

The White Boys

1999

by Peter Hayhurst & John Kaneen

Cast

(Prologue)
Sir Banker
Sir MHK
Sir Expert
Estate Agent
Doctor

Prologue

It is here, ladies and gentlemen, in Castletown we enter
To now present this entertainment in the Civic Centre.
A play of Christmas spirit where the actors of today
Play a story from all ages as each other we do slay
With some modern fools to mock at, so keeping with the season
Give us room to rhyme and shout and fight for no good reason,
And, "Who are you?" I hear you all demand to know.
We are the famous White Boys of Mann and though
Impenetrably disguised we do now appear,
We wish to act our Merry Christmas here for—

All

We are the merry actors who fight in the street
We are the merry actors who never retreat
We are the merry actors who shout 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.
I'm Sir Banker Bold of Athol Street and in my portfolio
You'll find Slobberdan Milosovitch, Lord Lucan and Pam Crowe;
Yes, I clean other people's money in my money launderee,
'Cos where there's brass there's muck and where there's much there's me.
With friends like mine, Sir MHK, you do not stand a chance,
We'll take you over, buy you out, lead you a merry dance
And when we're done we'll own your country—house and pastures greener—
We'll even thwart your evil plans to steal 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.
Unemployed you'll be, without your cash and power prized,
So now my noble windbag, prepare to be downsized.

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 flay 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 Independent Expert, together with Serf]

Sir Expert

An independent Expert from across am I, a calling of great worth
And with me is my hunchback sidekick 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 Expert

Yes, Great I am for without me there's nothing could be planned,
With the government departments I am always in demand
What with IRIS, 'minellium' and the new Incinerator,
Cowley only charges 2 per cent, my fees are even greater,
Want a place to site your prison, or to pump your sewage through?
You can bet your bottom dollar that it won't be in Malew.
My judgment's quite impartial and this fact your hearts will gladden;
I will answer every question and the answer's always Braddon.
My honest friend, Sir MHK, who gives me all my dough
You've bankrupted most cruelly, with your mortal blow,
Your bank's been cheating everyone, it's known all over town
I'll call my good friends the FSC, and they'll have you closed down.

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 mobile phone
To call me and arrange a personal loan.

[They fight and Sir Banker is stabbed in the back by Estate Agent]

Estate Agent

For this act of selfless bravery there'll be houses yet on Scarlett.

Sir Expert

The Castletown commissioners are here, so shut up, varlet!

Sir Banker

Hold fast, Sir Independent Government Advisor
I surrender Sir so do not close me down or
Let me die in this undignified position
Instead good fellow send for a physician.

Sir Expert

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

Doctor (Answering telephone)

Did I, good friend, hear you ask 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 Expert

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 Phil Hogg emergency mountain bike.

Estate Agent

But what can you cure?

Doctor

Anything and everything, what have you got?
A headache, a backache, an ugly spot,
Pains within or pains without,
The plague, the palsy and the gout,
Sloth, lust, gluttony, envy or greed—
In my little black bag I have all that you need.
If you're overweight or under-tall, or shape-wise even stranger,
I can solve your problems with my Hyperbaric Chamber.
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 old school tie you're wearing

That medicine's made me prosperous—and caring.

Sir Expert

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 your 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 membership of Bupa.

Sir Expert

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 entrusted—
Eye of toad and tooth of bat and telly tubby custard,
Soupcon of Viagra, 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 Expert]

Sir Expert

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 sink—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 MHKs and noble banking men;
And government advisors all, 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 Expert

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 Expert

Times are hard good doctor and right now I'm strapped for cash
But my Hospital cost cutting feasibility study should be with you in a flash
And if that will not delight you and to avoid unseemly rancour
I advise 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

I'm afraid we've spent your money, it went 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—

All

—Prosperous 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 1999 by Colin Jerry, Bobba Greggor, Greg Joughin, David Fisher, Ian Morrison, Fiona McArdle, Peter Heyhurst, Tim Murphy, Brian Wilkinson & John Kaneen.

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