

# **OLIVE!**

A Musical of the 1960s

*with apologies to Charles Dickens*

**by**

**ANTHONY LEE**

**SchoolPlay Productions Ltd**

# **OLIVE!**

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## THE CAST

Olive

Marigold                    }  
Doris                        }     *Charladies*

Harry                       }  
Seth                         }  
Carol                        }  
Murphy                      }  
Mick                         }  
Rosy                         }     *Fish and Chip Sellers*

Snakeyes Santana        }  
Al Finkerman             }  
Cattlepunch Cuttler     }  
Milly the Moll            }  
Fizz                        }  
Laslo                       }  
Kitty                       }     *Crooks*

Rudi                        }  
Tarquin                    }  
Maurice                    }  
Martha                     }  
Tom                         }     *Anarchists*

Maharishi Mushi  
Inspector  
Hippy Man  
Hippy Girl  
Sandwich-Man  
Businessman  
Policeman  
Sweat-Shop kids  
Hare Krishna Singers  
Salvation Army  
Motor Salesmen  
Shirt Sellers

Jewelry Sellers  
Maharishi's Men.

**OLIVE!**

by **Anthony Lee**

**ACT I**

*PROLOGUE: Lights.*

*(Two charladies, MARIGOLD and DORIS, are sweeping the stage. Enter SETH).*

**Seth:** Excuse me.

**Marigold:** 'Allo, ducks, wotcher want then?

**Seth:** We're about to do a play here.

**Doris:** A what?

**Seth:** A musical play.

**Doris:** Always the same: soon as you try to sweep somewhere it goes and gets trodden all over.

**Marigold:** Wotcher doing then?

**Seth:** It's called 'Olive!'

**Marigold:** Oh, by .... er .... what the Dickens is his name ...?

**Doris:** Very good, Marigold. That's very good for you.

**Marigold:** Eh?

**Doris:** Charles Dickens. 'Ee wrote it.

**Marigold:** What? Oh yes, I see! Silly me! Old Charlie boy Dickens was it?

**Doris:** Yes, 'ee wrote 'Oliver', but I don't think 'ee wrote the music.

**Marigold:** 'Ows it start then. *(To SETH)* Something about food, ain't it?

**Seth:** Well actually it starts with a song which is sort of a tribute to Charles Dickens, or Charlie as you call him. But ....

**Doris:** There you are: told you so!

**Seth:** No, you've got it wrong, but anyway - we've got to start now, so if you don't mind ....?

**Marigold:** Oh sorry love, you go ahead. Don't mind if we watch do you? We won't get in the way or nuffink and we'll finish off here when you've done.

**Seth:** Fine. Excuse me.

*(Exit SETH)*

**Doris:** I like a bit o' culture, me.

**Marigold:** Yer. Go n' make us a cuppa tea, Doris. I'll tell you if you miss anything.

*SCENE 1: 1968. Grafton Place, a pedestrian precinct just off Carnaby Street.  
Three shop fronts face the pavement: Harry's Fish Bar to the left; Number  
13, gloomy and indeterminate in the centre; the Piece of Cod to the right.*

*(The scene opens with the song **TO CHARLIE**, involving various street characters  
as chorus and dancers. After the song the CHORUS move off leaving HARRY  
with SETH and CAROL).*

*MUSIC 1: TO CHARLIE*

**All:**           *If you could see us today  
I wonder would you laugh?  
If we could wish you with us now  
What would you say?  
You wouldn't have a clue  
What all the gadgets are meant to do  
You wouldn't care  
Not knowing you*

*We're still the people you love  
'Cos people stay the same  
And if you're watching from above  
You'll recognise our game  
It's still the same old fight  
Between the forces of wrong and right  
Sometimes we're right  
Sometimes we're so wrong*

*You could always see  
The workings of the heart and soul  
You could always see  
The way to go  
And what we need is you around  
To set our feet back on the ground  
Such a long way on because of*

*You could always see  
The workings of the heart and soul  
You could always see  
The way to go*

*And what we need is you around  
To set our feet back on the ground  
Such a long way on because  
It's nineteen sixty eight.*

**Harry:** Don't be too long, you two; it's nearly time to open up and I don't want that lot to get the early punters ahead of us.

**Seth:** *(on roller skates)* We'll be five minutes.

*(Exit HARRY. Enter MICK, on skates, and ROSY).*

**Seth:** Hi, Mick. Hey! That's pretty good .... you're standing up. You're usually flat on your back when you've got those things on your feet.

**Mick:** Ha very ha. Look. I bet you can't do this yet. *(He does a spread eagle and comes to a neat halt)*

**Seth:** You must be joking! I could do that before I could walk. *(Attempts it and goes shooting off stage followed by a loud crash)*

**Carol:** *(cleaning HARRY's windows. As he does so ....)* Be careful, Seth.

**Mick:** *(as SETH, crestfallen, returns, supported by ROSY)* That was really very good for a beginner. With a couple of years hard practice you should get it.

**Rosy:** Mick, could you pop round to the store? Murphy wants some more vinegar.

**Seth:** And let's face it, you need a lot of vinegar to hide the flavour of your fish!

**Rosy:** Well at least it's fish and not fried rubber that we serve.

**Mick:** Give us some money then, Rosy.

**Rosy:** Here's two bob. Vinegar's one and seven, so make sure you bring back five pence change and don't spend it on bubblegum.

**Mick:** Anything you say, little Miss Purse-strings. Girls .... blimey! You coming Seth? Leave them to chat about the Beatles.

**Seth:** Don't mention The Beatles, they'll start screaming.

*(SETH skates off backwards and is caught by MICK. Exeunt).*

**Carol:** Boys are so stupid. Anyway, I've grown out of The Beatles now they've gone all Eastern and Flower-power and all that.

**Rosy:** Yes, my tastes are a bit more sophisticated now. But oh, isn't Paul handsome! *(They both sigh heavily).*

*(Enter OLIVE looking tired and dishevelled, her worldly possessions in a plastic bag. She is looking at a piece of paper).*

**Olive:** (*approaching girls*) Excuse me. I'm looking for Number Thirteen, Grafton Place. It's a sweet shop. Do you know it?

**Carol:** Well this is Grafton Place and that's Number Thirteen, but it sure as anything isn't a sweet shop.

**Olive:** Oh.

**Rosy:** Look, if it's just some sweets you want, I've got some Rolos.

**Olive:** No, it's not that. I was told I could get some work there and somewhere to stay.

**Carol:** Well I think you've been sold a dummy. As you can see for yourself, it's not a sweet shop. Mind you we've never found out what it is exactly. The same person owns all these buildings. What's his name, Rosy?

**Rosy:** Santana.

**Carol:** That's right. Santana. Yuck! A nasty piece of work from what I've heard. Anyway, he owns all these buildings this side of Grafton Place and we think he uses the middle one as some sort of a warehouse. Most of the stuff goes in and out at the back where there is always a guard. You hardly ever see anyone going in this way, and those you do aren't the sort you want to stop and chat to if you know what I mean.

**Rosy:** Certainly something happens there. If you listen carefully you can hear a muffled clanking that goes on all through the night. What's your name?

**Olive:** Olive.

**Rosy:** Well I'm Rosy and this is Carol. We work there and there.

(*Enter MICK and SETH*)

**Rosy:** And these two idiots are Seth and Mick. This is Olive. She's looking for Number Thirteen. Says it's a sweet shop. Where's the change?

(*MICK blows a bubble*).

**Seth:** There's a sweet shop in Carnaby Street, that way, and one in Kingly Street, that way, but not here. Why do you want it, if that's not a silly question?

**Olive:** Well .... I ....

**Carol:** She was told she could get some work there and somewhere to stay. Who told you?

**Olive:** Well ... it was this boy at Euston Station. He just came up to me and asked if I was looking for somewhere to stay.

**Mick:** Are you new in town then?

**Olive:** Yes .... I ....

**Seth:** Where's your home? Why have you come to London?

**Rosy:** Oh shut up. Can't you see she's upset? Come on, Olive, you can tell us. It's all right.

**Olive:** Promise you won't give me away?

**Mick:** Don't be daft. What have you done .... murdered someone?

**Olive:** I ran away. I was at this orphanage in the country. I saved up enough money to get a train to London.

**Seth:** Why did you run away? Did they beat you?

**Olive:** No.

**Seth:** Did you have to work all day every day with no holidays?

**Olive:** No .... I ....

**Seth:** Well?

**Olive:** I couldn't stand the food. There was so much of it and we had to eat everything we were given. It used to make me sick.

*(Enter MURPHY).*

**Murphy:** Oi! Are you two ever going to do any work or am I supposed to do everything myself? *(Exit).*

**Carol:** We'd better go too. Hey look, Olive, we finish work at about ten. If you've had no luck by then, come into one of the fish shops and we'll look after you.

**Olive:** Thanks. You're very kind.

**Rosy:** See you later maybe.

*(Exeunt except OLIVE)*

**MUSIC 2: DON'T POINT THOSE EYES AT ME**

**Olive:** *Taking a train and coming to London, starting out again  
No one to help me along but I'm going to see it through  
Thousands of faces, so many people, rush from A to B  
No time for anyone else, and all of them frown  
Always look down, Oh what a town!  
I could lie here dead in the street  
Ignored by all of the feet  
'Cos no one even wants to know that I'm here  
I'm not after the big time  
Come on give me a break, I'm  
Not here asking for all that much  
.... just a bed  
.... just a place*

*.... just a face  
Taking a train and coming to London, starting out again  
But you pass on by .... look away .... carry on  
And whatever else you do don't point those eyes at me.*

*Starting out over, trying to make it, nothing wrong in that  
I've got nobody to care if I make it or I disappear  
Who would have thought that so many people make you feel alone  
They have their own little world; they shut it away,  
Nothing to say, out of the way  
"Don't disturb" signs hang on their places,  
"Keep out" stamped on their faces  
Just pretend that you're not here. Go away.  
All I need is an opening  
Something worth all the hoping.  
I'm not asking for all that much  
.... just a bed  
.... just a place  
.... just a face  
Starting out over, trying to make it, nothing wrong in that  
But you pass on by .... look away .... carry on  
And whatever else you do don't point those eyes at me.*

*(Enter FIZZ).*

**Fizz:** Oh ho, so you got here then!

**Olive:** Yes, but look, this is the address you told me to come to but where's the sweet shop?

**Fizz:** Sweet shop?

**Olive:** Yes. You wrote it down here. The sweet shop, Number Thirteen, Grafton Place, and told me to give it to a man who would be outside, but there wasn't a man here.

**Fizz:** Yes, I couldn't get hold of Finkerman to tell him to meet you. Sweet shop! That says SWEAT Shop, you green little thing!

**Olive:** What do you mean? And where is it? This doesn't look much like any sort of shop to me.

**Fizz:** Ah well no. It's .... um .... just being redecorated you see. Anyway, you'd better come along with me and meet the Boss. And then we'll get you comfortably settled into this .... er .... "sweet shop" Come on, little girl.

*(Exeunt. As OLIVE and FIZZ exeunt, DORIS appears with two mugs of tea. MARIGOLD appears).*

**Doris:** 'Ere you are, Marigold.

**Marigold:** Ta, love.

*(Lights).*

**Marigold:** Oh blinkin' 'eck! I can't see nuffink. You 'aven't missed much. They sang this song about Dickens I think .... "If you could see us today ...."

**Doris:** No don't sing, Marigold. It's not your strongest point.

**Marigold:** Charming! Well anyway they're in this street, just off of Carnaby Street - you know, flower-power 'n all that. Then this Olive girl arrives what's run away from an orfnige, but it looks like she's fell into evil 'ands.

**Doris:** 'Ees good, that Dickens. First modern novelist to consider the implications of a class structure in which poverty and cruelty played such an important part in the discontents of the urban civilization.

**Marigold:** Yes .... Mind you, I don't think it is that Dickens fink after all cos I saw that at the flicks and it's not the same.

*(Lights).*

**Marigold:** Oh! Off we go again. Come on Doris, get out the road.

*SCENE 2: The office of BOSS SNAKEYES SANTANA.*

*(Also present are his sidekick, AL FINKERMAN; CATTLEPUNCH CUTTLER, a boxer / bodyguard and MILLY, the Moll).*

**Santana:** There you are, Cattlepunch *(giving him two notes from a wad)*.

**Cattle.:** It doesn't seem very much, Boss.

**Santana:** What! He was only in the ring with you for nine seconds before you knocked him out. You can't expect more than that for nine seconds' work.

**Cattle.:** But I'm supposed to knock them down aren't I, Boss?

**Santana:** Yes, you clever boy. That's why I'm giving you so much money.

**Cattle.:** Oh. Thanks, Boss.

**Santana:** (to MILLY) There you are, Doll, buy yourself a new smile.

**Milly:** Wow, thanks.

**Santana:** Now, Finkerman; where are those plans of Grafton Place? Number Thirteen is doing so well we must expand it.

**Fink.:** There you are, Snakeyes.

**Santana:** Mmm. (*Showing plans*) Now, I own these three premises, Right?

**Fink.:** Right, Boss.

**Santana:** Tell me again: that's Number Thirteen, what are those two?

**Fink.:** Harry's Fish Bar and The Piece of Cod.

**Santana:** Right. Seems daft anyway, two fish and chip shops almost next to each other.

**Fink.:** They both do well: one gets the customers from Carnaby Street on this side, the other from Kingly Street on that side.

**Santana:** Well one of them's going to have to go. The flower-power shirts are selling so well we can't make enough of them just in Number Thirteen. Fizz will have to get some more kids for Laslo's crew when we expand.

**Cattle.:** I don't think it's fair.

**Santana:** What?

**Cattle.:** Using kids like slaves.

**Santana:** I don't pay you to think, Cattlepunch Cuttler. I pay you to box and be my bodyguard.

**Fink.:** Which of the chippies are you going to close down, Snakeyes?

**Santana:** Well now, they both do well, you say. But we must have more room to expand the sweat shop. I'll tell you what! We'll give them one month and at the end of that we'll look at the books and whichever has done best, we'll close down the other.

**Fink.:** Good thinking, Boss.

**Santana:** Yup. Ah, the beauty of bricks and mortar! That was the best thing my daddy ever told me: 'Put your money in bricks and mortar, son.' Can't go wrong. When they ask me how I started out on the road to success, do you know what I'm going to say?

**Milly:** You robbed a bank.

**Santana:** I robbed a bank .... Hell, no! That was just a little .... mm .... capital raising venture to get me started. No, I shall tell them how I used to make mud-pies in the back yard at home and build them into little houses. Bricks and mortar, just like my daddy used to tell me. And now those little mud-pies are half of London.

MUSIC 3: **BRICKS AND MORTAR**

**Santana:** *Some put money in shares and stocks  
What a shock if your money goes down down down  
Like a bucket in a well, well you won't catch me  
Cos I put my cash in something I can see*

*Nothing is safe you can bet your boots  
If you dream up a scheme for making some loot  
When the ink's still wet on the cheque there's trouble  
And the scheme goes pop like a South Sea Bubble.*

(Spoken): Bit of history.

**Chorus:** *One day we'll soon be walking on the moon  
But there'll be no end to the property boom  
Everybody's got to have a roof on top  
And a place to live they can call a home.*

(During the song, enter FIZZ with OLIVE).

**Santana:** *My friend Jim, what a dim dim bo  
Bought what he thought was a Michaelangelo  
Thought he'd make a packet like a piece of cake  
Till he found that the thing was a useless fake*

(Spoken): Silly boy.  
*You won't get far by chucking in the towel  
Take a trowel, take a bowl of cement and water  
Stick it in a brick like a good man ought to  
Rule one: bricks and mortar,*

**Chorus:** *One day we'll soon be walking on the moon  
But there'll be no end to the property boom  
Everybody's got to have a roof on top  
And a place to live they can call a home.*

**Santana:** *Ever play Monopoly? Me, I did  
And I bought bought bought and I bid bid bid  
Mayfair, Soho, got 'em on the cheap cheap  
Sat in prison and made a heap heap*

(Spoken): Cheated of course.

*Now that I'm a big boy I play for real  
I graft and I push and I wheel and deal  
So look at me now with a big cigar  
Bricks and mortar.*

**Chorus:** *One day we'll soon be walking on the moon  
But there'll be no end to the property boom  
Everybody's got to have a roof on top  
And a place to live they can call a home.*

**Santana:** *You can't go wrong with bricks and mortar.*

**Santana:** What you got there, Fizz?

**Fizz:** Another poor lost, homeless little soul, Boss!

**Santana:** Good work, Fizz! I was just saying we'd need some more kids. Is she traceable?

**Fizz:** Don't reckon so. Found her wandering around Euston Station. Thinks she's going to a 'sweet' shop!

**Santana:** Ah! What's your name, my dear?

**Olive:** Olive.

**Santana:** Well, Olive, I'm Mr. Santana. Where do you live? Where are your parents?

**Olive:** I don't know: in Russia somewhere, I think. I was born in Czechoslovakia and I've been at an orphanage since my granny died two years ago.

**Santana:** And you ran away to find fame and fortune in the bright lights of the City! Oh, better and better. What number will she be, Finkerman?

**Fink.:** Number 17.

**Milly:** Give her a chance, Snakeyes, please.

**Santana:** Sure, I'll give her a chance - to be useful. Well, Number seventeen, welcome to my empire. In a few hours time you'll be wishing you'd stayed at the orphanage, but that's life!

**Olive:** Well, thank you for your kind offer, Mr. Santana, but I don't think I really want to work for you after all.

**Santana:** I'm afraid that what you want to do doesn't come into it, little girl. We'll take her down to the sweat shop .... the "sweet shop" .... Finkerman. She can start tonight. I'll just phone the managers of the chippies to tell them they've got a month of fighting for their livelihoods ahead of them. And at the end the month, one of them goes under!

*(Lights).*

**Marigold:** Right little lot we've got there, Doris.

**Doris:** A rats' nest if ever I saw one.

**Marigold:** Up to no good, that Snakeyes bloke, if you ask me.

**Doris:** Very good example, really.

**Marigold:** What's that, Doris?

**Doris:** Of the microcosm of a weary, stale, profit-conscious world in which the only hope for the future lies in individual regeneration.

**Marigold:** Don't think I could've put it better meself, Doris.

**Doris:** 'Ees a big boy, that boxer bloke, inne! Reminds me of my boy, Albert.

**Marigold:** What, likely to end up in nick, you mean.

**Doris:** Sauce! No .... all heart: a big softie.

**Marigold:** 'Ere. Lot of banging going on behind us.

**Doris:** Better get orf before we get caught up in it.

*SCENE 3: Grafton Place that evening.*

*(A few people are drifting by. The HARE KRISHNA sect [shorn heads and yellow robes] enter and start up their dirge - Hare, Hare, Hare etc.... Someone stops and they try to convert him as the Salvation Army enter with drums etc. singing "O God our help in ages past". This develops into a singing duel with the two songs eventually running together. Both eventually sit down exhausted and eat sandwiches).*

*(Lights. Enter MURPHY and HARRY).*

**Murphy:** I suppose Mr. Santana phoned you as well.

**Harry:** Yes. What are we going to do?

*(ROSY, SETH, MICK and CAROL drift on).*

**Murphy:** Well, the way I see it, at the end of the month one of us is going to be without a job.

**Harry:** But why? That's what I don't understand. There's always been two chippies in Grafton Place, certainly since Santana bought the freehold, and we've always had a successful and friendly rivalry.

**Murphy:** 'Economic streamlining' he said to me; whatever that means.

**Harry:** I suppose that it means that at the end of the month one of us stays and one

of us goes.

**Murphy:** Well I can't afford to be without a job.

**Harry:** Nor me.

**Murphy:** So ....

**Harry:** So .... it's a commercial duel. I'm sorry, Murphy, I've always got along with you, but it's war now. I'll do nothing unfair, but I've got to get in more customers than you.

**Murphy:** (to MICK and ROSY) Advertising! See what you can think up.

(Enter SANDWICH MAN).

**S. Man:** The end of the world is nigh. Prepare ye for the tumult of Armageddon ....

(MURPHY talks briefly to him then rips off the message on one of the boards and on the blank paper beneath writes: "The Piece of Cod leaves all others standing!" Meanwhile HARRY, SETH and CAROL are negotiating with the HARE KRISHNA Singers).

**Krishnas:** *Hurry, hurry hurry, hurry hurry to Harry's Fish Bar etc.*

(The reverse now happens. HARRY and co. write on the other side of the SANDWICH MAN's board; MURPHY and Co. negotiate with SALVATION ARMY ....).

**S. Army:** *O Piece of Cod in ages past  
Thy chips the finest were  
With oil my sole anoint, and cast  
Some salt and vinegar*

(This develops into another singing duel. Exeunt the HARES and the SALVATION ARMY).

**Seth:** Well this is a right turn up. Us against you.

**Rosy:** I don't want to lose my job, I'm saving up to go to college.

**Carol:** It's Harry I feel sorry for. He's been running this place for years.

**Mick:** It's not fair, is it.

**Seth:** Anyway we've got to get the takings up.

(Enter a HIPPIE and GIRLFRIEND).

**Seth:** Excuse me, Sir; wouldn't you like to try our excellent fish and chips?

**Hippy:** Right on, man. Peace.

**Carol:** I wouldn't bother, Seth. Those ones are all vegetarians.

**Mick:** Best chips in London if you step this way, brother.

**Girl:** Fab.

**Hippy:** I mean, it's a heavy scene, man.

**Rosy:** Hang on. Er .... like, hey, you cool dudes, are you into like organic food, man? Like ecology, man; you know, potato power?

**Hippy:** Oh wow! Right on. That's beautiful, sister. Stroll on Mother Earth. That grabs me.

**Girl:** Gear. Let it all hang out.

*(ROSE leads them to MURPHY's).*

**Rosy:** *(to others)* You jerks are just too heavy. Peace, man!

*(SETH has accosted a BUSINESS MAN).*

**Seth:** Wouldn't it give you some good vibes, brother, to boogie on down into some fab fish and a few hip chips?

**B. Man:** They should never have ended conscription. You punky little junky.

*(Enter SANTANA with FINKERMAN, CATTLEPUNCH and OLIVE. He is motioning FINKERMAN to take her round the back).*

**Carol:** That's Mr. Santana, the owner, isn't it?

**Santana:** .... and check that the bouncers at the back are being vigilant.

*(Exeunt FINKERMAN, CATTLEPUNCH and OLIVE).*

**Mick:** Yes. And what's he doing with that girl Olive?

**Carol:** Be careful what you say, Seth.

**Seth:** *(to SANTANA)* Why are you going to close down one of our shops?

**Santana:** Who are you?

**Rosy:** We work at them.

**Santana:** Oh I see. Business reasons, kiddies, and none of your business.

**Seth:** I should say that losing our jobs was very much our business.

**Mick:** What were you doing with .... *(CAROL kicks him)*

**Carol:** Who was that little girl you were with just now, Mr. Santana?

**Santana:** Oh .... er that was my secretary's little niece; we were just taking her for a walk in the park. Now, while I'm here I might as well have a look at these properties of mine.

*(Exit SANTANA into one of the shops).*

**Seth:** What's going on? That was Olive, and if she's his secretary's little niece, then I'm a fried haddock.

**Carol:** There's something very odd going on, that's for sure.

**Mick:** You didn't have to kick me so hard.

**Rosy:** Very, very fishy.

**Seth:** *(smelling himself)* Well what do you expect?

*(Lights).*

**Marigold:** I could just fancy a nice portion of cod and chips right now, couldn't you, Doris?

**Doris:** Don't tempt me, Marigold. I'm on a diet. Lettuce leaves and crackers for me tonight.

**Marigold:** What, you? Thin as a rake you are already. Lose any more and you won't have to open a door to get through it.

**Doris:** It's me condition.

**Marigold:** Oh .... Elsie's still got 'er condition.

**Doris:** Mmm. 'Ere Marigold?

**Marigold:** Yes Doris?

**Doris:** Do you think it's safe 'ere? I mean, it's awful dark. We might get knocked orf the stage or mugged or something.

**Marigold:** You got yer broom, ain't yer.

**Doris:** I 'ope we get a nice happy tune in the next bit. I like a nice tune to sing along with.

**Marigold:** I was in the choir at our church when I was a little girl. Can you imagine that: me in the choir!

**Doris:** No.

*SCENE 4: The sweat shop - the basement beneath number thirteen.*

*(Several small CHILDREN in a sort of uniform are working robotically at a bank of machines which produce flower-power shirts. A tread-mill of sorts is involved. Cloth is cut, dipped, folded etc. in time with the music. LASLO, a gin-sodden overseer slumbers in an armchair).*

MUSIC 4: DEPRESSION

The sweat shop } *Depression*  
boys and girls: } *Depression*

*Depression, from dark to dawn*  
*Working until our hands are worn*  
*Working all through the long and weary night.*  
*Wishing that we had not been born*  
*Wishing that we could stop to yawn*  
*Wishing the overseer might make an oversight.*

*All we eat is cold rice pud*  
*They seem to think it makes us good*  
*And gives us strength to work the whole night through.*

*Depression, we get no pay*  
*Never get a chance to run away*  
*Never get a chance to live before we die*  
*Can't remember friends or home, we*  
*We haven't anyone we're quite alone, cos*  
*No one even knows that we are here.*

*Depression, depression, depression, depression.*

*(Enter FINKERMAN, manhandling OLIVE, and CATTLEPUNCH. the children continue to work mechanically. FINKERMAN kicks LASLO awake).*

**Fink.:** Take a break, brats, I can't hear myself think. Get a grip, Laslo, the Boss'll be here in a minute.

*(Enter KITTY, LASLO's wife)*

**Kitty:** What's this! Another precious little blossom come to join us? Aren't you a lovely little ducky then!

**Olive:** I don't want to stay here, I want ....

*(KITTY slaps her viciously).*

**Kitty:** Don't open your mouth except to breathe, you little worm.

**Fink.:** Number seventeen is she, Laslo?

**Laslo:** Er .... yes .... um, seventeen, Mr. Finkerman, that's right.

*(Enter SANTANA).*

**Santana:** What's production running at, Laslo?

**Laslo:** Er .... nearly five hundred a night, Boss.

**Santana:** Any problems with the kids?

**Laslo:** No. Me and Kitty watch 'em pretty good. Work all night; sleep all day.

**Santana:** We'll be expanding soon. I'm going to knock into one of the basements to the side and we'll be able to double production. Beautiful, isn't it: no labour costs, no transport costs, just up to Carnaby Street and the tourists do the rest. Five hundred satisfied customers a day, even if the shirts do fall to pieces in a fortnight. Beautiful little operation. Right, carry on. *(Exiting)* Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful ....

*(Exeunt SANTANA, CATTLE, FINK. Lights).*

**Marigold:** Poor little beggars, shut up down in that basement. I nearly went in there and gave those blokes what for!

**Doris:** You can't do that, Marigold.

**Marigold:** Well it's not right, is it?

**Doris:** It's a story, Marigold, you mustn't take it to heart. I mean, where would we be if people started interrupting plays because they didn't like what was going on. What would happen if Juliet says, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo," and some geezer pipes up, 'Right below you, you blind bint, so let 'im in before 'ee catches 'is death.' Or Oliver Twist goes up and asks for more and someone says, 'Ere you are, son; 'ere's half a packet of wine gums. Shut up and eat them and you won't get into trouble.'

**Marigold:** I see what you mean. Still. Funny name, Laslo. Foreign. Polish or something. You know that old bloke what runs the newsagents?

**Doris:** Stan?

**Marigold:** Yes. 'Ees Polish. Stanislas or something 'is name is. Came over 'ere in the war and stayed.

**Doris:** Well I never! Speaks good English, dunnee.

**Marigold:** Mmm. But you can tell 'ees foreign.

**Doris:** How's that?

**Marigold:** 'Ee opens the door for me when I go down to get the Sunday papers.

*SCENE 5: Grafton Place, early next morning.*

*(Enter, yawning, SETH, CAROL, MICK, ROSY).*

**Mick:** Harry got you on an early start as well, has he?

**Seth:** Yup. We've got to scrub out the whole place.

**Rosy:** From top to bottom.

**Carol:** Side to side.

**Seth:** End to end.

**Mick:** Floor to ceiling.

**Rosy:** And for two of us it's all a waste of time.

*(A tapping is heard).*

**Seth:** I want to go back to bed.

**Carol:** Ssh. What's that?

**Mick:** What's what?

**Carol:** That tapping.

**Mick:** It's coming from under this man-hole. Here, give me a hand.

*(MICK and SETH lift the man-hole cover. SETH lies on his belly and peers down).*

**Seth:** Hello? is anyone down there? .... Good Lord! .... it's what's-her-name, Olive. What are you doing in there? .... I can't hear properly, speak up. I see .... the overseer's asleep? What overseer? .... she says it's a sweat shop .... slave labour.

**Mick:** Get her out of there!

**Seth:** Olive, come up here .... Oh, she can't. All the kids are tied together and the last one's tied to the overseer.

**Carol:** All the kids?

**Seth:** They're meant to be asleep. She's the last on the line and has managed to get the inspection hatch into this drain off. Hang on....she wants a knife to cut the ropes. Give us your penknife.

**Mick:** There. Is she coming up? *(Giving knife to SETH who hands it down).*

**Seth:** .... Four o'clock tomorrow afternoon when the woman's out .... all seventeen of them .... up this manhole. She's gone.

**Carol:** Didn't she say anything else?

**Seth:** Just something about "Santana".

**Rosy:** I said there was something fishy going on.

**Mick:** Let's get this straight: that Olive girl who was here yesterday is down in

some basement with a load of other kids who are being forced to work for Santana?

**Carol:** At night I expect. That's the noises we sometimes hear.

**Rosy:** But slave labour went out a hundred years ago.

**Seth:** If they're all like Olive, who's going to trace them?

**Mick:** What's more to the point is we've got to be here to help them out tomorrow afternoon. Hey! Isn't it tomorrow afternoon that the Maharishi bloke's coming to Carnaby Street?

**Rosy:** Who?

**Carol:** The Maharishi Mushi. He's one of those Eastern Religions nutters who go around saying "make peace, not war". You know, Hara Krishna and all that.

**Seth:** And he does pretty well out of it too. Apparently he's got about twenty Rolls Royces.

**Mick:** Sounds like a good job! But anyway, how are we going to get Olive and the other kids out with half the population of London milling about?

**Seth:** We'll think of something. Watch it: rozzers!

*(Enter POLICE INSPECTOR and P.C.).*

**Insp.:** Any of you seen a young girl walking around this area on her own? There was a reported sighting yesterday.

**Carol:** About eight years old? So high? Brown hair?

**Insp.:** That sounds like her!

**Rosy:** No we haven't seen her.

**Insp.:** Oh. Well, if you do, give the local station a ring. It's very important we find her.

*(Exeunt POLICE).*

**Mick:** Blimey! That must be Olive. Now what?

**Seth:** Why do you suppose they want her?

**Mick:** Perhaps she has murdered someone.

**Rosy:** More likely they just want to send her back to the orphanage. Poor girl. Talk about out of the frying pan into the fire.

*(Enter STREET CHARACTERS).*

**Carol:** Anyway, the day would now appear to be officially under way. We'll meet up at lunchtime.

*MUSIC 5: CARNABY STREET.*

**Chorus:** *Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
Let the whole world know  
Get a grip of the swing, it's a happening thing  
You can go, man, go.  
Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
Get a grip of the swing, it's a happening thing  
Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
You can go, man, go.*

**Group 1:** *Want to buy a motor, nice four-wheeler  
Nothing on the clock and a reputable dealer  
Such a lovely line it'll make you want to feel her  
Only one owner, loved it like a baby  
Not a single mark, not even a maybe  
Really just the job for a gent or lady  
We put the car in Carnaby Street, so  
Snap it up John before we go to Soho*

**Chorus:** *Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
Let the whole world know  
Get a grip of the swing, it's a happening thing  
You can go, man, go.*

**Group 2:** *Jewelry, fine jewelry  
The brightest and the best  
Bangles of gold and ivory  
Spangles all bright and silvery  
Jewelry, fine jewelry  
The brightest and the best  
Bangles of gold and ivory  
Spangles all bright and silvery  
Try one, then buy one, and put it to the test.*

**Chorus:** *Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
Let the whole world know  
Get a grip of the swing, it's a happening thing  
You can go, man, go.*

**Group 3:**        *Quality shirt, buy a quality shirt, none of yer cheap junk ‘ere*  
                      *Made by hand in India*  
                      *Lighter than the wind they are*  
                      *Quality shirt, buy a quality shirt, none of yer cheap junk ‘ere*  
                      *Made by hand in India*  
                      *Lighter than the wind they are*  
                      *Feel the texture.*

**Chorus:**        *Here in Carnaby Street it’s the heart of the beat*  
                      *Let the whole world know*  
                      *Get a grip of the swing, it’s a happening thing*  
                      *You can go, man, go.*

**Group 4:**        *Turn away, turn away*  
                      *Turn away from all the sin of the city*  
                      *God will show you where the profit lies*

**Chorus:**        *Here in Carnaby Street it’s the heart of the beat*  
                      *Let the whole world know*  
                      *Get a grip of the swing, it’s a happening thing*  
                      *You can go, man, go.*

**Group 5:**        *Hare, Hare*  
                      *The East is calling to your spirit*  
                      *If you just shave your head like*  
                      *Hare Hare*  
                      *The East is calling to your spirit*  
                      *If you just shave your head like*  
                      *Hare Hare*  
                      *Wear a flower and feel the power*

**All:**              *Here in Carnaby Street it’s the heart of the beat*  
                      *Let the whole world know*  
                      *Get a grip of the swing, it’s a happening thing*  
                      *You can go, man, go.*

**All:** *(Five groups in harmony):*

**Group 1:**        *Want to buy a motor, nice four-wheeler ....*

**Group 2:**        *Jewelry, fine jewelry ....*

**Group 3:**        *Quality shirt, buy a quality shirt ....*

**Group 4:** *Turn away, turn away ....*

**Group 5:** *Hare, Hare ....*

**All:** *Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
Let the whole world know  
Get a grip of the swing, it's a happening thing  
You can go, man, go  
Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
Get a grip of the swing, it's a happening thing  
Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
You can go, man, go.*

*(Shouted):* Go!

**Marigold:** 'Arf time, Doris. Let's go down to the bar 'n 'ave a quickie.

**Doris:** I wish they'd put the blinking lights on.

*(House lights).*

**END OF ACT I**

## ACT II

*SCENE 1. That night. An attic room somewhere in London.*

*(Around a table are seated five Anarchists: RUDI, TARQUIN, MARTHA, MAURICE and TOM).*

**Rudi:** Right. You all know why we're here.

**Others:** *(pause)* Well, not really .... no .... no idea etc.

**Rudi:** Well, we are the West One Cell of the Pan-European Anti-Privilege, Anti-Religion, and Anti All Other Forms of Social Inequality and Social Injustice; or PEA PAR AOFSIASI for short.

**Tarquin:** Why?

**Rudi:** Because that's what we are, isn't it - anti-privilege, anti-religion and anti all other forms of social inequality and social injustice.

**Tarquin:** No, I mean, why the PEA PAR AOFSIASI?

**Rudi:** It's an acronym, brother Tarquin.

**Tarquin:** Oh I see.

**Rudi:** Good, now ....

**Tarquin:** What's an acronym?

**Rudi:** Well - it's a name made out of the initial letters of the organization. Like....NUT stands for the National Union of Teachers, you see. N.U.T. Now can we get on. We have seen in Paris this year the effect of organized revolution as a means of orchestrated anarchy and ....

**Tarquin:** Excuse me for butting in again like this, old chap, but isn't it a bit of a mouthful?

**Rudi:** What?

**Tarquin:** Well, I mean it takes a bit of the credibility out of it, a name like that. Can you imagine it: "This is the B.B.C. news. A bomb exploded in Buckingham Palace this afternoon killing at least three thousand people including the entire Royal Family and the whole Cabinet who were visiting. A telephone caller later claimed that the PEA PAR AOFSIASI were responsible."

**Tom:** He's got a point, you know. Most anarchist groups have short, punchy names like "The Red Brigade"; "The Angry Brigade" or "Baader Meinhof" or something.

**Martha:** How about something romantic like "The Velvet Fist"?

**Tarquin:** Shouldn't that be "The Iron Fist"? You see the expression is "an iron fist in a velvet glove".

**Tom:** A bit like "a sheep in wolf's clothing", yes.

**Maurice:** How about "The Iron Sheep"?

**Martha:** Or "The Velvet Wolf"! That's good.

**Tarquin:** No, I still like "The Iron Fist".

**Rudi:** Oh, for God's sake, we'll never get anywhere if we carry on like this.

**Maurice:** (*pause*) I thought we were against him.

**Rudi:** Who?

**Maurice:** God.

**Rudi:** Yes, well, we are. It was just an expression, brother Maurice. Now ....

**Maurice:** I'm against names.

**Rudi:** What?

**Maurice:** I'm against names. Names are hooks upon which hang the trappings of class.

**Tarquin:** Just because you've got a silly name like Maurice.

**Maurice:** Hark who's talking! I mean, "Tarquin" simply reeks of the aristocracy - public school, cucumber sandwiches on the lawn and the privileged click of croquet balls ....

**Tarquin:** You leave my public school out of it.

**Tom:** But you were expelled, weren't you?

**Tarquin:** Only for making a bit of a bang in the stinks lab.

**Martha:** If we put "and Anti-Names" on the end we'd be the PEA PAR AOFSIASIAN.

**Rudi:** I think, brothers and sisters, if I may use such a form of address, that as your cell leader I am about to get very cross.

**Tarquin:** What's more, I was jolly good at croquet.

**Rudi:** Oh I give up! Let's go down and get some fish and chips and we can try later.

*(Exeunt. Lights).*

**Marigold:** 'Ere, Doris? where are you? .... Doris? .... Oh blimey, she must be still at the booze.

*SCENE 2. Inside the two fish and chip shops. The two counters are near the front with a small box set representing Number Thirteen between them.*

*(Behind one counter, HARRY, SETH and CAROL. Behind the other MURPHY, MICK and ROSY. Customers come and go, including MARIGOLD and ANARCHISTS).*

MUSIC 6: COD 'N CHIPS

**Group 1:** *White and gold, sitting in a newspaper  
They don't grow old like those who swim free  
Shoal by shoal they live for today  
Perfection sealed in oil and page three*

*Crisp and hot, on a bed of potato  
Their happy lot is frying tonight  
Shoal by shoal they live for today  
To give you joy with every bite*

**Group 2:** *Gadus morhua linnaeus or callarium  
Solanaceae solanum tuberosium  
Glory to the humble cod and chip  
Happy culinary fellowship  
Batter and baste, add salt to taste*

**All:** *(in harmony):*

**Group 1:** *Cod and chips, what a miracle flavour  
For three-and-six you'll dine like a king  
Cod and chips, a meal to savour  
To the cod we gratefully sing.*

**Group 2:** *Gadus morhua linnaeus or callarium  
Solanaceae solanum tuberosium  
Glory to the humble cod and chip, happy fellowship  
Every single day another million.*

*(Lights).*

**Marigold:** Have a chip, Doris. Go on. One won't do you any harm.

**Doris:** Oh, all right then. Mmm, good aren't they.

**Marigold:** I've lost the gist of this lark a bit. Who were that lot round the table having an argument?

**Doris:** Bolshies or somesuch. It's a sub-plot.

**Marigold:** Oh. Sub-plot. What's a sub-plot then?

**Doris:** It's like a sort of secondary story, seemingly unconnected with the main theme but nevertheless bearing an essential relationship to it. It'll probably surface at the denouement and become entwined with the other bits.

**Marigold:** Oh .... They are good chips, aren't they?

SCENE 3. BOSS SANTANA's office, the same evening.

(CATTLEPUNCH, FINKERMAN and MILLY are discovered).

**Cattle.:** It's not right, you know.

**Fink.:** What ain't right, Cattlepunch?

**Cattle.:** Those kids. It's cruel.

**Fink.:** Who cares if it's cruel? It pays your salary. As Snakeyes said, it's a beautiful business. Five hundred fancy shirts a night for hardly any labour cost; out into Carnaby Street at dawn with no transport costs. Five quid profit a shirt. No wonder he wants to expand.

**Cattle.:** I really felt sorry for that little girl yesterday.

**Fink.:** You're just soft.

**Cattle.:** (*towering over him*) What?

(*Enter SANTANA*).

**Santana:** Now, now, boys! What's the problem?

**Fink.:** Nothing, Boss.

**Santana:** We can't have the peace and quiet of the family home upset, can we? If there's a problem, spit it out.

**Fink.:** It's just that Cattlepunch is troubled in his great big, soft heart by the fact that Number Thirteen is not Butlin's Holiday Camp.

**Santana:** Oh dear, I'm sorry that my little business methods don't meet with your approval. If you think you can afford to go against me, then just you go ahead. You can walk out of here right now, but I can't guarantee that I would manage to keep my big mouth shut about you-know-what if I happened to find myself talking to a policeman.

**Cattle.:** It was self-defence! You know that!

**Santana:** Oh, I know that, sure. But all the police know is that they're looking for the killer of an apparently innocent man. If I were to say that I might have been mistaken in my alibi for you, then you'd be in the slammer for thirty years. (*CATTLEPUNCH grabs him*). Oh yes, go on! You'd love to wouldn't you. (*CATTLEPUNCH releases him*). But you won't; you haven't got the guts. Now get out of here. Finkerman go and get me some beer.

(*Exeunt FINKERMAN and CATTLEPUNCH. Santana speaks to MILLY*).

**Santana:** You're very quiet, my dear. What's going on in that pretty little head of yours?

**Milly:** Nothing.

**Santana:** Uhuh! Be nice to me, sweetheart, be nice!

**Milly:** You make me sick.

**Santana:** (*grabbing her arm*) Well I might make you sick, darling, but you just remember who you are: a cheap little nothing - a little speck of dirt. You owe me everything. I picked you out of the gutter and I can drop you back there whenever I want.

**Milly:** You're hurting me.

**Santana:** I'm so sorry, duchess. I couldn't hurt you: you haven't got any soul left to hurt. Where's that beer?

(*Exit SANTANA*).

*MUSIC 7: NOWHERE TO GO BUT DOWN*

**Milly:** *I packed my bags today  
I will tomorrow too  
There doesn't seem a lot to say  
I'd never see it through, so why  
Pretend that I could say goodbye*

*I've got my pride you know  
I won't be pushed around  
Huh. If saying is believing  
No point in looking down to see  
My words have made a clown of me*

*It might have been so different  
The way the dice can roll  
Me with my big ideas  
Drowned in my useless tears  
Nowhere to go  
Nowhere to go  
Nowhere to go but down*

*The cab is waiting still  
The meter set to run  
The clock upon the window sill  
Is waiting for the sun, and I  
Will hold the night within my eye*

*You make your luck they say  
But mine would always break  
I never hold the cards to play  
I always have to fake my hand  
But no one seems to understand*

*The door is still wide open  
I might still make the cab  
Head for the quiet somewhere  
Make a new start somewhere  
Where would I go?  
Where would I go?  
Nowhere to go but down*

*I packed my bags today  
I will tomorrow too  
There doesn't seem a lot to say  
I'd never see it through, so why  
Pretend that I could say goodbye  
No point in looking down to see  
My words have made a clown of me.*

*(Lights).*

SCENE 4. *The ANARCHISTS' attic.*

*(They are finishing their fish and chips).*

**Martha:** Well I still feel that something a little more catchy would be better .... something like "The Purple Butterfly".

**Rudi:** Now come on! We've agreed to hold no further discussion tonight on the question of our name. Anyway, I tend to agree with you, brother Maurice - sorry for using your name, Maurice, but I can't really think of an alternative, or at least I can, but anyway - I tend to agree with him that nomenclature is the domain of capitalist discrimination. What we're here to discuss is.... the Operation!

**Tarquin:** The biggie!

**Rudi:** Indeed. The elimination of no less a person than the Maharishi Mushi: a blow aimed at the very core of quasi-religious mind-bending that so undermines the pure concept of egalitarianism.

**Tarquin:** Eh?

**Rudi:** We're going to blow up the Maharishi Mushi.

**Tom:** But isn't he a man of peace?

**Rudi:** Oh no, brother. There you are deceived by the media - the fawning mouthpiece of the middle class. He is in fact an imperial lackey promulgating a utopian panacea designed to divert the minds of the people from the real issues of moment, at the moment.

**Tarquin:** I do wish you'd stop using all those long words, Rudi. Do I take it that we're against this Maharishi chappie?

**Rudi:** We are. You know you'll have to expand your revolutionary vocabulary, brother Tarquin. What I said was quite simple; he's an enemy of our movement.

**Tarquin:** Right. Well, let's pop his clogs for him.

**Rudi:** Did you get the gelly, Maurice?

**Maurice:** Yes. But I always get the dirty jobs. Why does it have to be me who makes the blasted bomb?

**Martha:** Cos you're the only one with an alarm clock.

**Rudi:** Now to the plan. The Maharishi's visit to Carnaby Street is scheduled for tomorrow afternoon. After a procession down the street he is due to address his followers (*consulting an A-Z*) in Grafton Place, a pedestrian precinct. The Police ....

**All:** Pigs! (*spit*)

**Rudi:** Sorry, the Pigs, (*spit*) have put him here to keep too large a crowd off the actual main road. He travels on a sort of curtained podium carried by four men. There should be no difficulty in slipping the bomb beneath him with all those people about.

**Tom:** What about security guards?

**Martha:** At every meeting he asks everyone to close their eyes and meditate or something for a minute. That's when you slip it under, Maurice.

**Maurice:** Me again.

**Rudi:** Right. When we get back after the bombing we'll have a fair and democratic vote to see who gets the job of phoning the press to claim responsibility. Now, as is our custom, we shall end with a rendition of our anthem.

*MUSIC 8: AT THE BARRICADES  
(THE ANARCHISTS)*

**Chorus A:** *What do we care for anybody else?  
We don't give a damn for all that's gone before  
Two thousand years of merciless repression  
Hasn't got a chance with us the day we go to war*

**Chorus B:** *Death to the plans of privileged corruption  
Tear down the law in all its awful shades  
Clench high the fist of chaos and destruction  
Rally round the flag and join us at the barricades*

**Group 1:** *I was sent to Eton for a proper education  
All the family's been there since the days before Stonehenge  
Sent back home and beaten for a minor detonation  
Now my life revolves around a chance to get revenge*

**Chorus A:** *What do we care for anybody else?  
We don't give a damn for all that's gone before  
Two thousand years of merciless repression  
Hasn't got a chance with us the day we go to war*

**Group 2:** *I was always taught that opportunity was equal  
But the grass is greener under other people's feet  
Death and revolution are the only real sequel  
If you can not join it then the system you must beat*

**Chorus B:** *Death to the plans of privileged corruption  
Tear down the law in all its awful shades  
Clench high the fist of chaos and destruction  
Rally round the flag and join us at the barricades*

**Group 3:** *We believe that nobody is better than another  
No one should be in the job of power like the police (spit)  
Everyone is equal like a sister or a brother  
Everyone is fascist who believes in filthy peace*

**All:** *What do we care for anybody else?  
We don't give a damn for all that's gone before*

*Two thousand years of merciless repression  
Hasn't got a chance with us the day we go to war  
Death to the plans of privileged corruption  
Tear down the law in all its awful shades  
Clench high the fist of chaos and destruction  
Rally round the flag and join us at the barricades.*

*(Lights).*

**Marigold:** Sub plot again there, Doris.

**Doris:** Right, Marigold.

**Marigold:** I been thinking, Doris.

**Doris:** Mmm?

**Marigold:** It does seem a bit daft having two chippies almost bang next door to each other.

**Doris:** That's yer artistic licence for you.

**Marigold:** I didn't know you had to have one of them. How much do they cost? Or does it depend on what your style is, like black and white or colour?

**Doris:** No, it's not a licence as in a permit.

**Marigold:** I was going to say, otherwise Shakespeare would have been bust before 'ee even started.

**Doris:** It's the freedom to take liberties with likelihood for the purposes of dramatic interest.

**Marigold:** Blimey! Bad as that Rudi bloke you are wiv all them long words. Still, you know your stuff, Doris. I'll say that for you.

**Doris:** I mean, your normal drab, everyday existence isn't what people want to come and see, is it? Imagine watching two hours of you doing the housework. Drama should take the mind out of the realms of the mundane via the vehicle of imagination.

**Marigold:** Are you bin watching that Open University lark again, Doris?

*SCENE 5. The sweat shop at dawn the next morning.*

*(THE KIDS are at the end of a hard day's night at the machines. LASLO is stirring).*

**Laslo:** Right you little baskets. Dawn. Time to knock off and get some sleep. How many, you?

**No. 14:** Er .... 487, Sir.

**Laslo:** What! Short again. Five hundred's the target. You know what that means, don't you! Yes! Extra rice pudding to feed you up so's you can work harder tonight.

*(Enter KITTY).*

**Laslo:** Ah, Kitty, my sweetling, extra rice pudding again this evening, please.

**Kitty:** Oh yes, my dove! That'll put some muscle on 'em. I shall have to get some more when I go shopping this afternoon. I'll go and put it on my list now.

*(Exit Kitty, kicking a kid).*

**Laslo:** Time to rope up. *(Starts to tie kids with single long rope)*

**No. 1:** Do we really have to have more rice pudding?

**Laslo:** You know the rules. You'll just have to work harder. Now, go to sleep and don't disturb me.

*(LASLO takes a huge slug of vodka and sinks into his armchair and instant sleep. After a moment the first kid in line inspects him for signs of life and then, satisfied, nods to the others. They draw into a huddle around OLIVE. They speak quietly).*

**No. 2:** So. It's all set then.

**No. 3:** Four o'clock, you say?

**Olive:** We cut the rope, then, through the inspection hatch and up the drain. My friends will be there to get us out, I hope.

**No. 4:** I'm so excited; I'll never be able to wait till then!

**No. 5:** What'll we do when we get out?

**Olive:** My friends will help us, I'm sure.

**No. 6:** I wonder what it will be like.

**No. 7:** Real fresh air!

**No. 8:** Real light!

**No. 9:** Real people!

**No.10:** I've been here so long I can't remember what real food tastes like!

**No.11:** Mars bars!

**No.12:** Baked beans!

**No.13:** And a real bed to sleep in!

MUSIC 9: CHILDREN OF DARKNESS

**Sweat Shop Kids:** *All we want is a chance to be free  
Feel the sunshine and run by the sea  
Dream of Christmas and birthdays and friends calling  
Mums to feed us and bonfires and snow falling  
Even school would be heaven to us  
Jokes to laugh at and teachers to fuss  
Somewhere to say "This is mine and mine only"  
Someone to say "You are mine", and love only me*

*All we want is a chance to be free  
Watching telly with ice-cream for tea  
Playing records and dancing to pop music  
Learning street-talk and learning to not use it  
Stay up late on a Saturday night  
Doing homework and getting it right  
Somewhere to say "This is mine, and mine only"  
Someone to say "You are mine", and love only me.*

*(Spoken):* We are the lost ones, the children of darkness  
Locked in a prison of everlasting night  
Doomed for eternity to loneliness and darkness  
Nobody to take our side and lead us to the light

*All we want is a chance to be free  
Someone somewhere is waiting for me  
Normal people, we don't want the best  
Normal children like all of the rest  
Running free with the wind in our hair  
Trusting someone and learning to care  
Somewhere to say "This is mine, and mine only"  
Someone to say "you are mine" and love only me.*

**Marigold:** Is this the fi-nar-lay coming up then do you reckon, Doris?

**Doris:** The denouement. That's French for the untying of the knot. In other words, revealing all.

**Marigold:** 'Ere. It's not one of them "Oh Calcutta" larks is it where they take all their clothes orf is it, this denouement thing?

**Doris:** No, Dickens didn't write nudey plays.

**Marigold:** Good, cos I don't hold with that sort of caper.

**Doris:** I can't quite see, myself, how they're going to manage to get those kids out. Rest assured it'll be an 'appy ending: they always are, these things.

**Marigold:** Romeo and Juliet wasn't. They both topped 'emselves. I saw it on the telly.

**Doris:** Yer wrong there, Marigold, because the sacrifices of the young star-crossed lovers purged the feud that had lain between their two families, but I know what you mean. I like a thing to turn out nicely. I hope that Santana gets what's coming to him.

**Marigold:** If 'ee doesn't I'll have something to say about it.

**Doris:** I 'ope it finishes soon, Marigold. There'll be 'ell to pay if my Fred gets 'ome and finds 'is dinner not ready.

*(During the next scene they remain on stage)*

SCENE 6. *Grafton Place Afternoon.*

*(CHIP SHOP KIDS on stage).*

MUSIC 10: **FLIP-FLOP** *[Instrumental]*  
*(DANCERS)*

**Rosy:** Perhaps we just ought to go the police and tell them everything.

**Carol:** No way! For a start we don't really know what is going on until we get hold of Olive and the others, and then what would happen to Olive anyway? We know they're looking for her.

**Seth:** We'll just have to think of something and trust to luck.

*(Enter MICK on skates).*

**Mick:** They're coming! The Maharishi bloke.

**Seth:** *(looking at watch)* Five to four! He couldn't have picked a worse time.

*(Chanting and shouting from off stage, which increases and the HARE KRISHNA singers burst on, dancing, singing and strewing flowers in a veritable frenzy of religious passion, followed by the MAHARISHI MUSHI perched on a curtain hung podium borne by his followers. The rest of the CHORUS follow*

*and take up positions as an audience. SETH, seeing an opportunity, grabs a camera and, indicating the light, signals to the bearers to move so that the podium is situated directly over the manhole. SETH takes a photograph as MUSHI poses aesthetically, then melts into the crowd which becomes silent).*

**Mushi:** Greetings, my children, and a jolly good afternoon to you. By gosh it's parky up here: let's not make it a long one, boys. A quick dose of peace and light and then let's get the hell out of here and back to the hotel. Now, my children, we will start with a moment's silent meditation .... chiefly so that I can think of something to say so that you'll all join my movement and give me lots of money. *(With conjoined fingers he goes into something of a trance)*

**Business-man:** *(after a moment)* What's the blighter up to?

**Marigold:** 'Ees medicating. Shut yer cake-'ole and pay attention.

*(A telephone rings. MUSHI picks up receiver from his cushion).*

**Mushi:** Hello, hello, Maharishi Mushi Peace and Light Show. Mushi here, please be speaking .... No, sell Australian gold and buy into nuclear fuel. I think they're going up. Thank you. Now, my children, welcome to the Maharishi Mushi Peace and Light Campaign brackets European Leg close brackets. Now, what, you may be asking yourselves, might all this be about. I ask myself the same thing every day and I still haven't got a blinking clue. But the point is this. When you take a look around .... no you silly billies, pay attention; I am speaking in metaphors. When you look around you, what do you see? You see greed and unhappiness which are the result of your Western civilization. I saw a Western on the telly only last night and all they did was pot off lots of Indians, which might be jolly good sport for you but it's pretty rotten for us chaps. Now then; what is the way out of your unhappiness you may ask. The answer is very simple, like most of you. All you have to do is jump on an aeroplane and come out to Tibet. As an official representative of the Tibetan Tourist Board I am able to offer you special discounts on the new Hippy Class Peace and Light Special Flights which you can book at your travel agents. Now, it's four o'clock and time for my cup of tea. So, just so that you feel you've got your money's worth we'll end up with a bit of tranci .... trashi .... what's it called?

*(His AIDE whispers to him).*

**Mushi:** Oh yes! Transcendental Meditation! I want you all to close your eyes and

do like me.

*(MUSHI holds his hands up, closes his eyes and starts to chant: 'Om. Om. Om...'*  
*The people follow. During this CAROL and ROSY go under the dais and one*  
*by one the sweat shop kids - coming up through the hole in the stage - appear*  
*and creep off. Exit FIZZ. Simultaneously MAURICE thrusts a hold-all -*  
*containing the bomb - beneath MUSHI on the other side. One of the first kids*  
*out appears with it in his hand and in passing, hangs it over MAURICE's arm*  
*while, with the others with fingers in ears, he meditates. When he becomes*  
*aware of it he looks at it.)*

**Maurice:** Oh that's kind. Someone's given me back my bag.

**Rudi:** What! You fool. The bomb!

*(MAURICE has lifted the bomb out. The alarm on the clock goes off. He stops it*  
*while the other anarchists cower away).*

**Maurice:** Blast. I must have wired it wrong.

**Tarquin:** Typical.

**Rudi:** *(snatching bomb)* But....what is this? It's....it's jelly!

**Maurice:** I could only get orange flavour at the supermarket. You told me to use  
jelly for the bomb, but you didn't say which flavour.

**Rudi:** I told you to get gelly, yes....gelignite!

**Maurice:** Oh silly me!

**Rudi:** *(as they chase him off)* You IDIOT.

*(Exeunt ANARCHISTS).*

**Mushi:** It never fails to give me a jolly good chuckle, seeing everyone do this. They  
look like a load of silly goldfish. *(Claps hands)* Righto! That'll do. You'll  
feel better now. Off we go, you fellows. Strike up the band. *(HARES chant*  
*off)* My word what a noise! Bye!

*(MUSHI waves to the crowd as he is borne off, preceded by the HARES and*  
*followed by most of the crowd. As the last two strategically placed crowd*  
*members depart they reveal the figure of LASLO, half out of the manhole).*

**Laslo:** Help. I'm stuck! *(ROSY and CAROL immediately go each side of him and*  
*stand on his hands)* Ow! Get off! You're standing on my hands!

**Seth:** Everyone out? *(To LASLO)* You, I presume, are the overseer of that sweat

shop down there. Right?

**Laslo:** I'm saying nothing.

*(The girls stamp on his hands)*

**Laslo:** Eeow! Yes!

**Seth:** And Snakeyes Santana is your boss, right?

**Laslo:** Yes.

**Murphy:** I don't know what's going on here, but I'm going to get the police.

*(Exit MURPHY. Enter SANTANA, CATTLEPUNCH, FINKERMAN and MILLY and FIZZ).*

**Santana:** Now what's this trouble you're babbling about, Fizz?.... Laslo! What are you doing there?

*(As if in answer all the sweat shop kids appear and form a semi-circle around SANTANA. CATTLEPUNCH and MILLY are at each end. SETH and MICK are in the line).*

**Santana:** Oh. I see. *(Approaches CATTLEPUNCH)* Right, Cuttler. Time for you to earn your bread. Hold them off while I run for the car.

**Cattle.:** No, Boss.

**Santana:** What do you mean? Give me a hand, won't you?

**Cattle.:** Sure, Boss.

*(CATTLEPUNCH launches a mighty punch into SANTANA's midriff. SANTANA doubles up, spins round and staggers across the stage towards MILLY).*

**Santana:** *(gasping)* Milly!

*(MILLY deals him an uppercut which sends him sprawling to the ground. Simultaneously MICK, SETH and the kids grab FINKERMAN and FIZZ).*

**Milly:** That's for me and all the other people you've trodden on, scumbag!

*(Enter INSPECTOR and P.C.)*

**Insp.:** Well here's a happy little gathering!

**Santana:** I can explain, Officer. You see, I have just returned from a business trip

abroad to discover that my bodyguard here has been running - believe it or not - an illegal sweat-shop. Imagine my horror when I discovered what was going on. I have just personally supervised the release of these poor unfortunate youngsters and I am so glad that you are here on hand to deal with this witless villain who has been using my good name to line his own pockets. I shall see that you are commended. I know your senior officer, you see ....

*(MARIGOLD and DORIS move to the centre of the scene. DORIS, with her broom, bars the way of SANTANA who is backing out to make his escape).*

**Marigold:** Oi! call yerself a copper, mate? You're not going to let him grease his way out of it like that are you?

**Insp.:** Of course not! You'll have to do better than that, Mr. Santana.

**Santana:** I can explain, Officer.

**Insp.:** Indeed you can, and indeed you will. We've had an eye on your little operation for some time now. You've got a great deal of explaining to do. Get them down to the station.

*(Exeunt SANTANA's group shepherded by P.C. This includes LASLO whom the girls have extricated from the manhole. The INSPECTOR is about to follow when he notices OLIVE. He consults a photograph).*

**Insp.:** Now you're the one I was really looking for.

**Seth:** Oh no.

**Insp.:** You are Olive, aren't you? *(OLIVE nods)*

**Carol:** But Officer.....

**Insp.:** Keep out of this please, Miss.

*(The INSPECTOR takes OLIVE off. The others come forward).*

**Mick:** Poor old Olive! Out of the orphanage into a sweat shop, out of that hell-hole and back into the orphanage all within a few days.

**Rosy:** Sometimes you just can't win.

**MUSIC 11: SOMETIMES YOU JUST CAN'T WIN**

**Company:**     *So, the story stays the same  
                  And life is just a game  
                  The rules never change, just the time*

*When the wheel spins for you  
There's nothing you can do  
For luck has no reason or rhyme*

*Dreamers may say fortune favours the brave  
But the brave ones are broken as well  
You could spend your life wondering why*

*Time is ticking off our days  
We're just a passing phase  
The same goes for now as for then  
All we value so today  
Will slowly fade away  
And ending is starting again*

*Olive today is the Oliver yesterday  
Places and faces might change  
But the story stays ever the same*

*Sometimes you just can't win  
The harder that you try  
If fortune has it in for you  
You just can't win*

**Marigold:** Is that it then?

**Doris:** I don't think much of that as an ending. Can't they do better than that?

**Marigold:** Yes. Oi!....put the blinking lights on will yer!

*(House lights).*

**Marigold:** Oi! We don't think much of your ending .... Sort yourselves out and give us something a bit more cheerful.

*(MICK and SETH look anxiously off stage and shrug. They turn to the others and nod. In an exactly reverse movement, accompanied by a strobe and the sound of music running backwards the characters move backwards into the positions they held when the officer first spoke to OLIVE).*

**Insp.:** Now you're the one I was really looking for.

**Seth:** Oh no.

**Insp.:** You are Olive, aren't you?

*(OLIVE nods).*

**Carol:** But Officer ....

**Insp.:** No, it's all right. I'm not nicking her. The only crime she's committed is bad timing. What do you know about your parents, Olive?

**Olive:** Only what they told me at the orphanage: that they disappeared in Czechoslovakia when I was three and I was sent to England to live with my grandmother and then when she died there was no one else to look after me so I went into the orphanage.

**Insp.:** That's right. Your parents were taken off to a dissidents' camp in Russia, but last week the Czech leader, Dubcek, intervened on their behalf and managed to have them freed and flown over here. The morning you ran away to London they were able to track you down to the orphanage and arrived just a few hours after you'd legged it. We knew you'd been seen around here but then you disappeared again. You see those two people over there? *(Indicates off stage)*

**Olive:** Yes? *(Looks back at the INSPECTOR)* .... My parents? ....

*(He smiles and nods)*

**Olive:** Mummy! Daddy!

*(A pair of arms at the side is seen to catch her and lift her up).*

**Marigold:** Oh that's much better. Nothing like a happy ending.

**Doris:** Quite brought tears to me eyes, Marigold.

**Marigold:** Right then. Come on, you lot. One last sing up then you'll have to go; we've got to tidy up in 'ere so get a move on.

#### *MUSIC 11: FINALE*

**Company:**     *Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
Let the whole world know  
Get a grip of the swing, it's a happening thing  
You can go, man, go.  
Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
Get a grip of the swing, it's a happening thing  
Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
You can go, man, go.*

*We're still the people you love  
'Cos people stay the same  
And if you're watching from above  
You'll recognise our game  
It's still the same old fight  
Between the forces of wrong and right  
Sometimes we're right  
Sometimes we're so wrong*

*You could always see  
The workings of the heart and soul  
You could always see  
The way to go  
And what we need is you around  
To set our feet back on the ground  
Such a long way on because of*

*You could always see  
The workings of the heart and soul  
You could always see  
The way to go  
And what we need is you around  
To set our feet back on the ground  
Such a long way on because  
It's nineteen sixty eight.*

*Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
Let the whole world know  
Get a grip of the swing, it's a happening thing  
You can go, man, go.  
Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
Get a grip of the swing, it's a happening thing  
Here in Carnaby Street it's the heart of the beat  
You can go, man, go.*

*(shouted):*

*Go!*

**CURTAIN**