



*Dialogue Between a Prostitute and One of Her Clients*

by Dacia Maraini

Translated by Gillian Hanna

This is a scanned copy of the script for **Monstrous Regiment Theatre Company's** 1980-81 production of *Dialogue Between a Prostitute and One of Her Clients*, the UK premiere of Dacia Maraini's *Dialogo di una prostituta col suo cliente* (1978), translated for the company by Gillian Hanna.\*

Full information about the show (which included breaks for discussion with the audience) is provided in its **Productions** page on the company's website ([www.monstrousregiment.co.uk](http://www.monstrousregiment.co.uk)).

The scanned file contains both a typescript of the complete translation of the play, and a handwritten version (probably) used for the performance, with various cuts and minor changes; it also incorporates a missing final page of the typescript. Copies of the typescript and manuscript are held in the company's archive at the V&A's Theatre and Performance Archives.

Requests for permission to perform this translation should be addressed to: Alan Brodie Representation ([www.alanbrodie.com](http://www.alanbrodie.com)), 14 The Barbon Buildings, Red Lion Square, London, WC1R 4QH

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\*A later English translation, by Tony Mitchell, was published in *Only Prostitutes Marry In May*, a collection of Maraini's plays edited and introduced by Rhoda Helfman Kaufman (Guernica Editions: Toronto 1994/1998).

Dialogue Between a Prostitute and One of Her Clients.

by Dacia Maraini.

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The Characters: Manila  
The Client.

Manila: Well. Are you going to get undressed then?  
Client: What do you think I am, a woman?  
Manila: No. I can see you've got a cock.  
Client: What the hell are you?  
Manila: Can't you see my skirt?  
Client: Christ. You're not a transvestite? Listen, I don't go with blokes.  
Manila: No, fool. I'm a woman.  
Client: Women don't carry on like this.  
Manila: And how do they carry on?  
Client: I don't know.. bit more flirting.. they coax..fawn..  
Manila: I don't fawn because I'm not a dog. Take your clothes off.  
Client: Christ.  
Manila: Take your shirt off so I can see you.  
Client: See what?  
Manila: See if you've got a good chest.  
Client: Look I'm sorry but I'm the one who's supposed to be buying, not you.  
Manila: Of course you're buying. But I like looking. I'm a voyeur. Are you going to show me your chest?  
Client: There's nothing special about my chest. I never went in for sport. My mother wanted me to do canoeing. But I never really took to it. Do you know, Pellizetti says there's more homosexuality lurking in male collective sports than in a Gay News Editorial meeting.  
Manila: Who's Pellizetti ?  
Client: You've never heard of Pellizetti? Oh well, what would you know about anything.  
Manila: Why don't you get undressed?  
Client: Jesus. What sort of prostitute are you?  
Manila: So many questions. You're buying. I'm selling. That's the deal.  
Client: The deal is that I'm taking and you're being taken.  
Manila: No. You're buying and I'm selling. That's all. Nothing more.

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Client: What are you selling?

Manila: My cunt.

Client: Don't say that word.

Manila: Why not? Does it disgust you?

Client: Look,..just don't say it in front of me...It revolts me and shows a lack of respect for your own body..

Manila: What's the matter? We're doing business aren't we?

Client: Yes, we're doing business. But if you don't do what you're supposed to..I get discouraged..I lose the desire...

Pause. Manila watches the client. He ties a handkerchief round his temples. He's got a headache.

Client: I wish you'd say something.

Manila: Not only do you want my cunt, you want entertainment. I'm not a bloody geisha girl you know.

Client: I asked you not to be vulgar.

Manila: Is 'cunt' vulgar?

Client: Please don't say that word.. I can't bear it.

Manila: You can bear to buy it at so much a pound though.

Client: Look. I'm paying..I'm paying quite a lot and I choose not to hear those words. Alright?

Manila: Not such a lot. Actually, I'm selling my body at a rate if you consider everything that's thrown in: the room, the bed, the sheets, the ashtray, the window.

Client: God but you're mercenary. You think of nothing? Do you got any feelings? Don't you ever cry? Have you?

Manila: What the hell are you talking about?

Client: This is a dead loss. Damn headache won't go away.

Manila: How old are you?

Client: Twenty five. Why?

Manila: You talk as if you were fifty.

Client: I'm knackered. I haven't stooped for a man since I was a boy.

Manila: Why?

Client: I've been canvassing in the local election.

Manila: Who were you working for?

Client: That's all I need. Now I'm supposed to be satisfied with a prostitute..

Manila: Are you a Tory?

She watches him lie down. He stretches out, smokes, etc.

To the audience:

Manila: I look at him. I'm looking at all of him. Every little bit of him from his toes to the top of his head. I like looking at things.. This happens to me all the time.. it's like this: I look at something.. I look again, and then, wham! I fall into the thing I'm looking at.. that's the danger.. looking gives me a shock... it's as if someone suddenly turned a cold tap on down my back.. there's a crucial moment.. and if I go on looking after that.. well, I just fling myself... I fling myself into the thing I'm looking at, and I don't exist any more... I fall in.. I sink to the bottom... I swim.. I race.. I spread out.. I say to myself: don't worry, I'm me.. Manila.. but really I'm not.. I'm no longer myself at all.. I've turned into the thing I'm looking at. It could be a dog.. A dog shitting on the pavement.. it can't get the turd out of its arse. And master is pulling at the lead, nearly choking it, well he's so ashamed of his dog being seen doing big jobs in front of the corner shop - the cretin - . A soft yellow turd - he's got the snits.. well, master's always late, he's lazy, he's overslept.. and with the rubbish he feeds the dog, it's always ill. There this dog is - or rather Manila-become-dog - frozen.. my hind legs bent, my arse squeezed together, my head raised, gazing up at the man, saying: Wait, my love, wait. Can't you see I'm trying to have a shit?

Pause. The client has heard nothing. He moves.

Client: This silence is getting on my nerves. What are you doing? Sleeping?

Manila: No. You were sleeping.

Client: You're not a prostitute. I can see that. You're something quite different. You're some kind of pervert.. an actress.. you're playing some kind of game.. I don't know. Whatever you are, you're not the thing I paid for... The thing I paid to fuck.

FIRST INTERRUPTION AND DEBATE WITH THE AUDIENCE.

Manila: O be quiet.

Client: (prompting her) What the hell do you expect....

Manila: I know what I'm supposed to say.. I'm just thinking about what

it means. What do we understand by the word 'prostitute' ?  
(Turns to a man in the audience) Do you mind telling me what you understand by that word - 'prostitute' ? Have you ever been to one? Would you say that a prostitute has a special identifiable 'look' ? What is it?

THE DISCUSSION CONTINUES ACCORDING TO THE REACTIONS OF THE AUDIENCE.  
THE ACTORS GO BACK TO THE TEXT.

Client: You're not a prostitute, I can see that now...  
Manila: What the hell did you expect. For God's sake take off that shirt.  
Client: You really make me feel as if you're buying and I'm selling. It's really getting me down.  
Manila: Alright. You say what you want us to do.  
Client: I want to pretend that we met by accident on a bus, and I picked you up. And you're not sure whether you should be unfaithful to your husband.  
Manila: I don't like it. Besides I haven't got a husband.  
Client: You can pretend can't you.  
Manila: So you want me to do a bit of play-acting now?  
Client: No, no. It's not about that...Just do what I ask can't you?  
Manila: I don't do play-acting. I sell cunt. That's all.  
Client: I told you not to talk like that. God, you're a dirty whore. You ruin everything.  
Manila: You've got beautiful green eyes. Are they green or blue?  
Client: Beautiful? Really?  
Manila: Your body's a bit skinny..too thin..let me see your hands.  
Client: O Christ, lay off..You take all the fun out of things.  
Manila: Nice hands..You certainly don't work with these hands. You work with your head. That's why you've got a headache.  
Client: It's all brain work. And guts. It takes a lot of guts.  
Manila: And you've got a beautiful mouth.  
Client: Yes. Everyone says that.  
Manila: Give me a little smile.. nice teeth ..not bad...

He smiles.

Another smile..ah nice smile. A bit sad, but beautiful. What's your name?

Client: Huh. Nice here. Beautiful there. Who's buying, you or me?  
Manila: I bet you're worth a packet.  
Client: How much do you think you can screw out of a greengrocers?  
Manila: You've got a shop?

Client: It's my Dad's. ( He got done once for selling vegetables that were seven years old. If you're going to con people, try something a bit more ambitious.) \*

Manila: and what do you do?

Client: I'm a student. Business and economics.

Manila: And you've made a bit of money recently?

Client: Listen Manila..I'm not a pig..If I was, I'd have flung you down on the bed by now.I like the whole human being..I like understanding..seeing..I like it that you're you and I'm me. It's not my style to treat you like a piece of meat. I believe in good manners.In a way, I'm a gentleman...

Manila: You're not a fascist are you?

Client: No. Why?

Manila: I don't go with fascists.

Client: You're too capricious to be a prostitute-

Manila: Mind your own bloody business. Why don't you take that bloody shirt off?

Client: I'm taking nothing off. O Jesus. My head. You haven't got any aspirin have you?

Manila: I'll have a look.

She finds it and holds the packet out to him.

Client: Not like that.

Manila: Well how then.

Client: In your palm, like this. See? Now I pick it up with my tongue. And I can feel your flesh. That's how I always do it with my mother..and she laughs.. because I lick her hand. Funny isn't it? She calls me her little puppy dog. Would you massage my feet?

Manila takes his feet in her hands.

Manila: Feet speak...they tell you a lot, feet. My gran used to say: Always look at a man's feet. If they're too small, keep your distance. If they're hot and clammy, keep your distance. If they're like two little dead bodies, keep your distance. On the other hand, if they're a bit smelly and ticklish, hang on to them; they're friendly feet. Well then. Are you going to take off this shirt?

Client: Alright.. Well here it is. What do you say?

Manila: Not bad. A bit too much hair. I don't like men with hairy chests..I judge a man by his chest...if it's hairy it usually means he's hypocritical and shifty. After his chest I look at his hips. Then his arse. And last of all his cock. That's the least expressive part of a man. Actually, it's really the most deceitful. Because if you really want to know, a cock never tell you the truth: when it's swollen and all stuck out in front as if it wants to skewer you, it's actually a shrinking violet, curling up with terror if you say boo to it..on the other hand, the cock that looks sweet and shy, always a bit clammy and makes you say to yourself : 'this one's got a job to keep itself upright well this one is probably the dirtiest, the most devious...it never goes down; it'll spew a seed into your belly when you least expect it and make you pregnant before you've got time to say 'Oops'.

Then there are the melancholy cocks, so long and narrow, so soft and warm, the ones that make you say to yourself, 'How elegant.. How beautiful..', when you pick them up..well this batch are the greatest layabouts of the lot. They're so conceited they only swell up if you admire them, then they collapse at the crucial moment and you can spit them out with a hiccup.

Then there are the pear shaped cocks..fat on top and thin underneath..they're the most boring..they're always ~~in dispute~~<sup>arguing</sup>. The base says one thing the superstructure says something else, so they never get anything organised.

Then there are the stainless steel cocks that look as if they'd swallowed a broom handle. They're always on parade, like the horseguards, and you won't get much out of this lot: they set off to war, stick their bayonet up the enemy and return to barracks to await new orders..This bunch are the worst..they're as thick as shit..they're filth.

Then there are those little cocklets who never think at all. They're merry and gossipy, always poking their noses into everything. They usually stink of fish and chips. They get in everywhere, particularly the mouth or the bum...they run round here there and everywhere. If you don't fancy it they get narky and start to whinge and wriggle like worms.

Then there's the sulky cock that slinks off into a corner before you've had time to say hello....the exploding cock that never spots the right time and always stands up at the very moment it should be packing up and going home...The baby cock that always wants Mummy to cuddle it..the masochistic cock that looks moody and can't manage anything unless you give it a smack.the minute

it pokes its head out.

This is the duplicity of the cock that never tells the truth.

PAUSE. THE CLIENT WAKES UP.

Client: What are you doing with my feet in your hands?

Manila: I'm giving you a massage aren't I?

Client: I fell asleep. How long have I been asleep?

Manila: Half an hour.

Client: Christ. I've wasted half an hour. We'll knock seven quid off the bill, O.K. ?

Manila: Like hell we will. You might have been sleeping but I was working.

Client: On a dead man's feet.

Manila: Feet or no feet, it makes no difference. It was in my working hours. You bought the use of the bed and the pillow just the same.

Client: You talk as if you'd been educated. Where do you come from?

Manila: If it means anything to you , I've got a degree in literature and philosophy.

Client: Christ, this headache. Do you mind me asking what a university graduate is doing in this room?

Manila: Oh yeah.

Client: You should be teaching in some school..not in bed with a stranger.

Manila; Mind your own bloody business.

Client: I've got a headache..You get me down. Christ you really do get me down.

Manila: O.K. so I get you down, well in a minute I'll get you up again, what are you so upset for?

Client: What about you taking something off?

Manila; Listen, you're the beauty out of us two. I'm a bit shop-soiled, like everything that's bought and sold and I don't fancy taking my clothes off.

Client: O.K. Suit yourself. Would you put your hand on my forehead? Do you know what my mother says when I'm feverish? 'Fever, fever heat and sweat, don't you hurt my little pet'.

Manila: I bet your mother's the cashier.

Client: How did you guess?

Manila: Around twelve she has to go and cook the lunch so your sister takes over the till.

Client: No. My girlfriend.



like a mouse. Little breasts, like radishes. How can a woman go around with no breasts? Let me see your breasts.

Manila: Leave my breasts alone.

Client: But I'm crazy about breasts. they excite me. I can't do anything without breasts.

Manila: What's all this fuss about breasts? They are what they are.

Client: But I drown in them..I chew on them..I suck them...breasts are everything.

Manila: Well mine are dripping with milk.

Client: Milk? O my God. Milk? Why?

Manila: Because I had a baby a few months ago fool. Why else would a woman have milk?

Client: O God, I'm getting a hard-on.

Manila: At last..Take your trousers off.

Client: Christ you're a weirdo . Can't you see what it does to me? The way you carry on just gets me down..You're not normal..

Manila: What the hell does it matter to you whether I'm normal or not.

Client: Are your breasts really dripping with milk?

Manila: Yes. Why?

Client: You've really taken my breath away. I'm knocked out. I mean there's this fantasy I've got. I've had it since I was a kid. I used to hide in the chapel in the dark, to be alone with the statue of the Virgin Mary. And I'd hold on to her breasts, and I'd weep and cry. And then I'd imagine my tears were milk flowing dripping and then I used to end up coming in my trousers like a little idiot....Would you let me do it?

INTERRUPTION AND DISCUSSION WITH THE AUDIENCE.

Manila: This thing with the milk. I've often heard this and I find it offensive. Apart from the fact that it turns you into a substitute mother figure, it also means that someone loves you for one bit of your body only and not for the whole body. I bet you have preferences for onebit of a woman's body as opposed to another..like a butcher..maybe shoulders, maybe buttocks..A woman's body is divided. Exalted but divided. (TO A MAN IN THE AUDIENCE) You..which do you prefer...breasts? buttocks? or what

THE DISCUSSION BEGINS. WHEN IT ENDS THE CLIENT PICKS UP HIS LAST LINE

Client: Would you let me do it?

Manila: What does your girlfriend say about you going to prostitutes?

Client: I don't tell her. Don't call yourself that. You shouldn't demean yourself.

Manila: What should I call myself?

Client: I don't know...masseur..or escort..or courtesan even. For Christ's sake, you have to beautify life a bit...You have to use your imagination. Here I am, in this room with a total stranger. God, there's a whole world for us to discover, to invent. Don't you see? Anything could happen. It could be such an adventure.

Manila: Just how much do you expect to buy for fifteen quid?

Client: Why do you have to spoil everything?

Manila: Anyway I couldn't have an adventure with you.

Client: Why not?

Manila: Because you're a drag.

Client: It doesn't take much..I close my eyes and imagine you're a virgin..another woman altogether..a proud, solitary kind of girl who's never had a man..and doesn't want to be touched at any price..

Manila: I suppose what you'd really like is to rape me, huh?....I look.. I'M looking deep into the dirty water of his heart..I look into these beautiful green eyes and I'm almost overcome with a passion - I can feel it here in my backbone - a desire to get inside this student of business and economics..his black eyelashes..his breath that smells of cigarettes..I almost become him...

Client: You really are a bit weird aren't you? A bit of a pervert?

Manila: What the fuck are you talking about?

Client: Don't be vulgar.

Manila: Take your trousers off.

Client: Fuck off bitch. Who's buying you or me?

Manila: You're the one with the money, so you're buying. But you're the only one who'll get any pleasure out of it, so you're really buying yourself through me.

Client: You're not a prostitute. I don't know what you are, but you're not a prostitute. O Christ.

Manila: Shall we fuck?

Client: NO.No. Not like this. I need a bit of atmosphere...to relax... Put the radio on please....(\*Put a cassette on please)

MANILA PUTS ON MUSIC.

Client: Ah! Music. Soft lights. And a woman's warm body. I couldn't ask

for anything more.

Manila:- Do you want to know how many I get through in a day?

Client: O Jesus. Don't spoil everything. Shut up.

Manila: Between three and five, I have two. Then between six o'clock and eight I have five. Some of them would rather have a quarter of an hour and pay less (\*OR: 'If I'm on form I can get them over and done with before they even get to the bed.' - based on a remark made by a prostitute we talked with.) Last Saturday I got through fifteen in an afternoon.

Client. O Christ what a headache. Turn that thing off would you.

MANILA TURNS IT OFF. .

Client: It's gone down. You've actually managed to turn me right off. You haven't got an ounce of imagination or fantasy..To think I could have done this every week for ten years..

Manila: Ten years? What's the matter with you. Are you off your rocker?

Client: Right enough, I couldn't manage August because I always go to the sea with the family. But the rest of the year..we could make some deal about the money..

Manila: So much a month you mean. A salary?

Client: Do you realise my father has been going to the same tart for twenty five years.

Manila: How does your mother feel about that?

Client: What's my mother got to do with it? She sleeps with him out of duty. I don't think she knows what sex is. She's never enjoyed it in the whole of her life. She's had five children and never enjoyed it.

Manila: How do you know?

Client: One day I went home and found her talking on the telephone. She was sitting on the sofa in her nightdress. She had the radio beside her. It was one of those phone-in programmes, and she was telling them everything: "I've never had an orgasm. My husband is a pig who takes what he wants and then rolls off me without a word. My son is a nauseating little ponce who thinks of no-one but himself. I've polished floors for fifty years and now I don't even know who I am." Do you know what I did?

Manila: You smashed the radio and walked out slamming the door behind you.

Client: I beat her up.

Manila: Yes. You do look a bit like an SS man with that little blonde beard and those snake eyes of yours.

Manila: You've got a girlfriend and you're still coming to me! Don't you go to bed with her?

Client: Of course I do. This isn't the Victorian age.

Manila: So?

Client: So what?

Manila: So why do you come here and get screwed by me?

Client: You sound just like my mother. Why do <sup>you</sup> have to go with those whores? You're throwing away money you should be spending on furniture for the house..

Manila: Don't you fancy your girlfriend?

Client: She's very beautiful: she's tall, slim, blonde. fragile...I'm afraid to touch her. She can type - she's a qualified shorthand typist. She picks up good money. And best of all, she's crazy about me. When she comes to our house, she brings that cookery book, 'The Galloping Gourmet', and she says 'Pick a dish.' So I look up the most complicated things and she makes them for me. Ever heard of 'Veal Cutlets Yerex'?

Manila: What's that?

Client: Well you start off with veal cutlets, and you cook them in butter and double cream and egg yolks and Chinese gooseberries and cauliflower and broccoli and dry white wine and lemon peel and black grapes and then you sprinkle chopped mint and paprika on top....my mother thinks she's great. They're as thick as thieves. I get the feeling they're always checking up on me. They make me sick. So I fool them both. I need my independence.. And then there are some dirty things I can't do with her.

Manila: Like what?

Client: Like holding my feet..she wouldn't do that.

Manila: Are feet dirty?

Client: And then somehow my mother's always in between us. When I fuck with her I feel like I'm fucking my mother.

Manila: Do that again!

Client: Do what again?

Manila: That! Opening your eyes wide. Do you know your eyes really are beautiful.

Client: If you look deep into them you can see a rose fluttering.

Manila: Does your mother say that too?

Client: Why not, it's true isn't it?

Manila: What are your girlfriend's eyes like?

Client: Small. Black. Everything about her is small. Little teeth. Little eyes. Like a pig. Little hands, like a monkey. Little feet, like

Client: She was blurting out the most intimate details of her life on the radio! I nearly strangled her.

Manila: I bet you were sorry afterwards.

Client: I was sorry when I saw her face all tear stained and puffy. I asked her to forgive me. I hugged her and kissed her. After all she is my mother isn't she?

Manila: How about taking these trousers off?

#### THE CLIENT TAKES HIS TROUSERS OFF

Manila: You've got a nice cock. A bit slow on the uptake. Not a cock that understands straight away what it's supposed to do.

Client: Are you insulting me?

Manila: Not you. Your cock.

Client: But my cock is me. Well, you've really got me down this time.

Manila: I'll get you up again. That's my job isn't it?

#### TO THE AUDIENCE

Manila: I take hold of this limp and withered piece of flesh. It hasn't a drop of blood in it. It's flabby and soft as a glove. So I rouse it. I squeeze and press it, rub it and stroke it until the beast lifts its head and omla! I get on top of it. So he gets angry and says: since when were you supposed to be on top, you're suffocating me. I say shut up and behave yourself or we'll both end up in the shit..and I've gone to a lot of trouble to get you out of it. I'm on top so I can push you out when I feel like it. I don't want to get pregnant. He stirs. He begins to move. He moves like a swimmer. Not bad. He has a way of moving of rocking gently, that's very nice. But then, something terrible, something horrible happens, and I find myself falling into this sweaty body. I hold onto his sides with my fingers, but I can't help it, I'm gliding away into this slippery water and I become him..shy, exultant, thirsty for his mother's milk. I open my blouse. I give him my milk to drink, and he, or rather I, comes like a fountain, a river, a waterfall, a flood, because I am a cock-in-love, inside my mother's cunt and the milk I am pouring down his throat excites me, tears me, pulls at my breast and I become nothing but milk in my son's throat, and I am my son, and I spit the sweet seed into my own belly which is his belly and I am in she who is my mother and I am the son of the mother making milk for my beloved maternal love.

SILENCE.

PAUSE.

HE GETS HIMSELF TOGETHER. HE PUTS HIS TROUSERS BACK ON. HE LOOKS AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR.

Client: You know it's a shame you're a prostitute. It doesn't suit you. Couldn't you find something better to do? I don't know..Couldn you get a job as a teacher? ..in some sort of school hnm? Doesn't it make you feel ashamed. You've got some sort of education and culture. Don't you feel ashamed of doing this shitty job?

Manila: (still stunned) Hmm?

Client: A nice girl like you.

Manila: Is this a sermon?

Client: You know, in a few years' time, no-one will want you any more. You'll end up in the gutter. You'll just sink lower and lower, lower and lower.

Manila: What are you talking about.?

Client: You took something from me. You took pleasure from me. I notice you know. I didn't say anything, I'm not an idiot. I noticed you were enjoying it. So you could say our relationship is no longer a business one.

Manila: Hang on a minute. What do you mean? What are you getting at? If we no longer have a business relationship, what the hell do we have? A present? You think I should give you a present because you've got a pretty face like a worn out Nazi?

Client: There. I knew you'd understand. I knew you were really bright.

Manila: Understand what?

Client: I'm saying we're quits. We're not two opposite species, buyer and seller. We're equals. Besides, we're both poor aren't we? We're both exploited.

Manila: Look. No. Hang on. Just say that again would you. What the hell does all this mean?

Client: It means I've fallen passionately in love with your extraordinary body. It means I really adore making love to you. I love your wonderful breasts, your sweet milk. And you like making love to me because I'm young, handsome and I've got a good body. We're embarking on a loving relationship and maybe....

Manila: You're trying to say that you don't want to pay.

Client: Why pay for something that happens so spontaneously? This is love. Nothing but love.

Manila: Listen snake-eyes, if all this crap means you're telling me

you're not going to pay, I'll stick a knife in your guts. Get it?

Client: No knives. No pistols either. Only the heart - and reason. Like Lenin said: Discipline, work and study.

Manila: I use a knife myself.

Client: You love me Manila.

Manila: I don't love you. I don't give a monkey's toss about you.

Client: I'm telling you, you love me. Because I know I could be the man in your life. I can give you back the tenderness you've lost doing this shitty job. I can give your child a father. A child needs a father.

Manila: Get your money out.

Client: I'll give you the money, I'll give it to you. But why can't you see, dear God, it's not a question of money. It's about something else. It's about our future.

Manila: Your future, fucker.

Client: No. OURS. The two of us. How old are you? Thirty? Thirty five? It doesn't matter. I don't want to know. To me, it's like you're eighteen. We're very alike. We both like money, splendour, dreams, love.

Manila: We're not at all alike thank God. You're thinking for yourself talking for yourself.

Client: Listen, I want to tell you something. I want you to know everything about me. To prove to you that I'm naked and defenceless.

Manila: Don't tell me anything. I don't want to hear this drivel. It makes me sick.

Client: For years I was in love with a boy the same age as me. His name was Steven. We went to the same school. We played football together. We slept in the same bed. I was obsessed with him. Of course I didn't realise it was love. As far as I was concerned we were just best friends, that's all. We used to live in a small town by the sea. There was a holiday camp on the beach. In the summer holidays, we used to go picking up girls in there and after dark we'd take them down by the ski slope and have it away with them like two lunatics. But while I was making it with mine, I had to watch him, otherwise I couldn't go a hard-on. And then I'd shout at him: Go on Steve. Get in there. Give her one for me Steve. ..Thop it up her...Have her.. Nail her....

THIRD INTERRUPTION AND DISCUSSION WITH THE AUDIENCE.

Manila: I think you're being too violent.

Client: It's in the text. They're violent lines. I've got to say them violently.

Manila: Well, the text is too violent then. Every time I hear those lines it makes my stomach heave. ( TO WOMEN IN THE AUDIENCE) Don't you think there's something appalling about the violence of those lines? Yet there are men who talk to women like that all the time. Have you ever experienced it? What do you think it means when men see sex like that?

AFTER THE DISCUSSION THE CLIENT REPEATS THE WHOLE OF THE LAST SPEECH.

Manila: You really are a fascist.

Client: Don't talk crap. I was in the C.P. I've been in I.S. I'm unaligned at the moment. I'm against violence. I'm in favour of harmony and collectivity. A new road forward. Well, then I finished with all that. Steve moved to London and I found a girl...serious... one I wanted to marry.

Manila: But you still come to me.

Client: Marriage is one thing, sex is something else. Do you know how long it's been since I made love to her? Five months. I'm afraid of fucking her. It's different with you. Do you think I'm ill?

Manila: I don't give a toss.

Client: Look, I could marry you.

Manila: So you could have a full-time tart. No thanks.

Client: A man offers you freedom and you turn it down!

Manila: I don't want your freedom. You'd throw it back in my face every minute of the day.

Client: Alright then, why don't you work? You could be a shorthand typist like my girl friend. Do you want me to help you find a job?

Manila: So I could be the office whore? No thanks.

Client: You could be a shop assistant.

Manila: Shop prostitute. No thanks.

Client: You're never satisfied. According to you the only thing a woman can be is a prostitute.

Manila: You said it, snake-eyes. The only decision a woman is free to make is whether she's going to prostitute herself in public or in private. With strangers or at home. Do you understand?



## THE CLIENT APPROACHES HER. HE KISSES HER ON THE NECK.

Manila: He kisses me, the shit. He kisses me so sweetly I have to let my arms drop. Be careful, Manila, this one wants to swindle you. He wants to leave you sucked dry. Raw. Naked. He wants everything for free. And he knows I like his eyelashes, his eyes, his skin. If I go on looking at him I'll fall in. I'll fall in like I did that time in the bus with the old woman. And I couldn't get out again. I could feel the other passengers looking at my wrinkled face, loathing me. And I felt light-headed - so light I didn't have a brain. I felt like a rotten nut, that's only got black dust inside when you crack it open. I was holding a huge green bag on my knee, and every now and then I touched it with my wrinkled fingers to make sure the clasp was shut. And I chewed and chewed like an old goat, looking out of the window with watery eyes, and I could see the world far off and ugly. I could feel my thighs under my arms, squeezed together but not touching. My heart was beating slowly, so slowly. Nothing and no-one mattered. All I wanted was something good to eat: the cake I had in my green bag. And that was why I kept checking the fastening. I was afraid someone would steal my cake. I knew my life was completely wrapped up in that cake and nothing else mattered. Not heat, not cold.....the old bitch. I could have strangled her.

Client: Do you know what I think? I think you're really a nice girl. I just can't believe that in a minute, you'll wash, get dressed and go back on the street.

Manila: I've felt nothing for eight months, nothing at all. What on earth happened today with this idiot? (TO HIM) Don't give me all this worship crap. It won't get you out of paying.

Client: I'm not stingy. I'll pay. I'll give you whatever we agreed. You should have a man to protect you.

Manila: I don't need a protector. I have a different kind of arrangement with my women friends.

Client: Suppose I said to you: I'm strong, I've done karate..I know how to handle myself. If you like...look I swear to God I'm not thinking of making any money out of this...I could put myself at your service. I wouldn't be any trouble. I'd do whatever you say. I'd just take a small percentage. Say ten percent. What would you say?

Manila: I'd say no.

Client: Listen, Manila. I'll leave my girlfriend...she's just a short

anyway. I'll leave home. I'll chuck the university and we'll set up together. We'll go on a trip, just you and me. To Paris, Italy, the States. What do you say?

Manila:

TO THE AUDIENCE.

DEar God, how neat and tidy everything is inside this shitty little minty-eyed pimp. Everything's so spotless inside his head. All the furniture in the right place, thick carpet underfoot. His relatives sit on hard little upright chairs: his mother with her mouth full of fish, the fiancée with arms of transparent glass, the father with an arse made of lead. And right in the middle there's a comfortable armchair for him. He's the apple of everyone's eye. On his lap he's got a bowl full of newly minted gold coins. How happy and well ordered everything is here inside him. And everyone's so nice. So affectionate. Then they show me there's a place for me as well: on top of a sort of altar. So the father puts me up on it, and makes me go down on all fours. Then, still smiling his gentle smile, he binds me with gold ropes. They're heavy and cold. Now I'm securely tied to the wall and the floor. Suddenly two strong hands take hold of my naked breasts, squeeze them and pull them downwards with one single movement, hard and angry. Under my belly, there's a pail, and the milk spurts into it with a metallic sound. The pain takes my breath away.

Client:

Where've you gone, Manila? Are you asleep? What kind of a tart are you? You're always miles away. You're always lost in your own thoughts.

Manila:

I want not to need your body. I want not to need any man's body.

Client:

But you do need me, just like I need you. We should stay together. We should come to an agreement. It's fate.

Manila:

No. You've got to pay. I don't want to come to any agreement with you.

Client:

Don't I please you?

Manila:

Yes you please me. and that's the trap. Pay me and go away.

Client:

If I pay you, then everything between us is closed. Do you understand? That's not what I wanted...

Manila:

You fucked me. Pay up.

Client:

And how are you going to make me, sweetheart? What'll you do if I refuse? Hey? What'll you do? Call the police? Pull out your revolver? Look at yourself. You're small. You've got no muscles. You haven't even got a cock. What are you going to do? Look....I'm going to go to the door and vanish! Bye! This is

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PROSTITUTE  
OF HER CLIENTS

JANE. Are you going to get undressed?  
Take your clothes off  
Take your shirt off so I can see you.

JOHN See what

JANE See if you've got a good chest

JOHN Look I'm sorry, ~~but~~ I'm the one who's supposed to be buying, not you.

JANE. Of course you're buying. But I like looking. I'm a voyeur. Are you going to show me your chest?

JOHN ~~Well~~ there's nothing special about my chest, I never went in for sport. My mother wanted me to do canoeing.

JANE Why won't you get undressed?

Jesus.

J What sort of prostitute are you?

Curiosity killed the cat

C ~~So many questions~~. You're buying. I'm selling  
That's the deal.

J

J The deal is that I'm taking and you're being taken.

= No, you're buying & I'm selling. That's all  
Nothing more.

What are you selling?

c My cunt.

J. Don't say that word.

c Why not, does it disgust you?

J It revolts me. <sup>It shows a lack of respect for your own body.</sup> <sup>What's the matter with you? Aren't we?</sup>

J. I wish you'd say something.

c Not only do you want my cunt, you want entertainment as well.

J Look, I asked you not to be vulgar.

c Is "cunt" vulgar?

J Please don't say that word. I can't bear it.

c You can bear to buy it at so much a pound though.

J Look. I'm paying... I'm paying a lot and I don't choose to hear those words. O.K.?

c Not such a lot. Actually I'm selling my body at a reduced rate if you consider everything that's thrown in use of the room, the bed, the ~~pillows~~ sheets, the ashtray, the window, the bag...

J This is a dead loss. Fucking headache

c How do are you?

J. 25. Why?

J: I'm tired. I haven't stopped for a month. I've been campaigning in the local elections. <sup>c) who for?</sup>  
That's all I needed, now I'm supposed to discuss positions with a prostitute. ~~Do you want a cup of coffee?~~ <sup>Do you want a ~~cup~~ of coffee?</sup>

J ~~No~~ No, I want a vest.

c. I look at him. <sup>(sexy)</sup>  
I'm looking at all of him. Every little bit from his toes to the top of his head.

I like looking... It's ~~always~~ like this... I look at something. I look again... and then wham! I fall into the thing I'm looking at...

That's the danger... looking gives me a shock... It's as if someone had turned a cold tap on down my back.

~~There's a certain point and if you're a little closer, I fling myself... I fling myself into the thing I'm looking at and I don't exist any more.~~

I fall in... I sink to the bottom...

I swim... I race... I spread out.

I say to myself "Don't worry, I'm me, Carol" but really ~~that's not~~ I'm

no longer myself at all... I've turned into the thing I'm looking at.

~~A might be a dog~~ a dog shitting on the pavement... it can't get the turd out of its arse. And its master is pulling at its lead, nearly choking.

Back into thoughts

it, he's so ashamed of his dog doing  
big jobs in front of the carrier shop.  
the cretin..... a soft yellow turd  
- ~~his guts are knotted~~, he's got the drifts.  
well, master's always late, he's lazy,  
he's overlepped, and he gives the  
dog rotten scraps to eat, so the  
dog's always ill.

There this dog is. On water Carol  
became dog - frozen. My hind legs  
bent, my arms squeezed together  
my head raised, gazing up at the  
man, saying: "Wait my love, wait.  
Can't you see I'm trying to have a shit?"

~~This silence is getting on my nerves.  
What are you doing? Sleeping?~~

~~No, you were sleeping.~~

J You're not a prostitute. You're something  
quite different. Whatever you are, you're  
not the thing I paid for... the  
thing I paid to fuck.

1st - DISCUSSION

I'm <sup>been</sup> just thinking about that word  
prostitute. What does it mean for us,  
what do we mean and by the term.  
Would you say that a prostitute  
is a special definition? What is it?

What did you expect?

C For ~~some~~ <sup>Christie</sup> sake take of that shirt. Alright. Tell me what you want us to do.

J I want to pretend that we met by accident on a bus, I picked you up, and you're not sure whether you should be unfaithful to your husband.

C I don't like it. Besides, I haven't got a husband.

J You can pretend can't you?  
(straight in)

C So, you want me to do a bit of play-acting now?

J No, no, it's not about that... just do what I ask can't you.

C I don't do play-acting. I sell cunt. That's all.

J I told you not to talk like that. God, you're a dirty whore.

C You've got beautiful green eyes... Are they green or blue?

J Beautiful? Really?

C Your body's a bit shiny... ~~the shirt~~ let me see your hands.

J Bugger off. You really take the fun out of things.

C ~~With those hands~~. You certainly don't work with those hands. You work with your <sup>(ego)</sup> ~~use it.~~ → head. That's why you've got a headache.

J Yes it's all brain work... and guts... it takes a lot of guts <sup>better</sup>.

C And you've got a beautiful mouth.

J Yes, everyone says that.

C Give me a little smile... nice teeth... not bad.

~~Another smile... beautiful teeth... not bad, but beautiful~~

What's your name?

Who's buying, me or you?

J ~~That's nice here. Beautiful there. So which of us is buying? Who's buying me or you?~~

C I bet you're worth a packet.

J How much do you think you can screw out of a greengrocer's.

C You've got a shop? (Can I use this)

J My Dad's. He got done once for selling vegetables that were 7 years old. If you're going to con people, you should



should try something more ambitious.

C What do you do?

J I'm a student. Business and economics.  
I'm not a pig. If I was I'd have  
flung you down on the bed by now.  
I like the whole human being.  
I like understanding, seeing. I like  
it that you're you and I'm me.  
It's not my style to treat you like  
a piece of meat. I believe in  
good manners.

C You're not a fascist are you?

J No. Why.

C I don't go with fascists.

J You're too ~~fascist~~<sup>decent</sup> to be a prostitute.

C Mind your own business. Why don't you  
take that bloody shirt off?

J I'm taking nothing off. O Jesus what a  
headache. You haven't got any aspirin  
have you?

C I'll have a look.

J No not like that.

C Well how then? (She leaves already)



you, it's ~~actually~~ <sup>really</sup> a jolly shrinking violet, curling up with terror if you say boo to it.

- On the other hand, the cock that looks sweet and shy, always a bit dainty & makes you say to yourself: "this one has trouble keeping itself upright". Well, this one is probably the dirtiest, the <sup>most</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>disgusting</sup>. It never goes down. It'll ~~spit~~ <sup>spit</sup> sperm ~~into~~ <sup>into</sup> your belly when you're of course ~~least~~ <sup>least</sup> ~~expecting it~~ and make you're pregnant before you've got time to say: "ah".

- Then there are those melancholy cocks: so long and narrow, so soft & warm, the ones that make you say to yourself "How elegant... how beautiful" when you pick them up. This batch are the greatest shinkens of the lot, they're so conceited they only swell up if you admire them and then they collapse at the crucial moment and you <sup>can</sup> spit them out with a hiccup.

- Then there are ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> pear-shaped cocks. Fat on top and thin underneath. They're the most banal, ~~the~~ they're always in dispute. The base says one thing, the superstructure something else, so they never get anything organised.

- Then there are the stainless steel cocks that look as if they'd swallowed

a broom handle. They're always on parade - like the Home Guards - and you won't get much out of this lot. They set off to war, stick their bayonet up the enemy, and return to barracks to await new orders. This bunch are the worst... they're thick as shit... they're filthy.

- Then there are those little cockles who never think at all. They're mean and gossipy, always poking their noses into everything. They usually stick a fish and chips they get in everywhere - particularly the mouth or the bum.

~~They run around here there and everywhere.~~ If you don't fancy it they get nasty and start to wriggle and wiggle like worms.

- Then there's the sulky cack that slinks off into a corner before you've had time to say hello.

- The explosively cack that never opens the night time and always stands up at the very time it should be packing up & going home.

- The baby cack, that always wants Mummy to cuddle it.

- The marochistic cack that looks mean and can't ~~do~~ do anything unless you give it a whack as soon as you see it.

11

This is the (duplicity) of the coach that never tells the truth.

J What are you doing with my feet ~~on your hands?~~

C I'm giving you a massage, aren't I?

J I fell asleep. How long was I asleep?

C Half an hour.

J Christ, I've wasted half an hour. We'll knock seven quid off the bill, a.k.?

C Like fuck we will. You might have been sleeping but I was working.

J On a dead man's feet.

C Feet or no feet, it doesn't make any difference. It was in my working hours. You bought the use of the bed and the pillow just the same.

J. You talk as if you'd been educated. Where do you come from?

C Yes. I've got a degree in Literature & Philosophy.

12  
J Oh yeah? Why aren't you teaching  
in some school then?

C Mind your own business.

J I've got a headache. You get me  
down.

(Straight in)

C In a minute I'll get you up again.  
What are you so upset for?

J What about you taking something off?

C Listen, you're the beauty ~~of~~ out  
of us two. I'm a bit shop-  
soiled like everything that's bought &  
sold & I don't fancy taking

(Nocup) my clothes off.

J O.k. Please yourself. Would you put  
your hand on my forehead?

Do you know what my mother says  
when I'm feverish? "Fever, fever  
heat & sweat, don't you hurt  
my little pet!"

C Why do you have to come here to get  
screwed by me? Don't you  
fancy your girlfriend?

J She's very beautiful: she's tall, slim  
blonde, fragile... I'm afraid to  
touch her. She can type - she's  
a qualified short-hand typist.

13

She <sup>picks up</sup> ~~earns~~ good money. But <sup>on top of</sup> most ~~of~~ all <sup>that</sup>, she's crazy <sup>around</sup> about me. When she comes ~~to~~ our house she brings that cookery book "The Way to a Man's Heart," and says "pick a dish." And I chose the most complicated things, and she makes them for me. Ever heard of Briolette col Tartufo?

C What's that?

J B C T... well it's a dish made with frogs legs, & you use milk & cream, pears, cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, oatflakes, butter & then you put truffles on top... My mother thinks she's great. They're never apart. They spy on me. They

But I can handle them. I need my independence. And then there are some ~~special~~ dirty things I can't do with her.

C Like what?

J Well, like holding my feet ~~for~~ ~~example~~... she wouldn't do that.

C Are feet dirty?

J And then my mother's somehow always in between us, in the middle. When I fuck ~~with~~ her I feel as if I'm fucking my mother.

C Do that again. <sup>(fearful)</sup>

J Do what again?

C That. ~~openly your eyes wide.~~  
Do you know your eyes ~~are~~ really <sup>are</sup> beautiful.

J If you look deep into them you can see a rose fluttering.

C Does your mother say that too?

J Why not, isn't it true? ~~isn't~~

C What are your girlfriend's eyes like? (no investment)

J Small. Black. Everything about her is small. Little teeth. Little eyes, like a pig. Little hands, like a monkey. Little feet, like a mouse. Little breasts, like <sup>radishes</sup> turnips. How can a woman go around with no breasts? Will you let me see your breasts?

C Leave my breasts alone.



J But I'm mad about breasts.  
They excite me. I can't do  
anything without breasts.

C What's all this fuss about breasts,  
They are what they are.

J But I dream in them. I chew on  
them. I suck them. Breasts  
are everything as far as I'm  
concerned.

C Well, mine are dripping with milk.

J Milk? Oh my God. Milk? Why?

C Because I had a baby a few  
months ago, fool. Why else  
would a woman have milk.

J Oh God. I'm getting a hard-on.

C At last. Take your trousers off.

J Is it really true that your breasts  
are full of milk?

C Yes. Why?

J. You've really taken my breath  
away. I'm knocked out. I mean  
there's this great fantasy I've  
got. I've had it since I was  
a kid. I used to hide in the

chapel in the dark, to be alone  
with the statue of the Virgin  
Mary. And I used to hold her  
breasts & weep & cry. And then  
I'd feel as if my tears were milk  
flowing... flowing... and then  
I used to end up coming in  
my trousers like a little idiot.  
Would you let me do it?

## 2nd Discussion

C What does your girlfriend say about you going to ~~whores?~~ prostitutes?

J I don't tell her. Don't call yourself that. You shouldn't demean yourself.

C ~~What~~, what should I call myself?

I don't know.

J For Christ's sake, you have to beautify life a bit!

God there's a whole world for us to discover, to invent.

C (lighter) Just how much do you expect ~~to buy~~ ~~buy~~ for ~~the~~ ~~25~~ £ 30

J Why do you have to spoil everything. I ~~don't~~ <sup>don't need much</sup> close my eyes and imagine that you're a virgin... a proud solitary ~~kind of woman~~ ~~whose~~ girl never had a man... and you don't want to be touched at any price.

C I suppose what you'd really like is to rape me, huh?

I look... I'm looking deep into the dirty water of ~~her~~ heart... I look into those beautiful green eyes and I'm almost overcome with a <sup>passion</sup> desire - I can feel it here in my backbone - ~~a desire~~ <sup>a desire</sup> to get inside this breast that belongs to a student of business!

(perhaps  
is  
attracted by  
idea of rape)

economics... his black eyelashes. <sup>prude</sup>  
his breath that smells of cigarettes  
... I almost became him.

J You really are a bit weird aren't you?  
Are you a pervert?

C What the fuck are you talking about?

J Don't be vulgar.

C Take ~~off your pants~~ your trousers off.

J Fuck off, you bitch. ~~So what's of~~  
~~us to buying~~. Who's buying you or me?

C You're the one with the money so  
you're buying. But you're the only  
one who'll get any pleasure out  
of it, so you're really buying  
yourself - through me.

J You're not a prostitute. I don't know  
what you are, but you're not a  
prostitute,  
oh Christ.

C Shall we fuck? (don't anticipate answer)

J No, no. Not like this. I need a  
bit of atmosphere. A bit of  
relaxation. ~~at a table~~  
Put on a cigarette please.

Ah! Music, soft lights and a

beautiful woman.  
~~woman with a body.~~ I couldn't ask  
 for anything more.

C Do you want to know how many I  
 got through in a day?

J Oh Jesus, don't spoil everything.  
 Shut up.

C Between 3 and 5 I have two  
 Then between 6 and 8 I have five.  
 If I'm at farm I can get them  
 over and done with before they get  
 to the bed. Last Saturday I got  
 through 15 in an afternoon.

J ~~Oh Jesus, what a headache~~ I've got a  
 turn that fully of would you headache.  
 It's gone down. You've actually  
 managed to turn me right off.  
 You haven't got an ounce of imagination left.  
 Do you know, my father has  
 been going to whores for 25 years.  
 How does your mother feel about that?  
 C ~~What's your mother's name?~~

J What's my mother got to do with it?  
 She's had five children and never  
 enjoyed it.

C How do you know?

J One day I went home and found  
 my mother talking on the telephone...

She was on the sofa in her nightdress.... she had the radio beside her. It was one of those phone-in programmes and she was telling them everything "I've never had an orgasm. My husband is a pig who takes what he wants and then rolls off. My son is a nauseating little cunt who thinks of no-one but himself. I've polished floors for 50 years and now I don't even know who I am." Do you know what I did?

C You smashed the radio and walked out ~~of the house~~ slamming the door behind you.

J I beat her up.

C Yes.

J She was blurted out the most intimate details of her life on the radio! I nearly strangled her.

C I bet you were sorry afterwards.

J I was sorry when I saw her face all tear-stained. I asked her to forgive me. And I hugged her and kissed her.

C How about taking those ~~parts~~ trousers off?

(break)

You've got a nice cock. ~~A bit slow on the uptake~~  
It's not ~~one of those cocks~~ <sup>the type</sup> that understands straight away what it's supposed to do.

J Are you insulting me?

C Not you. Your cock.

J But my cock is me.  
You've really got me down this time.

C I'll get you up again. That's my job isn't it?

(slow)

I take hold of this <sup>withered</sup> limp and withered <sup>(piece of flesh)</sup> ~~there isn't~~ a drop of blood in it. It's flabby and soft as a glove.

So I rouse it. I squeeze & press it, rub it and stroke it until the beast lifts its head and copula! I get on top of it.

~~He gets angry and says "since what were you supposed to be on top,~~

He says you're outcackling me."  
I say "Shut up and behave yourself or we'll both end up in the dust ... and I've gone to a lot of trouble to get you out of it. ~~(The advantage is I can push you out when I~~

want to.)

He ~~atm.~~ He begins to move.  
He moves like a swimmer. Not bad.

He has a way of moving, of rocking gently ~~to~~. That's very nice.

~~But the harder, more the thing that~~  
I find myself falling into this sweaty body. I hold onto his sides with

my fingers, but I can't help it.

I'm gliding away into this slippery water and I become him ... shy,

exultant, thirsty for his mother's milk.

I open my blouse. I give him my milk. ~~and he~~ and he, an

rather I, comes like a fountain, a river, a waterfall, a flood, because

I am cock-in-love inside my mother's cunt, and the milk that I'm

pouring down his throat excites me tears me, pulls at my breast and I

become nothing but milk in my son's throat, and I am my son, and I

spit the sweet seed into my own belly which is his belly, and I am

in the who is my mother and I am the son of ~~the~~ the mother who is

making milk for my beloved maternal love.

J. ~~you know~~ it's really a shame you're

a prostitute. It doesn't suit you.

Couldn't you find something better to do?

Doesn't it make you feel ashamed

Don't you feel ashamed of doing this shitty job, having to eat shit?



C Is this a woman.

J In a few years time, no-one will want you any more. You'll end up in the gutter. You'll just sink lower and lower, lower and lower.

C ~~might ask~~ What <sup>are</sup> you're getting at?

J You took something from me, you got ~~took~~ pleasure from me. I noticed you know. I didn't say a word, you're not an idiot. I noticed you were enjoying it. So in a certain sense our relationship is no longer a business one.

C Hang on a minute, what do you mean? What are you getting at? If we no longer have a business relationship what the hell do we have?

A present? Do you think I should give you a present because you've got a pretty face. ~~like a woman~~  
~~and a woman!~~

J I'm saying we're quits. We're not two opposite species, buyer & seller. We're equals. Besides, we're both poor aren't we? We're both exploited.

C What the hell does all this mean?

J It means I've fallen passionately in

love with your extraordinary body. It means that I really adore madly love to you. I love your wonderful breasts, your sweet milk. And you like madly love to me, because I'm young, handsome, and I've got a good body. We're embarking on a lovely relationship.

C You're trying to say that you don't want to pay.

J Why pay for something that ~~that~~ happens so spontaneously? This is love. Nothing but love.

C Listen, snake-eyes, if all this crap means ~~that~~ you're trying to tell me ~~that~~ you're not going to pay, I'll stick a knife in your guts, okay?

J No knives. No <sup>violence</sup> pistols. Only the heart - and reason. Like Lenin said: Discipline, work and study.

C I use a knife myself.

J You love me.

C I don't love you. I don't give a monkey's toss about you.

J I'm telling you, you love me. And I'm telling you because I know I could be the man in your life.

I know I can give you back the tenderness you've lost doing ~~that~~ ~~shitty~~ ~~job~~. I can give your child a father. How can a child manage without a father, eh?

C Get your money out.

I'll give you the money.

J How old are you? 30? 35?

It doesn't matter. I don't want to know. To me, it's like you're 18. We're very alike. We both like money. We both like splendour, dreams, love.

C We're not at all alike, thank God. You're talking for yourself.

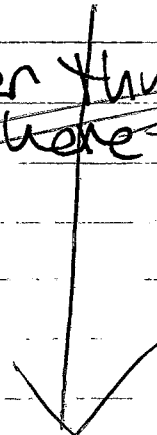
J Listen I want to talk to you. I want ~~for years I was in love~~.

J you to know me

C I don't want to hear.

J for years I was in love with a boy, the same age as me. His name was Stephen. We went to the same school. We played football together. We slept in the same bed. I was obsessed with him. Of course I didn't

~~do~~  
~~Give it to her. Run her through~~  
~~wrap it up her. ... here her~~  
~~kill her~~



25a.

realize it was love. As far as I was concerned we were just best friends, that's all. We used to live in a small town by the sea. There was a holiday camp on the beach. In the summer holidays we used to go picking up girls in there, and after dark we'd take them down by the sea slope and have it away with them like two knotters. But while I was making it with mine, I had to watch him, otherwise I couldn't get a hard-on. And then I'd shout at him: "Go on Steve, Get in there. Give her one for me Steve... Whop it up her... Have her... Nail her..."

(THIRD INTERRUPTION & DISCUSSION WITH THE AUDIENCE)



C You really are a fascist.

J Don't talk crap. I was in the C.P. I've been in the W.K.P. I'm unaligned at the moment. I'm against violence. I'm for harmony and collectivity. A new road forward. Well I finished with all that Butlin's stuff - kid's stuff - my family moved to London. I found a girl, serious, one I wanted to marry.

C But you still come to me.

J Marriage is one thing. Sex is another. Do you know how long it's been since I made love to her? 5 months. I'm afraid of fucking her. It's different with you. Do you think I'm ~~it's~~ sick?

C I don't give a toss.

J I could even marry you.

C So you could have a full-time tart, no thanks.

J A man offers you freedom & you turn it down!

C I don't want your freedom. You'd throw it back in my face every minute

of the day.

J Alright then, why don't you work?  
You could be a ~~secretary~~ ~~typist~~  
computer programmer. Do you want  
me to help you find a job.

C ~~secretary~~ office where? No thanks.

J You could be a shop assistant.

C Shop prostitute? No thanks.

J You're never satisfied. It seems the  
only thing a woman can be in a  
prostitute.

C You said it make-eyes. The only  
decision ~~we~~ ~~women~~ <sup>were</sup> free to make  
in whether ~~to~~ ~~go~~ ~~to~~ ~~prostitute~~  
~~ourselves~~ <sup>purposes</sup> in public or in private.  
With strangers or at home.  
Do you understand.

He kisses me, the shit. He kisses me  
so sweetly.

Be careful Carol, this one wants to  
swallow you. He wants to leave you  
sucked dry, now, naked. He wants  
everything for free. (And he knows ~~that~~  
I like his eyelashes, his eyes, his skin.)  
~~that's~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~  
I'll fall in like I did that time  
in the bus with the old woman and I

couldn't get out again. I could feel the other passengers looking at my wrinkled face and loathingly me. I felt light headed, no light, I didn't have a brain. I felt like a rotten nut that's only got black dust inside, (when you crack it open). I was holding a huge green bag on my knee, and every now and then I touched it ~~with my wrinkled fingers~~ to make sure the clasp was shut. And I chewed and chewed like an old goat, looking out of the window with watery eyes, and I could see the world, far-off and ugly. (I could feel my thighs beneath my arms, squeezed together but not touching). My heart was beating slowly, so slowly nothing and no-one mattered. All I wanted was something good to eat: the cake I had in my green bag. ~~And that was why I kept checking the packaging.~~ I was afraid that someone would steal my cake. I knew my life was totally wrapped up in that cake and nothing else mattered, not heat not cold... the old bitch, I could have strangled her.

5  
 ps you know what I think.  
 I think you're really a nice girl.  
 I can't believe in a minute you'll  
 go back on the street

C I've felt nothing for eight months, nothing at all. What on earth happened today with this idiot?

C → Don't break my heart with all this worship crap! You won't get out of paying.

J I'll pay. I'll ~~give you whatever we agreed on.~~ I'll pay you ~~whatever I owe you.~~ You should have a man to protect you.

C (laugh) I don't need a protection, I have a different ~~kind of~~ arrangement with my waver friends.

J Supposing I said to you = I'm strong, I've done karate, I know how to handle myself. If you like..... look I swear to God I'm not thinking of making any money out of this..... I could put myself at your service. I wouldn't <sup>be a nuisance</sup> ~~bother you~~. I'd do whatever you told me. I'd only take a small percentage. Say 10%. What would you say?

C ~~I'd say~~ No.

J I'll leave my girlfriend.... she's just a ghost anyway. I'll leave home, I'll leave the university and we'll set up together. We'll go on a trip, just the



two of us. India, Africa, the States. What do you say?

c Dear God, how neat and tidy everything is inside this shitty little tubity eyed pimp. Everything's so spotted inside his head. All the furniture is the right place, thick carpet underfoot. His relatives sit on hard ~~like~~ upright chairs: (his mother with her mouth full of fish, the fiancée with arms of transparent glass, the father with an enormous head of hair) In the middle there's a comfortable ~~stuffed~~ armchair for him. He's the favourite son. (On his knees ~~is~~ a basket ~~with~~ of newly minted gold pieces) ~~There's a happy and well ordered everything in here inside him.~~ And everyone's so happy nice, so affectionate. Then they show me that there's a place for me as well: on top of a ~~seat~~ <sup>kind</sup> of altar. So the father helps me up on it, and makes me go down on all fours. Then, still smiling his gentle smile, he binds me with gold ropes. They're heavy and cold. (Mouth furiously tied to the wall and the floor) Suddenly two strong hands take hold of my naked breasts, squeeze them and pull them downwards with ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> single movement, now and again. Under my belly there's a penit.

the milk spurts into it with a metallic sound. The pain leaves me breathless.

~~J~~ ~~What part of "not" are you?~~  
~~You're always lost in your own~~  
~~thoughts. You're always miles away.~~

C I don't want to need your body.  
 I don't want to need any man's body.

J But you need me, just like I need you.  
~~We two should be together. We should~~  
~~come to an agreement. It's fate.~~

C ~~You've got to pay. I don't want~~  
~~to come to any agreement with you.~~

J Don't I please you?

Client: (cont) in your own thoughts.

Manila: I ~~don't~~ <sup>not</sup> want to need your body. I don't want to need any man's body.

Client: But you need me, just like I need you. ~~Us two should be together Manila. We should come to an agreement. It's fate.~~

Manila: ~~No. You've got to pay. I don't want to come to any agreement with you.~~

Client: Don't I please you?

Manila: Yes you please me. And that's the trap. Pay me and ~~get away~~ <sup>get out</sup>

Cleitn: If I pay you, then everything between us is closed. ~~Do you understand? I wanted it to stay open open.~~

Manila: You fucked me. Pay up.

Client: And how are you going to make me, ~~sweetheart~~? What'll you do if I refuse? Hey? What 'll you do? Call the police? Pull out your revolver? Look at yourself. You're small, you've got no muscles. You haven't even got a cock. What are you going to do? Look..I'm going to go to the door and then vanish! Bye Bye! ~~this is just to show you that you do need a protector. If I was there outside the door, noone would dare to treat you like this. Do you understand?~~ <sup>I'm only trying to</sup>

Manila: Don't play ~~the fool~~ <sup>games</sup>. Pay me what you owe me. You were <sup>the one</sup> talking about a new way of life, a new morality. You could begin by respecting agreements.

Client: The new morality involves stamping out prostitution. New structures for anew society! ~~There. Look, I'll give you half. I'll give you the rest next time. Bye, sweetheart. C'iao.~~

MANILA RUNS TO THE DOOR AND SHOUTS

~~Manila: Anna! Carmela! Marina! He hasn't paid! He's going!~~ <sup>Mary Gilly, Josefina.</sup>

GREAT RUMPUS OUTSIDE. SHOUTS. NOISE OF BLOWS. HIS VOICE PROTESTING. THEN A WHIMPER. MANILA PICKS UP THE BABY AND BEGINS TO SING.

Manila: Lullaby, lullaby, my little daughter  
Sleep; don't think about the future.  
I will sew up your lips with twine  
So you won't be tempted to ~~go kissing~~  
You'll ~~tell them~~ <sup>say</sup> your mother was a witch  
You'll ~~tell them~~ <sup>say</sup> your mother was a weird sister  
I will sew up your cunt with a silken thread  
So you won't be tempted to ~~go fucking~~  
You'll ~~tell them~~ <sup>say</sup> your mother was a witch  
You'll ~~tell them~~ <sup>say</sup> your mother was a weird sister  
Sleep little daughter eat and grow big  
I'll sew up your eyes with veruieris

Manila: (cont)

So you won't be tempted to go locking  
You'll tell them your mother was a witch  
You'll tell them your mother was a weird sister only wif  
When you grow up you'll live (on your own among) women  
You'll become a witch, you'll become a weird sister.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby my little  
daughter,  
Sleep, don't think about the future.  
I will sew up your lips with twine,  
So you won't be tempted to learn,  
You'll say your mother was a witch.  
" " " " " a weird

sister (4)  
I will sew up your cunt with a  
silken thread  
So you won't be tempted to fuck. \*

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby my little  
daughter  
Sleep little babe, eat and grow big,  
I'll sew up your eyes with vermillion,  
So you won't be tempted to look.  
You'll say your mother was a witch  
You'll say your mother was a weird  
sister