

## GULLIVER'S TRAVELS 2009

Paul Stebbings with Phil Smith

Adapted from Jonathan Swift's novel

Music Cue 1: Old-fashioned piano?

A cart is wheeled onstage by the three actors led by the MASTER

SHOWMAN who bangs a drum; the cart is fantastic, a moving cabinet of wonders.

SHOWMAN: Roll up! Roll up! For the travelling show! Adventure, surprises, instructive entertainment. Oh what a world of delight! What stories, what yarns we will spin sweet fantasies.

GULLIVER'S VOICE from inside the cart: No, no. It is all true!

SHOWMAN: (Under breath) Silence, beast! (Pokes cart with stick and GULLIVER howls. Then to audience): What a world of delight, everything under the sun, the moon and the celestial spheres.

CHORUS: It's a mad bad world Music Cue 2: Intro + song

It's the only one we've got!

That is your lot, like it or not!

See it unfurled, a mad, bad, sad, hopping mad world! (All hop).

VERSE:

Oh -Would you believe that the world is round when it's perfectly clear that its flat!

You could never believe in that!

Would you believe that even now in a normal town you might be walking upside down«

You would say that I lie and I surely do if I described to you a kangaroo?

What would you do?

Can you make head or tail of it?

Doesn't it make you want to spit! (All do - SHOWMAN disapproves).

Oh it's a ... (Repeat chorus).

SHOWMAN: (To actors) All right, all right don't over do it. Be serious. Hmm hhm, (coughs) My Lords, ladies and gentlemen, this is an age of marvels and wonders when the limits of the world and the laws of the universe open to man's understanding. But are there no limits to human knowledge? Are there no mysteries to be left to God Almighty? Were a man to know everything he would surely go mad, and here, today we present to you a cautionary entertainment, a mad Bedlam tale, presented by a man who explored the limits of human experience and returned quite mad: Gulliver!

(The actors pull back the curtains and reveal a chained GULLIVER).

GULLIVER: Ah! Humans they stink (of audience) Stinking humans! Pull back the curtains; hide the monsters from my sight! I hate you, disgusting beasts!

SHOWMAN: Silence lunatic, bow to the good people. (Whips GULLIVER - forcing him with the handle of the whip - GULL Turns and farts at audience - SHOWMAN beats him) I am terribly sorry, Ladies and gentlemen - his adventures have not improved his manners. Rat!

Actor 1: Hey - easy, easy. You're too cruel with him!

SHOWMAN: I paid for him didn't I, I feed him, I can do what I like with him, and you hold your tongue or you are back in the gutter. Actors! Bah, beggars more like.

GULL: Humans! Yuck! Stinking vile... Save me! (Actor strokes Gulliver).

SHOWMAN: Easy now. That's my fellow. (An actor strokes his head and feeds him something small, which calms GULLIVER who starts to cry).

GULLIVER: You are a mirror - and when I look at you I sink into a deep hatred not only of you - but an even deeper hatred and horror of myself.

SHOWMAN: Yes, yes. So, here we are Ladies and gentlemen. The Travels of Gulliver. A parable that teaches us to be content with what we have and happy with what we know. Travel makes you mad - stay at home - that's my advice. Gulliver's brain turned like the world inside his skull. Let us hang on to our own sanity! As we watch:

ALL: Gulliver's Travels! Cue 3: Music underscore

SHOWMAN: This man, Lemuel Gulliver, ship's Captain and doctor, sailed from Bristol on the good ship Antelope on the 4th May 1710, bound for the South Seas. That much we know..

GULLIVER: No! This is MY story - let me out - (they do). Leave off me - give me my coat and hat (a tricorne - he places it on himself - calms down with its dignity). I, Lemuel Gulliver was condemned by fate to an active and restless nature - ever dissatisfied with what I have and ever curious about what I do not know. The ocean, the sea...the unknown calls me! Raise the flag - I am Captain Gulliver, commander of the good ship Antelope - sailors stand before the flag and salute the majesty of Great Britain!

(The cast form up as sailors - sail is hoisted and a flag raised).

SAILORS: Aye, aye Captain!

GULL: God Save the Queen!

SAILORS: Hurrah!

BAD SAILOR: (aside) and damn the Captain and his Queen.

GULL: Sailors, we make this voyage for profit, for ourselves and our dear country. But let us remember that at all times we also represent Great Britain, our noble homeland, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France and arbiter of Europe, the seat of virtue, religion and truth; Britain the pride and envy of the world! Imagine how terrible to be born a foreigner! Gentlemen; the National Anthem. (They start to sing but only GULL is left saluting the flag with one sailor as two sailors come downstage). Underscore fades

BAD SAILOR 1: Poppycock this is! I say we wait till we be at sea then toss this noble Briton overboard and sail for a pirate!

BAD SAILOR 2: Virtue and religion at sea? Let him preach to the fish!

Both joining in end of anthem: God sod our Queen.

GULL: And we sailed for many weeks south around the tip of Africa - all the while my trusting to a lying crew! The Cape of Good Hope sailors!

GOOD SAILOR: Hurrah!

BAD SAILOR: Tonight we do it - that's my hope.

GOOD SAILOR: Do what?

Bad S: Send this fool swimming!

GS: That is mutiny!

BS: Sense, good sense. There's no profit for us from so honest a fool as Captain Lemuel Gulliver!

GS: I'll report you knave!

(BS 2 jumps on him from behind and puts knife to throat).

BS: Would you die for your Captain and his virtue, fool?

GS: Spare me, for my children.

BS: Are you with us?

GS: (Pauses) Is there gold in this?

BS: Much.

GS: I am with you. (The three lock arms). God sod the Queen and her Captain.

BS: Pirates - we'll let him swim and turn the ship West for the Caribbean!

GS: When?

BS 1 & 2: Tonight.

GULL: Night falls on the good ship Antelope. (He checks position by stars and sleeps - a lantern swings in the dark). Good night, sailor, God Bless you.

BS: Aye, Sir. (Aside) The Devil take your soul.

(Sea mist the creaking of the ship - the sailors throw aside hats and take pirate headscarves and creep up on GULL - they capture him and drag him before the mast where they run up the Jolly Roger and pass round the rum). Cue 4: Ship/sea b/background

GULL: Get your filthy hands off me! I am the Captain - second only to God and the Queen on this ship - your rebel against both if you rebel against me!

BS: Shut your fine mouth before I cut out your tongue!

All: God sod the Queen. God sod god!

GULL: God forgive you, her majesty will not - the punishment for mutiny is death!

Sailors: Walk the plank, walk the plank, walk the plank!

GULL: Mercy, mercy - I am a man like you!

Sailors: Death, Death, Drown, Drown!

GULL: Fellow humans - see yourselves in me! Have you no pity - no humanity?

BS: 1: (Growls and leaps around like an ape). See I'm a monkey, Captain, (all laugh) not a noble Briton. We are all monkeys, "Sir", and we live for rum, whores and gold - eh my lads?

(All cheer). We're to the Caribbean and you are for a nice swim. Preach your noble bollocks to the fish. Onto the plank with him.

GULL: Animals! Cue 5: Music Underscore

(They tie Gulliver's hands and push him onto a plank and out over the audience - chanting and clapping - he "falls" into the sea and is swept away - the actors take a large blue sheet and make a sea. GULL is left swimming and drags himself eventually to land on stilts he stands against the back screen/cart and appears exhausted/unconscious. A boy appears - all the people in Lilliput walk on their knees).

BOY: A giant! Unbelievable! A monster of a man! Daddy Daddy! Look a giant!

MAN: (Enters from wings or behind cart on knees). Stupid child! (Hits boy who howls). There is no such thing as a - (sees GULLIVER) A giant! Unbelievable! A monster of a man! Officer! Officer!

SOLDIER: Stupid man! (Hits Husband who howls) There is no such thing as a... (Sees Giant) Giant! Unbelievable! A monster of a man! I must report this immediately to the Minister of Defence!

ALL: Two hours later.

MINISTER of DEFENCE: Ladies and gentlemen of Lilliput as Minister of Defence It Is my duty to protect you. I have consulted the experts and I can assure you that giants do not exist.

SOLDIER: (Salutes) Honourable Minister, sir. What shall we do about the giant that does not exist?

MIN of DEF: (Sees giant tries to Ignore It). Er well ... tie him up, tie him down. Nail him to the ground. Ladies and gentlemen of Lilliput, voters... When I said to you that giants do not exist, I was In fact correct. GiantS do not exist, but this giant does exist and I have protected you from It (starts self applause). That Is surely why I was appointed Minister of Defence. And now I shall consult the cabinet. Cabinet!

(Enter Ministers)

MINISTERS: How very big!

PRIME MINISTER: Then at least we agree on something!

MIN of DEF: Silence! Prime Minister what are we going to do?

PRIME MIN: Good question. Is there a health risk, Minister?

MINISTER OF HEALTH: As Minister of Health I believe there is a risk of jumping to conclusions over the question: is the giant a health risk.

MIN of DEF: As Minister of Defence I find it indefensible that we cannot reach a conclusion. We must consider if the giant is a threat to the state.

PRIME MIN: Is he?

MIN of DEF: Yes. Minister of Health: No. (Simultaneous, they correct each other).

PRIME MIN: All those in favour of passing a motion raise their hands. (All Ministers raise their hands).

MIN HEALTH: Well? Are we going to kill the giant or not?

ALL: You decide, no you, no you. (Collapse exhausted – stand up). He/She decided – it's nothing to do with me – (putting Minister of Defence on the spot). You are the Minister of Defence...

MIN of DEF: Right it's decided then. He might be an enemy egg eater from the evil kingdom of Brobdingnag We kill him!

PRIME MIN: I don't remember voting for that. It might be dangerous to attack the giant.

MIN of DEF: Very well I move a compromise vote: someone else kills him.

ALL: Who?

MIN of DEF: The people.

MIN HEALTH: Did you vote for that?

PM: This is a parliamentary democracy – they vote for us then we decide what they must do – the people deciding things – whatever next!

MIN HEALTH: But this Is a democracy Prime Minister. Allow me. People of Lilliput, all those in favour of the Minister of Defence killing the giant sit down. There you are. Democracy. Citizen, if you defy the majority you defy...the People.

(The Minister of D fires the "poisoned arrow" at Gulliver who wakes with a howl, the man fires once more and hits Gulliver's nose, he sneezes and blows over the Lilliputians).

GULLIVER: What's that? Ooh! Who are you? Why am I tied up (He cannot see them and they have to gain his attention)? Let me go! (He roars

and breaks free. They ail scamper away in fear cringing behind the public crying out):

MIN of HEALTH: Eat him not me? (Audience member). He did it – he fired at you not me.

ALL: Not us it was... HIM!

PRIME MIN: Oh eat her she's much more tender and juicy than me!"

MIN of DEF: Help, Help, I am the Minister of Defence you must defend me! Help mummy!"

GULLIVER: I am not going to eat anybody. I am an Englishman not a cannibal.

PRIME MIN: Are the Englishmen attacking us? Are you an army?

GULLIVER: I am not attacking anyone; I am a shipwrecked Englishman, Gulliver.

PRIME MIN: We are delighted to meet you, Mr Englishman Gulliver.

ALL: Unanimously delighted.

MIN of HEALTH: You are a good egg!

ALL: A good egg!

GULLIVER: An egg?

PRIME MSN: All the world was divided between those wonderful, democratic people who have jointly decided to eat their eggs from the top and those vile fools who under their barbaric dictatorship eat their eggs from the bottom. Do you eat eggs at all?

GULLIVER: I most certainly do, and I eat them from...(thinking) the top!

LILLIPUTIANS: (Sing). Cue 6: Song/Dance

Hooray, Hooray, Eggs, Eggs, Eggs, Eggs eat them from the top

Anything else is uncivilised rot so eat them from the top

Dip your spoon into the yolk and behave like decent folk

When cracking your egg do not bother your head But aim straight for the top

If you are tempted to bite the bottom

Stop, stop, stop, stop only eat your egg from the top!

ALL: (Shout) Down with the bottom biters of Brobdingnag!

PRIME MIN: It is clear Mr Englishman that you are in reality nothing more than a big Lilliputian. I hereby declare you to be a citizen of this great country.

GULLIVER: Well, thank you.

MIN of HEALTH: And I nominate you to become a member of the ruling party.

GULLIVER: Are there any advantages in all this?

ALL: What!

MIN of DEF: There is no greater honour or pleasure than being in the party.

MIN of HEALTH: You get to scratch each other's backs. (They do so).

PM: Bend over. Right hand me the sword. (She advances on Gulliver).

GULL: What, are you doing?

PM : A simple operation - we cut off your left ear.

GULLIVER: Get off! Go away!

PRIME MIN: Listen, Gulliver, there are huge advantages in joining our party but you must fit in. Years ago we used to have two fiercely opposed parliamentary groups - the right ears and the left ears. Then we discovered that in reality we had no political differences so we formed a coalition government the left-right ears. It is a

centre party, we hold the balance of power in parliament (Falls over), we are the centre party and what a party!

ALL: (Sing and dance a contorted physical dance based on mutual scratching, licking and tickling). Cue 7: Music/Dance scene

Oh what a party

The party of the centre, the party of the middle ground

A balancing act that we have found  
So seize your chance

For a back slapping, back scratching, arse licking dance

Leap to power, crawl to superiors, grovel to the great, pretend to

love the one you hate.

Sleep with the enemy; swallow your pride, if you have no morality

you've nothing to hide!

Lick and scratch, Lick and snatch

Dip and scratch, grease and fleece

We don't care what we catch

Lick that bum and scratch that back

Go for a tumble in the sack!

And when you've sold off all ideals then you will plainly see '

In the real world this is the place to be

Is the middle of the road, super centred, back scratching, arse

licking, balance of power party

(All fall down and crawl towards Gulliver, they begin to tickle his toes

and even suck them - he rather enjoys this).

GULLIVER: Oh I say...ooh...ah. I mean, stop it.

PRIME MIN: I thought you would enjoy being a member of the ruling party. (But the Minister of Health has meanwhile stuck an ear on his nose).

MINISTER OF HEALTH: Now you are one of us.

MIN of DEF: And as a citizen of Lilliput ad member of the party S will conscript you into the navy and create you an Admiral.

MINISTERS: All hail to the Grand Admiral of Lilliput!

MIN of DEF: All those in favour of the Lilliputian navy attacking the Brobdingnag bottom egg eating bastards right now, breathe in and out. (BOY breathes in and holds breath).

ALL: Motion carried.

GULLIVER: If I am an admiral where is my navy?

PRIME MIN: Can you swim?

GULLIVER: Yes.

ALL: You are our navy.

MIN DEF: To war!

GULLIVER: Why should I attack Brobdingnag? Just so you can take over their land and run it as a colony. It will bring you nothing but trouble. Why don't you just talk to them?

PRIME MIN: No dialogue with terrorists! They must unconditionally surrender before we talk to them. They must put away their weapons, jump in a lake with a stone round their necks and after they have died we will trust their democratic principles and agree to talk to them.

GULL: Why do you hate the people of Brobdignag?

PM: Oh Admiral Gulliver how we have suffered from these terrorists. Look at his little girl, she's

crying. (One of audience) Her grandmother was killed by the bottom egg eaters! (Offers her chocolate) Look gold if you cry now – cry! Don't you like gold? (Etc). Is your great grand mother dead? Yes? Killed by the Brobdingnag terrorists, yes! (Etc).

MIN of DEF: And this woman's husband was tortured by the bottom egg eaters, yes! No! No! She cries she cannot bear to tell the terrible tale of...

ALL: The Brobdingnag bottom egg eating bastards!

PRIME MIN: Our people suffer.

MIN OF DEF: (Sings) Oh Giant

ALL: (Sing) Set my people free! (They cower).

Cue 8: Short Gospel Harmony

GULLIVER: Phew! Since you are so afraid, so tiny, so obsessed with trivial terrors I will pity you. I will.... destroy the Brobdingnag battle fleet. Then as an island you will be safe. But I will not hurt the people of Brobdingnag or make them slaves.

MIN of DEF: Oh just hurt them a little, break there eggs, ruin their day!

GULLIVER: I have spoken, I am a giant. I have given a judgement. I will dispense justice not revenge!

ALL: To war! Cue 9: Song – still Gospel?

ALL: Long live Lilliput, lie down for what is right (they do).

Long live little Lilliput, Stand behind the giant and fight

Whoever is strong can never be wrong

Long live long legged big headed Gulliver!

(Gulliver goes off - sounds of smashing glass and broken bottles

offstage. He returns with a broken toy boat and some twigs and string).

GULLIVER See, see the um, (remembers) the battle fleet of the Brobdingnags. See me crush their flagship Do you all feel better now?

ALL: Long live long legged big fisted fierce footed Gulliver!

PRIME MIN: A feast, a toast. Minister of Health - the wine! (They hand Gulliver lots of miniature bottles that he drinks and promptly yawns becomes drowsy, propping himself up against the cart).

GULLIVER: Oh thank you. Just a small one. Mmm. The fruits of victory.

MINISTER OF HEALTH: See how war and victory makes our Giant greatly amused.

PRIME MIN: What opportunities Little Lilliput has to dominate the (makes globe shape with hands). What a weapon we have!

MIN of DEF: I will launch him on our enemies again. (Coughs). Gulliver, Gulliver. I know you said that you would not enslave the Brobdingnags for us, but I'm sure that if I, Minister of Defence were to ask you, to hold out your hand, (heaves a sack of gold into it) then you would think again. These principles of yours, liberty and all that, well, Liberty is not something to share with our enemies. We must destroy evil dictatorship; it is a matter of principle, of morality.

GULLIVER Go away Minister, a nation that enslaves others loses its own dignity. (Burp). The English have learnt that in Ireland.

MIN of DEF: England, Ireland, Shmireland. I am not talking about fantasy lands, but real countries, Lilliput, Brobdingnag... I...I... I

command you in the name of liberty to kill and enslave our enemies - I am Minister of Defence. If you refuse-

GULLIVER: What?

MIN of DEF: If you refuse you will be a... traitor. And the punishment for treason is....really horrible!

GULLIVER: Oh go away you silly little man. (Falls asleep).

MIN of DEF: I am not silly. I am not little, I am enormously important. Did you hear me? How dare you fall asleep? Call the Cabinet, assemble Parliament, the dignity of the democratically elected officers has been undermined.

PRIME MIN Order, order. Parliament is assembled (the audience). I call on the Minister of Defence to speak:

MIN of DEF: Honourable members, why do we tolerate bla (Blowing up a balloon as he speaks). Bla bla bla etc (Applause).

PRIME MIN: Hear Hear! I call on the Minister of Health to second the motion.

MINISTER OF HEALTH: Thank you Prime Ministers. Honourable members, (blowing up balloon and himself puffing with importance as he speaks). Bla bla bla etc.

MIN of DEF & PRIME MIN: Hear Hear.

PRIME MIN: Bla bla bla etc (finally) So that Is It!

All: Hear hear!

MIN HEALTH: What is "it"?

MIN of DEF: We will kill the giant.

MON HEALTH: You can't kill the giant. He is too big.

PRIME MIN: Oh yes we can.

MIN of DEF: We have the most powerful weapon in the world:

ALL: Parliamentary hot air! (They wave their balloons).

MIN HEALTH: But but but... While I absolutely agree with you that this Is a wonderful weapon of mass destruction might I as a minister responsible for Health and Safety – especially my own health and safety, warn and worry the cabinet that we might just set all Lilliput on fire!

MIN of DEF: Impossible this Is s smart weapon targeted only on the target. It will only kill the giant!

MINISTERS: Burn him! Fry him! Two to one, two to one we vote and win vote and win!

MIN HEALTH: I win too – I agree – three to none – three to none: I win!

(They start to give speeches and fill balloons with hot air of their gobbledygook).

MIN of DEF: Burn, burn! (They let off the balloons, a smoke machine fills the stage and GULLIVER wakes). Die giant! Die!

\*GULLIVER: Oh my God. Water! Water!

MIN of DEF: There is no water, burn, burn.

PRIME MIN: Ouch, my toes, was this a good idea, Minister?

MIN of HEALTH: Help, help I'm burning. The air, the air was too hot. Parliament is on fire!\*

ALL: (Sing round to London's burning) We are burning, we are burning! Fire, fire, fetch the water, what a slaughter Fire, fire, fire, fire. Cue 10: Short or with Dance (a la Flies?)

GULLIVER: Ah ha! (Using a hose hidden in his trousers GULLIVER pisses out the fire, liberally spraying the ministers and part of the audience).

MON HEALTH: He's saved us. I am safe. Oh My! So big! He's wonderful, wonderfully big.

MIN of DEF: He's covered us in piss. Where is my dignity?

GULLIVER: I saved your lives the only way I could.

PRIME MIN: I would rather burn than be saved by....urine ugh.

MIN of HEALTH: So enormous!

MIN of DEF: So what? He's too big. Too huge! Too stupid and clumsy! Size is not important! Why, only importance is important!

PRIME MIN: Phoo, Minister you stink!

MINISTERS: We all stink!

MIN of DEF: We all stink and it's all his fault!

MIN HEALTH: I vote that I stink too – this is not safe - a stinking Minister is unhealthy!

MINISTERS: And it's all your fault!

GULLIVER: Fault, fault are you mad? I saved your pathetic little lives! I saved all of Lilliput!

PRIME MIN: I banish you from Lilliput. Giant if you ever set your big foot in Lilliput, if you ever put your foot in it again, we will... we will... we will -

MIN of DEF: We will!

HEALTH MINISTER: Yes we will.

GULLIVER: Birdbrains! (Tears up alliance), I will go to the bottom egg eating land of Brobdingnag, where perhaps the people are interested in a true alliance with an honest English Giant!

PM: Traitor! A Giant traitor – monstrous treason.

GULL: I could destroy you with one swipe of my hand – but I will not because I am a human, I am a gentle gentleman and despite your stupidity and foolishness I respect you for your humanity – whatever your size, however different you are from me – can you understand that in your tiny brains – respect all.

MINISTERS: Bla bla bla!

GULL: Nonsense!

PM: Nonsense – down with giants, down with bottom egg eaters – down with differences – down, down, death to anyone not like me!

MINISTERS: And me and me and me!

PRIME MSN: Down with size!

LILLIPUTIANS: Down with bigness! Big out! Big out!

GULLIVER: Bigots! Little bigots!

MINISTERS: Bigots, bigots!

GULLIVER: Away! Away! (He "swims" out into the audience). Cue 11: Music underscore

SHOWMAN: I just want to make it quite clear that this parody of democratic politicians and parliaments has nothing to do with England or the mother of Parliaments. (Or the country of performance). It is foreign politicians and parliaments that are the cause of all the problems.

GULLIVER: Rubbish they are all the same!

SHOWMAN: Ladies and gentlemen, block up your ears - do not listen to him! Welcome to Brobdingnag - the land where the King is called...Money! Music fades/changes It's just a joke - nothing serious! We respect money - honestly! Without finance there is no civilisation! Oh a coin lying in the road ("finds" one, then speaks to audience). Is this yours? It is? Oh I'm glad to see we share our values. Our moral universe is secure- we do not travel

beyond its borders! We will not let that restless madman Gulliver fool us! (Hurries off).

ACTOR: That old money trick. What was it? A penny. You wouldn't catch him leaving a gold ducat there. Old hypocrite. Come on Gulliver. Work, we must all work.

GULLIVER: Do they believe me? Lilliput exists. I have been there. Do they understand?

ACTOR: Of course they believe you - look how they are smiling with wonder!

GULLIVER: They frighten me. I feel they will tear me to pieces if I am not...entertaining. Why are they not interested in the truth?

ACTOR: No one goes to the theatre to hear the truth....

SHOWMAN: What's going on? Get to work, or there will be no dinner, and for you Gulliver the whip. (Cracks whip).

GULLIVER: (Wincing as one who knows pain). Aah, what happened next, in the land of Brobdingag was even more extraordinary, it will make you laugh and cry but it is true.

ACTORS: Yes, yes. Cue 12: Intro into Mad Wasp Music/Dance

GULLIVER: Oh the extraordinary land of Brobdingag! I swam there from Lilliput, I am a strong swimmer, and a giant (laughs). Three strong strokes (acts this out), and my feet felt sand. When I reached land I wondered to myself if this indeed was Brobdingag. I hoped to find the King and explain to him that the people of Lilliput intended to invade his kingdom. I expected to see little people and when I heard the wasp I looked up in astonishment. Jesus!

(A huge wasp attacks GULLIVER. He tries to beat it off until a girl enters on stilts with a huge fly swat - she kills the wasp and red jelly flies at the audience. The girl also has a huge stick on nose and big ears).

GULLIVER: Oh thank you!

GIRL: Eek! A little monkey! (Starts to swat GULLIVER who flees from her but she pursues him round the cart). That will teach you to frighten me! Horrid little monkey!

GULLIVER: I am not a monkey, (whimpering) I am a giant.

GIRL: Eek! The monkey speaks! Father! Father!

FATHER: Onions! Onions for sale! (Offers football painted like an onion to one of the audience). Here you are little chap, smell this, that's what I call an onion!

GIRL: Father - look what I found - (prods GULLIVER) a talking monkey. He must have escaped from an organ grinder, he has a jacket too.

FATHER: My, oh my, he is tiny!

GULLIVER: I am not tiny...I am...very big - huge...hugely important. I have news for the king! Stop prodding me! Give me the respect you would like to receive.

FATHER: How he squeaks!

GULLIVER: I am an Admiral, my dignity..! I am a small - giant!

GSRL: Cootchy coo - oh he is sweet!

GULLIVER: No, no listen! Your country is in danger. I must speak to the King!

Father & Girl: Bidgee-widgee-woo!

GIRL: Oh he is soo-o swee-ee-eet! I want to keep him.

FATHER: You shall have him on a string my dear. (Ties one to Gulliver's arm) You shall have him for a pet.

GIRL: And I shall pet him. (Strokes GULLIVER who is yanked to his feet). Cutey-kins! I shall call you - sweetie-doll!

GULLIVER: Stop that! I am a dignified English gentleman. I have come to save your country. (Laugh) I will show you what a gentleman I am. (Marches up and down) Cue13: Live/solo

Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules Of Hector and Lysander and such great men as these

.But of all the world's great heroes that you could care to mention

There's none to compare to an English ge-e-entleman!

FATHER: My, oh my what an entertainin' little monkey. I see profit in you my beastie. You take him to the cart and dress him in your dolly clothes, eh? It can earn its keep then, singing "Onions" and dancing. That's the way to sell things nowadays - advertising!

ACTOR: (To audience) And so Lemuel Gulliver one time ship's Captain and Giant was turned into a spectacle, a little plaything, a performing pet; whose purpose was to sell... onions.

GULLIVER: Onions, Onions know your onions! Cue 14: Onion Song – Sad & Lovely?

Onions make you cry and why?

For an onion is emotion

Only onions make you sad

Cut a carrot

Part a pear

Bisect a banana

And what do you feel?

Nothing real

But chop up an onion

And surprise, surprise - the tears pour from your eyes (Squirts water).

Do you suffer from the notion that your life's without emotion?

Then give yourself to passion

And eat - an onion!

Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo! What else is there to do?

Cry, cry, cry; one day we all must die.

(Eats whole raw onion and starts to sob).

FATHER: (Encourages applause) Good, good. Onions! Onions! Here they are! (Holds up onion).

GIRL: (Offers onion to audience) They don't want to buy onions, Dad. But they do want to see the little man cry. And now the little doll will weep and howl and beg to go home to the land where his little family live. It's so entertaining, so moving, I want to pee! (To audience) How much will you give me to continue this performance? One penny? Do I hear one penny?

GULLIVER: Let me out of here. (Falls to the ground and howls).

GIRL: Yes, yes, more. They love it, father!

FATHER: My, oh my you are a little businesswoman! Do people really want sentiment more than vegetables?

GIRL: Father, forget your onions, with this crying doll, we can make a fortune!

FATHER: Money out of tears?

GULLIVER: And so Lemuel Gulliver, English gentleman, sometime giant and grand admiral was reduced to a fairground freak and pathetic entertainment! Exposed and disgraced not only In vegetable markets but In theatres across the great land of Brobdingag.

GIRL: Sweetie- Doll, get ready . (GULLIVER pauses) Get ready quickly or I will spank your little bottom until you scream. (GULLIVER hangs his head and goes behind cart).

FATHER:(Poking head round cart) My, oh my what a fine theatre we are playing today!

GIRL: And the people so well dressed, you know they paid for every ticket!

FATHER: You are a financial genius!

GIRL: Sweetie- Doll, are you ready? (Stepping out) Ladies and gentlemen of Brobdingag - the smallest, most tragic thing (She too sniffs) you have ever seen - Gulliver weeping doll.

GULLIVER: (In Union Jack skirt - sings to God Save the Queen). Cue 15: Live, solo

The smallest thing you've seen

Waking or in a dream

Ladies don't scream

Nothing about me's tall

Even my dick is small

I cry tiny tears for you

Oh oh - no, no! (Falls sobbing to ground and hides at back of cage). I am an English gentleman!

GIRL: You are a commodity, get back out of your cage!

FATHER: Folk have paid good money to see this....How much did you pay, Sir? See, see! Get out, sing, cry!

GULLIVER: I would rather die!

GIRL: Oh no you won't die on us! Get out! (Both beat GULLIVER).

GULLIVER: (Stands and sings defiantly): God Save the Queen! Cue 15A: Live, solo

GIRL: How dare you defy me, get out? Cry, howl, you must be miserable!

LORD (In audience): No, no your little man is even more cute when he takes himself seriously! (Hands money to astonished FATHER, GIRL grabs it).

GIRL: Really?

LORD: My, oh my, yes, the simple, uneducated folk here (indicates audience) want emotion and cheap sentiment, but the big fish, the aristocrats want more. They demand extremes. Your dolly should come to Brobdingag Palace and sing his little national anthem. How the Queen would love to hear him, he seems...sincere. (Laughs with surprise at his own words) Could it be arranged?

FATHER: The court, the Queen? Of course; an honour.

GIRL: It could be arranged at a price, a large price.

LORD: Of course, money and honour.

GIRL: Sir, Stuff the honour!

FATHER: That's my little baby!

GIRL: A thousand ducats - in gold.

LORD: You drive a hard bargain...you will go far. Eight hundred gold ducats.

GIRL: (Fast) Nine hundred.

LORD: (Fast) Eight hundred and fifty.

BOTH: Done.

GIRL: We must make the most of Sweetie-doll. Who knows, he might die soon. Darling dolly? Would you like a cuddle?

GULLIVER: Piss off! (All pause and look at LORD who laughs, then all laugh).

LORD: I love it when the dolly is so...dignified. Ha ha, a dignified dolly. To the palace, to the queen!

FATHER: This is better than selling onions. There so much more money in people than onions!

ALL: To the Palace!

GIRL: (TO father). And where do you think you are going?

FATHER: To the Palace with our dolly.

GIRL: My Dolly, Dad. I found him. My property – my business – which is no business of yours! Go home, onion seller; loser!

FATHER: But I'm your Father!

GIRL: I'm going to the royal palace, I am going to be a Lady, ladies cant have stinking onion sellers as fathers.

FATHER: What shall I do?

GIRL: Who cares – do anything but get out of my hair.

FATHER: I'm your dear old Dad!

GIRL: Dad, piss off.

FATHER: (Exits and sniffs an onion to cry) Don't you love your dear old Dad?

GIRL: Oh I love my little Dolly and all the money he will make me. Coodgie coodgie coo.

LORD: My oh my you are a sharp little girl – you will go far. Maybe further if you know which side you bread is buttered.

GULLIVER: People are disgusting here, money, money, money! How dare you sell my feelings? My emotions are not for sale!

LORD: Here we are: the palace!

GULLIVER: It's not a palace – it's a bank.

LORD: Of course – this is where we are ruled from – this is the centre of power – do you have an account?

GULL: At the greatest bank in the world!

ALL: The greatest bank in the world?

GULL: The bank of England.

LORD: Is that where you keep your tiny coins? Show me one!

GULL: A British pound – the greatest currency on earth!

(All howl with laughter).

LORD: It's not worth a button.

GIRL: Or a pea.

Both: How sweet.

LORD: Now my little plaything– behind that screen the Queen is watching us. Your Highness, we have brought for you an entertainment beyond value – something to spice up your life – to put a spring in your step – yes, yes – the smallest man on earth – he likes to cry! And because there is only one of him he is very, very valuable. Mr Gulliver has a monopoly on being small! We love monopolies.

GIRL: And he's all mine. (Covers GULL in sack) You can't see him unless you pay.

LORD: We'll open an account for you, my dear.

GIRL: Call me, my lady.

LORD: Yes My Lady.

GIRL: What's an account – I want Money!

LORD: Gold – how naïve you are – money is nothing you need credit – you need an account.

LORD: The Lord High Banker will explain:

(Enter Lord High Banker). Cue 16: The Money Song – Movement Scene/Song

They sing:

Only fools believe in gold

That's a truth that must be told

Only idiots dream of cash

It's really very rash to stash your cash

In a pocket or wallet or under a bed

Where any thief can get – at it

Any fool may shred it

'cos what you need – you truly need is credit

We said it we said it lovely, lovely credit

On a plastic card with an elastic limit

Money, money, money; it goes so fast

Face it my friend it's a thing of the past

Gold is far too heavy and a credit card is light

Don't argue with us you know that we're right

Welcome to the super rich who live on others money

You might think this quite unfair but we just think it's funny.

Dummy!

GIRL: I see. Or I think I see – why is an account better than money?

LORD: What would you prefer – one million ducats to spend now or 850 ducats in solid gold?

GIRL: Well a million ducats now - do you think I am stupid?

LORD: No you are very sensible – so sensible that you will take the million ducat loan – with your little man as guarantee.

GIRL: Loan. Loan! I want money for my little man!

LORD: And that is why we offer to lend you one million ducats now – after all what on earth can 850 ducats buy? Phoo! And besides you never have to pay the loan back – just a little interest every month...what do you say – 850 or a million...?

GIRL: Little man Gulliver, what shall I do?

GULL: Drop dead, slave driver.

LORD: Isn't he cute – priceless.

GIRL: What should I do (to audience)? Money or credit – a million or .... (Howls) I want to be a Millionaire!

LORD: It's a bargain then. Just sign here. (She signs – receives credit card). Now there's your card – one million credit and 26% interest to the bank every month. Spend, spend, spend that's my advice. You know you really must buy some designer clothes if you want to be accepted at bank – I mean at court. Labels darling labels – (flashes his own - Improvises).

GIRL: Can't I see the Queen now?

LORD: Do you have your pin? (She takes out a needle) No, no your pin code! I'll whisper it to you. (She obeys). Now confirm and...Fabulous.

GULL: Will her Majesty help me? Will she see that I am not a commodity but a human - souls are neither large nor small. I have a soul.

LORD: Of course you do. Lets meet her Majesty.

GIRL: The dolly will perform for her majesty, Come on sweetie doll. You had better perform well or I shall stick a pin in your head.

GULLIVER: (Slumping) I have no power and without power there is no dignity. I am a slave. I will perform for the Queen as I have never performed before! Where Is Her Majesty?

LORD: Here there everywhere: watching.

GULL(Aside- of GIRL) I will surprise you, big bitch!

GIRL: Don't worry. The doll only has a tiny brain. Get on with it, dolly - I have the pin in my

hand. (Spotlight on Gulliver). Cue 17: Music Underscore

GULLIVER: Bitch! I am not a dolly! (Tearing off his dress). Your majesty I was going to sing you a dirty little song, beat my breast, howl and cry. (Horried GIRL goes to poke him but he dodges and bites her hand so she drops the pin, which he picks up and sticks in her). But as I have the honour of addressing a Queen I believe I should tell truth. I am not a doll. I come from England. England is a Christian country where people care for each other, where there are almshouses for the poor, where beggars are regularly given bread or at least on Christmas eve, where dogs are treated with kindness and no man is kept a slave, except in the colonies which are far away, England is a kind and just society where no man is kept in chains, well certainly not chained on account of his size - surely in your Kingdom the small are not to be enslaved? Your majesty, I am a prisoner; you must understand my dignity and save me. If you save me, I will worship you. Where are you, your majesty? Reveal yourself, free me so I may adore you!

(Intake of breath all shocked. A fanfare – a huge coin is presented with the Queen's head).

LORD: Why the Queen is behind you! (Lights up on a huge coin with a picture of the Queen). Bow, bow before her! See, our Queen. She is in every wallet, on every coin and banknote.

GIRL: Long live the queen!

GULL: What!

LORD: How can you impress our Queen when you don't have a soft leather wallet to put her in, and show her respect? Why your pockets are so, so small the Queen cannot even get into them, every real man has the queen in his trousers! (All laugh as Gulliver). Let me see if she can get into your little trousers! Let her play with you.

GULLIVER (Being picked up) Help! Help! I am not a toy!

GIRL: He is just a toy, use him how you will. Let me show you how to use him.

GULL: Stop, stop or I shall fall upon this pin and kill myself ....and then where will your investment be?

GIRL: Stop him – save me!

LORD: Oh dear, negative equity heading your way little girl. You are going to owe the bank a lot of money!

GUL: Hand me two bank notes and make it snappy! Buck up! Bucks up.... (They do – he threads them through his giant pin and flaps them until he takes off – using lights he flies above them). Cue 18: Music Crescendo

LORD: Oh dear our currency is rising.

GIRL: Its going through the roof! Stop him! Stop it!

LORD: The laws of economics, my girl, you cannot regulate the market – bank rates rise, value inflates and off he floats – there's nothing we can do.

GIRL: But it's not fair! Stop! Stop! (They fade away). Music Stops.

(Possible Interval)

GULL: Higher and higher I flew – as if on the wings of a great eagle – a bald headed eagle – in God we trust. Cue 19: Music/short movement section intro for scientist

Far away from Brobdignag I flew until I struggled out of my wings of money and fell into

the sea. Alone in the dark ocean I fell into despair.

SHOWMAN: Look up drowning man, look up In fear! Ladies and gentlemen, the flying Island. The Island of philosophy, science and enlightenment.

(The sheet is rearranged so only his head pokes through). Help! Help! I'm drowning in God's name help!

SCIENTIST: Now which God would that be?

GULLIVER: Pull yourself together! Look, I'm drowning, help.

SCIENTIST: To pull oneself together. What a curious phrase. (Tries) Where or what should I pull? (Shouts) Is it a metaphor?

GULLIVER: You must understand me.

SCIENTIST: Why would I want to do that? I am a philosopher.

GULLIVER: I shall die and it will all be your fault! Help!

SCIENTIST: Really? Let me meditate on that. Are we morally responsible for what we do not do? (Enter a "Flapper" a servant with a soft ball tied to a stick by a piece of string, who hits the scientist on the head). Ah thank you. Oh my God - he's drowning - don't panic! Don't panic! Help! Help! There's a man drowning! Lower the island.

(Gulliver clammers aboard the cart... He is amazed that the Scientist is neither big nor small, he tries shouting and looking up and then whispering and looking down - all the time scrutinised by the Scientist. The Scientist then takes a telescope and looks at Gulliver through both ends then hands it to Gulliver).

GULLIVER: It's all a matter of perspective.

SCIENTIST: Oh no, it most certainly is not. Perspective is the last thing we need. Where would science be if we looked at everything with perspective - why there would be no inventions! No bring shining new ideas or theories. Take the theory of gravity - It is clear that what is up is up and must fall down. (Kicks Gulliver's legs from underneath him) And yet the planets rotate around the sun. How? Imagine that you, stranger

GULLIVER: Gulliver.

SCIENTIST: Gulliver, imagine you are swimming in this glass of water - like this grain, (Places grain in glass). Now using the perspective of logic if I held the glass upside down you would fall out. But using science we may deduce otherwise. If I am the sun then this triangle represents the earth, this cup of water the ocean and this twig yourself. Regard. (He spins the water around his head). There. A brilliant theory that defies common logic. Now stand on your head.

GULLIVER: Must I?

SCIENTIST: Yes. It is a new perspective. Now drink this water. (GULLIVER does so). How did you do it? How did the water arrive in your stomach?

GULLIVER: I don't know.

SCIENTIST: Neither do I. It defies logic. That is why science must be illogical, intuitive, mysterious. (Looks around) We must keep science from the people or they will not trust us to run the world.

GULLIVER: Where am I?

SCIENTIST: Where am I? (Shakes his head) (Then Gulliver repeats question loudly to the Scientist who has become catatonic. The Servant whacks the Scientist with his ball on a string).

SCIENTIST: (Stands and shakes Gulliver's hand) You are on the floating island of Laputa... I think. I think therefore I am. But am I thinking? What is is? Is is is or is is not? (Silence - Gulliver is stunned and remains motionless. The So-called "Flapper" or Servant hits an astonished Gulliver, who promptly hits him back. They fight).

SERVANT: I'm helping you. I am just a servant. How can you do anything unless you are hit? Watch. (He hits the Scientist).

SCIENTIST: Good heavens, time for dinner! (He leaves but half way offstage stops). Now what shall I have for dinner? I had fish yesterday or was it the day before? (He freezes motionless).

GULLIVER: Amazing, when the servant stops the thinker is paralysed! Thank heaven he cannot think or he would realise he is ruler of the world. (All the time clouds are floating by, shooting stars and maybe a moon and a comet).

SERVANT: I think - you had better come with me, stranger. Your brain is troubled with questions and you have no ability to (grand delivery) delight in the mystery of ignorance.

GULLIVER: Surely it is the human condition to want to know the truth?

SERVANT: Obviously we have very different experiences of humanity. Ordinary people like me and you are too stupid to understand the truth. We have no training. Only scientists and specialists can know the truth.

GULLIVER: Rubbish! Truth belongs to everyone.

SERVANT: Ssh! If you are caught preaching that lie you will be punished.

GULLIVER: Why should a man be punished for speaking the truth? (All freeze) I said (Hitting servant and scientist) why should a man be punished for speaking the truth!

SERVANT: I, er... stop it. My brain... (Hits himself over the head and becomes calm). You require a specialist answer. You must go to the Academy.

GULLIVER: The Academy? Cue 20: Music Underscore

SERVANT: It is where the great minds who understand the mysteries of the universe work for the benefit of mankind. Oh hold tight the island is on the move. (The women pull the cart sideways)

GULLIVER: Woah! Are we flying - a flying island whatever next?

SERVANT: The island only appears to fly in reality it is held up by the opposition of two huge magnets, one on the earth amongst the stupid folk and one up here in the clouds controlled by the scientists. The island is moving because it is time to collect the scientists' dinner. It's prepared below by the dinner ladies. Excuse me a moment I must place our order: (Shouts) twenty chicken pies!"

WOMEN BELOW: Sod you! No way! Eat cloud!

SERVANT: Here we go again. If you don't give us the pies you won't get your horoscopes today and Mars is in the ascendant! (The women grumblingly put pies in the bucket which is winched up). Bloody women, why can't they enjoy themselves not having to even think about thinking? Ungrateful bastards! (They yell obscenities back). Here's your horoscopes! (Throws paper to them which they greedily read). Music Fades

GULLIVER: Why are they doing that?

SERVANT: Because if we did not give them some nonsense about understanding the future they would want to understand the present.

WOMEN & SERVANT: (SONG) Cue 21: Start as ballad

How can we deal with tomorrow without the understanding the stars?

How can we live with this afternoon we must know the position of Mars?

Everything that will happen soon is dependent on the rising moon

Where would poor humanity be without the help of astrology?

Life would be unbearable mystery, for we must know what will be

Oh how could we ever cope without a personal horoscope? Mood change

Everything we do is fixed from afar and written in the stars

Life's nothing to do with human beings, so don't blame us

Your fate is fixed at birth and that's a certain plus Philosopher, idiot or ignoramus,

You need an astrologer even to find Uranus!

(Repeat): You need an astrologer even to find Uranus. Repeats + end

SERVANT: What sign are you, Mr Gulliver?

GULLIVER: I am not a sign; I am a human being,

SERVANT: Ah, a Taurus, only a Taurus would be so petulant.

GULLIVER: I thought you confessed that astrology was total nonsense?

SERVANT: Yes we can agree that astrology is nonsense astronomy mixed up with fake magic - childish nonsense that denies the free will that makes us human but...

GULLIVER: But?

SERVANT: I am stupid. I need nonsense; it fills up the empty spaces in my head. Ah we are here! The Great Academy, You must be robbed to enter. (He gives Gulliver two equilateral triangles tied together upside down and maybe an academic gown. The Servant hits the Scientist who shakes Gulliver's hand).

SCIENTIST: So Gulliver, I understand you seek knowledge?

GULLIVER: Yes I have travelled to the four corners of the world so that I may...understand.

SCIENTIST: Well here at the Academy we know more than the rest of the world put together. And I will share our knowledge with you. (He has a huge boffin head). Go ahead - ask me anything, any question you like.

GULLIVER: Er... Excellent. Then I let us go straight to the point: What is wealth? What is sexual desire? Why do we die? Why does power corrupt? Why is liberty not the natural condition of man? Why -

SCIENTIST: Stop! Stop! These questions are childish - in this academy we live in the clouds and study the stars for the benefit of humanity. (Lies! Shout the women from below). Ungrateful beasts!

GULLIVER: They are not beasts they are women.

SCIENTIST: I know - that one is my wife. She disgusts me more than a beast. We have done everything for them! Taught them to plough the earth with spiders. Extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

SERVANT: Turn excrement Into nourishment.  
SCIENTIST: Weave carpets from stones.  
SERVANT: Build houses from the roof downwards.  
SCIENTIST: Clean their teeth with little machines.  
WOMEN: Rubbish! Crap!  
GULLIVER: They seem ungrateful.  
WOMEN: We're starving!  
SCIENTIST: They haven't the intelligence to apply the science we give them.  
SERVANT: Or the education.  
GULLIVER: Then why don't you educate them.  
SCIENTIST: & SERVANT: Educate women! Are you mad!  
SCIENTIST: Besides they might find out our secret.  
GULLIVER: What secret?  
SCIENTISTS: (Drifting off) Secret ah the secret...ah the ssh-ssh. (Gulliver beats the Scientist with the flapper which he grabs off the Servant).  
GULLIVER: Tell me! Cue 22: Dreamy underscore  
SCIENTIST: See these clouds. (They fly by) And this comet (one whooshes by). Well, do you see this mushroom?  
GULLIVER: A mushroom?  
SCIENTIST: Come closer Gulliver. When we manage to combine that mushroom with that cloud and tie it onto that comet we shall create a bomb to destroy the world!  
GULLIVER: And a good thing too! Destroy the lot of you; destroy every damned stupid muddle headed bird brained man from this miserable planet! Music fades  
WOMEN: What about the women?  
GULLIVER: Hmm – I suppose they should be freed – educated and freed – along with all the other slaves of science, religion, superstition and stupidity!  
WOMAN: Long live Gulliver, the Liberator.  
SERVANT: Help! Help! I do not know what to think! (Knocks Gulliver off the platform and brings down a planet on his head as the scientist mutters):  
SCIENTIST: How interesting an opposing force. (Hit by flapper) Oh Revolutionary! Terrorist! Crush him! Bring down the planets! Comets! Meteors! (Servant obeys and starts flinging meteors and shooting stars during the rest of the scene).  
WOMEN: Gulliver! Gulliver! Gulliver for scientist!  
GULLIVER: I am not a scientist, I am a human being!  
SCIENTIST: Crush them! Smash them! Terrorists!  
GULLIVER: Idiots! (He grabs the Scientist, opens his skull and throws his brain into the audience). Cue 23: Electronic/Movement  
SCIENTIST: (Out of control) Two times two is three. Four times four is forty four. Bleep, bleep. I am a sheep! Baa. Baa. My brain. My brain! (Runs off into audience looking for bits of his brain and maybe trying to piece it together while the servant marches about the stage and or auditorium bumping into furniture and people like an unguided robot).  
SERVANT: Control me. Control me. Control me. Stop or Fade?

GULLIVER: Fools! Now think of something!  
WOMAN: Liberator! Lead us! Love us – we are your children! Father of Liberty – great leader!  
GULLIVER: Oh nonsense. There is no liberty, no truth; each new world repeats the folly of the old. Science is suicide, and civilisation - a joke!  
WOMEN: Gulliver, stay with us, help us understand.  
GULLIVER: Help you to do what! There is nothing to understand because nothing makes sense.  
WOMAN: Help us!  
GULLIVER: Why should I help anyone? Leave me alone!  
WOMEN: I want you Gulliver, I will give you anything! Me take me!  
GULLIVER: Sex? Lust Aagh! Are you no better than beasts? Go away!  
WOMEN: Away! Take me away!  
GULLIVER: I'm going, going away from everyone.  
WOMAN: Take me with you!  
GULLIVER: (Climbing on planet) No! Don't touch me; I never want to touch another human being! You are vile! Vile!  
WOMAN: Gulliver, do not leave me. I need you. You are the first man I have ever met who has not tried to fool and trick me! Take my hand! Cue 24: Music Underscore  
GULLIVER: Lust, sex, yugh, go away! Off! (Meteor takes off but the woman holds on).  
woman: I love you, take me with you.  
GULLIVER: No! Away, tempter - your lies and tricks are no better than anyone else's. Power, money, science are dirt and filth. Do not try and persuade me that love is the crown and glory of mankind. Will love save us? No, no. The fine cloth covers foul corruption and beneath this handsome skin (touches her face), your intestine bubbles with gas and dung. Let go! (They struggle and both slip off the meteor). Cont. under showman  
SHOWMAN: Flying through space Gulliver has become a loony, a lunatic, possessed by the moon of a man-hating madness. His fall is meteoric. But in this last episode of his travels he will become something of a star, a star attraction. His lies become so monstrous, his hatred of humanity and society so extreme that we learn to cherish our institutions and nature. Outraged, we spring to the defence of our civilisation - that is the moral of the tale if there are police or teachers present. Now – Mood Change, cont. under Gulliver dialogue The land of the Houyhnhnm.  
GULLIVER: (Gulliver falling) Down, down, sinking to the miserable world, sucked in by gravity. Oh that I were the moon forever locked in orbit above that hateful round stone world. Ah! (lands with a bump). Hmm. How green. Fields, forests, hedgerows, neatly cultivated, ah...a...flower, (picks it, smells it). Sweet fragrance. Oh flower you do not sweat nor shit, speak nor think and such beauty is yours. If I were God I would clean the world of men and plant the earth with flowers such as you. Fades (Enter Yahoo - vile human like beast).  
GULLIVER: (Crushes flower and places hands over ears). Is there no peace? Cue 25: FX (A sound of horses from offstage, Enter a "pantomime" horse - two actors inside one costume - not a parody).

HORSE: (Speaking in a neighing manner). What's that sme-e-ell? Yahoos! There you ah-are! (Whips ragged humans). Yahoos, yahoos, vermin. No better than cockroaches! (SONG). into Song  
YAHOOOS: Grunt, stump, hunt, grump and grunt and grunt  
HORSE: Once a year I fear it falls to me  
To tell the beasts of burden what will be  
YAHOOOS: Grunt, stump, hunt, grump and grunt and grunt  
HORSE: We horsey types are rather bright and tell you what to do  
We've five-year plans and productive schemes of which you haven't a clue  
YAHOOOS: Grunt, stump, hunt, grump and grunt and grunt  
HORSE: You've roads to lay, fields to plough and don't forget to milk the cow  
If you work hard and never slip we will not need to use the whip  
YAHOOOS: Eek! Squeak! Nip! Neep! Feed, feed me raw meat!  
HORSE: Of course of course if you serve the horse we'll throw some flesh to you  
Rotten eggs and donkey flesh to suck on as you wish,  
a bestial Yahoo dish, a brutal animal stew! (Throws a human hand to the Yahoos).  
YAHOOOS: Chomp, slurp, burp, fart and grunt and gob and puke! Stop or Fade  
(The Yahoos fall on the human flesh and discover GULLIVER in the process they drag him onto the stage, licking and nibbling him until the HORSE drives them off, throwing some more meat into the audience so that they pounce on that and creating mayhem in the audience until they drag their bit of flesh into the aisle and chomp away, leaving GULLIVER with the HORSE on-stage).  
HORSE: Who are you? You look a little like a beastly Yahoo but you have a different skin. (Nuzzling Gulliver's clothes). Can you speak, or do you grunt?  
GULLIVER: I am nothing, a no one, a lost soul.  
HORSE: A-ah-aah! A talking soft skin thing. Mad, a mad idea.  
GULLIVER: If I am not mad, then the world is mad. Either way you are a talking horse - so be it. Since men have abused the power of speech and reason I see no objection to an animal so noble and strong as a horse having the opportunity of perfecting themselves and society.  
HORSE: Reason, logic...do you have a brain that...(neighs) thinks?  
GULLIVER: Sadly, yes.  
HORSE: You must come with me, I must report you immediately.  
(GULLIVER enters the Horse's "house" the horse sits at a table with table cloth and candelabra and eats from a bucket).  
GULLIVER: This is quite amazing, you sleep on long beds. You eat from tables, you talk rationally and reasonably, and even sing. Out of this window I see nothing but an ordered landscape, an ordered society, a civilisation. I am astonished; I am...at your service. (Bows low),  
HORSE: Gulliver, I am as asto-o-onished as you. You seem to be an altogether reasonable and civilised animal. Only your coloured and soft skin distinguishes you from a Yahoo-o-o. It is fortunate for you that you are not a Yahoo.



Yahoos are not allowed inside a house. If a Yahoo is caught inside they are killed, immediately.

GULLIVER: I approve. In our land rats and vermin are treated in the same way. Even pigs and horses are never allowed inside - I... er...

HORSE: Horses? Do you have horses in your country?

GULLIVER: Why yes, and they are accounted the best of beasts!

HORSE: I am not a beast. I am a Horsey Houyhnhnm. The Yahoos are beasts. Are you a beast?

GULLIVER: In your presence I feel no better than a beast. (Bows).

HORSE: Noble Gulliver. You are no Yahoo. Sleep now and tomorrow I shall take you to the Commissioner. (Freeze). Cue 26: Music Underscore

GULLIVER: I rested, taking care not to reveal my nakedness to the Horse, not knowing what terrible danger I was in. (Lays down to sleep).

HORSE: (Whispers) Bring it in! (A woman Yahoo is thrown on stage, tied up, she snarls. The HORSE goes over to Gulliver's resting place and steals his trousers, dropping them in front of the Yahoo who grabs them and sniffs them then sets off on the scent of Gulliver. She pounces on him, he is wrapped in a blanket and she pulls it off - the naked Gulliver, holding his genitals for modesty runs around the stage pursued by the Yahoo). Up the pace!

GULLIVER: Help! Help!

HORSE: So you are a Yahoo! Only a Yahoo sexually attracts a Yahoo. Horsey Houyhnhnm officers, take him away. Traitor; teller of untrue things. You are under arrest. (Two Horses with jackboots and horses heads and brown shirts drag GULLIVER away as the Yahoo scampers off perhaps assaulting a member of the audience).

GULLIVER: Forgive me if I lied to you it was from shame, shame! I do not want to be Yahoo!

HORSE: Tell that to the judge!

(The wall is taken down and reveals a chair, on which sits the Houyhnhnm judge, jackbooted and wearing stars and crosses. They have hooves for hands. He speaks as Gulliver is dragged in). Cue 27: Goose-stepping Ode To Joy

HORSE JUDGE: All stand for the National Anthem. (To Ode for Joy is sung just with whinnies but the four horses all dance a goose-step, saluting dance that involves some clacking of hooves - a physical celebration of totalitarianism and obedience to the Mass - at the end of which one horse farts).

HORSE: Too many oats.

HORSE JUDGE: In the name of the People Neigh! This court is gathered here today to discuss the fate of the Yahoos. These creatures become more and more troublesome and disturb the peace of the land. It is clear that they are foreign to the land and now there are new Yahoos who reason and disturb even our notion of who or what is a Yahoo. This state of disorder can carry on no longer. We will interrogate the Yahoo who has reason and then deliver our judgement. Call Yahoo Gulliver! (GULLIVER Walks in chains, with dignity as a Guard drags in the bleeding and whimpering Yahoo woman.)

HORSE JUDGE: Gulliver, do you deny that this Yahoo recognised you as one of her own kind? Do you deny that you feel sympathy with her as one of your own race? Confess.

YAHOO: Help...yurgh..yurgh..help! (Reaches out).

GULLIVER: Get away from me. Foul thing. I deny any sympathy with this creature or any of the disgusting beings who hover outside this august court (indicating audience). If I am a Yahoo it sickens me. (Horses nod).

JUDGE: Good, good. Cue 28: Music Underscore

GULLIVER: I confess, I confess to being no better than a human, which is to say the worst of animals. I confess to creating societies that only exist for the benefit of those in power, I confess to lust, greed, pride, jealousy, lies, betrayals. Humanity, of which I am a representative, has invented the very idea of evil. There is no evil in nature. I confess to each and every crime you may imagine and many you cannot imagine. For I have seen nothing in this ordered and rational society that leads me to believe that sin, folly and evil will ever exist here. If it does exist it is because I and my kind have brought it with me. Destroy me, I beg you, I am not worthy to lie under your hooves. (AH Horses are crying, even the Yahoos are overwhelmed with emotion).

JUDGE: (Pulling himself together). Reason...order... discipline.

ALL HORSES: Reason. Order. Discipline! (Smack hooves together).

JUDGE: (Consults in neighing whispers with other horses). Gulliver, you are a reasonable beast. And the Houyhnhnms will not shed your blood. You will be exiled forever from the Houyhnhnm land.

GULLIVER: No, no! Have mercy! How can I return to England? How can I be separated from the perfect, reasonable and ordered society for which I have searched so long? I can be a horse, watch! (Neighs and marches up and down, at first it is a parody of a horse but eventually it becomes a fascist march. The Horses shake their heads).

HORSE JUDGE: No Yahoo, however reasonable, can become a Horsey Houyhnhnm. This is a biological, racial truth. Only we understand scientific nature and only we do not know how to lie and have therefore created a perfect society without violence, argument or disagreement among us. We cannot tolerate that our society be disturbed, we must and will be unanimous!

HORSES: Yes, yes!

HORSE JUDGE: That is why we will destroy the Yahoos, why we must expel you. All those in favour of destroying the Yahoos be silent. (Pause) It is carried. Kill them. Exterminate the Yahoos. (Yahoo dragged of whimpering behind the cart - killed and skinned by HORSE). That Is our final solution. We will be pure, we will not tolerate differences; we will be ethnically clean. One race. One stable. Hooves Before Hands.

HORSES: (Chant) One race, one stable, Hooves Before Hands! Cue 29: Drums/Chant?

GULLIVER: I accept the wisdom of the court but I beg you to let me stay. (On knees)

HORSE JUDGE: Pity is a weakness. You know that. (GULLIVER nods).

HORSE: Take this to cover your nakedness. And go, go back to your England.

GULLIVER: (Taking bloody skin). This is the skin of a Yahoo! I...(Struggling for an idea but losing it)... I... thank you for it. It is a fur; it is the sign of a human beast. May I kiss your hooves? (Horses intake breath).

HORSE JUDGE: Yes, for you are the best of... how do you say...gentlemen.

GULLIVER: Englishmen. Cue 30: Yahoo Killing/Cart Journey

HORSE JUDGE : The best of Englishmen. Gulliver. (GULLIVER kisses his hooves). Go back to the beasts. (The Horses turn and go raising knives that flash in the darkening light as Yahoo whimpers are heard and the stage turns red. Gulliver takes oars and "rows" on the cart as the Horse hum a Wagnerian theme). Music underscore

GULLIVER: (Seeing audience, who are perhaps partly lit) There they are! Yahoos! Where am I? (Receiving answer from the audience) Is that country not destroyed, burned like Sodom and Gomorra, sunk in sin, have you not eaten your children? Torn each other to pieces, Yahoos! Help! Help! Are you ghosts! Are you not destroyed? Exterminated? Dead! (Leaping from "boat") And I am doomed, doomed forever to live with you! Ghosts! Where are the noble horses? (Whimpers and neighs) I am a horse; I am as noble as a horse! I am a Houyhnhnm! (Throws himself around until the Actors come forward and calm him, perhaps placing him a straight jacket they soothe him carefully). Crescendo and end

ACTOR: Stop this. Stop the show! (To audience) I am sorry it's gone too far.

SECOND ACTOR: He is sick. Mad, raving! This is obscene!

ACTRESS: I will not act with a lunatic, I cannot carry one with this... even an actor needs dignity!

SHOWMAN: What are you talking about? Ladies and Gentlemen. Lemuel Gulliver! Get up, bow, you fool. Then there's the song and dance for the encore. (Shouts) Encore, more, zugäbe! Get up! Or shall I whip you?

ACTRESS: Leave him alone. Gulliver is not a slave or a spectacle. Leave him in peace. I am sorry, Ladies and gentleman, Gulliver's travels are over.

SHOWMAN: They damn well are not over!

ACTOR: I'll push your teeth down your throat, it's finished, come on Gulliver.

SHOWMAN: I, I, I... will. (Shocked). What about my investment? That Gulliver cost money to keep!

ACTRESS: We will take care of you, Gulliver. (They exit). Cue 31: Old Piano as beginning?

SHOWMAN: You'll never work with me again. I'll see to that!

ACTRESS: We can get a proper job. (From offstage)

SHOWMAN: Ungrateful sods! I looked after the madman, I fed him, gave him work. It was not easy you know, make a madman perform. I had to use the whip and the stick, God knows. Come back ungrateful bastards! What about the audience? They paid for their tickets, they will want their money back! No refunds! I did what I could. You laughed you cried there was no satire, no offence - it all meant nothing, it's just a children's story. It was not about your governments, your scientists, the money in your pocket ... (Collapses, the gets up and sadly goes to the cart). I'm finished, ruined, go home. The end.

THE END

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