

# stand firm, you cads

by jonathan myerson

## fourth draft

### cast

#### in Abadan

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

#### in Tehran

<b>SHEPHERD</b>	British Ambassador
<b>WIDMAN</b>	British Embassy Trade Secretary
<b>MOSSADEGH</b>	Prime Minister of Iran
<b>HARRIMAN</b>	Special Envoy (American)
<b>STOKES</b>	Lord Privy Seal (British)

#### in a single scene

<b>KARAGBI</b>	negotiator
<b>HARDINGE</b>	British Ambassador to Tehran (in 1901)
<b>POLICEMAN</b>	Iranian
<b>ENGLISHMAN</b>	in the cinema
<b>WALLAH</b>	from the bazaar
<b>FOREMAN</b>	Iranian
<b>PEOPLE</b>	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"<sup>1</sup>)  
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                    Shhhh.

*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:

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<sup>1</sup> <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IEAy7kdoOIM>

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?

WIDMAN                   They – ever since the previous Shah – they much prefer 'Iran', 'Iranian'.

SHEPHERD                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.

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

SHEPHERD                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.

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

SHEPHERD                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:

SCENE 4.            ABADAN: CENTRAL BLOCK: SWIMMING POOL: 1100.

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.<sup>2</sup>

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) Fitzzy said – some stolen dynamite.

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

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

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<sup>2</sup> FOR STAFF SPEAKING, SEE [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xY\\_t5o6JRro](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 Beavor.

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 misreading.

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.

JANET IS STANDING IN THE ROOM, THE DOOR OPEN.  
SOMEONE IS CHARGING UP THE STAIRS AND ALONG THE CORRIDOR TO THE ROOM AS FAST AS HE CAN.  
HE SLAMS INTO THE DOORWAY, VERY OUT OF BREATH.

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:

SCENE 9.            ABADAN: BACHELOR QUARTERS: BEDSITTING ROOM 1500.

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.

ERIC (TURNING ON HIM) You'll wreck it like you've wrecked this whole country.

JANET Eric, stop it.

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

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

ERIC 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.

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

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

WALLAH Missus, phonogram? Yes? I take?

JANET (TO WALLAH) Wait.

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

JANET Eric!

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

JANET Eric, I spent the last two hours haggling with –

THE DOOR SLAMS AND HE IS OUTSIDE

ERIC 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*<sup>3</sup> – 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:

---

<sup>3</sup> <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, Fitzzy. 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, Fitzzy, 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 UNDESSING 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 Beavor. 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 Beavor. 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 Beavor.

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:

SCENE 16.            ABADAN: BACHELOR QUARTERS: BEDSITTING  
ROOM 1400.

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 BREATHESES.

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.            TEHRAN: SAHEB GARANIEH PALACE: GARDEN:  
2100.

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?

ERIC Pinched. Nicked. Stolen. Looted, my old chum.

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. Your 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:



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 STUMBLES 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