

SCENE SIX

A corner banquette in a dark, sixties-style go-go club – the Pompeiian. While young trendy couples dance, two corpulent, middle aged old buffers – Sir Peregrine Peach and Bernard Windless - are sitting with pretty, professionally simpering escorts. The men lean over the girls, whispering in their ears, feeding them champagne.

Sir Peregrine

Well, Bernard – never thought I'd see the day when the beast with two backs was an endangered species! (To escort) Still, we'll do our bit for the conservation effort, eh, my dear? Another bottle, Bernard? I believe you're in the chair.

Sir Peregrine gets up and bawls good-naturedly

Sir Peregrine

Another bottle of Tatters please, Dennis. Make that two. On Lord Windless's bill.

Dennis

Right you are Sir P.

Windless

What about this Di Angelo chap. I mean, who is he? Where did he spring from? What makes him tick?

Sir Peregrine

Does he tick? That's a better question. As cold a fish as you could shake a rod at. He's the only man I know who thinks about **not** having Rumpy Pumpy every seven seconds. Which is all very well except that, like all zealots, he wants the rest of us to give it up too!

Windless

Can't understand why the PM would pass over his deputy, his chancellor - his *entire cabinet* – and let this... *johnny come lately* mind the shop while he's away. Pretty rum do, if you ask me.

Tony and Terry Pompey appear. They own the club, and act like everyone knows it. Terry acknowledges one of his "celeb" regulars, offstage.

Terry

Michael! How's the movie going? Yeah? Who you with tonight? Excellent! I'll send some girls over!

Sir Peregrine

Ah, Antony, Terrence. A pleasure to see you, dear boys. Join us, join us.

Tony

Can't stop Perry. Got a lot on. Had a bit of *bother* uptown. Just thought I'd pop over - see how my favourite law Lord's doing.

Sir Peregrine

There's life in the old dog yet – eh Girls? (Sotto voce) By the way Tony – wanted to thank you for sorting out that little... unpleasantness for me. You know..

Tony

Don't mention it, Perry. Ever!! Seriously, anything to help a pal. You'd do the same for me, I know?

Sir Peregrine

Of course.

Tony

Speaking of which... This new Morality law...

Sir Peregrine

Ah... that! Only wish I could help, dear boy, but my hands are tied.

Tony

I know. Friday afternoons, Shepherd's Market...

Sir Peregrine (alarmed)

Anthony.. for God's sake! These days, one never knows who is listening... Honestly though, this morality thing – wouldn't worry if I were you. Nothing will come of it.

Tony (slightly harder now)

Something's already coming of it, *Perry*. Our places a getting shut down left right and centre! I tell you, it's against the spirit of free enterprise!

Sir Peregrine

Well you know I'll help where I can, Tony...

Tony

It's not ourselves we're thinking about, you understand. It'll take more than some poncey law to finish us.

Terry

We know the art of survival. Don't we, Tone?

Tony

We do indeed, Tel...

Terry

Tell 'em, Tone!

SONG – YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN

(Lyrics by Robin Kingsland & Chris Barton)

T&T

*As up life's greasy pole you are shinning
There are mockers, and knockers galore,
And the grin every one of 'em's grinning,
[Says] We'll soon see you slide to the floor
But I'll tell you a truth universal...
That helps me back up when I drop,
Though many a man
Goes down life's toilet pan
The biggest ones always float back to the top!*

*They can bring in their white paper - that's the politician's caper -
Close up every club and brothel in the town
They can slap on an injunction - justified with 'oly unction
Get an edict passed by order of the crown
They can give all sorts of reasons - turn small vices into treasons
They can fix us with that "shocked of Tunbridge" frown
But with some duckin' and some divin'
We'll be back again and thrivin'
Cos you can't keep a good man down.*

Chorus

*No you can't keep a good man down
You can't keep a good man down
If you're crafty and you're savvy
They can't flush you down the lavvy
No you can't keep a good man down
It's really a very simple dictum.
You'll find that the logic is sound
If they come to serve a writ, mate, my advice is "Do a flit mate!"
Cos you can't keep a good man down*

2

*Every businessman has sticky moments
When his back's right against that brick wall
When Pay-ments are turned into owe-ments
And there's creditors packing the hall
But these matters I've pondered quite deeply
And I'll share now the theory I've thunk
To cure all you stress
Simply change your address
There's no crisis you can't cure by doing a bunk!!!*

*He can stick his bleeding oar in, it's not hard to put a law in
Try enforcing it - he'll look a proper clown!
He can hassle us for whoring, get his troops to kick our door in
Catch the actress in the bishop's dressing gown!*

*He can try to spoil our day an' close the doors of the Pompeian -
Though it's squeaky clean and held in high renown -
But the adage I espouse is -
"When the law moves in - move houses"
So he can't keep a good man down*

Bridge

*Oh the crabs at the bottom of the ocean
Aren't affected by the gales up at the top.
And if you prod 'em they just make a sideways motion
And that's exactly what we'll do first time we see a cop!!*

Spoken: "Tell 'em girls!!"

Call Girls

*They can try to stop us workin', but we don't believe in shirkin'
If you ask us this new minister's a clown.
We'd love to meet the burke - in half an hour we'd have him smirkin!
We'd soon roll him off that moral higher ground*

Call Girl #1

*He's inhuman
He's a Zombie*

Call Girl #2

A cadaver in a crombie

Call Girl #3

Runs his bath with holy water

Call Girl #1

Wish he'd drown!

Call Girl #2

But if he really wants to know

Call Girl #3

*He can take it from a Pro,
That you can't keep a good man down.*

3

T&T

*So when they send in the troops, please don't worry
And do not hang your heads in despair
With our girls and our booze we will scurry
And like mushrooms we'll pop up elsewhere
Cos one lesson I've learned in my lifetime
That carries me through every trough*

*When I'm plying my trade
And old Plod pulls a raid
When he tells me I'm through I'll reply.... with a cough (Ahem!)*

*No you can't keep a good man down
You can't keep a good man down
If they board us up, well stuff it!
For a week or so we'll rough it,
Then we'll come back as sound as a pound!
There's no call to get all nasty,
There's no need to stand your ground.
Be an unrepentant rascal -
And you'll be King of the Castle
You'll be gone when the bailiffs come around*

*Be the sort of bloke who's willing
To sell granny for a shilling
And one day you'll own this town!!*

*It's not scruples that you need You'll
Only find that they impede you
Ditch 'em sharpish and you'll keep that crown!
Cos you can't keep a good man down!*

The brothers sit down on either side of Perry. It's cosy and threatening at the same time.

Tony

So you see- It's not for us.

Terry

No. Not for us.

Tony

It's the girls.... this work's all some of them can get. And if some.. *friend* ... could help them out, I don't think they'd be slow in showing their gratitude, if you catch my drift.

Sir Peregrine

Quite so... But I honestly wouldn't lose any sleep. A nine day's wonder. It will wither on the vine. Die under it's own weight, like a beached whale.

The boys get up.

Tony

I hope so Perry. I really do. Well, must dash. Places to go...

Terry

People to do.

Tony laughs, and they leave. As they do, CHARLIE LUCRE appears. He looks as if he might have slept on a park bench last night.

Sir Peregrine (To Bernard, nervously)
Ha! All that... brutal vigour... quite amusing in its way.

Charlie
Sir Peregrine!

Sir Peregrine (Frosty)
Lucre? Are you following me?

Charlie
Just wondering if you had any comment on these new Morality Patrols. You being such an advocate of family values. How is the family these days, anyway?.

Girl
We're bored Perry. We want to dance.

Sir Peregrine
Perhaps Lord Windlass would like to grind his hereditary jewels on the dance floor. I'm going to talk to Mr. Lucre here. Okay darling?

The girls and Bernard get up and move towards the dance floor,

Sir Peregrine
Now listen here, Lucre. If you think you can come in here, making your poisonous little innuendos, I'll have you know...

TONY POMPEY strides back on. He pushes through them and slaps a newspaper onto the table in front of SIR PEREGRINE, interrupting him.

Tony
Beached whale, you said!

Sir Peregrine (Reading)
"First conviction under anti-sex legislation"! Anthony, I.....

Tony
Looks like your whale's got bleeding great big **teeth!!**.

Charlie
Maybe it's a shark?

TONY
Shut it!

Sir Peregrine.
Tony... believe me... I would help...

Tony

Don't. I've heard it before. Dennis! Fetch Sir Peregrine's coat. He's leaving. And I don't think he'll be back.

Sir Peregrine

Oh, Tony.. Don't let's be.... Well if that's your attitude..... Bernard. We'll go to my club. It's more wholesome!

LUCRE goes to make a note. TONY puts a hand over his.

Tony

Scribble one word, you little pisshead, and I'll have your nuts!

SIR PEREGRINE and BERNARD leave. TONY POMPEY follows.

Girl

What about us? Perry?? Where will we go?

Tony

Table three if you know what's good for you!

They all leave except CHARLIE He downs his drink, then picks up the paper, and reads the article again.

Charlie (reads)

"Miles Feather, son of the late...Only surviving family a sister, Isobel – recently retired from public life to become a novice nun at a closed order."
(slaps the paper) Nun eh? *Virginity and lust!* No... *Nuns and tarts.* No! - *Sex and the Sacred Heart!* That's it. Probably looks like a robbers dog, but still... It's an angle! Closed order too... no goggle box, no papers...Christ - she might not even *know* yet... This is your chance Charlie boy! This one'll shake the money tree. (Calls out) Hey. You got a phone in here?

He goes to leave, then doubles back to down everybody else's glass too, before exiting.

5. SUDDENLY*

(Sung by Angelo after his first meeting with Isobel)

Lyrics by Robin Kingsland

Intro:

I was there -
Face to Face
I was bathed
In His Grace.

Would He bring me
So far
Just to fall?

Or is this
In His plan?
Test the faith
Of the man?
Am I made
Like the herd
After all?

I'm in turmoil here - I can barely function
Only she can administer the holy unction
I'm a prisoner - she can free me
But can she be led astray...

Chorus:

Suddenly - Inside the man's in tatters
Suddenly - she's the only thing that matters
Having her, feeling her love me purely,
Laying on hands, having her goodness cure me.

If she were less severe
Would I be quaking here?
How did I get this need in me
So suddenly....?

2
Why this girl?
Who is she?
Why tonight?
Why to me?
They say Satan
Wears angel
Disguise!

Face her down!
Don't be meek!
But I know
As I speak
That I'm already lost
To those eyes!!!!

Ash to ash - Where is the moral man I used to be,
Lust to lust - Who is this monster of carnality?
But my blood's burning now, only she can slake me
I'll have her anyhow - let the devil take me!

Chorus

Suddenly - I'll give her all she came for
Suddenly - any sin I'll take the blame for
I'd suffer fires of hell - if I can only love her
Gamble my soul away - I swear to God above her!

Her very innocence
Stripped off my last pretence.
How did the tempter consume me?
So suddenly?

1. EASY STREET

(Opening Chorus to introduce Soho)

Lyrics by Robin Kingsland

1

Hookers

(Hey you!) Your sex life is a sorry joke.
(And you) You're 39 and living with your folks
Lonely at that convention? Come to Easy Street!

2

(Hey You) You're libido's on life support
(It's true) Navy leave is really much too short!
You can relieve that tension - You're on Easy Street!!

Pimps

And there are rooms in this vicinity
Where you can prove your masculinity
Any legal tender will get you something sweet
On Easy Street

3

Hookers

(Baby) Your mom convinced you sex was yucky
(Maybe) You're new in town and can't get lucky
Buy it off-the-shelf right here on Easy Street

4

(So..) Girlfriend won't let down her hair
(Oh, oh) Your wife turned into a Frigidaire?
Want to please yourself? You can on Easy Street

Pimps

We've got the girls to ease your cares away
Heaven's just a flight of stairs away

Dig into your pockets and give yourself a treat.
On Easy Street.

Bridge:

Pompeys

When your life has put you through the mill.
A little illicit thrill,
Is just the thing to make your night complete.
Some say it's cheap and vile and sordid
We say it's what the doctor ordered
And the doctor's always in
On Easy Street

Shocked pedestrians

(Look there) Decent folk can't walk the street
(And there) They're on each other like dogs in heat

Hooker

If you don't like it lady - just don't look!

Shocked pedestrians

(Dear God) It's like a pornographic show
(Dear God) How can humanity sink so low

Pimp

Hey - You can't take it, granddad - sling your hook!

VERSE 4

Hookers

(Hey you!) They're sending you to jail for life
(And you!) Your best friend just stole your wife
You need a little comfort that much is clear
Well you're bound to get it here
On Easy Street.

Pompeys

Here there's no "Do you love me, sugar"
You're just a trick- she's just a hooker
A simple trade, convenient and discreet
You get just what you pay for
Down on Easy Street

Hookers Pimps and Pompeys

Monogamy is oh so dated
Abstinence leaves a man frustrated
Wooing is frankly over-rated
Chicks today are complicated
God- one or two are even *emancipated!*?

How's a guy s'posed to get himself a thrill
You will find something that fits the bill
On Easy Street
On Easy Street
On Easy Street