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THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT

THE SMELL OF THE CROWD

a new musical

Book, Music and Lyrics
by

LESLIE BRICUSSE and ANTHONY NEWLEY

June 1965

**THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT-
THE SMELL OF THE CROWD**
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C H A R A C T E R S

SIR

COCKY

THE KID

THE GIRL

THE NEGRO

THE BULLY

THE URCHINS

* * *

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

- | | | |
|-----|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. | THE DEAUTIFUL LAND | URCHINS |
| 2. | A WONDERFUL DAY LIKE TODAY | SIR, COCKY, URCHINS |
| 3. | IT ISN'T ENOUGH | COCKY, URCHINS |
| 4. | THINGS TO REMEMBER | SIR, KID, URCHINS |
| 5. | PUT IT IN THE BOOK | KID, URCHINS |
| 6. | THIS DREAM | COCKY |
| 7. | WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ME? | SIR, COCKY |
| 8. | LOOK AT THAT FACE | SIR, KID, URCHINS |
| 9. | MY FIRST LOVE SONG | COCKY, GIRL |
| 10. | THE JOKER | COCKY |
| 11. | WHO CAN I TURN TO? | COCKY |

ACT TWO

- | | | |
|-----|--|--------------------------|
| 12. | A FUNNY FUNERAL
THAT'S WHAT IT IS TO BE YOUNG | URCHINS |
| 13. | WHAT A MAN! | COCKY, SIR, URCHINS |
| 14. | FEELING GOOD | NEGRO, URCHINS |
| 15. | NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW! | COCKY, URCHINS |
| | <u>Reprise:</u> THINGS TO REMEMBER | SIR |
| 16. | MY WAY | COCKY, SIR |
| | <u>Reprise:</u> WHO CAN I TURN TO? | SIR |
| 17. | SWEET BEGINNING | COCKY, SIR, KID, URCHINS |

* * *

ACT ONE

A rocky place. Dawn. The sound of a shepherd's pipe. A red ball of sun climbs over the horizon. In the center of the rocky place is a plateau. Chalked on it is a circle which appears to be a child's game.

A group of URCHINS straggle over the L brow of the hill, singing. THEY start to play around the circle. As each URCHIN hits the colour of its lyric, it lights up bathing the URCHINS in its own particular light.

MITZI

RED IS THE COLOUR OF A DOUBLE-DECKER BUS.
(OPTIONAL: RED IS THE COLOR OF A LOT OF LOLLIPOPS)

PAMELA

ORANGE IS ANY ORANGE ON A TREE.

GLORIA

YELLOW'S THE COLOUR OF A BAG OF LEMON DROPS.

MARLENE

GREEN IS A PIECE OF SEAWEED IN THE SEA.

CYNDI

BLUE IS THE COLOUR OF THE SKY IN SUMMERTIME.

KAY

INDIGO IS A SIAMESE CAT'S EYES.

JILL

VIOLET'S THE COLOUR OF A FLOWER IN WINTER TIME.

ALL

THESE ARE THE COLOUR OF THE RAINBOW SKIES.

(The growing dawn now bathes the stage in its own light. The URCHINS dance)

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL LAND
WHERE ALL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE
IT'S ALL TIED UP IN A RAINBOW
ALL SHINY AND NEW
BUT IT'S NOT EASY TO FIND

URCHINS (Cont'd)

NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO
IT'S NOT ON TOP OF A MOUNTAIN
OR BENEATH THE DEEP BLUE SEA
OR IN LONDON ZOO
OR IN TIM-BUK-TOO.

LAURA

OR IN TIM-BUK-THREE.

URCHINS

AND IF YOU TRAVELLED THE WORLD
FROM CHINA TO PERU
THERE'S NO BEAUTIFUL LAND ON THE CHART
AN EXPLORER COULD NOT BEGIN
TO DISCOVER ITS ORIGIN
FOR THE BEAUTIFUL LAND IS IN YOUR HEART.

(Again the URCHINS dance, as the
day becomes brighter)

URCHINS

(Sung now as in a round)
IT'S NOT ON TOP OF A MOUNTAIN
OR BENEATH THE DEEP BLUE SEA
OR IN LONDON ZOO
OR IN TIM-BUK-TOO

LAURA

OR IN TIM-BUK ...

(Before SHE can finish HEATHER
claps a hand over her mouth, the
rest of the URCHINS finishing the
lyric for her)

URCHINS

... THREE!

AND IF YOU TRAVELLED THE WORLD
FROM CHINA TO PERU
THERE'S NO BEAUTIFUL LAND ON THE CHART
AN EXPLORER COULD NOT BEGIN
TO DISCOVER ITS ORIGIN
FOR THE BEAUTIFUL LAND IS IN YOUR HEART

YOUR HEART ...

YOUR HEART ...

YOUR HEART ...

(The URCHINS end the number by
falling to the floor. Suddenly
a bizarre sight coming over the
R crest of the hill sends them

scattering. This sight is that of a children's boxcart being pulled by a human beast of burden. In the cart is the magnificent figure of SIR. The beast, almost completely enveloped by baggage of one kind or another is, COCKY. Pushing the cart from behind is the diminutive and perky figure of the KID. The strange caravan pauses for a moment on the brow of the hill. SIR gets out of the cart and rushes to have a look at the game area. The KID stands to his right and COCKY to his left, all engrossed in the same thing)

SIR

By the bountiful belly of Bacchus, what a wonderful piece of luck! One of the most beautiful, natural playing areas I've ever seen. Good firm ground, wonderful light!

(HE looks through his primitive binoculars out over the audience)

... Not a soul within miles. And the game's already chalked out for you.

(HE proceeds to wander over to the down right side of the stage which is bathed in a warm sunlight. This is known hereafter as SIR's area)

It's a perfect place for a game. What more could you want, Cocky?

(The KID follows SIR down to his area and begins to serve his needs, which SHE does throughout the play. At the moment the KID plants the shooting stick into the ground)

COCKY

(Wandering down to the left side of the stage. This is his area, cold, blue, completely lacking in sunshine. HE is now shivering)

What more could I want, Sir?

SIR

(With great pomp and ceremony HE is now peeling off his fingerless gloves, hands them to the KID, and receives in return a pair of fingerless playing gloves and whistle which hangs around his neck. HE settles himself upon the stick)

What more indeed? I think we both agree that deep in your heart where it really matters ...

(The KID moves his hand from his stomach to his heart)

SIR (Cont'd)

... the important thing about the game isn't winning -- it's playing.

COCKY

(Blowing into his hands trying to keep them warm)

It's not important to win -- I'm lucky to be playing.

SIR

So the fact that you've never won a game is neither here nor there.

COCKY

So the fact that I never won a game ain't here and it ain't there.

SIR

It's the thrill of the contest that counts, the sheer joy of participation, the challenge of the arena, the screams of the gladiators, the smell of the greasepaint and the roar of the crowd. And no matter where we roam, no how many games we play, I never lose -- tick -- I never lose -- tick -- I never lose -- tick -- I never lose -- tick --

(During this, the KID has placed the carpet back and picnic basket, which SHE has been carrying, under the platform of SIR's area. SHE now rushes up to him and jobs his arm like a gramophone)

... that tremendous feeling of excitement every time I see the dear old playing area. "Ludum spectularum gloria fantasticus est". That's Latin. Do you know what it means, Cocky?

COCKY

Yes sir. It's about this girl, Gloria. She's got this fantastic pair of spectacles ...

(His pantomime suggests that Gloria may be wearing her spectacles a little lower than her eyes)

SIR

Oh, Cocky, you're such an unparalleled Philistine.

COCKY

(Flattered, bows)

Oh, thank you, sir.

SIR

By the flickering flame of Mount Olympus, Cocky, it's great
to be back at the game!

(The URCHINS gather round SIR as
HE begins to sing)

"A WONDERFUL DAY LIKE TODAY"

SIR

THE SECOND I SAW IT I KNEW.
I SAID TO MYSELF "AHA"!
I COULD TELL AT A GLANCE
THAT IT WASN'T BY CHANCE
THAT WE HAPPEN TO BE WHERE WE ARE.

FROM THE MOMENT I WOKE WITH THE LARK
WE WERE BOTH OF US SINGING AWAY,
AND THE SKY WAS SO BLUE
I INSTINCTIVELY KNEW
WE WERE IN FOR A WONDERFUL DAY.

AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE
WHEN I SAW WHAT I SAW
I WAS TERRIBLY TEMPTED TO SAY

ON A WONDERFUL DAY LIKE TODAY
I DEFY ANY CLOUD TO APPEAR IN THE SKY
DARE ANY RAINDROP TO PLOP IN MY EYE
ON A WONDERFUL DAY LIKE TODAY.

ON A WONDERFUL MORNING LIKE THIS
WHEN THE SUN IS AS BIG AS A YELLOW BALLOON
EVEN THE SPARROWS ARE SINGING IN TUNE
ON A WONDERFUL MORNING LIKE THIS.

ON A MORNING LIKE THIS, I COULD KISS EVERYBODY
I'M SO FULL OF LOVE AND GOOD CHEER.

(The littlest URCHIN steps forward
to be kissed only to be pushed aside)

Later!

LET ME SAY FURTHERMORE, I'D ADORE EVERYBODY
TO COME AND DINE -- THE PLEASURE'S MINE --
AND I WILL PAY THE BILL!

MAY I TAKE THIS OCCASION TO SAY
THAT THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE SHOULD GO DOWN ON ITS KNEES
SHOW THAT WE'RE GRATEFUL FOR MORNINGS LIKE THESE
FOR THE WORLD'S IN A WONDERFUL WAY
ON A WONDERFUL DAY LIKE TODAY!

URCHINS

ON A WONDERFUL MORNING LIKE THIS
 WHEN THE SUN IS AS BIG AS A YELLOW BALLOON
 EVEN THE SPARROWS ARE SINGING IN TUNE
 ON A WONDERFUL MORNING LIKE THIS.

SIR

(URCHINS hum)
 ON A MORNING LIKE THIS, I COULD KISS EVERYBODY
 I'M SO FULL OF LOVE AND GOODWILL --

(Again the littlest URCHIN tries for
 a kiss with the same result)

Later!

LET ME SAY FURTHERMORE,
 I'D ADORE EVERYBODY TO COME AND DINE --
 THE PLEASURE'S MINE ---
 I MAY GO MAD AND ORDER WINE
 AND EVEN PAY THE BILL!

URCHINS

HE WILL
 HE'LL EVEN PAY THE BILL.

(At this exciting prospect THEY
 begin to dance, even pulling SIR
 into it. The dance becomes a
 military parade)

KID

Attention! Present Arms! Hut 2-3-4-

SIR

(Brandishing his shooting stick
 like a cavalry saber)

Charge!

URCHINS

Charge!

(THEY indeed charge, over to the
 warmth of SIR's side of the stage.
 But over on COCKY's side it is now
 raining. A flash of lightning,
 then thunder. HE shivers against
 the cold and rain)

COCKY

ON A WONDERFUL DAY LIKE TODAY
 WHEN THE SKY IS AS GREY AS AN ELEPHANT'S NOSE
 HALF OF ME'S FREEZING -- THE OTHER HALF'S FROZE!
 ON A WONDERFUL DAY LIKE TODAY ... I'M ONLY JOKING!

COCKY (Cont'd)

MAY I TAKE THIS OCCASION TO PRAY
FOR A LITTLE LESS COLD AND A LITTLE MORE HEAT.
EVEN THE SPARROWS ARE STAMPING THEIR FEET
IF THEY SPOKE, I KNOW JUST WHAT THEY'D SAY!
(Another crash of thunder shuts
him up. The sun comes up even
brighter on SIR's side)

SIR

ON A WONDERFUL DAY
LIKE TODAY!

(Again THEY dance in the sunlight)

SIR

ON A WONDERFUL DAY

COCKY

SIR, WHAT DID YOU SAY?

SIR

A FANTABULOUS DAY!

COCKY

DON'T GET CARRIED AWAY

ALL

ON A WONDERFUL DAY LIKE TODAY!

(The number ends with SIR quite elated,
but COCKY has been nodding off in a vain
attempt to fight off sleep)

SIR

(Sits on his shooting-stick)
By the golden tonsils of Euterpe, that was enchanting!

(The KID who is standing to his right,
sniffs loudly)

Oh do stop snivelling, child. How many times must I tell
you. One is only allowed to have revolting habits like
yours if one has impeccable manners like mine. Now what are
the three things I'm always talking to you about?

KID

Women, drink, and money.

SIR

No, no, no. Not those three. The other three.

KID

Oh! Honesty! Integrity! And Fair Play!

SIR

Those are (Pleased)
the ones. Honesty --
(Snapping his fingers, having already
forgotten the others)

KID

(Prompting him)
Integrity --

SIR

Exactly -- and -- er -- Foul Play. Lesson one -- a man
always plays the game according to his conscience. Lesson --
two -- never take advantage of your opponent unless the
opportunity presents itself.

(Amused as COCKY now seems asleep on
his feet)

Right! Enough of theory -- now for some practice. Cocky.
Cocky I'm shouting at you!

(The thunder of his voice is echoed
by a real blast which startles COCKY
from his slumbers)

COCKY

(Who has never left his area)
The roar of the greasepaint, the smell of the ...

(The KID giggles. SIR looks exasperated)

SIR

No, no, no!
(HE sits, as always, on his shooting stick)
That was before my song.
(Incredulously)
Do you mean to say you were asleep all through my song?

COCKY

Oh, no, sir -- I was awake through most of it, sir.

SIR

Oh really?

COCKY

With all due respect, sir. I'm hungry, sir.

SIR

(Enthusiastically)
So am I, Cocky. Hungry for the challenge of the arena,
the cheers of the ...

COCKY

No, sir. Food, sir!

(SIR glares at him. HE bows humbly)

COCKY (Cont'd)

With all due respect, sir.

SIR

Food? Food?

(Looking at COCKY through his binoculars)

But my dear, Cocky, I've never seen you looking so well. Your eyes are clear, your nose is cold and there's not an ounce of spare flesh on you. You're a perfect weight for the game.

(Sits)

What are you, eight stone four?

COCKY

No sir. Four stone eight. It's the luggage that's eight stone four, Sir.

(SIR laughs at this. COCKY seeing he has amused the great man begins an hysterical laugh of his own but this is short lived as it earns him an icy stare from SIR which immediately silences him)

SIR

Right, Cocky, your move!

COCKY

(Peeling off the many bags and bundles HE's still carrying)

My move, sir!

SIR

That's right, Cocky. You do understand why, don't you? Because you lost the last game. And the loser of the last game always has the privilege of starting the new game.

COCKY

With all due respect sir, I wondered if you'd like the privilege ... just this once.

SIR

(Almost speechless at this impertinence. The URCHINS duck, expecting an outbreak of violence)

Me?

(Rising in anger)

Me! Make the first move? Oh, no, no, no, Cocky ... that would be cheating.

(His anger subsides, HE becomes suddenly quite pleasant)

No, I'll tell you what we're going to do ... As today is the anniversary of His Imperial Majesty's hernia --

SIR (Cont'd)

(Both SIR and COCKY reverently remove their hats at the mention of this person)
-- we're going to start an entirely new game.

(COCKY brightens)

Yes, a brand new game, with a new outlook, new rules, new hopes and fears and a whole new feeling of good fellowship and understanding.

COCKY

(Enthusiastically)

Oh, that's wonderful, sir!

SIR

(Sitting)

Right! Isn't it wonderful. Right, your move.

COCKY

(Still filled with high hopes marches over to the start line of the game area, but just before entering HE realizes HE's been had and spins around)

But you just said we was going to start a new game, sir.

(By this time the KID has gotten the picnic basket from under the platform and is beginning to lay out SIR's lunch)

SIR

So we are! A completely new game.

(Rising in anger)

But good heavens old chap, we can't just throw tradition out of the window, lock stock and barrel. Answer me this, -- where would we be without tradition?

(COCKY starts to answer, but the KID pulls SIR back to his sitting position and SIR goes on talking)

Well may you ask! I'll tell you where we'd be -- we'd be in the soup!

COCKY

(Hungrily)

Soup, sir?

(HE watches hungrily as the KID goes on unpacking the food. The URCHINS, too, begin to cluster around SIR and his lunch)

SIR

Yes. It's through tradition that greatness is bred.

(The KID holds up a loaf of bread
for SIR's inspection)

COCKY

A little bread and soup, sir.

SIR

We can't afford to neglect our traditions, Cocky -- there's too much at stake.

(Now a chicken is held up by the
KID and approved of by SIR)

COCKY

Steak, sir?

SIR

"Nihil traditionis sans gloria, quid quid libertas." Do you know what that means, Cocky?

COCKY

Yes, sir. You can't take liberties with Gloria without paying her the traditional two quid.

SIR

Well, I'd say that's a rather loose translation. I'll tell you what we'll do. As today is also the anniversary of Benjamin Disraeli's Bah Mitzvah, we'll spin a coin and loser goes first. Now I couldn't be fairer than that, could I?

COCKY

(Nodding)

Yes, sir.

SIR

(Crossly)

You mean, no, sir.

COCKY

(Flustered)

Yes sir, I mean, no sir, yes ... you couldn't be fairer, sir.

SIR

(Producing a coin)

You're quite right. I couldn't be fairer.

(HE rises)

My Cousin Harry always used to say there are two things that make England what she is today.

(EVERYONE onstage comes to attention)

Fair play by integrity out of Decency. And stability by borrowing out of Necessity! Call!

(HE sits, flips the coin, catches it covering it from view)

COCKY

(Hopefully)
Heads, sir?

SIR

(HE looks at the coin and his face falls)
Try again, Cocky.

COCKY

(Still hopeful)
Tails?

SIR

(Satisfied)
Hard luck. Your move.

(COCKY looks bewildered. SIR amuses the KID by palming the coin from one hand to the other. COCKY, chanting, picks up his valise and placing it in front of him, kneels)

SIR

(Seeing COCKY's preparations becomes bored, rises)
Oh God, here we go again!
(HE takes a leg from the chicken and starts out down right. The KID places the picnic things on the cloth SHE's laid on the ground, scoops it all up in one bundle and follows SIR off. The NEGRO URCHIN grabs SIR's shooting-stick and runs off after the KID.

COCKY now begins to remove his many good luck charms, religious symbols, etc. one by one. Each has a string, each gets put around his neck. First a wishbone, then fourleaf clover, a rabbit's foot, a horseshoe, an Anglican cross, an Eastern crescent, a Catholic crucifix, and a Star of David)

"IT ISN'T ENOUGH"

COCKY

IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO HOPE
IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO DREAM
IT ISN'T ENOUGH
TO PLOT AND PLAN AND SCHEME

IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO STAND HERE
SAYING THAT LIFE IS GRAND HERE
WAITING FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO TURN UP.
IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO SIT HERE

COCKY (Cont'd)

HAVING A PURPLE FIT HERE
 WORRIED TO DEATH THE WORLD WILL BURN UP.

IT ISN'T ENOUGH
 TO HOPE
 IT ISN'T ENOUGH
 TO DREAM
 I'VE GOT A BETTER ANSWER.
 I'VE GOT A BETTER SCHEME.

WHY NOT
 WISH UPON A WISHBONE?
 PICK A FOUR LEAF CLOVER?
 RUB A RABBIT'S FOOT
 AND THROW A HORSESHOE OVER
 YOUR LUCKY SHOULDER?

YOU'LL FIND
 BEFORE YOU'RE VERY MUCH OLDER,
 A BIT OF LUCK WILL COME YOUR WAY.
 NOW ISN'T THAT ENOUGH
 TO MAKE YOUR DAY?

URCHINS

IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO HOPE
 IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO DREAM
 IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO PLOT AND PLAN AND SCHEME

IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO STAND HERE - SAYING THAT LIFE IS
 GRAND HERE
 WAITING FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO TURN UP
 IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO SIT HERE
 HAVING A PURPLE FIT HERE
 WORRIED TO DEATH THE WORLD WILL BURN UP.

COCKY

IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO HOPE
 IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO DREAM.
 I'VE GOT A BETTER ANSWER,
 I'VE GOT A BETTER SCHEME.

WHY NOT ...

URCHINS

(Impertinently interrupting him)

La la la la la la
 la la la la la la
 la la la la la la
 la la la la la la

COCKY

(Derisively)
 La la la la la la

(THEY begin to chase him up the platforms, HE suddenly stops holding his hands aloft for them also to stop. The lights fade, on the cyc, we see a projection of church windows, chimes are heard, and the URCHINS now begin to sing like a choir with COCKY leading the flock)

URCHINS

IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO HOPE
IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO DREAM
NOT ENOUGH TO HOPE AND DREAM
TO PLOT AND PLAN AND PLAN AND SCHEME.

OH NO, IT'S NOT ENOUGH
IT'S NOT ENOUGH,
TO HOPE AND DREAM AND PLOT AND SCHEME.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH,
IT'S NOT ENOUGH,
IT'S NOT ENOUGH,
IT'S NOT ENOUGH,
IT'S NOT ENOUGH.

(COCKY throws his hands up and yells)

COCKY

Enough!

URCHINS

(Going back to their original tempo as the church fades and the lights return to normal)
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF HOPE!

COCKY

That's what I've been trying to tell you!

URCHINS

WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF DREAMS.

COCKY

Will you listen to me ...

I'VE GOT A BETTER ANSWER,
I'VE GOT A BETTER SCHEME,
WHY NOT,

WISH UPON A WISHBONE,
PICK A FOUR LEAF CLOVER,
RUB A RABBIT'S FOOT
OR THROW A HORSESHOE OVER

COCKY & URCHINS

YOUR LUCKY SHOULDER,
YOU'LL FIND BEFORE YOU'RE VERY MUCH OLDER

COCKY

A BIT OF LUCK WILL COME YOUR WAY

NOW ISN'T THAT ENOUGH ...
ISN'T THAT ENOUGH TO ...
ISN'T THAT ENOUGH TO MAKE ...

COCKY & URCHINS

ISN'T THAT ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR ...
ISN'T THAT ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR DAY?

(As the song is ending, SIR enters from down right. HE is swinging his chicken leg, much as a priest swings an incense burner. HE is followed on by the KID swinging the picnic which is balled up into the table cloth. After them comes the NEGRO URCHIN carrying SIR's shooting stick, seat open, looking a little like a cross. This "ecclesiastic" procession ends up in SIR's area. COCKY finishing his song back in his own frigid place)

SIR

(Sits)

By the endless devotions of Saint Clarence the Stutterer, it's not every man who has your faith, Cocky.

COCKY

(Is now kneeling in front of his bag of charms, HE holds one aloft)
It's not every man who needs it, sir.

(The KID is once more unpacking the picnic and laying it at SIR's feet)

SIR

I mean, most of us are content to blunder our way through life, eating well, drinking well, never giving a thought to the really important things in life, like misery, want and starvation --

(HE throws the chicken leg away. The URCHINS make a dive for it, but the KID is too fast and gets to it first. With a gesture of defiance SHE stops them dead in their tracks, then slowly picks it up. As SIR goes on talking, the KID wanders over to the kneeling COCKY and deliberately passes the chicken under his twitching nose as it makes its way to the KID's mouth)

SIR (Cont'd)

God forgive me, Cocky, I envy you, and I'm a big enough man to admit it.

(HE belches copiously)

I do beg your pardon!

COCKY

(Trying to answer SIR, but is distracted by the passing chicken)

You always have been a big man, sir. Very big. I don't mind admitting I envy you too, sir. You're full of the milk of human kindness. You're full of the chicken of human kindness, too, sir.

(The KID wanders over to the URCHINS. THEY have vainly been trying to hook the loaf of bread which is lying between SIR's legs. THEY use a home-made fishing pole. The KID grabs the pole, crawls under SIR's ample bottom, grabs the bread and runs back up to the prow)

COCKY

I mean, I may have untold spiritual wealth, but I'm still a human being, with a human being's weaknesses and --

(By this time, the KID having hooked the bread firmly is now about to cast it like a fly-fisher)

COCKY

(Seeing the bread)

-- appetites! I mean, food for thought is all very well, sir, but the bread and wine they serve you at communion doesn't exactly fill you up, and you can't go back for seconds!

(At this point the KID drops the loaf into the center of the game area. The lights all around the stage dip sharply, the colours of the game come alive and glow. The bread is held in a shaft of white light, the goal to be played for)

SIR

You know, Cocky. I'm beginning to detect in you a growing tendency towards gluttony -- watch it.

COCKY

(His eyes riveted to the bread)

Yes, sir. I'm watching it all the time.

SIR

You know my cousin Harry always used to say ...

(As HE talks, HE holds a bottle of wine aloft inspecting it, but never really letting COCKY out of his sight. COCKY by this time has risen to his feet and is slowly being drawn to the start line of the game)

... if there's a better Burgundy than Chateau de la Derriere de Mouton, I'll eat my hat. He was a very witty fellow, Harry. One of the funniest Macbeths I ever saw.

(COCKY has now reached the start line. The URCHINS gasp, the KID leans forward in anticipation)

SIR

(Sharply)

Foot's over the line! You're in play -- name your game!

COCKY

(Holding his charms to his bosom for support)

Play the game for bread. Go forward three!

(The flute begins)

(SIR throws down his serviette, wipes his pudgy fingers, then eagerly grabs his binoculars and focuses them on COCKY. COCKY goes forward the three spaces HE called for. The KID jiggles the bread on the end of the line which only tantalizes him further)

SIR

Bread costs money. Go back two. Don't move till you throw in sixpence.

(COCKY retreats two places and hunts desperately through his pockets)

COCKY

(Tentatively)

Owe the banker sixpence. Go forward three.

SIR

(Blows his whistle)

Foul! No credit for bread. Go back to the start.

(COCKY is stopped short)

Good opening rally, Cocky.
(Another whistle)

SIR (Cont'd)

Right, break for tea!

(COCKY retreats to start, the lights are quickly restored, the bread is yanked from the ring and COCKY has been reaching for air. With a shrug of desperation HE leaves the game and goes back to his area)

Ah, the welcome sound of the half-time whistle! The mud covered boots, and the sound of happy laughter in the changing-room, the jolly fun in the showers ...

(The KID has taken the bread, wandered over to COCKY and is once more teasing him by waving it under his nose. Beyond endurance HE grabs the bread, tears off a chunk and begins wolfing it down. The URCHINS run to him)

KID

'Ere mister! Look at 'im!

(SIR watches in astonishment and blows frantic blasts on his whistle. COCKY takes no notice but mumbles incoherently through a mouthful of bread)

SIR

You're a disgrace to the game. And look at you -- crumbs all down your front!

(COCKY is fighting off the URCHINS, who are scrambling and pleading for the crumbs. THEY spin him round till HE is dizzy, their shouts rise to a clamouring crescendo. The URCHINS tear the loaf away from him and run off right with it. COCKY totters dizzily and gives a bilious belch as the light on him turns green)

SIR

Oh, ... made yourself sick, haven't you, you little greedy-guts? Reminds me of the time we were crossing the Bay of Bengal in a typhoon.

(HE makes sea waves motions with his hands)

The sea was heaving up and down, up and down, up and down -- and what do you think they served us for supper ... great greasy bowls of cold curry and custard. What's the matter, Cocky?

(COCKY groans and lurches, turns and runs off left. The KID runs after him, getting as far as the prow. SHE laughs at him derisively at the top of her voice. SIR fixes her with a stern gaze)

SIR (Cont'd)

That's enough, child! That was most unkind of you. Cocky has a difficult time enough as it is.

(The KID is disappointed at SIR's admonishment and wanders dejectedly over to COCKY's area)

God knows I wouldn't wish his existence on my worst enemy, so don't ever let me catch you doing that kind of thing again. Do it, by all means, but don't ever let me catch you.

(The KID brightens at this and runs over to his right)

Lesson four -- if a gentleman does get caught doing things he shouldn't, he is not a gentleman.

(The KID sniffs loudly)

Oh, what's the use! You never remember a thing I tell you.

KID

Oh yes I do, sir. You said I can have revolting habits like yours, if I've got impeccable manners like mine.

(SIR slaps her cuff away from her nose)

KID

(Putting her hands up in a boxing pose)

Aaaaooow! Garn!!!!

SIR

It's Aow! and Garn! that keep her in her place. But that's another story altogether.

(MUSIC starts)

If you wish to grow up to be a gentleman, my child, you have a great deal to learn.

"THINGS TO REMEMBER"

SIR

THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS TO REMEMBER
AS YOU TRAVEL THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE
LIKE ALWAYS BE KIND TO YOUR HUSBAND
OR, IF YOU'RE A MAN, TO YOUR WIFE.

SIR (Cont'd)

YOU SHOULD NEVER SHOOT TROUT IN SEPTEMBER
 YOU SHOULD NEVER FEED BABIES ON GIN.
 DON'T EVER PLAY POKER ON SUNDAYS
 UNLESS YOU ARE CERTAIN TO WIN!

DON'T GO OUT OF YOUR WAY SEEKING DANGER --
 NEVER STAND ON A CROCODILE'S TAIL!
 NEVER BUY LONDON BRIDGE FROM A STRANGER
 UNLESS YOU MAKE A FEW BOB ON THE SAME!

DON'T WASTE TIME ON THE FRIENDS THAT REPEL YOU
 AND DON'T EVER DRINK SOUP WITH A KNIFE!
 DON'T BUY WHAT THOSE GYPSY GIRLS SELL YOU
 AND IF YOU REMEMBER THESE THINGS THAT I TELL YOU
 BY HELL, YOU'LL DO WELL ALL YOUR LIFE!

WHEN I THINK OF THE GOOD THINGS THAT LIFE HAS TO GIVE
 I'M RELUCTANTLY FORCED TO AGREE
 THAT THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO KNOW HOW TO LIVE
 IS RESTRICTED, QUITE SIMPLY, TO ME.

FOR LIFE IS LIKE CRICKET -- WE PLAY BY THE RULES --
 AND THE SECRET, WHICH FEW PEOPLE KNOW,
 WHICH KEEPS MEN OF CLASS
 WELL APART FROM THE FOOLS
 IS TO THINK UP THE RULES
 AS YOU GO.
 DO-DE-OH-DO.

THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS TO REMEMBER
 WHEN YOU STUDY THE FRUIT OF THE VINE
 AND I AM A HELL OF A STUDENT
 AND THAT'S WHY I DRINK SO MUCH WINE.

(HE belches)

There I go again.

DRINKING COINTREAU WITH SALT BEEF AND MUSTARD
 IS OF COURSE GASTRONOMICALLY WRONG.

(COCKY re-enters from Up Left, feeling
 a bit better)

AND DON'T EVER EAT CURRY WITH CUSTARD --
 YOU'LL FIND THAT IT NEVER STAYS DOWN! VERY LONG!

(COCKY plunges out again, having
 turned green first. SIR and the
 KID waltz together. The rest of
 the URCHINS wander back in and
 watch them. The KID points to
 each in turn to reply to SIR's
 maxims)

SIR
ALWAYS HONOUR YOUR DEBTS --

KID
WHEN YOU HAVE TO!

SIR
AND BE HONEST --

DEBBIE, GLORIA, LAURA
UNLESS THERE'S NO NEED!

SIR
SPEND TWO HOURS A DAY WITH THE GOOD BOOK

URCHIN
IF YOU'VE NOTHING BETTER TO READ!

SIR
YOU MUST BE PATIENT WITH CHILDREN
THOUGH THEY JANGLE YOUR NERVES, IT IS TRUE!

KID
BUT A CHILD IS A PRESENT FROM HEAVEN!

SIR
THANK GOD THERE AREN'T TOO MANY PRESENTS LIKE YOU!

DON'T DRINK CHAMPAGNE FROM SOGGY OLD SLIPPERS
THOUGH THIS BARBARIC CUSTOM IS RIFE.
DON'T LIFT UP A WHALE BY ITS FLIPPERS
AND ONLY BUY CLARET FROM CERTIFIED SHIPPERS

(Again COCKY enters, again HE feels
a bit better)

AVOID EATING GOULASH WITH ICE CREAM AND KIPPERS.

(This gets to him once more and
HE runs off)

REMEMBER THESE THINGS, YOU OBNOXIOUS YOUNG NIPPERS.
AND YOU WILL DO WELL ALL YOUR LIFE.

URCHINS, SIR, KID
SO CHEERS, ME DEARS AND HERE'S TO LIFE!

TO LIFE!

(COCKY totters delicately back to
his area, having entered from up
left again. HE is still white as
a sheet. SIR, as always in the
sunny side of the stage, right, with
the KID serving his needs to his
right)

SIR

I hope you've learned your lesson, Cocky. God knows, I'm not perfect.

COCKY

No man is perfect, sir.

SIR

(Immediately taking umbrage, rising and crossing down to the small platform right center)

I've had enough of your lip, Cocky. I'm afraid this will have to go in The Book!

COCKY

(Protesting)

Oh no, sir ... not The Book!

SIR

I'm sorry, Cocky. You know the rules as well as I do.

(COCKY knowing the rules quite well, drags out the huge book from under the rest of the luggage, sets it flat. The URCHINS watch this with amusement. SIR ambles down right as HE talks)

SIR

If we hadn't written everything down as we went along, we wouldn't know where we are now, and if we don't write everything down now we won't know where we are in the future. And if we don't know where we are in the future, we'll never be able to look back and say, "Well, at least we knew where we were in the past!" Ars ex libris ... do you know what that means, Cocky?

COCKY

(About to sit on the Book)

No, sir.

SIR

It means, get your backside off The Book and write this down.

(COCKY never gets to rest, but springs up, opens the volume. HE takes an enormous pencil stuck in the binding)

SIR

"It is against the spirit and tradition of the game for a greedy player to play for his daily bread on an empty stomach. Gluttony is an unforgivable sin, Cocky. Thou shalt not glut, etc., etc., etc." -- Penalty -- you lose the move, Cocky.

COCKY

(Who has been writing in the book
now tips his hat)
... you lose the move, Cocky.

(SIR belches copiously. The KID
blows a blast on her trumpet)

KID

Sir, one ... Cocky, nothing.

SIR

Right, Cocky.

COCKY

Right, sir.

SIR

No ... write Cocky.

COCKY

(Finally getting it)
Oh ... write, sir. Right, sir.

KID

Leave it to me, sir.
(SHE runs to the center of the stage
and beckons some of the URCHINS to
join her)

"PUT IT IN THE BOOK"

KID

PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
JUMP ABOUT A BIT!
PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
FOR ME!
PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
DON'T GET OUT OF IT,
MUSTN'T COOK THE BOOK,
TEE, HEE.

(The URCHINS now join in in both
the singing and the accompanying
dance)

KID & URCHINS

PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
AND DO IT NICELY!
PUT IT IN THE BOOK,
YOU'RE A BIT OF A CROOK!
TO PUT IT PRECISELY!

KID & URCHINS (Cont'd)

PUT IT IN THE BOOK
 WHEN IT'S IN THE BOOK
 LET US HAVE A LOOK --
 LET'S SEE!

NOW IT'S IN THE BOOK
 AND THE JOB IS DONE,
 COR, YOU ARE A ONE --
 TWO, THREE!

PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
 PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
 PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
 PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
 PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
 FOR ME!

(THEY now dance mocking COCKY's labours,
 and waking him with their screams when
 it looks as though HE might be dozing off)

KID & URCHINS

PUT IT IN THE BOOK! WHEN IT'S IN THE BOOK
 LET US HAVE A LOOK --
 LET'S SEE!

NOW IT'S IN THE BOOK
 AND THE JOB IS DONE.
 COR, YOU ARE A ONE --
 TWO, THREE!

PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
 PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
 PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
 PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
 PUT IT IN THE BOOK!
 FOR ME!

FOR ME!

(COCKY chases them away. KID
 crosses impudently away from him
 to DSR. SIR returns to his area.
 The KID takes the shooting-stick
 from its position off the edge of
 the stage and runs up to SIR's area
 and plants it in the ground for him)

SIR

(Applauding)

By the dancing feet of Saint Vitus the Uninhibited, that
 was delightful! Right, sir, your move.

(COCKY hangs his head and twists his hat brim, muttering to himself)

SIR (Cont/d)

Cocky, it's your move.

(HE gives a blast on his whistle)

Cocky!

COCKY

With all due respect, sir, I don't want to play anymore.

SIR

Now you don't mean that, Cocky.

COCKY

Yes, I do, sir ... with all due respect.

SIR

No you don't, Cocky! And I'd appreciate a little more respect.

COCKY

I'm fed up with respect!

SIR

Cocky!

COCKY

(Bowing)

I mean with all due respect, sir, I'm fed up with respect, sir ... I don't know what I mean!

SIR

(His anger growing, HE rises from the shooting-stick)

Cocky! Cocky!

COCKY

I don't want to play anymore, sir!

SIR

Then you're a dirty, rotten little beast!

(There is a tremendous crash of thunder. COCKY runs up the ladder in Center, the URCHINS flee in terror)

Everything you are today you owe to the game, and don't you forget it!

(To the KID)

Come here, child.

(SHE races to his side)

SIR (Cont'd)

Lesson five -- when a chap starts up the ladder of success ...
 (Points to COCKY who is still up
 the ladder)

It's only common decency to help him to the top before you
 kick the ladder from under him. Now here is what I want you
 to do ...

(HE whispers to the KID)

COCKY

Foul! Whispering! Foul lot of whispering goin' on.

(The KID runs upstage and out the
 left ramp)

Where's that grubby child goin'?

SIR

(Changing the subject, wandering DSR)

You know, Cocky, for one so backward, you're far too forward.
 The trouble with you is that you expect your food to be
 handed to you on a plate. If you want food, Cocky, you must
 earn it! Earn it!

COCKY

(Seating himself on the edge of
 his platform and including several
 of the smaller URCHINS in his con-
 versation)

Oh sure, if I wanted to I could get a job like that!

(HE tries to snap his fingers but
 can't. HE tries again with no
 better success)

Like that I could get a job ... like that ...

(SIR snaps his fingers)

Yeah, like that.

SIR

You mean ... like that!

(A pool of light behind the ring
 reveals the KID standing on the
 shoulders of one of the URCHINS.
 Both of them are enveloped by a
 giant overcoat with overlong
 sleeves.)

COCKY turns as SIR points out this
 apparition. HE rises and slowly
 crosses to it)

KID

Name?

Sir calls me, Cocky. COCKY

Born? KID

Yeah. COCKY

Address? KID

Certainly ... Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to say a few words about this ... COCKY

Sex? KID

Yes please, but I'll finish my address first ... Ladies and ... COCKY

I mean male or female? KID

Oh ... female please, if you've got one. COCKY

Occupation? KID

Unemployed corporation executive. COCKY

Ambition? KID

Food. COCKY

Qualifications? KID

I'm starving. COCKY

Religion? KID

Yeah ... loads of it. COCKY
(Jingling his charms)

KID
 I'll have to look into this.
 (Shouting down inside her coat)
 Here, what do you think?

URCHIN
 (Sticking her head out)
 Get your foot out of my ear hole!

KID
 (Slapping at the URCHIN with one of
 her long sleeves, the head disappears)
 The Board of Governors and me have decided we've got just
 the job for you.

COCKY
 (Elated)
 A job! I've got a job! They gave me a job! I knew my luck
 had to change.

SIR
 Congratulations, Cocky.

COCKY
 (Singing)
 WISH UPON A WISHBONE,
 PICK A FOUR LEAF CLOVER ...

SIR
 You've done that before.

COCKY
 BUT A FOUR LEAF CLOVER DOESN'T SEEM ...

SIR
 That's better ...

COCKY
 TO HAVE THE MAGIC POWER
 TO BRING THE MAGIC HOUR
 THAT IS MINE,
 WHEN I DREAM ...

"THIS DREAM"

COCKY
 THIS DREAM --
 I HAVE THIS WONDERFUL DREAM
 WHERE I WIN --
 WHERE I WIN
 EVERY BATTLE I FIGHT
 AND I KILL EVERY DRAGON IN SIGHT.
 EACH NIGHT I LIE AWAKE AND I WAIT
 FOR MY DREAM

COCKY (Cont'd)

WHAT A WORLD I CREATE
 WHEN I DREAM
 I'M NOT LONELY --
 A PITY IT'S ONLY
 A DREAM.

BUT SUCH A FABULOUS DREAM
 THAT I FEEL
 THAT THE REAL WORLD,
 IS REALLY UNREAL,
 WHILE THE WILDEST OF DREAMS
 CAN COME TRUE.

THEY DO,
 BUT THEY ONLY COME TRUE
 IN THIS DREAM,
 THIS DREAM.

(COCKY begins to doze off. From afar we hear wailing. Suddenly, in lighting that tells us we are in COCKY's dream we see the GIRL, in a lovely pink light, SHE seems tied to one of the ladders, in front of her, is a dragon. This monster seems to be enveloped in the same kind of great coat that the KID had been wearing earlier in the interview. The head of the dragon is a collection of pots and pans thrown together by the URCHINS to look like a head. The body is made up of the URCHINS much like a dragon in a Chinese new year's parade.

COCKY seeing the monster threatening the beautiful GIRL, pantomimes getting on a horse, and with the pencil as his lance sets out to free the fair maiden. After several false starts where HE almost loses his nerve, HE battles the dragon and finally slaying it in a cloud of white smoke. Once free, the GIRL and COCKY dance together expressing their new found love but as COCKY reaches for her SHE disappears and HE is left once more in the cold light of reality)

Pity -- it's only a dream ...

BUT SUCH A FABULOUS DREAM
 THAT I FEEL
 THAT THE REAL WORLD
 IS REALLY UNREAL
 WHILE THE WILDEST OF DREAMS
 CAN COME TRUE.

COCKY (Cont'd)
 THEY DO, THEY DO, THEY DO, THEY DO.
 BUT THEY ONLY COME TRUE
 IN THIS DREAM.

(HE notices that SIR on his side of the stage, and the small URCHINS at his feet are now all asleep, gently HE pantomimes the dousing of the lights and the stage is now dark.

The lights return, SIR crosses back up to his area)

SIR
 Well dreamt, Cocky! Absolutely charming. That dragon!
 And that girl! That girl!

(From up left three tiny URCHINS enter carrying a huge pile of three boxes)

Right, Cocky! First day at work!
 (HE blows whistle)

KID
 (Who is back on the prow, still on top of the other URCHIN)
 I want you to move those boxes from there ... over to there.
 (Pointing to the Center of the game area. The game lights snap on)

SIR
 Your move, Cocky!

COCKY
 Yes sir, yes sir, three boxes full!
 (COCKY eagerly lifts the boxes. HE hurries with them to the start line)
 Play the game for a living. Go forward four ...

(The flute begins)

SIR
 (Blowing his whistle)
 New rule! Players carrying boxes on to the playing area must at all times stand on one leg. Go back two.

COCKY
 Objection sir. With all due respect, sir. I can hardly manage on two legs.

SIR
 (Whistle)
 Objection overruled. Go back three.

You said two.

COCKY

(Whistle)

Threatening the referee.

SIR

Go back four!

I'm hungry, sir.

COCKY

Tough titty!

SIR

Yes, sir. Anything as long as it's food!
(COCKY fights desperately to stay on one leg, but HE can't. Suddenly HE loses his balance and his foot touches the ground)

SIR

(Blowing a sharp blast on the whistle)
Foot touched the ground! You're out!

(The game lights go out. COCKY crosses back to his area, putting the stack of boxes behind him on the ground. The KID crosses back to SIR's area)

I'm afraid this won't do. Laziness is an unforgivable sin, Cocky. I'm afraid this will have to go in the book again.

COCKY

Oh no, sir! Not The Book again! Anything but The Book again!

SIR

(Rising from his seat threateningly)
Anything but The Book again?

COCKY

I'll get The Book again, sir.
(HE opens The Book and prepares to write)

SIR

(Crossing to the Center of the stage as HE dictates)
Now take this down. "The game offers full employment at all times to all men of all nations ...

(COCKY perks up and leaving his book starts over towards SIR)

SIR (Cont'd)

... except lazy little men in green suits and bowler hats with holes in. Thou shalt not sloth, Cocky, etc., etc., etc. penalty ... "

COCKY

(Having gotten back behind The Book again)

You lose the job, Cocky.

SIR

Exactly!

KID

(Giving another blast on her trumpet)

Sir, two ... Cocky, nothing!!

SIR

God knows I'm not perfect ...

COCKY

(Beginning to write in the book)

God knows I'm not perfect ...

SIR

(Angrily)

No ... I'm not perfect ...

COCKY

Oh, you're not perfect ...

SIR

(Crossing back to his area and sitting down on his shooting-stick)

... but by the unswerving loyalty of Benedict Arnold, I do believe in forgiving a friend. I mean take that unfortunate business venture of yours just now. I didn't look to find any profit in it for money -- tick -- in it for money -- tick -- in it for money --

(The KID jogs his arm once again)

means nothing to me.

COCKY

That's very kind of you, sir.

SIR

Not at all, Cocky. You may have lost your job, but you haven't lost my friendship.

COCKY

I don't know which is worse, sir.

SIR
Oh come, now. I think you do. After all ...

"WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ME?"

SIR
WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ME, COCKY?
JUST TELL ME WHERE WOULD YOU BE?
LOOK AT YOURSELF -- YOU ARE SO DREARY --
OH DREARY OH ME!

HOW COULD YOU COPE WITHOUT MY FRIENDSHIP
AND MY KINDLY OLD FACE?
DON'T YOU KNOW MONEY CAN'T BUY FRIENDSHIP?
IT'S SO HARD TO REPLACE ... MONEY.

WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT MY COURAGE?
I AM AS FEARLESS AS THREE.

FAITH IF YOU SHOULD FLAG,
STRONG IF YOU START TO SAG.
COCKY, YOU'VE GOT TO AGREE.
TELL ME, FRANKLY,
WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ME?

COCKY
I dunno sir. The trouble with you is you're too good to
me. I don't deserve the way you treat me! No really,
sir ...

WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOU, GUV'NOR?
GAWD ONLY KNOWS WHERE I'D BE!
LOOK AT MY LIFE -- IT HAS NO MAGIC!

SIR
IT'S TRAGIC TO SEE!

COCKY
I MEAN, I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR FRIENDSHIP
AND YOUR EXPERT ADVICE.
YOURS IS A LASTING AND SURE FRIENDSHIP
AND WHAT'S MORE -- YOU'RE SO NICE!

SIR
AREN'T I?

COCKY
WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOUR GOODNESS
HELPING TO CARRY ME THROUGH?
LIFE'S FULL OF HYPOCRITE,
BANDITS AND COUNTERFEITS.

SIR
I'M THE EXCEPTION, IT'S TRUE!

COCKY

HEAVEN HELP ME,
WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOU.

WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOU LEADING
WHILE I FOLLOW BEHIND?
YOU ARE A MODEL OF TRUE BREEDING

SIR

AND YOU'RE NONE TOO REFINED!

COCKY

THANK YOU!

(Dance)

BOTH

WHERE WOULD I/YOU BE WITHOUT YOU/ME,

GUVERNOR/COCKY

JUST TELL ME WHERE WOULD I/YOU BE?

(Suddenly the little CHINESE URCHIN does a tiny dance step and pantomimes that COCKY should imitate her which HE does. Then SIR is urged to do likewise. Suddenly both SIR and COCKY are doing a little step together. Now the KID appears carrying two canes and two straw hats. SHE hands each man a hat and cane. THEY continue dancing, but their routine becomes an old vaudeville one. Everything goes, from the old soft shoe to a train effect done with a lobsterscope)

COCKY

OTHERS JUST PASS ME BY.
WHETHER I LIVE OR DIE,
THEY WOULDN'T CARE --

SIR

BUT I DO!

COCKY

TELL ME, FRANKLY,
WHERE WOULD I BE --

SIR

WHERE WOULD YOU BE?

BOTH

WHERE WOULD I/YOU BE WITHOUT YOU/ME

(THEY exit down left, only to return a second later running across the apron. As the applause continues, THEY now enter from the left and do a lock step to the other side, exiting once more. THEY appear for the third time doing a rather lurid kick usually associated with strippers, THEY stop in the middle of the stage and sing romantically)

COCKY

WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOU, GUV'NOR.

SIR

YOU'VE GOT NO STYLE -- YOU'VE GOT NO CLASS --
WITHOUT ME YOU'D BE ON YOUR --

COCKY

ASK YOURSELF, SIR, JUST WHERE I WOULD BE?

SIR

YOU CAN SCARCELY READ OR WRITE OR SPELL
FOR MY PART YOU CAN GO TO --

COCKY

WELL, SIR, I TRY TO DO MY BEST.

SIR

COCKIUS USELESS EST.
KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, YOU PEST?

COCKY

NO!

SIR

HAH! THERE, SEE? FRANKLY,
WHERE WOULD YOU BE?

COCKY

I'D BE UP A TREE!

SIR

AND WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

COCKY

I'D THROW THINGS AT YOU!

SIR

YOU'RE UP A TREE WITHOUT ...

COCKY

CAN'T PICTURE ME WITHOUT ...

SIR
WHERE WOULD YOU BE ...

COCKY
WAIT FOR IT, WAIT FOR IT!

SIR & COCKY
WITHOUT ME/YOU

(The lights come up and SIR and COCKY return to their places. SIR seats himself on his shooting-stick and is being fanned by the KID who has taken his straw hat for the job)

SIR
Hard work never hurt anyone, Cocky. It's by the work one knows the workmen.

(SIR now holds up his false belly so that the KID can fan the real one beneath. This done, SHE now begins to push at his chest and stomach as a manager does to his fighter during a fight)

Work a little, play a little -- it's all in a day's work.
But when you work, work like a Turk.

(SIR pushes the KID from him.
COCKY is yawning again)

Right sir, your move. Cocky! Cocky, I'm shouting at you.

(There is a roll of thunder)

COCKY
I'm tired. I don't want to play anymore, sir.

SIR
Now Cocky, we've been through all this before. Now you are going to play ... and you are going to enjoy it.

COCKY
No I'm not.

SIR
Now repeat after me, "Play up, play up and play the game."
Cocky!

COCKY
Sir?

SIR
Play up!

Fed up? COCKY

Play up! SIR

Shut up! COCKY

And play the game! SIR

Stick the game! COCKY

(Gives SIR the finger)

(The KID and the URCHINS duck,
fearing the wrath of SIR)

SIR
I can't believe this is you talking.

COCKY
It's me talking alright.
(Pantomimed to audience)

SIR
Do you mean to tell me a man of your stature lacks the guts
to see the game through to the end?

COCKY
Something like that, sir. Yes.

SIR
I know you better than that. God knows, I'm not perfect,
but there are two things I do know about -- horses and men.
And I know a thoroughbred when I see one. You're a stayer,
Cocky -- a prince among horses.

(HORN CALL, COCKY Covers his bottom
with hat)

(Aside to the KID)
Flattery is the key that opens any door.
(To COCKY)

Look at that noble head. What does it remind you of?

(SIR continues flattering COCKY who
becomes more and more embarrassed.
SIR holds up the binoculars and one
by one the URCHINS file by to have a
look at the noble COCKY)

SIR (Cont'd)

Napoleon before Waterloo. Harold before Hastings. Richard the Third before I go any further, look at that jawline. That's not a jawline -- it's the prow of a ship! That nose! There's five hundred years of breeding goes into a nose like that. And look at that mouth.

(COCKY grins self-consciously)

Proud, defiant, laughing at adversity, but sure of its destiny. And finally those eyes!

(COCKY turns his gaze towards SIR, who recoils in mock horror)

No, don't look at us! A cat may look at a queen, but dare miserable mortals such as we face the regal gaze of a king?

"LOOK AT THAT FACE"

SIR

(Crossing to the Center and singing to COCKY)

LOOK AT THAT FACE --
JUST LOOK AT IT.
LOOK AT THAT FABULOUS FACE
OF YOURS.

I KNEW FIRST LOOK I TOOK AT IT,
THIS WAS THE FACE
THAT THE WORLD ADORES.

LOOK AT THOSE EYES --
AS WISE AND AS DEEP AS THE SEA
LOOK AT THAT NOSE --
IT SHOWS WHAT A NOSE SHOULD BE.

AS FOR YOUR SMILE
IT'S LYRICAL --
FRIENDLY AND WARM AS A SUMMER'S DAY --

(COCKY turns to be kissed)

Later!

THAT FACE IS JUST A MIRACLE.
WHERE COULD I EVER FIND WORDS TO SAY
THE WAY
THAT IT MAKES ME HAPPY
WHATEVER THE TIME OR PLACE.
I'LL FIND IN NO BOOK
WHAT I FIND WHEN I LOOK
AT THAT FACE.

(SIR crosses away, smirking behind his hat as HE encourages the KID to take over the false flattery)

KID

(Coming over to the Center)

LOOK AT THAT FACE --
 JUST LOOK AT IT.
 LOOK AT THAT FUNNY OLD FACE OF YOURS.
 I KNEW FIRST LOOK I TOOK AT IT
 YOU'VE GOT A FACE LIKE A KITCHEN DOOR'S.
 LOOK AT THOSE EYES --
 AS CLOSE AS THE CLOSEST OF FRIENDS.
 LOOK AT THAT NOSE --
 IT STARTS WHERE A GOOD NOSE ENDS.

AS FOR YOUR SMILE --
 SPECTACULAR!
 ONE GRIN WOULD FRIGHTEN THE BIRDS AWAY.
 YOU'VE GOT A FACE LIKE DRACULE!
 AND I MEAN THAT IN THE NICEST WAY!
 TO SAY
 THAT THERE'S NO ONE LIKE YOU
 WOULD NOT EVER STATE THE CASE.

NO WONDER I SHOOK
 WHEN I FIRST TOOK A LOOK
 AT THAT FACE.

(The KID bows, claps hands for the coronation to begin. The URCHINS enter from Up Left. THEY are carrying a huge regal cloak. THEY march with great pomp and ceremony down into the center of the ring. The KID invites COCKY to enter. HE does so, and is draped by the cloak. Next HE is given the binoculars. There is much cheering as HE begins to make his way around, first to right stage, then up the platforms to the prow, where HE has been led by the dancing URCHINS. At the prow HE takes the homage of his "subjects", then slowly begins to descend to his own area, where several URCHINS have laid his book flat, up-ended a suitcase to make a "throne", which HE is finally ensconced upon. Then with the greatest ceremony, a chamberpot is placed on his head)

URCHINS

AS FOR YOUR SMILE
 IT'S LYRICAL --

URCHINS (Cont'd)
 FRIENDLY AND WARM AS A SUMMER'S DAY,
 THAT FACE
 IS JUST A MIRACLE.
 WHERE COULD I EVER FIND WORDS TO SAY
 THE WAY
 THAT IT MAKES ME HAPPY
 WHATEVER THE TIME OR PLACE
 I'LL FIND IN NO BOOK
 WHAT I FIND WHEN I LOOK
 AT THAT FACE.

(The number ends with the final
 tableau of COCKY, crowned, enthroned
 and receiving his subjects)

COCKY

Tell the poor people to rise. By the beard of Queen
 Victoria, it's good to be back on the throne, eh sir?

SIR

(HE is now standing down right, with
 his hat humbly in his hand)
 On behalf of your humble subjects Your Majesty, may I humbly
 welcome you to our humble game ...

(COCKY has been walking slowly towards
 the start line of the game)

... and may I humbly inquire ... is that a move?
 (His voice is full of innocence and
 HE gives a courtly bow without lift-
 ing his backside from the shooting-
 stick.

COCKY stops just short of the start
 line)

COCKY

Did we address you?

(SIR feigns an apology)

Then you will kindly not presume to address us until you
 have been addressed to.

(SIR shrugs and crosses up to his
 area and sits)

SIR

Okay, your Madge.

COCKY

It's anti-protocol for openers. It's lease-majesty for
 seconds, and for dessert you could earn yourself a royal
 punch up the hooter.

COCKY (Cont'd)

(COCKY crosses away DL)
Which reminds us -- we are about to eat.
(HE claps his hands imperiously)

KID

(Running down to his left, startling
him as HE expected to see her appear
on his right)
Your Majesty?

COCKY

Now let us see, what do we fancy for our royal dinner?
We'll start off with turtle soup, served in a golden bowl.
And none of your mock -- I want to see the real turtles
swimming about. Followed by a pig's head with an apple
stuck in his mouth -- on toast. Rounded off with -- let's
see -- I've got it -- DUCK!

(Everyone but COCKY ducks. HE
looks around)

That's more like it -- a bit more respect from the hoi-
polloi.

KID

(Looking up)
Would you like some wine Your Grace?

COCKY

Wine? Of course, wine. Who ever heard of a King having
his dinner without wine. A large demi-tasse of wine for
Our Majesty.

(The KID pours him a drink, HE
takes a long swallow which hits
hard)

Hmmm. Yes, an amusing little vintage. Put a bucket of that
on ice.

SIR

(Rises)
With all due respect, Your Majesty, a red wine is never
chilled.

COCKY

In that case, open all the windows and let me know when the
dining room is at wine temperature.

(HE takes the bottle and starts
pouring it down his gullet. The
KID snatches it away from him.
The GIRL, the one HE danced with
in his dream, but now dressed in

meaner clothing, is led on by one of the URCHINS. SHE is placed into the center of the game. As soon as SHE is there, the stage lights go down, and the game lights glow. COCKY, who is now quite drunk, staggers over to his own area)

COCKY (Cont'd)

Now what else could possibly tickle the royal fancy?

(The KID holds up the binoculars for him to see the GIRL. HE is startled by seeing her here)

SIR

(Crossing away down right)

If a cat can look at a queen, Your Majesty, think what a king can do?

"MY FIRST LOVE SONG"

COCKY

(HE is still stunned by the appearance of the GIRL of his dreams. Pantomimes - stuttering, "Would you care to join me?" Belch. Laughter. Finally HE sings)

MY FIRST LOVE SONG --
THIS IS MY FIRST LOVE SONG.
BUT IT TAKES A POET
TO MAKE A RHYME.

I'M NOT CLEVER!
I COULD NEVER EVER THINK OF PHRASES
WORTHY OF YOU.

EACH ENDEAVOR
I MAY MAKE TO SING YOUR PRAISES
MAY NOT SOUND AS IT SHOULD DO.

BUT I LOVE YOU --
PLEASE BELIEVE I LOVE YOU --
AND I'D LOVE --
THE WAY POETS DO --
TO
BRING MY LOVE SONG
AND SING MY LOVE SONG
TO YOU.

(HE is enthralled with her. HE tries to reach her but cannot enter the game area. HE circles it ending up back at his own area. SHE sings)

GIRL

MY FIRST LOVE SONG
THIS IS MY FIRST LOVE SONG.
NO ONE'S EVER NEEDED MY LOVE BEFORE.

YOU'RE LIKE I AM --
ALL ALONE LIKE I AM
AND IN NEED OF
SOMEONE TO CARE.
POOR LIKE I AM --
LIKE THE LONELY SOULS YOU READ OF.
YOU AND I,
WE'RE A FINE PAIR.

GIRLS

IF YOU LOVE ME,
AS YOU SAY YOU LOVE ME
I WOULD BE HAPPY
TO SEE YOU
BRING YOUR LOVE SONG
TO ME

COCKY

I REALLY LOVE YOU
I REALLY CARE, MY DARLING
BRING MY LOVE SONG
SING MY LOVE SONG

COCKY

MY FIRST LOVE SONG.

GIRL

AND SING YOUR LOVE SONG.

COCKY & GIRL

AND SING YOUR LOVE SONG TO YOU (ME)

(As the lights fade THEY are
reaching out for each other but
cannot quite touch. The lights
return and THEY are still in the
same position)

SIR

(Sitting on his stick DR. The KID
to his right)

Now listen, child. When a player holds all the aces, he
doesn't hesitate to discard a king. Spread the word among
the people.

(The KID runs upstage to the nearest
URCHIN and whispers to her. This
in turn is passed along from one to
the other)

COCKY

(To the GIRL)
We wish you to dine with us.

(The GIRL moves hesitantly towards
COCKY)

SIR

Stay where you are!

(The GIRL obeys and stays in the center of the ring)

COCKY

It is our royal pleasure.

(HE offers his hand. The GIRL doesn't move)

We get the impression we might as well be talking to our royal selves, for all the royal notice we are having taken of us.

(HE appeals drunkenly to the URCHINS)

Look at this noble face. What's it remind you of ... Napoleon before Josephine?

SIR

No -- I should say it's Napoleon after Josephine.

(COCKY can wait no longer, HE starts toward the GIRL himself and in so doing gets perilously close to the start line)

With all boot licking humility, Your Majesty ... the royal foot is over the line!

(SIR stands in anticipation)

COCKY

(Taking his courage in both hands)

Play the game for love. King of hearts, go forward four.

(HE leaps into the game, going from one square to another)

(The flute begins)

SIR

The King is only a knave. Go back two.

(COCKY goes back two squares but immediately pivots and is on his way forward once again)

COCKY

Tired of playing solo. Go forward one.

SIR

The Joker's wild. Go back two.

(Each call is followed by the action)

COCKY

You bet the Joker's wild. Go forward two.

SIR
Your two and up one.

COCKY
Your one and up two.

SIR
Your two and up two.

COCKY
~~Your two and up you!~~

SIR
(Blasts his whistle)
Well, Your Majesty, we seem to have reached a stalemate.
Go back to the start.

COCKY
Don't you call us mate ... mate.
(HE sings drunkenly)

GOD SAVE OUR GRACIOUS US
LONG LIVE OUR NOBLE US
GOD SAVE OUR US ...

All together now ...

SEND US VICTORIOUS
WE'LL SEND YOU GLORIA.
(To the KID who is standing to the
right side of the game area)
Why ain't you k-neeling before us? Take that child to the
bloody tower.

KID
I ain't going to no bloody tower.

COCKY
You'll go where we bloody-well send you!

(SIR blows a piercing blast on the
whistle which draws COCKY up short)

SIR
(Reprovingly)
Cocky, Cocky, Cocky ...

(COCKY sways and draws his hand over
his eyes. HE looks at the coat and
feels the chamberpot on his head.
HE gives a last sad look at the
GIRL, hiccups and then slowly walks
out of the ring back to his own area)

SIR (Cont'd)

Your Majesty!

(COCKY peels off the coat, after having taken off the chamberpot, not without a struggle. The KID takes the binoculars and runs back to SIR and drapes them once more around his neck. COCKY picks up The Book and opens it and looks expectantly at SIR)

GIRL

(To SIR)

Have you finished with me, Sir?

SIR

(Chuckling)

What a charmingly naive remark!

(The KID is now to the down right of SIR who is on the lip. The KID holds up a small hand mirror into which SIR stares, fixing an errant curl on his head)

You know, Cocky, pride is an unforgiveable sin. No put this down. "At no time shall a player who takes pride in playing the game ... show pride while playing the game." Thou shalt not Pride, etc., etc., etc. ... in other words ... (OPTIONAL: "You know, Cocky, if there's one thing that distresses me more than a half-assed fool making a king of himself, it's a half-assed king making a fool of himself" then directly into "Pride is an unforgiveable sin" and as written.)

COCKY

You lose the Girl ... Hic ... Cocky!

SIR

Exactly!

KID

(Giving out with a blast on her trumpet)

Sir, three ... Cocky, nothing!

SIR

(Crossing upstage as HE talks)

God knows, Cocky, I'm not perfect myself, but where women are concerned all you need is money, breeding and a kindly nature.

(At this moment one of the URCHINS has run into the center of the game,

takes the GIRL by the hand and leads her to SIR, putting her hand in his. HE peels off a large bank note which HE hands to the URCHIN)

SIR

I've got money, I've got breeding. Two out of three isn't bad.

(HE turns, and starts leading the GIRL out stage right)

This way, my dear, don't be frightened.

(The KID laughs as the URCHINS also pick up the braying laughter. THEY all run off left, leaving COCKY alone on the stage)

"THE JOKER"

COCKY

THE JOKER IS ME.

THERE'S ALWAYS A JOKER
IN THE PACK --
THERE'S ALWAYS A CARDBOARD CLOWN.
THE POOR PAINTED FOOL FALLS
ON HIS BACK
AND EVERYONE LAUGHS WHEN HE'S DOWN.

THERE'S ALWAYS A FUNNY MAN
IN THE GAME.
BUT HE'S ONLY FUNNY BY MISTAKE.
BUT EVERYONE LAUGHS AT HIM
JUST THE SAME --
THEY DON'T SEE HIS PAINTED HEART BREAK.

THEY DON'T CARE
AS LONG AS THERE IS A JESTER --
JUST A FOOL --
AS FOOLISH AS HE CAN BE
THERE'S ALWAYS A JOKER --
THAT'S A RULE
BUT FATE DEALS THE HAND
AND I SEE --
THE JOKER IS ME!

(Pantomime Section)

THERE'S ALWAYS A FUNNY MAN
IN THE GAME,
BUT HE'S ONLY FUNNY BY MISTAKE.
BUT EVERYONE LAUGHS AT HIM
JUST THE SAME --
THEY DON'T SEE HIS PAINTED HEART BREAK.

COCKY (Cont'd)

THEY DON'T CARE
 AS LONG AS THERE IS A JESTER --
 JUST A FOOL --
 AS FOOLISH AS HE CAN BE
 THERE'S ALWAYS A JOKER --
 THAT'S A RULE
 BUT FATE DEALS THE HAND
 AND I SEE --
 THE JOKER IS ME!

THE JOKER IS ME!
 THE JOKER IS ME!

(After COCKY's song, SIR enters
 from up right. HE has a daisy in
 his hand and is pulling petals
 from it in the manner of "She
 loves me ... she loves me not ...

SIR

(Singing almost to himself)
 MY FIRST LOVE SONG,
 THIS IS MY FIRST LOVE SONG ...

Semper infidelis per ardua ad nauseam. Do you know what that
 means, Cocky?

COCKY

(Crossing back to his own area)
 No sir, but I got a rough idea!

SIR

(Settling himself upon the shooting-
 stick)
 Most of your ideas are. Right, sir! Your move!

COCKY

Yes sir, right sir. Which move would you prefer, sir?
 Shall we play the game where I run round in circles trying
 to get a square meal? Of the one where I knock myself out
 trying to learn the boxing game? Or what about the really
 funny one, where I play the king and you trump the queen?
 I don't mind what the move is, sir, as long as it keeps the
 game going and you're enjoying yourself.

(SIR snaps his fingers at the KID.
 SHE hurries over to COCKY and pours
 him a drink. HE shakes his head, but
 the KID nudges him insistently. COCKY
 takes the glass)

SIR

(Holding up his own glass)
 To the game!

(COCKY takes a long swallow, takes the cup from his lips and is immediately as drunk as ever. HE tosses the cup across stage where it is caught by the KID. COCKY steps over to the ring)

COCKY

Oh ... by the way ... this is a move. Nothing to lose but the game. Go forward forty-seven.

(HE starts leaping aimlessly about the stage, not necessarily in the game area)

SIR

Come now, Cocky, you're being silly.

COCKY

(HE's travelled DSR by now)

Don't give a tinker's cuss. Go forward ninety-nine.

SIR

Cocky, where's your sense of humour?

COCKY

(Almost falling into the orchestra pit)

Up in Mable's room. Go forward a hundred and eighty seven!

(SIR jumps to his feet and blasts his whistle)

SIR

You're behaving like a dirty little sneak. You know I wasn't ready!

(COCKY shrugs his shoulders and saunters over to his own area)

COCKY

Right. Let me know when you are ready ... hic ... sir.

(HE thumbs his nose at SIR who explodes in anger)

SIR

Right! That's done it! I don't often lose my temper, Cocky, but when I do ...

(There is a terrific crash of thunder. COCKY falls to his knees in fear)

That'll teach Cocky a lesson he'll never forget.

COCKY

What will ... what will?

SIR

My Cousin Harry was a terrific gin drinker -- doctor told him to cut down -- put him on vermouth -- went back a month later -- doctor tested his water. Harry said, "Well doctor, what do you think?" Doctor said, "With a slice of lemon peel, that'd make a wonderful martini."

(HE crosses away down right)

Did I ever tell you that story, Cocky? Well, it's true. Absolutely true. Every word. A true story.

(SIR whispers to the KID who runs off right)

COCKY

I had a cousin once -- drank like a fish -- fifteen pints of ale a night. Broke his wife's heart. He didn't care. He wasn't even going to her funeral till the parson said, "Who's going to follow the bier?"

(The KID runs on from Up Right dragging the GIRL with her. SIR snaps his fingers at them. The KID tosses the GIRL to the floor on the lip, then crosses back US. COCKY has yet to see the GIRL)

Did I ever tell you that story, sir? Well, it's a pack of lies from start to finish. Not a word of truth in it.

SIR

(HE is now standing in the middle of the game area)

There's some one to see you, Cocky.

(COCKY sees the GIRL. HE is too shocked to do anything but stare and totter downstage)

God knows I may not have your looks, Cocky, but by the salacious fleshpots of the Virgin Islands ... or is it the salacious virgins of the Fleshpot Islands ... either way I'm never short of a bit of frippet.

(To the GIRL)

Tell the gentleman what a nice time we had together, my dear.

(SHE moans softly)

You see, she's absolutely lost for words. I really must recommend her to some of my friends. They should be able to pick her up for next to nothing -- eh, my dear? After all, she is second hand.

(SIR snaps his fingers once again. This time a group of URCHINS enter

from Up Right. THEY are carrying a straw dummy rudely dressed up to look like SIR. THEY run over to SIR's area, prop the dummy up and then drape themselves around it shielding it from COCKY's view)

COCKY

(Moaning)

Mmmmmmmmm ...

SIR

I don't understand you, Cocky, after all she's been unfaithful to you. I know -- I was there!

COCKY

(Stepping over to the start line)

You evil bastard!

(COCKY jumps into the first square)

SIR

That's a beautiful move, Cocky.

COCKY

(In despair)

Play the game for ... for ...

(His anguish is so great HE cannot think what HE wants to play the game for. SIR prompts him)

SIR

Revenge, Cocky?

COCKY

Yes, play the game for revenge.

(COCKY, his hands outstretched in front of him, begins to slowly make his way round the board. SIR leaps backwards from the ring and hurries up around the platforms. HE snaps his fingers, and points to the game center. The game lights flash on, the stage goes dark and the URCHINS put the dummy into the shaft of white light in the center of the game. THEY run out of the game)

SIR

(From his position of safety high on the platform)

Call the police. Go to jail. Go directly to jail. Do not pass Go. Do not collect two hundred pounds.

(COCKY is getting closer and closer to the dummy)

SIR (Cont'd)

Stand by to abandon ship. Fat men and children first!

(By now COCKY has reached the dummy and starts to strangle it. SIR gurgles as a choking man might)

COCKY

With all due respect ... sir.

(The URCHINS scream and rush towards COCKY and start pulling him away from the dummy. SIR blows his whistle and starts down towards the center. The URCHINS drag COCKY over to the right platform. The game lights go out and the normal lights return. The KID stops the screaming by a stamp of her foot)

KID

He's killed him! Oh my gawd, he's killed him!

SIR

Cocky, what have you done!

(COCKY who up to now has been happy with his crime is shocked to see SIR alive)

SIR

What have you done? I'll tell you what you've done. In your blind hatred for me you've killed -- er -- my younger brother, Bertie, on my mother's side.

(COCKY stops struggling. HE breaks free from the URCHINS and edges round to get a better view of the "corpse". SIR and the KID move round in line to screen the dummy)

I was always on my father's side. I couldn't stand my mother. Wasn't too keen on Bertie for that matter. He was a queer character. But if there's one thing that never fails to upset me is when a close friend does me brother in.

(The URCHINS rush over, pick up the dummy and carry it over to SIR's area)

KID

Shall I call the police, sir?

(The URCHINS roar their approval. SIR encourages this with a wave of his hand, then beckons them to be silent)

SIR

The police? Oh God, no! Don't let's drag him through the courts.

(HE crosses over to COCKY and talks to him confidentially)

I'll stand by you of course.

(THEY embrace)

What am I to do, Cocky? It's a terrible decision for a man to make. Here am I torn between my long-standing affection for you on the one hand, and my duty to the community on the other.

(HE indicates the URCHINS)

I'm afraid there's nothing for it, Cocky!

(HE raises his whistle as if to blow. The URCHINS are hopeful, but HE drops it again, disappointing them)

I can't do it. History may censure me, but I cannot betray a friend. Now take this down. "It is jolly unsporting for a player who disagrees with the rules to assassinate the referee.

(COCKY is busily copying all this down in The Book)

It shows a lack of breeding and in due course a lack of referees. Thou shalt not anger, Cocky, etc., etc., etc. ..."

(MUSIC starts)

(The URCHINS heave the dummy on to their shoulders and start a funeral procession going from stage right along the upper platforms towards left)

KID

Your funeral awaits, sir.

SIR

Goodnight sweet Bertie, and flights of -- thingummies sing thee to thy -- wotsit. Take up the body! Such a sight as this becomes the field, but here, Cocky, shows much amiss.

(HE walks tragically after the cortege. The KID following, imitating his funeral half-step. Slowly the entire procession with the exception of the KID disappears down the left ramp. The KID stops, turns to COCKY and blasts on her bugle)

KID

Sir, four! ... Cocky, nothing! That's all you'll ever be, Cocky, nothing!

(SHE laughs derisively at him and runs off after the rest of the procession. COCKY is alone, puzzled. HE sees the daisy that SIR discarded earlier, picks it up and looks at it longingly. Then slowly HE crosses down stage right to the lip and sinks to his knees, clutching his religious charms to his bosom)

URCHINS (Offstage)

WISH UPON A WISHBONE
PICK A FOUR LEAF CLOVER
RUB A RABBIT'S FOOT AND
THROW A HORSESHOE OVER ...

(Their voices fade away, the stage grows dark except for a spot on COCKY)

"WHO CAN I TURN TO?"

COCKY

WHO CAN I TURN TO
WHEN NOBODY NEEDS ME?
MY HEART WANTS TO KNOW
AND SO I MUST GO
WHERE DESTINY LEADS ME.

WITH NO STAR TO GUIDE ME
AND NO ONE BESIDE ME
I'LL GO ON MY WAY
AND AFTER THE DAY
THE DARKNESS WILL HIDE ME.

AND MAYBE TOMORROW
I'LL FIND WHAT I'M AFTER
I'LL THROW OFF MY SORROW --
BEG, STEAL OR BORROW
MY SHARE OF LAUGHTER.

COCKY (Cont'd)

WITH YOU I COULD LEARN TO
 WITH YOU ON A NEW DAY,
 BUT WHO CAN I TURN TO
 IF YOU
 TURN AWAY?

(HE slowly crosses to the down
 center area)

WITH NO STAR TO GUIDE ME
 AND NO ONE BESIDE ME
 I'LL GO ON MY WAY
 AND AFTER THE DAY
 THE DARKNESS WILL HIDE ME

AND MAYBE TOMORROW
 I'LL FIND WHAT I'M AFTER
 I'LL THROW OFF MY SORROW --
 BEG, STEAL OR BORROW
 MY SHARE OF LAUGHTER.

WITH YOU I COULD LEARN TO.
 WITH YOU, ON A NEW DAY.
 BUT WHO CAN I TURN TO
 IF YOU
 TURN AWAY?

(HE turns upstage and takes the
 symbols from around his neck and
 walks up to the game area. Facing
 the sky behind him, HE lets fall the
 symbols which land in the center of
 the game area where a beam of light
 catches them. COCKY then proceeds to
 walk around the platforms from right
 to left until HE reaches the prow.
 HE stops, turns back and looks at
 the symbols lying on the floor, then
 looking once more into the sky:)

AND MAYBE TOMORROW
 I'LL FIND WHAT I'M AFTER
 I'LL THROW OFF MY SORROW --
 BEG, STEAL OR BORROW
 MY SHARE OF LAUGHTER

(Pointing into the sky accusingly)
 WITH YOU I COULD LEARN TO.
 WITH YOU ON A NEW DAY.
 BUT WHO CAN I TURN TO:
 IF YOU
 TURN AWAY?

(HE ends his song, takes one final look at the symbols, jams his hat resolutely onto his head, turns on his heels, squares his shoulders and marches off left and the curtain falls)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

The URCHINS enter.

"FUNNY FUNERAL"

"THAT'S WHAT IT IS TO BE YOUNG"

URCHINS

WE'VE JUST COME BACK
FROM A VERY FUNNY FUNERAL.
WE LAUGHED SO MUCH WE THOUGHT WE WOULD'VE DIED.

YOU MAY SEE
NOTHING FUNNY IN A FUNERAL
BUT IF YOU'D BEEN THERE
YOU'D 'VE SEEN THE FUNNY SIDE.

THERE WAS POOR OLD SIR
CRYING BUCKETS IN 'IS HANDKERCHIEF --
TEARS OF LAUGHTER
HE JUST COULDN'T HIDE

WE'VE JUST COME BACK
FROM A VERY FUNNY FUNERAL
AND IF YOU'D BEEN THERE
YOU'D'VE DIED!

HEATHER (OTHERS hum)

BUT NOW POOR BERTIE'S DEAD
AND HIS REQUIEM'S BEEN SUNG,
WE MUST ADMIT WE'RE BLOODY GLAD
TO BE ALIVE AND YOUNG!

URCHINS

ALIVE AND YOUNG!

MARLENE

FRESH AS AN APRIL MORNING.

JILL

SOFT AS A TULIP'S TONGUE.

URCHINS

CLEAR AS THE GLEAM
OF A MOUNTAIN STREAM
THAT'S WHAT IT IS
TO BE YOUNG

URCHINS

WARM AS A SUMMER SUNRISE,
SWEET AS AN EVENING BREEZE.
PURE AS A NOTE
FROM A SONG-BIRD'S THROAT.

MITZI, KAY

RICH AS THE GREEN
OF THE TREES.

URCHINS

STRONG AS THE BITE
OF A FROSTY NIGHT
BOLD AS A BIG BRASS BAND.

HEATHER

KEEN AS A BEAN
OR A YOUNG SARDINE

HEATHER, MITZI

NOT VERY KEEN
TO BE CANNED.

URCHINS

BRIGHT AS A NEWBORN BLUEBELL.

DEBBIE, GLORIA

NEW AS A SONG UNSUNG.

URCHINS

LIVE AS A LAMB
WHO'S THE BIG 'I AM'
AS SOON AS SPRING HAS SPRUNG.
FREE AS THE BREEZE
ON THE SEVEN SEAS.
THAT'S WHAT IT IS
TO BE YOUNG.

(Dance Sequence)

STRONG AS THE BITE
OF A FROSTY NIGHT
BOLD AS A BIG BRASS BAND.
KEEN AS A BEAN
OR A YOUNG SARDINE
NOT VERY KEEN
TO BE CANNED.
BRIGHT AS A NEWBORN BLUEBELL
NEW AS A SONG UN- S - U - N - G
FREE AS THE BREEZE
ON THE SEVEN SEAS.
THAT'S WHAT IT IS
TO BE

(Minuet Dance Sequence)

URCHINS (Cont'd)

YOUNG!

(The KID enters up the left ramp, followed by SIR. HE is weeping loudly and wiping his nose in a mourning handkerchief, leaning on the KID for support. COCKY follows on carrying a shovel. SIR crosses down to his area, settles himself upon his shooting stick. COCKY goes to his area)

SIR

Bertie, Bertie, Bertie.

(HE sobs and mumbles incoherently)

KID

What was that, sir?

SIR

(His weeping stops suddenly and his voice turns to acid)

I said, if you're going to show bravery in the face of adversity, you might as well make a meal of it!

(HE goes back to his mourning with redoubled vigour. HE suddenly realizes his handkerchief is disgustingly wet and hands it to the KID with a grunt of displeasure. COCKY hurries over to him offering his own large, red handkerchief. SIR thanks him, takes it, blows his nose noisily, then drops it back onto COCKY's waiting shovel. COCKY goes back to his own area and dumps the handkerchief)

Thank you, Cocky. No more tears, I promise. Off with the crepe of mourning and on with the motley of life.

(And with this HE indeed, takes a mourning ribbon from his hat and tosses it to the ground)

We've buried our dead but the rest of us must go on living.

(HE holds out his glass. The KID pours him a drink)

After all, who are we to question the designs of the Great Architect, God bless Him.

(HE drinks a toast to heaven. COCKY looks respectful)

COCKY

I think you've been very understanding about ... what happened, sir. I don't know how I can ever thank you.

SIR

Oh, pshaw! We'll think of something.

COCKY

But now I come to think of it, sir, you've always behaved like an officer and a gentleman, sir, and in that order, too, sir, if I may say so, sir, with all due respect, sir ... grovel, grovel, grovel ...
(HE bows deeply)

SIR

You're too kind, Cocky, and very observant.

COCKY

But not only that, sir. Look at the way you've played this game, for instance. I've noticed the way you ... every time I ... you always manage to ... it's quite remarkable, sir.

SIR

Much too kind ... deeply moved ... lost for words ...

COCKY

I think you're a real good sport, sir.

SIR

Oh, Cocky.

(HE chuckles delighted. COCKY and the URCHINS begin to laugh also. Their laughter builds)

COCKY

It's good to see you laughing again, sir. It can't be much fun playing someone when you know you're going to win all the time.

SIR

But I enjoy it, Cocky. I really don't mind winning all the time.

(HE laughs again and the URCHINS join in)

COCKY

That's what I mean, sir -- you're such a good sport!

(SIR mumbles more incoherent platitudes)

God knows I'm not perfect, sir, and I'm a small enough man to have to admit it.

SIR

I'm delighted to hear it, Cocky, and it's your move.

COCKY

With all due respect, sir, and I mean this in a most

COCKY (Cont'd)
 respectful way, I've got a lot of respect for you, sir.
 (Again HE bows deeply)
 Grovel, grovel, grovel.

SIR
 Thank you, Cocky, and it's your move.

COCKY
 I mean, I may not have a quarter of the breeding that went
 into your nose, but if I could be just half the man you are,
 sir, I'd be three-quarters on the way of being satisfied.

SIR
 Oh, come now, Cocky, you're exaggerating. I mean if a chap
 can't forgive a friend for the brutal murder of a close
 relative, I don't know what the Game's coming to. And it's
 your move.

(MUSIC)

COCKY
 What a wonderful feller. What a prince.

"WHAT A MAN"

COCKY
 WHAT A MAN!
 WHAT A MAN!
 YOU ARE MORE LIKE A GOD
 THAN A MAN!
 WHAT A PRIZE!
 WHAT A PEARL!
 WHAT A WONDERFUL CAPTURE
 FOR SOME LUCKY GIRL!

THAT FINESSE!
 THAT PHYSIQUE!
 MAKE A RARE COMBINATION
 YOU DON'T SEE EACH DAY OF THE WEEK.
 IT'S SO CHIC,
 ENTRE NOUS,
 TO BE FRIENDS
 WITH A FABULOUS MAN
 LIKE YOU.

URCHINS
 What a man he is!

SIR
 (Flattered)
 Thank you Cocky. I hardly know what to say, except, it's
 your move.

COCKY

WHAT A MAN!
 WHAT A MAN!
 LIKE A STATUE OF MARS
 WITH A TAN!
 YOU'VE GOT BRAINS!
 YOU'VE GOT BRAWN!
 YOU WERE BLESSED BY THE GODS
 FROM THE DAY YOU WERE BORN.

SO POLITE!
 SUCH PANACHE!
 SUCH A STYLE OF YOUR OWN
 IT'S NO WONDER YOU CUT SUCH A DASH!
 NEVER BRASH!
 ALWAYS SO!
 YOU'RE BY FAR
 THE MOST MAR-VELLOUS MAN --
 I KNOW!

(SIR strikes a political pose,
 standing on the prow.

Dance Sequence)

URCHINS

Two, four, ~~six~~, eight -- who do we appreciate?

(Drum roll)

Rah, rah. As you were. Use your head and vote for Sir!
 (THEY now dance something akin to
 a cheerleader's step at a political
 rally. SIR climbs to the prow where
 HE is hit by a shaft of light)

SIR

What this country needs today is a man who can achieve the
 feat of putting the nation on its back ... I mean, back on
 its feet!

URCHINS

Hooray!

SIR

A man who will deny his country nothing to help himself --
 or rather, deny himself everything to help his country do
 nothing!

URCHINS & COCKY

Hooray!

SIR

A man above all, who believes as I do ... in me!

URCHINS & COCKY.

Hooray!

(THEY begin to dance again)

COCKY

LIKE A RARE RUBY RING
 SO DISTINCTIVE
 THAT IF HE WAS NAKED
 YOU'D SAY, "HE'S A KING!"

(The lights return)

URCHINS

HE'S A THING
 BEYOND WORTH.
 WITHOUT DOUBT
 THE MOST OUT-STANDING
 DOWNRIGHT AND UPSTANDING
 FORTHRIGHT AND HIGHSTANDING
 MAN!

COCKY

AND TO ME
 HE'S A LAMB!

URCHINS

WHAT A SIMPLY INCREDIBLE
 AWESOME AND DREADABLE
 PRACTICALLY EDIBLE
 MAN
 HE IS! /WHAT A MAN!

SIR

WHO, ME?

URCHINS

WHAT A MAN!

COCKY

YES, YOU!

URCHINS

WHAT A MAN!

COCKY

IT'S TRUE --

URCHINS

WHAT A MAN!

SIR

I AM!

URCHINS

WHAT A MAN! HE IS!
OH, WHAT A MAN!
YEOW!

(After the number is over SIR & KID are DSR. COCKY is back at his area. A serious looking young NEGRO enters from up the left ramp. THEY are all suddenly aware of his presence. HE is standing at the prow)

NEGRO

H1!

COCKY

(Raising his shovel as though to strike the NEGRO)

Look out, sir, it's one of them!

NEGRO

(Ignoring him, but gazing at the game, The Book, etc.)

Hey, what's all this?

SIR

(Crossing up to his own area)

Well, actually, old boy, my partner and I are in the middle of a game. But you're more than welcome to watch --

(NEGRO starts down, getting to the next platform to his right)

-- that is, as long as it doesn't put my colleague off his game.

COCKY

(Nonplussed as to SIR's attitude)

Er -- no, that's all right. I don't mind if you don't mind.

SIR

Mind? Of course I don't mind. That is if you don't mind just watching.

NEGRO

No, I don't mind as long as you don't mind.

COCKY

(Getting his tone from SIR)

Course we don't mind!

(To SIR)

That's it, sir -- you keep him talking -- I'll hit him with the shovel.

(Once again HE raises the shovel as though to strike)

SIR
 ... Cocky, what an appalling thing to say!
 (Gesturing to NEGRO)
 This -- er --

KID
 Feller?

SIR
 (Terribly pleasant)
 Exactly -- fellow -- is our guest.

COCKY
 Oh.

SIR
 (To the NEGRO)
 Glad to have you aboard, old boy.
 (SIR sits down on his shooting-stick)
 Treat the place as your own. God knows, no one can say
 I'm a hypocrite -- tick -- I'm a hypocrite -- tick -- I'm
 a hypocrite --

(The KID jogs his arm)

when it comes to choosing my friends, Cocky, make our
 visitor welcome.

COCKY
 Delighted to make your acquaintance ...
 (To SIR in a most familiar manner)
 aren't we, old boy?

SIR
 (Flabbergasted at this new tone of
 COCKY'S. HE sinks back onto his
 stick)
 Old boy!

COCKY
 (Jauntily)
 I had a cousin once. He went to Africa. Finished up as
 a missionary. They sent him into the jungle to convert
 the cannibals. Two weeks later the cannibals sent a
 message back saying the Bibles were tough but my cousin
 was delicious!
 (HE laughs at his own joke -- but
 subsides when EVERYONE ELSE is
 silent)
 I wonder if you knew him?

NEGRO
 I'm afraid not. It's been some time since we had people
 for dinner.

(The KID whispers to SIR who smiles knowingly)

SIR

Cocky, why don't you and our friend here play a little game together.

(COCKY looks indignant and is about to protest. But SIR continues addressing the NEGRO)

I'd like to play you myself, old boy, but I've just buried a very close relative. Dreadful business.

(Looking most accusingly at COCKY)
They're still hunting for the assassin.

COCKY

(Getting the message)

Don't excite yourself, sir. You just sit there and relax.

(To the NEGRO)

Come on, then.

(The NEGRO approaches SIR's side of the board. SIR is instantly displeased)

SIR

Just a moment, old boy.

(The NEGRO stops)

My dear Cocky. Why don't you play from this side.

(COCKY looks suspicious. SIR continues to the NEGRO)

You appreciate that by playing from this side my friend forfeits the considerable advantage of making the first move, don't you, Cocky?

(HE is crossing away DR. A smile slowly crosses COCKY's face as HE realizes what SIR is up to)

NEGRO

Do I need an advantage?

COCKY

I insist, old boy. After all you're sort of new to the game, aren't you?

(COCKY crosses up to the prow, assuming as much of SIR's manner as HE can. The NEGRO crosses over to COCKY's old area)

By the sacred balls of Barnum & Bailey, it's good to be back at the game, eh sir? Good firm ground, wonderful light, and the game's already sewn up for me. What more could I want, sir?

(HE now crosses down to SIR's area,

for a moment there is a sense of
wonderment at this achievement)

SIR

What more, indeed, Cocky?

COCKY

(To the NEGRO)

Ready, old boy? Now the important thing to remember is that
it isn't playing the game that matters -- it's winning!

SIR

Other way around, Cocky.

COCKY

(Facing the opposite direction)

The important thing to remember is that ...

SIR

(Impatiently)

Never mind, Cocky.

(To the NEGRO)

Off you go, old boy.

(The NEGRO steps into the ring)

COCKY

(Excitedly)

Hey, that's a move .. he's moved ... that's a move!

(The NEGRO smiles and strolls around
the board. COCKY's amazement grows
and HE whistles through his teeth)

What are you doing?

NEGRO

(Stops and looks up pleasantly)

Did I do something wrong?

COCKY

You can't just stroll round the board like that to please
yourself. You've got to say what you want and then play
for it!

NEGRO

I just want to play.

COCKY

Then play according to the rules! You can't just throw
tradition out the window, stock, block and tackle. Go back
to the start!

NEGRO

(Mumbling an apology, goes back to
the start)

Ready to play the game. Go forward!

COCKY

Stay back 'till I tell you to go forward.

NEGRO

But I ...

COCKY

Don't you take that tone with me!

NEGRO

Tone.

(The NEGRO starts to object)

COCKY

You can argue 'till you're black in the face -- nothing personal --

NEGRO

...But --

COCKY

Don't you threaten me! Look, some of my best friends are foreigners, but I ain't got nothing against them. It's not their fault. It's not your fault. And it certainly ain't my fault. I mean, as far as I'm concerned all these terrible stories I read about you lot don't matter -- tick -- you lot don't matter -- tick -- you lot don't matter -- tick --

(The KID jogs his arm)

... and the sooner you stop going out with our missionaries, the sooner you can start eating our daughters ... I mean ... you know what I mean ... go on back to the start.

(NEGRO goes back to the start)

SIR

(Applauding silently)

Very well played, old boy. Wonderful natural rhythm you chappies have.

NEGRO

Yeah, who could ask for anything more.

COCKY

Wasn't bad for a first go. One of two nasty habits. My game I think, sir?

URCHINS

Naw!

NEGRO

Wait a minute! It seems to me if I do something it's a bad habit, but if you do it, it's a rule.

COCKY

Ah well, that's all part of the game, old boy. It's the same as if I do something it's a bad habit, and if he does it ...

(Suddenly realizing what HE's been saying)
... it's a rule.

(The NEGRO cannot be bothered with all this nonsense, starts back into the game)

NEGRO

Nothing going to stop me from going forward.

SIR

(Blasts his whistle and bustles over to the game area)

STOP!

(HE inspects the NEGRO closely)
I say, haven't we met before?

NEGRO

(Innocently)
I don't know, you all look alike to me.

(SIR crosses away from him back to his own area. COCKY is there waiting for him)

COCKY

I've got a bone to pick with you.

SIR

We'll pick bones later.

(To NEGRO)
Do forgive us, old boy. My colleague ...
(HE slams his hat into COCKY's belly who is standing to his right. COCKY slams his hat in turn into the KID's belly who is standing next to him)

... has just retired hurt.

COCKY

I'm not hurt!

(Again the same hat business is repeated, but this time the KID hits back, COCKY hit SIRs. Again same biz, but this time COCKY finds himself facing the stern visage of his master)

I'm hurt!

SIR

I shall have the pleasure of playing you myself.

(NEGRO goes back to the start. The game lights spring into being as the rest of the stage goes dark)

New rule -- unseeded players must at all times stand on one leg, keep their fingers in their ears, and their eyes and mouth shut!

(The NEGRO follows these directions. SIR turns back to COCKY and the KID. The three of them fall to arguing amongst themselves, no longer paying any attention to the NEGRO. HE decides to ignore them all and starts going around the board)

COCKY

Sir, listen to me...

SIR

No, you listen. You screwed up the last game. Now it's my turn.

COCKY

(Seeing the NEGRO moving around the board and trying to call SIR's attention to it)

But sir ...

SIR

Don't argue!

COCKY

But he's going towards the middle!

SIR

Nonsense -- it is impossible for a man on one leg with his fingers in his ears and his eyes closed to get to the middle.

(But that's exactly where the NEGRO has reached)

SIR, COCKY, KID

(Seeing him)

The middle!

"FEELING GOOD"

NEGRO

BIRD FLYING HIGH --
YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL.

NEGRO (Cont'd)

SUN IN THE SKY --
 YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL.
 BREEZE DRIFTING BY --
 YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL
 IT'S A NEW DAWN,
 IT'S A NEW DAY,
 IT'S A NEW LIFE,
 FOR ME.
 FEELING GOOD.

FISH IN THE SEA --
 YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL.
 RIVER RUNNING FREE --
 YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL.
 BLOSSOM ON THE TREE --
 YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL.
 IT'S A NEW DAWN.
 IT'S A NEW DAY,
 IT'S A NEW LIFE,
 FOR ME.
 FEELING GOOD.

DRAGONFLY OUT IN THE SUN --
 YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
 BUTTERFLIES ALL HAVING FUN --
 YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
 SLEEP IN PEACE WHEN DAY IS DONE --
 THAT'S WHAT I MEAN.
 AND THIS OLD WORLD
 IS A NEW WORLD
 AND A BOLD WORLD
 FOR ME.

STARS WHEN YOU SHINE --
 YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL.
 SCENT OF THE PINE --
 YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL.
 FREEDOM IS MINE --
 I KNOW HOW I FEEL.
 IT'S A NEW DAWN.
 IT'S A NEW DAY.
 IT'S A NEW LIFE,
 FOR ME.
 FEELING GOOD.

(His song over, the NEGRO turns, runs up to the prow, looks back at the trio for a moment, waves a last goodbye at them and races off left. COCKY is lost in his own thoughts, having now seen someone win a game. HE crosses slowly back to his own area. The URCHINS are standing on the prow as THEY watch

the NEGRO receding in the distance.
SIR now races up to the prow, pushing
the URCHINS aside)

SIR

By the sacred whore-houses of Marakech, Cocky, I'm as broad-minded as the next man, but I'll be damned if I'll play with a licorice twist. That chap's got about as much regard for the rules as fly in the air. God knows I'm not perfect, but what chance do you stand with a fellow who makes up the rules as he goes along? Dammit, that's cheating!

(COCKY and the URCHINS nod their heads in agreement, tempered with their new found knowledge of how the game has been played. SIR, crossing back to his own area which has not lost a trifle of its warm sun)

I'm glad you agree with me, Cocky. I mean, we've got a very fine game here and don't you forget it! And why is it a fine game? Because I've made it a fine game. I've never lost faith in it. Just as you've never lost faith in me --

(There is a moment's pause as SIR waits for a reply, but none is forthcoming)

Have you, Cocky?

(Again a silence)

Those chaps envy us this game, and you know what envy does to a man? It makes him think he can come waltzing over here and take over the game. Well, you can't!

(In his frustration HE becomes angrier)

Envy is an unforgivable sin, sir! And a green-eyed monster, sir! And you lose the move, sir!

(HE now tries to once more return to things as they were. HE settles himself on his stick, raises his binoculars expectantly)

... and now let's forget about the whole unpleasant episode. Right, Cocky, it's your move.

(As SIR's confidence rises, HE raises his cigar to his lips. COCKY takes a look at it and slowly crosses a few feet into the center. The URCHINS hold their breath as THEY know something's afoot)

COCKY

(Slowly, with new determination)

Give us your cigar butt!

(The URCHINS gasp, SIR drops his binoculars. HE looks at COCKY with immense dignity)

SIR

It is not a butt, and I have not finished with it.

COCKY

I want it! Now!

SIR

There's nothing in the rules that says you can have a cigar.

COCKY

And there's nothing in the rules that says I can't!

SIR

Ha!

COCKY

And if I don't get it, I don't play!

SIR

I hate to dwell on a delicate matter, Cocky, but there's a dead body says you will play.

COCKY

All right, so turn me in. Go on!

(SIR raises his whistle to his lips,
but only half-heartedly)

Go on! Blow your bloody whistle. Call the bleedin' police! But who are you going to have to play with then, eh? Who else is gonna let you beat 'em all the time, and make a bleedin' idiot out 'em, and treat 'em like dirt? Who? Who else?

(SIR runs to the KID, who runs away
and ducks under the platform of SIR's
area. COCKY laughs at his own past
foolishness)

Oh, my Gordon Highlanders, when I think of the times you've ... the way I've let you ... the things I've had to ... put it in The Book indeed. I got a much better idea where you can put it.

SIR

(In anger and shock)

Cocky!

(Once again HE raises his whistle,
COCKY encourages him, but again SIR
drops it)

I can't do it.

COCKY

(Crossing in to C)

I'll do it for you then. Help! Murder! Police!

SIR

Cocky, hold your tongue!

COCKY

Gimme that cigar butt then!

(SIR takes a last long drag at the cigar, looks at it then throws it contemptuously into the ring. The KID makes a dive for it and just about picks it up when COCKY shouts imperiously)

Leave it alone! It's mine!

(The KID hesitates for a second then lets the cigar fall into the center of the game area. Immediately the game lights spring on as the stage lights go out. The KID darts to her right, out of the game area)

SIR

Not before you play for it, Cocky.

(COCKY walks with confidence, almost contempt, across the start line into the ring)

SIR

That's a move!

COCKY

(Moving around the board with great determination)

You bet your brother Bertie's boots, it's a move!

SIR

STOP!

(HE blows his whistle, but COCKY keeps right on moving. SIR grows inarticulate in his rage and frustration)

Foul! New rule! Go back two! Go back four! Go back ten!

(To the KID)

You say something!

KID

(No better off than SIR)

Er ... women, drink and money!

SIR

That's no good. Blow your trumpet!

(The KID does so, but this too doesn't deter COCKY from his hopping towards

the center. In a magic moment HE steps into the center for the first time. HE is pin-pointed in a warm shaft of light. SIR turns on his heel and starts out right, snapping his fingers for the KID to follow him. SHE does, but then turns back and gives a short blast on the trumpet and in a voice filled with a new awe)

KID

Sir, four ... Cocky, one!

(Slowly COCKY bends down, picks up the cigar and raises it above his head, victory is at last his)

"NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!"

COCKY

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
PINCH ME TO SEE IF I AM AWAKE!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
WAKE ME AND SAY THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE!

NO, DON'T!
I'D SOONER SLEEP ON.
IN CASE -- THAT IS, UNTIL
THE DREAM HAS GONE.

NO, THIS IS NO DREAM,
MY FRIEND.
THIS, IT WOULD SEEM,
IS WHERE MY TROUBLES END.

STAND WELL BACK -- I'M COMING THROUGH --
NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!
WATCH OUT, WORLD -- I'M WARNING YOU --
NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!

NOW I KNOW
THAT THERE IS A PROMISED LAND
I'M GONNA FIND IT, AND HOW!

HOPE IS HIGH
AND I'M GONNA CLING TO IT --
TIE EVERY STRING TO IT --
GIVE EVERYTHING TO IT!

I'LL MAKE ALL MY DREAMS COME TRUE
BEFORE MY FINAL BOW!
HOW I'LL DO IT, WHO CAN SAY?
BUT I KNOW I WILL SOME DAY.

SO WATCH OUT, WORLD -- I'M ON MY WAY --
NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!

COCKY (Cont'd)

I SHALL FIND SUCCESS TODAY --
 NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!
 YESTERDAY WAS YESTERDAY --
 NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW! --

NOW I KNOW
 THE FUTURE IS MINE TO HAVE
 I'M HEREBY MAKING A VOW!

FROM NOW ON
 I'M GONNA BEGIN AGAIN --
 STICK OUT MY CHIN AGAIN --
 GO IN AND WIN AGAIN!

GET YOU GONE YOU SKY OF GREY!
 FAREWELL, YOU FURROWED BROW!
 NOW BY FUTURE'S CRYSTAL CLEAR!
 NO MORE WOE FOR ME TO FEAR!

I'M GONNA STAND THE WORLD UPON ITS EAR --
 AND I'LL SUCCEED SOMEHOW!

I'LL WALK A MILLION MILES
 FOR LIFE'S FULL OF SMILES.

 URCHINS
 NOTHING CAN STOP HIM --

 COCKY
 NOW!

 COCKY & URCHINS
 NOTHING CAN STOP HIM (ME) NOW!

(SIR re-enters puffing a great cigar. The KID follows him on. SHE is now wearing SIR's old tail coat which is greatly admired by the URCHINS. SIR is wearing a battered old coat that looks like the same cloak that the KID wore when SHE stood upon the URCHIN in the previous act. SIR is now bathed in a cold blue light while the sun, having travelled across the background, is now shining its warmth onto COCKY's area. SIR makes his way down to his area, which is now quite cold. HE sits upon his shooting-stick)

 SIR
 May I be the first to congratulate you, Cocky -- you're playing like a champion. Right, your move champ.

SIR (Cont'd)

(To the KID, out of hearing of
COCKY)Lesson ten -- if you want to get rid of a troublesome flea
-- drop an elephant on it.

KID

But I haven't got an elephant.

SIR

Well go get one.

COCKY

Whispering!

(The KID runs off left)

SIR

Sorry. Your move, champ.

(COCKY, flattered, simpers toward
the ring, then spins around, furious)

COCKY

Wait a minute! What do you take me for? It's your move,
and you know it! And while we're at it, as winner of the
last game I've got one of two things I want putting in
The Book, which you, as loser, will have to write down.

SIR

(Most ingratiatingly)
Naturally, of course ... But later on ... champ.

COCKY

(Yelling)

Police!

SIR

(Springing from his shooting-stick)
NO! ... time like the present.(HE slowly crosses downstage over
to COCKY's area.COCKY crosses upstage of him and
goes to the center)You'll find the pencil in the binding. And while we're at
it, I'll have the whistle.(SIR takes the whistle from around
his neck and throws it at COCKY)

COCKY

Temper!

(MUSIC)

(SIR opens The Book. COCKY goes over to SIR's area and decides to settle himself upon SIR's shooting-stick, after first daintily flicking a few dust particles away with his hat)

COCKY (Cont'd)

Right! Now put this down. "In future posh upper-class players will stop pushing other poor bastard players about. Otherwise, they may find themselves playing with themselves."

(SIR frowns and looks up)

Penalty for posh players failing so to do so, Cockius victorius est! That's Latin. Know what it means?

SIR

I lose the move.

COCKY

You bet your braces -- furthermore, brothers ... appertain-
ing to the relevency of the aforesaid move ...

(While COCKY is talking and facing out front the KID leads in a tough-looking BULLY dressed in a long woman's gown, not too dissimilar from that of the GIRL's. HE also carries a long blonde wig. HE looks in bewilderment at SIR who motions him to put the wig on his head. HE does so. The KID leads him into the circle. The moment HE hits the center the game lights spring on as the stage goes dark. While this is going on COCKY has moved down to the lip with the shooting-stick and is sitting on it, still not having seen the BULLY)

... should I ask my high and mighty upper-class opponent for a cigar, there will henceforth be no beating about the bush -- he will give me one, and no butts. Otherwise should he fail so to do so ... hello.

(His voice trails away as HE sees the BULLY. The BULLY looks at SIR for instructions, SIR pantomimes for him to pull his hair closer

around his face so that COCKY can't get too good a look at him. The KID posts herself between the BULLY and COCKY which also helps hide him from view. SIR raising his hat:)

SIR

Dear lady, fair lady, sweet and lovely vision of beauty, what happy chance brought you to our humble game?

BULLY

The Kid here said if I put on all this stuff you'd pay me ...

SIR

Compliments. Of course I'll pay you compliments. Who could gaze on the countenance of Venus without being stricken to his very soul. I don't know who you are, fair lady ...

BULLY

I came with the Kid.

SIR

But whoever you are, you've stolen my heart. Sweet nymph, are you manna from heaven?

BULLY

No. I'm from Manny's Gymnasium.

SIR

Oh, what a beauty! What a towering beauty! What an eyeful! Oh, what an eyeful towering beauty! Mad with desire, go forward three! Dear lady ...

(HE starts into the game)

COCKY

(Blows whistle)

I haven't finished dictating the new rules. Go back to the start.

SIR

A love like ours knows no rules. Go forward six. Dear lady ... fair lady.

COCKY

(Blows whistle)

(Rushing up to SIR's area, pushing the KID out of the way as HE goes)

Foul! Cor blimey ... hang on a minute! May I remind a certain fat-gutted party it is up to me to decide what we play for! Right! Stand on one leg and go back to the start ... go on, 'op off!

(SIR hops back, but not without signalling to the BULLY to keep up the pretense. COCKY simpers and bows)

COCKY (Cont'd)

Though I must confess, dear lady, my opponent has for once in his drink sodden life shown such uncommon good taste that as far as I'm concerned the status can remain quo! Definitely!

(SIR smiles with satisfaction)

SIR

Oh paragon of beauty ...

(COCKY gives a long piercing whistle)

COCKY

Hold on! I haven't finished! I only agree on condition I have the first go ... I mean, move.

SIR

But Cocky.

COCKY

(Petulantly)

Otherwise, I won't play!

(SIR acquiesces)

SIR

You drive a very hard bargain, Cocky.
(HE hides his delight behind his hat.

COCKY now girds his loins, steps over to the start line)

COCKY

Play the game for ... WWWrrrrr ...

SIR

(As COCKY starts around board)

That's a move ... and a bloody fine one, though I say so myself!

(COCKY walks around the board behind the BULLY)

Ah Cocky! "Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes, and heedless heart is lawful prize. Nor all that glisters gold." Cocky.

(COCKY walks faster and faster around the board, finally ending up to the BULLY's right, holding his hand lovingly. Suddenly, with a great yank,

HE tries to get him to run off.
 The BULLY doesn't budge, but
 COCKY recoils like an overstretched
 rubberband and ends up in a heap
 at the feet of the BULLY. Undaunted,
 COCKY gets to his feet and begins
 dragging his "lover" offstage. As
 the BULLY passes SIR, HE shrugs his
 shoulders. THEY disappear down the
 left ramp. SIR watches them through
 his binoculars as THEY leave. HE is
 on the lip sitting on his shooting-
 stick)

SIR

(Gleefully)
 They're off!

REPRISE: "THINGS TO REMEMBER"

SIR

WHEN I THINK OF THE ERA IN WHICH I WAS RAISED
 AND I SEE HOW THE WORLD'S GONE TO WASTE
 I CONFESS THAT I'M CONSTANTLY SHOCKED AND AMAZED
 AT MAN'S SINGULAR LACK OF GOOD TASTE.

FOR TASTE IS LIKE JUSTICE - WE LIVE BY HER LAWS.
 IT'S SO EASY TO TELL RIGHT FROM WRONG.
 MOST PEOPLE DON'T BOTHER.
 MOST PEOPLE ARE WHORES.
 AND THE FEW BORES WHO DO DON'T FOR LONG.

THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS I REMEMBER
 FROM THE DEEPLY REVERED DAYS OF OLD
 WHEN LIVING WAS GENTLE AND GRACIOUS
 AND WORKING FOLK DID AS THEY'RE TOLD.

THEY WERE WONDERFUL DAYS, I REMEMBER -
 WHEN A FELLER COULD LIVE LIKE A KING.
 AND CHILDREN WERE WORKING IN COAL-MINES
 AND LIFE WAS A BEAUTIFUL THING.

BUT THE FORTUNES OF MANKIND ARE CHANGING
 AND THINGS AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE ANY MORE.
 AND ALTHOUGH I'M IN NO WAY COMPLAINING,
 BY HARRIS AND TWEED, I PREFERRED IT BEFORE!

AH, BUT WHY SPEAK OF MAY IN NOVEMBER
 WHEN DECEMBER IS ALL THAT YOU'LL GET?
 MAN LIVES WITH A LINGERING EMBER
 AND WHILE THERE ARE BEAUTIFUL THINGS TO REMEMBER
 THE UGLY THINGS ONE SHOULD FORGET!

(The BULLY enters from Stage Left. HE is carrying the battered body of COCKY. HE gets to the game area and dumps him to the floor, straightens up and looks at SIR. The KID cowers away)

BULLY

Well that's what you wanted, wasn't it?

SIR

(Doubtfully)

Yes, that was what I wanted ... wasn't it ...

(The BULLY rubs his fingers towards SIR indicating that HE now wants to get paid. SIR takes out a roll of bills and tosses it to him. The BULLY hefts the roll, starts out right, gets as far as SIR's area, stops and turns)

BULLY

Ho, ho, ho!

(Depending on size of bully, and your own dramatic judgement eliminate "Ho, ho, ho!"

(There being no response from the pensive SIR, the BULLY shrugs his shoulders and continues on out. The KID crosses slowly over to left stage, staring down at the inert form of COCKY. SHE puts her bugle to her lips and plays a little portion of "Taps")

KID

Sir, five. Cocky, one!

SIR

(Having crossed up to his area and is now sitting on his stick)

God knows I'm not perfect, Cocky, but if there's one thing disgusts me more than a chap who really fancies himself as a lady's man, it's a man who fancies a lady who's really a chap. "Thou shalt not lust, Cocky." Etc., etc., etc. ... "

(HE looks at COCKY through his binoculars)

Cocky! Cocky!

(There is a roll of thunder which blasts COCKY into life. HE staggers to his feet and starts flailing away with his fists at an imaginary

assailant. The KID jumps out of
the way)

SIR (Cont'd)

Pull yourself together, man!

(COCKY gradually slows down as HE
realizes there is nobody to fight.
HE feels his bruised face. SIR
searches for something to say)

-- who was that lady I saw you with just now?

COCKY

That was no lady. That was another of your jolly jokes.
You're full of bloody fun and games, aren't you?

SIR

Come on now, Cocky, where's your sense of humour?

COCKY

(Dusting himself off, and wiping
away the blood from his face)

Oh, I haven't lost my sense of humour! I may have lost a
few teeth, but I haven't lost my sense of humour. I can
see the funny side of the whole comical episode! It's
historical!

SIR

It's also your move, Cocky.

COCKY

(With great vehemence)

... arsoles!

(HE crosses up to his own area)

SIR

(With a sigh of resignation)

I see. Very well. I've tried, Cocky -- God knows, I've
tried. But if all you can offer in return for my years
of love and friendship is a course reference to the lower
digestive tract, you leave me no alternative.

(HE stands and addresses the KID
who is to his right)

Fetch the police.

KID

Fetch 'em yourself!

SIR

(Recoiling)

Oh God, not you too?

KID

(Running up to the prow)

Yeah, and when they get 'ere I'll tell 'em the truth!

KID (Cont'd)

(To COCKY)

You didn't kill nobody, mister. That was just an old straw dummy you strangled.

SIR

(To the KID)

You're getting bloody holy all of a sudden, aren't you? It was you who fixed the whole thing.

KID

Yeah, but it was your idea!

SIR

You didn't argue about taking money for it?

KID

Tuppence! You call that money?

SIR

You'll get more money when I get a little more respect.

KID

At that rate I'll never get paid!

(COCKY seeing SIR getting hell for a change finds this most enjoyable. HE begins to laugh. SIR stares at him)

SIR

It's good to hear you laughing again, Cocky.

COCKY

(Wiping his face clean on his cuff)

I got something else'll amuse you.

(HE crosses to the center)

It's a new rule that says all the old rules are ruled out! In future, new rules can only be made by players whose weight does not exceed four stone eight! Let's see you laugh that one off!

(The smile fades from SIR's face)

SIR

You forget that I am in charge of this game.

COCKY

Only because you said so! Right? Well, now I'm in charge, because I say so. Right? And if you don't like it you can stuff it up your lower digestive tract!

"MY WAY!"

COCKY

FROM NOW ON
 WE'RE GONNA DO THINGS
 MY WAY.
 MY WAY
 OR NOT AT ALL.
 WE'RE GONNA DO
 WHAT I WANNA DO
 WHEN I SAY
 NOT WHEN YOU SAY
 BUT WHEN I SAY.

AND I SAY
 THAT MY WAY
 IS THE SURE WAY.
 MY WAY
 WILL WORK OUT FINE
 AND IF YOU'D STILL PREFER
 TO DO THINGS YOUR WAY
 YOU GO YOUR WAY
 AND I'LL GO MINE!

(The URCHINS enter from right and left. THEY fall into two opposing forces, battling each other. THEY end up in a tug-of-war. The KID parts them by taking the rag THEY are using to tug upon. SHE goes over to COCKY who is still in his area and begins to shine his shoes and dust his coat)

FROM NOW ON
 WE'RE GONNA DO THINGS
 MY WAY.

SIR
 NO WE'RE NOT! WE'RE GONNA DO THINGS.

SIR & COCKY
 (Crossing downstage)
 MY WAY
 OR NOT AT ALL!

SIR
 IF WE LEAVE IT UP TO YOU WE'RE GONNA RUE THINGS.

COCKY
 WE'RE GONNA DO
 WHAT I WANNA DO
 WHEN I SAY.

I SAY! SIR
 NOT WHEN YOU SAY! COCKY
 I SAY! SIR
 BUT WHEN I SAY. COCKY
 NOW LET ME HAVE MY SAY. SIR
 I SAY THAT MY WAY
 IS THE SURE WAY.
 WE'D BE BETTER OFF TO DO THINGS ... COCKY
 MY WAY WILL WORK OUT FINE. SIR & COCKY
 IF WE LEAVE IT UP TO YOU YOU'RE GONNA SCREW THINGS. COCKY
 IF YOU'D STILL PREFER
 TO DO THINGS YOUR WAY ...
 I WOULD! SIR
 THEN YOU GO YOUR WAY ... COCKY
 GOOD! SIR
 AND I'LL GO MINE! COCKY
 GOOD! AND I'LL GO MINE! SIR
 BOTH
 (Beginning to be the broken
 phonograph again)
 GOOD! AND I'LL GO MINE!
 GOOD! AND I'LL GO MINE! -- tick --
 GOOD! AND I'LL GO MINE! -- tick --
 GOOD! AND I'LL GO MINE! -- tick --
 GOOD! AND I'LL GO MINE! -- tick --
 GOOD! AND I'LL GO MINE! -- tick --

(The KID goes over to COCKY and jogs
his arm. SIR keeps repeating his line)

COCKY

FROM NOW ON
WE'RE GONNA SEE
SOME CHANGES --
THAT'S WHAT WE NEED!

(The KID now jogs SIR's arm)

SIR

WE'RE GONNA PLAY
WHAT I WANNA PLAY
WHEN I SAY --

COCKY

I SAY!

SIR

NOT WHEN YOU SAY --

COCKY

I SAY!

SIR

BUT WHEN I SAY!

COCKY

Now let me have my say.

AND I SAY
THAT YOUR GAME
IS THE SLY GAME.
YOUR GAME
COULD LEAD TO WARS ...

(There is a tremendous explosion,
the stage goes dark except for
a red glow. The lights finally
come back, COCKY looks at his
pointed finger as if it was the
cause of the explosion)

COCKY

AND IF YOU'RE NOT PREPARED
TO PLAY AT MY GAME ...

SIR

I'M NOT!

COCKY

THEN I'LL PLAY MY GAME ...

SIR
SO WHAT!

COCKY
AND YOU PLAY YOURS!

URCHINS
(As THEY begin to leave the stage
going out stage left)
AND YOU PLAY YOURS
AND YOU PLAY YOURS
AND YOU PLAY YOURS
AND YOU PLAY YOURS

(We can hear them fading into
the distance)

COCKY
This ain't the only game in the world, you know. They've
got new games starting up all over, and I got a standing
invitation to go and join 'em any time I please!

KID
(Jumping up and down on the prow)
Come on, Mister, let's go now!

COCKY
Hang on a minute,
(To SIR)
Well? What's it gonna be?

SIR
(After a long pause)
It's your move, Cocky.

KID
Aw, come on!

COCKY
Huh!
(Shrugs his shoulders and starts
around up to the prow. When HE
gets there, HE turns back to SIR)

Huh!
(HE starts out down the left ramp
with a final:)

Huh!
(The KID starts to follow COCKY)

SIR
Come back, child. I still have a great deal to teach you.

KID
You've still got a great deal to learn.

(SHE gives him a deep and mocking bow, laughs bitterly and runs off left.)

SIR crosses slowly down center)

REPRISE: "WHO CAN I TURN TO?"

SIR

WHO CAN I TURN TO
WHEN NOBODY NEEDS ME?
MY HEART WANTS TO KNOW
AND SO I MUST GO
WHERE DESTINY LEADS ME.

WITH NO STAR TO GUIDE ME
AND NO ONE BESIDE ME
I'LL GO ON MY WAY
AND AFTER THE DAY
THE DARKNESS WILL HIDE ME.

AND MAYBE TOMORROW
I'LL FIND WHAT I'M AFTER.
I'LL THROW OFF MY SORROW --
BEG, STEAL OR BORROW
MY SHARE OF LAUGHTER.

WITH YOU I COULD LEARN TO.
WITH YOU, ON A NEW DAY.
BUT WHO CAN I TURN TO
IF YOU TURN AWAY ...

(Wistfully)

Cocky. Cocky.

COCKY

(Entering from Up Left)

Huh!

(HE goes with deliberate haste over to his own area.)

SIR proudly moves back to his area and seats himself upon the shooting-stick)

SIR

I'm glad to see you've come to your senses, Cocky ... and it's your move.

COCKY

(Beginning to pile all of the luggage, Book, etc. into the center of the game area)

The Kid and me have been sorting out some of those precious

COCKY (Cont'd)

rules of yours -- like kicking a man off a ladder, and dropping an elephant on a flea -- and not only don't they not work ...

SIR

Oh God, a triple negative.

COCKY

That's it, they're negative.

(HE crosses over to SIR)

Come on, get your backside off that seat. We're going.

(SIR rises, COCKY takes the stick and puts it down along with the other possessions. From off stage right we can hear the URCHINS singing, "BEAUTIFUL LAND")

SIR

Where are we going?

COCKY

Anywhere. Away from here. We're going to start a new game. With new rules, and new hopes and fears, and a whole new feeling of good fellowship and understanding. Remember?

SIR

But there's absolutely nothing wrong with this game. God knows we've had our little ups and downs, but we're none of us perfect, Cocky, and with a little more give and take on your part we could make those games over there look like a game of hopscotch. Here. Have a cigar.

COCKY

Hurry up, before the light goes.

(The stage is beginning to darken)

SIR

But my dear, Cocky, we'll never find another game like this! It'll be the end of everything!

COCKY

Oh no it won't!

(During the ensuing number, the URCHINS enter from right, gather the luggage and Book etc. and pile them into the cart)

"SWEET BEGINNING"

COCKY

THIS, MY FRIEND,

COCKY (Cont'd)

IS ONLY THE BEGINNING --
SUCH A SWEET BEGINNING, TOO.

NOW AT LAST
I SEE A CHANCE OF WINNING --
SEE A CHANCE OF BREAKING THROUGH.

WHO CAN SAY?
TODAY MAY LIVE IN HISTORY
AS LONG AS THERE'S A HISTORY BOOK.

YESTERDAY
THE WORLD WAS STILL A MYSTERY.
TODAY IT HAS A NEW AND DIFFERENT LOOK.

SIR

How about taking this bag?
(HE'S ignored)

COCKY

SO, MY FRIEND
LET'S SEND THE OLD WORLD SPINNING
CHANGE IS WHAT I RECOMMEND ...

COME ON, MY FRIEND,
LET'S SEE THIS SWEET BEGINNING
THROUGH TO THE BITTER END.

THROUGH TO THE BITTER END!

COCKY

THIS, MY FRIEND,
IS ONLY THE BEGINNING --
SUCH A SWEET BEGINNING, TOO.

URCHINS

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL LAND

SIR

WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT
ME.

COCKY

NOW AT LAST
I SEE A CHANCE OF WINNING -- ALL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE.
SEE A CHANCE OF BREAKING
THROUGH.

SIR

WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT
ME? ...

COCKY

WHO CAN SAY?
TODAY MAY LIVE IN HISTORY
AS LONG AS THERE'S A
HISTORY BOOK.

URCHINS

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL LAND

SIR
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS TO
REMEMBER ...

COCKY
YESTERDAY
THE WORLD WAS STILL
A MYSTERY
TODAY IT HAS A NEW AND
DIFFERENT LOOK.

URCHINS
IT'S ALL TIED UP IN A RAINBOW
ALL SHINY AND NEW.

SIR
ON A WONDERFUL DAY
LIKE TODAY ...

COCKY
SO, MY FRIEND
LET'S SEND THE OLD
WORLD SPINNING
CHANGE IS WHAT I
RECOMMEND ...

SO, MY FRIEND
LET'S SEND THE OLD
WORLD SPINNING
CHANGE IS WHAT I
RECOMMEND ...

SIR
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR,
I'D LIKE TO SAY A WORD
OR THREE ...

(OPTIONAL: Eliminate
"With all due respect")

COCKY
COME ON, MY FRIEND,
LET'S SEE THIS SWEET
BEGINNING
THROUGH TO THE BITTER
END.
THROUGH TO THE BITTER END.

COME ON, MY FRIEND,
LET'S SEE THIS SWEET
BEGINNING
THROUGH TO THE BITTER
END.

SIR
WHAT A MAN!

COCKY
THROUGH TO THE BITTER
END!

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL LAND
IN YOUR HEART

(The URCHINS file off left leaving
COCKY and SIR alone on the stage.
There is one piece of luggage left,
the carpet bag which COCKY picks
up and carries over to SIR who is
still standing haughtily at his
area. COCKY drops the bag at SIR's
feet and indicates HE expects SIR

to help him carry it. For a second SIR hesitates then picks up one of the handles, COCKY the other and the two of them start up the platforms. When THEY get to the stage right ramp, SIR wants to turn off and go in that direction, COCKY wants to go towards stage left. THEY start bickering, but COCKY seems to be getting his way. The sun has by now set, the stars are out, the day is over, the last we see of SIR and COCKY is their silhouette against the setting sun, in a pose, still arguing)

END OF ACT TWO