

(The Reciter walks on stage and prepares to recite.)

Reciter: The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God, by Milton Hayes.....
 There's a green-eyed yellow idol to the north of Khatmandu,
 There's a little marble cross below the town -
 There's a

Colonel: (Interrupting) Have you been there lately?

Reciter: ~~Wham~~ I beg your pardon?

Major : The Colonel said, "Have you been there lately?"

Reciter: Where?

BOTH: Khatmandu!

Reciter: No, as a matter of fact I haven't been there for some time

Major: What were you there with? Indian Army? Indian Civil?

Colonel: Or the Folode-Rols? (They chuckle)

Reciter: Well, to be perfectly frank,.....

Maor: As a matter of fact I know Khatmandu well. It's a second Home.

Colonel: I love every inch of the place. I was only there last year.

Major: I came through a couple of months ago on my way home. The whole place was changed terribly.

Colone; Yes, bad show.

Reciter: That's all very interesting; but why are telling me?

Major: Just to put you right geographically

Colonel: You see, the whole place has been changed under a town-planning scheme.

Major: For instance, there's a large public library and public baths combined erected in the square. The office of Works have moved the idol to the south of Khatmandu.

Colonel: And the cemetery has been moved and there's now a cinema. Hideous thing!

Major: So that the marble cross you spoke of is now above the town

Reciter: Perhaps I'd better start again.

Both: 7 But do!

Reciter: The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God, bu Milton Hayes.. There's a green-eyed yellow idol to the....

Major: South

Reciter: South of Khatmandu,
There's a little marble cross.....

Colonel: Above

Reciter (Dully) above the town.
There's a broken-hearted woman tends the grave of Mad Carew...

Major: Did you know Fanny Shannon?

Reciter: Did I know whom?

Major: Fanny Shannon. You rememver, General Shannon's eldest girl.

Colonel: Tim Shannon. Damn good scout.

Major: Yes indeed. You're quite out of order saying she's broken-hearted.
She was naturally upset at ~~the~~ Carew's death, but she got over it.

Colonel: Didn't she marry a rich American?

Major: Yes, they've got three boys at St. Paul's.

Reciter:
How then, shall I describe her?

Major: Oh; (Whispers) to the colonel) We suggest a comparatively broken-hearted woman.

Reciter: I'd better start again.

Both: But do.

Reciter: There's a green-eyed yellow idol to the south of Khatmandu,
There's a little marble cross above the town.
There's a comparatively-broken-hearted woman tends the
grave of Mad Carew,
And the little god forever gazes down.

Colonel: (Hastily) Up, UP!

Reciter: UP!... He was known as Mad Carew----

Major: Oh ridiculous. The man wasn't mad at all. He was mentally deficient, yes. You couldn't call him absolutely crackers.

Reciter: He was known as Mentally Deficient Carew by the
subs of Khatmandu,
He was hotter than they felt inclined to tell.

Colonel: Too much curry-powder. Too much mepharine.

Reciter: (Miserably) But for all his foolish pranks...

Major: Foolish pranks be damned, sir. You don't call writing
rude words on the walls foolish pranks.

Reciter: Well, I didn't know.

Colonel: No, neither did I.

Major: What, Carew? Horrible habits.

Colonel: Tell me a couple. (They whisper) No! Government House!

Major: Government House. I tell you the Viceroy was livid. In
front of Noel Coward too!

Reciter: He was worshipped in the ranks:
And the Colonel's daughter smiled on him as well.

THEY BOTH RISE, INDIGNANT

Major: Now that's a cad's remark, sir. If you want to know, my brother was engaged to her at the time. I...(attempts to get at the reciter but is restrained by the Col.)

Reciter: I'm sorry. I didn't know. I apologise.

Colonel: I should damn well think so. (To the Major) I'd accept his apology.

Major: Would you? Very well. We don't want a scene.

Colonel: We needn't look.

Major. No, turn your back on the blighter. (Picks up programme) Who is (gives reciter's name). Never heard of him. Local chappie, I suppose.

Reciter: She was nearly twenty-one....

Colonel: (With roar of derisive laughter) Twentyone be damned!
She was thirty-nine if she was a day.

Major: Mind you, she didn't look it. She had everything lifted-
or practically everything. All the main essentials.

Reciter. And arrangements had been made To celebrate her birthday with
a ball.

Colonel: Extraordinary. I don't remember that.

Major: No; I think you were away at the time. It was during the
rains; you were up at Rumblechellypore on that sewage commission.

Reciter: He wrote to ask what present she would like from Mentally
Deficient Carew. They met next day as he dismissed his squad.

Colonel: Platoon.

Reciter: As he dismissed his squad.

Colonel: Platoon.

Reciter: Squad.

Colonel: The Subaltern commands a Platoon.

Recitr: But it must be "squad." I'ts got to rhyme with "yellow God."

Major; We don't give a hoot what it's got to rhyme with, sir. Queen's Regulations. It's a platoon!

Reciter: They met next day as he dismissed his platoon.
And jokingly she said that nothong else would do
But the green eye of the....

Major: Chocolate-colored coon!...

(They Both roar with laughter)

Colonel: Jolly good!

Reciter: (Hysterically) The night before the dance,
Mentally Deficient Carew sat in a trance...

Major: Set in a trance! He sat in a blanc mange. I remember it well.
He was tight as a ~~kix~~ tie.

Reciter: And the chafed him as the puffed at the cigars.

Colone; Wait a minute. Chaged him? Are you referring to his underwear or his brother officers?

Reciter: His brother officers.

Major: Then the word is chaffed - or if you come from the North Country the "a" is short and it would be "cheffed."

Reciter: It might interest you to know that I do some from the North Country. I would prefer the word "chehffed."

Colonel: Then by all means say "chehffed."

Reciter: Very well, I will say chehffed.

Both: But do!

Reciter: (Lapsing into North Country.) And the chafed him as they
 puffed at their cigars.

(Col. and Maj. laugh and applaud)

Major: Oh come along. We need a drink. Sorry we've got to go; so
 we'll leave your puffing and chaffing.

Reciter: Gentlemen, please. Gentlemen, will you please let me continue,
 Don't you realise this is my livelihood, my business? May I
 please continue?

Both: But do. (They both laugh)

Reciter: (Going Mad) There's a broken-hearted idol
 To the West of Kf Mad Carew
 There's a cross-eyed yellow woman
 Doing all a Cat Can Doo..... Ha Ha Ha

(Screams insanely and rushes from the stage.)