

KERSHAW. It was. While they were banning overtime.

PLATT. Now, look, that's not my fault. That's bloody union. They said they'd back the ban. They let the whites work normal, didn't they. No wonder that our sunburned brethren lost their rag. Not my fault, that they're coming out on strike.

KERSHAW. Not my fault, sadly true, that with no manifolds or brake-drums, can't make motor-cars.

Slight pause.

PLATT. Think that's called the hyper-mutuality of capital-intensive high technology.

Slight pause.

According to my lad's Financial Times.

Slight pause.

KERSHAW. So. Can the police do nothing?

PLATT. They say no.

KERSHAW. Why not?

PLATT. They can. But won't.

KERSHAW. But come on, Jim, an unofficial strike —

PLATT. You tell the good Inspector. (KERSHAW looks at PLATT.) You can see their point. The cameras, press, and all. It's tough for them, politically.

KERSHAW. Can see my point? Three plants, dead stop. Tough, economically, for us.

PLATT. I see. I think that's called a contradiction.

KERSHAW. Jim, for heaven's sake . . .

Pause.

PLATT. I know a young man. Who's in something of a crisis. He decided, 'bout a week ago, he couldn't cope with being a Conservative. Which wouldn't matter if he wasn't standing for election as a Tory in four days. We all have problems.

KERSHAW. Yes.

Pause.

Remind me, the percentage. Black to white.

PLATT. 'Bout six to one.

KERSHAW. Bad odds.

PLATT. What for?

KERSHAW. The picket line.

Pause.

Do you know if Nation Forward know about the strike?

PLATT. Why ask?

Slight pause.

KERSHAW (suddenly, briskly, walking out.) An English river, brimming English banks. (He has gone.)

PLATT. I don't get what you mean.

Blackout.

Scene Six

In the darkness, on a cassette tape recorder, TURNER practising a speech. He's not doing it well. During this recording, lights fade up on Nation Forward's HQ, evening. CLEAVER and MAXWELL sit. LIZ and TONY — who has the tape recorder near him — are working on a banner onstage. TURNER is standing behind a chair, which he'll use as a lectern.

TURNER (on tape). People of Taddley. You've all heard the smears. The lies. The — what's this?

MAXWELL (on tape, at a distance). Denigrations.

TURNER (on tape, after a breath). Denigrations. You've heard the — is this 'mewlings'?

MAXWELL (on tape, at a distance). Yes!

TURNER (on tape). All right. The — mewlings of the vested — of the commentators with a vested — sorry, can I start again?

MAXWELL gestures to TONY, who switches off the tape recorder. TURNER smiles, shrugs.

MAXWELL. OK, let's leave that. Try some questions.

Slight pause. CLEAVER asks the first question.

CLEAVER. Mr Turner, would you admit to racial prejudice?

TURNER. We all have a natural and healthy preference for our own kind.

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MAXWELL. Colour?

TURNER. That's what I mean. Certainly, giving an Asian a British passport doesn't make him British.

MAXWELL (prompting). Cat.

TURNER (rushing slightly, as if a line learnt by heart). After all, just because a cat is born in a kipper box, it doesn't make it a kipper.

LIZ and TONY look up, react to the joke. CLEAVER looks at MAXWELL.

And have you heard the one about —

CLEAVER (interrupts). Turner, there's pressure from the Pakkies for a separate girls' school, religious grounds. Approve?

TURNER. All for it. As long as it's in Pakistan.

CLEAVER. No!

TURNER. Why not? It's funny.

CLEAVER. Flip. You say it shows the immigrants themselves can't integrate.

TURNER (shrugs). Ask me another.

MAXWELL. Repatriation.

CLEAVER holds up three fingers.

TURNER. Ordered . . . compassionate . . . humane. (He stops. CLEAVER gestures him on.) But we are honest enough to say that it cannot be voluntary. And that includes all immigrants who were born here.

CLEAVER. No!

TURNER. What's wrong?

CLEAVER. How on earth can an immigrant be born here? Remote control?

TURNER. Well, you know what —

CLEAVER. That's exactly what the hecklers want.

MAXWELL. And on the same score, Dennis, don't say they breed like rabbits.

TURNER. Why?

MAXWELL. Cos then some joker shouts that Queen Victoria did too.

Pause. CLEAVER looks at MAXWELL.

CLEAVER. All right. This strike at Barons.

TURNER. The main priority must be — to resist, present attempts to secure a backstairs deal, between the immigrants and the company, um — above, uh —

MAXWELL. Over the heads —

TURNER. Over the heads of the British workers.

MAXWELL. A deal which once again would prove —

TURNER. Would prove —

MAXWELL. The common interest —

TURNER. Of the multi-nationals and the multi-racial elements in our midst.

MAXWELL. So?

TURNER. So, naturally, in the event of management renegeing on the interests of the ordinary white workers, we must show our support.

MAXWELL. No, Dennis, no. In the event of management selling out the interests of the rank and file white workers we must demonstrate our solidarity.

TURNER. Oh, at. That's right. I'm sorry.

CLEAVER looks at MAXWELL. MAXWELL, rather self-satisfied, stands and goes to look at LIZ's work over her shoulder. CLEAVER leans back in his chair.

CLEAVER. Mr Turner, I wonder, could you tell us just a little more about this common interest, between the multi-nationals and the blacks?

TURNER. Well, it's them attracts them. Them as advertised in all the papers over there. And when they're here, it's them — the multi-nationals — who encourage them to so-called integrate.

CLEAVER. I see. Now why would they do that?

MAXWELL (still looking at LIZ and TONY's work). Wages.

TURNER. Yuh, to undercut the wages of white workers.

CLEAVER. Only wages?

MAXWELL (still looking at the work). Jobs.

TURNER. That's right, to take jobs that would normally be given to the whites.

CLEAVER. No more than that?

MAXWELL *looks at CLEAVER.*

Nothing to do with — make-up? Breeding? And the aim, perhaps, to mongrelize . . .

TURNER. You what?

CLEAVER. To turn our nation to a mongrel race of khaki half-castes . . .

TURNER. Ar, and that as well.

MAXWELL *walks back to TURNER and CLEAVER, firmly.*

Come on, Turner, you're just Fascists in sheep's clothing.

Look at Cleaver's Nazi record!

CLEAVER *scratching his ear*. Look at Maxwell's.

MAXWELL. You're just tinpot Führers, out to overthrow democracy!

TURNER. That's not —

MAXWELL. Come on! Question! Answer it! *(He sits.)*

TURNER. If you'll just let me . . . There's a simple answer. We want more democracy. We think that at the moment we're controlled by an undemocratic, cosmopolitan elite of Wall Street — puppeteers — who are behind the plot to undermine the nations, the free nations, and impose a One-World State, which would be under their control. Their methods include — strangulation of the national economies by saddling them with debt . . . and, *(Looks to CLEAVER.)* and mongrelisation, and communist subversion, and — *(He looks at MAXWELL.)* the creation of the multi-national monopolies.

MAXWELL. Well done.

TURNER *during this speech, CLEAVER starts laughing, long and loud*. In its place, we wish to build — a truly democratic . . . nationalist society, in which the views, of everyone, are — as it were . . . What's funny?

CLEAVER *laughing*. Oh dear me.

TURNER *quite angry*. What's funny?

CLEAVER. Wall Street? In alliance with the Communists? Oh dear me.

TURNER. Well, they financed the Russian Revolution —

CLEAVER *laughing even more*. Financed the Russian

Revolution? New York bankers? Oh, that's good, that is.

TURNER. Well, it's been said —

CLEAVER *still jovial*. I mean, for heaven's sake. Name names.

TURNER. Well, Jacob — Schiff, and Otto . . .

MAXWELL. Warburg.

TURNER. Warburg, they gave cash to pay the Bolsheviks to — CLEAVER *laughing even more*. Schiff and Warburg? Oh, that's rich, that is. That's really rich. I mean, now, what on earth had they in common with the Communists? Just tell me. What on earth?

Pause. Still smiling.

Just tell me. What on earth. In common.

Pause.

TURNER. Richard, I don't get —

CLEAVER *not smiling any more*. Or put another way. What British landlords. British tenants. British workers. British bosses. Have in common.

TURNER *quietly*. Race.

CLEAVER. Can't hear.

TURNER. Their race.

CLEAVER. And so — the others?

Pause.

Warburg. Marx. Schiff. Rosa Luxemburg. Rothschild. Lev Davidovitch Trotsky. What have they in common.

TURNER. Richard, I'm not an anti-sem — *(He stops himself.*

Pause.)

CLEAVER. Dennis. The man who took you to shop away. What was his name?

Pause.

TURNER. Goodman. Monty Goodman.

CLEAVER. Yes.

The telephone rings. CLEAVER answers it.

Yes? Oh, yes, indeed. Hold on.

He covers the receiver.

And so the questioner's remark about democracy. What is democracy?

TURNER. What serves. Is in the interests of. The Race.

CLEAVER (*stands, walks towards the exit, carrying the telephone on its long lead*). That's right. (To MAXWELL.) Goodnight, David. (*He turns at the exit, gestures with the receiver to TURNER.*) It's for you.

CLEAVER goes out with the telephone. TURNER shrugs at MAXWELL, follows. TONY, his work done, stands, sits on a chair. LIZ looks up at MAXWELL.

MAXWELL. Well?

LIZ. Well what?

MAXWELL. Can't you see what he's doing?

LIZ. Who?

MAXWELL. Herr Oberstgruppenführer?

LIZ goes back to her work.

LIZ. Tell me.

MAXWELL. You know, he has this vision of himself, he really sees himself in cap and flashes, striding through Earl's Court or somewhere, flanked by cohorts of the brightest and the blondest . . .

Slight pause.

You see, Liz, what he'll never realize, you can't, now, operate a show on Nordic runes and Wagner, there's some people out there going to need convincing, and we must appear . . .

Slight pause.

I mean, OK, the Triumph of the Will, but not just his . . .

TONY. Don't matter what we say, as long as we get votes, that what you mean?

MAXWELL (*drops into a chair*). Oh, blimey. What's the point.

LIZ, her work done, stands. *She takes out a cigarette.*

LIZ. I like things neat.

She lights her cigarette.

I used to do a lot of sewing. Not just clothes, but things around the house. The curtains, chair covers. I even did a bit of tapestry, picked it up at school. The house was getting

really nice. But then, with everything, there didn't seem much point.

There was this tenants' group, a lot of them, in fact, were Patriotic League, you know, the thing that Dennis ran. And what was good about it wasn't that they said the things I thought, but that, with them, I could express myself, without apologising.

Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't I be proud of what I am? Our country's rotting. Fabric's perished. Ripping at the seams. Cos people won't be proud of what they are. I don't care how it comes about. I want a reason to have children.

TONY. Yuh. That's right.

Enter CLEAVER.

MAXWELL. Well, who was that on the —

LIZ (*interrupts*). Banner's finished, Richard.

CLEAVER. Let me see.

TONY and LIZ lift up the banner. A union jack, behind an appliqué white family. The slogan: 'The Future Belongs To Us'.

Yes, that's very good.

Slight pause.

MAXWELL (*suddenly, almost desperately*). Oh, for Christ's sake, Tony, told you, hundred times, the top left white band's broader, look, you got the thing the bloody wrong way round —

TONY. I'm not the only one.

Pause. CLEAVER, as if noticing MAXWELL for the first time since he came back in.

CLEAVER. Oh, David. You still here?

Pause.

Tony, get Mr Maxwell's coat.

MAXWELL. I haven't got a coat.

CLEAVER. Tony, get Mr Maxwell out of here.

TONY goes to MAXWELL. TURNER has entered, he watches the scene.

MAXWELL. Look, I . . . Tony, look, you —

TONY. Heard what Mr Cleaver said?

MAXWELL. Oh, God Almighty.

He turns and quickly exits. TONY gestures at the banner.
 CLEAVER. It doesn't matter, Tony. Been a long night. *(He sits.)*

TURNER. What's happening? Why's David gone?

CLEAVER *(patiently)*. Dennis. There is, in Nationalist politics, a heresy, it's more or less perennial, which argues that true patriots should be opposed, not just to international finance, but to private enterprise in toto. And what follows? An obsession with 'democracy'. Masses, as against the individual. Distrust of leadership. Marx, decked out in patriotic weeds.

Pause.

We've had a little purge.

Slight pause. Briskly.

Right. Once more. The speech.

Blackout.

Scene Seven

Immediately, a spot on TURNER, in front of the banner. He is miked. His speech is cool, assured, professional. It echoes round the theatre.

TURNER. People of Taddley. You've all heard the smears. The lies, the denigrations. You've heard the mewlings of the commentators with a vested interest in the notion that our British nationalism is a passing fashion. Well, let me tell them. And tell you.

That from tonight, from Taddley, from this by-election, we are here to stay. Whatever barriers we may encounter, whatever set-backs we must overcome; however long the journey and however hard the road . . . we are the future.

What can stop us now?

Applause, but also heckling. A chant from the HECKLERS: 'Nation Forward, Nazi Party.' It's drowned by the singing

of 'Land of Hope and Glory'. Sounds of violence, chairs being turned over. The HECKLERS attempt the Internationale. It's drowned by a much louder chant, as sounds of violence grow: 'The Reds, the Reds, we gotta get rid of the Reds.' The spot on TURNER fades, as his face progresses from triumph to alarm. Blackout as the chants and sounds of violence go on growing till, suddenly, they cut out, and two single rifle shots are heard.

Scene Eight.

Lights. ROLFE stands. He is in a dark overcoat, over a suit which shows signs of hasty travel. The stage is empty, though we are in fact in the Army HQ, Lisburn, Northern Ireland. ROLFE holds a union jack, crumpled, in his hands. He almost cradles it, as he would a baby. He looks up at the audience.

ROLFE. There is a moment in one's life, more terrible, traumatic, even than the ending of a first love, or the consciousness of failed ambition, or awareness of the fact of growing old. It is the moment when you realise you have more time, regard, respect, for those who are your enemies than those you view as friends. That moment came to me at night, while sitting in an aeroplane, and flying northwards, west, across the Irish Sea, to fetch the body of my son.

He was, they told me, on the Lower Falls. Arms raid, just turned his head, a second. And the little boy, the schoolkid at the tenth floor window, with his sniper's gun, aimed just above the hairline, dead on true. Probably been there for hours. Waiting for that second. Patiently.

And on the plane, I realised, I had more time for him, the 12-year-old boy killer in the Divis Flats, the dark child with his Russian rifle, far more time for him, than they. The Generals. The Ministers. Assured us that the sun would never set. The Generals, could not prevent my son, in his high morning, his sun going down.

Yet you still won't see.

Will you? You generals, you ministers, police-chiefs, you won't see, we are at war. Same war. In Belfast. Bradford. Bristol, Birmingham, the one we lost in Bombay thirty years ago, the

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one we're going to lose in Britain now. Unless you see in time. Not thugs or lunatics, nor dupes of Moscow. They are ordinary men and women, sane and normal, thousands of them. And there is no time. They're everywhere. Deep, deep, inside the gut. There is no time.

He is crying.

The sun has set. And we should not remember. We should not look back, but should, instead, think only of the morning.

He looks at the crumpled flag.

His fault. He turned his back.

The tears stop. ROLFE raises the flag, holding it in a high salute.

We need an iron dawn.

He stands there, holding up the flag. Lights fade to darkness.

ACT THREE

'The misshapen hulk of the modern democratic state poses a serious serious threat to the ideals that it was originally intended to serve. The tentacles of bureaucracy and egalitarian socialism are strangling private enterprise.'

Robert Moss,
in *The Collapse of Democracy*,
1975

'Private enterprise cannot be maintained in the age of Democracy; it is conceivable only if the people have a sound idea of authority ... All the worldly goods which we possess, we owe to the struggle of the chosen.'

Adolf Hitler,
20 February 1933