

THE CHILIAN CLUB

Imagine England ten years from now - assuming of course that the country has continued its steady decline - and you have the turbulent background for Michael Klinger's hilarious and highly pertinent black comedy, "THE CHILIAN CLUB".

The action is set in England, but it really could be anywhere and the humour will be understood and appreciated wherever standards have declined and men are tempted to take the law into their own hands.

We're in the throes of the longest general strike in trade union history; inflation has gone over the top; street violence is a daily event; the balance of payment is so unbalanced that imports have become a thing of the past, and a trade union leader resides at No. 10 Downing Street.

At the Chilian Club, a shabby old establishment and the domain of elderly retired officers, resentment boils. Four stalwarts - Mayne-Amaury, Mornay, Cotterill and Curtis - get together and conspire to set things right by "removing" the powerful individuals whom they see causing the chaos.

A private room at the Club becomes their think tank and visits to a stylish bordello give Mornay his inspiration. Curtis consults his nephew, Emtage, whom he rightly suspects to be working for the Secret Service, on matters of individual security surrounding the intended victims.

A number of missions are successfully accomplished, more due to chance than skill, for while these salutary purges may resemble James Bond in their daring, they are closer to the Pink Panther in their hysterical execution. Fortunately, the excruciating blunders are covered up by two faithful old batmen, Parkin and Sgt. Major Spragge, who are secretly party to the old boys' plans and know a thing or two about assassinations.

England is on the road to recovery, but the members of The Chilian Club have grown fond of their private war, and when Curtis is warned to lay off, they invent "The Commander", a James Bond type, and the remaining names on the list soon begin to bite the dust

Even The Commander has to retire, and then Emtage gets orders to have the Prime Minister eliminated. Who would be more logical to

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do the job than Curtis and his fellow conspirators at The Chilian Club? The words "England needs you" are all that is required for Curtis to launch this "defensive operation".

Power-drunk and pleasure-mad, the PM frequently visits a certain bordello. And that's where the inventive members of the Club plan to nail him. The bordello is fitted with every kind of paraphernalia that might provide incriminating evidence - cameras, double mirrors, microphones. Needless to say, nothing goes according to plan as the Prime Minister evades every trap laid for him without even knowing that it exists. But in the end it's "mission accomplished" amid hilarious uproar.

Britain is now quite back to normal, but in the Chilian Club our conspirators are already contemplating action further afield. In the United States, perhaps?
