

“SOME

OBSCURE

COMEDY

SHOW”

Written by Scot McPhie

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INTRODUCTION

W1, M1, M2, M3 - ALL AS TERRORISTS

THE LID ON THE OP TRAP SLAMS OPEN, M3 GINGERELY POKES HIS HEAD OUT, THEN CRAWLS OUT AND QUICKLY SCUTTLES BEHIND THE OP FLAT, AFTER A WHILE HE TIMIDLY RETURNS AND COAXES M2 OUT OF THE HOLE, M3 RACES BEHIND THE OP FLAT, M2 BEHIND THE PS ONE, M3 CALLS TO M2, HE WILL NOT COME. THEY THEN BOTH MONKEY-CRAWL ACROSS THE SPACE IN BETWEEN THE FLATS, NOT SEEING EACH OTHER THEY COLLIDE IN THE MIDDLE AND CAN'T BUDGE PAST EACH OTHER, EVENTUALLY M3 GRABS M2 AND THEY BOTH SCUTTLE BACK TO BEHIND THE OP FLAT, AFTER A WHILE THEY BOTH TIMIDLY COME OUT AND CONFRONT THE AUDIENCE, AFTER BAULKING A FEW TIMES.

M3: Ah, excuse me Ladies and Gentlemen, um, on behalf of the management of theatre I'm really sorry to have to tell you that tonight's performance has been cancelled for reasons beyond their control, I'm really sorry. I hope none of you mind too much about missing out on the show, and losing all your money and not seeing anything. I really am sorry. (M2 WHISPERS IN HIS EAR) Oh that's right it's cancelled cause we've seized the theatre. I'm sorry, bye. (PAUSE). Ooohll, no, don't go, that's right - we need a hostage, could someone volunteer please, it's all coming back to me now, who wants to be a hostage - look I'm really sorry but there's nothing I can do, okay, now come on we need a hostage.

M2: It's good fun, pays well too

M3: Who said anything about pay?

M2: Well it's better than what we're getting

M3: Yeah, and we won't hurt you either

M2: Promise

M3: It's really good

M2: Yeah we both used to be hostages

M3 HITS M2

M3: (UNDER HIS BREATH) Don't tell 'em that

M2: Ohll sorry

M3: Please

M2: Come on just one

M3: I'm sorry, I wouldn't be doing this if I didn't have to

M2: If we don't get a hostage we're gonna be in big trouble with our boss

M3: Yeah she's gonna hurt us

M2: It's for a good cause

M3: We're fighting to free every man, woman and child on Earth from um, what was it?

M2: I dunno

M3: Oh well it was good anyway

FROM THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM

M1: (SHOUTING) Attention!

M2 AND M3 STAND TO ATTENTION, W1 AND M1 WALK DOWN THE STEPS TO CS, W1 WHISPERS IN M1'S EAR, M1 SHOUTS

M1: Where's the hostage

M3: Um, well ah, we've had a slight problem

M2: No-one wants to be one

M1: (W1 WHISPERS IN HIS EAR, HE SHOUTS) You don't ask you just take, of course no-one wants to be a hostage. (W1 WHISPERS AGAIN) What? (SHE WHISPERS AGAIN) I find you very attractive (SHE HITS HIM)

W1: I said you've got to be more attacking. When you applied for this job what did you expect - a cooshy little office job stamping bits of paper?, pushing buttons on a computer? - well let me tell you it's a damn sight different to that, you have to ruffle feathers here and there, rub a few people the wrong way, put a few noses out of joint, and maybe a few elbows and shoulders as well, you have to smuggle the odd concealed weapon, plant the occasional bomb, assassinate the odd world leader here and there, you have to be mean and nasty and awful - you even have to take the odd hostage now and then. So which of you is going to do it? (THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, UNSURE) Or would you rather if one of you were the hostage?

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A SHORT WHILE, THINKING, THEN BOTH TURN BACK NODDING.

M3: Yes

W1: Well it doesn't work that way, now go!

M1 SLAPS M3 ON THE BACK

M3: Ow! Alright, but don't hurt me okay, it's so unkind, you should learn to love one another

M3 WALKS INTO THE AUDIENCE, PLEADS WITH THEM AND EVENTUALLY GETS SOMEONE

M3: Here you are, now I'm going 'cause you hurt (HE EXITS)

W1: What is your name

HOSTAGE: ~

W1: Okay tie him up

M1 AND M2 TIE HIM UP IN A CHAIR DR

W1: Do you know what we're fighting for ~

HOSTAGE: No

W1: There is a small European state called Belgradia, we're fighting to overthrow its communist-fascist-socialist-imperialist-monarchist Government, and replace it with us, isn't that right?

M2: Ohr yeah sure, whatever you say

W1: Once they hear about this they're sure to give in. Now you just stay there and we'll be right back later, don't go away, okay

THE TERRORISTS EXIT, THE HOSTAGE IS LEFT ON STAGE, BEWILDERED, BY HIMSELF FOR A SHORT WHILE

REASONS TO BE A BRICK

M3: PERSON

M3 CROSSES TO CENTRE STAGE, ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE

M3: There are three reasons (HOLDS UP TWO FINGERS) why I'd like to be a brick. Firstly (HOLDS UP ONE FINGER) bricks have lots of friends. You hardly ever see a brick without lots of other bricks around it. Secondly (HOLDS UP TWO FINGERS) bricks live for a very very long time. Why I even know some bricks that have lived as the one house since 1623. And the bricks were even born before that too. And thirdly (HOLDS UP FOUR FINGERS) I'd like to be a brick because bricks are good. They are the three reasons why I'd like to be a brick. Thank you.

ON HIS WAY EXITING HE LOOKS AT THE HOSTAGE

M3: Hello, what are you doing there?

EXITS

CRI - TIK

M2: Critic
W1: Critic's friend

M2: (ENTERING) Thanks

W1: Are you right there?

M2: Yeah it's right, I've got 'em (PLACES THE BOOKS ON HIS DESK) just a bit awkward though but that's got 'em. Thanks. (TURNING TO HER) Anyway do you want that coffee now?

W1: (GLANCING AT HER WATCH) Well it's pretty late, but since I've come here I might as well have it

M2: I've got my percolator on, so I'll just go and get them then (WALKS ACROSS TO EXIT THROUGH THE DOOR THEY CAME IN THEN STOPS HALFWAY ACROSS AND TURNS TO HER) Ah white with two sugars?

W1: That's right

HE EXITS, SHE FLICKS THROUGH SOME OF THE BOOKS ON HIS DESK, HE RETURNS SHORTLY WITH THE COFFEE

M2: Here you are (PASSING IT TO HER)

W1: Thanks (SIPS) mmmm this is good

M2: Do you want a seat (INDICATES TO A LOUNGE CHAIR)

W1: Thanks (SITS IN IT) Tell me something Michael, why did you pick such an odd time to invite me out for dinner, and at such short notice?

M2: Well (HE SITS ON HIS DESK) I knew you weren't doing anything to-night and I thought a quiet dinner between us would be nice

W1: But why so late?

M2: Well actually I'd just come from a play when I rang you, it was a spur of the moment decision really - I didn't want to finish the night so early

W1: I see. It must have been a short play?

M2: No, it was a full length play but I left after the first act

W1: You left after the first act? Why?

M2: Oh, it was a boring play and I didn't like it anyway

W1: This isn't one that you have to write up for the paper is it?

M2: Yes

W1: But how can you, you left after the first act?

M2: That doesn't matter. I got the general gist of the play. I think I know what I'm going to put. And besides, I always said that what they can't establish in the first act they can't establish in the rest of the play.

W1: But that's a bit unfair isn't it?, writing on them when you haven't even seen their play

M2: No, not really, like I said, I know enough from what I saw to be able to write a decent review of them

W1: So what are you going to put then?

M2: Um, I don't know

W1: You see, there you are

M2: No, I know what to write. I just don't know which parts of it to write

W1: There's a difference?

M2: Yes, a big difference, Look why don't you stick 'round and help us do it?

W1: No, I can't, it is really late, and besides I wasn't even there

M2: That doesn't matter. Ohr come on Jenny give us a hand - it'll be fun. A problem shared is a problem halved, eh

W1: So you admit to it being a problem

M2: Yes, no, well I mean writing it's no problem, it's just that it has to be done by twelve to be in tomorrow's paper, come on, that's only half an hour

W1: But I don't know the first thing about writing play reviews

M2: That doesn't matter. It's just like any other job. The rules are simple, although they vary a bit with each play, but for this one I have to write about two hundred and fifty words, get it done and in the office by midnight, and if possible submit a photo from the play itself as well

W1: Have you got a photo?

M2: No, but that's not so important. Come on Jenny whatdya say?

W1: Well it is Saturday to-morrow so I won't be working

M2: Come on, be a darling

W1: Oh, alright

M2: Good. Righto then let's start. (HE GOES BEHIND THE DESK, SITS AT THE CHAIR, AND GETS OUT A PEN AND SOME PAPER FROM A DRAWER)

W1: So, what are you going to say?

M2: What are we going to say

W1: Okay, what are we going to say?

M2: Well, I'm not really sure. But when in doubt I always start off with some of the facts about the play, that usually helps get my mind working

W1: What do you mean, the facts about it?

M2: Well, the title of the play, who's putting it on, how long's it on for, who's in it, you know, that sort of stuff

W1: Right, what was the play then?

M2: Um, I don't....., hang on where's that programme (LOOKING AROUND ON THE DESK, FINDS IT) ahr, here it is, (LOOKING AT IT) ah yes King Lear

W1: By William Shakespeare?

M2: (LOOKING ON THE PROGRAMME) Ah, er, yes - William Shakespeare did it. So then, how shall I start off. Um I know, (WRITING, AND READING ALOUD AS HE DOES FOR THE REST OF THE REVIEW) "The Vacy Street Theatre Company's production of Shakespeare's King Lear"

W1: Put "Shakespeare's classic King Lear"

M2: Classic?

W1: Well it is a well known play

M2: Oh it is, righto, "Shakespeare's classic King Lear began last night", you see it was the opening night, "with a full house giving it a warm reception."

W1: How do you know they gave it a warm reception? You weren't there at the end

M2: No, but they were all pretty friendly at the start, so I imagine they clapped at the end. Anyway that's not important though. Um, da, dada, ah "warm reception. The play, which continues until (LOOKS AT PROGRAMME) August tenth, starred (LOOKS AT PROGRAMME) Michael Phipps in the, ahr (LOOKING FOR THE RIGHT WORD), title role."

W1: Can I have a look at the programme?

M2: Sure (PASSES IT TO HER) "He was well supported by (THINKING) ah, Michelle Beard who played, ah (THINKING) Desdemona"

W1: Cordelia

M2: What?

W1: It's Cordelia, not Desdemona

M2: Oh, whoops, right, thanks. “Who played Cordelia as well as the Fool.” Now comes the fun part

W1: What’s that?

M2: Well now that I’ve said a little bit about the facts I’ve got to say something about the quality of the production

W1: And what are you going to say about that?

M2: I dunno

W1: This’ll take ages

M2: Not really, you see we’ve already done about (DOES A QUICK COUNT) fifty words. We’re about one fifth of the way there

W1: I know, why don’t we say things like, “The Actors and Actresses all tried very hard and put in a generally good production. Their efforts were well spent, which showed itself particularly in the quality of the acting which…….”

M2: (CUTS IN) Oh come off it, I can’t say that

W1: Why not?

M2: Well for a start it’s untrue, the acting wasn’t that unreal, especially that bloke playing that King. I mean at the start he just sat there speaking really slowly, like he was petrified of the audience or had forgotten what his next lines were or something. And besides, when I write this I’ve got my image to consider and the respect of my peers as well

W1: What do you mean

M2: Well if I wrote something as simple as that and something in favour of the play like that, they’d all think I was weak and didn’t know what I was on about. You see there’s another rule that I didn’t tell you about

W1: And what’s that?

M2: That is you’ve got to make it complex, and you’ve got to use esoteric words, like esoteric. And then everyone starts falling around you in praise, calling you a genius

W1: Because they don’t know what you’re on about?

M2: (STOPS, THINKS) Yes, that’s right

W1: That seems rather silly don’t you think?

M2: No, not really, it works

W1: Where’d you get that idea from anyway

M2: There was a scientist I knew, and he told me, never say one plus one equals two, but say, sine squared theta plus cos squared theta plus the natural log of e equals the sum of the infinite geometric series from n equals zero to infinity of one over two to the power of n

W1: (SHOCKED) Right

M2: But that's not the only reason I can't write what you said, you see I've got to take a strong view, nobody likes a reviewer that aimlessly agrees with what he saw, even if what he saw was good

W1: Well perhaps. But why don't you just write what you think

M2: Well I will. Anyway we've got two hundred words, and (LOOKING AT WATCH) twenty minutes to go. So this is what I'll put

THE FRIEND GETS UP AND STANDS NEXT TO THE DESK AND WATCHES

M2: "Although Phipps and Beard gave only mediocre performances they starred as a result of the less than average performances put in by the other players, especially (THINKS FOR THE NAME) David Morecome as Edward....."

W1: (CUTS IN) Edgar

M2: Edgar was it, righto, "David Morecombe as Edgar, who's all-too-often frequent lapse of memory coupled by his delivery, when he did remember his lines, which ranged from a barely audible stutter to a loud firing of words with machine-gun speed, made it very difficult to understand what was said and follow the continuity of the play."

W1: That's not very nice you know

M2: (KEENLY) I know

W1: But you're not going to leave it like that?

M2: Yes, why not?

W1: Well how do you think poor old David Morecombe is going to feel after reading that?

M2: I don't know, and I don't care. He's a big boy now, and once he gets up there he and everyone else is open to all sorts of criticism, they've got to learn to handle it. And besides, it's kinda fun writing whatever you like

SHE LOOKS AWAY, NOT TOO IMPRESSED

M2: Now where was I, ah yes, "The rest of the cast were of course no exception, presenting their characters as hard and wooden, which showed no understanding of the subtlety and depth with which Shakes....", hang on, what was that name they had for him, the bird, or the bored, or something?

W1: The Bard

M2: Year that's it. Is that a b, a, double r, e, d?

W1: No, b, a, r, d

M2: Ohr, that's right. Boy you must think I don't know much about plays

SHE LOOKS AWAY, SMILING, NOT ANSWERING

M2: Anyway, "with which the Bard had endowed his characters." Now for something about the set, ah, "The set was very bleak, plain and open, it showed no intricacies or great depth which one would expect to have as being reflective of the characters who's depth and fertility was in no way symbolised by the barren set."

W1: Aren't you going to say anything in favour of the production?

M2: Yes, this is it. "The most positive aspect of the play was it's ending; with the possible exception of the use of the strobe light in the storm scene, which superbly, in an omnipotent didactic manner, symbolised the on-again-of-again relationship of the King with the Fool." And then to sum it all up, "But in an overview as an overall play, the Vacy Street Theatre Company's production of King Lear was a (LOOKS UP IN THE AIR, THINKS, GRABS THE FIRST THING THAT COMES INTO HIS HEAD) water weak wash out." There, easy wasn't it?

W1: And you're really going to publish that?

M2: Yes, (LOOKS AT WATCH) how about that, it's ten to twelve and we finished, it's even long enough and everything. Whatdya reckon? It's pretty good isn't it?

W1: Um, I think it's time I was going Michael

M2: Hmm, going? Oh yes, I better go too and get this down to the paper

THEY STAND AND WALK TOWARDS THE DOOR

M2: Well thanks for your help with this Jenny

W1: (SERIOUSLY) Don't mention it

THEY EXIT

TERRORIST WALK ON - BOMB

M1: Terrorist

M1 COMES ON AND SHOUTS AT THE HOSTAGE

M1: You haven't gone have you? (PAUSE) Good. There hasn't been anything happening here has there? (PAUSE) Good. Now we're gonna be a little while 'cause we're having a little trouble with a bomb, now if you hear a loud explosion don't worry, we're just checking if it works, okay (PAUSE) good

HE EXITS

PHILOSOPHER - ONE

M3: Philosopher

THE PHILOSOPHER IS SITTING IN A CHAIR LOOKING SKYWARDS IN BRILLIANCE AND INSPIRATION, HE SPEAKS WISTFULLY BUT DEEPLY

M3: You, and me;
And eternity

URNS TO THE AUDIENCE, IN A MATTER-OF-FACT WAY:

M3: Is such a spent question

SHOT

M1: Person

M2: Person

M1, M2 ARE SITTING DS ON TWO CHAIRS, AT A BUS STOP WAITING FOR A BUS; THEY ARE IGNORING EACH OTHER, THEN SUDDENLY M2 TURNS TO M1, QUITE SHOCKED

M1: Are you about to die?

M2 DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THIS, THINKS M1 IS QUITE STRANGE AND MOVES AWAY FROM HIM, AFTER A SHORT WHILE M2 IS SUDDENLY SHOT OUT OF THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE AND DIES, M1 WALKS AWAY SHAKING HIS HEAD. AFTER A SHORT WHILE M2 STANDS UP AND EXPLAINS TO THE AUDIENCE

M2: That was a stray bullet from the French Revolution that killed me - just in case you missed it

SONG: SEE ME, FEEL ME

M3: Blind Person
Musician

M3, MUSICIAN SIT ON TWO CHAIRS DS, M3 IS WEARING DARK GLASSES AND MOVING LIKE STEVIE WONDER

M3: See me, Feel me, Touch me, Heal me
 See me, Feel me, Touch me, Heal me

M3 FALLS OFF HIS CHAIR

MUSICIAN: Tommy
 Just killed a man
 Held a gun against his head
 Pulled the trigger now he's dead
 And Tommy
 Life had just begun
 And now you've gone and blown it all away

BOTH TOGETHER: On the stairway to heaven

FOLK MUSIC

W1: Interviewer

M3: Interviewee

THEY ARE BOTH SITTING DC

W1: Today on Living Music I have in the studio with me Dr. Andrew Sutherland, the internationally renowned folk music expert. Good evening Dr. Sutherland

M3: Jennifer

W1: I understand you've been doing a fair bit of research recently into some Australian folk music

M3: Yes quite a bit actually

W1: Could you tell us a bit about what you've come up with?

M3: Well, yes, quite a number of interesting facts came up in the research

W1: I believe you did a fair bit of work into the background of "Waltzing Matilda"

M3: Yes, well like most folk songs there are a number of differing story's as to how the song actually originated, but I'm proud to say I uncovered the true story in the course of my research

W1: And what is it?

M3: Well, while Banjo Patterson and his band Led Jumbuck were doing a small country tour covering the homestead circuit, their lead axeman, Henry - the living-riff Lawson, came across a story about how a derelict is given a hard time by the local pigs. The Riff dug the story and told Patterson about it - now contrary to popular belief Patterson only wrote the backing harmonies at this stage

W1: Is that a fact?

M3: Yes, surprising isn't it, it wasn't until Led Jumbuck were in London the following year on their World Victory tour that the band actually laid down the rest of the track

W1: And how did this come about?

M3: Well the basic chord progression and melody were scored after a jam session at the now famous studio 54 at the EMI complex

W1: And what about the lyrics?

M3: Ah now that's very interesting. The Riff had just met a woman by the name of Mary Cowan who was a session muso and would be a folk star in her own right but was really mainly just a groupie, the Riff played her an out-take from the jam session and told her to story about the derelict and the pigs and they wrote the lyrics together that night whilst tripping out on LSD - now some would argue that "Waltzing Matilda" is just a drug song, but I personally find that hard to take

- W1: Yes, now what about the Riff's scorching lead break, would you rate that as one of his classic cuts?
- M3: Oh yes, without a doubt, just slices the song in two. Probably one of the best examples of his lightning fast fingerwork that still exists. But in many ways it is just typical of a lot of his later work before he gave up the electric guitar all together and took up the triangle
- W1: What characterises it do you think?
- M3: Ohll, fast fingerwork over blues scales mainly, with lots of hammered on flattened notes, quick pull offs, that sort of thing
- W1: Mmmm
- M3: And of course he was using his stock pedal arrangement of two high band flangers, a phaser, an over driver, and two equalisers without a noise gate
- W1: Without a noise gate?
- M3: No, he never did like a clean sound
- W1: He was one of the prime motivators for distortion in folk music wasn't he?
- M3: Yes, I think he pioneered that field, the lead break in "Waltzing Matilda" and the power chord in the intro left no doubt about what the shape of things to come was
- W1: Yes and of course the track was a big success too when released
- M3: Yes shot straight to number one, it was the highest charting folk single of 1953, and also charted consistently on the R and B and classical charts as well
- W1: Right, well I'm afraid we're going to have to leave it there you drop kick, won't you all please thank Dr. Sutherland. And make sure you tune into the show next week where we'll be showing you how to smash a violin, with feeling. Thank you.

TERRORIST WALK ON - CABBAGE

M2: Terrorist

M2 WALKS ON, TALKS TO THE HOSTAGE

M2: Um look I'm really sorry about this, I didn't mean to, they haven't hurt you have they, these ropes too tight? (PAUSE) good - I can tighten them if you want, no, okay, anyway I've gotta go, we're having a little trouble with our bomb, the uranium's sort of leaked out all over the floor so we're going to use a cabbage instead, anyway I better go, I'm sorry, okay

MEAL

W1: Wife
M1: Husband
M3: Person

M1 IS SITTING AT A TABLE DC, W1 IS BEHIND HIM HOLDING A BRICK IN SOME TONGS

M1: Come on darling, I'm starved

W1: Alright, alright. Careful it's hot now

SHE PLACES A BRICK ON HIS PLATE IN FRONT OF HIM, THE PLATE BREAKS. SHE PUTS ANOTHER ONE ON HERS, IT DOES NOT BREAK, AND THEN SITS DOWN

M1: Darling, I can't eat this

W1: Why not?

M1: You broke my plate

W1: Okay, I'll get you another one

SHE GETS UP, GETS ANOTHER PLATE AND SWAPS THEM

M1: Great (GRABS HIS CUTLERY)

W1: Wait on, we'll have grace first, I think it's your turn

M1: No, I had her last night, it must be your turn

W1: Well I don't want her, so we'll just start

M1: Do you want some salt darling?

W1: No thank you, would you?

M1: Ahr no thanks, I never have salt with brick

W1: No, me neither actually

M1: (ABOUT TO START EATING, THEN STOPS, LOOKING AROUND) Ahr, hang on darling haven't you forgotten something?

W1: No, don't think so

M1: My bran

W1: Your bran? What do you want bran for?

M1: Well I don't want to be shitting bricks do I?

W1: No of course not, I'll get it

SHE LEAVES, HE GOES TO CHOP UP THE BRICK WITH HIS KNIFE AND FORK, HE CAN'T, AFTER A WHILE HE GIVES UP AND PICKS UP THE BRICK AND BITES INTO THE CORNER, HE CRUNCHES IT UP AS HE CHEWS IT. SHE RETURNS WITH A PACKET OF BRAN AND GIVES IT TO HIM

M1: (THROUGH HIS MOUTHFUL) Thank you. It's a bit hard darling

W1: Yes I thought they might have been, I got them from the west wing

M1: Yes very bad year for bricks when that was built

HE SWALLOWS, LOOKS FOR A DRINK

M1: Is the cow on the blink this morning?

W1: No

M1: Well where's my orange juice

W1: The cow ran out

M1: You mean it's on the blink

W1: No, it's not lactating any more

M1: Mmmm, yes of course

W1: Would you like a cup of coffee

M1: No thank you, I don't drink of the flesh of dead coffee bean carcasses

W1: No, me neither

M1: It is a barbaric practice

W1: I don't know why they don't spend their time doing more worthwhile things like clubbing baby seals to death

M1: Yes. Look darling I don't think I could have any more brick, I think I might have some table instead

W1: Yes of course

HE PUSHES HIS PLATE ASIDE AND STARTS GNAWING ON THE TABLE, SHORTLY A KNOCK ON THE DOOR IS HEARD

W1: Oohll what's that?

M1: That'll be the door

W1: But we don't have one

M1: Well let him in anyway

W1 EXITS THEN RETURNS WITH M3

M3: There is one reason why I don't want to be a brick, and that is because bricks get eaten

M1: Oh I get it, very good, that's a running gag with the bricks

M3: Yes

W1: Do you do that often?

M3: No, well really it's just an attempt to give a sense of unity to what is really just discontinuous collection of unrelated stories, it's an old technique I first saw it.....

THEY ALL EXIT, DISCUSSING THE MATTER

THE GREAT G-ROO

W1: Person
M1: Person
M2: Person
M3: The Great G-roo

THE GREAT G-ROO IS SITTING ON A TABLE IN A TRANSCENDENTAL POSITION UC, HIS SUBJECTS ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF HIM

M3: Loyal subjects, I speak on now to thee,
Tell of your problems to me,
I being the Great G-roo,
I being so much better than you,
Shall solve your problems with but the slightest of thought,
Of all the things I don't know there is but nought.
Come let the one of you that is so bold,
Stand up first and ask I, the wisest and old

M1: Righto Guru, I've got this problem with my trawler you see,
My drag nets are pullin' in too many fish which is labourin' my engine,
Already I've blown three gaskets and all me pistons,
Oh it's really too much for me.

M3: Shuddup and listen, (M1 SITS DOWN)
And the Great G-roo shall speak to you.
Your problem is easy to solve,
As from you it did evolve.
You don't need smaller nets to reduce your pull,
Nor do you need a better engine you fool.
To rectify your unfortunate situation
You need fish that have undergone deflation.
There is much to be learnt from a small fish,
Oh to be a minute pisces I wish.
I can see all the world's problems solved at once,
If the world was a fish and we could it confront,
I can see it right now - I'd have mine for brunch.
(THE AUDIENCE AGREE IN AWE, CLAP) Next please (DINGS A BELL ON THE TABLE)

W1: Okay Guru baby I'll lay it down straight for you,
Like I don't mind making it with a guy,
I'll do whatever he wants,
As long as I get my money, I get by,
But I don't like sucking face, if you know where I'm coming from,
I mean for me kissing's just too personal, you dig

M3: Shuddup and listen (SHE SITS DOWN)
And the Great G-roo shall speak to you.
I dig profusely,

What you talk about has happened to me
Let me tell you subjects a secret
(THEY ALL BREATHE IN AND SIT FOREWARD)
So to you loyal subjects I say this,
You have no problems if you only kiss when you kiss,
But if you are kissing when you are not kissing then you have a problem,
And if you are not kissing when you are kissing then you have another problem,
But if you are kissing when you have a shower invite me round sometime
(THEY ALL AGREE) Next please (DINGS BELL)

M2: Okay Guru mate,
Give us your advice,
My girlfriend just left me for a reason you won't believe,
She says she doesn't like the way I hold my nuts when we're walkin' down the street,
I thought she like it 'cause it looks kinda neat.
It really was a blow when she left me, 'cause I really did like her so,
But now when I think about it, I think she only wanted me for my body,
But I can understand that, 'cause I have got a pretty good one

M3: Shuddup and listen, (M2 SITS DOWN)
And the Great G-roo shall speak to you.
The Great G-roo has always said,
that the person who walks down the street holding his balls has got a problem,
Unless of course he's been kicked there, in which case he's got a bigger problem.
But I have heard enough,
You're a pretty boy who thinks he's tough.
I don't know which is bigger, your body or your ego.
But don't get me wrong, only having a body is fine, for now.
Next please (DINGS THE BELL)

W1: Oh Great G-roo
Tell me what to do
Whenever I look at you
I want to spew

M3: Shuddup and listen (W1 SITS DOWN)
And the Great G-roo shall speak to you
If I made everything rhyme like that I'd want to spew as well.
But spewing is cool - for the right reasons,
e.g. I have often been spewed at as a form of admirable sacrifice,
It is a great honour to empty one's stomach contents out in recognition of
someone held in high esteem
Next please (DINGS THE BELL)

M1: Mr. G-roo I have heard it said that to place one's faith in another human is wrong,
As it is the principle not the person itself that one should be following all along,
What do you say about this?

M3: Shuddup and listen, (M1 SITS DOWN)
and the Great G-roo shall speak to you,
When the wild cave bear howls at the dying wolverine,
And the dying wolverine beckons to the full moon in the naked sky,
Then, and only then, is it time to go down to the corner shop for the paper

Next please (DINGS BELL)

M2: Mr. G-roo, I'm a 23 year old mega success,
I'm married with five children and live in a large mansion on a 15 acre block
on the good side of town,
I've been a self-made multi-millionaire since I was seventeen.
I have everything I could possibly want,
There's nothing I haven't got.
You name it - friends, money, cars, houses, land, security, future, health, good looks,
good sex appeal, great personality, you name it I've got the lot.
But despite all my obvious attributes, at times I feel there is something missing,
For instance when I'm by myself on one of my mountains on a clear starry night,
when I look towards the heavens I feel myself reaching out for something,
Something spiritual, something ethereal, my heart, my soul, my centre just opens up,
but I feel nothing, just a void, an emptiness.
I feel it now, all inside me is empty, it's panging all the time to be filled, but
I always feel so bare and void.
Oh Great Mr. G-roo, what can I do to fill the hollow emptiness inside me?

M3: Have you tried lunch? (THE GREAT G-ROO PAUSES THEN DINGS THE BELL, M2 SITS DOWN)

W1: Okay G-roo,
I've seen right through you,
Because I know everything
Yer see I'm a feminist - lesbian - reactionary - anti establishment - commo-fascist -
underground
rebel - who reacts to anything and everything - particularly things associated with the plight
of the animals, conservation and any sort of minority cause in general - type of person, and I
know about your type.
You're a right wing front, propagated by an elitist mandate to draw in the masses and
brainwash them with anti Marxist, anti socialist, anti communist, anti democratic,
propaganda - aren't you?
Come on, answer now, any refusal to answer will be taken as an admission of
guilt on your part

M3: Shuddup and listen, (SHE SITS DOWN)
And the Great G-roo shall speak to you.
Don't come the revolutionary raw prawn with me, baby
You are addressing the revolution itself.
If you feel you must take up all of these causes in order to define your existence then fine,
If you feel you must always be fighting mainstream society then fine,
But if this is all you do then you will never really know yourself truly
or have devoted your time to something of true worth
But this is fine if this is all you want to be,
after all it is the same with me,
And if it can be with the Great G-roo
Then of course it can be for you too.
Next please (DINGS THE BELL)

M1: Oh Great G-roo
I'm a one eyed - three jawed - knock-kneed Caucasian Mongolian Negro who was brought up
by a Catholic father and a Hindu mother on an upturned bathtub in the Baltic sea,

I'm trying to make a very important film about the plight of the many tailed white cockatoo in central Australia after it was severely effected by DDT which leaked out of a European chemical laboratory after it was sprayed on a sexually discriminated against mouse which was living in the laboratory, not because it wanted to, but because social injustice forced it to.

I've written the script for the film and sent it in to the Australian Film Commission, but they rejected it and won't provide funds for the film 'cause they reckon it's no good.

A friend of mine who is a toothless Anglo-Norwegian cactus polisher was granted funds by them to make a film about the effect of sledgehammers on the Easter Bunny, I think this clearly shows a case of discrimination by the Australian Film Commission against myself because of my background, had I been a feminist-lesbian they would have given me the money.

But that's not all. No. Apart from the obvious discrimination against me, I think the real reason they won't give me the money is because this DDT scandal is bigger than anyone suspects, and they want to suppress the truth because the Governments of at least seventeen and a half major countries would fall if the public found out.

So what do you say G-roo, what do you think I should do?

M3: Shuddup and listen, (HE SITS DOWN)

and the Great G-roo shall speak to you.

You are obviously being discriminated against,

You should appeal to the one eyed - three jawed - knock kneed Caucasian Mongolian Negro who was brought up by a Catholic father and a Hindu mother on an upturned bath tub in the Baltic sea discrimination board,

And if the Government doesn't have such a board then protest that they should.

This is the age of the individual - why not?

Next please (DINGS THE BELL)

M2: Your Great G-rooness, sir, um

Nothing goes right for me

I have no friends, no ambition, no drive, no anything

Nothing I try works and people just laugh at me and never take me seriously,

I don't know what to do,

I hate meeting people and talking to them,

Everybody hates me, my life's got no purpose,

I've got no hope and no-one to turn to,

There's just no point to anything anymore.

Mr. G-roo you're my last chance,

please help me, please say something to me

What would you do if you were me?

What can you say to help me?

M3: My advice to you; is to get a gun;

go a long long way away; and shoot yourself.

Next please (DINGS THE BELL)

M1: I have a problem with my scuba equipment Mr. G-roo,

In order to increase tank pressure and thus extend useable air time,

I've modified the air lock to a side mounting interfaced with the gas meter on a 90 degree angle to the tank lock head,

The only problem being the O-ring as the lock head valve perishes though the breathing hose nozzle O-ring stays intact, how do you suggest I fix this?

M3: Shuddup and listen (M1 SITS DOWN)

and the Great G-roo shall speak to you.

Tell me, have you tried the new E90 silica-rubber compound type O-ring?
They're tested to resist perishing at up to 250 atmospheres at a temperature
range of over 300 kelvin,
They're great - I use them all the time
(DINGS THE BELL)
Now my loyal subjects I must go,
I shall move into another state,
Another state altogether,
I must make speed as the astro plane departs in five minutes,
So goodbye and may many silly things happen to you on your way home to-day.

HE GETS UP AND WALKS OUT, BANDY LEGGED

JOHNSON LOOKED DOWN

W1: Person

STANDING DC, ADDRESSING AUDIENCE

Johnson looked down, a thousand mile drop, it seemed there was nothing he could do, the vicious Sherpa and his pack of savage sheep were approaching the edge of the cliff rapidly. Johnson knew that the sheep were programmed to kill, he looked down, the river at the bottom of the ravine was so far away he couldn't see it, the deathly cludder of the sheep's hooves were approaching faster and faster, he took another look down and all of a sudden (!) one hand lost it's grip and slipped from the edge of the cliff, he was now hanging on by one hand, his heart leapt into his mouth, he could hear the exhausted Sherpa and the hyperventilating sheep quite clearly now; he was looking death in the eye, and it winked at him, or at least he thought he was looking at it in the eye, it really didn't seem to matter, with one last rebellious yell he screamed, "Go away you mean person, and stop chasing me with those horrible sheep!", and let go, expecting to fall into the river he could not see, but this posed a little bit of a problem, he could not see the river because there wasn't one, in fact he could not see at all because he was blind, and in fact the Sherpa and the deadly sheep were all part of his imagination; Johnson wasn't being chased by these things, he was imagining them one night when he was sitting cosily by the fireplace in his living room, whilst pulling wings off flies.

SONG; THE BREAST SONG

Musician

M1: Person

M2: Person

M3: Person

W1: Person

M3 IS STANDING C WEARING A BRA OVER HIS CLOTHES, MUSICIAN IS STANDING R. M1 IS BEHIND PS FLAT, M2 IS BEHIND OP FLAT, BOTH WEARING BRA'S OVER THEIR CLOTHES AND WITH BLACK AND WHITE MINSTREL FACIAL MAKE-UP ON. W1 IS BEHIND PS FLAT.

M3: I met a girl from New Orleans

M1 & 2: Doo-dah doo-dah (POKING THEIR HEADS ON FROM BEHIND THE FLATS)

M3: She had the biggest tits I'd ever seen

M1 & 2: Oh dee doo dah day (POKING HEADS ON AGAIN)

M3: Tits-t-tits tits tits, Tits -t - tits - tits tits
It don't matter if they're big or small
I just love 'em all, Yeah!

I met a girl from Aberdeen

M1 & 2: Doo-dah, doo-dah (DANCING ON STAGE)

M3: She had the smallest tits I'd ever seen

M1 & 2: Oh dee - doo dah day

All: Tits - t tits tits tits, Tits - t tits tits tits

M3: It don't matter if they're big or small
I just love 'em all, Yeah!

I knew a girl from Toowoomba

M1 & 2: Doo - dah, doo - dah

M3: She had the nicest tits I ever saw

M1 & 2: Oh dee doo dah day

All: Tits - t tits tits tits, Tits - t tits tits tits

M3: It don't matter if they're big or small
I just love em all, I say!

All: It don't matter if they're big or small

I just love em all

M3: Once again

All: It don't matter if they're big or small

M3: I just love em all

W1 APPEARS UC BETWEEN THE TWO FLATS, ARMS FOLDED, ANNOYED

W1: Ahem

M1 TAKES THE BRA OFF AND GIVES IT BACK TO HER AND EXITS, THEN M2 DOES THE SAME, M3 TRIES TO DO THE SAME, CAN'T, GETS TANGLED IN IT, AND EVENTUALLY HAS TO STEP OUT OF IT DOWN BY HIS LEGS.

TERRORISTS - INTERVAL LEAD IN

W1, M1, M2, M3 - Terrorists

W1 COMES ON STAGE, ADDRESSES THE HOSTAGE

W1: What do you know about bombs? (PAUSE) Would you know enough to be able to repair a thermonuclear cabbage head device? Ohll that's a shame. Our's isn't quite detonating, hmm

M1, M2 AND M3 COME ON STAGE

M1: (SHOUTING) What do you want done with him?

W1: Take him downstairs for interrogation

M2 AND M3 LOOK AT EACH OTHER, WORRIED

W1: Go on take him downstairs

M2 AND M3 UNTIE HIM, APOLOGISING PROFUSELY, AND LEAD HIM DOWN THE OP TRAP, W1 AND M1 FOLLOW, M1 PINCHES HER ON THE BACKSIDE, W1 HITS HER, SHORTLY AFTER THEY ARE DOWN AS WELL, M3 POKES HIS HEAD UP AND ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE

M3: By the way this is interval, sorry

TERRORISTS - INTERVAL LEAD OUT

W1, M1, M2, M3 - Terrorists

A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE END OF INTERVAL, M2 AND M3 LEAD THE HOSTAGE BACK ON STAGE AND TIE HIM UP AGAIN. HE IS DRESSED IN A CHICKEN SUIT. THEY THEN SIT DOWN AND START PLAYING A GAME OF CARDS TOGETHER, AS THE LIGHTS FADE AT THE END OF INTERVAL THEIR TALKING CAN BE HEARD

M2: I'll raise you ten and see you nine

M3: Okay, have you got a four?

M2: Fish. Have you got a nine?

M3: Octopus

M2: What?

M3: I mean fish, sorry

M2: Now remember I'll pay four and under on a five card trick or a full house

M3: Okay (PAUSE) Have you got an Old Maid?

M2: No, but I've got a Golden Egg

M3 SUDDENLY SLAMS HIS HAND DOWN

M3: Blackjack

M2: Yeah but I've got a royal flush

M3: How'd you get that? - I've got all the aces

W1 AND M1 ARRIVE FROM DS, W1 WHISPERS TO M1

M1: (SHOUTING) Where's the hostage

M3: (INDICATING) Um there

M1: (NOT SHOUTING) That's not a hostage, that's a chicken

M2 AND M3 LOOK AT EACH OTHER

M3: Um yeah, and well if it's a chicken then we better let it go eh

M2 AND M3 LOOK AT EACH OTHER, REASSURED, HAPPY, HALF SMART

W1: No I don't think so

M2 AND M3 LOOK AT EACH OTHER DISAPPOINTED

W1: I think we can use this chicken

M2: What as? - Air Support Command?

W1: No

M1: (SHOUTING) 'Scuse me ma'm

W1: What

M1: (SHOUTING) Um I beg your pardon

W1: Come on

M1: (SHOUTING) But I think the chicken is actually the hostage

W1: (MOCKINGLY) Ohll you don't say, you are so clever, thank goodness I've got you by my side, where would I be without you?

M1: (QUITE HAPPY WITH HIMSELF) Thank you ma'm

W1: Um, do you want to go away and find something to do now?

M1: No

W1 CONTINUES LOOKING AT HIM

M1: Um, ohll, okay, sure

DOESN'T UNDERSTAND, EXITS QUITE CONFUSED. M2 AND M3 ARE GIGGLING TO EACH OTHER

W1: Excuse me

THEY STOP

M2: Sorry

W1: He may be dumb but at least he's brutal, I admire that in a man

M3: Ohll (THEY ARE BOTH LOOKING DOWN)

W1: Cold hard brutality is very.....stimulating

M3: Mmmm

W1: Now I suggest we leave the chicken for the moment and go and have a look at this bomb

THEY ALL EXIT

SMITH, JACKSON AND MULE

M1: Person

M1 STANDS DS C AND ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE, IN ONE BREATH:

M1: Smith turned around, he didn't like Jackson, and Jackson didn't like Smith when he was turning around, but Smith didn't know that Jackson liked Smith's mule when it was swimming breaststroke, but the mule didn't like either Smith or Jackson but did like Jackson's wife which made Jackson hate Smith who hated Jackson whether he was turned around or not, even regardless of the right ascension angle of inclined turn relative to the mule's birthplace, which was directly equable to the amount of Paradise Parrots on Smith's shoulder at the time of turning around expressed in Greenwich mean time not of course considering that Smith and Jackson couldn't see each other if they tried - (ANOTHER BREATH, THEN) who wrote this shit!

PROBLEM

W1: Interviewer
M3: Interviewee

THEY ARE SITTING DS ON TWO CHAIRS

W1: Now given that Shell Oil have just reported a net profit of \$281 million for 1988 can you see that having any effect on the net price indexing for Australia's crude oil import rates?

M3: Well, ah watermelon Argentina tulip eggbeater

W1: Yes but even considering that

M3: Ooohl striped dinosaurs, emotion tiering kookaburras edible toenails

W1: American or Australian?

M3: Yes

W1: Earlier in the year you were quoted as saying, "reverse battering moonscape waterfall by eleven wickets", how do you feel about that now?

M3: Hmm, myxolodian, nicanomide adenasine - diphosphonucleotide, haemorrhaging

W1: But how can you say that?

M3: Training

W1: What about the downturn in the economy?

M3: Relief for and calculators, tables, sounds, 2, 4, 5 - T

W1: In large amounts?

M3: Canopy whiskers

W1: Anything else?

M3: Yellow rulers treats edifice piano's feedback love

W1: Well thanks very much for your time

M3: Ohr that's okay, can I go now?

W1: Sure

M3: Just out that way?

W1: Yep

M3: Tah

BROKEN TV

M1: Bloke
M2: Another Bloke

M1 AND M2 ARE SITTING ON CHAIRS DS, WITH A TV ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF THEM, THEY ARE BOTH FROM THE COUNTRY AND TALK VERY SLOWLY, THEY ARE BOTH DRINKING OUT OF BEER CANS

M1: Well I dunno what the problem is

M2: We coulda been watching Neighbours now

M1: Did ya check the oil in it?

M2: Yeah

PAUSE

M1: Or the Derryn Hinch Show

M2: What about the shockies?

M1: Nah they're alright, I had a look

M2: It's not the fan belt is it?

M1: Um?, no, its alright, and so's the radiator

M2: You sure?

M1: Yeah checked the whole cooling system

M2: Alright?

M1: Yeah

M2: We're gonna miss the movie too

M1: What was it?

M2: Ohr I dunno but I really wanted to see it

M1: Yeah

PAUSE

M2: You put the new carby in it didn't you?

M1: Yeah

M2: And the manifold?

M1: Yeah

M2: I don't get it, it should be goin'

PAUSE

M1: Maybe it just needs more choke

M2: No

M1: Well it might, just to get it goin'

M2: No

M1: Why not?

M2: It hasn't got a choke

M1: Yes it has

M2: No it hasn't

M1: Why hasn't it then?

M2: Cause the generator's diesel, stupid

M1: Ohll

PHILOSOPHER - TWO

M3: Philosopher

THE PHILOSOPHER IS SITTING IN A CHAIR LOOKING SKYWARDS AS IF ENGAGED IN SOMETHING BRILLIANT. HE SAYS DEEPLY BUT IN A CONFUSED VOICE

M3: I think I think

TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE

M3: Therefor am I?

PAUSE, STANDS UP

M3: Well am I? I mean if you don't know what makes you think I'm gonna know? Man

EXITS

TERRORIST WALK ON - NO CAUSE FOR ALARM

M1: Terrorist

JUMPS ON STAGE QUICKLY, ADDRESSES AUDIENCE

M1: (SHOUTING) Now this is no cause for alarm, but you're all going to die (POINTING TO THE HOSTAGE) especially you - you're going to die heaps. Now don't let that worry you - just stay cool and it'll all be over soon

HE EXITS

TWO BLOKES

M2: Bloke

M3: Bloke

M3 IS SITTING DC, M2 APPROACHES

M2: Giddy Geoff, how's it goin' mate

M3: Oh good, good

THEY SIT TOGETHER, PAUSE

M3: Wife just left me

PAUSE

M2: Really

M3 NODS

M2: I'm sorry mate

M3 SHRUGS

M3: Oh well, that's the way it goes. (PAUSE) Took the kids too

M2 SHAKES HIS HEAD, PAUSE

M2: She say why or anything?

M3: No. Ohr we just weren't getting on. She's not the same woman I married. It's just as much my fault as well I guess

PAUSE, M2 PATS HIM ON THE BACK

M2: You'll be right mate

M3: (LAUGHS) Lost my job as well

M2: You're kidding

M3: Nuh, routine rationalisation of expenditure, couldn't afford me or didn't need me, I dunno, fuckin' don't care either, hate the bastards

M2: So what are you doing now?

M3: Nothin', on the dole. I get a hundred and sixteen a week and I've got a house to pay off, a car to pay off, the wife still expects money from me, and I still gotta buy clothing and food and all the rest of it - it's ridiculous, how are you meant to survive like this - I owe about forty thousand dollars all up, it's ridiculous

M2: Yeah

THEY LAUGH A BIT TOGETHER FOR A WHILE

M3: Ran over the dog yesterday too

M2: Ohr no

M3: The stupid mongrel just ran out onto the road, I clipped him on the shoulder

M2: Is he alright?

M3: No, it was really badly broken

M2: Did you take him to the vet

M3: No, the only thing the vet could have done is put him down

M2: So what did you do?

M3: Ohr I did it myself, just reversed back over him

M2: Right

M3: Save a bit of money that way

M2: Yeah

PAUSE

M3: (HALF LAUGHS) Ran over the cat to-day as well

M2: Ohr no, how did that happen?

M3: Ohr it was just giving me the shits so I decided to get rid of it

M2: Yeah

SERIOUS WALK ON

W1: Person

WALKS TO DC, ADDRESSES AUDIENCE

W1: Well Ladies and Gentlemen, some people would argue that tragedy underlies all true comedy, and yes I'm afraid it's that time of the show where we get serious

EXITS

TWO OLD MEN

M1: Old Man
M2: Old Man

THEY ARE BOTH SITTING DS, WRAPPED IN BLANKETS WITH A CHESS BOARD ON A TABLE IN BETWEEN THEM

M1: It's your move

M2: No it's not

M1: Yes it is

M2: It is not

M1: I took you're queen last move, remember?

M2: No

PAUSE

M1: Well it's your move, I had mine three hours ago

M2: Did you?

M1: Yes

M2: Maybe that's why I forgot, three hours ago, ohr no, now I remember, I haven't forgot - I'm thinking about my move

M1: Oh, okay then

THEY TURN AGAIN, PAUSE

M2: George

M1: Yeah

M2: I don't know what move to make

M1: Why don't you try that one to there

M2: (PAUSES, THINKS) Do you think so?

M1: Yeah

M2: You're gonna make me lose if I do that, aren't you?

M1: No

M2: Really?

M1: No

M2: You sure?

M1: Yes

M2: Yes what?

M1: Yes you won't lose

M2: Really?

M1: Yeah (PAUSE, A LAUGH STARTS TO BREAK OUT) actually I was kidding, you would lose if you moved there

M2: Really?

M1: Yeah

M2: (LAUGHING) Well I better not move there then, eh

M1: No

THEY TURN AWAY AGAIN, LONG PAUSE

M2: George

M1: (PAUSE) What?

M2: Get fucked

THEY TURN AWAY, LONG PAUSE

M1: Okay (PAUSE)

THEY TURN TO EACH OTHER, A LAUGH BREAKS OUT, TOGETHER THEY LOOK DOWN AT THE CHESS BOARD, LAUGHING WITHIN THEMSELVES, AND THROW IT AWAY

M2: (GIGGLING) Huh, we're naughty, aren't we

M1: Yeah

M2: Now we're gonna get in trouble by a nurse

M1: Yeah

M2: (STARTS GIGGLING CONVULSIVELY) I'd like to be really naughty

M1: Yeah, like in the olden days when we were young

M2: Yeah

M1: Yeah

M2: Yeah, like in the olden days

M1: Yeah

M2: All those years ago

M1: Yeah, I remember sex

A. IS CONFUSED, STUMPED, HE CAN'T REMEMBER IT, PAUSE THEN

M2: Ohr yeah, that was the one with your dick, wasn't it

M1: Yeah

M2: You used to do it standing up didn't you

G. IS SURPRISED, HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT A. IS SAYING

M1: Um you could, I never did, I always did it lying down, with my wife

M2: Ohr you're weird

M1: What's wrong with that?

M2: Couldn't ya do it yourself?, ya didn't have to get her to give you a hand - what'd she do? - hold it for you?

M1: Sometimes, we used to do it in bed

M2: Ohr that's really bad

M1: Why, where did you do it?

M2: Into the toilet

M1: Ohr, ohr, now I see, I thought you were talking about the other one

M2: No, no - never was big on the other one

M1: Been a long time since I've done the other one

M2: Yeah, me neither, mind you that pretty little Assistant Nurse Jones still gives me a fat every morning

M1: Yeah, I could do the other one to her alright, so what does she say to you when you've got one

M2: Ohr, just asks us how we're goin', you know that sort of thing, I get it when she washes me, always gives me a bit of special attention

M1: Yeah

M2: Ohr yeah, and my daughter thinks I came here cause I couldn't look after myself at home

M1: Yeah

M2: Ohr yeah, I tell ya what I could fuck that Nurse Jones up the arse and watch the sweat run down her back no worries

M1: Yeah me too

M2: I could do the same to me daughter too, except it'd be immoral so I won't

M1: Yeah, she's a good fuck you know

M2: Is she?

M1: Yeah

M2: Yeah that's what me grandson tells me too

M1: Yeah I'd fuck 'em all if they didn't chop off me dick

M2: Well that's your fault if you're gonna play with meat grinders

M1: Yeah, guess so - You know it's just not the same since me woman died

M2: Yeah, know what you mean

M1: The stupid bitch, some people have no consideration, so what if she got cancer, that's no excuse

M2: Yep, that's what I told mine too, at least she left behind a bit for me

M1: Ya lucky bugger I got nothin', just memories

M2: Ohll don't get fuckin' poetic on me prick

M1: Ohr struth sorry

M2: Yeah but still I know what ya mean, ya bear the brunt of the world for them and they go and die on ya

M1: Yeah, and we're not understanding enough to appreciate them

M2: Nah, course not

M1: Well anyway, it's been a good life hasn't it, (LOOKING AT WATCH) I 'spose it must be time to go and die soon

M2: Yeah I can feel it near

M1: Yeah it's coming, the horizon's slowly closing

M2: Yeah, time to go

PAUSE

M1: You know what really pisses me off

M2: What?

M1: The way McPhie stuffed up this, the last minutes of our lives

M2: Yeah, made a slack go at it didn't he

M1: Sure did, the feeling he had at the start of two old men looking back on their lives with such humour and acceptance, and relinquished love, he let that go so easily to a cheap brutal humour and meandering comedy

M2: Yeah I don't think anyone out there will have received that feeling as much as if he had tried to establish it and give it more

M1: Yep, and he knew what he was doing, he let this happen

M2: It's that old dictum of his, feeling and meaning must be equal

M1: (LAUGHING) Not here, eh

M2: Yeah, oh well, I'm glad he did it again properly later though

M1: Yeah

M2: But this isn't a waste of time because it gives us a look into the writer that we couldn't have seen before, we have the slack, undisciplined approach and then we have the final copy, we see the whole process at two stages, which gives us an even greater look at the writer than what the final product will, notwithstanding, what the final product will say itself, anyway

M1: This is remarkable coming from a man who so guards his innermost feelings

M2: Yes, though not so much remarkable but good fortune for us; none of this was intentional it's just the way it developed and what he did with it, a bad situation turned good

M1: Yeah

M2: So let's have it properly then - lights

SHORT BLACKOUT

M1: It's your move

M2: No it's not

M1: Yes it is

M2: It is not

M1: I took your queen last move, remember?

M2: No

M1: Well I did

M2: Ohll, okay then, that one to there (MOVES THE PIECES)

M1: Ohll, tricky

M2: (SMILING) Yes

M1: Okay then, hmm (LONG PAUSE) Ohll, I dunno, I get so bored with chess after a while

M2: Come on you're winning

M1: Ohll, okay, there (MOVES A PIECE)

M2: You're right you know, it is boring

M1: I used to ice skate - that was exciting, jumping and spinning and turning

M2: I only ever tried it once - I spent most of it on my knees

THEY LAUGH

M1: Yes, takes a bit of getting used to. What did you do for thrills?

M2: Ohr I don't know, it was so long ago now

LONG PAUSE

M1: Love was the biggest thrill in my life, set my heart on fire

M2: Yes

M1: You knew you were alive when you were in love

M2: Yes

M1: Still that's so long ago too

M2: Yes

M1: It's been so long since I've been with a woman

M2: Hmm, yeah

M1: It almost makes you forget what it's like

PAUSE, THEY THINK, LOOK AT EACH OTHER

M2: Almost

THEY SMILE TOGETHER

M1: A woman warms your heart like nothing else

M2: Hmm, oh well, all those days

M1: Yeah, and it all comes to this

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, SADLY, LONG PAUSE

M2: Oh well, but it's not that bad - better to have lived than never lived at all

M1: Yeah

TWO SONGS: A GREY DAY, THE UMBRELLA SONG

Musician

M3: Person

M1: Terrorist

M3: It's another grey day
Sunny and windy
I feel I could walk forever
but I won't get what I need that way

I'm just sitting here
thinking of you
Of how I feel
and how you feel

I've seen and done enough to have some sort of knowledge
I know the sunshine's so hot
and the nights can be so cold
And the roads on Earth all lead to something
but none are lined with gold

M1 JUMPS ON STAGE WITH GUN

M1: Okay freeze, don't move. That was a serious song and this is a comedy show. I should kill you right now for that, you never ever ever play a serious song on a comedy show

M3: Ohll

M1: But because I'm such a good bloke I'm going to give you a chance, now if you play a silly song now I'll let you off, otherwise the only place you'll be playin' is in the big gig in the sky

M3: You want us to play a silly song now?

M1: Yes

M3: After that song you want us to play a silly song, after that song

M1: Yes, after that song

M3: I don't know if I could handle that emotionally

M2 HOLDS THE GUN AGAINST HIS HEAD

M3: (PAUSE) I think I can

M1: Good (EXITS)

MUSICIAN AND M3:

Ah blackfella, umbrella, rockefella, cinderella
Sasparilla, Uri Gella, Whatdarya reckon? - should I tell her?

Broken glass, cutish arse, don't ask, there's a pass,
Police cars, pickle jars, twinkly stars, what a farce

M3: I love you
till the sun kisses the earth
and we sleep
in eternal warmth
as our souls meet

MUSICIAN AND M3:

Ah Brisbane, insane, cellophane, propane
aeroplane, disdain what a yukky dirty stain

Outerspace, big chase, briefcase, no trace
Black lace, white face, you're just a disgrace

M3: I love you
like the flower of life
That opens at dawn
and lives forever
in our hearts

MUSICIAN AND M3: Ah bad break

THE MUSICIAN PLAYS A BLUESY RHYTHM, M3 PLAYS A SHORT LEAD BREAK, THEN TAKES HIS GUITAR OVER TO HIS AMP, TURNS IT UP, EXTRACTS HEAPS OF FEEDBACK AND DISTORTION, BASHES IT AROUND A BIT, THEN PUTS IT ON THE FLOOR AND DANCES AROUND IT LIKE PETER GARRET, THEN SITS ASTRIDE IT AND WANKS THE SOUND WITH THE TREMOLO ARM LIKE JIMI HENDRIX, M3 IS OFF IN HIS OWN LITTLE WORLD, THE MUSICIAN WALKS OVER TO HIM, GETS HIS ATTENTION, M3 SNAPS OUT OF IT, APOLOGISES, TURNS THE AMP OFF, THEY SIT BACK ON THEIR CHAIRS AND FINISH THE OLD SONG

MUSICIAN AND M3:

Ah in the dirt, up ya skirt, with a spurt, didn't hurt
No shirt red alert for overt converts

Departin', old fartin', Dean Martin, Egg carton
Smart spartan, disheartan, no laughin', we're just startin'

M2 APPEARS ON STAGE

M1: No you're not (THEY STOP PLAYING)

M3: Excuse me

M1: That's enough

M3: Pthh! I don't believe what you just said to me, you walk on stage, insult us for singing one song, then stop us from doing another, I don't believe it

M1: Off!

M3: Okay, okay, we're going, Mr. Don't-Know-What-Art-Is

THEY EXIT

M1: Bloody hell (EXITS SHAKING HIS HEAD)

NEWS

M1: Sports Presenter
M2: Finance Reporter
M3: News Reader
W1: News Reader

M3: Good evening and welcome to Eleven National News

W1: Good evening

M3: Good evening (TO W1)

W1: Good evening (TO M3)

M3: Heading the news to-night. Sim Gas Des Splo

W1: Nas Sov Space Clis

M3: And in sport

M1: We won! Yah!!

M3: Thank you Ken. Now for the news in detail. There was an explosion on the controversial Simpson Desert Gas Line to-day. The deadly gas 2, 4, 9, 8 - ethano - 6, 8, 44 - hydrenodixboxilic - alkahydedekitchensinkenate, exploded due to the searing 50 degrees celsius temperature in the desert. Miraculously no-one was killed, mainly due to the fact that no-one was around for a radius of 5000 kilometres. Scientists investigating the accident are not quite sure what the gas was transformed into after the explosion, but apparently it is big and green and burps a lot. Kristine.

W1: Thanks Roger. The American space shuttle "Discovery" collided with the Soviet Salyut-6 space station in deep space last night. The two parties are trying to come to an out of court settlement over the matter. The Americans believe that they are in the right as they had indicated a right hand turn for a distance of 30 kilometres and had made sure that the approaching vehicle had not crossed the double yellow lines in the centre of the carriage way whilst continuing over the pedestrian crossing and not having a blood alcohol content of more than 105 per cent. The Soviets on the other hand believe that they are correct as the merging traffic coming over the one lane bridge had right of way over the Americans since they had stalled on the traffic island. The Russians also added that they had to be correct anyway as Americans are always wrong. Fortunately both parties had compulsory third party insurance.

MC IS READING A CHEMISTRY BOOK

W1: Roger, Roger, Roger!

M3: Ooohll, ooohll sorry (PUTS THE BOOK DOWN). Ah, in other news Peter Garret to-day denied that his head emits radioactive waste. Kristine

W1: Thanks Roger. In an unconfirmed report possibly this afternoon it was probably alleged that what could have been a man might have broken into what looked like a bank. It is also likely that they may have stolen something that was apparently money; but no-one's really sure. Roger

- M3: Thanks hon. Time now for Beri Boring with our stock exchange report. (HEADS TO BERI)
- M2: In a move that shocked both Business and Clergymen alike, the giant religious conglomerate, the Roman Catholic Church, staged a successful surprise takeover bid of the smaller and less successful company, the Church of England. The General Manager of RCC, Pope John Paul the Second, said that the possibilities of taking over the Church of England had been on their books for some time now but the move was only just agreed to by the board yesterday. The head of the Church of England, Robert Runcie, said the move would be complete, except for the splinter group of both companies, the Publicity Departments, which traditionally reject the Apostle's Creed. Meanwhile on the Exchange, due to much speculation about the takeover trading increased markedly which boosted the Dow Jones index to a record 125 billion units, whilst the All Ordinaries rose to 428½ units which caused a flood of foreign cash onto the short change money market which in turn reduced the American dollar to a paltry 0.09 Australian cents. The only other piece of business news is that BHP is in a stable condition at the Royal Hospital and is expected to recover well, following its contraction of a rare form of rabies after being bitten on the marketing arm by Bond Corp. That's all in business, back to you Roger.
- M3: Thank you Beri. Turning now to the national road toll. I would have read a very nasty sketch about the road toll - but I won't. Over to you Kristine, darling.
- W1: Two Australian physicists announced to-day that they had discovered the legendary sub-atomic tachyon particle, of course they made the announcement before they actually discovered the particle.
- M3: I don't get that. Anyway time for sport, here's Ken (HEADS TO KEN)
- M1: Thank you! The big sports news of the day is that Koo-wee-rup defeated Coober Peedy on a hotly debated technical knockout decision at the finals of the Australian National Lawn Bowls Championship held at Festival Hall last night. The match had to go into the fifteenth round but was finally stopped at the seventh hole when Koo-wee-rup's centre half forward, Jim Backers, clouted Coober Peedy's breakaway Stan Watson with his bat. Watson replied with a triple-axel-sit-spin right arm uppercut to Backer's behind. Fortunately Backer was wearing a mouth guard and did not suffer any damage. At that stage the referee stepped in to try and stop the fight, but both Backers and Watson replied by giving him multiple head and kidney punches to his knees. A standing count of ten was applied to the Ref by the square-leg umpire and he was declared unfit to continue. The final scores were Coober Peedy eleven tries sixteen behinds, one hundred and sixty-four, to Koo-wee-rup nineteen tries, including eight boundaries and a six, two behinds, totalling one hundred and forty-four and one eighth. To-day at Wimbledon Martina Schwarzeneggerlova defeated John Monthenroe in straight sets, 6-0, 6-0, 6-0, to take out the 1989 transvestite tennis championship. That's all in sport, back to you Roger.

M3 IS READING A PHYSICS BOOK

- W1: Roger, Roger, Roger!
- M3: Ooohll, ooohll sorry. In a late story just at hand Sam Toucon in Froot Loops Sex Scandal! (EVERYONE IS SHOCKED) Damning photographs were shown in a Brisbane court to-day as the Kellogs Sex Orgy Inquiry gets underway. Council for the accused, Tony the Frosties Tiger, QC, said the photo's depicting his client carrying out unnatural acts with Coco the monkey and Cornelius the chicken were misrepresentations of his clients' true character. To-day when asked about Coco's participation in the affair Sam Toucan replied "Tastes like fruit and goes crunch to boot, in fact he's just like a chocolate milkshake only crunchy". Coco has distanced

himself from the events and refuses to give any media interviews. Snap, Crackle and Pop, on the other hand, deny all involvement with the incident and are reportedly quite happy as it is with each other. Well that's all for news, we won't worry about the weather since she's away on holidays, so goodnight. (TO W1)

W1: Goodnight (TO M3)

THEN GOODNIGHT TO AUDIENCE

M3: (TO W1) Hey am I meant to read this one?

W1: (TO M3) Yes

M3: And now in a story that I forgot to read. A group of unidentified terrorists held up a comedy show to-night, one member of the audience was allowed to go free after being taken hostage, but the rest of the audience were all blown up. Goodnight.

TERRORISTS - ENDING

W1, M1, M2, M3: Terrorists

THEY ALL WALK ON STAGE AND ADDRESS THE HOSTAGE

M1: (SHOUTING) Okay chicken, I mean hostage, listen up

LONG PAUSE, NO-ONE KNOWS IF THEY SHOULD SPEAK

W1: (TO M3) You better tell him

M3: We've ah, had a little trouble with our bomb, it's, um, not gonna go

M2: See we didn't know it, but cabbages are actually atomically stable

M3: So um, if we let you go you won't tell anyone will you?, and we'll just go away and forget the whole thing ever happened okay?

W1 WHISPERS TO M1

M1: (SHOUTING) But! (W1 WHISPERS AGAIN) First of all we better interrogate you (W1 WHISPERS AGAIN) Um (HE LOOKS AT HER THEN ASKS) Who won the footy last week? (W1 HITS HIM) Well that's what you said, didn't you?

W1: Have you ever, are you now, or will you ever likely to be involved with, a member of or generally supportive or appreciative of the communist - fascist - socialist - imperialist - monarchist Government of Belgradia?

Hostage: ~

W1: He's lying - beat him

M1 HITS HIM

W1: Now tell the truth - have you or not?

Hostage: ~

W1: Okay then. What has seven eyes but can't see?

M3: Oohll I know - three dead mice and half a goat's head

W1: Will you be quiet

M3: Sorry

W1: Look beat him a bit more and then we'll let him go - I don't want to waste my time

M1 BEATS HIM SOME MORE

W1: Okay untie him

M2 AND M3 UNTIE HIM, APOLOGISING AS THEY DO

M1: (SHOUTING) Okay chicken you're free to go - back to the coup! Go on, fly away!

EVERYONE STANDS AND WAITS FOR HIM TO LEAVE, THEN AFTER A WHILE

W1: Well I 'spose we better let him get changed

M2 AND M3 SHOW HIM DOWN THE STAIRS, APOLOGISING AS THEY DO

W1: (TO THE AUDIENCE) Well you can all go now - bye.

M1: (SHOUTING) But guess what

M3: (AS THEY ALL TAKE OFF THEIR BALACLAVAS) It was us all the time

M2: Betchya didn't know that

THEY ALL BOW - CURTAIN