

HAVELL (O.S.)
Nothing tortures a soul like the sting
of irrelevance.

NEARBY, ANGLE ON BENNIE

Prime Minister Gladstone and a circle of PARLIAMENTARIANS try to cheer up their dispirited friend.

START → **GLADSTONE**

Ben, you're unfair to yourself. The Jubilees' speeches have electrified England; you've fired us up for the American cause.

BENNIE
That would be the others, Bill; I don't even pitch Jubilee Hall anymore for fear of screwing it up.

PARLIAMENTARIAN 1
Nonsense! You're an orator in the making. You've got the passion of thunder!

BENNIE
In a thimble, maybe. All I've ever wanted was to inspire the people, make a real difference. Just today, I heard the American ambassador speak --

PARLIAMENTARIAN 2
Bah! One of your *songs* outpowers a thousand clanging orations!

PARLIAMENTARIAN 3
He's right, Ben. The Jubilees are America's true ambassadors. *Yours* is the America the world awaits.

Bennie forces a smile; Gladstone clasps his shoulder.

GLADSTONE
Patience, son. On this I stand with White: one day you'll rouse the living and raise the dead.

END

BACK TO THE FEVERISH WHITE

He rabidly hawk-eyes the dance floor, wincing as the singers waltz with long queues of lusty socialites.

Suddenly, his eyes flare. We WHIP PAN TO:

STEAL AWAY