

# SEIZER

by  
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## NOTES ON THE 1997 PRODUCTION AND TOUR

Seizer was commissioned by Edinburgh-based Boilerhouse Theatre in 1996 and premiered there in August 1997.

The venue which hosted SEIZER's first performances was an outdoor courtyard named The Quad, a space enclosed by the buildings of a beautiful Edwardian library. Used now during the day as a parking lot, the lower level of the playing area was approximately 70 metres by 30 metres, with numerous sets of steps up to a further walkway which runs all the way around the courtyard. At the top of the main playing area there is a large set of steps which provided much of the main focus for the setting. Above these steps a large movable projection screen was erected. Around the grounds beacons were lit, two powerful sky-searching follow-spots complemented other (minimal) lighting, and a powerful sound-system was installed. For the production, the company bought an old Land Rover, which was converted into an armoured vehicle (a la Northern Ireland) and fitted with a platform top and railing, two dj turntables and mixer (patched into main PA): this was Seizer's Van Chariot. A number of effigies completed the visual context of the production.

There were four performers, two male and two female; one which represented Seizer, the other three which represented his 'gladiators'. The performers all used their own names: Tam Dean Burns (Seizer), Michelle Gomez, Denice Evans and Jan Knightley. The reason for this was to blur the distinction between fact and fiction, reinforcing the central themes of the piece. All performers wore head-fitted radio-microphones which fed through the main sound system. A further handheld radio-mic was used as a roving microphone by Seizer.

Two video operators swapped between providing a live-feed from a handheld camera and playing pre-filmed sections, sometimes mixing the two.

A number of stage hands / follow-spot operators / ushers / a driver / a lighting person and sound person completed the company.

The audience were able to stand, walk around or sit during performance. No seats were provided; people sat on the steps or on the gravel. On occasion the audience would be moved by the ushers for action to take place in the various areas.

In the subsequent tour of the show, Seizer was taken to theatres as large as the Tramway in Glasgow and as small as the MacRoberts Studio Theatre in Stirling. The show was adapted to accommodate the various formats.

NOTE ON THIS TEXT: Below is the original version of the script. The order of the track-listing is not fixed. It is for each production to order and edit the writings according to their specific needs and choices.

## Track FOREPLAY

*VIDEO: Audience enters to Seizure logo, perhaps mixed with live feed of the audience entering.  
SFX Upbeat, clubby music.*

*The three 'gladiators', two female, one male, in this production MICHELLE, DENISE, and JAN, are showing the audience to their places. At opening of show they take their places in the arena / on the stage. Intro speech passed around by all three, sometimes synchronized.*

*SFX Intro music*

## Track INTRO

*Lines to be divided between, and shared among the three gladiators. The text can be spoken by the performers separately, or by more than one at a time.*

## GLADIATORS

Citizens!  
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury  
Aspiring Rumpoles and Christians  
Kindhearted well-meaning sin-binning tribune  
All hail!

We gather here blanketed by encroaching darkness  
Of festival night  
To lay down our tools of decent toil  
Between these millennial walls of excellent learning  
This E-cup colosseum overflowing with the milk of 2000 volumes  
To gather here citizens  
To pay tribute to ourselves

To celebrate the achievement of our civilized manner  
Of how complex a game of morals and rules  
We together have devised  
And at which we play and cheat and scoff in jest  
(but only just)

All hail ye share-buyer stake-holding  
Ducker or diver fucker skyving  
Rich-man tax-man woe-man chief-executive fat bastard

For where, I ask you. Honourable lot  
Who divided by age maybe  
Background, breed or disposable income  
Colour, creed or model of car  
Are bound together by the noble disposition  
That marks a race that separates so well  
The wheat from the chaff

Where, I ask you, is there to be uncovered  
So rich a spiritual tapestry  
So pristine a matrimonial sheet  
So unsullied a pair of cultural undergarments  
But here  
This seat of democratic purity?!

Sadly, ladies and gentlemen,  
Our magnus opus has dud notes  
Orchestrated by so-called modernists and radicals  
The criminal element within  
Look to the skies  
Home is burning all around us  
Tonight hell is lapping at our heels

Citizens  
United we stand  
Providing we fell the rotting bark from our trunk  
Snuff out the blackheads at regular intervals  
Ere our noble oak face succumbs to the pox-riddled graffiti  
That we see lining our street and living-tombs... rooms

So tonight  
Tonight you mincing mongrels  
Tonight we must take a plunge up our proverbial Ganges  
And cleanse our rectal thoroughfare  
Of leech and crustacean  
Cough up the gunge  
And phlegm it down the sandy plughole of the coming hourglass

We'll lash the country's guilt to a stake  
And unleash upon it a pack of entertainment  
Of fierce, nay, of savage proportions  
Very, very nasty indeed

Ladies and gentlemen  
May we introduce your host for this evening  
He's our lord and leader  
He's our top dog, the headline MC  
He's bold, he's dutiful  
He's bald, he's beautiful

Ladies and gentlemen  
Hail Seizer!!!

**Track SEIZER'S ENTRANCE**

*SFX Big music kicks in.*

*VIDEO: fast moving video of driving down a road/through a tunnel at night, the lights exploding outward*

*SEIZER enters on a Van Chariot, in this production an armoured Land Rover with DJ decks fitted to the top. The Van Chariot does a lap of honour and comes to rest.*

*VIDEO continues or goes back to Seizure logo*

*SFX Music dies down to underlying beat*

SEIZER Well, thanks for that, my gladiator couplet, coundna've put it better ma'sel'. Aye all hail yous who daring to venture out onto these mean streets have selected this channel of entertainment from the yellow page of amusement glut on offer to our capital tonight.

GLADIATORS Hail!

SEIZER As ye probably expect, we've a little light chamber piece lined up for yous the night. A wee distraction, you know, nothin' too difficult to digest I hope.

GLADIATORS A play perhaps, a piece of theatre!

SEIZER Aye, a wee play with our friends here the night. We'll have a ball together, ey, a kick around the pitch? A jocular, jugular fun fight of a show.

GLADIATORS A conquest! A battle! A war to distract us! A living-room Falklands! Oh, Seizer, all this and more, you propose to perform, here, now. Naw! You're taking the piss.

SEIZER Naw, straight up, all this and more we must offer tonight to satisfy a hunger and quell a thirst which comes straight from the popular gut acids and gutter instincts. I mean it's not me, it's the people who want it, who want to have their gaze captured and steered clear from the grime which threatens our shores. We live in a sick world, you know. We need some amusement to counter the cancers embedded in the state the nation's in. We must beam radiotherapy into each and every household, to halt dead the advance of the enemies within.

GLADIATORS The colosseum as operating theatre! It's ingenious!

SEIZER Let's not fuckin' pussyfoot here, let's slash to the quick. Let's have a go at pointing the finger at this or whatever corrupting influence we find prowling amongst us. Let's show up who's bringing us down. Let's be JudgeMental.

GLADIATORS Let's be Judge Judy!

SEIZER ...and take it upon us to track down the perverts in their freak nooks and crannies, round up the addicts and run down the psychos. I propose a new blood sport...

GLADIATORS Yes!

SEIZER A new stage in theatrical exploit: the ultimate hunt!

GLADIATORS Which hunt?

SEIZER The hunt to end all hunting. The games to clean up the playing field. Once and for all we'll assert some discipline, we'll burn down some plague carriers, put a match to the dangling puppets of temptation, singe their weaknesses at the stake. Let us, citizens, chili pepper our tongues when we speak our words of accusation, when we try our patience and sentence the delinquents to their fall!

GLADIATORS Burn!

SEIZER There is but one option!

GLADIATORS Burn!

SEIZER There is but one way!

GLADIATORS Burn!

SEIZER There is but one Seizure!

GLADIATORS BURN! BURN! BURN!

SEIZER           Aye, so we'd a gallery of reprobates just lined up tonight for your consumption and sacrifice. First on the honours list was wee Caoimhe O'Neall. Now most of ye might not see it as a crime, like, like the fuckin' paddy daisy poofball liberals amongst you, but this lassie has been banged up with the blood flu for Jesus know how long. Nothin' wrong wi' that, like, if you've got yersel' a single hotel reservation on a one way ice-drift to the tropics, but this bitch has been workin' as a fuckin' nurse in the St. Margaret's, an' not just wipin' shit of the bedpans of geriatric cabbages, you know. Now my ma did six weeks in the Maggie's an' she's sick enough as it is without some Joe slag givin' 'er a taste o' the nineties. That would fuckin' upset me, you know? So what do we have to say about that, then?

GLADIATORS   Guilty!

SEIZER           Aye, an' she smoke's as well.

GLADIATORS   Guilty!

SEIZER           Which brings me on to the fuckin' drugged up bastard Angus McClellan.

GLADIATORS   Guilty!

SEIZER           Too fuckin' right. I mean the police invented Category A cos' A stands for "Anyone seen Angus? I need to get some sweeties". I mean this radge is a fuckin' walking waistbelt, ICI sends him fuckin' t-shirts for sponsorship. I mean now full marks for supplyin' medication for the young and disaffected but a Norwegian nil points for selling some horse tranquillizer shite to ma wee niece last week.

GLADIATORS   Guilty!

SEIZER           I mean the poor lassie was off school for three fuckin' days, like.

GLADIATORS   Send him down!

SEIZER           And then last but not least there's my fuckin' girlfriend Sharon, who, forgive me for being a touch fuckin' anally judgemental an' all that, I fuckin' love her, likes, but she was caught trying to OD her terminally ill granny frae Swindon the other day. Now that's okay if the auld thing could actually ask for it hersel', but the poor bitch has been in a coma since last Christmas. Now that pisses me off. So Sharon, don't you go fuckin' giving me grief if you end up getting a slappin' next time you burn the Mighty White over breakfast, capisce what I mean?! And so that's, to my obvious regret, is just what happened, so wee Sharon canna be with us the night, that's on doctor's orders, an' actually that's why none of the above accused can be with us the night either.

*SFX Music changes. Darker now*

SEIZER           I mean I had a few to drink, you know, an' I let myself go a bit when that happens, let it out, express yourself. Well, so wee Caoimhe and Angus and Sharon are, as it were, indisposed for the night.

GLADIATORS   Oh, no, Seizer!

*SFX Music changes again. Darker still*

SEIZER           Aye, well I'm sorry, likes. I tried to get ma' Da' to stand in but the worst crime he ever committed was having me...

GLADIATORS Guilty?!

SEIZER ...an' ye canna put someone to death for tha'! Or perhaps ye could but well, I'm afraid I'm gonna have to ask all you good understanding citizens, if you wouldn't mind if the places of the condemned are taken up by these guys.

GLADIATORS Seizer, this is so unexpected!

SEIZER *(to GLADIATORS)* Aye, well, ye have to understand, the crowds want to see some action...

GLADIATORS Not guilty!

SEIZER *(to public)*... and I know you're not quite baying for blood yet but I'm sure give or take a few confessions ye'll come round...

GLADIATORS *(to public)* We didn't mean the mincing mongrels bit!

SEIZER So that's a deal then. They're really quite professional. You'll have to take me on my word, like, but I've worked with them before. (GLADIATORS start backing away) Jan there, he's the guy with the girl's name, but tough as fuck, you know. I mean he's all man, no one calls this guy a pansy to his face. He's no' the violent type, like, naw, he's a fine upstanding citizen, you know? Got an eye for the lassies. Ey, Jan? Now Denise though, Den's maaadddd!!! Aye, naw, we'll show you, she's a fuckin' head case. Makes you laugh. She's like two people rolled into one. A bit too much, at times. Like always performing. You know, like when there's too much of someone, like you need to, like, share her out? She's a bit like that. And then last but not least, wee Michelle, Mickey, there on the end, she's the sensitive type. A bit of a dancer. Like over-sensitive. She's quite fanciable though, don't you think? Do you like her? Wouldn't mind taking her home an' getting your hands dirty, ey? Well, catch her on a good night, you never know. Speak to me after the show, like, you know what I mean? I'm Tam, by the way. Aye, so if we're agreed then, aye? Then, my noble citizens, so if we've got that sorted, may tonight's Seizure commence!

*SFX Music fades up for physical flourish, then dies down for:*

**Track KILL ROI**

*Headlights up on MICHELLE. SEIZER holds handheld mic. Performs from audience*

SEIZER Michelle.

MICHELLE Yeah

SEIZER Aye, Mickey. You haven't had much of a speaking part yet. D'ye want to tell us about yerself?

MICHELLE I've not much choice.

SEIZER Aye, there is that. (Pause) So?

MICHELLE Well, my name's...

SEIZER Speak up, the audience canna hear.

MICHELLE My name's Michelle Gomez. I was born in Glasgow, on the 4<sup>th</sup> April 1972, I live in London and work as a jobbing actress.

*Curtseys mockingly. There's a pause as she waits for something to happen*  
I don't do pantomime.

SEIZER Aye, well that's skipping a bit. That's skipping nigh on 30 years. That's skipping the first man on the moon, the winter of discontent, the break-up of Yugoslavia, and the entire collected recordings of the Sex Pistols. Do you fancy filling us in a bit?

MICHELLE Aye, whatever.

*A slide projection flashes up onto the screen. It is of a child*

SEIZER Is this you as a kid?

MICHELLE *(Looks up at projection)* No

*(Projection changes to another child)*

SEIZER Is this you as a kid?

MICHELLE No

*(Projection changes to another, this time a photo of MICHELLE as a teenager)*

SEIZER *(Coughs)*

MICHELLE Aye, that's me. I was about sixteen then.

SEIZER Fifteen.

MICHELLE Really?

SEIZER Aye.

MICHELLE Right

SEIZER Bonnie lassie like.

MICHELLE Aye, it's a flattering photo.

SEIZER Naw, straight up, you're a bonnie girl, isn't she a bonnie girl?

MICHELLE Is this leading somewhere?

SEIZER Och, no. I'm just musing. *(Slowly)* When did you, eh, lose... your virginity?

MICHELLE Christ.

*Pause*

SEIZER Sorry, I'll rephrase the question: *(same tone)* When did you, eh, lose... your virginity?

*Silence*

SEIZER I mean when did you have your bottle corked. When was your dam busted, when was your shish kebabled, who first lit up your interlabial beacon, who was the first to strike oil between your green and pleasant peninsulae? *(Pause)* When..

MICHELLE Aye, I know what you mean, Tam.

SEIZER It was when you were sixteen, wasn't it?

MICHELLE *(Acknowledges without speaking)*

SEIZER About eight months after this photo was taken. *(Pause)* Do you want to tell us about it? Come on, Michelle, let it out for the boys. *(Pause)* Your pubic are waiting.

MICHELLE It's not actually a very pleasant memory, Tam.

SEIZER Oh, ah, well, that changes things. Let's talk about something else. Eh, like got any good confessions you'd like to make?

MICHELLE Like?

SEIZER Have you been naughty, lately?

MICHELLE Not that I'm aware of.

SEIZER No skeletons in your proverbial closet?

MICHELLE No

SEIZER There must be something, I mean, I havna heard of St. Michelle of Assissi-fuckin'-mondo visitating the streets of Edinburgh lately.

MICHELLE Tam

SEIZER Aye, right, then it's gonna have to be your cherry-popping, isn't it? I'm sorry, but something in this arena's gonna have to be baited an' it's no' goin' to be the master. Now take another look at the photo, right, Michelle. Aye, right, now think back to that time 10..9..8.. and when I click my fingers you wake up and we'll go for a beer, okay? You were at home, weren't you?

MICHELLE Yes

SEIZER And what happened?

MICHELLE Well, it was New Year. My folks had gone round to my uncle's. It was after midnight, you know. About 1, quarter to.

SEIZER Why had you stayed in?

MICHELLE I wasn't feeling too good.

SEIZER Why, what was wrong?

MICHELLE Just period cramps. I used to get them really bad.

SEIZER Right.

MICHELLE So I was on the phone to my mates and the door goes and it's my cousin Barry and his girlie, can't remember what she was called, and a few of their friends. So they know my folks won't be back till God knows what time so they've come round to use the flat. Or keep me company as they put it.

SEIZER And among those friends there's a guy called Ronald.

MICHELLE Robert.

SEIZER Robert.

MICHELLE Yeah.

SEIZER Aye. Did you know 'im?

MICHELLE No. He went to the St Patricks. Seen him around, but he was younger than the rest of us. New Romantic type.

SEIZER So what happened? Everyone was drinking. It was a bit of a party. Music playing?

MICHELLE Yeah.

SEIZER And what happened next?

MICHELLE Well, we were getting' a bit wasted. And I started snogging this guy. I mean everyone else was, so I guess it was just... you know... the thing to do.

SEIZER The thing to do at a party on Hogmanay.

MICHELLE Yeah. So, well, everyone decided to go on to somewhere else, so everyone left.

SEIZER And then Ronald, Robert, sorry, came back.

MICHELLE Yeah, well, he'd left his bottle of whisky in the kitchen, and so he came back for it.

SEIZER And you let him in?

MICHELLE Yeah, of course, I mean... well...

SEIZER So he came in, got his whisky and left?

MICHELLE No, we sat up talking for a while. (Pause) And then he made a move on me. We were sitting on the sofa and he started kissing me and, well, I wasn't feeling too comfortable about it 'cos there was no one there and well, he just started touching me up an' that.

*SEIZER holds out a prompt card to audience member, get them to read the question written on it*

AUDIENCE MEMBER What were you wearing?

MICHELLE I was in my jim-jams.

*SEIZER holds another prompt card for a different audience member, gets them to read the question written on it*

AUDIENCE MEMBER Describe them to us, will you?

MICHELLE Well, they were just jim-jams. Kind of white toweling ones.

AUDIENCE MEMBER A two piece kit?

MICHELLE What?

AUDIENCE MEMBER Not an all-in-one?

MICHELLE No, just pyjamas.

SEIZER Okay. Go on.

MICHELLE Well, so he's got his hands up my top and it's funny, all I was thinking is God it's my period, I'm no' having my first time while I'm on, so I starts pushing him off and... well, I'm getting really fucking upset now, I mean I'm scared now, you know, like I'm getting really scared, just reading about these situations, and how to handle them.

AUDIENCE MEMBER So what were you thinking at this point?

MICHELLE Well, loads of things. My mind was racing.

SEIZER Things like?

MICHELLE Stupid things, like there was this tramp I hadn't given money to and I shouldna be getting punished for that, and then this girl at school I'd called a dog and it had really upset her and this money I'd nicked from my ma' for make-up, and by now he's like really hurting me. He's being really rough, and I start blubbing, but I'm trying to hide it...

SEIZER Next.

MICHELLE What?

SEIZER No, carry on. Sorry.

MICHELLE No, so I'm trying to hide it cos', well, I don't know...

*Slide projection changes to a tabloid newspaper photograph of topless girl, cut off at her smile. MICHELLE doesn't see this, and carries on*

MICHELLE ...but, I'm saying no, no, now come on, come on, that's enough, now. But when I manage to get his hands off my tits, he's fumbling down below and when I get him from doing that, he's at my tits again, and I just don't know where the fuck I am and I... before I now it his fly's open and he's unbuttoned my top and has pulled my bottoms down to my knees...

*Slide projection changes to tabloid newspaper image of violence. Again, MICHELLE is unaware and continues her story*

MICHELLE ...and I don't even feel it, it's just everything's just... numb, it's like I'm fucking speeding, there's that much adrenalin going on and all I'm thinking is not to get any blood on the fucking sofa. If my Da' had walked in, fuck! (Pause) Fuck! I mean... you know?

*Projection changes back to 'topless photo'*

SEIZER He raped you, then?

MICHELLE Well, I don't know. I mean, it's a tough one to call.

SEIZER Aye, well, you did invite him in.

MICHELLE Well, not really. He came back for his fucking half bottle of Teachers.

*Projection changes back to 'violence'*

SEIZER Do you think he'll mind you talking about him like this? In public?

MICHELLE I couldn't give a toss, Tam, really.

SEIZER So there was never a time you secretly wanted it?

MICHELLE What?

SEIZER His attentions.

MICHELLE What?

SEIZER I mean you were lying there, a bit drunk, a bit merry, excited and all that, you'd been snogging him, was there no point you thought, well, why don't I just lie back and enjoy the ride?

MICHELLE No, of course I...

SEIZER I mean, you and your friends talked about it every day between P.E. and maths.

MICHELLE That's not the same.

SEIZER Aye, well, it might have stood up in front of you but whether that'll stand up in front of a jury...

MICHELLE This isn't a fuckin' court case.

*Projection: 'topless'*

SEIZER Look, Michelle, whether it's a trial or your fucking tribulation we're presenting here, you just give us the story and we'll make our own minds up. Fucking entertain us, will ye?! Christ!

*MICHELLE starts doing a dance*

SEIZER Aye, now that's better.

*Projection back to first photo of MICHELLE as 15 year old*

SEIZER Is that what you did for Ronald, ey? Is it? Did you stand there in your jim-jams, slipping your tango at him like the post-pubescent little honey-pot that you were?

*MICHELLE stops dancing*

SEIZER Look at that photo! Look at yourself!

MICHELLE *(To video operator)* Angeline, take it off, will you?

SEIZER           Have you changed since then? Has anything changed you?

MICHELLE       Aw, just leave off, will you, ye sick bastard.

SEIZER           Mickey, it's me, Tam. We just want to know how that episode changed you. Whether...

MICHELLE       All you want to know is how many inches I took.

SEIZER           Michelle! We want to know because we care. We're showing a bit of consideration here. We fucking feel for you.

MICHELLE       Yeah, the bulge in your pants.

SEIZER           We're looking at a childhood photo of you. We're looking at your childhood. We're looking at a period in your life when you were a little girl, vulnerable, unsure of yourself, when some evil sex fiend stranger ruthlessly pinned you to your parents floral sofa and assaulted you. Leaving you an emotional wreck. Do you have problems with men being near you? Touching you? Caressing you? We only want to know, Michelle, cos we care, we absolutely detest what the pervert did to you, and your innocence. You were only sixteen.

MICHELLE       It wasn't a floral sofa.

SEIZER           What?

MICHELLE       IT WASN'T A FLORAL SOFA! IT WASN'T A FLORAL SOFA!

SEIZER           Jan! (*JAN enters*) Michelle, put these on.

MICHELLE       What?

SEIZER           Jan.

*JAN hands her a pairs of white toweling pyjamas*

SEIZER           Put them on.

MICHELLE       What are they?

SEIZER           They're the fucking shroud of Turin, what do they look like?

MICHELLE       No

SEIZER           Jan, help her to put them on.

*JAN goes over to MICHELLE*

MICHELLE       No (*Pushes JAN away*)

SEIZER           Go on, Jan.

*JAN starts forcing the pyjamas onto MICHELLE, over her clothes. MICHELLE lets him but doesn't help*

MICHELLE This is fucking stupid. (To audience) What the fuck you want to watch this for? I mean, you come here to see some entertainment an' all you get is some silly bitch blearing 'er eyes out and some bald old cunt getting off on it. Is that it then? That what this is about? Non-entertainment? Well, come on, big boy, regale us with your artistic arse vision for all this.

*JAN has finished dressing her*

SEIZER Michelle, shut up for a sec, Mickey. Ladies and gentlemen! While I here play a little night muzik, Miss Gomez and Jan will reenact in a style of their choice the story so movingly and eloquently told by our Michelle here. Jan, to start it off, give 'er a snog, will ye? Loosen 'er up a bit.  
*(JAN tries this but is pushed off)*  
No, go on you can do it.  
*(JAN tries again)*  
Remember you're a strong lad, used to this kind of treatment, I dare say.  
*(JAN forces MICHELLE to kiss him)*  
That's better. Now put your hands up her jim-jam top and... HERE... WE... GO!!!!

SFX *Fairground ride. Big beat music kicks in.*

PHYSICAL *choreographed sequence.*

VIDEO *Series of projections of different kinds of sofa, with SEIZER modeling them, suggestive poses etc.*

**Track ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA – THE GRATUITOUS LOVE SCENE**

*Physical sequence ends with SEIZER stood on top of the Van Chariot. MUSIC changes to light chamber. VIDEO fades. Lights are on inside the Van Chariot*

SEIZER Okay, that's enough! Now come on! And you! Oy, you! All hail! Ey! Stoppppp!!!

*All stop physical sequence*

Here, time out.

*He throws them three small bags of money, which they gather up and hang around their necks*

Friends, Britons, countrymen, lend me your lughole, right.  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing, and the first motion,  
all the interim is like a phantasma or a hideous dream:  
but fuck Shakespeare, the cunt's deed!  
Enough for now of these brutish things  
My senses are temporarily dulled and  
I'm in need of a gentle soothing cock-massage  
To lull me into angelic slumber  
From which in time we can enjoy  
The full fall from even greater heights  
We'll bungee pump the full length of our pillars of decency  
From which spring dam busts of release  
With liberal dosage of arse and tit elation  
We must now climb on wings of stars  
Away for a while from the crude sounds of Mars  
And scale the mounds of Venus for a little respite perchance  
It's necessary to crawl out from beneath our stones and ruin  
To face the light side of our mood. Ye ken?  
Absence makes my part grow longer.

Noble Jan and nobler Denise  
My gladiator duo  
Indulge me and our excellent tax-payers  
Won't you not  
With a little light love scene

*JAN and DENISE look at one another*

JAN Don't know any.

SEIZER Don't know any, what?

JAN Don't know any love scenes.

DENISE And me.

SEIZER *(Hysterical)* You don't have to know any!! Make one up! Every fuckin' show these days has got a love scene. I want one! *(Calms down)* Look, you only have to pretend, right. It's no' for real. I'm no' askin' ye to do it. You know. No tongues, like. Ye can keep yer body parts cocooned in their wrappers, we don't want to see any moth-balled Marsbar tonsilling or jammy dadger swatting. Good clean wholesome fun, family entertainment. Just think yer parents. What did they use to do? Think pecks on cheeks and your girlfriend's kid sister. Nice things, you know? Aye.

*JAN and DENISE climb into the front seat of the Van Chariot. As scene progresses, VIDEO gives various details of JAN and DENISE's professional careers and personal backgrounds (info need not be accurate)*

MICHELLE Gods! Champions! Kings!  
From amidst this soup of defecation and decay  
Laced with its pissy politics  
Wet with its over-boiled cowardice  
And grizly with its crouton chunks chipped away from the eternal monuments to our heroes  
Now with backbone drifting aimlessly under the thick surface  
From this slop in which we drown from womb to putrified hangover  
This sewer we're shat into and where we float and soak like a sanitary foul gobbling sponge to our final swamping place  
Accept this gesture  
A sacrifice to our street credibility  
And, pray, guide our stars on their flight!

Are you ready, Den?

DENISE Mm.

MICHELLE Jan?

JAN Ready.

MICHELLE Gods, may you light a thousand beacons as we break a thousand hearts  
Commence!

*Pause. SEIZER taps on the roof*

JAN Nice tits.

DENISE You're not meant to say that.

JAN Aw, sorry.

DENISE Thanks, anyway.

JAN Fancy it, then?

DENISE Was that your idea of foreplay?

JAN Suppose. Em,... *(leans out of the window to shout to SEIZER on the roof)* ..aw, I can't do this!

SEIZER Get on with it.

*JAN tries climbing on top of DENISE. 'Love making' ensues*

DENISE ..ow, oh, no, not there, ah, gerroff, no, here, put your hand there, no, to the left, no, my left! God, what are you doing? For Christ sake. Hang on, you're tearing my pants, ow, Christ, ow...  
*(repeats)*

SEIZER Michelle, Michelle, where are you?

MICHELLE Here

SEIZER Describe what's going on, will ye?

MICHELLE What? Oh. Um, from what I can make out, I think, yes, Jan is bathing Denise in milk and warm honey. He has a look in his eyes of total abandon. Purity. His words are framed by the first silence, which he creates in the space between the strings of a lyre-shaped instrument, but not a lyre, it is an instrument only encountered in the dreams of those yet unborn. Denise's eyes are swimming in their own pools, which are as deep as his words for them. He calls her Ocean, she call him Sky, and they meet halfway wherever they are. It's all, it's all just too much. I can't describe how...

SEIZER Michelle, you're taking the piss.

MICHELLE Aye.

SEIZER It's a bit rough in there, aye?

MICHELLE It is a bit.

SEIZER Kind of thing you'd go in for?

MICHELLE Not really my scene, Tam, transit vans. Den!

*DENISE and JAN carry on*

DENISE Yeah?!

MICHELLE Do you want to try saying something?

DENISE What?

MICHELLE Like, em, eternity is in our lips and eyes, and bliss in our brow's bent. See what he says back.

SEIZER Aye, Den, that's good, and Jan, Jan! Use a French accent.

MICHELLE Did you get that?

DENISE Yeah. Right, eternity, Jan, is in our eyes and lips and bliss is ourgh!! Ow!

JAN Urgh, oui, I will never leave you, dahling!

*They stop the shagging and sit up*

DENISE *(quoting Elizabeth Taylor in the movie Cleopatra)* You have a lean and hungry look. Yet you think too much of me. Such men are dangerous.

JAN *(quoting Richard Burton as Antony in same movie)* How many ages hence shall this lofty scene be acted o'er in states unborn and accents yet unknown?

DENISE Kiss me.

JAN No, not just yet. Yes, now.

*They kiss*

SEIZER Now if this was Dicky Burton and wifey Liz, it might get my juices goin'. They used to know how to get the public right down there.

DENISE Well, look, Tam, I'm not Elizabeth Taylor and Jan here, no offence Jan, is no Richard Burton.

SEIZER Well, maybe that's no' good enough, Den. I want you to be the greatest romance of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century.

DENISE Well, we're not!

SEIZER The time has come, I think, Denise, for us to understand each other. If I say so and when I say so you are what I say you are. Here, play this.

*SEIZER throws them cassette tape, which they play through the car-stereo. It is a recording, edited together, of various sections of the movie "Cleopatra", starring Taylor, Burton and Rex Harrison as Caesar. The performers play along with the recording.*

*VIDEO projections give information of Burton and Taylor's history together, specifically the scandal surrounding their adulterous affair on the set of "Cleopatra"*

*SEIZER stands on the roof smoking a cigarette.*

CAESAR SFX The time has come, I think, for us to understand each other. If I say so and when I say so you are what I say you are.

CLEOPATRA *(DENISE to SEIZER)* SFX We've gotten off to a bad start, haven't we?

SEIZER Get on with it

CLEOPATRA(JAN to DENISE) SFX I've done nothing but to rub you up the wrong way.

ANTONY (DENISE to JAN) SFX I'm not sure I want to be rubbed up by you at all.

ANTONY(JAN to SEIZER) SFX Are you quite sure what it is you want so desperately?

CLEOPATRA (DENISE) SFX I've always been sure.

ANTONY(JAN) SFX And Caesar?

CLEOPATRA (DENISE) SFX Does anyone speak for him?

SEIZER Aye, well said.

CLEOPATRA(DENISE) SFX Antony, how will I live?

SEIZER See, now that's better. Fuckin' gods, Dick and Liz. I mean, it isn't fuckin' everyday you get a pair o' stars, and they were stars, they were fucking massive, but committing adultery like that, in front of the whole world, like. I mean, no' that we're interested, of course, but I mean actually doin' it on film. Like just before their first snog, like, he says something like she's a great noise he hears everywhere in his heart, an' we know he's saying that for real!

ANTONY (JAN) SFX Coins of Caesar. Your necklace nothing but gold coins of Caesar. How did you come by it?

SEIZER Oh, sop whingeing, Jan, for fucksake.

CLEOPATRA (DENISE) SFX With so much left unsaid within you it must be a relief to break and tear things.

ANTONY (JAN) SFX I want to say something now

CLEOPATRA (SEIZER and DENISE) SFX Some other time.

*DENISE gets out of the Van Chariot and stands in the headlights, as JAN continues to rant on inside the Van to the SFX of Richard Burton which continues quietly:*

ANTONY(JAN) SFX Now! Caesar. Conquer and conquer. You're not Caesar, you know that? Be braver than the bravest, wiser than the wisest, stronger than the strongest. Still you're not a Caesar. Do what you will, Caesar's done it first and done it better. Wooed better, loved better, fought better. Run where you will, fast as you can, you can't get out, there's no way out. The shadow of Caesar will cover you and cover the universe for all time. Tell me, tell me how many have loved you since him. One? Ten? Anyone? No one? have they kissed you with Caesar's lips Touched you with his hands? Has it been his name you cried out in the dark and afterwards alone has he reproached you and have you beg for forgiveness for his memory?

CLEOPATRA (still JAN) SFX Use that Roman genius for destruction. Tear down pyramids, wipe out cities. How dare you and the rest of you barbarians set fire to my library?! Play conqueror all you want mighty Caesar. Rape and murder, pillage thousands, millions of human beings. But neither you nor any other barbarian has the right to destroy one human thought! In Egypt we build eternal monuments to our heroes. Here you burn them like rubbish!

SEIZER Ah, my own Elizabeth! You know, Den, Cleopatra was actually a bit of a ride. Maneater, like. Aw, aye, she used to fuckin' love it. Insatiagobble, complete home wrecker. Went through men like milk. I mean, it's bit of a coincidence, though, isnit? First you've Cleo, then along comes Taylor, she couldn' leave it alone, either, and then there's you. Et tutti, frutti. Do you go through men like milk, Den? (To audience) The question is, does Denise go through men like fuckin' bog-roll? Well? Who hasn't had a go, ey? Now Jan on the other hand, oy, Jan! Stop playing silly buggers and come out here a minute.

**Track FABLE FOR ONE**

*JAN gets out of the Van Chariot*

*VIDEO: hand held live feed of JAN, zooming in throughout the scene, till focused on his face*

SEIZER Give 'im a perch.

*JAN is handed a barstool*

JAN Aw, thanks.

SEIZER Now, do that trick.

JAN What trick?

SEIZER You know, the trick you do with the barstool, the barstool trick.

*JAN looks at the audience, confused*

When you stand on it!

JAN Aw *(Gets up on stool, DENISE looks on)*

SEIZER Aye, that's better. We can all see you now. You can see your public.

JAN *(looks around)* Yeah

SEIZER How's it goin' anyway?

JAN Alright.

SEIZER Yeah, you enjoy that scene, don't you?

JAN Yeah, it's alright.

SEIZER A favourite, would you say?

JAN Aw, I don't know.

SEIZER I always get a bit jealous that you were given that scene.

JAN Yeah?

SEIZER Yeah. Yeah, does she still really smell like... aw, what it like? Like all woman?!

JAN Yeah

SEIZER You know? Know what I mean?

JAN            Yeah.

SEIZER        Yeah, I mean, look at her. Come here, Denise. Yeah, look at her. Can almost smell that smell from here. Can you smell it, Jan?

JAN            Yeah.

SEIZER        Fucking all woman. Look at it.

DENISE        That's enough, Tam.

SEIZER        Aye, no, sorry, I was getting carried away there, sorry. No, Jan, it's you I want to talk to. Just wonderin' what you did last night.

JAN            What?

SEIZER        What you did last night. What kind of night did you have? Like after the show, I mean.

JAN            Well...

DENISE        Leave off, Tam.

SEIZER        I'm just makin' polite conversation, Den.

JAN            No, it's all right. I went out.

DENISE        Yeah, we know.

SEIZER        Den...

DENISE        You don't have to explain.

SEIZER        I'm just makin' polite conversation.

DENISE        Jan, come on, we'll...

SEIZER        What's wrong wi' that? This is Britain, we make polite conversation here.

JAN            I'm all right.

SEIZER        Polite conversation is one of our main exports.

DENISE        We've been through all this.

JAN            No...

SEIZER        We make so much of it we don't know what to do. We have grain-stores full of surplus polite conversation. JAN!!

JAN    *(performed like he's telling a joke in a stand-up comedy routine)* Aye, well, last night. I'm in this restaurant, right? And I'm waiting to get served and these four people come in and stand at the door and this waiter goes over and one of the four says "yeah, can we have a table for three", and the waiter takes them over to a table in the corner and they order a bottle of white and he heads off to the kitchen. And this guy is left standing at the door, 'cos he wasn't part of that group, you see? So he's standing there, just

waiting to be seated, table for one, like. And no one sees him. And so he stands there, and he knows he can't leave now, he thinks he's been spotted by the rest of us, so he can't just move, he's fixed to the spot, hoping, wishing, he's praying for one of the staff to notice him. NOW!! PLEASE!!! And you can see he's getting so embarrassed the colour's drained away and he's... he lost his appetite now, he's in an eating establishment, grub everywhere, like everywhere, and he's lost his appetite, he's shaking, not visibly, you can just feel it, underneath, rattling your dessert spoons on the Richter-scale. And... and you know, it's like he's something being held up to the public. Like an example. He's become a fucking example. Stood up in front of the public. Ladies and gentlemen, this here is an ugly social failure! This guy, right, this guy obviously goes through life... wait for it... ALONE. On his tod, solo, singular, pas-de-pas-de-deux for this no go cul-de-sac... He eats alone, goes to the cinema, alone, goes on his holidays to sunny fucking Amalfi or somewhere, alone. He is a lone man! Don't ever become like this. Yes, madam, I'm talking to you, and to you, sir! Look at him. Pissing himself he so embarrassed. Not at being looked at, there, standing at the door, being looked at like some nasty draught that's just blown in, no, ladies and gentlemen (starts laughing) no, ha, no, 'cos he's a fucking misfit, he... he's trickling down his inner leg, he's melting into the fucking furniture, he is one fuck invisible virgin! And he doesn't want to be on his own. He's sat there, facing the wall, staring at the fucking checked tablecloth and his half carafe of house vino and chewing on his... his, his pride godamnit... he's, he's chewing on his pride, cos they've forgotten to serve him now! It's fucking hilarious! And anyway, he's never had anyone to explain to him what the menu means, he hasn't a horseradish chance in hell of ordering the right salad with the appropriate slice of marinated veal bollock. And it's all in the wrong language as well. He's never actually had the chance to try out that German he learned at evening classes but for fuck sake, German! Who's gonna want to speak German over a bottle of cheap plonker,...

SEIZER           Wie heiste die Restauant dann, Jan?

JAN               Ich weiß es nicht mehr, eh... nein! Nein, Ich bin s nicht! Nein, no! It's not me. It's him, not me, him! I'm just there!

SEIZER           Who are you with, Jan?

JAN               I'm just there. And so by now he's not just chewing the remainder scraps of his dignity, he's fucking scoffing them down 'cos he can't wait to get through that door again and back out into the darkness, back into the street where he's not alone anymore 'cos there's always others, hundreds of sad bastards zombie-ing out of the crevices to queue at losers' chip shop.

SEIZER           Who are you with, Jan?

JAN               I'm just there.

SEIZER           Who was there with you?!

JAN               I mean and now I'm here. And he's still sitting there. He's still sitting there waiting to be served. People sit on him these days. They turn up in groups or families and they don't notice he's still sitting there. They sit down around his table and don't notice he's still perched on one of the chairs waiting for his prawn fucking cocktail, and to them one of the seats is just a bit uncomfortable, that's all, 'cos by now all that's left of him is skin and bone. And he's living on their leftovers 'cos he's too weak to get to the door anymore, or speak even, to ask for the bill... GARÇON! GARÇON! GARÇON GARÇON! GARÇON! Knock knock who's there? Can I have a table for one please?

Oy, Pedro, we're gonna have to fix that door again, it's creaking! Knock bloody knock knock bloody knock. Who's there? Oy, Pedro, there's that noise again. Spooky, huh?

SEIZER JAN!! (*JAN stops. To audience*) Now all that was obviously scripted, as ye could tell right? I mean Jan, take a bow, Jan, aye right, he dosna make it up on the spot, like. Alot of research goes into a speech like that. Months, nay, I tell a napkin white lie, ey, Jan, fucking years of research and practice goes into a speech like that, that you do so well, I mean, take a bow for Christ sake, Jan, that was brilliant, character fucking acting, that you're got all that inside ye, canna believe RADA wouldn't let you in. I mean Ralf fucking Fiennes, get to fuck!

DENISE Leave off, Tam.

SEIZER Naw, I mean, fuck. Jan, it's not you...

DENISE Stop.

SEIZER Naw, Denise, it's fucking brilliant. I mean wasn't he brilliant?

DENISE Tam...

SEIZER Naw, now listen, Den, I'm just sharing my feelings with...

DENISE No, you're..

SEIZER (*To JAN*) When was the last time you saw your daughter, ey, Bogart? Come on, tell the audience when the last time was you was your daughter!

*JAN gets off the stool and starts carrying it off through the audience*

SEIZER How high was she? That? Now, I have to say, all this is obviously scripted. Ey, Jan? Ey, here's looking at you kid. All this is fucking obviously fictional! Come on, tell us, Jan, come on! Tell us the truth, you sad bastard!!

## Track CANDLE

*PROJECTION As JAN leaves a film is projected. It should resemble a home movie, grainy, handheld, going in and out of focus. This is one section of a film that is projected in its entirety later on in the show.*

*The film shows a party in a livingroom. A group of people in children's party masks (Mickey Mouse etc.) are dancing and laughing and joking around. The camera focuses in on a birthday cake, which has been made in the shape of the front of a television, buttons and knobs to one side of the screen. On the television screen there is a picture, made with coloured icing sugar, of a smiling girl's face. It is obviously her birthday cake. For all intents and purposes the suggestion should be that this is a home movie of JAN's family at his daughter's birthday party, although we never see anybody's face. There is no sound from the movie, though the soundtrack should be of innocent childhood music, a lullabye or something similar.*

## Track LINE'S GONE DEAD

*Halfway through watching the home movie, MICHELLE starts telling this story  
VIDEO: at end of CANDLE movie freezes frame (cutting of the cake?)*

MICHELLE Karen McFair from Dunfermline had her throat slit by this double-glazing salesman. I mean she wasn't dead. Her wee lassie was, but she still managed to get to the phone an' dial 999 like. But, you know, she couldn't speak, bless her. See, her throat was cut.

How are you supposed to speak with your throat cut? I mean the operator was good not to lose her patience. She really tried, you know? But then she thought it was some or other prankster kid takin' the piss. She thought she was a kid, but her fuckin' throat was cut. I mean, there's nothin' ye can do, is there? You haven't really got time to... to tap S.O.S. on the coffee table. Although I guess that would get over the dilemma of the absence of vocal chords, ye can just tap S.O. fuckin' S. an' then your address and your local G.P. But how many people know Morse code these days? How many people get their throat slit? Aye, perhaps it should be part of the school syllabus, you know. Just in case. "Can you go an' get' yer mammy? No? Where's yer mammy? How old are you, pet? Is your mammy in the kitchen?" And you're dead. It's tragic, you know. In a funny sick kind of way, like. Fuckin' tragic. (Laughs) Can you imagine how the poor operator felt. Oops. She's got a kid on the line who turns out to be a full grown lassie with her throat cut. Blood everywhere. I bet the poor girl didna sleep that night. Had one or two nightmares that week, ey? Fuckin' tragic. And the double-glazing salesman turned out to be nothing of the kind. He was a fucking foot surgeon. I hope he had a better aim with his patients. I mean a five foot miss is a bit much, you know? "Is this the veruca, ma'am?" Oo, sorry missus I slipped, oo, look at you, you're covered in blood". Ha! My uncle Jimmy is a double-glazing salesman, but there's no way I'd let him anywhere near me now. He can piss off, you know? Nice chap, but...

## Track

## VIDEO NATION DENISE

*VIDEO NATION is taken from a television series in the UK, where members of the public are given a video camera to make a short 5 minute film in which they talk about their lives, their opinions, or simply to share with the rest of the nation something they would like to.*

*In the show, each of the Gladiators has a Video Nation, each talking to camera about things concerning them in everyday life. The subject matter should connect with the show. But the effect should be as real as possible, filmed at the 'character's house for example. Projection of Denise in her home, being interviewed, or interviewing herself from questionnaire (maybe from magazine).*

DENISE Things that worry me. Eh, being on my own. Having no money. Not being able to do this. Yeah, that's it. Oh, and having to rely on other people.

*Cut*

No, doesn't bother me, that. They can say what they like. At least I've got some control in my life. I get some stick, but fuck'm. And I don't think I am, so.. it's quite funny really, 'cos a lot of people see me as a bit of a tomboy.

*Cut*

Well I only left home, like, two years ago, so I'm still finding my feet., I suppose.

*Cut*

Naw, I really enjoy being single, actually. Gives me space, you know? Which I like. A lot.

*Cut*

I'd love to learn to drive.

*Cut*

No, I too scared. I don't trust myself.

*Cut*

I like the attention (*looks into the camera*) Helloooo!! It used to be always me looking after other people, so it's nice to get some back.

*Cut*

Shy? God no. Although it's only lately really. I think I probably was quite quiet.. I think I probably was quite quiet..

*Cut*

No, well, not anymore. I had a sister, but she's dead.

*Camera stays on her until she smiles at it, reaches over and switches it off*

**Track**                      **COMING NEXT**

*MUSIC*      *Low beat kicks in, perhaps mixed with an evening news type music feel.*  
*VIDEO*      *Fast edit of tons of television news images, looped to continue throughout scene*

*This track also incorporates current news stories as well as the preset structure rehearsed beforehand. Text is passed around between performers.*

CITIZENS! SEIZER! Ladies gents  
I bring you tidings  
Splintered moorings of private shipwreck  
Fished from the seas of public turbulence  
Which stretch corner to corner across Columbus' globe  
News breaking, nay, crashing on every shore  
Spray chilled mashing each clogged up pore of ignorant calm  
Which diet of soap and silt-com doth fail to cast adrift  
Our starship team and flagship crew have reaped and pillaged and pigeoned home an  
olive branch key  
To this ark of covenant from which we receive our daily bread and gain our murdoch  
and dandelion dessert  
Our anchors are at this moment sifting foreign beaches to salvage from sands of time  
LIVE such shards of broken glass and shell shock deed  
The venerable beads which we don as jewel at dawn and dusk  
As shots of hue darting fuel into the grey flannel daze of our programming  
We bring you blood skies at night, tinseltown lights  
Dying, mourning, razor sharp snorting of this or that story-line  
To fill this yawning gap which stares back at us from the reflection beneath the veneer  
Citizens  
I bring you tides of change and waves of crime  
Our sharks investigating slaughter, mayhem, sexual deviance  
We're on the button, we're from the hip, we're below the navel  
We're your alco-pop tart hollow vision tv-dinner snack  
We're your nightly fix  
We're your news at six  
The see-through salad tossed in virgin spoil  
Garnished with dash of humour on bed of wry  
All this and more, ladies and gentlemen  
Washed down with a looking-glass of lukewarm Chianti beeb vintage reserve

Tonight's stories:

*(Text changes to tabloid headlines taken from newspapers from wherever the production takes place. During this the performers go into PHYSICAL SEQUENCE.*

*MUSIC changes to the old classic "Accentuate the Positive"*

*"You've got to accentuate the positive*

*Eliminate the negative*

*Latch on to the affirmative*

*Don't mess with mister in between" etc*

*Towards end:*

**Track**                      **BODY POLITIC**

*PROJECTION*      *A photo is projected against wall / screen. It is the photo of a topless Page 3 girl used in Kill Roi earlier, cut off at the face.*

SEIZER                  Mickey! Can you stop that for a minute?

MICHELLE Aye?

SEIZER Ah, Michelle, ma belle belle Michelle, my belle.

MICHELLE Aye, Tam.

SEIZER See this pickie, here behind you?

MICHELLE Aye.

SEIZER You know what that is?

MICHELLE I can take a guess.

SEIZER Aye. Now, can you just explain to us all what it is?

MICHELLE Aye, well I could but..

SEIZER The way it represents the body politic.

MICHELE The way it...

SEIZER ...represents the body politic, aye.

MICHELLE is quiet

SEIZER You wanna tell us about that, then? *(Pause)* About the body politic?

MICHELLE I'd love to Tam.

*Pause as SEIZER waits for MICHELLE to start talking. She has a laser pointer as an aid. She speaks as if she's making it up on the spot. During speech, SEIZER walk around handing out sweets.*

MICHELLE Aye, em, well this is the body politic. That's what this is. Aye. So up there in the middle we have the heart. Now that's the driving force behind it all. That's what makes us care about each other, you know, aye, in't that nice? It makes us feel for one another, like a community. So we feel part of this... humanity, aye, so we feel humanity, you know? Now either side of of that we have the... see what those are? The lungs. We, eh, use those to express to one another this humanity we feel 'cos of, lady in the front row? Aye, the heart. I mean you can do it with a smile (that's up there at the top but you canna see it), or dancin' or huggin' someone, but no, ye need the lungs' air to produce words so we can communicate more complex emotions than "Alright?" "Yeah sorted!" An' now there's the ribcage, now that's what society uses to protect its modes of communicating our humanity to each other. I mean, from external danger, likes. If something manages to get inside it you're fucked, I mean really fucked, and that's what they say about the body politic, you know. There's some cancer that got in through.. through our arsehole or something, and it's causing quite a bit of indigestion, you know. We just keep belching at each other, instead of showing each other that underneath we've got a heart and a godd set o' fuckin' lungs, you know, an' I know I'm talkin' shite here, but...

SEIZER Never mind Mickey. I think we're ready to get on with the show now.

*SEIZER wandering around the audience, using a handheld mic*

SEIZER You know, it might seem to those of you who don't actually know me, that I'm a bit of a complete cunt. But I tell ye, I'm not. I don't like any of this anymore than you do. It's a job, you know? It's either this or Hamish Macbeth, ye know? I'm just like the rest of ye. If you cut me, do I not bleed? If you feed me, do I not shit on your carpet? You know? Like deep down I'm no different frae the rest. (Offering an audience member a jelly baby) Fancy a jelly baby? I couldna get any popcorn, like. This one evening (offers someone else a jelly baby)... leave the green ones, will ye? Aye I'd just moved over to Belfast for a wee while, doin' this christmas show, like, genie of the fuckin' lamp, you know? So they put me up in this bedsit, Largan Road, near the taxi ranks... (To a member of the audience, then holding mic out to them) Do you know Belfast? (Waits for an answer) Aye. A wee place above a chippy. But I'd been told no' to go out at night, you know? I might get mistaken for some kind of dodgy fucker. I mean me, look at me, the nerve, you know? But anyway the insurance didna cover me gettin' masel' into trouble or somethin'. So I'd get back after the show every night, and I'd stay in. It was just after I'd split up frae ma wife, so I quite enjoyed the space as well, I suppose. So half eleven every night, I'd open a cheap can o' piss, switch the lights off, turn the volume down on the telly, and just stand at the window. Watch the street, you know? It was above a chippy so there was always something to watch. Old bags tongueing old slappers in the doorways opposite, and the old biddies in the sitting-rooms completely unaware of the going-ons on their doorstep. You'd get some great holiday snaps if you wanted. An' if you were watchin' on fridays or saturdays there'd always be a fight. Girls in nothin' but laddered hold-ups and cross-yer-hearts goin' at each other with a venom! I mean the men were at least calmed down a bit by all the posturing they'd do, and there was always the squaddies keepin' an eye on them, the men at least. But the women! You'd watch them an' think women are nothing more than fishwives with veneer. No offence, like. Here have a jelly baby. Go on.

But what was really good was when you'd put on some music. The lad whose flat it was was really into all this classical shite, Mahler an' that, d'ye know Mahler. Anyone know his... I think it's his Sixth symphony? Fuckin' massive stuff, I mean you put something like that on the record player an' everything takes on a different meaning. A different edge, you know. Like you watching the world, no' just some drunken brawl over some cunt with 'is handful o' battered cod and curry. Naw, it's the world in a nutshell, everything stripped down. Sex, posturing, pack instinct, watering holes, agression, courtship, rituals. Fuckin' interesting, you know. Ilove these green ones. Aye, but then there was this one night, it was a bit later, the shop was closing up an' this car pulls up outside an' these two guys pull this bloke up. Started pushin' 'im about, like. And they grabbed him and pulled him into the side street, we were on a corner like, and there was this wee alley next to us. So I go into the bedroom part and I'm watching them from the window. It was more discreet, you know, 'cos I didna have the light frae the t.v. in there. An' they'e kickin' off about somethin', an' one o' them's doin' a lot of pointin', an' I didn't notice it was a gun, right? But suddenly he's pointin' this gun at this guy. And the tone of the argument, the voices, just changed. And the body language and, like, everything, just seems to change. It seemed to get darker, you know? Slower. An' then this guy looked up and spotted me. I'm standin' there wi' ma can o' Tennents, an' he was lookin' at me. And I'm standin' there wonderin' why the music's still playin'. And what what on the telly. And I've never seen a look like this. He just knew he was goin' to get shot. And I just realized how much damage we can do. How easy it is. To do damage. That life isna fuckin' sacred, you know? An' I thought, no way, like, I canna watch this.

*SFX Mahler comes in full flow. SEIZER stands there and watches the audience*

**Track****VIDEO NATION MICHELLE**

*SFX Mahler continues.*

*VIDEO MICHELLE in her home, in her pyjamas*

*First shot is of MICHELLE just sitting there looking into the camera, smoking, thinking. After a while, she reaches over to the off button on the camera.*

Went out with a guy last night, fucking tosspot. Starts talkin' about his ex, like I was just like second choice. She was this, she used to be fuckin' that. Well, I thought, you remind me of my ex, too, you shack o' shit.

*Cut*

I don't give a fuck... pardon my language, I really don't mind people knowing about me. It used to freak me out a bit. But I don't think privacy is the same it used to be, you know. (Takes a drag, blows out the smoke) Like when I was little, things at home were private. No one else's business. But it somehow doesn't seem to be like that anymore. It's like anyone can come into our home and have a poke around. (Waves to camera) Can you see alright?

*Cut*

Jan creeps me out a bit. He has this look about him. I.. I'm not completely comfortable on my own with him. (*Pauses, thinking*) He looks at me funny, you know. (*Pause*) I need to get a proper job. With real people. (She looks up and past the camera) What? (*Strains to listen, we hear a man's voice in the background, but can't hear what he says*) What? You going? (*Looks miffed*) Ah, alright. (*Sound of door banging*). Fuck off then. (*Pause*) I'd fuckin do anything. (*Pause*) Fuck. (*She gets up and leaves to go after the guy. We are left looking at an empty room. We hear from another room:)* Iain! Iain, man! Cmon!

*Music continues. JAN enters and looks up at the screen and the empty room. After a while he turns to audience.*

**Track****JAN'S DAUGHTER**

JAN

Sorry, can I just interrupt there. It's just that speech I was doing earlier, the restaurant one, I just want to put a few things straight, so you don't think it was based on real life. Well, not my life, anyway.

So normally I do, most the time at least, I do just go home after work and do things like, eh, well I sit in the kitchen a lot. The livingroom flooded a few months ago, and it gives me a headache, the smell that it. But so I'll sit in the kitchen until time for bed. And read. Or write. Or just sit there with my... I don't know, thoughts. Though when I'm doing this, like Seizer, I go out and have a beer with the others afterwards, or if someone's come to see it.. But normally, when I'm doing bar work, I just sit in the kitchen. I've got this logbook which I write in for Laura, and write down all the things I think, Laura's my little girl by the way, did I already say that. But it's just so one day she can read it and... understand what her dad's like. When he hasn't been around. And it's also because I'm a bit worried about what her mum tells her, about me that is. We're on good terms, her mum and me, but I guess my mother used to always say thingsto me and my little sister about my dad, and I'm sure some of the stuff was true but there was never any way of checking. So I've got this logbook. And it's good. It's therapeutic. What Tam was saying earlier, I did love being a dad. You know there's some things you immediately take to. well, being a dad was my big thing. And it can be hard now. I mean the way you feel you'd done something special, and you'd find yourself being over-protective. For the first time ever. And the way you'd stop her putting too much vinegar on her chips 'cos it's bad for your insides. And you'd wipe her nose when it was runny and help her do her sums. And when her asthma was playing up you'd sleep a little lighter and a little later in case... and you'd always be

amazed when you held her hand and it was so tiny. Takes my breath away when I think... And having a daughter. I thought I'd prefer a son, but there's something about being able to be gentle, like that side of you comes out. I think I would have been more of a man if we'd had a son. I don't know, maybe not, but... It was different.

MICHELLE Jan.

JAN And marriage as well. I loved being married. It was like I'd grown up overnight. I was six inches taller when I was with Laura's mum. And you can do things when you're married. Play with someone's fingers. In public. Now that's a big thing. It might not seem like anything but... Like being close to someone, like this far, and you could wake up at night and look at her for a while, and know the best way to stop her snoring or... I just feel my lungs... tightening when I think... And you'd have your own little family. And a purpose. And you'd always be waiting for one of them to say something next. 'Cos it made you smile when... And they looked up at you. As a human being. And a dad. God, I want a family again. I'd love to be sitting at the head of a table full of my big fucking Italian family in Amalfi, drinking wine and all, like this close, here. Just chokes me up when I think... like this.

MICHELLE Come on, Jan.

JAN I'm not very good like I am at the moment. It doesn't suit me like it does others. I watch guys come into work and order a pint and sit there on their tod with their big newspapers with little print not the other way round. And they'll look far too stylish to be on their own, like, like they're waiting for the other half to turn up, who'll be equally gorgeous; or that it's a choice, not like me, they like their own company now and then. And they wear clothes, like London clothes, you know? You know, when I see them... but when I see people together it's even worse. It's like I'm watching someone yawn (he demonstrates this by yawning). Feel it? You just feel... left out. And so... there's the loser loner sad bastard who's still sitting there, and all GARCON! and all that's left of him now is a wet patch on the GARCON! a wet patch on the seat and a few bones scattered on the floor and swept up and binned with the rest of the waste. But what, for a fuck change are you going to do about it GARCON! Ey? GARCON! Fancy a fucking jelly baby?! Ey?! Leave the fucking green ones for me, will ye?! Ey?! GARCON!!!

*MICHELLE picks him up in her arms*

MICHELLE No one deserves to feel like you do, Jan. Even stray dogs need feeding now and then. Don't look, now. *(She starts carrying him past the audience. Stops. Looks at the audience.)* Don't look.

## Track **SNUFF**

*VIDEO A film is projected. It is the same film as CANDLES from earlier in the show, a home movie, grainy, handheld, going in and out of focus. The film shows a party in a livingroom. A group of people in children's party masks (Mickey Mouse etc.) are dancing and laughing and joking around. The camera focuses in on a birthday cake, which has been made in the shape of the front of a television, buttons and knobs to one side of the screen. On the television screen there is a picture, made with coloured icing sugar, of a smiling girl's face. It is obviously her birthday cake. For all intents and purposes the suggestion should be that this is a home movie of JAN's family at his daughter's birthday party, although we never see anybody's face. There is no sound from the movie, though the soundtrack should be of menacing music, foreboding.*

*At the point that the film ends in CANDLES, here the film continues. There is a close-up of the cake and someone's hand cutting a piece from it, more masks and party business. But now we see that in the background a woman is tied to a bed. The camera eventually swings round bringing her into*

*focus. She is blindfolded, bound and gagged, her body bruised and cut. The final frames are of Mickey Mouse holding a large knife to her body, and the shot goes out of focus, as if the holder has put the camera down.*

*MICHELLE turns to DENISE, who is holding one of the effigies in her arms. MICHELLE then carries JAN to where they do physical sequence during TRACK EFFIGIES.*

**Track                      EFFIGIES**

SEIZER                      How long do you think they'll go on calling you slag, Denise? An' some now call you hoor. It doesn't matter what the truth is, does it? they don't really want the truth. I've heard the name slut bandied about when you've been at the bar, when you're asking the young barman for a straw for your Hooch or change for a tampax. They don't actually care what's really going on. Do they, Den? (To audience) Do you. (Back to Denise) It's enough to know you're a shag. We don't need to be filled in on the rest. Of what's missing from the story. How you might feel. Why you do it. Why the multitudes. Why you're a quick poke and not the marital type. (Referring to the audience) Look at this lot. What do you think they're thinking? Are these your men, then? This your crowd? All you want, really. An audience for the night? Or a two week run max. You only exist in there gaze, don't you, Denise? When you're holding our cocks or holding our attention. What would happen if we closed our eyes, then? If we went limp at the sight of you? Would there be anything left? Is there much missing from the story? Ey?

*He throws her some money*

DENISE                      I had a sister. But she died before I was born. She was knocked down in front of our house. She was called Denise as well. She was hit by a van. My mother said, "She didn't look that hurt, but she was dead." And when she used to say this, just looking at her, she couldn't see me anymore, she was there, back when it happened, and there was nothing missing from the story. She'd say that and that's all there was.

SEIZER                      So then you came along.

DENISE                      So then I came along.

SEIZER                      And you were called Denise as well.

DENISE                      I think it broke their hearts.

SEIZER                      Do you miss her, like? You wee sister?

DENISE                      Yeah. I do.

SEIZER                      Even though you never knew her?

DENISE                      Oh, I knew her. Better than anyone.

SEIZER                      No, she's just someone's echo in your head.

DENISE                      She was still very dear to me. I felt for her, the poor kid. She was really fucking pretty.

SEIZER                      It must be difficult to talk about.

DENISE                      No.

SEIZER No? Your wee sister, hit by a van?

DENISE It just isn't anymore.

SEIZER Is that because we've been over this so often before? If we hadn't already gone over this so often, do you think it would be more difficult to talk about? If it hadn't all been scripted, I mean.

DENISE It is scripted, though.

SEIZER But if it wasn't?

DENISE Well it is.

SEIZER Come on, Den, where's the real me and you in all this? If all this has been scripted...

DENISE I'm here.

SEIZER Naw.

DENISE It's not anyone else.

SEIZER I mean (pointing to someone in the audience) oh hi, Lisa, didn't know you were in tonight.. even that's fucking scripted. I don't know any Lisa's.

DENISE We're doing a job. This is what we do.

SEIZER So at the end of the shift, you just walk away then?

DENISE Yeah.

SEIZER Aye, we get to the end and you can just walk away.

DENISE yes, I can finish the show and walk away! What the fuck do you want to hear? That it keeps me awake at night. or drives me to drink, or shag lots of blokes? Get it in perspective. It's not real. Look at them. We have an audience. We act out their story-lines and piss off out of here.

SEIZER They're your story-lines though, Denise. It's you they want.

DENISE So I'm a commodity then. A whore. I'm a painted lady. All the world's a fucking stage. I'll act out something different for each and every one of them. They can take me and piss off.

SEIZER And then? (Starts moving away) What then? What if they fuckin' pissed off? What if they closed their eyes and blocked you out? And you're on your own. You'd have to go out and find someone else. Act out something different? How about something like boy meets girls, girl makes breakfast. "I love you, my darling." Den, tell me you love me.

DENISE No.

SEIZER Go on, like you tell all your other blokes.

DENISE Shakes her head

SEIZER           The lady is too cruel. Go on. (Throws her another bag of money)

DENISE           I'd only ever use the immortal line jestingly, though I'd never use the word jestingly, I'd say jokingly. "Oo petal, I love you I do." Like "I could murder a cup of tea." I mean is that what you say? I love you?

SEIZER           Aye.

DENISE           Yeah? Well, Tam, that must make you a fucking movie star.

SEIZER           Aye.

DENISE           The likes of us can't pull it off. It's been done by for more beautiful people than you and me, Tam. We haven't got the screen presence to say things like that.

SEIZER           No?

DENISE           When the likes of us say "I love you" it's blurred and beery at kicking out time at the local Smithfields. Or it's over the phone with two fingers down our throat, or...

SEIZER           I love you, Denise.

DENISE           Fuck off. You're a walking catchphrase, Tam. Those words don't reflect what you feel. they never reflect what you feel. They can't do that. They've been made null and void.

SEIZER           It still means the same ol' thing, den.

DENISE           Don't kid yourself. Anything we ever felt or held dear to us or expressed or... we've pulped it down into a cliché pap to be rolled out at the flick of a story-line.

SEIZER           No.

DENISE           Every night. Every new edition. Year in year out. All we're left with now are the words that are to remain unspoken.

SEIZER           Eh?

DENISE           Cunt and cancer. Cunt and cancer still fucking mean something, don't they? There's nothing missing from those words. The rest, though, the rest is the hollow of your head echoing the same ol' tunes over and over.

SEIZER           Now, come on, Den.

DENISE           The whole drama, our entire story, from birth to death, is played out up on this stage, with us in the cheap seats. Once we're scripted, all we're meant to do is echo the story-lines and slot in the words appropriate to them. We tell every poor tosser we get involved with the same thing, no matter how different they are. Wheel them in, process and show them the door. And in that brief sequence between commercials we say all the things we've learnt to say. As soon as we get anywhere near to saying the right thing, we find there aren't enough colours in the rainbow. We haven't got the words. (To the effigies, playing with different intonations) I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you too. I love you. I love you too. Too true I love you too I love you. I think I love you. I think I love you I think can't I find a better way to say this? I... I... I love you like Bogart loved Bacall but with a dash of Howard but not quite, I mean did you ever see Antony and Cleopatra, you know where.. no, not like that, that was yesterday when we watched... something, I can't remember but it was crap. God! You can find you own

way out. Don't bang the door. Where's the remote? We can never be Burton and Taylor. We're George and Mildred. We get slaughtered and spew up on our pillow. We get the shits and belch and think it's funny. We have cunts and get cancer. And you don't bring me flowers anymore than the last bastard sang me love songs. (To audience) Go on. You know your way out. Walk away. Or close your eyes. Don't look. Don't look.

**Track VIDEO NATION JAN**

*VIDEO Perhaps filmed at his home. Maybe in the kitchen, late at night.*

JAN This is the kitchen. Here, this is my daughter (shows photograph) Laura, she's just turned five. I only see her every two weeks or so, although I haven't actually seen her now for about a month. (Waves at the camera) Hello, Laura, hope you're having a good holiday. (Waves again) She worries me a bit.

*Cut*

Ehm... ehm... well, it's just normal things I worry about. And things to do with her mother. We're actually on fairly good terms. But I do worry that she tells Laura things she shouldn't. I worry that that. She thinks things about me which aren't true, and I wouldn't want Laura to think they were.

*Cut*

I only get to see her, well, as I said, so I haven't got that much control over what she might grow up to think I am... What she might grow up to think...What she might think I am...

*Cut*

No, I enjoyed being married. I seemed a lot taller then. Like six inches taller at least.

*Cut*

Playing with someone's fingers in public. Or knowing the best way to stop someone smaller. And like with Laura, just the way you'd stop her putting too much vinegar on her chips cos it's bad for your insides. And you'd wipe her nose when it was runny. Does that Sound stupid? That's sounds stupid doesn't it? Yeah, or when her asthma was playing up you'd sleep a little lighter and a little later. And her hands are tiny! Tiny!

*Cut*

A boy? Ehm, no. No, I think I'm more gentle with girls. It's a side that needs airing now and then.

*Cut and fade to black*

**Track CABBAGE**

SEIZER Don't look, Den? Don't fuckin' look? What a waste! Naw, if your stuck for words just hold yer breath, or, citizens, have it taken away by our penultimate wheeze. Now people ask me could I go all the way in this? Or when, so to say, will I have reached my climax? Well, to tell you the tabloid truth, there's just no telling, is there? But let's have a poke at it, shall we? Are you ready for the endgame? let's play the final round, which we in the trade have called "is there life beyond Jan's anti-climax?"

*Screen is drawn to reveal JAN gagged and bound into a wheelchair, MICHELLE at his side.*

SEIZER So Mr Jan "Fanny guy" Knightly, actor extraordinaire, take.. her.. away.

*PHYSICAL Section with Jan in wheelchair*

*Projections cut between Page 3 girl and x-ray of someone's torso.*

*Choreography is of Jan trying to get it on with MICHELLE, who dances suggestively for him.*

**Track SO FATHER SO SON**

*Projection halts on x-ray. SEIZER approaches JAN carrying a transparent plastic bag and sticky tape.*

SEIZER        Aw, fuck, that's sick. Now, Jan, see that up there? Aye, now that's the body politic.

*He puts the plastic bag over JAN's face and tapes it around his neck as he's talking.*

Now, see that there's the heart, that's what makes us care about each other, and... aw, fuck, I'm no' goin' through all that again, I'll tell you some other time, Jan, okay? Just nod your heed. Aye, right. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to call this next section "So Father So Son", so can we see that up on the screen, Angeline.

*The words appear superimposed on the image.*

*During the following, SEIZER pushes JAN around the audience.*

*PROJECTION At intervals of 15-30 seconds the caption projected onto the x-ray image changes, explaining step-by-step the gradual effects of oxygen deprivation.*

*the illusion must be that JAN is actually suffocating. In the gag in his mouth, however, is an airway to a source of air round the back of his head.*

*There is a buzzer attached to the armrest of the wheelchair which JAN has access to and which in the latter part of the scene he makes generous use of.*

SEIZER        Aye, you see, Jan was tellin' me this story, well, not really a story, more an anecdote, ey, Jan, aye, just nod yer heed, aye, an anecdote about him and his da' when Jan was a kid, like. His dad used to take him to watch the stock car racing at the local track, you know. Jan's ma' had fucked off wi' the milkman or somethin', aye the plumber, wasn't it? And his da' got the kids every other weekend, was it? Aye. Butn then this one day they saw this amazing crash. Two drivers mangled up and one like really badly barbecued. They all survived like. I tell ye why we were talking about this, me an' Jan, we were in this pub where Jan fancies this lassie, she works there like, but this pub, rough as fuck, I mean there's about six hundred people jumping up and down on this wee carpet dance-floor the size of ma knob, you know, tarts comparing their silicon, ciggie for a grope, I mean this place is so down-market even Jan looks overdressed amongst the rest of the shell-suits tugging themselves at the bar. But they had this video playing on the screens around the place. Somethin' like "Great Deaths, Crashes and Explosions Parts 1 through to 6" and the dj doing a running fucking commentary, like "time to get your baps out for Gloria Gaynor, aw, hang on, anyone seen the way this young lassie hits the tarmac under this runaway van?! Here she goes, WHAM! know how to love I know I'll stay alive." Anyway, it's one o' these crashes and it's the one Jan saw that I was talkin' about, an' swear to God you can actually see Jan and his da' in the background behind the barrier. Fuckin' amazing, I mean Jan as a wee boy. And he's standing there in the background while this driver is rolling around trying to put out the flames. And you can see Jan putting his hands over his sister's eyes but she keeps running off to have a look.

*SEIZER leaves JAN somewhere near the audience and wanders off on his own.*

And, well, that's it, I suppose. Apart from the rest of the story. Didn't your mum tell you that night that your da' had been arrested for curb-crawling. (JAN starts sounding his buzzer in an agitated way) Ey, the little tinker. Ey, Jan, can't tell me anythin', can ye? Nothing sacred here. What was it, a quick poke after droppin' the two of you off home, then? Fucking memorable day for the Jan family. Aye, you ever been with a hoor, then, Jan. What were you doing last night? Restaurant my arse! Fancy and orange? How about me getting you a pair of suzzies and an orange? That the kind of thing that turns you on? That the kind of thing yer ex tells wee Laura? Do you think? Ey? Aw, bring the cunt here. Come on, bring him here. (To audience) Aye, one o' yours. I'm no' fuckin'

comin' over there, so if you want the poor cunt to live, you're gonna have to do somethin'. Christ!

*JAN should be dying now, hysterically trying to get loose. SEIZER carries on until a member of the audience wheels him over. When this happens, or even if it doesn't, MICHELLE suddenly steps forward and rips the plastic bag from JAN's head. JAN is gasping for air and coughing and spitting*

SEIZER           Ho ho ho. So that's yer game then? (He approaches her and slaps her to the ground)  
                    That right?

MICHELLE       Piss off, Tam.

*She goes back to undoing JAN from the wheelchair, but SEIZER pulls her off again.*

SEIZER           Who the fuck do you think yo are then Michelle?! You after my throne? Is that it? Does Mickey need teaching a wee lesson in manners?

MICHELLE       You've lost it, Tam. You're way out of order.

DENISE          Citizens! Seizer! Fellow Romans!

SEIZER          Shut the fuck up!

DENISE          I bring you tidings!

SEIZER          SHUT YER HOLE, DENISE!

MICHELLE       Come on, Jan.

SEIZER          Not a word from you, right?

*He has picked up a dog-catcher's pole, and slots the noose around MICHELLE's neck. He starts pulling her away. She tries to get at him, but can't, the pole's too long. DENISE carries on undoing JAN.*

SEIZER          Aye, that better? that feel better? Come ojn, Michelle, give us a little dance, then.

DENISE          Leave off, Tam.

SEIZER          I SAID SHUT UP, DENISE! Do one of those dances you did for ol' Robert. Come on, Mickey. Give uncle Tam a Rabbie special. Come on. COME ON!! COME ON!! IF YOU'RE BIG ENOUGH!! If you think you can take on Seizer! Give me your money. Come on. To Seizer what is Seizer's.

*MICHELLE throws him her money bags*

SEIZER          Aye. A necklace of gold Seizers. You comfortable wearing me around your neck?

*JAN rolls out of the wheelchair and falls to the ground, tries to pick himself up and stumbles across to attack SEIZER. He's very dazed and can barely focus or walk. As he tries to lash out at SEIZER, he ends up falling all over the place. SEIZER uses MICHELLE as a shield, and tightens the noose whenever she tries to speak. DENISE tries to pull JAN away, to calm the situation down.*

SEIZER Here you are, Jan. She's yours. You can have her. Go on. Aye, that's right. She's been sayin' things, you know. About you. Behind your back. She says you're a fuckin' whore-fucker. She's tellt everyone, you know. Jan, he's a sad pervert.

MICHELLE It's not true, Jan.

SEIZER I've seen the way he watches me, she says. I've seen the photos he has of me. Aye, she tells us all these things. Dirty fuckin' pervert.

*JAN hits MICHELLE*

SEIZER That's right, Jan. Dirty fuckin' pervert.

DENISE Leave off, Tam.

SEIZER No wonder. No wonder they all avoid him like the plague. No wonder his ex left him.

DENISE Tam!

SEIZER I would have gone yonks ago, I would. He wouldna get anywhere near a daughter o'mine, if I were her. Perverted freak.

*JAN climbs into the driver's seat of the van and starts it up. MICHELLE and TAM stand in the headlights*

DENISE Jan, it's not real. It's not real. He's making it up.

JAN Get out of the way. GET OUT OF THE WAY!

*Revs the van's engine*

SEIZER Come and get her, Jan!

DENISE It's not real!

SEIZER She's all yours. Every inch yours.

DENISE Jan!

JAN I'm coming home, Michelle.

SEIZER She's been saying things!

JAN I'm on my way!

*MICHELLE is released, but stand rooted to the spot. The audience have been cleared from the central arena, SEIZER shouting to them not to get involved, it's a domestic thing.*

*DENISE sets fire to the effigies, which burn for the rest of the show*

*Suddenly the van lunges at MICHELLE who barely gets out of the way. JAN chases her around the arena in the van, as SEIZER gives dj commentary over the PA.*

SEIZER The kind of things your ex tells wee Laura. Aye, fancy an orange? And some suzzies? Fancy some jelly-babies? Ey? So, yous all enjoyin' yersels the night? Aye, I see we have a few Torremolinos tans in, holla if you're on your holidays. Wey! Ey, we've got some snoggers on the podium, give it up, will ye, Tonsil Tickle and Nipple Plunge, fuck they're ugly. No, I didna say that. Comin' up soon, 80s Hour, Oh, now watch here, see

how this wee lassie hits the tarmac under this runaway van. Here she goes... WEY! Ha ha! (sings) Another one bites the dust. Anybody pissed yet? Wey! Anyone pulled? Wey! Now here we go, 10... 9... 8... oy, no tongue you two... 4... 3... 2... 1!!!! STOP!!!!!!

*The van stops and JAN is pulled from the van and battered as SEIZER gives commentary:*

SEIZER Game over and we have a winner! It's you! We've got good triumphing over evil the night. Tune in tomorrow, rubber burned, joyriders safely locked away, my cock foaming at the bit, the crooks carted off by John-fucking-Whine and we can all retire back to our beds for now. And listen, the great thing is: we're none the wiser! Wey! Yet again we've put the fucking world to rights, without even having to bat an eyelid of understanding or crease our forehead in disbelief or raise one iota of humanity for what might really be going on behind it all. What gems of insight might be lurking under the surface veneer, if we could only see beyond the trees. There might even be the missing story! But come on, if we want to know the whole story, we'll fucking well ask.

*By this point JAN has been dragged by MICHELLE and DENISE to a floral sofa. SEIZER joins them and they all sit together as if they are watching tv.*

**Track FINAL SPEECH**

SEIZER *(To audience)* What are you looking at, then? So can you see it now? Yes? No? We've come a fuckin' long way, this greatest nation, ey? Noble Conqueror. Come to our arms. Come to our livingroom near you. Honourable Seizer. I mean look at me. Have you spotted me yet. next to you on your floral sofa, grinning and yapping and telling you you're beautiful? *(To a member of the audience)* You are so fucking beautiful, you know? And you're so soft. And accessible. Let aunty Seizer's dirty fingers weave their tabloid trail up your leg. Lady in the front row! Can you see it yet? Too preoccupied with some poor girl's soiled pyjamas to notice me drooling my sweet furballs down your neck? No! Brutal, brave Seizer! While you're gloating over someone's poor granny bleeding to death under a kwik-fit pick-up truck, we're just having a laugh, are we not? A fuckin' scream. Can you hear it? Stop testing my acoustics, will ye?! And there's me feeling a little self-righteous at not watching the football or the sitcom. Real life is much more gratifying these days. It's educational, watching others. You learn things. Don't you think that? And by now I'm at your tits and my fly's undone, naughty Seizer, and you're finding the article on date rape a stimulating read. Arousing even. But we're having a laugh, ey? Teaser Seizer, your primetime Casanova. Covering your face with my cellophane snog. Can you see it yet? *(Sniffs)* What's that smell? Is that me burning you up? Is that the smell of my torch halfway up your sphincter? Have I got under you skin? This piece of shit's got you tumored up to the eyeballs, and you're actually fooled by it? You can't breathe for the fumes, for the cancer. You're written out, killed you off and you're on top of the sacrificial pyre, and all we can do is wait for the commercial break. Bit of a breather. A bit of a laugh. Aye, I'm pissing myself. Are you pissing yourself? Watch me corpse my head off. Tickled to death in the front seat of the police van. Aw, you've split your sides and there's a gutful spilling out on the sofa. The damage and the harm, ey? In showing an interest. 'Cos that's what we're doing, ey? Lady in the front row! Is it, really?! Look at me. Can you see it yet? It's heading straight for us. It's a runaway fucking van. Can you see it now then, cos we're about to hit the tarmac.  
You know, we don't look that hurt. We don't even look that hurt.  
But I think we might be deed.

*Blackout as SFX Music "That's Entertainment" comes on over PA*

*the end*