

LOUISE

Yeah, man made. (Laughs)

BERYL

Freedom requires tactful negotiation. Still it demands a flavour of in-efficiency-

LOUISE

(*Sarcastic.*)

That they find intolerable.

EDNA

Even 'Spontaneous order' can have a very in-efficient taste.

BERYL

Taste or smell?

HILDA

And man can fix that?

(*Very calmly Jagan transforms to the traditional masquerade of the Jab Jab, a cross between clown and devil. Still he shows a striking resemblance to opposition politician and famed mathematician, Rudranath Capildeo.*)

CAPILDEO

(*Menacing and teasing.*)

When you all were not looking, according to my theories of rotation and gravity, I broke down the door and built a wider one.

(*The old men in their wheelchairs all rush for the door.*

Capildeo pulls a cutlass from under the blanket and delivers a wild chop in the direction of Adams.)

AHHH! MY DOOR! Now you want to invade our dreams again.

(*It appears as though he has made contact. Both Capildeo and Adams fall unto the ground out of their chairs. Capildeo drags himself into the doorway. Adams lies on the ground bleeding. Capildeo's body blocks the doorway. He raises his bloody cutlass above his head. The ladies, after screaming and reeling back from this violent attack, run to help Adams and stay clear of the Jab Jab that is Capildeo. Pottake races over to Capildeo to pacify him and tries to take away the bloody cutlass. He resists. Hilda and Louise are helping a limp Adams.*)

ADAMS
(Whispers.)

My God! He is still dangerous.

LOUISE

What?

BUSTAMANTE

He is nothing but a bloody terrorist.

WILLIAMS

A bloody racist! You can never trust these people!

CAPILDEO

(Laughing and brandishing the cutlass like a whip.)
Ah ha! Who is the racist now?

WILLIAMS

But I was the one who has always spoken openly against people calling each other *nigger* and *coolie*. Remember?

CAPILDEO

Racism maybe, but you can't change people's attitudes by claiming that their expressions of widespread insecurities and perennial feelings of victim-hood are illegal or unpatriotic or not nice. You cannot!

(Holds up the cutlass.)

This here is a Caribbean weapon of rebellion!

(He slams the broadside of the blade down on the cold ground.)

A West Indian weapon of revolution!

HILDA

What is he talking about? What the hell is going on? What are you talking about?

LOUISE

Shosh! Bring a bigger piece of cloth and some water.

WILLIAMS

Ok. So what? We already know the 'cutlash' was the weapon of choice for the boys on the streets of carnival in those bloody steel band clashes. It was-