

## *Bad Night at the Mex*

A one act play of about 40 minutes duration.

By B E Turner

**CAST:**       **DARCY:** Aged about fifty. Immaculately dressed in very stylish clothes obtained from St Vincent de Paul. He has considerable stature/charisma/charm which is obfuscated by a psychotic illness. This part is not given many lines yet is the centre of the play.

**MAN:** A male.

**WOMAN:** A woman. Both MAN and WOMAN should both be played in a very 'naturalistic' manner. If anything they can be played down in order to anchor the play in 'normal' reality and provide a base on which to contrast the inflations of the hallucinations.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Female voices.

**MALE VOICE:** Male voices. These two actors play many parts, representing Darcy's aural hallucinations. The many impressions must be clear and strong. Moments of comedy are required. In some cases the voices mimic actors, or acting styles, that Darcy has met in the past. The method is one of inflation, at times strident, grotesque and heightened.

**SET:** All that is needed is a small table and three chairs. Hand props are menus, a jug of water and glasses. (Perhaps a candle on the table and a bottle of wine.)

**PRODUCTION:** MAN and WOMAN will be seated throughout. There will be space for Darcy to come into during the head scenes. There should be significant lighting changes and sound effects to differentiate between the two types of reality. The voices should be on stage, but mostly in the darkened parts, and should be difficult for the audience to see and hear. The colour of their costumes should mask against the backdrop (preferably black). Black demoniac masks would be appropriate. A strobe lamp might be quite effective if the director wishes.

**NOTES:** The incident which prompted this play occurred in the Mexican Cantina (in Wellington) which no longer exists. It is not necessary to indicate the location specifically. The play does not have much of a plot. It's purpose is to paint a picture rather than tell a story. Some of the incidents described in the 'reality' parts actually occurred in real life. The voices should appear in the programme as 'Male Voices' and 'Female Voices' (although I have used the singular in the text.)

*(Darcy's mind space.)*

**DARCY:** *(Acting Hamlet)* 'What a piece of work is a man. How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving, how express and admirable, in action, how like an angel in apprehension, how like a god, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals. And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust?' *(Quote from Hamlet)*

*(Darcy comes back to the table. Restaurant scene. They are consulting the menus)*

**MAN:** I think we might start off with a dip.

**WOMAN:** A dip?

**MAN:** The chilli dip is quite nice.

**WOMAN:** Would you like a chilli dip Darcy?

**DARCY:** Chilli dip? Not too hot.

*The seductive voices scene.*

*The voices are in the background and do not move.*

**FEMALE VOICE:** You don't want chilli dip.

**MALE VOICE:** You know you don't like chilli dip.

**WOMAN:** I don't know. Is it hot?

**MAN:** It's not that hot.

**WOMAN:** It's not that hot Darcy.

**DARCY:** You can order what you like.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Don't eat the chilli dip.

**MALE VOICE:** It's too hot. It's too hot.

**DARCY:** *(Mumbles)* It's too hot.

**MAN:** What did you say old man?

*Silence*

We should order our mains. I think I'll have the special.

**WOMAN:** The crab enchiladas are quite nice.

**MAN:** That's if you want to be crabby. You could share the Jenny Special with me if you wish. *(To Darcy)* What would you like old man?

**DARCY:** What would I like? Ah...

**FEMALE VOICE:** You don't want to talk to them.

**MALE VOICE:** Why do you listen to that vomit.

**FEMALE VOICE:** You want to talk to us.

**MALE VOICE:** We are the intelligent ones.

**MAN:** Yes, what would you like to order? Do you want the usual?

**FEMALE VOICE:** No, you don't want to order.

**MAN:** A cheese tostada eh... I must say I'm a bit peckish.

**MALE VOICE:** Why do you talk to them?

**DARCY:** What?

**MAN:** I thought you usually had a cheese tostada and a crab enchilada and wholemeal rice.

**DARCY:** Why don't you order a dip?

**WOMAN:** *(Pause)* I was wondering about the poetry readings.

**MAN:** What?

**WOMAN:** You know the poetry readings we have at the library. I have to organise the readers this month. I'm determined not to have any riff raff this time.

**MAN:** Riff raff.

**WOMAN:** You know, the ones that come along drunk and mouth obscenities.

**MAN:** All New Zealand poets are drunks. They have to be you know. It's the vision.

**WOMAN:** What vision.  
**MAN:** Man's degradation. Don't you agree Darcy?  
**DARCY:** Eh?  
**MAN:** Don't you agree? I mean the pain of the poet's vision.  
**DARCY:** No.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** Don't you listen to that pretentious stuff.  
**MALE VOICE:** Poets. Good God, you don't want to talk about arty farty stuff.  
What will people think you are?  
**WOMAN:** You don't agree Darcy?  
**DARCY:** What?  
**MAN:** Why poets drink.  
**DARCY:** Pretentious. Homosexuals.  
**MAN:** It's going to be one of those nights.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** Why do you want to listen to that sort of thing.  
**MALE VOICE:** They are all ding a ling ling.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** Come into our world.  
**MALE VOICE:** Yes, come in here with us, we are the true reality.  
**MAN:** Darcy.  
*(Darcy does not respond. He looks away, towards the audience.)*  
**WOMAN:** Darcy.  
**MAN:** He doesn't hear you.  
**WOMAN:** No.  
**MAN:** He's not too good tonight.  
**WOMAN:** No. In his own world.  
**MAN:** Sometimes he's good, sometimes he's not so good.  
**WOMAN:** Yes.  
**MAN:** I don't understand why.  
**WOMAN:** It could be the full moon.  
**MAN:** Could be.  
**WOMAN:** *(Pause)* Did you know that one of his friends committed suicide?  
**MAN:** What? Committed suicide?  
**WOMAN:** A patient.  
**MAN:** Oh. I didn't know.  
**WOMAN:** It was someone he met when he was in hospital last time.  
**MAN:** Did he say who it was?  
**WOMAN:** A fellow called Joe I think.  
**MAN:** He didn't mention the name to me.  
**WOMAN:** I think it was Joe.  
**MAN:** How did he do it?  
**WOMAN:** What?  
**MAN:** Kill himself.  
**WOMAN:** It was horrible.  
**MAN:** Horrible?  
**WOMAN:** He went into the carpenter's shop when no-one else was around and sawed his head off with the band-saw.  
**MAN:** That's terrible.  
**WOMAN:** Yes.  
**MAN:** At least it cured his schizophrenia.  
**WOMAN:** Don't say things like that.  
**MAN:** Sorry.

**WOMAN:** Darcy blames himself.

**MAN:** Why?

**WOMAN:** He thinks he should have given Joe more support. He said he didn't get in touch with him for three weeks.

**MAN:** Surely the ward staff should have given him the support.

**WOMAN:** I wouldn't think so.

**MAN:** No? Why not?

**WOMAN:** They don't care all that much.

**MAN:** Don't care?

**WOMAN:** No. It's not on the current political agenda.

**MAN:** What?

**WOMAN:** Caring.

**MAN:** Some of them do.

**WOMAN:** Some of them. *(Pause)* There are more suicides there than in any other mental hospital in New Zealand.

**MAN:** Is that so?

**WOMAN:** Yes.

**MAN:** What are they doing about it?

**WOMAN:** They had an enquiry. An eminent psychiatrist prepared a report.

**MAN:** What did it say?

**WOMAN:** It said that the correct procedures were being followed.

**MAN:** Oh. *(Pause)* Did that stop the suicides?

**WOMAN:** No.

**MAN:** Well... perhaps they should change the procedures.

**WOMAN:** Perhaps. *(Pause)* I wonder what it's like.

**MAN:** What?

**WOMAN:** Being a schizophrenic.

**MAN:** Haunted. Haunted by ghosts. *(Pause)* They hear voices.

**WOMAN:** Voices? Where?

**MAN:** In their head.

**WOMAN:** I don't understand it.

**MAN:** They seem completely real. I once knew a girl. She said she could hear people talking in the room above. She wondered why I couldn't hear them also. They were making comments about her.

**WOMAN:** Oh. What comments?

**MAN:** They said she was a slut. *(Pause)* She was a lovely girl. Haunted all her life by ghosts in the mind.

**WOMAN:** That's sad.

**MAN:** Yes. *(Pause)* Are you all right Darcy?

**DARCY:** What?

**WOMAN:** We wondered if you'd like to order.

**DARCY:** Tostadas.

**WOMAN:** Chicken or beef.

**DARCY:** Did they bring the water.

**WOMAN:** An enchilada?

*(Darcy pours a glass of water. Passes his hand over it in a circular motion. Drinks. The voices in the following scene are 'joe' (mentioned above) and an 'angel/nurse'.)*

**FEMALE VOICE:** This is my son in whom I am well pleased.

**MAN:** I think I'll have the special.

**WOMAN:** I might share with you.

*(They consult the menu. The lights change to indicate darcy's mind space.*

*Darcy comes down.)*

**DARCY:** What a piece of work is a man.

**MALE VOICE:** Have you got a smoke mate?

**DARCY:** Smokes, what does he want a smoke for?

**FEMALE VOICE:** No smoking in heaven. It's a no smoke zone.

**MALE VOICE:** They got me at last mate. They got me up here and they got no smokes.

**FEMALE VOICE:** No smoking here. It's a pure place.

**MALE VOICE:** Come on, you got smokes there, I can see them. Give us a smoke.

**DARCY:** What a piece of work is a man.

**MALE VOICE:** All them marble pillars. Just as cold as the ward. 'No smoking' signs everywhere.

**DARCY:** How can you smoke, you haven't got a head. You cut it off.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Oh his head's all right, we got the doctors to sew it back on.

**DARCY:** Why did he do it?

**MALE VOICE:** I dunno mate. I had to get out of there. Got a one way ticket. You should take it if it gets too tough eh. Great ride. You got a saw at home? Your friend's got a saw, use it.

**FEMALE VOICE:** We cut your head open and take your brain out. It was a faulty model anyway. See the blood dripping on the floor. That's the blood of life. In whom we are well pleased.

**MALE VOICE:** Antiseptic mate. Not a turd in sight.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Our father is in heaven my son.

**MALE VOICE:** Yeh give us a smoke.

**FEMALE VOICE:** You know there's a 'no smoking' sign.

**MALE VOICE:** Full of regulations.

**DARCY:** What a piece of work is a man.

**MALE VOICE:** My brains look like beans. Don't have the beans.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Come back now. Come back into the wall.

**MALE VOICE:** My brains are in the wall. It's a prison.

**DARCY:** 'Denmark is a prison.' *(Quote from hamlet)*

**FEMALE VOICE:** No smoking. No smoking in heaven.

**DARCY:** Heaven is a prison.

*(The scene changes back to the restaurant)*

**MAN:** What are you having?

**DARCY:** *(Takes out a cigarette)* Beans.

**MAN:** It's a 'no smoking'. *(Darcy gets up and goes.)* Where's he going?

**WOMAN:** He's going outside to have a smoke I imagine.

**MAN:** He could have said?

**WOMAN:** *(Pause)* Yes.

**MAN:** We'll have to order for him.

**WOMAN:** Wait 'till he comes back.

**MAN:** I'm getting hungry.

**WOMAN:** You can wait. *(Pause)* When did you first meet him?

**MAN:** Darcy?

**WOMAN:** Yes.

**MAN:** I'm trying to remember. I think it was when he was in "Blithe Spirit" at The Theatre of Dionysis.

**WOMAN:** Blithe Spirit?  
**MAN:** The play by Noel Coward.  
**WOMAN:** Oh yes. We saw it at another theatre.  
**MAN:** Very popular. I think Coward made up the title for 'Give Us a Clue.'  
(*Charades*)  
**WOMAN:** No. It's a quotation from somewhere. "Hail to thee blithe spirit."  
Shakespeare I think.  
**MAN:** It's too gaudy for Shakespeare. His spirits are never blithe.  
**WOMAN:** Perhaps (*Pause*) It was after he came back from England?  
**MAN:** What?  
**WOMAN:** That he acted in "Blithe Spirit"?  
**MAN:** Yes. He played the lead.  
**WOMAN:** He must have been ill then.  
**MAN:** Yes. Wasn't as bad as he is now. (*Pause*) Plays Shakespeare and Coward.  
A good combination.  
**WOMAN:** (*Pause*) What were you doing at Dionysis?  
**MAN:** I went down to show one of the directors a play I had written. Darcy was sitting at a table in the bar surrounded by five beautiful women. It was too good an opportunity to miss.  
**WOMAN:** I don't want to know about your past adventures.  
**MAN:** There was no adventure. They weren't interested in me. He had too much charm. Too much charisma. It makes you sick.  
**WOMAN:** I don't know. I find you charming.  
**MAN:** Do you?  
**WOMAN:** Sometimes.  
**MAN:** Thank you very much.  
**WOMAN:** I was never attracted to Darcy though.  
**MAN:** Oh.  
**WOMAN:** I prefer someone who's more, deep.  
**MAN:** I'm deep am I?  
**WOMAN:** In a shallow sort of way.  
**MAN:** You'd better watch out.  
**WOMAN:** Of course my dear.  
(*Darcy comes back to the table*)  
**MAN:** Cold outside?  
**DARCY:** Cold.  
**WOMAN:** It's quite cold today.  
**DARCY:** I sat on the stairs.  
**MAN:** Are there people waiting?  
**DARCY:** They're homosexuals. Forgive them...  
**MAN:** What did you say Darcy?  
**DARCY:** I said forgive them for they no not what they do. I forgive them. I forgive them.  
(*The voices are 'gay' and 'butch'*)  
**FEMALE VOICE:** We shall lead you into paths of righteousness.  
**MALE VOICE:** For your fame's sake.  
**MAN:** Would you like to order?  
**DARCY:** There is no order. Ha ha. (*Gales of laughter*) They cut his head of. (*This is hilariously funny*) Under the band saw. (*Gales of laughter*)  
**WOMAN:** (*Puts her hand on his arm*) It's all right Darcy, it's all right.

**DARCY:** *(Picks up the menu)* Do you want me to order?

*(Change to Darcy's head scene)*

**MALE VOICE:** Oh I'm a little fairy. Tippy-toeing through the tulips. Come and pick me, come and pluck me, come and... you know what.

**DARCY:** 'Angels and ministers of grace preserve us.' *(Said with humour - a quote from Hamlet)*

**FEMALE VOICE:** Are you a good boy? Are you a good boy? Come and take your medicine.

**MALE VOICE:** Oh he's not a good boy, he's not a good boy, he doesn't take his medicine. The doctor tells him to take his medicine and he doesn't take it.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Nasty medicine.

**MALE VOICE:** He has to take it. It makes him better.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Nasty man. Nasty man.

**MALE VOICE:** Has to take his medicals. Has to play with his testimonials.

**FEMALE VOICE:** What does he do.

**MALE VOICE:** Dirty things. When he is alone.

**DARCY:** 'What a piece of work is a man.'

**FEMALE VOICE:** He plays, it's a play, it's a live-long day.

**MALE VOICE:** When he is alone.

**DARCY:** Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

**FEMALE VOICE:** We'll go.

**MALE VOICE:** He doesn't like us.

**FEMALE VOICE:** We'll tippy-toe.

**MALE VOICE:** We'll tippy-toe through the tulip-ee.

*(Back to the restaurant)*

**MAN:** Are you going to order?

**DARCY:** I have to go to the toilet. Back in a minute. *(Goes)*

**WOMAN:** Very restless tonight.

**MAN:** Yes. *(Pause)* It's that place he's living in.

**WOMAN:** No. He's not in a fit state...

**MAN:** Just sits in the flat.

**WOMAN:** He's not well.

**MAN:** It's noisy. A lot of traffic.

**WOMAN:** His flat?

**MAN:** And he doesn't eat properly.

**WOMAN:** It's the governments policy to deprive the deprived.

**MAN:** Smokes all the time. No money for food.

**WOMAN:** He spends it all on cigarettes.

**MAN:** They calm the nerves.

**WOMAN:** Do they?

**MAN:** He says they stop the voices.

**WOMAN:** I don't think there's any medical reason to believe that.

**MAN:** Why do you say that?

**WOMAN:** I don't know.

**MAN:** Nobody knows a thing about it.

**WOMAN:** No they don't. You think with all the money they spend on research...

**MAN:** The best graduates don't go into psychiatry.

**WOMAN:** Don't they?

**MAN:** No.

**WOMAN:** What do you know about it?

**MAN:** A friend told me.

**WOMAN:** Was he a doctor was he?

**MAN:** A professor of surgery. The Royal College of Surgeons gave him their annual prize for a paper he wrote on testing for appendicitis. He published a poem of mine in the introduction.

**WOMAN:** In his paper? I didn't know they published poems in academic papers.

**MAN:** This was a presentation, for a prize.

**WOMAN:** You don't write poetry.

**MAN:** Sometimes.

**WOMAN:** Now I think it's you who are having delusions. You'll have to introduce me to this great surgeon.

**MAN:** He died.

**WOMAN:** Convenient.

*Darcy returns.*

**DARCY:** I know he died.

**MAN:** It was someone else.

**DARCY:** Convenient for the doctors. One less person to treat.

**MAN:** I was talking about someone else. *(Pause)* Would you like a menu?

*Change to Darcy's mind space. The voices mimic 'man' and 'woman'. (They may stand close by them. - 'man' and 'woman' always freeze during the voices.)*

**MALE VOICE:** Would you like a menu?

**FEMALE VOICE:** Enchiladas.

**MALE VOICE:** Bean tostadas.

**FEMALE VOICE:** A Jenny special.

**MALE VOICE:** A mushroom dip.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Mashed up beans.

**MALE VOICE:** Mashed up brains.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Scrambled eggs.

**DARCY:** 'Thrift, thrift Horatio. The funeral baked meats, did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.'

**MALE VOICE:** Scab and maggot custard...

*(The following lines are hard to remember and somewhat arbitrary so it does not matter if mistakes are made.)*

**FEMALE VOICE:** A chilli dip.

**MALE VOICE:** A mushroom dip.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Rutabaga.

**MALE VOICE:** Cheese blintz.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Ice cream sundae.

**MALE VOICE:** Parfait.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Scarlet runners.

**MALE VOICE:** Gooseberry pie.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Apple tart.

**MALE VOICE:** Matzoth.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Blood pudding.

**MALE VOICE:** Ship's biscuit.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Red herring.

**MALE VOICE:** Fillet of sole.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Unleavened bread.

**MALE VOICE:** Mock turtle soup.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Hard boiled eggs.

**MALE VOICE:** Pease pudding hot.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Steak and kidney pie.

**MALE VOICE:** Corned beef and cabbage.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Lamb and mint sauce.

**MALE VOICE:** Roast beef and mustard.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Apricot chicken.

**MALE VOICE:** Devilled sausages.

**FEMALE VOICE:** A cold collation.

**MALE VOICE:** A hot potato.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Rice pudding.

**MALE VOICE:** Macaroni cheese.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Welsh rarebit.

**MALE VOICE:** He doesn't want to order.

**FEMALE VOICE:** No. He doesn't want to order now.

*Back to the restaurant. Darcy still in his mind space.*

**MAN:** They tried to start up a home in the suburbs.

**WOMAN:** A community house?

**MAN:** Yes.

**WOMAN:** How did it go?

**MAN:** There was a lot of opposition from the people living in the area.

**WOMAN:** There usually is at the start.

**MAN:** They all got together. They were going to take it to court.

**WOMAN:** But they're just people, like you and me.

**MAN:** Oh no they are not. They're crazy bastards.

**WOMAN:** Depraved.

**MAN:** They're unpredictable. They might flare up and rape your daughter.

**WOMAN:** He doesn't look like he's going to start raping anyone.

**MAN:** One of the neighbours said that if any of the crazy bastards walked along his side of the street he would shoot them.

**WOMAN:** A pillar of the community.

**MAN:** You see, there are the same elements in our society as there were in Hitler's Germany.

**WOMAN:** Who sent the insane to the gas chambers.

**MAN:** Exactly.

**WOMAN:** *(Pause)* Did the house succeed?

**MAN:** No.

**WOMAN:** What happened?

**MAN:** Some of the neighbours came before anyone moved in and washed it all out with fire hoses. They gave up.

**WOMAN:** You see, you can't live in a violent society.

**MAN:** No. You can't.

*Darcy's mind space. The persona here are Darcy and a woman from the past. She has a slightly foreign accent.*

**FEMALE VOICE:** Are you there Darcy?

**DARCY:** What? Who is it?

**FEMALE VOICE:** It is I?

**DARCY:** That part in a play. That part in a play.

**FEMALE VOICE:** It is I Darcy. The one who loved you.

**DARCY:** Amuska!

**FEMALE VOICE:** It is I.

**DARCY:** I don't believe.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** You have no faith.  
**DARCY:** They come. They tell lies. They come in beautiful shapes and transform into demons. The Medusa. Don't look in her eye, you'll turn to stone.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** No faith.  
**DARCY:** I've lost my faith. I studied the esoteric doctrine. Magicians, ghosts and witches. They attacked me on the astral plane. I'm subject to attacks.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** I will never attack you. I love you.  
**DARCY:** You love me?  
**FEMALE VOICE:** Yes.  
**DARCY:** You are not a phantom?  
**FEMALE VOICE:** I'm part of your mind now. I shall always be with you.  
**DARCY:** I'm sorry I left.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** Yes.  
**DARCY:** We should have been together.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** We should have remained lovers.  
**DARCY:** I was weak. I betrayed you.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** I understand now. It was the demons that took you.  
**DARCY:** I left you. I'm sorry.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** I know. It wasn't your fault. It was the cause of those beings in your mind.  
**DARCY:** Yes.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** How are you?  
**DARCY:** I manage. I have friends. Life is dull but I manage.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** You manage?  
**DARCY:** I'm deprived of my mind. I'm deprived of food. I'm deprived of cigarettes. I'm deprived of my life, but I manage.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** I have to go.  
**DARCY:** Go. Go in peace. Don't become a demon.  
**FEMALE VOICE:** Farewell.  
**DARCY:** Farewell.

*The scene returns to the restaurant.*

**MAN:** Darcy!?  
**WOMAN:** Come back to us Darcy.  
**DARCY:** (*Mumbles*) Back to the astral plane.  
**MAN:** Would you like to come to a play?  
**DARCY:** What?  
**MAN:** A play. At Repertory.  
**DARCY:** What are they doing?  
**WOMAN:** "Marat/Sade".  
**MAN:** "The trial and prosecution of Jean Marat for the murder of a French politician in a bath during the reign of terror as performed by the inmates of the Asylum of Somewhere in France under the direction of the Marquis de Sade."  
**DARCY:** "The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade."  
**WOMAN:** Is that the real title?  
**DARCY:** You know I never forget the title of a play I've been in, or an actor I've acted with.  
**MAN:** Have you acted in it?  
**DARCY:** I was in the London production.

**MAN:** Were you? You never told me.

**DARCY:** It was evil.

**WOMAN:** What did you say?

**DARCY:** So many productions... I played the part of one of the patients. A member of the nobility who had a perpetual erection. It was evil. Don't ever play a part... I was just starting out. I needed the work.

**WOMAN:** You could still see it Darcy.

**DARCY:** At the Repertory?

**MAN:** Why not?

**DARCY:** Amateur theatre.

**WOMAN:** Well we like it.

**MAN:** I saw the best ever production of Uncle Vanya at Rep.

**WOMAN:** Really?

**MAN:** That's right. You should have seen it.

**DARCY:** Sometimes they can pull off a good one.

**MAN:** You wouldn't have a professional theatre if it wasn't for places like Rep. Where did you start.

**DARCY:** Unity.

**MAN:** You see.

**DARCY:** Ah but they were Communists.

**MAN:** Amateurs.

**WOMAN:** I wouldn't think of you as the working class Darcy.

**DARCY:** I don't work. They won't let me.

**MAN:** You will one day.

**DARCY:** No. Not again

**WOMAN:** You will.

**DARCY:** I can't act now. I can't do a thing. I'm sorry. I would have liked to have done your plays. I can't act now.

**MAN:** It doesn't matter.

**DARCY:** Can't act now.

*(Darcy moves off into mind space)*

**WOMAN:** Did he really do Marat/Sade?

**MAN:** Probably.

**WOMAN:** It's hard to believe.

**MAN:** You saw him in the movies, with Vanessa Redgrave. In bed with Vanessa Redgrave. You saw him in our New Zealand TV.

**WOMAN:** Yes. I saw it.

**DARCY:** *(Aside)* Can't act now. Can't act.

**MAN:** He'd be a household name now if he hadn't become ill.

**WOMAN:** I always thought it took hold in puberty.

**MAN:** Not always. With him he was thirty-five.

**WOMAN:** At thirty-five. *(Pause)* That's strange...

*The voices are actors playing parts, which are inflated and various. This scene is loud and over the top.*

**MALE VOICE:** *(Vicar)* Would you like a cup of tea Miss Dimple?

**FEMALE VOICE:** *(Dimple)* A cup of tea? Thank you very much.

**MALE VOICE:** *(Hysterical)* You didn't get a laugh on that line.

**FEMALE VOICE:** *(Annoyed)* What's funny about a cup of tea?

**MALE VOICE:** It doesn't matter what's funny about a cup of tea. You didn't get a laugh.

**FEMALE VOICE:** (*Witch - cackles*) Trouble, trouble, boil and scrubble. Rubble, muddle, fuddle, puddle. All these things will seethe and... what's the word?

**DARCY:** Not that play. Not that play. Evil. Evil.

**MALE VOICE:** (*Sonorous - a Shakespearian actor.*) You won't get a laugh over that either. I put spells in it. Incantations. They were too strong. Attacks on the astral plane. What great beans are here o'rthrown. Words are rare and inscrutable. You won't get any change out of this behaviour my lad. Pull yourself together. It's purely indulgence you know. There is a green light to the hereafter. I alight on your mind with eternal benevolence, eternal effulgence, eternal vigilance, blackslaved vigilantes. Don't distort the words. The words are worth worthiness. Hail Mary full of grace. The words are worthless. Let darkness ascend.

**DARCY:** 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us.'

**FEMALE VOICE:** (*Parrot*) Would you like a cup of tea? Would you like a cup of tea? Would you like a cup of tea? Polly wants a cracker. Polly wants a cracker. Squawk. Squawk. Beans in his brains. Beans in his brains. Beans in his brains. He thinks bad thoughts. He thinks bad thoughts. His thoughts are scrambled eggs. His thoughts are baked beans. Would you like a cup of tea? Would you like a cup of tea?

**MALE VOICE:** That didn't get a laugh.

**FEMALE VOICE:** (*Upper class dowager - eg 'a handbag'*) How can you expect a laugh if you merely ask for a cup of tea. It's not to be expected. How could any one reasonably expect that a request for a cup of tea could possibly be considered to be humorous. Oh, it really is too much. It is not something you could reasonably expect. It is a completely unreasonable expectation. Comes from a mind without reason.

**DARCY:** 'Baked beans for tea.' (*from an obscure play*)

**MALE VOICE:** (*Pompous*) What does God think of lesbians? Does he love them? When he walks and talks does he sit. Does he permit the diarrhoea of words to ensue endlessly. Are they punished in heaven or cast into the fiery pit. Consomme of chaff. Hell is full of them. Go there and they will permit you to perform mute acts. Unspeakable. Non sequitur. Led into sin. Sanctus dominatrix. Spill the beans. Who will clear up the mess?

**FEMALE VOICE:** (*Strumpet*) Garbage. Garbage Garbage. Roll up, roll up. Two cents a time. Perversions and fetishes catered for. 'The whips and scorns of time.' All acts of love made degraded. Pustule, pus and piss. Herpes, syphilis, gonorrhoea, AIDS, bed sores. Come into my parlour. All needs catered for. The spider crawls. O be my love, be my love, let me give you love. Spoil my sheets with the sweet sugar of your love. I'll eat you all up. Ten cents a time.

*Crescendo*

**MALE VOICE:** Lesbians.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Whores.

**MALE VOICE:** Jaded daws.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Black jackdaws.

**MALE VOICE:** Whores.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Strumpets.

**MALE VOICE:** Trumpets.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Crumpets.

**MALE VOICE:** Queers.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Queens.

**MALE VOICE:** Kings.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Crowns.

**MALE VOICE:** Vampires.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Ghosts.

**MALE VOICE:** Demons.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Bloodsuckers.

**MALE VOICE:** Leeches.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Brains.

**MALE VOICE:** Blood.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Congealed.

**MALE VOICE:** Evil.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Destroyed.

*Comes down a little.*

**MALE VOICE:** Hopeless.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Dead.

**MALE VOICE:** Demons.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Angels.

**MALE VOICE:** The grave.

**FEMALE VOICE:** Where you lie.

**MALE VOICE:** When you die.

**DARCY:** Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

*Suddenly out of the mind space. Back to the present.*

**WOMAN:** Are you all right Darcy?

**DARCY:** All right?

**MAN:** You banged your fist on the table.

**DARCY:** All right.

**WOMAN:** Would you like a drink of water.

**DARCY:** Water. It's unclean.

**MAN:** Bless it.

**DARCY:** *(Makes circular motion over the water)* 'Angels and ministers of grace...'

**MAN:** '...defend us.'

**DARCY:** Yes.

**MAN:** It's time to order.

**DARCY:** *(Picks up the menu)* Yes. Time to order. *(Pause)* There's nothing else to be done.

**THE END**