

LUMPY CUSTARD

A Rock Musical

by

SYD RALPH

Music by

DAVID MASTERS

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

LUMPY CUSTARD

Copyright Syd Ralph & David Masters 1990

This play is fully protected by copyright.

It is an infringement of the copyright to give any public performance or reading of this play in its entirety or in the form of excerpts without the prior consent in writing of the copyright owners.

*Performances of musical excerpts may only be given where the appropriate licence has been obtained from
The Performing Right Society Ltd., 29-33 Berners Street, London W1P 4AA.*

No part of this publication may be transmitted, stored in a retrieval system, or reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, typescript, recording, or otherwise, without the prior permission of the copyright owners.

All rights are strictly reserved. Any enquiries about performing rights, professional or amateur, should be directed, before rehearsal, to

**SchoolPlay Productions Ltd,
15 Inglis Road,
Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU.**

No performance may be given unless a licence has been obtained.

ISBN 978 1 872475 25 7

Printed and published by
SchoolPlay Productions Limited,
15 Inglis Road,
Colchester, Essex, CO3 3HU

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Lumpy Custard was written to provide the opportunity for 50 young people, aged 13-18 years, to act, sing, dance and to enjoy musical theatre.

It was first performed by the youth theatre arts group, Act One - Scene One, for whom it was written, in January 1990. It has since played twice at the Gulbenkian Theatre, Canterbury, for the Kent Young Composer of the Year Awards and the Canterbury Festival. The company took **Lumpy Custard** to the Edinburgh Festival 1990 at the invitation of the National Youth Music Theatre and reached the finals of the 1990 Barclays Awards, performing a 20 minute extract at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on the South Bank.

Lumpy Custard is an investigation into what happens to people who are successful, how it changes other people's perception of them and how they change themselves. The subject of the play is a young songwriter who discovers that being successful is not as fulfilling as he had anticipated. His story is told in scenes with his family, friends and his professional colleagues.

The Music has been written by the award winning composer, 18 year old David Masters and is scored for a band of electronic keyboards and optional live instruments from within the company.

The action is set in the present.

THE SET

As there are many different settings in **Lumpy Custard**, stage blocks, door frames, mirror frames, furniture, props and lighting were all used to create "different pictures" in the original production.

We also used two internally lit rostra which could change colour and could be wheeled to any part of the set. These rostra became corners of a bedroom; a window with a London skyline in front of it; a bar; part of a kitchen; shelves in a boutique etc.

An upright bed on wheels was built for the nightmare sequence at the end of the first act. This enabled the character, Martin, to get into bed and to be moved around whilst his nightmare happened to him.

THE CAST

- * Martin Cole - *A young composer and songwriter*
- * The Boy
- * The Musician

Martin's Family

- * Mother
- * Father
 - Julie - *Martin's younger sister*
- * Cheryl - *Martin's girl friend*

Martin's Business Associates

- * Miss Parkes - *his agent*
 - Gloria - *an incompetent temp. in Miss Parke's office*
 - Herr Lupkne - *a non-English speaking executive of a German toothpaste firm*
- * Mr. Jacques - *a producer of TV commercials*
 - Jeremy - *Mr. Jacques' right hand man*
 - Joy Browne - *a writer of Brownie Christmas Extravaganzas*
 - Nora - *Joy's favourite Brownie*

Martin's Friends

- * Clive Gregory - *Martin's friend and next-door neighbour*
 - Martha Gregory - *Clive's Mother*
 - David
 - Melvyn
 - Trevor
 - Jim
 - Stacey - *Jim's girlfriend*
- * Carol - *Cheryl's best friend*

Characters in London Underground

- Jane }
- Wilma } - *two secretaries*
- Gent 1 }
- Gent 2 } - *two city gents*
- Nicola }
- Ben } - *three schoolchildren*
- Dierdre }

Characters in Boutique

Girl 1

Girl 2

Characters in Song “LOVE ON NEVER-NEVER”

* Parents

Teenagers

Characters in the Slipway TV Commercial

Ms Voice - *the presenter*

Lola - *an actress*

Chaperone

2 Child Actors

Director

P.A. - *assistant to director*

Camera Operator

Sound Operator

Clapperboard

Make-up Artist

Dog Minder

A Loving Couple - *an actor and an actress*

Characters in the Pub

Barmaid 1

Barmaid 2

Additional Characters

Brownies

Brownie Helpers

Shop Assistants and Customers in Boutique

Extras for Slipway Commercial

Customers in Pub

Female DJ - *voice over*

Male DJ - *voice over*

Stage Manager - *voice over*

* *Denotes that the character has a solo singing part.*

MUSICAL NUMBERS

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 1. Clink, Clink, Milkman | <i>Company</i> |
| *2. Isn't it Strange? | <i>Musician/Narrator</i> |
| 3. Here with You | <i>Martin</i> |
| 4. Play the Thing | <i>Martin, Boy, Mr. & Mrs. Cole,
Cheryl, Buskers</i> |
| 5. Brownie Marching Song | <i>Joy & Brownies</i> |
| 6. Listen to Me | <i>Martin, Clive & Martin's
friends</i> |
| 7. Lumpy Custard | <i>Company</i> |
| 8. Hold all Calls | <i>Miss Parkes</i> |
| 9. Carol's Song | <i>Carol & Girls in Boutique</i> |
| 10. Listen to me (reprise) | <i>Cheryl</i> |
| 11. Love on the Never-Never | <i>Mr. & Mrs. Cole, Parents,
Teenagers</i> |
| 12. Slipway Parking Lot Song | <i>Company</i> |
| 13. If You Like | <i>Mr. Jacques & Cheryl</i> |
| 14. Fleeting Glances | <i>Musician/Narrator &/or
Martin</i> |
| 15. Same Time, Same Places | <i>Martin & Pub Customers</i> |
| 16. Reach Out & Touch Me | <i>Martin, Clive, Boy &
Company</i> |

* "Isn't it Strange?" is sung by the Musician/Narrator and is reprised throughout the show. It acts as a commentary on the action as well as providing a link during the scene changes.

A version of "Reach Out and Touch Me" was recorded with Martin singing it, to sound like a "pop single". We then recorded the voices of DJ radio presenters speaking over it.

LUMPY CUSTARD

Book and lyrics by Syd Ralph

Music by David Masters

ACT 1

SCENE 1

Late afternoon. The play opens in darkness. We hear the recorded version of MARTIN COLE singing “REACH OUT & TOUCH ME”

Voice over: *Reach out & touch me
And I’ll take all your pain,
Reach out & touch me,
You’ll feel better again,
If only you could trust me,
Open up to me,
Together we can make you smile again.*

(A DISC JOCKEY’s voice cuts in over the song).

D.J.: Brand new single there from Martin Cole - “Reach out & Touch Me”. Fresh in at number 5 in this week’s charts. My tip for the top that one. What a terrific hook! He’s a hipster, he’s a flipster!, he’s a finger popping daddy-o! Ah we’re motivating now. *(Lights up. MARTIN is sitting at a keyboard. He is composing. The ’phone rings)*

Father: *(in spotlight - he answers the ’phone)* Yes certainly *(he shouts)* Martin! it’s for you.

Mother: *(in spotlight)* That ’phone’s red hot today. How is he supposed to get on with his writing?

Martin: *(picks up his own ’phone)* I’ve got it Dad. Hello Martin Cole speaking. *(in spotlight, entrepreneur, Mr. Jacques. He is on the ’phone)*

Mr. Jacques: Ah Martin. I’ve got a lovely little earner for you. You’re writing the music for a commercial.

Martin: Oh great.

Mr. Jacques: The man wants to sell a parking lot.

Martin: A parking lot?

Mr. Jacques: A parking lot, Martin. Details are on their way. Special Delivery! Bye.

Martin: Bye. *(in spotlight. MISS PARKES, MARTIN’S agent. The ’phone rings)*

Martin: Hallo.

Miss Parkes: Martin?

Martin: Speaking.

Miss Parkes: I've just been asked to phone you on behalf of a VERY IMPORTANT CLIENT. How's your German?

Martin: GERMAN?

Miss Parkes: With the single market we'll all have to learn to diversify. Oh, and Martin, Empire Records are still waiting for the new song. My office. Tomorrow - twelve o'clock sharp. Bye.

Martin: Right. Bye. *(He puts down the phone)* Twelve o'clock sharp. *(In spotlight CLIVE, a friend. The phone rings).*

Martin: Martin Cole.

Clive: Hallo Mart. Just heard you on the radio. You gave him what for, didn't you!

Martin: Look Clive. I'm a bit busy right now.

Clive: What a terrific hook! What's he think you are? A bloomin' fisherman? *(He laughs).*

Martin: Hook's a musical expression. It's the bit that turns you on.

Clive: Try telling that to the fish, Mart! Try telling that to the fish. *(He laughs - MARTIN hangs up on him).*
(In spotlight, a BROWNIE leader, JOY. The phone rings).

Martin: Martin Cole.

Joy: Martin, it's me, Joy.

Martin: Joy!

Joy: Guess what? I've got another little musical cooking here on my kitchen table. Just a few little tunes to help us out, would be so lovely.

Martin: Joy, I really am busy at the moment.

Joy: Perhaps I could just pop round....

Martin: Pop round....

Joy: How sweet of you. I knew you'd make time, Martin. You're such a dear. Bye.

(In spotlight, CHERYL, MARTIN'S girl friend. The phone rings).

Martin: Hello, Martin Cole speaking.

Cheryl: Good afternoon, Mr. Cole. This is your girlfriend Cheryl, remember?

Martin: You're angry.

Cheryl: We were supposed to meet.

Martin: I'm sorry. I completely forgot.

Cheryl: Charming.

Martin: I said I was sorry. Look I'll meet you off the tube at West Park in about *(He looks at his watch)* twenty minutes. O.K.? I'll be on the platform.

Cheryl: Don't put yourself out.

Martin: West Park Station in twenty minutes. O.K.?

Cheryl: Don't be late Martin. *(She slams down the phone).*

Martin: *(shouts)* I'm just off out. Meeting Cheryl. Be back soon. *(MARTIN switches off his keyboard and exits).*

Mother: Don't be long Martin. Supper's in half an hour. He treats this place like a running Caff.

Father: *(shouts)* Half an hour, your Mother said, Martin. Half an hour.
(Black Out)

SCENE 2

The London Underground - rush hour.

MUSIC 1: "CLINK, CLINK, MILKMAN"

Company: *(sing)*

*Hurry. Hurry. Walking. Walking.
Listen. Listen. Can't stop talking.
Put out the cat.
Shake out the mat.
Clink. Clink. Milkman!*

(Inset SCENE 1)

Jane: So I said to him.... it's THAT or a holiday. Take your pick.

Wilma: Bet he was well pleased.

Jane: He was. They're delivering it Friday.

Wilma: What you doing Thursday?

Jane: Seeing a show.

Wilma: Oh yeh. What about?

Jane: A bunch of people being miserable. See you!

Wilma: Yeh. See you.

Company: *(sing)*

*Forward. Forward. Running. Turning.
Listen. Listen. Can't stop talking.
Cross the doorstep*

***Light the fire.
Clink. Clink. Milkman!***

(Inset SCENE 2)

Gent 1: Got to get ahead of the market.

Gent 2: Impossible. Well not impossible.

Gent 1: Quite. Lateral thinking. That's what's needed old boy. Lateral thinking.
Same place. Same time tomorrow, then?

Gent 2: Toodle-oo.

Gent 1: Toodle-oo.

Company: *(sing)*

Bustle. Bustle. Pushing. Shoving.

Listen. Listen. Can't stop loving.

(Part of the COMPANY mime getting into a train)

Hold on sanity.

Mind the doors.

Clink. Clink. Milkman!

(The "train" moves off)

(Inset SCENE 3)

Nicola: It must be true. I saw it on the telly.

Ben: BBC or ITV?

Nicola: Channel 4 actually.

Dierdre: That explains it!

Nicola: What's that supposed to mean?

Ben and Dierdre: See you!

Nicola: Prats!

Company: *(sing)*

Bustle. Bustle. Pushing. Shoving.

Listen. Listen. Can't stop loving.

(The rest of the COMPANY mime getting into a train)

Hold on sanity.

Mind the doors.

Clink. Clink. Milkman!

(The "train" moves off)

(A latecomer just misses the train)

Flower seller: Keep yeh pecker up dahlin! It might not never happen. *(The LATECOMER and FLOWER SELLER exit).*

Company: *(offstage - sing)*
Hold on sanity.
Mind the doors.
Clink. Clink. Milkman!

(Blackout)

(CHERYL is discovered waiting on the platform. Underscore of “CLINK. CLINK. MILKMAN” continues under the following scene - enter MARTIN)

Cheryl: Congratulations.

Martin: Pardon?

Cheryl: You've made it.

Martin: Listen, I've got record companies, agents, parents... all of them going at me from all sides.

Cheryl: So?

Martin: So.

Cheryl: *(referring to the sunglasses he is wearing)* What you got those on for then?

Martin: Someone might recognise me.

Cheryl: You what? *(laughing)* Well you'll be O.K. now. Got your minder with you. *(They exit).*

(Blackout)

Company: *(offstage - sing)*
Hold on sanity.
Mind the doors.
Clink, clink, milkman!

SCENE 3

MARTIN'S home - early evening. Lights up on MOTHER. She is in the middle of her ironing. She is on the phone.

Mother: tomorrow at noon? Well, I'm sure he hasn't forgotten, Miss

Parkes.... Oh no, no. Just popped out. He's been working on it all afternoon....of course. He'll be there at twelve with the new song.... Not at all. Good-bye. (*Enter FATHER*)

Father: Isn't he back yet? Maeve. I said isn't Martin back yet?

Mother: No.

Father: Where's he got to then? (*Enter JULIE. She starts to get ready to go out.*)

Mother: I'm not psychic, Dave. (*to JULIE*) And where do you think you're off to, young lady?

Julie: Just round to Jane's.

Father: And he's off somewhere with that girlfriend of his.

Mother: (*to JULIE*) Just hold it right there.

Julie: But, Mum!

Father: I'm going out. Meeting Jack at the club. I won't be late.

Julie: Please Mum, I won't be long.

Mother: (*to FATHER*) Did you ring your mother?

Father: No, not yet.

Julie: Mum?

Mother: Wait a minute Julie.

Father: Like I said. I won't be late. (*FATHER exits*)

Julie: Mum, it's only for a few minutes.

Mother: I've told you before, I don't like you going around there.

Julie: It's to do with homework.

Mother: Suppose you'll have to.... seeing as it's homework. But I don't like it Julie.

Julie: Thanks Mum. (*JULIE rushes out*)

Mother: And no watching those videos.... (*MOTHER switches on the radio. We hear the second verse of "REACH OUT AND TOUCH ME" She continues to iron, listening attentively*)

Voice over:

(*MARTIN sings*) **Reach out & touch me**
And I'll take all your pain,
Reach out & touch me
You'll start laughing again,
If only you could trust me,
Open up to me,
Together
We can make you smile again.

(*Enter MARTIN and CHERYL*)

Martin: I'm sorry I'm late.... oh great! They're playing it!

Cheryl: Turn it up! Turn it up!

Mother: Shhh! Be quiet! (*We hear the end of the song and a female D.J. is heard*)

Female D.J. (*voice over*) And that's Martin Cole's single, "Reach Out & Touch Me". A beautiful ballad from this very talented young man.... currently shooting up the charts.... but will it make number 1? I wonder.

Martin: What else did she say? Before the song?

Cheryl: Shut up, Martin.

Mother: I've only just switched it on.

Female D.J.: (*voice over*) And now we're moving on. We've got Doris on the line here, from Longfield. Hallo Doris?

Martin: Goodbye Doris! (*He switches off the radio - he notices a parcel on the table*) Is that for me?

Mother: Yes. It came for you Special Delivery. And before I forget, Miss Parkes phoned again....

Martin: Oh. Okay.

Mother: Now have you eaten?

Martin: No. I'm not hungry.

Mother: Cheryl?

Cheryl: No I'm fine thanks.

Martin: (*taking paper out of package*) Slipway!

Mother: Well just in case, I did save some sponge but I'm afraid the custard's gone a bit lumpy.

Martin: An ad! They want a jingle for an ad.

Cheryl: (*reading over his shoulder*) Parking lot?

Martin: And they want it like now! (*He starts to exit*)

Mother: Why don't you use that marching finale you wrote for the Brownies' Christmas show if it's a rush job?

Martin: Mum! (*He is not impressed*)

Mother: I'm only trying to be helpful.

Martin: I must get on. (*MARTIN exits. CHERYL follows him out*)

Mother: I really liked that number. (*She notices they have gone. She switches on the radio and continues with the ironing. We hear a verse of "ISN'T IT STRANGE?" sung live by the MUSICIAN. The light fades on the mother as he sings-*

MUSIC 2: "ISN'T IT STRANGE?"

Musician: *Isn't it strange how circumstance rules us
Ignoring our daydreams?
Isn't it sad how we just stand there feeling trapped by fate?*

*We know what we want to do
But we're angry and helpless
Aware of the lumps underneath
Though the surface looks great.
The other side have it so much easier,
The other side have it better by far,
Don't wanna dig down deep,
Don't wanna find imperfection,
I want the glitz and the ritzy car.*

SCENE 4

MARTIN'S bedroom one hour later. The lights fade up as the MUSICIAN is finishing "Isn't It Strange". MARTIN is working at his keyboard. CHERYL is looking at magazines.

Cheryl: Ooh! Those trousers are beautiful. Though I'm not sure. No. Maybe not. They look all right on her. (*pause - MARTIN is ignoring her, trying to work*) One day, when I'm rich, I shall have a different outfit for every day of the month - what am I talking about! I shall have a different outfit for every day of the year. (*pause - MARTIN still ignores her*) I think I'll write to the Clothes Show - ask them to do a thing on me. You know. "This is Cheryl Anderson.... Now Cheryl has beautiful eyes but rather a dull skin. She should use blusher on the end of her nose and have her bum seen to...."

Martin: Chez! I'm trying to work.

Cheryl: "... but otherwise, not a bad looker!"

Martin: Chez. Please.

Cheryl: "and what do you think, expert No. 2?" "Well Cheryl has a nice figure - at least nothing that a pair of wellies and a knee length balaclava wouldn't cure...." (*She realises that she has gone too far*)

Martin: I'm trying to work. O.K.?

Mother: (*offstage - shouts*) Straight to bed Julie. And don't disturb Martin. He's busy.

Martin: Trying to work. (*CHERYL gets up in silence and throws down the magazine*)

Mother: (*offstage*) I'm round at Martha's if you need me.

Cheryl: I'll make some coffee. (*There's no reaction from MARTIN*).

Mother: *(offstage)* Julie? Julie?

Cheryl: Want a biscuit?

Julie: *(offstage)* I heard you Mum.

Martin: No thank you. I do not want a biscuit. *(CHERYL exits. MARTIN finishes off writing something. He starts to try it on the keyboard. He begins to sing).*

MUSIC 3: "HERE WITH YOU"

Martin: *I'm here with you,
But you can't really see me,
I'm here with you
But you can't seem to free me.
I want danger,
And you need care,
I scale mountains,
And you dive deep
Because you want to keep
Me here with you.*

(MARTIN slams down on the notes of the keyboard. He is frustrated. He restarts the song in a new tempo)

*I'm here with you
Can't you feel we've lost direction?
I'm here with you
But you're faced with imperfection.
You need order,
And I am chaos,
You want loving,
And I bring hate,
Because I can't relate from
Me to you.*

*It was so easy when we started,
We were soft, so warm, so kind,
It was so easy when we started,
But the ME that's in your mind
Has changed....
Moved on....
Is no longer what you need....*

(CHERYL has entered during the third section. MARTIN is taken aback)

Cheryl: That's beautiful Martin.

Martin: You think so?

Cheryl: Really lovely. Sad.

Martin: It's sentimental garbage. *(He tears up the paper on which he has written the song).*

Cheryl: What did you do that for?

Martin: Its too similar to "Reach Out & Touch Me"

Cheryl: It was good.

Martin: It wasn't good enough! *(pause)*

Cheryl: I don't understand you.

Martin: I'm sorry' I just can't concentrate.

Cheryl: You're tired.

Martin: Yes. Perhaps I'd better take you home before...

Cheryl: Your mum and dad are both out.... It's still quite early.

Martin: Chez, I've got a jingle to do. A new song for tomorrow. Deadlines to meet.

Cheryl: You're leaving no room for life, Martin.

Martin: Yes. Well. It'll be better when this lot's finished.

Cheryl: You reckon?

Martin: Yes! I reckon. *(Blackout)*

SCENE 5

The London Underground - later that evening. We hear a version of "Reach Out & Touch Me" played live by the BUSKERS who are set on stage ready for Scene 5. Any combination of instruments can be used. Lights fade up. BUSKERS continue playing. People are waiting for trains. A boy with a trumpet is with the BUSKERS but not playing. [A trumpet is optional but it does need to be an instrument that you blow.] Enter MARTIN and CHERYL. MARTIN notices the BUSKERS and walks over to them. He drops money into their hat)

Martin: That's a good tune!

Cheryl: Oh really! Talk about being big-headed.

Busker 2: We try to keep up to date with our material.

Martin: That's very important. Yes. Keeping up to date. *(pause)* I like your arrangement of the song.

Busker 4: Who is this fella? *(The BUSKERS start laughing and stop playing)*

Martin: You could put a good trumpet part in there. *(MARTIN looks pointedly at*

the boy).

Cheryl: Oh come on, Martin. I thought you said you were tired.

Martin: *(to the BOY)* What's the problem? *(CHERYL flounces off to another part of the platform).*

Busker 1: Start playing quick, might earn yourself a couple of quid!

Busker 2: He's booked the spot for a whole week but he hasn't even played a note.

Busker 3: Perhaps he can't play.

Busker 4: He told me he doesn't know where to start.

Busker 1: Why doesn't he try beginning?

Busker 2: That's the usual place.

Boy: They don't understand. They just don't understand!

MUSIC 4: "PLAY THE THING"

(During the song the BUSKERS play. People waiting for trains dance).

Martin: *Just play the thing
Lift it up and blow.
It's like anything,
Pick it up and throw
It to the stars!
And watch them fall,
Scatter through the sky,
You have gotta try....
Then you'll find your beginning.*

Boy: *But how can you try
When you don't know
Where to start?
How can you find
That beginning?
How can you try
When you're frightened
That if you start
That you won't find that beginning?*

**Martin and
Company:** *Just play the thing
Lift it up and blow.
It's like anything,
Pick it up and throw
It to the stars!*

*And watch them fall,
Scatter through the sky,
You've gotta try....
Then you'll find your beginning.*

Mother and

Father: *(in spotlight)*

*At the beginning
We saw you as you started,
Started to take chances.
Yes, we caught you if you fell,
Took our chances
When we said....*

(spoken) Okay. If that's what you really want. Do it.

Cheryl: *(sings - in spotlight)*

*At the beginning
I saw you and it started.
I took my chances
And you caught me as I fell,
Caught me as I fell,
Yes you caught me as I fell
In love with you....*

Martin and

Company:

*Just play the thing,
Lift it up and blow.
It's like anything,
Pick it up and throw
It to the stars!
And watch them fall,
Scatter through the sky,
You have gotta try....
Then you'll find your beginning.*

(At the end of the song the BOY plays one note on the trumpet).

Martin: *(to the BOY)* There you are. No problem.

Cheryl: Come on, Martin.

Martin: *(to the BOY)* See you around. O.K. *(MARTIN and CHERYL exit).*

Blackout.

MUSIC 5: "ISN'T IT STRANGE?"

Musician: *Isn't it strange how when someone else tells you
It all seems so easy?
Isn't it true they can take it
And make it
Just come right?*

*We hear what we want to hear,
Never asking our questions,
But beware of the lumps underneath
Though the surface looks right.*

*The other side makes it seem so easy,
The other side makes it better by far,
But dig down deep and you'll find imperfection,
Never mind the glitz or the ritzy car.*

SCENE 6

CLIVE's Scene - His bedroom. CLIVE is sitting with a headset on.

Mrs. Gregory: *(offstage)* Clive! Clive! David's here to see you. Clive! Can you hear me? Hang on David. *(She marches in)* Would you mind taking those headphones off.

Clive: Pardon?

Mrs. Gregory: Headphones! Off! David's here.

Clive: Oh no....

Mrs. Gregory: *(quietly)* Now don't go pulling faces. He's come round to see you specially. Can't spend every evening moping around, can you? *(enter DAVID quietly)* Pull yourself together, Clive. *(normal voice)* Oh hallo David!

David: I came on up *(pause)*

Mrs. Gregory: I'll make you some tea - or coffee rather! I know what you boys are like! *(false laugh. She exits. Long pause)*

David: What you listening to then?

Clive: Music.

David: Yeh. - I can see that!! I heard this brilliant new album yesterday - round at Jim's. Really great it was.

Clive: Oh?

David: Yes. Really great. *(pause)* Can't remember what it was called but it was really . . .

Clive: Great.

David: Yes.

Clive: Oh. *(pause)*

David: Haven't seen you about much. Been busy?

Clive: No.

David: I have. Trying to catch up on all the course work. Don't think I'll ever make it.

Clive: You will. You're a grafter.

David: Oh! So you still talk! Still got opinions, then?

Clive: Oh shut up. *(pause)*

David: Jim's got a GIRL FRIEND.

Clive: You what?

David: Thought that might wake you up!

Clive: Jim?

David: Yes. That's nearly all the mob hitched up now then, eh! Martin, Jim....

Clive: What's she called then?

David: Stacey, Tracey - something like that. They met on holiday.

Clive: Oh yeh?

David: Yes. She comes from up north somewhere. Showed me her picture. Quite nice. Tho', you know, nothing spectacular.

Clive: Writing to her, is he?

David: Yes. Writing. And phone calls. His Dad's going balmy about the phone bill.

Clive: So what's new?

David: Yes! What's new? *(pause)*

Mrs. Gregory: *(enters)* Your coffee's ready and I've put some biscuits on a plate for you. Clive's favourites. Custard Creams. I'm just off now Clive. Popping down the road to see Doreen, She's had a lovely little baby girl.

Clive: Yes Mum.

Mrs. Gregory: Well I'll be off then. Goodbye David.

David: Goodbye Mrs. Gregory.

Mrs. Gregory: Bye, bye Clive.

Clive: Bye Mum. *(He wants his mother to leave. Exit MRS. GREGORY)*

David: Seen Martin lately?

Clive: No.

David: Only, I thought you might have met up.

Clive: Look I said NO. Okay. I have not seen Martin.

David: Phoned him?

Clive: Look let's drop it. O.K.?

David: I thought you were good mates?

Clive: Drop it.

David: So what happened?

Clive: I said drop it.

David: Look he's hit the "so called", big time. Been on the telly a couple of times.
Been in the papers....

Clive: (*screams at DAVID*) Drop it! (*pause*)

David: And now he doesn't want to know his old friends. (*pause*)

Clive: I expect he's been busy.

David: And that's why you're sulking around at home every evening? He's not worth it. (*MRS. GREGORY enters - she has heard shouting*).

Mrs. Gregory: Clive? Clive, I'm off now Clive. (*She exits*)

Clive: (*to DAVID*) Want a biscuit?

David: No, ta.

Clive: He was my mate. We had great laughs. I told him everything.

David: So?

Clive: So.

David: You weren't married to him! (*pause. CLIVE puts on headset*) I'd better go. Fancy coming down to the pub later? We'll all be there.

Clive: Cheers. I'll think about it.

David: Well if not tonight - we're there most evenings. Usual dive. (*DAVID starts to exit*)

Clive: (*sarcastically*) Listen Dave. It's THE KING himself! (*DAVID goes over. CLIVE shoves the headset at him. We hear "REACH OUT & TOUCH ME" - they speak over it*)

Voice Over: *Reach out & touch me*
(*MARTIN sings*) *And I'll take all your pain,*
 Reach out & touch me
 You'll feel better again.
 Share it with me,
 Trust it to me,
 Together we can make you whole again.
 Reach out & touch me
 And I'll take all your pain,
 Reach out & touch me
 You'll start laughing again.
 If only you could trust me,

*Open up to me,
Together we can make you whole again.*

David: Yes. They're playing it more and more often, aren't they? I'd better go.
(hands back the headset) See you down the pub sometime.

(DAVID exits. The song finishes. We hear the following voice-over. Lighting fades until CLIVE is lit in silhouette)

D.J.: (Voice-over):.... of course the mega-talented, one in a million Martin Cole, singing his own hit number "Reach Out & Touch Me". This week up to the number 3 slot, and it's still climbing. He came into the studio for a chat the other day. Just terrific to see that success hasn't changed Martin one little bit.
*(CLIVE throws off the headset in anger).
Blackout.*

MUSIC 6: "ISN'T IT STRANGE?"

Musician: *Isn't it strange how we know what we're feeling
But cannot express it?
Isn't it sad how we helplessly watch
The lines get jammed?
We know what we'd like to say
But are frightened that others
Are searching for lumps underneath,
So our surface gets damned.*

*The other side make it seem so easy,
The other side make it better by far,
You could dig down deep and find imperfection,
But they've got the glitz and the ritzy car.*

SCENE 7

MARTIN'S home - late evening. Voices heard offstage.

Joy: Martin!

Brownies: Yoo! Hoo!

Joy: Oh hello Martin. It's only us.

Martin: Joy!

Joy: We've just got here. Haven't been waiting long, have we girls?

Brownies: No Miss Browne (*They giggle*)

Joy: So no need to worry.

Martin: I wasn't expecting you.

Joy: We won't take long.

Martin: Well... I suppose you'd better come in. (*MARTIN enters followed by JOY, NORA, two HELPERS and a motley selection of BROWNIES. MARTIN switches on some lights*).

Martin: (*He looks around*) Oh sorry. There aren't enough chairs. (*The BROWNIES rush off and collect chairs for themselves, JOY and NORA - and put them in a formal line across the centre of the stage. This is not what MARTIN meant*). Ah! Do sit down.

Joy: I know it's awfully late and all that, Martin, but I was just driving everyone home after our little rehearsal and I said "We'll pop round to Martin's and see if he's at home", didn't I girls?

Brownies: Yes Miss Browne.

Martin: I was just seeing Cheryl home.

Joy: How gallant of you! How sweetly old-fashioned and lovely!

Martin: (*smiling ruefully*) Just wish I had a car!

Joy: Quite right, quite right! - Can't have a pop star trundling around town on our public transport system. Can we girls?

Brownies: No, Miss Browne.

Martin: Got to pass the test first.

Joy: A mere technicality. It'll be a chauffeur-driven limousine before you know it! Now then.... (*The BROWNIES sit up very straight*) Could you hold my bag for me Nora? (*NORA collects her bag*) Now then.... (*The BROWNIES leap into new positions*).... I know I phoned you earlier to give you a teeny weeny idea of what I had got up my sleeve but I thought we'd better come round. Tell you exactly what's going on.

Martin: You're putting on another splendid show.

Joy: "Another SPLENDID show!" Well yes. It was rather super, wasn't it! But that was two years ago. We can't afford to rest on our laurels. Can we girls?

Brownies: No, Miss Browne.

Joy: We must try for another splendid show! Though I must admit to quite tearfully moving memories of that wonderful marching finale you wrote for us, Martin. It was superb.

Martin: My mum liked that one.

Joy: They still remember it!

Brownie: Go for it, Nora! (*NORA pulls a tuning fork out of her pocket and gives them the note*).

MUSIC 7: "THE BROWNIE MARCHING FINALE"

Brownies: *It's a Brownies promise to perform
A good deed every day,
To think of other people,
And to help in every way.
We skip around our toadstool,
All us pixies, sprites and gnomes,
Make beds, serve tea and lend a hand,
Help others in their homes.*

*With good deeds!
Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!
With good deeds!
We promise to do our best.*

*Good deeds!
Is what we are here for,
Thinking and doing -
We've told you all the rest...*

*Think, do, think, do,
Think, do, think, do,
Good deeds every day!
Good deeds every day!
It's a brownies promise to perform!
It's a brownies promise to perform!*

*So! Our promise was to think of you
You've heard our brownie plan,
We hope you have enjoyed our show
We've done the best we can!
Think! do!
Think! do!
Do the best we can!*

(During the song JULIE appears in her night clothes. She walks over to MARTIN and has a go at him, to no avail. She exits. She re-enters with a glass of milk and goes back to bed. At the end of the song the phone rings. The BROWNIES sit down to listen as MARTIN answers it).

Martin: Hello, Martin Cole speaking (*CHERYL appears in spotlight*)

Cheryl: It's me. Just phoned to see if you're O.K.?

Martin: I'm fine.

Cheryl: Managed to get anything done?

Martin: No.

Cheryl: What?

Martin: I was met by Joy and some of her youngsters at the front door.

Cheryl: Oh Martin. You're not wasting your time with her? What's she after anyway? Another show?

Martin: Sort of.

Cheryl: You're joking! Doesn't she realise what's happened to you?

Martin: Look. I can't really talk right now....

Cheryl: I don't believe this! You send me off packing 'cos you can't concentrate, but you don't mind being invaded by a bunch of brownies.

Martin: Not by choice.

Cheryl: Then why did you let them in? Good night Martin. (*CHERYL slams down the receiver*).

Martin: (*He is still speaking into the receiver aware that he is being watched*). Yes I do too! (*The BROWNIES react*) Bye Chez. (*He replaces the receiver*)

Joy: The lovely Cheryl? She must have the patience of Job to share you so willingly with the likes of us.

Martin: Yes! She is very understanding.

Brownies: Aaaaah!

Martin: (*He takes a deep breath*) Now about the production, Joy.

Joy: Quite right, Martin. Must get on with the business in hand. Can't live in the past, can we girls?

Brownies: No Miss Browne.

Martin: Look. I don't really think that I'm going to have much time free....(*He is searching for words*).... you know what it's like.... pressures of the music industry....It's all getting quite high-powered!

Joy: You poor soul! (*MARTIN looks relieved*) Well I'll tell you what we'll do. Nora! (*NORA leaps into action*) I'll give you Nora's phone number and the script. Have a quick glance through the lyrics and when the tunes start to flow you can just pick up the phone and hu-u-m them down the line to her. She's so super on the piano. She can pick up anything! Can't you Nora? (*NORA blushes with pleasure*) Grade IV Pianoforte and a whizz on the recorder! Just like you when I first met you.

Martin: Well done Nora.

Joy: And now we really must be going. Chairs back girls! (*The brownies rush around returning the chairs. Meanwhile NORA'S phone number and a script are handed over to MARTIN*).

Joy: Ready?

Brownies: Yes Miss Browne.

Joy: Then off we go! (*The BROWNIES start to exit, humming their marching song as they go*). I do hope you enjoy it, Martin. (*She indicates the script*). I've got the pixies and gnomes all meeting in a disco. Leads to frightful confrontation of course. Rather like "West Side Story" - but I wanted to update things a bit. Whirling toadstool disco lights, and all that! Wonderful! Anyway it's all in there. And copyright! So no pinching my ideas! We'll see ourselves out!

Martin: Goodbye. (*They exit noisily. We hear the car doors slam and they drive off. Then silence. MARTIN starts humming the BROWNIE finale as he looks through the Slipway parcel*).

Martin: (*sings*) Then come along to Slipway.... (*The phone rings*) Oh go away! (*He doesn't answer it but moves into his bedroom area and sits down ready to work. JULIE enters. She crosses over to the phone which stops just as she reaches it. JULIE walks over to MARTIN'S bedroom door and is about to speak. The phone rings again. It continues to ring until cued out during the following VOICE-OVERS*).

Martin: I said go away! Go away! All of you! (*JULIE slips quietly away back to her room. MARTIN starts to get ready for bed. We hear the following VOICE-OVERS: -*

Miss Parkes: Martin? I've just been asked to phone you on behalf of a very important client. How's your German?.... German?.... German?....

Clive: Just heard you again on the radio. Follow that then, eh? Follow that! (*He laughs*).

Cheryl: You're leaving no room for life Martin.

Mother: Where've you been? You could have phoned, Martin. You could have phoned. (*The phone stops ringing*).

Miss Parkes: Empire Records are waiting, still waiting, still waiting....

Busker: He told me he doesn't know where to start.... start.... start.... start....

MUSIC 8: "LISTEN TO ME"

(*MARTIN stands looking at himself in the bedroom mirror as he sings. The rest of the stage is in darkness*).

Martin:

(*in spotlight*) *Listen to me when I'm talking to you.
Are you in there?
I'm trying to reach you.*

*You are somewhere,
Deep under my skin.
You are me,
And you won't let me in.*

Clive:

(in spotlight)

*Look at me when I'm talking to you.
Are you in there?
I'm trying to touch you.
You are somewhere,
Deep under my skin.
You are me,
And you won't let me in.*

Both:

*Who are you?
Do you know who I am?
We are partners,
But the deal is a sham,
'Cos you've left me
To face this alone....
I am you
And you're me.*

(Six of MARTIN'S friends enter as if in his dream. Only their faces are lit. This effect can be achieved by using hand-held torches, each character directing the beam into his own face).

Musician:

*Listen to me when I'm talking to you
Are you in there?
I'm trying to reach you.
You are somewhere,
Deep under my skin.
You are me,
And you won't let me in.*

All:

*Who are you?
Do you know who I am?
We are partners,
But the deal is the sham,
'Cos you've left me
To face this alone....*

*I am you
And you're me.*

Martin: *I am you and you're me.*

(The FACES disappear and MARTIN gets into bed). We hear the following VOICE-OVERS:-

Mother: Night, night. Sleep tight. See you in the morning.

Martin: Mummy!

Mother: Here's your juice. And your toys are at the bottom of the cot.

Martin: Mummy!

Mother: We'll turn on the music, shall we?

(Music cue - CRADLE MUSIC UNDERSCORE)

Mother: There. Night, night.

Mother: Is the cat out, Dave? Only we don't want it jumping on him during the night.

Martin: Mummy!

Mother: Go to sleep, Martin. Go to sleep.... *(The phone rings)*

Father: Martin! It's for you.... it's for you.... it's for you....

Mr. Jacques: The music for a commercial.

Busker: Perhaps he can't play.

Miss Parkes: My office tomorrow. 12 o'clock sharp.

Busker: Why doesn't he try the beginning?

Miss Parkes: 12 o'clock sharp.

Mr. Jacques: A parking lot.

Busker 3: That's the usual place.

Father: It's for you.

Cheryl: We were supposed to meet.

Clive: Try telling that to the fish.... the fish.... the fish....

Mother: You could have phoned Martin.

Cheryl: You're leaving no room for life.... life.... life....

Mr. Jacques: Music for a commercial.... commercial.... commercial....

Miss Parkes: Empire Records are still waiting. How's your German?.... German?German?....

Father: It's for you....

Mother: The custard's gone a bit lumpy.... gone a bit lumpy.... *(All the VOICES start repeating their final line, building up to a crescendo, as the VOICE-OVERS cease. Silence.)*

Martin: It's no problem, Mum. It's no problem. Don't worry about it. It's fine. It doesn't matter. It's no problem, Mum. It's no problem

MUSIC 9: "LUMPY CUSTARD"

(For this song the whole company can be dressed in bright yellow. Five "SUPREMES" type girls can be matched with five "DALLAS" boys - all bizarrely attired. The rest of the company act as chorus behind them)

Supremes &

Dallas Boys: *Call it yellow,
Call it bland,
Pour it, scoop it,
Loop the loop it,
Call it yellow,
Call it bland,
But Mmm, mmm, we're the tartrazine band.*

Company: *Slip it, slop it,
Throw it, drop it,
Pour it, scoop it,
Loop the loop it,
Call it yellow,
Call it bland,
But Mmm, mmm,
We're the tartrazine band.*

*The custard's gone a bit lumpy.
The custard's gone a bit lumpy.
The custard's gone a bit lumpy.*

Mother: Do you know the German for custard, Martin? *(MARTIN gets out of bed and joins the song)*

Martin and

Company: *Mix it, fix it,
Cook it, hook it,
Pour it, scoop it,
Loop the loop it,
Call it yellow,
Call it bland,
But Mmm, mmm, (repeat x 3)
We're the tartrazine band.*

(The song ends. The COMPANY put on masks during the following VOICE-OVER. MARTIN returns to his bed).

Martin: (*VOICE-OVER*) Currently at number three and still climbing. He came into the studio the other day for a chat. How nice to see that success hasn't changed Martin Cole one little bit. (*Behind MARTIN'S Voice-over the Brownie Marching Finale is heard in the background, getting faster and faster - like a fairground merry-go-round. Other voices are also heard. The number resumes but has become a total nightmare*).

Company: *Call it yellow,
Call it bland,
Pour it, scoop it,
Loop the loop it,
Call it yellow,
Call it bland.
But Mmm, mmm, (repeat x 3)
We're the tartrazine band.*

(Alarm clock, bell or buzzer)

Mother: Wake up, wake up Martin! You're due at Miss Parkes' office in twenty minutes.

Blackout.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1

MISS PARKES' Office - the next day. MISS PARKES, a theatrical agent, is sitting at her desk. She is on the phone. A very important person, HERR FRIEDRICH LUPNE is with her. He is flicking through some papers. It is not necessary for the V.I.P. to be German, but it is necessary that the character should have a poor command of English.

Miss Parkes: Yes - oh yes, I appreciate that. But we did set up the shoot in a frightful hurry. No time to double-check all the details.... Yes I KNOW you wanted someone who could ride side-saddle.... but you never stipulated which side - well - these things can and do upset people! Yes.... yes.... (*Enter GLORIA, a secretary, carrying a tray with coffee*) Yes, well I'm delighted you've solved it.... running the whole section backwards will certainly be novel.... (*to secretary*) Put it down there Gloria. (*to phone*) Yes.... after the introductory passage - lovely.... (*to secretary*) Thank you Gloria. (*GLORIA looks bewildered. She is not sure what to do next*) Oh super. Listen, I really must go - we're terribly busy today. And I've got a temp. in.... (*The doorbell rings. GLORIA exits to answer the door*).

Miss Parkes: No, no, I'm not complaining! Wouldn't dare darling! I'll speak to you soon. Yes. Bye.... Bye! (*She puts down the phone, Indicates to the V.I.P. that he should have some coffee. The phone rings again*) Excuse me again. (*She answers the phone*) Hallo Parkes Personal Management. Oh Beverley! Yes.... just been speaking to him. (*Enter GLORIA*).

Gloria: There's a Mr. Gold to see you.

Miss Parkes: Hold on Beverley. (*to GLORIA*) A WHO?

Gloria: A Mr. Martin Gold, I think he said....

Miss Parkes: Martin COLE, Gloria, Martin COLE! The composer. Pop star?

Gloria: Ooooh! (*GLORIA is now impressed. She exits in a flutter*).

Miss Parkes: Now where was I? Oh yes! Yes! He was utterly delighted with you, thought you were lovely.... Look must fly - call you back okay.... Oh - you got the flowers - good. And the hospital's fine? - No, no. The horse is still in intensive care. Bye! (*She calls*) Send him in, Gloria. (*to V.I.P.*) This is your man - he's just what you're looking for, ja?

Lupkne: Oh! Ja. (*Enter GLORIA - she announces MARTIN grandly*).

Gloria: Mr. Martin Cole. (*MARTIN enters ruffled*).

Miss Parkes: Hallo Martin.

Martin: Sorry I'm a bit late. (*GLORIA is standing gawking*).

Miss Parkes: Thank you Gloria. (*GLORIA returns to her desk*). Martin, may I introduce you to Herr Lupkne - He has come here, all the way from Frankfurt to set up.... (*The phone rings. HERR LUPKNE greets MARTIN in rapid German during MISS PARKES' speech on the phone*).

Lupkne: Guten morgen, Martin. Ich heisse sie willkommen. Ich bin dabei ein Geschäft mit Fraulein Parkes aufzubauen, und wir interessieren uns für Ihre Music. Wir mochten gern dass Sie unsere neue Zahnpastareklame vertonen.

[*Translation:- Good morning, Mr. Martin, and welcome. I'm in the process of setting up a deal with Miss Parkes and we're interested in your music. We would very much like you to compose the music for our new toothpaste advertisement*].

Miss Parkes: Parkes Personal Management. Yes.... Yes.... No, we called you back on that last week. Yes. It should be in your records. Goodbye. (*She puts down the phone*). A coffee for Mr. Cole, Gloria.

Gloria: One coffee coming up! Caff OR Decaff? Strong OR weak? Milk AND/OR Sugar, either, neither OR both?

Martin: A glass of tap water would be fine thanks.

Gloria: One glass of tap water.... (*She starts to exit to get the water*)

Miss Parkes: As I was saying, Herr Kai Friedrich Lupkne has come all the way here to set up discussions to explore.... (*The phone rings*) Hold all calls Gloria.

Gloria: Oh all right then. (*She goes back to the switchboard*).

Miss Parkes: To set up discussions to explore....

Gloria: One glass of tap water. (*She is trying to remember it*).

Miss Parkes: To set up discussions.... Gloria! Hold all calls!

Gloria: Found it! (*The phone stops ringing. GLORIA is delighted with her own efficiency*). Now then, one glass of tap water. (*GLORIA starts to exit to get water but is stopped dead in her tracks by MISS PARKES' song*).

MUSIC 10: "HOLD ALL CALLS"

Miss Parkes: *Hold all calls!
Put their worries
On freeze.
Hold all calls!
Tell them "wait
'Til I'm free".
This lifeline is bothering me,
Blowing my mind.*

*It gives others the right
To phone into my mind.*

*To ask me,
To blame me,
To cuss me,
To tame me....*

*I want to make it all so lovely,
I want to make it all so right,
With a flick of a switch
And a twirl of my pen
I want to turn your day to night!*

*I want to make it all so easy,
I want to smooth your cares aside,
With a flick of a switch
And a twirl of my pen
I want to turn your day to night.*

(GLORIA is standing open mouthed).

Miss Parkes: You have a problem, Gloria?

Gloria: Oh! Letters!

Miss Parkes: Thank you, Gloria. Now then - as I was saying - Herr Kai Friedrich Lupkne flew in from Frankfurt this morning to discuss the possibility of setting up... *(The phone rings)* BOTH lines Gloria!

Gloria: Oh! Are there two of them?

Miss Parkes: The possibility of setting up....

Gloria: Course there are! Silly me!

Miss Parkes: The possibility of setting up....

Martin: *(to GLORIA)* Do you need a hand?

Miss Parkes: Gloria! BOTH LINES!

Gloria: There we are! *(She has pulled out all the plugs. The phone stops ringing)*
Now then.... re your letter of the 4th inst. *(She continues typing)*

Miss Parkes *(sings)*

*Hold all calls!
Put their worries
On freeze.
Hold all calls!*

*Tell them "Wait
'Til I'm free".
This lifeline is bothering me,
Blowing my mind.
It gives others the right
To phone into my mind.*

*To ask me
To blame me,
To cuss me,
To tame me*

Gloria: Would you like me to get my boyfriend to have a look at that board? He's trained and everything. You could have little lights flashing instead of that ringing! He did a lovely job for that office down the road from here....

Miss Parkes: *(interrupting GLORIA and getting progressively more hysterical)* As I have been trying to say for the last ten minutes - this Herr Lupkne here - has flown in on Lufthansa all the way from Frankfurt arriving at Heathrow early, early, early, this morning, to discuss, chat about, throw around - whatever you like, the possibility, the maybe, the do-we-think, don't-we - think, up - down-touch-the-ground feasibility of you writing a jingle for a German toothpaste ad. *(During MISS PARKES' speech GLORIA continues to describe her boyfriend's success: MR. LUPKNE attempts to communicate with MARTIN; and MARTIN tries to find out what the advert is about. They all shout over each other and then stop at the same time. Pause).*

Martin: Would you rather I came back some other time? You seem - well, a bit unhappy about things.

Miss Parkes: Unhappy, Martin? Whatever made you think that? I enjoy the rough and tumble of the German toothpaste industry.

Gloria: Oooh! Miss Parkes!

Miss Parkes: The glass of water for Mr. Cole, Gloria.

Gloria: Oh yes! I knew there was something.... *(She totters carefully towards the kitchen. On the way past MARTIN she smiles at him) One glass of water! (she has remembered - and exits)*

Martin: Perhaps if you could give me an outline of the ad.... or a copy of the lyrics, whatever.

Lupkne: Ah. Ja! Lyrics.

Miss Parkes: The lyrics. *(Delightedly he hands them over to MISS PARKES who waves them at MARTIN) And the new song Martin? (She gloats over at HERR LUPKNE - whispers) Empire Records?*

Lupkne: Oh ja! Empire! Sehr big. Nein? Sehr big!

Miss Parkes: (to MARTIN) Fair exchange, Martin! Wouldn't you think?

Martin: The new song isn't ready.

Miss Parkes: What?

Martin: It's not ready.

Miss Parkes: Why not?

Martin: I don't know where to start.

Miss Parkes: The largest recording company in the country has got studio space, backing groups, musicians, photographers, PR people, the lot, all standing by, waiting for you and you tell me you don't know where to start?

(GLORIA has entered during the above speech and arrives next to MARTIN by the final line. HERR LUPKNE has picked up his lyrics and walked out in disgust).

Gloria: Hot or cold?

Miss Parkes: (angrily) Empire Records, Mr. Cole, have been breathing down my neck for the last two months....

Martin: Empire Records, Miss Parkes, are just going to have to wait!

Blackout

MUSIC 11: "ISN'T IT STRANGE?"

Musician: *Isn't it strange how we waste so much time
Trying to please one another?
Isn't it true that pleasing can step out of line?
We say what we think we should say,
Misjudging the outcome,
So beware of the lumps underneath
Though the surface looks fine.*

*The other side makes it seem so easy,
The other side makes it better by far,
But dig down deep and you'll find imperfection,
Never mind the glitz or the ritzy car.*

SCENE 2

A Boutique. CHERYL is trying on clothes with a friend, CAROL. They are rummaging along a clothes rail. Other girls enter and look at clothes etc. throughout the scene.

Girl No. 2: You must be joking!

Girl No. 1: Well you find something BETTER then! *(They move off to look at more clothes).*

Carol: Oooh look Chez - they're nice.

Cheryl: You're kidding! I wouldn't be seen dead in them!

Carol: Why not?

Cheryl: Well they're not exactly subtle, are they?

Carol: The colours are nice.

Cheryl: Yeh - but what would you wear with them? *(pause)*

Carol: Well what about this then?

Cheryl: Not bad.

Carol: Oh come on, Chez. We've been looking at stuff for bloomin' ages. My feet are swelling up.

Cheryl: They're not, are they?

Carol: Look.

Cheryl: Don't be ridiculous, Carol.... Now THAT'S nice.

Carol: Oooh, yes. Gorgeous. But how much?

Cheryl: An arm and a leg - I'm going to try it on anyway. Won't be long. *(Music up on the boutique system. It is "Reach Out and Touch Me").*

Carol: Listen! Chez!

Cheryl: Oh no. How embarrassing!

Carol: Don't be daft. It's quite a good song

Cheryl: He's with his agent now - talking about his next release.

Carol: So that's what this new outfit's all about, then.

Cheryl: No - Martin's done the jingle for some advert thing. We're going to watch them filming it. *(CHERYL exits to try on dress. They shout the following lines at each other).*

Carol: Oh yeh! What' they advertising?

Cheryl: A new parking lot.

Carol: Sounds classy.

Cheryl: Shut up, Carol.

Carol: You used to be quite happy dressing like the rest of the world! *(Pause. GIRL No. 1 strides out of the changing room, followed by her friend).*

Girl No. 1: That's it! I'm going on a diet. *(they exit other girls continue to*

improvise in the boutique. CHERYL appears in an “up market” outfit. Music fades).

Cheryl: How do I look?

Carol: Bloomin’ stupid.

Cheryl: Thanks a million. You’re a great help you are.

Carol: Well, you asked.

Cheryl: What the hell am I supposed to do?

Carol: Take it off, you prat. You can’t afford it anyway.

Cheryl: I need something SPECIAL.

Carol: What on earth for? You look great as you are.

Cheryl: Well I don’t feel great. There will be all these glamorous film people and everything there. I just can’t turn up in a pair of jeans.

Carol: Martin will.

Cheryl: That’s different.

Carol: Oh yeh. Why? *(pause)* Listen Chez, Martin’s going out with you because he wants to, right? He likes you the way you are. You haven’t got to change for him.

Cheryl: But THINGS have changed!

Carol: What?

Cheryl: Things have changed!

Carol: What, between you and Martin?

Cheryl: No!

Carol: Yes!

Cheryl: You don’t understand.

Carol: Oh I don’t understand all right. You’ve let this whole business take you over, haven’t you? *(pause)* Films, chi-chi outfits. Pathetic! They’re all just a front anyway.

MUSIC 12: “CAROL’S SONG”

Carol: *Stay cool,
Stay true,
Hang on to what’s inside of you, girl,
The you that’s inside,
The you that is trying
To hide,
Is the person that counts.*

*Stay cool,
Stay true,*

*Hang on to what's inside of you, girl,
No point trying to be
Something that
Ain't what we see.
You're the person that counts.*

**Carol and
Other Girls
in Boutique:**

*We live in a world of mirrors,
Dictating our lives,
Don't wear this,
Don't wear that,
I'm too thin,
And I'm too fat.
Face up to the inside,
Front that,
And you're free
Just to be....*

*So stay cool,
Stay true,
Hang on to what's inside of you, girl,
The you that's inside,
The you that you're trying to hide
Is the person that counts*

*We live in a world of mirrors,
Dictating our lives,
Don't wear this,
Don't wear that,
I'm too thin
And I'm too fat.
Face up to the inside,
Front that,
And you're free
Just to be....*

Carol:

*So, stay cool,
Stay true,
Hang on to what's inside of you, girl.
Cos the "You" that's inside,*

*The “You” that you’re trying
To hide....
Is the one who is free.*

(CAROL collects her stuff and starts to leave)

Carol: Am I right or am I right?

Cheryl: Just look at the time! And you said you had to be home by two.

Carol: I feel sorry for you, Chez. Really sorry. *(CAROL exits. CHERYL stands looking at herself in the boutique mirror. Then she starts to sing)*

MUSIC 13: “LISTEN TO ME” [REPRISE]

*Listen to me when I’m talking to you.
Are you in there?
I’m trying to reach you.
You are somewhere,
Deep under my skin.
You are me,
And you won’t let me in.*

*Look at me when I’m talking to you.
Are you in there?
I’m trying to touch you.
You are somewhere,
Deep under my skin.
You are me,
And you won’t let me in.*

*Who are you?
Do you know who I am?
We are partners,
But the deal is the sham,
Cos you’ve left me
To face this alone....
I am you
And you’re me.*

Blackout.

SCENE 3

MARTIN'S home. MOTHER is Hoovering. FATHER comes in from the garden - where he's been working.

Mother: So you've finished then.

Father: What? Oh yes. Finished. Yes. I've just come in for a cup of tea and then I'll start on the shed. (*MOTHER stops Hoovering and moves coffee table*).

Mother: Can't you sort the garage roof first. That leak's spreading. Never mind YOUR car - IT'S parked outside. Nice and safe. It's MINE that's getting the soaking.

Father: That's a bit cock-eyed, isn't it?

Mother: Watch the language Dave. (*She continues to Hoover*).

Father: I'll make the tea.

Mrs. Gregory: Yoo hoo! Anyone in? (*Enter MRS. GREGORY from next door*).

Mother: Come in Martha. Morning - or should I say good afternoon!

Mrs. Gregory: Have you seen the new baby? She's lovely!

Father: Fancy a cuppa, Martha?

Mrs. Gregory: Oh. Thank you very much! Ooh. But before you put the kettle on - have you seen this? (*She opens a newspaper*) That's a lovely picture of your Martin. AND they've mentioned that charity show he's doing.

Mother: (*stops the Hoover*) Oh! let's have a look (*She goes to the paper*).

Mrs. Gregory: I was flicking through the paper, and there he was. Staring out at me! (*FATHER rushes over to look at the paper*).

Mother: Look at the state of his shirt (*She tuts*).

Father: Never mind his shirt, Maeve. That's not important.

Mrs. Gregory: They've said some lovely things about him. (*JULIE enters*).

Julie: Have we got anything about China anywhere, Mum?

Mother: What? (*She's trying to read the paper*).

Julie: China? It's for a project. It's got to be in on Monday.

Father: Leaving things to the last minute again, Julie? You'll never get anywhere carrying on like that. (*He goes back to reading the paper*).

Mother: Make some tea, Julie.

Father: Look! They've mentioned our address.

Mrs. Gregory: We can't have the media camping on the crescent, can we? (*She laughs inanely*).

Mother: But look at the ending, Dave! (*reading*) "...If his first hit is anything to go by, Martin's future looks certain. The new single due to be released next month.... will be his chance to prove to the pop industry that Martin Cole is indeed a young talent to be reckoned with...." (*She beams with pleasure*).

Mrs. Gregory: I knew you'd be pleased, Maeve.

Father: Who wrote this article?

Julie: Martin probably. *(The two women react)*

Mother: Thought you had work to be getting on with Julie?

Julie: You said, make the tea.

Mother: We don't have nasty snide remarks like that in this house.

Father: I'm going to phone that paper and give them an earful. How dare they publish MY address!

Mother: Oh don't be so ridiculous Dave!

Mrs. Gregory: Well if I'd known it was going to cause such a bother, I'd never have brought it round. *(Enter MARTIN. He is drunk. All four of them fire questions at him).*

(Together):-

Mother: } Martin? How did it go? Did she like the new song?

Father: } Did you give our address to some snivelling little reporter?

Mrs. Gregory: } Oh here comes the pop star!

Julie: } Know anything about China, Mart?

Martin: *(carefully answering each question) (to FATHER) No. (to JULIE) No. (to MOTHER) Not very well. (to MRS. GREGORY) Hello Martha.*

(Together):-

Julie: } Well you're not much use.

Father: } Oh very clever, clever.

Mother: } What do you mean "NOT VERY WELL" ?

Mrs. Gregory: } There's a lovely article, all about you. Look!

(MRS. GREGORY thrusts the paper under his nose. The others relax. The article is good).

Mother: She must have liked the new song, Martin.

Martin: *(He reads) "... The new single, due to be released next month...." (He laughs) I'm hungry. (They back off)*

Mother: Your lunch is in the fridge.

Martin: Has the custard gone a bit lumpy? *(He approaches the kitchen area where JULIE is standing).*

Julie: Pooh! Mart? You stink. *(she sniffs)* He's drunk, mum.

Mrs. Gregory: Oh! I've just remembered! Clive's sausages!

Martin: ***"It's a Brownies promise to perform***

A good deed every day...." *(MRS. GREGORY skuttles out).*

Father: Pull yourself together.

Mother: Julie! Make him some coffee.

Martin: I don't want any bloody coffee. Just leave me alone, can't you.

Mother: Language, Martin.

Martin: Naff off!

Father:) Don't you speak to your mother like that.

Mother:) I can't believe it Dave.

Julie: (*upset*) Shut up! All of you! Nobody talks in this house any more - they SHOUT. I can't bear it any longer. (*to MARTIN*) I hate you! (*to PARENTS*) I hate all of you! (*She approaches MARTIN*). And do you want to know something else? Everything was just great before you and your stupid music ruined it. (*She exits*).

Mother: Julie! Oh that's just fine, isn't it? You've really upset your sister now.

Martin: I just can't take any more hassles, okay? (*Pause*).

Mother: What's happened?

Martin: I couldn't get the new song together. Miss Parkes wasn't too pleased.

Father: Huh!

Mother: What did you tell her?

Martin: I told her I didn't know where to start.

Father: Oh that's a nice one, isn't it? "Didn't know where to start!" And you call yourself a writer do you?

Mother: Dave, we said that if the music industry was what he wanted then that's what he should do. (*She shouts*). We agreed.

Father: Well he can't do it, can he? He's proved that. He couldn't get the new song together. And I bet that Miss Parkes of his was very impressed! (*to MARTIN*) Did she pop round the pub with you then, to celebrate your new single! "Martin Cole's chance to prove to the pop industry that he really is a talent to be reckoned with..."

Martin: You bastard! (*MARTIN exits*).

MUSIC 14: "LOVE ON THE NEVER-NEVER"

[*AUTHOR'S NOTE:- During this song we involved other parent characters and their teenage son or daughter to sing at and about. We also projected very short clips of film of each couple, showing 'idyllic' scenes from the past, when their children were much younger. We scoured the area for 6 year old 'lookalikes' of our teenage characters on stage.*]

Father: *After all that we've done for him,*

Mother: *After all that we've cared,*

Both: *After all that we've done for him,
After all that we've shared*

With him....
Mother: *Letting our own lives
Slip out of sight.*
Father: *Keeping our own needs submerged...*
Mother: *Right and properly*
Both: *That's what he's meant to us.
We've been pulling together
But repayments start here.*

1st Parents: *Watching our own needs
Slide down the list.*
2nd Parents: *Giving him chances
Both of us missed.*
Everyone: *Right and properly
That's what we've done for him.
We've been pulling together
But repayments start here.*

(Enter the TEENAGERS they are singing about, including MARTIN and JULIE).

*Cos it's love, love, love,
On the 'never-never'
Love, love, love,
On the 'never-never'
Nothing's free,
I'm sure you'll agree,
Sacrifice
Has a price.*

*We'll bide our time
'Til we're old and grey,
He's got years and years
In which to pay
For this love, love, love,
On the 'never-never'
Love, love, love.*

**Mother and
Father:** *Yes that's what we've done for him.
Hours that we've spent.
Yes that's what we've done for him,*
Mother: *Success is what's meant for him!*
Everyone: *Cos it's love, love, love,*

*On the 'never-never'
Love, love, love,
On the 'never-never'
Nothing's free,
I'm sure you'll agree,
Sacrifice
Has a price.*

*We'll bide our time
'Til we're old and grey,
He's got years and years
In which to pay
For this love, love, love,
On the 'never-never'
Love, love, love.*

Mother: *Watching our daydreams
Flourish and thrive.*
Father: *See the investment increase,*
Both: *It's coming alive!
Right and properly
That's what we've done for him
But repayments start here....*

(The lights slowly fade out on MOTHER as she speaks)

Mother: I'll make some coffee. Sort him out. He's got another appointment later this afternoon. Oh and Dave, see if you can find something on China for Julie. And when you've finished the garage roof, don't forget to phone your mother. She's getting on, you know....

MUSIC 15: "ISN'T IT STRANGE?"

Musician: *Isn't it strange how the conflict goes on
Never ever resolving?
Isn't it true that we vowed that we'd never
Be the same?
We hope what we want to hope,
Never losing our daydreams,
But beware of the lumps underneath*

Though the surface looks tame.

*The other side makes it seem so easy,
The other side makes it better by far,
But dig down deep and you'll find imperfection,
Never mind the glitz and the ritzy car.*

SCENE 4

The Film Set for the Slipway Advertisement.

Director: Quiet on set, please. Camera!

Camera: Camera rolling.

Director: Sound!

Sound: Sound rolling!

Clapper: "Slipway Parking Lot" Take 1!

Director: And.... ACTION!

MUSIC 16: "PARKING LOT SONG"

(SLIPWAY DANCERS and Extras dressed as SLIPWAY CUSTOMERS)

Company: *(sing)*

*If you want a store that's got it all,
A happy way to choose,
Then come along to Slipway,
We can banish shopping blues.*

*Let Slipway zip you to new heights!
Let Slipway ease your feet.
Let Slipway make your shopping trips
A special buying treat!
With Slipway....
Dial it and buy it....
With Slipway....
Choose it and boot it....
With Slipway....
Dial it and buy it....*

*With Slipway....
Choose it and boot it....*

(Ms VOICE is the presenter for the advertisement. She approaches the Slipway CUSTOMERS; the music continues under her dialogue).

Ms. Voice: *(spoken)* Are you tired of pushing heavy shopping trolleys? Are you tired of long checkout queues? Are you tired of having to post cold pieces of metal into other shopping trolleys to retrieve deposit coins? Are you tired of being tired? Slipway has the answer!!

Director: Hold on Ms. Voice, Camera one.

Ms Voice: Just drive into our brand new parking lot - position your vehicle under one of Slipway's designer chutes; dial in your purchases on the Slipway computer phone by your car and SLIPWAY!! Your goods will be delivered directly into your boot. No fuss! No bother! SLIPWAY!!

Director: Inset film, Roll!

[AUTHOR'S NOTE: - We showed a piece of film during this song. An open-roofed car containing an elderly married couple arrived on their first visit to the Slipway parking lot. The man dialled in his purchases and opened his boot. The designer chute - a painted child's slide - swung across and emptied the month's groceries into the car through the open roof, thereby burying the lady, who was knitting, in cornflake packets, detergent bottles etc. This footage caused great consternation to producers, film crew etc on stage, adding to the total chaos of the whole scene].

Company *(sing)* ***If you want a store that's got it all,
A happy way to choose,
Then come along to Slipway,
We can banish shopping blues.***

*Let Slipway zip you to new heights!
Let Slipway ease your feet.
Let Slipway make your shopping trips
A special buying treat!
With Slipway....
Dial it and buy it....
With Slipway....
Choose it and boot it....
With Slipway....
Dial it and buy it....
With Slipway....*

Choose it and boot it....

*So if you want a store that's friendly,
Yes, a store that knows what's what,
Then come along to Slipway,
With its brand new parking lot!*

Ms Voice: *(over the last lines of song)* Yes! Your goods will be delivered directly into your boot. No fuss. No bother. Slipway! *(The number finishes)*

Director: Cut! Lose the dancers AND the extras please. Set up the pioneer shot please. Can you cover it, Camera Number One? *(MS. VOICE approaches the "dummy" car. Dummy car can be a painted hardboard cut-out on supports, showing a side view of the car. The actors "inside" sit on stools in suitable "front" and "back" seat positions).*

Camera One: No problem! *(The DUMMY CAR and its PASSENGERS take position).*

Director: Quiet on the set please. Camera!

Camera: Camera rolling.

Director: Sound!

Sound: Sound rolling!

Clapper: "Slipway Pioneers" Take 1!

Director: And ACTION!

Ms. Voice: I am here today to talk to some Slipway pioneers. *(LOLA rolls down her window. Two CHILDREN are beating the hell out of each other in the back).*

Ms. Voice: May I ask for your reaction to....

Lola: Sorry? Can't hear you. Jacko, darling, he'll have....

Director: Cut!

P.A. : Cut!

Lola: to speak up if these kids.... *(She turns round and screams at them).* Oh will you shut up!

1st Child: He said act as though we were fighting.

2nd Child: Yes.

Lola: Who did?

2nd Child: The tall, good looking one over there. *(LOLA gets regally out of the car and walks over to MR. JACQUES).*

Lola: Jacko. Darling. I know I have to put up with being stuck inside the damn car for this take. But if you're not going to see me - the least you could do is to make sure you can HEAR me, darling.

Mr. Jacques: Of course, Lola. Mmm - Jeremy - have a word, will you? The two

kiddywinks?....

Jeremy: Ah. Right. Fine. Right. (*CHAPERONE approaches MR. JACQUES*)

Chaperone: Excuse me. Excuse me. Are you in charge? Only the two children in the car have to take their break for lessons now. French.

Lola: Oh good heavens. Whatever next. They can't even get it right in English! What hope French! What hope French? (*She flounces off. MAKE-UP rush to do her face*).

Mr. Jacques: Ah Jeremy! Emm. Get the kids out. They're on their break. Lesson time!

Jeremy: Oh right. Fine. Right.

Mr. Jacques: We'll shoot that later. Move on to the, you know, the loving couple bit.

Jeremy: Oh. Fine. Right. Fine. Stand by the "Loving Couple"

Director: Stand by the Loving Couple.

P.A.: Stand by the Loving Couple. Make-up.... and can we have the dog please! (*The FILM CREW starts to set up the next shot - a dummy car with a YOUNG COUPLE and a DOG in the back - a real dog can be used. Enter CHERYL dressed in her up-market outfit. She approaches several people who all point to MR. JACQUES. MARTIN is nowhere to be seen. CHERYL approaches MR. JACQUES who is talking to JEREMY*).

Mr. Jacques: And make sure that the dog's been for a little walk this time. (*He turns to CHERYL*).

Cheryl: Excuse me. Martin, you know, Martin Cole - who wrote the jingle -or the music rather, is supposed to be.... well, he said it would be fine to meet him here.

Mr. Jacques: Well he's not here yet. I'm delighted to say!

Cheryl: Would you rather I went?

Mr. Jacques: Certainly not! You stay here with me. Give them something to talk about! (*CHERYL is quite taken by this idea and is led around by MR. JACQUES*).

Mr. Jacques: What did you say your name was? I'm Jacko by the way. No, don't shake my hand. We're supposed to know each other already, remember?

Cheryl: Oh yes! (*She giggles*) That's terrible.

Mr. Jacques: Not at all. Name?

Cheryl: Oh (*she blushes*) Cheryl.

Mr. Jacques: No, no, no! THAT won't do at all!

Cheryl: Pardon?

Mr. Jacques: Far too lovely to be a Cheryl! Cherry, maybe? Sherry? No.

Cheryl: My friends call me Chez.

Mr. Jacques: Chesney! That's it. Brilliant! Come along Chesney. Jeremy? Are

you set up yet? We're working a tight schedule. Tight schedule. Tight budget. Tight everything really.

Director: Places please everybody.

P.A.: Places please everybody.

Jeremy: Oh fine. Yes right. Right. Ready. *(The shoot starts again)*

Director: Camera!

Camera: Camera rolling.

Director: Sound!

Sound: Sound rolling!

Clapper: "Loving Couple" Take 1!

Director: ACTION!

Ms. Voice: And here's another Slipway "pioneer". *(She approaches the dummy car) Excuse me. (No reaction. The 'LOVING COUPLE' are necking in the front seat. MS. VOICE knocks on the window). Excuse me. (No reaction).*

Director: Cut!

Mr. Jacques: Jeremy? *(pause)* Jeremy?!

Jeremy: Oh. Right. Yes. Fine. *(JEREMY walks over to the car and opens the door. We don't hear what he says. But the couple stop necking. JEREMY returns to MR. JACQUES' side).*

Mr. Jacques: Nice one Jeremy.

Director: Quiet on set please. Camera!

Camera: Camera rolling.

Director: Sound.

Sound: Sound rolling.

Clapper: "Loving Couple" Take 2!

Director: ACTION!

Ms. Voice: And here's another Slipway pioneer.... *(The COUPLE throw open the door of the car, gasping for air. Improvised - the company in the vicinity of the dog react to the odour from the car).*

Director: Cut. Cut. What's the matter now?

Make-up Man: That dog shouldn't be sitting there anyway! That's the boot part, isn't it? It would have been smothered to death by the week's shopping by now. *(MR. JACQUES senses that the atmosphere is not improving with time. The CREW are getting restless. MS. VOICE is onto her third nervous breakdown. The LOVING COUPLE are refusing to get back into the car. CHERYL is looking lovely and the pub is just next door).*

Mr. Jacques: Jeremy! Jeremy! Can we do a mock up of this in the studio tomorrow? You know - tight in on the faces in the cars - lose the background etc.?

Jeremy: Right. Fine. Right.

Mr. Jacques: Looks like rain. (*He looks up at the sky. It obligingly begins to rain.*)

Jeremy: Ah. Right. Yes. Rain.

Mr. Jacques: Got the big number in the can anyway.

Jeremy: Ah. Yes. Yes.

Mr. Jacques: Call it a wrap, then?

Jeremy: Right. Yes. Fine. (*shouts*) It's a wrap.

Director: It's a wrap. Check your calls for tomorrow before leaving please....
(*EVERYONE dives for cover and exits. MR. JACQUES magically produces a huge umbrella and holds it up over himself and CHERYL.*)

Mr. Jacques: What perfect timing.

Cheryl: Sorry?

Mr. Jacques: The rain. It's washed away everything else. Just left you and me.

Cheryl: My feet are getting wet.

Mr. Jacques: You've got amazing eyes. Very honest. Direct.

Cheryl: Thank you.

Mr. Jacques: Ever thought of being an actress?

Cheryl: I'm not beautiful enough.

Mr. Jacques: You let me be the judge of that. (*He kisses her. As this happens MARTIN arrives. He sees the kiss. They kiss again. MARTIN exits.*) Come on. You're wet. Let's get you dried off and then we can talk the evening away.

MUSIC 17: "IF YOU LIKE"

Mr. Jacques: *If you like,*

Cheryl: *I would like
Very much,
I think....*

Mr. Jacques: *Hoped you'd say...*

Cheryl: *I would like?*

Mr. Jacques: *Very much.
I think you're beautiful
Nothing fussy and false.*

Cheryl: *I think you're wonderful
Really witty and tall.*

Together: *I can't believe that this is happening to me!*

*It can't really be real,
It's like some awful 'B' movie,
But I'm starting to feel,
That I would like very much....*

Mr. Jacques: *Hoped you'd say....*

Cheryl: *I would like?*

Mr. Jacques: *Very much.*

Mr. Jacques: *Are you wet?*

Cheryl: *I am wet,
Very wet!
I think.*

Mr. Jacques: *Hoped you'd want....*

Cheryl: *To dry off?
Very much.*

Mr. Jacques: *I think you're beautiful,
You're so fresh and alive.*

Cheryl: *I think you're wonderful
You look born to survive.*

Together: *I can't believe that this is happening to me!
It's hit me so fast
Without any compunction
I've said 'cheers' to the past,
Cos I would like very much,*

Mr. Jacques: *Hoped you'd say,*

Cheryl: *I would like...
Very much.*

(They exit).

Blackout.

SCENE 5

Martin's Bedroom. The lights come up on MARTIN who is composing at his keyboard. The song "FLEETING GLANCES" can be sung by MARTIN or the MUSICIAN)

MUSIC 18: "FLEETING GLANCES"

*Fleeting glances,
Lowered eyes,
Untold stories,
Untold lies.
I can't explain it,
I can't contain it,
It just seems so wrong
That at the end of the song,
You're not there.*

*Tell tale gestures,
Hidden signs,
Switched off feelings,
Switched off eyes.
I can't explain it,
I can't contain it,
It just seems so wrong,
That at the end of the song,
You're not there.*

*You go one way and I'll have to go on mine,
There's no longer any reason
For our paths to cross,
So, stop, and take account of those....*

*Fleeting glances,
Lowered eyes,
Switched off feelings,
Switched off eyes.
I can't explain it,
I can't contain it,
It just seems so wrong,
That at the end of the song,*

*You're not there.
She's not here.*

Blackout.

SCENE 6

Pub Scene. DAVID, MEL, TREVOR are all sitting at a table, waiting for the rest to turn up. There is a juke box in the Pub.

Barmaid: Chicken in the basket? Twice. (*A COUPLE at another table indicate the order is for them. She serves them. She wiggles back to behind the bar where another GIRL is working*).

David: And I tried to persuade Clive to come out for a drink.

Mel: Well he didn't turn up last night, or the night before.

David: No. But he knows this is our regular pitch. He knows where to find us.

Mel: IF he wants to.

David: It's just not like him. I mean this whole Martin business seems to have phased him.

Trevor: Well it doesn't bother me. Either way.

Mel: Right. Look he's just written a few songs. So what? Big deal.

David: Well it's blowing Clive out. They were mates. Good mates. Fancy another?

Mel: Yeh. Why not. Same again ta.

Trevor: I'll get me own. Only I'm a bit short this week.

David: Nah. Go on. It's all right.

Trevor: Oh well, ta. Just a half in there.

Mel: I'll have a pint seeing as you're paying.

David: Won't be a sec. (*DAVID goes to bar*).

Barmaid: So I told him to get stuffed. Know what I mean? Just cos I work in here doesn't mean I'm public property. Yes love?

David: Two pints of lager and another half in there.

2nd Barmaid: Well I'm thinking of jacking it in altogether. My dad keeps going on about having to collect me late at night - you know - the usual. And he won't let me go home on my own.

Barmaid: You should be so lucky. My dad doesn't even notice I'm out of an evening. Too busy watching football on the telly. That'll be £2.46 love.

David: And one for yourself.

Barmaid: Blimey. You're flush tonight, aren't you?

David: Never mind the third degree *(showing off to her)* Do you want a drink?

Barmaid: Thanks very much. I'll have a large vodka and orange. That'll be £4.10 please. *(DAVID looks miffed but pays up and goes back with the drinks).*

David: *(under his breath)* Keep the change love.

Barmaid: He's under age anyway.

2nd Barmaid: You reckon?

Barmaid: Yeh. Barely out of nappies that little lot. *(Enter JIM with his girl friend STACEY. She's very attractive and he's dying to show her off).*

David: Watcha Jim. You just missed out on a round!

Jim: Don't matter! Err - this is Stacey. Stacey this is David and Mel, and Trevor's the one with the stupid haircut.

Stacey: Hallo. Pleased to meet you. *(She has a very plummy accent and not at all what DAVID imagined).*

Jim: Well sit down then.

Stacey: Thanks.

Jim: What'll it be?

Stacey: A bitter lemon, please. Slimline if they've got it.

Jim: One slimline bitter lemon coming up. Anyone else?

Mel: No ta. We've just got ours in. *(JIM goes to get the drinks. Long pause. The FELLAS don't know how to communicate with STACEY).*

David: You just got here then?

Stacey: Daddy had business to sort out down south so I hitched a ride with him.

Trevor: Oh that's nice.... *(The FELLAS laugh. STACEY doesn't. Long pause).*

Stacey: Do they sell potato chips in here?

Trevor: Yes! But not the slimline type tho'! *(Laugh. STACEY gets up).*

Stacey: Thank you very much. I'll see what they've got myself. *(STACEY joins JIM at the bar. She's not a happy girl. CLIVE enters).*

David: Clive! Nice to see you me old mate! Sit down! What'll it be? *(CLIVE draws up a chair and joins them).*

Clive: No need to go over the top, Dave! I'll have a shandy. *(DAVID goes to buy the shandy).*

Trevor: How's things, Clive?

Mel: Yeh! Good to see you! How's it going?

Clive: Oh the same as usual.... You know.... brain damage from the old girl.... she could win prizes with her verbal! *(They laugh. JIM and STACEY return to their seats. She has not bought any crisps. She would like to leave but JIM has bought drinks).*

Jim: Watcha Clive!

Clive: All right Jim?

Jim: This is Stacey. Stacey, Clive.

Stacey: Hallo!

Clive: Oh yes! I've heard all about you!

Stacey: *(putting on a brave front)* Bush telegraph! *(She laughs falsely - the rest don't. DAVID returns with CLIVE'S drink).*

Clive: Cheers, Dave. *(pause)*

Jim: Stacey and I were thinking of going out for a meal later tonight. Thought we'd try the new place up the road.

Mel: My mum and dad went there. Said it was rubbish.

Jim: What did they mean? Rubbish.

Mel: I don't know. Just said it was rubbish. *(Enter MARTIN)* Look what the wind's blown in!

Jim: *(to STACEY)* That's Martin. Remember? Martin Cole. *(MARTIN goes straight to the bar and buys himself a drink).*

Clive: What's he playing at then?

David: Search me.

Mel: I don't believe it.

Trevor: Slumming it, if you ask me.

Clive: Big-headed git.

Stacey: *(to JIM)* He looks quite normal to me. *(The GROUP reacts to STACEY'S remark. MARTIN approaches them. There is no spare seat).*

Martin: Hi everyone! *(They respond uncomfortably).*

(Together and/or overlapping -

David: } Hello Mart.

Mel: } Watcha.

Trevor: } Evening.

Stacey: } Hallo.

Jim: } Hi.

Martin: Thought I'd drop in!

Trevor: That's nice.

Martin: Knew you'd all be here!

David: Yes. Suppose we are pretty predictable, really!

Clive: That's a big word, Dave!

Mel: "Predictable".

Trevor: Prat! *(They laugh amongst themselves. Then there is another uncomfortable pause).*

Martin: You're a brave woman! Mixing unattended with this lot! *(The GROUP reacts. A CUSTOMER at another table switches on the jukebox. It is the music for "Same Time, Same Places").*

Stacey: They seem quite harmless to me!

Martin: *(to himself)* Don't you believe it!

MUSIC 19: "SAME TIME, SAME PLACES"

Martin: *Same time,
Same places,
Same emotions,
Same old faces,
Nothing has changed,
Or been rearranged,
You sit there
Sorting others' lives.*

*Can't you hear me?
Won't you shift your eyes and see,
I know you're trying to hide
The hate that's inside,
I can't change what's happened
To me!*

(The BARMAIDS clear the glasses off the table during the following dialogue. This is to make the table available for the choreography for this song! The music continues under the dialogue).

David: Drink up everyone!

Martin: No need to rush on my account....

Stacey: Come along James.

Jim: Okay I got the message.

Clive: Where's Cheryl, Martin?

Martin: Who?

Clive: Cheryl? Chez? Remember?

Martin: She's busy. *(CLIVE is held back from going for MARTIN by DAVID.
The song resumes)*

Martin and

Girls: *Same time,
Same places,
Same emotions,
Same old faces,
Nothing has changed,
Or been rearranged,
You sit there*

Sorting others' lives.
(Musical break - BOYS start to dance)

**Fellas and
Girls:**

*Same time,
Same place, friend!
But take a shiftee on the view.
We know you're trying to hide
The pride, that's inside,
We can't take what's happening
To you!*

(At this point in the song, both versions of the words are sung together).

Martin:

*Same time,
Same places,
Same emotions,
Same old faces.
Nothing has changed,
Or been rearranged,
You sit there
Drinking,
Slowly sinking,
Sorting other people's lives.*

Fellas:

*Drop the front friend,
Take a shiftee,
We see, we see your pride*

(At the end of the number the GROUP and MARTIN are ready for confrontation.
There is a pause. MARTIN breaks the tension)

Martin: I need a drink. (He moves to the bar. TREVOR collects his paper. The rest of the GROUP relax a little).

Trevor: I'd better go. Got some stuff to finish off before tomorrow.

Mel: Wait for me, Trevor. I'll walk back with you.

Trevor: Get a move on then. (TREVOR and MEL exit. MARTIN is at the bar during the next conversation).

Martin: A pint of lager, please.

2nd Barmaid: Hey? Isn't that the fella that was on telly?

Barmaid: No. He's just a regular. He's been in here loads of times.

2nd Barmaid: Not recently tho'. Are you sure?

Barmaid: Come to think of it - he does look - you know, familiar.

2nd Barmaid: It is him. He was singing some song about touching - reaching out - all that.

Barmaid: No. It's not him. The fella on the telly looked much bigger.

Martin: (*getting impatient*) A pint of lager please. (*JIM and STACEY stand up. The BARMAID is pouring the pint*)

David: Why don't you stay for just one more?

Jim: No ta. Got to find somewhere to eat.

Stacey: (*meaningfully*) We're both STARVING, aren't we James? (*STACEY starts to exit*).

Jim: (*to DAVID and CLIVE*) Yeh. Starving. (*He sees she is leaving*) See you around. (*JIM rushes out after STACEY. They exit*)

Clive: I'm not hanging around much longer.

David: (*He would like to make peace. He shouts to MARTIN*) Get me a pint, Martin.

Martin: You must be joking. I'm broke.

Clive: (*gets up*) I'm off.

David: Give him a chance. Perhaps he IS broke.

Clive: I don't need this. (*He starts to leave. MARTIN has paid for his pint and sees CLIVE is about to go*).

Martin: (*shouts across*) Back to the studying, hey Clive? Get your qualifications and then...

Clive: Shut it Martin. (*MARTIN starts to walk over to CLIVE*).

Martin: now what was it you said you really wanted to do with your life? Bus driver, was it?

David: Leave it out Martin.

Martin: No I'm wrong. LORRY driver. That's what it was! (*as if quoting*) The freedom of the road! Be your own boss! Writing poetry as you squirt round the M25 in ever decreasing circles. (*CLIVE walks over to MARTIN and grabs him*).

Clive: Why don't you stick to writing songs, Martin. Make-believe suits you better than real life! (*CLIVE exits. DAVID gets up to go*).

Martin: I didn't mean.... I was just joking! Stupid prat!

David: Suppose we're all stupid prats, REALLY - in your eyes. Then I expect that's what you people have to do, isn't it? Set yourself "up there" somewhere, watching all of us, "down here" somewhere. What's it feel like then? UP THERE. Having a good laugh are you? Getting lots of ideas? Using me, the others, anyone or anything that turns you on. Turning us into songs! Yeh! Why not? Like I said suppose that's what you people have to do, isn't it? Look down on the rest of the world. Have a good laugh and then

get your ideas without feeling too much. See you Martin. (*DAVID exits. The lights fade leaving only a follow spot on MARTIN. We hear the voice of the STAGE MANAGER*):- Martin Cole and company on stage please. Martin Cole and company on stage please. (*MARTIN sits on a stool and is made up by a make-up artist whilst DAVID'S last speech is repeated as a voice-over. At the end of the Voice-over MARTIN gets up and moves as though he is responding to his call to go on stage. He sees the BOY, in a follow spot, with his trumpet*).

Martin: You still here!

Boy: Yeh! I'm with the band now. Listen! (*He plays a phrase from "Play the Thing"*).

Martin: That's good.

Boy: Next thing you know, I'll be famous! You'll see.

Martin: Is that what you want?

Boy: Yeh! Go for it! It would be brilliant.

Martin: You reckon? (*MARTIN smiles ruefully and walks to centre stage*).

Boy: Have a good show!

[*AUTHOR'S NOTE: During the musical introduction to "Reach Out and Touch Me" the lights gradually fade up. The "ONSTAGE" company enter slowly, a few at a time. We used 12 company members as "fans" and planted them, during the previous scene, in the auditorium. We called them the "OFFSTAGE" company*]

MUSIC 20: "REACH OUT AND TOUCH ME"

Company

Voice 1: *Reach out and touch me,
And I'll take all your pain.*

Voice 2: *Reach out and touch me,
You'll feel better again.*

Voice 3: *If only you could trust me,*

Voice 4: *And share it with me.*

Voice 1,2,3,4: *Together we can make you whole again.*

Voice 5 & 6: *Reach out and touch me
And we'll take all your pain
Stay cool, Stay true.....*

Voice 7, 8: *Reach out and touch us,
You'll start laughing again.*

Voice 9: *If only you could trust me,*

Voice 10: *Open up to me,*
All 10 Voices: *Together we can make you smile again.*

Martin: *Can't find my way,
Can't find the truth,
Cos my truth lies in fantasies,*
Company: *Colours of the rainbow.*

Martin: *Can't see the sky,
Can't feel the rain,
They're just notes on a keyboard
Playing over and over
Again.*

Company: *Over and over again.*
(The whole "onstage" company are in position round MARTIN).

Company: *Reach out and touch us,
We won't fade in the night,
Reach out....*

Clive: *Listen to me when I'm talking to you,
Are you in there, I'm trying to reach you.*

Boy: *Just play the thing, lift it up and blow.*

Offstage

Company: *.....Touch us!*

Onstage

Company: *Look our colours
Are glowing so bright!*

(During the following verse we hear "We love you Martin" etc. shouted by OFFSTAGE COMPANY as they approach the stage from the back of the auditorium. These are MARTIN'S fans).

Onstage

Company: *Reach out and touch us,
We won't fade in the night.
Reach out and touch us,
Look our colours
Are glowing so bright!*

(COMPANY and MARTIN sing together)

On and Offstage

Company: *Reach out and touch us,
We won't fade in the night.
Reach out and touch us,
Look our colours
Are glowing so bright!*

Martin: *Can't find my way,
Can't find my truth,
Cos my truth lies in fantasies,*

Company: *Colours of the rainbow,*

Martin: *Can't see the sky,
Can't feel the rain,
You're just voices in my head,
Playing over and over
Again.*

(The COMPANY and MARTIN begin to repeat the final section. The OFFSTAGE COMPANY take off their coats and join the ONSTAGE COMPANY. MARTIN is slowly lifted into the air - he suddenly stops the song and jumps down).

Martin: *(shouts)* No! Stop! Stop! *(He turns on the COMPANY)* It's not working! I wanted to believe in you. To believe that you, at least, cared. But you aren't even real! You're just voices in my head. *(to BOY)* Yes! and I thought it would all be so "brilliant" - so perfect....

(MARTIN climbs off the stage and walks into the auditorium and out through the exit doors. The door is slammed.)

Curtain