

# DIMBOOLA

by

Jack Hibberd

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## CHARACTERS

### AT THE OFFICIAL TABLE

**Morris McAdam (Morrie)** the bridegroom

**Maureen McAdam (Reen)** the bride

**Darcy Delaney (Darkie)** father of the bride

**April Delaney (June)** mother of the bride

**Angus McAdam (Knocka)** father of the groom

**Florence McAdam (Florrie)** mother of the groom

**Father Patrick O'Shea** parish priest

**Daryl Dunn (Dangles)** best man

**Shirl** bridesmaid

**Astrid McAdam** flower girl

### GUESTS: *Invited*

**Horace McAdam (Horrie)** uncle of groom and father of Astrid

**Mavis McAdam** aunt of groom and wife to Horace

**Aggie McAdam** spinster cousin to the McAdams

### GUESTS: *Uninvited*

**Bayonet** a local wit and drunk

**Mutton** a local drunk and wit

### THE BAND

**'Lionel Driftwood and the Pile Drivers'** A group preferably composed of saxophone, piano and drums, with possible addition of violin

**Leonardo Radish** a reporter

# MENU

## SOUP

Boeuf derriere (Ox-tail)  
Brodo Tomato  
Mulligatawny

## MAIN COURSE

Poule a la Wimmera with Sauce Mysterioso  
Boeuf Arrosto Frigide  
with  
Potatoes and peas  
and  
Various Salads

## DESSERT

Blanc Mange Jeparit  
Trifle  
Compote de Fruites mixed

A Mechanic's Institute Hall.

The guests have gathered for a wedding reception.

They are greeted at the door or foyer by the parents of the Bride and Groom etc. and are served with dry sherry as they chat and peruse the table laden with gifts.

The sounds of Lionel Driftwood and his ensemble can be heard warming up next door. After a while the guests are ushered into the main hall and seat themselves at suitably prepared tables. The band plays on, bottles are opened. Talk and laughter. Waiters and waitresses abound. *Here Comes The Bride* is struck up by the band. The official party led by Bride and Bridegroom enter.

There is much chat and disorder as Maureen and Morrie make their way to the table. Mutton and Bayonet sneak in from outside where they have probably annoyed guests as they arrived.

(N.B. Any number of dances can be interpolated into the action ... they should include guests as is usual.)

MAUREEN	Where do I sit?
DANGLES	On your ring.
DARKIE	Tightest fit in the country, eh Morrie?
MAUREEN	Fun-nee.
APRIL	No fighting you two, for God's sake.
MORRIE	Nice turn up.
FR O'SHEA	Behind the cake Maureen, on the left of Morris.
MORRIE	Where do I sit?
KNOCKA	On the right of Reen.
FLORENCE	Come on, no funny buggers. Everyone settle down.
SHIRL	The guests is waitin'.
MORRIE	Nice turn up.

After a while they settle into seats at the official (trestle) table. Order from L to R is ASTRID, FR O'SHEA, APRIL, DARKIE, MAUREEN, MORRIE, SHIRL, DANGLES, FLORENCE and KNOCKA. MAVIS sits at a small table in

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front of left end of official table. AGGIE is put at another small table near right end of official table, she is upset at not being on official table. MUTTON and BAYONET appropriate to themselves a small table in among the body of guests.

- MUTTON Never seen such a performance! Is everything under control up there Darkie?
- FLORENCE Ignore them!
- BAYONET I'll put me money on Father Pat!
- MUTTON Has the brewery been contacted?
- BAYONET Take it away, Lionel!
- MUTTON May he have many more!
- FLORENCE Who on earth invited them?
- BAYONET I heard that!
- MUTTON We're here to see that the liquor laws are correctly enforced.
- AGGIE It's a disgrace!
- BAYONET I agree, Agatha. The guests are entitled to the draught product.
- MUTTON It's a flagrant infringement of the beverage by-laws!
- BAYONET The cold keg clause emphatically states –
- KNOCKA Shut up you two!
- BAYONET (TO KNOCKA) Who brought you?
- MUTTON Where's your permit?
- AGGIE It's a disgrace!
- FLORENCE Puts the whole occasion in bad odour.

MUTTON and BAYONET produce loud flatulent sounds.

- BAYONET Control yourself, Agatha.
- MUTTON Puts the whole occasion in bad odour.
- FR O'SHEA Come on, chaps. Quieten it down a bit.
- DANGLES Well, let's crack a few.
- BAYONET Keep them coming, Dangles.
- MUTTON I'll have to inspect each bottle.
- DARKIE There's nothing but beer. It's that or nothing.

BAYONET What! Wait till I report this to the authorities.  
 AGGIE Do you have to shout like that?  
 MUTTON Put a cork in it, Aggie.

Bottles of beer are opened at the table and glasses poured.

FR O'SHEA (elated) I certainly needed that. Nice drop.  
 APRIL You've earned it, Father.  
 FLORENCE Yeh. It must be hot work under those costumes.  
 ASTRID Does God dress up like that?  
 FLORENCE Shhh!  
 SHIRL Jeez, isn't the hall decorated beaut.  
 APRIL Yeh. Mr and Mrs Bandusiae and her young Phonse worked on it all arvo. Notice the predominance of green, Father?  
 FR O'SHEA It's a beautiful colour.  
 MORRIE Nice turn up.  
 FLORENCE So is orange.  
 MUTTON I'm as parched as a parrot!  
 AGGIE And you squawk like one.  
 MUTTON Joke, Bayonet.  
 BAYONET Where? Where?  
 MUTTON Aggie.  
 BAYONET What's got into you, Agatha?  
 AGGIE You.  
 BAYONET Not likely.  
 MUTTON You old shit-stick.  
 AGGIE (Shrieks) Angus!  
 KNOCKA Yes, Agatha?  
 AGGIE Do something about these animals!  
 KNOCKA What animals?  
 MUTTON Produce your permits everybody!  
 BAYONET Everybody must have a permit!  
 MUTTON Government orders!  
 BAYONET The Amber Fluid Act!  
 MUTTON The Liquid Law!

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BAYONET All mouths must be examined!  
MUTTON And other connected organs!  
BAYONET Permits!  
MUTTON Permits!  
AGGIE PERVERTS!

HORRIE staggers in, drunk, wearing fawn FJ's with the trouser-ends held in by bicycle clips. There is a brief pause and silence as he stands swaying, attempting to focus.

BAYONET Talking of perverts.  
MUTTON And animals.  
HORRIE Greetings and salutations!  
BAYONET One of us.  
MAVIS (From her table at the front) Horace! Come here and sit down!  
SHIRL Jeez, here's trouble.  
MORRIE Nice turn up.  
DANGLES Would you like a drink to get you in the mood, Horrie?  
DARKIE Just a starter.  
HORRIE What a pack of possums you've turned out to be. Starting without me.  
MAVIS Sit down, Horace.  
FR O'SHEA Good evening, Horace. We missed you at the ceremony.  
AGGIE Some of us did.  
HORRIE I was there, turning pages for the organist. Honest.  
SHIRL There was no organist.  
HORRIE So what? I still turned pages for him!

He laughs enthusiastically at his own joke

KNOCKA Grab a pew, Horrie.  
HORRIE Thank you, Angus. Is everything under control? Why, there's Lionel. How is it,

Lionel? Getting your share? Perhaps I could set things in motion with a rendition of –

MAVIS Shut up and sit down!

HORRIE Christ, I only hope there's some left. Some lubrication for the voice. I can see I'm going to bear the burden of tonight's entertainment. Hell, there's Mutton! (He belches) Excuse me, Mavis. How are they, Mutton?

MUTTON Never better.

HORRIE Long time no see.

MUTTON Same here.

HORRIE In form?

MUTTON As dangerous as Danny.

AGGIE Why don't you two grow up?

HORRIE Jesus, she's not here?

BAYONET Arsenic and old lace.

HORRIE Bayonet! Who brought you?

BAYONET Agatha.

AGATHA It's a disgrace!

BAYONET It's a disgrace!

MUTTON Wait till I file my report.

BAYONET Your what?

AGGIE Angus!

Embarrassed pause. HORRIE joins MUTTON and BAYONET at their table.

APRIL (to REEN) How do you feel love?

FLORENCE Happy I bet.

APRIL You'll never be happier than this, love.

FLORENCE It's the biggest day in a girl's life.

SHIRL Jeez, isn't she lookin' gorgeous!

FLORENCE Pretty as a picture.

BAYONET Congratulations to the bride and may she have many more.

HORRIE Hear, hear!

FLORENCE I wish they'd get rid of them now.

FR O'SHEA Control yourself, Bayonet!



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BAYONET (unctuously) Sorry, your worship.  
MUTTON The report will be comprehensive.

Pause.

Soup is brought in for the official table and guests (audience). During this course ASTRID sings, and tap-dances to *Animal Crackers in My Soup*.

DANGLES How are you shaping up, Morris?  
MORRIE No worries.  
DANGLES Rearing to go?  
MORRIE No worries.  
DANGLES A few more jars, and –  
MAUREEN He's not to have too much.  
DANGLES Give the poor prick a chance.  
MAUREEN He'll only make a fool of himself.  
DARKIE He's already done that.  
MAUREEN Whattya mean?  
DARKIE Getting married.  
HORRIE Hear, hear!  
BAYONET Time for a number from Horrie!  
MUTTON *Red River Valley!*  
HORRIE (on his feet) In response to popular demand, I  
will now render that bawdy but evergreen  
favourite, *The End of Me Old Cigar*.  
MAVIS You will not! Sit down!  
MUTTON *Red River Valley!*  
BAYONET *Old Shep!*

MAVIS has dragged HORRIE to his seat at her table.

HORRIE See what happens to you, Morrie. Get on top  
early, son.  
ASTRID Daddy's drunk.  
FLORENCE It's disgraceful! A grown man.  
APRIL Sorry, Father. Horace is not usually as bad as  
this.  
BAYONET A lie!

KNOCKA Horace is sober tonight.  
 DARKIE This is not normal, Father.  
 MAVIS (To DARKIE and KNOCKA) Why don't youse shut  
 up?  
 SHIRL Jeez, ain't this awful?  
 AGGIE He is a secret drinker, Mavis. It must be  
 brought into the open.  
 FR O'SHEA About as secret as Satan.  
 MAVIS Don't talk to me, you bloody old crow!  
 AGGIE Angus!  
 BAYONET Three cheers for Morrie!  
 MUTTON You little dominator, Morrie!  
 BAYONET The Colonel will be very pleased.  
 MUTTON Urine samples will have to be taken.  
 HORRIE (staggering to his feet) I endorse those remarks  
 and furthermore . . .  
 MAVIS Shut up and sit down!  
 MUTTON They must be hot.  
 BAYONET An opening number from Horrie!  
 HORRIE Thank you. Lionel . . .  
 MORRIE Nice turn up.  
 HORRIE Lionel, Make it *On A Slow Boat to China*.

The band launches into this number and HORRIE  
 sings. He is, however, soon hauled back to his seat  
 by MAVIS.

MAVIS Stop making an idiot of yourself.  
 HORRIE Take note of this, Morrie. Assert your  
 authority early son.  
 MUTTON The Premier himself tasted the sample.  
 BAYONET He sampled it.  
 DARKIE Shut up, you two, for Christ's sake!  
 KNOCKA Or you'll sample something outside.

MUTTON and BAYONET reply with crude sounds and  
 gestures, a routine, then continue an exchange in the  
 background.

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Pause.

FLORENCE At least they're happy, June.  
APRIL It's no funeral.  
SHIRL That's a fact. (to MORRIE) It's no funeral,  
Morrie.  
MORRIE No worries.  
FR O'SHEA Very gay.  
FLORENCE You have to join in. It's a special occasion.  
Wonder what time Dr Silverside will come?  
APRIL Wonderful of him to accept, wasn't it?  
FLORENCE Such a nice man. Very respected right through  
the district. A real gentleman. The only man  
to cure Valerie's itch.  
KNOCKA (to FLORENCE) Shhh!

Embarrassed pause.

DARKIE Come on Morrie. You're dragging your  
bloody anchor there. Pathetic performance  
for a young colt.  
MORRIE No worries.  
KNOCKA Give him a chance.  
MAUREEN He's gotta make his speech yet.  
DARKIE So have I.  
APRIL Spare us from that.  
SHIRL He's just savin' himself up.  
MORRIE No worries.  
DANGLES The big event.  
HORRIE Take my advice, Morris, From a man who  
knows, leap into the driving seat early and  
dictate the play right from the word go.  
That's it in a nutshell, son. They drive you to  
the bottle otherwise, chief.  
MAVIS Why don't you shut your big trap!  
KNOCKA He only opens it to swallow.  
MUTTON The story of our lives, eh Bayonet?  
BAYONET True Mutton, true. Driven to it.

MUTTON Life has passed us by.  
 BAYONET Cruel.  
 AGGIE As you two were not invited and are now  
 destroying the evening, I think you should  
 leave, immediately.  
 BAYONET Drop dead, you old goanna.

Pause.

MORRIE glares at BAYONET.

MAUREEN (to MORRIE) Everybody seems to be enjoying  
 themselves.  
 MORRIE Enormous.  
 MAUREEN Good turn up.  
 SHIRL Jeez, I feel real beaut. It's going straight to my  
 head.  
 DARKIE You're right tonight, Dangles.  
 MORRIE No worries.  
 KNOCKA He's a moral.  
 DARKIE Watch Dangles tonight, Shirl.  
 KNOCKA He'll be a real handful.  
 DARKIE More than you could handle, Shirl.  
 SHIRL Don't bet on it. He's a boy on a man's errand.  
 MAUREEN (to DANGLES) Shirl's real experienced.  
 DANGLES That's how I like them.  
 DARKIE Driven in.  
 KNOCKA We' drive 'em in and you drive 'em out, eh  
 Father!  
 FR O'SHEA That's one way of putting it, Angus. How  
 about one of you driving a full bottle into my  
 empty glass.  
 HORRIE (filling O'SHEA's glass) As pure as the driven snow.

MAVIS exits.

BAYONET When's Dr Porterhouse coming?  
 HORRIE Dr Liverwurst I presume?

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MUTTON A number from Horrie!  
HORRIE (standing) I thank you, Lionel – *Red River Valley*.

The band breaks into the number and HORRIE sings, with great emotion. Official table and all guests sing.

MUTTON Bravo! Bravo!  
BAYONET Beautifully rendered, Horace.  
MAVIS (entering, to HORRIE) Just wait until I get you home!  
BAYONET Hang one on her, Horrie!  
HORRIE I wouldn't pee on her.  
ASTRID Isn't my dad funny?  
FLORENCE It's a disgrace!  
AGGIE Throw them all out! They are drunk and foul-mouthed.  
BAYONET What's wrong with that, you old cancer-case?  
MUTTON What's a wedding to a wowser?  
BAYONET The opposite to a funeral.  
MUTTON Exactly.  
AGGIE Angus!  
BAYONET Angus!  
MUTTON Angus!  
FLORENCE It's a downright disgrace! Why don't you do something about them, Angus?  
KNOCKA They're not worrying me, Florrie.  
FLORENCE We're terribly sorry, Father.  
FR O'SHEA They're not worrying me.  
ASTRID Mummy, I want to have a wee.  
MAVIS Shhh! Don't tell the world.  
MUTTON A toast to the Queen!  
BAYONET I wish to pay my respects to the Colonel.  
FLORENCE Father O'Shea is the Master of Ceremonies. Let him run things.  
MUTTON May she have many more!  
HORRIE (standing) Ladies and gentlemen, allow me . . .

MAVIS Sit down!  
 ASTRID Mummy, I'm wetting my pants.  
 HORRIE I wish to make an announcement.  
 SHIRL Jeez, ain't it awful.  
 ASTRID It's running down my leg.  
 SHIRL I'll take her out, Mrs McAdam.  
 DANGLES Running away from me, Shirl?  
 SHIRL Why should I? You've got nothing I'm  
 frightened of.  
 DARKIE The word's around, Dangles.  
 KNOCKA You're not even a starter, Dangles.  
 SHIRL (Leaving with ASTRID) I've heard.  
 DANGLES Don't you believe it! Thirty wet towels. Bath  
 towels too, no bloody hand towels.  
 FR O'SHEA Dickies.

General laughter. Pause.

MORRIE Nice turn up.  
 KNOCKA Jesus, never thought I'd hear a reverend say  
 something like that. Especially a mick one.  
 DARKIE Told you he was a good bloke.  
 AGGIE It's a disgrace. I knew we should've had the  
 wedding at St Basil's with the Reverend Potts  
 officiating.  
 BAYONET The Reverend Potts  
 MUTTON That old queer.  
 AGGIE How dare you. One of the cloth,  
 consecrated . . .  
 BAYONET What?  
 AGGIE Consecrated.  
 MUTTON Concentrated.  
 BAYONET We all know what he concentrates on.  
 MUTTON Always points his great parsnip at the  
 choir boys.  
 AGGIE Angus!  
 HORRIE (elated at his own wit) A parsimonious parsnip.  
 FR O'SHEA Parse the bottle please.

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BAYONET (recites) There once was a Reverend parson  
Loved by all in the parish of Karson  
However, his love for a boy in the choir  
Grew to an uncontrollable fire,  
And led to the abominable crime of arson.  
(pinches AGGIE on the bum)

MUTTON Brilliant! Silence, please. I now wish to tell a  
joke.

AGGIE Father, as a disciple of Christ I demand that  
you squash these blasphemies.

FATHER O'SHEA belches.

DARKIE Well said, Patrick.  
FR O'SHEA Never catch me defending a purple-pissing  
Protestant.

AGGIE (triumphantly) See!  
FR O'SHEA Or a parsimonious Pom.

HORRIE Hey, that's my word!

AGGIE Horace and Angus, don't stand for these  
insults.

HORRIE I'm Scots and proud of it.

MAVIS Full of it.

KNOCKA I think you've gone a bit too far, Father.

AGGIE Hear, hear!

FLORENCE I agree with Angus.

KNOCKA I think an apology would be in order.

DARKIE You're not serious, are you Angus?

KNOCKA Course I am, mate.

DARKIE Christ, I've heard the lot. Since when did you  
become religious?

KNOCKA It's the principle of it, Darcy.

DARKIE Piss on principles! What are they?

BAYONET Yeh. What are they!

MUTTON They're what drive the Reverend Potts into  
action every Sunday.

FLORENCE Shut up, you bastards!

APRIL That's lovely.

MAUREEN Jeez, ain't it woeful.  
 DANGLES Come on, calm down.  
 KNOCKA Father, I'd like you to take back what you  
 just said.  
 FR O'SHEA Ite missa est.  
 KNOCKA What did he say?  
 DARKIE He just apologised in Latin.  
 MORRIE No worries.  
 KNOCKA I'd like to hear it in the Queen's English.  
 AGGIE Not in that pagan tongue!  
 HORRIE (standing) Now I'd like to render –  
 DARKIE (to KNOCKA) You'll get your face pushed in.  
 KNOCKA Come outside and say that.  
 DANGLES Break it up you two.  
 FLORENCE Job him one, Angus.  
 KNOCKA Come outside, you bludger!  
 DARKIE Say that again.  
 KNOCKA Bludger!  
 DARKIE You asked for it.

They scuffle.

APRIL (to FLOR) Why don't you shut up, and stop  
 egging them on?  
 FLORENCE Whose bloody fault is it!  
 APRIL That old bitch, Aggie.  
 FLORENCE Don't be a moron.  
 APRIL Job him, Darcy.  
 FLORENCE Smash him Angus!  
 DANGLES Outside, for Christ's sake.  
 AGGIE Teach that Catholic filth a lesson, Angus.

DANGLES has separated the two, and is guiding them  
 to the door. MUTTON and BAYONET have moved to  
 the front and are with DARKIE and KNOCKA. FATHER  
 O'SHEA continues to drink and ignores the fight, being  
 fairly drunk and preoccupied.



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BAYONET In the red corner we have –  
MUTTON (raising DARKIE's hand) Cardinal Carrot!  
BAYONET And in the white –  
MUTTON (raising KNOCKA's hand) Parson Parsnip!  
KNOCKA Just wait till I get you outside, mug.  
DARKIE Your bark's bigger than your bite.  
KNOCKA All micks are as weak as piss!  
DARKIE We'll see about that you bloody wowser!  
KNOCKA Wowser!  
DARKIE And a goat-riding Mason!  
KNOCKA At least I don't pee in the Pope's pocket!  
DANGLES (pushing) Out the door and settle it.  
DARKIE Right, you poxy Presbyterian!

They go out, not before one of them punches  
DANGLES in the groin.

DANGLES (shouting after them) And don't come back until  
it's settled!  
HORRIE Time for a song! Lionel! Let it be *South of the  
Border*.  
MUTTON No hitting below the pelt.

HORRIE sings with the band. APRIL and FLORENCE still  
argue with AGGIE joining in. MUTTON and BAYONET go  
into a boxing routine.

HORRIE finishes off his song with great volume;  
everybody listens and applauds.

MAUREEN (crying) It's awful, what a wedding.  
MORRIE No worries.  
DANGLES (back at the table) Cheer up Reen, it'll seem  
beaut tomorrow. Sock another one down.  
MAUREEN Horrie's in fine voice. I suppose that's  
something.  
HORRIE I thank you. That was only one to warm up on.  
MAVIS Sit down.  
AGGIE You're a pain in the neck, Horace.

HORRIE Why don't you shut your beak, you old vulture.

MUTTON (making his way back to his seat; as is BAYONET) Well rendered, Horrie.

BAYONET I would like to extend a vote of thanks to the Colonel.

HORRIE On behalf of the management, I would like to apologise for the slight break in the programme, but with the timely intervention of Lionel and myself –

MAVIS (grabbing HORRIE) Shut up and sit down you fool!

They struggle.

SHIRL and ASTRID enter.

MAVIS and HORRIE sheepishly separate.

ASTRID I did poo, mummy.

MAVIS Shhh! Do you have to broadcast it?

ASTRID Well I did!

MAVIS Hold your tongue!

SHIRL Jeez, it wasn't half a battle. Like forcing a pumpkin through a knot-hole.

ASTRID Shirl did too. After me, she did. She made more stink than me.

DANGLES Charming.

MAVIS That's quite enough from you, young miss. Go back to your possie and hold your tongue.

They go back to their seats.

MUTTON A hand for the girls!

BAYONET The Colonel will be very pleased.

HORRIE Silence please! Father Patrick, members of the bridal troupe, ladies and gentlemen, eminent citizens and fellow artists. I have an announcement to make.

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APRIL Father O'Shea is Master of Ceremonies, Mr McAdam.

HORRIE I know that. If I have your permission, your grace?

FATHER O'SHEA is on his way out to relieve himself.

FR O'SHEA (vaguely) Certainly, my son.

O'SHEA leaves.

HORRIE I wish to thank you one and all for making this occasion both possible and worthwhile. It was well worth the effort.

FLORENCE Is that all?

HORRIE Of course.

FLORENCE You're making a spectacle of yourself.

AGGIE He always does with an audience. A show-pony.

HORRIE I would also like to extend to everyone a very hearty and heartfelt welcome!

Loud applause and comments from MUTTON and BAYONET. Pause.

DANGLES (to SHIRL) How's your knot-hole?

SHIRL Fun-nee! Not for you, mate.

DANGLES What's not for me?

SHIRL I'm not telling you!

DANGLES The most notorious notch in the neighbourhood.

SHIRL You've got a dirty mind.

DANGLES Correct weight. It's the only way to do the dirty need. Unless you take out a licence like Morrie here.

MORRIE Eh?

DANGLES No worries now, eh Morrie?

MORRIE No worries.

DANGLES Morning, noon and night.  
 MORRIE No worries. Morning, noon and night.  
 MAUREEN What are they talkin' about Shirl?  
 SHIRL It's not nice.  
 DANGLES She loves me, she loves me not.  
 SHIRL It's all they can think about.  
 DANGLES Knock it off, Shirl. Anybody'd think you'd never blotted your copybook. It's covered with more than ink. I've seen the green stains on your strides.  
 SHIRL Why don't you shut your trap?  
 DANGLES Shirl's very religious. Thinks of nothing else. We know all about you Shirl. Who's for a burl with Shirl.  
 SHIRL You rotten dirty bastard. (She slaps his face.) (crying) You asked for that.  
 DANGLES You bitch.  
 MORRIE No worries.  
 MAUREEN Ignore him, Shirl. You should be ashamed of yourself Dangles. It's awful. This is supposed to be a festive occasion.  
 HORRIE It's as festive as a fart! Join in, folks.  
 FLORENCE For God's sake stop fighting up there.  
 MAUREEN It's all over now, Mrs McAdam.  
 APRIL Weird old wedding.  
 FLORENCE Knew there should have been less grog.  
 BAYONET I heard that!  
 MUTTON (to FLORRIE) Where's your permit?  
 FLORENCE Drop dead.  
 MUTTON Everybody must have a permit!  
 FLORENCE I wish the Reverend Potts was here.  
 AGGIE Indeed. Then this rabble would have been put down long ago. I have never been exposed to so much smut and filth.  
 MUTTON (to AGGIE) Where's your permit?  
 BAYONET Everybody must produce their permit. Government regulations.

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BAYONET and MUTTON move amongst the 'guests' demanding to see their permits, keeping up a stream of verbiage on regulations, laws, the bureaucratic etc.

APRIL (standing) Dr Silverside is late.  
FLORENCE (standing) Expect he's been delayed. He's a very busy man. Very clever and generous. The only man to cure Valerie's itch. He's only a distant relative you know.  
APRIL Can't say I've clapped eyes on him.

They move to front of the table.

FLORENCE He's very handsome. Pops in on a Sunday occasionally on his way to visit Valerie. She lives in the Western District you know. Speaks five languages.  
APRIL Who, Valerie?  
FLORENCE No, Doctor Silverside.  
APRIL Gosh.  
FLORENCE Photographic memory. Got a mind like a Box Brownie. Speaks Italian, Spanial, Cretin, Greek and Aboriginal.  
APRIL Aboriginal? Gosh. A mate for Mutton. He's got a touch of the tar in him.  
FLORENCE I don't think Dr Silverside would want to have anything to do with Mutton.  
MUTTON I heard that!  
FLORENCE Well, why don't you take the hint?  
MUTTON Put your meat-hooks up!

FLORENCE hits MUTTON and leaves with APRIL.

BAYONET Hey, Mutton, look! I found this at Aggie's feet. (He waves a sherry bottle) Caught her! You old trout, a secret drinker! I can hardly wait to tell the Reverend Potts about this.  
AGGIE Give that back to me! It's non-alcoholic.

BAYONET I bet! (He has a swig)  
 HORRIE I'm ashamed of you Agatha.  
 BAYONET It's cooking sherry, the lowest of the low.  
 MUTTON She needs help, Bayonet.  
 BAYONET And I'm just the man to help her.  
 AGGIE (pushing him away) Don't you dare sit here!  
 BAYONET (sitting next to her) Stop me, Delilah.  
 AGGIE (aghast) A dirty drunk.  
 BAYONET (amorously) Drunk, dirty and dangerous,  
 Delilah.  
 AGGIE If you think I'm going to sit here with –  
 BAYONET (restraining) I will not harm thee.  
 AGGIE You reek of onions.  
 BAYONET And worse. (producing a sherry glass) Here, you  
 must use this.  
 AGGIE Thank you. Just one.  
 BAYONET Delighted, Delilah!

He pours.

My little maggot.

Main Course

The band plays. Dances for one and all.

The last dance is the *Bridal Waltz*, for which everyone has entered except KNOCKA, DARKIE and FR O'SHEA. MORRIE and REEN dance alone for *Bridal Waltz*, joined eventually by relations, and MUTTON and BAYONET.

Mirror ball lighting.

KNOCKA and DARKIE now enter with arms around one another, obviously friendly and drunk.

Their clothes and hair show evidence of a fight.

DANGLES Here's trouble!  
 APRIL As thick as thieves.

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- KNOCKA We came out even.  
DARKIE Yeh. Seeing as how it was a weddin' between our kids, we decided to shake hands.  
FLORENCE We're very glad to hear that.  
KNOCKA Shut your gob.  
FLORENCE You've both been drinking more out there. Drunk before the speeches have started. It's a bloody disgrace.  
APRIL (to DARKIE) Don't just stand there looking pleased with yourself. You didn't achieve much out there.  
DARKIE Bitch on why don't you?  
KNOCKA Yeh. Why don't you and Florrie go outside and tear each other's eyeballs out?  
DARKIE Well said, Knocka.  
KNOCKA What a pair of parakeets.  
DANGLES Come on, you two, back into it.  
HORRIE (standing) Yes, gentlemen. Just in time for another item. Resume your seats.

KNOCKA and DARKIE roughly push HORRIE aside and return to the table where they sit together beside DANGLES, forcing FLORENCE to sit up the other end.

- DARKIE Well, how have the festivities been proceeding in our absence?  
MORRIE No worries.  
KNOCKA Tonight's the night, son. If you have any worries, let us know.  
FLORENCE You? What a joke!  
DARKIE Listen, Morrie, old son, all you gotta do is dob it straight in.  
MORRIE Eh?  
APRIL Behave yourself, Darcy in front of all these young, innocent people.  
DARKIE No beating about the bush, eh Knocka?  
KNOCKA Leave the preliminaries to the greenhorns.  
DARKIE In like Flynn.

KNOCKA Up with the Jolly Roger.  
SHIRL Don't listen to them, Reen. It's just big talk from drunks.

FR O'SHEA enters, more drunk.

FLORENCE Father, isn't it time for the speeches to begin?  
FR O'SHEA Eh?

FLORENCE The speeches.

FR O'SHEA Yes. They were excellent.

FLORENCE Christ.

HORRIE (standing unsteadily) Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention for one moment please!

MAVIS Sit down this instant!

HORRIE Drop off. Where was I?

MUTTON Where's Doctor Silverside?

BAYONET Three cheers for the Colonel!

HORRIE I would like to preface my remarks on this most auspicious occasion with a round of applause -

KNOCKA (to HORRIE) Shut up, or get thrown out.

HORRIE You wouldn't turf me out. Your own brother?

KNOCKA Wouldn't I?

ASTRID Mummy, Father O'Shea is looking up my dress.

MAVIS Whaaat!

FR O'SHEA Just looking for my rosary beads Mrs Mavis.

AGGIE Pervert.

BAYONET They're all the same.

MAVIS Come down here, Astrid.

ASTRID No.

MAVIS Come down here this instant.

FLORENCE Go to your mother, Astrid, it's much nicer down there.

MAVIS I'll tan your backside for you!

MAVIS comes across to fetch ASTRID but she runs off;

MAVIS chases her around the table.



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SHIRL Jesus, I'll tan your backside, young miss!  
 MAUREEN Awful, ain't it.  
 Whatta weddin'.

MAVIS is now chasing ASTRID through the 'guests' under tables etc. MUTTON is helping.  
 MAVIS catches ASTRID and beats her on the bum.  
 Much sympathy for ASTRID.  
 MAVIS glares at everyone.  
 Pause.

BAYONET Three cheers for Father Pat!  
 HORRIE A song from Father Pat!  
 DARKIE Come on Father, what'll it be?  
 AGGIE This is an outrage!  
 HORRIE (to AGGIE) Shut your sewer. Right Father, if  
 you'll allow me to make the announcement.  
 FR O'SHEA I will sing a lovely song that my father used  
 to sing me. *In Ireland, Old Ireland.*  
 AGGIE I knew it.  
 HORRIE Take it away, Lionel. Lionel Driftwood and  
 the Pile-Drivers, folks.  
 FR O'SHEA (sings, with the band)\*  
 In Ireland,  
 Old Ireland,  
 The turf is tough on the teeth  
 As are the turnips and the heath.  
 The beetroot is beyond all belief,  
 The rhubarb brings no relief.  
 But by Jesus the girls there are soft and sweet,  
 And know what their young lads like to eat.  
 In Ireland,  
 Old Ireland,  
 The winds of winter are bleak,  
 In the valley or on mountain peak.  
 The bogs are oceans wide, centuries deep.  
No place for lovers to sleep.

\*for original music see page 54

But by Jesus there the girls are warm and dry,  
And know where their young lads like to lie.

Loud general applause.

HORRIE      Wonderfully rendered, Father, and most in  
accordance with the, er, the auspiciousness of  
the occasion.  
KNOCKA      The what?  
DARKIE      He's bunging a bit on the side.  
DANGLES      Sit down you poove.  
DARKIE      Or we'll snot you one.  
KNOCKA      Right between the sockets.  
MAVIS      (now back at her seat with ASTRID) Lay off him,  
you bastards!

HORRIE sits down, crestfallen.

Pause.

ASTRID      Mummy, why isn't the Reverend Potts here?  
MAVIS      Shhh! He was too busy.  
ASTRID      He's nice. Always showing me his pet lizard.  
MUTTON      Not to mention his carpet snake.  
BAYONET      And his puff adder.  
MUTTON      The old frill-neck lizard.  
BAYONET      The red reptile.  
AGGIE      Just as well she's young.  
BAYONET      That's what the Reverend Potts said.  
AGGIE      Father O'Shea is no model of virtue.  
BAYONET      There are no snakes in Ireland.  
AGGIE      Only idolatry  
FLORENCE      And adultery.  
APRIL      What nonsense!  
AGGIE      What happens to all those babies that the  
priests have!  
FLORENCE      And the nuns!  
MUTTON      The Feast of the Immaculate Consumption!

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AGGIE Where do all those children come from in the orphanages?

DARKIE Certainly not from a dried up stump like you.

AGGIE Angus!

MUTTON Our Lady of the Seven Veils!

DARKIE Shut your filthy mouth, Mutton!

BAYONET St Basil the Beautiful.

DARKIE You too! Or I'll smash your boiled-bum face in.

APRIL Good on you, Darcy.

FLORENCE Don't stand for it, Angus.

DARKIE (slowly) Will you shut up, Florence?

KNOCKA There are two sides to all this –

DARKIE The subject is finished. The first bastard that brings it up will get shit beaten out of him. I mean it.

Pause.

DANGLES It's hardly been discussed.

DARKIE (threateningly) Do you want me to . . . ?

DANGLES All right. Calm down.

Pause.

MORRIE No worries.

Pause.

MUTTON Well, nice night for it.

BAYONET The Colonel will be tickled pink.

MUTTON Never had it so good.

BAYONET Never.

MUTTON All the regulations fulfilled too.

BAYONET To the letter.

MUTTON The report will be comprehensive.

BAYONET And favourable.

MUTTON The Government will be dumbstruck.

BAYONET Speechless.

Pause. Silence.

HORRIE laughs nervously.

Pause. Silence.

HORRIE (standing) Well, a lull seems to have descended on the proceedings. You are doubtless all acquainted with Lionel Driftwood and his able followers the Pile-Drivers. They are the most sought-after combination in the district, and we are indeed honoured to be graced with their presence tonight ladies and gentlemen.

DANGLES They're being paid.

HORRIE As you may know, Lionel has a long list of personal successes to his credit, not the least of these being his years with the Ballarat Symphony Orchestra as chief tympanist.

DARKIE Turn it up.

HORRIE That was before he developed his virtuosity on his current instrument, which, ladies and gentlemen, we are witnessing tonight.

DARKIE Father, how about you taking over from headless Horrie here?

HORRIE I think a round of applause would be in order.

FR O'SHEA Make it a pot, Arthur!

BAYONET How about some more liquid refreshment!

MUTTON The lager that lasts!

BAYONET The fluid that feeds!

HORRIE I would also like to extend the hand of friendship to our Shire Engineer for his ready co-operation, no mean singer himself by the way . . .

HORRIE is grabbed by DARKIE, KNOCKA and DANGLES and carried to the door.

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Hey what! Hands off, gentlemen!  
MAVIS (coming to his aid) Lay off, you bastards!

They all struggle at the door then disappear outside,  
from where loud shouts and shrieks are heard.

MUTTON (Now standing in front) Ladies and gentlemen, I  
would now like to . . .

AGGIE Sit down.

BAYONET (Joining MUTTON) No. He's brilliant!

MUTTON Thank you Bayonet. Quite brilliant. Yes,  
ladies and gentlemen, I was married once.

Band plays introductory music behind dialogue until  
final stanza of song.

BAYONET Five times, actually.

MUTTON I speak of the first.

BAYONET The worst.

MUTTON She was the daughter of a Trentham turnip  
farmer.

BAYONET How long did it last?

MUTTON Two long weeks.

BAYONET Two too long.

MUTTON That's what she said.

BAYONET You broke it off?

MUTTON We bored one another to death.

BAYONET You filed a separation?

MUTTON Spent a very pleasant winter in Gunbower.

BAYONET Your advice? maestro Mutton?

MUTTON Newly weds, elderly weds, twenty-year weds,  
all idiot conjugal quadrupeds, my advice is:

BAYONET Never get married!

MUTTON After that?

BAYONET Piss off!

(both sing)\*

\*for original music see page 54

A marriage is made to be broken,  
The ring you wear is a horse-shoe token,  
The bonds you forge at the altar  
Are really a yoke and a halter.

BAYONET, as a wife, is hard at it in the kitchen,  
scrubbing.

MUTTON (huge and domineering) Wife, do you love me?  
BAYONET Ooh, yes.  
MUTTON Who do you love more?  
BAYONET (romantically) Knobby O'Toole  
MUTTON (outraged) The front-end loader?  
BAYONET None other.  
MUTTON (kicking her out) Get out!

MUTTON, as a husband is hard at it at work.

BAYONET (huge and domineering) Husband, do you love me?  
MUTTON Ooh, yes.  
BAYONET Who do you love more?  
MUTTON (romantically) Mrs Cockshut.  
BAYONET (outraged) The meat presser?  
MUTTON None other.  
BAYONET (kicking him out) Get out!

(both sing)

A marriage is made to be tested,  
The bed you share is a nest congested,  
The vows you swore at the service  
Are actually the lies of a pervert.

BAYONET I was married once.  
MUTTON Seven times, actually.  
BAYONET All at once.

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MUTTON Bigamist?  
BAYONET Na. They was all quite short.  
MUTTON Fit in a dicky seat?  
BAYONET The lot of them. No worries.  
MUTTON What happened?  
BAYONET They all committed adultery.  
MUTTON (aghast) No.  
BAYONET It broke my heart.  
MUTTON Is that why you're so bitter, Bayonet?  
BAYONET It is, dear Mutton.

(both sing)

A marriage is made from confetti,  
The cake you eat is old spermacetti,  
The tears you shed in elation  
Will soon be the tears of frustration.

As this ends, DARKIE, KNOCKA and DANGLES enter and drive MUTTON and BAYONET back to their seats.

SHIRL (with everyone settling back into their seats) Jeez,  
ain't it awful.  
MAUREEN Never thought it'd turn out like this.  
SHIRL Got your speech prepared Morrie?  
MORRIE No worries.  
SHIRL It's always a help if you've got the gift of the  
gab, isn't it 'Reen?  
MAUREEN Yeh. There's no stoppin' Morrie once he gets  
warmed up.  
DANGLES Bit of an athlete is he, 'Reen?  
SHIRL You shut up.

DANGLES belches loudly. HORRIE and MAVIS enter.  
HORRIE looking very much 'the worse for wear'.

MUTTON Isn't marriage a beautiful thing?  
BAYONET It is indeed, Mutton. Not to be mocked.

MUTTON Holy matrimony.  
 BAYONET Through sickness and in health.  
 MUTTON Through thick and thin.  
 BAYONET Until death separates us.  
 MUTTON That everlasting union.  
 BAYONET Extreme unction.  
 MUTTON The good oil.  
 BAYONET It's a holy and wholesome thing, Morrie.  
 MUTTON The good oil, Maureen.  
 BAYONET How are you feeling, Horrie?  
 HORRIE Picking up, Bayonet. Just needed topping up.

LEONARDO RADISH enters, bow-tie, valise.

Pause. Silence.

He looks puzzled and uncertain.

RADISH Excuse me –  
 HORRIE (standing, delighted) Dr Driftwood, I presume?  
 RADISH There seems to be some mistake.  
 SHIRL Jeez, who invited him?  
 BAYONET Who brought you?  
 AGGIE Shhh! Have some respect.  
 HORRIE (extending his hand) Horace is my name,  
 Doctor, I mean, Professor.  
 FLORENCE It's not Doctor Silverside, you moron!  
 HORRIE Oh. Well, who do we have the pleasure of –  
 RADISH Er, Mr Radish. I'm not sure that –  
 HORRIE Say that again?  
 RADISH Mr Radish.

Hysterical laughter from all.

DANGLES What a poofa!  
 RADISH I think there must be some mistake.  
 HORRIE (expansively) Not at all.  
 DANGLES (aggressively) Join in.  
 HORRIE (ushering him) Join us, Mr Radish. Anyone and everyone is welcome here.



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- AGGIE You can say that again.  
 BAYONET The uninvited guest.  
 AGGIE Thought you'd qualify there.  
 HORRIE (indicating a seat at his table) Life's nothing but a salad, Mr Radish.  
 DARKIE (to RADISH) Grab a pew, chief.  
 KNOCKA (to BAYONET) Fetch the gentleman a glass and a bottle loud mouth.  
 BAYONET You know what you can go and do.  
 MUTTON Right up to the kidney.  
 RADISH I really must be off.  
 HORRIE (forcing him to sit down) Not another word, Doc.  
 RADISH You see, I'm from the staff of the Mildura *Trumpet*, and one of our councillors is addressing a meeting tonight, I was told that it was to be here. So, you see I . . .  
 HORRIE Forget about it. Meet my wife, Mavis, and the little daughter, Astrid.  
 MAVIS Charmed.  
 RADISH (pained) Delighted to meet you.  
 HORRIE (Passing a glass of beer) Move into that.  
 RADISH Thank you.  
 HORRIE (raising his glass) Cheers.  
 RADISH (pained) Cheers.  
 DARKIE Don't hold yourself back, mate.  
 DANGLES Yeh. Wipe yourself off.  
 BAYONET A friend of Horrie's is a friend of everybody!

FATHER PAT belches.

- MORRIE Better out than in.  
 HORRIE (to RADISH) Nice drop?  
 RADISH Splendid.  
 APRIL The speeches will be starting soon.  
 FR O'SHEA How's the supply holding out?  
 MUTTON Good question.  
 BAYONET Might have to call on you for a miracle soon, Patrick.

- HORRIE (to RADISH) What's your name?  
 RADISH Radish.  
 HORRIE No. Your first name.  
 RADISH Leonardo.  
 HORRIE (extending his hand) Glad to meet you, Leo. I'm Horace. Mavis, my wife, and Astrid, the daughter. Up there is Morrie and Maureen, the bride and bridegroom.  
 RADISH (pained) How do you do.  
 MAUREEN Glad to meet you.  
 MORRIE No worries.  
 FR O'SHEA (drunkenly) Cana was never like this.  
 HORRIE What do you do for a crust?  
 RADISH I'm a reporter.  
 HORRIE What field?  
 RADISH I usually write on cultural and social events.  
 HORRIE Gossip column?  
 RADISH Not exactly.  
 HORRIE Serious stuff.  
 RADISH Yes.  
 HORRIE Interesting?  
 RADISH I try to make it that way.  
 HORRIE No accounting for taste is there?  
 RADISH No.  
 HORRIE A thing of beauty is a joy forever.  
 MUTTON I knew he was a poofa.  
 BAYONET A pansy.  
 AGGIE He's probably a very distinguished gentleman.  
 MUTTON Like the Reverend Potts.  
 AGGIE Can't you talk of anything but smut?  
 MUTTON No.  
 AGGIE What about you?  
 BAYONET Yes.

BAYONET walks across to RADISH.

(to RADISH) Hey, I can put you onto a piece of

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news that'll make your eyeballs stand out on their stalks. Cultural and social. The very Reverend Potts, a local . . .

AGGIE Shut your obscene mouth!

BAYONET He has this choir made up of boys, and . . .

KNOCKA Shut up, Bayonet, or it'll be the last thing you say.

MUTTON Take all this down, sir, the Government will demand a full report.

DARKIE Put a sock in it, ferret-face!

DANGLES You'll get what Horrie got.

BAYONET You bloody wombats!

KNOCKA Say that again.

BAYONET Why?

KNOCKA By Jesus, don't push me too far!

MUTTON Sit down, Bayonet, he's much bigger than you.

DANGLES About time you displayed some sense, Mutton.

MUTTON (to DANGLES) Drop dead, dumb-bum.

DANGLES Say that again!

MUTTON Drop dumb, dead-bum!

AGGIE Stop behaving like children.

HORRIE A truce, please, gentlemen! After all this is a wedding reception, a joyous function, a celebration, an occasion of great joy when all differences and barriers should dissolve. I feel that something has been lacking tonight in that direction. The true spirit just isn't here. I might add that every effort I have made this evening has been directed towards that end, and that I aim to continue in these efforts, despite the physical opposition of some, and the nagging of others. An artist never gives up, isn't that so Doctor Radish?

RADISH (taken by surprise) Oh, yes.

HORRIE The will to win?

RADISH (annoyed) Of course.

HORRIE (extremely pleased with himself) Thank you.

He sits down.

Pause.

BAYONET Don't all speak at once.

MUTTON Don't take any nonsense tonight, Morrie.

BAYONET Lead with your left.

MUTTON They don't call me the Mutton gun for nothing.

BAYONET And me, Bayonet.

MUTTON Master of the pork sword.

BAYONET And the beef cannon.

MUTTON Cannon-fodder, Morrie old son.

BAYONET Think I'll slip out and fire a few rounds.

Excuse me, madam.

AGGIE pointedly ignores him.

MUTTON Think I'll join you, Bayonet. (across the hall to AGGIE) Excuse me lady, I wish to water the wisteria with my weapon.

HORRIE Watch the snap-dragons.

FR O'SHEA And the Venus Fly-Trap!

BAYONET Has that anything to do with the prickly pear, your Honor?

FATHER belches loudly.

DARKIE Another singleton to Father.

MORRIE Better out than in.

HORRIE (stands and staggers out) Exactly.

BAYONET and MUTTON are now down the front near HORRIE's table.

MUTTON Hexcuse us for a moment, Mr Radish.

BAYONET The pen is mightier than the sword Leonardo.

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MUTTON What did the rooster say to the radish?  
BAYONET I wish I were a hen.  
MUTTON And the mayonnaise to the salad?  
BAYONET All that glitters is not gold.  
KNOCKA Listen, you two circus drunks . . .  
MUTTON Her hair hung down in ringlets.  
DANGLES Rude.  
BAYONET If you'll excuse us Leonardo.  
RADISH (very annoyed) I certainly will.  
BAYONET What do you mean by that?  
RADISH I think that should be obvious.  
BAYONET Smart bastard, eh?  
DANGLES Come on, calm down Bayonet.  
MUTTON This bastard is bunging a bit on the side.  
Christ, I can't hang on any longer, (leaping  
onto Bayonet's back) as Errol Flynn said to the  
lady elephant. Must be off!

He dashes outside. Loud laughter from the ensemble. RADISH stands and waits for the laughter to subside.

RADISH Never in my whole life have I been subjected to such a display of vulgarity, crude language, obscene innuendo and immoral, adolescent behaviour. It is an outrage that this lewd, frankly filthy activity passes as entertainment. I have never been swamped by so many clichés and inanities, and never wish to be again. If I had not seen this with my own eyes, I would never have believed it possible. It is utterly shameful to find this going on in the presence of a little girl, and doubly shameful to witness its unhindered progress in the presence of a clergyman, who I presume is in full possession of his faculties.

FATHER O'SHEA naps with his mouth wide open.

- SHIRL Jeez, who does he think he is?  
 BAYONET What are you trying to prove mate?  
 APRIL Job him, Bayonet.  
 RADISH (ignoring them: inflamed) The example that some of the older and more uncouth members of this gathering are giving to the young people here is to be severely deplored. This occasion should be both a celebration and a ceremony, there should be something holy about it . . .  
 DANGLES For Christ's sake!  
 RADISH It should be healthy and hopeful and sane. Not sick, and diseased. Tonight has been a shock to me. I never thought that Australians could get so low, that humans could . . .  
 SHIRL You haven't lived yet, mate.  
 FLORENCE Yeh. Drop off that cloud, professor.  
 MUTTON (entering) That mug still isn't here!  
 DARKIE The bastard's trying to tell us how to behave.  
 KNOCKA And how to speak.  
 DANGLES Yeh. Who the bloody hell do you think you are, mate?  
 MUTTON Where's your permit?  
 BAYONET He wouldn't have one. Wouldn't know what to do with it if he did.  
 AGGIE I think the gentleman should leave immediately in view of his offensive behaviour.  
 MORRIE No worries.  
 RADISH I am certainly not going to stand here and be mocked by a pack of subnormals.  
 BAYONET You certainly aren't mate.  
 SHIRL Turf him out!  
 APRIL Job him, Mutton!  
 DANGLES (walking around to LEONARDO) Right out on your flat arse.  
 RADISH Take your hands off me!  
 BAYONET (mockingly to MUTTON) Take your hands off me!

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- DANGLES (ejecting LEONARDO unceremoniously out the door)  
Back to Mildura, quincehead!
- KNOCKA Egghead.
- DARKIE Jesus, what a pain. A frustrated Salvo or something.
- ASTRID Didn't he look like the Reverend Potts, mummy?
- MAVIS Shhhh! Little girls should be seen and not heard.
- HORRIE (staggering in, dishevelled) Shit and derision, what was that! This great bloody body came hurtling out and knocked me for six! I'm in no shape for that sort of treatment.
- DANGLES It was that turd from Mildura. On his way back.
- HORRIE What was the hurry?
- MUTTON He forgot his permit.
- BAYONET The Colonel was in hot pursuit.
- HORRIE (sitting down) Pity. He was very nice. One of nature's gentlemen.
- BAYONET Jesus.
- MUTTON Get a grip of yourself, Horace.

MUTTON and BAYONET make their way back to their seats, BAYONET returning to AGGIE'S table.

- BAYONET Well, here I am again beautiful.
- AGGIE You didn't have to come back here.
- BAYONET I had no choice.
- AGGIE What?
- BAYONET This is *our* night, Agatha. Just the two of us. I've never had the chance to say this before but I think we're made for each other. Let me hold your hand.

BAYONET holds AGGIE'S hand with ardour.

Pause.

Dessert course.

HORRIE (after a while) Well, Lionel, I think it's time I rendered a number.

SHIRL Jeez, there's no stopping the bugger.

HORRIE I haven't sung so well in a long time.

DANGLES Hate to hear you on a bad night.

LIONEL What'll it be Horace?

DANGLES *She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain When She Comes.*

HORRIE *Danny Boy*, thank you Lionel.

ASTRID Poo! someone let off a smell.

LIONEL and the boys move into *Danny Boy* and HORRIE sings. Guests join in.

MUTTON A masterly rendition, Horace. You have a great future.

FATHER O'SHEA slowly and uncertainly gets to his feet.

APRIL Silence everybody! Father Pat is about to begin.

KNOCKA Not before time.

AGGIE He's dead drunk! It's a disgrace.

DARKIE You're not exactly sober, Aggie.

FLORENCE You ought to talk!

APRIL Shhh!

MORRIE No worries.

FR O'SHEA I thank you . . . the Bishop will be very pleased . . . (he belches) . . . the winds of change . . . *ite missa est* . . . lead with your left . . . it gives me great pleasure to charge my glass . . . never lead an ace to a solo player . . . second player always plays low . . . the turf is tough on the teeth . . . Darby Munro, Jack Purtell, Springheel Jack, the Kilmore Kid, the coloured boy from Echuca, and Count Fritz Von Hurdle the Hungry Hun



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from Hamburg . . . what a tossle . . . once  
more with feeling (he topples backwards over his  
chair on to the floor)

MUTTON and BAYONET applaud and cheer.

DANGLES and DARKIE walk down to FATHER O'SHEA and  
help him.

AGGIE	I told you! Carry him out!
SHIRL	Jeez, what a wedding!
MAUREEN	(crying loudly) Do something, Morrie.
FLORENCE	Just look at him! Just look at him. Looks like a stunned mullet.
APRIL	It's just a temporary turn.
FLORENCE	It's alcoholic stupor!
APRIL	Don't be bloody silly.
AGGIE	It's running out his ears!
MUTTON	Where's Dr Silverfrost?
BAYONET	I think the Colonel should step into the breach!

HORRIE signals to LIONEL and the band, they softly play  
a tune.

DANGLES	(Helping FR to his feet) How are you feeling?
FR O'SHEA	Who won?
DARKIE	You have to propose the toast.
FR O'SHEA	Did we win sir?
DARKIE	Of course (standing him up) You're right now, Father.
DANGLES	Plain sailing now Father.
DARKIE	Shut up!
HORRIE	That will do for the moment, Lionel.

The band stops.

DARKIE (to everyone) Shut up!

Pause. Silence.

DARKIE and DANGLES make their way back.

Father Pat is now ready to begin.

FR O'SHEA belches.

MORRIE Better out than in.

BAYONET and MUTTON belch in unison.

FR O'SHEA (moving out to the front of table, towards guests)  
Ladies and gentlemen, members of the  
Sodality, blood donors, cardsharps, jockeys,  
trainers and stewards, pillars of the Church  
and bastions of the steeple, it gives me great  
pleasure to welcome you all there today. The  
track looks to be in excellent condition . . .  
the fillies are frisky and the colts eager to be  
mounted . . . all in all everything augurs well  
(APRIL gets up and whispers in his ear) Yes well,  
that brings me back to the original subject.  
Always count the cards . . . I have known the  
parents of the bride for some time now and  
heartily recommend her, I mean them, to you  
all. (he belches) That's better, where was I? Oh  
yes, I've known young Daphne . . .

APRIL Maureen.

FR O'SHEA Maureen, yes . . . and I heartily recommend  
her to you, Mutton, I mean . . .

FLORENCE Morrie.

FR O'SHEA Horrie.

HORRIE Eh?

MAVIS Drop off.

FLORENCE Morrie.

MORRIE Eh?

MORRIE stands up, confused.

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HORRIE Three cheers for Morrie!  
MAUREEN Not yet. Sit down.

He does so.

DARKIE Come on, Father, you're doing mighty.  
FR O'SHEA I have also had the honour of knowing the  
parents of Morrie for some weeks now, and  
know them to be a holy and a wholesome  
couple and justly proud of their son who is,  
as we all know, a splendid specimen of  
manhood.

ALL Hear, hear!  
DARKIE Knew he'd come good.  
FR O'SHEA (loudly; raising his glass) To Daphne.

Pause.: APRIL whispers in his ear.

Ladies and gentlemen. (pause.) I ask you all to  
be upstanding and charge your glasses.

Everybody stands.

To the bride and groom.

Murmurs, etc., everybody drinks.

FR O'SHEA I now call on the bridegroom, er . . . Boris.  
FLORENCE Morris.  
FR O'SHEA Morris, yes . . . to . . . step into the breach . . .  
may he have many more . . . (standing in front of  
official table, shakes MORRIE by the hand) Fire away,  
son . . . never trump your partner's ace before  
the barrier is up

He topples backwards again; O'SHEA hauls MORRIE  
forward across the table onto the wedding cake,

which is squashed flat.

Embarrassment.

MAUREEN and SHIRL wipe MORRIE'S front and face.

Pause.

Shouts of 'Speech Morrie' fill the air.

FATHER O'SHEA is left on the floor unconscious.

MORRIE stands.

Pause. Silence.

He opens his mouth to speak. No sound emerges.

BAYONET	Lower it to a roar Morrie.
KNOCKA	Give him a chance.
FLORENCE	He is always slow to start.
KNOCKA	Come on, son.
MORRIE	No worries.

Pause.

No worries at all.

Pause.

	Better out than in.
MUTTON	Not tonight Lucifer.
KNOCKA	Come on, son.
MORRIE	I would . . . er . . . er . . . like to thank my parents, my mother and my father.
MUTTON	Why?
MORRIE	Cos.
BAYONET	What about the Colonel?

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KNOCKA Ignore them son.  
MORRIE I reckon they've done real mighty.

Cheers.

Chord from the band.

Real fantastic, in fact.

Cheers.

MAUREEN Words cannot express my . . . er . . . er . . .  
MORRIE Appreciation.  
MORRIE Words cannot express it.  
DARKIE Well said.

Pause. MORRIE struggles heroically to speak.

FR O'SHEA hauls himself up on to his knees.

MORRIE I would also like to extend . . . er . . . a vote  
of thanks to the very reverend Father O'Shea  
for his . . . er . . . iron-like grip on the  
proceedings . . . er . . . here . . . er . . . er . . .  
tonight . . . In spite of . . . er . . . (terrible  
contortions on the face of MORRIE here) . . . er . . .  
of ill-health.

Cheers and loud chord from the band.

FR O'SHEA Trouble with the secret gases, Boris (he  
belches) a minor problem, my good boy.

Loud cries are now heard for DANGLES to speak.

MAUREEN Hey, shut up, you bastards! He hasn't  
finished yet.  
SHIRL Yeh, give him a chance!

MORRIE stands and opens and closes his mouth for some time. Silence. Pause. O'SHEA crawls back to his seat. MORRIE sits down, shy and defeated. *Why Was He Born So Beautiful* is sung. DANGLES stands, reads the telegrams.

DANGLES The Reverend Father Patrick O'Shea, Maureen and Morrie, parents, ladies and gentlemen. (pause.) Well I never thought I'd live to see the day. Morrie and me have been the best of mates for as long as I can remember. And for as long as I can remember, Reen here has had her hooks into him.  
(laughter. REEN is not amused) Her meathooks.

MUTTON Mutton-hooks.

DANGLES The lot, Morrie, wily tactician and smooth talker that he is, never had a chance. Even he couldn't hold out. The going was too tough. It's a depressing spectacle to see your best cobbler reduced to this (he gestures at MORRIS)

MAUREEN Think yer smart, don't yer.

DANGLES Hen-fodder. A door mat. I can vividly remember the days when Morrie, mounted on his new Norton, would scowl and spurn the company of girls. Any amount of them.

SHIRL What a laugh.

DANGLES Well, those days are at an end. We have here tonight a new and different Morrie, and far be it for me to suggest that it is not for the better, or for the worse, if you see what I mean, I must, however, do my duty and congratulate Reen on her success and this the happiest day of her life.

MAUREEN (bitterly) Thanks.

MORRIE Shhh.

SHIRL What a turd.

DANGLES Furthermore, I extend to Morrie my heartfelt

and sincerest sympathies on his bereavement from life.

APRIL Sit down, you yahoo.  
 DARKIE Shut up. This is most eloquent.  
 DANGLES I'd just ask, beg rather, that good old Reen there occasionally let Morrie off the hook, so the two of us can get together and let our hair down over a few jars. Finally, last but not least that is, I must compliment Shirl on looking her usual beautiful best. I only hope she's as good as she looks. Thank you.  
 MUTTON Give her one for me, Dangles!  
 BAYONET Fullpoints for tonight, Dangles!  
 MUTTON Let's hear it for Dangles!

Loud applause, mainly from the males.  
 Calls for DARKIE to speak.

BAYONET No more speeches.  
 MUTTON Dr Gallbladder is due to arrive!  
 HORRIE (standing) Ladies and gentlemen.  
 KNOCKA Shut your guts!  
 MAVIS Lay off, you bastard!  
 APRIL Come on, give him a chance!  
 DARKIE Ladies and gentlemen! (pause.) I'd just like to say how happy me and me wife are this evening. We both feel particularly proud of Maureen and equally proud of the choice she has made of a partner, the man to accompany her on life's journey. It will not be easy. I personally feel that Morrie has got what it takes for marriage, and I assure you Morrie old son, it takes a lot. I wish you every success in the undertaking. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. April and myself have become very fond of Morrie over the years and almost regard him as a son. So that while having lost a

daughter, we feel that we have gained a son.

Loud cheers from MUTTON and BAYONET.

For April and myself this is a most conspicuous occasion.

HORRIE Hear, hear.

DARKIE It will not be easy.

ALL Hear, hear!

DARKIE It takes two to make it work.

ALL Hear, hear!

DARKIE It has to be a team effort.

HORRIE, BAYONET, and MUTTON all scream 'Hear, hear!'

DARKIE Finally, I'd like to thank Father O'Shea for the way he has handled things. Well done, Father.

Loud cheers. FATHER O'SHEA is asleep.

Thank you. (he sits down)

More cheering.

MUTTON No more speeches.

HORRIE (standing) It is imperative that the father of the bridegroom be allowed to speak, if he should so wish, Angus?

MUTTON No more speeches.

BAYONET The Colonel is most displeased.

KNOCKA (standing) I'd just like to say that my wife, Florence and me are very pleased with the way everything has gone this evening, with the manner in which everything has been handled.



He sits down, abruptly.

- HORRIE (outraged) Is that all?  
 KNOCKA Yeh. So what?  
 HORRIE Allow me then to tie a few ends together. I think that the ladies responsible for the preparations deserve some thanks.  
 AGGIE You're a pain in the neck Horace.  
 HORRIE I also think that Lionel Driftwood and the Pile-Drivers deserve our warmest thanks.

Loud cheers.

- They have proved to be most able and sensitive accompanists. Finally, I would like to thank little Astrid for being so pretty and sweet as the Flower Girl!
- KNOCKA Sit down you drongo.  
 AGGIE (mildly drunk) Astrid is a spoilt and stupid little brat. It should have been said years ago.  
 MAVIS Hey! You bloody old crow, don't you talk.  
 ASTRID (sing-song) Aggie, Aggie, face like a bum, dirty and daggie!  
 KNOCKA Cut it out will you? You, Aggie. And you, Mavis. If you don't keep them under control, Horrie, I'll bloody well thump you.  
 HORRIE Christ, that's a bit rough.

Pause.

- FLORENCE Well, I think it's time to move.  
 APRIL Yes, Reen. Get ready, love.  
 MAUREEN Yes, we must go. Morrie's got a long drive ahead of him tonight. He'll have to sober up, too.  
 DANGLES I told you.  
 MORRIE No worries.

The members of the official table prepare to leave.

There is a general chatter; the band plays softly in the background.

The band breaks into the *Wedding March* of Mendelssohn, and the bridal party leave.

MUTTON manages to remove and hide MAUREEN'S wedding veil.

BAYONET, MUTTON, AGGIE and FATHER O'SHEA (still asleep) remain behind.

BAYONET    What's the damage, chief?  
MUTTON    What do you mean?  
BAYONET    How's it holding out?  
MUTTON    (walking to the table) I'll investigate.

MUTTON carefully examines and drains bottles. The band plays softly in the background.

BAYONET    (to AGGIE) Do you feel romantic?  
AGGIE       No.  
BAYONET    Give us a kiss?  
AGGIE       No.  
BAYONET    Come on Agatha. You know how I feel about you.  
AGGIE       Leave me alone.  
BAYONET    Not likely.  
AGGIE       Keep away.  
BAYONET    Got you, you lovely cuddly little thing.

BAYONET and AGGIE are now in front of the official table. BAYONET tries to kiss AGGIE. She at first resists, then succumbs, her hat falling off and her hair falling down in long tresses. They fall to the floor and embrace.

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Meanwhile MUTTON has collected a few bottles in his gladstone bag from the table. He now removes the biretta from FR O'SHEA's slumped and slumbrous head. He dons it, collects the wedding veil and climbs on to the official table from behind and above AGGIE and BAYONET.

AGGIE, underneath notices MUTTON. They get up and stand before MUTTON who hands the veil to BAYONET who in turn places it on AGGIE'S head. MUTTON marries AGGIE and BAYONET, opening two cans of beer and using the metal zips as 'rings'. He places a ring on the appropriate finger of each and blesses them. They kiss. MUTTON gets down behind. BAYONET indicates to AGGIE that they get under the official table for a quick one.

BAYONET lifts the table cloth, AGGIE climbs under.

BAYONET is about to join her when MUTTON comes around and whistles to BAYONET, offering him a can of beer. BAYONET accepts, drinks, and is led out by MUTTON. BAYONET looks back to where AGGIE is hidden, but is induced off by MUTTON.

Pause.

AGGIE's head appears from the other, back, side of the table. She looks around for BAYONET, stands, looks around again, then she sees FR O'SHEA. The violin and piano softly play *The Sheik of Araby*. She walks across to FR O'SHEA, pauses, then taps him on the shoulder. O'SHEA wakes up, she whispers in his ear, he smiles with a hint of lechery, picks up his biretta which MUTTON has returned, stands, dons the biretta, offers his arm to AGGIE. They leave arm in arm. *The Sheik of Araby* is raised in volume and

instrumentation as they leave. HORRIE enters and announces the final dance.

END

# In Ireland, Old Ireland

Words: J. Hibberd.

Music: L. Milne

**Steadily**

1. In Ire-land, old Ire-land the turf is tough, the turf is tough on the  
leeth. As are the tur-nips and heath, the beet-root's be-yond be-lief, the  
rhu-barb brings no relief \_\_\_\_ But by Jes-us the girls there are  
soft and sweet, the girls are soft \_\_\_\_ and sweet \_\_\_\_ And they  
know what their young lads, they know what their young lads, they  
know what their young lads like to eat \_\_\_\_

(Music: © 1973 Lorraine Milne)

# Mutton and Bayonet

Words: J. Hibberd

Music: L. Milne

**Bouncy**

**Intro.**

1 A mar-riage is made to be brok-en, the  
ring you wear is a horse-shoe taken, the  
bonds you forge at the al-tar are  
real-ly a yoke and a hal-tar

Repeat throughout  
dialogue — pick up  
song in sequence

(Music: © 1973 Lorraine Milne)