

ADAMS

We are all in here and you are the only one-

BERYL

You have really changed. Who ordered the smashing of 'The Inherent Nobility of Man'? That mural was an apt expression of man's capability when his back is up against the wall.

*(She demonstrates as if being raped.)*

In fact it says that nobility is best expressed-

WILLIAMS

*(Annoyed.)*

I did not order-

BERYL

Who did then? You were in charge-

WILLIAMS

You had to bring up that? In my face . . .? But that is . . . was . . . a different circumstance. The politics is not always as clear. And all that is irrelevant here any-

BERYL

*(Conciliatory.)*

What I show you is not something for you to use for your own political advantage. I don't know how I hit upon anything. How can I use what I see in that way? How can you use all that I share with you in that way? It is something when you see it, and there is such an immediate excitement and exhilaration, that you feel you must share-

WILLIAMS

What are you talking about?

BUSTAMANTE

Does she always talk like this?

WILLIAMS

I don't know. *(Pause.)* Why do you insist on getting me to tell my story? . . . getting us to tell our stories?

ADAMS

*(To Beryl.)*

Go on, go on. I am liking this. I am liking what I am hearing. This may be good for us.

*(Edna gives Manley a plate of food as Louise also gives one to Bustamante.)*

BERYL

(*Standing right behind Williams reminiscing.*)  
We drive through the hills along the North Coast Road and then down through the lush tropical valley, La Divina Pastora. Remember? I can taste it, darling.

LOUISE

(*Standing right behind Bustamante reminiscing.*)  
Yes, traveling up into the mountains, mingling with the blue mist and listening to the rivers speak their perennial stories of rebellion-

BUSTAMANTE

What are you people talking about?

WILLIAMS

And you wanted stories? Take that for your stories.

LOUISE

Do you know what the rivers sing over and over again? Running down, around and over the brown and grey rocks? (*Pause.*) Along the riverbed, the waters chant freedom, freedom from birth . . . freedom from death . . . freedom from freedom. Then they come down into the city and there something dreadful happens before they touch the sea. If they could only reach the sea, they breathe a sign of relief.

EDNA

What happens in the city?

MANLEY

Contami-nation-

LOUISE

(*To Edna.*)

Your fingers tell you.

BERYL

(*She does a few delicate dance steps.*)  
My dancing feet, my toes give me balance and tell the story.

(*Edna moves over to NEGRO AROUSED and runs her fingers deliciously over the smooth grain of the wood.*)

ADAMS

Where is Hilda?

LOUISE

She has an executive meeting.

ADAMS

Again? This early? With whom?

LOUISE

Why, the executive, of course. (*Laughs at her own joke.*) After all she has a country to govern you know.

ADAMS

Our beloved Queen.

MANLEY

Yes.

BERYL

I remember now. Today is Wednesday. Executive meeting day.

LOUISE

No. Today is Friday. She should be on her way very soon.

ADAMS

I hope she remembers my ice cream.

WILLIAMS

(*Waving a fly away. He whispers.*)

Take that thing out of this room.

BERYL

Oh Bill. Cool it. Shut up!

WILLIAMS

You see what I mean?

(*Hilda, with a small diamond tiara on her head, comes hustling in with a 'royal flourish'.*)

HILDA

Good day folks! How are we today?

WILLIAMS

Everybody's fine. Just fine.

HILDA

*(She bounces up on NEGRO AROUSED.)*Oh! (Takes it in.) What a piece of work is man! (Exhales.)  
Black Man!

LOUISE

How noble in reason.

*(Hilda stands in the middle of the space sensuously taking in NEGRO AROUSED.)*

How infinite in faculty-

ADAMS

*(Shouts.)*

Can I have my ice cream?

HILDA

This early?

ADAMS

Please!?

HILDA

Oh dear. I forgot. (She spins on her heels and goes out to get the ice cream.) I'll just run and get it.

BUSTAMANTE

Speaking of forgetting.

MANLEY

She is so efficient. What a lady. The first of a kind.

WILLIAMS

*(Irritated by the flies. Waves them off with both hands. Shouts.)*

Get it out of this room! Now!

EDNA

Ok, ok, ok. (She moves and picks up NEGRO AROUSED and is on her way out. She is immediately blocked by a returning Hilda.)

ADAMS

Wait!

HILDA

I got your special vanilla blend.

BUSTAMANTE

You had it upstairs?

BERYL

No, no. She scraped it up off the steps.

BUSTAMANTE

Oh, it caused that terrible accident. (*Pointing to Edna.*)

EDNA & LOUISE

Yes.

HILDA

(*To Adams.*)

Come. (*She moves him to a corner and gives him his ice cream, leaving Edna with NEGRO ARROUSED in her hands in the middle of the space.*)

WILLIAMS

Keep going. (*Edna starts to move.*)

(*To Adams.*) And shouldn't it be chocolate?

ADAMS

I will make that determina-nation.

HILDA

Where is she going? (*Edna stops.*)

WILLIAMS

Keep going. Keep going. Don't stop, woman. Keep going.

(*Edna starts to move again.*)

HILDA

Wait!

(*Edna stops again. She rests down NEGRO AROUSED between her legs at her feet.*)

As the only true member here who may still be alive-

BUSTAMANTE

Or who is most recently dead-

HILDA

Keep quiet! Keep quiet. Silence is best. I was appointed-

WILLIAMS

(*With disdain.*)

By her Imperial Majesty-

ADAMS  
Her Royal Highness, the Queen.

HILDA  
(*To Williams.*)  
And what is wrong with that?

MANLEY  
Nothing. Nothing at all.

BUSTAMANTE  
(*with resignation.*)  
We are condemned. We are doomed.

WILLIAMS  
(*To Edna.*)  
Are you going to take that damn thing out? Or do I have to take it out myself?

HILDA  
No!

WILLIAMS  
I beg your pardon? I am not speaking to you, Oh Queen of the Grenadines.

MANLEY  
Easy. Easy.

BUSTAMANTE  
What do you have against Edna's work?

WILLIAMS  
Absolutely nothing. I really don't have anything against the piece. I just don't think it is appropriate for-

MANLEY  
For what?

WILLIAMS  
-me, in my condition. In our condition. Vulgar! Obscene!

ADAMS  
(*Points to Hilda.*)

He doesn't think it is appropriate to do it with the Queen either.

WILLIAMS

No. No. No.

MANLEY

What? Do you think she is appropriate now? You have changed your mind?

WILLIAMS

No. I have no mind to change. Look, quit trying to put words in my mouth.

BUSTAMANTE

(*Laughing.*)

And no one can ever do that.

MANLEY

Oh, now you see.

BUSTAMANTE

(*Still jovial.*)

Oh, come on. Allow the statue-

EDNA

It has a name! (Pause.) NEGRO AROUSED!

BUSTAMANTE

I beg your pardon. Allow NEGRO AROUSED to stay where it is. (Slaps a mosquito.) After all it is only art! Edna, relax-

EDNA

(*Edna is livid.*)

Only art!? Only art!? Only!!!? This thing . . . (Pointing to NEGRO AROUSED.) This thing . . . This thing . . . This thing you call 'only art', NEGRO AROUSED is your-

BUSTAMANTE

Edna! Relax!

EDNA

Is your . . . is you! And I don't need you to tell me to relax! (Edna moves NEGRO AROUSED from down at her feet, between her legs and sets it back down in the centre of the space. She looks at it intently.)