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"The Book of Bob"

by

Seven Pillars of Wisdom

1937

[F.M.]

THE BOOK OF BOB

by SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM.

CHARACTERS.

- Prologue. Abe, Bob, Egad, (A Voice).
- Scene 1. Five Elders, Bob.
- Scene 2. Sham, Three citizens, Crowd, Bob.
- Scene 3. Bob, Jessie Dirk.
- Scene 4. Bob, Noash, O Dan Suloman, Jubilee Martin, Crowd,
Hungarees Ballet.
- Scene 5. Bob, Reporter, Stalinites, Montagu Normun, Leslie The Roe,
Messenger.
- Scene 6. Tim Goliath, Pariah, Bob, Jubilee Martin, Delilah, Kish,
Slave, Prophet of Bullah, Enos, Four Musicians.
- Epilogue. Bob. Enos, Egad, (A Voice).

THE BOOK OF BOB

OR

A SIMPLE SOUL.

PROLOGUE.

(Black drapings and a bare stage. At back stage are high steps leading to an elevated place. The curtain rises on Abe and Bob resting in front. Abe, an old man with a flowing beard and crooked staff, Bob in a simple loin cloth. Abe speaks ponderously in the tones of an aged and venerable patriarch. Bob has a young and expectant voice).

ABE. Bob, my son, we have come unto the place of the holy sacrifice. Let us meditate awhile ere we prepare our offerings to the gods of our fathers.

BOB. (respectfully) But Father - we have carried with us the wood of the fire and thou hast thy knife - but where, my father, is the fatted calf or the milk-white lamb for the offering?

ABE. Ah, my son, the gods themselves will provide the lamb for the offering..... For our gods are great gods powerful and omnipotent, dreadful in their wrath, but gracious in their favours. For have they now given unto me all the things that I have - did they not lead me into this smiling land?

BOB. But Father!

ABE. Did they not aid me in wars when I drove out those who unjustly prevented my comings, have they not smiled upon me, fattened my sheep and cattle, ripened my crops.....?

BOB. But Father!.....

ABE. Have they not given me comforts in my age? Have they not vouchsafed to me many wives? Have they not multiplied a thousandfold the benefits given unto me so that now I need not work, so that now I may rest in ease and deserved repose, while my young men work for me to keep me comforted in the enjoyment of my gods???? Ah, yes, my son the gods are good and discriminating in their favours. It is very meet and right that we should journey to this place to offer sacrifices to our gods.

BOB. Ah yes, my Father, and so you have oftentimes told me. But what of the gods of the people? Do the gods that feed and clothe thee, my father, also feed thy people. Or have they different gods?

ABE. (firmly) My gods are the only gods!! They are orthodox gods and will pour down their wrath on the heads of them that follow false prophets and idols. They will vouchsafe to me my lands and cattle and keep me safe from the hands of them that hate me, and covet my goods. And only those that serve them shall receive the wealth and riches that is their blessing. And so I have come to this high place to offer my sacrifices. Come, let us ascend unto the altar.

BOB. But Father where is the fatted calf or the milk-white lamb?

ABE. Have I not said the Gods will provide?

BOB. But father?....

ABE. (gathering himself up) Come my son, too long have we tarried. (They are about half way up the steps)
(The Voice from behind the scenes breaks forth, slow and measured, but generous and kindly.....not too awe-inspiring).

VOICE. Bob, Bob take thought, Bob--he leads thee to the altar of sacrifice and yet where is the fatted calf, where the milk-white lamb?

BOB. (Quickly, desperately) Yes!!! Where is the burnt offering, my father?

ABE. (Sternly) Enough, Bob, the sacrifice is ready.
(The two move forward, Bob, hesitatingly)

VOICE. And thou, Bob, thou art the sacrifice: Thou art the sacrifice to the fat gods of plenty, the gods of reaction. Is this to be your fate. Consider, Bob!!

BOB. (Standing Still) No, No, Too long have I accepted blindly the teachings of my father's gods. The time has come when I must find the truth--when I must fight for freedom, justice and equality for all men. I will find the truth. The Truth!!

ABE. (reprovingly) But surely, son, there is no nobler fate...

BOB. (crying loudly) Enough.
(He strikes the old man down and strides eagerly to front stage where the voice follows him). He halts and listens, head inclined.)

VOICE. Beware, Bob, thy path shall be difficult; the pitfalls of reaction await thee; but I- I shall be with thee Bob! I shall be with thee

(Bob takes heart and marches forward.)

BLACKOUT.

"TIME MARCHES ON"

S C E N E O N E

Black Drapings and a Bare Stage.

Four or five elders in flowing robes and Mortor Boards denoting their office on the seat of learning-- seated ROUND A BRAZIER warming their skinny hands and knobbly knees.

(Coughs and grunts and shivers)

1st Elder. (Warming his hands) Its me joints!! the herbalist tells me I ought to resign.
2nd Elder. When a Man's in his prime--seventy to seventy five its unthinkable Kanka.
3rd and 4th. Unthinkable!! Unthinkable!!
4th: When we go who shall take our place? I fear for the new generation of young men and the taint that has come into the temple. The very priests are corrupted, Shakah! This new thought!!! This idealism!!! Bah!!!
3rd: Pish!!
1st: Tush!!
4th: Imphm!!
1st: Retire at my age!! Ridiculous!!
2nd: And what is this youth's name?
1st: Bob, he is called. He was discovered reading from poisoned tablets at the temple door.
2nd: I remember now. A crazy idolator--And calls his wretched philosophy "New Thought".
3rd: What shall we say to him??
1st: (Curtly) Same thing. Can't have the young priests corrupted. The tribe must be kept intact. Here he is....

(Enter Bob in loin cloth)

Bob: Do you wish to speak to me, Sirs?
1st: (Clearing his throat) The young Bob is it not?
Bob: Bob, sir of Uz
2nd: H'm yes, Uz did you say?
Bob: The same sir, my father was a patriarch of Uz and a philosopher too.
1st: It has come to our ears, Master Bob that you circulate perfidious tablets amongst the youths in the schoolstand the temples. Some of ~~the tablets~~ have come into our hands--In particular, I want to question you concerning a tract found in your possession at the time of the Feast of the Pas-
sover.

(Strikes a gong)

A slave will place it before you.

(A slave brings in an Antique which piled with five weightytablets of stone.

1st:(contd.) Am I to understand that you were responsible for these blasphemous scribblings.
Bob: Blasphemous scribblings, sir?? It is the writing on the wall. The venerable Marx hath a large following and his teachings will be the gospel of the priests of the future!!

The Elders creak a h t.)

2nd: We've heard all this before young man-- this half baked intellectualism of yours, this Marxian stuff 'Tis all in the books of the Prophets. It won't get you very far-- there's such stuff in the books we can't practise nowadays--concubines and that sort of thing.
4th: I've often wondered about that.
3rd: Mrs. Lazarus bore me fifteen sons-- what need have I of concubines?
1st: The herd!! The herd!! He who rises against the herd must be turned without the herd like Nebuk- adnezzar of old, to feed on grass!
2nd: This new thought. 'Tis loose. The family, the

tribe, the statusquo! Break them, and what can
we substitute-----
free love and wurzel- flummery!!

All: Pah!! Imphr!!

2nd: What shall we do with him?

1st: Do with him Zaroaster? Same as usual. Deny him
entrance to the temple, deny him access to the
accredited scribes--send him to fatigue duty in
Naboth's vineyard.

2nd: What have you to say young man?

Bob: Ah! What I would say will be mild as tribal wisdom
in the years to come. I am young. My only crime
is in my youth and with the foolhardiness of youth
I have dared to question the wisdom of the patri-
archs. Moses knew well the needs of the tribe
but 'tis time we knew ourselves as more than bar-
barous wanderers living on the fringe of the w
wilderness. I believe in evolution, though 'tis
heresy to you. If there is no liberty in the tribe,
the tribe must be broken.

1st: Blasphemy!! Lock him away....

Bob: You can prepare your padded cells...you can prepare
your gallows: but you will never padlock my lips -
you will never dampen my spirit.

(Consternation on old men's faces--- slaves seize Bob and drag
him away)

Bob;(contg): Goodbye old greybeards, there is much for me to
do. A little while and my time will come.

(Old men creep back to brazier huddling round)

1st: A little while and our time will have come,

(C U R T A I N)

TIME MARCHES ON!!!

S C E N E 2

Sham rises on a cheering group, laughing and applauding Adam Sham the newly elected elder. He wears a bowler hat and pipe and the usual robes. A board on side stage shows the final poll - "Sham 9999 Bob 9." A few posters indicate the election campaign - large and flamboyant for Sham - tiny and insignificant for Bob.)

(Sham is vain and pompous - the successful Tory - the citizens hang on his every word.)

Sham: ~~My~~ brethren hearken unto me, give ear unto my sayings.

1st C: Say on Great Sham, say on.

Sham: At this, the 10th hour of the 10th day of the 10th month, the tribes have truly confounded the defilers of our fair democracy.

Chorus: True words Great Sham, we have, we have!!!

Sham: On this great day ye have done no servile toil it is a day of feasting and blowing of trumpets.

2nd C: (aside) Methinks Sham doth but prepare to blow his own trumpet.

Sham: (pompously) Casting aside the honeyed counsels of Bob lest thy feet should be led into a mine of debt, thou has chosen me to be thy mouthpiece in the council of the tribes. Lift up your eyes to the writing on the wall (points to poll results) but nine voices have been raised against me; the voices that have acclaimed me number nine thousand nine hundred ninety and nine.....

1st C: Truly we hearkened not, Great Sham, to the voice of Bob.

3rd C: He who would loosen the shackles of our very slaves and set them at our tables!! (Shouts of scorn)

Sham: True words, oh citizen, true words. For doth not the leper Bob counsel thus amongst the elders of the tribes saying: "Let no man eat who doth not toil. Let no man take unto himself menservants nor maidservants, eunuchs nor concubines."

Voices: Shame, Sham, Shame (Shouts of horror)

Sham: Let no man wax fat upon the labour of his servants. Let all men labour - thus saith Bob.
(Amusement)

2nd C: (aside) Methinks he speaks with the voice of Beelzebub.

Sham: Ye have but heard the half. According to the word of Bob all your oxen, your sheep, your land, your tents, your raiment shall be taken from you (uproar) nor shall anything remain. (wild dismay)

1st C: But to whom shall these things be given???

Chorus: Aye, to whom???????

Sham: List ye!! Thus saith Bob- "To each man his rent, his raiment, his wife, his children: but the land shall be to all the tribe being owned by none and yet by all."

Cit: These things cannot be--

Sham: Not he would open up the wilderness and net the valleys with strange roads upon which belching chariots might bring back the fruits of the new fields that he would till.

Chorus: Aye - Mohaka, Mohaka! Mohaka!!!

Cit: But, Sham, these roads must be vast. We have not the slaves to build them. How then would he have them builded?

Sham: True - there be not slaves enough. But 'tis in Bob's poisoned mind that You should dig (uproar) That you should wear the vile dungaree (uproar) Brethren, 'tis my belief and the belief of my fathers before me, yea! and their fathers before them - that we the men of substance of our tribe (smacks belly) should spend our days in wealth. For if a man's wealth be taken from him and become the common lot of the tribe so that no man owns anything but each man wons all - will there be any that will toil????

Chorus: But Bob saith we shall all use tractors!!!

Sham: My friends, 'tis then that Bob astride his iron steed would spurn and crush that sign of toil - the wheelbarrow!!

Voices: Shame, shame. A curse on Bob!!

Sham: Truly thou wert wise to wipe out this scourge, thus Bob. How should we continue in the inheritance of our fathers, how should we have kept our slaves For on these things doth our happiness depend - Bob would have stolen them from you, but I, your chosen leader, believe that a man's wealth is a sacred thing to be kept and guarded. Listen-

Song of Tories.

Sham with chorus of Citizens.

Sham: ~~The working man, the shirking man
Whose shirt is foul and grey
We ate his honest sweat
Like any decent Tory.
We don't want the fellahs who
Haven't got the savour
Of a College Varsity
Or old School Flavour.~~

Chorus: We are the A 1 Breed
True to the core
Products of graft and greed,
God help the poor.....
We are the snags
Who wave the flags
And serve the status quo
And any cad who doesn't
Mustn't hang around
The portals of our show.

(Enter Bob - slinks to centre stage & nisses, spurnings, jeers,
& covers off stage other side)

C U R T A I N

TIME MARCHES ON.

Light ~~to~~ amber
Blue spot

SCENE 3

The curtain rises on a prison cell. The stage is quite bare except for a form at right of centre on which two despondent figures crouch, faces cupped in hands. A poster back centre shows a prison window.

Jessie Dirk: Funny, isn't it?

Bob: Funny?

J.D.: The way we've come together.

Bob: Not exactly romantic, huh?

J.D.: Of course, I'm ^avery practical woman, and that doesn't worry me. It's enough to me that we're both here, that we're satisfied that we're ~~independant~~ ~~are~~ to each other, that we have a common aim.

Bob: Yes. Of course I'd heard about you lots of times. Jessie Dirk, The Glasgow Harrikan. Isn't that what the police called you?

J.D.: Among other things.

Bob: Seem to have heard about you eversince I remember.

J.D.: Aye, I have been in the movement a long time now..

Bob: (Coming to her) Beloved Polshie.

J.D. (Melting) Sweet Radical.

(They kiss, they part and Jessie sings....)

J.D.: I threw a brick
At Metternick
And tried to wreck the Nahlin
In other days
I fanned the blaze
And swept the Steppes
With Stalin.
What good has it done me?
The very jailers shua me.
Stalin's in clover,
And ~~here~~ I'm in clink.

Bob: The window is no window
And the door is not allowed.
The prison bread
Is dead sea-fruit
My garments just a shroud.
What good has it done me?
Stalin's in clover
And ~~here~~ I'm in clink..

both: O vulgar, base and come adrift,
O world we do not see
The things depraved,
We neither crave,
Is good society.

J.D.: The jailer is a sadist
And the food is sadder still
The regulation candy
Is a sugar coated pill.

Bob: Savage is no savage
And Nash is never here,
And the noble works of Labour
Have begun to disappear.

Both: O vulgar, base and come adrift
A world we do not see
We do not miss its glitter
And its crass vulgarity.

J.D.: Milton is no poet
But a potent germicide
And Keats is less than Keatings
And Shelley's hands are tied.

Bob: The things I've done for Lenin
And the time I've ~~given~~ Marx!!

J.D.: The things I've done for Trotsky
In the less frequented parks!!!

Bob: All I can offer
Is freedom of thought
Occasional ardours
And amorous sport.

J.D.: I come from Glasgow
And don't ask for much
But I know me chances
And this one I clutch.

Both: O vulgar, base and come adrift
A world we do not see
We'll wed and bed in prison
And God rot the bourgeoisie.

C U R T A I N .

T I M E M A R C H E S O N .

Lights

1/2 amber

& spot on Bob

2 - 01 - 01

0 - 0 - 4

0 - 0 - 1

0 - 0 - 5

0 - 0 - 1

FILLUP SCENE BETWEEN

SCENES THREE AND FOUR.

Enter 2 citizens strolling along the road, discussing the rise of Bob.

A: Truly Habakuk, these be days of gre at change; days when no man can tell what the morrow will bring; whether it will be warts on his nose, white butterflies on his cabbages, biggerfleas in his bed, or a aw face in the council of his tribe.

B: (Musing). Verily verily, the gods of wealth and plenty seem strangely deaf to our earnest supplications. There be those with much and those without shirts. The peple cry for change.

A: Yet had any man told me that Bob would this day be chosen to be our mouthpiece in the council, sooner would I have eaten pork than have believed his words.

B. Even so Habakuk , even so. 'Tis a strange thing that has come tp, pass.

A. 'Tis rumoured in the bazaar that Bob will shortly speak in the market place, telling us the secret of this wonderful potion to cure the ills of a sick tribe.

(Subdued and distant crowd noises behind scenes).

COme friend, (moving off) 'tis Bob. Let us hastente the market place, let us catch every pearl of wisdom.

B. Wisdom? Mayhap. And vet my heart is uneasy. Methinks he doth protest too much.

SCENE 4

This scene is complementary to Scene 2 where the Tory Candidate was victorious. Although still in his sheep skin Bob is now wearing horn rim glasses and has a suspicion of a moustache. The stage is bare. Black curtains. At back is a six foot black and white of a tractor crushing a wheelbarrow. Hung on the curtains are posters bearing legends such as "Happy days are here again" and "Bob for Bombast" and "Bob the Plain man's man". There is a small crowd as there was in scene 2 except that they are a motley crew - raggedly dressed - unshaven etc. One might carry a sickle, another a hammer etc. One or two of the crowd may be made to resemble Nash and Savage if possible. When the scene opens Bob is standing on a soap-box addressing or haranguing the mob and engaging their wrapt attention. There is a clear stage in front of him. The mob stand facing him on either side of the stage. (Bob Noash Jubilee Martin and O Dan Soloman)

Burst of applause.

Bob Bondage, I say bondage.....

(They cheer heartily)

And bondage is not for the chosen people. The world's workers is the Lord's workers and the Lord's workers is the Lord's chosen. Now, I'm going to give the Lord's chosen a living wage....."

Noash: "Ten talents a day for every man?"

Bob: Yea, O Noash, and a chariot for every family in Uz. No trashy trap of the Ammonites - but a real four door Israelite chariot.

Voice: British Israelite?

Bob: British Israelite.....I'm going to make the Promised land a place fit for heroes to live in. A land flowing with milk and honey, too sticky for Adam Sham and his kites and buzzards, to hatch their plots and lay their eggs in...To hell with them....What Sodom and Gomorrah can do, we can do and then some.....I'll see that you get all that the old crowd have always had!! And that is not Bull-dozing!

O Dan Solomon: Wilt thou build bridges, and supply many tents in the best places for all of us?

Bob: Rest assured it shall be done, O Dan Solomon. Friends, I am you and you are me. We're all a big family. Agreed? Right. Well between us we're going to play merry hell with the whole shooting box. We're going to enjoy ourselves. We're slaves no longer. We are the aristocracy and by God we're going to make things hum. Some day....somewhere.....some'ow.....we'll be worshipped for all our deeds. Meantime let's get to and ACT.

Enthusiasm.

Jubilee: Lets alter everything. Let's use our power. Let's...

Bob: O Jubilee, fear not. I am your man. First of all I am going to abolish the changing houses. *then* We need no money-changers now that the money's all ours. So I'll put 'em all into honest working-clothes and make 'em work for us.

ENTER DUNGAREES BALLET.

Trick us out in dungarees
And we are better than
Bleated Bankers with degrees
Socially the men
Let us pass a moment and give a hearty cheer
We are nature's Gentlemen brought up on Moses' Lee.

We are the sons of the soil
We are the men of the people
Proudly we slave and we toil
On scaffolds, on Bridges on steeple,
And when our days work is finished
No Caviar? No we'll take Spinach
For we are the sons of the soil
The dinkum the regular people!

About ten men will come on stage to dance the Dungarees ballet. They will, unlike all the other characters in the play, be dressed in modern clothes. They will wear, if possible, top-hats, and tails and will carry silver-topped canes. The top half will be immaculate. The lower half of their dress will consist of dirty dungarees and big hob nail boots. The Ballet will end with them prostrating themselves before Bob. They will also strike matches on the seat of their pants.

Voice - "Time Marches on"

C U R T A I N .

Lefts

1/2 amber

SCENE 5

In this scene Bob is showing some of the fruits of his success. His clothing is richer, though not as rich as in the next scene. He has now grown the Semple moustache and is wearing horn rimmed spectacles. He has a small cigarette holder at the beginning of the scene. The stage is bare except for a small table and chair in the middle at which Bob is seated facing the audience. Drawing depicting justice with black patch on one eye. Black curtains are the sole drapings. At the middle back is a large mirror.

The curtain rises and Bob is discovered seated at his table. At either corner of the stage four or five assorted types are seated on the floor writing on wooden scrolls. At either side of the table two slaves, Montague Normun and Leslie the Foe, kneel, their heads touching the ground. Everyone is obviously afraid. The people in the corners of the stage are writing feverishly.

Bob: And know ye all that my strength is the strength of stones and my flesh is of brass. I will wipe out the over-oiled charioteer and cast the road-hog into the wilderness.

(Reporters cease writing.)

A Reporter: But what, O Bob of the strike in the factory of Phasteners of Ziph?

Bob: Hear diligently my speech, when I say unto you that that strike must not be mentioned. Mark ye and lay your hands upon your mouths. And now haste away. Remember publish my words in great and many tablets throughout the land.

(Exit reporters at the double. The two slaves stand up)

Bob: Montague Normun! Bring in the Stalinites.

(Exit Normun running backwards)

Foe, haste ye and tell the army to slaughter all the Bankers of Grab. Their wealth shall be mine!

(Exit the foe, similarly out of other exit.
Enter from other side two unkempt individuals the Stalinites)

Stalinites: (In unison, with the clenched fist salute)
Vive la Front Populaire! Greetings, Comrade.

Bob: (Rising and losing his temper)
Comrade be damned. Bloody agitators. This is no place for you. The Kingdom Uz is a free state and there's no room in it for agitators and revolutionists. Yes indeed, 'tis a fine land for honest men...

First Stalinite:
But you were a.....

Bob: (To Normun at Entrance) Chuck 'em out

(Norman chucks them out, enter the Foe from other side of stage)

Foe: O stout hearted Bob! The herdsmen in the valleys are stirred up against thee.

Bob: What manner of man dares so to do?

Foe: 'Tis a women. She waiteth without. Her name is Jessie Dirk. She claims to know thee.

Bob: (Start of horror then calm)
Jessie Dirk? I know her not.
(Jessie Dirk shrieks off stage)

Foe: Dearerdest thou a screamwithout??

Bob: Its the past, what's done can't be undone!!
(Enter messenger dirty, dishevelled
and running)

Messenger: Viva (gives Fascist salute to Bob) Joseph and Noash have fled into a far country. They call it Britannia. Thou art supreme.

Bob: What of the Huttites and the Nobles?

Messenger: Slaughtered, O Scourge of men.

Bob: (Taking a pair of large running shoes from the table) And so are they all who dare to defy me. Go forth and give these to the teachers and the learned. (Gives messenger shoes) Tell 'em there's no room for thought and progress (sneers) in my land.

(Exit messenger)

Bob: Hearken , Normun and Leslie the Foe. You are all my slaves now..... no one is....There is no more joyous living..... no more beer....no more wine.. at least not for my people Everything obeys me.. Doesn't it?

Normun and the Foe:

Yes master.

Bob: Go forth then...scroungers...assemble the builders and erect me a palace on a high place...Go, with all speed.....

(They beat it)

Bob is now alone on the stage. He takes up a tremendous cigarette holder. He poises himself in front of the mirror. He lights a cigarette in the large holder. He steps back. he looks sideways. He strides an attitude - pushing his chest out and smiling boastfully and evilly.)

Bob: (slowly) Fellow workers!!!!

A Voice: Time marches on.

CURTAIN.



Concent
Brass
Tin whistle
Screw

Lights

1/2 amber

Red patches

Red spot

SCENE 6

The curtains rises on scenes of indescribable debauchery the characters are comfortably lounging about in cushions, etc. The feast is just finished, and it looks like it. Most of them are more or less intoxicated. A notice points "To the Vomitorium". There are some musicians in the corner, and a woman is washing the feet of Jubilee Martin.

(Noise)

Tim: Sich richnesssh.

Pariah: Sich luxshury.

Jubilee: Sich comfort (pointing to his feet)

Bob: Bring on the dancin_g women (he bangs on the table) Music, slaves.

(There is an unholy din from the corner)
Habbakuk,
(To a slave) the gourd of Tim Goliath must be replenished. Pass the olives, O Dan Solomon. Olives, grapes, rich fat figs.....But Noash will pay for them. The milk of the white goat and the wine of the Moabites. All good things come to them who wait. Wench, bring Jubilee a skinof wine.

Jubilee: No thanks Bob, I have a skinful.

Bob: Music Slaves, Music o slaves.

All: A song Bob, (They clamour)

Psalm of Victory

(Bob rises unsteadily and sings with echo by chorus hereinafter referred to as echorus for short.)

Bob: In cooling the heels
Of the Scrounger that squeals
I'M one of the leading exponents
I shout and I roar
And invective I pour,
And I pound into pulp my opponents.

Echorus: He shouts and he roars
And invective he pours,
And he pounds into pulp his opponents.

Bob: I look/for a sample
To make an example,
And soon enough shouted Eureka.
Like a bombshell that burst
I landed feet first
On that plague-bitten hole Motueka.

Echorus: Like a bombshell that burst
He landed feet first
On that plague-bitten hole, Motueka.

Bob: I look north and south
As I open my mouth,
And my critics are chilled to the marrow.
A tractor I mount
And they soon take the count
Like that martyred immortal wheelbarrow.

Echorus: His tractor he'll mount
 And they'll soon take the count
 Like that martyred immortal wheelbarrow.

Bob: Good hearted beneath,
 But armed to the teeth
 With a tongue that's unequalled for vigour
 From soap box orations
 I now harangue nations
 And cut a remarkable figure.

Echorus: From soap box orations
 He now harangues nations,
 And cuts a remarkable figure
 A notable, quotable,
 Quite anecdotal
 Most oratorical figure.

Tim: What news, Bob, of the prophet of Lullah?

Bob: The prophet of Lullah has purchased a fine black stallion and races him today in the circuses of Pariah. Five hundred talents have I wagered this day that he shall triumph.

Delilah: (A dancing girl) Who placed that golden bracelet on thine arm o Kish?

Kish(another ditto) : My daddy.

Delilah: Savest thy sugar Daddy?

Kish: Nay.

Delilah: Was it Tim Goliath?

Kish: (pointing to anklet) Nay, Tim Goliath liketh more my ankle.

Delilah: Who then?

Kish: The prophet of Lullah!

(Bugles without - Enter a slave)

Slave: (To Bob) My master - The Prophet of Lullah!

(Enter Lullah, dressed in robes and a jockey cap carrying a riding ~~stick~~. Bob comes out of his cushions and rushes at him. They embrace each other on both cheeks.

Bob: Lullah!

Lullah: Bob!

Bob: So thou returnest?

Lullah: I would/^{not} have missed this feast, O Bob, for all the trophies in the circuses of the Pariah.

Bob: But what of the black stallion and the five hundred talents I wagered?

Lullah: Alas! O Bob, but Noah will provide.

Bob: And what news from Lullah?

Lullah: Ah, the herdsmen cry out in the hilltops and the swineherds answer in the valleys, rudely. The tribal chiefs send for their remits on tablets of stone and the stone is dust and the dust is

blown back in the eyes of the tribesmen. There are murmurings, O Bob, in the vineyards and by the wayside and new prophets rise up. But enough of this - 'tis poor fare for a banquet. Greetings Tim Goliath.

Tim: Welcome Horseface.

(Delilah approaches and shows her bare white arm unadorned)

Delilah: Is it not fair, O Bullah?

Bullah: (Brushing her aside) It will please me-later.

Jub: Bring the wench to the table, Bullah - A slice of nightingale pie and an omelette of locusts have been served in your place.

Bullah: But 'tis not the season for nightingales and locusts when kites and buzzards darken the skies. There is a young man in Rath, Enos by name, a dreamer.

Bob: We have him observed.

Bullah: He is hammering at the door.

Bob: By all the Bulls of Bashan - this is too much. Shumbum have him clapped in shackles and brought before us. (Exit the Slave girl Shumbum)
Bring on the dancing girls.

Jub: 'Twas this day week at the Temple I saw a dance - there was such movement of the hips fore and aft. Methinks they called it....

Pariah: The Dumba??

Bob: The same - I like it well. Music Slaves.

Pariah: There is a song they sing in the temples of Gideon- "Good night Mrs Potiphar"

Jub: I know it - tis sung sung in the temples and marketplaces,

(Sings)

Goodnight Mrs. Potiphar
Ha ha ha Ha ha ha
I think you went too far
When I took my leave
Did you pluck my sleeve??
Did you tweak my nose??
Did you take away my clothes??
Goodnight Mrs. Potiphar
You know what I think you are-
Ha ha ha Ha ha ha.

They join in a noisy chorus when - Enos, a fair young man dressed as Bob used to be, he is wearing huge chains and shackles and a loan cloth. He surveys the scene with disgust till they suddenly spy him.

Bob: Who is this?

(Enos stands in lofty disdain)

Bullah: The young man of whom I spake

Enos: Enos of Rath is my name my Lord.

Tim: (Aside) I've heard tell of him.

Pariah: A famed calumniator and doth scandalise the temple.

Bob: What is your occupation, Enos of Rath.

Enos: The thing that I do is not the toil of common man.

Eullah: He toils not neither does he spin.

Bob: I see, an idle acitator - no honest labourer.

(Bob and Enos take the Stage)

Enos: I have been busy with dreams my Lord.

Bob: Dreams? What dreams are these?

Enos: They are yours sir.

Bob: We do not like these dreams.

Enos: There are many who will share them with me in the camps and the markets. A man cannot be traitor to his dreams. There was a time, My Lord when you were a dreamer. And the dreams that you dreamd

Bob: Fine dreams make poor politics. You know my attitude. What I have accomplished must not be destroyed. The man who opposes me - the scholar, the dreamer, the parasite, - the scrounger will be destroyed. It has come to our knowledge that you have been spreading a poisonous doctrine amongst the tribes of Ham Jam and Bokonphat- you must pay the penalty.

Enos: I stand where you stood in your youth. A man betrays his youth and it is he who pays the penalty. I do not fear your punishment - I only fear for the future of the people. You can prepare your padded cells, you can prepare your gallows, but you can never padlock my lips - you will never dampen my spirit.

Bob: This is infamy.

Enos: A man who betrays his youth is more infamous. My ideals will live when your flesh has rotted and worms feed sweetly on your bones.

Bob: This is ^{too} much. (Takes spear and strikes young man. Slaves seize Enos and hold him. Bob waxes exceedingly fierce.) The young man must be sacrificed.

(Then he drags the fallen youth from the stage in a terrific rage)

Tim: Bob waxes wrathful - I fear for the youth.

Pariah: He will get his deserts.

Eullah: Kish, didst I promise thee a golden bracelet ??

All: More wine, more wine (They get back to the interrupted banquet and sing strains of Mrs. Potiphar and the Psalm of Victory and shout among themselves.)

C U R T A I N.

EPILOGUE.

(The stage is again bare with black drapings as in the Prologue, and again the steps to the of the sacrifice. Bob and the youth Enos - Bob in robes - the youth in his simple loin cloth.)

Bob: A little way, a little way and we draw near to the place of sacrifice.

Enos: Must I then be sacrificed?

Bob: My gods demand a sacrifice. The fat gods of plenty must be appropriated. The house I have builded must not be destroyed but he who strikes at its foundations must be destroyed.

Enos: Its foundations are builded on sand. Thou shouldst have built a house for all thy tribe but in thy house dwell only a chosen few ruled by Envy, Greed, and Lust for Power.

Bob: (Enraged) No man shall say such words and live.

Enos: The truth - it is the Truth.

Bob: 'Tis Blasphemy.

The Voice: (Stern and reproving) Bob, Bob.

Bob: (Madly) Blasphemy, blasphemy. Kneel youth. A man must kill the thing that mocks him. For me the past is dead. The voice of the past must be silenced.

Enos: Where now is Freedom, Liberty and Tolerance?

The Voice: Where, O Bob?

Bob: Have I not given all these?

Enos: Thou hast mocked at liberty. Thy tolerance is violence masked, thy freedom an empty shell. Gone are the ideals of thy youth. Betrayed are thy people. Hypocrite. Traitor.....

(He strikes Bob down, seizes the spear that Bob has been carrying and marches to the front stage. As he goes the Voice breaks out in the same words as at the end of the Prologue. He pauses and listens)

The voice: Beware, my son, thy path shall be difficult: the pitfalls of reaction await thee: but I - I shall be with thee, my son: I shall be with thee.

Blackout.

T H E E N D .