

Welcome to the Party!
(Stage Adaptation)

By

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Cast of Characters

<u>Chairman Mao Tse-Tung:</u>	Honourable Chairman of China. A rather hefty man who acts like a spoilt brat.
<u>Joseph Stalin:</u>	Russian Dictator. The bully of the group. Has severe temper issues.
<u>Vladimir Lenin:</u>	Russian Politician. Sarcastic and sneaky. Enjoys winding up others.
<u>Karl Marx:</u>	Russian Philosopher. The quieter and more intelligent one of the three Russians.
<u>Fidel Castro:</u>	Cuban Dictator. Bumbling and cowardly bafloon. Often picked on.
<u>Pol Pot (Voice Over):</u>	Cambodian Dictator.
<u>Kim Jong-Il (Voice Over):</u>	North Korean Dictator.
<u>Mikhail Gorbachev (Voice Over):</u>	Russian Politician.
<u>Zhou Enlai (Voice Over):</u>	Chinese Leader.

WELCOME TO THE PARTY

COMMUNIST PARTY HQ / MAIN HALL

The walls are decorated with Communist paraphernalia, layered over with birthday bunting and balloons. A large table stands DSR, a bar USL and a small round table CS. The hall is full of things but at the same time feels empty.

CHAIRMAN MAO carries a large cake on a tray toward a table at the side of the hall. The table is covered with lots of RSVP slips.

Party hats sit in a semi-circle. MAO places the tray down amidst the party hats, accidentally knocking all of them over. He hurriedly picks up four of them and rushes away.

MAO brushes himself down and looks at the clock on the wall. He frowns and begins frantically tapping his hands on his legs. He sighs and bites his lip.

MAO walks over to the door and looks through the peep hole.

Standing up straight and crossing his arms he begins impatiently tapping his foot on the floor.

*The doorbell finally rings.
MAO flings open the door to reveal KARL MARX,
VLADAMIR LENIN, JOSEPH STALIN and FIDEL CASTRO
standing there. MAO stops grinning and stares,
taken aback.*

MARX, LENIN, STALIN, CASTRO
(Singing)

Happy birthday to you!
Chairman Mao Tse-Tung.
You look like an American,
And you smell like one too!

They all cheer and MAO laughs, nervously. He beckons them inside and they enter. MAO pokes his head out of the door and looks around. He frowns as he shuts it.

MARX walks past the table and notices all the RSVP slips. He sighs loudly and shakes his head, frustrated. MAO walks over causing MARX to jump.

(CONTINUED)

MARX

Ah, many happy return old friend. I trust you are well?

MAO

Indeed. Say, just a wonder, you didn't happen to hear from any other -

CASTRO dashes over, unable to see properly due to the over-sized present he is carrying. As he runs he trips over his own feet and lands awkwardly on his back. He looks up at MARX and MAO, grins painfully, and holds out his present towards MAO.

MAO (CONT'D)

Ah, why thank you kindly fellows, however it is not yet time for presents.

MAO produces a list from his pocket and unfolds it. LENIN and MARX help CASTRO off the ground.

MAO

Firstly, all the guests shall arrive promptly at 7pm.

MAO glares up at the others. They stare blankly back at him. He frowns again and goes back to reading the list.

MAO (CONT'D)

Present opening time is at precisely 9pm, after 2 hours of drinking and socialising with guests. After which we shall bask in the glow of my birthday candles, followed by a pre-determined set of party games. It is all here in my highly detailed party schedule which we shall be sticking to *thoroughly* throughout the night.

The others look at each other, confused. MAO drops his arms and peers around the group. LENIN scratches his head.

STALIN

So, you say that this party has regime?

MAO

Precisely.

A pause.

They all cheer and whoop in excitement whilst jumping up and down in the air. MAO perks up and puffs out his chest in pride. He checks his watch and purses his lips.

(CONTINUED)

MAO

Well, I guess now is as good a time as any to hit the bar.

MARX, LENIN, STALIN AND CASTRO make their way to the bar, murmuring amongst themselves. CASTRO walks with a slight limp.

MAO glances at the door once more. He sighs deeply and follows the others.

LATER ON IN THE NIGHT:

COMMUNIST PARTY HQ / BAR AREA

CASTRO sits on a stool with MARX standing facing him. MARX rests his head in his left hand and stirs his drink with his right. CASTRO takes a sip of his drink and winces in distaste.

MARX

So, have you heard much from Che recently?

CASTRO

(Coughing)

Nah, he's still touring the UK with Evita.

THE OTHER END OF THE BAR:

MAO and LENIN are also holding drinks in their hands. STALIN is standing behind the bar mixing drinks. His hat is on backwards.

STALIN

(Laughing)

Here's cocktail I like to call Cuban Missile Crisis. We give Fidel a few shots to hold, then he get scared and send them right back to us!

They all laugh hysterically. CASTRO and MARX look over.

LENIN

Hey Fidel, make sure that drink isn't too cold for you!

LENIN and STALIN laugh. They catch sight of each other laughing and stop abruptly. MARX chuckles into his glass.

CASTRO'S drink hand begins to shake, spilling it slightly. His bottom lip trembles as he attempts to hold back angry tears.

(CONTINUED)

LENIN turns around and pretends that he is kissing someone, wrapping his hands around himself and rubbing his back.

LENIN

Oh President Kennedy! Why don't you show me your weapon of mass destruction?

STALIN, MAO and MARX fall about laughing. MARX falls off his chair and continues laughing. CASTRO drops his cup and puts his head down on the bar.

EVEN LATER ON IN THE NIGHT:

COMMUNIST PARTY HQ / BAR AREA

CASTRO is sat on the floor slumped against the bar. LENIN is spinning around on a bar stool next to him.

LENIN

Stop sulking Fidel, we were only kidding. Crisis wasn't all your fault!

CASTRO looks up at LENIN with watery eyes before pulling his cap down and turning his face away. LENIN scoffs and rolls his eyes before standing up and striding off.

THE OTHER END OF THE BAR:

STALIN and MAO are chatting. MAO is holding a large glass of red wine, which he sips.

MAO

There is no way that your people are more equal than mine!

STALIN

It is true! Last week I managed to divide 17 turnips between everybody in St. Petersburg...

STALIN swings his arm and knocks the glass of red wine from MAO's hand and onto the floor. The glass smashes as a dark red puddle forms on the floor. MAO jumps.

STALIN

Goddammit, that'll leave a mark. I'm so sorry Mao. Let me go and see if Karl has any napkins behind the bar.

STALIN walks away rubbing his head. MAO waves and gestures for another drink, after which he nods his head and gives the thumbs up.

(CONTINUED)

BEHIND THE BAR:

MARX picks up bottles from behind the bar and examines them, noticing they are empty. He frowns and places the empty bottles back where he found them.

MARX

Hmm, this shelf looks emptier than China did when Mao was through with it.

He chuckles to himself. He scours the bar once more to find a full bottle of vodka. MARX's face lights up.

MARX reaches for the bottle. LENIN and STALIN appear and also reach for the bottle. The three of them grab hold of it at the same time.

The three stare at each other, Mexican standoff style. MARX attempts to pull the bottle towards him but the others resist. They continue to stare at each other.

STALIN

(Spitefully)

I'm afraid I'll have to take bottle. It's for birthday boy you see.

LENIN

I need it to try and cheer up Fidel. It's your fault Joseph, you upset him earlier.

STALIN

Oh well stop the presses, Fidel Castro's pride was wounded by something a Russian did.

The Russian's begin to argue; "Well I saw it first," "Give it to me now," "You don't even like vodka that much," "Of course I do I'm Russian, stupid." etc. MAO waves to attract their attention.

MAO

Peace comrades! Surely there is enough in there for us all to share?

STALIN

Share? Ha! Why would I want to share with these two?
(Pointing at LENIN) He'll drink most of it, and he'll
(pointing at MARX) get beard hair all stuck round edge!

(CONTINUED)

MARX

You're no saint Joseph, you always backwash!

The arguing continues and MAO attempts to calm the group by frantically flapping his arms around. CASTRO stands up tentatively and watches. He notices MAO's list on the bar and peers at it.

CASTRO looks back up and clears his throat to attract the group's attention.

CASTRO

Party games!

The group stop abruptly and turn to look at CASTRO. He jumps when their gaze falls on him. He coughs and stands up straight again, trying to be brave.

CASTRO (CONT'D)

Um, yes. Party games! Why don't we have a competition, you see, and whoever wins gets the vodka.

MARX, LENIN and STALIN look at CASTRO and then back at each other. They nod in unison.

LENIN

Any opportunity to show these two up.

MAO

But comrades, as the schedule specifically states -

STALIN

(Interrupting)

What game shall we begin with then Fidel? A game of strength?

LENIN

A game of agility?

MARX

A game of intelligence?

LENIN

Come on Karl, we've got to give Joseph a bit of a chance.

MARX and LENIN chuckle, but stop abruptly when they see each other laughing. STALIN growls at them and tightens his grip on the bottle. CASTRO perks up.

(CONTINUED)

CASTRO

Aha just you wait and see! Follow me pros. ¡Vamos!

MARX, LENIN and STALIN cheer and place the bottle on the counter. The three follow CASTRO away from the bar.

MAO

Comrades? Comrades! This is not part of schedule!

MAO follows the others, stomping like a stroppy child.

MAO (CONT'D)

(Muttering)

I am not going to let them ruin my party, bunch of rowdy Russians. My directions never fail, I am the mighty chairman and they shall listen to me. Me, yes, me...

COMMUNIST PARTY HQ / MAIN HALL

On the wall is a poster depicting Ronald Reagen's head on a pigs body without a tail and reading the words: ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL BUT SOME ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS.

MARX, LENIN, STALIN and CASTRO are standing by the poster. The Russians are each holding a paper tail with a pin through it. CASTRO is holding a blindfold.

CASTRO

So, who's first?

STALIN steps forward and snatches the blindfold from CASTRO and places it over his eyes. He stumbles forward and feels for the poster in the wall. He pushes the pin into the middle of the pig's stomach. STALIN whips off his blindfold.

STALIN

Ahh, chyort voz'mi!

STALIN throws the blindfold and kicks over a chair. He walks off in a huff. MARX picks up the blindfold.

MARX

You're such a sore loser Joseph.

(CONTINUED)

MARX places the blindfold over his eyes and steadily moves towards the wall. MARX completely misses the poster and sticks his pin into the wall next to it. He lifts his blindfold. LENIN bursts into laughter.

LENIN

Smooth move there Karl! I'll give you full MARX for that one!

MARX walks away. LENIN picks up the blindfold and places it partway over his eyes. He walks forward and, before pushing his pin in the poster, peeks out the side. He places the pin into the right place. LENIN rips the blindfold off.

LENIN

Aha!

STALIN

No way, I saw you peeking you cheater!

MARX

Fidel you must have seen that!

CASTRO rolls his eyes nervously and quickly glances at the ground. He scratches his head and shrugs, grimacing at MARX and STALIN.

CASTRO

Well, I-

MARX, STALIN

Nyhet!

CASTRO jumps and cowers behind his own hands. The group start arguing again, loudly. STALIN gestures wildly, hitting LENIN, who pushes him back. It looks as if a fight is about to break out when MAO walks over to the group and confidently stands in between STALIN and LENIN. He is carrying the schedule and has a smug expression on his face.

MAO

So Vladamir won, hmm? Congratulations comrade! Right, now that this silly contest is over we can get back to my schedule. Oh look, it's almost time for me to -

STALIN

(Interrupting)

I demand another game!

He storms off. MARX, LENIN and CASTRO follow. MAO is left alone.

(CONTINUED)

MAO (CONT'D)

- open my presents.

LENIN

I could have had him you know.

MAO huffs and crosses his arms.

LATER ON:

MARX, LENIN and STALIN are all standing in a line. LENIN and STALIN stand confidently whilst MARX shuffles nervously and looks at the others who ignore him. He gulps and dabs his sweaty forehead.

MARX

I can't do this! I can't do-

CASTRO

(Interruting)

GO!

CASTRO is holding a large stereo on his lap. He presses the button and the song "Two Tribes" begins to play. MARX, LENIN and STALIN jump, and then begin awkwardly dancing. CASTRO pauses the music and they all freeze. CASTRO chuckles silently to himself and presses play. They start dancing again.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM:

MAO sits on the floor surrounded by his presents.

MAO

(Calling to the others)

Okay then, here I go! Opening the presents. Maybe I'll open up this big one from Fidel first. Here I go!

The others ignore him. MAO frowns and pulls the biggest box towards him, which CASTRO brought. He shakes it and tears off the wrapping paper. He opens it and digs down right to the bottom of the box, feeling around through the tissue paper.

He pulls out a tiny "I Heart Cuba" fridge magnet. Confused, MAO tips the box up and shakes it. Nothing else falls out.

MAO

Thanks a LOT Fidel.

MAO tosses the box aside. He folds his arms and walks off, kicking the other presents as he goes.

(CONTINUED)

BACK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM:

MARX, LENIN and STALIN continue to dance. CASTRO presses pause, the music stops and they all freeze. CASTRO presses play again but the music does not come back on.

CASTRO huffs and diverts his attention to the stereo as the others stay frozen. MARX looks at STALIN, who is standing next to him. He quickly jabs his elbow into STALIN'S ribs, startling him. MARX goes back into position.

STALIN

Ouch! AH!

STALIN stumbles over his own feet and falls onto LENIN. They both crash to the ground. CASTRO looks back at them. MARX unfreezes and cheers.

MARX

I win I win!

STALIN

Like hell you did. You pushed me onto Vladamir!

LENIN

Ah, get off me Joseph, you weigh a ton!

MARX looks smugly at CASTRO who looks back, bewildered.

CASTRO

Karl wins I guess.

MARX punches the air in triumph. STALIN jumps up, pushes MARX out of the way and leans into CASTRO.

STALIN

You are the worst referee ever! How could you not have seen that you foolish, island-dwelling twit!

STALIN raises a hand to CASTRO who cowers away from him. LENIN jumps up and quickly grabs hold of STALIN'S wrist, stopping him.

LENIN

Calm down Joseph. If he says Karl won, then Karl won.

STALIN

But this isn't fair. He cheated! As did you in the last game.

(CONTINUED)

CASTRO

(Almost in tears)

Joseph please, we haven't finished the games yet. You may have a chance in the next one.

STALIN yells. He storms over to the stereo, picks it up and throws it to the ground, smashing it into pieces. The others step back and CASTRO cowers. MAO rushes over.

MAO

This competition may have got a little out of hand, don't you think? Well, I'm pleased that you've decided to end it now. It might have ruined the rest of the party but it's time for the best part of the evening: my birthday cake! That should cheer you all up. Joseph?

STALIN

I demand another game, RIGHT NOW.

LENIN

You can't just keep demanding new games when you keep losing. That's not how it works.

STALIN

Watch me baldy. I can and I will.

MARX, LENIN, STALIN and CASTRO begin discussing loudly what the next game should be. MAO is pushed out of the way and is nearly sent flying. He regains his footing and tries to attract their attention but fails. He turns around, takes the schedule out of his pocket and rips it up.

MAO storms over to the food table and sits down next to it. He picks up one of the party hats and places it on his head.

MAO notices the RSVP slips strewn across the table. He stares at them for a second. His bottom lip trembles before he puts on a huge, false grin and begins talking to an imaginary crowd.

MAO

Ah, welcome everyone! Pol, I haven't seen you around in a while. Hows old Cambodia? Kimmy! Might want to go easy on the cake there old chum. Why hello there Gorbachov. Your birthmark seems to be coming along nicely -

MAO stops talking and sighs deeply. He wipes one eye with the back of his hand and pouts.

(CONTINUED)

MAO pulls the large birthday cake from across the table towards him. He picks up a box of matches and lights each candle on the cake. He blows out the match.

MAO

(Singing to himself)

Happy birthday to me,
Happy birthday to me,
Happy birthday most honourable chairman,
Happy birthday... to...

MAO puts his head in his hands and starts to sob heavily. The others do not notice and continue their argument.

LATER ON:

MARX, LENIN, STALIN and CASTRO are standing in a circle all facing each other.

LENIN

Couldn't you have thought of a better game to play than this one Fidel? It's so childish.

CASTRO

I would have, but SOMEBODY keeps accusing everyone of cheating, so I had to pick this game.

MARX

So we're just going to throw it out there, da?

CASTRO

Si. You should know how to play this Karl, everybody does. Ready gentlemen?

LENIN

Lets just get this over with.

CASTRO

Okay, draw your weapons.

MARX, LENIN and STALIN raise their hands.

MARX, LENIN, STALIN

Sickle, hammer, star, draw!

MARX and LENIN make a fist whilst STALIN makes a hook shape with his finger.

CASTRO

Hammer beats sickle.

(CONTINUED)

STALIN

Dammit!

MARX, LENIN, STALIN

Sickle, hammer, star, draw!

MARX makes a hook shape with his finger, LENIN makes a fist and STALIN opens up his hand.

STALIN

Haha, star blinds hammer. Take that Vladamir.

MARX

Yes but sickle cuts star. Sorry Joseph.

STALIN

Nyeht! Dammit!

They carry on in this fashion. STALIN loses the majority of the games and continues cursing. The others ignore his outbursts.

COMMUNIST PARTY HQ / BAR AREA

MAO stands behind the counter holding the bottle of vodka. His eyes are still red from crying and his nose is still runny. His face screwed up in rage.

MAO

Ruin MY party will you? On MY birthday? I don't think so.

He raises the bottle above his head as if he is about to smash it.

MAO

Nobody crosses the chairman and gets away with it! Not 70 million peasants, and not those guys either!

He hesitates, the bottle still above his head. He sighs. MAO lowers the bottle and places it back on the counter. He rests his head on his hand and stares at the bottle.

MAO

No, no. That would be far too easy. The chairman doesn't take the easy way out... anymore. They need to be taught a lesson.

(CONTINUED)

MAO glances down to the shelves behind the counter and pulls out a small stack of shot glasses. He reaches down and brings them up onto the counter. He looks at the glasses, then the vodka, grinning and cackling to himself.

COMMUNIST PARTY HQ / MAIN HALL

MARX, LENIN, STALIN and CASTRO are still standing in a circle playing the same game. STALIN'S face becomes bright red as he continues to lose.

MARX, LENIN, STALIN
Sickle, hammer, star, draw!

MARX and LENIN both make a hook shape whilst STALIN opens out his hand.

CASTRO
Sickle cuts star. Sorry Joseph, it looks as if you've lost again!

STALIN growls, followed by a yell. He reaches to his side and pulls out a handgun. He points it at the others, who immediately put their hands in the air.

STALIN
Okay, that's it, I've had enough of losing to you two!
It's not fair!

MARX
Woah, okay.

LENIN
Put it away Joseph, stop being such a baby.

STALIN
I SWEAR TO GOD VLADAMIR ONE MORE CRACK OUT OF YOU AND
I'LL GO STALINGRAD ON BOTH YOUR ASSES!

MAO
Comrades!

STALIN lowers his gun and the group look towards where MAO is standing. He holds a silver tray covered in shot glasses filled with clear liquid.

MAO (CONT'D)
I deeply apologise for my behaviour earlier on. I'll admit it was very dishonourable of me to treat you as I did and so to make it up to you I have devised a final game to play. An all out drink off to determine who is the superior Russian.

(CONTINUED)

CASTRO

How are we going to do that?

MAO

It's simple. We place a shot in the center of the table one at a time and each competitor is given a coin. They must try to bounce the coin into the glass. If they succeed, they drink. Whoever gets the most, wins.

The group look at around at each other in silence. STALIN places his gun back in his holster.

MAO raises his eyebrows and looks around the group, who do not respond. He shrugs before turning away to go back to the bar. Everyone hesitates before LENIN jumps forward.

LENIN

Wait! I'm in.

MARX

Me too.

STALIN

As am I. We shall see who is the superior.

MAO turns back. He places the tray on the smaller round table, leans over and grins at the group.

MARX, LENIN, STALIN and CASTRO surround the table. MAO places a single shot in the center. MARX, LENIN and STALIN each produce a coin from their pockets. MARX dabs his sweaty forehead.

BLACK OUT

LIGHTS UP

The group are still standing around the table. MARX, LENIN and STALIN each have 5 glasses in front of them. MAO takes the last glass from the tray and places it in the center of the table.

CASTRO

The last shot. Make it count.

LENIN bounces the coin and misses. MARX bounces his coin and also misses. STALIN levels his eyes with the table and looks at the glass. He stands back up and bounces his coin. He misses. Everybody groans.

(CONTINUED)

MAO

Hmm, I suppose it doesn't really matter anymore. You're all losers anyway.

LENIN

Huh? What do you mean by that Mao?

MAO

Did none of you realise?

MAO begins to laugh maniacally.

MAO (CONT'D)

You were clearly blinded by your capitalist competition, so much so that you didn't notice my genius plan. You want to know what you were actually drinking?

From the inside of his jacket, MAO produces the empty vodka bottle. He gently places it on the table and looks around the group.

MARX, LENIN, STALIN and CASTRO stare at MAO in stunned silence.

STALIN yells and flips over the table, smashing the glasses.

STALIN

YOU BASTARD!

STALIN takes a step back, pulls out his gun and aims it at the group. LENIN, MARX and MAO also pull out their guns and aim them around the group. CASTRO jumps and crouches behind the upturned table. He peers back over and quickly makes a gun shape with his hands and points it at the group.

CASTRO

Comrades, please-

LENIN

(Interrupting)

Shut it Fidel! I bet you were in on the plan with HIM all along!

MARX

Don't yell at Fidel, Vladamir, he clearly had no idea. He has no idea about anything!

CASTRO

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

STALIN

Quiet, all of you! Mao you scoundrel, why would deceive us? Give me a good reason not to blow your head off right now!

MAO drops his gun to the ground and reaches inside of his jacket. Out of his pocket he pulls out all the RSVP slips and throws them in the air. MARX, LENIN, STALIN and CASTRO catch a few and look at them. MAO attempts to hold back tears.

MAO

I was expecting a big party with everyone. They promised me that they would show up. Instead I get stuck with you four who decide to make this day worse by completely... completely ignoring me.

MAO drops his head. STALIN, MARX and LENIN lower their guns and look at each other guiltily. CASTRO lowers his arms.

MARX

(Whispering)
He has no idea does he?

LENIN

(Whispering)
Not a clue.

VOICE OVER:

The lights dim slightly as a soundtrack is played over the speakers. In this we hear what sounds like a busy pub, drinks clinking, people talking etc.

Four men, POL POT, KIM JONG-IL, ZHOU ENLAI and MIKHAIL GORBACHEV are talking to one another. Their voices can be heard over the background hubbub.

BARMAN (V/O)

Okay so... Vodka on the rocks for you Mr Gorbachev, scotch and soda for Mr Enlai and Mr Pot and, uhhh, a diet coke for Mr Jong-Il. Will that be everything gentlemen?

ENLAI (V/O)

Yes, thank you... Anyway as I was saying comrades, was anybody else invited to this ridiculous birthday party?

(CONTINUED)

POL (V/O)

Yeah we all were. What kind of grown man has a birthday party, I mean really?

KIM JONG-IL (V/O)

(Chuckling)

We should all write back to him saying that we're going to come and we're really excited, and then not show up!

GORBACHEV (V/O)

Oh Kimmy. After everything you've ever done to North Korea, this is by far your most evil plan yet!

The group roar with laughter and clink their drinks.

The lights fade back up on the action on stage.

MARX

(Whispering)

Poor guy. I only came out of pity for him.

There is an awkward silence. STALIN scratches his head with the point of his gun.

STALIN

You know Mao, we truly are sorry-

STALIN drops his gun arm and accidentally pulls the trigger, shooting CASTRO, who is still crouched behind the table, in the head. CASTRO falls to the floor and a pool of blood begins to form. STALIN freezes and the others stare in shock. MARX covers his mouth with his hands.

STALIN (CONT'D)

Goddammit. That's gonna leave a mark.

There is a pause. Everybody is fixated on CASTRO'S corpse laying in a puddle of his own blood with his eyes and mouth hung open. MAO looks up from the body and around the group. He crosses his arms and huffs, frustrated.

MAO

Don't try and change the subject! You guys still ruined my birthday party.

STALIN snaps back into reality and places his still smoking gun back in his holster, completely disregarding what he has just done. MARX rushes to CASTRO's corpse and kneels down beside him.

(CONTINUED)

MARX

I think we need to call the police...

LENIN

(Agitated)

Look Mao we said we were sorry. Can't you just forgive us?

MARX (CONT'D)

Or at least call someone! We can't just leave him lying here.

MAO

Perhaps. How do you intend to make it up to me?

STALIN shrugs. LENIN shoves his hands in his pockets and glances at the floor like a school boy being punished. MAO puffs out his chest and stares at the both of them.

MARX

Oh god, there's blood everywhere. It's seeping through my shoes! Oh... oh you can see through the hole into his head.

MAO

Number one: no more competition between you three.

STALIN sighs, frustrated. LENIN puts his hands on his hips.

LENIN, STALIN

Da.

MARX wretches and coughs before covering his mouth. Without diverting his gaze, LENIN heartily pats MARX on the back.

MAO

Number two: You will throw me another party and make everybody show up.

LENIN and STALIN glance at each other. STALIN scowls and LENIN raises his eyebrows back at him. STALIN nods and they direct their gaze back to MAO.

MARX

Why won't anybody help me?!

MAO

And number three...

(CONTINUED)

MAO smiles. LENIN gulps.

MAO (CONT'D)

You'll come and open up the rest of my presents with me now.

LENIN and STALIN gawp in confusion, before they begin to smile and laugh. They pat MAO on the back and hug before walking away, chatting between themselves and leaving MARX still crouching on the floor next to CASTRO'S corpse.

LENIN (O.S)

Come on Karl!

MARX

(Utterly distressed)

Hey... hey you can't just leave me here! Oh Fidel... poor poor Fidel. Why you? You poor ignorant fool, why you?! You beautiful man, oh I can't stand it. What on earth is Dalia going to say? We really need to call someone. So much blood, who knew you had this much blood! Shhh, shhhh it's okay now, it's okay...

FADE OUT.