**POSH by Laura Wade**

*Lord Riot is a ghost. When he was alive, he started a secret society who caused a ruckus!! At this point of the play, Lord Riot has had enough and talks to the current members of the group and tells them to do better!!!*

**Lord Riot:**

I have been at every dinner since the club’s inception, whether or not my presence was remarked. Rarely have I had great enough cause to intervene and it pains me to do so now, but intervene I must.

Why must you brawl among yourselves? Ye are the finest of men, of all men – your fight is not with each other.

I know you feel your country running away from you, intent on mediocrity, garbling every morsel of magnificence into an inglorious gruel.

But we have seen worse, boys, we have seen worse, and without whining. When our French cousins were guillotined, did we weep into our pudding or did we stand our ground? Under your last queen, when legions of oily industrialists built machines they thought would make us obsolete, did we not show them our mettle?

Ninety years since, when the common man downed tools in peevish discontent, your counterparts stepped into the breach, uncomplaining. Drove omnibuses! Succeeded in putting the country back on its feet in but nine days.

The landlords of this world have thrown every kind of ordure at us down the years – are we not still here? Do you think I would let these merchants and hustlers quench my every fire with scorn and outrage? Are they the masters now, and you the servants?

Aye, boys, your times are bleak, but let them not divide you. You are the brightest, the boldest, the best. You think the true purpose of the club is simply making of merriment? A place in which you hide? Never! The world wants you, boys – though it may not yet know it – it wants you, and it wants you to lead!

If you do not like what they have built, tear it down. Where is your wit? Where is you imagination? Tear it down and build something better – they will thank you in the end.