

Chess

"The Deal -- Chess In Concert Cd"

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Arbiter:

Isn't it strange the complications, people attach to
situations,
almost as if they want to miss the wood for the trees?
Nothing will change my basic feeling,
when they have done all their wheeler-dealing--
Those in the strongest situations, do as they please.

[Spoken]

You might see all kinds of human emotion here--
Passion and pain, love and hate.

I see nothing other than a simple board game!

At the Dusit Thani hotel, Bangkok, Alexander Molokov
makes his move.

Molokov: [Spoken]

We did not bring you to Bangkok for a holiday, my
dear.
You must tell your husband, he has to lose the match
and come home.
Talk to Anatoly!

You can have the life you want, and anywhere you want
it.

[Spoken]

But if Anatoly wins,
life is going to be very tough for you and your children.
Tell Anatoly that!

Make him think of you, not narcissistic dreams of glory.
How many times does he want to be champion,
anyway?

Arbiter: [Spoken]

Two days later, the wife, Svetlana Sergievsky, makes
her move.

Svetlana: [Spoken]

How many times do you want to be champion, anyway?
Come home, Anatoly!

Who needs a dream? Who needs ambition?
Who'd be the fool in my position?
Once I had dreams...

Anatoly:
Now they are obsessions.
Hopes became needs--Lovers possessions.

Svetlana:
Now you're where you want to be and who you want to
be,
and doing what you always said you would.
And yet you know you haven't won at all.

Running for your life and never looking back,
in case there is someone right behind to shoot you
down,
and say he always knew you'd fall.

When that crazy wheel slows down,
where will you be? Back where you started!

Arbiter: [Spoken]
And at the Oriental Hotel,
Walter de Courcy from Global Television plays his
opening gambit.

Walter: [Spoken]
You father is alive.

Florence: [Spoken]
My father? Alive?

Walter: [Spoken]
Alive in Russia--30 years in prison.

Florence: [Spoken]
And you think I would believe you?

Walter: [Spoken]
Well, the evidence is conclusive.
And if you don't believe me, Anatoly will.
Now, you get him to lose against Viigand,
and Molokov assures me he can get your father out.
And not only him.

We have some people to recover.
I know that you would simply love a

chance to make sure your father's name was high on our list.

We want him back, which is to say a gesture is needed from your player. We wouldn't mind if he got beaten, in fact we insist.

Florence:

There must be a lie, you wouldn't tell me.
A limit to your devious ambition.
But what it could be, I can't imagine.
Is there no one here who's not a politician?
There is no deal!

When I was young,
I learned that memories shouldn't be built to last.
Luxuries, such as father, mother, jettisoned in the past.
How can a half-remembered figure from a past--
so remote that it's hardly real,
alter the way I feel?

Pity the child who 25 years on, finds her confidence gone!

Arbiter: [Spoken]

While in subterranean marble surroundings,
two of the world's most powerful players make a mid-game assessment.

Walter:

You should have seen how she reacted.
I couldn't leave till she'd extracted
promises she would see her father, simply I said.
Told her the way she could achieve this,
even though you might not believe this.
She said that I was not to worry, go right ahead!

Molokov:

You don't know her well. She could have fooled you.
She could, despite herself try to resist us.

Walter:

Yes, I may be wrong, but to be certain,
there are others we can call in to assist us.

Arbiter: [Spoken]

And who better than a dethroned king?

Walter: [Spoken]

Now remember who has been paying for you
to be here, Freddie, in Bangkok.

We have a deal with the Soviets to get some people out,
including Florence's father,
provided Anatoly loses and gets on back to Moscow.
You'd like that, wouldn't you, huh?

Frederick:

Communist, democrat--An intriguing collusion!
Fair exchange, tit for tat--Comradeship in profusion.
And the appeal, partner, of this deal, partner,
is we both stand to win, you and me, the lady also.
Don't break her heart, partner; just be smart, partner.
Throw the match, show your love is as pure as snow in
Moscow.

Thank God we are so civilized. And our word can be our
bond.

We can turn this into friendship for life--and beyond.

Anatoly:

Refugee, total shit--That is how I've always seen us.
Not a help, you will admit, to agreement between us!
There is no deal, partner. Who is your real partner?
Could there be just a chance that you have got some
heavy clients?

Frederick:

That is not true, partner. How could you, partner,
think I'd want to pursue any deal but our alliance?
How can you only think of your selfish ambition,
and not of her position?
Or you'd rather perhaps see her world collapse
for a tinpot competition!

Anatoly: [Spoken]

Who put you up to this? There is no deal!

Arbiter: [Spoken]

So Frederick makes a desperate final play for the
woman
he hasn't seen in a year.

Frederick:

Silly boy, woman who, I should not have let walk out.
There is no hitch that we two, can't untangle or talk out.
And the appeal partner, of this deal, partner,
is we both stand to win--We will bring back the golden
era.
Stick with me, honey; leave him be, honey.
You don't know what they have planned for you,
long ago in Moscow.

Florence:

Can't you see, we have moved on?

Chess has nothing to do with this. Chess isn't life.

Frederick: [Spoken]

But I have changed. He won't help you with your father.

Anatoly will never throw any match.

I am telling you the truth, Florence. Come back to me.

Anatoly & Florence:

Who'd ever think it? Such a squalid little ending--

Watching him descending just as low as he can go.

I am learning things I didn't want to know.

Who'd ever guess it? This would be the situation.

One more complication--Should be neither here nor there!

I wish I had it in me, not to care!

Anatoly:

Let him spill out his hate, till he knows he's deserted.

There's no point wasting time, preaching to the perverted.

All:

Who'd ever think it? No one makes the moves intended.

Till the game has ended, then they say I told you so.

I am learning things I didn't want to know.

Frederick: [Spoken]

It can all be different now, Florence. I love you.

Come back to me!

Arbiter:

Everybody's playing the game.

But nobody's rules are the same.

All:

Nobody's on nobody's side...

Florence:

Never be the first!

All:

Everybody's playing the game.

But nobody's rules are the same.

Nobody's on nobody's side!

