

ACT 1, SCENE 6

EVELYN EARWAX

(Wearing a blazer and ascot, Clive enters stage left.)

CLIVE

I was at a garden party at Dogpoo-on-Thames. It was at the country house of Mrs. Evelyn Earwax. Her brother, of course, is Sir John Hurley, the Queen's Minister for Armpits and Toenail Clippings.

Mrs. Evelyn Earwax is quite proud of her Westminster roses. She cultivates them with the droppings of her aunt, Mrs. Henley-Hartford-Crotch.

Mrs. Earwax had a huge party so we could all come and admire her roses.

Everyone was there. George Gordon-Gonad. Mrs. Carlisle- Cunnilingus. Rodney Bumbugger. Squire Fartworthy was going down on Lady Fellatio-Fontaine, right in the middle of the tennis court. They were both having a rollicking good time. I couldn't believe it.

I turned away, and there was Mrs. Dingleberry-Hall. With her daughter Chlamydia. . . . (He sighs.) . . . So lovely, Chlamydia. She's at Saint Syphilis School for Girls. She was there at the party with her young man, Sidney Shlong-Sternes. He was just sent down from Oxford for rogering the headmaster's yorkie, which they don't care for all that much, even at Oxford.

And old Colonel Herrington-Hemorrhoid was there. (a secret) As a young officer, he used to play with himself in the most inappropriate places. He'd still like to do it, but he's getting a bit dotty. He forgot that twenty years ago, his Johnson was completely blown off at a military exercise at

Sandhurst. Now, he tries to diddle himself in public, but there's nothing there. He can't think of where he might have left it.

And of course, Lady Clitoris-Saint John was there, with her lover, the Duchess of Birmingham-Buttplug. The Duchess, the poor old thing, she's a bit wobbly on her pegs. But she still managed to climb up on the table and douche in the punchball. I couldn't have been more surprised if you bent me over and fucked me with a broomstick.

And- young Tom Scrotum was there. He's such a scamp. He and a few of his chums broke into the laboratory at the Hospital of Saint Cecil Snotface. They made off with a large tin of testicles. And they brought them along to the party. They were playing croquet with actual balls, (gesturing) hitting them this way and that.

Evelyn Earwax was horrified. . . . She tried to catch her breath. . . . She tried again. . . . And she died. . . She fell over dead, right in the middle of her Westminster roses, that she cultivates, with the droppings of her aunt, Mrs. Henley-Hartford-Crotch.

They took her off in a cart. We went on with the party. It was the only thing we could do. We kept a stiff upper willy. And we carried on douching, and diddling ourselves in public, and playing croquet. Because we're British. And that's what we do. We carry on.

(Music cue: Rule Britannia.)

(As the music continues,
Clive grandly exits stage
left.)

(Blackout.)

(End of Act I.)