

STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW: *a play for film*

By Jonathan Bowden

Dramatis Personae:

Basildon Lancaster; his wife Fervent Dominique
Odd-Billy-O (a psychopath); a female Psychiatrist

Act One:

Basildon Lancaster:

“We followed an oblivion northwards
In the hope of a new charade
Only to fathom a cottage redundant
To our jaded southern lips.”

Fervent Dominique:

“Its beauty spreads before us
Like a severed human eye.”

Basildon Lancaster knocks aggressively on the door.

Basildon Lancaster:

“After interminable delays o’ whimsy
A scuffling sound protrudes
Behold! A northern trog
Matted over with hair and fists
Stands afore us...”

“My dear chap, we’re here to purchase your house.”

Odd Billy-O: “Ohh-aah!”

Soon they are inside the cottage facing each other.

Basildon Lancaster:

“How much warrants a drift of cash?”

Odd-Billy-O: (speaking in Northern dialect)

“This be right grand – as happens
Like mather used ta say:
Get thee in from gibble or put wood in hole
I’ll be back while Friday
Doest thou follow me ken, thee know?”

Basildon Lancaster:

“I regret to acknowledge... I do.”

Odd-Billy-O:

“Reckon on this, lord o’ manor
I won’t be lettin’ place go for less’n nine hundred
– straight up:
What’s thee reckon ta that, ah?”

Basildon Lancaster:

“You drive a hard bargain, dungster.
I remain unenfeebled in my wit.”

Fervent Dominique:

“O Basildon, let’s purchase a delightful muse.
It perfumes the air with a soldered brand.”

Odd-Billy-O:

“Hell’s bells a-gibbering
It not be much I’m asking, thee knows...”

*Basildon Lancaster lets an expensive cigarette’s smoke drift
about on the northern air.*

Basildon Lancaster:

“I stand indifferent to regional *patois* –
It dwells on detail like a stake through the tongue.”

He draws his wife’s face up to his:

“We must reject nominalism!”

Odd Billy-O:

“I be requirin’ bed-n-board, me ducks.
For thy information I’ll be livin’ over stables –
Plus five bob for tobacco, don’t thee know?”

Fervent Dominique:

“Darling, all it requires is a mother of all make-overs.”

Basildon Lancaster:

“Billy-O’s visage disturbs me.
Ugliness plots at Lombroso’s gift.
It characterises a mark of Cain
Or a hostage to delinquency in terms of the soul.”

The Psychiatrist (voice over):

“Yet his innermost thoughts turned tail.
Surely he profited from a freak’s turmoil?
We’ll take the house – Fervent desires it;
Billy-O also sand-papers company when I’m away, on business,
in the capital.”

Basildon Lancaster and Odd-Billy-O shake hands over the deal.

Act Two:

Odd-Billy-O lies alone on a pallet in a hotel bedroom. It is indescribably shabby all around. Rather bizarrely, he happens to be dressed in Basildon Lancaster’s clothes.

Basildon Lancaster speaks Billy-O’s lines:

“Nightmares pitch me into phantasmagoria.
I note its red eye amid a skeleton’s embrace:
Don’t I lie here (?) –
Pinned to this mat near Euston station
In a squalid dump.

I must avoid a dream’s iron lung;
If not to mount a horse with see-through ribs

Tripod in hand.”

Act Three:

Basildon Lancaster is in an asylum talking to the psychiatrist.

Basildon Lancaster:

“Once incarcerated, O loony doctor, has my wife altered her approach?”

The Psychiatrist:

“Imprescriptibly, you are correct, *monsieur*.
No change afflicts an offerant in this mad-house.
A stroboscope performs a jest in relief –
No deeper witness solicits envy over our kin.”

Basildon Lancaster:

“I understand, doctor who.
I stare into the future and gaze upon an electric foetus;
It collides with much blue rain.”

The psychiatrist and Lancaster, in tandem, visit Fervent Dominic in her cell.

Basildon Lancaster:

“Fervent, O Dominique?”

Fervent Dominique is either trussed up, wears protective asylum gloves or pads (to prevent self-harm), and looks highly disturbed.

Fervent Dominic:

“I refuse to answer.
I open my arms wide to foreclose indecision.
A concrete or abstract wall rears afore me.
One blank television screen lies to my left.”

Basildon Lancaster:

“Might her catalepsy be adduced to electric shocks?”

The Psychiatrist:

“Possibly ---.”

Basildon Lancaster:

“I refuse to countenance their surcease.”

Act Four:

[Note: Basildon Lancaster and Odd Billy-O, the trog, are interchangeable. Likewise, the psychiatrist uses an educated version of Dung Beetle’s northern diction].

All three characters – Basildon Lancaster, Fervent Dominique and Billy-O – are back in the cottage.

Basildon Lancaster:

“I must leave you in the break of so many Marines;

Listen to me, darling –

Does a wheel-chair not tinkle in the night (?):

It’s Billy-O...”

Fervent Dominique’s face appears – yet it happens to be the psychiatrist’s voice.

The Psychiatrist:

“Our Northern trog travels on

Reckoning over a fist

And carrying grief into restless periods o’ concrete.”

Odd Billy-O (speaking with an educated Northern diction):

“I drift along now

A’keep of flame:

He stares about him in the darkness...

WHERE ARE YOU, SWINE?

I don't need or require thee:
No-one partakes of a spastic cake;
It travels on towards ultra-sound..."

The Psychiatrist (voice over):
"Heed silence's splendid void, my children!
As he speeds via a sensory deprivation chamber,
Seeking a ride, push or absence."

His chair trundles down various passages, bare of aught save le Corbusier's disregard. All of a sudden, some stairs come into view (most sheer). Billy-O, in his conveyance, is heading towards them. Basildon Lancaster and Fervent Dominique are seen to push his wheel-chair down the stairs.

Odd Billy-O:
"Nnnnnnnoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!"

Basildon Lancaster:
"A seat takes off without bridges
To reach a goal or sundry intrigues.
Thence to crash, splinter, break and be riven;
+
Don't you see its swivelling wheel –
Spinning decisively – in its clamp;
as if to recoil from a sound?"

Billy-O lies at the stair's bottom in a crumpled 'heap'. Might it be a heap? His corpse doesn't move. Yet two figures emerge from his body or are superimposed on top of it. These were Basildon Lancaster and the Devil – the latter wears a mask.

Act Five:
A telephone rings repeatedly in the Yorkshire cottage.

Fervent Dominique:
“Yes?”

Basildon Lancaster:
“Darling; it’s me!
I’ve been called away to London on business.
It won’t be for long (though);
Merely a wanton hour.
+
Billy-O shall be company for you while I’m away.”

She puts the ‘phone down tentatively, but in the distance Billy-O stares on. Our dungster or caretaker is momentarily unseen. He looks huge, massive, threatening, avaricious, psychopathic and incredibly violent.

Act Six:
Our four characters – or a Dance of Death – are back in the asylum. A large, spacious or airy window lies behind them. Basildon Lancaster wears a balaclava helmet, Billy-O entertains a tribal or clown mask, and Fervent Dominique’s hair is spiky, electrocuted or punk-like. The psychiatrist sports a white coat.

Basildon Lancaster:
“The gates of Hell have opened for closure’s maw.
They disclose the witness of these blue-squares...
Or let out the moon from its trivial *aperçu*
And correct those dictions that pluck out an eye.”

Billy-O:
“I gaze into a room with glass at my back
What do I understand?
A raving of cataleptic retards, (it is);
Solvent to forgotten witnesses...
They rot if only to die.
Rest easy!”

Fervent Dominique wanders provocatively towards a chair on which a medical-shirt is draped. It appears to be a straight-jacket of yesteryear. There is a close-up of the psychiatrist's face that fills the screen.

The Psychiatrist:

“Conversation with any of them proves impolitic;
It's dead, buried or unassuaged – can you tell?
For no-one can expand on this joke-mirror anymore.

+

They are all completely mad!”

Act Seven:

Our heroine, Fervent Dominique, stands in front of a mirror wearing a straight-jacket. She seems to be trussed up like a turkey-cock waiting for Christmas. In the background a vague and imprecise tapping can be heard. TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP; it goes on. One factor remains noticeable: in that this woman hasn't got any shoes. Fervent looks directly ahead, glassy eyed.

Fervent Dominique: (voice over)

“Madness dislocates mental ribbing
And I stand here with my hair on fire;
It illuminates Hades' circle –
Even its circumvention.

+

Do you see?”

A banging protrudes from a nearby cell. It accelerates due to the matching wear of a cup. For Billy-O, whose features are encased in a tribal mask, is pounding away in an adjoining cell with a metallic mug. BANG! BANG! BANG!, goes his incessant Morse.

Billy-O contrives to speak with Basildon Lancaster's diction:

“Do not despair, my Love...
We shall soon be together

You and I –
If only to defeat a St. Valentine's day massacre!
I love you, Dominique, I love you...
For soon we shall set our escape in motion.
+
Can you hear me, Fervent, dost thy acknowledge my mania?"

Act Eight:

Meanwhile, the madhouse has been transformed into a nursery or play-room. A tapestry of teddy-bears adorns our murals, and a pink envelope filters all else. It takes the form of a Sense-u-Round video.

Fervent Dominique: (moving stealthily)
"I contract the rules of a servant
As, thus enabled, I spin:
Look at the knife held high
Or esteemed via bronze's grief."

She holds up a drawn Samurai sword. It has left its scabbard only to filter any available light. Whilst – down below – Billy-O lies on a crumpled divan. Might it embody the prospect of an adult's cot?

Fervent Dominique: (voice over)
"I approach any motivation poniard out
Or crazed fist-to-fist:
Let it fly prior to Adam's rapture.
+
Must I detect mutation (?)
Even a Man's desire to mate with demons;
In accordance *avec* the King James' *Bible*."

The Psychiatrist and Basildon Lancaster burst into the room, or (quite possibly) they emerge from behind a curtain. Both of them expostulate together:

“NO! NO! NO! Sister of emptiness or tracery –
Seek not such a disembowelment
Even a visceral dance:
Since an imprisoned origami of tongues
Cannot release a triangular outpost;
The latter eyeless in Gaza
Or headless on Attis’ rocks.”

Fervent Dominique: (in a veritable scream)
“Behold! You’ve failed to assess an eye-removing
Machine in Bond’s *Lear*:
And Marxism suits its contradictions ill.
It crashes into History’s wall.
No recovery seems possible.”

*Basildon Lancaster picks up Fervent Dominique over one
shoulder and carries her from the room. She struggles all the
while. The Psychiatrist follows them out carrying the blade.*

Act Nine:

*We are watching another cubicle in the same hospital. It must
be some time later. Fervent Dominique happens to be trussed up
in a surgical shirt or madman’s vest. Should we refer to it as an
iron-maiden? It takes the ‘sprint’ out of a mad-woman’s
straight-jacket... at any rate.*

Fervent Dominique:

“I stare at bricks of an uncertain strength.
Nothing exists anymore...
It’s a sad carnival where no masks are worn.

+

Could the beating behind a screen
Or an ornate Persian tapestry
Belong to a copper-head?
One can call it North America’s most poisonous snake
(you see).
Doubtlessly, it wore – for a head –

The perfect Grecian face made from gold:
And it enlivened an Oscar's index;
So as to hint at erotic perfection aslant a cover.
'Come', it said;
Using the timeless indent of a python's knowledge
In an Adamic grasp."

A television happens to be blaring in the cube's recesses. It depicts Odd Billy-O, dressed in Basildon Lancaster's clothes, and in his right mind. Won't he be clear to use the Southerner's diction throughout? Fervent Dominique is also present, at once compos mentis or wearing a provocative dress... possibly a little black number or a pencil one. The atmosphere of the TV programme is one of those Latino soap operas – it's deliberately O.T.T. (over the top).

Basildon Lancaster/Billy-O: "It won't do, Fervent."

Fervent Dominique: "What? Why? Wherefore?"

Basildon Lancaster/Billy-O: "Our love can no longer prosper."

Fervent Dominique: "After the effects of whichever earthquake..."

Basildon Lancaster/Billy-O: "No, you misunderstand me, Darling."

Fervent Dominique: "How so? Nothing may come out of nihilist vapour. Isn't this Lear's diction all round?"

Basildon Lancaster/Billy-O: "Our relations have been forbidden or condemned."

Fervent Dominique: "Who rashly faults our roadshow? By what right do they speak (?); so as to forestall our fun-fair, tambourine, side-show barker and freaks. Answer me!"

Basildon Lancaster/Billy-O: "It's the Psychiatrist."

Fervent sweeps away on her heel and breaks into a run down various corridors. Her male companion (Billy-O/Basildon) follows on in a desultory fashion. Finally, the television snicks off and Fervent is left staring at an asylum's wall. She continues to wear the padded-jacket so adduced.

Act Ten:

Within the mental hospital's walls a conversation ensues in a corridor. It takes place between Basildon Lancaster and the Psychiatrist.

Basildon Lancaster:

“My professional colleague –
I see the loss of so many dividends;
They belabour a point o’ witness
And rear up like a scorpion, in taxidermic
Thrall, injected by Prussic acid.”

The Psychiatrist:

“I understand fitfully, Mister Lancaster,
But why not look at it anew?
For a classic head, Olympian in sheen,
Rises as a Ganymede atop an ornate silk.

+

Might it root a comparison in a constrictor’s awe;
No matter how gestural or crushing (?):
And what’s Zeus-like above waxes
Reptilian below.”

Basildon Lancaster:

“Unless I was to decapitate a crown
Perfected in Praxiteles’ lineaments;
only to writhe ‘neath an ornamental rug
In the death throes of an agony
That speaks to a third brain...
Even a Boa’s sinuousness athwart a carpet.
Can one doubt Billy-O’s saurian bill?
Show him to me, Doctor---.”

By way of summation, a strip or peep hole is opened at a cell’s rear. Basildon Lancaster looks inside – if only to see Billy-O or Dung-Beetle trussed up, masked, tied to a seat and in receipt of electric shocks.

Basildon Lancaster:

“Excellent! Increase a reprobate’s voltage.

The hand which stays its punishment knows little of
Divine Love.

Repeat after me: *I am the Lord’s flail.*

Wrath’s children must be free to bleed a skeleton...

It pre-exists us in a Plexi-glass case.”

The Psychiatrist:

“I understand you.

Dr Alexander Kennedy’s experiments took a similar
Vintage

In the Second War.

These were behaviourist *impedimenta*

Or exercises in rats-in-mazes.”

Basildon Lancaster:

“I concur.

A sensory deprivation chamber was used

Together with goggles, hooding, restrictions on vision,

Night-sights, anxiety, de-sensitisation gloves

As well as amphetamines like Thyroxin –

Injected right into the brain –

So as to increase a principle:

‘the absolute destruction of personality’.”

The Psychiatrist:

“It de-conditions the actual

In order to facilitate slippage

Wanton excess

Or a spasmodic existentialism.

Do you see?

It reverses Sartre’s axiom superficially.”

Basildon Lancaster: “Yet keeps the Stalinism?”

The Psychiatrist: “Most definitely, existentialism is *not* a humanism.”

He slams the peek-a-boo shut and wanders down a corridor into the distance. Momentarily, Basildon Lancaster steps out of a side-door and enters a garden where he stares at the trees.

Act Eleven:

To be sure, Basildon Lancaster appears behind his wife in the asylum. She is trussed up and faces off against a concrete wall. Might it be a basalt mural instead? He announces his presence gesturally, like Sir Henry Irving, or an actor on the stage. Whereas her hair remains frazzled, pinned, electrocuted or aghast.

Basildon Lancaster: “Hello, Darling – it’s me, Basildon!”

There is no response from Fervent Dominique who prefers to stare into the distance. A vacant expression crosses her face.

Basildon Lancaster: “Fervent?”

A silent interval prevails during which no chit-chat was gleaned.

Basildon Lancaster: “A finely moulded head
Serene in its beauty
Patterns to the last;
One that kindles an inhuman calm.

It accords a spasm of warmth to a snake’s
Lividness.
Can you quieten the ichor which flows through
Its veins (?);
Twisting this way and that,
So as to measure its verve.

Again, a square-like mouth

<carvern to a mask>
Opens or falls sheer:
And it evinces a sound
After musical spheres or the ringing of hand-held bells.
+
It's me, Fervent, your Basildon has returned.
I know that we speak at cross-purposes –
One to one –
But let me enliven the pyramid of my desire.
Here..."

He announces with a flourish...

"I've brought you a box of chocolates.
'Don't you know that the Lady loves *Milk Tray*?'"

Fervent Dominique (in a hollow voice):
"Aaaahhhh! It's the sweetest moat of candy without
Acidity.
Yet I thank you, (indeed), husband of mine.
HA! HA! HA! HA! HEEE! HEEE! HEEE!
What a joy (it is) to receive sweet-meats from a man
Who's sugar-coated
By way of a star.
HA! HA! HA! HA! HEEE! HEEE! HEEE!"

She then retreats into a hysterical peal of laughter. It continues in a gulping, wheezing, stertorous or high-pitched whine. Basildon Lancaster turns around, the chocolate box held limply at his side, and he makes off for an exit. Fervent Dominique slides down an adjoining wall like a badly behaved (if malevolent) child. Her falsetto laughter follows him out. Outside, on a balcony or stairwell, he folds himself over and weeps. The Psychiatrist approaches (lop-sidedly) from a Bishop's diagonal in an imaginary game of chess.

"Mister Lancaster?", she asks sympathetically.

Act Twelve:

An imaginary scene occurs now. It relates to the cottage on those Yorkshire moors – yet transfigures this set at one and the same time. Basildon Lancaster sits on a throne and his spouse, Fervent Dominique, wrestles with two attendants. They prove to be Billy-O and the Psychiatrist.

Fervent Dominique: “Where is our son, Basildon? What have you done with him?”

Basildon Lancaster: “Calm yourself, my dear”, (he states soothingly or in a commodious way).

+

“Don’t you receive an image?

A classic mask – in gold or puce – over the way;

Rounded in the perfection of ormolu’s

Insistence.

Listen to this!

A mouth, reminiscent of a toy’s duct, falls open.

It limits its prospect and resembles a bay

In *Thunderbirds* #2.

It releases a sonorous roil

Via campanology’s fate.

Such a sibilant whisper reeks of its own heat.

Let it rip down occultism’s veil and pronounce one word:

‘COME!’

It crepitates upon a mosaic floor---

By dint of a minimalist quaver or semi-tone.

May its auric architecture recall Bulwer Lytton’s

The Last Days of Pompeii?”

Fervent Dominique: “You continue to speak in riddles

After a Sphinx’s manufacture.

No radiation does any good

If its nimbus hides in a Persian rug’s lee...”

Basildon Lancaster: “I will say this only once:

Harken to my meaning, dear wife!
A father decides, alone, the direction of his spawn:
And such off-spring leaps between dimensions.
Are they not blue doors, headed by Ancient Greek sigils
Or surrounded by sparks?"

The Psychiatrist: (voice over)

"Do you read the parallel indication of these bars? Since the harpy's fiery features – with her hair red or agog – flails around a piece. Basildon Lancaster's visage is seen to the right *avec* Fervent behind. Moreover, one eye – in the form of a marble in a doll's slit – looks slyly out. The whole effect proves lugubrious, slow, somnolent, turbid and forewarned."

Fervent Dominique: "I shall not forget this!"

In the next instant, a vision of interest supervenes. Does it conjure up (no matter how vaguely) one of William Roberts' stiff vortices? No matter... quod, in a Roman Polanski freeze-frame, the man's heavy fist and shoulder are seen to the right. His gauntlet seems massive, armorial, bolted-on and ready for aught. Could it signify the clash of halbert on buckler? Necessarily so, given that the woman's face was to the left. She looked up at him earnestly – hair flowing!

Fervent Dominique: "I ask you to place our son once again before Majesty's trap-door..."

Basildon Lancaster: "Have a care---".

Fervent struggles ferociously with her two guards or psychiatric nurses. These were Billy-O and the female Psychiatrist.

Basildon Lancaster: "Get her out of my sight, the both of you!"

Her twin (if unwanted) chaperones then bodily pick her up and carry her away. She continues to sway and wrestle with them during this.

Fervent Dominique: “I warn you, Basildon. A mother’s prerogative in such matters is always over-riding!”

By the end of their altercation, Basildon Lancaster happens to be speaking in an educated version of northern English.

Basildon Lancaster: “Begone with the scapegrace! She must be exiled from a presence’s actuality. Do you hear me? No wickerman can be burnt without the faggots to light it. Such flesh as this must be peeling behind its mask... the skin is orange in colour. I shall be free of such expectations.”

He rises from his throne-like chair in a stiff or awkward thrall. Who would deny the reality of their great quell, in the Macbeths’ apedom? Yes, indeed! For it embodies the ferocity of Bret Easton Ellis’ Imperial Bedrooms, albeit in reverse.

Act Thirteen:

Basildon Lancaster kneels on a portico or ledge... and looks out. Beyond his kneeling form lies a scene of devastation. He takes it in at one bound.

Basildon Lancaster:

“A madhouse is devastated by a
Picture o’ odds
Ripe to a portent, it is...

+

Has Billy-O led to rapine (?)
Or a splicing of those dyes
Afore they are fixed;
Let it be spotted anew –
But who is here?
Announce yourself, Missy.”

By chance, the female Psychiatrist stands behind him in a soldier's uniform. She wears a flak jacket and fatigues.

The Psychiatrist: "Hail to thee, Basildon!
I bring with me the joy of a child
Spent from the Satanic
But grieving from ages past –
Or want of a sacrifice:
Do you see?"

Momentarily, Basildon Lancaster stands afore her. His visage – seen sloping to the fore – makes out a massiveness, a lugubriousness. Leave it now...

Basildon Lancaster: "What have you come to report?"

The Psychiatrist: "A child's arrival when split from an egg."

Basildon Lancaster: "Show me the lustre of some flesh that's known nothing but darkness."

The mental doctor opens some swaddling, at once pink or white, to reveal a babe. In fact, it is a child's doll that's pinkish in colour. What could it be?

Basildon Lancaster and the child together: "We are the product of uncertain loins. Maybe Billy-O and Fervent Dominique have given birth without congress...? Like Zeus' daughter, Athena, she came out fully formed, in armour, via the Head. Heed it!"

Act Fourteen:

We are given to viewing the asylum for the criminally insane (or Broadmoor) from the outside. It exists in a functional or modernist block in an urban wasteland. The whole thing has a feeling of the nineteen seventies about it. A flicker of flame issues from various gas-jets in front of the building.

Billy-O is torturing the Psychiatrist with electric shocks or ECT (electro-convulsive therapy). She is naked to the waist and screams repeatedly – while her face is lit up within the roundness of a green lens or flare.

Billy-O: “Where are they both hiding (?);
By remit of purple
I must have sovereignty
Over questions and answers;
The payment of dirt bills its way
In accordance with prudence, bullion and waste;
Answer me!”

The Psychiatrist: “No-one can doubt the pain of retrieval.
+
Basildon Lancaster and his spouse, Fervent Dominique,
Are in a house in the woods...
It spies upon your cottage.”

Billy-O: “Excellent, my child!
You are free to go;
Or as a bird in a Victorian brass cage
Liable to flutter
By way of liberty’s trespass or wing.”

Sometime later on, and at dusk’s ready advent, Billy-O approaches the cottage from the side. He is carrying a fire-arm in his left-hand. The bright lights from a casement in the small wooden shack gleam on. Basildon and Fervent open a door inside their abode... only to see Billy-O sitting opposite them.

Billy-O: “Where dwells your daughter, the Psychiatrist, in these haunts?”

Basildon Lancaster: “She wanders outside in the woods
Soon to return by virtue of a harbinger.”

Billy-O: “We shall await her avowal or dissonance.”

The Psychiatrist is seen walking towards the house, but then she stops, turns and runs when she hears her ‘parents’ singing. Billy-O, revelling in a mad-cap role, encourages their session.

Billy-O: “High-ho, sing up, me Beauties, by my old Bessy, give me a tune from the music-hall’s lantern;
Don’t you know that none escape from Vaudeville’s grasp (?)
Louder, I say, my loves;
Louder;
Sing up(!), sing up(!) at a break of day.”

The Psychiatrist (voice over):
“Why are they mouthing like a choir?”

Thus forewarned, the girl runs away into the woods. She is very provocatively dressed with a short skirt, leggings, neckerchief, tight ‘masculine’ or dress-jacket, and a lot of cleavage’s displayed. In one scenario or pageant, Billy-O shoots the denizens of the cottage – Basildon Lancaster and Fervent Dominique – dead. In another or following variant, they are both alive as he vacates the hermitage. See to it!

Billy-O chases the Psychiatrist through the woods, but she out-manoeuvres him, hides behind a tree, and releases a trap. This must be a heavy or rubber tyre which hangs from a branch. She runs diagonally across it, in a clearing, at a time when he blunders into it and ‘rests’ caught. Look at this, why don’t you? For the psychopath holds a gun in one mitten, yet is trussed around the neck or chops, even necklaced by the tyre.

As a final reckoning, the vampish Psychiatrist stands in a mincing or cat-walk manner behind Billy-O. It all takes place in a forest clearing.

THE CREDITS ROLL ON