No Thugs In Our House

Xtc

A musical in three acts by XTC
Cast of characters
GRAHAM, a teenager
MOTHER, a busy housewife
FATHER, a conservative husband
POLICEMAN, a young constable
SCENE: A kitchen in suburbia, one bright Saturday morning
ACT ONE
Narrator: The insect-headed worker-wife will hang her waspies on the line. Her husband burns his paper, sucks his pipe while studying their cushion-floor, his viscous poly-paste breath comes out. Their wall-paper world is shattered by his shout. A boy in blue is busy banging out a headache on the kitchen door. All the while Graham slept on, dreaming of a world where he could do just what he wanted to.
Mother and Father (in unison): No thugs in our house, are there dear? We made that clear, we made little Graham promise us he'd be a good boy. No thugs in our house, are there dear? We made that clear, we made little Graham promise us he'd be a good boy.
ACT TWO
Narrator: The young policeman who just can't grow a moustache will open up his book, and spoil their breakfast with reports of Asians who have been so badly kicked.
Policeman: Is this your son's wallet I've got here? He must have dropped it after too much beer!
Mother: Oh, officer, we can't believe our little angel is the one you've picked.
Narrator: And all the while Graham slept on, dreaming of a world where he could do just what he wanted to.
Mother and Father (in unison): No thugs in our house, are there dear? We made that clear, we made little Graham promise us he'd be a good boy. No thugs in our house, are there dear? We made that clear, we made little Graham promise us he'd be a good boy.
Narrator: They never read those pamphlets in his bottom drawer.
Policeman: They never read that tattoo on his arm.
Narrator: They thought that was just a boys club badge he wore.
Policeman: They never thought he'd do folks any harm.
ACT THREE
Narrator: The insect-headed worker-wife will hang her waspies on the

line. She's singing something stale and simple now this business has fizzled out. Her little tune is such a happy song. Her son is innocent, he can't do wrong, 'cos Dad's a judge and knows exactly what the job of judging's all about. And all the while Graham slept on, dreaming of a world where he could do just what he wanted to.
Mother and Father (in unison): No thugs in our house, are there dear? We made that clear, we made little Graham promise us he'd be a good boy. No thugs in our house, are there dear? We made that clear, we made little Graham promise us he'd be a good boy.
Mother: No thugs in our house!
Father: No thugs in our house!
Complete cast (in unison): No thugs in our house, dear!
Set Design by Andy Partridge with co-ordination by Ken Ansell.
Stage and Scenery by Art Dragon.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/