

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Secondary Education

DRAMA

1916/2/T/PRE

WRITTEN PAPER OPTION A (23 June 2005)

PRE-RELEASED MATERIAL for the 2005 examination

To be opened and given to candidates on receipt by the Centre.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- This booklet contains a script extract from 'The Insect Play' by Karel and Josef Capek and a stimulus item 'Celebrity' by Brad Paisley.
- In the examination, a clean copy of this booklet will be provided with the question paper.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Preparation Period

- To prepare for the examination you must work on **both** the script extract and the stimulus item with your teacher.
- You may ask your teacher anything you do not understand.
- The questions in the examination paper will be on **both** the script extract and the stimulus item.
- You may annotate this pre-released material during the preparation period.

Examination

- You must **not** take any annotated copy of the pre-released material or any other notes of preparation into the examination.
- Answers must **only** be written on the examination paper and any additional answer paper you may need.

This question paper consists of 21 printed pages and 3 blank pages.

GUIDANCE TO CANDIDATES

- You have until the written paper on 23 June to explore the script extract and the stimulus item with your teacher.
- Divide your time equally between working on the script extract and the stimulus item.
- Try a variety of approaches to the material, experimenting with how each can be turned into practical drama.
- It is a good idea to turn at least one of your ideas for the stimulus item into a polished improvisation.
- You will be well prepared for the paper if you are aware of the two modes you will be working in
 1. Planning and exploring
 2. Performing what you select from the planning and exploration.

Background and Synopsis to The Insect Play

The play was written by the two brothers Karel and Josef Capek in 1921. The authors use satire to express fear of upcoming social disorder, dictatorship, violence and unlimited power of corporations. The insects of the play stand for various human characteristics. These were common themes in Karel Capek's writings as he sought to find some hope for the human being. The Insect Play can be seen as a reminder of the follies of the recent past and a warning regarding the future, therefore the historical context for this play is important to you:

- The First World War ended in 1918, the carnage of that war was still etched into public consciousness, indeed there would have been few in much of Europe who did not have a relative, friend or neighbour touched by the brutal tragedy of that war. Many men were 'dislocated' by the war and tramps were a common feature of the times; victims of shell shock; runaways from the front scared to return to civilian life for fear of reprisals; and those just unable to settle again to 'normal' life.
- In 1917 The Russian Revolution had taken place and a workers revolutionary state was born, taking power from the established ruling elite. The ruling groups of other nations watched with horror and fear.
- Following the First World War there was economic depression on a massive scale in all Western countries, particularly in Germany, the country that lost the war. Right through the 1920s and 30s poverty and unemployment would be a massive problem, a living tragedy for ordinary working people. Many questioned whether the current political economic systems could work and offered radical or extreme solutions as to the way forward. It is in this climate that the Fascists rose to power in Germany and Italy.
- Following the War and the role women played in the factories and industry, a new social revolution gained momentum, manifesting itself in such areas as: votes for women; for some a new libertine social life – jazz music, risqué dance styles e.g. The Charleston; 'daring' ladies' fashions revealing legs; the young 'Flappers' intent on having a good time; and many old established social certainties and values were being questioned.

This then is the social and political context, out of which the play grew. The extract you have for your examination is the Prologue and Act 2 of the play. Each Act depicts a different type or section of society and portrays different human characteristics. Each Act is part of the Tramp's dream, a dream the Tramp appears in, observing, commenting and as the play turns tragic/nasty in Act 3, becoming angry and judging:

Act 1 is The Butterflies. These are the rich young; they are hedonistic, flighty and vain. Some parallels can be seen with the 1920s Flappers of high society. No worries about earning a living for them, yet they are trapped in a selfish existence. The satire of the 'here today gone tomorrow' butterflies starts the play in a humorous vein, but the situation turns tragic for one of their number.

Act 2 is The Creepers and Crawlers. This is the extract you have so you can judge this act.

Act 3 is The Ants. This is a militarised regimented society with an all powerful supreme leader. There is war with its Yellow neighbours to dispute who owns the patch of land 'between the two blades of grass' everyone is sacrificed to the dispute. Echoes of the First World War resonate in the writing.

Epilogue: Echoes and characters from throughout the whole play reappear. The Tramp questions them and appeals to them e.g.

Tramp: Butterflies, beetles, moths, and men—why can't we all live 'appy together? The world's big enough, and life could be 'appy for everythink—if we ad a bit o' sense.

Amongst the constant struggle of life and death of the insects the tramp dies. A woodcutter and his wife enter the glade and discover the body, they talk and the Woodcutter observes '*One's born and another dies. No great matter, missus*'.

A website with biographical details relating to the two authors can be found at: www.kirjasto.sci.fi/capek.htm. Josef died in a Nazi concentration camp, a victim of one of the horrors that the two brothers sought to highlight in their writing.

PROLOGUE

THE TRAMP *is discovered, stretched out in sleep; a bottle at his side. BUTTERFLIES flutter across the scene.*

Enter a BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR with a net

BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR. There they go, there they go! Fine specimens! *Apatura Iris—Apatura Clythia*—light-blue butterflies and the Painted Lady. Wait a minute—I'll get you! That's just it—they won't wait, the silly creatures. Off again ... Hullo—somebody here. They're settling on him. Now! Carefully. Slowly. Tiptoe! One, two, three!
 [A butterfly settles on the tip of the TRAMP's nose. The BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR makes a dab with his net]

TRAMP. 'Ullo! What yer doin'? Ketchin' butterflies? 10

BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR. Don't move! Careful now! They're settling again. Funny creatures—they'll settle on mud, on any sort of garbage, and now they're settling on you.

TRAMP. Let 'em go. They're 'appy.

BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR. Idiot! I've lost them, confound you! There they go, there they go!

TRAMP. It's a shime—it is, reely. 15

[The BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR rushes out. The TRAMP stretches his arms, takes a pull at the emptied bottle, yawns, staggers to his feet and drops down again]

[Speaking to the audience] All right—all right! Don't you worry. I 'aven't 'urt myself! I know what you think—you think I'm sloshed—some of you! Rotten observation—low visibility—that's what you're suffering from. You didn't catch me staggering, did you? I fell like a tree—like a hero! I was rehearsing, that's what I was doing—the fall of man! The fall of man! There's a picture for yer! Ah, you little flowers—you didn't think I was drunk, did you? You've too much respect for me! I'm a man, that's what I am—a lord of creation! A great thing to be, I tell yer! 'Now then, pass along there, my man!' That's what they say to me. It's wonderful! 'Clear up that rubbish heap, my man, and I'll give you a tanner, my man.' It's a fine thing to be a man. *[He succeeds in getting his balance.]* 20 25

Enter the BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR

BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR. Two, – splendid Nymphalidae!

TRAMP. No offence, mister, but why'jer catch them when they're all so 'appy playing?

BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR. Playing, you call it. I'm afraid you haven't the scientific mind, my friend. It's the overture to the natural system by which Nature keeps up the balance of the population—that's what you call 'playing'. The male pursues the female; the female allures, avoids—selects—the eternal round of sex! 30

TRAMP. What will you do with them when you catch them?

BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR. What shall I do? Well, each insect must be identified, recorded and assigned a place in my collection. The butterfly must be carefully killed, and then carefully pinned, and properly dried, and care must be taken that the powder is not rubbed off. And it must be protected against dust and draught. A little cyanide of potassium. 35

TRAMP. And what's it all for?

BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR. Love of nature—if you loved nature as much as I did, my man—
Careful—didn't I tell you—they're off again. Never mind, I'll get you, see if I don't. *[Exit]* 40

TRAMP. 'E's clever, that there bloke. And as for me,
P'raps I am done for; but if I *am*, 'oo cares?
That ain't the only reason why I see
Everythink double, everythink in pairs. 45
Them little birds up there ... I see yer plain!
Tweet-weety-weet ... Lord! 'ow they bill and coo,
As yer might say. Them butterflies again,
What sport they 'ave—'ow prettily they woo!
Love's what they want, Some day they'll get it, p'raps: 50
Everythink does—or mostways everythink ...
(S'pose *you'd* a girl who loved all kinds of chaps –
Wouldn't *you* damn yerself, and take to drink?)
Well, 'ere's the world, and though I'm down and out,
It's worth while learnin' what it's all about. 55

ACT II

CREEPERS AND CRAWLERS

SCENE: *A sandy hillock—Various holes, etc.*

BEETLES *are quarrelling over a CHRYSALIS, which is seized first by one then the other.*

CHRYSALIS. The whole world is bursting into blossom. I am being born.

TRAMP. *[Raising his head—he is lying half asleep]* How much?

CHRYSALIS. The Great Adventure begins. 60

TRAMP. Right oh! *[Settles down again.]*

[Pause]

MR. BEETLE. *[Behind the scenes]* What yer getting at?

MRS. BEETLE. *[Behind the scenes]* Me?

MR. BEETLE. Yes, you—you lump of rubbish.

MRS. BEETLE. Silly swine. 65

MR. BEETLE. Fathead.

MRS. BEETLE. Fathead yourself—mind where you're going.

They enter, rolling a huge ball of dirt

MR. BEETLE. It's all right, isn't it?

MRS. BEETLE. I'm all of a tremble. 70

MR. BEETLE. Our capital—that's what it is—our lovely capital—careful—careful.

MRS. BEETLE. Can't be too careful with our capital—our little pile.

MR. BEETLE. How we've saved and scraped and toiled and moiled to come by it.

MRS. BEETLE. Night and morning, toiled and moiled and saved and scraped.

MR. BEETLE. And we've seen it grow and grow, haven't we, bit by bit—our little ball of blessedness. 75

MRS. BEETLE. Our very own it is.

MR. BEETLE. Our very own.

MRS. BEETLE. Our life's work.

MR. BEETLE. Smell it, old woman—pinch it—feel the weight of it. Ours—ours. 80

MRS. BEETLE. A godsend.

MR. BEETLE. A blessing—straight from Heaven—capital—capital.

CHRYSALIS. Eternal night is breaking:
 The universe is waking: 85
 One minute, just one minute
 And I—I—shall be in it.

MRS. BEETLE. Husband.

MR. BEETLE. What is it, old woman?

MRS. BEETLE. Ha, ha, ha! 90

MR. BEETLE. Ha, ha, ha! Wife!

MRS. BEETLE. What is it, old man?

MR. BEETLE. Ha, ha! It's fine to own something—property—the dream of your life, the fruit of your labours.

MRS. BEETLE. Ha, ha, ha! 95

MR. BEETLE. I'm off my head with joy—I'm going balmy.

MRS. BEETLE. Why?

MR. BEETLE. With worry. Now we've got our little pile that we've so looked forward to, we've got to work and work and work to make another one.

MRS. BEETLE. Why another one? 100

MR. BEETLE. Silly—so that we can have two, of course,

MRS. BEETLE. Two? Quite right—quite right—two.

MR. BEETLE. Just fancy—two—at least two, say three. Every one who's made his pile has to make another.

MRS. BEETLE. So that he can have two? 105

MR. BEETLE. Yes, or three.

MRS. BEETLE. Husband.

MR. BEETLE. Well, what is it?

MRS. BEETLE. I'm scared—S'posin' some one was to steal it from us.

MR. BEETLE. What? 110

MRS. BEETLE. Our capital—our little pile—our all in all.

MR. BEETLE. Our pi-ile—My gawd—don't frighten me.

MRS. BEETLE. We oughtn't to roll it about with us till we've made another one, dearie, did we?

MR. BEETLE. I'll tell you what—we'll invest it—In—vest it—store it up—bury it. That's what we'll do—nice and deep—nice and deep. 115

MRS. BEETLE. I hope nobody finds it.

MR. BEETLE. Eh, what's that? Finds it—No, of course they won't. Our little bit of capital.

MRS. BEETLE. Our nest-egg—Oh, bless me—I hope no one does—our little all.

MR. BEETLE. Wait—stay here and watch it—Watch it careful—don't let your eyes off it, not for a minute—Capital—Capital. 120

MRS. BEETLE. Where yer off to?

MR. BEETLE. To look for a hole—a little hole—a deep hole—deep and narrer to bury it in—out of harm's way—Careful—Careful. [Exit

MRS. BEETLE. Husband—husband, come back—wait a bit—I've found one—such a nice hole—Husband! He's gone! If I could only look into it—No, I mustn't leave yer. But only a peep—Here, stay here good and quiet, darling. Hubby'll be back soon—in half a jiff, half a jiff—So long, keep good—half a ji— 125

Enters the lair of the ICHNEUMON FLY

CHRYSALIS. Oh, to be born—to be born—into the great new world.

Enter a STRANGE BEETLE 130

STRANGE BEETLE. They've gone—now's my chance. *[Rolls pile away.]*

TRAMP. 'Ere, mind where yer going to.

STRANGE BEETLE. Mind yer feet.

TRAMP. What's that yer rolling?

STRANGE BEETLE. Ha, ha! That's my capital—my little pile, my all. 135

TRAMP. Bit niffy, ain't it?

STRANGE BEETLE. Eh?

TRAMP. It smells.

STRANGE BEETLE. Capital don't smell—Off you go, my precious—This way, my little all, my nest-egg, my capital. [Exit] 140

MRS. BEETLE. Oh dear, oh dear. That's somebody's house, that is—We can't put you there, my jewel. Oh, where's it gone to? Where's it gone to? My little pile—where's it gone to?

TRAMP. Why, not 'arf a minute—

MRS. BEETLE. [*Rushing at him*] Thief—thief—What 'ave you done with my pile?

TRAMP. I'm telling yer. 145

MRS. BEETLE. Here, give it back—yer wretch.

TRAMP. Just this minute a gentleman rolled it away over there.

MRS. BEETLE. What gentleman? Who?

TRAMP. A pot-bellied fellow, a fat, round chap.

MRS. BEETLE. My husband? 150

TRAMP. A feller with an ugly mug and crooked feet.

MRS. BEETLE. That's my husband.

TRAMP. His capital he said it was.

MRS. BEETLE. That's him—he must have found a hole—Husband—My precious—Darling! Where is the blasted fool? 155

TRAMP. That's where he rolled it to.

MRS. BEETLE. Coo-eh! Couldn't he have called me? Husband, my precious! I'll learn yer—Our capital—our all—our little pile. [Exit]

TRAMP. Them butterflies was gay
And foolish, yer might say: 160

But these 'ere beetles—lumme,
They *do* work, anyway!

So, 'ere's to wish 'em luck—
Though gatherin' balls of muck

Is jest about as rummy 165
As anythink I've struck.

CHRYSALIS. O universe, prepare! O space, expand! The mightiest of all happenings is at hand.

TRAMP. What's that?

CHRYSALIS. I'm being born.

TRAMP. That's good—and what are you going to be? 170

CHRYSALIS. I don't know—I don't know—Something great.

TRAMP. Ah ha!

CHRYSALIS. I'll do something extraordinary—I'm being born.

TRAMP. What *you* want's life, my son.

CHRYSALIS. When half a minute's gone, 175
 Something immense, unbounded,
 Will happen here

TRAMP. Go on!

CHRYSALIS. I shall do something great!

TRAMP. What? 180

CHRYSALIS. When I change my state,
 The world will be astounded!

TRAMP. Well—'urry up. I'll wait.

Enter ICHNEUMON FLY, dragging the corpse of a CRICKET to its lair

ICHNEUMON FLY. Look, larva, daddy's bringing you something nice. 185

Enters his lair

CHRYSALIS. [*Shouting*]
 The torment of my birth
 Is tearing the whole earth.
 She groans to set me free— 190

TRAMP. Then get a move on. See?

ICHNEUMON FLY. [*Returning*] No, no, daughter, you must eat. You mustn't come out—it wouldn't do at all. Daddy'll soon be back and he'll bring you something nice. What would you like, piggywiggy?

Enter LARVA 195

LARVA. Daddy, I'm bored here.

ICHNEUMON FLY. Ha, ha! That's a nice thing to say. Give daddy a kiss—Daddy'll bring you something tasty. Would you like a follow of cricket? Ha, ha—not a bad idea.

LARVA. I'd like—I don't know what I'd like.

ICHNEUMON FLY. She doesn't know what she'd like, bless her little heart. I'll find something you'll like—Ta-ta! Daddy must go to work now—Daddy must go a hunting and fetch something for his popsy-wopsy. Ta-ta! Go back now, poppet, and wait for your din-din. Ta-ta!
[Exit LARVA] 200

ICHNEUMON FLY. [To Tramp] Who are you?

TRAMP. I? 205

ICHNEUMON FLY. Are you edible?

TRAMP. Yes, I don't think.

ICHNEUMON FLY. [Sniffing] No—not fresh enough—Who are you?

TRAMP. Oh, any sort of skunk, I am.

ICHNEUMON FLY. [Bowing] Pleased to meet you. Any family? 210

TRAMP. Not as I am aware of.

ICHNEUMON FLY. Did you see her?

TRAMP. 'Er? Who?

ICHNEUMON FLY. My Larva. Charming, eh? Smart child—And how she grows, and what a twist she's got. Children are a great joy, aren't they? 215

TRAMP. I've 'eard 'em well spoken of.

ICHNEUMON FLY. Well, of course they are, you take it from me—One who knows. When you have them, at least you know what you're working for. That's life, that is. Children want to grow, to eat, to laugh, to dance, to play, don't they? Am I right?

TRAMP. Children want a lot. 220

ICHNEUMON FLY. Would you believe it, I take her two or three crickets every day. Do you think she eats them all up? No—Only the titbits— A splendid child, eh?

TRAMP. I should say so.

ICHNEUMON FLY. I'm proud of her—real proud. Takes after me—just like her daddy, eh? Ha, ha! And here I stand gossiping, when I ought to be at work. Oh, the fuss and the running about—Up early, home late, but as long as you're doing it for some one worth doing it for, what does it matter? Am I right? 225

TRAMP. I suppose you are.

ICHNEUMON FLY. A pity you aren't edible, isn't it? It is, really. I must take her something, you know, mustn't I? You see that yourself, don't you [Fingering CHRYSALIS.] 230

CHRYSALIS. I proclaim the re-birth of the world.

ICHNEUMON FLY. Ah! You aren't ripe yet—Pity.

CHRYSALIS. I shall inspire—I shall create.

ICHNEUMON FLY. It's a great responsibility to bring up children—A great worry, isn't it?
Feeding the poor little mites, paying for their education and putting them out into the world. 235
That's no trifle, I can tell you. Well, I must be off now—Au revoir—Pleased to have met
you—Ta-ta, my chicken—Be good! [Exit]

TRAMP. This 'as me fairly beat. That fly destroys
The cricket jest to feed 'is girls and boys;
But that pore 'armless cricket found life sweet, 240
Same as 'e does—No! Nature 'as me beat!

LARVA. [*Crawling out of hole*] Daddy! Daddy!

TRAMP. So you're the Larva. Let's have a look at you,

LARVA. How ugly you are!

TRAMP. Am I? Why? 245

LARVA. I don't know—Oh, how bored I am! I want—I want—

TRAMP. What yer want?

LARVA. I don't know. Yes, I do—To tear up something—Something alive—that wriggles.

TRAMP. 'Ere, what's come over yer?

LARVA. Ugly—ugly—ugly! [*Crawls away.*] 250

TRAMP. Where's Mr. Manners?—Blowed if I'd feed a daughter
Like 'er. Perliteness—that's what *I'd* 'ave taught 'er.

Enter MR. BEETLE

MR. BEETLE. [*Calling*] Come along, old girl. I've found a hole. Where are you? Where's my pile?
Where's my wife? 255

TRAMP. Your wife? Do you mean that old harridan? That greasy fat bundle of rags?

MR. BEETLE. That's her—Where's my pile?

TRAMP. That old tub in petticoats?

MR. BEETLE. That's her—that's her—She had my pile—What's she done with my pile?

TRAMP. Why, your beauty went to look for you. 260

MR. BEETLE. Did she? Where's my pile?

TRAMP. That great ball of muck?

MR. BEETLE. Yes, yes. My nest-egg—my savings—my capital. Where's my beautiful pile? I left my wife with it.

TRAMP. Some gentleman rolled it away over there. Your wife wasn't here at the time. 265

MR. BEETLE. Where was she? Where is she?

TRAMP. She went after him. She thought it was you. She kept shoutin' for yer.

MR. BEETLE. I'm not asking about her. Where's my pile, I say?

TRAMP. Gentleman rolled it away.

MR. BEETLE. Rolled it away? My pile? Gawd in 'eaven! Catch him. Catch him. Thief! Murder! 270
All my little lot. All I've saved. They've killed me, they've done me in. Who cares about my wife? It's my pile they've taken. Help—stop thief! Murder!

TRAMP. Ha, ha, ha!

Crikee! 'E don't want pleasure
But jest to pile up treasure; 275
And when the old sly copper—
Death—comes and nabs 'im proper,
'E'll still be like a rigger
Sweatin' to make it bigger,
Still 'eavin' and still puffin' ... 280
And what's he gained? Why, nuffin'!

MR. CRICKET. [*Off stage*] Look out, darling—take care you don't stumble. Here we are—here we are. Oopsi-daisy! This is where we live—this is our new little home. Careful—You haven't hurt yourself, have you?

Enter MR. and MRS. CRICKET 285

MRS. CRICKET. No, Cricket, don't be absurd.

MR. CRICKET. But darling, you must be careful—When you're expecting—and now open the peephole—look—How do you like it?

MRS. CRICKET. Oh, darling, how tired I am!

MR. CRICKET. Sit down, darling, sit down. My popsy must take great care of herself. 290

MRS. CRICKET. What a long way—And all the move! Oh, men never know half the trouble moving is.

MR. CRICKET. Oh darling, come, come—Look, darling, look.

MRS. CRICKET. Now don't get cross, you horrid man,

MR. CRICKET. I won't say another word, really I won't. Fancy, Mrs. Cricket won't take care of 295
herself, and in her state too—What do you think of her?

MRS. CRICKET. You naughty man—how can you joke about it?

MR. CRICKET. But darling, I'm so happy. Just fancy, all the little crickets, the noise, the chirping—[*Imitates the noise and laughs.*]

MRS. CRICKET. You—you silly boy—wants to be a great big Daddy, eh? 300

MR. CRICKET. And don't you want to be a Mummy too?—my Popsy?

MRS. CRICKET. Yes'm does! Is this our new home?

MR. CRICKET. Our little nest. Commodious little villa residence.

MRS. CRICKET. Will it be dry? Who built it?

MR. CRICKET. Why, goodness me, another Cricket lived here years ago. 305

MRS. CRICKET. Fancy, and has he moved?

MR. CRICKET. Ha, ha—Yes, he's moved. Don't you know where to? Guess.

MRS. CRICKET. I don't know—What a long time you take saying anything—Do tell me, Cricket, quickly.

MR. CRICKET. Well, yesterday a bird got him—Snap, snip, snap. So we're moving into his house. By Jove, what a slice of luck! 310

MRS. CRICKET. Gobbled him up alive? How horrible!

MR. CRICKET. Eh? A godsend for us. I did laugh. Tralala, etc. We'll put up a plate. [*Puts up plate with 'Mr. Cricket, musician'*] Where shall we put it? More to the right? Higher?

MRS. CRICKET. And you saw him eaten? 315

MR. CRICKET. I'm telling you—like that—snap, snip!

MRS. CRICKET. Horrible! Cricket, I have such a queer feeling.

MR. CRICKET. Good heavens—Perhaps it's—no, it couldn't be, not yet!

MRS. CRICKET. Oh dear, I'm so frightened.

MR. CRICKET. Nothing to be frightened of, dear—Every lady— 320

MRS. CRICKET. It's all very well for you to talk—Cricket, will you always love me?

MR. CRICKET. Of course, darling—Dear me, don't cry—come, love.

MRS. CRICKET. Show me how he swallowed him—Snip, snap.

MR. CRICKET. Snip, snap,

MRS. CRICKET. Oh, how funny! [*Has hysterics.*] 325

MR. CRICKET. Well, well. There's nothing to cry about. [*Sits beside her*] We'll furnish this place beautifully. And as soon as we can run to it, we'll put up some—

MRS. CRICKET. Curtains?

MR. CRICKET. Curtains, of course! How clever of you to think of it. Give me a kiss.

MRS. CRICKET. Never mind that now—Don't be silly. 330

MR. CRICKET. Of course I'm silly. Guess what I've brought?

MRS. CRICKET. Curtains!

MR. CRICKET. No, something smaller—Where did I—?

MRS. CRICKET. Quick, quick, let me see.

[MR. CRICKET. *takes out a rattle* 335

Oh, how sweet, Cricket! Give it to me.

MR. CRICKET. [*Sings*]

When Dr. Stork had brought their child,

Their teeny-weeny laddy,

All day about the cradle smiled 340

His mumsy and his daddy:

And 'Cricket, cricket, cricket,

You pretty little thing'—

Is now the song that all day long

They sing, sing, sing. 345

MRS. CRICKET. Lend it me, darling—Oh, daddy—I'm so pleased. Rattle it.

MR. CRICKET. Darling.

MRS. CRICKET. [*Singing*] Cricket, cricket, cricket!

MR. CRICKET. Now I must run round a little—let people know I am here.

MRS. CRICKET. [*Singing*]

And 'Cricket, cricket, cricket,

You pretty little thing ...' 350

MR. CRICKET. I must get some introductions, fix up orders, have a look round. Give me the rattle, I'll use it on my way.

MRS. CRICKET. And what about me? I want it. 355

MR. CRICKET. Very well, darling.

MRS. CRICKET. You won't leave me long—

MR. CRICKET. Rattle for me if you want me. And I expect a neighbour will be coming along. Have a chat with him, about the children, and all that, you know.

MRS. CRICKET. You bad boy. 360

MR. CRICKET. Now, darling, be careful. Won't be long, my pet.

[*Runs off*]

MRS. CRICKET. [*Rattles*] Hush-a-bye—cricket—on the tree top! Cricket! I feel frightened.

TRAMP. Don't you be frightened, mum. You'll 'ave an easier time than most ladies, by the look of yer.

MRS. CRICKET. Who's there, a beetle?—You don't bite? 365

TRAMP. No.

MRS. CRICKET. And how are the children?

TRAMP. Ah—now you're askin'! Rum, 'ow
 Yer question 'urts me, som'ow;
 For, beg your pardon, Madam— 370
 Fact is, I've never 'ad 'em.

MRS. CRICKET. Oh, dear, haven't you any children? That's a pity. [*Shakes rattle*] Cricket! Cricket! And why did you never marry, beetle?

TRAMP. Well, some's too selfish, maybe,
 To want a wife and baby ... 375
 Oh, 'strewth, what do I care now?—
 She wouldn't 'ave me! There now.

MRS. CRICKET. Yes! Yes! You men *are* troublesome. [*Rattles*] Cricket! Cricket! Cricket!

CHRYSALIS. In me, in me, in me,
 The future strives to be! 380

TRAMP. Oh, buck up!

CHRYSALIS. I will accomplish such deeds.

Enter MRS. BEETLE

MRS. BEETLE. Isn't my husband here? Oh, the stupid man. Where is our pile?

MRS. CRICKET. Your pile? Can we play with it? Do let me see it. 385

MRS. BEETLE. It's nothing to play with, it's our future, our nest-egg, our capital. My husband, the clumsy creature, has gone off with it.

MRS. CRICKET. Oh dear, I hope he hasn't run away from you.

MRS. BEETLE. And where is yours?

MRS. CRICKET. He's away on business. Cricket! Cricket! 390

MRS. BEETLE. Fancy him leaving you all alone like that poor thing, and you—[*Whispers*]—aren't you?

MRS. CRICKET. Oh dear!

MRS. BEETLE. So young, too. And aren't you making a pile?

- MRS. CRICKET. What for? 395
- MRS. BEETLE. A pile—for you and him and your family. That’s for your future—for your whole life.
- MRS. CRICKET. Oh no, all I want is to have my own little home, my nest, a little house of my very own. And curtains, and children, and my Cricket. That’s all.
- MRS. BEETLE. How can you live without a pile? 400
- MRS. CRICKET. What should I do with it?
- MRS. BEETLE. Roll it about with you everywhere. There’s nothing like a pile for holding a man.
- MRS. CRICKET. Oh no, a little house.
- MRS. BEETLE. A pile, I tell you.
- MRS. CRICKET. A little house. 405
- MRS. BEETLE. Pretty little innocence! I’d like to stay with you, but I must be going.
- MRS. CRICKET. And I wanted to hear all about your children.
- MRS. BEETLE. I don’t want to bother over no children. My pile, that’s all I want, my pile! [*Exit*
- MRS. CRICKET. Oh, what an old frump! I don’t wonder her husband’s run away from her. [*Sings a snatch of the song*] I’ve such a queer feeling. Snip! Snap! That’s what he did to him—Snip! 410
- ICHNEUMON FLY *enters*
- ICHNEUMON FLY. Ha, ha! [*He murders MRS. CRICKET and drags her to his lair.*]
- TRAMP. Oh, murder!
- ICHNEUMON FLY. Daughter, daughter! Chicken! [*Singing*] ‘Open your mouth and shut your eyes and see what some one’ll send you.’ 415
- TRAMP. ‘E’s killed ‘er, and I stood like a bloomin’ log! Didn’t utter a sound she didn’t and nobody ran to ‘elp her!
- Enter* PARASITE
- PARASITE. Bravo! Comrade, just what I was thinking.
- TRAMP. To die—like that—so young, so ‘elpless. 420
- PARASITE. Just what I was thinking. I was looking on all the time. I wouldn’t do a thing like that, you know. I wouldn’t really. Every one wants to live, don’t they?
- TRAMP. Who are you?
- PARASITE. I, oh nothing much, I’m a poor man, an orphan. They call me a parasite.
- TRAMP. How can any one dare to kill like that! 425

PARASITE. That's just what I say. Do you think he needs it? Do you think he's hungry like me? Not a bit of it. He kills to add to his larder, what's three-quarters full already. He collects things, he does, hangs 'em up to dry, smokes 'em, pickles 'em. It's a scandal, that's what it is, a scandal. One's got a store while another's starving. Why should he have a dagger, and me only my bare fists to fight with, and all over chilblains too—aren't I right? 430

TRAMP. I should say so.

PARASITE. There's no equality, that's what I say. One law for the rich—another for the poor! and if I was to kill anything, I couldn't eat it—not satisfactorily, I can't chew properly, my jaw's too weak. Is that right?

TRAMP. I don't 'old with killin', no'ow. 435

PARASITE. My very words. Comrade, or at least, hoarding shouldn't be allowed. Eat your fill and 'ave done with it. Down with larders! Storing things is robbin' those who haven't nowhere to store. Eat your fill and have down with it and then there'd be enough for all, wouldn't there?

TRAMP. *I dunno—*

PARASITE. Well, I'm tellin' yer, aren't I? Down with— 440

ICHNEUMON FLY. [*Re-entering*] Eat it up baby, eat it up. Choose what you like. Have you got a nice daddy? Eh?

PARASITE. Good afternoon, my lord.

ICHNEUMON FLY. How d'ye do? Edible? [*Sniffing.*]

PARASITE. Oh no, you're joking, guv'nor, why me? 445

ICHNEUMON FLY. Get out, you filthy creature. What d'ye want here, clear off.

PARASITE. I'm movin', your worship; no offence, captain. [*Cowers.*]

ICHNEUMON FLY. [*To TRAMP*] Well, did you see that neat piece of work, eh? It's not every one who could do that. Ah, my boy, that's what you want—brains, expert knowledge, enterprise, imagination, initiative—and love of work, let me tell you. 450

PARASITE. That's what I say.

ICHNEUMON FLY. My good man, if you want to keep alive, you've got to fight your way. There's your future, there's your family. And then you know there must be a certain amount of ambition. A strong personality is bound to assert itself.

PARASITE. That's what I say, sir. 455

ICHNEUMON FLY. Of course, of course. Make your way in the world. Use the talent that's in you, that's what I call a useful life.

PARASITE. Absolutely, your grace 'its it every time.

ICHNEUMON FLY. Hold your tongue, you filthy creature. I'm not talking to you.

PARASITE. No, of course you weren't, my lord, beg your pardon, I'm sure. 460

ICHNEUMON FLY. And how it cheers you up when you do your duty like that. 'Do the job that's nearest, though it's dull at whiles.' When you feel that, you feel that you are not living in vain. 'Life is *real*, life is earnest, life is not an empty dream,' Well, good afternoon, sir, I must be off again! 'The daily round, the common task!' So long! [Exit

PARASITE. The old murderer. Believe me, it was all I could do not to fly at his throat! Yes, sir, I'll work too if need be, but why should I work when somebody else has more than he can consume? I've got initiative—but I keep it here. [*Pats stomach*] I'm 'ungry, that's what I am, 'ungry, that's a pretty state of things, isn't it? 465

TRAMP. Anything for a piece of meat.

PARASITE. That's what I say. Anything for a piece of meat, and the poor man's got nothing. It's against nature. Every one should have enough to eat, eh? Down with work! 470

TRAMP. [*Shaking rattle*] Poor creature, poor creature!

PARASITE. That's it. Every one's got a right to live. [Rattle and chirping in reply

MR. CRICKET. [*Enters, rattling*] Here I am, my pet, here I am, my darling. Where are you, my precious? Guess what hubby's brought you. 475

ICHNEUMON FLY. [*Behind him*] Aha!

TRAMP. Look out—look out!

PARASITE. Don't interfere, mate—don't get mixed up in it. What must be, must be.

MR. CRICKET. Mummy! 480

ICHNEUMON FLY. [*Kills him*] Larva, look what your kind daddy's bringing you now.

TRAMP. Oh, Gawd in Heaven—'ow can you stand by and see it?

PARASITE. Just what I say. That's the third cricket he's had already, and me nothing. And that's what we poor working men are asked to put up with.

ICHNEUMON FLY. [*re-entering*] No, no, kiddy, I've no time. Daddy must go back to work. Eat, eat, eat. Quiet now, I'll be back in an hour. 485 [Exit

PARASITE. It's more than I can stand—dirty old profiteer! What injustice! I'll show 'im, that I will. Just you wait! [*Trembling*] 'E's not coming back, is 'e? Keep cave! I must just 'ave a look.

TRAMP. Thank 'eaven! These 'eathen insec's may be vile, 490
 But man—man's diff'rent. Folks like me an' you
 Work 'ard, real 'ard, and makes our little pile ...
 Blast! I 'm all mixed. *That's* what them beetles do.

It's what I say—*man* 'as ideals and dreams 495
 And fam'ily love. 'Is purpose—put it plain—
 Is keepin' up the race ..., 'Ullo, though—seems
 I've got them crickets fairly on the brain.

Bold—that's what man is; resolute, yer might s'y.
 If 'e wants more, 'e does 'is neighbour in ...
 O 'Eil! That makes 'im like this murd'rous fly ...
 But, there you are, 'oo can think straight on gin?

500

CHRYSALIS. I feel something great—something great.

TRAMP. What jer call great?

CHRYSALIS. To be born, to live!

TRAMP. All right, little chrysalis—I won't desert yer.

505

PARASITE. [*Rolling out of the FLY'S lair; and hiccoughing*] Ha, ha, ha! Hup—that—ha, ha, hup—the old miser—hup—kept a larder—hup—for that white-faced daughter of his. Hup—ha, ha. I feel quite—hup—I think I'm going to bust—damn the hiccoughs! It's not every one who'd eat as much as that—hup. I'm not a common man, eh, mate?

TRAMP. And 'ow about the Larva?

510

PARASITE. Oh, I've gobbled her up too, hup. For what we 'ave received may the—hup.

TRAMP. Gah! Bleedin' Bolshie!

STIMULUS ITEM

Celebrity
(Brad Paisley ASCAP)

Someday I'm gonna be famous Do I have talent, well, no. These days you don't really need it. Thanks to reality shows.	
Can't wait to date a supermodel, Can't wait to sue my dad. Can't wait to wreck a Ferrari On my way to rehab ...	5
Cause when you're a Celebrity It's adios reality You can act just like a fool People think you're cool Just cause you're on TV. I can throw major fits	10
When my latte isn't just how I like it They say I've gone insane, I'll blame it on the fame, And the pressures that it goes with Being a Celebrity	15
I get to cry to Barbara Walters, When things don't go my way. I'll get community service No matter which law I break	20
I'll make the supermarket tabloids, They'll write some awful stuff But the more they run my name down THE MORE MY PRICE GOES UP!	25
Cause when you're a Celebrity It's adios reality No matter what you do. People think you're cool, Just cause you're on TV. I can fall in and out of love Have marriages that barely last a month.	30
When they go down the drain I'll blame it on fame And say it's just so tough. Being a Celebrity.	35
So let's hitch up the wagons and head out west To the land of fun in the sun We'll be real world bachelors Jackass millionaires Hey, hey, Hollywood Here we come!	40
Yeah, when you're a Celebrity It's adios reality No matter what you do, People think you're cool, Just cause you're on TV. ...Being a Celebrity	45
...Yeah Celebrity!	50

From Brad Paisley 'Mud on the Tires'. Arista 82876 54393 2 BMG Music.

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