that it was light during the day because that's when all us stars were awake, and it would get darker in the evening when we all went to sleep. Ingenious really. Can't help thinking he was right though. We all start off with a big bang.

SCOTT Scorpio

STEVEN Libra

BOTH Gemini, the twins

SCOTT Aquarius

STEVEN Cancer

SCOTT Pisces

STEVEN The flying fish

STEVEN Vagitarrius

SCOTT Sagitarrius

STEVEN Leo: The Dionysian phallic symbol

SCOTT Unlike Virgo there the pussy

KORINA It must be one of the first questions lovers ask one another.

CA/KO What's your sign?

KORINA What star were you born under? I know it's meant to be some point of reference, but sometimes it really gets

CA/KO my goat

SCOTT Capricorn the goat

STEVEN Monoceros, the Unicorn

CAIT Okay, it's romantic, the old candlelight, roses, spumante...

ALL the stars are out tonight, my love

CAIT but

STEVEN Andromeda

CAIT What?

STEVEN Bit of a looker

SC/ST Like you

CAIT Oh, purleeze.

STEVEN Ursa Minor!

SCOTT Ursa Major!

STEVEN Lupus the wolf!

CAIT It's a strange mating dance

SCOTT The frying pan one!

STEVEN The great big frying pan!

CAIT To see the world in a grain of sand

ST/SC The great great big frying pan.

KORINA Can't help wondering if the Greeks had cooking utensils in those days

SCOTT Teflon

STEVEN Non stick

SCOTT 3 piece matching alu set

STEVEN Ken Hom's 9 inch bamboo steamer!!!

TRACK FIRST BLOOD

CAIT I worked in this B&B guest house place in Cardiff for a few summers, The Swan it was called, nice quiet family place run by a widow called Mrs Jones-Parker. I'd have to get there for 6.30, help with the breakfast and morning coffee, then

do the rooms, bedlinen, bathrooms, the works, have the afternoon off. And then it happened this German guy, really German, tall, handsome, glasses, cheekbones you could chain yourself to, he was staying, he'd been there before actually, but I hadn't paid him much attention. But this one morning I was emptying his ashtrays or something, and he offered me 60 pounds for my knickers. Just got out his wallet, took out three 20s and placed them on the chair. I just remember being so embarrassed, cos I'd been wearing them for two days.

STEVEN My first drama teacher, I was about 18, and he used to invite me over to his apartment downtown. So there's me and old Gerald, well into his fifties, and we'd talk for hours, really discuss things. And then usually toward the end of the Chateaufort he'd try to convince me I was gay, this could go on for hours. But it was good clean harmless fun, he never got heavy. I guess he just needed the company. And I needed an education.

KORINA Mr Aszhinski from down the road used to let me and Tommy Tamworth, 'Tamma', use his fishing hut near the lake at the bottom of his garden. He knew exactly what we used to get up to.

CAIT I got another 40 for just lifting up my skirt. 100 pounds was a lot of money for a sixteen year old.

SCOTT Our gang from our street used to keep these magazines hidden under the rabbit hutch in our garden. Nothing hardcore, just soft stuff, anything that might have just a hint of nudity, I mean I was only nine. But then Caroline from next door was fascinated by them, I mean just as fascinated as we were. So me and Pervy Watts would let her have a browse if she, well, you know, accompanied us to the garage for a bit of a grope. Well, you don't know any better at that age, do you?

STEVEN My dance teacher was the same. That would mean I'd always have to dance at the front of the class, which was awful because I was the worst there and everyone knew it. And then there was this quite well-known director, so I won't mention his name, just someone I'd got to know. Well I was trying to get a reference to go to theatre school and one night we'd just gone out to see, oh what was it, can't remember, but we'd had dinner at this pasta place on College and it was really late, this isn't that long ago, and we were talking about DH Lawrence and naked men wrestling in front of an open hearth or something, and he wanted me to stay at his so we could write this reference before work the next day. So he's in the bed next to the one I'm in, and he did his business, on his own, and I left early the next morning. He signed the reference I wrote for myself and I've never seen him since. Terrible when you think about it.

KORINA Funniest thing about Mr Aszhinski was his tendency to mow the lawn around the fishing hut whenever we were in there. I'm sure he could never see anything. But it definitely added an extra edge.

CAIT I managed hundertzwei quid the next morning. Not bad for 20 minutes work I thought to myself when I was cleaning the toilet in 12A. You have to understand: it's an easy thing to fall into. Not the toilet, that is.

TRACK CHANGELING

CAIT I am actually the spitting image of my mother when she was my age. Though I'm not that particular about wearing yellow dolly dresses and fake beauty spots. But because of the likeness, I guess it's not all that surprising that there's always been that certain sexual tension between me and my father. You should see him, love him, when he gets himself all worked up into one of his fits of jealousy over some or other boyfriend. You'd think we were newlyweds, and I was being unfaithful or something.

This power is something we realize quite early on. You see it all the time, young girls flirting with their daddies. It's not usually to get everyday things out of them, mum's there for that, but treats. Their first expensive lipstick, a drink in a bar, something like that, it's the ol' man who gets the going over. Always works. "Daddy buy Cait an ice cream. No, a big one! Oh go on dad, give it to me."

You let him pretend you're his little bit of fluff and he's writing you blank cheques. It's true: he fancies the pants off me. And it's also true that every man I go mushy over has his eyes, his lack of humour, and can't pronounce their s's. No matter what, he's always going to be you first love. But if you set your sights on it you could grow up to become his. If you can get hold of a yellow dolly dress that is.

TRACK DON'T WANNABE

KORINA&CAIT But I don't wannabe your little girl anymore.

KORINA I don't want to be ordinary

KO/CA Normal

ST/KO Like everybody else

ST/SC/CA I don't wannabe like the class of '94

KORINA I don't want to be pregnant, or poor

SC/ST I'm not aspiring to mediocrity

SC/CA I don't want to fizzle

STEVEN Or drink myself into a middle aged podge

SC/KO Or an early grave

STEVEN I'm not sucking up to a suit

KO/CA I don't want you brushing against my ass

CAIT Or your breathy voice at my shoulder

STEVEN I don't wanna laugh at your jokes

SC/KO/CA You're just not funny

STEVEN Don't wanna live a life half dead
CA/KO Or vote Tory
ST/SC/KO I'm not going to hide
CAIT Or dress down
KORINA Not marrying cousin Joe the banker
ALL I don't want to be appropriate
STEVEN Or a hypocrite
KORINA Unnoticed
SC/CA/KO I don't wanna be the girl next door
STEVEN Don't need encouraging
KORINA Don't want incentives
CA/SC Don't wanna be middle of the road
KORINA With all respect
KO/CA I'd prefer not to make a good impression
SCOTT Or meet your parents
STEVEN Speak to your counsellor
ALL I don't wanna be your sister-in-law
SCOTT What we want
STEVEN Yes
ALL What we want

TRACK YOUNG DUMB AND FULL OF COME

Music kicks in and performers laugh into big physical sequence

TRACK STEVEN'S CLIMB

STEVEN ends up handcuffed hands and feet to the bed, the bed stood upright towards the audience

(Getting breath back) Things I do for money. This is how it is though. What I'd give to have some money. I'd give an arm and a leg for just enough to live a little. Or for a job, just for a job. What I'd allow you to do, to me, just for the privilege of hitching a ride in your spanking new career. Or for a roof over my head. A bed for the night. Something hot to drink. Something strong.

Something for the weekend, madam. Just a chance. Say what you like but to be given a chance... this day and age. A puny opportunity, a work placement, an audition, a try out, some education, ten minutes of fame, my name in the Globe. Just a chance to earn some respect. God, just some self-respect.

You could make me eat dirt. Anything. Make me cry. Just for some self-respect.

True, I could scrub toilets, but you'd piss on me. I wait at your tables and you treat me like you doggy-bag. I wash your windscreen and you gaze right through me.

But you right honourable local MP could whip this bum to buggery

I could nurse your doctor's blood pressure pump

Take your bishop, toll his glockenspiel and do his penance

And at the end of the day, at the end of that God-given, I could slap your golden calf, my clean bill of wealth, slap it down on the table in front of you and buy that respect

Milky thick wads of smelly cash

(Singling out members of audience) Do you realize, I could buy your panties, if I so wished. Now, that's priceless. The fact that whatever someone's price is, we've all got one. And the more narrow your eyes, the sweeter the prize. The tighter your thighs, the sweeter the prizing open. Every harlot was a virgin once. Every definite meets its compromise somewhere down the line.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Selling my pound of flesh. So I can buy your undenied attention. To buy an hour with you. Or an hour with your daughter. Or your wife. Or to barter forgiveness or bribe redemption. The lengths we go for our innocence lost. What we give to have something to share. What we endure for... candlelight and roses. Or for someone to pay us a wage. Or pay our mortgage. Provide for our children.

In the fleshy tables of our hearts we are each of us one of another, and should see face to face, through a glass darkly, that we be not judged, like we judge others.

Man live not by bread alone. But I'll sell you my buns any day.

TRACK

CAIT'S VICE

CAIT

When I first started out, this was quite a while ago, before I'd left home, or even considered going to drama school or anything, I was 17 then, and it was through this lesbian girl I knew, she was called Heidi, and she worked as a pimp. Actually most pimps these days are women, they're just easier to talk to about things. But anyway, at the time, I was working in Cardiff, down the docks, it's kind of a red light district, but at the time they still had a proper vice squad in Cardiff. They've changed that now, stopped it, but at the time it was ideal, because you got to know the officers, and they knew exactly who was on the streets, and they knew the pimps, so they could check up on you. But the funny thing was, we used to get picked up on a rota basis, just every three

months. It was so good, you knew all the other girls, so you knew that when so-and-so got picked up, that it was coming round to your turn, and if it was going to be, say, the Tuesday but that was inconvenient, like it was your daughter's birthday or your own, you could talk to the officers and make an appointment for the Wednesday instead, they were always good about things like that. So you'd go to court, pay your fine, and you'd be back out again. First time it's a bit upsetting, the law and all that, but after a while you realise it's just a way for them to get you to pay your taxes, I mean they can't send the Tax Office round because the government or the Mayor's office, a lot of them were our clients actually, but, well, it's seen to be immoral earnings.

Things have changed now. There's not the same officers, they don't know the girls and there's no rota. Some weeks it's a pain in the fanny, you're up and down like a whore's drawers at the cup final. And in some districts the courts have new powers, so it would say be illegal to serve a known prostitute a drink. Illegal to pour me a drink. I mean what's it going to be next. Can't buy my pants at Tesco's?

Don't get me wrong, I don't work the streets anymore. Not with all these changes. But I used to. I paid my way through drama school. I bought my equity card while my peers got there's catching herpes off tv executives or dancing in lingerie costumes with tasteful nudity in Japanese hotels, enthusiasm more important than experience, girls.

I still do the occasional house visits to pay for me to come away and do this.

Where do you get yours, that's what I'd like to know.

TRACK I WAS A TEENAGE JELLO-ROMPER

STEVEN I was a teenage jello-romper

CAIT You were what?

STEVEN I jello-romped for Equity. At a live bawdy-house venue in Manchester.

KORINA I was too tall for Japan. Had to go and do Germany. Which was a pain in the arse cos I'd learnt Japanese and had my hair cut into a black bob, the bastards.

CAIT You might have seen Klaus.

KORINA I did lose a fair number of panties

CAIT Did you ever do phones?

KORINA Oh, yeah

CA/KA "Oh, I can feel you, you're just so big! Come to mummy!"

STEVEN It's not union recognized though, is it?

CAIT Is jello-romping?

STEVEN You'll find it is, actually.

KORINA Did you ever do phones?
STEVEN Did I jockstrap.
CAIT Photo work?
STEVEN Yeah, I did some photos
KORINA Yeah, I did photos
ST/KO Art
STEVEN Yeah, not glamour
KORINA There's a big difference
STEVEN Much safer. My parents would never go near an arts exhibition.
KORINA I don't mind lopping my tits out
STEVEN Ever do film workshops?
CA/KO TV
CAIT "Just move your chest round to the camera a bit more, honey, bend over a bit...
CA/KO Right! Now that's the angle we want."
CAIT You must have done it for Grange Hill.
STEVEN Not much cleavage on that though, was there?
KORINA I wouldn't mind going up a size
CAIT Me too
KORINA Not too much
CAIT Everything's mammified on camera anyway. But even SCOTT outdoes me on the chest stakes.
STEVEN (*as SCOTT returns to scene*) Oh, here she is.

TRACK STALLION RUN THROUGH ME

CAIT Hello my love
SCOTT Hello my love
CAIT You're a stallion run through me
SCOTT You're the blood in its veins
CAIT You're the red in the blood

SCOTT You're the black in the scarlet, seep through the nights

CAIT&SCOTT Let my star guide your way

CAIT You're a stallion run through me

SCOTT You're the pounding of hooves. Beat my chest

CAIT Out of breath

SCOTT Rush my air

CAIT&SCOTT Choke me on your mane

CAIT On your mane

CAIT&SCOTT You're a stallion run through me

SCOTT Trample the

CAIT&SCOTT frail field

SCOTT Imprint your face on my shoulder

CAIT My love

CAIT&SCOTT hold back

SCOTT Your breath in my neck

CAIT You wind in my hair

SCOTT The word in the wind

CAIT The speed in the breath

SCOTT The chase and the flames

CAIT&SCOTT My love burns right through me

SCOTT My eyes turn to ashes

CAIT See charcoal in bedrock

SCOTT I'll take root in your cinders

CAIT Blow me a draft

SCOTT Out through the door

CAIT Into the street

SCOTT Where I hang in the air

CAIT For you

SCOTT For you

SCOTT&CAIT To gallop right through me

SCOTT A stone in flight

CAIT You're a stallion run through me

SCOTT And what can I hope for, my filly?

CAIT To be allowed to spend my time while I spend your money. To be the lowest step in my staircase, for a knight to mount upon, and a lord upon him, and a director upon him, and a chief executive upon him, and my Prince William upon him, till I get as high as I can climb.

SCOTT You're a whore, Caitlin Davis

CAIT And you're the Virgin-bloody-Mary, Scott Graham

TRACK CONDEMN-NATION

SCOTT And the ten horns thou sawest upon the beast,...

CAIT Oh, here we go.

SCOTT They shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked and shall eat her flesh and burn her with fire!

STEVEN & KORINA Revelations

CAIT Hello, doom service?

SCOTT Whom men have lain with, and cradled her virgin bosom and poured out their lust upon her.

STEVEN Ezekiel

KORINA Ez what?

SCOTT & STEVEN I will deliver her into the hands of those she hates, and they shall deal with you in hatred, and take away all the food of your labour and leave you naked and bare, and the nakedness of your harlotry will be uncovered.

CAIT In all labour there is profit.

STEVEN & KORINA Proverbs

SCOTT And the wages of sin is death

STEVEN & KORINA Romans

CAIT He that is without sin... bladibladibladibla

STEVEN & KORINA St John

SCOTT There is shame that bringeth sin, and there is shame which is glory and grace

STEVEN Clean elastics

SCOTT Certain lewd fellows of the baser sort

STEVEN & KORINA Apostles

CAIT Who are of like passion with yourself. "Bring old King David a young virgin to warm his bosom.

STEVEN & KORINA Touché

SCOTT Whose god is their belly and whose glory is their shame

STEVEN Fallopians

KORINA Philippians!

CAIT Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die

KORINA Corinthians

SCOTT Set thy house in order for thou shalt die, and Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming. Isaiah.

CAIT Physician heal thyself. He that is without sin

SCOTT You've had that.

CAIT Have I?

STEVEN & KORINA Yeah

CAIT Eh. Judge not, that ye be not judged?

STEVEN Yeah, that's all right.

KORINA What is it?

STEVEN Matthew.

CAIT Prostitutes are as necessary to a city as its sewers to get rid of its bodily functions. Saint Thomas Aquinas.

STEVEN Really?

CAIT Yeah

SCOTT Saint Paul: Know ye not that he who is joined to a harlot is one body?

CAIT & STEVEN For two, sayeth he, shall be one flesh.

CAIT & KORINA One generation passeth away, and another cometh.

SCOTT Oh, who can find a virtuous woman? Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost and ye have ploughed wickedness and shall reap iniquity as a jewel of gold in a swine's mouth for to be carnally minded is death, and be sure your sin will find you out and send you as a scapegoat into the wilderness and the dog is turned

to his own vomit again and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire thou fool shall be in danger of hell fire!!

(Pause)

CAIT It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks

KO/SC/ST What...?

CAIT Apostles 9:5. Completely out of context but what the hell.

(Pause)

STEVEN Did you know Scott got his equity from doing pantomime?

TRACK CONDEMNATION 2

Big physical sequence

TRACK SOLITUDE

KORINA So sad tonight. So sad. I... I go for days sometimes... sorry... I don't think I was born to.. to.. be on my own really. It's like it hurts. Not anywhere in particular, not my head or.. But everywhere. I can feel it right through me. It's like every fibre, everything.. is.. just screaming. I can feel it. In my fingertips, in my shoulders, my groin. My chest just caves in, and it... really hurts. I can sit there. Just sit there and stare out the window. And they're all there.. all who went before me, all my ancestors are there... screaming... through my genes, screaming for me to be with someone. And they're pumping hormones and stamping and.. kicking from inside, and tearing away at my insides, and I haven't spoken to anyone for days. And I sit in a café, or stand in a pub and... please someone just smile at me. Please someone just offer me a chair, please someone ask me for a cigarette, I don't even smoke for chrissakes but I carry a full pack around with me all the time. So I chat with the barman as if he hasn't heard it all before and I know he has, and then they're all on their way back to their girlfriend or.. And I'll strike up a conversation with the bus driver.. with anyone, because I just don't want to.. I just don't want to.. I can't bring myself .. to go home. And switch on the television, on my own. And drink my cup of chocolate, on my own. And eat my box of biscuits, on my own. And hope to Christ the phone will go. And I'll get up to go to bed.. and it's really difficult. It's cold. And it's empty. And there's no one there, and I can't cuddle up to someone, and I can't face it, I take my make-up off thinking what's the point and I want to speak to someone, I want to, I want to, I want to hold someone. I need to touch someone, and it's so dark and I can't see anything and I need to be held, oh God, there's times I feel so forsaken. I've got one plate and one mug and what's the point? What's the point of getting up? Or going to bed? Or cooking a meal? And if all these things lose their point, then surely there's something wrong? If everything I do... We were meant to be together. We're not meant to be alone. I go for days some times.. Such sadness.

TRACK FUMBLING DIGITS

Pre-recorded male telephone voice. Physical accompaniment. Music Corelli 'Concerto Grosso in D major, Opus 6, No.4: II. Adagio'

VOICE

Hi! You've got through to Flexi-Dial, your 24-hour flexi-service brought to you by AWW right here in London. We have the finest range of quality guys and girls just waiting to take your call. For the full benefit of the Flexi-Dial experience please just sit back and make yourself comfortable. If you would like to speak to a girl press the star digit followed by 1. If you would like to speak to a guy, press the star digit followed by 2. Please press now. ## (SFX). Thank you. If you would like to speak to someone in their late teens, press the star digit followed by 1. If you would like to speak to someone in their twenties, press the star digit followed by 2. If you.. ## (SFX). Thank you. If you would like to speak to someone with Swedish blond hair, press the star digit followed by 1. If you would like to speak to someone with Mediterranean black hair, press the star digit followed by 2. If.. ## (SFX).. Thank you. If you would like to speak to someone of European origins press the star digit followed by 1. ## (SFX). Thank you. If you would like to speak to someone.. ## (SFX). Thank you. If you would like to speak to someone lying on a rug in front of an open fire, press the star digit followed by 1. If you would like to speak to someone having a bubble-bath, press the star digit followed by 2. If you would like to speak to someone in the comfort of their own home, press the star digit followed by 3. If.. ## (SFX). Thank you. If you would like.. ## (SFX). Thank you. If you would like to speak to someone who has recently featured on one of our videos, press the star digit followed by 1. If you would like to speak to someone who has featured in one of a range of major BBC and ITV dramas, including Eastenders and Emmerdale, press the star digit followed by 2. ## (SFX). Thank you. If you would like to speak to someone very like yourself, press the star digit followed by 1. If.. ## (SFX). Thank you. If you would.. ## (SFX). Thank you. If.. ## (SFX). Thank you. ## (SFX). Tha.. ## (SFX)). Hi! You've got through to Flexi-Dial, your 24-hour flexi-service brought to you by AWW right here in London. We have the finest range of quality guys and girls just waiting to take your call. If you would like to speak to a girl press the star digit followed by 1. If you would like to speak to a guy, press the star digit followed by 2. Please press now. Please press now. If you would like to speak to a girl press the star digit followed by 1. If you would like to speak to a guy, press the star digit followed by 2. Please press now. Please press now. If you would... (Fades)

TRACK SCOTT'S SEX

SCOTT

You can always tell who are the recognised loners. We're the ones, of course, who get seven or eight Valentine's cards every year. Thanks mum. Thanks Steven.

STEVEN

That's all right.

SCOTT

We're the ones who get invited to all the annual twelve or so Christmas dinners. The ones flanked by couples on all sides at the movies. I'm that bloke, lucky sod, who gets to go on girls' nights out, a shower once last august. I'm the one who harmlessly catches your eye every time you look up in the library. The one you'll phone when your latest bastard has turned out to be human. I'm the one who's just so nice to cuddle. Yes, nice. And safe. The one who's so well read, the three newspapers a day man, the maverick who enjoys going to the theatre on his own. He says. The one who's not ashamed of himself, not ashamed of being alone, proud even of his independence, doesn't need anybody, doesn't need somebody, enjoys his own company, get on quite well

with himself it seems. The baby-sitter, great with kids, I never complain, I dote on them, the little creeps. And I know all my tv characters as well, no fooling me there. That weirdo who wouldn't be sorry if he never went out with anybody ever again. Who doesn't miss it. Was never that fond of the stifling affection and suffocating intimacy. I'm that dark horse, the deep and murky water, the foggy mist, the brown paper bag clutched under a raincoat. Sleep by day, watch telly by night, drink by the gallon. Heaven is in these lips, not anybody else's. Never speak words I come to regret. Never speak words I'm ashamed of. Never speak the words "I am ashamed". I've had relationships. People have loved me in the past, people have been sorry to leave me. People have mourned our parting and still think fondly of our times together. I have nothing to be ashamed of. I'm the one and only. I prefer to know where I stand, my own two feet, a wandering star for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness. Forever free. No strings. No chains. No extreme ups and downs. No bouncy bumpy rides of roller coaster sickness. When I want it, I pay for it. Rumpy? I've gone further than that. Every so often I'll pay to have a pretend relationship. Sex once a week and lunch on Sunday. Cinema if there's anything worth seeing and a weekend together in my parents cottage in the countryside if I've anything to celebrate. Total control. Me in the driving seat. You see, there's contractual honest pretending, and then there's the more common dishonest pretending. Like marriage and other well known farces. So yes, there was Lucy, that went on for eight months. Last year I had a girl called Helen, that was quite short, she got married, bless her, to one of her other clients. I've done panto to pay for it, Coronation Street, just walk on. I've worked for various political agencies to pay for it. A proper little Faustus. I've donated sperm on a regular basis to pay for it, well sold it really, but you say donate. Medical testing, steroid hair treatment. I've been a life model to pay for it, there are thousands of hairy-arsed little statues on grandmothers' coffee tables across the length and breadth of the country which bear more than a passing resemblance to me. I fight in the territorials once a month, I'm a bouncer on Fridays, was a body guard for a Baltic businessman. Shooting fodder for hire. I've been a kiss-o-gram, a piss-o-gram, a snog-o-gram, a strip-o-gram, a whip-o-gram, a ship-o-gram (oo sailor!), a grotto-gram, a motto-gram, a queen-o-gram, a devil-o-gram, you name it, I'll o-gram it for you!

Oh the stars move still! Time runs, the clock will strike, the devil will come, and Faustus will be damned! Stand still you ever moving spheres, that time will cease and midnight never come.

TRACK BIRDS DO IT

CAIT *(sings at mic.)*

Birds do it, bees do it, even educated trees do it
Let's do it
Kurds do it, Chinese do it, even Southern Senegalese do it
Let's do it
Nerds do it, geeks do it, even loser PC freaks do it
Let's do it
Masseurs do it, coiffeurs do it, even drunken raconteurs do it
Let's do it
The Bill does it, the Bar does it, the Crown Prosecutor's ma does it

Let's do it
 The cheats do it, the frauds do it, even those in the House of Lords do it
 No, that would kill them, even... the city broker hordes do it
 Let's do it
 The stars do it, on Mars they do it
 Let's do it
 The front row do it, the back row do it, people sandwiched in between know to do it
 Let's do it
 The Queen did it
 Four times at least
 Let's do it
 The Tax man does it
 At least once a year to you
 The bastard
 And as for...

TRACK

FAVORITE SMUT

CA/KO	What's your favorite smut? I mean, who's your favorite slut? No, what was it, eh, would you like to see the menu? Or the goods?
CAIT	No, wait, am I good tonight or
CA/KO	bad bad bad girl and you the hand of God?
KORINA	would you like to kiss my virgin mary
CAIT	Shall I call you Gabriel?
KORINA	or Samson, run my fingers through your hairy altar
CA/KO	boy
KORINA	I could climb your spire
CAIT	ring your bells
KORINA	sup from your cup
CAIT	nibble at your biscuit
KO/CA	Come oh ye faithful
	Yes, I know, let's dress me up as lamb

Wrap me up for Christmas

CAIT you could be my stuffing

KO/CA Or I could be for life

KORINA rob you of your credit cards

CAIT pretend to be your wife

 Where is your wife tonight?

KORINA Working late at her downtown orifice again?

CA/KO Perhaps you'd like me to take down notes

KORINA I've a great pair of specs to match

CO/KO I'll call you Big Dictator

KO Do you want to milk the situation?

CAIT Or would you prefer to milk my dairy?

KORINA Would you like to read my diary?

CO/KO Can you read my lips?

 Either set that is

 You can look at my boobs in mono or in paired vision

 Am I talking too little

 Or going on a bit?

CAIT I've a great selection of gags in my panty-drawer if you would like to take a wander

CA/KO Have you ever had someone beg?

 I mean, re-e-ally beg?

KORINA Do you want a clown to comfort?

CA/KO Do you want to hold my hand?

CAIT Shall we count my toes together?

 There all still there you'll find

KORINA Would you like to play me Dvorak?

CA/KO Would you delight in seeing me cry?

KORINA Or spit?

CAIT Or spurt?

KORINA Or squirt?

CAIT Or squeal?

CA/KO Or crawl or nail you to the shag pile with my heal
Or hit the floor?

KORINA I am actually a good beggar

CAIT So am I

CA/KO Please let me beg
Just once
Pleeease!

KORINA Do you want a discount?
Take me on an economy spin?

CAIT Do you want to watch me sleep?

KORINA Would you like to nurse my fever?
Play with my fingers, buy me a rose, blow at my neck, save me from the bogeyman?

CAIT Shall we shelter from the rain together?
You haven't shared my breath yet

KORINA Would you like to tell me stories?

CA/KO Watch tv together perhaps?

KORINA Would it turn you on, me doing the dishes? Would that turn you on?

CAIT You doing my nails or roots?
Would you prefer to have a girl?

STEVEN Or would you prefer to have a boy?

SCOTT Come on you must have a preference?

ST/CA So would you die for me?
Or would you kill for me?
Should I play for dead?

STEVEN Or pray for plastic?

CAIT Will you pave me with your Gold card?
Or spare me some small change?

What would you teach me?

STEVEN Where would you touch me?

CAIT How would you feel?

STEVEN How hard should I bite?

CA/ST How much could I hurt?

STEVEN What would we use to beat me to a pulp?

CAIT Shall we do it in D Major?

In Francais?

ST/CA In the cleaning cupboard?

Shall we do it in love?

STEVEN Will you cure me or would you infect me?

CAIT Would you care or would you protect me?

STEVEN For richer for poorer?

Tell me, do you want my ass?

CAIT That's extra, mind

STEVEN Or see my CV?

CAIT Or proof of my birth?

STEVEN Have you ever had your mother?

CA/ST Have you ever hurt your daughter?

TRACK GUARDIAN ANGEL

KORINA So the day my dad died. I was 14, and we were sitting in the kitchen drinking sherry after we'd been out shopping, and he got talking, really opened up in a way. Talking about him and mum getting back together, and.. well, he said a very funny thing, he said "so have you done sex education at school yet?" and said yes, trying to be grown up about my embarrassment at him asking me. And he said "so you know then, that when they stand up it's not for peeing over high walls then?" And we laughed and then we took some photos of the two of us and next door's dog. And then as I left, he said "well, this is probably the last time we'll see each other. I don't think I'll be around next year." (pause) I can still feel the size of him all down here (hand wanders down her side) , and doing this night after night I'm back in the high school play and he's sitting next to a big lady in row 5 or peering out of the darkness at the back. And then at home, when it's dark and quiet, I can still hear the two of you rowing in the kitchen, and sometimes when I'm down and I need some company, I'll lay an extra place at the table, and your newspaper will be there on the your arm-rest and we'll watch the game and bet on the outcome. I'm still running with that torch of yours, and I try to keep your pace and I trip and fall and stumble and I

pick myself up again and fight my way through and.. sometimes it's easy and sometimes it's impossible. I don't really believe in guardian angels, silent men and women in nice clothes sitting in dark corners keeping a watchful eye over me or whatever. But I do have the genes of those who went before me. And he's there, in my corner, keeping a watchful eye.

TRACK ARTIST WHORE

SCOTT Ladies and gentlemen, it's a dishonorable land that dons a look of disdain to conceal the face of nature. But in those masks the eyes have it. Yes, ladies gents boys'n'babes, in front of those eyes we'll act out your fantasies, thought and desires. We'll play out what you feel deep down. But no cause for panic, we'll pretend we don't mean you and that and that what we're holding up is a portrait of others, not a mirror of yourselves.

We're your blank page, your clean slut, your tabula rasa for you to project onto.

White as your angels, cos angels are always white, and your panties, cos panties too are always white, we're bleached of sin and stain. Your priestesses of easy virtue, we'll be your temple girls so you can pretend your communing with god not coming with gusto.

And you won't look at our Nefertittis, and you won't ogle our arts, and none of you noticed Cait playing with her gusset when I was doing my speech earlier.

You don't fumble with your remote when you're watching your Splaywatch.

You don't rouge your lips for work, God no.

Never act teacher's pet, dance for your daddy, show us some leg, raise your curtain and perform your conjugals.

Never play to the gods, prima your donna, stage you come, back your backer.

As you counter your vice verse with your rhyming rondos, of course...

(Text missing, SH Jan 2015)

TRACK END SPEECH

CAIT In April of this year, four young people were buried up to their necks in sand in a Kabul courtyard. Ceremonial hoods were then placed over their faces. The first to start throwing the rocks and stones at the heads were the judges who had passed the sentences. After that it's a free-for-all.

It's hard to believe it can take as long as an hour. But it can take as short as a minute.

Start counting.

(Ticking of a clock starts, this runs for one minute)