

CLASHING CULTURES.

Setting: an inner-city street in modern Europe.

Wolfie: Why do you always do this?

The Fox: You know why.

Wolfie: Checkin' me out when I come into your part of town.

The Fox: You know this part of town is for the Bizzas. We don't like Mozzas 'ere.

Wolfie: Yeah, I know.

The Fox: You know you've got to pass my test question or the boys'll be round. No Mozzas on our patch. Do you know what this is?

SFX 1: The Fox plays Beethoven's '*Cantata on the Death of Emperor Joseph II, WoO 87*' as he walks around Wolfie, inspecting him.

The Fox: You know us Bizzas don't like to be messed with. We're the Bizza 'ard boys.

Wolfie: Of course, man. You know I believe in the Bizzas.

The Fox: 'Cos us Bizzas know there's only one composer who's the greatest, and that's Beethoven. Mozart is just a load of crap.

Wolfie: Too right, man. 100 %.

The Fox: 'Cos C minor is the biz and F flat is F'in flat. Is that right, bro'?

Wolfie: Too right. Us Bizzas gotta stay together, man.

The Fox: You'd better not be lyin'. 'Ere, give me your phone. **(Reaches out for Wolfie's phone)**

Wolfie: Hey man, you don't---

The Fox: The phone, not a load of bullshit!

The Fox takes Wolfie's phone.

The Fox: What's your name, bro?

Wolfie: Wolf... er...Eric.

The Fox: Let's see what's on this phone. Password?

Wolfie: Er... 1,2,3,4,5,6.

The Fox: Not very bright, are we?

Wolfie: I do my best.

The Fox: So, let's listen to the music you've been playing---

Wolfie tries to take his phone back, but fails.

SFX 2: Mozart's 'Magic Flute'.

The Fox: You been lyin'. This is some Mozza crap.

Wolfie: No. I can explain. It's not me. My girlfriend---

The Fox: A wuss like you don't 'ave no girlfriend. You been lyin'. You're a Mozza. Time to get the boys in.

Wolfie: Look, don't do that! Maybe I've listened to some Mozart crap, but it's just to learn how crap it is. You know, I can't be tellin' everyone how great Bizza is unless I can, like, you know, tell them about all the bad Mozza stuff.

The Fox: Go for it then. You tell me why Mozza is crap.

Wolfie: Well, er, the guy was just all over the place. And he didn't make loads of dosh, man. You know, Bizza made more dosh, man. If it'd been now, he would've been the one with the big car.

The Fox: That's cool, bro. You got it! And he couldn't even hear, man, 'cos he was, like, deaf. Let me tell the boys you passed the test!

The Fox starts to dial 'The Boys' on his phone.

SFX 3: A voice from the Fox's phone: 'The person you are trying to contact is unavailable. While you wait for a response, please listen to this':

SFX 4: Mozart's 'The Marriage of Figaro' plays from the Fox's phone.

The Fox: What the---?

Wolfie: Hey, Foxey. You get it, don't you?

The Fox: But... you got anything to do with this?

Wolfie: 'Cos I've been playin' you man. I ain't scared of you. And this place is gonna change, man. Us Mozzas gonna take it. We're gonna show you Bizzas that this town ain't big enough for the two of us. So you better get your '*Cosi fan tutti*' sorted, 'cos otherwise you'll be spendin' your time listening to a little

'*nacht musik*'! One of your Bizza-boys, who's come over to our side, hacked your phone last night.

Wolfie laughs, before opening up his shirt to show a huge 'M' on his t-shirt.

The Fox: You... you set me up! Who are all these guys? **(Shouts to those, offstage, who cannot be seen)** Hey, guys! You're all Bizzas. We're mates, right?

Wolfie: (Laughs) That's what you thought. But they've all been playin' a game these last few months. Give anyone enough cash and they'll come over, right? They'll all Mozzas now. The Bizzas are dead. **(Starts declaiming)** Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. The greatest of all time. The days of the Bizzas are over. Mozzas rule! F flat rules!

Here, why don't you educate yourself, man. Join us and be cool, or suffer.

Get a load of this, 'cos you'll be listening to it a hell of a lot more! You're just gonna have to Figaro it all out, and when it comes to the babes, you're the one who ain't gonna be getting' Married. Get it?

Wolfie turns to face the audience in triumph, his chest showing the capital M and his fist raised, as The Fox turns to face the audience, his face revealing abject terror as '*The Marriage of Figaro*' continues to play, its volume increasing.

The End.