

(enter Ozzard)

Ozzard Hello Joe.

Joe Alright?

Ozzard Not bad ta, and you?

Joe I've been better I suppose.

Ozzard Is that so?

Joe Some bastard kicking me. I never knew it could be so dangerous out here.

Ozzard No.

Joe Broke my banjo. What did I do to him?

Ozzard You did nothing. That's just the way it is.

Joe Bastard.

Ozzard No doubt about it. Life is grim. It's not your fault, the problem is in his head, yeah?

Joe Yeah.

Ozzard It's society, innit?

Joe That's right, man. What is the world coming to?

Ozzard Shocking.

Joe I better go.

Ozzard Wait a minute. You stay right there Joe, I ain't through with you. You think our meeting was accidental?

Joe You what?

Ozzard Oh I forgot. Fucking mental, aren't you? Too shot away to realise the truth. The what. The why. The where. The how.

Joe What are you saying?

Ozzard Look into my eyes. Oh, Dorothy, you ain't in Kansas now.

Joe Shit man, you're scaring me.

Ozzard Too right I am. You prick, even now don't you understand?

Joe No.

Ozzard You want bread, Dorothy, and you want jam, but you don't want to pay for it. Your hand.

Joe What?

Ozzard Give me your hand.

Joe I don't understand.

Ozzard Your fucking hand. Now!

(Joe reluctantly gives Ozzard his hand)

Ozzard Ah, my little lamb.

(breaks one of Joe's fingers. Joe shouts out)

Ozzard What's up? Has life not turned out as you planned?

(another finger)

Joe Stop it! Stop it!

Ozzard Don't you know *(another finger)* who I am? He says he plays banjo, but does he fuck. *(another finger)* You know your trouble, Dorothy? *(and another)* No pluck. No fight. No get up and go.

Joe *(backing away)* Shit. Shit. Shit.

Ozzard Is that all you've got to say for yourself?

Joe What is it? Are you jealous?

Ozzard Not a bit. What should I be jealous of, eh? Your health? Your wealth? Don't make me laugh.

Joe Shit, you're insane.

Ozzard I'm not the one who hears fucking voices. Who follows a product of my own brain across the wild moor. Look at the choices you have made, Joe, the people you have hurt.

Joe No.

Ozzard Your musical sensibilities have just left you to whimper in the dirt. Give in, realise you are nothing.

Joe Please.

Ozzard It's no use pleading with me. Understand? And look! More fingers on your other hand.

Joe Oh god, oh god, there is no god.

Ozzard Too right. There's just you and me and the snap of bone (*first finger second hand*) and screams ringing out in the moonlit night echoing off the cold cathedral stone to fade away into the empty air. (*second finger*) Does anyone hear, do you think? Hard to say. Surely, eh, there must be somebody there, watching from the darkness where the shadows play. (*third finger*) But if there is, why don't they show their faces? Because they don't care. Two dossers brawling, who gives a fuck, don't stare, tie your laces, leave 'em to it. (*fourth finger*) If conscience is calling, well it's easy to ignore such a quiet voice when set against the street's drunken riot.

(Ozzard lets Joe go. Joe scrabbles away from Joe)

Joe What did you do that for?

Ozzard Because I can, yeah? Because I can. Because it's funny to watch you squirm. Because you're not a man, Joe. Because people would pay good money to see the expression on your face, Joe. Because sometimes you get what you deserve and sometimes you don't and you never know what's the what or what you've got in reserve until you're up against it, in the shit, that's when you shine. Because I'm doing you a favour though you might not believe it. Because I'm bored. Because it's just not true that there is some kind of balance of good and bad, virtue and vice. Maybe there should be but there ain't. Because it's all beyond your control. It don't matter what you say or what you do, there ain't no magic wand you can wave to make it turn out okay. Because nothing makes sense. Because it's all just crap and there's a bloody end to it. When your back was against the bloody wall, Joe, you simply couldn't bloody do it, play the banjo I mean, how crap is that? That was meant to be your thing, the one thing your life was about. The drop of a hat and you make that banjo fucking well sing. But no, you're out of practice, you're too shy. What did

I do that for? That's fucking why. I am the Ozzard, the Ozzard of Wiz. I am what I am, it is what it is.

(Blackout)