

The Star.

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And now Ladies and Gentleman, the star of our show, the one you have been waiting for. She's diving, she's ecstatic, she's something and she is probably drunk. Please give it up for Tony Sinclair.

(Huge applause)

Hello! Thank You! Thank You!

Shall I give you a twirl...?

(Points at someone in the crowd)

Thank you.

You wouldn't know it but I used to be quite a mover. I still am when I'm in the wrong place at the wrong time and then my boyfriend walks in... No, but seriously, who has the right to throw stones? We're all the same under the skin. That even goes for you sir, yes, you in the third row with the taupe and chequered shirt, are clones back we wonder?

(Stifled laughter, slow hand clapping)

Well, you do take your time to warm up. Not every line can be a zinger. If this is what it's like on the top of the bill, I wouldn't want to try it at the bottom.... No, stop it! I said *at* the bottom. Riff-raff! Never mind. Now here's one for the boys. What are the three words you dread most when you're making love? Darling, I'm home...! You have to laugh. No, but seriously, some of my best friends are gay. My lover was one for a start. Well, at least he tried, which is more than I can say for you lot here tonight. Talk about common! My lover was a local landmark. Though that might have been the red light she used to stand under. I wouldn't exactly call her cheap, but she dived for nickels in the wishing-well. She was saving

up for a facelift. She'd put a dime in a jar every time she went to the little girls' room. With her bladder, she should have had enough for a facelift, tummy tuck and lipo. Excuse me, there are no refunds so you might as well make the most of it. Poor thing, she's in a home now, my lover. It's best for everyone. She didn't know whether she was coming or going. And, frankly, it was hell on the carpet. I wouldn't have cared but I'd just had the cat spayed. Don't get me wrong. I'm all for Mother Nature in her place. But, if one of us was going to be chased by a lot of tomcats, it was me. Tell me, sir, yes you in the front row, does your lover know you've had a face-lift or does he think your ears blush naturally...? It's all very well for you lot. I wish I could sit there with you and laugh at myself. I wish I could laugh at myself full stop... But you don't want to listen to my problems. Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you ruin your make-up.

As I was saying before I so rudely interrupted – keep up! – my health. I'm in worse shape than some bitches mattress. Believe it or not, I'm wearing a truss. Yes, all right. I know there are those who claim that it's padding to protect me from the gays who object to my material, but that's nonsense. In any case, some of them are my biggest fans. They can poke fun at themselves as well as the next man – or woman. Mustn't forget the woman. Not in these days. And I'm an equal opportunities kind of person. I'll do anything: christenings, bar-mitzvahs, fatwa's... Of course they can take a joke. What's life if you don't have a sense of humour?

But you have to be so careful these days, not to tread on anyone's toes. Soon the only acts left will be mimes. You daren't breathe a word about the blacks or the Irish... Is it better to be gay or black? Black: you don't have to tell your mother. Have you heard the one about the Irish lesbian? She liked to sleep with men... A good joke's universal. Laughter's what binds us together. I get letters from all sorts – riff-raff to royalty – thanking me for bringing a spot of joy into their lives and I see one Queen isn't my only fan tonight. Yes, a spot of joy: that's what we all need. And, if I can't have it, why should any of you...! No, it's nothing to worry about, madam, I have these funny turns. I said to my doctor, Doctor, I keep coming over a little queer. You're in the wrong place, he said to me, the laundry's next door. It's all right, sir, you're allowed to laugh. Your social worker won't catch you. She came last night. That's why the seat's still wet...

Just spread a little happiness as you go by... The other week, I was at the tailors having my inside leg measured by ever such a nice young man. You know the sort: trousers so tight, you can't

only tell his politics but his religion... Riff-raff! He made me this pair specially – out of shirt-sleeves.

(Points at someone in the crowd)

Have you seen the muscles on that man? I tell you, he can point his bazooka my way any day of the week. Why aren't there more like him around, eh fellas? Still, there's no accounting for tastes, as the lesbian said to the fishmonger. Oh it's a funny old world. You have to laugh, though it seems you don't. Never mind, I've played to worse. Remember me? Have you heard the one about the two gay New Yorkers? Oh you have.... A little louder, sir, please. Yes, you sir, the gentleman who laughed. I could use the support...

You've been a great audience, my darlings, time to love you and leave you.