/Farewell Welfare
A cabaret of chopping and cutting
Written by Abi Horsfield
For Collective Encounters’ Transitions Project
Based on scenes and characters created by the Core Group and across the five hubs

Characters: -
Ushers
MC
Company Dancers
Arthur chance
Daisy and Dave
Homeless Philosopher
The Oxymoron that is George Osborne's conscience
George Osborne
The Welfare State
The puppeteers, Joan, Michel and Anya
Ivan Deville
Cunty
Bulindon Boys
Spin Doctors
Craig the musician
The band
Tinkerbelle and Joan
The folk singer
The frustrated voice of the poor hardworking mum
The voice of the young adult
The Cabaret Company double up and play multiple characters, while the people who come out of the audience play single characters.

As the audience arrive they are greeted by ushers, in character who show them to their seats at tables, on each table there is a vase/pot with flags in, these flags say Farewell Welfare on one side and on the other there is a list of three or four things people can do to counter austerity. All the music being played as people come in is about money and welfare. When people are settled

The lights come up with a snap onto a small stage with a black and white backdrop, the MC enters and the show begins

MC: - Ladies, Gentleman and you, welcome, welcome to Farewell Welfare a Cabaret of chopping and cutting, which celebrates austerity and this wonderful governments aim to put the fare back into welfare and work back into the working class. It is so nice to see you all.

What we have for you today is a feast of entertainment, a smorgasbord of acts, all garnished with modicum of talent, sprinkled with a little glitz, glamour and song.

I am Euphemia Paris your compare for todays show, I know most of you will recognise me from appearing on Britain's Got Talent and singing at the Conservative Party Conference last year. My role is to get you warmed up and to keep the show running smoothly.

As with all cabarets you the audience aren't passive, I will expect you to join
to keep the show running smoothly.

As with all cabarets you the audience aren’t passive, I will expect you to join in, to sing along, clap along and make merry whenever asked, as our great leader says, “We are all in this together”

With this in mind I am going to kick the show off with a song to set the tone, the chorus is catchy so please sing along.

Chorus
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell,
Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
Now all the scroungers can all go to hell

Verse one
It’s farewell to welfare and hello to greed
Profit before people’s what this country needs
We will give to the rich what we take from the poor
This ain’t nothing new ‘cause it’s happened before

(During the second chorus the company dancers entre singing with big smiles, waving “Farewell Welfare” Flags they march and perform a marching routine, they stay still with their smiles during the verses and them move on each chorus)

Chorus
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell,
Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
Now all the scroungers can all go to hell

Verse two
We’ll sanction the homeless the ill and infirm
And just to be fare, you can all have your turn
Our denial of quotas rings loud and true
As all the advisors are there to help you

Chorus
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell,
Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
Now all the scroungers can all go to hell

Verse three
If you are disabled you won’t be left out
We know equal rights is what you talk about
So on our first day we’ll cut access to work
You think that you’re equal ha don’t be a jerk!

Chorus
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell,
Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
Now all the scroungers can all go to hell

Verse four
Our election campaign it boasted a cut
Of £12 billion to get out of the rut
The non-working people must pay for their sins
As the destruction of welfare begins

Chorus
As the destruction of welfare begins

Chorus
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell,
Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
Now all the scroungers can all live in hell

(During the reprise of the chorus the company dancers exit leaving the compare alone on the stage)

It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell,
Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
Now all the scroungers can all live in hell

Thank you,

Now you are nice and warm, are you ready for the first act? Well one of you is, are you ready for our first act Ladies and Gentlemen, good then it gives me enormous pleasure to introduce, the one and only Arthur Chance

Arthur enters wearing a coat which has ‘Ology’s and Prosthetics written in pockets on the inside

Arthur Chance: - Lovely Jubly thank you Euphemia ladies and Gentlemen, as you now know, I ‘m Arthur, Arthur Chance and I have been asked by my dear friends Cammy and George to do a bit of selling for them on the quiet, so I thought I would come along today to see if I had any takers.

Right then, here goes what I have been entrusted to do today is to sell off the National Health Service

Now wait till you see what offers I have for you today, I don’t want any pushing or shoving, let’s be civilized about this Ladies and Gentlemen,

Now I have a nice little line in prosthetics, which won’t cost you an arm or a leg,

And today we have an offer on the ‘ology’s buy any two and I’ll throw in geriatrics for free,

(As an aside) I been trying to get rid of these bloody old people since 2013, they are bloody costing us a fortune, they’re living too bloody long that’s the problem

Now where was I, yeah, lovely jubly the ology’s,

I’ve got Cardiology if you have the heart for it, dermatology, hematology or Gastrology, if you’ve got the nose for it. Gastroenterology, oncology, neurology or osteology, pharmacology, radiology, toxicology, immunology, epidemiology and last but by no mean least one for the ladies Gynecology

If none of these appeal I could do you a deal on GP out of hours services, walk-in centers or for those thrill seekers among you the Ambulance service

All these deals are for one day only, I need to sell today, come on ladies and gentlemen don’t tell me you’re not tempted you could buy a whole hospital including A & E there’s always a profit to be made there, shaving bits off the cleaning, the catering or the medical staff,

Come to think of it, if I sell all these off today, I will be able to afford to go
Come to think of it, if I sell all these off today, I will be able to afford to go private,

Lovely Jubly, lovely jubly, any takers, see you laters

**Arthur exits and the MC comes back on**

**MC:** - Well, I’m tempted, very tempted, these would be great assets to add to our stocks and shares, they could be as good as the Royal Mail don’t you think. Anyway that was the lovely Arthur Change and I am sure you will agree if we had more entrepreneurial people like that in the world, it would be a better place, what I say to the misguided cynic is privitisation is the way forward if you want efficiency and good service you only have to look at the railway since it was privatised so much better than when it British Rail.

Next ladies and Gentlemen we have a new act, never before on any stage anywhere, newbie to the cabaret scene, it gives me great pleasure to introduce Daisy and David

**Grange hill theme tune comes on**

**two School children come on, and roll out a black and white hopscotch game and they start playing.**

**Child one:** - I’m not going on the school trip cause my mum can’t afford it

**Child two:** - Well I’m not going on the school trip cause my mum can’t afford it either

**Child one:** - Well I don’t ask for things for me as I have to put my families’ needs before mine

**Child two:** -
Well I don’t ask for things for me, as I have to put my families’ needs before mine
And I have shoes that are all broken up and full of holes and people laugh at me at school.

**Child one:** -
Well I don’t ask for things for me, as I have to put my families’ needs before mine,
I have shoes that are all broken up and full of holes and people laugh at me at school
And we leave the heating off in the winter and use blankets and jumpers to keep warm.

**Child two:** -
Well I don’t ask for things for me as I have to put my families’ needs before mine,
I have shoes that are all broken up and full of holes and people laugh at me at school,
We leave the heating off in the winter and use blankets and jumpers to keep warm
And my mum works evenings and weekends so we can eat.

**Child one:** -
Well I don’t ask for things for me as I have to put my families’ needs before mine,
I have shoes that are all broken up and full of holes and people laugh at me at school,
We leave the heating off in the winter and use blankets and jumpers to keep warm,
My mum works evenings and weekends so we can eat
And she lives off sandwiches so we can have the food we need to help us grow.
My mum works evenings and weekends so we can eat
And she lives off sandwiches so we can have the food we need to help us grow.

Child two: - Well I don’t ask for things for me as I have to put my families’ needs before mine,
I have shoes that are all broken up and full of holes and people laugh at me at school,
We leave the heating off in the winter and use blankets and jumpers to keep warm,
My mum works evenings and weekends so we can eat,
She lives off sandwiches so we can have the food we need to help us grow and she cries at night ‘cause we have black mold and damp in the bedrooms and it effects my asthma

Child one: - Well I don’t ask for things for me as I have to put my families’ needs before mine,
I have shoes that are all broken up and full of holes and people laugh at me at school,
We leave the heating off in the winter and use blankets and jumpers to keep warm,
My mum works evenings and weekends so we can eat, she lives off sandwiches so we can have the food we need to help us grow,
She cries at night ‘cause we have black mold and damp in the bedrooms and it effects my asthma
And she has to wash all our clothes in the bath cause the washing machine broke at Christmas and we can’t afford another one.

Child two: - Well I don’t ask for things for me, as I have to put my families’ needs before mine,
I have shoes that are all broken up and full of holes and people laugh at me at school,
We leave the heating off in the winter and use blankets and jumpers to keep warm,
My mum works evenings and weekends so we can eat, she lives off sandwiches so we can have the food we need to help us grow,
She cries at night ‘cause we have black mold and damp in the bedrooms and it effects my asthma,
She has to wash all our clothes in the bath cause the washing machine broke at Christmas and we can’t afford another one.
But at least I am not going to be a child poverty statistic anymore,

Child one: - Yeah, I am not going to be a child poverty statistic anymore either.

Come ‘ed lets go and pick the chewy out the bins

**Grange Hill Theme tune da da da da the actors, roll up the hop scotch and leave the space**

MC: - You see ladies and gentlemen when Mr Cameron said his government and I quote would “Act on relative poverty” he meant it, as those adorable children just demonstrated child poverty statistics are falling and with Ian Duncan Smiths new way of measuring, they are set to get smaller and smaller. Watch out Unicef we will no longer be ranked 25th out of 41 in the developed nations child poverty table. The only way is up.

Homeless Philosopher: - *(heckling from the audience)* This is rubbish, stop taking the piss out of poor people

MC: -(To the Homeless Philosopher) Do you mind, some people have come to be entertained, if you don’t like it, there is the door! *(To the audience)* Sorry about that some people just shouldn’t be allowed out!
MC: (To the Homeless Philosopher) Do you mind, some people have come to be entertained, if you don’t like it, there is the door! (To the audience) Sorry about that some people just shouldn’t be allowed out!

What we have next is surreal, exhilarating and dangerous, I will give it no more introduction than that...

**Entre George Osborne, (An actor with a George Osborne half mask) in a cloak, he sweeps across the audience and in a manic manner with his tongue out saying ahhhhhhhh He then takes a chair and sets it, then another and sets it, he puts a plank of wood resting on the chairs and gets a planted member of the audience and lays them down on a plank, he then gets a sheet that says WELFARE STATE and covers the audience member with this so just their head is showing.**

**George Osborne’s Conscience: - (Comes in like a character from Men in Black, with a suit and sun glasses) Now, now Mr Osborne with all your trickery How now, your care not with all your wizardry Your conscience is not of that of the people Your weak of no tact, your terribly feeble It would be a lesson and I would put this to you To listen to the man who has nothing and whoes life is through You’ll pay the price as heavy as rain If you fuck the people again and again The red box of tricks you hold in salute Will kill our poor you Toff nosed suit I’ll leave you with a warning thought That if you listen not justice will be sought Then with a demonic laugh George produces a toy chain saw and starts hacking the welfare state. The person playing the welfare state screams and eventually dies, while he is doing this the MC gets excited and gives small cries of “Go George” and “Yes” Osborne laughs and runs off. Osborne’s conscience comes on with a mop and starts cleaning the stage Osborne’s conscience: - I’m on a minimum wage, zero hours contract you know The actors carrying the cardboard houses come on to cover up the cleaning**

MC: - Well that was a scene ladies and Gentlemen, George does get a little carried away sometimes. I think we should move swiftly along, Next we have a little story, a modern day twist of a traditional tale ladies and gentlemen, the Three Little Friends

**Three large flat panels decorated as the houses are brought on as is a chair the narrator sits on the chair with a big book and starts the tale,**

**Narrator:** - Are you sitting comfortably, then I will begin, the story of the three little friends.

Once upon a time in a town not far from here there were three expectant mums who met by accident at pregnancy yoga class, they became friends and with in 30 days of each there gave birth to three bonny babies, two girls and a boy. The mums stayed in touch and the three babies became toddlers and the best of friends...

This is a tale of these three little friends...
This is a tale of these three little friends…

The boy

Michael’s face appears

Michael: - Michael never wanted for anything, his parents were rich and well connected, he was schooled at Eaton, went onto Oxford and was a member Bullingdon club along side David Cameron and George Osborne, and he grew into a business man later a politician becoming an MP for his local constituency in 2010. With his wealth he built a house of stone, with a moat and a duck house, which some claim was paid for with MPs expenses.

Narrator: - The eldest girl

Joan’s face appears

Joan: - Joan did well at school and went onto train in computers, she got a good job, married, had a daughter and got a mortgage and bought a timber house with a small garden. In 2013 the company she worked for closed and she was made redundant, after trying for many jobs she was offered the post as an administrator in a small firm, she has a zero hours contract and so now her family get by on what they both earn and with working family tax credit to help them along. She now struggles to keep up with her mortgage payments.

Narrator: - The youngest of the three

Anya’s face appears

Anya: - Anya was really bright and was heading for great things, despite going to the local failing comp she passed the Cambridge entrance exam and was set to go, when her mum got diagnosed with MS. She gave up her dreams and stayed local to support her mum, she got a job in a local school as a teaching assistant, which she loved. But twelve years ago she had to give it up to become mums full time 24/7 career. She lives with her mum in a rundown privately rented house made of straw and they both live off mums’ benefits.

All three look at the narrator

Narrator: - You may think I am making this all up or be wondering where I get these tales or how I know this information, I am the collector of stories, the weaver of yarns and what I tell you is the truth, or somewhere near it.

Now where was I, oh yes over the years these friendships had drifted, all three had gone their separate ways, lost touch so to speak. They all lived with fond memories of their seaside adventures, playing in each other’s paddling pools and midnight feasts at holiday sleepovers. Christmas cards were sent and birthdays remembered but they hadn’t seen each other for ages until now when everything was set to change, as they were about to face by the Big Bad Budget Wolf.

The characters all disappear

July 2015 and the summer budget had just been announced and the big bad budget wolf drifted into town it’s first stop is the rented accommodation made of straw…

Wolf appears

Wolf: - sound of door bell or Knocking
Scrounging family, scrounging family let me come in, I’ve got some news to tell you that’s probably grim. DLA is going and PIP will begin Thun we’ll see which of you will sink and not swim
I've got some news to tell you that's probably grim.
DLA is going and PIP will begin
Then we'll see which of you will sink and not swim

**Narrator:** So he huffed and he puffed and blew their lives away, the house fell into rack and ruin and their landlord decided not to rent to people on benefits and so they had to move, with nowhere to go, Anya turned to her life long friend Joan and she agreed to them sleeping on her sofa.

*The straw house is pushed down*

But the budget wolf did not stop there. Next he turned to the timber house

**Wolf:** *sound of door bell or knocking*
Poor hard working family, poor hard working family let me come in
Your working tax credit is now in the bin
Your chance of survival is now looking slim
You need to work harder to bring more money in

**Narrator:** So he huffed and he puffed and with no job security there were weeks where they couldn’t pay the mortgage and the occupants in despair went to their friends Michael’s house and knocked on the door

*The timber house is pushed down*

**Anya and Joan:** *sound of Knocking*
Politician, politician let us come in
Leaving us like this is surely a sin
How in the hell did you ever win?

**Narrator:** And they knocked and the knocked and they knocked and they knocked and they knocked and they knocked and then they finally gave in.

*As the characters are walking away the budget wolf laden with presents goes to the mansion howls once and is admitted*

*The houses are cleared from the space, while the MC talks*

**MC:** Well ladies and gentlemen what a great story, I do so love a moral tale, and the moral of this story is, *(to the audience)* any suggestions, don’t be shy, shout them out

**Homeless Philosopher:** To shit on your mates when they hit hard times?

**MC:** You really don’t get it do you Stupid, the moral of this story is, learn to stand on your own two feet, and this is what David, George and the rest of the government is trying to get us all to do, stop expecting hand outs and go out with dignity and get jobs so you can support you family.

To help you understand this up next we have one of my favorite performers of all time and a close personal friend Miss Charlotte Ursula Natasha Taylor, known affectionately to her friends as Cunty.

**Cunty:** Well hello there today I am here to celebrate Georgie’s summer budget with a song

Hit it *(Offenbach Can, can music comes on)*
Don’t expect the government to pay your rent and cosset you
You had better get a job to keep your children in their comforts
The people who elected us they like our thinking through and through
£12 billion from welfare was the first thing that we said we’d do
The people who elected us they like our thinking through and through
£12 billion from welfare was the first thing that we said we'd do

We’re not joking we will cut your benefits
We’re not joking wave bye bye to tax credits
We’re not joking we’ll help the rich but not the poor
We’re not joking you were better off before
Oh yes oh yes oh yes

No no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t
expect to feed your family
No no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t
you bloody can’t

No no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t
expect to go to Uni
No no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t
you bloody can’t

Little Tommy wants his mum to stay home and help him grow
So his mummy plans to take some time out from her job at the tesco
You may understand her feelings and think this is really fair
But she has no savings or a house to sell or partner or decency or any other
thing to do but scrounge off the state

No no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t
be a stay at home mummy
No no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t
you bloody can’t

No no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t
expect to feed your family
No no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t no you bloody can’t
you bloody can’t

We’ll help the rich but won’t help you we’ll help the rich but won’t help you
We’ll help our friends that’s what we do
We’ll help our selves what can you do?

Nothing, nothing!

MC: - Wow what can I say, that was amazballs, It’s such a shame you didn’t
make it through to the second round of X Factor, you were robbed. And give it
up now for her band of Bullyingdon Brothers dancers and one more time for
Cunty

Now ladies and gentleman in light of our celebration about George’s budget
we as a Cabaret have been entrusted with the honourable task of announcing
this year’s winner of the DWP’s Sanction cup, this is the cup, which is awarded
each year to the advisor who has sanctioned the most claimants and in doing
so have saved the hard working tax payer the most money.

Drumroll please Craig

In third place we have Esther Brian from Tower Hamlets with a brilliant 5,789
sanctions saving the tax payer an estimates £2’381’675 well done Esther
(Plant in the audience gives a wave)

In second place we have David Smithe from Manchester with a whopping
6,093 sanctions saving the tax payer an estimated £2’960’225 way to go
David (Plant in the audience gives a wave)
6,093 sanctions saving the tax payer an estimated £2,960,225 way to go

David *(Plant in the audience gives a wave)*

And now the moment we have all been waiting for, the winner of this year’s Sanction cup is, wait for it… Ivan Deville from Liverpool with a record-breaking 7,520 sanctions saving the tax payer an estimated £4,315,875

Come up Ivan and take the stage, I am sure like me the audience would love to tell us how you achieved this record come on Ivan speech, speech *(Ivan gets up from the audience and takes a speech of his pocket)*

**Ivan:** - I had a feeling I was going to win, I’m Ivan Deville, and I am glad I won, I love to sanction, I revel in it, I love nothing more than to see the stinking scroungers pay for their lazy, work shy attitudes.

Bare with me as I have a lot to say first, I used to think my job was about helping people then in January 2014 I saw Benefits Street on Channel 4 and I saw what these animals live like and then I made it my mission to stop them, to make them get off their lazy buts and look for work,

I know every trick in the book to trip people up so I can sanction them I change times of interviews, post letters late, double book appointments and phone at times when I know they won’t answer

A good one is when the sanctioned come in, I act all sympathetic and get them to sign a JSA1 (ils), which will reopen their clam, what I don’t tell them is that by signing, it puts another two weeks on their sanction, genius

Last I want to tell you of one of my triumphs there is this hippy guy who comes in, you know the type scruffy, unwashed, dreadlocks says he is desperate to work so I got him a job doing night shift at the abattoir, he turned it down saying he was a life long vegetarian, so he got a three month sanction, then when he came back to sign on I got him an interview as a forklift truck driver, he refused to go ‘cause he didn’t have a license, which earned him a six month sanction and then I got him with a change of time to meet his work coach and he got the jackpot 156 weeks sanction. Saved the tax payers a bloody fortune

There are all these goodie, goodie advisors who think sanctioning is immoral, and they loose out on their bonus. Idiots!

Let me warn you I’ll be back next year and I am aiming to hit 8000, so I’m telling you, if you are sitting here watching this when you should be out there looking for a job, I will get you.

*(takes the cup)*

Thank you for this I would have preferred a bonus mind *(He leaves the stage kissing the cup and waving as if he is a real hero)*

**MC:** - Ivan Deville ladies and gentlemen an inspiration to us all,

**Homeless Philosopher:** - Enough, that ‘s it, stop now, look at you all making light welfare reform and celebrating sanctions. This is my life you are trying to get the audience to laugh at.

**MC:** - I have had enough of this who do you think you are?

**Homeless Philosopher:** - I am homeless one of the estimated 2,700 people who sleep rough on any given night in the UK, one of the 112,000 people in England who approached their council last year for homeless assistance, which I will have you know is up 26% since the welfare reform act in 2012, one of the 100,000 homeless people who fell off the electoral register and had no voice in the last election
which I will have you know is up 26% since the welfare reform act in 2012, one of the 100,000 homeless people who fell off the electoral register and had no voice in the last election.

Many of you will look down on me, some will just walk past and a few of you will stop or smile.

Give me my few minutes to have my say, to let you know what I think.

**MC:** - Oh boy, there is always one loony lefty audience member who thinks they can do a better job than the professionals, what do you think compatriots, shall I give this waste of space some airtime? I mean what could this low life scum possible have to say that we might want to hear?

**Homeless Philosopher:** - Scared to hear some home truths?

**MC:** - Listen you, if you promise to sit down quietly and behave I might and I mean might let you have a little turn at having your say later, but only if we have time and you promise I will never have to look at you again.

**Homeless Philosopher:** - Why are you talking to me like this? (The MC cuts him off)

**MC:** - Shut it

Sorry about that rude interruption. Now ladies and gentlemen I hope you are still having fun as next we have a rare treat, all the way from the House of Commons we have one of the unsung heroes of politics, one of the most influential men in the country, a doctor of spin, Mathew Callsome.

**Spin doctor:** - Prime Ministers Questions, he needs something positive that points the finger back to the last Labour Governments’ mismanagement and steers people away from the summer budget and our pay rise, and tax credits here goes...

In our times now, that are flourishing, due to the my brilliant foresight as your magnificent Prime Minister, we shall endeavor to put the Great back into Great Britain, blah blah blah…

Though our changes may have seemed difficult in these uncertain times of recovery due to the burdens of the last Labour government, we were forced to implement austerity policies that are now proving to benefit positive working members of society up and down the country...

**Music Starts**

What ‘appended to de spin
What ‘appended to de spin

Look at de state you got us in
Look at de state you got us in

People in de food bank
People in de food bank
Sanctioned, sanctioned

What ‘appended to de spin
What ‘appended to de spin

Stop your whining, never had it so good
Stop your whining, never had it so good

This government so misunderstood
This government so misunderstood
What ‘appened to de spin
What ‘appened to de spin
Look at de state you got us in
Look at de state you got us in
Austerity, Austerity
That's our claim, that's our claim
You have no one else to blame
You have no one else to blame
Zero hours contracts
No tax credits, no fall back
Bedroom tax on the dole
Breaking up families as a whole
What ‘appended to de spin
What ‘appended to de spin
Look at de state you got us in

During the song there is a spinning plate routine at the end the Spin Doctor leaves the stage still spinning plates as he is exiting the Homeless Philosopher jump up and walks onto the stage the MC who is playing the clarinet runs from the band and they meet in the middle of the stage

MC: - Please will you leave the stage now, security!!!

Homeless Philosopher: - I am not leaving till I have had my say. You are going to listen to me, to get some balance in this show of yours,

Audience plant 1: - Let him talk

Audience plant 2: - We want him, we want him, we want him (trying to get the audience chanting to)

MC: - I am not exercising a democracy, this is my show, I say who has a voice, I will not be pressured by you or the audience, leave my stage now.

Homeless Philosopher: - I am not leaving till I have had my say, what are you so scared of? If you think that what this government is doing is the right thing and austerity is working you should have no fear of an alternate point of view.

MC: - Kindly leave my stage now! Security, Craig!!!!

Craig: - I for one would love to hear what he has to say, come on Euphemia give him a chance

MC: - How dare you side with him, final warning!!

Craig: - Fine, Ladies and gentlemen would you like to hear this man,

Plants in the Audience: - Yes, let him speak etc.

MC: - (getting more and more angry and out of control) No way am I going to let this man speak, it is my show, I say who comes on this stage

Craig: - Sit down Euphemia, I for one would love to hear what he has to say.

Audience plant 1: - Let him talk

Audience plant 2: - We want him, we want him, we want him (trying to get the audience chanting to)

MC: - Kindly leave my stage now! Security, Craig!!!!

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Craig: - Sit down Euphemia, I for one would love to hear what he has to say.
(getting more and more angry and out of control) No way am I going to let this man speak, it is my show, I say who comes on this stage

Craig: - Sit down Euphemia you are now making a show of yourself

MC: - how dare you

Audience plants: - sit, sit, sit

MC: - On your head be it ladies and gentlemen it gives me no pleasure to introduce this man

Homeless philosopher: - Thank you, hey Craig please will you accompany me with a twang and Mr Clarinet could you give me a heart beat.

(This is a performance poem with a rhythm not a speech)
You can hear my anger full of bile for welfare reform,
I want to shout and stamp and spit
What the headlines don't tell you is, what it means for the little people, the little insignificant people
The no voiced, invisible people
The people, who could be mugged, raped, killed and no one would notice
That's me the insignificant, as I am homeless

Homeless 30% more likely to have my JSA sanctioned than you the housed.
Pushed into debt, food poverty, survival crime as I am homeless

Do you not understand sanctions make it worse; they don't magically make me go out and get the job that no one will give me, as I am homeless

Our homeless numbers are growing and will keep growing as the number of landlords prepared to rent to people on benefits is decreasing.

Three years ago it was nearly half but latest polls show it is now down to 22% of them that will rent to us the under class, and universal credit has not even kicked in yet.

And you in parliament with you subsidised second homes want to sell off what little social housing remains or charge bedroom tax for spare rooms and make the struggling poor, poorer and poorer and poorer. Like me as I am homeless

Changing the system doesn't solve the problems.

You want to bring in Universal Credit, a system where one person from each household will be paid monthly into their bank account, all managed on line.
Leaving abusive partners controlling all the purse strings.
Economical punishment if someone in your house doesn’t fulfill that terms of their 'claimant commitment',
And yes you can and will be sanctioned.

Have you ever tried getting a bank account while homeless?
And for your information Wi Fi doesn't stretch to the skip I sleep in behind the Royal.

And food banks, you talk of food backs as if they are part of the welfare system,
They are not.
They are the charity of the poor, helping the poorer,

You should be ashamed! You kick us to cover up for the mess the bankers got us in.
As the fat cats grow fatter you lie and cheat and line your friends pockets,

Low enough, I have had enough, and yet I am a little voice, who will speak
As the fat cats grow fatter you lie and cheat and line your friends pockets,
I say enough, I have had enough, and yet I am a little voice, who will speak with me? Who will shout with me? Who will make a noise before it is too late and we sink back to a world of street urchins and workhouses filled with the lonely, the ill, the disabled, the addict, the man and women fallen on hard times, begging for scraps from the big business banker who get richer and richer and richer.

My time is now up and I have had my say

**MC:** - Well that’s put a dampener on things, it’s all well and good playing the hard done by poor lost soul, but we all know that to be homeless you must be and abusive, junkie, ex con so no sympathy from me.

Now I don’t know about you ladies and gentlemen, but after that I need a bit of cheering up, how about a little reprise of the lovely song I sang at the beginning, if you have a piece of paper, wave it like a flag, feel free to dance, clap and sing along as, when Craig’s ready! Come on, come on!!!!

**Chorus**
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell,
Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
It’s Farewell welfare, welfare farewell
Now all the scroungers can all go to hell

**Verse four**
Our election campaign it boasted a cut
Of £12 billion to get out of the rut
The non-working people must pay for their sins
As the destruction of welfare begins

*None of the cast joins in and the song falters and falls flat, out of the audience come two voices singing*

**Tinkerbelle and Joan:** -
We’ve got the blues,
Trying to survive blues,
All the cuts are bad news,
You try living in our shoes
It times you heard our views
Before we blow a fuse

**The MC tried desperately to get control back**

**MC:** - Oh no there’s more of them, ladies do you mind sitting down nice a quiet now so we can get on with the show

**Tinkerbelle:** -
Listen lady don’t you patronise me…

*(MC sits down meekly)*

See this chair that I am sitting in, it’s part of me like a second skin,
Cuts to my care make me sick, Shut up and listen I will be quick

**Homeless Philosopher (assuming the roll of the MC runs off the stage drawing the audiences attention to the performers):** - come on audience give it up for our next act…

**Tinkerbelle and Michelle:** - Tinkerbelle and Joan

**Homeless Philosopher:** - Tinkerbelle and Joan
Tinkerbelle and Michelle: - Tinkerbelle and Joan

Homeless Philosopher: - Tinkerbelle and Joan

Tinkerbelle (To band): - Hit it with some background tunes please
MC: - If you play Craig, you're fired

Craig starts to play...

MC: - You're fired...

I get 45 minutes of care a day,
To be showered, dressed and then on my way
If I have an early appointment or something to do
I struggle myself but I can't put on my own shoes
I used to pay £32 for this level of care you see
But it has now gone up to £53 and 80p

Tinkerbelle and Joan: -
We want empathy not false sympathy
We want rights and dignity not peoples charity
Where is the love?
We want equal opportunity,
To be embraced in our community
Open your eyes, heart, mind, as this is me!

Joan: -
Poverty deniers, poor people need to survive
It's not just food that keeps us alive
Family Carers are forced into part time work
As PIP changes their rates, it's all bizerk
We thought that you having had a child with a disability
Cameron you'd have more sense of this reality

Tinkerbelle and Joan: -
We want empathy not false sympathy
We want rights and dignity not peoples charity
Where is the love?
We want equal opportunity,
To be embraced in our community
Open your eyes, heart, mind as this is me!

Tinkerbelle
Cuts in Benefits and changing the system
Makes my brain like spaghetti Junction
Conflicting advice and contrary news
Only serves to make me feel scared and confused
It impacts my life, hear my ranting and raving
Your money saving doesn't create a safe Haven

Tinkerbelle and Joan: -
We want empathy not false sympathy
We want rights and dignity not peoples charity
Where is the love?
We want equal opportunity,
To be embraced in our community
Open your eyes, heart, mind as this is me!

Where is the love, where is the love, where is the love

Homeless Philosopher: - That was beautiful, I feel it's time to stand up and
tell people what welfare reform really means for the likes of us, I invite you
ladies and gentlemen to get up to have your say, you can shout it, sing it, do
Homeless Philosopher: - That was beautiful, I feel it’s time to stand up and tell people what welfare reform really means for the likes of us, I invite you ladies and gentlemen to get up to have your say, you can shout it, sing it, do what you will, let’s turn this round and make it our show about what really matters.

MC: - This is a disaster, you’re turning my show into some hippy, pow wow, you have made your point, sit down now like a good boy and we will get on with some real entertainment.

Homeless Philosopher: - No you sit down and listen, you might learn something, it is about time your lot knew what your policies are doing to real people

MC: - We know, we just don’t care

Homeless Philosopher: - That just about sums it up doesn’t it, they know what they are doing and how it is affecting the hard working poor, the struggling poor, the unemployed poor and they just don’t care! With that in mind anyone else out there who wants to say something get up and have your say, please don’t be shy.

The frustrated voice of the poor hardworking mum: - I write a bit of poetry this is one I wrote about tax credit

Homeless Philosopher: - Great up you get

The frustrated voice of the poor hardworking mum: -
Tax Credit – love ‘em
They get my son and me out and about
Food Yum
The pictures…’cos it’s dear
And now I can afford to take him there
Now I hear they are being striped from us
WHAT?

Now we are gonna be sat in the house,
Quiet as a mouse,
Nowhere to go
Nowhere to flow
No money in pocket
Gonna put my finger in a socket

George Osborne
What have you done
You’re stripping the poor…
No help to get off the floor
We work hard each day for minimum pay
Just have a heart... hear us out and make our day

To Luke my son
I’m sorry but in a short while the treats are gonna have to stop
Tax credits are getting the chop
Coats and quilts on in the house to keep out the cold
I hear you coughing because of the damp and the mold

It ain’t cos I’m lazy, I work hard all day long
This world is not fair don’t get me wrong

Lets all stand up for our rights and find a collective voice
Through petitions, rallies and peaceful protest
Let’s bombard the media... get our voices heard
Let's all stand up for our rights and find a collective voice
Through petitions, rallies and peaceful protest
Let's bombard the media… get our voices heard
Tax credit is a lifeline

**Homeless Philosopher:** - I am loving this real people telling us how it is for them,

**Folk Singer:** - I have a song, *(To the band)* it's in the key of _ if you what to join in

How did they get elected?
Society’s become infected
Divided and complacent
And we fall

Ever seen an MP
Stacking supermarket shelves
Like a ballerina
In size twelves

**Chorus:**
We need a commonwealth for all
No monopoly board
With a top hat and a terrier
And pockets getting emptier
A commonwealth for all
Not different schools
Don’t humiliate me
Or take me for a fool

Jobs for all that's our call
If we don’t rise then we will fall
The big bad wolf
Is blowing down the door

Mental health or rich man’s wealth?
They’ve stolen all our dreams by stealth
The rich get rich
By robbing from the poor

**Chorus**
To make the cash flow
We're gonna have a disco
Raving at the Palace
Till the dawn

And in the morning
When her Majesty's still yawning
Her furniture is out there
On the lawn

**Chorus**
We need a commonwealth for all x 2

*During the song, cast members and audience plants start singing the chorus,*

**Homeless Philosopher:** - Wow, common wealth, I like the sound of that, no more rich that have it all while the poor scramble around trying to get the crumbs from their table, come on we want more, shout out what you feel.
Homeless Philosopher: - Wow, common wealth, I like the sound of that, no more rich that have it all while the poor scramble around trying to get the crumbs from their table, come on we want more, shout out what you feel. Let’s show these toffs, they aren’t the only ones with talent

*The young adult stands*

**The voice of the young adult:** -
Fucking hostels, I’m not gonna lie
It’s hard
It kept me safe for six months
But cuts to benefit will make it harder
Waiting for a social housing house,
One bedroom – can’t move to a private rented as you won’t pay
No chance of getting a job in here
I have done three apprenticeships
Each time they dump me when it’s done and get another apprentice in
What hope do you in government give me for my future
Where are the jobs – where is the training
I can’t afford to study and I have no one to help
Bet your kids have more hope than I

**Homeless Philosopher:** - More, more,

**Craig:** - Me and the band been working on a couple of numbers that are far more in keeping with what we think than what Euphemia and her cronies think, we only work for her ‘cause we can’t afford not to, and she gives cash in hand to avoid paying employers tax contribution, oh and pays well below minimum wages.

**MC:** - Lies all lies

**Homeless Philosopher, Craig, all other cast members except Cunty:** -
Shut it

**MC:** - AHHHHHHHHHH

**Craig:** - 2, 3, 4,

**Singers:** -
It’s nuts, It’s madness
It’s nuts, It’s madness.
It’s Britain in Sadness.

Why do we need the right to buy?
Skyscrapers in the sky
What a housing farce,
Shove the shard up your arse

Corporation tax far too bent,
Got no money for my rent
All the money is to be spent,
On the refurb of parliament

It’s nuts, It’s madness
It’s nuts, It’s madness.
It’s Britain in Sadness.

Doesn’t matter if you can’t talk
Doesn’t matter if you can’t walk,
They prey on you like a hawk,
ATOS, you make me baulk

How can we manage,
ATOS, you make me baulk
How can we manage,
Without Nigel Farage.
Don't know how to pronounce his name,
Hang your head in fucking shame.

It's nuts, It's madness
It's nuts, It's madness.
It's Britain in Sadness.

It's a struggle as it is,
People are in crisis,
They take our human rights,
David Cameron, gives me the frights.

How many bedrooms in the palace?
Bedroom tax, the poison chalice.
You're lower than your corgi’s balls.

It's nuts, It's madness
It's nuts, It's madness.
It's Britain in Sadness.

It's nuts, It's madness
It's nuts, It's madness.
It's Britain in crisis.

*During the song, the voices of the people in the audience come onto the stage, and join in with the song*

**Homeless Philosopher:**
Thank you folks, you have been watching Farewell Welfare a Cabaret of chopping and cutting, letting you know what we really think about welfare reform and how it affects us, and the people we know and love. If you like us feel angry about the government’s austerity measures and attacks on the poorest and most vulnerable in society please leave here with the motivation and energy to speak out and say enough, on the back of your flags there are some pointers as to campaigns and organisations you might want to look at in more depth and get involved with. No action is too small, signing a petition, talking to a friend, smiling at a man or woman fallen on hard times and sleeping rough, is the beginnings of change. We are going to end the show with a song, it’s the cast’s favorite and we invite you to sing, dance and clap along. Come up all in the show, all the actors including you Abi who played Ephimia, right are you ready Craig and the band hit il

**The Whole Cast:**
I’ve got no money I’ve got no time
I’ve got no job it’s a bleeding crime
I get on the phone to the job centre plus
All they give me is a load of fuss

**Chorus:**

What’s your NI Number?
Your mother’s maiden name?
What d’ya have for breakfast?
Time and time again
1,000 questions
All the bloody same
All the bloody same

At Downing Street they’re living it up
All of it paid for by another bloody cut
All the bloody same
At Downing Street they’re living it up
All of it paid for by another bloody cut
Feeding their faces with truffles and champagne
Celebrating the austerity campaign

Chorus:

What’s your NI Number?
Your mother’s maiden name?
The GNP of Sweden?
The capital of Spain?
What d’ya have for breakfast?
Time and time again
1,000 questions
All the bloody same
All the bloody same

Where’s me money gone was it a mirage?
I’m going call Dave and reverse the charge
It’s been two days since I had something to eat
I put in a call to Downing Street
I said where’s my dough did you move it offshore?
Did you give it to your mates cos they don’t need anymore

Chorus:

What’s your NI Number?
Your mother’s maiden name?
Your inside leg?
The nature of your fame?
The GNP of Sweden?
The capital of Spain?
What d’ya have for breakfast?
Time and time again
1,000 questions
All the bloody same
All the bloody same