

him vacantly then went back to discussing the Star behind his back. The Tabs went up, and apart from some of the lighting cues getting out of order, and Black Dog trying to make an exit through the Harbour backdrop, everything went routinely. Arnold behaved impeccably. Bernie watched from the wings as the parrot performed its part. The opening was that night. Would it be ready?

Once again, Bernie sneaked into Rawlings' dressing room with his bottle of Old Spice and a chunk of Danish Blue. He repeated the sequence of cologne, 'Ar Har Jim Lad' and cheese, and watched as Arnold ganneted into it. Arnold was well into motorbike reproductions as Bernie let himself out carefully. It was nearly the 'half'.

The show went up. During the first interval, Bernie saw Rawlings minus his hat, wig and greatcoat, stump to the Green Room for the coffee which Mandy had prepared for him. Bernie slid quietly into the room again. At the sight of his cheese pusher, Arnold perked up. This time, there were to be no goodies for Arnold. Instead, Bernie made for the greatcoat. He applied several splashes of Old Spice to the collar, then tucked some slivers of the parrot's favourite nosh into the inside hatband. Arnold was making plaintive creaky door effects as Bernie left.

During the second act on Rawlings shoulder, Arnold was being driven mad by the Old Spice aroma, which to him meant that a nice chunk of Ponky was in the offing. Furthermore, he could smell the stuff somewhere. He took to climbing from shoulder to shoulder in search of it, presenting his backside to the audience as he peered down Rawlings' back. The audience began to giggle at the wrong moments. Arnold began to climb beak over claw all over Rawlings, searching in his pockets, burrowing down his neck.

Rawlings was beginning to lose his temper. As the whole thing began to get out of hand and the audience's laughter rose, the other actors on stage were 'corpsing' and the wings were filling with hysterical stage hands. In the auditorium, the Director watched with dismay as Arnold began to screech with frustration. At last, the inevitable happened.

"Ar Har! Jim Lad. . . ." said Rawlings.

"Give us a nut!" yelled Arnold, utterly brainwashed. He suddenly realised where that tantalising, maddening, marvellous smell was coming from and launched an all-out frontal attack on Rawlings' head, frantically scrabbling under his wig. Severely unbalanced, the actor came crashing down to the stage in a cloud of green and grey feathers. The audience rocked with laughter. Rawlings climbed to his foot and tried to go on. Arnold flapped his way to the 'Hispaniola' prop rigging and craned his neck greedily down towards Rawlings below. Jim Hawkins, shaking with laughter, tried to catch Arnold, who flew out into the auditorium doing his dog-barking act, made a wide circuit and perched on a plaster cherub where he alternated

# BOGS

**Box Office Computer Systems by**

**Space-Time Systems**

10 Long Acre

London WC2E 9LN

Telephone: 01-240 5411

Telex: 27522