

SCENE SEVEN

The HOPKINS house, breakfast.

- HOPKINS Snuggles?
- LISA Yes, darling.
- HOPKINS These eggs taste funny.
- LISA They're duck eggs.
- HOPKINS Why am I eating duck eggs? I'm not Albanian.
- LISA For a change, I've started buying whatever is one to the left of what I usually buy. That's why we've got no coffee but lots of Domestos.
- HOPKINS Let's go out for dinner tonight and we can talk then. I'm sorry, I have to go. I'm at head office today.
- LISA Mr. Buckton caned Perry yesterday. He can hardly sit down.
- HOPKINS What had he done?
- LISA He'd farted. In Latin.
- HOPKINS Impressive! Most people can't even speak Latin.
- LISA So you're quite happy for your son to be physically abused by a sadist?
- HOPKINS It's an expensive public school. I'd be disappointed if he wasn't getting abused. I remember one time we were playing Rugby at Rugby in Rugby. We lost seventy-three nil. To be honest, we were lucky to get nil. We were all given six of the best on the hand. *On the hand*. Now that does hurt. Bottoms are for girls. Now what have you got today darling? Tupperware Party?
- LISA I thought I'd wash up, do the ironing, polish off a couple of bottles of vodka and then set fire to the Women's Institute.
- HOPKINS Sorry darling, I've got to rush.

- LISA You weren't listening, were you?!
- HOPKINS Oh look, Snuggles, I'm sorry –
- LISA I just want to know what I'm supposed to do all day long in the middle of the Essex countryside.
- HOPKINS Don't start. Not now.
- LISA When is a good time to start?
- HOPKINS Look! I bought you a horse.
- LISA It doesn't like me!
- HOPKINS Listen, I'm under a lot of pressure at the moment. And I need you to stand by me. Got to go! "Trouble at mill".

(He's gone. LISA stabs the carving knife into the chopping block.)

SCENE EIGHT

The school.

Music No. 9: SCHOOL SONG

ENSEMBLE MEN

WHERE THE IRON HEART OF ENGLAND BLEEDS
BENEATH ITS NOBLE GOWN
STANDS A SCHOOL WHOSE SONS ALL FIGHT WITH MIGHT
TO FURTHER IT'S RENOWN

GRAHAM

ONWARD THROUGH ALL KNOCKS AND HARDSHIP
DO NOT FEAR WHEN DEATH STOMPS BY
HOLD YOUR NERVE AND THINK OF ALBION
WHATEVER HAPPENS – DO NOT CRY.

(RITA finds herself alone with Mr. BUCKTON.)

RITA Mr. Buckton?