

Dialogue: The whistle

- He:** Madam, would you mind not blowing that whistle so much? It's upsetting me.
- She:** It's not upsetting you. Humans can't hear it.
- He:** If I couldn't hear it, I would know to complain.
- She:** Yes you would. You must have seen me blow it; and you're out to be annoying. Now fuck off.
- He:** The whistle is audible. You blow it repeatedly and repeatedly call that ridiculous dog's name. The dog ignores you.
- There is no point in blowing it.
- Now that I have told you that it is upsetting me, there is no further reason not to desist. Please do so.
- She:** I just told you to fuck off, little man. Fuck off.
- He:** Blow it again with that attitude and I'll take it off you.
- She:** I have a right to be here.
- He:** Certainly you do; and I respect that even to the point of abiding your presence.
- She:** Well, go somewhere else then.
- He:** I shall, in due course. For now, it suits me here, except for your anti-social behaviour.
- I, too, have a right to be here.
- I have come here for many years. This used to be a quiet place.
- She:** Everywhere used to be a quiet place, little man. Everywhere's getting noise. Face it.
- He:** A clear statement of your barbarity.
- I do face it.
- I also oppose it.
- In this case, there is no need for you to blow the whistle. Clearly, the dog hears you, as do I. That the dog ignores you, makes your persistence rather

stupid; but that goes with your rude arrogance.

I might just cope with your shouting if it weren't for the whistle.

She: Get used to it.

He: No.

I warn you that I will regard even one more use of it as an assault and defend myself.

To do that, I shall take away the whistle. You may have it at the end of the day.

She: I'd like to see you.

He: You'll be there.

I shall use whatever force is necessary.

She: You'll be arrested.

He: Quite possibly.

She: I didn't know there were wretches like you still around.

He: We have amazing grace. It preserves us.

We'll dance on your graves.

She: I don't think so.

He: I do hope so.

She: Have it your way, bully.

[She leaves, calling her dog, which, for once, obeys. At the top of the hill, she turns aggressively and blows the whistle towards the man.]