

FRANK

Sod them - no, fuck them! Fuck them, eh Rita?

RITA

Who?

FRANK

You'd tell them, wouldn't you? You'd tell them where to get off?

RITA

Tell who, Frank?

FRANK

Yes - students reported me! Me! Complained - and it was the best lecture I've ever given.

RITA

Were you pissed?

FRANK

Pissed? I was glorious. Fell off the rostrum twice.

RITA

Will they sack you?

FRANK

The sack? God, no; that would involve making a decision. Pissed is all right. To get the sack it'd have to be rape on a grand scale; and not just the students either. That would only amount to a slight misdemeanour. For dismissal it'd have to be nothing less than bugging the bursar... They suggested a sabbatical for a year - or ten... Europe - or America... I suggested that Australia might be more apt - the allusion was lost on them...

RITA

Frank, it's hardly fair on the students if their lecturer's so pissed that he's falling off the rostrum.

FRANK

I might have fallen off, my dear, but I went down talking. - and came up talking - never missed a syllable - what have they got to complain about?

RITA

Maybe they did it for your own good.

FRANK

Or maybe they did it because they're a crowd of mealy mouthed pricks who wouldn't know a poet if you beat them about the head with one. "Assonance" - I said to them - "Assonance means getting the rhyme wrong..." They looked at me as if I'd desecrated Wordsworth's tomb.

RITA

Frank. We'll talk about the Blake essay next week, eh?

FRANK

Where are you going? We've got a tutorial. No - no - you must stay. Watch this - sober! [He takes a huge breath]. Sober! Come on... You can't go. I want to talk to you about this. This passage about The Blossom - you seem to assume the poem is about sexuality. Is it?