

David Henry Wilson

PEOPLE IN CAGES

These four short plays can be performed independently, or as a complete programme. If they are performed together, the order should be:

- 1) KILLER
- 2) BABES
- 3) COUPLE
- 4) GREEN MAN

A useful linking device is to have MR JACOB sweeping the cage between plays, arranging the set, and putting up the signs.

The characters, with suggestions for possible doubling, are as follows:

KILLER	BABES	COUPLE	GREEN MAN
Mr Jacob	Mr Jacob	Mr Jacob	Mr Jacob
Killer	Policeman	-	Policeman
Mr Smith	Yellow	Mr Grey	Green Man
-	Bluey	Mr Brown	Mr Lovely
Mrs Smith	Pinkie	Mrs Brown	Mrs Lovely
-	Miss Jones	Mrs Grey	Helen

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PEOPLE IN CAGES was first produced by Michael Friend Productions at the Mill Studio, Guildford, in February 2000, and subsequently at The Union Theatre, Southwark, London.

The cast was as follows:

Mr Jacob....James Harwood
Killer & Policeman....Chris Myles
Mr Smith, Yellow, Mr Grey, Green Man....Warrick Hayes
Bluey, Mr Brown, Mr Lovely....Martin Entwistle
Mrs Smith, Pinkie, Mrs Brown, Mrs Lovely....Rachel Lewis
Miss Jones, Mrs Grey, Helen....Janet Cost

Director.....Michael Friend
Designer....Leigh Porter
Production Manager....Amanda Jameson

KILLER IN A CAGE

THE KILLER is pacing up and down in the cage. MR JACOB brings on MR and MRS SMITH.

JACOB: Now remember not to go anywhere near the cage. He's very dangerous.

MR S.: We'll keep well clear, don't you worry.

MRS S.: I feel quite nervous.

JACOB: Out of arm's reach is out of harm's way.

THE KILLER stops pacing, and grips the bars at the front of the cage as he looks out.

There he is.

MR S.: Oh! Well, he doesn't look that frightening.

JACOB: Don't be deceived by appearances, Mr Smith. He's deadly. Now, I'll leave you to him, but remember, stay away.

He goes off.

MR S.: Good afternoon.

KILLER: 'E's a bloody liar. I dunno why 'e does it, yes I do, 'cos 'e wants to lure nice people like you into partin' wiv their 'ard-earned money. That's why 'e does it. You don't believe 'im, do you, missus?

MRS S.: Well...

KILLER: Do I look like a killer? Be honest.

MRS S.: No-o...

KILLER: Course I don't. And d'you know why I don't? Cos I'm not. I am the most normal, ordinary, 'armless bloke you will ever meet. An' that's the codswallopin' truth.

MR S.: Then why are you in a cage marked KILLER?

KILLER: Why indeed? I'm glad you've asked that question. Because I 'ave asked that question many times, an' do you know wot answer I 've come up wiv?

MR S.: No.

KILLER: The answer is: I do not know. But...before you ask me... I will volunteer this information: I 'ave never, ever, at any time, in any place, under any circumstances whatsoever, regardless of colour, creed, financial situation, social position, political beliefs, football club allegiance, name, address, telephone number, fax number, e-mail number, sex, sexual preference, cat-lover or dog-lover, meat eater or vegetarian, pro or anti-hunting, town or country, for or against capital punishment, willingly, unwillingly, deliberately, accidentally, consciously, unconsciously, roundly, squarely, comically, tragically, wiv or wivout assistance, support, a letter of recommendation, a reference from my employers, a request from the Inland Revenue, from the Department of 'ealth and Social Security, my bank manager, your bank manager, the referee, or His or Her Royal Highness, performed, carried out, executed or committed the crimes of which I stand convicted.

MR S.: May I ask what crimes those are?

KILLER: You may.

Pause.

MR S.: Well?

KILLER: You may ask. But I shall not answer. An' why will I not answer? Because whatever I say will be taken down, edited, twisted an' used to wipe constabulary backsides. Why don't you come a bit closer?

MR S.: No, we were told to stay well away from you.

KILLER: Look.

He reaches out through the bars.

That's as far as I c'n reach, right? So I can't 'urt you if you stay beyond that, can I?

MR SMITH looks at MRS SMITH, nods, and they move closer. The KILLER'S tone now changes to one of intimacy:

That's better. Now I don't 'ave to shout, do I? Listen, you seem to be very nice people, an' I'd like to 'ave you on my side. 'Ow would you feel if you was locked up

in 'ere, wiv no prospect of escape, an' knowin' in your 'eart of 'earts – or, as you might put it - in your heart of hearts, that you was completely an' totally innocent? 'Ow would you feel?

MR S.: I'd feel frustrated, cheated, desperate...

KILLER: Go on.

MR S.: Abandoned...

KILLER: Right.

MR S.: In despair...

KILLER: More, more.

MR S.: I don't know...suicidal maybe.

KILLER: I c'n see you're a man of discernment. An' your lady wife is equally discernin'. I've taken a shine to you two. You are wot we in the trade call "moosy".

MR S.: Moosy?

KILLER: Moosy.

MR S.: What does it mean?

KILLER: Wot does moosy mean? It means discernin'. In a inoosy sort o' way. Now becos I've taken a shine to you, I'm gointer tell you why I'm in 'ere. I'm in 'ere becos I'm a victim, an' I 'ave been a victim since the day I left my muvver s womb. 'Scuse me a mo.

He goes to the back of the cage and produces a cassette player. He turns this on, and continues to the sound of sad music:

My mum was an angel in rags. She loved us eight children as if we was her own. Which we was. She fed us, clothed us, let us 'ave sex wiv 'er whenever we wanted, an' tried in vain to protect us from our various fathers. Us kids was beaten till we was red all over –except the black ones. An' we was deprived. When I was six years old, they took away my cigarettes. The place where we lived was like a tip. It was a tip. It was a shed right beside the waste disposal centre. We used to scavenge...

The music is now so loud that it drowns his voice, but he continues to talk inaudibly. He becomes very emotional. The music suddenly quietens again.

"Don't do it!" I cried. "Don't do it!" But he dunnit. An' I was never the same again.

MRS S.: I missed that.

KILLER: *(without the emotion)* Wot?

MRS S.: Who did what?

KILLER: Wot d'you mean?

MRS S.: The music was too loud. We didn't hear what happened.

KILLER: You mean you missed wot I just said?

MRS S.: Yes.

KILLER: I don't know if I can bear to tell it again.

MRS S.: Please do.

KILLER: I was tellin' you about...about...

He becomes very emotional again.

MRS S.: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you.

KILLER: No, no, it does me good to talk about it. You see, when I was very little, one day...

The music drowns him out again. More emotion. The music quietens.

"Don't do it!" I cried. "Don't do it!" But he dunnit. An' I was never the same again.

He is devastated. MR and MRS SMITH look at each other and shrug. THE

KILLER recovers, and switches off the music.

So p'raps now you understand why I'm in 'ere.

MR S.: Well, yes, of course.

KILLER: An' you, missus?

MRS S.: Oh yes, it's a terrible story.

KILLER: Not a terrible story, missus. The terrible truth. I mean, you understand why wot he done done wot it done to me?

MRS S.: Um...yes...no...perhaps you could just explain...

KILLER: Explain? What is there to explain?

MR S.: Of course! You don't need an explanation, darling. It's a matter of feeling.

KILLER: What do you mean, feelin'?

MR S.: Well...we have to feel...what you feel.

KILLER: 'Ow can you feel what I feel? 'Ave you bin frough wot I've bin frough?

MR S.: No, but...

KILLER: Then 'ow can you feel wot I feel? Only someone wot's 'ad done to them wot I 'ad done to me can feel wot I feel.

MR S.: Yes, yes, indeed.

KILLER: Now, you tell me why he done it.

MR S.: What?

KILLER: Why did 'e do it?

MR SMITH looks at MRS SMITH. No help.

MR S.: Ah! You mean, why he...

KILLER: Yes.

MR S.: I don't know. I just don't know how anyone can do something like that. Especially to a child.

KILLER: Wot child?

MR S.: What child? I thought you said you... it was when...

KILLER: Wot you talkin' about?

MR S.: I thought it happened when you were a child.

KILLER: I wish it 'ad, mate, I wish it 'ad. Now, you was goin' to tell me why he dunnit, but I can tell you're 'avin' difficulty, so I'm goin' to 'elp you.

MR S.: Thank you.

KILLER: He dunnit because it 'ad to be done.

MR S.: Ah.

KILLER: An' you'd 'ave done the same, wouldn't yer?

MR S.: Well. .um.. .yes, of course.

KILLER: So why are you blamin' me?

MR S.: Pardon?

KILLER: Is that fair? To blame me for wot you'd 'ave done if you'd 'ave been in the same predicament as wot 'e was in, I was in, all of us is in? I could eat you, missus, I could, I really could. *(To Mr S.:)* She's lovely, your wife. A treasure. You're a lucky man.

MR S.: Yes.

KILLER: *(To Mrs S.:)* 'Ow often do you let 'im 'ave it?

MRS S.: "Have"? "It"?

KILLER: Sex. 'Ow often does 'e get it?

MRS S.: Really!

KILLER: Yes, really get it.

MR S.: Look...um...this is none of your business...

KILLER: I'll tell you why I ask. The question may seem impertinent, but I 'ave a very good reason fer askin' it, uvver than natural curiosity, an' the reason I ask it is that 54% of murders is related directly or indirectly to sex, an' I would not like to see either of you locked up in 'ere like I am just becous you is or you is not gettin' enough of it.

MR S.: Oh!

KILLER: I'm doin' this for your own good, not mine.

MR S.: Well, that's kind of you.

KILLER: But that is typical of this lousy, ungrateful world. You try to 'elp people, an' you end up be'ind bars. That's why I'm in 'ere, y'know. Because I tried to 'elp people. An' I stay in 'ere to 'elp people. That surprises you, but the fact is I could leave 'ere any time I wanted, but I choose ter stay because while I'm 'ere, people come ter me. An' if I was out there, they wouldn't know I could 'elp 'em, would they? If I come up ter you in the street an' said, "I can 'elp you," you'd walk a mile, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you?

MR S.: Probably, yes.

KILLER: So I stay 'ere, where people come to me.

MRS SMITH whispers something to her husband. He nods, and whispers something back. During the next dialogue he slowly eases his way towards the cage door, while MRS SMITH distracts THE KILLER'S attention by walking the other way.

MRS S.: I don't see how someone like you can help people like us.
KILLER: No, you wouldn't, would you? Because you feel nice and secure out there, an' you fink people like me some'ow aren't real, can't touch your little world. But I could come into your little world at any minute, an' I could wreck it.

MRS S.: Oh, I see. So you're helping us by staying in there and not wrecking our world.
KILLER: No, that's negative thinkin', missus. Negative. By the time you leave 'ere, I shall 'ave changed you. You'll be a diff'rent woman thanks ter me.

MR SMITH rejoins his wife.

MR S.: You were right.
KILLER: Ah, the explorer returns. Been lookin' at my cage door, ave yer?
MR S.: *(slightly taken aback)* Yes.
KILLER: Locked, innit?
MR S.: Yes.
KILLER: So now you're goin' ter say I was lyin', an' I can't get out of 'ere. Right?
MR S.: Yes.
KILLER: Wrong.
He grasps a bar.
Now watch very carefully.
He takes a deep breath, and then pulls the bar out of its socket. The Smiths watch in horror as he steps out.
Diff'rent now, innit?

MR S.: *(in fear)* What are you going to do?
KILLER: Do?
MR S.: Are you going to kill us?
KILLER: Why should I kill you? Wot you done wrong, then?
MR S.: Nothing, I just thought...
KILLER: So you still believe wot that lyin' ape said about me? After all I've told yer! It's incredible! You fink I'm a killer! Wot about you, missus?

MRS S.: I... I don't know.
KILLER: You don't know. That's the same as sayin' you fink I might be a killer, so you still don't believe me. Now if I was a killer, would I try to 'elp you?

MRS S.: No.
KILLER: Would I step out of this cage, like I've done, in order ter prove that I am not a liar, an' stand 'ere, all gentle an' peaceful, askin' polite questions, keepin' a respectful distance away, puttin' reassurin' tones an' undertones into my voice, softenin' the expression of my eyes, loosenin' the muscles aroun' my lips, keepin' my 'ands unclenched an' loose by my side, breavin' normal, thinkin' normal, actin' normal, if I 'ad even the slightest inklin' of an inclination ter come an' kill yer?

MRS S.: No.
KILLER: Wrong. Anyone can pretend not ter be a killer. You're very easily taken in, missus. A lot o' wives, an' I'm tellin' you this from certain an' direct knowledge, 'aven't got a clue wot their 'usbands is up to. Your 'usband there, 'oo you think you can trust an' believe an' honour an' obey, might for all you know be 'avin' it off wiv 'is secretary, embezzlin' funds, molestin' children, an' at night - at night, when you fink 'e's fast asleep in a 'otel room preparin' the next day's business - at night, 'e's stalkin' the streets lookin' fer 'is next victim.

MR S.: You can't prepare the next day's business if you're fast asleep.
KILLER: Ah! Touched on a sore point there, 'ave we?
MRS S.: My husband hasn't got a secretary.
KILLER: But 'e does go away sometimes on business.

MRS S.: Yes.
 KILLER: An' stay in 'otels.
 MRS S.: Yes.
 KILLER: Wivout you.
 MRS S.: Yes.
 KILLER: Look at 'is 'ands. Go on, look at 'is 'ands.
MRS SMITH takes her husband's hands and looks at them.
 Wot d'you see?
 MRS S.: Nothing.
 KILLER: Yer can't see nothin'! You're lookin' at 'ands. 'Ands is 'ands. 'Ands isn't nothin'.

MRS S.: They're just hands.
 KILLER: Now look at my 'ands.
He holds them up. She hesitates.
 If I wanted ter kill you, it wouldn't make no difference if you come ter me, or I come ter you.
She approaches him. He is still holding his hands in the air.
 Wot d'you see?

MRS S.: Hands.
He suddenly puts his hands round her neck. She gasps.
 KILLER: It's all right, it's all right, I'm not pressin'. Wot d'you feel?
 MRS S.: (very frightened) Your hands round my neck.
 KILLER: An' is that a pleasant feelin', or a frightenin' feelin', or a 'appy smilin' laughin' jolly feelin'?

MRS S.: Frightening.
 KILLER: Right. Keep calm, I ain't goin' to 'urt you.
With one hand still round her neck, he uses the other to stroke her hair.
 Now wot d'you feel?

MRS S.: You're stroking my hair.
 KILLER: An' would you say that was a frightenin' feelin', or a soothin' feelin', or a non-feelin', or a feelin' feelin'?

MRS S.: A soothing feeling.
 KILLER: A soothin' feelin'. So one of my 'ands is frightenin', an' one of my 'ands is soothin'. So which of my 'ands is the little piggy wot's goin' ter market?

MR S.: Look, I...
 KILLER: Shut up. I'm 'elpin' your wife.
He and MRS SMITH look into each other's eyes for a moment.

MRS S.: I don't think you're a killer.
 KILLER: Good.
He releases her, and turns towards MR SMITH.
 And wot about you?

MR S.: No, I don't think you're a killer either
 KILLER: That's not wot I was askin'.
 MR S.: What?
 KILLER: I want ter know if you're a killer.
 MR S.: Of course I'm not a killer.
 KILLER: Why should we believe you?
 MR S.: This is ridiculous. Come on, darling, I think it's time we left.
She remains close to THE KILLER.

KILLER: Wot you afraid of?
 MR S.: I'm not afraid of anything. Least of all you.
 KILLER: Oh?
He approaches MR SMITH, who is scared but stands his ground.
 Look at these 'ands. (He holds them up.) These 'ands on the end o' these arms was strong enough ter pull that iron bar out. Right?

MR S.: Yes.

KILLER: Now, you go an' put it back. Go on.
MR SMITH goes to the cage and tries to replace the bar.
 Try from inside.
MR SMITH climbs in, but again fails.
 I'll show yer.
From the outside he replaces the bar, so that MR SMITH is now trapped.
 You're not frightened o' me, eh? But I'm strong enough ter rip out iron bars, an' you're so weak that not only can you not lift 'em, but you even allow me to shut you in my cage in such a way that you can't get out, an' your highly edible an' desirable an' voluptuously lickable, takeable, beddable wife is left 'ere alone an' defenceless, in the power of a man wot is reputed by reputation ter be a dangerous, not ter say murderous killer. I find this shockin'. Don't you, missus?

MR S.: Let me out of here.

KILLER: Is this the hero that promised ter look after you, an' cherish you? Eh? Till death you do part?

MR S.: I said, let me out of here.

KILLER: I 'eard wot you said. Looks good, don' it? 'Im an' that sign. KILLER. Wot a killer. 'E lets me, a complete stranger, put my 'ands round 'is wife's neck, stroke 'er 'air, press up close to 'er, maybe .maybe, just maybe prior to, for all 'e knows, stranglin' 'er, an' wot does 'e do, this "killer"? He does nuffin'. He says nuffin', an' 'e does nuffin'. Don't you find that surprisin', missus? A bit of a let-down, eh?

MR S.: Help! Help! Help!
He continues to shout at the top of his voice.

KILLER: That's right. 'E's got the answer.

MRS S.: What do you mean?

KILLER: 'E needs 'elp. An' so do you.
MR JACOB comes on. He is carrying a gun.

JACOB: Oh good heavens! Who let him out?

MR S.: Help! Help! Help!

JACOB: All right, all right, I'm here! Didn't I warn you to stay away from him? Get away from her! Go on.
He points the gun at THE KILLER, who steps away from MRS SMITH.

MR S.: *(whining)* Let me out of here.

JACOB: All right, all right.
Keeping the gun trained on THE KILLER, he produces a bunch of keys and opens the cage door. MR SMITH rushes out, and goes to his wife, but she turns away. MR JACOB talks through these actions.
 I suppose he took a bar out did he? I don't know why you people encourage him. And fancy letting him shut you in the cage! I suppose he talked you into thinking he's harmless.
This is the point at which MRS SMITH rejects her husband.

MR S.: *(shocked)* Darling!

JACOB *(to THE KILLER)* Come on you! Get back in.
In order to re-enter the cage, THE KILLER has to pass the Smiths.

KILLER: There's a few questions still need ter be answered. But I fink I've done my job. I've 'elped you, 'aven't I? Opened fings up, eh? Let in a bit o' light. It's all a matter o' removin' bars, see?

MRS S.: I want to know something.

KILLER: Fire away.

MRS S.: Who did you kill?

KILLER: I killed you. An' im. I c'n kill anyone.

JACOB: If you don't get inside by the time I count three, I'll shoot you. One, two...

THE KILLER races into the cage, and stands at the front as MR JACOB locks the door.

MR S.: It's no use locking him in. He can take the bloody bars out
JACOB: He prefers to have the door locked. He feels safer.
MR S.: He feels safer!
KILLER: People like to attack me, see. They like ter test 'ow brave they are.
MRS S.: Mr Jacob.
JACOB: Yes, madam?
MRS S.: I want to know who he killed.
JACOB: Didn't he tell you?
MRS S.: No.
JACOB: He strangled his wife and children. With his bare hands.
KILLER: No I didn't.
JACOB: There were eye-witnesses, and his fingerprints were found on their necks.
KILLER: That's wot 'e would like to believe, or wot 'e would like you to believe. I've never been married, an' never 'ad children.
JACOB: It's all in the record books. I'll show you.
He takes them off.
KILLER: Books can lie. Just like people. Yer can't believe nuffin'. *(Total change of voice:)* You can't believe anything. These bars aren't iron. I'm not who I say I am, and I'm not who I say I'm not. I do a job, that's all. Tomorrow I shall be a gorilla. Does it matter? I'm a killer in a cage. So are you.

The End

BABES IN A CAGE

The babes are in the cage. PINKIE is sitting watching YELLOW, who sits playing with a doll. BLUEY is standing apart from them, gripping the bars at the front of the cage and staring out at the audience. MR JACOB enters with MISS JONES.

JACOB: They're really quite special. I was lucky to get them.

MISS J.: *(with a squeal)* Oh! Oh, they're gorgeous! Oh!

She rushes ahead of MR JACOB.

Look at them! Aren't they adorable?

PINKIE has scrambled to her feet, and comes to the front of the cage.

PINKIE: Hello!

MISS J.: She can talk! Hello, darling. What's your name, then?

PINKIE: Pinkie.

MISS J.: Pinkie! And you're all dressed in pink too, aren't you?

PINKIE: Yes.

MISS J.: Isn't that clever! And how are you, Pinkie?

PINKIE: I'm very pretty and I'm sweet and everybody loves me.

MISS J.: Yes, you are pretty and sweet, and of course everybody loves you.

PINKIE: I'm like a little doll and I've done a wee-wee in my nappy.

MISS J.: Have you? *(To MR JACOB:)* Would you like me to change her?

JACOB: I'll deal with it later.

MISS J.: They're a bit big for babies, aren't they?

JACOB: It's the milk, you know. Hormonic.

MISS J.: *(to PINKIE)* And is that your little sister, then?

PINKIE: No, it's not, silly.

MISS J.: Not your sister?

PINKIE: That's my brother and he's Yellow and he's shy, not like me. I'm not shy because everybody loves me, and he just plays with his Dolly all day long so he doesn't have to talk to anybody except his Dolly.

MISS J.: Oh, that's a shame. *(To YELLOW)* Don't be shy, darling.

YELLOW turns away, and continues to play with his doll.

He is shy, isn't he?

PINKIE: Nobody loves him. They only love me.

MISS J.: *(moving along)* So you must be Little Boy Blue. Are you shy too?

BLUEY: I'm not little. I'm big.

MISS J.: Oops, sorry.

BLUEY: I'm big 'n' strong 'n' I could duff you in any day.

MISS J.: *(to MR JACOB)* Ooh, we've got a tough one here.

BLUEY: And I'm not Blue. I'm Bluey and I could duff any of you in cos I'm...cos I'm...I'm huge.

MISS J.: How old are they, Mr Jacob?

JACOB: They're just babies, Miss Jones. Not even potty trained.

MISS J.: I like the way you've dressed them in their own colours.

JACOB: It's the only way we can tell them apart. They're identical, you see.

MISS J.: They don't look identical to me.

JACOB: They may not look identical, but that's what makes them so special. How many identical triplets do you know that don't look identical?

MISS J.: And where are their parents?

MR JACOB beckons to MISS JONES and whispers to her:

JACOB: I'm afraid they've departed.

MISS J.: Departed?

JACOB: Gone to the other place.

MISS J.: The theatre?

JACOB: The other world.
MISS J.: Oh! Oh dear! How did it happen?
JACOB: They were murdered.
MISS J.: Ugh, poor things.
JACOB: The mother was stabbed, and the father was shot.
MISS J.: How terrible! Who did it?
JACOB: Nobody knows. The police are still working on the case.
MISS J.: Those poor sweet children! Do they know?
JACOB: Too young to understand.
MISS J.: Perhaps that's just as well.
JACOB: Anyway, I'll leave you to enjoy the show, but please don't let them out of the playpen. We don't want them running away, do we? Call me if you have any problems.
JACOB: Thank you, Mr Jacob. I'm sure we shan't have any problems, shall we, children, hm?
MR JACOB goes out.
Now then, darlings, are you going to play with Auntie Janet?
BLUEY: Who's Auntie Janet?
MISS J.: I'm Auntie Janet.
BLUEY: You're not my Auntie cos I haven't got an Auntie and I don't want an Auntie.
PINKIE: You can be my Auntie cos everybody wants to be my Auntie and what are we going to play?
MISS J.: Well what games do you know?
YELLOW: Dolly.
MISS J.: What's that, darling?
PINKIE: He said Dolly cos he wants to play with his Dolly cos that's all he ever does is play with his Dolly.
BLUEY: He's a wimp.
YELLOW: I'm not a wimp.
BLUEY: Oh yes you are.
YELLOW: I'm not.
PINKIE: He doesn't even know what a wimp is.
YELLOW: Oh yes I do. A wimp's what you get when you've got a bad leg.
PINKIE: *(to MISS J.:)* Mummy and Daddy made a mistake with him.
MISS J.: You shouldn't say things like that, dear.
BLUEY: Only wimps and girls play with dollies.
PINKIE: I'm a girl.
BLUEY: Yeah, well you should play with Dolly.
YELLOW: *(whining)* Mummy gave Dolly to me!
BLUEY: That's cos you re a wimp, but she should have given it to Pinkie cos Pinkie's a girl.
MISS J.: Not necessarily.
PINKIE: Yes I am.
MISS J.: I mean, boys can play with dolls as well. Boys have to practise being Daddies.
BLUEY: That's dirty, that is.
MISS J.: That's not quite what I mean...
BLUEY: I was practising being a Daddy and Daddy told me it was dirty, and Daddy knows cos he does it.
MISS J.: I mean it's all right for boys to play with dolls.
PINKIE: I'd like that Dolly.
YELLOW: Noooooo! She's mine!
BLUEY: I'll soon get it from him.
MISS J.: Now wait a moment, dear.
PINKIE: I want it and if I want something I must have it.
MISS J.: No, if it's his Dolly, you mustn't take it from him. *PINKIE goes across to YELLOW.*
PINKIE: Give it to me.
YELLOW: Noooooo.
PINKIE: I want it!

YELLOW: It's mine.
BLUEY goes across to YELLOW.

BLUEY: Give it to her or I'll duff you in.

YELLOW: Noooooo.
PINKIE snatches the doll away. YELLOW screams and then begins to howl.

MISS J.: Don't do that, dear. No.
PINKIE returns to the front of the cage, clutching the doll, while YELLOW raises the roof.

PINKIE: I got it. Look. I got Dolly.

MISS J.: I think perhaps you should give it back, dear.

BLUEY: You wimp.
MR JACOB comes in.

JACOB: What's happened?
Everybody is now speaking together:

PINKIE: I got Dolly I got Dolly I got Dolly.

BLUEY: Yellow's a wimp Yellow's a wimp Yellow's a wimp

YELLOW: Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh!

MISS J.: Do give it back to him, dear. It's wrong to take things that don't belong to you.

JACOB: QUIET!
There is immediate silence.

What's going on?

MISS J.: I'm afraid the little girl took the little boy's dolly away.

JACOB: I see.
He goes to the side of the cage, opens the door, and steps inside. The babes all cower away. He strides across to PINKIE, takes the doll out of her hands, and leaves the cage, closing the door behind him. All this takes place in total silence.

That should settle it. I can sell this.
He goes off.

PINKIE (to YELLOW:) Now look what you've done.

MISS J.: I think we should face the facts, Pinkie, dear. None of this would have happened if you hadn't taken his Dolly from him.

PINKIE: It wouldn't have happened if he'd given Dolly to me without wimping but he wimped, didn't he?

BLUEY: If he comes into our cage again 'n' takes our dollies, I'm going to duff him in.

PINKIE: You should've duffed him in when he was taking the Dolly cos then he wouldn't have taken the Dolly if you'd duffed him in.

BLUEY: I was going to duff him in but he ran off, didn't he? He ran off with Dolly before I could duff him in so I couldn't duff him in cos he'd gone.

PINKIE: He wouldn't have gone if you'd duffed him in.

BLUEY: Well I'm going to duff him in next time.

PINKIE: You should have duffed him in this time.

MISS J.: Children, children, I don't think you should be talking about duffing anyone in.

BLUEY: Why not?

MISS J.: Well it's not very nice, dear, is it?

BLUREY: Why not?

MISS J.: Because nice people don't duff people in.

PINKIE: Nice people don't take dollies away from sweet little girls or make little wimpy boys cry.
She goes to YELLOW, who is still whimpering.
(Sympathetically) There there, darling.

MISS J.: That's better.
PINKIE gives YELLOW a clout. YELLOW howls.

PINKIE: Next time I want something. give it to me.

MISS J.: Pinkie! That's very naughty, dear.

PINKIE: I teached him a lesson.

MISS J.: Well I think you all need to be taught a lesson. In how to behave. Yellow, darling, do stop crying.. Here, I've got something for you.
She fishes in her handbag, and holds something out in her closed hand.

PINKIE: What is it?

MISS J.: It's for Yellow.
YELLOW has stopped crying. He is interested.
 You'll have to come and get it.
The other two are standing over MISS JONES'S hand, looking down at it.

PINKIE: I know what it is.

BLUEY: What is it?

PINKIE: Not telling.

MISS J.: Are you coming, Yellow, darling?
He crawls a few paces towards her.
 It's something nice.
He crawls the rest of the way, holds out his hand, and MISS JONES drops something into it.

PINKIE: It's a sweetie! Can I have one?

MISS J.: (to YELLOW) What do you say, dear?
He unwraps it.
 What's the little word, darling?

YELLOW: Sweetie.

MISS J.: No. What do you say when someone gives you something?
YELLOW pops the sweet in his mouth.

PINKIE: I know I know.

MISS J.: What do you say then, Pinkie?

PINKIE: More.

MISS J.: No.

BLUEY: I want one as well. Why's he got one and I haven't got one?

MISS J.: Perhaps if you both ask me nicely, I'll give you one too.

BLUEY: Gimme one.

MISS J.: That's not...

PINKIE: (reaching out) Sweetie.

MISS J.: There'll be no sweeties till you say please.

PINKIE: (on the verge of tears) You're horrible. You're not an Auntie. You're a meanie.

MISS J.: All you have to do is say...

PINKIE: (sobbing) We...we...we've got no Mummy and Daddy. Our Mummy and Daddy have been deaded. And you won't even give us a sweetie.

MISS J.: Oh dear! All right, I'm sorry, darling...Look, here you are, here's your sweetie.
She gives a sweet to PINKIE, who immediately stops crying

BLUEY: I want one too.

MISS J.: Here you are then, Bluey.
He gets his sweet.
 But it wouldn't hurt you both to say thank you.
They don't.

YELLOW: Please, Auntie Janet, can I have another sweetie?

MISS J.: Yes, dear, of course you can. There's a good boy.

PINKIE: I want another one.

MISS J.: You haven't finished your first one yet, Pinkie

PINKIE: I'll hold the new one till I've finished the old one.

MISS J.: Now your brother asked me properly.

PINKIE: My brother's a wimp.

BLUEY: I'm not a wimp.

PINKIE: No, you're not a wimp. You're just stupid.

BLUEY: I'm not stupid.

PINKIE: (to MISS JONES) He's stupid, isn't he?

MISS J.: It's very rude to say things like that, dear.
PINKIE: It's not rude if it's true and it's true so it's not rude.
BLUEY: I'm not stupid, cos I've got something you haven't got.
PINKIE: I've got something you haven't got.
BLUEY: What have you got that I haven't got?
PINKIE: A brain.
BLUEY: I've got a brain, and I've got something you haven't got.
PINKIE: What then?
BLUEY: You want to see it?
PINKIE: Where is it?
BLUEY: It's in here.
He points to his trousers.
MISS J.: Oh dear. Now Bluey, I don't think...
PINKIE: Let's see it then.
MISS J.: Bluey, dear...
BLUEY digs into his trousers.
You really shouldn't start showing your...Oh!
BLUEY has pulled out a vicious-looking knife.
BLUEY: See? Bet you don't know what that is.
PINKIE: Yes I do.
BLUEY: What is it then?
PINKIE: It's a kernife. And that's not a good place to keep it, Bluey.
BLUEY: Why not?
PINKIE: Cos you could cut off your thingy.
MISS J.: Where did you get that, Bluey?
BLUEY: Daddy gived it to me.
PINKIE: Well I've got something you haven't got.
BLUEY: What?
PINKIE: Not telling unless I get another sweetie.
MISS J.: What have you got, dear?
PINKIE: Sweetie.
MISS JONES gives her a sweet.
BLUEY I want one.
MISS JONES gives him one too.
MISS J.: Now, what have you got, dear?
PINKIE produces a gun.
Oh my God!
PINKIE: It's a gum.
MISS J.: A gun, dear, not a gum, but...
PINKIE: It's a gum cos you can suck it. See?
She puts it in her mouth. Sharp intake of breath from MISS JONES.
MISS J.: No, that's not a good idea, darling. Take it out of your mouth, there's a good girl.
PINKIE makes loud sucking noises.
BLUEY: My kernife's better than her silly old gum. My kernife sticks in things.
He sticks it in the floor. PINKIE takes the gun out of her mouth.
PINKIE: You can't suck your kernife though, can you?
BLUEY: I don't want to suck my kernife.
MISS J.: Now listen, darlings, I think you should give the gun and the knife to Auntie Janet before you do some damage.
PINKIE: What's damage?
MISS J.: Well, you could hurt somebody.
PINKIE: Like Mummy and Daddy?
MISS J.: Yes. So just give them to me, and...
PINKIE: No.
BLUEY: I'm not giving you my kernife.

MISS J.: I'll tell you what. In my bag I've got a whole packet of those sweeties. I'll give you all the sweeties if you'll give me the gun and the knife.

BLUEY: What else have you got in your bag?

PINKIE: Maybe you're not stupid after all, Bluey.

MISS J.: Nothing that would interest you, dear.

YELLOW: I've got something too.

MISS J.: What's that, darling?

YELLOW: I've got something.

PINKIE: No he hasn't he hasn't and don't listen to him cos he hasn't.

YELLOW: Yes I have.

MISS J.: What have you got then, darling?

YELLOW: It's in my trousers.

MISS J.: Oh dear.

YELLOW: It's my bum. Do you want to see it?

MISS J.: No, darling, I don't...

PINKIE: I want to see it.

YELLOW: What will you give me?

PINKIE: I'll let you hold my gum if you show me your bum.

BLUEY: And you can hold my kernife.

MISS J.: Look, children...

YELLOW: All right.

MISS J.: I don't think this is...
She tails off as YELLOW pulls a bomb out of his trousers.

YELLOW: What's that, darling?

YELLOW: It's my bum.

MISS J.: Show me, dear. Oh my God! Mr Jacob! Mr Jacob!
MR JACOB enters.

JACOB: What's the trouble now?

MISS J.: Oh Mr Jacob! Look at them! Look at what they're holding!

JACOB: *(looking)* They're only toys, Miss Jones.

MISS J.: I don't think so. The knife's certainly real.

JACOB: Where would they get real knives and guns from?

MISS J.: I think it was the parents. And I think I know how they died.

JACOB: Nonsense, Miss Jones. I assure you those are toys.

MISS J.: Look out, Mr Jacob!
PINKIE is pointing the gun at MR JACOB.

JACOB: Hey, what...?
He hurls himself to the ground just before PINKIE fires. MISS JONES screams.

PINKIE: My gum goes bang.

MISS J.: Mr Jacob, are you all right?

JACOB: Bloody nearly took my head off.
He stays on the ground, looking up.

JACOB: Put that gun down, you little bitch.

PINKIE: No.

MISS J.: Mr Jacob, I think you should moderate your language.

JACOB: If you don't put that gun down, I'll come in there and...

PINKIE: Say please.
A tense pause.

JACOB: Please.
PINKIE smiles and puts the gun down.

MISS J.: And Bluey, dear, would you please put the knife down as well? Please, dear.
Pause. BLUEY puts it down.

MISS J.: Yellow, darling, put the bomb down too, please.

YELLOW puts the bomb down. MR JACOB rises to his feet, and strides to the door of the cage. PINKIE waits till he has opened the door, then picks up the gun again and points it at him. He stops in his tracks. She fires. He falls and lies still. Pause.

PINKIE: (to MISS JONES) He was going to do something nasty to me.

MISS J.: Mr Jacob! Mr Jacobi

YELLOW: He's just like Daddy.

MISS J.: You've killed him! You've killed him! Help! Help!

She rushes off, crying for help. MR JACOB sits up.

JACOB: You stupid little cow! You weren't supposed to fire it.

He picks himself up and dusts himself down.

Now she'll go round scaring everybody off, and... (seeing the possibilities:)...spreading rumours.. .hm.. .that should bring 'em in. Yes, we might be on to something here.

MISS JONES returns with a POLICEMAN.

MISS J.: She shot him, officer. It was terrible. Now he's...

She sees MR JACOB standing.

POLICEMAN: Is that the gentleman who was shot, madam?

MISS J.: Yes, but.. .Mr Jacob, are you all right?

JACOB: Of course I am, Miss Jones. What's the problem, officer?

POLICEMAN: As I was patrolling my beat around the perimeter of your establishment, sir, I heard the shooting sound of shots, and was accosted by this lady with the announcement that you, sir, had been shot and killed.

JACOB: Good heavens, no, officer.

POLICEMAN: Do you deny that you've been shot and killed, sir?

JACOB: I certainly do, officer.

POLICEMAN: She also reported having solved an unsolved murder.

JACOB: Really?

POLICEMAN: Namely, the murder of two people known as Mummy and Daddy.

JACOB: I think this is all a terrible misunderstanding, officer.

POLICEMAN: Would you mind stepping out of that playpen, sir?

JACOB: No, of course not, officer.

He steps out.

Hello, Miss Jones.

MISS J.: Thank heaven you're all right, Mr Jacob.

POLICEMAN: Now would that be a gum that I perceive in the young lady's hand?

MISS J.: Yes, it is.

POLICEMAN: And is that a kernife in the young gentleman's hand?

MISS J.: Yes.:

JACOB: Yes, but they're all toys, officer.

POLICEMAN: Toys, sir?

JACOB: Yes. Give me the gun, Pinkie.

She hands him the gun through the bars.

This simply fires blanks. I'll show you.

He points the gun at the POLICEMAN, who dives to the ground as he fires.

POLICEMAN: (from the ground) Ouch!

JACOB: (looking at the gun) They are blanks!?

POLICEMAN: Perhaps they are, sir, and perhaps they aren't. Oldest trick in the book .tell the copper they're blanks, and shoot him dead.

JACOB: I'm sorry, officer.

He puts the gun in his pocket, and helps the POLICEMAN up.

MISS J.: I think, officer, you should know that these children murdered their parents. The one in pink shot her mother, and the one in blue stabbed his father.

JACOB: Really, Miss Jones, I don't want to be rude to a client, but you do have a very vivid imagination. Where on earth did you get that story from?

POLICEMAN: One moment, sir, if you don't mind, I am conducting this investigation. May I ask you, madam, where on earth you got that story from?

MISS J.: From him.

POLICEMAN: She says she got it from you, sir.
MR JACOB takes the POLICEMAN aside.

JACOB: Look, officer, I run a show here. Sometimes I make up little stories just to liven things up for the customers.

POLICEMAN: You mean, like the newspapers, sir?

JACOB: Exactly. Do you have on your files the unsolved mystery of triplets whose Mummy and Daddy were respectively stabbed and shot?
The POLICEMAN stands thinking and blinking for quite some time.

POLICEMAN: There was a case of quadruplets whose Mummy and Daddy vanished soon after they were born, and I can't say I blame them. But that was in 1864.

JACOB: A different case, I think, officer. You see, these are triplets.

POLICEMAN: Perhaps one of the quadruplets died.

JACOB: I'd have thought, officer, that all of them would have died by now.

POLICEMAN: We never close the book, sir.

MISS J.: Officer, ask the children about their parents. They'll tell you.

POLICEMAN: I'm sure they will, madam. And if my children are anything to go by, they'll tell me a load of whoppers.

MISS J.: Just ask them how their parents died.

POLICEMAN: The interrogation of children, madam, is a specialist skill.

MISS J.: I'm sure you can do it, officer.

POLICEMAN: Maybe I can, madam, and maybe I can't.

MISS J.: Try.

POLICEMAN: Very well. *(To BLUEY)* Now then, young sir, I would like to know in your own words how your parents...your Mummy and Daddy... *(he nods at MISS JONES)*...met their deaths. *(Pause.)* Died. You understand the question?

MISS J.: Tell the nice policeman the truth, Bluey.

BLUEY: Gagagagagagaga.

POLICEMAN: This child is a foreigner, madam.

MISS J.: Yellow, darling, tell the policeman how Mummy and Daddy died.

YELLOW: Bababababababa.

MISS J.: Pinkie, you'll tell the truth, won't you?

PINKIE: Koochykoochykoochykoochykoo.

JACOB: Officer, they're just babies. They haven't learnt to talk yet.

MISS J.: They do talk, officer. They talk perfectly well.

POLICEMAN: That doesn't sound like well talk to me, madam. That sounds like gobbly-de-gook.

JACOB: I'm sorry, Miss Jones, if something I said misled you. But as you can see, officer, I'm perfectly all right, and there's no crime here for you to investigate.

POLICEMAN: I wouldn't be too sure of that, sir. We have a saying in the force: where there's a policeman, you'll find a crime. Or should that be: where there's a crime, you'll find a policeman? Or is it: where there's a policeman, there shouldn't be a crime? Well, whatever it may be, I'm here. And so is crime. I'm arresting you, madam, on a charge of wasting valuable police time. I must warn you that anything you may say will be taken down, rewritten, and used as evidence against you.

MISS J.: Officer, they're all lying.

POLICEMAN: No jury in this country, madam, would regard gaga, baba, or koochykoo as telling lies. I must ask you to accompany me to the station.

JACOB: I'm so sorry, Miss Jones. *(To POLICEMAN)* A sad case.

POLICEMAN: Crime is a sad business, sir.

He goes off with MISS JONES. MR JACOB takes the gun out of his pocket, looks at it, raises it, and fires at the BABES board at the top of the cage. There is a clang, and it falls to the ground.

The End

COUPLE IN A CAGE

MR GREY and MRS GREY are sitting at a table in the cage, having breakfast.

MRS G.: I'm sick of it. Morning, noon and night. Same thing, day after day. Is this what you call living? Is it?

MR G.: Well...

MRS G.: It may be living for you, but it isn't for me. Might as well be dead.

MR G.: It's not that bad.

MRS G.: Isn't it? Look at this place. Poky, draughty, no privacy.

MR G.: At least we've got a roof over our heads.

MRS G.: Oh, that's a real consolation, that is. A coffin lid is a roof, John.

MR G.: I could ask Mr Jacob to put us in a bigger cage.

MRS G.: I don't wish to live in a bigger cage, John. I don't wish to live in a cage at all. A cage is not my idea of home, and living in a cage is not my idea of life.

MR G.: Well I don't know what else you expect, Janice.

MRS G.: I expect a bit of excitement, a bit of comfort, a bit of joy, a bit of variety.

MR G.: We get plenty of different visitors.

MRS G.: Visitors! They're not visitors, John, they're gawpers. We have no social life, we have no private life, we have no life.

MR G.: Well what do you want me to do?

MRS G.: Get us out of here.

MR. G.: I can't.

MRS G.: What do you mean you can't?

MR G.: We're locked in, Janice.

MRS G.: Then plan our escape. You were very good at planning before we were married. As remember, you planned a wonderful golden future for both of us: wealth, luxury, high circles.

MR G.: (*weakly*) Well things didn't work out.

MRS G.: They certainly didn't. Not that I wasn't warned. My mother said you'd drag me down, though not even she could have guessed it would be this far down.

MR G.: There are plenty worse off than us.

MRS G.: Oh yes? You've seen them, have you? On your travels? When you slip out at night on your magic banana skin?

MR G.: There are people who are unemployed, Janice, and homeless and starving.

MRS G.: Is that supposed to make me happy?

MR G.: Well...

MRS G.: Oh goodie goodie, there are people who are unemployed, homeless and starving, lucky me, what a wonderful life I lead!

MR G.: I'm just saying we should count our blessings.

MRS G.: I'd count them if I could see them, John. But all I can see is a poky draughty cage, a poky draughty day, a poky draughty future, and a poky draughty husband.

MR G.: How can a husband be poky?

MRS G.: How else would you describe our sex life?

MR G.: Well.. .you're just...So how can a husband be draughty?

MRS G.: Listen to yourself after meals. I should never have got myself into this mess. I should have married Nick.

MR G.: Who's Nick?

MRS G.: Never you mind.

MR G.: We don't know any Nick.

MRS G.: You don't know any Nick. But I knew a Nick. And the Nick I knew asked me to marry him, and if I'd had any sense, and if I'd known he was going to become a successful

businessman with a conservatory, a swimming pool and a jacuzzi, I'd have said yes.

MR G.: Oh, that Nick. Thought he got killed in a gang war.

MRS G.: So now I could have been a merry widow.

MR G.: Well I've done my best, Janice. These are difficult times.

MRS G.: Times have always been difficult, John. Ever since I married you.

MR G.: I suffer too. My life isn't easy, you know. And... and to be frank, Janice, your constant complaining doesn't help.

MRS G.: I'd noticed. My constant complaining doesn't make a blind bit of difference. Might as well save my breath.

MR G.: Well maybe you could make more of an effort.

MRS G.: To do what?

MR G.: To be cheerful. Look on the bright side.

MRS G.: What bright side?

MR G.: Well life's what you make it, Janice.

MRS G.: And what have you made it?

MR G.: I'm always cheerful, and friendly. I keep smiling.

MRS G. "smiles".

MRS G.: Right? Is that better? Cage disappeared?

MR G.: I'm doing all I can to make our lives as comfortable as possible. And if it hadn't been for my efforts, we'd never have got this job in the first place.

MRS G.: Comfortable? Your efforts? Job? Your idea of comfort is most people's idea of squalor.

MR G.: I wouldn't call it squalid, Janice.

MRS G.: No, you'd call it Buckingham Palace, wouldn't you? Especially with all the glitterati that we entertain here. The mad social whirl.

MR G.: Well I'm keeping my eyes open for a better job, Janice.

MRS G.: Where?

MR G.: What?

MRS G.: Where? Where are you keeping your eyes open?

MR G.: In my head, I suppose.

MRS G.: What I mean, John, is where can you look for a better job while you're stuck in here?

He looks at her, opens his mouth a couple of times, but can't come up with anything.

MR JACOB enters.

MR G.: Ah, there's Mr Jacob!

MRS G.: Another shadow in the dark.

MR G.: Janice!

MRS G.: I don't like him.

MR G.: He's our boss!

MRS G.: And that's another reason why I don't like him.

MR GREY has risen and gone to the front of the cage.

MR G.: Morning, Mr Jacob.

JACOB: *(to Mrs G.)* Take that sour face off, will you, and put on something a bit brighter. The customers want to see happy faces, not sour faces.

MR G.: Exactly what I've been telling her, Mr Jacob. Come on, darling, cheer up.

She glares at him.

JACOB: I've warned you about this before. I want to see a smile, and I want signs of domestic bliss. Otherwise, you're out.

MR G.: Absolutely, Mr Jacob. I'll have her smiling, don't you worry. Use the old charm₁ eh?

JACOB: What charm? Some of the customers find you rather less than charming, John. "Smelly" is the word that they use. So go and have a good wash and clean your teeth before they come.

MR G.: Yes, of course, Mr Jacob. I'll do that right away.

He crawls to the back.

JACOB: The offer's still open.

MRS G.: No, thank you.

JACOB: You're a very attractive woman, Janice.

MRS G.: Pity you're not an attractive man.

JACOB: I could make your life a lot easier. I've got money.

MRS G.: I've told you. No.

JACOB: Why not?

MRS G.: Because I don't like you.

JACOB: What's the matter with you?

MRS G.: There's nothing the matter with me. The fact that you're our employer doesn't mean I have to have sexual intercourse with you.

JACOB: Sh!

MRS G.: I'm not keen on sexual intercourse anyway, and I'm certainly not keen to have sexual intercourse with you.

JACOB: He'll hear you!

MRS G.: So? He'll hear me telling you I don't want sexual intercourse with you. What's wrong with that? Don't you want him to know that you've invited me to have sexual intercourse with you?

JACOB: Listen, if you don't change your attitude, you and he will be out on the streets.

MRS G.: By attitude, do you mean if I won't have sexual intercourse with you?
MR GREY crawls back.

MR G.: I've washed and brushed my teeth!
He stands and goes to the front of the cage.

Look.
He opens his mouth and breathes over MR JACOB.

JACOB: Ugh!

MRS G.: Our employer wants to have sexual intercourse with me.

MR G.: What?

MRS G.: Our employer wants to have sexual intercourse with me.

MR G.: (*dithering*) Well.. .um.. .is that.. .um...

MRS G.: I told him you'd smash his face in.

MR G.: Oh.

MRS G.: You're not going to stand by and have your wife insulted, are you?

MR G.: Um.. .well, it's not exactly an insult, Janice. After all, you're quite good-looking.

MRS G.: Do you want me to have sexual intercourse with him?

MR G.: Well no, of course not.

MRS G.: He seems to think I'm the type of woman who'll have sexual intercourse with any man.

MR G.: Oh, I'm sure he didn't mean...

MRS G.: He offered to pay me. Didn't you, Mr Jacob?

JACOB: (*to Mr G.*) You watch her. She's going to get the two of you fired.
He goes off.

MRS G.: Thank you for protecting me.

MR G.: Protecting you?

MRS G.: "You're quite good-looking, Janice." As if you'd notice anyway.

MR G.: We've got to be nice to him, Janice. He's our boss.

MRS G.: So you do want me to sleep with him.

MR G.: No, but...

MRS G.: Then what do you want, John?

MR G.: Maybe you could just say no more nicely.

MRS G.: If 'pathetic' wasn't such a pathetic word, I'd call you pathetic.
She clears the breakfast things.

MR G.: I was thinking about what you said. The problem is, I don't really know what else I could do. I'm not very well qualified. If we did leave here, I might not get another job. You can't just walk into jobs these days. And accommodation might be difficult. I wouldn't want to leave here without a place for us to go to. You wouldn't like to be living on the streets now, would you?
She continues to ignore him.

I think the best thing for us to do is sit tight, while we've got some security, and see

what else comes along. You never know. Things have a way of turning out. Just when you least expect it. You have to hold on to what you've got. And make the best of it. Keep smiling, as they say. Or in your case, start smiling. Janice?

MRS G.: Pathetic is the only word.

MR JACOB returns with two customers, MR and MRS BROWN.

JACOB: And there they are, the happy couple. Mr and Mrs Grey, I'd like you to meet Mr and Mrs Brown.

MR B.: Hello.

MRS B.: Hello.

MR G.: Hi. Delighted to meet you.

MRS B.: So are we.

MR B.: We've heard a lot about you.

MR G.: Oh. Not all bad, I hope, ha ha ha!

MR B.: No, no, on the contrary.

JACOB: Well, I'll leave you to it. (*Aside to MR. G.:*) If she doesn't socialize, you're out. (*Aloud:*) Have fun, all of you.

He goes off.

MRS B.: Such a nice man!

MR. G.: Indeed, yes.

MRS B.: And this is your wife?

MR G.: Yes, that's Janice. The better half, eh, ha ha.

MRS B.: How are you, Mrs Grey?

MR G.: Oh, do call us John and Janice. Those are our names, you see. I'm John.

MRS B.: I'm Betsy, and my husband's Brian.

MR G.: How do you do?

MRS B.: How do you do?

MR B.: Hello.

MR G.: Hello.

MR B.: It's marvellous weather for the time of year, isn't it?

MR G.: Yes, isn't it? I was just saying to Janice: marvellous weather for the time of year.

MR B.: We've been very lucky really.

MR G.: Yes, we have. Very lucky.

MR B.: Mind you, we are lucky generally, in this part of the world. We don't get the extremes.

MR G.: No, that's true. It's a moderate climate.

MR B.: Yes, it is.

MR G.: In fact a very moderate climate.

MR. B.: Extremely.

MR G.: Extremely moderate. Ha ha. (*Explaining:*) That's quite funny. Extremely...and moderate...

MR B.: Oh, right! Ha ha.

MRS B.: (*to Mrs G.:*) Do you like living here?

MRS G. gives her a sharp look.

It must be a little strange. But it's very charming, in a bijou sort of way.

MRS G.: Would you like to live in a cage?

MRS B.: Oh, well...not really.

MRS G.: Of course you wouldn't. Nobody in their right mind would want to live in a cage.

MR G.: It's not so bad. Janice likes to have a little grumble now and then, but...

MRS G.: If my husband wasn't so totally, utterly and completely pathetic, I'd have been out of here long ago. Our employer keeps asking me to have sexual intercourse with him.

MRS BROWN is shocked.

MR. G.: Janice!

MRS G.: Of course I've refused. (*To MRS. B.:*) Would you want to have sexual intercourse with Mr Jacob?

MRS B.: Really!

MR. B.: I think perhaps we should be...

MRS G.: Then people like you come along and pretend everything's normal. And you expect us to hold a polite conversation with you about the weather.

MR G. *(to the Browns:)* She's not very well.

MRS G.: No, I'm not very well. I'm sick. I'm sick of here, and sick of him, and sick of you. And I'm sick of being sick.

MR B.: I do think perhaps...

MRS G.: Sick. Sick sick sick sick sick.

She now deliberately cuts Mr B. off whenever he opens his mouth.

MR B.: We...

MRS G.: Sick.

MR B.: We should...

MRS G.: Sick sick sick.

MR B.: I...

MRS G.: Sick.

MR B.: We...

MRS G.: Sick sick.

MRS B.: Could I ask you a question?

MRS G.: Sick sick sick.

MRS B.; Why are you being rude to us?

MRS G.: Sick sick sick.

MRS B.: We haven't done you any harm.

MRS G.: Sick sick sick sick

MR G.: I'm really sorry, but she~ s. .um. .sick. *(Confidentially:)* She's had this trouble, you see.

MRS G.: ...sick sick sick sick... *(She continues.)*

MR G.: It's best just to ignore her. We were having such a lovely conversation, weren't we?

MR B.: I think we should leave.

MR G.: No, don't leave. What do you think the weather's going to do tomorrow? I mean, we don't want it to rain, do we? But on the other hand...

MRS G. has turned up the volume, so we can hardly hear MR G. In desperation, he claps a hand over her mouth.

Ah, that's better. I was just saying, we don't want any more rain, do weooooow!

She has bitten his hand. He takes it off her mouth, but she does not resume her chant.

She bit me!

MR JACOB returns.

JACOB: What's going on here?

MR g.: Nothing, Mr Jacob, nothing at all.

MR B.: Oh yes there is. This person has been extremely rude to my wife and myself.

JACOB: Rude?

MR B.: Extremely rude.

JACOB: May I ask in what way?

MR B.: In a very uncivil way. We spoke to her in a civil way, and she responded in an uncivil way.

JACOB: What about him?

MR B.: No, he was civil enough. She's the uncivil one, wouldn't you say, Betsy?

MRS B.: But he's rather smelly.

MR B.: Yes, he is smelly. Civil, but smelly.

JACOB: And would you say she was smelly?

MR B.: Would you say she was smelly, Betsy?

MRS B.: No, I wouldn't say she was smelly. She's rude.

JACOB: So you'd say he's smelly but civil, and she's not smelly but is rude?

MR B.: I think that just about sums it up. Don't you, Betsy?

MRS B.: Yes. I think that's a fair summary.

MR JACOB holds his head in his hands.

JACOB: It's terrible. Terrible. What am I going to do?

MRS B.: What's the matter?

JACOB: They'll ruin me.

MRS B.: Who will?

JACOB: (*looking up at them pathetically*) You see, you just can't get the staff. I took these people in off the streets, fed them, clothed them, gave them a home. And this is how they repay me. They're trying to ruin my business.

MR G.: No we're not, Mr Jacob!

JACOB: They're trying to drive my customers away.

MR G.: No!

JACOB: Dear lady, I don't know how to apologize to you.

MRS B.: No, you don't have to...

JACOB: You come here to relax and be entertained, you pay your money in good faith, you enter my exhibition, and your reward is to be insulted. Shocked. Abused. I'm mortified, madam, absolutely mortified. Of course I shall refund your entrance money...

MR B.: There's no need, Mr Jacob.

JACOB: I insist. But I'm afraid it'll be my final gesture. This is the end of me.

MRS B.: No, no, don't take it to heart.

JACOB: I do, I do! O cursed fate, why have I been chosen for this shame, this disgrace, this humiliation?

MRS G.: Listen to him. Just listen to him. Have you ever heard such balls in all your life? This is the man who expects me to have sexual intercourse with him. He's got balls where his mouth should be, and I'll bet you that when it comes to real balls, he's all mouth.

JACOB: You're fired. Both of you.
He unlocks the cage door.
Get out, and don't come back.

MR G.: Wait a moment, Mr Jacob. Please don't be hasty.

JACOB: Out.
MRS GREY is already on her way to the cage door.

MRS G.: Stop grovelling, John.

MR G.: No, no, he can't do this. We can't leave here.

MRS G.: Yes we can.

MR G.: Where will we go? Mr Jacob, she's not well.

JACOB: Out.

MRS G.: With pleasure.
She steps out of the cage, and confronts the Browns.
Yaaah!
MRS BROWN leaps back in fear.

MRS G.: (*to Mr G.:*) You coming?

MR G.: No, wait, Janice!

MRS G.: (*to Mrs B.:*) You see, all it takes is a little effort. You decide what matters, and you say to hell with the rest. You can break the rules, and nobody can do anything. Not even him...(*She gestures towards MR JACOB*). It's easy.
She goes off.

MR G.: Janice!

JACOB: Out.

MR G.: No. Janice, come back! Mr Jacob, give us one more chance!

JACOB: Get out before I throw you out.

MR G.: There...there are laws about this sort of thing. You can't...you can't...
MR JACOB climbs menacingly into the cage.
All right, I'll go. I'll go!
He gives MR JACOB a wide berth as he heads for the cage door.
But it's not fair.

MR JACOB makes a move, and MR GREY quickly leaves the cage.

MR G.: (*contd., to the BROWNS*) I don't know what we're going to do now. I really don't.
He goes off.

MRS B.: Oh dear, that poor man!

MR B.: Yes. Oh dear.
MR JACOB sits down on the floor of the cage.

JACOB: I don't know what I'm going to do now. I really don't.

MRS B.: What's the matter, Mr Jacob?

JACOB: I'm ruined. They'd have ruined me if they'd stayed, and they've ruined me by going.
 What a tragedy!

MRS B.: Oh, poor Mr Jacob.

MR B.: We didn't mean to cause trouble...

JACOB: Of course you didn't. It's not your fault. I'm just doomed, that's all.

MRS B.: But why are you doomed?

JACOB: My cage is empty. Who wants to come and look at an empty cage? Oh woe is me!
MR and MRS BROWN look at each other.

MRS B.: (*quietly*) I don't know.

MR B.: Mr Jacob, are you looking for someone to take over the cage?

JACOB: It's my only hope.

MR B.: Well, my wife and I are currently free. Resting, as it were, between engagements.

MRS B.: Brian...

MR B.: It'll be all right. Just temporarily. To tide us over.

MRS B.: I don't know.

MR B.: Trust me, Betsy. It's heaven sent. (*To MR JACOB:*) If it'll help you at all, my wife and I would be happy to take over.

JACOB: (*brightening up*) Really? Do you mean it?

MR B.: Just temporarily.

JACOB: Well, one might say you're heaven sent. Step inside then, and let me show you around.
He and MR BROWN help MRS BROWN to climb in, and then MR BROWN follows.

MRS B.: Thank you.

JACOB: Welcome to your new home.

MR B.: What exactly do we have to do?

JACOB: You just have to entertain my customers. (*To MRS BROWN:*) And be nice to me. It's not difficult.

MRS B.: It's a bit small, isn't it?

JACOB: Small, but perfectly proportioned. It's the very latest design – see-through bars, ventilation, natural light, and genuine plastic table and chairs. This cage won first prize in a competition for the Dartmoor Residents Association, and is regarded by those of us in the trade as the last word in cage sophistication.

MR B.: Well, there you are, Betsy. You can't ask for better than that.

JACOB: Try it out. See how you feel.
He is on his way out of the cage.
 If you don't like it, you can always leave.
He takes out his keys.

MRS B.: You're not going to lock us in, are you?

JACOB: I'm afraid we have to do that, dear lady, or the customers will complain. It's one of the rules.
He locks them in.
 I'll bring in the customers now. Don't worry. You'll be fine.
He goes out.

MR B.: How's that, then? Got ourselves a job.
He sits down at the table. She stands at the front of the cage.
 This is our lucky day.

The End

GREEN MAN IN A CAGE

The GREEN MAN sits in his cage, staring out at the audience. He is naked, apart from a loin cloth. MR JACOB, the keeper, enters, followed by MR and MRS LOVELY and their daughter HELEN.

JACOB: And there he is, in all his green glory.
MR L.: Well I never!
HELEN: He is green, Mummy.
MRS L.: Yes, he is.
JACOB: As green as a grape in the grass. Now, what's the first thing that you notice about him, apart from his greenness?
HELEN: He's unhappy.
JACOB: Oh no, no, no. That's just the way he looks. He doesn't feel things like unhappiness. No, no, look closely.
MR L.: He's got scars on his legs.
JACOB: Ah, well, that's from the chains. We had to keep him chained before we caged him. No, you're not looking properly.
MRS L.: His eyes. He's watching us.
JACOB: Getting warmer. Maybe you need to see him standing up.
He pokes the GREEN MAN with his whip.
Stand up. Up! Up!
The GREEN MAN stands. We see now that his hands are tied.
There now!
HELEN: His hands are tied!
JACOB: Just a precaution. Now, what you should have noticed is that he's a perfect specimen. You and I, sir, would be proud to have a body like that, would we not?
MR L.: Well, yes.
JACOB: Perfect specimen. Human down to the last detail, which for reasons of decorum we have concealed. Don't want the young ladies to get ideas, eh, ho? If it were not for his greenness, we would be tempted, not to say almost compelled to recognize him as a member of our own species.
MR L.: Does he talk?
JACOB: Not what you and I would call talk, sir. He grunts and grizzles. And he yelps when you hit him. Nothing articulate.
MRS L.: Where did you find him?
JACOB: Very wild country, madam, very wild country. Camden Market.
MRS L.: Oh good heavens!
JACOB: Indeed.
MR L.: What were you doing there?
JACOB: It's part of my job, sir. You'd be surprised where my work takes me. I've been to Scotland...
MR L.: Really?
JACOB: Torquay, Skegness, the Isle of Wight.
MRS L.: You're a very brave man, Mr Jacob.
JACOB: Foolhardy, ma'am. So my many friends call it. But this this is certainly the most unusual of my discoveries.
HELEN has gone up to the cage.
HELEN: Are you unhappy?
The GREEN MAN looks down at her for a moment, and then gives an almost imperceptible nod.
There you are. I said he was.
JACOB: You mustn't talk to him, my dear. Talk agitates him, and he won't understand you anyway.
HELEN: He does understand. He nodded.

JACOB: No, no, he doesn't.

HELEN: He does!

MRS L.: Don't argue, Helen, dear. If Mr Jacob says he doesn't understand, then he doesn't understand.

HELEN: (*sotto voce*) He does.

MR L.: Are there others like him down there, or...

JACOB: Oh yes, a whole tribe of them. I had a devil of a job capturing this one. I was lucky to get away with my balls on. (*Realizing:*) Sorry.

MR L.: I was going to say, it must have been pretty dangerous.

JACOB: Dangerous? You're looking at a man who laughs in the face of danger. Ha ha. And why? Education, that's why. Education is my vocation and there's no limitation on my determination to give this nation a solid foundation of edification with a revelation of every sensation known or unknown to civilisation.

MR L.: Well that's marvellous.

MRS L.: You're a hero, Mr Jacob.

JACOB: One does what one can.

HELEN: He's crying.

JACOB: What?

HELEN: He's crying.

JACOB: Dear me, no. That's sweat, or maybe he has something in his eye.

MRS L.: It does look as if he's crying.

JACOB: They have amazingly human expressions, but don't be misled. All their actions and reactions are purely instinctive. (*To Helen:*) Green is green, my dear. You can't change that. Now I'm going to get the creature to perform a few tricks. I think you'll find this entertaining.

He approaches the cage.

MRS L.: You're not going in there, are you?

JACOB: I am indeed.

MR L.: Isn't that a bit dangerous?

JACOB: (*Holding up his hand*) Now what did I tell you about me and danger? Eh? Ha ha. Besides, I have my whip, and if he gets really out of hand... (*producing a gun*)...I'll use this.

As he unlocks the cage door, the GREEN MAN backs away into a corner. He is scared.

MRS L.: I don't think I'd like to go in there.

HELEN: I would.

JACOB: Come on, my beauty. Show these nice people what you can do. Wave your right arm.

He taps the right arm with his whip, and the GREEN MAN waves it.

Left arm.

Same again.

JACOB (*contd.:*) Scratch your head.

He taps the head, and the GREEN MAN scratches it.

MR L.: Amazing!

HELEN: (*to Mrs L.:*) He does understand.

JACOB: That's nothing. I can get him to jump through hoops, stand on his head, eat a banana. What would you like him to do?

HELEN: I'd like him to sing.

JACOB: No, no, he can't verbalise. What trick would you like him to perform, sir?

MR L.: Well, I don't know... Maybe beat his chest.

A tap, followed by the GREEN MAN beating his chest.

MRS L.: What does he eat?

JACOB: Anything I give him. Eats like a pig, actually.

HELEN: Why is he frightened of you?

JACOB: Frightened? I wouldn't say he was frightened. He respects me, because if he didn't respect me, I'd beat the bloody shit out of him. (*Realizing:*) Sorry.

HELEN: I'd like to touch him.

MRS L.: Certainly not, Helen. That's far too...

JACOB: It's all right. He won't harm her. Not while I'm around. Come up to the bars, my dear, and put your hand through. *(To GREEN MAN:)* Come on, you. Over there.
The GREEN MAN approaches HELEN, and very slowly reaches out his bound hands to take hers. He is looking straight into her eyes, with an expression of deep sadness. The tableau is held for a few moments.

MRS L.: I think that's enough, Mr Jacob.

JACOB: Back!
He lashes the GREEN MAN, who lets go of HELEN'S hand and steps back, without taking his eyes off her. MR JACOB now leaves the cage, locking the door after him.
 There you are, then. I hope you've had your money's worth.

MR L.: Oh, very much so.

MRS L.: Yes. Thank you. It's very interesting.

JACOB: Tell your friends, then. Spread the word. Can't educate people if they don't know you're there to educate them.
They begin to go off, but Helen is still looking at the GREEN MAN, who is also watching her.

MRS L.: Come along, Helen. *(To MR JACOB:)* I think she's quite taken with him!
They all go off, with HELEN still looking back. The light fades. The GREEN MAN stands facing front, clasping the bars. He begins to sing in a magnificent bass voice:

GREEN MAN: Livin' in a cage, never be free,
 Oh Lord, what's happened to me?
 My hands are tied, my back is bare,
 I got no friends, no-one to care.

*Take me home, bird of heaven,
 Take me home to lie and rest.
 Take me home, bird of heaven,
 To the shelter of your nest.*

I thought I heard a sweet voice cry:
 You'll join the angels up on high.
 But Lord I'm sick of pain and fear.
 I'd like some warmth and comfort here.

Take me home etc.

MR JACOB returns.

JACOB: I thought I told you never to sing.
He unlocks the cage door, climbs in, and thrashes the GREEN MAN, talking as he beats him.
 If I tell you not to sing, you don't sing. Understand? And you don't nod your head, and you don't respond in any way to anyone but me. Have you got that, you green filth? Eh?

GREEN MAN: Yes! Yes!

JACOB: Yes who?

GREEN MAN: Yes, Lord.

JACOB: Maybe I ought to kill you...
He takes out his gun.
 ...before you give the game away. On the other hand, where's the profit if I do?
He puts the gun away.
 .Lucky for you I'm a mercenary man.
He leaves the cage, locks the door behind him, and goes off. The GREEN MAN slumps to the floor with a groan. HELEN enters, carrying a torch.

HELEN: *(whispering)* Mr Green Man! I've brought you some food.
GREEN MAN: You shouldn't have come.
HELEN: I knew you could talk!
GREEN MAN: It's dangerous.
HELEN: Here.
She pushes the food between the bars.
GREEN MAN: Thank you.
HELEN: It's a ham sandwich, a bar of chocolate, and a banana.
GREEN MAN: Oh!
HELEN: What's the matter?
GREEN MAN: I don't eat meat.
HELEN: Bananas aren't meat, silly!
GREEN MAN: Ham is.
HELEN: No it's not!
GREEN MAN: Ham is meat.
HELEN: How can it be meat? It comes in packets.
GREEN MAN: It comes from pigs.
HELEN: Pigs are too big to get into packets.
GREEN MAN: They slice the pigs up.
HELEN: Ugh!
GREEN MAN: I'll eat the bread.
HELEN: It must take them a long time to slice up a pig.
GREEN MAN: It's done by machine.
HELEN: Can I have the ham?
He passes it to her.
GREEN MAN: I don't eat chocolate either.
HELEN: What? Chocolate isn't meat as well, is it?
GREEN MAN: No, chocolate isn't meat.
HELEN: I've never heard of anyone who didn't eat chocolate.
GREEN MAN: Bad for your teeth.
HELEN: Oh well, I'd rather have bad teeth than no chocolate. If you don't want it, I'll have it.
He passes it to her.
I suppose next you're going to tell me you don't eat bananas.
GREEN MAN: I do eat bananas. Do your parents know you've come?
HELEN: No, they think I'm in my room.
GREEN MAN: You'll get into trouble if they find you're not there.
HELEN: They won't. They're fornicating.
GREEN MAN: What?
HELEN: Fornicating. It's when a man gets on top of a woman and...
GREEN MAN: I know what it is. I'm just surprised that you know.
HELEN: I know quite a lot actually.
GREEN MAN: But you don't know that ham is meat.
HELEN: Oh well, that's not so interesting, is it? Do you want me to untie your hands?
GREEN MAN: Can you?
HELEN: I can try.
He reaches his hands through the bars, and she unties them.
It's a bit tight...If I can just...get my fingernails in..Ah!...There you are.
GREEN MAN: Thank you.
He rubs his wrists.
Thank you. Why are you helping me?
HELEN: I don't know. I'll try to help you to escape if you want me to.
GREEN MAN: Can you do that?
HELEN: I've got a hairpin.
GREEN MAN: A hairpin?

HELEN: Sometimes people fiddle and twiddle with a hairpin, and they can open locks. Shall I try?

GREEN MAN: Thank you. Yes.
They both go to the door of the cage and she fiddles and twiddles.

HELEN: It works in films.

GREEN MAN: Shall I try?
He does, while she eats the chocolate.

HELEN: Try from your side.
He does.
Maybe it's the wrong sort of hairpin.

GREEN MAN: Or the wrong sort of lock.

HELEN: I'd better get home. They sometimes go to the bathroom afterwards, and look in to make sure I haven't heard anything. So I have to pretend to be asleep. You can keep the hairpin.

GREEN MAN: Thank you. Will you do something more for me? Just tie my hands again, very loosely.
She does.

HELEN: Like that?

GREEN MAN: Thank you.

HELEN: The inside of your hands isn't green.

GREEN MAN: No.

HELEN: So are you white underneath?

GREEN MAN: Maybe. Or maybe you're green underneath.

HELEN: How did your skin get green?

GREEN MAN: How did your skin get white?

HELEN: I don't know.

GREEN MAN: It's called genetics.

HELEN: Genetics. Can I touch you?

GREEN MAN: You have touched me.

HELEN: I mean really.
She runs her finger over his arm and chest. Then she looks at it.

HELEN: It doesn't come off, does it?

GREEN MAN: No.

HELEN: I wish I was green. I'll try and come again.
She goes off. The GREEN MAN lies down. The lights go up again, and he is asleep. Enter MR JACOB and a POLICEMAN.

JACOB: That's him.

POLICEMAN: Well well. That, as they say, puts a different complexion on things.
MR JACOB pokes the GREEN MAN with his whip.

JACOB: Wake up, you brute.
The GREEN MAN stirs and groans.

POLICEMAN: Does it talk?

JACOB: Well, not officially.

POLICEMAN: Meaning?

JACOB: He...um...I... Well, yes, he does. *(To GREEN MAN:)* Now listen, you filthy creature, the officer has some questions to ask you, so answer him.

POLICEMAN: I'd like to know where you were last night.

GREEN MAN: Here.

POLICEMAN: Do you have any witnesses?

GREEN MAN: I'm locked in.

POLICEMAN: Kindly answer my question.

GREEN MAN: Mr Jacob is a witness.

POLICEMAN: Is that true, sir?

JACOB: Well, he was in the cage when I left him last night.
He tests the door.
 And it's still locked.

POLICEMAN: Oldest trick in the book, sir.

JACOB: What?

POLICEMAN: Murders in the Rue Morgue.

JACOB: Rue Morgue?

POLICEMAN: Edgar Conan Poe. Door locked from the inside, windows fastened, no visible means of entry or exit.

JACOB: So how was it done?

POLICEMAN: That I can't remember, sir. Now then, you green person, perhaps you'd like to confess.

GREEN MAN: Confess to what, officer?

POLICEMAN: Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes, Sonny Jim. I'm not green even if you are. *(To MR JACOB:)* I'd be obliged if you'd laugh when I make a joke, sir.

JACOB: Yes indeed. Ha.

GREEN MAN: I don't know what you're talking about.

POLICEMAN: *(to MR JACOB)* No sense of humour obviously. *MAN:)* I said I'm not green, even if you are.

JACOB: Ha.

GREEN MAN: I don't know what you want me to confess to.

POLICEMAN: Ignorance is nine points of the law. However, let's play the game according to the rules. You are guilty of raping and murdering one Helen Lovely, daughter of... *(consulting notebook)*...Mr and Mrs Lovely.

GREEN MAN: The little girl!

POLICEMAN: Precisely. The little, innocent girl, raped and murdered by your evil self last night.

GREEN MAN: Oh, that poor child!

POLICEMAN: Indeed, that poor, innocent child whose savage rape and murder you are now going to confess to.

GREEN MAN: I didn't rape her or kill her.

POLICEMAN: That doesn't sound much like a confession to me.

GREEN MAN: How could I have killed her when I'm locked in this cage?

POLICEMAN: I was hoping you would tell me that. *(To MR JACOB:)* But I see we have a case of extreme stubbornness here.

JACOB: Would you like me to give him a whipping?

POLICEMAN: I would like to give him a whipping myself, but I prefer wit to whip. *(He waits for a reaction.)* That's a joke.

JACOB: Ah! Ha ha.

POLICEMAN: Now then, you green rapist and murderer, you claim to be innocent of this vicious crime, so how do you explain the conclusive forensic evidence that we have massed against you?

GREEN MAN: What evidence?

POLICEMAN: I'll ask the questions. *(Slowly and impressively:)* How do you explain the fragment of green skin that was found under the nail of the victim's right index finger?

GREEN MAN: Oh!

POLICEMAN: Ah!

GREEN MAN: She ran her finger over my skin, to see if it was real.

POLICEMAN: Caught you! *(To MR JACOB:)* No need for whips, you see. One subtle question, and we've got him.

JACOB: Got him?

POLICEMAN: He's just admitted though he doesn't realize it that he was with her last night. And yet a moment ago, he was pretending total ignorance.

GREEN MAN: She came to see me here.

POLICEMAN: Oh yes, we know that, sunshine. We know she was here. And we know that you raped her and shot her at point blank range with an ex-Nazi Luger pistol. What we do not know, and what I propose to find out, is how you did it. *(To MR JACOB:)* I'm now going to enter the cage and either find or plant clues to prove this evil creature's guilt. Do you have any means of protecting me against attack?

JACOB: Yes, I have this gun.

POLICEMAN: Ah, good. A Luger pistol I see. That should do the trick. Perhaps you'd be so good as to open the cage door.
MR JACOB opens the cage door, and follows the POLICEMAN inside. The GREEN MAN retreats into the far corner. The POLICEMAN picks up the banana skin.

Aha! What's this?

GREEN MAN: It's a banana skin.

POLICEMAN: I know what it is. I want to know what it's doing here.

GREEN MAN: The little girl brought me a banana.
With a flourish, the POLICEMAN produces a little plastic bag into which, with another flourish, he drops the banana skin.

POLICEMAN: Evidence. *(To MR JACOB:)* They'll find her fingerprints on this, And I shouldn't be surprised if his fingerprints aren't on it as well.

GREEN MAN: Your fingerprints will be on it, too.

POLICEMAN: Don't try to be clever with me, you green monstrosity. Everybody knows I'm not guilty. Now we have three vital problems to solve: where did he get the gun? How did he get out of a locked cage and back into it? And how does a naked man whose hands are tied carry a gun and commit rape? There's no sign of a gun here. And that projection under your loincloth I take to be a part of your anatomy.

JACOB: I wonder, officer, if he couldn't have used my gun.

POLICEMAN: Ah! Now that would certainly tie up with the fact that the little girl was found in your bedroom, sir. He took her there, raped her, and used your gun to shoot her. But the tied hands remain a problem. Sexual intercourse without use of the hands and without the cooperation of the sexual object is an extremely difficult pastime. I've tried it myself, and would not recommend it. Let me have a closer look at these tied hands.
He approaches the GREEN MAN, who backs away.
Now then, now then, what are we hiding, eh?
He grabs the GREEN MAN'S hands.
Well, well, well, well, well. Just as I thought.
With a single gesture, he pulls off the rope.
He's as tied up as the man in the moon. The pieces begin to fall into place.

GREEN MAN: The little girl came here last night. She brought me food and untied me, then she left. I would never have harmed her.

POLICEMAN: What you mean is, you would never have harmed her if she hadn't come here. BUT...the one remaining mystery, the jewel in the Crown Prosecution Service, is... the out and the in. *(To MR JACOB:)* May I ask you, sir, where you keep your keys?

JACOB: In my pocket.

POLICEMAN: And where, sir, do you keep your pocket?

JACOB: In my jacket.

POLICEMAN: And where, sir, do you keep your jacket?

JACOB: I wear it.

POLICEMAN: And when you are not wearing it, for instance, at night?

JACOB: At night, I hang it on a hanger in my bedroom.

POLICEMAN: Would that be the bedroom where the victim's body was found?

JACOB: It would indeed, officer.

POLICEMAN: And so bearing in mind that the murderer was not only in your bedroom, but also used the gun that was in your bedroom, there is no reason to suppose that he would not have taken the keys that were also in your bedroom.

JACOB: None whatsoever.

GREEN MAN: How would I have got out of the cage to steal the keys from his bedroom? And how would I have put the keys back in his pocket after locking myself in here? And why would I lock myself in anyway if I had a chance to escape?
The POLICEMAN can think of nothing to say. He looks from the GREEN MAN to MR JACOB, who has no answer, and then he looks at the GREEN MAN again. Next he sits down, chin in hand, and contemplates. After a silence, he raises his head, opens his mouth as if to speak, says nothing, and contemplates again. Finally, he speaks:

POLICEMAN: I don't know. But...I shall find out. All I need is a clue. *(To MR JACOB:)* Are you sure the door was locked just now?

JACOB: Yes.
The POLICEMAN puts one hand on the floor to lever himself up.

POLICEMAN: Ow! Ah! What's this? *(He holds something up.)* A hairpin. A hairpin? A hairpin! This is a hairpin. Where did this hairpin come from?

GREEN MAN: It's the little girl's.

POLICEMAN: Of course it is. And do you know what hairpins are used for?

JACOB: Pinning hair?

POLICEMAN: Picking locks.
He stands and, with a flourish, produces a magnifying glass. Then he strides to the cage door, and examines the lock.
 Aha! Oho! Just as I thought. Scratch marks. *(To MR JACOB:)* Look at this. What do you see?

JACOB: *(looking through the magnifying glass)* Scratch marks.

POLICEMAN: Precisely what I saw. Game, set and matchu pitchu. This is how it happened. The innocent little girl brings him a banana. He peels it, eats it, and throws the skin on the floor. With the strength given to him by the banana, he unties his bonds, reaches out, and snatches a hairpin from the child's head. He then picks the lock, climbs out of the cage, and carries the little girl screaming and struggling into your bedroom, where he rapes her and using the gun left in your hanging jacket shoots her dead. But then the masterstroke. Instead of running away, he returns to his cage. Why? To establish an alibi. To claim that he was in a locked cage all night, with his hands tied. Brilliant! The perfect crime! Except for one tiny oversight. Me.
With a flourish he places the hairpin in his plastic bag.
 I now have great pleasure, you violent, vicious green rapist and murderer, in placing you under arrest and in warning you that anything you say or I say you say will be used in evidence against you. Hold out your hands.
The GREEN MAN holds out his hands. With a flourish, the POLICEMAN produces a ruler and hits the GREEN MAN'S hands twice.
 That's for the rape. And that's for the murder.

GREEN MAN: I'm innocent!

POLICEMAN: *(to MR JACOB)* They all say that. And you know what I say to them?

JACOB: No, officer.

POLICEMAN: I say: "If you're innocent, I'm a Dutchman." Shuts them up straight away. Thank you for your cooperation, sir. I wish all my customers were as helpful.
He marches the GREEN MAN out of the cage.

JACOB: It's been a pleasure, officer.
The POLICEMAN goes off with the GREEN MAN. MR JACOB sweeps the cage. He doesn't see MR and MRS LOVELY enter. They stand, hand in hand, in front of the cage. Eventually, he turns and sees them.
 What are you staring at?
The lights fade.

The End