

## CHARACTERS

EDDY  
DAD  
WIFE  
MUM  
FORTUNE-TELLER  
MANAGER OF CAFE  
DOREEN  
SPHINX  
WAITRESS 1  
WAITRESS 2

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

*Greek* came to me via Sophocles, trickling its way down the millennia until it reached the unimaginable wastelands of Tufnell Park – a land more fantasized than real, being an amalgam of the deadening war zones that some areas of London had become. Tufnell Park was just a word to play with – like our low comedians play with the sound of East Cheam for example – so no real offence to the inhabitants.

In my eyes, Britain seemed to have become a gradually decaying island, preyed upon by the wandering hordes who saw no future for themselves in a society which had few ideals or messages to offer them. The violence that streamed through the streets, like an all-pervading effluence, the hideous Saturday night fever as the pubs belched out their dreary occupants, the killing and maiming at public sports, plus the casual slaughtering of political opponents in Northern Ireland, bespoke a society in which an emotional plague had taken root. It was a cold place in my recollection, lit up from time to time by the roar of the beast – the beast of frustration and anger, whose hunger is appeased by these revolting scraps, which momentarily dull its needs. We were the world's greatest video watchers, since we had lost the ability to speak to each other. We sat like zombies, strangled in our attempts to communicate, feeding off the flickering tube like patients wired to support systems.

Oedipus found a city in the grip of a plague and sought to rid the city of its evil centre represented by the Sphinx. Eddy seeks to reaffirm his beliefs and inculcate a new order of things with his vision and life-affirming energy. His passion for life is inspired by the love he feels for his woman, and his detestation of the degrading environment he inherited. If Eddy is a warrior who holds up the smoking sword as he goes in, attacking all that he finds polluted, at the same time he is at heart an ordinary young

man with whom many I know will find identification. The play is also a love story.

In writing my 'modern' *Oedipus* it wasn't too difficult to find contemporary parallels, but when I came to the 'blinding' I paused, since in my version it wouldn't have made sense, given Eddy's non-fatalistic disposition, to have him embark on such an act of self-hatred – unless I slavishly aped the original. One day a friend gave me a book to read which provided an illumination to my problem in an almost identical situation. The book is called *Seven Arrows* by Hyemeyohst Storm. It contains a passage of such tenderness and simplicity that I was immediately given the key to my own ending:

'How is it, Hawk,' I asked him, 'that I should not make love to Sweet Water, my mother?'

'Do you love her?' he asked me.  
I answered, 'Yes, more than anyone else . . . . But . . . . children of such a love are born wrong.'

'Have you ever seen one of these children?' asked Night Bear.

'No, I have not. And I have never known anyone who has? . . . .'

'Then it is like everything else . . . . It seems an easy thing to hear when a son kills someone, even his mother, but it is hard on people's ears when they hear of a son loving his mother.'

*Greek* was first performed at the Half Moon Theatre, London, on 11 February 1980. The cast was as follows:

EDDY and FORTUNE-TELLER	Barry Phillips
DAD and MANAGER OF CAFE	Matthew Scuffield
WIFE, DOREEN, and WAITRESS 1	Linda Marlowe
MUM, SPHINX, and WAITRESS 2	Janet Amnsden

*Director* Steven Berkoff

*Greek* was transferred to the Arts Theatre Club, London in September 1980. The cast was as follows:

EDDY and FORTUNE-TELLER	Barry Phillips
DAD and MANAGER OF CAFE	Matthew Scuffield
WIFE, DOREEN, and WAITRESS 1	Linda Marlowe
MUM, SPHINX, and WAITRESS 2	Deirdre Morris

*Director* Steven Berkoff

A new production of *Greek* was presented at Wyncham's Theatre, London, on 29 June 1988. The cast was as follows:

EDDY and FORTUNE-TELLER	Bruce Payne
DAD and MANAGER OF CAFE	Steven Berkoff
WIFE, DOREEN, and WAITRESS 1	Gillian Eaton
MUM, SPHINX, and WAITRESS 2	Georgia Brown

*Director* Steven Berkoff

## ACT ONE

### SCENE I

*Place:* England

*Time:* present

*Stage setting:* kitchen table and four simple chairs. These will function in a number of ways. They can be everything one wants them to be from the platform for the SPHINX to the café. They also function as the train; the environment which suggests EDDY's humble origins becoming his expensive and elaborate home in Act Two. The table and chairs merely define spaces and act as an anchor or base for the actors to spring from. All other artifacts are mimed or suggested. The walls are three square upright white panels, very clinical and at the same time indicating Greek classicism. The faces are painted white and are clearly defined. Movement should be sharp and dynamic, exaggerated and sometimes bearing the quality of seaside cartoons. The family act as a chorus for all other characters and environments.

EDDY: So, I was spawned in Tufnell Park that's no more than a stone's throw from the Angel / a monkey's fart from Tottenham or a bolt of phlegm from Stamford Hill / it's a cesspit, right . . . a scum-hole dense with the drabs who prop up corner pubs, the kind of pub where ye old arse-holes assemble . . . the boring turds who save for Xmas with clubs . . . my mum did that . . . save all year for her slaggy Xmas party of boozy old relatives in Marks and Sparks' cardigans who stand all year doing as little as they can while they had one hand in the boss's till and the other scratching their balls . . . they'd all come over and vomit up Guinness and mum's unspeakable excuse for cuisine all over the bathroom, adjust their dentures . . . rage against the blacks, envying their cocks, loathe the yids, envying their gelt . . . hate everything under thirty that walks and fall asleep in front of the telly . . . so they'd gather in the pubs, usually a smelly corner pub run by a rancid thick-as-pig-shit paddy who sold nothing but booze and crisps in various chemical flavours to their yokel patrons who played incessant games of cruddy darts, drink yards of stale gnat's piss beer and chatter like . . .

DAD: See Arsenal last week? . . .

DOREEN: I think England's team's all washed up . . .

MUM: What abaut the way he dribbled the . . .

DAD: Nah nah, he's lorst his bottle . . .

DOREEN: Do leave off . . .

EDDY: The stink of the pub rises and the OAPs sit in the corner staring out into the dreams they never had with a drip of snot hanging off the ends of their noses and try to make a pint last four hours . . . start crowding up now and the paddy starts raving fucking 'time' and pulling the glass out of your hand while he's bursting your eardrums screaming like a sergeant-

major, his wife attempts to shovel some paint on her evil hate-all face which looks as if it's been applied by a drunken epileptic on a roller coaster . . .

MUM (*as chomus*): 'Allo luv.

EDDY: She foams . . . staring out of a yellow face with little snob-brown eyes like two raisins in a plate of porridge. And if by chance you lean over the bar too far some bastard monster cunt Alsatian leaps at you, its dripping fangs simply dying to rip your fucking throat out . . . so I gave up going to the corner pub with its late night chorus of lurchy . . .

FAMILY (*as chomus*): G'night.

EDDY: . . . and . . .

FAMILY: (*as chomus*): See ya, Tel.

EDDY: We got wine bars now, handsome. That's much better – sit down, a half bottle of chateau or Bollinger, some p<sup>ate</sup> and salad by a chick who looks as if she's been fresh frozen . . . you take your favourite woman there, my woman vey nice mate, looks like she's been just minted and sharp as new mown grass, knickers as white as Xmas, eyes like the bluest diamonds . . . a pair of fiery red rubies for lips, the light hits them and shatters your eyes, she smiles and your heart leaps into your throat and you carry a demon between your thighs and up to your chin . . . the whole time . . . I wear shades to protect myself against the brightness of her teeth . . . no tobacco stains on them boy . . . breath like an ocean breeze on Brighton Pier . . . now could you take her to that pub? Could you ever! Nah! It's really for the old fascists singing war songs on the pavement and . . .

FAMILY: Knees up Mother Brown . . .

Knees up Mother Brown . . .

EDDY: So I go to my wine bar with the bird who's carved out of onyx and marble and laced in the smells of the promise of sex the way you wouldn't believe . . . I swim in her like I was plunging into the Jordan for a baptism. So anyway one day my dad calls me in the kitchen.

DAD: Come in son . . .

EDDY: He says,

DAD: . . . I wanna chat to ya, or we could go down the corner to the pub, I'll buy you a drink.

EDDY: 'No! Not that pub, I yelp in real and unfeigned terror.

'I'll throw some tea into a pot instead' . . . mum's out . . . the *Daily Mirror* crossword half finished . . . well it is a bit grotty but homely in a sickly sort of way if you're not used to anything better, it's not like the interior of a Zen temple but cosy. A few crumbs on the carpet, some evil photos of my sister on the mantelpiece and a picture of granny looking like Mussolini in drag which they all looked like in those far off days of pre-history, the poodle's shit again behind the cocktail cabinet . . . the old bacon rinds sit sinking in the pan and the room reches of lard. I made dad a cuppa.

Mum's at bingo and sis is meditating in the bedroom on the squeezing out of some juicy blackheads . . . her old knickers lie sunny side up . . . she always left them on the floor for mum to scoop up while I wouldn't have touched them except with those pincers that pick up radium behind thick walls. So we sit down and he confesses this story to me . . . pulls out a fag and sits there with his flies half undone, and the ash of his fag ready to drop all over his shirt. I try not to look at him or his flies. I try to occupy my thoughts with my latest Stan Kenton. I look out of the window and see the grey clouds of Tottenham stray across the window pane . . . a tiny sliver of sun is struggling to peep through, sees what it has to shine on and thinks 'fuck it – is it worth it' and bears a retreat. So dad says . . .

DAD: Look here son . . .

EDDY: I says 'yes dad' clocking his work-raped face, his tasteless shit-heap Burton ready-made trousers and his deady drip-dry shirt that acquires 80 faster than shit attract flies . . . I clock all this fusion of rubbish and say 'yes, dad? what do you want to chat abahnt', never hearing much else out of his gob than . . .

DAD: Send the darkies back to the jungle . . .

EDDY: . . . and . . .

DAD: 'Tlder got the trains running on time' . . .

EDDY: You got a lot of Nazi lovers among the British down and out. Lazy bastards wondered why at the end of a life of shiving and strikes Moisha down the road copped a few bob or why the Cypriots had a big store full of goodies not that pathetic shit-heap down our street that flops only Mother's Pride mousetrap cheese and a few miserable tins of pilchards and Heinz baked beans and a dreary cunt inside saying, 'no, we don't get no demand for that' when asked for something only slightly more exotic than Kellogg's. So dad did not come out with any of that fascist bullshit which relieved me since the Front were full of dads like this and that cunt in the grocery shop . . . 'yeah dad! I said 'what's on your bounce' . . . his face squeezed up like it's hard to say, like those old ads for Idris lemon squash showed a screwed-up lemon and comes out with . . .

## SCENE 2

DAD: When you were a nipper / we went to a gypsy, a fortune teller / bit of a giggle / an Easter fair / don't laugh / a caper, what else / spent a tosheroon on a bit of a thrill, don't talk to me about thrills / so in we went / the gypsy asks 'have I a son?' 'I have' I says, I mean who don't have a son? His face meanwhile staring into the ball / his eyes all popping / I'm not taking it for gen, straight up, a lark / Easter and all / I've got a lovely bunch and all that / his face gets all contorted and twisted and he says / he sees a violent death for this son's father / do what! but I'm his dad / come off it / don't get all dramatic / we get on like houses blazing / 'and I see' he says, 'something worse than death / and that's a bunk-up with his mum' / 'I'll give you a backhand' I utter / 'you're having me on / you been smoking them African Woodbines' / 'No' he shrieks, 'I see it, and what I see I see / so don't pay me, just scapper / leave my tent / keep your gelt' / outside we ran, your mum was white as Persil / I as yellow as a Chinaman with jaundice / course we took no notice / forgot about it

like, but not quite / waited till you got to be a bloke and then one day I said 'Dinah / you remember that darkie in the fair who came out with all that filth about Eddy', one morning in bed just lying there, redigesting bits of past and sucking still the flavour of some juicy memories /

MUM: Not many . . .

DAD: Our Dinah slurps . . .

MUM: Not many, I nearly dropped Doreen with whom I was six months' pregnant then / funny times.

DAD: 'Well' I say, 'that fair is back in town, the same firm fifteen years later / let's bowl down and see that geezer, tell that Hornsey gypsy what a lot of old bollocks / how he upset my missus with his pack of dirty lies / so off we went / doubted somehow that he'd still be there, since he was pushing sixty then / you never know, we waited our turn / it was the same name 'Have your future read / Fantoni's magic crystal gazer' / shall we go in? . . .

MUM: Do you think we should? . . .

DAD: 'Why not, it's now or never / we went pale a bit but in we marched / same old schmutter on the table, the beads we walked through and the bit of old glass and no, it weren't him, so I said 'Where's the old geezer that we once saw whose handle now you seem to have?'

EDDY (*as the 'GYPSY'*): My late old man . . .

DAD: He said . . .

EDDY (*as the 'GYPSY'*): Five years ago he uttered his last / and fell off the perch / but taught me the trade / imbued his vision in me / I got his powers now / so don't you fret / if he did good by you / donate a quid and I'll do my best . . .

DAD: So Ed, your mum and I sat down just like before, the years they shrank away / just like a hole fell out of the earth and time and space had faded away / we seemed then to have hurtled back those fifteen years / in that small tent / the music tinkling through from the carousel outside and that funny smell / the shouts growing faint, just the whiff of stale grass under our feet / and like the tent seemed small / like a trap and suddenly hot and nothing outside just quiet but his

face / his face getting all twisted up just like his dad / his mouth all white and tight like an earthquake was going on inside his nut and his lips were straining against it coming out. Dinah sussed but natch we waited / 'don't tell me' I said, 'you see a son of mine' / his eyes looked up, affirmed / no word, just that look and his tight mouth / like holding back something worse than vomit / 'and you see something worse', I says, 'like a nasty accident perhaps' / He nodded, parted his lips enough to mouth the word 'death' which he hadn't the guts to sound. He then stared hard at Dinah / but we had enough and wanted not to hear the other half but fled / I turned and snatched the quilt back from the table / I don't know why / but like before when I got my money back / it seemed to say by taking back the gelt that it couldn't happen / his eyes looked like pity / like those sweet pics you get in Woolie's of those kids with a rear just ripe to drop / I know it's just a funfair Ed / a laugh, a bit of a giggle / I didn't blame the kid / what do you make of it son / you don't fancy your old mum do you son! You don't want to kill me do you boy?

DORFEN: Leave off you two.

EDDY: Doreen! His face hung there like a soggy worn-out testicle / mouth open and eyes like carrier bags / fancy my mum! I could sooner go down on Hitler, than do anything my old man so gravely feared / no dad / but all this aggro and of wives' tale gone and put you in a tiz / I'll leave home / split and scaper / the Central Line goes far these days and that's to foreign climes / I'll piss off tomorrow / I needed to escape this cruddy flat and this excuse seemed good as any / tata ma and pa. They waved to me outside the flats . . . my mum looked sad / her spotty apron wrapped round her like the flag of womanhood / I never saw her out of it / always standing in the kitchen like some darkie slave behind dad and me and sis . . .

DAD: Bung us the toast.

EDDY: Where's the jam?

DORFEN: Pig!

MUM: More tea love?

DAD: Bung us the toast.

EDDY: Where's the jam?

DORFEN: Pig!

MUM: More 'taters love?

DORFEN: I'm on a diet.

MUM: More cake love?

EDDY: No mum, I've had six slices already.

MUM: Go on have some more.

EDDY: I don't want no more, you rancid old boot.

DAD: Hey?

EDDY: I'd spray affectionately.

MUM: Oh he don't like my cake.

EDDY: She'd simper . . . 'all right bung us another slice and I'll wedge it down wiv a mug of tea to slop it up a bit.'

DAD: Bung us the toast.

EDDY: Where's the jam?

DORFEN: Pig!

MUM: More tea love?

EDDY: She gazes at us with moist eyes on all of us slumping like fat pigs in a trough / we'd leave a wreck filled table, ma's washing up, how well she knew that washtop / dad's picking out losers in the worn out armchair / sis is fitting in her cap for the night's activity cussing and swearing in the next room as she struggles with it . . .

DORFEN: Fuck it!

EDDY: And mum sits in front of the box watching some dozy cretin making cunts out of the cunts who go on to win a few bob / mum's giggling in her glee / her legs like a patchwork quilt from hogging the electric fire, while I was in my little room plotting and dreaming of ruling the world / take a Charles Atlas course / wondering if the Queen gets it often / or planning a dose of robbery with violers or glorious bodily charm / so in my little room I plotted, smoked / played Stan Kenton and wanked wiv mum's cooking oil. Now no more will I escape to my little domain . . . hearing the sounds of hughie phlegm in the next room through the snot-encrusted

walls. So all in a flash these thoughts slinked like maggots through my bounce as I waved my goodbyes to the fast-diminishing figures of my mum and dad wed together in the distance like mould on cheese . . . my dad was the mould / never mad about him . . . as I reached the end of the road I could only see the apron and lost the figure / the apron stayed in my mind the longest. When my old lady went to the happy hunting ground I would frame that apron.

MUM: Take good care of yourself.

DAD: Don't forget to write.

DOREEN: Got your photo.

MUM: Be a good boy.

DAD: Send us some money.

DOREEN: Miss yer.

MUM: Love yer Ed.

DAD: Take care on the roads.

DOREEN: Au revoir.

MUM: Bye, boy . . .

## SCENE 3

DAD: The toast is burnt.

MUM: Saw Vi the other day.

DAD: Neighbours don't complain no more.

MUM: Marilda's had six kittens.

DAD: Where's my smokes?

MUM: 'Ere, 'ave you seen the cooking oil?

DAD: I miss our little Ed.

MUM: How will he fare, strikes up and down the country.

DAD: The City sits in a heap of shit.

MUM: Of uncollected garbage everywhere.

DAD: The heatwaves turn it all to slime and filthy germs hang thickly in the air / the rats are on the march.

MUM: Transport sits idly at the docks where workers slink around and for a hefty bribe may let you have your avocado or Dutch cabbage . . . petrol's obsolete as thousands of

rusting cars lie swelling up our streets to vital services like ambulances which take a month to get from place to place.

DAD: The country's in a state of plague / while parties of all shades battle for power to sort the shit from the shinola / the Marxists and the Workers' party call for violence to put an end to violence and likewise the wankers suggest hard solutions like thick chains and metal toecaps / poisoned darts half-inched from local taverns / anyone who wants to kill, maim and destroy / arson, murder and hack are being recruited for the new revolutionary party / the fag libs are holding violent demos to be able to give head in the public park when the garbage strike is over and not to be persecuted for screwing on the top deck of buses.

MUM: Forte's catering is resisting the staff's demand to be paid wages and is recruiting workers from the jungles of South America.

DAD: Yet also strongly resisting the need to clear out the rats for which they are duly famous.

MUM: Most of the stores are closed but Fortnum's and Harrods soldier on shrilly packed with screaming advocates of limited nuclear drop on Hyde Park and so rid the country they say of a twisted bunch of rancid and perverted filth.

DAD: The nights in Hyde Park are lit by fires and the sound of tom toms from the Brixton Black Workers Revolutionary Gay Lib joins forces with White Is Ugly Forced Abortion / wanking is not a town in China but an alternative to the Filthy Men Female Party Group.

MUM: Meanwhile the rats head down Edgware Road up to Oxford Street preparing to turn right into Bond Street / get down Piccadilly and raid Fortnum's, pick up their mates at Forte's and join forces to make all resistance impossible seeing how all resistance is locked in intestine strife.

DAD: The rats march across Piccadilly avoiding Soho where the food is dangerous even for rats, heading down to the Strand, collect the Savoy contingent, overfat rats, not sleek for battle but just good germ carriers with rotten teeth, head across Waterloo Bridge and the National Theatre . . . try to

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wake the theatre rats who have been long in coma from a deadly attack of nightly brainwash.

MUM: Those that can be woken will begin the number two division and streak up Drury Lane to Holborn and on to King's Cross . . .

DAD: Avoiding the carcasses of rotting football Scots swollen and putrefying on the streets / those who failed to make the train and died while waiting for the next one / their flesh is deadly / the rats come marching in.

MUM: Maggot is our only hope, love.

DAD: If we only had more maggots to eat through the stinking woodpile. But how is poor Ed going to manage in all this? . . .

## SCENE 4

EDDY: The shit has hit the fan as if from a great height / I walked and walked / the sirens like wailing banshees from black marias tear along the garbage-filled London street, chock full of close-shaved men in blue and clubs in black / stacked full of teeth hate-clenched / wiv fists all hungry for their daily exercise . . . the Scotties line the kerb face down in vomit which swishes down the rat-infested gutters . . . dumb jocks down for their dozy game of football / some excuse to flee their fat and shit-heap Marys in the tenements / they wear funny little hats with bobbles on and rotten teeth, they belch into the carbon air their rotgut fumes and sing a lurchy tune or two about owning some pox-ridden scab-heap called Glasgow when they don't own a pot to piss in. Then one blue-eyed bobby lays a skull or five (well aimed, son) wide open.

FAMILY: SMASH . . . SPLATTER . . . CLOBBER . . .

EDDY: Take that you tartan git . . .

FAMILY: CRASH . . . SHATTER . . .

EDDY: Lovely . . . 'ere you, wot the fuck you doing . . . shut up . . .

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FAMILY: KERACKKKK!!!!

EDDY: The whores descend and drain their filthy wallets, with their con of fuck and as the jock steps inside for fantasies of London pussy. KERACK! A villain hard-faced doth distribute a bit of sense with bars or iron / so on they go, the foul ignoble mob / they watch the match the wrong way round so pissed as news and then they stagger into Euston Station driven by a blind sense of instinct or smell to join their fellow tartans on their journey back. 'Ay, 'ad a loovely taim'. Meanwhile and spewing up the Mall down which I walked to escape the deadly gas from ten-day haggis freshly heaved upon our silver London streets. When what do I espy but fuck and shit Macdougall and his paddies from Belfast and raring to blow up anything that moves. Thick-eared, with hands like bunches of bananas / their voices from afar were like a pack of baying hounds.

FAMILY: Haste, haste, throw the bomb.  
Hate, hate, throw the bomb.

(*continue love chant*)

EDDY: They were an army dressed in blue serge suits and without exception pale blue eyes and liquid gelignite stuffed in their mags and little bombs in innocent sandwich bags . . . armpits concealing stinking sweaty guns ready to blow some mother's son's head off and spray the dusty Strand with thick rich ruby / knock off some chick who God forbid could be some sweet of mine / or take the legs off some poor cunt who happened to be hanging about / and then they get all stinking in their pubes and roar with leprechaunish glee . . .

MUM (*as Irish Woman*): I've only got six Guinnesses. . . .

EDDY: And fight to say who was the one to toss the bomb . . .

DOREEN (*as Irish Woman*): Whose round is it now? . . .

EDDY: How many tomnies did you spray apart?

MUM (*as Irish Woman*): My fucking husband's in the pub again . . .

EDDY: How many boys were drowning in their blood / who

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that very night had kissed the loving girls farewell . . .

DORFEN (*as Irish Woman*): Jesus, Mary and Joseph . . .

EDDY: How many mothers' daughters copped a face of shrapnel /  
lost an eye . . .

DORFEN (*as Irish Woman*): Fuck my fucking husband, fuck  
it! . . .

EDDY: How many mothers douse the graves of kids of eighteen /  
wives and widows chatting to a piece of earth while you, you  
crock of gonorrhoea in serge, wolf back another gallon, leer  
home to your Bridget alone and waiting with six kids and  
unwashed climb aboard dragging across her fleshy wastes  
your skimpy shred of dirty prick / poke it about a bit and  
come your drip of watery spunk ten seconds later / she's  
lying there like a bloated cow / never known what coming is  
/ only read about those soft explosions in the groin / heard  
rumours like / the only explosions Paddy here can make are  
the ones that make you scream in fucking agony and pain  
awash in blood not ecstasy and spunk. What a fucking  
obscenity that is . . .

DORFEN (*as Irish Woman*): FUCK FUCK FUCK AND SHIT  
/ MY FUCKING HUSBAND'S LYING ACROSS  
THE ROAD / HIS LEGS ON ONE SIDE AND HIS  
TORSO ON THE OTHER. OH GOD HELP ME . . .

EDDY: OH, MAGGOT SCRATCHER HANG THE  
CUNTS / HANG THEM SLOW AND LET ME  
TAKE A SKEWER AND JAB THEIR EYES OUT /  
LOVELY / GREEK STYLE . . .

Hanging's no answer to the plague madam / you'd be  
hanging every day / I'm human like us all / we're all the  
same, linked / if you kick one his scream will hit my ears and  
hurt my mind to think of some poor cunt in shuck / the way  
a kitten crying in the night will make you crawl out of your  
soft pit, say what the fuck's up little moggie / free Guinness,  
that's the answer and sex instruction initiated by luscious  
English birds well trained in fuck and suck, then instead of  
marching down the street with weapons of war and little

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people on the side waving flags / they'll march down with  
cocks at full alert and straining proud and strong / and  
promptly get arrested. Still you can't help it / you're drowned  
in aggro since a kid and dad has fed between your flappy  
lugs not love but hate / has fed the history of ye olde past to  
give you causes / something to do at night / has woven a  
tapestry of woe inflicted on him from the distant foggy patch  
called past. So what else can you do / your tired soggy brain  
awash with Guinness laced with hate . . . I jumped into the  
bushes and watched the curly mob in a storm of dust go past  
. . . the place was on alert . . . the sturdy chiselled chins,  
fresh shaved, of our fine and brave John English ready to  
defend the Queen and all her minions who represent all that  
is fine in this drab of grey / this septic isle . . .

EDDY (*Sings*): Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves, [etc.]

*Two rhythms battling for ascendancy.*

FAMILY: Hate, hate, throw the bomb . . .

EDDY: Eventually got on a train / found one whose carriage  
wasn't entirely smashed and wrecked and rode in peace to  
London's airport Skidrow, alone and reflective in my  
thoughts except for some Paki in the carriage getting a right  
kicking for some no doubt vile offence like inadvertently  
catching the eye of some right gallant son of Tottenham, the  
kicking lent a rhythmic ritual to my thoughts which were  
beginning to get formed to take some mighty fine decisions  
that would shoot me on my path to riches and success,  
sweet-smelling pussy and golden arms and lashing tongues. I  
fell into a kind of reverie . . . I fell asleep and dreamed . . . I  
saw a dozen pussies on a bed nestled between some soft and  
squeezy thighs, like little gentle kittens suckling on a  
mother's teat / their sweet and ivory columns hanging loosely  
fell apart revealing flowers in a garden that you water and  
like a randy bee I buzzed from one to i' other / their petals  
gently opened wide / sent forth their perfumes in the air / and  
as I left they'd close again / and then the next and each one  
subtly different / each like precious luscious plants / each like  
a grasping toothless mouth, hungry like open beaks of little

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birds while I, like mother, into their open throats would drop my worm which hungrily and devouringly they'd grasp. Then I awoke / and rudely saw the world just as it is and started on my adventures, thrust all young and sweet into the seething heaving heap of world in which I was just a little dot. I arrived at Heathrow, gateway to the world.

FAMILY (as *chorus of airport sounds and noises*): All this confused me / who needs to go / do I, do you, do he / I decided to stay and see my own sweet land / amend the woes of my own fair state / why split and scarpier like ships leaving a sinking rat / I saw myself as king of the western world / but since I needed some refreshment for my trials ahead, I ventured into this little café / everywhere I looked . . . I witnessed this evidence . . . of the British plague.

## SCENE 5

FAMILY as *waiters and kitchen/café menu sounds and phrases – in rhythm*:

VOICE 1: Soggy chips.

VOICE 2: Beans on toast.

VOICE 3: Greasy eggs.

EDDY: One coffee please and croissant and butter.

WAITRESS: Right. Cream?

EDDY: Please. Where is the butter so I might spread it lavishly

and feel its oily smoothness cover the edges of the croissant?

WAITRESS: Ain't got none. There's a plague on.

EDDY: Then why serve me the croissant knowing you have no butter?

WAITRESS: I'll get you something else.

EDDY: I'll have a cheesecake, what's it like?

WAITRESS: Our cheesecakes are all made from the nectar of the gods mixed with the dextrous fingers of a hundred virgins who have been whipped with bull rushes grown by the banks of the Ganges.

EDDY: OK. I'll have one.

(*She brings it*)

. . . I've finished the coffee now and won't have any liquid to wash the cake down with

WAITRESS: Do you want another coffee?

EDDY: Not want but must not want but have to / you took so long to bring the cake that I finished the coffee so bring another . . .

WAITRESS: OK.

EDDY: But bring it before I finish the cheesecake or I'll have nothing to eat with my second cup which I only really want as a masher for the cheesecake.

WAITRESS: OK. (*To another waitress*) . . . so he came all over your dress . . .

WAITRESS 2: Yeah.

WAITRESS: Dirty bastard.

WAITRESS 2: It was all thick and stringy it took ages to get off / he was sucking me like a madman when my mum walked in.

WAITRESS: No! What did she say?

WAITRESS 2: Don't forget to do behind her ears / she always forgets that.

WAITRESS: I wish my mum was understanding like that / I haven't sucked a juicy cock for ages, have you?

WAITRESS 2: No, not really, not a big horny stiff thick hot pink one.

WAITRESS: What's the biggest you've ever had?

WAITRESS 2: Ten inches.

WAITRESS: No!

WAITRESS 2: Yeah, it was all gnarled like an oak with a great big knob on the end.

WAITRESS: Yeah?

WAITRESS 2: And when it came, it shot out so much I could have wallpapered the dining room.

EDDY: Where's my fucking coffee? I've nearly finished the cheesecake and then my whole purpose in life at this particular moment in time will be lost / I'll be drinking hot coffee with nothing to wash it down with.

WAITRESS: Here you are, sorry I forgot you!

EDDY: About fucking time!  
 WAITRESS: Oh shut your mouth, you complaining heap of rat's  
 shit.  
 EDDY: I'll come in your eyeballs you putrefying place of army  
 gang bang.  
 WAITRESS: You couldn't raise a gallop if I plastered my pussy all  
 over your face; you impotent poofah bum boy and turd  
 bandit.  
 MANAGER: (*Her husband*) What's the matter, that you raise your  
 voice you punk and scum / fuck off!  
 EDDY: No one talks to me like that.  
 MANAGER: I just did.  
 EDDY: I'll erase you from the face of the earth.  
 MANAGER: I'll cook you in a pie and serve you up for dessert.  
 EFFY: I'll tear you all to pieces, rip out your arms and legs and  
 feed them to the pigs.  
 MANAGER: I'll kick you to death and trample all over you / stab  
 you with carving knives and skin you alive.  
 (*They mine fight.*)  
 EDDY: Hit hurt crunch pain stab jab  
 MANAGER: Smash hate rip tear asunder render  
 EDDY: Numb jagged glass gouge out  
 MANAGER: Chair breakhead split fist splatter splosh  
 crash  
 EDDY: Explode scream fury strength overpower  
 overcome  
 MANAGER: Cunt shit filth remorse weakling blood  
 soaked  
 EDDY: Haemorrhage, rupture and swell. Spilt and cracklock  
 jawsprung and neck break  
 MANAGER: Cave-in rib splinter oh the agony the shrewd  
 icepick  
 EDDY: Testicles torn out eyes gouged and pulled strings  
 snapped socket nail scraped  
 MANAGER: Bite swallow suck pull  
 EDDY: More smash and more power  
 MANAGER: Weaker and weaker

EDDY: Stronger and stronger  
 MANAGER: Weak  
 EDDY: Power  
 MANAGER: Dying  
 EDDY: Victor  
 MANAGER: That's it  
 EDDY: Tada.  
 WAITRESS: You killed him / I never realized words can kill.  
 EDDY: So can looks.  
 WAITRESS: You killed him / he was my husband.  
 EDDY: I didn't intend to I swear I didn't / he died of shock.  
 WAITRESS: He was a good man, solid except in his cock but he  
 was good to me, and now I am alone / who will I have to  
 care for now. Who to wait for at night while he cleans up our  
 café or while he's at the sauna getting relief / who to cook for  
 or brush the dandruff from his coat and the grease from his  
 hat or the tannines from his knickers / who to comfort in  
 the long night / as he worries about me / who will put the  
 kids to bed with a gentle cuff as he frolics after coming home  
 all pissed from the pub and smashes me jokingly on the  
 mouth / whose vomit will I clean up from the pillow as he  
 heaves up all over my face on Friday nights after his binge.  
 Whose black uniform will I press in readiness for his  
 marches down Brixton with the other so noble men of  
 England / whose photos will I dust in the living room of his  
 heroes, Hitler, Goebbels, Enoch, Paisley and Maggot not  
 forgetting our dear royals. Is it worth it any more? / I  
 married a good Englishman / where will I find another like  
 that? See what you did / and all over a stupid cheese cake.  
 EDDY: Wars, my dear, have been fought over less than that.  
 WAITRESS: I'll never find another like him.  
 EDDY: Yes you will.  
 WAITRESS: Where?  
 EDDY: Look no further man than this / your spirits won me / cast  
 thy gaze to me / my face / and let thine eyes crawl slowly  
 down / that's not a kosher salami I'm carrying / I'm just  
 pleased to see you / sure I can do like him / polish my

knucklebuster / clean my pants / I'll give you a kicking with the best if that's what you really want / you'll have my set of proud photos to dust / I'd rather treat you fair and square and touch your hair at night and kiss your sleeping nose / I'll not defile your pillow, but spread violets beneath your feet / I'll squeeze your toes at night if they grow cold and when we through rose gardens walk I'll blow the aphids from your hair / I'll come straight home from work at night not idle for a pint and all my spunk I'll keep for thee to lash you with at night as soft and warm as summer showers / I'll leak no precious drop in the Camden sauna for a fiver ('don't be long dear, others waiting?) but strew the silver load in thee to dart up precious streams / I'll heave my sceptre into thee / your thighs I'll prise apart and sink like hot stone into butter / into an ocean of ecstasy for that's what you are to me / an ecstasy of flesh and blood and fluted pathways softest oils and smells never before uncapped / I'll turn you upside down and inside out / I'll strip you bare and crawl under your skin / I'm mad for you / you luscious brat and madman, girl and woman turned into one / I'll take you love for what you are!

WAITRESS: You've eased my pain you sweet and lovely boy / I thought I'd miss him desperately but now I can when looking at you hardly remember what he looks like. You look so familiar to me though we have never met / so strange perhaps the true feeling love brings to your heart. The familiar twang.

EDDY: I feel the same for you.

WAITRESS: You remind me of someone or something.

EDDY: What, ducky?

WAITRESS: Oh, nothing.

EDDY: Confess my dear the quandary that doth crease your brow and makes the nagging thought stay in your head, the way an Irish fart hangs in the air long after its creator wends his weary way to Kilburn High Street.

WAITRESS: 'Tis nothing sweet but this / I had a kid, just two he were, sweet and blue-eyed just like you / a darling, then one day disaster struck / and don't it just / an August trip to

Southend for the day / all hot and sticky with floss and smiling teeth / hankies and braces / start off at Tower Pier excitement, sandwiches and loads of fizzy Tizer.

EDDY: (*Aside*) Strange, I love Tizer.

WAITRESS: Then two or three miles out we hit a mine that slunk so steadily up the Thames, like some almighty turd that won't go down no matter how often you flush the chain, so this had stayed afloat, it showed its scarred and raddled cheek from its long buffers round the choppy seas and just by luck as if the fates had ordained us to meet it blew us at the moon / at least it made a hole so large that suddenly the Thames resembled Brighton on a broiling day with heads bobbing everywhere, my Frank swam back and I clung to a bit of raft but little Tony, for this was his fair name, ne'er did surface up . . . I hope his end was quick.

EDDY: No chance that some local fisherman may have snatched him from the boiling seethe.

WAITRESS: No word, no sign, not even his little corpse did show / I stuck around all night, then as the dawn arose I saw his little oil-soaked teddy bear, as if heaved up from deep inside the river's guts. It lay amidst the condoms on the junk-filled strand. I took it home and washed it.

EDDY: That's a sad tale / and I feel grieved for you my dear that woe should strike at one who was so young and fair / and let the others more deserving of fate's lash to get away with murder.

WAITRESS: Fate never seems to give out where it's meant but seems to pick you out as from a hat / like bingo and if your number's on it boy you've had it.

EDDY: That little bear you mentioned, sweet . . . may I see the precious relic?

WAITRESS: You really want to?

EDDY: Yeah, let's have a butcher's.

(*She goes and brings the bear in.*)

\*Tis strange but often times I dreamed of such a thing a little Refus just like this / I never had one, yet seemed to miss the little furry cuddly thing as if my body knew the feel whereas

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my mind could not / since then I've always liked small furry things. Come, love, you've had your share of woe and so have I and if fate heaps the shit it also heaps the gold and finding you is like a vein I never dreamed of, so fate's been kind this time / I think we're fated, love don't you?

WAITRESS: I do, my precious, for once I bless the stars that this time made me such a man / you've got the same eyes as my Tony - green and jadey like the sea.

EDDY: Your eyes are like the sunlight in the sea that speckles on the rocks so deep below / all blue and gold.

WAITRESS: Your face is like all Greek / and carved from ancient marble.

EDDY: Your body feels all soft like puppies, strong as panthers.

WAITRESS: Let's go to bed my sweet.

EDDY: OK.

DAD: Do you think that it could happen.

that the curse could come about

that Ed could kill his own dad,

pop into his mother's pants, I had to kick him out.

MUM: That's something we will never know dear

until the day, when suddenly you'll

see quite a different Ed than the one that's known to me.

DAD: You're right, dead right. . . oh Dinah

what did we do that such a curse

should be blasted on the heads of me and you.

MUM: Who knows my dear what evil lies in store

that we are unaware of, did we cause some

grief somewhere, inflict some unhealed sore. . . .

DAD: I've done nothing all my life

I've been an honest Joe

shit on that fortune teller

and his vile and evil joke.

MUM: It's funny that twice we heard it Ted

it's funny that a second time

another face years later should

sound the same old horrid warning line.

DAD: Perhaps we should have told him Dinah

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perhaps we ought to tell  
our son should know the secret  
or we may end up in . . .

MUM: Hell you mean, you make me laugh  
it's over now, it's past,  
it can't be now undone with words  
fate makes us play the roles we're cast.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

EDDY: Ten years have come and gone, scattered their leaves on us / drenched us in blazing sun and rain / toughened my sinews to combat the world. I improved the lot of our fair cafe by my intense efforts, aided of course by my sweet mate / got rid of sloth and stale achievement/ which once was thought as normal / I made the city golden era time / the dopes just died away when faced with real octane high-power juice / the con men that have tricked you all the while with substitute and fishy watery soup / went out of business and people starved for nourishment brain-food and guts just flocked to us / the fat-faced bastards you saw sitting on expense accounts and piles / too long defied the needs of our gnawing biting hunger / real food and drink / real substance for the soul / not those decayed and spineless wonders who filled the land / strutting and farting pithy anecdotes at boring dinner parties on profits made by con and cheap / they thought they were the cream and not the sour yuck they really were / we showed them the way / they died in trying to keep up with us / they faded in a heap.

WIFE: Ten years have flown away as Apollo's Chariot hath with fiery stride lit up our summers, thawed our frosts and kissed our cheeks / ten winters hath the hoary bearded god of ice encased our earth in pinch hard grip of chill / to be kicked out in turn by spring's swift feet of Ceres, Pluto, Dionysus / and April brooks do glisten giggling over rocks and reeds so pleased to be set free / ten years this splendid symphony of life hath played its varied song / hath saddened and elated / hath drawn the sap of life into the fiery poppy and frangipani and gripped them in its autumn sleep again / whilst we my man that is and me, for three thousand three hundred and sixty-five times did celebrate our own ritual in nights of swooning.

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EDDY: While I each day and year have scored another niche into this world of ours / have moved about and jostled / cut a throat or two metaphorical of course and shown how what this world doth crave is power, class and form with a dab of genius now and then. We cured the plague by giving inspiration to our plates / came rich by giving more and taking less / the old-style portion control practised by fat thieves went out with us / we put the meat back into the sausage mate / now once more the world will taste good / no more the sawdust and preservative colouring and cat shit that you could better use to fill your walls than line your stomachs / so foul that nations overseas would ban them from their fair stalls and shops lest their strong youth should fall into the listless British trance so often seen in Oxford Street or on the Piccadilly Lane at 8 a.m. / a nation half asleep and drugged with foul and bestial things poured out of packets / massed up by operators who conspired with connives thick in plot to weaken our defences / feed the nation shit and mother's crud and watch them crumble down in heaps upon the pavement / then the cunning reds just blow them over skittle-like / but now in our great chain we energize the people, give soul food and blistering blast of protein snack / sandwiches the size of fists chock full of juicy smile-filled chunks / the nation blinks and staggers back to work on this / not fast / it takes a while to use those muscles starved so long / limp with only holding *Daily Mirror* race results / and eyes so dim from weekly charting of the pools / we'll get them back to work, no fear though they may die of shock upon the way / we'll drag them out of pubs, their fingers still gripping on the bar they know so well, like babies reluctant to part with mother's tit / it's us that has to do it / rid the world of half-assed bastards clinging to their dark domain and keeping talent out by filling the entrances with their swollen carcasses and sagging mediocrity / let's blow them all sky high, or let us see them simply waste away as the millions come to us.

(*Chorus sing 'Jerusalem'*.)

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*The SPHINX.*

WIFE: The plague is not quite over yet. There's still a plague around this city daring that will not go away, caused by some say some evil deed that has not purged itself, but continues to rot away inside the wholesome body of our state / people are dropping like flies / armed killers snipe from the shattered eyes of buildings and death stalks in the foul and pestilent breath of friends whose eyes are drunk with envy and greed at your success / people shake your hand with limp grips as if afraid to catch it. The illness of inertia, and should I shan't I, the country's awash in chemicals that soup the brain to dullness to dull the dullness of grinding hips long bored with ancient habit and lovers are afraid to stroke each other's groins lest new laws against spreading the plague outlaw them. Masturbating shops line every High Street and the pneumatic drill of strong right wrists ensures a girl a fat living, the country's awash in spunk not threshing and sweetening the wombs of lovers but crushed in Kleenex and dead in cubicles with red lights. Meanwhile men in white masks are penetrating the holy crucible where life may have slipped in, and armed with scalpels and suction pumps tear out the living fruit and sluice it down the river of sewage, the future Einsteins, Michelangelos and future Eddys. The blood and plasma of creation is swept and flushed away with gasps of 'don't' inside the tender packages not yet fulfilled.

EDDY: That's the plague at work all right, there's something rotten in the city that will not die / a sphinx I read stands outside the city walls tormenting all that pass they say and killing those who cannot answer her strange riddle / no doubt she helps to spread the canker and the rot and yet no one can destroy her.

WIFE: I heard that too, and yet she can at will dissolve herself to air.

EDDY: I'll go and sort her out.

WIFE: Be careful darling / you are all I have.

EDDY: Don't fret, if I've come this far, survived the worst that

fate can throw I'll come through this as well don't wait up I may be late but if I'm not back by dawn, I'll meet you in heaven, if not we'll met in hell.

## SCENE 2

*SPHINX outside the walls.*

SPHINX: Who are you, little man / pip squeak scum / drip off the prick / mistake in the middle of the night / you've come to answer my riddle / the riddle of the sphinx / fuck off you maggot before I tear your head off / rip your eyes out of your head and roast your tongue / you nothing, you man / you insult of nature go now before I lose my cool.

EDDY: I'm not afraid of you . . . you old slag / you don't scare Eddy 'cause Eddy don't scare easy / I've beaten better than you in Singapore brothels / you can only frighten weak men not me / why do you exist to kill men you heap of filth / you detestable disease / because you can't love / loveless you can only terrify man no one could love you / who could even kiss that mouth of yours when your very breath stinks like a Hong Kong whorehouse when the fleet's in.

SPHINX: You make me laugh you fool man / you should know about brothels, they exist for you to prop up your last fading shreds / men need killing off before they kill off the world / louse, you pollute the earth / every footstep you take rots what's underneath / you turn the seas to dead lakes and the crops are dying from the plague that is man / you are the plague / where are you looking when you should be looking at the ghastly vision in the mirror / the plague is inside you. You make your weapons to give you the strength that you lack / you enslave whip beat and oppress use your guns, chains, bombs, jets, napalm, you are so alone and pathetic, love from you means enslavement, giving means taking, love is fucking, helping is exploiting, you need your mothers you mother fucker, to love is to enslave a woman to turn her into a bearing cow to produce cannon fodder to go on

killing / can you ever stop your plague / you're pathetic,  
 unfinished, not like me, never like us, a woman, a sphinx.  
 Women are all sphinx. I have taken the power for all, I am  
 the power / I could eat you alive and blow you out in  
 bubbles / I devour stuff like you . . . oh send me strong men  
 you scrawny nothing / look what they send me / mock up  
 heroes / plastic movie watchers / idolizer of a thousand  
 westems / punk hero / flaccid man / macho pig / rapist filth  
 and shit / oh nature's mistake in the ghastly dawn of time /  
 when women were women, androgynous and whole and  
 could reproduce themselves but somewhere and some time  
 a reptile left our bodies, it crawled away and became man,  
 but it stole our little bag of seed and even since the little  
 reptile has been trying to crawl back, but we don't want it  
 anymore, all we need is your foul little seed, you gnar . . .  
 something that takes you thirty seconds of your life and us  
 nine months we create build nourish care for, grow bigger  
 and fat and after we suckle and provide. While you dig in  
 the earth for treasure, play your stupid male games / go you  
 bipped of dirt / just a prick followed by a heap of filth, I feel  
 sorry for you / I really feel for you / I've eaten enough men  
 this week / so go / fuck off / stink scum dirt shit / go, before I  
 tear you to pieces / go and plot and scheme, hurt, exploit  
 and rape, oppress and wound, make a few more evil laws  
 you shrivel of flesh, you poor unreliable penis. You have not  
 even our capacity for passion . . . I could come ten times to  
 your one / wanna try big boy? You are from my rib mister /  
 me from you? what a joke / woman was Adam / she was the  
 earth, woman is the tide / woman is in the movement of the  
 universe / our bodies obey the phases of the moon . . . our  
 breasts swell and heave and our rich blood surges forth to  
 tell us we are part of the movement of nature / what signs  
 do you have? / How do you know that you are even alive? /  
 Do you bleed / do you feel the kicking in your womb / does  
 a mouth draw milk from your soft breast / can you tell the  
 future / can you do anything? What signs do you have / a  
 date with death / the hour you must attack / unable to

create you must destroy / I am the earth / I am the  
 movement of the universe / I am liquid, fire and all  
 elements / my voice rises octaves high and communicates  
 with the spirits of the dead / my skin is soft and velvet and  
 desirable to those with rough faces and bodies hard and  
 muscled to labour, to toil across the face of the earth for us  
 / the goodness of life / woman / we / sex / sphinx, the grand  
 and majestic cunt, the great mouth of life / the dream of  
 men in their aching lonely nights / the eternal joy that men  
 die for and envy and emulate / what they sicken for and  
 crave for and go insane for / so go, you are small,  
 insignificant, piss off you worm or I'll break your teeth and  
 pull out your fingers / go fuck yourself or stick a bomb up  
 your fucking asshole you heap of murdering bastard shit  
 filth . . . go, you make me vomit.

EDDY: Without me you are nothing / without me you wouldn't  
 exist without me you are an empty screaming hole.

SPHINX: You what! You think I need you. I need milk but do I  
 go to bed with a cow. I'll farm and fertilize you and keep you  
 in pens where you will do no harm / now go boy, I am  
 getting aroused, be grateful that for some reason I feel for  
 your pathetic attempts at heroism.

EDDY: I want to answer your riddle.

SPHINX: Then you must know that those that can't answer it die,  
 and then if you can't I will kill you, I will tear your cock off  
 with my teeth before I eat you up.

EDDY: With pleasure / if I answer it / what do I gain?

SPHINX: You can kill me.

EDDY: Then I will cut off your head for women talk too much.

SPHINX: I agree. You're a brave little fart. So here goes: what  
 walks on four legs in the morning, two legs in the afternoon  
 and three legs in the evening?

EDDY: Man! In the morning of his life he is on all fours, in the  
 afternoon when he is young he is on two legs and in the  
 evenings when he is erect for his woman he sprouts the third  
 leg.

SPHINX: You bastard, you've used trickery to find out the riddle.



EDDY: No, just reason. All right, sorry to have to do this, I was growing quite fond of you.

SPHINX: I don't care any more / to tell the truth I was getting bored with scaring everyone to death and being a sphinx / OK cut it off and get it over with.

*(He cuts off her head.)*

## SCENE 3

EDDY: She would put you off women for life / but not me / I love a woman / I love her / I just love and love and love her / and even that one / I could have loved her / I love everything that they possess / I love all their parts / I love every part that moves / I love their hair and their neck / I love the way they walk across the kitchen to put the kettle on / in that lazy familiar way / I love them when they open their eyes in the morning / I love their baby-soft skin / I love their voices / I love their smaller hands than mine / I love lying on them and them on me / I love their soft breasts / I love their eyelashes and their noses / their teeth and their shoulders / and their giggles / and their desperate passions and their liquids and their breath against yours in the night / and their snores / and their legs across yours and their feet in the morning and I love their bellies and thighs and they way each part fits into mine / and love the way my part fits into them / and love her sockets and joints and ball bearings / and love her hip bone and her love-soaked parts that want me / I love her seasons and love her sleeping and love her walking and speaking and whispering and loving and singing and love her back and her bum nestled into you and you become an armchair / and love her for taking me in / and giving me a home for my searing agonies / my lusts / my love / my dreams / my sweetness / my honey / my peace of mind / and love pouring all my love into her with open eyes and love our fatigue and love her knees and shoulder blades and pimples and love her waiting for me and love her soothing me as I tell her about my day's battles

in the world -- and love and love and love her and her and! *(WIFE enters.)*

WIFE: Well done my sweet, now all will be well / my hero . . . yes you are / my brave and shining knight / my lion, yes! And I'm your mate / my brave and gentle lion / and now to celebrate let's have your dear old pa and ma to dine and reconcile the fairy tales and woes of past and be all gooey nice together in family bliss.

EDDY: I have to laugh when I think of my sappy mum and dad / locked up in council bliss / and £40 a week driving a 38 from Putney down to Waltham Cross and getting clobbered each Saturday night.

WIFE: Invite them over Ed, to share just once our colour TV, hi-fi, home movies showing us in fair Ibiza and Thebes, of you diving in the bright blue cobalt sea, your smiling new-capped teeth all sparkling in the brilliant sun, invite them to partake of our deep leather sofas / succulent wines / show our video that records those programmes that you wish to view when after working late at night in selfless graft you sit with dog and slipper by your feet . . . let them enjoy the comfort of central-heated bathroom . . . no more the cold ass on a plastic seat but wool-covered and pipes all steaming hot, of stairs thick-gloved in pile so soft that each tread is like a luscious meadow. Would they not like a Slumberland or even our soft waterbed which thrusts our pelvises so sweetly swished together, needlepoint shower / show your mum the joys of kitchen instant disposal waste, no washing up, just time to enjoy our super apple pie.

EDDY: I'll send the chauffeur down to pick them up / that's if my dad has rid himself of that old hoary myth that like a louse ate inside his nut, to tell him of patricide and horrid incest / or subtitled could be called the story of a mother fucker / a tale of kiddiwinks to send them mad to bed and cringe at shadows in the night, and in their later years to bung good gelt to shrinks in Harley Street.

WIFE: When you told me that story Ed / I could not believe that grown ups still could set such store by greasy gypsies in a

booth / and to kick you out all young and pink into the  
seething world while you were wet behind the lugs / maybe  
'twas a ruse to get you out the nest.

**EDDY:** Who knows my dear the wily minds of cruddy mums and  
dads whose heads chock full of TV swill, the pools and read  
your own horoscope / who believe in anything they read that  
comes so fluent forth from out the gushy asses of the turds  
in Fleeting Street / so what, it put me on the springboard  
young and lively and I learned how to jackknife into the  
surging tide with all the best.

**WIFE:** You're tuf that's what my love / you're a survivor in the  
swilling mass of teeth and knives and desperate eyes all  
anxious to carve out their pound of flesh / you did it and  
you're still a beaut / still lovely brown and svelte / success  
has not paunched you or stuck a fast ass on your hips or  
burnt an ulcer in your gut / or made your mouth a stinking  
ashtray where fat cigars hang like a turd that cannot be  
expelled / but hangs on till the end / your sweet and honey  
breath / your tongue's not coated with the slime of ten-  
course meals taken with other con artists who flash their  
gandy rings and thick as pigshit wives who sit at home and  
wank or play some bridge with other dozy bags whose only  
exercise is stretching out an arm to screech out 'taxi' outside  
Harrods / you're sweet and your body's like a river, flowing,  
flowing, flowing into me / it moves like a flowing river . . .  
your streaming muscles carry me along your river, along  
your soft and hard and flowing river / when I'm in your arms  
I'm carried along this endless stream and then I reach the  
sea, I'm swept up by your sea, I'm carried by a wave, I'm  
threshed up in your wave and then set down again only to be  
re-gathered up as your volcanic wave gathers me as a piece  
of ocean, as your sweet lustful pangs gather up its morsel  
I'm swept up, I'm gathered up, I'm sucked up and spun  
along a raging storming river . . . I love your body, I love  
your fingers and round and round and tearing and gripping  
and finding and searching and twisting and gathering me for  
your sweet lustful pangs . . . and then and then and then

. . . your body is like a tree . . . like branches twisting and  
breaking . . . like a wave like a wind, like an animal like a  
lion . . . ferocious and sweet lustful pangs grow bigger  
darling . . . as they grow bigger to make your sweet spunk  
flow . . . they grow bigger and the lion's breath is hot and  
the grip on me is growing tight and more ferocious and then  
and then I know . . . that you tremble, you shake, you  
quiver, you thrash . . . oh the river flows, oh . . . it flows, oh  
it floods through me . . . as you tremble your quiver is shot  
into me . . . oh I am flowing with the river in the wet and  
warm and succulent flow . . . you turn me into a flow and  
food me . . . and the shivering and the quivering and the  
shaking and the trembling, softly softly . . . softly goes as the  
storm passes slowly . . . goes . . . slowly . . . rumbling into  
the distance . . . slowly goes the breath less hot, but soft and  
silky and sweat on your back and silky on your thighs and  
warm between our thighs . . . oh / life my love / oh love my  
precious / oh sweet my honey / oh heaven my angel / oh  
darling my husband.

**EDDY:** But soft my darling wife / what noise is that / it must be  
my cruddy mum and dad / who interrupt your lovely flow of  
gob rich thick and pearly verbs that send my blood a-racing  
to my groin so I might manufacture love-wet tides.

## SCENE 4

**MUM and DAD enter.**

**DAD:** Look how he's got on / you really got on well son / I'm  
proud of ya. He's got class and qualities drawn from me.

**MUM:** From me more, his mum whom he did love not this wet  
fart that calls himself his dad.

**DAD:** Don't talk like that in front of Eddy's wife you sloppy-  
titted, slack-assed lump, you raving scrawny fried-up witch.

**MUM:** Don't talk to me about my body / age has withered my soft  
beauty but you will need cremating since your poisoned  
flesh would cause pollution in the earth and make

widespread crop failures / you're death on two varicosed legs and a hernia belt.

DAD: I've got no words for you Dot . . . since you were gang-banged by that bunch of drunken darkies . . . a dozen it were, if I counted right, whose swollen trunchcons flashed their golden sprints of foam into the sulphurous and heavy night, since that bad time you've not been right in ye old bounce . . . I know that night was dark for you in double horror and I fear that it may be the cause of your unseemly evil tongue that like a poisoned snake doth linger under filthy damp and rotting stone.

EDDY: Hallo dad, hallo mum – good to see ya again . . .

MUM: Oh Ed, it looks really lovely, and this is your lovely wife / oh! how lovely, oh, she's nice.

WIFE: Why thank you, I think you're very charming yourself.

MUM: Oh thank you. You are nice, have a nice day, you're welcome.

WIFE: Please feel free, make yourself at home, how very nice to meet you. Have you had a good journey? How is everyone at home? Isn't the weather cold now? It will soon be winter. You're looking so young. You really look well. You've lost weight. Are you going away this summer? Do you use Fablon in your kitchen?

MUM: You've a lovely home, it's really lovely, just lovely. Some people are lucky, some people have all the fun. Some mothers do have 'em. Mind you, I mean, it goes to show, well it does. Idle hands make wicked thoughts. He's all right, really, underneath . . . when you get to know him, he's lovely, have you been away this year? Water off a duck's back, dear.

EDDY: So what's the news my folks / my flesh and blood / chip off the old / apple of your / say what goes on in my old neighbourhood / where once rank violence stalked the dirty streets and filthy yobbos hung round the corners of old pubs like flies on dead carrion / say can you still walk down the streets at night? Or do you macaroni in your pants at every shadow that stalks our lest it be some Macdougall out

to line his coat with other's hard-earned gelt . . . around this manor there's peace my folks. Move out that council flat where urchins' piss does spray the lift which takes you to your eyrie on the twenty-fifth floor and move in with us, or do you still fear that old curse / that bunch of gypsy bollocks, that you so avidly did gulp / though secretly me thinks you used that as a ruse, to clear me out the womb and save yourself some L.s.d. / you always said I'd eat you out of house and home / round here only the poodles drop their well-turned turds in little piles so neat. And au pair girls go pushing little Jeremys into the green and flowery parks / no ice-cream vans come screaming round this manor / all's quiet / just the swish on the emerald lawns close cropped like the shaven heads of astronauts / and in the quiet of the evening silly chit chat from the strangled vocal cords of well-heeled neighbours rises from the gardens as they wolf down in the summer nights a half a dozen gin and tonics. Nicely tired from a hard day's graft of thieving in the city. So come and stay. You're welcome and bring the cat as well, we've always got room for moggie.

DAD: Nah son but thanks and double ta. You're very kind to us . . . how thoughtful / bless you, you're welcome, have a nice day, but we're used to wot we got, can you teach an old dog new tricks, a bit long in the tooth you're as old as you feel, and I feel like a worn out old fart . . . we know the familiar faces / our rotten neighbours / the geezer who collects the payments on the fridge and on the telly every week / meals on wheels that daily calls now that we're getting older, all familiar trappings that have trapped us / now that our useful working life has been sucked dry by the state we get a little pension and some security for which I sign / now that my boss god bless him sits back fat and greasy / not that I mind, he got it by hard graft and cunning / good luck to him / he gave me fifty quid when I retired, handsome and a watch with fifteen jewels / right proud I was / so what I got asbestos in my lung / so what I got coal dust in my blood / so what I got lead poisoning in my brain / so what I got shot nerves

from the machines / so what I lost two fingers in the press /  
 so what I'm going deaf from the steel mills / so what I lost a  
 lung for our old king in Dunkirk / I'd do it again / yes I  
 would I tell ya / so what I got fuck all for it from our fair state  
 / so what they're gliding past in their Rolls-Royces / and  
 their fat little kids come tumbling out on piggy little legs / so  
 what they thieve and murder and get away with it / so what  
 our lovely royals pay no tax / they're figureheads mate / so  
 what I starve waiting for your cheque which sometimes you  
 forget to send if you are busy entertaining, when you forget  
 your old ma and pa . . . son!

MUM: Don't listen Ed, he's gone a bit in the nut since they retired  
 him / all he does is grouse and quail. When you complain  
 remember others worse off than you / I think of mothers  
 whose sweet fruit of their most holy wombs / those warm and  
 precious sacks of giggling joy, who have been snatched by  
 sex-mad fiends. They stalk around the town . . . there are so  
 many around / you cannot pick up the daily snot-picker these  
 days without seeing between the tits and race results the  
 photos of the burns and scalds and broken limbs . . . the  
 staring eyes of kids / how one is burnt by fag ends / others  
 punched black and blue / screams in the night / neighbours  
 too scared or fastened to *Hawaiii Five-O* to receive the  
 bloated cries that stab through the walls like an open hand  
 saying help me / others, babies with broken lips, their little  
 ribs all smashed by dads who have caught the British plague  
 that cements their heads and puts vitriol inside their hearts /  
 some kids chained to their beds for hours at a time and  
 others crawling in shit and piss . . . and whack and zunk goes  
 mum and splatter back hand crack goes dad . . . one kid's  
 nipples almost burnt off . . . what about the dad who picked  
 up his small innocent and smashed his head against the wall,  
 until his brains seeped out . . . what dreams did that kid have  
 as his grey thoughts ran down the wallpaper . . . and then the  
 judge says . . . 'off you go, you are basically a good character'  
 . . . and then he's off to celebrate in the nasty pub with his  
 old lady . . . and up and down the length and breadth the

straps are out and babies, bairns and kids are straightened  
 out, lashed out, whipped and made to obey, the nation's full  
 of pervers if you ask me / the plague still flourishes mate.

EDDY: The plague mum / the plague is still about? You never did  
 nuffin like that to me / you only gave me muffins and jam /  
 swaddles of lovely love and spoiling and playing and story-  
 telling. And swishing my pillow and a ride on dad's back  
 and chase around the garden, and a three-wheel bike. You  
 only gave me ten slices of toast every morning and Marmite  
 after school . . . I looked all Bisto like, and like those kids  
 whose shoes have a long way to go I was put on a path called  
 bliss with jummy mouth and sticky doughnut fingers / a dad  
 who put me on the crossbar of his bike and never once  
 introduced the back of his hand to my bounce not once  
 opened his eyes wide and hate-filled and sought to venge  
 some filthy taste for colouring my flesh in Chartreuse green  
 or bruisy blue. No! We'd race across the municipal lido.  
 How long can you stay under. *Dandy* and the *Beano* each  
 week and even the *Film Fun* as well.

DAD: You were loved son / we wanted to give you love / we luvved  
 ya kid. You know . . . like open hands gripping your  
 shoulders and a squeeze at the end . . . palm on your head  
 and ruffling your hair, a clenched fist and a slow tap on the  
 chin . . . like chin-up when you didn't pass your eleven-plus  
 'cause you were a dummy . . . I didn't want you to hate us.

EDDY: Hate? I never used that word my folks, only pocket money  
 each week five bob and Sat morn flicks. Do you mean to say  
 you loved me because you were afraid I'd hate you? 'Cause  
 the gypsy's curse rang in your ears? Let's smother him with  
 spoiling and cuddling so he won't want to hurt his old dad,  
 you make me laugh . . . you would have loved me the same  
 without the rotten curse / I'm your flesh and blood, it's  
 natural.

DAD and MUM: But you're not our son, son.  
 EDDY: SHIT GIVE UP THE GEN / SPILL YOUR GUTS /  
 OPEN YOUR NORTH AND SOUTH AND LET  
 ROLL THE TURDS BEFORE I PONEY MY Y-

FRONTS. IN OTHER VERBS OPEN YOUR CAKE-  
HOLE AND UTTER. LET ME EARWIG YOUR  
HOBSONS. NOT YOUR SON. OH BOLLOCKS  
AND CRACKLOCK.

WIFE: Don't say that he ain't your real produce of your blood-swept thighs, not shoved out of your guts in warm sticky afterbirth, not the sparkle in his dad's eye in the glistening night when his pa heaved apart his woman's limbs and unladed a binful of hot spunk, not eyed her like a lodestone or a star, or a jewel in the corner of his eye not breathed hard or pulse raced to produce this lovely hunk of super delicious wondrous beefy darling spunky guy / not seen you walking from behind and wanted to grasp your arse and deliver the mail up your wet and wondrous letterbox?

MUM: Nah! 'Fraid not!

WIFE: Oh fuck.

EDDY: So what if I'm adopted / who gives a monkey's tit.

DAD: Like this it was. Cries and groans, shouts and shrieks. I was fishing by Wapping, just down from the *Prospect of Winiby* . . . a peaceful Sunday (you were fished out, what a find, what I prayed for, a son) threw my line, the big steamers going out to Southend. The old Tower Bridge opening up to allow the steamers' funnels through like some big lazy East End tart from Cable Street opening her thighs. . . . on the deck in the sun the people of Bow, Whitechapel and Islington in their cheese-cutters and chokers, all doing a bit of a dance on the deck, the steamers flickering, the Guinness pouring. . . . us waving from the shore as the old steamer cuts through the scummy old Thames and sends the swell over to us and makes our little boats kneel and bob as she passes by. When all of a sudden boy / the sun's up high, Hitler's just topped himself. It's hot. Churchill's in command, there's peace at last. Twenty million dead / including my two boys, the radio plays we'll meet again and mares eat oats and does eat oats and little lambs eat ivy, remember. Well all of a sudden in that August afternoon no

bananas in the shops and coupons for four ounces of sweets each week, pictures of Auschwitz just come out / thousands of bodies like spaghetti all entwined / all done in the name of Adolf / all of a sudden in the hot blue day . . . they're all swimming look at them, look at all that blood and oil, bad mix, the sky turned black. What a terrific hell of a bang, and soot is dropping all over us plus bits of people, all the fish dropped dead, from shock, hey let's shalp them out. Look let's get some help, they're all in the water. Some jerry ball of hate stacked full of painful promise and carrying the names of the future dead blew the Southend tripper to the moon and down they fell in a deadly mash of Guinness and Gold-Flake. . . . come on mate. . . . 'I'll give you a hand'. We pulled them in all night, the others just bloated up like funfair freaks. Come on mum, don't fret, 'ere have a cuppa, where's your little Johnnie? . . . now, now he'll be all right, can he swim? No. . . . oh. We'll find him. . . . won't we lads . . . we'll find the little bleeder. . . . shine your torch over here Bert, yeah, there's an old lady, give us your hand love, I'll pull you in. . . . oh no, just a stump, she left it in the water. . . . what bastard could do this. . . . more blankets. . . . bring more tea. . . . there's just not enough of us. . . . there's not enough people to help, who does this to people! What sick perverted bastard started all this shit. . . . if he was in front of me, I would take a butcher's fucking knife and carve him slowly bit by fucking dirty piece and feed it to the river rats and any cunt that supports him, I'd fucking throw them in acid baths. . . . when all had gone and the dawn arose we saw what seemed a little doll clinging to a piece of wood but on closer butchering revealed a little bugger of about two he were, struggling like the fuck and gripping in his paw a greasy old big bear, which no doubt helped to keep him up. We threw the bear back in the slick, and lifted the toddler out all dripping wet and covered in oil looking like a darkie so, no one about we took him home and washed him / he was a beaut / and mum was double chuffed to see a little round soft ball of warm goo goo / 'don't want to give him

up' quoth Dinah, 'must we' she said. 'Nah', I said 'this mum will think he'd dead anyway' / so let her go on thinking it / but think our Dinah rightly slurps of how its real mum will fret and pine and waste away and mourn for her sweet lovely soft flesh of her own / 'all right' I says 'we'll keep him for one day only and then give him back.' A day turned into two / then after a week we thought the shock now would be too great and that the true mum would be adjusted to her sad loss.

WIFE: Oh shit and piss and fuck. I just pissed in my pants. (*She faints.*)

EDDY: My dearest wife and now my mum, it seems, this lady was the very one whose baby you snatched / she told me the selfsame and bitter tale of how she lost her Tony and if you found him then I am he, he whom you found that belonged to her was me. The he you stole and gave to her did once belong to she . . . nice to see ya, have a nice day, so I am the sequelchy mass of flesh that issued from out the loins of my dear wife / oh rats of shit / you opened a right box there didn't you, you picked up a stone that was best left with all those runny black and horrid things intact and not nibbling in my brain. So the man I verballed to death was my real pop / the man to whom my words like hard-edged shrapnel razed his brain / was the source of me, oh stink / warlock and eyes break shatter, cracker and splatter . . . ! / Who laughs? Me who wants to clean up the city / stop the plague destroy the sphinx / me was the source of all the stink / the man of principle is a mother fucker / oh no more will I taste the sweetness of my dear wife's pillow . . . no more . . . no more . . . no more . . . so I left my cosy and love-filled niche now so full of horror / foul incest and babies on the way which if they come will no doubt turn into six-fingered horrors with two heads / poor Eddy. Oh this madness twisting my brain / I walked through the plague rot streets and witnessed the old and the broken / the funny faces staring out of the dead vinyl flats / the flickering shadows of the TV tube / I sat in cafés and thought of my desirable

Lovely succulent and honey-filled wife and as I sat and stared at the rheummy faces and the dead souls with their real wives who were plastered forever in casts of drab compromise, my own wife seemed like a princess / I fastened her face on the horizon like the rising moon and stared forever into space / and when the café closed I sat and stared forever and forever, ran through in my mind every combination of her face and smile and eyes and twists and curves of her lips, I sat and projected her picture on the moon and pored through every page of our life together like a great holy bible of magic events I examined every feature of her landscape and ate up every part of her and loved every part whose sun total made up this creature, my wife. And then the moon turned as red as blood / the clouds raced across her face and became her hair and then her eyes and the wind pulled her hair over her face / like it did when we walked together through the fields and the forests, when the trees shivered and the sun kissed us and the universe wrapped us round in a cloak of stars and rain and crushed grass and ice-creams and teas and clenched fingers / hold on to me / hold on to me and I will hold on to you and I'll never let you go, hold on to me, does it matter that you are my mother, I'll love you even if I am your son / do we cause each other pain, do we kill each other, do we maim and kill, do we inflict vicious wounds on each other? We only love so it doesn't matter mother, mother it doesn't matter. Why should I rear my eyes out Greek style, why should you hang yourself / have you seen a child from a mother and son / no. Have I? No. Then how do we know that it's bad / should I be so mortified? Who me. With my nails and fingers plunge in and scoop out those warm and tender balls of jelly quivering dipped in blood. Oedipus how could you have done it, never to see your wife's golden face again, never again to cast your eyes on her and hers on your eyes. What a foul thing I have done, I am the rotten plague, tear them out Eddy, rip them out, scoop them out like ice-cream, just push the thumb behind the orb and push, pull them out and

GREEK

SINK THE BELGRANO!

stretch them to the end of the strings and then snap!  
Darkness falls. Bollocks to all that. I'd rather run all the way  
back and pull back the sheets, witness my golden-bodied  
wife and climb into her sanctuary, climb all the way in right  
up to my head and hide away there and be safe and  
comforted. Yeh I wanna climb back inside my mum.  
What's wrong with that? It's better than shoving a stick of  
dynamite up someone's ass and getting a medal for it. So I  
run back. I run and run and pulse hard and feet pound, it's  
love I feel it's love, what matter what form it takes, it's love I  
feel for your breast, for your nipple twice sucked / for your  
belly twice known / for your hands twice caressed / for your  
breath twice smell, for your thighs, for your cunt twice  
known, once head first once cock first, loving cunt holy  
mother wife / loving source of your being / exit from  
paradise / entrance to heaven.

(*Blackout.*)