

SANDY. Not even — as an ex-MP?

PAUL. Especially, as an ex-MP. (He takes a xerox sheet from his pocket. To CLIFTON.) Now, as it happens, neither of the floaters got their full quota of ward delegates for the General Management Committee. In Thawston, nothing like. And so — the strategy — recruit new members like there's no tomorrow, pack the GMC with folk'll vote for you, it's in the bag. OK?

CLIFTON. Won't Smalley too?

PAUL. He'll try. But here's the point. Cos obviously, them two, we're talking of our pals from overseas. And, as it happens, on that, Mr Smalley's got his drawers in something of a tangle.

He waves the xerox. SANDY comes over to them.

Hansard, Parliamentary Report. Second reading, Kenya Asians Bill, Feb 1968. The Hon. John Smalley, then MP for Sheffield East. I quote. (He reads.) "Whatever one's sympathies — and I have many — with these unfortunate people, one must accept that the indigenous population will not for ever stay silent, faced with what appears to be the thin end of a very thick black wedge."

CLIFTON. He said that?

PAUL. There in black and . . . well, you know.

CLIFTON. That's great.

PAUL. We do it as a leaflet. Bung it round. We got him by the plums, Bob. Like a jerrbil in a bucket.

CLIFTON goes to throw.

SANDY. So what about the Tory?

PAUL. Eh?

SANDY. You got Bob candidate, or whatever. What about the Tory?

PAUL. Well . . . (Confidentially, to both.) The Tory. Two in it, so I hear, like us. On one hand, Chandler's nephew, chap called Peter Crosby. You know, bright, high-flier, all slim suits and unit trusts. The other, something altogether different.

CLIFTON. Well?

PAUL. One Major Rolfe. Wild man, with eagle eye. Who thinks the Carlton Club is in the pay of Moscow, and would put himself just slightly to the Right of Ghenghis Khan.

CLIFTON. He's possible?

PAUL. Who knows? With that lot. Does it matter, anyway? (He picks up his pint.) Whatever, come the day, it's hallo Robert Clifton, honourable member.

CLIFTON raises his glass. SANDY follows suit.

I give you, comrades — the Collapse of Capital.

PAUL and CLIFTON clink and drink. SANDY sips her beer. Blackout.

Scene Four

Lights. Empty set. ROLFE, now in his mid-50s, stands centre. He wears a black overcoat, with medals, and a poppy.

ROLFE. In '47. Came on home.

Major Rolfe. A face of stone.

Another England, seedy, drab,

Locked in the dreams of glories she once had.

The Major looks at England and bemoans her tragic fate,

Condemns the mindless comforts of a flaccid, spongers' state,

Despairs of trendy idiocies repeated as a rote,

While the knot of old school tiredness is still tight round England's throat.

Sees leaders fat with falsehood as they lick up every lie,

The people's blood grown sickly with their driving will to die.

Major Rolfe, sees the light,

Calls for a counter from the Right:

Major Rolfe, starboard seat,

Loses, for they will not hear.

Enter KERSHAW, dressed similarly to ROLFE.

KERSHAW. Lewis.

ROLFE. Frank.

KERSHAW. How are you?

ROLFE. Fine. And you?

KERSHAW. I'm fine.

Pause.

How's the boy?

ROLFE. Alan? He's fine too. Just got promotion. Captain.

KERSHAW. Splendid.

ROLFE. Sails for Belfast on the midnight tide.

KERSHAW. That's fine?

ROLFE. Arrives in time to see the dawn rising over Ballymurphy.

KERSHAW. Breath-taking.

ROLFE. Indeed.

Pause.

KERSHAW. And business?

ROLFE. Brisk. And yours?

KERSHAW *shrugs, smiling*.

I didn't get the candidacy, Frank.

KERSHAW. What?

ROLFE. Do you remember? I was going for the Tory nomination, Taddy.

KERSHAW. Oh, yes —

ROLFE. Didn't have a chance, of course.

KERSHAW. Oh, surely, I thought by now you're due for —

ROLFE. Up against the perfect opposition.

Slight pause.

KERSHAW (*smiling*). Well, go on.

ROLFE. Oh, Frank, he looked just right. Knew all the right words, too — concerned, humane, constructive, moderate . . .

With just the right note of apology in his voice when he had to admit to being a Conservative as well . . .

KERSHAW (*slightly embarrassed*). Bitter.

ROLFE. Perhaps. His hatred of privilege, you see, doesn't stop him showing off his striped tie.

KERSHAW. In fact, I know him, Peter Crosby. Nephew of a friend of mine.

ROLFE. So then you'll understand.

Pause.

What's it matter, anyway? The state the Party's in.

KERSHAW. What state is that?

ROLFE. Self-loathing. Gutless. Genuflecting to the fashionable myths.

KERSHAW (*with some irony*). What myths might they be, Lewis?

ROLFE. Oh, the full employment myth, the ever-rising wages myth, the higher public spending myth, the whole social-democratic demonology of workers good and bosses bad, all those myths . . .

KERSHAW. Now, surely, Lewis. All that's changed. I read my Daily Teleg.

ROLFE (*interrupts*). Oh, yes, we'll say, the Party's changed, at last we've understood, we have the Right Approach, and yes, of course, at Party conference, our new and True-Blue leaders, to a person, bang the drum and flap the flag . . . It's just, you see, we learn from history, in practice, come the crunch, the flag they wave omits the red and blue.

Pause.

KERSHAW. What's the alternative?

ROLFE. That is the question.

Slight pause.

KERSHAW. OK, Lewis. I've got the message. Brimstone and hellfire. So, how must we be saved?

ROLFE. There's a group of us have lunch from time to time.

KERSHAW. That's nice.

ROLFE. To talk about what happens after.

KERSHAW. What happens after lunch?

ROLFE. What happens when the river breaks its banks.

KERSHAW, *perhaps deliberately, not understanding*.

The cold Class War hots up.

KERSHAW. Oh, Lewis, surely not.

ROLFE. Not what?

KERSHAW. Not Suffolk military geriatrics, drilling private armies on their croquet lawns.

ROLFE. Of course not. There's no need for private armies.

KERSHAW. Well, exactly —

ROLFE. When, already, we've a public one.

Slight pause.

One of our little group is Alan's Brigadier.

Pause.

KERSHAW. You're seriously suggesting — army into Government?

ROLFE *shrugs*.

In England?

ROLFE. All right. What happens? Wage control collapses, unemployed take over factories, council tenants massively refuse to pay their rents, in name or not, another General Strike, the pound falls through the floor, the English pound, the English river's burst its English banks . . . So what d'you do? You either let the deluge, deluge, or you build a dam against it. Mm?

Slight pause.

We've got to think about it, Frank —

KERSHAW. Wasn't it R.A. Butler said — politics, the Art of What Is Possible.

ROLFE. No. It wasn't.

KERSHAW. Oh, I'm sure it —

ROLFE. Butler borrowed it. From Bismarck.

Pause.

KERSHAW. Why talk to me?

ROLFE. I'm testing water.

KERSHAW. Only mine?

ROLFE. No, any Managing Director of a major British company whose shares were two pounds fifty eighteen months ago and at the close on Friday just topped sixty-four.

Pause. KERSHAW brusque.

KERSHAW. No, Lewis.

ROLFE. No? Why not.

KERSHAW. Can't see it in those terms.

ROLFE. Won't see it.

KERSHAW. Still have some faith in people's reason.

ROLFE. Reason? Your shop stewards, reasonable men?

KERSHAW. In people's loyalty.

ROLFE. To what?

KERSHAW. The national interest.

ROLFE. Whose? Whose loyalty? The miners? Students? Irish? Blacks?

KERSHAW. Lewis, there's no need —

ROLFE. And whose interest, hm? You talk of our national interest, and they listen? Come on, Frank. They know which side they're on. And so should we.

KERSHAW. The dogmas of class war . . .

ROLFE. Yes, yes. And why?

KERSHAW. Tell me.

ROLFE. Because if we turn craven, we collaborate, we are betraying people who, if they're not on our side, are left in no-man's land, ripe for defection. The NCO's. The lower middle-class.

KERSHAW. Yes, well?

ROLFE. Who, on all counts, have been betrayed. Their property no longer secure. Their social status, now, irrelevant. And in the place of what's important to them, national destiny and hope, we've given them . . . You see, Frank, it's not true that we've lost an Empire, haven't found a role. We have a role. As Europe's whipping boy. The one who's far worse off than you are. Kind of — awful warning system of the West. And to play that role, we must become more shoddy, threadbare, second-rate. Not even charming, quite unloveable. And for those — the people that I come from, that despair is a betrayal.

Enter DENNIS TURNER, stands upstage. He is nearly 50, dressed soberly, wears a poppy, carries a wreath. KERSHAW and ROLFE, sensing the ceremony is about to start, move to stand upright, together. ROLFE quietly, to KERSHAW.

And if they go, we've lost. And go they will, unless they feel defended. So for them we must arm the national interest. Fortify it. Build the dam, for them.

Pause. A VOICE.

VOICE. Let us commemorate and commend to the loving

memory of our Heavenly Father, the shepherd of souls, the giver of life everlasting, those who have died in war for our country and its cause.

'They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old. Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will remember them.'

RESPONSE (TURNER, ROLFÉ and KERSHAW). We will remember them.

A very long silence. TURNER lays the wreath. The Last Post is played on a bugle. As it finishes.

VOICE. The Legion of the Living salutes the Legion of the Dead. RESPONSE. We will not break faith with ye.

KERSHAW speaks quietly to ROLFÉ.
KERSHAW. Maybe.

Blackout. KERSHAW and ROLFÉ go.

Scene Five

Immediately, a spot hits TURNER.

TURNER. In '47. Came on home.

Sergeant Turner, to a Midlands town.

Another England, brash and bold.

A new world, brave and bright and cold.

The Sergeant looks at England, and it's changed before his eyes;

Old virtues, thrift and prudence, are increasingly despised;

Old values are devalued as the currency inflates,

Old certainties are scoffed at by the new

sophisticates:

And big capital and labour wield an ever-bigger clout,

And it's him that's in the middle and it's him that's

losing out —

Sergeant Turner, NCO:

Where's he going? Doesn't know.

Full lights. TURNER's Antique shop. 1970 Election Conservative Party posters on the wall: Vote Conservative for a Better Tomorrow. Enter TONY, blonde, late teens, and PAUL, a few years younger than when we last saw him. They carry an antique table.

TONY. Turner's Antiques. Employee: Tony Perrins. Like the work. And learn a trade. Investment for the future.

PAUL. Turner's Antiques. Employee: Paul McShane. Dislike the work. But, out of school, job market bleak, just take what you can get.

They set the table and go out.

TURNER. Selling old things. Beautiful things. Heavy with craft.

Enter PAUL and TONY with two antique chairs.

TONY. Years ago. June, 1970. Election results. Labour lost. Pollsters confounded. Gaffer's pleased.

PAUL. Years ago. June, 1970. Election results. Tories won. Lame ducks and rising unemployment. Selsdon Men. A Black Day.

They set the chairs either side of the table. TONY takes

TURNER's overcoat from him, goes out and re-enters, as:

TURNER. An end to six years of socialist misrule. At last, the little man will get his chance against the big battalions.

Enter MONTY, about 30, Jewish, cockney accent, long hair, brushed denim suit, open-necked shirt. He carries a union jack carrier-bag and smokes a thin cigar. To TONY:

MONTY. 'Morning, flower. See the boss?

TONY. Someone to see you, Mr Turner.

TURNER looks to MONTY. *Some distaste.*

MONTY. Good morning, Mr Turner. Montague Goodman. New neighbour. Thought it time we had a chat.

Slight pause.

Just call me Monty.

TURNER. Neighbour.

MONTY. That's correct. We are developing next door.

TONY. Look of surprise, the gaffer's face.

PAUL. Horror, more like.

Exit TONY and PAUL.

TURNER *(sits)*. Developing next door to what?

MONTY *(sits)*. A shop.

TURNER. I hadn't heard.

MONTY. So hence our chat.

TURNER. What kind of shop? It might affect my trade.
MONTY. It will, old love. Antiques.

Pause.

TURNER. What d'you mean, antiques?

MONTY. Selling old things. Beautiful things. Heavy with nostalgia.

TURNER (*stands*). Who are you?

MONTY. Didn't I present my card? (*He stands, gives TURNER his card. Out front.*) I told him to ignore the company. It being what you might call defunct.

TURNER. You what?

MONTY (*out front*). Quite elegant, the system, as it happens. Buy a name, in our case several, firms that've stopped trading but still have listed Boards and all that stuff . . . And in that name you go to an estate agent, in our case several, and buy a series of adjacent properties, separately of course, complete the deals, wind up the firm.

TURNER (*sits*). I don't get what you mean.

MONTY (*out front*). So told him. Idea was to conceal a whole row being bought by one developer. And, naturally, that developer's identity. But nothing he could do, and liked his face, so told him. (*Sits, to TURNER:*) That you, Dennis Turner, are now a tenant of the Metropolitan Investment Trust.

TURNER. You what?

MONTY. They've sold the building, love.

TURNER. Who has?

MONTY. Your landlord.

TURNER. But —

MONTY (*out front*). Though, truth be told, he put up quite a fight. (*He stands and walks about.*) In fact, eventually, we had to ring the council, do a bit of bartering. Luckily, we found they were but bursting to erect a SupaParkrama down the road, needing to demolish a pair of properties at that time in our gift. So we said, look, old chums, you don't want all the fuss of buying us out, why not slap a CPO on number 27, grounds of rot, and we can call it quits. Well then, of course, we told his landlord, purchase order on its way, you

couldn't see his signature for dust. Wouldn't even have matched our offer, see.

TURNER. What's happening to my shop?

MONTY (*out front*). I told him, plan was for a precinct, geared towards the younger end. Boutiques, hair stylists, soda fountains, drive-in legal aid facilities, antique emporia, self-service massage parlours, all that kind of thing. (*To TURNER:*) And this particular retailing zone is pencilled in as a Zen macrobiotic luncheon take-away, old love.

TURNER. You're joking. I've got a 12 year lease.

MONTY *sits, picks up his union jack bag, plonks it on the table, takes out a document, as he speaks.*

MONTY. Now there you are correct. Unfortunately the law, in that majestic way it has, does give a little leeway. Quote: the rent is subject to a periodical review. Sunbeam, you have just been periodically reviewed. Direction: up.

TURNER. You can't do that.

MONTY. Now there you're incorrect.

TURNER. I'll pay it. I'll refuse to go.

MONTY. Oh, petal, please.

TURNER. Why shouldn't I?

MONTY (*out front*). I hate this bit. (*He stands, facing away from TURNER.*) Tulip, I don't know if you've noticed, but among the merry navvies labouring next door are several of our Caribbean cousins. Simple, cheery folk, all charmers to a man, but tending to the slapdash. Natural exuberance, you see. The kind of natural exuberance that pushes bits of scaffolding through windows, picking off the Georgian porcelain.

Pause. He neatly stubs his cigar out on the table top.

TURNER. You bastard.

MONTY (*back to the table, putting the document back in his bag*). No, not bastard. Selsdon man.

TURNER. But why destroy my livelihood.

MONTY (*barsb, quick, nearly angry*). Because, my love, destroying you will make someone somewhere some money. All it is. Cupidity. What you got, but just not enough. Cos

we, we make our money out of money. We covet on a global scale. We got cupidity beyond your wildest dreams of avarice. And you, the little man, the honest trader, know your basic handicap? You're suffering a gross deficiency of greed. (*Briskly, as he goes:*) You've got three weeks, old love.

MONTY goes. *Pause. Enter TONY and PAUL, either side.*

TONY. We came in. Saw the gaffer. Shattered.

TURNER. Lunch, you two.

PAUL. It wasn't half past twelve.

TONY. We told him so.

TURNER. I said, it's lunch.

PAUL. We went.

PAUL goes. *Pause. TURNER waves TONY out. TONY goes.*

TURNER stands, looks at the table and the stubbed-out cigar.

TURNER. So where do I go now.

Blackout.

Scene Six

Lights on an upstairs pub room. The date is 20 April, 1968. Tables, chairs. On a table an old Grundig tape-recorder. An easel, with a picture on it, covered in a red cloth. MAXWELL, a thin, neat man in his early twenties, is finishing the distribution of the chairs.

Then enter CLEAVER, mid-fifties, distinguished, and DRUMONT, a middle-aged French Canadian, who carries a glass of scotch, and has a raincoat over his arm.

CLEAVER. Thanks very much, David.

MAXWELL nods and goes.

Well?

DRUMONT (*tossing his coat over a chair*). Looking good, Richard.

CLEAVER. We think so.

DRUMONT. Whole world over. Detroit to Grosvenor Square. Particularly here. The sell-out blatant. Deeper rot. Unthinkable ideas beginning to be thought. What an opportunity.

CLEAVER. Indeed.

DRUMONT. I would be so confident, Richard, but for one factor.

CLEAVER. Which is?

DRUMONT. You. The revolutionary movement. The essential vanguard. Where are you, Richard?

CLEAVER. Edward, you know . . .

DRUMONT. No, Richard, no. I'll tell you where you're at.

You're stuck in 1930. You're still fighting old battles, tearing yourselves apart with petty sectarian squabbles that you should have settled years ago.

CLEAVER. Edward, the reason why — (*A knock. Impatiently:*) Yes?

Enter MAXWELL.

MAXWELL. I think everyone's here now. They're in the bar, and they're wondering . . .

CLEAVER (*looks at his watch*). Oh, yes, of course, tell them to come up. (*MAXWELL goes. To DRUMONT:*) The will is there. It's money.

DRUMONT. When the movement in Britain demonstrates that it is seriously committed to unity, then money follows. Simple.

CLEAVER. We're having talks —

DRUMONT. On unity?

CLEAVER. That's right.

DRUMONT. Then see that they're concluded.

CLEAVER. Yes. Of course.

DRUMONT. Richard. It's nineteen hundred and sixty-eight.

Student riots. Workers striking. Chaos and decay. In ten years time, where could you be? I tell you. Out of the cellars, Richard. Out of the basements and into the sun.

A knock.

CLEAVER. Come in.

The door opens and a number of PARTYGOERS enter. In the main, young. Most have drinks. Some greet CLEAVER. MAXWELL is with them. DRUMONT picks up his coat to go. CLEAVER to him.

CLEAVER. You going?

DRUMONT. I want an empty ritual, I go to church. So — au revoir.

CLEAVER. Goodbye.

DRUMONT goes. MAXWELL to CLEAVER.

MAXWELL. Who was that?

CLEAVER. Edward Drumont. Canadian. The man with all the money.

MAXWELL. And?

Slight pause. CLEAVER sbrugs.

CLEAVER. Let's get the formalities over with.

MAXWELL and CLEAVER move to the centre. MAXWELL bangs a glass for silence. During his speech, the PARTYGOERS group round, some sitting.

MAXWELL. Comrades. If I could have your attention. Comrades. It's my pleasure to ask Dick Cleaver, on behalf of the movement, on this very special day, the 20th of April 1968, to propose the toast of fealty.

Applause. During CLEAVER's speech, MAXWELL takes a tray of candles from below a table, and lights them.

CLEAVER. Thank you. Comrades, I'm not going to make a long speech . . .

SOMEONE. That'll be the day!

Laughter. CLEAVER smiles.

CLEAVER. Though I do believe that a good speech should be like a woman's skirt: short enough to arouse interest, but long enough to cover the subject. (*Laughter.*) Anyway, all I really want to say is how good it is to see a group of people like this, particularly the young ones, in this day and age . . . (*Laughter.*) You probably know, you probably saw in Grosvenor Square last month, a lot of today's students are attracted to communism as an alternative to the evils of the capitalist system. And they're right. It is an alternative. Under capitalism, man is exploited by man. Under communism, it's precisely the other way round. (*Laughter.*) But we know that, don't we. Anyway.

SOMEONE. That's cos you told it last year!

CLEAVER (*smiling, good humoured still*). And there's more where that came from! No, just the one, I promise. There's these two Jewish businessmen on a train. And they're discussing ethics. And one says — I tell you a story that illustrates perfectly the problem of ethics already. Here am I in this shop I run with my partner Hymie. And this man comes in for his suit. And I give it him and I say that is £10 and he gives me the money. But when he has gone I find he has given me by mistake £20 already. So here as I say I have the ultimate ethical problem. Do I, or do I not, tell my partner.

Laughter. Suddenly, serious.

But I don't have to tell anyone here about that kind of ethic. Or the degeneracy of youth today. Or how our beloved country is being deliberately destroyed. I needn't tell you that. You've got your noses. You can smell the stink.

Slight pause. Jovial again.

Well, that's my lot. So, without further ado, can I ask you to raise your glasses and join with me in toasting the memory of the man whose birthday we have come together to celebrate. David —

The PARTYGOERS take candles from the tray. SOMEONE switches off the light, leaving the scene candle-lit. MAXWELL takes the curtaining off the picture. It is Adolf Hitler.

The Fuehrer.

ALL (*raising their glasses*). The Fuehrer.

MAXWELL switches on the tape recorder. A German recording of the SS marching song, the Horst Wessel Lied. The PARTYGOERS take off their jackets. Some are wearing armbands, showing the sunwheel symbol; others put on armbands, badges, flashes. By small additions to basically black, brown and blue costumes, their ordinary clothes become uniforms. As each PARTYGOER finishes changing, they salute the portrait, and go and stand by the tape recorder, joining in the song, with English words. CLEAVER is the last to salute the picture of the Fuehrer.

SONG. We march and fight, to death or on to victory,

Our might is right, no traitor shall prevail

Our hearts are steeled against the fiery gates of hell

No shot or shell can still our mighty song.

Our sword is truth, our shield is faith and honour,
In age or youth, our hearts and minds we pledge,
Though we may die to save our people and our land
This course will stand, our millions marching on.

A knocking starts at the door. The song peters out.

We close our ranks, in loyalty and courage,
To God our thanks, for comrades tried and true . . .

MAXWELL. (*switching off tape recorder*). Who is it?

DRUMONT. (*off*). Drumont.

CLEAVER. Let him in.

SOMEONE. *puts the light back on. The feeling of panic in the group subsides.* MAXWELL admits DRUMONT, who carries a folded newspaper. He stands, says nothing.

CLEAVER. Yes, Edward?

DRUMONT. *hands the folded paper to CLEAVER.*

DRUMONT. Read that.

CLEAVER. What is it?

DRUMONT. Evening paper. Read. From there.

CLEAVER. What is it?

DRUMONT. Read.

CLEAVER. (*upset at being ordered about, nonetheless starts to read*). 'A week or two ago I fell into conversation with a constituent, a middle-aged, quite ordinary working man employed in one of our nationalised industries. After a sentence or two about the weather, he suddenly said: "if I had the money to go, I wouldn't stay in this country". I made some deprecatory reply, to the effect that even this government wouldn't last for ever' . . . (*He looks to DRUMONT.*)

DRUMONT. Well, go on.

CLEAVER. . . 'but he took no notice, and continued: "I have three children, all of them have been through grammar school, and two of them married now, with family. I shan't be satisfied till I have seen them all settled overseas. In this country in fifteen or twenty years time the black man will have the whip-hand over the white man"'. (*He looks up.*) Edward, who is —

DRUMONT. (*takes the paper, turns it over, points*). Now, there. Read on.

CLEAVER. 'The cloud no bigger than a man's hand, that can so rapidly overcast the sky, has been visible recently in Wolverhampton and has shown signs of spreading quickly. As I look ahead, I am filled with foreboding. Like the Roman, I seem to see . . . (*Slight pause*) "The River Tiber foaming with much blood"'.
Pause.

Pause.

All right. Who is it.

DRUMONT. The Right Hon Enoch Powell, Shadow Spokesman on Defence. Saying what no-one but you has ever dared to say. (*Pause. He lets it sink in. Then to MAXWELL.*)

You a tough guy, soldier?

MAXWELL. I like to think so, sir.

DRUMONT. This hurt? (*He bits MAXWELL suddenly in the stomach.* MAXWELL flinches slightly, shakes his head.) OK, now take off that stuff.

MAXWELL. I'm sorry, sir?

DRUMONT. Shirt, armband. All that fancy dress.

MAXWELL. *looks to CLEAVER, who shrugs a nod.*

MAXWELL. *takes off his shirt and armband. Again, suddenly, DRUMONT hits him.*

Hurt any more? The second time?

MAXWELL. No, sir.

DRUMONT. That's good. (*He turns to the rest of the PARTY-GOERS.*) Right. Comrades. For years, you have been battering against a bolted door. (*He waves the paper.*) And now, it's open. You can join, and build, and move. To do so, you must spurn the trappings. Spurn the fripperies. But not the faith. Not, absolutely not, the faith. (*He walks around, ALL watching him.*) For as you grow, you will, of course, be faced with heresies. Two heresies. And rather easy to define. Beware the man — the Right Conservative, the disillusioned military man — who'd take the Socialism out of National Socialism. But, also, even more, beware the man — the passionate young man, the Siegfried — who would take the National out of National Socialism. Guard against them both. Keep strong. Keep faith. And keep your long knives sharp. (*He covers the*

Hitler portrait with the curtaining.) And so. Not always. For a time. *(He tosses the newspaper to MAXWELL as he goes.)*

Pause.

CLEAVER. Where was he speaking?

MAXWELL *(looks at the paper)*. Birmingham.

Pause.

CLEAVER. Rivers of blood.

The scene freezes, and LIGHTS cross-cut to a spot on KHERA, at the side. He's now in his early forties, bareheaded, short-haired, clean shaven. He wears the protective clothing of a foundry worker, and carries his mask and goggles in his band.

KHERA. In '58. Came on home.

Gurjeet Singh Khera. To a Midlands town.

Another England, another nation,

Not the England of imagination.

The labour market forces have an international will,

So the peasants of the Punjab people factory and mill,

The sacred kess and kanga, kachka, kara and kirpan

The Sikh rejects so he can be a proper Englishman;

Keep faith in human virtue, while attempting to

condone

The mother country's horror at her children coming

home.

Gurjeet Singh Khera,

Once a slave,

Returns to haunt the Empire's grave.

PLATT *(off)*. Khera! Khera! For Christ's sake, Khera, where the bloody hell you hiding?

PLATT *enters into a little light on the other side of the stage. He's in a dirty white coat, carries a clipboard. Pause.*

KHERA. Sir?

Blackout. Play Handel.

ACT TWO

'The rise of the Nazi Movement signifies the nation's protest against a state refusing the right to work . . . protest against economic order thinking only in terms of profit and dividends.'

Gregor Strasser, National
Socialist Reichstag Deputy,
10 May 1932

'It is because we want socialism that we are anti-semitic.'

Joseph Goebbels, 1931

'The term socialism in itself is unfortunate, but it is essential to realise that it does not mean businesses must be socialised . . . This sharing of the workers in possession and control is simply Marxism.'

Adolf Hitler,
22 May 1930

'Only an anti-semite is a true anti-communist.'

Adolf Hitler, 1931