



# **AXIS**

**A TRAGI-COMEDY**

**BY ANTON KRUEGER**

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**Preview Script** (based on ISBN 978-1904458975)

# AXIS

## Synopsis

Hermes Trismegistus is a terrorist who claims to belong to an ancient cult called The Mystery Order of the Law of One. He leads a group of militia men in taking over the theatre and holding the audience hostage. They have recently kidnapped Dr Edgar Vaughan, an exemplary figure of capitalist success, and they intend to broadcast a debate with him on an Internet website, in order to reveal his nefarious ways to the world, and to expose his complicity in the New New World Order. The show is to be hosted by one Dean Frazer, a failed documentary journalist who claims to maintain an objective stance. Ultimately, the website audience are invited to choose which of these three fanatics : Trismegistus, Dr Vaughan or Frazer, are to be executed. As the drama unfolds, as the debate rages on, television broadcasts and other news filters in from the outside world, as government forces steadily close in on the theatre. At the same time, anti-globalisation forces from around the world transcend national boundaries to unite against the misuse of capital.

## Setting

The play takes place in real time, in the actual theatre where it is being performed. After taking over the theatre, the terrorists install various pieces of electronic equipment on stage; including four television sets in a frame, a computer console and an electronic scrolling message board. They also bring on a video camera on a tripod with which they project recorded images onto an enormous screen.

Much will depend on the Director's decisions concerning staging, but it is suggested that a peculiar combination of actuality and artificiality is employed; an uneasy mix of reality and representation. So at some times the action seems real, and dangerous; but at other times it can be aestheticised, and come across as calmly synchronised.

## Characters (5m, 1f, 8m/f)

### Principals (4m)

- Hermes Trismegistus** : casts an austere figure: something between Grytpype-Thynne ('The Goons') and Klaus Kinski's Nosferatu, a momentous mystery surrounds his every movement.
- Dean Frazer** : a failed documentary film-maker, media personality and talk show host; wears an overly loud sports-jacket; has agreed to do the job solely for the money, and yet there are occasional glimpses of his genuine longing for the glamour associated with breaking an extraordinary story.
- Dr Edgar Vaughan** : an extremely wealthy, elderly media mogul; his skin is taut, his eye are red-rimmed, and his emotional state, glacial.
- Three** : bald and tattooed, used to be a bouncer, but was drawn to the movement on account of there being nothing better to do with his time.

### Support (1m, 1f, 8m/f)

- Two, Four, Five & Six : four militiamen (more can be used if space and/or cast are available), on hand to carry out Three's orders.
- He** : an actor, on stage at the time of the attack.
- She** : another actor, on stage at the time of the attack.
- Four 'Plants' : extras, posing as audience members (all of whom have to die from a gunshot).
- Voice : a voice through a megaphone, from outside the theatre.

### Recorded Material

The following characters feature on video recordings, which are shown as 'live action' playing on the television screens ...

BBC Newsreader  
CNN Newsreader  
TV4 Newsreader  
Mondial Newsreader

FBI Bureau Chief, Vinnie Vendetta  
John 1 and John 2

## Notes & Acknowledgements

**“...nothing in international politics happens by accident; everything is part of a huge plot that has been planned in advance, in great detail, and that has emanated from one sinister control center.”**

A summary of the book ‘Podzhigatelei’ by Nikolai Shpanov, in ‘The New Terrorism (2001) by Walter Laqueur.

The title of this play comes from George W. Bush’s declaration soon after the terrible attack on the World Trade Center in 2001, that there exists an “Axis of Evil”, a shadowy conspiracy which is, presumably, out to destroy the “Allies of Good”. It was this sort of sci-fi rhetoric which made me wonder about some of the issues at stake in the current “war against terror”, since terrorists also seem to believe in a conspiracy being exercised against them.

My initial ideas for the play came from Jon Ronson’s eminently readable ‘Them: Adventures with Extremists’ (2001), which is an account of five years he spent befriending members of fundamentalist groups including Hamas, Aryan Nations and the Klu Klux Klan. Ultimately, he discovers that many of the conspiracy theories involving an elite and highly secretive group who meet covertly to plot the formation of a New World Order, could well be true. In particular, the legends about the Bilderbergers and the Bohemian Grove in California turn out to be entirely plausible. However, his take on the situation is that this is more indicative of the way human society arranges itself, than a sign of intervention from an alien, external force, as such.

I then began a brief exploration of various fundamentalist groups, mostly by means of the Internet, where anything goes. These included Aryan Nations, The Jewish Defense League and Hamas. I also took a look at The Unabomber’s Manifesto, The Spotlight, Info-Wars and extremist Hindu sites. I found it astonishing how similar the rhetoric of these organizations was, particularly in the case of the fundamentalist, monotheistic groups. Exchange the names of God, Allah or Yahweh and they all seemed to be saying exactly the same thing, which is something to the effect that they are the children of God and that all others who do not support them are, well, the spawn of Satan. This message is inevitably spiced up with calls to arms and the usual death before dishonour rhetoric. I also came across a site in which quotations by Osama Bin Laden were placed alongside those of American evangelists Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson. These quotations were virtually indistinguishable from each other; concerned as they both were with the downfall of America due to its moral turpitude.

I then tried to locate the origin of the belief in monotheism which, as far as I can tell, begins in Egypt with the pharaoh Akhenaton (also known as Amhenatop IV) who lived around 1300 BC. He was the first to instigate the exclusive worship of the sun disk, which he called the Aten. The organization to which Trismegistus belongs in the play, ‘The Mystery Order of the Law of One’ is the name of an actual occult society which came into existence around the time of Akhenaton. Very little is known about this group, and, although it is highly unlikely, it is not completely impossible to imagine that supporters of the original doctrine still exist. Hermes Trismegistus, if he existed, was also the founder of Egyptian magic. He is identified by the Egyptians with the god Thoth, and is alleged to have given men the gift of writing.

It was Philip Glass’s biographic opera Akhenaton (1984) which first made me aware of the religion of the Aten, and which sparked my curiosity enough to want to explore the Cairo Museum for myself. And there certainly does seem to be evidence to suggest that Moses carried this knowledge of monotheism with him when the Hebrew nation fled from slavery. Even though the God that Moses chose for the Israelites (Yahweh) was originally the Wind and War God, he also bore all the properties of the Aten, including immortality, omniscience and singularity. Before this, the Israelites were also polytheistic and worshipped a number of gods, as did the middle-eastern sect which later developed into Islam. In the case of Islam, Allah was the moon God, before Mohammed made him into the one and only God.

Although I have the greatest respect for religion, I do think that this idea about a singular, exclusive God is an extremely dangerous doctrine, which may well have led to more bloodshed than possibly any other idea in history. It is also undoubtedly at the heart of the current tensions arising between the Judeo-Christian ‘West’ and the Muslim world.

This play doesn’t attack any particular religion, but it is undeniably as critical of mono-theism as it is of the creed of pure capitalism. By the same token, it doesn’t attack the Bilderbergers, as such, but does question notions of rational materialism. The impetus behind the play was to fabricate a representative from both camps – one from the materialistic West, with its New World Order bent on domination, and another from a fundamentalist monotheistic religious account of the world, and to pit these two extremist views against each other.

I started thinking about ways in which terrorism is represented in the media when I came across the story of a western journalist who paid an Islamic fundamentalist group an enormous amount of money for an exclusive interview in their hijacked plane during a hostage crisis in 1977. (John Adams' opera *The Death of Klinghoffer* [1991] is based on this episode.) This made me think about the role the media play in terrorist activity, and gave rise to the formation of the rather absurd situation of actually having a talk show between a hostage and his kidnappers.

Texts which I have consulted whilst writing this play, besides those already mentioned, include

The New Terrorism by Walter Laqueur;  
Shooting the Moon: A Hostage Story (2001) by Callie and Monique Strydom;  
The Living Wisdom of Ancient Egypt (1999) by Christian Jacq;  
Ancient Empires (1973) edited by S.G.F. Brandon;  
The Civilization of Ancient Egypt (1999), by Paul Johnson;  
9-11 (2001) by Noam Chomsky as well as his *World Orders, Old and New* (2002).

I also had a look at ...

Extreme Islam: Anti-American Propaganda of Muslim Fundamentalism (2002), edited by Adam Parfrey  
The Devil's Party: A History of Charlatan Messiahs (2000) by Colin Wilson.

Finally, I also dipped very briefly into some of the various ravings published by David Icke. Trismegistus' Latinate slang is taken from the scientific classification for insects.

Anton Krueger

August 2006

Notes : 'powaquaatsi' is a Hopi Indian word.

Peter Singer - an author whose book '*Animal Liberation*' is considered by some as signalling the start of the modern Animal Rights movement.

## AXIS

*A man and a woman are on stage, accompanied by a sofa and two chairs. The extract is taken from Eugene Ionesco's play 'Frenzy for Two' translated by Donald Watson.*

- She** The life you promised me! And the life you lead me! I left my husband to go with my lover. How romantic! My husband was ten times better. Seducer! He didn't contradict me like a stupid fool.
- He** I don't mean to contradict you. But when you say things that aren't true, I can't let it go at that. I've a passion for the truth.
- She** What truth? I tell you there is no difference. That's the truth. There isn't any. A snail or a tortoise, it's just the same thing.
- He** Not at all. They're not the same animal at all.
- She** Animal yourself. Idiot.
- He** You're the idiot.
- She** That's an insult, you revolting imbecile, seducer!
- He** You could at least listen, can't you?
- She** What am I to listen to? For seventeen years I've been listening to you. It's seventeen years since you carried me off from my home and my husband.
- He** But that's beside the point.
- She** What point?
- He** The point we're arguing about.
- She** That's over and done with. There's no point going on. A snail or a tortoise, it's the same thing.
- He** No it's not.
- She** Yes it is.
- He** But anyone will tell you.
- She** Who's anyone? Doesn't the tortoise have a shell? Answer me that.
- He** So what?
- She** And doesn't a snail have one too?
- He** Yes. So what?
- She** And doesn't a snail or a tortoise retire into its shell?
- He** Yes. So what?
- She** Isn't a tortoise or a snail a slimy animal with a short body that moves very slowly? Isn't it a tiny sort of reptile?
- He** Yes. So what?
- She** There, you see! I've proved it. Don't people say, "Slow as a tortoise" and, "Slow as a snail"? And isn't a snail, and by that I mean a tortoise, a creepy-crawly thing?
- He** Not exactly ...

*Snap blackout to total darkness. A gunshot. She screams. Four militia men, (Numbers Two, Four, Five and Six) storm through the theatre doors with torches. They wear camouflage gear and balaclavas and are wielding AK-47s.*

- Four** Stay calm, everybody.
- Five** Relax!
- Six** Nobody moves and nobody gets hurt!
- Two** Stay on your arses!

*The militiamen stand guard over the exits. Number Three, who wears a slightly different uniform to the others, is the leader of the militia. He rushes in from the wings and grabs She, who struggles. He holds her fast, putting a gun to her head. She stops struggling. He loosens his grip and with his other hand flashes his torch-light out across the audience.*

- Three** We'll kill any one of you who moves.
- She** What do you want?
- Three** *(Putting his arm leeringly around her)* I want you to stay very calm, sweetheart ... I don't want to hurt you ...

*Pause.*

- Three** Or maybe I do ...

*Suddenly, a number of things happen simultaneously all over the theatre: planted audience members try to make a break for the exits. But the militiaman at each exit shoot them down. The shots should be synchronised to sound simultaneously as a deliberate effect – a surround-sound explosion. This will have the effect of both frightening the audience, while also aestheticising the scenario. The burst of gunfire is the cue for a huddled knot of people to appear on the stage. In this group we find: Trismegistus, an austere figure, tall and compelling. Then there's Dean Frazer, who wears a toupee. We also have another militia man (Five) who drags in Dr Edgar Vaughan. Vaughan's hands are handcuffed behind his back, and his head is covered by a dark blue hood. Pause.*

**Vaughan** Help! Help me!

*Vaughan shouts, muffled by the hood. Five knees him in the gut. He crumples.*

**Trismegistus** Alright Three. That's enough. *(All of the torches around the auditorium turn towards Trismegistus. When he speaks it is in a chillingly tranquil tone).* Good evening everybody ... We're terribly sorry to interrupt, but we'd prefer it if nobody tries to leave ... as you have realised by now, we have all the exits guarded by men who are, I'm afraid, rather eager to shoot off their weapons ... but if everybody stays very calm, then there will be no need for any more violence, yes? ... Three, why don't you put the lights back on for us?

**Three** Yeah, chief ... what you want me to do wif'er?

**Trismegistus** You may release her, Three ... I don't think she's liable to run, are you, little one? *(To She).* Why don't you sit down over there with them, my dear? And you too, sir ... so sorry for the inconvenience.

*Three pushes the actors into the audience, one to either side of the stage.*

**Three** Get in there, darlings. Make yourselves comfortable. *(Two torches follow the actors as they join the audience. Three does a quick check with the militiamen at the exits, flashing his torchlight to each of them as he addresses them).* Alright?

**Four** All good this side.

**Three** Alright?

**Two** Yeah, it's tight mate.

**Three** Alright?

**Six** Sure ... everybody's behavin' 'emselves nicely.

**Three** Okay boys, keep an eye on your sections. I'm going for the lights.

*Exit Three. An actor planted in the audience rises and speaks, a torch finding him in the crowd.*

**'Plant'** Who are you?

**Five** Stay in your seat!

**'Plant'** Please ... I have to ... my wife ... it's ...

**Trismegistus** I'm afraid it's out of the question, sir.

**'Plant'** I can't ... stay here ... I have to ...

*The man starts hyperventilating. He reaches for the door like a man hungry for air.*

**Vaughan** *(Panicky)* Don't fuckin' move, mate! Stay where you are.

*The man collapses against the wall. Five shoots him.*

**Trismegistus** Really, Number Five ... must you always resort to ... to brutality ... I'm sure we could have negotiated.

**Five** Sorry, chief ... he was making me nervous, is all.

**Frazer** Excuse me ... *(a torch swings onto him)* ... I'm sorry, sir, Mr Trism ...

**Trismegistus** Yes, Mr Frazer?

**Frazer** Do you mind if I take this off him? *(The torches now turn to the kneeling, hooded figure of Dr Vaughan).* Please ... He's choking.

**Trismegistus** As you wish. *(As Frazer takes the hood off Vaughan, all of the torches swing to him. This is all done very slowly and menacingly. Five has his gun trained on Vaughan's head. As the tension reaches its tautest; as Vaughan takes his first gasp of air and gives a terrible, bruised cry, a cell phone ring-tone of "La Cucaracha" is heard. This turns out to be Trismegistus' phone. Five gags Vaughan as Trismegistus answers the call. At the same time, all the lights come on, including the house lights).* Yes, we are all here sir. The operation has been entirely successful.

**Frazer** *(To Dr Vaughan)* You alright?

*Three walks onto the stage.*

**Trismegistus** Yes, I understand. It will be so, Master. *(He closes his phone).*

**Three** Right, boys, let's move! The gear's back here in Room Seventeen. Five, Six ... let's go!

*As Trismegistus steps forward to address the audience, two of the militia men go off with Three.*

**Trismegistus** *(Shielding his eyes)* I'm terribly sorry but could we please have the lights down on the auditorium ... I can't see a thing up there ... *(The house lights go down. Stage lighting remains. Trismegistus is as silvery and chilled as before).* That's better ... now then ... I'm terribly sorry to have to inconvenience all of you here tonight ... please bear with us ... We won't be keeping you long. My name is Hermes Trismegistus : welcome to this historic occasion. This is Mr Dean Frazer, he will be your host for the evening ...

*The militiamen help Three to bring on a large frame containing four television sets (or monitors).*

**Frazer** Uh, yeah ... a very good evening ladies and gents ... how's everybody feeling tonight? ... Hmm ... a bit tense out there? ... Yeah, well I don't blame you ... You hear the one about the terrorist who tried to get a pilot to take his plane to Gatwick, and the pilot says, "But that's where we're already going, mate!" ... No? Well what about the blonde who tells her blonde friend ..."

*The militia men and Three wheel on a computer console, a web-cam, and a scrolling electronic message board. When they are finished setting it all up, two militiamen take up positions behind Trismegistus. Three continues to 'play' with the control panel.*

**Trismegistus** Mr Frazer ... Do remember our purpose here ...

**Frazer** Sorry Mr Trism, I just thought ...

**Trismegistus** To think is not your reason for being here ... simply to present ...

**Frazer** Of course.

**Trismegistus** My name is Hermes Trismegistus ... I belong to an order, a mystery school which was begun by Amenhatop the Fourth, Prince of Thebes ... I do not expect you to have heard of us, for we have done our best to conceal our existence over these many long centuries ... Our movement is extraordinary in that we were the first to believe in the One. We were the first to cast all others aside, to realise the Unity of Being under One Master.

**Three** Here, chief ... I'm gettin' a signal.

*Blackout as the four television sets go on simultaneously; showing news readers from various channels reporting on the hijacking which has just taken place. All the sets have been turned on to maximum volume, so that the sound is garbled at first. But Three gets the sound under control, and although all four talking heads are still visible at all times, only the sound from one plays at any given time.*

**CNN** And the War Against Terror took a turn for the worst today when international industrialist, Dr Edgar Vaughan was captured by a militia group ...

**BBC** Dr Edgar Vaughan, whose empire stands side by side those of Murdoch, Turner, Trump and Berlusconi was visiting family when his Yellow Porsche was ...

**TV4** Dr Edgar Vaughan's family are in a state of shock. His daughter, Rita Margarita refused to comment when reporters asked her who she thought might be behind the terrible kidnapping of her father by a deranged cult calling themselves "The Law of One" ...

**Môndial** *(In a heavy French accent)* No demands have yet been made, but emergency services are standing by. Family and friends are expecting ze worst ...

*Three turns the volume down to a low background murmur.*

**Trismegistus** Excellent. Thank you, Three.

**Three** Interfaces will be getting in soon.

**Trismegistus** Thank you, Three ... You are prepared, Mr. Frazer?

**Frazer** Of course.

**Trismegistus** We launch as soon as we are on-line.

**Three** Comin' up, chief.

**Frazer** *(To audience)* Everybody; please be patient ... we will be with you shortly.

*Three gets behind the computer console and boots up. Frazer glances over his notes. Five and Six hurriedly connect cables.*

**Trismegistus** You have the sequence, Mr Frazer? Just a brief opener, an introduction. Then we'll break, after which we debate, another break, and then the final section: the climax.

**Three** *(To off-stage)* You stash a backup HSPA card?

*The Electronic Message Board which has been set up, now begins to scroll a news message in the background underneath the spoken lines.*

**MESSAGE** EARLY THIS MORNING, MULTI-MILLIONAIRE MEDIA MAGNATE DR EDGAR VAUGHAN WAS ABDUCTED FROM HIS LUXURY ESTATE IN OREGON *(OR YOUR STATE OR CITY ETC)* ... AN ORGANIZATION CALLING ITSELF, "THE ANCIENT MYSTERY ORDER OF THE LAW OF ONE", HAS TAKEN RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE KIDNAPPING. IN THEIR STATEMENT, THEY CHARGE DR VAUGHAN, WHO IS A MAJOR SHAREHOLDER IN 11 INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, 3 TELEVISION CHANNELS AND 15 RADIO STATIONS (5 DIGITAL, 3 INTERNET 7 FM) WITH WHAT THEY REFER TO AS "CRIMES AGAINST THE MASTER" ... THEY WILL SHORTLY BEGIN LIVE STREAMING VIA WEB-CAM FROM THEIR WEB-SITE ... WWW.THERULEOFONE.COM ...

**Four** *(From offstage)* 'Course ...

**Frazer** Alright ... I think I've got it.

**Trismegistus** And now we really must begin. Mr. Frazer, prepare yourself here on the couch if you will be so kind.

**Three** Almost done here, chief. She's just about ready to go.

**Trismegistus** Very good. Very good. Mr. Frazer? On the couch please.

**Three** Let's go, let's go!

**Trismegistus** We'll have you sitting here with your arms like this ... yes ... in a friendly, relaxed fashion ... having a friendly time, you know. Smiling. Okay; very nice, Mr. Frazer, that's too much ... okay ... Excellent ... How're we doing, Three?

**Three** Ready when you are, chief. Almost there now.

**Frazer** Could do with some more back-lighting ...

**Three** No time. We're climbing on in ... thirty seconds.

**Trismegistus** Please! Mr. Frazer would you be as good as to remove that gun from the couch. Here ...

**Three** Don't move! Dean, get back into the fuckin' frame! ... Let's go people ... ten seconds ... ready ... and ... five ... four ...

*One of the militia men takes up a position behind the camera. Another grabs the gun on the couch as Three gives the remaining three counts in silence on his fingers. Theme music plays. Dean jams his notes into his jacket pocket, smooths down his hair and smiles. The stage lighting changes as the red light on the camera illuminates and a massive image is projected in real time behind him onto the cyclorama.*

**Frazer** And a very warm welcome to our worldwide audience on the world wide web! ... Did you know that it takes longer to say "double-ewe, double-ewe, double-ewe" than it does to say "World Wide Web"? It's the only abbreviation that's longer than the name it's trying to abbreviate! Now I find that sort of thing interesting, and I hope you do to. And we're going to hear a lot more interesting things like that in "Inside the Underground", and you're very welcome to it ... We're coming to you live from *(insert name of theatre where the play is being performed)*. My name is Dean Frazer, and I'm going to be your host, as we cover the goings on of a gang ... I mean a group ... of men who have decided that enough is enough! These are men who here today refuse to relinquish their freedom, their right to speak out and say what they feel needs saying ... We have a live studio audience with us here tonight. *(The camera pans over the audience)*. Yes, folks ... they'll all be getting their fifteen minutes, or is it fifteen seconds? I never can remember. Stay right here with us ... Also with me in this beautiful theatre tonight is Mr. Hermes Trismegistus, who is, would you believe it, a prophet of the Master of the Ancient Mystery Order of the Law of One. Yes folks, this organization claims a lineage stretching back all the way to the first man to ban the worship of any other Master but his own. And he's also the producer of this programme. So without further ado, let's meet Mr ... Hermes ... Tris-me ... uh ... Tris-me-gistus!

*Trismegistus, suddenly nervous, appears in front of the camera. Whereas before he seemed cool and in control, he now appears to be acting.*

**Trismegistus** Thank you ... thank you very much, Mr Frazer ... and good evening viewers, and believers ... uh ... First of all ... please allow me to explain that we have only your very best interests at heart ... We wish only to explain to you ... to the World ... the Truth ... yes ... uh ... hmm ...

Pause.

**Frazer** Uh ... anything you'd like to add to that, sir?

**Trismegistus** Mecoptera ... no ...

**Frazer** Yes, please stay tuned to your i-pods, to your phones ... tell your friends ... this is live ... *(Trismegistus, slightly embarrassed, resumes his position behind the console)*. That's Trismegistus, folks. Now if you care to stick around you'll soon find out more about the reasons behind his organisation's brave capture of the media tycoon, industrialist, financier and capitalist Dr Edgar Vaughan, who will also soon be joining us for this exclusive broadcast. *(Briskly)*. And if you yourself want to help out in the struggle against domination by the imperialism of the dollar sign, then why not jump in and lend a hand in getting this show out to the world? Why not link us up to your site? In fact, why not climb on the phone right this very minute and tell your family and friends, tell your nearest and dearest, tell them to switch on, to log on and to join us here, in this meeting place, this mindscape, this space we hope to create. Yes, it's new, it's here, it's happening now. Don't miss it! ... How we doing for time there?

**Three** Six minutes ...

**Trismegistus** Keep talking.

**Frazer** *(More briskly)* No problem ... Well ... Now ... You see, a lot of people out there might wonder why someone like me, Dean Frazer, chose to get involved in what might come across, at the end of the day, as a highly controversial series. Sure, now you might say to me, "Dean", you might say, "Dean; the producers of this program have hi-jacked somebody. A man, Dean, to be precise ... and a theatre full of innocent people". But I must respond and say that perhaps ... perhaps what they've hi-jacked is a legitimate means of expression ... perhaps the only channel available to them. The Mystery Order have nothing personal against Dr Vaughan. No sir. They've just brought him out here so that they can talk to him. And so that they can talk to you. And yes folks, this is exactly what we need to be doing ... talking. And listening. Dialogue. That's right folks. It's only through discourse that we can foster tolerance and understanding and peace on earth ... And if some folks don't want to talk, if they don't want to share and be part of that process, then, you know, we may just have to make them talk. And make them listen. That's all.

**Three** Three minutes ...

**Frazer** *(Even brisker still)* You know, I've had a very interesting career, I must say. To be quite honest and quite open with you, I have, over the course of my life, enjoyed the remarkable privilege of spending time and speaking to many diverse leaders of oppressed peoples from all around the world. The people who've been following my programming over the course of the last thirty years may well recall seeing me discoursing with the IRA, the ANC, and the PLO as well as the NKVD, the FARC, and the LTTE. Yes, I've interviewed people from Animal Liberation, Palestinian Liberation, and God's Liberation Army. Yes sir, there have been Leninists, Marxist, Luddites, Ishmaelites. My God, I've been in dialogue with Zapatistas, Montoneros, the Vietcong in Saigon ... the Reds, the Greens, the Blacks. Indeed, there seems to be no end to the many who have been and are driven by an intolerable oppression, which has so often necessitated these desperate measures. So you'll know where I'm coming from today when I go behind the scenes of this fascinating group of people and explore their unique belief system. And I think you'll stand by me as we search for common ground, and for a place where we can all share openly what our needs are, and how we can validate each other's process of becoming. I'm talking about finding a common ground like ... uh ... for example ... help me out here Mr Trismegistus ... what sort of common ground can you offer these people?

**Trismegistus** Justice ...

**Frazer** Excellent. Justice ...

**Trismegistus** ... and Truth.

**Frazer** Truth! You hear that? Those are good things. Those are some fine ideals, people. That's common ground if ever there was. So, uh, if you also believe in these things, in freedom, and in truth ...

**Trismegistus** And Justice!

**Frazer** Certainly, and justice, thank you, yes. If you agree that these virtues are things on which a man can stake his life; in which a man can truly believe, then I would encourage you to not spend too much time being distracted by the way in which these people have captured their market. This was only to attract your attention, and now that they have, let's hear what these people

want to say. We'll be taking a short fifteen minute break, giving you the opportunity of calling up your folks and your friends and your friend's folks, and your folks friends, and then we'll be right back. My name is Dean Frazer, and I have been asked, like you, to be an observer to the drama, which is about to unfold here before our eyes ... the drama of The Truth! This is Dean Frazer saying: over and out!

*Theme music plays. The camera is switched off. Normal lighting resumes. Three lights a cigarette and relaxes.*

**Trismegistus** Excellent.  
**Three** Yeah ... not fuckin' bad going.  
**Frazer** Thanks.

*Trismegistus' cellphone rings and he answers it.*

**Trismegistus** *(On the phone)* Master?  
**Three** Lights weren't shinin' too brightly in the eyes for you?  
**Trismegistus** *(On the phone)* Thank you very much, Master.  
**Frazer** Not at all, friend. I'm used to it.  
**Trismegistus** *(On the phone)* Excellent. Thank you very much indeed, Master. *(He closes the phone)*. Master liked it, yes. Though he also felt you might have maintained a slightly more dignified tone.  
**Frazer** Sure ...  
**Three** I thought it fuckin' rocked, chief. Got great quality on the streamin'.  
**Trismegistus** Yes ... And now ... now we wait ... *(He turns to the audience)* ... Thank you for your patience ... As you can see, this won't take very long ... why not just sit back, relax, enjoy the show ... Does anybody need some water? Can we get the ushers to bring in some water?  
**Three** Already two-hundred and fifty-seven thousand have clicked on, chief.

*The militiamen hand out bottled water to the audience.*

**Frazer** Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Trismegistus, sir ...  
**Trismegistus** In a few hours you'll be home again, safe and sound ... Anybody need to use the rest rooms? Now is a good time to go.

*Let people leave use the toilet if they want to. Post a guard outside each toilet. If somebody insists on leaving, let them go, but fire a warning shot into the ceiling, to let those inside know that there's been a conflict of interests.*

**Frazer** Sir? Please?  
**Trismegistus** What is it, Mr Frazer?  
**Frazer** What about him? *(Indicating the still-gagged Vaughan)*.  
**Trismegistus** Yes, what about him? You can see his heart in his eyes. Can you see his hatred, Mr. Frazer? That pure fury which longs for nothing more than to reduce all of us to ashes ...  
**Frazer** Maybe ... but, uh ... way I see it, it's not going to look too good for your cause if you ... mistreat him.  
**Trismegistus** Mistreat him? I'm amused to learn, Mr Frazer, that you propose that it possible to mistreat the Devil ... What would you have us do for him? Offer him tea and a scone?  
**Frazer** Well, right now it doesn't seem as though he can breathe all too well.

*Pause.*

**Trismegistus** Hmm ... Right, right, right. Number Three ...

*Trismegistus indicates for Three to see to Dr Vaughan.*

**Frazer** It wouldn't help you if he died.  
**Three** Least not before we established our ratings.  
**Trismegistus** We'll see about all that.

*Three ungags Dr Vaughan who immediately begins to bluster in a confused, angry fashion.*

**Vaughan** What's going on?  
**Trismegistus** All will soon become plain, Doctor.  
**Vaughan** I haven't the vaguest idea who you are, my good man, but if you were to free my hands I could write you out a cheque here and now to the value of one million pounds in exchange for my immediate and unconditional release.

**Three** Capitalist swine!

**Trismegistus** It is not possible.

**Vaughan** Not enough? Make it a million for each of you two.

**Three** Fuckin' hell!

**Vaughan** Alright then, for all three of you.

**Three** One million pounds?

**Trismegistus** Your money is of no use in your current circumstances, Doctor Vaughan ... we are dealing on another plane here ...

**Three** That's still a lot of money, Mr Trism.

**Vaughan** I'm sure your cause could do with a donation.

**Trismegistus** Do not push me too far, Doctor.

**Vaughan** Let me help you.

**Trismegistus** You will help us. You will help us by doing exactly as we tell you to do.

**Vaughan** Look ...

**Trismegistus** I doubt whether Three would require much persuasion to put a bullet through your teeming brain, doctor. What do you think?

**Vaughan** You'd kill me ... For what? What do you want from me?

**Trismegistus** *(Pausing)* An interview.

**Vaughan** *(Pausing too)* I'm sorry?

**Trismegistus** We wish to interview you. We wish to put a few questions to you live on the internet ...

**Vaughan** But ... my God ... I've got public relations people for that ...

**Trismegistus** It would not have been possible ...

**Vaughan** Why don't you get on the phone to Katy ... it might not be too late ...

**Trismegistus** You amuse me, Dr ...

**Vaughan** *(Interrupting)* I could make a few calls ...

**Trismegistus** Please ...

**Vaughan** ... we could all soon be calmly sitting in an air-conditioned ...

**Trismegistus** *(Interrupting)* Our little talk show will take place right here and now. Hosted by Mr Dean Frazer.

**Frazer** How do you do, Doctor? Sorry about this, but I'm strictly an observer, really. Neutral territory.

**Vaughan** Aren't you that incompetent fucker we fired last year from CWC?

**Frazer** I believe I may well be he, Doctor.

**Vaughan** Jesus Christ. What do you suppose you're playing at?

**Frazer** Just earning a living, sir.

**Vaughan** You'll never work again. Ever. Anywhere.

**Frazer** Well, tell you straight ... I wasn't really doing much by way of work anyhow, not since your cronies laid me off for investigating that get-together you boys were holding up at the redwoods ...

**Vaughan** But who would watch such depravity?

**Frazer** Well, I was surprised myself, but you old guys seemed to ...

**Vaughan** *(Interrupting)* I don't mean that. I mean this!

**Frazer** Oh, let's not under-estimate our public, Doctor. People love reality. They can't get enough of it. Once this site swings into action and people start sending the message out, we'll get everybody in on it.

**Vaughan** You don't find your methods ... somewhat extreme?

**Trismegistus** The Truth is extreme.

**Vaughan** The truth?

**Trismegistus** About the Aten.

**Three** The sun, yeah.

**Vaughan** What ...

**Trismegistus** The Master.

**Vaughan** ... the fuck?

**Three** Oi! Show some respect!

**Trismegistus** *(Patiently)* No, no, Three.

**Three** Wha..?

**Trismegistus** Put away your weapon.

**Three** But ...

**Trismegistus** Please.

**Three** What about ...?

**Trismegistus** No.

**Three** *(Pausing)* Awright, sorry chief.

**Trismegistus** Reason before violence, Dermaptera ... Frightening the lizard will only make it crawl back deeper behind its rock ... what we want is for it to come out and show itself to us ...

**Frazer** *(Whispering to Vaughan)* Between you and me Doctor, I wouldn't be too worried about this papier-mâché Mephistopheles and his hired thug.

**Trismegistus** *(To Three)* We must be righteous, but we must also show the world the face of compassion ...

**Vaughan** You'll burn for this, Frazer.

**Three** Yes, chief ... you're right chief ... pardon, chief ...

**Frazer** You've just walked onto a set, Doctor, and in this version of the way things appear to be, it seems to me that you are representing ... the hostage.

**Vaughan** And you?

**Frazer** Oh, I'm quite within my rights according to UN resolution 1517. As a journalist it's my duty not to interfere ... Trismegistus over there can tell you that I'm not part of this franchise. Isn't that right Mr Trismegistus, sir?

**Trismegistus** Mr. Frazer, you are now benefiting the cause of the Great Faith, and so we do respect you for that Greater Glory. As long as you serve the purposes of that faith, we will protect you.

**Frazer** Don't worry about me, Mr Trism, I'm just looking on.

**Trismegistus** Let us wait and see what transpires. Now ... we must begin our next instalment.

**Vaughan** Could somebody possibly fetch me a glass of water?

**Trismegistus** Yes, I'm sure Mr Frazer would be delighted ... Mr. Frazer?

**Frazer** I'm not your lapdog.

**Trismegistus** If you value either money or your life, you will do exactly as instructed, Mr. Frazer.

*Frazer wanders, grumbling, into the wings. The volume on the television stations comes up as the electronic message board scrolls. Meanwhile, Three prepares for the next broadcast. He handcuffs Dr Vaughan to a chair in front of the camera.*

**BBC** The US government has failed to block the broadcasts of [www.theruleofone.com](http://www.theruleofone.com) and the site remains accessible to most browsers world-wide, with the exception of China, North Korea and Iran.

**CNN** Police have surrounded the theatre in *(insert name of city where the play is being performed)* where prominent financier and media mogul, Dr Vaughan is being held hostage along with *(vary number according to size of expected audience)* members of an audience. What began as a pleasant evening's entertainment ...

**MESSAGE** THE PEOPLE'S MILITIA MOVEMENT OF THE LAW OF ONE, DEMAND THAT ALL POLICE AND ARMY FORCES WITHDRAW FROM THE THEATRE IN *(NAME OF CITY WHERE PLAY IS BEING PERFORMED)* WHERE MORE THAN *(INSERT FIGURE COMMENSURATE WITH AUDIENCE NUMBERS)* PEOPLE HAVE BEEN DETAINED.

**BBC** Special services forces are being consulted in Britain, Israel and Germany as crack FBI troops make plans to storm the *(name of theatre)* theatre. The services of the special branches of crack Russian troops Spetsnaz were made available ... but the offer was declined.

*Frazer enters with a glass of water which Dr Vaughan eagerly drinks down.*

**Trismegistus** Are we ready, Three?

**Three** Ready to roll, chief!

**Trismegistus** Excellent, thank you.

**Three** Complete pleasure, sir! As always, Sir!

**Trismegistus** Right, right, right ... you ready, Mr Frazer?

**Frazer** Right ... ready.

**Three** Sir!

*The lights dim again.*

**MESSAGE** SPLINTER ORGANIZATIONS FROM BOTH THE FAR RIGHT AND THE FAR LEFT HAVE EXPRESSED SYMPATHY FOR THE CAUSES EXPRESSED BY THE GROUP CALLING THEMSELVES THE LAW OF ONE.

*The theme music for the show begins to play and Frazer takes a seat on the sofa.*

**Vaughan** By the way ... do you think it might be possible for me to use the theatre's ... uh ... facilities ... before ...?

**Three** No time ... we're going on ... and five ... four ...

*Three gives the silent finger count down.*

**Frazer** Well, well, well, superb to be back. Yes folks, this is "Inside the Underground", sponsored by www.theruleofone.com ... one word, one law. I'm Dean Frazer and we've got a great show lined up for you. From the liminal zone here, we'll be catching all the action as it happens, when it happens ... I'm here with recently kidnapped media tycoon Dr Edgar Vaughan. And a Very Good Evening to you, sir ... (*Dr Vaughan says nothing*). Dr Vaughan was apprehended earlier today, and may still be in a mild state of shock after what has been, at the end of the day, a truly traumatic experience ... uh, Dr Vaughan ... could you tell us about the kidnapping from your point of view? ... Were you terribly afraid? ... Were you ever threatened with violence? ... What was it like really from your perspective?

**Vaughan** You're out of your depth here, Frazer. (*He turns to the camera*). If anybody can see me now, I beg of you to help us!

**Frazer** Now hold on just a second there ...

**Vaughan** There aren't that many of them, maybe ten.

**Frazer** Dr Vaughan ... Dr Vaughan? ... Hello?

**Vaughan** Don't let them get away with it!

**Frazer** Come on. Be fair. We're in this situation here now, we can make the best of it. Let's talk. Look ...

**Vaughan** Help!

**Frazer** Oh come on, Doctor. Don't be a spoilsport just because you now happen to be in the hot seat. You enjoyed putting me through that little disciplinary last year, didn't you? That was quite alright with you, wasn't it? Tapping my phone!

**Vaughan** I don't know anything, about ...

**Trismegistus** (*Interrupting*) Gentlemen. Let us please return to the issue at hand.

**Frazer** Ahh ... Mr. Trismegistus, so very good of you to join us. Why don't you have a seat right over here, sir.

*Trismegistus joins the panel on camera.*

**Vaughan** Set me free, you fucking monster!

**Trismegistus** Thank you ... thank you ... now, good evening ladies and friends ... Welcome ... welcome ... so, it's freedom you're after, is it? Freedom to use, and exploit others, millions of your minions ...?

**Frazer** Thank you Mr Trism ... now then. I've been asked to chair a rather interesting debate this afternoon, on the subject of the war of the mind versus physical confrontation ... Is there one Master, or are there many.

**Vaughan** I'm not answering any of your questions.

**Trismegistus** Shoot him in the foot, Three.

*Three shoots into the ground, near Dr Vaughan's foot.*

**Vaughan** Oh my God!

**Three** I missed.

**Trismegistus** Fool.

**Three** Sorry, sir.

**Trismegistus** How could you miss, you're standing right there?

**Three** Let me try again, chief.

**Vaughan** No!

**Trismegistus** One moment ... let's give the doctor a last opportunity to share. Alright then, answer the question ... Do you serve the one true Master?

*Pause.*

- Trismegistus** Perhaps, Three might be in need of some more practice, after all.
- Vaughan** No! ... uh ... I'll speak ...
- Trismegistus** Your answer, please?
- Vaughan** When you ... uh ... when you say ... I mean ... to which Master are you referring?
- Trismegistus** There is only one.
- Vaughan** And this happens to be ...
- Trismegistus** The Keeper of the Aten.
- Vaughan** Right.
- Trismegistus** We serve the one Master who is total, infinite, singular, unique, omniscient. The one and only true Master.
- Vaughan** And what about the others?
- Trismegistus** What?
- Vaughan** The other Masters.
- Trismegistus** Perversions! Deviations! It is true that the knowledge of the Aten was taken out of Egypt, and it is true that this belief was in turn taken up by others. And although it is true that these other monodacities carry within them the fragrance of the truth, it is also true that they are removed from the root and are impure. We were hoping to incorporate them into our gathering, once they too became convinced, rationally, that we are all essentially the same, and that, ultimately, our belief system holds primacy over all other beliefs in singularity ... But if they don't see reason ...
- Frazer** Then ...?
- Trismegistus** Then we may be forced to eliminate them.
- Frazer** Aha ...
- Trismegistus** If they persist in refusing to acknowledge The Truth!
- Vaughan** It's just that you hate our freedom, isn't it?
- Frazer** Why would anybody hate somebody else's freedom?
- Vaughan** You don't like the fact that we're free. That we can drink, and take drugs and have abortions and change our sex and be free to be rich and to be poor and to be mad and to be sane.
- Trismegistus** Is freedom a sensual trap of sin, leading to damnation? You enslave your own people to their own destruction so that the few can profit. We wish to liberate these people who have been shackled to your system. Who profits from your liquor, your tobacco, your weapons? *(Pause)*. Tell me about the Order of Extraordinary Achievers.
- Frazer** Great question. Yes, tell us more about this order, Dr Vaughan.
- Vaughan** What on earth are you on about? The Order of Extraordinary Achievers is one of the most exclusive institutions in the world.
- Trismegistus** Exactly.
- Vaughan** It's certainly nothing to be ashamed of. We accept only those who have excelled to the utmost in their particular fields. We accept only the best.
- Trismegistus** This organization has meetings, don't they? Every year in a new country. Top Secret. Top Security. And it is here that the New New World Order plots the manipulation of the world and its remaining resources. And then there are certain ceremonies and sacrifices. Do you or do you not engage in rituals with this organization, Dr Vaughan?
- Vaughan** Well, certainly every club has certain rites and rituals, of course. But really, these things don't mean very much. They're just like Christmas, or Passover, or Diwali ...
- Trismegistus** They're symbolic.
- Vaughan** Exactly; they're just fun festivals, you know, building team spirit and so on. There's certainly nothing religious about it. They don't mean a thing.
- Trismegistus** And I suppose it's simply coincidence that every single post-war president in what you so quaintly refer to as "the free world" has belonged to this organization? This 'Order of Extraordinary Achievers'? And each has attended rituals with the founders of merchant banks, members of the UN, heads of state, CEO's of multi-national corporations. For what purposes do you gather together?
- Vaughan** Somebody has to make the decisions! Influential people get to know each other. This is how society works ... people orbit each other.
- Trismegistus** And what is it you discuss at these secret meetings of yours?

**Vaughan** We discuss business!

**Trismegistus** Business? The state of the world?

**Vaughan** Absolutely.

**Trismegistus** You discuss things which are to your benefit.

**Vaughan** What is it, exactly, that you have against wealth? The rich build. They do something good for the world.

**Trismegistus** At what price? You are directly responsible for exploiting ninety-five percent of the world's energy and resources in order to pamper a small minority.

**Vaughan** But isn't that what we all want; the beggar on the street as much as the businessmen. More power, more comfort. And of course, power creates friends. So, yes, the world has a small, strong and very powerful elite, an aristocracy, if you will. This is true. It exists. I am part of it. But it's not evil.

**Trismegistus** I'd be interested to learn what your definition of evil would include if it did not also involve the description of a zealous bacteria, eating away at the life of the world, sucking it dry. A powaquaatsi, consuming resources, consuming languages, flattening out all differences beneath your lust for global domination, making of the world one enormous supermarket!

**Vaughan** Sorry to interrupt your sermonising, but I really quite urgently require the use of a latrine. Unless, of course, you wish to humiliate me further, in which case, let me know, and I'll ...

**Trismegistus** One moment please.

**Vaughan** I've been tied up for hours now.

**Trismegistus** Certainly. We have no wish to torture you, Dr Vaughan.

**Vaughan** Not?

**Trismegistus** Number Six, please accompany him. Quickly ... quickly ... *(Six uncuffs Dr Vaughan and leads him through the auditorium to the toilets at the back)*. Now where were we ... Mr Frazer?

**Frazer** Well, I don't know about you folks back home, but that certainly gave me something to think about. Riveting stuff! Thanks for a great debate; very nice, and very sporting. Some deep material coming to the surface there from both sides! The lizard issue not entirely resolved at this point. Looks like we'll have to wait to hear the final word on that one.

**Trismegistus** Mr Frazer! Your tone strikes me as increasingly impertinent. These are serious issue we are dealing with here. Be careful not to mock the Master.

**Three** Still got a clear connection for a few minutes before re-routing ...

**Frazer** Uh ... sorry Mr Trism, sir.

**Trismegistus** I would like to take this moment to ask our viewers ... what harm do ants really do, after all? I ask you. Do they spread disease? No. Do they eat wood or concrete or steel? No. They are simply happy to live off those little scraps you leave them out of the kindness of your personal neglect. But instead of granting freedom, instead of allowing them to roam, we either destroy them or imprison them in plastic cages revealing those lairs they long to keep cool underground. This is wrong! They require protection, they do. All they really want is our love. Listeners ... viewers ...

*Pause.*

**Frazer** ... Yes?

**Trismegistus** ... browsers ... *(Pause)*. People at home ... I say to you that nobody stands alone.

**Frazer** Great! That's exactly what John Lennon was singing about ...

**Trismegistus** *(Giving him an annoyed look)* You are already aligned. You are already part of a group, a crowd. You are already serving a master. But which master do you serve? Every group is a process. Where is your master leading you? Into the Abyss? Or are you on your way to Higher Things? "No matter how far you've traveled down the wrong road – turn back!". Mr Frazer?

**Frazer** Right! Folks, we'll be going off-line again very briefly to freshen up our ISP's, but do look out for us in about five minutes and we'll be back with our last installment of "Inside the Underground" on [www.theruleofone.com](http://www.theruleofone.com). I'm Dean Frazer. Over and out.

*Theme music plays. The militia man comes back with Dr Vaughan who's now carrying a tray with a kettle, cups, coffee, sugar, tea etc. Six walks behind him, gun in hand.*

**Six** Found these in the foyer.

**Three** Fuckin' A!

*They plug in the kettle and start helping themselves to tea/coffee/sugar etc. Trismegistus is feeling somewhat morose after his speech. Three turns up the volume on the television sets.*

**MESSAGE** ANTI-GLOBALIZATION GROUPS FROM ALL OVER THE WORD HAVE UNITED BEHIND THE OUTLAWS' STAND AGAINST IMPERIALISM AND DOMINATION BY GLOBAL CAPITAL MARKETS AND THE NEW NEW WORLD ORDER AS SUPPORT GROWS FOR THE LAW OF ONE.

**CNN** Commenting on the escalating tension growing outside the *(insert name of theatre)* theatre, a representative from the White House, Chief of Staff in the War Against Terror, Vinnie Vendetta, made the following statement ... *(Trismegistus' cell phone rings and he answers it silently to one side while the television broadcasts continues. Cut to head and shoulders shot of Vinnie Vendetta)*. "The longer the terrorists are able to maintain their position, the more time they have to disseminate their insidious, evil, hate speech on the rest of the planet. They hate our freedom. They cannot stand to see us prosper".

*The militia man behind the camera aims at one of the television screens which is subsequently blown up to the size of the cyclorama. The show being screened takes the form of two commentators talking. They could easily be mistaken for football commentators, but instead of chatting about game plans and statistics, they're discussing anti-terrorist units in different countries.*

**John 1** Well, John, the Special Forces have yet to move in. Do you think they have the kind of strategy it takes? Could they pull this one off?

**John 2** John, it's not that I doubt their capacity ... but do they have the experience?

**John 1** Right.

**John 2** I'd say no. They do not have the necessary experience. You know, when it comes to waging war against pretty much anyone on the globe, the SAS are up there with the best in the west and make no mistake ... but for these kinds of smaller operations we would do well to take some advice from some of the other international teams who've been engaged more recently in contemporary combat scenarios.

**John 1** I'll be Frank, John, I think we lack experience on small scale operations. Seriously, there are guys in Northern Ireland, Sri Lanka, South Africa, and so on, who've had more opportunities at engaging with modern terrorists from a wide range of persuasions, you know?

**John 2** And tell me, John, tell me, which Special Forces, in your opinion, would be best suited to get the job done?

**John 1** Well, the Italians aren't bad at all. This year they've got a punchy little team with a new commander who's also an Olympic sharp shooter.

**John 2** Yeah?

**John 1** For sure. The little guy has proven himself to be pretty apt at tidying up an ugly situation.

**John 2** I'm with you on that one, John. And tell me, where would you rank the Germans these days?

**John 1** The KSK have always been very solid ... a dependable team. Extremely efficient. Extremely dedicated. Always on time ... But, I tell you, if you're looking for sheer quality, you needn't look any further than Mossad.

**John 2** Of course, John ... goes without saying.

**John 1** The way those Israeli's can move, man! Was it in '78 when they took out that entire unit without a casualty lost? I tell you, those guys have class, they're ...

*Three switches off the sound on the television set and checks the computer console. Frazer approaches him with an mp3 recorder, trying to get some off-line material.*

**Frazer** So ...

**Three** Yeah ... wot?

**Frazer** How are you Three? How'd you feel about how things are going?

**Three** What you want?

**Frazer** Sorry, mate ... I was just wanting to find out more about the group ... how long did you say you'd been a member?

**Three** Fuck off!

**Trismegistus** What is it, Mr Frazer?

**Frazer** Sorry, Mr Trism ... I was just wanting to find out ...

**Trismegistus** There is no time. We must begin preparations for the final broadcast.

**Frazer** Sure, well, I thought what we might do is ...

**Trismegistus** Three, be so good as to chain our friend to the couch.

**Frazer** What? Wait. Listen.  
**Three** My pleasure chief.

*Three grabs Frazer and manhandles him to the couch.*

**Frazer** Hey, come on ... I've tried to give you guys a go ...  
**Trismegistus** You have?  
**Frazer** ... because you're the underdog, a minority, and, because I'm interested in protest, and in revolution, per se ...  
**Trismegistus** And because you were promised twenty times what you're worth.  
**Frazer** Come on! What do you honestly think, Three? Do you go for this bullshit? Do you really figure this guy is from that Egyptian lineage? What the fuck?  
**Three** Well, I've still got lots to learn, you know, from the chief.  
**Trismegistus** Do not engage him, Three.  
**Frazer** Do not engage me? What the fuck is that? Mr Trism, you can't just lock up anyone who ...  
**Trismegistus** Our time is almost up. We cannot tolerate any dissension now.  
**Frazer** Alright ... Look Mr. Trismegistus ... I'm sorry ... okay? Maybe I was out of line there ... but I just want to let you know ... that ...  
**Trismegistus** *(Interrupting)* Are you afraid to die, Mr Frazer?  
**Frazer** I'd just as soon prefer not to ... come on ... what do you mean? Please, sir, I didn't mean to ...  
**Trismegistus** It's no use pleading with me. It all depends on them. *(He indicates the audience).*  
**Frazer** It depends on them? What depends on them?  
**Trismegistus** Look at them, out there in the world, sitting quietly, watching us ... I wonder what they think of us?  
**Three** Seventeen million hits, chief ... hundred and twelve mirror sites.  
**Trismegistus** Beautiful! May we commence?  
**Three** Aye, aye, chief.  
**Trismegistus** We have been extremely tolerant thus far. But now, for the final phase of the program we cannot afford any mishaps. Now then, Mr. Frazer, let us begin the show as before.  
**Frazer** Like this? You want me to announce, like this? As a hostage?  
**Trismegistus** You have always been a hostage, Mr Dean Frazer. Perhaps you did not realise it until now, but you have always been a hostage to your Master.

*Trismegistus is now in the presenter's seat. One of the militia men controls the camera as Three stands guard. Theme music plays. Three counts down.*

**Three** And five ... four ...  
**Frazer** And we're back. Yes ... welcome back to "Inside the Underground". Yes, here we are again, yes ... Well folks, it looks as though the circumstances have changed and now instead of being a free agent of the media, I have been ... been ... *(growing emotional)* taken into custody by ...  
**Trismegistus** Take a hold of yourself, Mr Frazer. Dermaptera!  
**Frazer** This is Dean Frazer coming to you, still alive, but maybe not for much longer ...  
**Trismegistus** Mr Frazer!  
**Frazer** I want to ask the audience at home tonight ... why are you watching this? How does it make you feel to keep on watching this ... this world where lives are worth so little.

---

**... in this Preview Script, the remainder of the play has been deleted from here ...**

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