

CASH

GORDON BROWN IS ON STAGE WITH HIS RED
BOX. HE PRESENTS IT TO THE AUDIENCE, AS
FOR THE BUDGET PHOTOSHOOT, AS A
DRUMBEAT STARTS BUILDING OFF-STAGE.
TWO FEMALE MPS STAND UP.

(TO THE TUNE OF "FLASH" BY QUEEN)

WOMEN: Cash! Ah-ah!

GORDON: Might go to the NHS

WOMEN: Cash! Ah-ah!
We'll pay, every one of us

VOICEOVER: Seemingly there is no reason for these extraordinary
disappearing tax bands. Only the prospect of an upcoming
leadership contest has provided any explanation.

WOMEN: Cash! Ah-ah!

GORDON: It's quite logical

VOICEOVER: This morning's unprecedented sop to big business is no
cause for alarm.

WOMEN: Cash! Ah-ah!

CASH

GORDON: Promise the impossible

WOMEN: He'll con every one of us
Stamp on every one of us
He'll take with a grasping hand
Every penny, every shilling, every pound
Of our hard-earned cash!

VOICEOVER: Prime Minister, Cash Gordon approaching.

TONY BLAIR: What do you mean, Cash Gordon approaching? Open spin!
All doctors! Dispatch Prescott and Beckett to bring back his
body!

WOMEN: Cash! Ah-ah!

TONY BLAIR: Gordon's a liar!

WOMEN: Cash! Ah-ah!
Less for every one of us

TONY BLAIR: Just a man
With a red briefcase
You know it

GORDON BROWN: Nothing but a man
Too close to fail

CASH

No one can beat me now
And you can foot the bill

WOMEN: Oh, woe. Oh woe.

VOICEOVER: Cash! Cash, I need you! We only have fourteen pounds to
pay the rent!

WOMEN: Cash!

ENDS