stand firm, you cads
by jonathan myerson
fourth draft

cast

in Abadan
ERIC BEEVOR oil man (British)
JANET BEEVOR his wife (British)
RASHID ZARIFI oil man (Iranian)
FITZY oil man, Eric's deputy (British)
VERA British
BRYAN BEEVOR aged 7 SARAH BEEVOR aged 12

in Tehran
SHEPHERD British Ambassador
WIDMAN British Embassy Trade Secretary
MOSSADEGH Prime Minister of Iran
HARRIMAN Special Envoy (American)
STOKES Lord Privy Seal (British)

in a single scene
KARAGBI negotiator
HARDINGE British Ambassador to Tehran (in 1901)
POLICEMAN Iranian
ENGLISHMAN in the cinema
WALLAH from the bazaar
FOREMAN Iranian
PEOPLE round the swimming pool, at the revue
SCENE 1. THE SHAH’S PALACE. THE GARDENS. 1901.

PEACOCKS ARE MEWING AS
KARAGBI COMES CHARGING OUT OF THE PALACE DOWN THE STEPS

KARAGBI It’s done, it is done!

HARDINGE My good man, do calm down.

KARAGBI The Shah has signed. (PAPERS) Here, he has signed. The whole concession. Look, look, look.

HARDINGE Did the Russians not – ?

KARAGBI Five thousand pounds spoke rather more loudly than the Tsar.

HARDINGE (ONLY?) Five thousand – ?

KARAGBI Mister D’Arcy gave me carte blanche. And the Shah needs ready money. Something to do with a woman. So I cabled London and we increased our offer to twenty thousand in cash and twenty thousand in shares and now it’s ours – for sixty years!

HARDINGE The Northern provinces?

KARAGBI (CONTINUING) Until Nineteen Sixty-One. All the oil we can find.

HARDINGE (INSISTING) And the five Northern provinces?

KARAGBI Everywhere but there. We don’t want to give Russia any umbrages.

HARDINGE All for forty thousand pounds?

KARAGBI And sixteen percent of annual profits.
HARDINGE  That's nothing. It's a matter of accounting.

KARAGBI  Not if there's as much oil as they say.

HARDINGE  More than we could ever use. Getting it out will be the problem.

KARAGBI  I must telegraph Mister D'Arcy in London.

HARDINGE  Indeed. I think we must. You have the oil, he has the company.

AND STRAIGHT INTO:

TITLES

AND THEN INTO:
SCENE 2.  ABADAN: TAJ CINEMA: APRIL 12

INSIDE THE CINEMA. THEY ARE WATCHING *THE WOODEN HORSE*. DAVID TOMLINSON AND LEO GENN ARE IN THE TUNNEL (55’30ish") ABOUT TO BREAK THROUGH TO THE SURFACE.

*TOMLINSON* Good luck, Pete. See you in Sweden.

IN THE AUDIENCE, ALL WHISPERED:

*BRYAN* What's Sweding?

*JANET* It's a country. Remember, darling, we looked at the atlas?

*BRYAN* Why are they going there?

*JANET* Sweden didn’t fight the Nazis – it was a safe place.

*BRYAN* Don’t they want to go home?

*VERA* (FURTHER ALONG THE ROW, IRRITATED) Shh, please, could you? We’re trying to watch the film.

*SARAH* Shhh.

AND NOW THE FILM EXPLODES IN SOUND (56’55’'). IN THE BARRACK HUT, THE SOLDIERS ARE BANGING AND CHEERING

*BRYAN* (EXCITED) What are they doing?

*JANET* They're – remember we explained they need to distract the guards.

BUT OVER THIS, THE CINEMA DOORS BURST OPEN AND A POLICEMAN RUNS IN, SHOUTING, NEAR-HYSTERICALLY:

1 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IEAy7kd0OlM
POLICEMAN  (BROKEN ENGLISH) All go! All must to go! (CONTINUE AD LIB)

SARAH  Mummy? What's happening? Mummy?

JANET  Shh. It's alright.

VERA  (STANDING) What's the meaning of this? What is all this?

OTHER MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE – NOT MANY – STAND AND MAKE EQUIVALENT NOISES, DURING:

POLICEMAN  (HYPED AND SCARED) Bad things. Must all people to go!

ENGLISHMAN  You can't just burst in here and tell everyone – (AS HE MOVES TOWARDS THE DOORS: SHOCK) – My God.

JANET  What's happening?

ENGLISHMAN  Seems to be some sort of riot, out there, in the streets.

VERA  Is it some religious hoo-haa?

POLICEMAN  All very bad, go now, please!

SARAH  Mummy!?

BRYAN  Mummy, I want to watch the film.

JANET  It's alright, just let me –

POLICEMAN  You go! Go! Please go!

ENGLISHMAN  We're not going out there, don't be a bloody fool.

RASHID  (RUNNING IN) Shut the doors! (IN Farsi:) Get your men, get out there! Out! Keep them back! Out!
AND RASHID PUSHES THE POLICEMAN OUT INTO THE FOYER AND SLAMS THE AUDITORIUM DOORS SHUT.

ENGLISHMAN What do you think you’re doing?

VERA Who is this person?

RASHID They’re everywhere. All over the streets, the houses, the gardens, in the bazaar also.

JANET Who is? I don’t unders –

RASHID Thousands of them, they have become very angry.

VERA Can’t see why they’d want to come in here?

RASHID They are angry with Anglo-Iranain. With anyone from the Company. I saw them – there was a car, they pulled one man out.

JANET Who was it? Is he alright?

RASHID SAYS NOTHING

VERA That’s outrageous.

ENGLISHMAN It’s that bloody man Makki, isn’t it? Stirring up the mob.

RASHID It’s – there are many problems.

AND NOW SUDDENLY THERE IS SHOUTING IMMEDIATELY OUTSIDE THE AUDITORIUM DOORS AND THEN THING ARE GETTING SMASHED, LOOTED. THE WOMEN IN THE AUDIENCE SCREAM

SARAH Mummy!

ENGLISHMAN We can’t stay in here like trapped rats.
JANET: We can't go out there.
RASHID: It would not be wise.
VERA: Those policemen, they haven't a damn clue. Someone needs to take charge, push the beggars back.
JANET: They've probably run away. I would.
SARAH: Mummy!
ENGLISHMAN: Bloody disgrace.
RASHID: I am very sorry. They know you are in here. We must get you out.
ENGLISHMAN: Run away?
JANET: Where?
BRYAN: Mummy, I want to see if the men in the tunnel.
SARAH: You've seen it, sweetie, you know they escape.
BRYAN: I want to see if they get out.
SARAH: Shut up, Bryan.
RASHID: There are houses along the back. I parked my car in front of the mosque.
JANET: You came here especially?
RASHID: I knew they would come. I was...
ENGLISHMAN: I'm staying here.
VERA: Then I'm staying.
RASHID  Madam?

JANET  (DITHERING) I...

MORE SHOOTING AND SHOUTING
THIS DECIDES HER:

JANET  Bryan, hold my hand tight. Sarah, you take his other hand. Nobody lets go, do you both understand?

BRYAN  } Yes
SARAH  } Mummy.

JANET  (TO RASHID) Alright. Thank you. Yes.

RASHID  We go through, behind here, there is a door. Quick, and be quiet.

CUT TO:
SCENE 3. TEHRAN: BRITISH EMBASSY: AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE. 1100.

PLUSH, WOOD-LINED, A LITTLE BIT OF ENGLAND.
WIDMAN STANDS IN FRONT OF THE AMBASSADOR'S DESK.
SIR FRANCIS SHEPHERD IS SEATED. AND ANGRY.

SHEPHERD They tend to shoot their Prime Ministers quite regularly, so there's still hope. Can't see the Shah putting up with this stuff much longer.

WIDMAN Mister Mossadegh seems very popular.

SHEPHERD Are you telling me you like him?

WIDMAN Never met him, sir.

SHEPHERD What do your people say?

WIDMAN People?

WIDMAN, 26, IS IN HIS FIRST POSTING. HE IS CLEVER AND KEEN BUT NOT TOO NERVOUS: HE'S THE NEW, POST-WAR GENERATION WHO WANT TO SEE THE WORLD CHANGE.

SHEPHERD "COMES FROM THE WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT SCHOOL OF DIPLOMACY" – HE'S EMPIRE NOT COMMONWEALTH.

SHEPHERD This embassy employs you to talk to the locals, Widman. The company employees. Sit them down, pour them a chota-peg, get the inside track – don't you?

WIDMAN They don't drink. Sir.

SHEPHERD You know what I mean, Widman. What do they say about Mossadegh?
WIDMAN They like him.

SHEPHERD Even though we have him to thank for this strike and rioting and mayhem all over the place?

WIDMAN One of them, he did say, the strike was the Company's fault. Not too bright to cancel the workers' danger money.

SHEPHERD The Company makes its own decisions.

WIDMAN The company is half-owned by His Majesty's Government.

SHEPHERD It was Mossadegh – he made it his business to whip up all the rioting. Get the idiots screaming and shooting.

WIDMAN Seems to have settled down, sir. We're hearing that up country, the well heads, what they call Fields, sir, most of the men have returned to work. Less so in the refinery, down in Abadan.

SHEPHERD And no thanks to this fellow – the one Mossadegh sent down there – sounds like Goebbels without the charm – what's his name – ?

WIDMAN Hossein Makki. He serves as Mister Mossadegh's representative on earth, sir. If I might put it like that.

SHEPHERD This speech of his yesterday, declaring that Anglo-Iranian Oil is in bed with the 'corrupt ruling classes'.

WIDMAN They are.

SHEPHERD That's because there's no choice. There isn't an incorrupt ruling class in this dashed country.

WIDMAN ...I'm not sure, sir.
SHEPHERD  That the Company must acknowledge 'the awakening nationalism'.

WIDMAN  It would be foolish to deny it.

SHEPHERD  What happened when nationalism awakened in Germany, Widman?

WIDMAN  I am aware, sir.

SHEPHERD  Did you serve?

A MOMENT, THEN:

WIDMAN  I just think that we need to examine Mister Mossadegh's proposals. A fifty-fifty profit split would shoot his fox. Sir.

SHEPHERD  And cost His Majesty's Treasury how much? Thought of that? Not cheap this National Healthy Service, the Coal Board, Gas Board. Our need to rearm?

WIDMAN  I think it would – [be effective in the long run]

SHEPHERD  His Majesty's Government has almost half a million troops posted throughout the world. Ever thought what that costs?

WIDMAN  I'm sure the Iranians are very grateful, sir.

SHEPHERD  You may be better genned up on Persia, young man, but this is my sixth embassy this side of Suez and, let me tell you, everyone, simply everyone out here has an axe to grind.

WIDMAN  Iran, sir.

SHEPHERD  What?
They – ever since the previous Shah – they much prefer 'Iran', 'Iranian'.

I want you to get in there, be our man in Mossadegh’s ear. We need to head off any talk of fifty-fifty profit splits.

You saw the memo? That the Americans have just offered this to Saudi Arabia? Standard Oil is willing to give up half its profits.

I don’t care if Freeman, Hardy and bloody Willis are splitting it three ways with the barrow boys out on the street. It's off the table here.

Sir, now Mister Mossadegh is in control, he’ll quite happily nationalise the entire industry.

The previous Shah signed the royalty arrangement, nobody forced him. Sixteen percent of declared profits, more than generous. Bloody Americans, they honestly haven't got a clue how to deal with these people.

CUT TO:

IMPORTANT THROUGHOUT: IN EVERY EXTERIOR SCENE IN ABADAN, THE REFINERY/FURNACE IS AN AUDIBLE HUM/GRIND IN THE BACKGROUND

NEXT TO THE SWIMMING POOL: KIDS JUMPING IN AND OUT AND SCREAMING.
JANET AND ERIC ARE ON CHAIRS NEARBY

VERA IS STANDING ABOVE THEM, JUST MOVING OFF:

VERA The sooner the lot of them are locked up, the better.

ERIC They’re trying, Vera. Another thirty arrested yesterday – according to this (NEWSPAPER).

VERA They’re printing the paper again? Where did you get it?

ERIC Front desk, piles of them.

VERA (GOING TO GET HER COPY) I can only hope they hang a few of the blighters.

AND SHE IS GONE

JANET Saint Vera, the holy martyr of Abadan.

ERIC Some hoodlum did snatch her handbag.

JANET (LIGHTING A CIGARETTE) That doesn’t make him a Communist.

ERIC, 38, IS AN OIL MAN: HE LIKES IRAN AND THE WORK IS FULFILLING. EVERYTHING ELSE IS SOMEONE ELSE’S PROBLEM.

JANET, HIS WIFE, 33, IS LESS CERTAIN, CAN SEE THROUGH SOME OF THE ATTITUDES, BUT SHE DOESN’T MAKE A FUSS. OR SHE TRIES
NOT TO. ULTIMATELY SHE DESPISES HER FELLOW EX-PATS MORE THAN THEIR ATTITUDES. IN SPITE OF HERSELF, SHE IS GROWING MORE BRITTLE, LESS GIVING.²

ERIC Never happened before all the trouble got stirred up. Can't remember one single –

JANET (CONTINUING) He was probably just hungry.

ERIC Then he shouldn’t’ve been on strike, should he? And he certainly shouldn’t solve his problems by stealing from a woman.

JANET She should have come with us. Instead of staying put.

ERIC You were fine, she was fine, that’s all that matters now.

JANET Yes, everything’s fine now. Soldiers on every street corner, a tank peeping over the hedge. Simply lovely.

ERIC He knows this nationalisation law is just a piece of paper, not a hope in hell.

JANET It’s our silver lining. Now Mossadegh claims it all belongs to him, he’s got to protect it.

ERIC Apparently the police went into the Apprentices Hostel yesterday, found a whole room stuffed with boxes of Communist Party leaflets. And – (QUIETER) Fitzy said – some stolen dynamite.

JANET Fitzy wants to fight the Third World War single-handed, dreams of crawling under some barbed wire to garrottle some evil Persian commie.

ERIC (DURING THIS) Is that man waving at you?

² FOR STAFF SPEAKING, SEE https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xY_t5o6JRro
JANET: What?

ERIC: That chap by the fence. Over there, past the climbing frame.

JANET: I think – (PEERING) yes, I think – it's the man.

ERIC: Who?

JANET: Who got us out of the cinema.

ERIC: Then why doesn't he come in?

JANET: You know perfectly well, Eric. (STANDING UP) He doesn't want to be asked to fetch someone's drink.

ERIC: He's allowed to – where are you going?

JANET: To talk to him. (CALLING OUT, AS SHE CROSSES) Sarah, keep an eye on Bryan and I'll buy you an ice-cream. (SARAH: Muuuuummy!) (TO ERIC, GOING) You watch them too.

ERIC: You can't just...he's a –

JANET WALKS ACROSS THE FLAGSTONES, SMOKING, MOVING AWAY FROM THE MAELSTROM OF THE POOL

JANET: Hello there!

RASHID: (AS SHE APPROACHES) Hello. Yes.

JANET: I mean, this is – how are you?

RASHID: I am very well. It is you I wish to know about.

RASHID, 27, WAS SENT TO STUDY ENGINEERING IN BRITAIN. HIS SPOKEN ENGLISH IS GOOD BUT CAUTIOUS, A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED. SO IS HIS PERSONALITY.
JANET  I'm very well, thank you. Completely recovered.  
(POINTING) Look, the children seem to have completely forgotten it all.

RASHID  Did he find out – if the men escaped?

JANET  The men?

RASHID  In the car, your son, he was talking about a film – the prisoners, the Germans –

JANET  (LAUGHING, REALISING) He'd seen it before. They all get away.

RASHID  That's good.

JANET  And you were alright, after you left us?

RASHID  Thank you.

JANET  I heard there's been something at the Apprentices Hostel. The people who were –

RASHID  That is very a bad thing. But I am not living there.

JANET  I see.

RASHID  I am in the Bachelor Quarters. I share with one other.

JANET  That's handy.

A MOMENT

JANET  My name – I don’t think I ever – it’s Janet Beevor.

RASHID  Beevor? That is an animal, isn’t it?

JANET  It’s spelled differently. Actually.
RASHID Oh.

A CONFUSED MOMENT

JANET Aren’t you going to tell me your name?

RASHID I am sorry?

JANET Your name?

RASHID Rashid. Zarifi.

JANET (TRYING TO PRONOUNCE IT) Zarify?

RASHID Almost.

JANET Does that mean anything? I don’t know much Farsi. Apart from (IN Farsi) Please and (IN Farsi) Thank You and More Ice, Boy.

RASHID No, it’s just – my father’s name.

ERIC (MARCHING UP; THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH) Hello there, Eric Beevor.

THEY CLUMSILY SHAKE HANDS OVER THE FENCE

JANET This is the young man, Mister Zafiry, who rescued us.

ERIC Chap who drove you home?

JANET I think, if he hadn't, we would’ve been –

ERIC Seems to be all settling down now.

RASHID It’s good to see the men back at work.

ERIC What department you in?

RASHID Super-fractionation.
JANET  My husband has been installing the new Catalytic Cracker.

ERIC  It's a 'Separator', darling, 'cracker's just what I call....

RASHID  That is very good. We hope – my department is hoping to be involved with your project.

ERIC  I'm sure your Manager will be making the right approaches. Who is he?

RASHID  Mister Loncroft.

ERIC  Good man, yes, good man.

FITZY  (CALLING OUT, DISTANT) Eric, come on, you laggard!

JANET  Where are you going?

ERIC  Just a quick nine holes.

JANET  It was cricket yesterday.

ERIC  That's why the Good Lord gave us weekends.

JANET  Do you play, Rashid?

RASHID  I would like – I have never –

FITZY  (FURTHER AWAY) Come on, Bobby Locke!

ERIC  (MOVING OFF) Janet, love, don’t spend too long, you know –

JANET  I was thinking, we should recompense Mister Zarifi somehow.

RASHID  That's not why I –
ERIC Of course, yes, silly me. (THEN A TOUCH FORMAL:) Thank you so much. I’ll speak to Loncroft about you. (GOING) It'll go in your file.

AND HE IS GONE.

JANET I meant something a bit more...Eric! (TO RASHID) I’ll think of something.

RASHID You are well. That is what matters. Your children are happy.

JANET Oh God, the children, they're – (SHE TURNS TO CHECK THEM IN THE POOL) – there's a lifeguard.

RASHID It was good to see you again.

JANET You too.

RASHID I wanted to – I wanted to make sure I saw you, Missus Beevor.

JANET Like I said, I'll think of some way to thank you.

RASHID I would be pleased if you....maybe we can.

CUT TO:
SCENE 5.

ABADAN: FLOOR ELEVEN OF THE CATALYTIC SEPARATOR. 1100.

ERIC AND HIS NUMBER TWO, FITZY, ARE WORKING ON THE MECHANISM, TESTING IT.

FITZY You’re working for the Persians now, old chap.

ERIC Get bloody lost.

FITZY The law’s been passed. It’s National Iranian Oil Company is your boss now.

ERIC I’ll believe it when they come and start to run the place. When they roll up their sleeves.

ERIC Give me – no, hang on.

FITZY Mondays, Wednesdays and half day Fridays, he’s your boss. That alright by you then?

UNLIKE ERIC, FITZY, 40, IS NOT UNIVERSITY-TRAINED BUT HE’S GOOD AT HIS JOB. HE’S A STRAIGHTFORWARD BLOKE, UNAWARE OF HIS OWN RACISM.

ERIC Alright, run it through – give me twenty barg.

FITZY Twenty on the nose, coming up.

HE CRANKS THE TAPS.

HISSING.

ERIC Pull it back.

FITZY The shunt valve’s slipping open.

ERIC It’s supposed to.
FITZY Not at twenty.

ERIC Let me just –

HE SPANNERS SOMETHING TIGHTER

ERIC (AS HE WRENCHES) Anyway, he turned it down.

FITZY That's just posturing. Old Messy Duck's going to go for it. Fifty percent of all profits, how can he resist that?

ERIC He's a fanatic. The man cries, bursts into tears – in public!

FITZY You know what it's like here, the top chaps trouser most of the money for themselves. He'll be quids in now. "Hello, is that Rolls Royce. Yes, send me three Silver Wraiths and two – "

RASHID (CALM) He does not take the money.

RASHID IS STANDING AT THE FAR END OF THE GANTRY. HE NOW APPROACHES, TENTATIVELY.

ERIC Crikey, where did you come from?

RASHID Mister Loncroft sent me.

ERIC Shortcrust? What does he want now?

FITZY Can't wipe his own arse without sending for a naffar.

RASHID Mister Beevor, sir, you wrote to him about me. My name is Rashid Zarifi.

ERIC (REALISING) Didn't recognise you, in your togs.

RASHID I am reporting for work. Sir.

ERIC But –
RASHID  Mister Loncroft has assigned me to you. I have been trained in electrostatic precipitation. And hydrodesulphurisation.

ERIC  Where was that?

RASHID  In the University of Birmingham.

FITZY  We sent you there?

RASHID  Yes, sir. I wrote a dissertation on the volatility of naphthene.

FITZY  Better look out, Eric, he knows more about this stuff than you.

ERIC  Science is all very well – (HE SPANNERS SOMETHING AGAIN) - now we have to get the thing working.

FITZY  You a big Mossadegh fan then? Mister Rashid? You sound pretty convinced?

RASHID  He is our Prime Minister. He will guide the Shah to the correct decisions.

ERIC  You want to see all this nationalised, do you?

RASHID  (NO) We are not ready for full ownership.

FITZY  Your Mister Mossydeck ready to run this whole place, the refinery, the pipes, the well heads, this whole town?

RASHID  I said, we are not ready.

FITZY  (UNSTOPPABLE) This was a desert, a marsh, now it's a city of thirty thousand people. Shops, markets, clubs. And everyone's got a job. That's British money, British know-how, British bloody sweat.
RASHID And Iranian oil.

ERIC This is all noise, isn’t it? All this stuff in your parliament? Him and his Law and his National Iranian Oil Company owns it all now?

RASHID Do you love your country, Mister Beevor?

ERIC Fought for it, didn’t I?

RASHID I also love mine. I want only the best for it. And your problem is in the return flow indicator. (HE TAPS IT) This gauge is mis-reading.

ERIC (BAFFLED) What?

RASHID It reads 230. If the flow was truly under 300, you could not hope to divert the pressure. Ergo, this gauge is mis-reading.

FITZY Ergo! Did you hear that, Eric? He's going to be doing your job pretty soon.

ERIC Well. Maybe. Let’s take a look at it. Got your spanner, Rish-Rash?

RASHID (STARTING TO CORRECT HIM) Rashid Za – (THEN:) Got it.

CUT TO:
SCENE 6. TEHRAN: MAJLIS: PRIME MINISTER’S OFFICE. 1100.

WIDMAN KNOCKS ON THE DOOR AND ENTERS
BUT FINDS MOSSADEGH IN BED AND SO IMMEDIATELY BACKS OUT.

WIDMAN I’m so sorry, I didn’t realise. I’ll come back.

AS HE IS CLOSING THE DOOR

MOSSADEGH Come, come in. Young man!

WIDMAN No, no, I’ll give you time to –

MOSSADEGH To what?

MOSSADEGH, 77, SPEAKS ENGLISH WITH A THICK IRANIAN ACCENT,
BUT WITH AN OVERTONE OF FRENCH (FROM YEARS IN
NEUFCHATEL). HE IS MERCURIAL, UNPREDICTABLE, ARISTOCRATIC,
HISTRIONIC.

WIDMAN (STILL THROUGH THE CRACK OF THE DOOR) To get
up, to –

MOSSADEGH Young man, this is my office. This bed is my desk.
Come in. There is a seat.

WIDMAN I’m from the Embassy, Prime Minister.

MOSSADEGH I am aware. You think those big men outside allow
anyone to walk in here?

WIDMAN I didn’t – [really think]

MOSSADEGH You are Mister Charles Widman, British Trade Envoy
and I change my pyjamas especially.

WIDMAN Very...um....
MOSSADEGH You think? My daughter says green is bad for my skin.

WIDMAN I – um – yes. Very nice, Prime Minister.

MOSSADEGH GIGGLES, HE’S LOVING IT.

WIDMAN I have been sent by the Embassy.

MOSSADEGH You said. Parlez-vous Français?

WIDMAN (NOT GOOD) Seulement un peu, pas depuis ma école.

MOSSADEGH Mon école. We will stay with English. So what do you bring me?

WIDMAN I was hoping – I wonder if we could talk about the Company.

MOSSADEGH The Former Company.

WIDMAN No, Anglo-Iranian. The Oil Company.

MOSSADEGH I have many ailments, young man, being deaf is not one of them.

WIDMAN I meant – sorry –

MOSSADEGH We firmly hope that all British staff will continue working for the Company. We admire their expertise and they will be well rewarded as members of Iranian National Oil.

WIDMAN I don’t actually think – [any of them will]

MOSSADEGH There will be nowhere else for them to work. Anglo-Iranian no longer exists.

WIDMAN It's trading all over the world.

MOSSADEGH It has no oil to sell, mon petit.
WIDMAN The concession –

MOSSADEGH Is cancelled. (TEMPER/DETERMINATION GROWING) We are at the end with Anglo-Iranian. They steal our money. They steal our oil. They steal the air from my people’s lungs.

WIDMAN Since 1901, all terms of the concession have been honoured without –

MOSSADEGH If there is so much honour, why do they refuse to show us the company accounts? So many times we ask. Why is everything such a secret? Why? Because they have been defrauding us! I would rather an atomic bomb came and wiped out every last drop of oil in Iran than Anglo continued to squat, like a...like an evil djinn on the back on my nation. The British have ruled us for too long and we will not suffer it one moment longer. Britain stains everything it touches. It’s evil, evil, evil.

A MOMENT. HE HAS STOPPED.

WIDMAN The Company has asked us –

MOSSADEGH What do you mean 'asked you'? Your government owns the majority, controlling stake. You can’t ask yourself to do something. My English is bad but not that bad.

WIDMAN His Majesty’s Government would like to recognise your national aspirations.

MOSSADEGH Mmmm?

WIDMAN I have been instructed to inform you of an offer. It’s all here. (PAPERS)

MOSSADEGH (DOING WEAK) I cannot. I am too weak. Read it to me.
WIDMAN: Well, to summarise, if I may –

MOSSADEGH: Be quick. I have already fainted twice today.

WIDMAN: The Company offers –

MOSSADEGH: (NOT SO WEAK) The former company.

WIDMAN: AIOC offers a payment of ten million pounds payable on this instant. And a further three million sterling payable every month while negotiations proceed.

MOSSADEGH: No.

WIDMAN: No what?

MOSSADEGH: Pas du tout, I have no intention of negotiating for our oil. It is in our ground. Why do I need to talk to anyone about it?

WIDMAN: All due respect, you can't just pass a law, say That's Ours Now.

MOSSADEGH: Haven't you, your British Labour government, nationalised your railways and your steel and your coal in your ground?

WIDMAN: This new offer is in addition to all royalty payments due under the supplemental –

MOSSADEGH: Where did you go to school, young man?

WIDMAN: Um...Clifton. Clifton College.

MOSSADEGH: Apart from the French, was it good?

WIDMAN: Well....I enjoyed it.

MOSSADEGH: Plenty of sport?
WIDMAN    Well...that wasn't really my –

MOSSADEGH  My grandson, I must find the right place for him.

WIDMAN    In England?

MOSSADEGH  Where else? He must be properly educated.

CUT TO:
SCENE 7. ABADAN: BACHELOR QUARTERS: BEDSITTING ROOM 1900.


RASHID You should not be here.

JANET Surely you aren't embarrassed? Genuinely?

RASHID I –

JANET You shouldn't be.

THERE IS A VAMPISH, DON'T-MESS-WITH-ME DETERMINATION TO HER TODAY. SHE'S HERE WITH PURPOSE.

RASHID This building. The Bachelor Quarters. There are rules.

JANET I imagine there must be.

RASHID About guests.

JANET Women guests, you mean?

RASHID I – yes.

JANET Meaning Persian women, yes? The women I see in the bazaar, with the make-up, standing round the cafés. Not your boss' wife.

RASHID There will be even more talk!

JANET Then shut the door.

A MOMENT.
THEN HE CAREFULLY SHUTS THE DOOR.

JANET I brought you this. A little present. To thank you.

RASHID I don't drink.

JANET Give me some credit, please. Unwrap it.

RASHID (STEPPING FORWARD TO THE TABLE TO UNWRAP IT) I'm sorry. It looks, the shape, like a bottle.

JANET Maybe it does.

RASHID It's a – (NOW UNWRAPPED) – it's a jug?

JANET A decanter. Do you have them here?

RASHID I have seen these, in the cabinets, at the club.

JANET (STEPPING) And look, here, I had it engraved.

RASHID "For Our Gallant Friend And Rescuer."

JANET The idea was to thank you properly. Now it all seems a damn idiotic thing to have –

RASHID This word below – 'Mucumulee'? I don't –

JANET That's the date. In Latin. Roman numbers. It says 1951.

NEEDS MORE MISUNDERSTANDING, MORE CULTURE CLASH, MORE EMOTION

SHE MOVES CLOSER, BESIDE HIM

JANET Look. I was actually good at this. M is a thousand. Then if you put a C before an M, that means nine hundred. So nineteen – it's because C means a hundred and –
THEY BOTH REALISE THEY ARE SHOULDER TO SHOULDER
JANET TURNS TO HIM:

JANET Not sure why I did that. It’s not some memorial, is it?

RASHID I remember, I see words like this on buildings, in Birmingham.

THEY ARE BOTH BREATHING

RASHID It’s beautiful.

JANET We use them for sherry and brandy and – you can use it for – (SHE’S QUITE HAPPY TO ASK) – what do you people drink?

RASHID Is water not adequate?

JANET Shall we christen it then? (QUICK CORRECTION:) I mean, use it, for the first time?

RASHID Yes! I will fill it. Please, sit. One moment.

HE OPENS THE DOOR

JANET Where are you going?

RASHID (BAFFLED) You said –

JANET You don’t have water in here?

RASHID We, the men share a kitchen – (SHOWING GRATITUDE:) – there is one on the floor below. We have water all day.

JANET (= DON’T) I don’t want to put you to any trouble.

HE SHUTS THE DOOR AGAIN.
RASHID   I – this is beautiful – thank you, Missus Beevor.

JANET    'Janet', for God’s sake.

RASHID   I will always treasure this, thank you, Janet.

JANET    You sound like you’re going away or something –
          (QUITE DEFINITE) – this doesn’t have to be the last time.

RASHID   Last time for...?

SHE’S NOT GOING TO ANSWER THIS

JANET    My husband says you are quite a catch.

RASHID   Catch?

JANET    You know absolutely everything, he says.

RASHID   Sometimes that is not good. I know that English
          people do not always like people who know too much.

JANET    Only the ones who are scared.

RASHID   Your husband is a very brave man. He showed me
          where the German shrapnel –

JANET    We really don’t need to talk about him.

RASHID   As you wish.

JANET    And it was Italian bloody shrapnel.

A MOMENT

RASHID   Is it true you are sending soldiers here? They say there
          will be an invasion.

JANET    Do we have to talk about that?
RASHID  There will be Jihad.

JANET  Gee-had?

RASHID  I don't know how to - a special sort of war. A war that is sacred, holy. The mullahs say go to fight and die and be an angel.

JANET  Nobody turns into an angel. You just die.

RASHID  I know.

JANET  (CONTINUING, BITTER EDGE) They put you in the ground and that's that. If you're lucky you get a stone and jar of scroggy daffodils once a year.

A MOMENT

RASHID  I am sorry. I have distressed you.

JANET  It's my fault. This whole thing, the decanter, the engraving, coming here. I think I misjudged the whole thing.

RASHID  (STRAIGHT) You didn't.

A MOMENT. THEN:

JANET  Oh. Right. Good.

RASHID  Yes. Good.

AND MIX INTO:
SCENE 8.

TEHRAN: MOSSADEGH’S HOUSE: BEDROOM. 1400.

MOSSADEGH IS IN BED
WIDMAN AND HARRIMAN HAVE JUST ENTERED

MOSSADEGH What do you think, Little Clifton?

WIDMAN About? Sir?

MOSSADEGH Pink. A much better colour for me, surely? The pyjamas.

WIDMAN Very nice – um – if I might introduce Mister Harriman.

MOSSADEGH I know this man. His fame proceeds him around the world.

HARRIMAN The protestors certainly knew who I was. At the airport.

MOSSADEGH That was unfortunate.

HARRIMAN Well able to pronounce my name. Especially following what I am now told is the Farsi for “Death To”.

HARRIMAN, 60, MIGHT BE FROM ONE OF THE WORLD’S RICHEST FAMILIES BUT THIS MAKES HIM A DISINTERESTED, UNTROUBLED DIPLOMAT.

MOSSADEGH Do not worry yourself. It is a standard formulation. I stub my toe and I shout "Death To The Bedpost!".

HARRIMAN And do you have the bed executed?

MOSSADEGH I have dismissed General Zahedi. He was responsible for – he whipped up all that rabble.

HARRIMAN Please, not on my account.
MOSSADEGH  He was in the pay of the British.

WIDMAN  Prime Minister, that is an entirely unfounded –

MOSSADEGH  These British, they are terrified of me, Harriman. And they want you to hate me too.

HARRIMAN  Averell, please.

MOSSADEGH  To them, I have become the most frightening thing – an Ism.

HARRIMAN  I'm sorry?

MOSSADEGH  They fear this thing called Mossadeghism will sweep through all their colonial possessions – first Tehran, then Baghdad, and then – quel horreur! – their precious Suez.

HARRIMAN  If we might – my President feels that the current stand-off is to no-one's benefit. I have been asked to bring the two sides to an understanding.

MOSSADEGH  Mmmmm.

HARRIMAN  We are very keen to settle the tanker issue. The logjam at the port.

MOSSADEGH  If they want to fill up with our oil, we require a receipt. Is that so extraordinary?

HARRIMAN  Which names the oil as property of the Iranian National Oil Company.

MOSSADEGH  Our Parliament passed the law. The Shah signed it. So that is who owns it.

HARRIMAN  The point is, no tanker has sailed since. No Captain can sign such a receipt.
MOSSADEGH  Very soon, they will not be able to –

HARRIMAN  Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Iraq are all compensating with increased output.

MOSSADEGH  My nation is the fourth largest oil exporter in the world. Nine tenths of Europe's petrol they tell me.

HARRIMAN  Prime Minister, if no oil flows, it is you who will go bankrupt.

MOSSADEGH  What was it you people said? "No taxation without representation"?

HARRIMAN  Especially since the International Court in the Hague has ruled that the Company –

WIDMAN  (QUIET PROMPT) The "former –"

HARRIMAN  The court said it should be allowed to continue to trade while –

MOSSADEGH BREAKS INTO GIGGLES
PUNCTUATED BY HARRIMAN SAYING 'Prime Minister?'
UNTIL:

MOSSADEGH  This court of yours. It adjudicates between nations. This is a dispute between a nation and a (DISPARAGING) company.

WIDMAN  (EXASPERATED) Last time – with all due respect, Prime Minister – you accused my government of being the majority shareholder, of being 'the company'.

MOSSADEGH  I do not recognise the jurisdiction of this court.

HARRIMAN  Then you will damage investment into Iran. None of the world's great corporations will dare to –
MOSSADEGH  Investment? (OUTRAGED) Investment!? It is theft! It is rape and butchery and looting! These people come here and all they do is take, they don't invest! How can you say such things to me? (RISING TO A TEARFUL PITCH) How can you sit there and pretend that you are saints and angels when they are devils and dragons and djinns and monsters! When my people live like slaves and –

AND HE FAINTS BACK ONTO THE PILLOWS

A MOMENT OF SILENCE, THEN, SHOCKED:

HARRIMAN  Prime Minister?

WIDMAN  (UNTROUBLED) It's alright.

HARRIMAN  What?

WIDMAN  Give him a moment. (TO MOSSADEGH) Prime Minister? Prime Minister?

HARRIMAN  Shouldn't I call the –?

WIDMAN  Prime Minister?

MOSSADEGH  (WEAKLY 'COMING ROUND') ....Did I faint?

WIDMAN  You did, sir.

MOSSADEGH  I am not a strong man. I can but give my last breaths for the nation.

HARRIMAN  Prime Minister, I do apologise – shall we call for –

MOSSADEGH  Please, continue – what was I saying –?

WIDMAN  (VERY UNTROUBLED BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT MOSSADEGH KNOWS IT'S ALL AN ACT) Devils, monsters, djinns, dragons, the Company that is –
MOSSADEGH (VERY QUICK) Former company.

HARRIMAN Sir, President Truman is very keen to continue with the agricultural aid assistance.

MOSSADEGH Tell him, then tell him that if the British invade, we will fight them.

HARRIMAN I would – my aim is to arrange negotiations between your government and the British government.

MOSSADEGH It’s impossible. I cannot accept any formal overture when they will not–

HARRIMAN Will you let me try? I intend to fly to London, see if Mister Attlee will send someone new to negotiate.

A MOMENT

MOSSADEGH You can try. It will not succeed.

HARRIMAN Good. Thank you.

AND THEN MIX TO:

JANET AND RASHID ARE IN BED, HE IS MASSAGING HER LOWER BACK.

JANET No, there, lower.

RASHID Here?

JANET That's it. That's...yes...amazing.

RASHID Your back – I mean – what do you call this? These bones?

JANET (FACE MUFFLED IN THE PILLOW) Vertebrae.

RASHID Berbebra?

JANET (LIFTING HER HEAD) Vertabrae. One vertebra.

RASHID Your vertebra is very tight. All here – so tight. You should relax.

JANET It would help if I didn’t have to go down to the Club every evening and hear about whose office has been taken over, who’s been sent back on the next plane.

RASHID Are many – ? [flying back]

JANET Or whose dog’s been put down. The mortuary must be standing room only.

RASHID Why do people – ?

JANET See, now I'm getting wound up again. (SHE SHIFTS IN BED, BACK ONTO HER BACK) Shift over. Oy.
RASHID (JOKEY) I am falling off. Look.

JANET They really don't spoil you with the fixtures and fittings, do they?

RASHID Perhaps you should go to the General Manager, insist he supplies us all bigger beds.

JANET Nice idea. If he hadn't already done a midnight flit.

RASHID (THIS IS BIG) Mister Drake is gone?

JANET Over to Basra. Your man Makki insisted on all the account books or he'd be arrested for sabotage.

A MOMENT.
JANET REACHES AND STARTS LIGHTING A CIGARETTE, DURING:

GET IN SOMEWHERE THAT OFFICES ARE BEING TAKEN OVER, THINGS ARE VERY NASTY, THAT IT WOULD ALMOST BE WORSE TO BE SEEN TALKING TO RASHID IN PUBLIC – TENSIONS ARE HIGH

RASHID Soon there will be no-one here.

JANET (MID-CIGARETTE) Well, not our fault, is it? Your people keep taking over our offices, saying they're in charge of this, in charge of that.

RASHID What happens when everyone is gone? The whole place will die.

JANET That's the plan, isn't it? To scare them off. (OF CIGARETTE) Do you want one?

RASHID Thank you, no.

JANET It'll all get sorted. (DRAG IN) Attlee's lot, they're sending out some big-wig from the cabinet. Sir
Somebody Somebody, Minister of Materials. Whatever that means.

RASHID Will he have anything new to say? To offer?

JANET Maybe it means, you know, he's in charge of velvets and brocade and flock.

RASHID What is 'flock'?

JANET Be bloody grateful you've never seen any. (SHE SQUEEZES HER ARMS ROUND HIM, WANTINGLY) There's so much about England you don't know.

RASHID Don't mock me, Janey.

JANET I love it! It's what I love most about you.

RASHID Love? Most?

JANET Along with this. (TAKING HOLD OF HIM)

RASHID Gently, please.

JANET I have to go in (CAN'T SEE HER WRIST) – shift your head – eleven minutes.

RASHID Why?

JANET Because I have children.

RASHID Are they alright?

JANET They're fine. They're blissfully unaware that their mother creeps off every time they're at After-School Pottery, bribes the door-keeper and sneaks up here.

RASHID You're the one who insists on sneaking.
JANET  And how long before someone mentioned it to my husband? Come on, Rashid, do show a little sophistication.

RASHID  I'm sorry.

JANET  This is my time off – I don't want it spoiled. (DRAG, THEN:) God, it's a relief to be here. So come on, ten minutes left. Relieve me.

AND THEN MIX TO:
SCENE 10. NEWSREEL.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i5gQZbvUdiM

FROM 2'40"
START WITH "MISTER HARRIMAN'S VISIT SEEMS TO BE BEARING FRUIT"

MAKE THIS A SCENE IN THE CINEMA, JANET AND ERIC WATCHING IT....JANET IS RATTY WITH HIM
SCENE 11. ABADAN: CATALYTIC SEPARATOR: 12TH FLOOR. 1600.

STOKES IS BEING GIVEN A TOUR BY ERIC, THEY ARE JUST CLIMBING THE LAST STEPS UP:

ERIC And on this level, we will be able to generate the fuel, very specialised, for jet aviation, butylene.

STOKES I can see why you’d want to keep your hands on this. It’s a masterpiece.

ERIC It’s more than that, sir.

BUT THEY ARE WALKING INTO A BIG ARGUMENT:

SIMULTANEOUS:

FITZY } I told you, mate, I don’t care if Allah himself appointed you, you’re not telling me what to do.

FOREMAN } (NOT GOOD ENGLISH) You go down, you collect new work sheets. You do all I say.

ERIC What’s this? Fitzy, Fitzy, I’ve got the Minister here.

FITZY This joker seems to think they’re sending up a whole crew of –

STOKES What’s going on?

ERIC (TO STOKES) Makki and his nationalisation bods – every week they send someone new, who announces he’s in charge of us.

FOREMAN (MEANWHILE, UNDER ERIC) All workers must approve from new committee. You go. Go, go!

FITZY } No, matey, you go. Toddle off out of here. (HUSTLING HIM OFF) You go and tell Mister Makki and his Forty
Thieves that we still work for Anglo-Persian. And no-one else.

**FOREMAN**  
(AS HE IS HUSTLED DOWN THE STAIRS) I speak Iranian Oil Committee. I speak Mister Makki. You will go. You will go. (AND MORE AD LIB)

**A MOMENT'S PEACE. THEN:**

**STOKES**  
Things aren't exactly easy for you.

**FITZY**  
There is absolutely no possibility of the Iranian staff being able to operate a Fluid Catalytic Separator like this.

**FOREMAN**  
(FROM THE LANDING BELOW) I send Mister Makki!

**FITZY**  
(SHOUTING DOWN) We're ready for him, Ali Baba, we're ready!

**STOKES**  
God, this is a desperate country. I mean the terrain as well, what you people are up against.

**ERIC**  
Oil's never easy.

**STOKES**  
Don't be modest. You've tamed this bastard. You men are the real heroes. (WIPING SWEAT) Does it ever cool down in this place?

**FITZY**  
Are you staying long?

**STOKES**  
The Prime Minister sent me here to negotiate. I'm here until it's settled.

**FITZY**  
You'll get used to it.

**STOKES**  
They've put us in this palace in Tehran, rather grand, but you know what Harriman says: no air conditioning. He goes off to his plane, they wrap up in blankets and chill it down to zero – while it flies around the city for a couple of hours.
ERIC But – ?

STOKES That's the thing about Americans, all frightfully get-up-and-go when the going's easy, but they have no idea what we endured to create this facility. And imagine what the Russians would think of us, if we gave up and handed it all over. There'd be fireworks in Red Square.

DURING THIS THE LIFT IS CLANKING UP ONTO THIS LEVEL AND THE DOORS ARE OPENING

STOKES Talk of the devil, here's comes Mister Hot And Bothered himself.

HARRIMAN They said you people were up here.

STOKES Looking a bit pale, old man.

HARRIMAN I am?

STOKES This is Mister Beevor, been showing me round. He's one of the wizards who designed this whole –

HARRIMAN It's a disgrace, Stokes, it's a god-damn disgrace.

STOKES Sorry? What?

HARRIMAN The way these people are living.

STOKES I was just commiserating with Mister Beevor here, the conditions out here are –

HARRIMAN I don't mean the company men. I mean the Iranians. They just took me on a tour. Somewhere called Kaghazabad.

ERIC You've had Mister Makki's tour of happy horrors, have you?
HARRIMAN  His what?

FITZY  He does it for every new visitor. Takes them round the slums. The crimes of the great colonial oppressor.

HARRIMAN  Slums? I've seen slums. These are – not fit for animals.

ERIC  All due respect, these aren't people employed by the company.

HARRIMAN  They work here!

ERIC  They get work here. Through local contractors.

HARRIMAN  Doing what?

FITZY  Menial work. Cleaning out the oil storage tanks, shifting sulphur cargoes. That sort of thing.

HARRIMAN  So they're required, essential even?

STOKES  The Company can't be asked to take responsibility for the thousands of Persians who turn up here, hoping for work.

ERIC  They'd be no work at all without the Company. This'd be a wasteland.

HARRIMAN  I'd rather see a wasteland than that place. They're not streets, they're rivers of mud and excrement. No water, no electricity. There are whole families sleeping in shacks – not even a shack – made of beaten tins and paper.

ERIC  'Kaghazabad', it means 'paper town'.

HARRIMAN  See? They know all about it! And do nothing about it.
STOKES The company pays well above the average. These people, they're like flies clustering round –

HARRIMAN The shit?

STOKES This? The world’s largest, most sophisticated refinery?

HARRIMAN Are you even remotely surprised how much they hate you?

STOKES Steady on, Harriman.

ERIC It's not exactly –

HARRIMAN If I saw this – if I was an Iranian politician and I saw this, I would drive you out of this country with my bare hands.

AND HE SWIVELS WALKS AWAY, SHOUTING:

HARRIMAN Open these gates, I'm going back to Tehran.

THE LIFT GATES ARE RE-OPENED

HARRIMAN (TURNING, FROM THERE) In all honesty, Stokes, I think you need to rethink your position.

AND THEN THE GATES ARE CLOSED

STOKES Poor chap. Just can't take the heat.

CUT TO:
SCENE 12. ROAD OUT OF ABADAN. CHECKPOINT.

THE CAR IS DRIVING UP TO THE CHECKPOINT.
WIDMAN LOWERS THE WINDOW.

WIDMAN Hello. This is a British Embassy car, we're travelling on –

POLICEMAN (PEREMPTORY) All out.

WIDMAN We've been here on official business, returning to Tehran.

POLICEMAN (DETERMINED) All out.

STOKES (FROM THE BACK SEAT) What's this about, Widman?

WIDMAN Not quite sure, sir.

POLICEMAN All out. We see pass. We see boot. Open everything. Now!

WIDMAN No, you don’t understand, this is a British Embassy –

POLICEMAN (YANKING OPEN THE CAR DOOR. FIERCE) All out. We see pass. Now!

STOKES For God’s sake, can they do this?

WIDMAN (GETTING OUT) I think it'd be better if we played along – things have been getting more demonstrative lately.

POLICEMAN Stand! You stand!

HE COCKS HIS RIFLE. THIS IS GETTING TERRIFYING.

STOKES (GETTING OUT) I am here as a representative of His Majesty’s –
POLICEMAN  Silence. We are the police. We say who drive. Show me pass.

STOKES    (OUTRAGED, FLABBERGASTED) This is – this is –

WIDMAN    I am so sorry, Sir Richard.

STOKES    They really do seem to think they run the place.

WIDMAN    They do, sir. They do.

CUT TO:
SCENE 13.  ABADAN: BEEVORS' BUNGALOW. 1100.

ERIC COMES IN THE FRONT DOOR, AT PACE:

ERIC  What the hell's that cart doing in our – ?

AND HE SEES THE BAZAAR WALLAH IN HIS FRONT ROOM

ERIC  What are you doing in here?

WALLAH  (FLUSTERED AND SCARED) Mister Sir – Madam is –

ERIC  Think you can just come in here, help yourself to –

JANET  (APPROACHING FROM ANOTHER ROOM) This is my husband. Eric, what seems to be the matter?

ERIC  Is this man....? 

JANET  We've been doing business.

WALLAH  Very good price, sir, very good.

ERIC  You mean – you've been selling him our things?

JANET  We can't take all this back to Surrey.

ERIC  Why do we need to –

JANET  It's come. (PAPERS) Our marching orders. Look.

ERIC  Give that to me. (SNATCHING, READING) If I go now, the whole thing will –

WALLAH  Very good price. All very good.

ERIC  Do shut up.
JANET  Mrs Addison said this chap was reliable and honest.

**THIS SCENE DOESN’T YET FEEL LIKE HER MARRIAGE IS DISTURBED**

ERIC  Have you let him look round the whole place?

JANET  What do you mean?

ERIC  (SEMI-WHISPER) They case the joint. If you won't sell it to them, they'll break in here later, just take it.

JANET  You do talk a lot of nonsense, Eric.

ERIC  (SUDDENLY DOGGED) I'm not going.

JANET  They've sent us the letter, Eric. "Mr and Mrs Eric Beevor – Evacuation arrangements, Suspension of services." You think I want to go?

ERIC  (TEARING UP, BUT HOLDING IT DOWN) I've spent the last two years of my life on that cracker. A year before that in prototype.

OVER THIS:

WALLAH  Missus?

JANET  Stay there.

ERIC  (CONTINUING) Why the bloody hell should I give it to the Persians? Why the hell? I made it, I built it, me and the boys – there's engineering work that no-one else has ever – And it's mine. And they'll just – (TEARS TURNING TO ANGER: HE SWIVELS TO THE WALLAH) – you will, won’t you?

WALLAH  Sir, very good price.
(TURNING ON HIM) You'll wreck it like you've wrecked this whole country.

Eric, stop it.

Look at him, in his dressing gown and his silly turban. Do you really think these people can run the world's biggest refinery?

He's from the bazaar. He's not claiming to –

They're all the same. They're all the bloody same. (DEFIANT) I'm not going. I'm not leaving this place. (TO WALLAH) You can bugger off too.

Darling, planes are taking off every day. The place is deserted. You told me half the fields have shut down.

Why do you think Stokes was here? He'll sit down and sort it.

Missus, phonogram? Yes? I take?

(TO WALLAH) Wait.

(TO WALLAH) Nope, that's it. Out, get out! Off you go, back to your stinking bazaar.

Eric!

(RUSHING HIM OUT) Get out, we're not leaving, that's it.

Eric, I spent the last two hours haggling with –

THE DOOR SLAMS AND HE IS OUTSIDE

I'm not selling the phonogram. In fact – (HE STRIDES OVER) – why don't we have a little dance?
HE IS TURNING IT ON AND LOWERING THE NEEDLE

JANET  Eric? Wouldn't everything be better if we went back?

ERIC  (OF THE MUSIC) Yes, this'll be just right.

JANET  Eric, please listen. I think we should go.

THE MUSIC STARTS – DORIS DAY’S *BEWITCHED, BOTHERED AND BEWILDERED* – AND HE WALKS BACK OVER TO JANET, ARMS UP, READY TO DANCE.

JANET  Please don’t, Eric. I don’t want to.

ERIC  Come on, you said you liked this one.

JANET  (SHE IS TRYING TO TELL HIM – WITHOUT ACTUALLY TELLING HIM) Everything’ll be so much easier back in Reigate. Listen to me, Eric, please.

ERIC  Just a little dance...come on...

JANET LETS HERSELF BE TAKEN
THEY DANCE A COUPLE OF STEPS
THEN, FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS:

SARAH  Mummy, what are you doing?

JANET  Dancing.

BRYAN  It’s still light.

JANET  You can dance in the day too.

SARAH  What were you shouting about?

THEN, WHISPERED:

3 [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UQO5TKgqBNC](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UQO5TKgqBNC)
JANET       Eric?

ERIC        Mmmmm.

JANET       What about them?

ERIC        (FLAT) Oh, they'll have to go back. You can –

JANET       If you’re staying, I’m staying. Margaret can have the children.

ERIC        Really?

JANET       I’m not leaving you here.

ERIC        I thought you said –

JANET       Don't go at me, Eric.

ERIC        These days, darling, I really don't know. I don't know the first thing about you. Where do you go to?

JANET       I'm sorry.

ERIC        For what? (THEN:) What on earth do you have to be sorry for?

CUT TO:
SCENE 14. OUTSIDE THE MAJLIS.

THEY ARE STANDING BY THEIR CARS. THE TRAFFIC IS GOING PAST.

STOKES What does that mean, we "can't go in"?

WIDMAN Today's discussions have been cancelled. That's all it says.

HARRIMAN Is he ill?

SHEPHERD (DRY) How would you tell?

STOKES There really is a clock ticking, you know.

HARRIMAN We are all well aware of that.

STOKES You saw that memo yesterday, the oil storage tanks will be full by the end of the week.

HARRIMAN I did.

STOKES When they're full, we stop pumping and there's nothing left to do. We all go home.

HARRIMAN He knows.

STOKES Full shutdown. No oil, no wages, no revenue.

HARRIMAN He knows.

STOKES Then why won't he negotiate?

A MOMENT OF SILENCE AND EXASPERATION. A LORRY BELCHES PAST. WIDMAN COUGHS.

HARRIMAN Back tomorrow then, everyone?
AND THEN MIX TO:
SCENE 15. ABADAN: THE GYMKHANA CLUB. 1100.

THEY ARE SITTING ON THE VERANDA.
THERE IS NO-ONE IN THE SWIMMING POOL.
[AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME: THERE IS NO BACKGROUND HUM FROM THE REFINERY]

NEEDS FOREBODING
IT IS TOO RELAXED
THE FALL OF EDEN
REAL APPREHENSION REQUIRED

JANET I can't get over the quiet.
FITZY The pool, you mean? None of the little'uns?
JANET The whole refinery, Fitzy. I've never heard this place sound like this.
FITZY What sound is it?
JANET Nothing. Silence.
ERIC You do always exaggerate these things.
JANET The furnace is off!
ERIC It's still ticking down. Listen.

BUT THERE IS NOTHING.
JUST THE HUM OF TALK FROM OTHER TABLES, ICE IN GLASSES.

TIME TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT:

FITZY Did you hear, dockside manager's been given his marching orders.
ERIC Do you two have to be so maudlin?
JANET  What did he do? Not do?

FITZY  (ABASHED) Complained to Makki that the police are doing nothing to stop the pilfering.

JANET  How can they? This place is enormous. There's nobody around.

FITZY  They could try. A few well-targeted patrols.

JANET  It's too tempting. It's our fault for pulling everyone out, turning it all off.

ERIC  I did my rounds yesterday, the new brass calibrators, you know, Fitzy, we only replaced them on Friday, after the last lot went – gone again.

JANET  Why do you bother, Eric?

ERIC  I can't bear to see – it's about more than –

DURING THIS A GROUP OF YOUNG MEN, SPEAKING FARSI, JOKING AND MUCKING AROUND, HAVE ERUPTED ONTO THE VERANDA.

ERIC  What's going on?

JANET  Is that, is that the staff?

ERIC  Don't care who it is.

THE MEN HAVE BEEN UNDRESSING AND NOW ARE DIVING/JUMPING INTO THE POOL

ERIC  What the bloody hell – ?

FITZY  I say, steady on.

ERIC  Where's the steward? (CALLING OUT) Steward! Waiter!
OTHER CLUB MEMBERS ARE CALLING OUT:
Service!
Where’s the Steward, somebody get Vera!
What do they think they’re doing?

ERIC This was always going to happen.

FITZY It’s not going to bloody happen when I’m here. I’ll get in there and get them out.

ERIC Leave it to the – please – don’t.

RASHID (SWIMMING UP TO THE POOL EDGE, WIPING THE WATER FROM HIS FACE, VERY POLITE:) Missus Beevor. Mister Beevor.

ERIC My God.

JANET (SHE HAS ALREADY CLOCKED HIM, GRITTED) What the hell are you here, Rashid?

RASHID We have come for a swim. It's good.

FITZY It's not your bloody club. What the hell are you – ?

RASHID Isn't it?

IRANIAN YOUTH (IN Farsi) Come on, Rashid, leave them alone!

RASHID (OVER HIS SHOULDER, IN Farsi) I'm coming. I'm coming.

JANET Please, Rashid, just go. (Sottoish) Why do this? Here?

RASHID Your pool has been nationalised, Mister Beevor.

FITZY Very funny.
RASHID It's alright, look – (HE RUBS HIS ARM) – it doesn't come off. Your water won't go brown.

JANET For God's sake, Rashid.

FITZY Where are the police when you need them?

ERIC There's a membership waiting list, you know. If you want to apply, I'd be happy to propose – [you for membership]

RASHID We've started a new list, Mister Beevor. It's called Mossadegh's List – says everything belongs to us now.

ERIC Didn't have you down for hothead, Rashid.

FITZY We taught you everything. And this is how you – ?

RASHID I see you keep the cracker still perfect, Mister Beevor. We thank you for that.

JANET Please, Rashid, don't do this.

RASHID It's not personal.

VERA (CHARGING OUT) You men, out of there at once. Enough of this nonsense.

RASHID This is our pool.

VERA It most definitely is not, you beggars.

RASHID (PUSHING BACK INTO THE POOL) Come and get us. (TO JANET) Goodbye, Missus Beevor.

VERA PACES ROUND THE EDGE OF THE POOL, SHOUTING AT THEM (AD LIB):

FITZY He's changed.
JANET: Is it him or is it us?

ERIC: Don't be ridiculous.

JANET: We didn’t used to – it's so spiteful.

ERIC: What is?

JANET: This whole – this packing up and going home.

FITZY: It's a negotiation, Janet.

JANET: It's playground bullying. It's nasty and it's downright thuggish.

**DOES SHE GET RASHID FIRED HERE?**

AFTER A MOMENT:

ERIC: What did he mean "it's not personal"?

JANET: (MOMENTARY FALTER, THEN:) Us. The British, the Company, I suppose. How am I supposed to know?

**CUT TO:**

JANET IS ANGRY.
RASHID IS APOLOGISING, NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

SHE SHOULD LEAVE IN TEARS, HUMILIATED IN A MESS
THOUGHT SHE COULD DO THIS FLIPPANTLY...BUT SHE HAS JUST MADE HER OWN SITUATION WORSE

RASHID  I didn't think you would be there. I'm sorry. It was the other men. It was their – [idea]

JANET  It'll be yours soon enough. You can swim up and down, left and right, once we're gone.

RASHID  It will be negotiated. It will all return to before.

JANET  I see, so you thought you'd sneak in and have a quick swim while you had the chance?

RASHID  That's not what –

JANET  It was monumentally embarrassing.

RASHID  Did I offend the great white lady? I'm sorry I wasn't your quiet little native boy.

JANET  You can be quite sharp when you want to be, can't you?

RASHID  Was this all one of your plays? Was it? One of those things where you all dress up, at the Gymkhana Club, pretend to be different people, pretend to be good at love.
JANET: God, I thought we could just...make this whole place a little less tedious. I thought you might even be a little grateful.

RASHID: You are the great prize and I should be humbled to even –

JANET: Stop being so bloody holy about it. You got to sleep with a white woman, didn’t you?

RASHID: You think you are my first?

THIS STOPS HER.

THEN:

JANET: You think you are?

A MOMENT, THEN:

JANET: So...lots of notches on everyone's bedpost.

RASHID: I do not know what this means.

JANET: Birmingham didn’t teach you everything?

RASHID: Thank you, very much, Mrs Company Woman for paying for me to go to your British University and learn many wonderful things about how to use my own oil.

JANET: Don’t start all that again.

RASHID: You keep mentioning it. I don’t care, Janey, I don’t care. I have a good job. I’m not one of those people. I am not your enemy. Mossadegh's a madman. I don’t want what he wants.

JANET: (CALMING) You want me to forgive you?

RASHID: What have I – ?
JANET Alright, Rashid. You've done nothing wrong. You do everything right. You even saved me from the howling mob. Well done. Though some nights, I'm lying there awake and wish you never had.

RASHID Janey.

JANET I'm so sick of it. It used to be boring, I was desperate for something to happen. But now it's – they've sent my children back, did I tell you?

RASHID You must be sad.

JANET We've all been behaving stupidly and I've have clearly been the stupidest. From the day I came here with that stupid decanter. Look at it. You don't even drink! Nothing but stupid.

RASHID Please. Don't go. Not like this.

JANET Where's my other –?

RASHID There. Under the –

HE MOVES ACROSS AND HANDS HER THE OTHER SHOE. SHE SLIDES IT ON. SHE BREATHES.

JANET It was fun, Rashid. But you spoiled it.

RASHID I spo –?

JANET Abadan's changing. It's not – this is the last time.

RASHID Janet.

JANET Don't make it tawdry. (CHECKING HER HANDBAG, CLICKING IT SHUT) Goodbye, Rashid.

SHE OPENS AND SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HER.
RASHID (QUIETLY, NOT ESPECIALLY SURPRISED) Goodbye, Janet.

CUT TO:
SCENE 17. 


ALONGSIDE THE ORNAMENTAL POOL, STOKES AND SHEPHERD AND HARRIMAN AND WINDER ARE DINING WITH MOSSADEGH

NEEDS A NEW MOSSADEGH TONE, A STRONGER MAN: HE CHUCKS THEM OUT

MOSSADEGH THROWS A MORSEL OF FOOD INTO THE WATER

MOSSADEGH See, even the fish in Iran have enough food. They refuse mon petit pain.

HARRIMAN Prime Minister, you know the national economy is entirely reliant –

MOSSADEGH Look, they swim around, they are happy fish.

HARRIMAN – (CONTINUING) entirely reliant on the Anglo-Iranian royalty payments. You cannot hope to function without –

MOSSADEGH We can sell it ourselves. We are a nation of merchants.

HARRIMAN Anglo owns all the tankers.

WIDMAN Prime Minister, it will be very difficult for you to sell the oil without the Anglo-Iranian Sales network.

MOSSADEGH We are willing to compensate the former company for everything –

STOKES We are still waiting to hear your response to our latest offer.

MOSSADEGH Your new company that will be created to sell the oil?
HARRIMAN  That's right, an entirely new consortium.

STOKES  With several places on the board for Iranian delegates.

HARRIMAN  Iran will be responsible for the sale and distribution of all oil and oil derivatives within Iran.

SHEPHERD  All exploration and drilling will be transferred to Iranian control.

MOSSADEGH  And after expenses and amortisation of compensation, Iran will receive what percentage of profits from the sale of the oil?

STOKES  Um...

MOSSADEGH  I can read, Sir Richard. I can do sums.

STOKES DOESN'T WANT TO ADMIT THE ANSWER. WIDMAN CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER, IT BURSTS OUT:

WIDMAN  It's fifty percent.

SHEPHERD  Widman!

MOSSADEGH  Thank you, Clifton. You have been here for nearly three weeks and now you have come back to me with the very same fifty-fifty split. The same contractual offer – with all due respect, Mister Harriman – which you first arrived with.

HARRIMAN  There are significant diff –

STOKES  We're handing the whole thing over to you.

MOSSADEGH  Yes, drilling, transportation, refining – all the expensive work, on the ground.

STOKES  It's all expensive.
SHEPHERD  Anglo-Iranian has ploughed seven hundred million pounds into your country.

MOSSADEGH  You give us all except one thing.

NO-ONE DARES ASK WHAT THEN:

WIDMAN  What one thing, Prime Minister?

MOSSADEGH  Control. The new company will be the former company under a new name. Your government refuses to let go.

THERE IS SUDDEN GOLLOP AS A FISH TAKES THE BREAD OFF THE SURFACE OF THE WATER ALONGSIDE.

MOSSADEGH  Look, a hungry one. Almost as hungry as your Mister Attlee.

SHEPHERD  I don't feel that's fair about –

MOSSADEGH  Or your Mister Churchill, with his muskets ready to shoot us.

HARRIMAN  Really, I don’t think you should take too much notice of –

MOSSADEGH  This is offensive. You get out your carbon paper and send us exactly the same offer as months ago.

STOKES  We didn't –

MOSSADEGH  We are willing to negotiate the sale of oil to Britain for its own needs, the transfer of your technical staff to NIOC and the compensation for your assets.

SHEPHERD  How do you begin to assess forty years of sweat and illness and death?
MOSSADEGH You have not listened to a word we have said. Our laws – our oil has been nationalised!

SHEPHERD You can't go round just telling people abracadabra your property now belongs to someone else now.

MOSSADEGH Really? Nationalisation is wrong?

STOKES That was the British Government coming to an honest arrangement with British –

HARRIMAN Mister Prime Minister, I really would like to aid you in coming to some sort of –

MOSSADEGH (RIGHT ACROSS) Where is Missus Harriman tonight?

HARRIMAN We didn’t feel this would be a suitable –

MOSSADEGH Beauty is always welcome at my table.

HARRIMAN That’s very kind of –

MOSSADEGH In fact, she was the only reason I accepted your invitation.

STOKES Our proposals –

MOSSADEGH Have completely ignored the laws of my land. Have dressed up an old offer in new couture.

STOKES Mister Prime Minister, the oil storage tanks at Abadan are full. The Fields are no longer pumping. If we do not reach a solution today, tomorrow, there will be no alternative but to –

MOSSADEGH Don’t threaten me, Sir Richard.

SHEPHERD It’s not a threat. It’s a statement of fact, if we can’t ship the oil, and we can’t store it anymore, it’s over. Final switch-off and up sticks.
MOSSADEGH Your residency permits, the permits for all your oil men, I shall cancel them. Seven days.

STOKES We are quite ready to ban all British exports to Iran. Sugar, steel.

MOSSADEGH We can make our own.

SHEPHERD LAUGHS DERISIVELY

STOKES And freeze all your British-held bank deposits.

HARRIMAN Steady, Stokes, we do have to take into account the legitimate aspirations of the Iranian people.

SHEPHERD It will do irreparable damage to your economy.

STOKES It will hurt, Mister Prime Minister. Not you, in your palaces, it will hurt your people.

MOSSADEGH My people are ready for pain. Pain will only remind them what they are fighting for.

STOKES I don’t think you have the faintest idea, Mister Mossadegh. If we are forced to finally withdraw from Abadan – whether you cancel your poxy little residence permits or not – you won’t sell one drop of your blessed oil. We will interdict any ship trying to leave that port. And we have friends – do you honestly think Shell or Aramco or Socony-Vacuum will send their tankers here if we give them the nod?

MOSSADEGH That would be a cartel under –

STOKES Damn right, a cartel of honesty. An alliance of nations and companies who don’t think upstarts can come along and swipe decades of hard work, decades of sweat. Show me a single bloody Persian who’d ever have built a tenth, a hundredth of what we have put
into your country. We've made you rich. We've got the oil out. And you're not bloody selling a drop without us. So what do you think of that?

HE IS SPENT.

MOSSADEGH (QUITE CALM) Tant pis pour nous.

SHEPHERD What?

MOSSADEGH Tant pis pour nous.

WIDMAN "What a shame for us."

MOSSADEGH Well done, Clifton.

HARRIMAN Prime Minister –

MOSSADEGH Tant pis. Tant pis.

CUT TO:
SCENE 18. NEWSREEL

FITZY GETTING ON A BOAT
SLAVES
SCENE 19. ABADAN: CATALYTIC SEPARATOR: FIFTEENTH FLOOR GANTRY. 1000.

ERIC IS ON HIS KNEES, FURIOUSLY MIXING CEMENT, BY HAND, WITH A TROWEL. IN THE HEAT, IT'S HARD WORK.

RASHID WALKS SLOWLY ALONG THE METAL GANTRY TOWARDS HIM. THEN COUGHS TO ANNOUNCE HIS PRESENCE.

RASHID They said you were up here.

ERIC SAYS NOTHING, THEN:

ERIC What do you want this time?

RASHID They saw you come up here.

ERIC You lot've all been sacked, haven't you? Get lost.

RASHID Suspended.

ERIC It's all over, chum, let me tell you. It's Goodnight Vienna.

RASHID I know.

A MOMENT, THEN:

RASHID Is there anything — [you want help with]

ERIC It's the bloody blowback valves.

RASHID What's wrong with them?

ERIC Been half-inched, haven't they?

RASHID (CONFUSED) Half-inch valves?

RASHID You're just going to cement them up?

ERIC If the blowback gets through the sidecut stripper, it'll destroy the entire distillation column.

RASHID But cement?

ERIC Lesser evil, chum. Lesser bloody evil. Got to be done. It'll protect the core.

RASHID (BENDING DOWN) Let me help you.

ERIC (GROWLING DOG) This is mine. I'm doing it. You services have been dispensed with.

RASHID What else am I supposed to do? Just let the whole thing – [go to waste]

ERIC I don't care about Mossadegh, I don't care about stupid Stokes and Harriman and Attlee and – I don’t care about Mossadegh and Makki and his howling mobs. I don’t care if the Parachute Brigade lands all over Abadan, I'm staying here. This is mine. They're not taking it.

RASHID (CONFUSED) But your permits, they’re cancelled, yes?

ERIC This – this whole thing – will you look after it for me?

RASHID For you?

ERIC Forty years we've been building this and now we're told to throw it away. Sod off back to blighty, leave the Persians to wreck it, show them how much they need us. It's childish, Janet's right. It's destructive.

RASHID Is Missus Beevor still – ?
ERIC She’s insisted on staying. To the end. She’s the star of the farewell revue.

RASHID Review?

ERIC The last of us. Putting on a little show, at the Gymkhana.

RASHID You British.

ERIC 'Stand Firm, You Cads.' (THEN:) That's what it’s called, I mean. The revue.

RASHID Is that humour?

ERIC Of the gallows kind. (AS HE RETURNS TO HIS CEMENTING: HE IS MAKING A MESS) I’m making a stinking mess of this, aren't I?

RASHID Too wet. Here.

HE CAN'T STOP HIMSELF GETTING INVOLVED. HE POURS MORE CEMENT INTO THE MIX.

ERIC What are you – ?

RASHID Give me the trowel.

HE MIXES IT UP.

RASHID I'm sorry, Mister Beevor.

ERIC What have you done?

RASHID You have been good to me, you have taught me much. And it hasn't been right. What's happened.

ERIC It's not your fault. It's the blessed politicians.

RASHID No, I didn't – it wasn't only – I could have –
ERIC You think I mind about that swimming pool thing? Boys will be boys, God, I know that.

RASHID (SEIZING ON THIS) Yes, that, I am sorry for that.

HE HANDS THE TROWEL BACK TO ERIC

RASHID Try this. Stiffer mix.

ERIC Thanks.

ERIC WORKS THE CEMENT INTO THE OPENING.

RASHID Makki says if the British go, it means you are going to invade.

ERIC Maybe we are – the Chief of Staff doesn't always check with me beforehand.

HE TROWELS SOME MORE. THEN STOPS:

ERIC Look at this thing, Rish-Rash. It is beautiful. It is so beautiful. Will you take care of it?

RASHID Of course. It's ours now.

CUT TO:
SCENE 20.  
ABADAN: GYMKHANA CLUB: WINGS OF THE STAGE: 1945

WHISPERING IN THE WINGS AS THE APPLAUSE DIES AND THE MC ANNOUNCES

JANET I can't.

ERIC Go on, love, you can. You were great in the run-through.

VERA Next up, ladies and gentlemen, in the Abadan Gymkhana Farewell Revue, we have the gorgeous, the indomitable, Missus Eric Beevor, giving us her own special Abadan version of Doris Day. (CALLING HER ON) Janet!

THE AUDIENCE APPLAUDS HER ON

ERIC Go on.

JANET WALKS ONTO THE STAGE, AND SITS AT THE PIANO.

JANET I hope you like it.

SHE STARTS PLAYING A SHORT TO BEWITCHED, BOTHERED AND BEWILDERED, QUITE FAST, AND THEN STARTS SINGING:

JANET My wells are dry, my pipes are dry,  
Useless and toothless, off we fly  
BeMakkied, Attleed and Mossadeghed, are we.

THE AUDIENCE LAUGH AND APPLAUD AND STOMP. SHE CONTINUES:

Couldn't pump, and wouldn't pump,  
Then Stokes came and told us, we shouldn't pump.  
BeMakkied, Attleed and Mossadeghed, are we.

MORE CHEERING
Lost my oil, but what of it? He can't use it, we agree. He can rant, he can faint, although the rant's on me –

AT THIS POINT THE PIANO PLAYING STOPS
THE AUDIENCE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT
SHE DECIDES TO CONTINUE AND STUMBLE THROUGH:

JANET I'll pump for him, refract for him,
But long for the day when I imprison him.
BeMakkied, Attleed and Mossade –

AND NOW SHE STANDS UP AND:

JANET I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I can't.

FROM THE WINGS, BIG WHISPER:

ERIC What's wrong? Darling?

JANET This is wrong. This whole thing. I've done everything wrong.

ERIC What? What, Janet?

JANET I think I'd like to go back home now.

SHE WALKS SLOWLY OFF STAGE AS

SLOWLY MIX TO:

THE HMS MAURITIUS IS PULLING OUT
ON BOARD, THE BAND IS PLAYING THE INTRO TO COLONEL BOGEY

VOICE On 4th October 1951 the last of the British staff set sail on the HMS Mauritius. Two years later, the CIA organised what would be the first of many coups: Mossadegh was removed and the Shah was handed a dictatorship – Winston Churchill called it 'the finest operation since the end of the war'. Anglo-Iranian
repossessed Abadan and shortly afterwards renamed itself British Petroleum.

ON DECK, THE STAFF ARE NOW SINGING ALONG WITH THE BAND

UNDER THE CREDITS:

STAFF Mossy has only got one ball
The other is on the kitchen wall
The Shah has something sim'lar
But poor old Makki has no balls at all!

AND THEN THEY WHISTLE ALONG UNTIL THE CREDITS END, THEN:

CREDITS

AND THEN

AFTER CREDITS:

SCENE 21. PETROL STATION. 1953.

AS THE ATTENDANT FILLS THE TANK, THE MAN GETS OUT OF HIS CAR:

MAN Still ten and six a gallon?

ATTENDANT Other places going up, are they?

MAN (NO!) I thought it'd be going down.

ATTENDANT Nothing ever goes down.

MAN Now we've got Iran back. I mean.

ATTENDANT We have? I mean, who had it before?
MAN You don’t read the papers?

ATTENDANT Not – I don’t often –

MAN That madman’s out. Mossydeck. The Shah’s back. The tankers are loading again.

ATTENDANT That’s good.

MAN Well, it’s our oil, isn’t it? We own it. So the price should be going down.

ATTENDANT Fill her to the top?

MAN (RESIGNED) Yes.

END