

TO WHATEVER YOUR FANCIES DICTATE
VIRGINS AND TARTS END TO END
IT'S THE CREAM OF THE FEMALE ESTATE
AND YOU GET IT ALL ON A PLATE
WHEN YOU HOLD THE KEY

NO TIES
NO CONNECTIONS
FRESH SUPPLIES ALWAYS ON TAP
RECOGNISE
THEIR AFFECTIONS
YOU'LL SOON HAVE THEM EATING RIGHT OUT OF YOUR LAP

DESPERATELY GRATEFUL FOR ALL YOU CAN GIVE
IT'S QUITE FAIR TO SAY YOU'RE THEIR REASON TO LIVE
FRANKLY IT'S JUST IRRESPONSIBLE IF
I DON'T TRY
TO PROVIDE
WHAT THEY LACK
HERE INSIDE
EVERYONE'S UP FOR THE RIDE, SO
WHO COULD ACCUSE ME
IF THEY CHOOSE TO USE ME?

(JIM unlocks the door to RACHEL'S cell.)

JIM (cont'd) Who's got a smile for me, then?

(RACHEL comes to the doorway, dishevelled and snivelling.)

RACHEL Oh sir, I'm so glad to see you.

JIM Doesn't look much like it, love.

RACHEL I'm sorry. The dark's doing my head in. I get all scared. I have to keep the light on at home.

JIM Nothing to be scared about now I'm here, eh?

(RACHEL brims with gratitude. She produces a piece of paper.)

RACHEL Wrote this poem for you, sir. To tell you all my feelings about you.

(JIM covers his annoyance with a smile.)

JIM Better look after it, hadn't I?

(JIM takes the letter and ushers her back inside her cell.)

JIM (cont'd) Go make yourself look nice, I'll come and tuck you into bed.

(JIM blows her a kiss and pulls the door to but doesn't lock it.)

JIM (cont'd) *(reads)* Dear Sir, you are my saviour.
Pardon me, for my behaviour.
If you could see . . .

(He scrunches up the paper and puts it in his pocket.)

JIM (cont'd) I WATCH AND I WAIT
MR WOLF AT THE GATE
I LEAD AND THEY FOLLOW
I FEED AND THEY SWALLOW
I NEED IT
I TAKE IT
WHO CARES IF
THEY FAKE IT
A MAN'S GOTTA MAKE IT
AND MOVE IT
AND SHAKE IT
AND THIS LUCKY JIM
GETS IT ALL JUST FOR HIM
PICK ANY SLAG
EVERY SHAG'S IN THE BAG
WITH THE KEY
THE KEY
SLIDE INSIDE
AND OPEN WIDE
FOR ME

(He begins to unzip his flies as he turns to go to RACHEL's door.)

BEHOLD THE KEY
THE BIGGEST YOU'LL SEE
I HOLD THE KEY

(RACHEL appears in her doorway in her nightie. JIM is facing her. RACHEL looks down at his groin and her smile fades.)

RACHEL What you doing?

JIM I said I'd keep my special eye on you, love.

RACHEL But – I thought you meant you'd look after me.

JIM That's right. Like I will every night. And this is how you say 'thank you, sir'.

(RACHEL gasps in disbelief and backs into her cell.)

RACHEL No! Please – don't –

JIM Sshhhh . . .