

HR H

&

J. E.H.

By
Snoo Wilson

June 2007

Cast

Wallis Simpson

David, Duke of Windsor

Clyde Tolson

J Edgar Hoover

Act 1

(The music of 'Hark The Herald Angels sing' is heard, with
childish trebles singing different words. Wallis Simpson seat at desk)

Children *Hark! The herald angels sing
Mrs Simpson's pinched our king;
Fearlessly she captured him.
Took him prisoner with her quim*

*Joyful all ye nations rise
Join the triumph of the skies
Hear the angelic host proclaim
Mrs Simpson's on the game.*

Wallis “Dear Diary; Hot, hot, hot!” (To audience) Three years in this tropical hell hole! It’s not surprising no one comes to visit us here in Bermuda,. It’s a nightmare. Nothing stays how you want. Those drapes of watered silk I had installed were ruined right away. I was even tempted to run away; oh, to to flee the vexed Bermouths!- the last time I was moved so strongly had been during the abdication crisis. I didn’t bolt then either, but then the abdication did not take place in one hundred percent humidity. A window of opportunity opened two days ago, when I chanced to find the Duke of Windsor’s- David’s- office safe open. Inside it, there sat a Louis Weitton briefcase which I had given to my spouse. It now contained two gold bullion bars and great uncountable wadges of money, in damp thousand dollar bills. All that money started my heart pounding and a Niagara of longing for escape filled my breast.

(Bagpipes, off)

Wallis David, stop! (He doesn’t hear) David stop! The night was the longest of my life, I swear, as I lay there planning to take the money and to escape my destiny of cruel and unusual punishment, at the hands of David’s family. (She stands and screams) DAVID STOP, YOU ARE GIVING ME A HEADACHE! (Bagpipes stop.)

(Enter David, deposits bagpipes)

David I was never much of a greasepaint man. I really don’t care for theatricals at all, but all the same- when I was young, I remember once, going to see this English murder mystery. Somebody got killed, in the vicarage, in the dark, and then when the lights went back on, the detective worked out who did it. And do you know, you’d never have guessed who it was who committed the crime. It turned out it was the vicar, who had done the murder. And he wasn't a proper vicar at all, either. Just pretending to be one. Frightfully good show! That play with the clever detective. Whatever was it called?

Wallis I’ve no idea.

David Is it too early for you for a sundowner, darling?

Wallis Give it half an hour.

David Go on. The sun is over the yardarm so I'm going to have one.

Wallis There's this Effie woman coming by tomorrow to show me some dresses. You'll be out tomorrow morning, won't you?

David Can't I help you choose?

Wallis I'm running through my dress allowance as it is- if you're there she'll ask for far too much.

David Smart thinking!

(David exits. Wallis resumes.)

Wallis (To audience) I hardly slept a wink. I lay on my back, stiff as a board, until I heard the kiskedee birds dawn chorus. Only then was I able to sleep; but in the morning, when I got up, the money was gone. My plan vanished like a dream, and the teeming tropical hell engulfed me once again. And now, the sun is about to fall into the sea again and the mosquitoes will come out again, their shrill chorus heralding once more the chaos and wickedness that is our punishment for being alive, and once having been foolishly in love.

(Lights on a different stage area to show Clyde Tolson, in a gray suit, and J Edgar Hoover in a cocktail dress, with 'fun' burlesque devil's horns and tail added. He brandishes a dainty red diabolic pitchfork.

Tolson Don't you poke me with that thing!

Hoover Then obey orders! You go back on the street! I don't want a fat spotty one, this time, agent Tolson! Find me a clean one, who can fit in the angel's wings. A *slender* trick!

Tolson OK but we have to start to be more discreet about this whole thing!

Hoover Naow- just tell him that if he goes round spreading tittle tattle we have his fingerprints.

Tolson We might not have his prints.

Hoover Then we can get them on a tumbler matter of course..

Tolson Suppose the kid doesn't drink?

Hoover Clyde, as chief assistant to the head of the world's most powerful
investigative agency you are the living proof looks and brains don't
mix. Everybody drinks after exercise. Water.....Do you recall the list
of prohibitions?

Tolson No Chinks, no one of the negro persuasion.....and no acne.

Hoover And no reds.

Tolson You want me to vet them for their politics? Why? Do you think it's
catching?

Hoover I mean the colour of his fucking hair on his head! No reds! They're
nothing but trouble. All gangsters' molls have red hair.

Tolson No they don't.

Hoover Or red wigs. It's true.

Tolson Take those horns off. You look stupid. (Exit Tolson.)

Hoover Watch out the doorknob doesn't get stuck in your butt the way out!

(Slam of door. Hoover slowly removes his devil's horns, and tail, and examines the
result in a mirror.)

Hoover My mother always said it was wicked to stay up after midnight.
(Strikes camp attitudes) What time is it, sir? My diamond watchstrap
broke. Hi! I'm Mary! Say 'hello' to Mary!

(Hoover goes to phone, becomes butch again.)

Hoover This is your bureau chief. Put me through to the duty officer.
(Pause) I want to see the transcripts of the new Nassau operation so
transcripts should be delivered hourly, along with the tapes they have

been transcribed from. Mistakes of transcription will not be tolerated. If you can't deliver, you will find yourself in Des Moines Iowa with your family's medical insurance suspended. Emperor suite, Plaza Hotel.

(Crossfade to Wallis, and David with a small stuffed dog)

David Here's Mr Loo! Mr Loo says good evening, your Royal Highness! Just a minute. It looks as if Mr Loo's been eviscerated! Who would want to do such a thing to a sweet innocent doggywog?

(David pulls stuffing out of the dog's behind)

David Oh dear! Poor Mr Loo! Darling, look. The stuffing's coming out of his bottom.

Wallis It's the climate.

David I could repair him myself. A boy's perfectly handy with a needle...(Puts dog down) Anyone entertaining coming to dinner tomorrow, apart from Harry Oakes?

Wallis Harry Oakes will be entertainment enough. I don't know anyone else who eats his peas off his knife; the last time he came here, he threw his dinner at the wall.

David Harry's a completely modern type of selfmade millionaire which I think is pretty damn admirable. I told him how much I had managed to save in the ten months I was king and he said it would never have occurred to him to cut wages and staff at the palace and I clearly had one of the best financial minds he had ever come across. Quite a compliment, coming from Harry. He's given me a financial tip or two.

Wallis Did he tell you to invest in just one place?

David Yes. It's all safe as houses- in a a German commercial bank.

Wallis A German bank? Are you out of your mind? Have you forgotten we're at war with Germany?

- David This German bank's in Mexico City. It's owned by Axel Wenner Grenn.
- Wallis You've sent him all our investments? But Axel's been a Nazi party member since 1933.
- David Which is why he is able to offer us a high yield bond, best interest rates of anywhere. Normally only available to long-serving members of the party.
- Wallis But you tried he have him arrested when he was here!
- David I didn't sign the internment orders till I was quite certain Axel's yacht was at sea. So actually, he knows he owes me his freedom.
- Wallis Look at these flowers, they're dropping petals already! I told that girl fresh, and fresh means cut just before dawn or they won't last through the next night. She still puts goat's milk in the the silver coffee jugs after I tell her, no sugar, no cream. I'm going to have to let her go.
- David Make sure she hands the palace livery back when she leaves.
- Wallis And the shoes-we've lost so many servant's shoes, too- they just walk out of here.
- David I thought natives actually preferred going barefoot.
- Wallis Yes, and they can double their wages by selling their shoes, the moment they leave the house,
- David Ha! You'd make a pretty good detective, Mrs Windsor. Not much gets past Your Royal Highness!
- Wallis Talking of detectives, did you see the FBI claim they caught a German submarine, off Florida? Be careful what you say about Axel, particularly on the phone.
- David It's alright, darling. If I start talking duchesses, on the phone I haven't got another girl, a "duchess" is a million dollars. Code inspired by your Royal Highness.

(David clicks his heels and does a Nazi salute.)

Wallis David please don't do that.

David I'm not going to pretend I never shook hands with Hitler. I've shaken hands with plenty of people. When I was a toddler, I shook great grandmamma's hand, the hand of the Empress of India, the most powerful monarch there has ever been on the earth. Actually felt like a piece of wet cod.

Wallis New rule, darling. If it's before I met you, it's banned- BIMY. 'Before I Met You.' BIMY will cover everything from great grandmamma's paw to that dreadful Agatha Christie murder mystery that so enthralled you.

David I like murder mysteries. I'd rather watch a good whodunit than any number of those boring Shakespeare plays with all that guff about kings and queens.

Wallis Fine! We won't ever mention or compare either of our families ever again. This suits me because although I come from one of the most distinguished families in the United States, your family decided they would not recognise my lineage or see how worthy of a title I might be.

David Darling -please don't start about your title. There are a thousand million people on the planet, and they all know you as Her Royal Highness. Every photograph confirms you as a natural aristocrat. When this beastly war is over, I swear, if there's one thing that I can get the Firm to do -

Wallis -If you'd shut up about it when we got married, the Firm would not have dared withhold my title!

David I kept on because I knew you wanted it badly. Deep down Bertie knows it is wrong to deprive you. I'll talk him round.

Wallis I'm just a simple girl from Baltimore, David. If British royalty says 'never', I believe them. But I've done my share of good works. I helped set up a venereal disease clinic here on the island when no one wanted to admit there was a problem.

David Your nursing work has been heroic.If you kept it up they would have to give you a title. It's actually mother who can't come to grips with the idea. And mother has always had Bertie's ear.

Wallis You bet she has, between finger and thumb. You're such a hen-pecked lot of krauts.

David Krauts, *Jarwol*. Henpecked? *Nein*.

Wallis Oh yes you are. Henpecked, provincial and....anal.

David I knew they are stuffy old sods. But I didn't think that they would be still holding out after seven years.

Wallis That's because you're a rotten judge of character, David. I just pray you haven't made a horrible mistake giving the care of all our money to Axel Wenner Grenn.

David ...Anal....What on earth does that mean?

Wallis Controlling, stingy. Obsessed by protocol, never letting go. Everyone's starting to use it, nowadays. I have a headache. I'm going to lie down. (Exit Wallis)

(Crossfade to Hoover putting on stockings, spraying perfume, primping wig. Tolson returns)

Hoover Alone, agent Tolson? Oh you should have searched and scoured, you should not have shown that once handsome face of yours in here, until you had found my treat.

Tolson He's going to call you from the lobby, as soon as he's free.

Hoover You know who this dress belonged to? Guess. Who sent her wardrobe from Nassau to New York for 'dry cleaning'? I ordered the shipment to be detained while we looked for secret messages in the dry cleaning labels.

Tolson If you are wearing Wallis Simpson's dress, t must have been let out., because she looks like she's made out of pipecleaners.

Hoover That's what four- times-a-week colonic irrigation does for you. She goes off to get pumped while he plays golf. You should listen to the taps.

Tolson I'm not bothered to find out if the Dook snores worse than you.

Hoover They have this game where he sticks jewels up her ass.

Tolson Is that why you want a mike in the bedroom?

Hoover He's a known traitor and surveillance is in the national interest.

Tolson Eleanor Roosevelt in a motel. How many times you played that tape?

Hoover As head of the bureau, I am the only member with high enough security clearance to assess tapes of the president's wife acquired in routine sweeps. I assured the president that we had come up with some sensitive material, but no one else would ever hear it. Suppose communists got a hold of the tape? They could wag the president like the tail on a dog; after all, she sounds like a jackal on heat with that young man.

Tolson I thought Eleanor Roosevelt was a dyke.

Hoover So did everyone else, till recently. And we'll keep it that way. America is the world's greatest democracy. Since wire taps came in ten years ago, every president has publicly outlawed phone taps. Privately, every president has also been the beneficiary. George Washington would have been glad of my services. At the same time, dark forces are ranged against us. That is why, if I want a hamburger from a joint a hundred yards away we ride in the armored limousine. You're probably too dumb for your life to be in danger, except accidentally. But it's just as well you're not too smart or people might think we were an item. (Beat) Who's the boy with that's more important than me?

(Crossfade to Wallis and David, preparing for bed.)

David It may not be much of a books man, but I think I understand people pretty well. I can always pick out the rotten apple in the barrel. Been trained up for it, see?

Wallis Trained up for it, and then marooned on a very, very small island in the Caribbean. (Pause)

David The family've said no, categorically, to Washington. We're not austere enough to be let loose in America, in wartime.

Wallis Have they forgotten it's where I'm from?

David They don't want us gallivanting around stealing the headlines, while there are blackouts and shortages, in London.

Wallis What about Ottawa? They loved you in Canada, you said.

David They don't want me now I'm with you. You practically can't even be a Mountie, if you've been divorced.

Wallis The Canadians are ungrateful little shits.

David They are rather old-fashioned.

Wallis Even Montreal would have been somewhere, at least. But Nassau..... I don't think the Germans would notice if one morning they woke up and found the Bahamas had dropped off the map.

David Oh, they would. The Führer was so taken with you, I'm sure he checks their position daily. And the Germans are by far from finished. Axel told me the Germans have developed secret weapons which can still cripple England. They'd make a V one, whatchercallit, doodle-bug look like a vicar's tea-party. After that, we could return, and do some good. Heal the terrible wounds of war.

(David kisses her.)

David And now, I kiss the hand on the exact same spot where the Fuhrer's lips descended.

Wallis (Squirms) It was just his moustache. I swear his lips never touched me.

David He'd have liked to kiss more than your hand, but he was married to Germany, he told me. (Enthusiastic) "*Verheitat mit Deutschland!*"

Wallis David, seriously, do you still believe that the British would ever have you back, with London flattened and the country under Naze occupation?

David Have *us* back, you mean. Oh yes! I could see us doing business with the Third Reich. I'm sure there are a lot of people who think like us in Britain. They've just piped down for now. When all's said and done, the Germans are pretty decent people. They saw to it we had an unforgettable honeymoon. (Pause) Goering seemed a splendid sort.

Wallis Goebbels is certainly clever.

David Too clever by half, that little fellow. Minister for Propaganda, indeed! Never trust a journalist with a gimpy foot. But you know, I never did think Hitler was such a bad chap. After all, he was terribly taken with you.

Wallis Oh, Hitler isn't cut out to be a soldier at all, really. He's a romantic, a visionary. You just have to look at those intuitive, musician's fingers- he'd have made a great conductor.

David Well he's sacrificing the whole bloody orchestra, now he's invaded Russia. So sad. If Hitler had held back, the British and the Germans could have made common cause by now, against bolshevism.

Wallis That's all it needs, one tactical error. And you're finished.

David What's that supposed to mean?

Wallis When we stopped off en route and they played the shortened version of God Save the King and not the full twenty eight bars, I should have known what was coming. Do you think I'm happy in this dump? I scream. I go to my room, I shut the door and I scream. When I'm done screaming, I lie and listen to the termites chewing out the heart of every piece of wood in the building. I'm actually a prisoner in a tropical jail.

David You're not a prisoner. There's nothing to stop you going out. You're the only woman in the world, darling. You've given me everything- happiness of course, but most important, meaning to my life I wish I had known you when you were a girl. Then we could

have shared every scrap of time and there wouldn't have been other women. Before you, Wallis, life just went on, I can see now it didn't have much meaning. But then I found you and what is still unbelievable is that after everything that has happened to you, you are still without faults, the perfect woman. You provide for me everything I never had from my family, in the way of comfort, love, and kindness. I don't need anyone else, really. You'll always be queen of my heart.

Wallis Prove your devotion then. Get a better posting.

David As long as I'm with you, it doesn't matter to me where I am.

Wallis It matters to me, when every cupboard I open is alive with cockroaches. I found mould growing on a lipstick yesterday. You've no idea how hard it is to continue to live a great romance.

David You always look perfect. Always.

Wallis Promise me one thing, when the war is over, you'll get a proper job. I'm not having you hanging round the house all day.

David Maybe. For now, the colonial office seem to think that you are the one who has problems leaving for work. They wrote saying that your dress allowance is incompatible with the number of public appearances you've been making recently.

Wallis I can't leave the house if I have nothing to wear. The FBI are holding on to all my wardrobe in New York. If that isn't persecution I don't know what is.

David Not everything. There was that lovely rather simple nurse's uniform which you wore when you last visited the wounded-

Wallis -I'm not doing any more hospital visits!-

David -Beautifully starched-

Wallis -I've had it up to here with heroic amputees! If they had hands, they'd be trying to put them up my dress.

David Don't worry about the colonial office. I'll look after them. Though

I'd love to let you loose on them, and see these rows of grey accountants, curling up under your scorn like caterpillars under a flamethrower. You're worth a million of them. A million of the grey people, all squeezed out wouldn't make one of you What did happen, to upset you, dearest, that last visit, at the hospital?

Wallis Never mind- David, about this currency transfer you've arranged-

David Be patient, dear, and one day soon we can go to Van Cleef and Arpels in New York, and I can order them to dress you in nothing but diamonds. We'll play the Game again, soon. This body of yours was made to be filled with diamonds and precious stones. I love The Game. Bigger diamonds. Fatter rubies. Emeralds the size of a farmer's thumb, filling your body. Because you are a true goddess, Wallis. There's no religion left. There is only you.

(David lights a cigar . Wallis removes cigar.)

David Those cost five guineas each -and they're damn hard to get hold of in wartime! That one had lasted me the best part of three days before you pronounced its death sentence!

Wallis To relight it, and relight it, after it's been lying around- it's so bad for you. Ugh! You don't want to die of some horrible bronchial thing, do you?

(Crossfade begins)

David I had plenty of cigarettes in between, but I like things that are familiar, that have proved their serviceable worth. You know, the best pair of shoes I ever had made are twentyfive years old. I look at them, sometimes, when they're all nicely cleaned and polished, and I think, Oh! If only you could speak, what a conversation we could have about old times!

(Tolson, with headphones on. Hoover, is blindfolded, with a scarf, slowly turning round, as in a game of blind man's buff.)

Hoover Are they fucking?

Tolson It's quiet as the grave.

Hoover Did you bring a Bible this time?

Tolson Why?

Hoover It's a standing order.

Tolson Yeah but....there's always a Gideon bible in a drawer somewhere, these places, boss.

Hoover So where is it?

(Hoover removes blindfold, and gets cross)

Hoover I'm the bureau chief! I should not have to open every fucking drawer here! You do it!

(Tolson produces a bible, throws it in front of Hoover.)

Hoover I want the good book opened at Corinthians 2.

Tolson I don't know where the fuck Corinthians 2 is.

Hoover He's gonna read from Corinthians Two while I'm giving it to him, remember?

Tolson I still don't get it .

Hoover Well this ex-altar boy does. But maybe we can forget Corinthians tonight. If the Duke and Duchess come home and we can listen to them playing their game in real time as we spit roast the boy.

Tolson There's only the one pair of cans for the live feed.

Hoover Tell them to send a speaker cabinet, now.

(phone rings. Tolson picks up phone)

Tolson Listen carefully. You are about to meet a very important man.

Hoover Make sure he's not a red!

Tolson Your new name for the evening is going to be 'Angel.'

If you do exactly as he says, you need not be afraid. But you must never speak of this encounter to anyone. In fact, you must forget it. If you break your promise, we will know, and we will never forgive the breach. You will suffer horribly for any indiscretion you commit, as will your family. Is that understood, Angel? Take the elevator to the fifth floor bar. Order whatever you like. I'll be there very shortly. (Phone down. Hoover puts cans on, listening)

Hoover You didn't ask him if he was a red.

Tolson He's a trick, Jay.

Hoover You are so wrong.

Tolson They don't tend to think that far ahead.

Hoover Why aren't they in the house? It's late!

Tolson Do you want me to fetch the boy or not?

Hoover Not yet! I need to check this blusher. It may be too radical. I need to skip to the bathroom before he comes.

Tolson Do you want me to wait here till you've put your blusher on? Yes or no?

Hoover (Pause).Before you go there's something you should see. On a personal level.

(Hoover produces file)

Hoover You don't know much about psychology, do you Clyde?(Pause)

Tolson Yeah. It's a red plot and fulla communist jargon, according to you.

Hoover I've been having some sleepless nights. Sleepless nights and unquiet thoughts. About transgression. I was hoping analysis might hold a key.

Tolson You planning going to a shrink?

Hoover I checked out with two.

(Hoover passes file to Tolson)

Tolson You went to two analysts? Millions of citizens see three analysts in a year, without being indoctrinated with red serum.

Hoover I told them each a little different. But they both reported the same in secret. Deep down I'm kinked. You can't be loved if you're kinked. They say you can't really love me Clyde. You can only pretend.

(Crossfade back to David and Wallis. David wearing golfing gear)

David These golfing shoes were made by Lobbs and presented to me with individually carved shoe trees at the exact end of the last war. November 11 1918. BIMY! Shoes that knew me before I met you!

Wallis That's very frugal of you dear and if we want to make other economies, someone's been going through three and four bottles a week of St James' whisky in your dressing room.

David Oh, that's my wretched batman.

Wallis Are you sure it's not you?

David I take a very occasional peg from there.

Wallis Next time, put an mark on the label.

David He just puts another mark underneath it. If I fired him, the War Office wouldn't send a replacement for months. And we're short of staff as it is. Did you not get rid of a houseboy today?

Wallis Two houseboys. The first one came to me with a sob story- his wife had died the night before, so he had to go home for the afternoon to look after their children. You know how they lay it on, saying they are the only one working in the family. I said, you can go if you like, but if you do go, don't come back. . There was another one this morning - dumb insolence- he stayed sitting down the whole time I was in the kitchen.

David Here we go, Reds in the pantry.

- Wallis I gave the day's menu to the cook, and then I turned and I said, "If you have not read the Duke's memo concerning forms of deportment and address to your employers, it's pinned to the back of the door!" He then he deliberately dropped one of the George II saltcellars so it rolled to my feet and I had to pick it up so I told him, "We have standards here at Government House, and if they're not yours, you'd better go." The look he gave me told me it had been the right thing to do with him. He never said my title once. As for the ones who remain, I can hardly order a cocktail at the moment for fear of what is going to be used to stir it.
- David (To Wallis) Don't!
- Wallis I sometimes think that If I'd known about the insubordination I would encounter here just because I once went on my knees to you...
- David It was a quite stunning introduction to love.
- Wallis I'm sure your other girlfriends knew how do that.
- David Very few of them were American; *you* said it was an old Baltimore custom. Anyhow, it was immediate confirmation, of my instinct that we had been made for each other.
- Wallis I thought we would go to bed together a few times and that would be that.
- David They were magic, weren't they, those first times. And then I invented The Game.
- Wallis Once, my husband came back to the apartment early and found us at it.
- David (Laughing) He didn't!! Gee whizz! Mr Simpson dropped by! Which time was that?
- Wallis Early on; I was still meant to be calling you 'sir' but I forgot.
- David -I loved being sirred by you-
- Wallis You had your back to the bedroom door. There were loose

unmounted stones from Queen Mary's collection all over the bed I waved him away, but I knew he was still watching through the keyhole- I could see where his feet were, from the light coming under the door.

David You mean he saw us playing The Game.He must have thought we were crazy! You didn't tell me at the time!

Wallis Can you mention that your husband's eye is at the keyhole when the heir to the throne is slowly pushing his mother's entire unmounted emerald collection up your bottom? I didn't know what the royal etiquette demanded.

David You always made everything we did together seem so natural. In fact, from the very beginning, you always read my mind like a book.

Wallis It's a book,where the print is rather large and face it, there aren't that many long ,difficult words. It runs in your family, I believe.

David Oh Wallis don't start on that one; or the one about you forbears being state governors and the founders of America- I don't give a hoot for ancestors or their rigid institutions. Henry Ford is right. History is bunk. (Pause) If we were buried at Frogmore, you know who who we'd be close to?

Wallis Let's see, Frogmore holds the remains of your father, your grandfather, you greatgrandmother, then William IV, then His Royal Highness the Prince Consort-

David (Interrupts) -Stop, stop. Someone much closer to both our hearts. The first Mr Loo! (Pause)

Wallis David-you said you wouldn't be here- when Effie comes.

David Remember when you were in France getting your divorce, and right in the middle of that terrible time Mr Loo went to the happy hunting grounds? I put him in a little coffin in his best collar, and buried him close by to Frogmore, with a little service over him. (David puts his hands together in prayer.) Just me and Mr Loo, praying for you and our future happiness.

(Crossfade to Tolson. Hoover sashays back to centre stage)

Tolson OK so people have been saying bad things about Mary and her kinks! But Mary's had a little cry and she's feeling better now? What kind of bad things?

(Hoover snivels, and snatches reports back.)

Tolson Ok... you don't want me to read about Mary. Tell me in your own words. You saw two shrinks.

Hoover One in the morning, one in the afternoon.

Tolson And each one writes a confidential report.

Hoover I asked to see them and they wouldn't show me.

Tolson What then?

Hoover We had to break in to Harvard University.

Tolson I remember; you got G-men to raid the psychiatric unit and make it look like a burglary.

Hoover Look what they wrote, the dirty kikes.(reads) "Racially and sexually prejudiced, wayward and neurotic." " Power crazed and paranoid." "hysterical." How can the head of the FBI be hysterical? (Stamps foot) Girls are hysterical. They're communists. Otherwise why are they spreading secret lies about me?

Tolson I can't answer that.

Hoover Anyhow they've been told the reports cannot be rewritten, cited or quoted ever. Or the authors will be investigated and even if they avoid prison they will be disbarred.

Tolson Yeah well if you're newly arrived from Vienna and trying to get your kids through college, that must be quite an incentive for discretion. (Pause)

Hoover The boy is not at his station.

Tolson He's having a cigarette outside.

Hoover Suppose he runs off?

Tolson He won't, before he's paid.

Hoover I'm worried about if the papers get hold of the shrink story,

Tolson But since Pearl Harbour there has not been a whisper. The press idolises the FBI as the protector of the nation, which means you ! J Edgar Hoover is the most popular person in America. Every time you open a newspaper now it says something like " J Edgar Hoover is an inspiration to us all. He is more popular and well known than George Washington. The FBI is a closely knit cooperative organisation of happy men and women. " Last week it was forty seven percent , or some crazy number of all small boys if offered the chance would be you; Head of the thrusting Federal Bureau of Investigation. They can't get enough of you! By the end of this century, he will have left a greater mark on this great country than anyone after Abraham Lincoln. Last week there was a florist-sponsored competition to guess the boss's favourite flower resulting in 50 000 replies from across the nation."

Hoover It's a tie between gladioli and azeleas. No one got it right because no one knows the real me. (Pause) They write this pap now . But once one of them breaks rank, just one, others will follow.

(Gives Tolson magazine)

Tolson (Reads) "Mr Hoover is short, fat, businesslike and walks with a mincing step. He dresses fastidiously with Eleanor Blue as the favorite color for the matched shades of tie, handkerchief and socks. He is different from any other police officer interviewed by this magazine in that he uses a distinctive and conspicuous perfume. A little pompous, he rides in a limousine even if only to a nearby cafeteria. He is seldom seen without male companion Clyde Tolson, neither has ever actually made an arrest." (Pause) What's the circulation of the Sioux Falls Advertiser? Tell the editor he'll be out of a job in a week if he buys a piece from that journalist again. You can turn the printing and distribution off with one phone call. (Pause)

Hoover I already did.

(Crossfade to David in stylish golfing gear and now clubs, and Wallis)

David What is Effie bringing- Balmain? Schiaparelli?

Wallis She said it was a new Chanel her boyfriend bought for her, which she says isn't her.

David A present from Christie! I love the way Chanel shows off your skin.

Wallis I don't know for how much longer, though. I can't believe what this heat's doing to my complexion. I'm turning yellow. I asked the doctor if I could have viral hepatitis. He was very vague. The doctors here are terrible. (Pause)

David You're not remotely yellow. You're the purest ivory.

Wallis I'm under enormous pressure here, David. It's the same pressure which was provoked during your wretched abdication, when I got poison pen letters saying they were going to fling stinking fish entrails or acid over me in a public place for what I had done. It was palpable hatred, it was as if the acid had already started to eat away my face and you wouldn't want me any more.

David Oh yes I would.

Wallis There's definitely something wrong. Sometimes my skin feels like it's coming off.

David Don't worry, it isn't, though mind you I'd want to keep it if it did. (Pause) The thing that used to excite me more than anything about you was the discovery that you have this skin which feels like silk. Outside, and inside. Like whitest silk but also like cream. The very best Devonshire cream.

Wallis Cream's one thing I don't miss here.

David Your Royal Highness, your nipples, your gorgeous royal nipples, *diene liebe Brüstwarten* are like wild strawberries, which I still adore to adore, singly or in pairs. Remember when you were lying down and I poured rose petals over you your breasts, and your little titties were poking through? Perfection!

Wallis Earnest Simpson always said they reminded him more of raisins than anything.

David Well, if you were looking at them through a keyhole, they probably would.

Wallis You liked that story, didn't you? What if I took a lover, and made you stand at the keyhole?

David I'm never going to lose you, you know. Never. Nothing will ever come between us. I'm going to fill your secret rosebud with nest-eggs, for ever and a day.

Wallis (Nostalgic) You used to talk like that a lot of the time. God I fell in love with your voice. When we met, you used to talk differently. Now you use a lot more slang.

David (Appalling American) Gee whizz!

Wallis And "Hi!" and "Hot Diggety". Really David, grow up.

David (Amused) I don't really say "Hot Diggety", do I?

Tolson in vest and pants enters with envelope, to find Hoover in corset, stockings half down, wig at a slant.)

Hoover I'm exhausted . I can't keep going like I used to. I wish there was a pill you could take to stop getting old.
A farm boy from Arkansas. "That's all you need to know". Do you think he enjoys his city work?

Tolson Not from his expression. But I expect it's better paid than filling chickens.

Hoover It's so touching that he had no idea of who we are.

Tolson I think he does now. Maybe you shouldn't shout out your name, while you're fucking them. This was shoved under the door just when you came. (Shows large plain envelope) Probably complaints about noise, from the management.

Hoover If it's addressed in green ink forward it to forensics.

(Tolson hands over envelope.)

Tolson No address.

Hoover Half of Wallis Simpson's denunciations are in green ink and about her being a witch. Did you know she had a snatch that she could make appear anywhere on her body, behind her knee or in the palm of her hand? That was how she hooked the prince. He just had to kiss her hand." (Hoover opens, reads) " Grand Opening. For only \$40 a head, comrades, you are hotly invited to mingle and participate in patriotic all-boy fun at our exclusive basement club with crammed busy toilets full of uniformed swish action at 142 West 23rd Street."

Tolson Another wartime fag joint opening. Pass.

Hoover Notice they use the word "Comrades." Only communists use that word.

Tolson (Reads) "The evening's feverish fun this week will culminate in 'Bound for Hades', a brand new sparkling Satanic cross-dressing revue which features America's latest secret weapon in the war on fascism, Hairy Mary of the FBI." (Pause) I told you to be careful, Edgar.

Hoover If the commie sowbugs are coming out of the woodwork with their insinuations, well then, we can go and stamp them flat, right now.

Tolson Jay are you sure they're communists? It could be just some satiric cissy revue.

Hoover Satire my black ass! I'm not about to overlook it! We're heading down town. Call the New York section heads for backup, and get your ass in gear Tolson.

Tolson I'm not leaving the building with you dressed like that.

Hoover It's ok, I done it plenty of times. I can carry my heater in my purse.

(Crossfade to David and Wallis)

David "Hot Diggety!!"

Wallis OK David, let's be modern then, use modern idioms, move with the times. Just as we should not be aspiring to share a balcony with the Führer in the near future, we should also weigh the risks around opening an account at Hitler's bank.

David Hitler is an unconventional strategist, that's true. But we should take wartime propaganda for what it is. Pure speculation.

Wallis I've been hearing some very nasty rumours about what the Germans are getting up to. Used to be three million Polish Jews, and now there's nothing but ashes.

David We had a heart to heart, Adolf and I, at the end of the honeymoon, and if the Führer really does have a thing about the Jews, he never breathed a word of it to me.

Wallis Perhaps he knew we were staying with the Rothschilds at the time. (Pause) It's all in Mein Kampf, anyhow. (Pause) Oh my Lord! The copy he gave us must be still in the house in Paris. David, it's dedicated to us! You should have someone burn it right away. Particularly if you are going to have a registered Nazi calling you on a bugged phone line to congratulate you about your German investments!

David In code, darling, in code! He's no fool. Remember that wonderful party Wenner threw for us sailing to Miami on his yacht? When we danced under the stars?

Wallis All I remember about his yacht was a huge bronze bust of Hitler on the stateroom table, bolted down but still looking like it could roll off and kill somebody.

David I sometimes think that the best times of my life have been afloat. Firstly in the navy, then with you.

Wallis Oh the navy, of course, beatings and sodomy! It must have been almost as enchanting as the way we live now.

David Nobody beat me when I was in the service.

- Wallis My first husband, was in the navy, as you may recall. He used to tie me naked to the bed, beat the shit out of me, and go out and fly drunk. Last thing at night, he'd come in still lit up, with his buddies, and urinate all over me. I couldn't scream because he'd gagged my mouth with panties, and dirty football socks. Then when they'd all finished he'd say, "Talk to me, poon. Open it, poon." At twenty three I knew exactly what Navy boys liked.
- David Poor Wallis! You poor darling! Not every sailor is like that. The miracle is of course, that you endured all that and you are still - perfect. "The ship of state is nothing to the prize I'm berthed with now. Others may have sailed in her, but she's all the world to me". I said that to Hitler, when he first remarked on your regal bearing. He has an eye for these things. I wouldn't mind sitting on the throne again, if you were queen.
- Wallis You're not the golden boy any more. No one's going to shout 'good old Teddy' now. If we went back now, as soon as I stepped out of the palace, the great British People would hang me from the nearest lampost.
- David It wouldn't be Nazi, if we were in charge. We'd create a respect for the Germans, but at a proper distance. We wouldn't go in for all that saluting, well, not all the time.
- Wallis Why would you agree to be king again?
- David Because you deserve to be queen. Then we can be buried in Frogmore, side by side near Mr Loo. The present likelihood, I grant you, is that the war goes against Germany, but we're still going to be alright. In Nassau, they've only had one currency investigation here since we arrived three years ago.
- Wallis That Frenchman, the flashy one Harry Oakes' daughter ran off with-
- David Freddie de Marigny. The bounder claimed to be a gigolo, and all his visible income was simply tax-free gifts from women he had satisfied.
- Wallis Which women?

David American women, here and in Miami.

Wallis I'm an American woman, and he never satisfied me. Darling, if it wasn't for Freddie, we wouldn't even have a proper hairdresser's on the island. (Pause) It doesn't have to be *exactly* like Elba, does it?

David Freddie once called me "a pimple on the arse of the British Empire" Why should such a beautiful country as France have such dreadful people in it?

Wallis Freddie's always had the most beautiful manners with me. I like the way he says one's title in French. "Votre Altesse Royale", so musically, as he bows, from his great height, over one's hand.

David Oh, he knows protocol perfectly well. He's even got a title but he's still a perfect menace. When we blackballed him from the yacht club, he deliberately introduced Jews onto the golf course. We now have the Sammy Glicks padding round in their plaid pants, blocking the fairways-

Wallis Well at least the coloureds will have some kind of paid work soon; they can press the plaid pants.

David The coloureds are as happy as they could be as they are, living on their coral reefs in the Out Islands, catching rainwater in buckets. It's only stirrers like de Marigny who want to give them ideas above their station.

Wallis Freddie created employment here when he took on a boatload of escaped French convicts who had rowed from Devil's Island.

David He's a pinko, and a menace to society.

Wallis He set these men up in jobs.

David The only excuse I can think of for your defence of him is that you've got the hots for him.

(Crossfade to Tolson alone who is starting a tape (or wire) recorder.
He listens intently, making notes)

Oakes *Mr Christie, last year I hired you as my general manager and overseer here on Nassau. The position is one of trust.*

Christie *Yes sir, I know.*

Oakes *Then why are the last three month's accounts a hamster's nest? Tell me in words of one syllable where my assets have gone.*

Christie *I can explain, Harry.*

Oakes *Not now. I've taken a sleeping pill. Tomorrow morning eight o'clock downstairs. Breakfast meeting.*

Christie *I'll come prepared, Mr Oakes.*

Oakes *You stay here. Sleep here. Take the spare room. Then, eight o'clock in the dining room.*

Christie *Alright.*

Oakes *What were you doing in Mexico just now? I thought you were working for me.*

Christie *It was a short trip for the Duke.*

Oakes *What did the Duke pay you for the trip to Mexico?*

Christie *He said next year I would get the Governor's approval for a hotel and casino development in the Out Islands.*

Oakes *Get the offer in writing if you can. The Duke stayed here when they were having Government House decorated and that took ten times as long as it should because his Shanghai hooker said everything had to be done over again, and what's my reward? A bloody dinner invitation. We're scum, to them.*

Christie *We'll sort out everything tomorrow. Sleep easy, Harry. Mr Oakes.*

(Tolson runs tape forward and listens again. Thud of the murder of Harry Oakes, Crossfade to Wallis and David.)

Wallis (Incredulous) I do not have 'the hots' for Freddie. I barely know him.

David Oh no? I've noticed "Votre Altesse Royale" gets in quite a lather every time she's getting ready to drop by the hair dresser's. It's two and three times a week, now, isn't it?

Wallis Darling, Freddie never does my hair. I don't even know if he could.

David Does he ever watch?

Wallis He's been in there a couple of times. When I've seen him, he always seems to be running round covered in feathers, with his arms full of chickens, from his farm.

David But does he ever watch?

Wallis Watch what? Me having my hair done? Are you crazy? He's got better things to do.

David Have you ever spoken to him when you visited his salon?

Wallis Yes. Once After he sent you that case of brandy, I thanked him.

David I never asked you to.

Wallis Darling, you never tell me to get my hair done. It's one of the things you take for granted.

David Has he sent in the bill for your hair yet?

Wallis I can't remember.

David Just let it sit there if it comes.

Wallis Don't worry, I haven't paid anything yet.

David Don't pay it.

Wallis I wasn't going to.

David How much is it?

Wallis It will be around a hundred dollars a week.

David We can't afford to spend those sorts of sums on your hair!

Wallis I know, that's why I wasn't going to pay it.

David He's got a cheek. If he wants to keep in my good books, he shouldn't charge at all.

Wallis I don't want there to be trouble. They do make room for me sometimes at very short notice.

David Don't tell them you're coming next time. Just turn up!

Wallis They do cut it exactly as I tell them. And there's a coloured girl there, who washes it very well. But I won't tip her.

David He knows you're the one doing him a favour. Everyone will want to go there now.

Wallis They did from the beginning. It's full all the time.

David Only because Her Royal Highness goes.

Wallis The gossip in there is incandescent. It never stops. If you want to find out who's sleeping with who, just make a hair appointment. If Freddie had so much as looked at me, it would be all over the island in ten minutes. Effie's in Freddie's salon practically every day.

David Who's she sleeping with now?

Wallis Harry Oakes' agent. Do you know him?

David Oh yes. Christie went to Mexico, for me. I used him as courier for our currency.

Wallis Well I hope you told Wenner to count it at the other end. Apparently Christie's been stealing from Harry Oakes.

David Not what Harry Oakes told me .

Wallis He's been helping himself to Harry Oakes' money but Harry has found out. You gave him two million in cash? He's probably never

coming back, David. You've just lost everything. All of our future. Gone. You've failed.

David Axel wouldn't let him do that. The duchesses will be safe.

Wallis I still don't feel safe. It's more like, the earth opened under me. David. I can't let you do this to me. I should be in charge of that money, not you!

David But you always wanted me to handle things; a girl has no head for figures, you said.

Wallis If you can't give me some real security, I should find someone who can!

David (Pause) I used to think a lot of the time, I should have died in the first war. The world was too awful, too jagged, too unfair. I wasn't allowed near the front line, on father's orders, where all the other brave young men were being blown to smithereens. But I thought I should have died as well. When you turn on me Wallis, I get that old feeling again. I want to die, Wallis. I want to die. (Pause)

Wallis Go ahead, then. Why don't you, and leave me in peace?

David I do my best. To please you.

Wallis (Pause) You look at me David, but you don't see me. Other people can see what's going on inside though. The last time we saw Noel, he was so sympathetic and funny with it, talking about my seven year itch.

David Has it really been seven years?

Wallis He asked me if I was happy-I said, "There are people who sleep on mud floors, lepers with no drains, who are far, far happier than me". "I know", he said.

David You're always dazzled by his sort, aren't you?

Wallis He's theatrically brilliant, musically prolific, and memorably witty; I'm sorry if you feel threatened.

David He's superficial.

Wallis He probably is, since he likes you.

David I can't think why. I've never said anything remotely clever in his hearing. In fact as I get older I find myself using a trick of my father's, which is to appear even stupider than I am.

Wallis Noel Coward said when you looked at a book, your expression reminded him of a little blank-faced wooden satyr he once saw in Greece. According to him, you picked up a copy of *Wuthering Heights*, as if it might bite you, looked at the author's name on the spine and said, "Who is this fellow, *Brontë*?"

(Wallis mimes holding a book at arm's length)

Wallis Emily Brontë was a woman.

David When I was growing up, if you were caught with a book in your hand, you never heard the last of it.

Wallis Your family are good at taking toys away, aren't they? I arrived here to find a series of most detailed written snubs on their instructions. The servants need not address me as Ma'am, or curtsy, or refer to me as Her Royal Highness, or remain standing in my presence. Who else cares?

David I have always seen that where it was possible, you have received all the bloody privileges due to your station, every last damned one. As soon as the war is over and we can leave, I promise I'm to make sure we get properly vetted servants.

Wallis I wouldn't have servants at all, if I had my way.

David Oh, you'd need some, darling.

Wallis I'd have robots to serve me.

David (Amazed) You are astonishing. Always. Robots!

Wallis Robots would wheel silently round, sweep the staircase, polish the glasses, iron the newspapers, fix dinner - everything would be

perfect, and I wouldn't have to be cross with anyone. It'd be my dream.

David Where on earth do these ideas of yours come from Wallis?

Wallis From my dislike of people, I think.

David There are quite a few people I'd like to get rid of. Just press a little button and they disappear.

Wallis Who's top of your list?

David Freddie De Marigny.

Wallis You are so against Freddie.

David There's something fishy about someone who doesn't smoke. Freddie's rotten to the core. I can read a man. I'll show him what kind of arse I'm a pimple on, before we're through!

(Phone rings. David picks up.)

David Windsor here. Axel! We were just talking about You won't believe how relieved I am to hear from you. So you say, the 'duchesses' arrived with you yesterday evening, and they're both sitting comfortably now, in the bank. That's very good to hear, Axel. I won't keep you; I expect the duchesses are expecting you to make them a cup of tea. Auf weidersen ! (Phone down) We're safe.

(David kisses Wallis, in triumph. Crossfade as Tolson listens. Another call, recorded .Ring ring.)

David Windsor.

Christie Good morning sir, I just called to say everything went well in Mexico.

David Yes I heard.

Christie I got in late last night so I didn't want to disturb you. I stayed over

at Harry Oakes' house last night, Westbourne, Something very sad, very unfortunate has happened. This morning when I woke up just now, I found Oakes dead.

David He was coming to supper tonight.

Christie Well he won't be now. It happened in the masterbedroom. I believe you stayed there too. .

David Only during redecoration. The room with the Chinese screen. He'd promised it to Her Royal Highness. She's on the other extension, by the way, so....

Wallis How dreadful.....

Christie Good morning, ma'am. The screen's ruined I'm afraid. Blood. The whole room's in a frightful state. He's been beaten badly about the head and there are feathers, scattered round the bed, almost like a native voodoo killing. Fortunately his family are away. You are the first people I've called.

David What do you mean?

Christie I mean you are the first people I've called. I'll keep you fully informed, sir.

David Of course.

Christie Goodbye for now, sir.

End Act I

CALYPSO

*"It's love, love alone,
That caused King Edward to leave the throne
It's love, love alone,
That caused King Edward to leave the throne*

*We know King Edward is noble and great
But love caused him to abdicate (Chor)
Oh what a sad disappointment
Was endured by the British Government*

*On the tenth of December we heard the talk
That he gave the throne to the Duke of York (Chor)
I'm sorry my mother is going to grieve
But I cannot help, I'm bound to leave*

*O! Baldwin tried to break down his plan
He said come what may, be American (Chor)
We got the money we got the dope
And the fancy walk just to suit New York*

*And if I can't get a boat to set me free
Well I'll walk to Miss Simpson across the sea (Chor)
He said my robes and my crown is upon my mind
But I cannot leave Miss Simpson behind*

*They could take my purse, they could take my crown
But leave me and Miss Simpson renown (Chor)
If you see Miss Simpson walk in the street
She could fall an angel with the body beat.*

*Let the organ roll, let the church bell ring
Good luck to our second bachelor king
No wonder annals of history
Has left a report of intensity*

End Act 1

Act II

(Wallis at a dressing table, making up. Enter David with notebook.)

David If Christie's murdered Harry Oakes after cleaning out his accounts, what the bloody hell was he doing calling me first and not the police?

Wallis Because you are the only one now who can wiggle his head out of the noose.

David Why should I?

Wallis Deposit slips?

David Oh damn. (Beat) What should I do, do you think?.....

Wallis Christie's got you by the balls, you dance to his tune. The law of the mangrove swamp has been the only ruler here, since the first settlers lure passing ships onto the reefs, and cut the sailor's throats as they staggered ashore. Forget Bertie. Go completely native! In any investigation, make sure the police commissioner answers to you and not the other way round.

David I don't know if I can overrule him.

Wallis If you let a Presbyterian Scot dictate a murder investigation, we're sunk.

David I've left a message for him to call. (Pause) You know you once said you were going to write about ourtime together? (Of book) Is this it?

Wallis I've only just started working it up from my diaries.

(She takes it from him and puts it down.)

David It doesn't read like that. There's loads here. (Picks up notebook) You've been beavering away.

(Wallis takes it off him)

Wallis You can't see it yet. New rule. You can look at it when you've written your autobiography.

David Actually darling, I've already broken that rule. I've read some of it during your fifteen laps. And it only whetted my appetite for more.

Wallis What every author wants to hear! Which bits did you read?

David There was one bit saying I was always fiddling with my codpiece-

Wallis That's right, you do-

David You traced it back to James I-

Wallis I expect you do a lot of things like James I. Please don't delve any more.

David Why don't you want me to read it?

Wallis It's just so..... unfinished.

David Listen to this. (Reads) "Throughout the abdication, my country has turned against me. My own countrymen have taken up their whips and scorns and lashed in my direction, hoping to lacerate my skin and draw blood." Poor Wallis. How magnificently you write about your sufferings!

Wallis I slept so badly last night David. Please just don't read.....I beg you.

David Oh... I haven't looked this page before. (Reads) "I am obliged to sustain an endless torrent of adolescent self-doubt creamed together with romantic adoration. Basically unimaginative, he is his only real interest-" He? Who's that about?

Wallis -That's about Earnest Simpson.

David No it's not Earnest. (Reads) "The little prince has never grown up. Malicious, venal and innocent by turns, the P.O.W. inflates himself, only as an excuse to to abase himself again before me. Then we

reach the end of the cycle and have to start all over again. " (Pause.)
The little prince, the P.O.W. is the Prince of Wales. That's me. Or
was,

Wallis What's past is past, David. I'm fast coming round to your and
Henry Ford's opinion of history- it's bunk! Give!

(Wallis reaches out for book)

David (Reads) October, 1937; our German honeymoon. Six years ago.
You had a splendid progress, worthy of your status. They loved you.
They loved us being in love. But according to this, already, you
were writing that you couldn't stick me. Tell me it isn't true.

Wallis It happened such a long time ago. It used to help to write things
down. But since then I've not written anything up for ages.

David No? This bit is bang up to date. July 8th, 1943, that's today.
(Reads) "Hot, hot hot." (Turns page) " You may have heard that I
aspired to my place in the British royal family via a whorehouse in
Shanghai, where I developed certain oriental pelvic muscles that
enslave and bewitch men with desire. You may have heard that I am
actually a man. Or that my cup of love has been surgically rotated, by
ninety degrees to accomodate my partner's bizarrely mutated penis.
The truth is more prosaic. Aged fortyseven, in my third marriage to a
barely controlled alcoholic, my husband's venality, which I have
observed to be hereditary, has plunged us, today into gravest
jeopardy." What's venality? (Pause)

Wallis You can be bought.

David You wouldn't say you could be bought, would you?

Wallis Darling, people expect women to be commodities.

David You can never publish this you know.

Wallis One day I might need the money.

David Is that Effie's new dress? You look gorgeous in it!

Wallis She said it was an unwanted gift -

- David From Christie? I hope you drove a hard bargain with the little tart.
- Wallis She didn't want money for it. David, what my diary today is saying is I am very afraid everything is about to go horribly, horribly wrong for us and you will be found out and either jailed for currency smuggling, or executed for treason. And I will be without a penny and people will say, "get you, parvenu." Nothing can shake your entitlement, but for me, without the hair and the clothes and the shoes and the title- truly I am nothing; nothing to look at. And when you go in for a stretch, there'll be noone I can turn to. Not even god. Not if I don't believe in him. God's just another nothing.
- David I don't believe in god much anymore, either. When I did guard duty on Father's coffin, what I realised, standing there, in a stupid bloody uniform, was that he was dead. He really was dead and that was it. I was practically a bleeding atheist from that moment on. I know I've said prayers for you, and special doggy prayers for Mr Loo, but as for being 'Defender of the Faith'- I don't think I ever met a single bishop I thought was worth defending.
- Wallis When the police commissioner calls, tell him you're taking over the case, as of now. Have you got that clear in your head?
- David Christie said there were feathers.
- Wallis I heard him. Scattered round the bed he said, like a native voodoo killing. Send the police into Shanty-town now, round up a known voodoo witch doctor, and hang 'im. End of problem.
- David Maybe....What is a voodoo killing, exactly?
- Wallis Voodoo witch doctors take money for blighting people's lives, hexing enemies with mean magic.
- David And you think it goes on all the time?
- Wallis I know it does. We get cursed regularly, you and I.
- David It's a bit early in the day to go in, haul out a voodoo and string him up just because a feather pillow burst. He might also have an alibi.

Wallis Witch doctors kill at a distance so alibi is meaningless. Those hounigans with their malefic spells in the shanty towns, they're never innocent. They steal your shoes to make a spell, They fill them with cayenne pepper and burn them, and you wander the world with a desiccated soul- till you die. So hang a voodoo. Show 'em who's in charge. Hang three. Do something! Oakes didn't beat his own brains out, then set fire to the room. It was voodoo.

David Darling, if I gave the order to go into the back streets like you want, and hang just anyone, it would give the communists the chance they've been waiting for.

Wallis What communists?

David The communist cells here.

Wallis Have you ever heard of communists on Nassau? (Pause)

David You admitted yourself, Freddie de Marigny's imported a whole boatload. You only need about half a dozen and you've got the Paris Commune all over again-

(Crossfade from David and Wallis to Tolson listening on cans. Speech continuous, now recorded)

David -I'd give it forty-eight hours before there was total insurrection and red flags flying over government house. Which room was Oakes killed in?

Wallis The master bedroom, the one we slept in, the one with the Chinese screen, remember?

(Hoover sashays in, coat over drag, takes off coat.)

Hoover What led you to abandon the call of duty, agent Tolson? You should have stayed.

Tolson With eighty G-mento to raid a fag club which seates maybe fifty I felt superfluous.

Hoover Here's another one who thinks homosexuals are cissies and are not violent when roused! I don't like to see ribs being broken and

smashed faces. I am not a vindictive person, Clyde. Right from when I was an altar boy I have learned about forgiveness. But the American people know you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs.

Tolson The crew on that garbage truck were giving you some pretty funny looks.

Hoover I was there incognito to check my orders were being followed!

Tolson Ten of the public and two of the agents were hospitalised.

Hoover Is the Arkansas altar boy still here?

Tolson He wanted double to stay overnight - something about his girl works nights and paying for a babysitter: I let him go.

Hoover And how's Operation Pillowtalk?

Tolson Miami records agents successful entry to the property was at dusk, 6.45 pm last night, then the first broadcast signal was picked up in Miami, at 9.45 pm .

Hoover Three hours to set up a microphone! Is that the best Miami can do?

Tolson Operatives then returned undetected to the boat which headed north to avoid the appearance of returning to Miami from the direction of Nassau. It certainly doesn't sound like the Windsors bedroom. Two conversations between guys last night, then at 3.00 am this morning, what sounds like a hit on the tape.

Hoover (Joke) Maybe the Duchess likes to slap him around.

Tolson They screwed up and bugged the bedroom in Oakes' house. It was a local guy called Harry Oakes, killed in his own bedroom. It's on the tape.

Hoover Fucking imbeciles. They bugged Harry Oakes' bedroom and not the Duke's??

Tolson Harry Oakes had loaned his house to the Duke and Duchess while Government House was being redecorated.

Hoover So Miami screwed up.

Tolson Invisibly. By the time Oakes is dead, they're all back on the boat.

Hoover Well they're just going to have to go back and get it right this time.

Tolson I'd give it a month or so. Security is going to be a lot tighter for a while.

Hoover Just a minute. Where are my reports?

Tolson I've been busy.

(Lights off Hoover and Tolson and onto Wallis and David)

David Christie is offering no alibi, and he's got a first class motive. The bugger's got a nerve expecting me to get him off.

Wallis If you can't think of anyone to arrest, better call up Wenner Gren. Do you have a code with Wenner for 'U-boat' ?

David I cannot permit Her Royal Highness the indignity and suffering of noisy, cramped and oily conditions. Ten days minimum to reach port in Germany. And then there is the deadly risk. Half of them don't get through now.

Wallis At least they'd have drycleaning, in Berlin.

David There's also the time lag for authorisation. Wenner says he can't get hold of the Führer sometimes for weeks at a time now. I cannot support this course of action for Your Royal Highness.

Wallis You know something? Without Harry Oakes, we're thirteen for dinner tonightI suppose if I sat Christie away from Effie's husband.....

David I have to say I find what Christie has done is ...Inhuman. Inhuman, based on unimaginable callousness and greed.

Wallis I can imagine myself doing what Christie did.

David Really? Is this the woman I married? (Shocked) Wallis?

Wallis I quite often feel like killing people.

David When?

Wallis Now. Yesterday. All the time. Most recently, ever since I last went down to the hospital.

David The sailors gave you a big welcome, didn't they?

Wallis Oh sure. There were young ratings dying from oil on the lungs who were cheering me with their actual last breath.

David They do like to cheer, Jack tars do. Never stop the cheery smile and the wave. You see? You should start doing those kind of visits again.

Wallis Not after this last time. I was in a ward and the nurse said a badly injured sailor who wasn't expected to live wanted to speak to me.

David Oh Wallis! Poor you! You've been keeping this all to yourself!

Wallis I went over to the sailor's bed. He was around twenty with a chubby face. He had lost both his arms. I knelt down and asked quietly if there was anything I could do. He sat bolt upright, and in a loud voice, so the whole ward could hear, he said since he could no longer pleasure himself could I either provide him with the fellatio for which I was so famous or give him a ride on "the royal Shanghai twat".

David I'll have him courtmartialled. What's his name?

Wallis It's alright, he died a few hours later.

David I'm sorry. God I'm sorry. You do your royal duty, but then every sewer in the world opens under your feet. No wonder you haven't been out again. Poor you!

Wallis I cut the visit short and left. Nobody apologised to me. On the way back, in the official car, there were some British soldiers marching on the road. I made the driver stop and back up, and I asked the platoon commander to explain why his troops did not salute the

Governor's car. He took refuge in some obscure regulation- saying they were not obliged to acknowledge official cars travelling over thirty miles an hour. He refused throughout the conversation to address me by my title. He kept smirking and it was clear he had heard the story too. As the driver pulled away, I looked back, and the whole platoon had pulled down their trousers, and were exposing their behinds in my direction. One of them even managed to defecate. (Pause)

David I expect they were.....Australians.

Wallis They can whistle, the next time they want me to play Florence Nightingale . At the back of my mind there is always this little voice now which says to me, "What do you care about these ant people? What do you really care?". Something can smash them all in front of me, and I would care as much about so many cockroaches. I'm through with charity.

David I have to say, I would rather have unlucky thirteen to supper than invite an extra who's a murderer I'm protecting.

Wallis Ignore those feelings, David. They will pass. You're modern, you don't have time for a soul. You've got about as much feeling for justice as sperm.

David Yes, but if he has the victim's blood on his hands-

Wallis He would have paid someone.

David What about one of the Devil's Island criminals that de Marigny imported.

Wallis Pity you can't pin it on de Marigny.

David That's a thought. Why arrest one of the monkeys when we could be hanging the bloody organ grinder? (Pause) But then, you said earlier you needed a hairdresser.

Wallis Not that badly. And he's been very high-handed, considering you're the governor. Remember when he bought that black market brandy for next to nothing? You had to practically get on your knees before he'd let you have a case. You were right; I should never have thanked

him.

David Let's see- Freddie pinched Harry Oakes' daughter out from under the old man's nose, so he'd be murdering his....father-in-law.

Wallis For the inheritance. (Beat)

David It's definitely a fit, but he's a slippery fellow. He was up in front of the courts before, remember, and wriggled his way out.

Wallis He won't this time. And when Freddie is sentenced, I will definitely want to exercise my ancient rights as governor's wife, to sleep with the convicted man, on his last night.

David (Incredulous) You want to sleep with Freddie?

Wallis Only the night before he swings. I'll be discreet. No one will know. Will you condemn him for me please?

(Crossfade to Hoover listening to tape. Tolson is on phone.)

Tolson Five foot eight, slim build, check shirt, cowboy boots, deep bruise on left cheekbone. He obtained entry to the bureau chief's suite and will have had sight of confidential Bureau documents. The Chief wants all the G-men who performed the successful raid at 5.30 AM to stay on the street in that area and comb the neighbourhood. The Chief is also offering a thousand dollars from his own pocket for their safe retrieval.

(Hoover finds papers. He sitting on them.)

Tolson (To phone) That's right, a thousand dollars. He feels the reputation of the Bureau is worth it, I guess. (phone down)

Hoover It's ok Clyde. False alarm.

Tolson You keep doing this. Mislaying stuff.

Hoover Don't call 'em back yet.

Tolson You know they are about to close the centre of Manhattan?

Hoover The OSS can have Europe. Who cares? This is where the policy gets made. None of the new government agencies can touch us on home ground. That's the way it should be. G men on the streets! Big secret operation! We need the profile and presence that power suggests. The big fuck up is in Nassau. Now the British Police, who are all trained by Sherlock fucking Holmes are going to find the Government House downstairs phone tap, and the FBI operation will be caught with its pants down, cornholing the family dog.

Tolson The files on Wallis measure nine yards. Surely the FBI has a clear public duty as well as a mandate for investigation into Nazi sympathisers.

Hoover That's a neater argument than I would have expected from you, Tolson, but if we are detected in a spy operation on the top official, on our British allies' sovereign territory. I'm telling you, Roosevelt will use the stink to kick us out of South and Central America..

Tolson On the other hand, if we were able to publicly assist with the murder we keep our foot in the door in the Caribbean.

Hoover The tape of him getting killed.

Tolson No recognition. It's a hog slaughter. Nothing but screams.

Hoover Who's our man in Miami?

Tolson Melchen.

Hoover I know we made him Chief of police.... but do you really think Melchen's up to this job?

Tolson He's been on the wagon, recently.

Hoover I refuse to have a fat drunk who leaves puke in his desk drawers on the case any more. Melchen bugged the wrong house! This surveillance is a crucially delicate international operation!

Tolson You're crazy.

Hoover The Duke is a major spy!

Tolson Stay out of this one, boss.

Hoover Get me Miami! I'm going to personally take the investigation over!

Tolson You're being hysterical again.

Hoover You're being hysterical! And my fist in your face is about the only thing that's gonna calm you down!

(Tolson struggles with Hoover. Finally it subsides.)

Tolson Do not fly to Nassau. Tell Melchen he's gotta to help out the British bobbies. England's three thousand miles away so the Brit-loving Miami police in solidarity with our old ally can supply sniffer dogs, detectives, and equipment all for free, and you know what, the Brits have been most successfully propagandised. Again and again they've seen how G-men solve crime from Hollywood.

Hoover I want him to go over with the pillow talk team and not screw up this time.

(Crossfade concludes to Wallis and David)

Wallis You've often said how you could refuse me nothing. Don't start now.

David You wouldn't seriously..... You swore to me that there was nothing between you. You're not satisfied. I don't satisfy you. And now it comes out. You want him, don't you? I can see it.

Wallis I'll be honest with you, David. It's not that personal. (Beat) I'd like to sleep with a condemned man. Particularly one I condemned myself. I'm getting wet just thinking about it.

David It's not you who condemns him, it's the governor.

Wallis I hear Freddie's rather well endowed. You could watch through the bars. (Pause)

David You once said that I was lucky to be born royal, since I was restless trash with a grasshopper brain, and the conscience of a cat. But this

is a game the cat won't play.

Wallis Oh yes it will, or there's no cream! You may have been born different, but you're in the chorus line now with everybody else. You lost something intangible, but you still lost it. So what's to stop me sleeping with de Marigny? Everyone else in the hairdressing saloon seems to be at it like monkeys. The war and the boredom and the heat here- you just get the itch. Why can't I scratch when I want? I'm not even a proper princess, so who cares how I get my kicks?

David You are a proper princess, Wallis, and you never can change that because my love for you elevated and ennobled you to what you deserved to be, all along.

Wallis No no. You levelled *down* . You threw it away the one precious thing you had - that's why we're in this hellhole! At least give me the ancient privileges of the governor's wife!

David Aside from your personal arrangements, why should it be Freddie?

Wallis He's tall, he's French, and he's insulted you unpardonably. If you don't want to watch us, I could always make a wire recording for you.

David Why would I want a recording of you and Freddie?

Wallis The leopard doesn't change its spots. I always knew the microphone I found in the embassy bedroom where I liased with Von Ribbentrop was put there on your orders.

David (Gasping) You didn't...I never...when did you do it with Von Ribbentrop?

Wallis Oh, so if you didn't know, it would have been MI5! The moment Ribbentrop arrived as ambassador to the Court of St James, he started sending me roses. Red ones. Twelve red roses every day, for a year. He may have begun life as a little champagne salesman but he quite wore my resistance down -I held him off for most of 1936- he told me my skin was like silk, too.

David When we were secretly engaged: how could you?

Wallis I decided I would be your conduit for clarity when you were in power. I knew what you felt about another war in Europe, so when Ribbentrop asked me what the king would do when Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia, I said “ The king will do nothing”. And Hitler heard me, or you, and marched in. And you did indeed do nothing. It’s on a dusty decaying spool somewhere, your message of sweet support to Von Ribbentrop. Maybe I will be hung for it one day, as your accomplice to treason.

David Whoever you have betrayed me with in the past, I don’t want you to do it with Freddie.

Wallis You know Freddie once caught us playing The Game. So he knows too much already. He should really be stopped.

David When did Freddie catch us?

Wallis He walked in on us when we were in bed in Harry Oakes’ house, in the room with the chinese screen. Didn’t you see him?

David That’s another one I must have missed.

Wallis I was so embarrassed at the time. I’d forgotten he was coming to dinner. He came in wearing this funny little Masonic apron thing like you have, with his medals on, but nothing underneath. You and I got up and got partly dressed. But he could see what we’d been doing and his apron was lifting in front. For dinner there was stuffed goose neck, with white sauce. I served him with a big one, and you with a little one, and poured the white sauce over one end. I gave him a lot. And then we all sat down to eat and I could feel his foot between my thighs, and then his big toe brushed my suspender belt, and slid into me, where the jewels still were. And suddenly, somehow, Freddie and I were under the table, and he was lifting off the apron and his sash and then- (Pause) The shock of his thing! It was so much longer and thicker than the goose neck, and it had an eye in the top of it which looked straight at you, and the eye was blue, like the blue of the palest sky. I’d never seen one like it before. I said,
" Really Freddie, this is very unusual, isn't it?" And he replied,
"It's a king-maker. Everyone has one nowadays." And he said it wanted to go inside for an inspection, and I begged to come too .
And I shrank until I was a sweet little girl, standing beside the kingmaker. I was only a bit taller than it was wide. And a voice said,

‘Get on’ and so with my bare legs wrapped round the king-maker, we flew through the air and went inside the big me and stopped, in the middle of infinite space. Up above and below, hanging in space and twinkling, were the emeralds, and rubies, the empire's collected glory, topaz and sapphires, tribute from every corner of the world, all lit up and everywhere there was a soft pink glow. It was like being in Santa Claus’ grotto, on Santa's knee. Sitting there, I started to melt inside, waves of sensation so intense it excited the kingmaker, and this white smokescreen spurted out from the eye. Suddenly I was outside, again, and Freddie was pulling his long soft thing out of me. The eye on top was closing its lid. (Beat) So what are you going to do about it? You really should see off your rival.

(Cross fade to Hoover listening to tape, and Tolson on phone)

Tolson (To Hoover) They’ve found him. Angel. The boy.

Hoover Just make sure they bring him back here.

Tolson I can do, but he’s dead. He was on the top of Brooklyn Bridge, and fell off.

Hoover The fuck was he doing on top of Brooklyn Bridge?

Tolson Fleeing from the G-man bounty hunters. What you want to do about the reward?

Hoover Nothing. A thousand dollars is a lot of money, Clyde.

Tolson I was thinking about his widow and kid.

Hoover *You* came in his mouth! (Pause) If he’d been innocent he wouldn’t have run.

Tolson Do the Mob have copies of your psychological profile?

Hoover What is it with the Mob and you people? It’s just a scare story. Thanks to the FBI and its fingerprint library there is no organised crime in America.

Tolson Is that so? The last time you got really drunk you showed me photographs of you in a feather boa and fuck-me pumps, which you

said the Mob had.

Hoover A feather boa and...?Why would I ever agree to be photographed like that?

Tolson I know, with a cucumber up your ass too, going down on a couple of coloured kids? I don't know! Maybe they were your nephews.

Hoover I have pure Swiss ancestry.

Tolson You got nigger hair.

Hoover Clyde, have you betrayed me? I mean, I noticed, yesterday you were looking pretty shifty. There are no hiding places from the new FBI. If you have been unfaithful, I will know.

Tolson Know what?

Hoover Who've you been with, you dirty little swish?

Tolson I...nobody.

Hoover Do you think I don't have recordings of you engaged in immoral acts?

Tolson You'll have nothing on me. We fucked in the shower.

Hoover I don't need a recording to know what happened. We went to the Santa Anita racetrack, last Wednesday. You left early with that young jockey. Appeared the next morning at work with a fat hickey behind your collar.

Tolson You're hysterical. That day, I cut myself shaving, and it wouldn't stop bleeding so-

Hoover I'll show you what blood looks like, you dirty little queen. I'm going to enjoy this.

Tolson You mean, I'm not?

(Tolson sits and does not defend himself. Hoover hits him on the nose. Tolson falls back with a cry. He sits up again and pats his face with reddening

handkerchief. Long pause. Hoover sits, apart. Tolson groans.)

Hoover I'm so glad we didn't yield your body to the call of the armed forces, Clyde. I said to the president, when we last met, my exact words, "What is most important to democracy in this war, Mister President, a musclebound, oversized army overseas, or an agile and wakeful internal security at home, guarding against the enemy within?" Roosevelt turned his wheelchair away, so he didn't have to look me in the eye. Fucking cowardly cripple. Mary is saying, she's sorry. (Tries to hold Tolson's hand)

Tolson You're a hysteric. And a killer.

Hoover Aw come on. (Flirty) You're my tough G-man. Mary's G-man. Mary's loses it sometimes but she's not a killer. Inside she's a sweet little girl.

Tolson You killed a man just now. You think it doesn't count if you kill people from your desk? You had full intelligence given to you about Pearl Harbour six months before. And how many died? I was there when that double agent came to see you before the attack. You screamed at him and threw him out, but everything in his report came true. Everything.

Hoover You are such a baby. A dangerous baby. Listen. Roosevelt and Churchill wanted to drag the United States into the war, they were the ones sitting on the Pearl Harbour information- in order to manipulate public opinion in this country. However, when war was declared, The Federal Bureau of Investigation became wholly committed to the Allied struggle. Which is why we are investigating the Duke of Windsor's Nazi connections, running tests on every label and seam of his wife's wardrobe.

Tolson It's not surprising it's a tight fit. I don't think she ever started a meal with six miniatures of Old Grandad and finished with double vanilla icecream.

Hoover You could lose a few pounds yourself, Clyde.

Tolson I would bet your untaxed Christmas bonus she's not really a spy.

Hoover She is two hours from 500 drycleaning establishments in Miami.

Her hospital visits were a cover for spying and reporting on troop movements.

Tolson Reporting to who?

Hoover Herman Goering! Best buddy of her husband's sailing chum!

Tolson All those people who write in to the Bureau about her, are pitifully insane; jacking off on their own envy and hatred.

Hoover Nassau is a hub of British and American troop movement. Fact! When Wallis found we'd stopped her getting her messages through via the dry cleaning code, she panics, and she never shows her face again outside. Her charitable work was a sham. Fact! And she must know her husband is an -arch traitor! Fact! The Duke started the fall of France all on his own- he passed over a map of a back road in the Ardennes to the German Army so they could circumvent the Maginot line.

Tolson Why didn't they try him?

Hoover Churchill decided it would be bad for morale, with the country isolated and fighting for its life. He now has savings in the Reichsbank in Mexico City where he gets the same interest rate as that fat, ugly fuck Air Marshall Goering and the rest of that criminal gang.

Tolson They must be still planning to put him on the throne.

Hoover He's a treacherous, spineless creep. I hate him.

(Crossfade to Wallis and David)

Wallis The more time that passes, the more it looks like you've got something to hide. "Why was the Duke dithering on that fatal morning? Why didn't he take the helm straight away?"

David (Gloomy) Next thing, Brother Bertie'll be on the blower.

Wallis Bertie is living in a capital with thousands blown apart or not accounted for in the rubble. One murder in the Bahamas is not big news.

David If he'd only given me a proper payoff none of this need to have happened. Are you sure the local police will play along when I get in the saddle?

Wallis They'll quickly get the message. Any trouble, get the superintendent transferred.

David But American detectives working in a British Crown colony? The colonial office will have a fit. Never mind.

Wallis It's an easy one to solve. If there's feathers all round the bed it's because the murderer has to do with chickens, and Freddie runs a chicken farm. We are going to get through this. The day the war ends, we can close this dreadful chapter and leave for France. I'm sure the Paris house and the bank accounts will all be left untouched as Wenner promised. Once again, we will have marvellous candlelit dinners with all sort of witty people, like Noel , dropping by to entertain us. And we will live happily ever after.

David So it's Freddie.

Wallis You need to speak with that detective who was your bodyguard on the last American tour.

David Milligan? Magellan?....

Wallis Melchen.I couldn't recall his name when I rang but they already knew.

David About the murder? How?

Wallis I guess through Reuters.

David You called Miami already? How enterprising.

Wallis When de Marigny's arrested, we should stay here and available for the preliminaries, but when it comes to the actual trial, we shouldn't stick around.

David That's it! Sod the firm. We'll go to Washington, and forget about it all. Someone else can order the rope.

Wallis We should go by New York- I need to have my engagement ring reset.

David Is the big emerald working loose again? They should have put more clasps in.

Wallis It would have worked better altogether if you hadn't made Cartier cut the centre stone in two.

David (laughs) Oh Wallis! My Romanov cousins would have stuck the big stone in a tiara or gambled it away without thinking. But not me. I'm a poverty-stricken Windsor! Mr Loo thinks you should have been a Romanoff, darling . "Grand Duchess Wallisoff!"

Wallis I'd settle for Her Royal Highness .

David It's the same thing, actually. When I was a boy, father decreed that the Romanov Dukes and Grand Duchesses would be of equal rank to their Royal Highnesses, for purposes of protocol, when they came to stay. When you saw father and Czar Nicholas side by side they looked more like brothers, than cousins. When the Bolshies took over Russia, Winston was all for giving the Romanovs asylum- but Father said no. His thinking was that the Bolshies were pretty popular with the lower orders in England, and if cousin Nicholas had been given shelter, it could have been curtains for us, too. ...so because father said no, the whole family, the Czar and the great aunts, Olga, Anastasia and Tatyana, are all pushing up birch-trees now, from unmarked graves in the tundra.... We don't come out of that episode well .

(Phone rings and David picks it up. Crossfade to Hoover and Tolson listening)

David (recorded, treated on phone) *Captain Melchen. ...If you could take the noon flight to Nassau I can arrange for you to visit to the scene of the crime as soon as I've briefed you . I've taken the liberty of reserving two first-class tickets as you will need to bring at least one forensic fingerprint expert*

End

