

# The White Boys

1990

by Peter Hayhurst

## Cast

(Prologue)

Sir Banker

Sir MHK

Sir Cherished Number Salesman

Estate Agent

Doctor

## *Prologue*

It is here, ladies and gentlemen, in (Douglas) that we meet  
To now present to you this entertainment in the street.  
A play of Christmas spirit, fun and truth,  
And if it offends—forgive us—for our youth  
Leads us to mock the men and women who  
Rule over us for they've nothing better else to do.  
And, "Who are you?" I hear you all demand to know.  
We are the famous White Boys (and girl) of Mann and though  
In modern guise we do now appear,  
We wish to act our Merry Christmas here for—

## *All*

We are the merry actors who cruise down the street  
We are the merry actors who barbecue our meat  
We are the merry actors who drink a lot and say  
Enter in Sir Banker, thou champion—CLEAR THE WAY

## *Sir Banker* (Points to Sir MHK)

A worthy MHK, respectable and proud,  
He doesn't notice us, his head is in the clouds.  
Sir MHK, good (evening) and could you tell me pray  
How you spend our taxes great and how you earn your pay?

## *Sir MHK*

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking,  
I will gladly tell the things that you are seeking.  
A member of the House of Keys am I,  
I like the job, and people ask me why.  
I answer them—As MHK I can

Protect the poor and lead the Isle of Man  
Beloved by all. Yes, that is my intent,  
Without a thought of personal advancement.  
And when my country calls, I serve—as you see,  
I am the perfect representative—Vote For Me,  
And for my pittance small I work most hard  
Both here and on frequent trips abroad.  
And though I'm very busy I still find time  
To listen to my electorate on the Mannin Line.  
And I phone up quickly if my honour is in question  
By any undesirables that I could mention.  
I'm a member of your government, I've poise and bearing  
I'm the man who made society prosperous and caring.

*Sir Banker*

Sir MHK—you boast too much, and all your House of Keys,  
I'll make you pay, right here today—your expense account I'll freeze.  
For you, Sir Mighty MHK, I do not give a toss  
Without your cash you are but trash, you'll soon find out who's boss.  
A banker bold am I, as you're now full aware,  
It is in Douglas—Athol Street—that I have made my lair;  
Where, with my friends and colleagues, we'll lead you a merry dance  
With advocates, estate agents and captive insurance.  
And when we're done we'll own your country—house and pastures greener  
So deep in debt you'll be, you'll have to pawn the Villa Marina.  
Then, to further make you sweat and put you to the test,  
We'll make things happier still—and raise our rate of interest.  
I profit from bulls and bears and other markets daring  
So don't come to me with your ideas preposterous—like sharing!

*Sir MHK*

Your scheming head from off its perch in Athol Street I'll blow,  
I rule this land of sun and sand and soon I'll let you know.  
I will flaw, by dint of laws both numerous and clever,  
Your master plan for the Isle of Man and stop your power for ever,  
And prove that on this sceptered Isle—although you may deny it—  
Your banking days are numbered—Stitch this, thou greasy pirate.

[They fight, Sir Banker wins]

*Sir MHK*

I'm bankrupted, VOTERS—HELP. Please listen to my call!

*Sir Banker*

And let this be a lesson to you all!

[Enter Sir Cherished Number Salesman driving a car, together with Serf]

*Sir Cherished Number Salesman*

A cherished number salesman am I, a calling of great worth  
And with me is my hunchback minder, minion and serf,

*Estate Agent*

My name is Cowley sire, and the nature of my calling  
Was decided at an early age by my physiognomy appalling.  
When I was born, my mother saw full clear that I was meant  
To live and die in misery and be an estate agent.  
And since my mean and humble trade's not unbeknownst to fraud  
I bask in the reflected good and greatness of my Lord.

*Sir Cherished Number Salesman*

Yes, great I am, with E-Type Jag, flash suit and Cellnet phone,  
The rich and famous of the land cannot leave me alone.  
I stand here as a member of the social elite,  
With designer London accent I'm complete.  
And though you may think I may well be a dunce  
I had Nigel Mansell in the back of my cab once.  
Our friend, Sir MHK, you're bankrupted so I see,  
But I'm not scared, 'cos I recall your honest S.I.B.  
And so, beware, Sir Banker, when coming to the scratch  
You'll find a self-made businessman and serf much more your match.

*Sir Banker*

For such impudence to a banker wise and good  
Thou well deserves to die and straightway I should  
Attack thee in the vitals with my Finance Sector.  
My independent auditors and my VAT inspector.  
And leave you nothing at you but your Cellnet phone  
To call me and arrange a personal loan.

[They fight and Banker is stabbed in the back by Sir Cherished Number Salesman]

*Sir Banker*

Hold fast, Sir Cherished Number Salesman  
Your victory brave, I grant thee, but I can  
Not die in this undignified position  
So please, good fellow, send for a physician.

*Sir Cherished Number Salesman*

9-9-9 Hello, hello, is there a doctor in the house?

*Doctor* (Answering telephone)

Did I, good friend, hear you for a doctor call?  
I am the one you seek—direct from Noble’s Hospital.  
What’s that you say, two knights in trouble, injuries not nice?  
I’ll come round straight away—see you in a trice.

*Sir Cherished Number Salesman*

Thank goodness you’re here, how cam’st thou at such speed,  
In swift response in answer to our need?

*Doctor*

A thoroughly modern medic I, when unnatural disasters strike  
My speed comes from my TT emergency mountain bike.

*Estate Agent*

But what can you cure?

*Doctor*

Anything and everything from nappy rash to flu  
From embarrassing diseases that you’ve picked up from the loo.  
From disorders in your plumbing to disorders of the brain,  
To the dietary ill-effects of package tours in Spain.  
If you’re overweight or under-tall or shape-wise even stranger,  
I can solve your problems with my Hyperbaric Chamber.  
If you’re stressed, depressed or feeling ill  
All can be cured with my special pill.  
And if you suffer from wounds disastrous  
I’ve got a dressing that’s Elastopasterous.  
I can cure your disorders—symptoms graphic,  
Bovine, Spungiform or Encephalopathic.  
Yes, BSE, Yuppie flu, or Salmonella,  
Call on me and you’ll never feel weller.  
I vow by that suede shoes you’re wearing  
That medicine’s made me prosperous—and caring.

*Sir Cherished Number Salesman*

No doubt, no doubt, good doctor, but these knights here need you yet,  
If mad cows were my concern I’d have summoned for the vet.

*Estate Agent*

What is you fee?

*Doctor*

Well, that depends on many things, but as you're a man of wealth,  
I'll sort your friends out straight away and sod the National Health.  
And just to make them feel right super  
I'll even sell them annual membership of Bupa.

*Sir Cherished Number Salesman*

They accept your terms, sir, but make a start or sure 'tis  
If we natter any longer they will both get rigor mortis.

*Doctor* (Opening bag and taking out bottle)

The potion in this bottle comes with all rare charms complete, Sir,  
Eye of toad and tooth of bat and mutant turtle pizza.  
Nose of VAT inspector, and to show there's nothing sinister  
Sludge from Okell's Brewery and brain cell of Chief Minister.  
With this stuff up their nostrils—soon, their bodies' life will catch up  
And be restored just as before—in life and limb and chequebook.

[Knights restored to health resume battle, broken up by Sir Cherished Number Salesman]

*Sir Cherished Number Salesman*

Sir Knights, Truce! Stop it, for today if you remember  
Is Christmas time, so let's to wine and turkey to dismember  
To eat and drink and sing and stink—into a stupor mellow.  
To shake our hands in fashion quaint and love the other fellow.

*Sir Banker*

For once you're right, our hands let's join in keeping with the season.

*Sir MHK*

And now our office party, so let's sing—for no good reason—

*All*

Then there's success to bankers bold  
And cherished number men;  
And tax-avoidance specialists;  
Three cheers for us and them  
The poor are always with us  
And for them we shed a tear  
As we wish them a caring Christmas  
And a prosperous New Year.

When bands of moaning minnies say  
Our trade is all for greed  
The government is on our side

So who else do we need  
But the office party calls, lads,  
So away with much good cheer.  
And we wish you a merry Christmas  
And a good New Year.

*Sir Cherished Number Salesman*

Now let's away to the bistro.

*Doctor*

Before you go, good gentlemen, remember our arrangement,  
For you have life and robust health, so now I want my payment.

*Sir Cherished Number Salesman*

Times are hard good doctor, and right now I'm strapped for cash,  
But to show my gratitude here, take this cherished number flash,  
Or, if that will not delight you and to avoid unseemly rancour  
I suggest that this good knight here has cash, so go and ask Sir Banker.

*Sir Banker*

Times are hard, good doctor, and *my* cash I'm afraid to say  
Is all tied up in long term bonds, though I'd dearly love to pay.  
But the Government funds the NHS, so see Sir MHK.

*Sir MHK*

All our money's with Robert Fleming and gone gurgling down the drain  
But we're going to pass the hat round so feel free to call again.  
Times are hard good doctor, but I'm sure you'll get your due  
When the health service committee's done its health service review,  
When the lads on Whitley Council have discussed your case for years,  
But till then a Merry Christmas, Doc, with plenty of good cheer.

[All exit except Doctor]

*Doctor*

Humbugs all, those noble knights, to deal with — no-one sleazier  
They take the treatment, reap the gain and then all get amnesia.  
'Strapped for cash,' and, 'Long term bonds' and promises of air.  
This doctor has been swindled of his trouble, time and care.

Good folks, you've heard our story now, so pity my mishap  
And kindly drop a coin or three into this actor's cap.  
Money's made round to go around, and dosh is made for sharing  
So, donate to us and prove that you're both prosperous —

*All*

— and caring.

And may a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year

Attend you all both great and small with plenty of good beer.

[All Dance]

*Produced in December 1990 by Colin Jerry, Bobba Greggor, Greg Joughin, David Fisher, Ian Morrison, Fiona McArdle, Peter Heyhurst, Tim Murphy, Brian Wilkinson & John Kaneen.*

*Reproduced here by*

