

MEL BUSH in association with the WORLD DISARMAMENT CAMPAIGN

presents

" PEACE CHILD "

A CELEBRATION FOR PEACE

adapted from

David Gordon's "ALPHA OMEGA" & "THE PEACE BOOK" by Bernard Benson

by

DAVID WOOLLCOMBE

* * *
The Royal Albert Hall

Friday 30th October, 1981

1. PEACE DAY

The choir and orchestra take their places on the Northern Stage; the conductor, leader and band also take their places, but with no big entrance - unobtrusively. The lights go down:

DARKNESS - SILENCE.

A shaft of light splits the hall lighting up a single male singer standing in entrance on the Balcony. He sings unaccompanied:

"Come Into my Joy!"

He is answered by a Female singer on the opposite side who sings the next line of the chant:

"Come into my Pain!"

This is answered by a pair of singers standing at entrance "K" who sing the final two lines of the chant:

"Come you be a friend of mine!
I'll be the same!"

The band join in, and other members of the adult company rush down to the east and West stages, joining in as the four sing in Unison:

"Come into my Joy!
Come into my Pain!
Come you be a friend of mine,
I'll be the same!"

The chant is repeated a third time as singers approach the main stage from the North Entrance surrounding the figure of the Minstrel. The MINSTREL takes the microphone from the stand on the main stage and launches into the first verse of the song:

"As I go through my years with many thousand tears
I've never seen my guiding light.
The clouds in front of me won't ever let me see
I've grown so weary of the night.
I've tried so many times to read between the lines,
But the words keep turning round,
And a thousand fears are ringing in my ears
And I'm so weary of the sound -

So give me Peace Enough!
- PEACE ENOUGH!

Peace Enough -
- PEACE ENOUGH! Peace Enough!!

So give me Peace enough for Peace of Mind,
And everything coming up sunshine.
Give me peace enough for Peace of Mind
And everything coming up sunshine.

As I go through my years with many thousand tears
I've never seen my guiding Light!
The clouds in front of me won't ever let me see
I've grown so weary of the night.

So give me Peace Enough!
- PEACE ENOUGH

Peace Enough - PEACE ENOUGH! PEACE ENOUGH - PEACE!!!

At this point the children's company emerge from M D & K entrances singing the "Peace Day" song which answers directly the Minstrel's call

for Peace. The children are, like the adult company, dressed in white T-shirts with a Green Leaf imprinted over the heart, but unlike the adults, they make a splash of colour all over the hall as they wear brightly coloured scarves around their necks, satin sashes around their waists, and they swirl handkerchiefs in their hands. The spotlights pick them out as they come down the aisles to the welcome of the adult of company. They sing:

"Peace Day Peace Day, we all say -
Happy world, Happy Day!
Wear a leaf and show the way,
To celebrate this Peace Day.

Peace Day Peace Day - Sing and Dance!
This will be a big romance!
People of the world as one,
Peace Day Peace Day has begun.

Celebrations - Jubilation!
Laughter shouting - lots of fun;
Singing dancing - take your partner!
Lots of fun for everyone.

Peace Day Peace Day, we all say -
Happy world, holiday!
Wear a leaf and show the way,
Celebrating this peace day.

Peace and Love for all Mankind,
Healthy body, - happy mind,
Faith in God will show the way,
Peace and Love are here to stay!

The Adult Company pick up the song with the children from the "Celebrations" chorus, and carry on singing as the children dash up and down the aisles amid the audience distributing paper leaves, throwing them like confetti over the audience - also perhaps throwing sweeties - opal fruits, streamers, rose petals, whipping up the audience to clap along with their simple song of Peace and celebration.

Matt

Hey Look - it's the Story-teller!

ALL: Hooray!! - it's the story-teller!! - whoopee!

GIRL: Please, story-teller, tell us the story of the Peace Day!

S-T: What again?!

ALL: Yes!!!

S-T: You must have heard it a hundred times?!

LISA: We want to hear you tell it.

TRACEY: It is Peace Day - !

ALL: Yes, it is Peace Day!

S.T: Yes, it is Peace Day.

Well...where shall I begin?

Jonh How about at the beginning? ^{where?}

S.T: But which beginning? - there are so many.

Sorby The very beginning -

ALL: The very very, very beginning!

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Magus Tell us how the earth began -
Ann where people came from?
John Tell us about creation
Matt Tell us everything, story-teller!

S.T: The very, very beginning
This is the story I like best -

(BIBLE) "In the beginning, God created the Heaven and the earth.
And the earth was without form and void; and darkness
was-upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God
moved upon the face of the waters. And God said,
'Let there be Light!' and there was Light. And God saw
the Light, that it was good. And God divided the light
from the darkness. And God called the Light Day, and
the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the
morning were the first day."
Out of the darkness came Light,
Out of the Light came Life
Out of Life was born the Living World -
"And God created Man in his own image, in the image of
God created he him; male and female created he them."
And They stood between earth and heaven, alone and
naked - not knowing or understanding the world around them,
for they were without knowledge.

Roll on the drums, orchestral climax leading straight into choral
introduction to "I Who am I". The Story-teller withdraws and sits down.
The Tenor sings from the Northern Stage to the left of the Conductor:

"I, who am I? What is this world?
Why am I here?
I what am I? What is my cause?
What must I be?
Is there a reason for living
And having this place of our own?
What power conceived me
Abandoned me to the unknown?
We, who are we? What is this place?
Why are we here?
We, who are we to be so lost
And all alone?
Is there a reason for living
And having this place of our own?
What power conceived me
Abandoned me to the Unknown?
I, who am I? What is this world,
Why am I here?

SCENE 1 cont;

"I WHO AM I?" - Song

S.T: ← And God planted a Garden Eastward in Eden, and there he put the man and the woman whom he had formed. "And out of the ground, God made grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. The tree of Life also in the midst of the garden, and the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. And He gave to the man and the woman dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God blessed them, and said to them, '~~Go forth~~ and Multiply.'"

(BIBLE)

Be fruitful

"PARADISE" - Song

→ "Here is a world so beautiful and green
Where the sun is shining and the waters run clean.
Here in this world where we all have to stay
A Paradise, a heaven, where our heads we will lay.

I am so smiling, eyes that seeing -
I am so happy, ears that hear.
I have a mouth for speaking, tasting -
I have a nose to smell the air!

We are a people so happy and gay,
We love this world and here we will stay.
We hear that voice deep inside our soul say:
"Listen to the Music of life's sweet call."

I am so smiling, eyes are shining,
I am so happy, ears that hear.
I have a hand for touching feeling,
I have a mind to see that's clear.

Here is a world so beautiful and green,
Where the sun is shining and the waters run clean.
Here in this world where we all have to stay,
A paradise, a heaven where our heads we will lay.

I am so smiling, eyes are shining,
I am so happy, ears can hear.
I have a hand for touching feeling,
I have a mind to see that's clear.

Here in this world where we all have to stay,
A Paradise, a heaven where our heads we shall lay!

S.T: ← You remember the story - how Adam and Eve were tempted by the serpent, - how they disobeyed God and ate the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. And God was very angry and he cast them out of Paradise.
Well - from now on, Mankind had to fend for himself.
And so - he started making things.

"Make a wheel! then spinning it round
It may carry the world;
Make a fire! yes building it high till
It reach to the sky!
Make a blade! and call it a spade
To dig through the earth:

Creatures of Invention, yes we are Man!
Heading for destruction, with our own hands,
Nothing can stop us
We'll make our own star dust
Nothing can stop us.....

So spin that wheel, faster and faster
It'll carry us far!
Stoke up that fire, yes higher and higher
Till it burns to the sky!
Make a bow, put in an arrow
Let it fly through the world

Creatures of Invention, yes we are Man!
Heading for destruction with our own hands -

Plenty of Money, more milk and more honey
Who needs to work?
But what of the spade, digging so hard,
What's left but soil and the earth?

We are Creatures of Invention, yes we are Man!
Heading for destruction with our own hands,
The wheels are all turning,
The fires are all burning...
We're living for Learning...
Learning, learning -

S.T: ← Learning, learning -

We wanted to understand our world: We wanted it to answer
our needs: our need for food, for warmth, for clothing
and shelter.

But Need turned to Greed. Soon human beings were
setting no limit to what they could desire, and in their
quest for bigger and better homes, finer clothes,
a grander way of life— they began to eat up the planet
which had been entrusted to them

We tore down our trees, we killed our seas; robbing the
earth to feed our vanity. We levelled the ^{land} earth and
covered it with factories, making more things than we
could ever need. We deprived tomorrow's children of
their future.

MUSIC - PASSAGE FROM KORAN

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SCENE 1 cont:

S.T: ← "When the heaven is split asunder and when the planets
(KORAN) are dispersed; and when the seas are poured forth and
when the tombs are overturned: each Soul will know
what it has sent before, and what it has left behind. -
O Man! what has made thee careless concerning thy Lord,
the Bountiful?"

"OH COME AND SAVE US!!" - Song

Oh, come and save us!
Oh, come and save us!
Oh, come and save us
From what we do, - Our world is through.

Oh Come and save us!
Oh come and save us!
Oh come and save us
From what we do - Our world is through.

The choir sit; the adult company withdraw before the song is over,
leaving the children only on the centre stage to listen to the STORY-
TELLER.

S.P: ← After that first taste of knowledge, we wanted to go
on learning. We learned that if you were strong, you
survived - and if you were strongest, you survived best.

WAR

We'll fight a war to end all wars
Though many men will die;
Destroy the land, our cities too,
'Til homes in ruins lie.

We'll kill our brothers, kill our friends,
Kill each other till the end;
We'll kill our women, children too -
Kill them all until we're through.

We'll fight our way to distant hills,
A bloody battle have!
We'll raise the sword and kill them all
We'll raise our country's flag!

We'll kill our brothers, kill our friends,
Kill each other till the end,
We'll kill our women, children too -
Kill them all until we're through,
Kill them all until we're through.

The pictures on the screen change to the aftermath of war; the sound
effects fade to silence. The screen is filled with battle-fields strewn
with bodies and broken weapons of war - faces of dead men who have died
in agony. Horses in their death throes. The Music changes tone and the
choir sings:

God save our land, long live our flag;
On to the war we go, praise to our Dead!
But who says we're right, who says we're wrong:
Honour and pride. to this we belong.

THE DIPLOMATIC COCKTAIL PARTIES

As the tenor soloist begins to sing, the adult company process on casually to the East and West Stages. Those on the West, are wearing recognisably Western smart suits; the ladies, smart cock-tail dresses; a waiter in a white jacket is serving them with imaginary cock-tails. On the Eastern Stage, some are dressed in military costume, others in sober, perhaps ill-fitting, dark suits with medals pinned to their lapels. The ladies look very severe, most in dark dresses, but some are dressed colourfully. There are one or two children either side dressed in smart little suits for the occasion - all white, except for one or two smart black adults on the western side.

On the central stage, as the tenor begins to sing, the children come forward to the BOY - a pencil of light picks him out from the spotlight. Making the point that the Peace Child could be any child, the children take off their friend's scarves and waist sash, then dress him up in the smart little suit, like other little boys at the diplomatic cock-tail party. Having dressed him up, to the STORY-TELLER's satisfaction, he and the rest of the children, withdraw to the north entrance and disappear. The boy joins the company on the Western stage, as the adults join in the chorus of Child for a Day:

Tenor
Peter Strehler

"I was a child who ran full of laughter,
I was a child who lived for today -
My eyes full of sunshine, my heart full of smiles,
I was a child for a day.

Ten & Choir: We were the children who sang in the morning,
We were the children who laughed at the sun
Who listened to those who spoke with their wisdom,
We are the ones who would say:
We're getting older, as time goes by,
A little older with every day,
We were the children, - of yesterday.

We are the men who worry of nothing,
We are the men who fight without aim,
Who listen to no one yet speak of our wisdom,
We are the pawns in the game.

We're getting older as time goes by
A little older with every day.
We were the children of yesterday.

Tenor: I was a child who ran full of laughter
I was a child who lived for a day
My eyes full sunshine, my heart full of smiles
I was a child for a day.

Ten & Choir: We're getting older as time goes by,
A little older with every day.
We were the children of yesterday.!

As the tenor begins his second solo passage, the BOY and a little girl, KATYA, separate themselves from the west and East stages respectively, and wander towards the central stage. They turn away from each other, earnestly not noticing each other, back to back at the far corners of the central stage. As the song moves to its conclusion, they move closer to each other, but still do not actually look at each other until the music - or the applause - actually ends. Then, shyly, they notice each other.

Boy Hallo
 Katya Hallo
 B I'm not meant to speak to you -
 K Neither am I - doesn't matter, no one will see us here. I get so bored with all their talk - it frightens me.
 Boy "Military" talk - ?
 K Yes.
 B "First Strike capability" - "Mega-death weapons" and so on?
 K Ah - so they talk about it your side too?
 Boy All the time.
 K What does your father do?
 B Defence Adviser - what's your's?
 K Military attache.
 B Ha - we really shouldn't be talking to each other....
 Katya Why not?
 B You're probably after my father's secrets....
 K Do you really think that?
 Boy I don't know - in school, we're taught to suspect everything your people do -
 K Really?! - our teachers say the same about your people!
 B . . Watch out - there's some one coming!

An adult comes down from the western stage - looks, turns on his heel and returns; the children dive down behind the stage, and return, trusting each other a little more now.

Boy Do they think there'll be a war, your side?
 Katya My father says it's certain - when the problems of the world get so difficult, one day it is going to be easier to push a button - pfft! - no more world! What'll it be like? - he doesn't tell me that....
 Boy Dying in a nuclear war? ^{very horrible} - The lucky ones will die first, burnt to a cinder in the blast; but many will take several hours to die, their skin all peeled off, their eyes burnt out - but even that won't be the nastiest: most will die slowly from radiation sickness. They say that's the ^{horrible} nastiest of all....
 Katya I don't want to die!
 B Neither do I - !
 Katya I want to Live! - I want to grow up and be a beautiful woman - have a job, travel, have friends, a husband, children of my own! - how can those people want to stop me?
 Boy I don't know - I just don't know!
 K We've got to stop them!
 Boy But how?! - you know they never listen to us: "You'll understand it all when you're older, child!" - it's perfectly clear to me now: spending all that money on bombs to blow us all up is bonkers!
 Katya "Bonkers"?
 Boy Mad - crazy, out of their minds! Why could anyone want to kill of our world?
 Katya I don't know!
 B It has to be a madness. Anyone who wants to live would see that.
 K Yes -
 B It must be stopped!
 K Yes!
 Boy But who's going to do it??
 K We can -
 Boy Us!! - ~~but how?~~
 K Yes - they'll listen to us if we make them!
 B But how?
 K If you really want to tell them something - something as important as this - God will find a way, I'm certain!
 B Are you?
 K Mmm - we must pray for it - ever so hard!
 B But how can we speak to them?
 K God will help us find a way. Pray for it, dream about it every night. We must do it.

BOY / KATYA (contd)

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Boy Yes - it is important, isn't it?
 Katya The most importantest thing in all the world!
 B - and you're with me?
 Katya With all my heart!

The PARENTS come down looking for them: "Bobby, Bobby! / Katya, Katya!" - The children grasp each other's hands as though in confirmation of their pact:

Katya Good luck!

Their parents separate them. They return to the Eastern & Western Stages. The orchestra starts. SONG - FREEMER -

Tenor: Dreamer, you are my Dreamer!
 Girl, you are my friend -
 You are everything I ever dreamed I'd have!

Soprano: Dreamer, you are my Dreamer!
 Boy, you are my friend!
 We'll always be together
 Though this world may end.

Tenor: Where-ever I go, I'll think about you -
 S. Where-ever life takes us, I'll be with you!

Ten & Sop.: Dreamer, you are my Dreamer -
 Friend, you are my love,
 We'll always be together,
 So just stay as you are -
 Dreamer, my Dreamer!
 Lover - my friend -
 I'll always be beside you until the end!
 Love is the answer, Faith makes us strong!
 Peace is the reason, tomorrow we're gone.
 No plans to make, nowhere to run!
 Never stop trying - reach for the sun!
 Love is the answer, Faith makes us strong.
 Peace is our reason - tomorrow we're gone.

Tenor: Dreamer my Dreamer, girl my friend,
 We'll be together until the end.

Soprano: Dreamer my Dreamer, boy my Friend,
 Always beside you until the end

Ten & Sop.: Dreamer my dreamer, friend - my love!
 Live for this moment, give all that you have!
 Love is the answer, Faith makes us strong!
 Peace is our reason - tomorrow we're gone.

As the song nears its conclusion, the focus moves towards the BOY's stage; KATYA has kissed her parents goodnight and gone out through the Eastern Exit; the lights on the Eastern stage fade, and her parents slip out. The SOUND of the music at the start of the News fades up at the end of the song. The boy watches it, suddenly realising what he must do. He quickly whispers a word in his father's ear, (he looks up a bit oddly, but doesn't take much notice) - then flits from the Western stage, dumping his dog on his father's lap. He watches with interest the preparation of the TV Studio for a Chat Show, - to the Eastern Stage. A pencil of light from the follow-spot watches his progress.

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SCENE II - Katya's bedroom - eastern stage.

Boy Katya! - Katya - are you there?

Katya Bobby!!

B Are you in bed?

K Yes -

B I'm going to the Television studios.

K Whatever for?!

B It must be the way - to tell the people about the danger!

K On television?! - (he nods) - Brilliant!! I knew we'd find a way! What are you going to say?

B I'm not sure - Will....

K (Interrupting him) Say that all the children in the world, and most of the grown-ups too, want to Live - in Peace, as Friends!

B Yes -

Katya Tell them that Nuclear Bombs are, how you say, "Bonkers!!"

B Yes(laughs) - come with me?

K I can't

B Please!

K It's better you go alone. They'd think we'd planned it if we went together: I can be more help later....

B Mm - OK.

Katya Don't be sad - be Happy!! - you're going to save the world!!

Her enthusiasm is infectious - he grips her hand once more, and disappears into the darkness. She watches him go - then the light fades on her.

Ellis/Myra Did that war ever happen?
S.T.: It almost did. 7
Tracey Did you ever fight in a war?
S.T.: No.... But my father did.
Scott Were they very horrible?
S.T.: Wars? Yes, very, very horrible!
MATT: Weren't they just a little bit exciting too?
S.T.: The idea of war has always excited people. The reality is Death - and pain - and Loss.
Tamara/John What was the Bomb, story-teller?
S.T.: The Bomb? The Nuclear Bomb?
ALL: Yes, the Bomb. Tell us about the Bomb!
S.T.: There wasn't just one of them. There were thousands, over fifty thousand at one time. They were about - this big, but one of them, dropped here, could kill everybody in London.
NATASHA: We live in Esher - we'd have been all right, wouldn't we?
S.T.: Oh no; you wouldn't! There was radiation. You see, when a Nuclear bomb drops, it throws up a cloud of poisonous dust which blows all over a huge area, miles and miles wide. And when you breathe it into your body, you die - slowly, painfully.
ALL: Urrgh!!
Natasha Why would anyone want to make something like that?
S.T. Well, you may ask!

Matt But it was madness!
S.T.: (Yes) Pride, fear, stupidity..... greed for power.
MATT: ~~But it was madness?~~
S.T.: ~~Well, of course.~~
Jani Didn't people see ~~that~~? how crazy it was?
S.T.: We grown-ups are very good at turning our backs on things we don't want to think about.
MATT: I wouldn't!
NATASHA: Nor would I!
S.T.: But you're a child - you're children! It took the mind of a child to see the madness of the grown-ups!
MANAMI: The Peace Child!
S.T.: Yes. The Peace Child.
Robin/Kelly Who was the Peace Child?

12

THE TV STUDIO SCENE

The lights fade on KATYA and she flits from the Eastern Stage. The boy wanders slightly crestfallen towards the centre stage where a TV studio is being set up. CAMERAS are lifted on to the rostra; a large and splendid chair is set off centre top stage right.

As the lights come up on centre stage, a floor manager is faffing about checking all the cameras. A second, rather sleeker looking individual in a V-neck sweater with a brown nylon roll-neck underneath, comes forward and takes a microphone. All those not involved in the TV studio scene take their places amongst the audience and are making chatter and a low rumble of noise. It is this that the sleek floor manager, called VERNON, comes forward to quell.

VERNON: Ladies and gentlemen - er Settle down, settle down! Now as I'm sure you all know, this is a live performance this evening, and I want you all to let the viewers at home know that you are enjoying yourselves. So when you see us waving our hands about like this, laugh! - and when Cynthia holds up this card, you'll all applaud won't you?! - there - I knew you would.
Now - in just over twenty seconds, we'll be on the air! - nothing like Live television to get the old bloodstream running! Hahaha!
10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 - And here she is, Television's very own Fairy Godmother! Sonia Mackenzie!!

CYNTHIA parades back and forth across the stage holding aloft her applause board; Fairy God-mum SONIA sweeps on looking like a latter-day Barbara Cartland - masses of chiffon and diamante. She strides to her large throne set up to the left of the centre stage on a small dais. (The back screen projection strikes up at this point) Sonia settles herself and leans forward meaningfully to camera.

SONIA: Hallo and welcome to another edition of my very own programme, "Sonia Sorts it!" And just out there we have a group of children who are just over the moon because in a few moments a dream of a life-time will come true for them! We all dream, don't we ladies and gentlemen - it's a privilege for us that television can make those dreams come true!

So now Marilyn - who's my first guest tonight?
MARILYN - It's a wee girl from Worcestershire called Amber Warrilow:

SONIA Well my dear - what can Sonia sort for you?!

Amber I've always wanted to conduct a Symphony Orchestra....

Lights flash and crackle round the auditorium as Sonia gets to her feet waving her magic wand - Amber stands frozen to the spot. It lasts only a moment, and when the lights come on again - she has a baton in her hand, and James Blair is leading her forward to the edge of the centre stage. She raises the baton - the orchestra plays the opening of Beet's 5th or similar, and Amber gets carried away - she starts conducting them far too fast, with the result that Sonia and James quickly come over and relieve her of the baton before the string section of the orchestra destroy themselves. CYNTHIA parades round with the applause card - the audience dutifully respond.

SONIA Lovely wasn't it. If you get any more lassies looking for Symphony Orchestras, send them to Jimmy will you; now - who's next?

MARILYN - Will you welcome please - Sophie Bellamy from ^{Hampstead} Hounslow in West London.

Desultory applause as CYNTHIA swans across the stage with her card held aloft.

SONIA Now - what can Sonia sort for you?

SOPHIE You see, I'm a tap dancer, and I saw ^{Roll Harris} ~~Roll Harris~~ tap dancing on the Television and I thought -

SONIA You'd like to tap dance with him? Your wish is granted in the twinkling of an eye!!

Lights flash again and a spotlight picks out the celebrity as he walks to the stage. The band plays a little introduction.

SONIA Hallo - ? - ! Lovely to have you on my show! I never knew you could tap dance!

^{Roll Harris}
- ? - I hate to tell you this, I can't! - I don't know where you saw me love, but - Must I?!!

The music starts - he's hauled on before the cameras, and a fast, lunatic sort of tap dance commences, the celebrity playing a gangling Fred Astaire to Sophie's diminutive Ginger Rogers. It goes off quite well - very short, but sweet with it. The audience applaud vigorously, Cynthia hardly having to do anything with her card.

There's some confusion off stage as the next guest appears - it is, of course, the BOY, but he comes on from the other side of the stage, preventing the next scheduled guest from coming on. SONIA billows towards him welcoming him.

SONIA Now, what do you want?

Boy I want to live!

Sonia Yes dear, where did you have in mind?

Boy No - I mean I want to live: I don't want to die in a nuclear war?

Sonia Nuclear War?! -

Boy Yes! (the blood up now, he turns to the camera) - I want to tell the people about the danger. Our leaders have gone crazy! - they've built enough bombs to destroy our world, and what's worse! - they seem to be planning to use them! I don't want to die! There are billions and billions of people on our planet, and I'm sure they don't want to die either! But just because a handful of leaders want to have these bombs, it looks as though we're going to - all of us, and every living thing in our world with us! I want all the billions and billions of people on our planet who want to Live, to stand up and tell those leaders: "NO! we don't want your bombs - we want you to get rid of the ones you've made - and STOP building any more!! That's what I came to say...."

Sonia But what did you want me to sort for you?

Boy Peace! (THE AUDIENCE APPLAUD)

There is stunned silence around the hall - CYNTHIA stands with her card against her knees looking aghast at the boy. SONIA watches in great interest. ~~She~~ ^{She} starts to applaud - drawing in the rest of the auditorium in ~~the~~ applause. The members of the cast planted in the audience start to stand and clap - it rises to a cheer of support for the boy - Cynthia starts waving her flag gleefully, the floor managers wave their arms about, as the riot of applause blazes throughout the hall. Then SONIA stops it - she stands looking at the boy:

TV Studio (contd.)

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SONIA Now - what can Sonia sort for you?

SOPHIE You see, I'm a tap dancer, and I saw ^{Rolf Harris} ~~-?~~ - tap dancing on the Television and I thought -

SONIA You'd like to tap dance with him? Your wish is granted in the twinkling of an eye!!

Lights flash again and a spotlight picks out the celebrity as he walks to the stage. The band plays a little introduction.

SONIA Hallo - ? - ! Lovely to have you on my show! I never knew you could tap dance!

^{Rolf Harris}

-? - I hate to tell you this, I can't! - I don't know where you saw me love, but - Must I?!!

The music starts - he's hauled on before the cameras, and a fast, lunatic sort of tap dance commences, the celebrity playing a gangling Fred Astaire to Sophie's diminutive Ginger Rogers. It goes off quite well - very short, but sweet with it. The audience applaud vigorously, Cynthia hardly having to do anything with her card.

There's some confusion off stage as the next guest appears - it is, of course, the BOY, but he comes on from the other side of the stage, preventing the next scheduled guest from coming on. SONIA billows towards him welcoming him.

SONIA Now, what do you want?

Boy I want to live!

Sonia Yes, dear, where did you have in mind?

Boy No - I mean I want to live: I don't want to die in a nuclear war?

Sonia Nuclear War?! -

Boy Yes! (the blood up now, he turns to the camera) - I want to tell the people about the danger. Our leaders have gone crazy! - they've built enough bombs to destroy our world, and what's worse! - they seem to be planning to use them! I don't want to die! There are billions and billions of people on our planet, and I'm sure they don't want to die either! But just because a handful of leaders want to have these bombs, it looks as though we're going to - all of us, and every living thing in our world with us! I want all the billions and billions of people on our planet who want to Live, to stand up and tell those leaders: "NO! we don't want your bombs - we want you to get rid of the ones you've made - and STOP building any more!! That's what I came to say....

Sonia But what did you want me to sort for you?

Boy Peace! (THE AUDIENCE APPLAUD)

There is stunned silence around the hall - CYNTHIA stands with her card against her knees looking aghast at the boy. SONIA watches in great interest. She starts to applaud - drawing in the rest of the auditorium in her applause. The members of the cast planted in the audience start to stand and clap - it rises to a cheer of support for the boy - Cynthia starts waving her flag gleefully, the floor managers wave their arms about, as the riot of applause blazes throughout the hall. Then SONIA stops it - she stands looking at the boy:

SONIA - Sonny, I think I may be able to help you!

She returns to her throne and pulls out a telephone. As the lights fade on the TV studio, she is dialling numbers hurriedly.

The REPORTERS phones ring, torches flash - trilby hats and gaberdine macks are hauled on as before and the boy arrives at the Eastern Stage to confront the world's press:

Karen How did you get in on the show?

Boy I just walked in -

Alist. Where are you from?

Sandra Who are you?

~~Steve~~ *Kari* Who put you up to this?

Boy Nobody - someone had to tell the people how bad things were!

~~Steve~~ *Colin* Were you paid for it?

Boy Paid?

Reps. ALL - a flurry of aggressive questioning. The boy watches them incredulous: lash bulbs explode blasts of light at him - he covers a little.

Boy Look - all I wanted was....

~~Steve~~ *Colin* Yeah what was it you wanted?

~~Steve~~ *Cori* What did you hope to achieve?

Boy Peace - ?

The telephone rings beside him; ~~Steve~~ picks it up:

~~Steve~~ *Kari* Sorry - who? I thought you said that - wait! don't hang up - he's right here - It's for you - The President!!

Boy Hallo -

Aide Er yes - this is the President's office. The president wonders if you might - er - be persuaded to come and see him to discuss the points you raised on - ah - Prime time Television this evening?!

Boy He wants to see me?! - When?

Aide How about Sunday afternoon, - around tea-time.

Boy Any time!

Aide That's er - fixed then; See you Sunday.

Boy Thank you - thank you very much!

Aide Good-bye.

As he puts the phone down, the reporters crowd closer murmuring "What did he say?" "What did he say?" The boy turns to them:

Boy I'm going to see the President!

~~Steve~~ *Kari* What are you going to say to him?!

Boy I'm going to see the President!!

~~Steve~~ *Kari* But what are you going to say?

MUSIC begins - the Boy walks, still in something of a dream, down the steps where the billowing figure of SONIA stands watching, -pleased with what she's sorted for the Boy. The Press follow the boy out - as the singer comes forward to sing: "I want to live!"

At the end of the song, the Boy appears at the West entrance, and makes his way down the stairs to Presidential Office. Press appear from the arena and also following the boy; they begin the scene as per original.

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FIRST PRESIDENTIAL INTERVIEW

Spotlights follow the group across to the steps of the Western Stage where the BOY is greeted by two Presidential Aides. Lights in the other parts of the hall all fade. The boy is led on to the west stage, and the reporters all crowd up the steps after him.

The FIRST PRESIDENT sits magisterially at his desk, looking down his nose at the little boy. The two aides go and join another pair behind him. The BOY sits down on the chair that seems to have been placed for him. The reporters wait in anxious anticipation - the President uses the pause for effect. He has sheaves of papers in front of him on his desk: he looks down dramatically and reads from one of them. (It is a prepared statement, but he has a knack of making it sound as though it comes straight from the heart. He has a very slight American accent).

1st Pres.: Hallo Bobby. You've been ruffling a few feathers with that statement you made on the TV the other night! I thought it would be worth while to come here so that we could put the record straight on a few things, so that you - and all those people out there - could understand what your government is doing in your interests.

(The television cameras are conveying pictures of the interview on to the large screen: Children, and the rest of the adult company gather together to watch. The BOY looks round, expecting rather more from a President's office than this. The President picks up another paper and starts to read:)

1st Pres.: Now - in your statement, you asked us to "bury all the nuclear bombs we've made, and stop building any more." Right? (The BOY nods - the President picks up another paper) - well fine! I'd bury the bomb tomorrow if the other side would, but they don't - they keep right on building new ones - bigger and nastier ones!

BOY: So do you -

1st Pres.: (Pointing a meaningful finger) We have to, just to keep ahead in the game!

BOY: But sir, your "game" is going to destroy our world! If you and your friends want to play games, please find a less dangerous one and put this one away in a cupboard and forget about it.

The President gapes - a ripple of amusement passes through the reporters; The Aides shuffle desperately through their papers trying to find something relevant. Finally one of them hands one to the President.

1st Pres.: Bobby - the world is a very complex and evil place; Men are unpredictable, nasty animals. The Military Establishment is an essential part of the machinery which keeps the seaways free for trade, the airways free for you to go on holiday, and our country free for you to say the kind of things you have been saying!

BOY: I don't see what blowing up the planet and killing millions of people has to do with all that - ?

1st Pres.: The Bomb is the Deterrent!

BOY: I see - what you're saying is that if we have the bomb, we won't use it; but if we don't have it, we will.....

1st Pres.: Something like that. It can't be un-invented.

First Presidential Interview (contd.)

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Boy Why Not?
Pres. Because it's there!
Boy But you don't have to keep making them?
Pres. We must if the other side do!
Boy Even if it means a war?
Pres. Yes -
Boy Millions of people dying?!
Pres. Yes!
BOY Destroying the whole world?!
Pres. Yes!
Boy You're mad!!
Pres. Yes.....

1st Pres.: Ga - get out, you bunch of idiots - ^{I don't need any of these} I can handle this one myself. Bobby - you interest me!
BOY: Sir - where's the button that you push to start a Nuclear War?
1st Pres.: There's no button - there's a series of key codes.
BOY: Where are they?
1st Pres.: Locked in this cabinet right here on my desk....

The President reaches for a key attached to a chain in his waist-coat pocket. On his desk is a low flat black box - there are also a range of telephones, one of which is red.

BOY: So if you want to start a Nuclear War, you unlock that box and get out the codes - ?
1st Pres.: That's right -
BOY: So that key gives you the power to start the war that might destroy the world?
1st Pres.: ^{And - to win it.} Or win it!! (Groan from the audience)
BOY: But Nuclear War is unwinnable - whatever happens, millions and millions of people who want to Live would have to die....
1st Pres.: Millions of my own people - your people, would die if I didn't have it!
BOY: Suppose there was another key - a magic key which could magic away all the weapons and bombs in the world with just one little turn - would you turn it?

The PRESIDENT ponders deeply, trying to see whether there's a trick in the question. He looks up and sees the little BOY's earnest face and starts being serious himself:

1st Pres.: No - no I wouldn't. You see, Bobby, the difference between you and me is that I know that there are things worth defending in this life
BOY: Like What?!
1st Pres.: Freedom! I would rather die than live in a society where people were told what to think, where to go, what to do. I would want to stop some one who tried to take that Freedom from me with every ounce of my being and yes - I'd want weapons to help me too!

The First Presidential Interview(contd)

The BOY jumps up from his seat in frustration:

BOY: But How can you talk of freedom when the weapons you are making will take away everyone's Freedom just to Live! You must know the dangers - the mistakes that have happened....?

1st Pres.: What mistakes? *accidents*

BOY: The computer errors - the bombs that have fallen out of planes by accident... You know that a Nuclear War could start by accident any minute. Why don't you tell the people?!

1st Pres.: They've been told about the dangers many times: they elected me to be their leader because they felt that the Nuclear Deterrent is a safer bet in the Long term -

BOY: But in the long term, one of them is bound to go off - by mistake, if not on purpose.

1st Pres.: - and that, you fear, will be the end of everything?

BOY: Yes!

1st Pres.: You could be right....

BOY: Why don't you throw away your key?

1st Pres.: Never - the people depend on it for their protection.

BOY: The people need protection from the key! The key is no protection for them.

1st Pres.: Hmm. You may feel differently when you get a little older.

BOY: If things go on as they are, I won't have the chance to get any older. Where will you go when the Nuclear War starts?

1st Pres.: If - it ever happened, you mean?

BOY: ~~When -~~

1st Pres.: I'd go to my bunker. ~~There's a big underground....~~ *you know*

BOY(interrupting) - Would you make a final broadcast to the nation?

1st Pres.: No - the TV and radio will be full of Civil Defence Information....

BOY Will you phone your wife?

1st Pres.: My wife?! - come on! ~~governments aren't that callous!~~ She'd be down there with me!

BOY: What about your children, your little grand-children, your friends? They couldn't all be down there - would you phone them to say "Good-bye"?

1st Pres.: Hmm. This is a pretty morbid conversation....

BOY It's a pretty morbid war you're planning!! But it doesn't have to end like that. Think what crowning Joy you would create in the world if you got all the people to unite for Peace! You would be remembered as the Man who brought Peace! - who saved the World, by making the People understand that the Bomb is a madness, and making the leaders of the world all bury their bombs! Think of all the happiness you would bring to people if you stopped preparing for War and started building towards Peace!

get rid of

First Presidential Interview(contd.)

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The BOY sees that he is beginning to get through to the president. The PRESIDENT begins to look nervously towards the TV Cameras - the prospect appeals to him; the BOY comes closer to him, crouching down on one knee to plead to him:

BOY You've had so much of your life - me and all the children of the world are just at the beginning of ours! Can't you, can't you Please, Mr. President, give us the chance to Live!!

MUSIC has begun. The PRESIDENT gets up and walks away from the BOY, sick with worry and regret that in fact he can do nothing. He starts to sing, scarcely daring to look at the BOY:

1st Pres.(sings) "I'm sorry, I wish I could
But I can't - it is too late.
We've gone too far to change our ways
To undo what has been done -

Forgive, I know you're right -
It all may happen some future time,
But I am helpless on my own,
To undo what has been said -

It's an Impossible Dream -
One I'd love to share;
An impossible dream -
If only I could dare.....

An Impossible dream!
Can we see it through?
Impossible Dreams
Sometimes can come true....

I'm sorry, what can I do?
If only I was more like you
It seems so simple it could be done -
to move a mountain, to move a sun !

Powerless though I am
To change a world that's upside down,
If only I could see it through
And believe - believe like you -

CHOIR

An impossible dream
One I want to share,
An Impossible dream -
If only I would dare

Impossible dreams
Sometimes can come true
Impossible dreams -
If only it were true.

At the end of the song, he turns and shoos the TV Camera and Press Corps out of the room. The picture fades from the large screen, the company groan a little, then fall silent waiting for the emergence of the BOY. (On the East Stage, quietly during the song, stage-hands have set up another office identical to the one of the First President).

The FIRST PRESIDENT walks back to his desk, hardly daring to look at the BOY. The BOY watches him, intensely sympathetic.

1st Pres.: You're right, Bobby - it's been clear to me a long while what's going to happen to this planet of our's: we're draining it of resources, destroying the biosphere - we squeezing it dry like a sponge, and the only way it can end is in the Big Bang. It probably won't be in my life-time, but it may be in your's....

polluting the atmosphere

BOY But sir! - it doesn't have to !

1st Pres.: You know Bobby, the saddest thing? - when I look at some of the people around me - their greed, their selfishness.... I sometimes find myself thinking it would be no bad thing!

their corruption

BOY I know people are greedy and selfish, but the world makes them that way. It's a much harder battle to stop them being greedy and selfish, but if they all die in a Big Bang, they won't have the chance! We have to save the world first -

Archie Bookish

1st Pres.: You have to Bobby - I can't. I'm up to here in the system and they'd eat me for breakfast if I even tried; but I want you to know that in my heart, I'm on your side: I want to live too!!

He comes over and stands beside the BOY putting his hand on his shoulder. The BOY touches his hand warmly, instinctively understanding the First President's dilemma. He looks at the range of Telephones on the desk, particularly the red one.

1st Pres.: If there's anything I can do -

BOY Is that red phone the hot-line to your enemy?

1st Pres.: Yes -

BOY Would you ring him up, please, and tell him I'm coming to see him!

1st Pres.: But - he's the President of a Super Power!?

The BOY's compassion has turned to anger at the First President's cowardice; he feels sorry for the Man, but angry that the Leader can do so little for him - that he has to do so much himself. On the East Stage, the SECOND PRESIDENT has appeared with four AIDES. The lights come up on them as they discuss important state papers around the desk.

BOY What's so super about him if he's planning to blow up the only world we've got!!!?

1st Pres.: (going to the phone, pausing, turning back to the boy) You do it....

The BOY hurries to the phone; the President goes to the door and let's the Press Corps back in. As the boy gets through to the Eastern President: he swings round with a grin of achievement to find the Press, the cameras, everybody smiling with anticipation. The Phone rings on the Eastern Stage: an aide picks it up.

BOY Can I speak to the President?

E.Aide: Who is it?

BOY A child!

The Eastern Aide mumbles something in an incomprehensible foreign tongue to the 2nd President, handing him the phone.

2nd Pres.: Who is this?!

BOY

It's me! I'm coming to see you! On behalf of all the children, and all the people in the world who want to Live! - we're going to find a way to Declare Peace!!

Music begins; the caucus of singers cluster around the Soprano on the central stage, as the orchestra introduces the "SING" number. On the Western stage, the BOY holds the telephone receiver aloft after he has declared Peace, and the flash cubes blaze. The First President comes and takes the receiver from him, and gets a few photographs with the BOY and him together.

As the song begins, the children who have been waiting, rush forward and take the BOY as he reaches the steps of the Western Stage. They hoist him on to their shoulders, and the spotlights follow them over to the central stage and up to the South Entrance.

The Choir join in the celebratory song of Peace as the procession disappears out through the South Entrance; they carry on singing as they process round outside the Hall. Meanwhile, the two PRESIDENTS discuss earnestly on their red telephones; an agreement of a kind seems to have been reached, and both smile in a self-satisfied way at their Aides. Then they clear up their desks, and join in the song as the crowd of children process in from the East and West Entrances to stand on the East and West stages and sing the climax of the Song:

Sing! I do wish the world would sing!
I do wish the world would say
How they love to live in Peace
How they need each other's

*They then
Process Out
to the S. EXIT*

Peace! - that is all we want to have,
That is all we want to share.
Let us live our lives in Peace,
Oh let us give this Life a chance to -

Love, Love is all I need
Love is all I want - love is everywhere!

Peace, Peace is all I want,
Peace is all I need, peace everywhere!

Love! - it will help us all to sing,
It will teach us all to dance,
I do wish the world would sing
I do wish the world would -

Say, how they love to live in peace
How they love to sing and dance
All we need is one more chance
Won't you give us one more chance to -

Love! - love is all I need,
Love is all I want, love is everywhere;

Peace! Peace is all I want,
Peace is all I need, Peace everywhere!

Peace!!

COME INTO MY JOY etc.

I N T E R V A L

ORCHESTRAL OVERTURE + CHOIR

The lights go down. The choir stands. The orchestra plays the short overture.

As it reaches its climax, the lights fade up on the East and West stages which are still set out as the President's offices. The two PRESIDENTS are discovered alone, musing, wandering about their offices, pondering on the words of the boy.

The choir challenges them with the question of the song, "SUPER MAN"

"Where you gonna run to, super Man?
Where you gonna hide, where will be your land?
What you gonna say now, Super Man?
Who'll be the fool in your master plan?
What you gonna do now, Super Man?
What have you done to God's Promised Land?

What have you done with this beautiful world?
Where is your guiding star?
What have you done with this God given grace?
Who do you think you are?
Yes, who do you think you are?!

Where you gonna run to, Super Man?
Where you gonna hid - where whill be your land?

We'll wake up one morning and the world will be gone
With all our beautiful dreams;
We had so many chances, but we threw them away,
And now we've sold our souls to this war.
How did we lose control?
And when are we going to pay the price?

Where you gonna run to, Super Man?
Where you gonna hide? Wher will be your land?
What you gonna say now, Super Man?
Who'll be the fool in your master plan?
What you gonna to do now, Super Man?
What have you don with God's Promised Land?

Where you gonna run to - ?.... Super Powers!!

During the verses, some of the aides have returned, first to the Western President, and then to the office of the Eastern President. In the East, the jackets of the Aides are covered with medals. They discuss important state Papers with their aides for a moment, then, in the corridors of the Hall behind the loggia boxes, the voices of the company are heard singing the "SING" number with which Part I ended. The company process round to the South Entrance, and as they appear at the entrance, the choir and orchestra greet them with a swelling chorus of "SING". The company process down to the central stage and across to the Eastern - the BOY at their head, holding hands with many of the children. Lights fade on the Western Stage, and fade up on the Eastern Stage as the President comes forward to meet the BOY.

"PEACE CHILD" - Act II

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Final Line Text:

Entry - as is for "Superman" - popular - look over papers etc. [EXIT - Eastern Exit]

Second Act Entry: FULL COMPANY from entrance "K" to Eastern Stage; Katya, Ann C. Emily & Sophie J. wait on the Eastern Stage (at the back of it), as the company approaches. The BOY dashes across to see her as the singing stops:

Boy Katya!!
Katya Bobby!! - I knew it would work!
B But how did you get here?!!
K This is my home!
B Will you come and see the President with me?
K Of course!
Boy I'm so glad to see you!

They grip hands and the boy leads her, and her three friends, back over to join the BOY'S GANG - Matthew, Anthoa, Magnus, & Justine. They stand back against the rails of the stage as the Second President and his entourage return the stage.

E.Aide Ladies and Gentlemen - children, this is your president.

CHILDREN, and full COMPANY: Hooray!! (a swelling chorus of cheers which become a demand for Peace: "Give us Peace! Give us peace!" The president, having greeted the boy warmly, now retreats behind his desk, concerned at the gathering roar of the crowd. He quells them:

Boris Child! (They fall silent) - everywhere you go, you attract large and noisy crowds. Can't you see you're disturbing the Peace?!

Boy If there was Peace, sir, I wouldn't have to go anywhere, neither would the crowds!

Boris Well - you're disturbing my Peace, barging in here with your ridiculous ideas: We are living in a very dangerous world, child: even our cleverest ministers find it hard to control. It is not something for children to meddle in!

Boy Why do you need so many soldiers?

Boris We must be alert! ~~People in neighbouring countries~~ have large armies and might attack us at any time!

Boy Why do ~~these people~~ have large armies?

Boris Their neighbours have large armies!

Boy But their neighbours are us! (the company laughs)

Boris ~~Yes~~ Look: you are only a child. Let me explain it to you: the only reason we are at present at peace, is because we are prepared for war. Do you understand?!

Boy Not really -

Boris You see! - I told you wouldn't. You're only a child. Now if you have nothing else to say to me, I'd be grateful if you would leave me in Peace to get on with my work!

Boy I do have one question -

Boris Yes -

Boy Can you imagine countries blowing each other up if they did have large stocks of armaments?

Boris Mmm - yes. (looking up)

Boy Can you imagine them blowing themselves up if they had no weapons at all?

Boris I suppose not - (stunning)

Boy Then how can you sit there and tell us that the safest way to keep Peace is to build more and more weapons?!!

"Mr President, is it true what they say
You can kill all the world in less than a day?

Mr President, is it true what I hear -
Because of men's greed we must all live in fear?

Mr President, can it be what it seems?
There will be no more love, there will be no more dreams?

Oh no mais oui! - it is hard to believe
This world we all love
Can be taken away
all in a day!!
Oh no it's not fair if a few have the right
For the sake of their pride
they can make us all die.

Mr President, is it true what I read
The world could be dead with a turn of your key?

Mr President, can it be what it seems?
There will be no more children, no more love, no more dreams?

Mr President, won't you hear our small plea? -
For the millions of children, throw away your key!

Mr President, it is time to be brave
Announce to the world, this will be -
The First Peace Day!

The company applaud vigorously; the President is cowed a little; music starts as he ponders. Some of the children's company come forward and sing: "MR PRESIDENT!" He sits quietly and listens. At the end, there is a pregnant silence as the children wait expectantly for the President to do some thing. ✂

Boris ~~How do you expect me to help you?~~ - So! you expected me to help you?

Boy We want you to get all the people of the world to unite for Peace!

Boris How?!

Katya Go on Television - tell all the people how dangerous the world is now.

Ann C. You must make them understand!

Boris Understand what?

Magnus The danger of the bomb!

Emily We could all be killed tomorrow!

Ann C. (to the children) The people must be made to understand that it is their bomb: they pay for it with their taxes, so the only way they can stop it is by switching off their power!

Boris What do you mean, "Switching off their power"?

Matthew Simple - stop working - the People are the power.

Boris Ha! - this is madness, madness!

Anthea Much less of a madness than blowing up the world!

Laughs and Cheers from the company:

Boy What we want is Peace! We demand that you, our leaders, take all the bombs you have ever made and get rid of them!

Boris Demand!? - how will you enforce this "demand"?

Boy We - we won't do anything that you ask us to do until you have.

Matt We won't go to school!

Emily We won't go home to bed!

Sophie - we won't come in to tea!

The ADULT Company join them -

Ann D. We won't go to work!!

COMPANY Let's have a strike for Peace - we're right behind you! Solidarity for Peace etc.

Matt Millions will come and join us! Parents, teachers, - leaders too! Everyone who wants Peace - who wants to Live!!

Sophie How will the people of the world know that they've united for Peace? 24

Katya We will tell them!

Emily How?

Magnus We will go on all the televisions!

Anthea We'll go and see their leaders -

Justine We can all sing like we did before -

Boris Wait!

Matt Are you beginning to feel left out, Mr President?

Boris No - I'm on your side, my children, - I too want to live in Peace. But you are leaving out three-quarters of the world -

Boy Who?

Boris There are many millions of children in our world who would love to have a school to go to, a home to go to bed in, a tea to come in to.... *But they don't*

The attention swings round suddenly to the 3rd World Family who stand at the South East

"We plead, we need for the things to live,
A piece of Bread, a roof over head,
A child will cry if he isn't well fed,
Save the life of a child.

Listen kind sirs, it is all we ask.
No need to worry, don't put on your masks.
We mean you no harm, but things are really bad -
A change of heart is all we need.

We plead, we need for the things to live,
A piece of bread, a roof over head,
We mean you no harm, but things are really bad -
Save the life of a child!"

SILENCE. The children all watch, stunned:

Sophy We must help them!

Boy But we can!! - Peace can help them. A tiny part of the money we spend on weapons and soldiers would be plenty for all the food and schools and hospitals that they need!

Boris The trouble is that they look to us first for defence. Their leaders wouldn't be very pleased if they heard we'd suddenly decided to disarm.

Boy I'm sure they'd be thrilled if it meant they were going to get food and schools and doctors instead.

Boy I doubt it.

Katya Have you asked them?!

P A U S E

Boy Can we get these leaders on the phone?!

Boris Please - (offering them the use of his telephones with a generous gesture)

The children each pick a phone and dial a number: the bells ring around the Loggia Boxes. The presidents pick up - chat a moment, then slam their phones down. "No NO: are

Matt They don't think we're serious!

Ann C. It's because we're children...

Boy Why don't we go and get them? - they can't refuse if we all go!

Boris They won't come - you saw what happened.

Boy But if you Super-powers agreed to disarm, they wouldn't have any one to fight their wars for them, would they?

Matt - or any one to sell them weapons!

Boris Well - ?

Katya If we, the children of the world, persuade all the leaders of all the countries to come to this Big Meeting, would you come?

Boris What would be the purpose of this meeting?

Boy To declare Peace!

Matt To save our World!

Katya Well - will you come?

Just. Please!!!

Boris If your president comes, (with a smile) - *maybe*

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" Oh Listen to me! - Heed the words that I say:
We live in one world, so our home is the same;
The Same sun is our fire, the same clouds give us rain,
So whatever you may desire, our futures the same."

Say not that you're Christian, not Muslim nor Jew,
Say not that you're red, nor that I am blue -
Say only I am Man, and I want to live in Peace
In this here our home, let all wars cease.

For where would we go if this world we destroy?
There's only one home, this world to enjoy.
The same earth fills our hunger, and we all breathe the air -
So change your desires! - this world we must share.

Say not that you're rich, nor that you are poor -
Say not that you're less, or that I am more!
Say only that I'm Man, and I want to live in Peace
In this here our world, let all wars cease,
In this here our world, let all wars cease. "

The company raise a cheer as the children rush off to fetch the 3rd World Presidents from the back of the hall; there is a certain amount of noise of resistance from the Presidents - Music starts - Esther comes forward and starts to sing "LISTEN TO ME": A table and eight chairs have already been set up on the centre stage. She sings the song beseechingly to the presidents as they arrive on the stage. They wait silently to the end - lights change and the 3rd President is discovered at the North Podium.

3rd P Gentlemen - it worries me to see how many of you have been drawn to this gathering: we have all been to disarmament conferences before, but one convened by a group of children is surely ridiculous! I suggest we call it quickly to a halt and return home before this crazy stunt gets any more out of hand!

Prs Here Here!

Matt Bull-shiitt!

3rd Pr. As for their threats, I think we can ignore them....

(They start to pack their bags and prepare to leave)

Dan Do I detect a trace of the not-invented-here complex?! - I think you'd have been quite pleased with this initiative if you'd had it yourself!

3rd P (Turning on him angrily) Sir! - your country's broken promises in the international arena makes any discussion of disarmament utterly meaningless.

Prs. Here Here - I agree, Quite so! etc.

Lea (I agree) - your mining companies leave our country desolate!

Reuben You sell us weapons when what we need is Food!

Commer Your's is a nation of Plunderers!

Kim It's worse than that: you use our land to grow your coffee and cocoa and do not leave my people enough land to grow food for their families!

Arab Your banks build arms factories in my country! You cannot ask us to disarm!!

Lea Our armaments industry is the fastest growing sector of our economy!

3rd Pr. I think we all agree ladies and gentlemen, don't we? - this meeting was a waste of time from the start. Let's all go back to our hotels, have a few good meals and drinks, then we'll see each other at the next International Beanfeast!

Boy Or in heaven after you're all blown up in a thermo-nuclear war!

3rd Pr Do stop being so dramatic child. - get out of my way....

Boy How can you do this!! - It's ours lives you are playing with!

3rd Pr. Ha-ha-ha ... Children you know!

Ann C. You were a child once! - did you really want to grow up to destroy the world?!

Katya Do you have no faith in God?!

Boy Do you really think so little of our world that you see no point in even talking about finding ways to save it?

Matt Don't you believe in People? - aren't they worth saving?!

Just. It's not just people - it's all the animals - birds, butterflies -

Ann C. Everything!

3rd Pr Come gentlemen, when the talk turns to butterflies, I think we can safely leave!

EARL Wait! - the children are right. You are forgetting your responsibilities to them. This world - our world, and Mankind - our race! Both are worth saving.

Black African: Wait! - the children are right. You are abdicating from your responsibilities. This world - our world! - and Mankind - our race! Both are worth saving!

He comes forward, taking a microphone from the podium, and addresses the delegates, singing: "I believe" - (choir and orchestra backing)

"If the sun lost its shine, and the trees started to die -
Yes I'd still be full of hope,
I guess I know the reason why -
If the wind grew too old and the seas started to dry,
Yes I'd still be full of love,
Don't ask, don't ask me why!

Yes I still believe in God
I still believe in us His man;
And if you really want to know,
I still believe in this His land.

We believe in God -
We believe in us, His man,
And if you really want to know -
We still believe in this, His land.

So don't turn your head away,
Don't give up on who you are;
Just keep on loving more each day
And the world will shine for you!

I guess it's all in the mind
What you see is what you see:
So, within your heart just sing these words -
Come Sing -
Come sing with me:

We believe in God!
We believe in us, His man
And if you really want to know -

I believe - Yes I believe,
I believe - Yes I believe -
I believe in this His land.

As the song comes to an end, the Black African invites the children to go and bring down their presidents from the East and West stages to take part in the meeting. Doubtful, each waiting for the other to make the first move, they finally acquiesce to the children tugging at their sleeves. They approach, majestically, the central stage. Their Aides exit East and West, as have some of the children. The FIRST and SECOND PRESIDENTS take up their positions at either end of the table on the central stage.

SCENE 2

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Sasha

Was that the meeting where it all happened - ?

Tamsin

Where Peace broke out?

S.T.:

Not quite. That meeting was like a Play that has been done too many times. Where the words have lost their meaning.

- And they weren't talking about the one thing that really concerned them.

Natasha

What was that?

S.T.:

Business! Big business - Money, Profits.....

Karina

What has that got to do with Peace?

ALL:

Yes, what has that got to do with Peace?

S.T.:

Everything! The richest countries of the world had become. . . businesses; huge businesses, forever churning things out. - Much more than we could ever need! And since they were greedy for money they decided that the thing we needed most was weapons.

ALL: *Alexia*

Why? - Yes, why?

S.T.:

They thought it would make them richer! - Making weapons and selling them brought gigantic profits, and they - those people down there, the leaders of our countries - politicians, soldiers, scientists, businessmen - became what was known as the 'Military Industrial Complex'.

ORLANDO:

But what did they do with the money they made?

S.T.:

What do you think?

They built more weapons!!

Story-teller's interlude - Eastern Stage; the presidents continue passing papers between them in the blue light on the central stage. It appears to come to an end; the 1st President rises and goes to the BOY - he apologises to him; the boy turns - white light bursts upon the central stage: (The 1st Pres. comes to the S.West Podium)

Boy Where is this Military Industrial complex? - I've never seen it marked on a map! How can you say you're ruled by it when we didn't even know it existed.

Matt Where-ever it is, we want to speak to it right now!

1st Pr That might be rather difficult to arrange -

Boy Why?

1st Pr Because it isn't just one single person - it's many millions of people: your father is one of them. He and all the other millions, and their wives and children depend on the armaments industries for their livelihood.

Matt Deathlihood, you mean!

Katya There must be someone who can speak for them!

Boy Katya's right - there must be some one who can speak for them!

James Walker (appearing at the North Podium): Er - can I be of any assistance?

Matt Do you represent the Military Industrial Complex?

Jim Er - no. But I can tell you a little about it....

Magnus Can you tell us where it is for a start?

Jim It's everywhere - you can't escape from it. You see, ever since the world began, man has been pre-occupied with hanging on to what he'd got, and trying to grab what he hadn't got. Possessions and Property were what concerned him most - and do still!

Boy I don't have any property!

Katya - I don't have many possessions.

Jim That's why you find it so hard to understand the adult world. Protection of belongings - from cars, to countries, to continents - that's the major business of the adult world.

Matt Can it be stopped?

Jim Mmm - I don't think so. Many industries and research departments depend on this protection business for their work. Take it away, and they'd be rather upset...

Anthea They'd be even more upset if they were all blown up in a nuclear war!

Magnus Is it big business?

Jim Very, very big - the biggest business in the world: we spend more than \$500,000 million dollars a year on it - yes, a lot of money. You can see why it would be so difficult to dismantle it -

Boy So the biggest business in the world is preparing to destroy it -

Matt - and all the people on it!

Katya: How did this madness start?

Jim I don't know - I only work for it....

Catherine: Couldn't you change the factories? - instead of making tanks and guns, couldn't you make tractors and water pumps and all the hundreds of machines that people in my country need to help just to Live!

Jim Well - er, mmm. I'm sure we could, but we're in the hands of our political masters there....

Reggie Excuse me, could I interpose a word here: I've listened to your conversations with gathering concern. I feel I must point out that if you withdrew the Defense contracts from my department, we'd have to close down tomorrow. Half the Universities in the world would have to close down! - we depend on our defense contracts - don't take them away from us - please!!

Anthea Haven't you got more important things to learn about in your department than how to kill people better?!

Reggie My dear child, if the government chooses to pay me to research and develop mega-death weapons, who am I to bite the hand that feeds me.....!

Boy (Turning on the Presidents) Ah!! - so it is your fault!

1st Pres. (coming to the North Podium) Well - not entirely: you elected us - or your parents did on a commitment that we make these weapons for you

The second president comes forward and addresses the children in a paternal manner also, but their voices are lost - faded down; the conversation as printed in the script becomes a mime - the children becoming heated as they argue with their Presidents; the light changes to blue again - and a spot comes up on the figure of the Minstrel who sings, "World".

Tenor Solo: World, look at the way we are
 Look at the things we do
 Look at the words we say, -
 Life, look at the way we live
 Look at the love we had
 Look at the things we've made....

Ⓢ Soprano: Gone, gone are all those lovely days,
 Gone are all the peaceful ways
 All that's left is old and grey,
 And our world is fading
 Our world is dying today.

Sop. & Tenor: Can't you see the tide is changing?
 Don't you know the truth is fading?
 People coming out from under
 Slowly rising to the thunder
 Listen to the shouting people
 Broken Churches, broken steeple
 There's no one for them to follow
 Everyone's a God tomorrow.
 Can't you see the world is dying?
 Repentant people all are crying,
 Law and Order has been drowned,
 Chaos rules and has been crowned!

Sop, Tenor & Backing Group: World! - look at the way we are!
 Look at the things we do!
 Look at the games we play,
 Life! - look at the way we live!
 Look at the things we build,
 Look at the Love we've killed!

Sopranos: Gone, gone are all those lovely days,
 Gone are all the peaceful ways;
 All that's left is old and grey:

Sops & Tens: And our world is fading
 Our World is dying - today.

ACT II (contd)

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The action freezes on the central stage as the minstrel works into his song: the figures of the presidents and the children are like statues, in the pale blue light, stunned into a circular argument from which there is no exit. As the song ends, some of the children separate from the group of presidents:

Katya That can't be the end of it!
Matt There must be something we can do!
Boy I can't think of anything -
Cath Father, is there nothing you can do?
EARL I don't know, but I can try: there's something these people have all been forgetting.... (To the presidents - the lights coming on brightly again) - We sir, are simple people: like these children, we have no property to protect, no axes to grind. We have only our lives, our love and our children - and we want to have all these things in Peace. Is that too much to ask? You sir, you say you are a christian, you a Jew, you say you are a muslim - you a Hindu. You all had your prophets, and they gave you clear and beautiful laws by which you should live - you have forgotten them!

Music starts. The choir sings "The Laws" - sitting down to start with, standing for the second chorus.

"Where are the laws we must obey
Where are the rules to guide us through our day
Where are the words that will teach us how to live
Where are the signs to show us how to give
Where are the visions to help our failing souls
Where are the tools for rebuilding our new world -

Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal
Thou shalt not hurt or force your will
Thou shalt beware of foolish pride
Thou shalt be fair and take no sides
Thou shalt despise all that is vain
Thou shalt not lie, or cheat for gain
Thou shalt keep holy thy day for God
Thou shalt forgive and thou shalt love.

Here are the laws we must obey
Here are the rules to guide us through our day
These are the words that will teach us how to live
These are the signs to show us how to give -

Thou shalt not have a jealous heart
Shalt not desire thy neighbour's part
Thou shalt be kind in every way
And thou shalt keep a time to pray
Thou shalt not cause your parents shame
Thou shalt not curse, or take God's name in vain

And thou shalt worship the One True God
Thou shalt forgive and thou shalt Love.

As the words end, and the orchestra builds the orchestral coda, the lights come back on activity on the central stage. The children have departed to the eastern stage steps and are watching glumly. The first president stands at the South West podium and makes his announcement, reading from the back of an envelope.

1st Pr Ladies and Gentlemen, I have a vitally important announcement to make, a statement that carries great significance for the future of our world! (No Press appear) - a statement of great Significance for the future of our world!! (They appear after the flurry of telephone bells) (Reading) "Due to this ingenious initiative taken by the children, we, their leaders, have special pleasure in announcing that negotiations to achieve complete and general disarmament of the world by all nations will begin - shortly. Signed - all

Military Industrial Complex(contd.)

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The Press Corps begin to throw some questions at the President.

Press 1. What do you mean by shortly, Mr President?

1st Pres.: I mean right away - next question.

Press 2. What would put the chances of success at?

1st Pres.: Evens.

Press 3. Where will these negotiations take place?

2nd Pres.: The location of the discussions has yet to be decided.

Press 4. Will you attend these discussions personally, Mr Presidents. (1st & 2nd Presidents glance at each other)

2nd Pres.: I don't think that will be necessary....

1st Pres.: I think our boys can handle all the detailed stuff, -

Press 5. Can we just have a photograph of you sirs? - the two of you shaking hands - if you could just stay out a moment(to the 3rd Pres.) - we'll have one with you later. Fine - now big smiles - handshake? Thank you.

1st Pres.: Hey we must have one with the little boy!

2nd Pres.: Where is the little boy?

1st Pres.: Has anybody seen the little boy - ?

3rd Pres.: Don't worry about him, just let's get this photograph.

The Third President drags the two Super Presidents together, linking arms with them in a gesture of eternal friendship. He grins ecstatically into the camera, waiting, posing in positions of abject reverence towards them. They smile demurely down at him.

Aide: Little boy's up there, sir - says he doesn't want to be photographed with you until you do the job properly.

1st Pres.: What does he mean - we've just made a historic agreement!!?

Black Boy: Bull Shiitt!!

KATYA smiles at the black boy's venom - so do some of the other children, but there are no smiles on the BOY's face. He gets up and comes to the head of the Eastern Stage, glowering down at them with a face full of contempt and loathing, yet tinged with pity:

The Boy with Katya comes to the SE Podium and stands addressing the company in general, the 1st President in particular:

Boy Sir - we asked you to organise an operation to get rid of all your vicious weapons: you give us a piece of paper with words on and you expect us to be impressed!! - I don't know how to get rid of your weapons - they are so dangerous, only the people that made them can do that. You must order them to do it because you ordered them to make them in the first place!

Aline Do you have a solution, sir?

ACT II (contd)

Boy Yes I have a solution -

1st Pr So what is this solution?

Boy - if you haven't the courage to disarm yourselves, disarm each other!

Prs 1/2 - eh? - what?

Stew. Uh - could you explain that?

Boy Yes - I've been to both your countries and though there are many things that are different, the people are the same - they all want to Live! So - change places! If you two presidents took your wives and families and took each other's positions for a while, you'd soon see what I did! - then you could stop hating each other and start -

1st Pr - dismantling the military industrial complexes from within?

Boy That's right!

1st Pr Brilliant - there's got to be a catch - ?

2nd Pr There is: we are each going to be held hostage in each other's country.

Boy How? - no one could take over your country if the people didn't want them - and the people will want you! You will be the most popular people the world has ever known because you will have brought to the world - Peace!

Katya And let not the exchanges be just between grown-ups. Let the children change places and live with each other's families and go to their schools. Then all the lies and suspicions will never grow up again!!

The rest of the company are beginning to come on again now in their various roles - western aides, eastern aides - all are excited and intrigued by the Boy's solution:

Fiona Jeez! - just think of the cost of that - flying the entire school age population back and forth!

Boy But you have a hundred aircraft in the air at this moment - filled with bombs. Surely it would be better to fill the air with children!

EARL Sir, the Lord said, "Love thine Enemy" - you can show that you do by welcoming your enemy into your own home - your own seat of government!

Music begins - the choir humming "Child for a day" introduction. The children start to tug at their presidents' sleeves: they do not need much encouragement:

1st Pr OK - let's give it a whirl!

2nd Pr You're mad!

1st Pr So are you

Boris I know - let's do it!!

The choir and company all begin to sing "Child for a day" - it ends as before.

SCENE 3

Santi

So it happened!

S.T:

Yes - it finally happened!

Malaria

Did it take a long time for the world to get used to the idea?

S.T:

Ages and ages! It's only now that we are beginning to see how beautiful the world at Peace can be. And we have to celebrate the Peace Day every year in case we forget!

Tracy

What happened to the little boy?

S.T:

He went on working for Peace - peace-making, peace-keeping, peace-building.

Kisom

Was he very famous?

S.T:

Well, the idea of him was. Grown-ups like to remember him because he reminds them of their own childhood -- dreams they had when they were children.

Amber

What about the little girl?

Rachel

What happened to her?

S.T:

Oh - she grew up and worked for Peace, like millions of others.....

Rebecca

And where are they now?

S.T:

Around!

Dani

Did the girl and boy go on seeing each other after that?

S.T:

Yes. They grew up together, they worked together.

They made a very good team!

Mufti

Did you know them?

S.T:

Yes I did. Rather well really.....

Sasha

Were they married?

S.T:

Look - it doesn't matter who the boy and girl were!

They were just very ordinary children really, who wanted

to live. You could be the boy - you could be the little

girl - any of you. What matters is that you all, each

one of you, have the power, like they did to create Peace.

And we have to keep it! It's very hard to unlearn what

living has taught us: Greed, the desire for more and

better, will always be there. And people do have an

instinct to fight.

But we can use that instinct! To fight not against

ourselves, but for ourselves. For humanity! For our

lives. For life - continuing Life on earth.

Look they're coming back!

CONCLUSION(contd.)

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S-teller: (speaking at the first whispers fo the song, then over the gathering swell of the music)
Look! - the revellers are returning.
Remember; children, the story of the Peace Day!
Celebrate every year of your lives.... And enjoy Your Life!

The revellers - the full company, dressed in the white T-shirts and scarves as they were at teh opening, approach the Main Stage from the North, East and West entrances. They are singing the opening Peace Day number, the orchestra joining in, raising the music and swelling it throughout the hall.

"Peace Day, Peace Day, we all say -
Happy World, Happy Day!
Wear a smile and show the way,
To celebrate this Peace Day!

Peace Day Peace Day - sing and dance!
It will be a great romance!
People of the earth as one,
Peace on Earth it has begun!

Celebrations, jubilation!
Laughter shouting, lots of fun!
Smiling dancing, - take your partner!
Celebrations - everyone!

Peace Day Peace Day - we all sing!
Happy World, Holiday!
Wear a smile and show the way!
Peace has broken out today!

Peace and Love for all mankind,
Healthy people, happy minds,
Faith in God has shown the way -
Peace and Love are here to stay!

The final verse welcomes back the character of the MINSTREL who sings:

"Come into my Joy!
Come into my pain!
Come you be a friend of mine -
I'll be the same!

The chant is picked up by the whole company who start singing it as a gospel rock number. The various stars of the show are brought forward to acknowledge the clapping of the audience - the Presidents, the Black Africans, Katya, the TV Presenter and the guests, the Bureaucrat, the academic, the conductor, the various singers, the choir - and finally the BOY. The chant becomes, in effect, the curtain call, and in good RSC fashion, the company applaud the audience for bearing with them through the evening. If dancing in the aisles were possible, the company should encourage the audience to do this too - the Hall, if possible, should become a vast swaying mass of people, clapping, singing, dancing, enjoying themselves - full of Life!

Then suddenly, the music stops - there is a Black out. The company, the orchestra, the choir - all make their way as silently as possible to the Exits. As the audience subside into silence, we see Black and White images from "ON THE BEACH" - the deserted streets of San Francisco, the shot of the Naval rating sitting on a rock fishing as the submarine sails

ENTER FULL COMPANY

PEACE DAY.

FRED ASTAIRE: The trouble with you is you want a simple answer and there isn't any. The war started when people accepted the idiotic principle that Peace can be maintained by arranging to defend themselves with weapons that they couldn't possibly use without committing suicide. Somewhere, some poor bloke probably looked at a radar screen and thought he saw something. He knew that if he hesitated one thousandth of a second his own country would be wiped off the map, so - he pushed the button and - the world went.... Crazy!

S.T:

Ladies and gentlemen. What we have presented here for you this evening has been a fantasy. - a projection forward to a future which I am certain that everyone in this Hall desires to see become a reality. The film you have just been watching was also a fantasy - Nevil Shute's 'On the Beach'. The horrifying truth we have to face is that at this moment it is considerably more likely that Nevil Shute's fantasy will be realised than our own.

In fifty years time, the children who have performed here tonight, should be looking forward to a peaceful and happy old age. Unless there is a massive change of heart by our leaders, the law of averages dictates they will not: they will have died in a thermo-nuclear war - whether started intentionally or accidentally.

The task we face is monumental, but it's not impossible.

We hope you'll go home from this celebration tonight, full of hope and determination - full of the knowledge of how lovely life is; and how unbearable is the thought that by our own folly, by our lack of courage, by our slackness..... we could end it.

