

QUEEN HAVE & MISS HAVEN'T

*Eerie creaking and electronic crackle
Fly sound effects*

MUSIC: Fats Waller - melancholic jazz organ wedding sounds

SCENE: Great Expectations 1946 film

Miss Havisham: Screams

Repeated knocking

Miss Havisham: Come in. Who is it?

Pip: Pip ma'am.

Miss Havisham: Pip?

Pip: Mr Pumblechook's boy, come to play

Miss Havisham: Come nearer, let me look at you. Come close. Look at me. You're not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?

Pip: No

Miss Havisham: Do you know what I touch, here?

Pip: Your heart

Miss Havisham: Broken!

Gasps looped. Drips, creaks, roars, wind sound effects.

MUSIC: Queen Victoria by Leonard Cohen

Queen Victoria, Queen Victoria, Queen Victoria...

My father and all his tobacco loved you,

I love you too in all your forms,

The slim unlovely virgin floating among German beer,

The mean governess of the huge pink maps,

The solitary mourner of a prince.

Queen Victoria,

I am cold and rainy,

I am dirty as a glass roof in a train station,

I feel like an empty cast iron exhibition,

I want ornaments on everything,

Because my love...

Queen Victoria

I'm not much nourished by modern love,

Will you come into my life

With your sorrow and your black carriages,

And your perfect
Memories.

Queen Victoria,
The Twentieth Century belongs to you and me.
Let us be two severe giants not less lonely for our partnership,
Who discolour test tubes in the halls of Science,
Who turn up unwelcome at every World's Fair,
Heavy with proverb and correction,
Confusing the star-dazed tourists
With our incomparable sense of loss.

MUSIC – Scott Walker – ominous, foreboding, dramatic

SCENE: Royce & Marilyn

Royce: Why would I have to be a victim of all this garbage, the crap that you like?
You know nothing about classical music opera, nothing! Nothing! You can't sing an
opera you know nothing.

Marilyn: I know I don't sing opera

Royce: You know nothing, nothing

Marilyn: That doesn't mean that I don't enjoy it

Royce: You know nothing, I sing everything perfectly, note by note, you know
nothing. Oh God on a wheel.

SCENE: All About Eve

Karen: Don't you know that part was written for Margot?

Eve: It might have been 15 years ago, it's my part now

Karen: You talk just as Addison said you did

Eve: Cora is my part, you've got to tell Lloyd it's for me

Karen: I don't think anything in the world would make me say that

Eve: Addison wants me to play it

Karen: Over my dead body

Eve: That won't be necessary

SCENE: *Loud crunching sound effects*

SCENE: Grey Gardens

Little Edie: Because the people that I wanted to marry, really, were Sagittarians, and
they say above all don't marry Sagittarius, so I think they've got it all wrong. I don't
know, but anyway he's Scorpio

Interviewer: Maybe that's why you never got married?

Little Edie: Yeah I'm crazy about horoscopes, I wouldn't marry anybody where they said it wasn't right. Isn't that awful? Because you know I went back to the Catholic Church, I shouldn't even be *talking* about astrology

SCENE: *Dentist drill sound effects*

SCENE: Dynasty

Alexis: Well now, you look as if you're armed for battle

Krystal: I am

Alexis: Oh is it your little niece is that it? Are you going to shoot my heart out because I sent her back to the boondocks where she belongs?

Krystal: Stop the charade, Alexis. I know. I know what happened that day I was out riding the horse

SCENE: Whatever happened to Baby Jane?

Jane: Baby Jane Hudson made the money that paid for this house, that's who!

Blanche: You don't know what you're saying

Jane: Blanche, you aren't ever gonna sell this house, and you aren't ever gonna leave it, either!

SCENE: Eastenders

Zoe: Get away from me!

Kat: No

Zoe: You don't rule my life

Kat: You're not going to Spain, and that's that

Zoe: Why not?

Kat: Because I said so alright?

Zoe: And I have to do everything you say, do I?

Kat: No

Zoe: You can't tell me what to do, you ain't my mother!

Kat: Yes I am!

SCENE: Royce & Marilyn

Marilyn: In Las Vegas

Royce: Oh Shut up

Marilyn: I saw Milton Berle's show and I enjoyed it very much

Royce: Oh honey Milton Berle

Marilyn: and I must say I even enjoyed Martha Raye

Royce: Oh, oh god. Marlon Brando Emma Walker Berle KNOCK oh,

Marilyn: she appeared on the same programme with Lena Horne, and I saw that

Royce: Oh

Marilyn: And of course, er, in the nightclub Martha has a dirty show

Royce: Oh Jesus Christ!

Marilyn: That's for comedy, you know

Royce: Honey I wanna live in a world that I'm used to, coming home and putting on my opera my concerto, live in this shithole, this SHITHOLE downtown

SCENE: Gramma and Ginga

Ginga: Goodnight sis, shit-ass

Gramma: You gonna go home, where the hell are you going, you gonna go out again?

Ginga: Huh huh

Gramma: That'd be just like her

Ginga: *growls*

Gramma: She'll probably go out again

Ginga: I betcha can't dance like I can

Gramma: Who the hell wants to dance at my age, huh?

Ginga: I want to dance, I'd like to swing you around

Gramma: Like hell

Ginga: Huh? Wouldn't you like to dance? *Sings a tune*

MUSIC: Messiaen – orchestral, driving, haunting, dramatic

SOUND EFFECTS: Crackly, murky, dripping sounds.

MUSIC: Courtly, regular, maddening. Fly sound effects.

CRASH sound effect

Miss Havisham: Well, you can break his heart

MUSIC: Messaïen – cymbals, orchestra, sliding sounds, dramatic, driving, temperamental, vast

SCENE: Great Expectations 1946 film

Pip: I think she's very proud

Miss Havisham: Anything else?

Pip: I think she's very pretty

Miss Havisham: Anything else?

Pip: I think she's very insulting

Miss Havisham: Anything else?

Pip: I think I should like to go home now

Miss Havisham: Anything else? Anything else? Anything else.....

EMPIRE

Winston Churchill:

British Empire (*edited into Kathak rhythms*)

Silence

Winston Churchill:

Ladies and Gentlemen, are you following the Indian situation with the attention it demands? Things are going from bad to worse. Great mismanagement and weakness are causing unrest and disturbance to three hundred million primitive people.

Enoch Powell:

We must be mad (mad), literally mad (mad) as a nation to be permitting the annual inflow of some fifty thousand dependents who are for the most part the material of the future growth of the immigrant descended population. It is like watching a nation busily engaged in heaping up its own funeral pyre.

Margaret Thatcher:

People are really rather afraid that this country might be rather swamped by people with a different culture. And you know, the British character has done so much for democracy, for law and done so much throughout the world. But if there's any fear that it might be swamped, people are going to react and be rather hostile to those coming in.

Theresa May:

There are millions of people in poorer countries who would love to live in Britain. And there is a limit to the amount of immigration any country can and should take.

Priti Patel:

Our new fully digital border will provide the ability to count people in and count people out of the country. We will have a far clearer picture of who's here, and whether they should be, and we will act when they are not.

Rishi Sunak:

There is absolutely nothing racist about wanting Britain to have secure borders that work.

Suella Braverman:

I would love to be, having, er, a front page of The Telegraph of a flight.. of a plane taking off to Rwanda; that's my dream.

MUSIC: Firestarter by The Prodigy mixed with classical Indian music and singing

Winston Churchill:

We shall go on to the end. We shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be.
We shall go on to the end. We shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be.
We shall go on to the end...

ENGEL

Music – Falling In Love Again sung by Marlene Dietrich

*Falling in love again.
Never wanted to.
What am I to do?
Can't help it.*

Music – Shoulderblades by Gilla Band

*Said "hello"
It don't know
That speaking in tongues deaf, licking gets red
Like a sock and it was
Feel like a chicken, act like a cock
Now it's all Dutch Gold
Orange door hinge, temples grow tunnels
The first mate sunburnt at stake
Suffering sideways
Ed Mordake
Still it's all Dutch Gold
Orange door hinge, tunnels grow temples
The last mate sunburnt at stake
It's like a hat for Ed Mordake
And like a hat for Ed Mordake
It's like a hat for Ed Mordake
And like a hat for Ed Mordake
It's like a hat for Ed Mordake*

And like a hat for Ed Mordake
It's like a hat for Ed Mordake
Ed Mordake
It said "hello"
It was dead
Feet on an armchair, sharing a head
And headache two face
Suffering front ways, Ed Mordake
Again it's all Dutch Gold
Orange door hinge, temples grow tunnels
It's too late to be late
It's like a hat for Ed Mordake
And like a hat for Ed Mordake
It's like a hat for Ed Mordake
And like a hat for Ed Mordake
It's like a hat for Ed Mordake
And like a hat for Ed Mordake
It's like a hat for Ed Mordake
Ed Mordake
Ah, oh, ah, oh, ah, oh, ah, oh
Ah, oh, ah, oh, ah, oh, ah, oh
Bleurgh, ah, ah, oh
Bleurgh, ah, ah, oh
Bleurgh, ah, ah, oh
Bleurgh, ah, ah
Patience now please
Futon sleaze
Blue is a bastard, acts like a tease
It's too late for Ricki Lake
Talking all arse ways
It's too late, ah
Patience now please
Futon sleaze
Blue is a bastard, acts like a tease
It's too late for Ricki Lake
Talking all arse ways
It's too late
And now it's sad
Dutch Gold
Orange door hinge, temples grow tunnels
Daily rake with Quentin Blake

*It's like a hat for Ed Mordake
And like a hat for Ed Mordake
It's like a hat for Ed Mordake
And like a hat for Ed Mordake
It's like a hat for Ed Mordake
And like a hat for Ed Mordake
It's like a hat for Ed Mordake
And like a hat for Ed Mordake*

PRIMA

MUSIC: Salut d'Amour by Elgar, a crackly old recording

MARGOT FONTEYN: The Thames will take us to London town, of wonderful beauty and great renown. And right at the heart of London stands the Royal Opera House, usually known as Covent Garden - a magic name.

Music continues

MARGOT: How many times have I looked in that mirror as I put on my make-up for Swan Lake, Sleeping Beauty, an important first night or an exciting gala at Covent Garden, or just one of the hundreds of performances that go to make up a long career? I never felt it was routine. What they call the smell of the greasepaint and the lure of the footlights never lost their magic for me.

FREDERICK ASHTON: And this was her first appearance, she was, danced to this music, and so it has a lot of nostalgic memories for me, of her extreme beauty and her youth, as well.

MARGOT: Before the curtain goes up, I'm a little nervous, as always.

Music draws to a close

APPLAUSE

MUSIC: Peer Gynt Suite No 2. Op. 55: IV Solveigs Sang, by Edvard Grieg

Music ends

MARGOT: I've tried to tell you something about theatre and dance and what they mean to me, but why we do ballet is more difficult. Perhaps I wouldn't have chosen ballet as a profession if I'd known that staying at the top once you get there is rather like running up a down-going escalator; if you stop running, down you go. But then that's the fun of it, it's the challenge that we love, and also the dancing. But so far as I'm concerned, whether it's the pas de chat or the cha cha cha, the rumba, the samba, the Morris dance or the grand pas de deux, it's all the magic of dance