

A phone rings. And rings. Smith pulls himself out of the tryst, grabbing the phone.

Smith YES?!
Beat. He kicks the music off.

DO NOTHING UNTIL I'M THERE.

He puts the phone down, picks it up again, dials.

Henderson What . . . what is it? (Noticing **Morris** on top of her.) Morris . . .

Morris (sheepishly getting off, pulling at his clothes) Henderson.

Smith puts the phone down, they snatch their things, pulling their shoes on.

Smith 359 Amhurst Road, Stoke Newington, patrol car spotted John Barker entering the property seven minutes ago, other three suspects believed to be inside.
 Darkness.

The words of communiqués flicker and travel about the space.

The sound of punk rock, pornographic orgasms and explosions building.

The kicking of doors, shouting, torchlight flooding into the darkness.

Smith POLICE, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

A torchlight hits Anna.

Smith holds the torch. He lowers it.

They stare at each other.

Blackout.

The Brigade

Anna It feels right, here.

Jim I know.

Anna Like we're - I don't know, like something special could happen here, in this house. Does that sound -

Jim No.

Anna Silly, or -?

Jim No. It doesn't. No, it's -

Anna Why don't - do you know what we should do, we should leave all the doors open.

Jim What do you - oh right, like -

Anna I just mean a house where no door is ever closed, why are we closing them?

Jim I don't know, no you're right, that's a good idea.

Anna What are we hiding; are we embarrassed? I'm not embarrassed, why should I be embarrassed?

Jim You shouldn't be embarrassed.

Anna Worse than that actually, it's shame, we're ashamed of the perfectly natural things that humans do to be human that we want to hide away. Am I embarrassed of my body, because it doesn't look like the bodies in magazines, do I not want people to see the way I look when I sleep; people need to sleep.

Jim It's for - they think it's for privacy, don't they. To be with their thoughts, or -

Anna Privacy isn't a space. It's a state of mind.

Jim It - yep. Sorry.

Anna What for, we're not arguing, we're just talking.

Jim I know I just feel – I meant of course that makes perfect sense, I get –

Anna What?

Jim Nothing, I wish I thought the way you thought sometimes that's all, it doesn't matter, doors.

Anna Doors.

Jim Open . . . hold on, then.

Anna My God.

Jim What?

Anna Your eyes.

Jim . . .

Anna How can you be given eyes like that, when other people just get dead stones. It isn't fair, I can hardly bear it.

Jim I don't know.

Anna What were you going to say?

Jim Erm. I don't remem – the doors. If we're – do we – why do we even need doors.

Anna Exactly.

Jim No but I mean why do we even need the doors, then. Why don't we rip 'em off. We could burn 'em actually.

Anna Well then bugger it, the walls.

Jim The walls.

Anna Let's / knock down the walls.

Jim Knock down the walls.

Anna The walls, that's brilliant, who decided there should be walls? Is it safe, to do that?

Jim You just have to tap it and listen, see if it's structural.

Anna That's what we're doing – that's brilliant, we should write that down.

Jim Write what down?

Anna We're tapping on this country's structural walls, seeing which ones if removed would bring the whole thing down.

Jim Yeah you should write it down. Don't though.

Anna I won't.

Jim Sometimes I've seen you writing letters.

Anna I don't post them.

Jim You can't, Anna.

Anna They're just for me. It feels like contact if I just write the letter and throw it away.

Jim I get – sometimes I get . . . nothing.

Anna You have – doubts?

Jim No.

Anna Not about the reasons why, about what has to change, in the world, just about – what we're doing and how we're doing it.

Jim It's just the . . . the, erm –

Anna The no-turning-backness. Of it.

Jim Maybe.

Anna I know.

Jim If we got caught –

Anna Yeah.

Jim John said . . . we would represent ourselves, in any trial, no lawyers.

Anna Yeah, what do lawyers know about justice. What do they know about *us*, they're part of the problem –

- Jim** I probably wouldn't. I'm just saying. I probably wouldn't represent myself.
- Anna** . . . It, it's not too late to - I'd be heartbroken, but it's not too -
- Jim** I haven't changed my mind, I haven't. I just sometimes get . . . around John.
- Anna** What?
- Jim** And you. Your level of - what's the word, when you have words to describe something well, like -
- Anna** Articulate.
- Jim** Articulate - so, see, I couldn't even articulate the word articulate, that's how inarticulate I am sometimes and it, it, sometimes it scares me.
- Anna** Don't be scared.
- Jim** I shouldn't have dropped out of Cambridge, that was stupid. Should have stayed, learned.
- Anna** See you went to Cambridge, they don't let inarticulate people into Cambridge.
- Jim** It's politics.
- Anna** Everything is politics.
- Jim** Everything is political, not everything is politics.
- Anna** That was artic - . . . see! Jim, that was articulate.
- Jim** That was John. He said that, not me, I just . . . I only ever just -
- Anna** No.
- Jim** - really.
- Working-class quota, that's what got me in, box ticking.
- Anna** You worked hard.
- Jim** . . . I did work hard.

- Anna** Don't be scared.
- Jim** Scared's the wrong word. Fucks me off, that's the right word. Your private schools. You, John and Hil.
- Anna** It isn't your fault.
- Jim** I really love this, talking to you, you're brilliant.
- Anna** I love you.
- Jim** I love you.
- Anna** I love you. Do you think people will die?
- Jim** I don't know.
- Anna** I remember my mother. I remember this one conversation we had in a Wendy house at the bottom of our garden.
- Jim** Did you know that Wendy house comes from *Peter Pan*, the place for Wendy to go and look after the erm the erm the Lost Boys -
- Anna** And cook and clean and be the archetypal mother role in an oppressively misogynistic society, yes I did know that but I didn't know it at the time, so give me a break, I liked the little curtains with the flowers.
- Jim** And it was your own space.
- Anna** Away from the grown-ups.
- Jim** Where you could be as naughty as you liked.
- Anna** I'd hit a girl at school because she was being mean to me, she was always being mean to me. I'd had some, uh, some . . . problems around that, at school, sometimes, they made me see someone, a couple of times -
- Jim** See -? What kind of -
- Anna** It doesn't matter really, anyway, I'd hit a girl and the school had called my mum and she came home and I was in the Wendy house. And she came in and said. She told me that violence never solved anything.

And I'm just saying that to put that there so that it's there, so that it's been said.

Jim OK. Well here's my response to that, Anna.

I remember my mum. My mum was a good woman, I remember watching my mum doing the ironing. Ironing is not on the surface a particularly violent act but I would watch her and something would make me all, I don't know, queasy and uneasy about it. But in those, erm, rigid and repressive traditions that assign individuals ancient gender roles that saw my father sat in his armchair watching the flickering box, fat on the food that my mum had just cooked while behind him she ran an iron over his shirts, perfectly happy and unquestioningly because the ant doesn't question the crumb she is lifting to take back to the farm, the fact is that it made the five, eight, whatever year-old me queasy because what I was watching was one of the most violent acts I could imagine. No I know there wasn't any blood, there weren't any bullets being fired no bones snapping or people screaming but in the hissing of that iron – hisssssssssssssss – and in the fabric of I don't know the old shaggy carpet on the floor and the patterned paper on our walls in the two-up two-down terraced box we lived in in our 'open prison' that is the north of England – in all of *that*, there are silent, invisible, but *real*, BOMBS going off. Every second of every minute of every day.

There is violence in the five-day week, and in the illusion that the weekend means you're free, but the weekend is just parole, nothing more. There is the violence in the boredom and the inactivity of the unemployed. There is violence in the long streets of houses – boxes for the workers, cells for the inmates, the illusion of freedom this space gives us, like the free-range chicken who wrongly equates having more soil to trample around on with escaping the axe. There is violence in the road grid of the city, in the rapid transit systems that take us to and from our prison-cell homes to the bee hive. There is violence in the boy dressed in blue and the

girl dressed in pink. There is violence, Anna, in the boy who is given a train set, and the girl who is given a Wendy house.

So with the greatest of respect to your mum, and her theory about violence, and I am sure that she is lovely, I am, but fuck your mum. Because there is more violence in her statement than on the streets of Paris. On the streets of Germany and on the streets of Madrid. And, very soon, on the streets of London. The blood that pours out of that sentence is awful. It's awful.

Anna Maybe we could get rid of the stairs as well.

Jim We need the stairs to get *upstairs*.

Anna Maybe fuck upstairs.

Jim Maybe fuck upstairs. But no, we need them.

Hilary Shit.

Anna I know, are you cross, don't be cross.

Hilary It's a toilet.

Jim Yeah.

Hilary What's it doing there?

Jim Nothing, just being a toilet.

Hilary In the middle of the room.

Anna It didn't used to be in the middle of the room, there used to be walls around it, Jim knocked them down.

Jim It's safe.

Anna No rooms, Hil, right? Then no one gets the biggest, and no one gets the smallest, we're just, we're just here.

Hilary John?

Anna John?

John . . . Yeah.

Anna Yeah.

John Yeah.

Hilary I don't think we're getting our deposit back.

John He was a cunt anyway.

Anna Who was?

Hilary (*as estate agent*) '359 Amhurst Road. Is this your first rental together?'

Anna (*arm through Jim's perhaps; 'a couple'*) 'Yes.'

Hilary 'Awwh. High ceilings. Lots of light.'

Anna 'Lots of light, yes.'

Jim 'Yeah, very high, yeah.'

Hilary 'I'm sorry, your names again.'

Anna 'Mr and Mrs Buchanan - I'm Michael, he's Jane, I mean, ha, I'm Jane and he's Michael - sorry I'm just giddy at the thought of it all.'

Hilary 'You're so sweet. Where have I heard those names before, Michael and Jane, where have I heard that?'

(*Singing.*) 'A robin feathering his nest

Has very little time, to rest.

While gathering his

Bits of twine and twig'

Hilary/Anna (*singing*) 'Though quite intent in his pursuit'

Hilary/Anna/Jim (*singing*) 'He has a merry tune to toot

He knows a song

Will move the job along!'

Hilary 'You're so sweet.'

Anna 'It all feels so new still, only married two weeks.'

Hilary 'Two weeks?!'

Jim 'Yeah.'

Hilary 'Oh that is so sweet. Your first home. Something that says "look how well we're doing". A place of our own, tick. Married, tick. Jobs - you do have jobs, don't you?'

Anna 'Teachers. We're both teachers.'

Hilary 'We'll need references.'

Anna 'Of course!'

Hilary 'And a security deposit of £34.'

Anna 'I think we can manage that, right sweetheart?'

Jim 'Yes, we can manage that.'

Hilary 'Lots of potential in this room. A great social space, host dinner parties, invite round friends, work colleagues, imagine some lovely new modern furniture, knick-knacks, little trinkets, odds and ends, bits and bobs, brighten the place up, really sell it. A space that can just say to people "look how well we're doing".'

Jim 'What's the area like, this part of London?'

Hilary 'Up and coming, so this is the right time to move, prices are going up and up, which is bad in one sense, although it prices - this is insensitive, I know - but it prices out a lot of undesirables, if you know what I mean, because there have been problems - not any more.'

Jim 'Problems?'

Hilary 'Some homelessness, destitution, it's the east, you know, the east has always had problems - has always *had* problems, but it's on the up and up, so.'

Anna 'Homelessness and destitution. And yet big properties like this just sat here completely empty.'

Hilary 'Yes.'

Anna 'Completely empty when people could be in them.'

Hilary 'Way of the world, I suppose.'

Anna 'Yes, I suppose it is.'

Hilary 'Good for you, though.'

Anna 'Yes.'

Hilary 'So?'

Anna/Jim 'We'll take it!'

John What a cunt.

Hilary Strange being east.

John Important.

Hilary I know. Miss 'em though, some of them, Chris, Angela, Stuart –

Anna 'They can still come round –

John No, they cannot 'come round'.

Anna No I know I just mean –

John No 'just' or anything, this is why we're here. This is why we left the rest of them, behind, this isn't a game anymore. This isn't a hobby, it's not a party, ten, twenty, thirty people crashing on the floor together at any one time. Yes solidarity is important, people around you, working together, living breathing playing fucking but if you're together then you're vulnerable and if you're vulnerable you get caught – them lot, I love 'em, but they get caught, we've got to go the extra mile. You can't bring down the structure of something you're inside of; we've gotta step out of it. Out of the system, and underground, we're doing this. Properly.

Jim Professional.

John What?'

Jim 'Bout being professional.

John That's right, Jim's right, it's about being professional. From amateur to professional. Which means breaking all ties – I'm sorry. We'll run this place with the same philosophies, this will be a house of freedom and thinking but it's just us. Just the four of us.

Jim Like the Musketeers.

John I'm not joking, Jim.

Jim I'm not joking, the Musketeers were incredible. The Musketeers had commitment and nobility. They had a code of honour.

John This is what we committed to. Say goodbye. Now – here in this room. In this room with no walls and a toilet in it. Say goodbye to your friends, to your family. And to the old you. We burn our past.

Go on, everything you have, we're flushing it.

Jim Might block it.

John I don't care, Jim.

Jim Victorian, this plumbing.

John Everything's Victorian – the attitudes, the mindset, the prejudices fuck it. We're flushing it. All of it. Bye, John.

Anna Bye, Anna!

Hilary Bye, Hil.

Jim Er yeah bye. Jim.

John Blow it up, or burn it down.

John/Hilary Blow it up, or burn it down.

John/Hilary/Anna Blow it up, or burn it down.

John/Hilary/Anna/Jim Blow it up, or burn it down.

Anna Was fun though.

Jim What?'

Anna Being the Buchanans, for just a moment.

Jim I hated the Buchanans

Anna I know.

Jim I hated the Buchanans, Anna, they were smug and they were completely blind.

Anna Not their personalities, which we invented anyway –

Jim They're real, those types of people, those types of young people, painfully real.

Anna I meant pretending to be real, you know. . .

Jim What.

Anna Item.

Jim . . .

Anna With a future together –

Jim Their future together was shit. Their future together was monotony and monogamy and just convincing themselves they were happy while they wait to die.

Anna I know, but still.

Jim I'm just fucking around.

Anna Wanker.

Jim I mean I'm not, it's all true, but I mean I know what you mean, it was – there was something about that. In their world, if we still lived in their world, you'd be my . . . 'that'.

Anna And you mine.

Jim I thought that when I first saw you, actually.

Anna No you didn't – really?

Jim Yes.

Anna I did you, actually.

Jim But that's – it's not real, it's fantasy.

Anna It's romanticism, the corruption of real moments by projecting clichés onto them, ones we've all seen in films or read in books, star-crossed lovers, love at first sight, all the nonsense.

Jim Rain falling.

Anna The crowds part.

Jim Music.

Anna Exactly. When the moment itself, pure, should be enough, without projecting someone else's branded version of romance onto it.

'Hello.'

Jim I said it to you first.

Anna You did. Even though you're shy.

Jim 'Hello.'

Anna 'Hello.'

'What book's that?'

Jim 'Kropotkin.'

Anna 'It is often said that anarchists live in a world of dreams to come, and do not see the things which happen today. We do see them. And only too well. And in their true colours. And that is what makes us carry the hatchet into the forest of prejudice that besets us.'

Jim 'That's very good.

Who have you got, there?'

Anna 'Goldman.'

Jim 'I can't quote him cause I don't know him.'

Anna 'It's a she.'

- Jim** 'Well, now I feel like a cunt.'
- Anna** 'Don't, I don't want you to.'
- Jim** 'I'm still learning.'
- Anna** 'We're all still learning.'
- Jim** 'First time in this place, I like it.'
- Anna** 'Yeah it's a good selection. Til the pigs come and raid it.'
- Jim** 'Do the pigs raid it?'
- Anna** 'Course they do. A censorship of ideas.'
- Jim** 'Would you like to have a drink with me?'
- Anna** 'I don't drink. Alcohol pacifies. It stops you being proportionately angry at the big stuff and makes you disproportionately angry at the little stuff.'
- Jim** 'Would you like to smoke a joint with me?'
- Anna** 'Yes please.'
- Jim** And then I could have taken you –
- Anna** Spun me around in your arms –
- Jim** (*clipped, 1940s accent*) 'Oh my darling Anna.'
- Anna** (*same*) 'James.'
- Jim** 'I'll never let you out of my sight again, dammit. These eyes will never leave you, these arms will never let you go.'
- Anna** 'And those lips.'
- Jim** 'Do you hear that?'
- Anna** 'Yes. Music.'
- Jim** 'What is it?'
- Anna** 'Rachmaninov, I think.'

- Jim** 'Is it real or are we only dreaming it?'
- Anna** 'You'd better kiss me before we wake up. Kiss me like there's no tomorrow. Kiss me like they do – in the movies.'
- Hilary** I was listening to that.
- John**, I said I was listening to that.
- Don't, you'll scratch it.
- John** I want to scratch it.
- Hilary** It's peaceful.
- John** It's positively comatose, that's the problem.
- Hilary** You're hurting my ears, it sounds like it's screaming –
- John** It is screaming. This is what it actually sounds like, under the rigidly, repressed order of intro, verse, chorus, verse, chorus, bridge, chorus, outro. It's screaming. It's the 'illusion' of art, for the masses, convincing them they're experiencing some free expression – intro, verse, chorus, verse, chorus, bridge, chorus, outro – like an inmate painting in prison.
- You know Bach actually used maths to write his pieces 1+1+1, equals, and don't question.
- Hilary** What about jazz? Wasn't jazz meant to be new notes, in its own order.
- John** That's what jazz *was* meant to be, yes. But then they packaged it and sold it. Jazz is a fucking traitor. Not as bad as pop. Everyone, leaving the factories on a Friday night, 'Here's some music – don't look out of your window, don't question anything, here's a song, just dance. Left foot, right foot, together. Turn and back. Turn and back. Just – dance.'
- Anna/Hilary** (*sing from The Supreme's 'Where Did Our Love Go'*)

72 The Angry Brigade

John That's not dancing. That's marching to their tune. That's goosestepping in time.

Hilary I'll show you dancing.

Anna I'll show you dancing.

Hilary AaaaaaaAAAAHHHHHHH!

Anna AaaawwwhooooOOOOOW!

John (*as Edward Heath, baton, conducting*) And a one, two, three, and, bring in the strings, and now the bass. Lose the strings, and now the wind. And now the shopkeepers and the miners. Now the steelworkers and office clerks, one two three, one two three, keep time, two three, play your part, two three.

Jim 'As Mr Heath, the builder's son from Bexley, amateur conductor, arrives on the steps of 10 Downing Street, ousting Mr Wilson's Labour government, to begin his first term as Prime Minister . . .

John 'We used to fight our enemies, on foreign soils. But the future of this country is not one of international conflict. The real danger in the future of this country is dissent from within. The decade ahead of us presents real challenges, towards a 'civil war', that we must work together to prevent . . .

I was surrounded by them. I've been surrounded by them my whole life.

Jim Who?

John Tories.

Jim Yeah?

John Yeah, even before they knew they were Tories, I knew they were Tories.

Jim Prince Charles was at Cambridge when we were.

John Yeah.

Jim 'Parrently.

John Here's my theory about Tories, do you want to hear it?

Jim Er, yo - . . . yeah.

John Eh?

Jim I said yeah. Yes.

John I went to Haberdashers' Aske's, private school for boys, that was where I was sent by my parents, out of sight, out of mind.

Jim/John/Hilary/Anna CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD.

Hilary SIT UP STRAIGHT.

Anna DON'T ANSWER BACK

Jim/John/Hilary/Anna BECAUSE I SAID SO.

John The sound of hard shoes on the cloisters, the sight of all that ancient, immovable stone, it cannot fail but to imprint upon them the weight of the past. It represses any notion of 'another way'. Because the old ways feel so immovable and sturdy and strong.

My theory is that it is possible, entirely possible, for a future Conservative Member of Parliament born today to live his or her life from cradle to dispatch box having only ever heard the sound of hard shoes on stone floors, that awful echoey, clippity-clop of the past, the sound of reverence of seriousness of propriety and respect, from church to private school to Oxbridge, to Parliament, just cloisters. All they know are cloisters. And that's why they are the way they are. Haberdashers' Aske's. It's motto. 'Serve and Obey'.

Jim My school didn't have a motto.

John There's only two types of group in society, Jim. Those whose school had a motto, and those whose didn't. 'Serve

and obey'. Walking on the left, chapel at 7 a.m., breakfast at 8, dinner at 7, sing the national anthem, pray to God.

Jim Labour aren't much better.

John Democracy in this country is a fucking illusion – here's a piece of paper, every five years. Red, or blue, or yellow, not a blind bit of difference between them. Cosmetics. Nothing more.

Jim 'Voted Labour all me life, me'. It's its own kind of fascism, I've seen it.

John I know.

Jim 'Who d'you think you are lad?'

...

'I said, yer listening? Oh ay gone deaf all of a sudden have yer, can't hear yer old man, now, ey, I shouldn't wonder.'

'Don't listen to him, I'm proud of you, love.'

'Poncing off, to fucking, Cam-ber-idge.'

'Not poncing off anywhere. Worked hard. What's wrong with him wanting to leave, nothing wrong, you leave him be.'

'Think's he's better.'

'I said LEAVE HIM BE, or so much as help me, I'll knock you six ways from Sunday. Don't think I'm scared o' yer, you sack of worthless shite.'

'YOU! KEEP THAT SHUT, RIGHT? SICK O' YER.. SICK O' THE BLEEDING LOT OF YOU, GOD SPARE ME, WHY HE GAVE ME HER FOR A WIFE, AND HIM FOR A SON. CAMBRIDGE!'

Anna Jim?

Jim ...

Anna Jim –

Jim What?

Hilary But they are the lesser of two evils, Labour – if you had to choose.

John We don't have to choose, why compromise?

Hilary Abortion legalised, homosexuality legalised –

John In Place of Strife. Tax and spends.

Hilary But socialism, though. Bakunin, states, 'Freedom without socialism is privilege and injustice. But socialism without freedom is slavery and brutality.'

John Let me tell you something. The history of the modern United Kingdom isn't one of Labour, then Tories, then Liberals, then Tories, then Labour – it's just of the Tories. They're the constant. They will always get back in. They don't even have to fight for it. They just have to sit back and let the passage of time roll by until it is handed to them again, wherefrom their sole principle and reason for getting up every morning will be to wherever and however possible Keep Things The Same.

Haberdashers' Aske's. Serve and obey. What did we do, Jim, our last exam, Cambridge?

Jim Medicine, I started with.

John Jim?

Jim But I realised. Medicine is just sticking plasters over wounds. It's stitching up and cleaning up and sending on your way, nothing more.

So I switched to economics instead. Which is proper medicine.

Anna See, Jim.

Jim What?

Anna That, then. That was good.

- Jim?**
- Jim** I heard yer.
- John** What did we do, Jim? Last exam – this close, *this* close to getting a DEGREE. You have copied down what we told you! You have repeated it back to us well! Now you are ready to go out into the world.'
- Jim** We stood up.
- John** Both of us.
- Jim** Middle of the hall.
- John** Most prestigious learning institute in the world.
- Jim** Three years work.
- John** More – our entire, youthful lives.
- Jim** We held up our exam papers.
- John** All our written answers. *This* close.
- Jim** And we burnt them.
- John** . . . we burnt them.
- Jim** Because fuck them.
- Anna** 'Can I have a drink now please, Mummy?'
- Hilary** 'Here, I'll wash it up for you.'
- Anna** 'Fairy?'
- Hilary** 'That means it's special for me. It's especially mild to keep my hands soft.'
- All** (*singing*) 'Now hands that do dishes can feel soft as your face. With mild green – Fairy Liquid.'
- John** 'This is the complexion Ann gets, with Knights Castille. And as long as she does, he won't be looking at anyone else.'

- Jim** 'A 9mm Parabellum Carbine Beretta M1938/42. Slim and lightweight, it's the gun your friends want you to have and your enemies don't want to see. Beretta – for all your killing needs.'
- BANG!**
- Anna** Don't!
- Jim** Just joking.
- Anna** Don't point it in my face.
- Jim** Not loaded.
- Hilary** Where'd it come from?
- John** Down the line.
- Hilary** How far down the line?
- John** Only Brussels.
- Hilary** Who, Wolfgang?
- Jim** (*Wolfgang*) 'Yes?'
- John** 'That was a great speech.'
- Jim** 'OK.'
- John** 'What you and, and Octavio and Miguel are doing, over in Paris and in –'
- Jim** 'Thanks.'
- John** 'And so dangerous for you to come to speak in London, they could detain you here if they –'
- Jim** 'They could detain me everywhere. But we must spread the word. Excuse –'
- John** 'Exactly, that's – exactly, we're . . . we're hoping, thinking, of setting something up. Erm. Here. In the UK, London. In Britain.'
- Jim** 'Something?'

John 'A group.'

Jim 'A group. OK. Good luck.'

John 'No wait, I'm serious, we're serious -'

Jim 'Everyone always thinks they're serious. No disrespect.'

John 'We're ready. We've studied. We've trained, our minds, our . . . We're ready, you have to believe us. But - we'd, we would need help. We would need . . . stuff, that we can't acquire over here. We would need to be part of the chain. The network.'

Jim 'You can't just decide to become a link in the chain, you have to earn it -'

John 'Let us earn it, let us prove to you.'

Jim ' . . . mmm . . . So you say serious, how serious, are you?'

Hilary ' . . . Deadly . . .'

Jim 'So, say, I don't know, someone contact you, someone need something stoning, away from prying eyes, cleaning, preparing, loading, all that, ready for a situation as and when a situation may arise . . .'

John 'We could do that. We could definitely do that.'

Jim 'You have a place that is safe?'

John 'We will have.'

Jim 'Who is "we"?''

John 'Four of us, A - . . . someone called Anna, someone called Jim, this is someone called Hilary and I'm someone called John.'

Jim ' . . . OK, well, hello someone called John. Maybe we will be in touch.'

Insert magazine clip in this thing here.

Anna Where'd you learn this?

Jim Read it.

Anna Read it where.

Jim From a book. Pull back on this, that locks it in.

Anna Sexy.

Hilary You are quite sexy, doing that.

Jim Thank you - safety catch. Lift up. And point. Best resting against your shoulder. Aim down the barrel. Front trigger is single shots, click, click, click. Back trigger is rapid fire.

Anna This is what they used on the embassy?

Jim Yup.

Anna When will they want it back?

Jim Dunno, whenever.

John It's ours for now, if we want it.

Hilary Guns are one thing though, right. But guns mean you have to be there, at the target, guns require firing. Bombs don't require firing, bombs can be left.

Anna Bombs are also indiscriminate, though. Guns can be aimed. Bombs do whatever the fuck they like.

Hilary I think that's why I like them. They have integrity. They don't care.

John Anna?

Anna Yes?

John Would you like to express something?

Anna What?

John Would you like to express something about bombs that you're uncomfortable with?

Anna I would like to talk about it, I have nothing particular to express.

John OK. Talk.

Anna Innocent people might get –

John Who are these innocent people you speak of, do you mean politicians, do you mean the police, do you mean, do you mean the, the soldiers, or the civil servants at the doll office, or the teachers in the school that lie – were the guards at the concentration camp innocent because they were just following orders unquestioningly – I'm not comparing, but I am, I sort of am, I'm –

Hilary I think I can take this, let me –

Anna You don't have to sell to me our war like it's a two-for-one on talcum powder, you can save your pitch, I don't need convincing, I just want to think through my thoughts –

Hilary There are these flats in Swansea.

John I fucking love this story.

Anna I don't want a story, don't tell me stories, narratives corrupt, narratives make people think there is meaning and a purpose to a series of randomly connected events, that there is a plan to life, and there isn't –

John Listen –

Hilary There is this tower block, 'streets in the sky', that BOLLOCKING FUCKING urban planning myth, 'we'll take you from your horizontal open plains, from your square inches of land, and pile you vertically upwards, together, one on top of the other, because it's *better* for you'. I would look up at them as I waited for my bus home from school. The flicker of light from one window. And then two floors up, and three windows to the right. The same light. Flickering, changing, dancing, to the same rhythm, the same beat. And it struck me. They Are Watching The Same Thing. They all return home from the production line, enter this

block, walk to their individual cells, close the doors, and they sit there . . . watching . . . 'recuperating' . . . drawn to the light. Like mosquitoes . . . Their eyelids dipping as their bodies slowly succumb to the tiredness of the day . . .

Imagine, I thought, imagine if there was a power cut, and the lights went out. Maybe they would turn to the person next to them in the room. And maybe they would talk. And maybe they would open the door into the corridor and peek out to see other people doing the same. And suddenly the whole block is talking to each other, and then I realised that's it. *That's* what cannot be allowed to happen. That's why the power must stay on. That's why the flickering boxes cannot break.

And that's the point of the explosion. That's the point of the gunshot. It's a bang. A bang to wake everyone from their slumber. A bang to make everyone Look Up.

Anna . . . OK.

John Where's the stuff?

Jim Under the sink.

John No one asked questions?

Jim Why would they ask questions, just household stuff, a 'Saturday shop', could be baking a cake, all they know.

Anna/Hilary (*singing*) If I knew you were coming I'd have baked a cake.

Baked a cake. Baked a cake.

Anna/Hilary/John/Jim (*singing*) If I knew you were coming I'd have baked a cake. Howd-ya do, Howd-ya do, Howd-ya do.

Anna COMMUNIQUE!

Jim NUMBER ONE!

Hilary TWO!

John THREE!

Ann FOUR!

Jim FASCISM.

Hilary OPPRESSION

All WILL - BE - SMASHED

Anna EMBASSIES

John HIGH PIGS

Jim SPECTACLES

All SPECTACLES, TESTICLES, WALLET AND WATCH!

Anna JUDGES

All PROPERTY

Anna 'Fellow revolutionaries. We have sat quietly and suffered the violence of the system for too long. We are being attacked daily. Violence does not only exist in the army, the police and the prisons. It exists in the shoddy alienating culture pushed out by TV films and magazines, it exists in the ugly sterility of urban life.

In a crisis of capitalism the ruling class can only react by attacking the people politically.

But the system will never collapse or capitulate by itself.'

John 'Order. ORDER!

The Secretary of State for Employment, Mr Robert Carr!

Jim (*as Carr*) 'Are we really saying, that the Government, and by Government we of course always mean the People! - *elected*, unlike protest leaders *accountable*, unlike anarchists - are the Opposition really saying that it is not within our parliamentary right to even discuss reform of industrial policy in this country, let alone act on it? Without fear of intimidation from the unions, without fear of intimidation

from workers, students and, worse, troublemakers and bullies? Well, this Government will not only discuss these issues, we will act upon them . . . An end to the so-called WORKERS OF THIS COUNTRY HOLDING THIS COUNTRY TO RANSOM!

Hilary The Right Honourable Secretary of State for Employment Robert Carr . . . is going to discover what is right, and what is honourable, tonight.

John Haberdashers' Aske's, school for boys. Chapel. 7 a.m. (*Singing.*) 'And did those feet . . . in ancient times . . .'

John/Hilary/Jim/Anna 'Walk upon England's mountains green

And was the holy Lamb of God,

Jim (*as Carr*) 'Get down!'

Anna (*as wife*) 'Robert, I'm scared!'

John/Hilary/Jim/Anna 'On England's pleasant pastures seen!'

And did the Countenance Divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?'

John Everyone needs an anthem to march off to war to.

Jim Everyone needs a war to march off to.

Hilary Someone's been reading Randolph Bourne.

Jim I'm sure someone has, it isn't me.

Hilary Randolph Bourne states that -

Jim Rando Whoever isn't here is he - these are my thoughts, and I'm saying there always has to be an enemy, doesn't there? Governments need there to be a threat, they have to unite people against something, and if there's nothing there, then you Make One Up. Make one closer to

home. Tell 'em the immigrants want your job. Tell 'em the blacks want your women. Tell 'em the poor are getting fickle, and that Something Must Be Done. Give 'em fear, give 'em paranoia, give 'em -

John The FA Cup.

Jim Gi - . . . what?

John A side to support against another side, doesn't matter who really, they try and kick this, that way, into that, they try and kick the other way, into that - stadiums, they're the new temples, footy the new religion, promotion the new heaven, relegation the new hell - so long as it occupies hearts and minds. Pick a side, any side -

Hilary Come on you reds!

John Go on your blues!

Jim/John/Hilary/Anna (*singing Match of the Day tune*) Da-da-da-daah da-dah da-dah-dah, da-da-da-daah da-dah da-dah-dah, da-da-da-daah da-dah da-dah-dah, da-da-da-daah da-dah da-dah da da.

Hilary What do you see when you look like that?

John *He* used to take me to the games.

Hilary Who did?

John He was sports editor, for the *Evening Standard*. I tried to get into it, he knew I wasn't, though. A disappointment.

Hoisted up there, on his shoulders . . .

Didn't really - you know. Get a chance to - you know. Properly know, him, until . . .

Nor him himself, probably.

'Retirement', at the age of sixty-five, like that's some fucking compensation. That in your final years, you're finally given

the chance to live. Why? Why do we all do it, why do we all fucking . . . accept that.

Hilary What do you see?

John He's in the Red Lion, under the dartboard. In the corner. Getting slowly inebriated like all the rest of 'em. Pretty soon there'll be a fight, glass smashed. Turn on each other, fighting inwards, instead of looking outwards. That's the best way. Like rats in a sack. Let 'em fight each other.

He has nothing to say to his wife.

He has no friends left.

He's sitting in the corner of the pub. Nursing a pint.

Hilary What's that sound?

John It's a brass band. The workers, they have music that they play. It's sort of theirs, sort of.

Hilary It's beautiful.

John In some ways.

Hilary Did he ever play an instrument? This guy?

John No.

Hilary What's he doing?

John Can't you see?

Hilary He's holding his heart.

John Yeah.

Hilary Is he dying?

John He is, yeah . . .

Hilary Can we save him?

John For what? Save him so that he can do *what*?

They taught him everything, except how to live . . .

Anna . . . John.

John Yeah?

Anna The girl.

John Yeah I know. But they went off. They went off, Jim, you did it –

Jim I told you.

John They both went off YES.

Hilary It's started. The war has started.

Anna The little girl was at home.

Hilary There are always going to be little girls, Anna, steel yourself, focus.

Anna A LITTLE GIRL.

Hilary WE KNOW!

We're trying to wake her up. Not kill her.

John 'And how old are you, little girl?'

Anna What?

John 'Come. Sit down.'

Anna . . .

John 'What's your name?'

Anna Anna.

John 'Hello, Anna.'

Anna Are you a doctor?

John 'I am a doctor, yes.'

Anna Where's your white coat?

John 'I'm a different kind of doctor. I fix things in your head, not in your body.'

Your teachers tell me you've been getting into a bit of trouble recently.

Why do you think that is?

You hit someone.'

Anna They started it.

John 'Tell me. Do you feel a sort of . . . fizzing. In your stomach. Like something bubbling. Do you feel your face something going bright red, like you're going to explode?'

Jim/Hilary/John/Anna BANG!

Anna I woke up, you weren't –

Jim What?

Anna You weren't there.

Jim Weren't where? Where was I meant to be?

Anna Nowhere. I just. Like it when you're – when we wake up and you're there.

Jim I just fell asleep wherever. I just –

Anna In Hilary's room.

Jim We don't have rooms.

Anna The room where Hilary was –

Jim And John was there. Before he wasn't. You could have joined –

Anna Can't sleep, loads of people, legs and arms, and always in the middle where you can't roll over –

Jim/John/Hilary (*singing*) 'There were four in a bed and the little one said, roll over, roll over, and so they all rolled over and one fell out and now there were only three in a bed' –

Anna – maybe we could tonight, like just hug, I'd like a hug I think.

Jim OK. If we – if that's where we fall asleep, then . . . sure.

- John** That's them. The squad.
- Anna** They're young.
- Hilary** Ten grand?
- John** This bunch here, old Dick Barton and Dixon of Dock Green, they're the senior officers –
- Jim** 'Come along then, let's be havin' you' – fuck off.
- John** But these lot, these are different, B-team or something.
- Hilary** What would you do with ten grand?
- John** What can you do with ten grand, nothing, you think ten grand is worth more than freedom, justice, equality?
- Anna** People will be looking for us.
- John** We're safe.
- Hilary** I think we're smarter. Than these lot –
- John** We are smarter.
- Hilary** They're not going to catch us.
- John** They're *not* going to catch us.
- Anna** I think this one's quite cute.
- Jim** Well, why don't you go and fuck him then, Anna.
- Anna** . . .
- John** They're pulling in some of the guys.
- Jim** How do you know?
- John** There's been word.
- Jim** How can there have been word, we're –
- John** Through the channel, Jim, it's safe.
- Hilary** We're safe, here.

- John** Anna.
- Anna** Yeah?
- John** What's that?
- Anna** *has produced a little tea-pot.*
- Anna** It's a tea-pot.
- John** . . . wh – . . . why?
- Anna** I found it. At the market. I thought it would be nice. 'To make tea.
- John** We have . . . we just . . . there's mugs, just drop a bag in a mug.
- Anna** Jesus, were you born in a barn?
- John** No, but Jesus was, number one, and number two . . . what the fuck, don't go spending money on fucking nothing, we haven't got enough money.
- Anna** I'm sorry, I just thought it would be –
- Jim/John/Hilary/Anna** THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.
- John** 'Miss United States of America! Look – at – that. Wowee. Give us a little turn there, miss, that's it. Judges are smiling . . .
- And here's Miss Egypt! Exotic, or what?
- And on home turf, it's Miss – United – Kingdom.'
- Jim/John/Hilary/Anna** BANG.
- Hilary/Anna** BIBA, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET.
- Hilary** 'Recuperation', that's all it is, that's capitalism's power, it holds things out of your reach so one day you think you might riot but first you need to eat so you have to work, and then suddenly through a tiny wage increase or deflation in the price of this or that, you 'obtain' one of those things – a coat, a bag, a slightly better car – and suddenly you think, 'Oh, well, actually maybe it isn't so bad', and anyway . . . their blouses make me look fat –

Jim/John/Hilary/Anna BANG.

John/Jim THE POST OFFICE TOWER.

Jim It's like a knob.

John It is.

Jim Like a big knob in the centre of London.

John Look at the size of our cock, we say, look how big and tall it is!

'And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.'

Hilary The higher they build their towers, the worse it shall be when they fall.

Jim/John/Hilary/Anna BANG!

Anna Jim?

Jim Yeah?

Anna . . . nothing.

Voice (*male, off*) Smith.

Anna You're looking for me.

Voice I'm sorry, who is this?

Anna You're looking for me. Hello.

Voice How did you get this number?

Anna Have you not been watching us? We can find anyone. We're getting closer . . .

Smith Now listen here –

Anna Recently promoted Detective Sergeant Robert Daniel Smith.

Did you have a nice birthday?

Did your colleagues bring in a cake?

Smith I did not inform – . . . now, look. No one else needs to get hurt –

Anna We haven't hurt anybody. Yet.

Smith You're throwing your lives away, turn yourself in.

Anna What do you dream about? At night?

When the lights go out and the flicker and the buzz of all the spectacles are shut out, and you can return, almost, slightly, to a state of natural being . . . to a state of *you* . . . What do you learn about yourself in that deep, dark fall into the subconscious? What do you learn about yourself that you really, actually want . . .?

Smith Tell me what *you* want.

Anna I can hear it in your voice. A longing, contained. A longing for something else. A longing for something *naughty* . . .

Smith A . . . I . . .

Voice It's alright, Robert Daniel. It's human . . .

Smith Where are you?

Anna Look for me.

Smith I am looking –

Anna No, you're searching, but you're not *seeing*.

Smith This isn't a game.

Anna No. It isn't.

Hilary It's wrong, that's what it is, it's, it's, it's cowardly! No. No, no, no.

John We don't have any choice.

Hilary No. Shop owners aren't our enemy, post offices aren't our enemy, pubs aren't our enemy –

John Oy, yes they are. Yes they are, Hil, they are, they're complicit, they acquiesce, they're architects of their own ignorance.

Hilary So you're gonna rob them, balaclavas, knives, classy, really classy –

Jim Just stake 'em out, that's all, see what the game is.

Hilary THUGS! Criminals, everything they say we are –

John We're fucking hungry, that's what we are. We have no funds.

Hilary Let's keep doing the cheques. They're just lying around, student halls, easy pickings, please –

John The cheques have left us vulnerable, they pulled in Albert cause of the cheques, Jake, Stuart, Ian – they can be traced, it's stupid –

Jim We won't hurt anyone.

Hilary You're hurting me, I hate this.

Jim Anna?

Anna . . .

Jim What does that mean?

Anna It means you're doing it anyway, so just don't get caught and don't get followed.

She has arranged some furniture. Put her kettle out, with a tea-set – children's cups, almost like it's a game. In a Wendy house . . .

Hilary is there.

Hilary Did you like, fucking –

Anna What?

Hilary Like, clean, or –

Anna No, just – not much, it was just a mess.

Hilary You've fixed your hair.

Anna It was in my face.

Hilar Ha.

Anna Are you laughing at me?

Hilary John and I, we're going to Paris, we have to pick up more supplies.

Anna OK.

Hilary 'And we expect our dinner on the table when we're back!'

Anna Funny

Hilary You'll be OK, on your own?

Anna I won't be on my own.

Hilary . . . ha. Right.

Anna What?

Hilary Jim.

Anna Yeah.

Hilary Is that what . . .?

Anna What?

Hilary . . . just be careful.

Smith (*male, off*) Smith.

Anna Having fun?

Smith . . . hello.

Anna I hope your wife isn't a fan of Biba. Sorry if so.

Smith I'm glad that you called again.

Anna We're getting closer.

Smith So are we, Hilary.

Pause.

Or is it Anna?

Anna Mendleson.

It's Anna, isn't it.

Anna No.

Smith I think it is.

Anna . . . we don't have names.

Smith You did. Anna Mendleson from Stockport. Studied English at Essex University. Parents Maurice and Tina. Was Head Girl at school. Won a prize for drawing. Played in the school band.

You did have a name, Anna. You had a family. You had a life. You had a future –

Anna All meaningless. A spectacle –

Smith I can save you. You can live –

Anna What makes you think I want saving?

Smith – don't let the others bring you down with them. Jim, John and Hilary.

Anna Ha. Bring me down.

Smith You're different from them. I know it. You want out. You want a normal life, free. Family. Children. Love. I can tell –

Anna You can't tell that.

Smith I can.

Anna How?

Smith Because you're the one that keeps calling me.

Anna *puts the phone down.*

John *appears as the child psychologist, sat on tiny chairs. He gestures for Anna to join him . . .*

John 'Hello again, Anna.'

Anna What?

John 'So your teachers say you're still lashing out in class.'

Anna Do they?

John (*pause*) 'Anna, tell me. What does . . . what does it *feel* like. When you're angry?

What does that "anger" feel like, for you?'

Anna I don't know.

John 'Say some words, any words. They don't have to be good words, or the right words, just words. Hot? Does it feel hot?'

Anna I suppose –

John 'Does it feel . . . fast, or slow?'

Anna Fast?

John 'Do you like it, or do you dislike it?'

Anna Dislike.

John 'Why?'

Anna Because . . . it, like hurts.

John 'Anger "hurts", does it?'

Anna I don't know.

John 'Would you prefer to be . . . calmer? Happier.

What makes you angry? If you fixed those things, you could fix your anger –'

Anna Lots of things.

John 'Lots of things. When . . . when people say something that hurts you?'

Anna Yes.

John 'When something unfair happens?'

Anna Yes.

John 'When you feel "powerless", or like you're backed into a corner? When you feel hopeless, like you can't change anything. When you feel stuck.'

Anna Yes . . . yes . . .

John (*Beat. Puts his notepad away. Beat.*) 'I have this quote, that I like. Do you know what a quote is?'

Anna Yes.

John 'It's a Buddhist quote, now Buddhists, Anna, are very peaceful people. They're calm, and, reflective.'

The quote is this: "Holding on to anger . . . is like grasping a hot coal with the intent of throwing it, at someone else" – yes? – "but it's *you*, who are the one who gets burned".

Do you see?

Anna, anger, and hate, and rage, at other people . . . will only ever destroy you, not them. You have to face what is making you so angry, in the world . . . and you have to let it go. Forgive it. Forgive them . . . and let it go . . .

Anna But –

John 'But?'

Anna But –

John 'Yes?'

Anna What if it isn't fair? What if it isn't *fair* . . .

John 'Anna –'

Jim (*off*) Anna?

Jim is calling off, from the entrance.

Anna leaps up and makes the final preparation for laying the dinner table.

Sticks some music on the record player; lights some candles.

There are plates, and wine glasses now, and the suggestion of walls, and furniture, something solid, which has been growing . . .

Jim enters.

Jim Anna, I'm home.

Anna Surprise.

Jim What's this?

Anna Nothing, just through something together.

Jim I'm not hungry, I ate a couple of hours ago.

Anna A couple of hours ago, what kind of eating time is that – you've invented a new meal time, Jim.

Jim Eh?

Looks different. In here.

Anna I thought we could have an evening in.

Jim 'An evening in', what does that even mean?

Anna I just want to talk. Please.

Jim (*beat; sits*) What's this?

Anna A napkin.

Jim A . . . a fucking . . . is this . . . what the –

Anna It's only a fucking napkin, Jim, in case you spill something, I got 'em cheap –

Jim takes some food and smears it down his clothes. *They stare at each other.*

Anna You once had doubts. You said.

Jim No. *You* said that *about* me –

Anna About the no-going-backness.

Jim What's wrong?

Anna I'm not sure.

Jim You're tired.

Anna I'm not tired, I love you, it – it obviously just looks the same as tiredness but I'm not tired.

Do you love me?

Jim How can you ask me that? If you have to ask –

Anna Because . . . because sometimes, when things are hard, it helps to know that someone else cares – I don't think that's all that strange, do you?

Jim You need that affirmation, do you, the fake affirmation of someone else telling you that you're worth something –

Anna SOMETIMES. YES.

Jim . . .

Anna So the thing is. What if maybe you we didn't just be all random and flexible and open about this – whatever this is –

Jim Please, don't define it –

Anna I'm not, just . . . well actually, yes, I think that would help I think that would help it feel real –

Jim Well, I'm sorry that you need this, this crutch, because it's been drilled into you that none of us are *enough* just us on our own, we need to be in a partnership to be strong, cause that's bollocks and I'm here to tell you that you are enough without me, Anna.

Anna I absolutely agree with all of that, and I want you to know that I'm listening and that I hear you, but so here's the thing, here's what I want to say, if you'll let me.

I know, OK, that I'm enough, on my own, without you. And I don't want to possess you to give my life meaning or myself self-esteem. But I just think. I just think actually that there is a sort of . . . loveliness. And brilliantness. Sometimes. To knowing that there is someone else in the world who thinks of you and *only* you in a certain way, and you think of them and *only* them in a certain way, and that it's something beautiful that you share and part of the beauty is that it's only you two that share it. And that when things are tough for you or tough for them, or happy for you or happy for them, that by having that someone, the happiness is sort of multiplied, by being shared, and that the toughness is halved, by being shared. And I don't mean in like a Valentine's Day card way, or Hollywood movie way or a Church of England way, I just mean that, outside of the horror that is normal relationships, with the house and the car and the routine and the 'you wash, I'll dry' violence of the whole thing . . . that in there, somewhere, messy and dirty and hidden as it is, is something possibly real, and wonderful. And I guess I'm saying if I was going to have that real thing, messy and complicated and violent as it is – totally agree – that I would be really chuffed if it was with you.

Jim . . . You're tired. Get some sleep.

He stands, and exits.

Anna *is left on her own for a bit. She takes a letter out of her pocket, staring at it. She licks it, sealing it and places a postage stamp on it, standing –*

Suddenly . . . the walls begins to shake.

The sound of helicopters? She looks up.

Blue flashing lights. Sirens in the distance.

The others could run in.

John SHIT!

Hilary Can we run? Should we run? John, should we run?

John ' Jim, you have the rifle, you're the best shot! Fuck them! FUCK THEM! COME AND GET US!

The walls shake – an explosion – boots on the ground, men and guns and torchlight and shouting . . .

*A torchlight hits **Anna**. She covers her eyes. As it's lowered, she sees **Smith** facing her.*

They stare at each other.

Blackout.

ANNA MENDLESON, JIM GREENFIELD, JOHN BARKER AND HILARY CREEK WERE CHARGED AND FOUND GUILTY OF CONSPIRACY TO CAUSE EXPLOSIONS AND OF POSSESSION.

THEY WERE EACH SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS IN PRISON.

ANNA, JOHN AND HILARY REPRESENTED THEMSELVES IN COURT . . .

. . . ONLY JIM DID NOT.

ANNA'S DEFENCE WAS THAT THEY HAD BEEN 'WORKING TOGETHER, FOR A HAPPIER AND MORE PEACEFUL WORLD' . . .

IT BECAME THE LONGEST CRIMINAL TRIAL IN ENGLISH LEGAL HISTORY.