

## Scene Four

Below the store.

A chute comes from high above. A skip under it.

Individual lights up slowly to reveal Brixton, Dimp, and Alice. Alice is looking into a double baby buggy.

Brixton whistles. They look. He shows them his watch.

They move over to the skip. They all put their shoulders to and heave it out of line of the chute.

As soon as the skip is clear we hear a loud approaching rumble. They crouch. The chute opens and a massive ammount of supermarket food, packed, fresh, loose, frozen, tinned, falls onto the stage.

Quiet.

The group look at each other. They hesitate. They look around nervously.

Quiet.

Alice runs forward and throws herself onto the food pile. The others follow instantly. They fill their mouths. They speak; shouting, laughing, threatening.

Lights reveal Taylor, a young man heavily dressed, above the chute. They don't see him. He holds up an aerosol horn. He sounds it.

The group at the food react . Throwing the food down and stand. Taylor leaps down.

**Taylor** Greed; the fall of Man. Crave too much and loose the lot.

**He looks at them.**

A little respect. You're in the presence of quality food stuffs. These may be bowels but they're the bowels of a cathedral. The New Cathedral of Food. Are we worthy to look such goodness in the face ? Are you worthy ? Am I ?

**They all look at the food. Then at Taylor. Quiet. Still.**

**Taylor** Little pigs. Round the trough. Devouring the rubbish of life. Dignity. Quality food demands no less. Rise. Stiffen the spine.  
. Be man and woman. Rise. Rise.

**They're already stood up. Awkward quiet.**

**Taylor** Order is all. Know our place. Receive that which is given to us. Systems will shield us. Shield us from the beast within and the chaos without. Know it ! "I am the rubbish of life !"

**Instantly they all strike breasts. Stoically.**

**All** I am the rubbish of life.  
**Taylor** It must be so.  
**Dimp** (muttering) I'm starving.

**Quiet.**

**Taylor** We shall feed the humble body.

**With practiced, speedy ceremony Taylor goes to the pile. He holds up two items and walks forward. He places them on the floor apart from each other.**

**Taylor** (Placing first) The rot (Placing second) The good.

**He returns to his supervisory position.**

**The group know what's coming. They process to the food pile. They select rotten and fresh food and take it, with muted ceremony, to its appropriate pile. They mumble "The rot, the good".**

**Taylor watches.**

**The mumbling and ceremony continue as lights fade.**