

TWIST AND SHOUT

The first play in a Trilogy

by

AMANDA WHITTINGTON

with music by

JOHN CHEETHAM

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

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TWIST AND SHOUT

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CAST, in order of appearance

HONEST FRED	<i>a hawker</i>
DES	<i>a bouncer</i>
LES	<i>a bouncer</i>
SHIRLEY SUTTON	<i>a schoolgirl</i>
CAROL COOKE	<i>her best friend</i>
FRANKIE COLORADO	<i>manager of Rocky Storm & the Rainclouds</i>
TONY COOKE	}
JOHNNY	}
MARCO	} <i>musicians</i>
BAZ	}
TERRY	}
TJ LANE	<i>a reporter</i>
MARILYN MOORE	<i>a reporter</i>
JUNE SUTTON	<i>Shirley's sister</i>
LOUISE	}
DIANE	}
PAM	} <i>June's friends</i>
ELAINE	}
PATSY	}
MR.MASTERS	<i>Youth Employment Officer</i>
KATHY	}
LIZ	}
TINA	} <i>schoolgirls</i>
VAL	}
LINDA	}
JUDY	}
MISS STERN	<i>an English teacher</i>
STAN SUTTON	<i>Shirley and June's father</i>
PIERRE POMPADOUR	<i>a designer</i>
BILLY BRIGHT	<i>a comic</i>
ROY RANK	<i>a TV reporter</i>
DR.LOEB	<i>a psychiatrist</i>

Twist & Shout is set in various locations in Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, in February, 1963. A production can make use of music from The Beatles' eponymously-titled first album. The play can be adapted for the many towns in which The Beatles performed in 1963.

A comprehensive list of tour dates can be found in **The Complete Beatles Chronicle** by Mark Lewinsohn (*Chancellor Press*).

Twist & Shout was first performed by Young Perspectives at The Old Library Theatre, Mansfield, Nottinghamshire (1998, Director Anne Clifford).

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Twist & Shout is the first of three youth plays created for Young Perspectives theatre company. They can be read and performed as separate plays or as a Trilogy.

We first meet Shirley as a 16 year old schoolgirl, just one of the characters in **Twist & Shout**, which re-creates the night in 1963 when The Beatles appeared in Mansfield. At the end of the play, the pregnant Shirley runs away to London. When I was asked to write a second play for Young Perspectives, director Anne Clifford and I felt there was scope for a sequel. **Runaway Girl** followed Shirley into the exciting and dangerous world of 1960's Soho.

The writing of both plays had been a collaborative process. Anne and I devised a storyline, members of the youth theatre workshopped ideas and I wrote the scripts based on those sessions. The writing process continued during rehearsals and beyond. The published version of **Runaway Girl** has been revised since its last performance.

We took **Twist & Shout** and **Runaway Girl** to the National Youth Arts Festival in Devon. On the last night of **Runaway Girl**, Anne said "I think Shirley becomes a cabaret singer". Not for the first time, it was as if she'd read my mind. From that moment, we knew we still had a story to tell. Working from improvisation with three young actors - and supported by a writer's bursary from the Arts Council - we set out to discover what happened to Shirley 21 years after we first met her.

In **Shirley's Song**, her journey comes full circle. We didn't set out to follow the character of Shirley Sutton over three plays and two decades but like Shirley herself, the idea just kept on running. I hope you enjoy it as much as we have.

Amanda Whittingto

RUNAWAY GIRL

*There's a girl that I know,
Who doesn't want to go
On the road to nowhere
With her head in her hands
And her Daddy loves her so,
But he doesn't want to know
'Cause he doesn't understand
All the things that she's got planned.*

*And I 'd like to think I hope that she will find
Some special peace of mind
My "runaway" girl.*

*Chorus: 'Cause he loves her, but won't tell her,
So she's leaving, she's leaving,
Yes he loves her, but can't tell her,
So she's leaving, she's leaving home.*

*There's a girl that I know,
Who doesn't want to go
On the road to nowhere
With her head in the sand
And her Daddy needs her so,
But he'll never, ever know
'Cause he doesn't understand
All the things that she's got planned.*

*And I 'd like to think I hope that she will find
Some special peace of mind
My "runaway" girl.*

*Chorus: 'Cause he loves her, but won't tell her,
So she's leaving, she's leaving,
Yes he loves her, but can't tell her,
So she's leaving, she's leaving home.*

TWIST & SHOUT!

By Amanda Whittington

ACT I

Scene 1. THE GRANADA CINEMA, MANSFIELD. Early evening.

(Bouncers DES and LES guard the entrance to The Beatles' dressing room. Inside the dressing room stands a Rickenbacker guitar. Enter HONEST FRED, with Beatles memorabilia pinned inside the lining of his coat).

Fred: Flogged them autographed pictures.

Les: What d'you get?

Fred: Two quid and writer's cramp.

(FRED hands over a share of the takings to LES).

Les: Might have summat else for you, Fred.

Fred: You know me, Les. Always on the lookout for a new line.

(DES takes a handful of tickets from his inside pocket).

Des: Tickets.

Fred: Kosher, are they?

Des: Says they're for vips or summat.

Fred: VIP's, Des. Very Important Punters.

Des: Plenty of kids won't get in without 'em.

Fred: Making 'em happy, aren't we?

Les: Providing a service.

Fred: For a reasonable fee.

Des: And a fair cut.

Fred: They don't call me Honest Fred for nothing, Des. How does eighty / twenty grab you?

Des: Try twenty / eighty.

Fred: Who's taking the risk here?

Les: Who supplied the goods?

Fred: All right, all right seventy / thirty.

Des: Thirty / seventy.

Fred: Sixty / forty.

Les: Forty / sixty.

Fred: Come on mate, this is business.

Des: A bloke short-changed me in a chippy once. I deep fried his fingers.

Fred: Ok, ok fifty / fifty.

Les: Fifty / fifty? That's the same, in't it?

Fred: Fifty five / forty five?

(DES picks FRED up by the lapels).

Des: Fifty / fifty or I do what I'm paid for.

Fred: You don't wanna do this, Des. We're mates aren't we? Des? Les! All right, mate. All right.

(DES drops FRED).

Fred: Always a pleasure.

(Exit FRED. Enter SHIRLEY and CAROL, dressed to kill. SHIRLEY carries a suitcase).

Les: That's as far as you go, girls.

Shirley: We're with the band.

Des: And I'm Vera Lynn.

Carol: Rocky Storm and the Rainclouds.

Des: Never heard of 'em.

Shirley: They're on tonight. Rocky's her brother.

Carol: And her boyfriend.

Les: Passes?

Shirley: We've got tickets.

Des: Backstage passes.

Carol: What's one of them?

Les: What you don't get in without.

(CAROL and SHIRLEY turn away).

Shirley: Now what do we do?

Carol: Can you see an open window?

(HONEST FRED approaches the girls. He opens his coat to display the

merchandise hanging inside the lining).

Fred: Signed pictures - shilling apiece?

Shirley: No, ta.

Fred: Don't leave home without a Beatles keyring.

Carol: I don't have a key.

(FRED takes a bottle out of his pocket).

Fred: Now, I only show this to their biggest fans 'cos stocks are scarce love, stocks are scarce. Gasp in amazement at this - genuine, one hundred per cent Beatle Breath. Bottled in sterile conditions on the Wirrel. So come on kid, stick your hand in your purse.

Carol: I'll give you tuppence to sling your hook.

Shirley: Got any backstage passes?

Fred: Ah now you're asking.

Shirley: And we've not got all night.

(FRED starts backing towards DES and LES).

Fred: Backstage passes backstage passes *(to DES)* Backstage passes.

Des: They'll cost yer.

(FRED turns away to do the deal with DES).

Carol: All set, then?

Shirley: Not before I've talked to Tony.

Carol: Tony?

Shirley: I owe him.

(FRED approaches CAROL and SHIRLEY).

Fred: Backstage passes. To a true fan - ten bob.

Shirley: Ten bob? We've only got five shillings between us.

(CAROL looks in her purse).

Carol: No, look five shillings and fourpence.

Fred: I don't sell gold dust at pocket money prices.

(SHIRLEY takes off her gold ring and hands it to FRED).

Shirley: Is this worth owt to you?

(FRED takes the ring).

Fred: Solid gold, is it?

Shirley: Plated.

Carol: You can't give him Tony's ring.

Shirley: What do I want with it now?

(FRED pockets the ring).

Fred: Five bob and I must be going soft.

(SHIRLEY pays FRED, takes the passes and gives them triumphantly back to LES. Exit SHIRLEY and CAROL, into The Granada. LES pockets the passes and holds out his hand to FRED).

Les: Fifty-fifty, Fred.

Fred: But I've already -

Des: Or we do what we're paid for.

Fred: I am going soft.

(FRED hands over the money reluctantly and exits. Enter FRANKIE COLORADO. He looks past DES and LES into the dressing room, ducking around them to get a better view).

Frankie: They're here, then? The Beatles?

(DES and LES ignore him).

Frankie: Talking to the press, are they? Meeting the fans? Striking a deal?

Des: They've gone for chips.

Les: No autographs.

Frankie: I'm in the business, mate. The management game. Frankie Colorado.

(FRANKIE offers his hand. LES looks at it).

Frankie: I look after Rocky Storm and the Rainclouds. Local lads. Big future.

Playing tonight, as a matter of fact.

Des: I've not seen 'em.

Les: Last minute booking.

Frankie: Big break for us, we've got to put the word out use it, work it, know what I mean? I didn't catch your names, lads?

Les: Les.

Des: Des.

Frankie: Out there Les - Des - are five lads with the world at their feet. I've got papers falling over to speak to 'em, snappers queuing up to get their picture. All I need Les - Des - is for people like yourself to get behind my lads - and five minutes in The Beatles' dressing room.

Des: Forget it.

Frankie: We won't touch owt.

Les: It's private property.

Frankie: If we get a snap with that gear, we're talking big news. We're talking front page of the Chad, here.

Les: And what do we get?

Frankie: Job satisfaction.

Les: And our cards when it's printed in the paper.

Frankie: Come on, Les - Des - I'll make it worth your while.

Les: I don't think so.

Frankie: Five bob and no questions asked?

Des: Forget it.

Frankie: I'm a businessman. I can run to six.

Des: Shut the door on your way out.

Frankie: All right, all right eight - and that's my final shout.

Les: Ten bob note or nowt.

Frankie: Ten bob?

Des: Or I do what I'm paid for.

(FRANKIE takes DES and LES aside to do the deal. Enter TONY and SHIRLEY, from inside The Granada. TONY takes SHIRLEY by the hand and pulls her into the dressing room).

Tony: Look at this, Shirl. John's Rickenbacker.

Shirley: We shouldn't be in here

Tony: They'll have wrote all their hits on this.

Shirley: They've only had two.

Tony: Bet you didn't get this close when you saw 'em at The Cavern?

Shirley: They might come back.

Tony: Then I'll introduce myself. *(He puts out his hand to SHIRLEY).* Tony Cooke. Founder member of Rocky Storm and the Rainclouds.

(SHIRLEY takes his hand to drag him out).

Shirley: Come on.

Tony: Give us a kiss for luck, then?

Shirley: No.

Tony: You've changed your tune.

Shirley: And what do you mean by that?

Tony: You've not looked me in the eye since you showed up tonight.

Shirley: Yeah, well I've been thinking.

Tony: What about?

Shirley: Nothing.

Tony: Nothing?

(Beat).

Shirley: You and me. We're going nowhere, Tony.

Tony: We're booked for Cleethorpes in summer.

Shirley: You know what I mean.

Tony: You didn't say that when I gave you the ring.

Shirley: It's too soon to be settling down. You've got the band and I've got -

Tony: Cold feet?

Shirley: Better things to do with myself than hang around waiting for your ship to come in.

Tony: But Shirley, it's here. We're on with The Beatles.

Shirley: You know, all I've ever done is wait for summat to happen. I wait for the bell to go, for the bus to come, for the washing to dry, for you to put your guitar down and pick me up.

Tony: Can't you see, it's happening?

Shirley: For you.

Tony: For both of us. When this takes off, you're coming with me.

Shirley: What for? To spend the rest of me life waiting in the wings?

Tony: To spend the rest of your life with me.

Shirley: I don't know if want that any more.

Tony: So what do you want?

Shirley: To get out -

Tony: No. We're stopping here 'til this is sorted.

Shirley: Not the room. The relationship.

(Beat).

Tony: For good, like?

Shirley: Yeah. For good.

Tony: Look, I know I said I'd take you out last night but we had to rehearse a new lad for the show -

Shirley: It's nowt to do with last night.

Tony: Is it 'cos we -

Shirley: 'Course not.

Tony: 'Cos I don't think any less of you.

Shirley: It's nowt to do with what we've done.

Tony: Then what is it?

Shirley: Things change, that's all.

Tony: It's not right, this -

Shirley: Can't you see, it's never been right -

Tony: It don't add up -

Shirley: To me, it's simple. You and me makes nothing.

Tony: And what do you and him make?

Shirley: Me and who?

Tony: Your other fella?

Shirley: There is no other fella.

Tony: It's obvious. You've met someone else

Shirley: Someone else? Just what are you saying, eh? What do you think I am?

Tony: The only girl for me.

(Exit SHIRLEY, as FRANKIE hands over cash).

Frankie: You're wasted in this game, Les.

Les: Five minutes and counting.

(FRANKIE whistles. Enter JOHNNY, BAZ, TERRY and MARCO, who are ushered into dressing room by FRANKIE. TONY stands apart as the band examine The Beatles' guitar).

Johnny: Fab.

Marco: A Rickenbacker.

Baz: John's Rickenbacker.

Johnny: Think what we could knock 'em off at.

Terry: You couldn't nick yourself shaving.

(Enter reporters TJ LANE and MARILYN MOORE, and photographers HARRY and BOB. FRANKIE leads them into the dressing room).

Frankie: That's right, miss. The Beatles personally invited us to play.

Marilyn: So you're close friends of the band?

Frankie: Inseparable and you can quote me on that. Frankie Colorado. Spelt like the state. *(He clears his throat).* Ladies of the press; you've seen the rest, now meet the best. It is my very great pleasure to proudly present, from Mansfield, England, the one and only Rocky Storm and the Rainclouds!

Band: All right ey up evening

Frankie: Boys; introduce yourselves to the girls.

(TJ and MARILYN open their notebooks and scribble notes as the band talks).

Terry: Terry, bass.

Johnny: Johnny Gray. I play the drums, like.

Marco: Marcus Osbourne. The chaps call me Marco.

Terry: Chaps?

Johnny: In't that what cowboys wear?

Baz: He plays the saxophone. I'm Baz, by the way.

Terry: Short for -

Baz: *(quickly)* Lead guitar.

Marilyn: Marilyn Moore, Mansfield Chad. So which one of you is Rocky?

(FRANKIE pulls TONY to the front of the group).

Frankie: This is Rocky, sweetheart. Stormy by name and stormy by nature.

TJ Lane: TJ Lane, Boyfriend. What do you look for in a girl, Rocky?

Tony: Lies.

Frankie: See what I mean.

(JUNE, LOUISE, DIANE, PAM, ELAINE and PATSY run in screaming).

Frankie: Here we go again, lads!

Elaine: I don't believe it

All: Rocky Storm and the Rainclouds!

(At FRANKIE's nod, the girls crowd around the band, who sign autographs as the

photographers take pictures).

Johnny: Who's this?

Frankie: Your fan club, keep smiling.

Marilyn: So the band has a big local following?

Marco: It never ceases to amaze us.

Marilyn: Where did the Rainclouds meet?

Johnny: We work on the factory floor - except Marco.

Baz: He's top brass.

Marco: But there's no class distinctions in this band.

Terry: That's cos there's no class.

Frankie: Terry's the joker of the pack.

Marilyn: What kind of music do you like, Terry?

Terry: All sorts.

Johnny: And fruit pastels.

Baz: And jelly babies.

Marilyn: What made you join a band, Baz?

Baz: The thought of spending the rest of me life in a factory.

TJ Lane: Have you ever written a song for a girl?

Baz: Who else do you write a song for?

Frankie: No particular girl of course. All the boys are young, free and single.

Terry: Don't let Kathy hear you say that.

June: And Tony's going steady with our Shirley.

TJ Lane: Who's your ideal date, Johnny? A lively and vivacious girl or the shy sort?

Johnny: Yes please.

Marilyn: So you're Mansfield's answer to The Beatles?

Baz: Nah. The Beatles are Liverpool's answer to The Rainclouds.

TJ Lane: And do you have a message for your fans?

Tony: Don't believe everything you read.

Frankie: *(to the girls)* Right kids, that's your lot. Move along, please. Let these gents get their pictures.

Bob: Come on, lads.

Harry: Big smiles for the girls, boys.

June: *(to FRANKIE)* So when do we get to meet The Beatles?

Frankie: All in good time, girls.

Patsy: But you said that if we screamed -

Frankie: All in good time.

(TONY reluctantly joins the band as they strike a pose for the photographers. Exit

JUNE, LOUISE, DIANE, PAM, ELAINE and PATSY).

Harry: One more, lads.

TJ Lane: *(to FRANKIE)* Can you let me know the group's star signs?

Marilyn: I need to get a quote from the fans.

TJ Lane: So tell me? How did they find themselves here?

Frankie: Now, there's a story. *(To the audience)* There's a story indeed.

SCENE 2. SCHOOL CLASSROOM. The previous day.

(From left to right sit KATHY, LIZ, TINA, VAL, LINDA, CAROL and SHIRLEY, wearing school uniforms and bored expressions. MR. MASTERS, the school's Youth Employment Officer, addresses them).

Mr. Masters: As you are no doubt aware, in three months' time you bid farewell to school and take your first steps into the world of work.

Shirley: Roll on summer.

Mr. Masters: We are fortunate in Mansfield; the local economy offers many opportunities for secondary modern girls. As Youth Employment Officer, it's my job to place you in the most suitable positions.

(LIZ looks at TINA and they giggle).

Mr. Masters: Quiet! Many of you will favour the hosiery mills, some may lean towards the retail trade, others opt for the typing pool. Please inform me of you prospects as I speak to you in turn.

(MR. MASTERS speaks to each girl in turn and writes their details on his clipboard as he moves down the line).

Mr. Masters: Name?

Kathy: Kathy Jones, Sir.

Mr. Masters: Age?

Kathy: Fifteen.

Mr. Masters: Prospects?

Kathy: Me mam makes vests at Morley's, sir. She says they treat her lovely.

Mr. Masters: Kathy Jones Morley's. Name?

Liz: Liz Appleton, sir.
Mr. Masters: Elizabeth Appleton age?
Liz: Fifteen.
Mr. Masters: Prospects?
Liz: Fashion, Sir. I want to do summat in fashion.
Mr. Masters: British Home Stores have vacancies.
Liz: More to do with making clothes. Designing 'em and stuff.
Mr. Masters: Etam's need overlockers. Name?
Tina: Tina Turnbull. I want to work with Liz.
Mr. Masters: Turnbull Etam's.
Tina: But what do they pay, Sir?
Mr. Masters: It's piecework. The harder you work, the more you'll earn.
Tina: Girls at Pretty Polly take home three pounds a week.
Liz: Three pounds a week for making tights?
Mr. Masters: Pretty Polly?
Liz / Tina: Pretty Polly.
Mr. Masters: (*writing*) Pretty Polly. Name?
Val: Valerie Williams.
Mr. Masters: Age?
Val: Sixteen, Sir.
Mr. Masters: Prospects?
Val: I like writing stories, Sir.
Mr. Masters: I'm not asking what you like, I'm asking what you want to do for a living.
Val: Can't I have both, Sir?
Mr. Masters: What makes you think you could make a living from your stories?
Val: I've had a poem published in The Chad.
Mr. Masters: And with your interest in literature, you will know that one swallow does not make a summer.
Val: You what?
Mr. Masters: Mansfield Brewery need filing clerks. Name?
Linda: Linda Johnson. I was fifteen last week, sir.
Mr. Masters: Prospects?
Linda: Well, I did want to be a vet but you need exams for that, don't you? So I thought about nursing but to be honest, I wouldn't like the blood. Is there anything I could do that would be helping people?
Mr. Masters: You need qualifications to help people.
Linda: I could go to night school?
Mr. Masters: People often need assistance choosing furniture or shoes or clothes for their children. You could make yourself very useful on the shop floor at

the Co-op.

Linda: Co-op? It wasn't really what I had in -

Mr. Masters: Name?

Carol: Carol Cooke.

Mr. Masters: Age?

Carol: Sixteen.

Mr. Masters: Prospects?

Carol: I love the piano, sir. I'd like to be a teacher.

Mr. Masters: Are you qualified, Cooke?

Carol: I play by ear.

Mr. Masters: Keyboard skills? The Metal Box Company have vacancies for clerk typists.

Carol: Not the Mental Box? My dad works there.

Mr. Masters: Then he can recommend you. Name?

Shirley: Shirley Sutton.

Mr. Masters: Age?

Shirley: Sixteen.

Mr. Masters: Prospects?

Shirley: Escapology.

Mr. Masters: Don't be clever, Sutton. What are you going to do when you leave school?

Shirley: Get a one-way ticket out of here.

Mr. Masters: And what do your parents say about your plans?

Shirley: Me mother's long gone. And me dad'd pay the fare.

Mr. Masters: You're in luck. I have an opening in travel.

Shirley: Honest?

Mr. Masters: Mansfield Bus Company. Conductress. Class dismissed.

(Exit the schoolgirls).

SCENE 3. FACTORY CANTEEN, Later that day.

(TERRY and JOHNNY are eating their sandwiches and playing cards. BAZ enters.

*TONY is improvising **RUNAWAY GIRL** on the canteen piano).*

Baz: Terry .

Terry: Baz.

Baz: Tony.

Tony: Baz.

Baz: Johnny .

Johnny: Basil.

Baz: Watch it! *(He sits down at the table).* I tell you something, lads. I've had it up to here with this place.

Johnny: Snap.

(JOHNNY collects the cards and reshuffles as BAZ puts out his hands).

Baz: Look at these hands.

Terry: I don't do fortunes, mate.

Baz: Rock and roll hands cut to ribbons.

Johnny: Knock it on the head, then.

Baz: To do what? Stand at the same machine on the other side of town? We've got to play our way out, lads. Plug in our guitars and play our way out.

Johnny: Are we off down The Granada tomorrow?

Terry: We can't. Frankie's got us a booking.

Baz: I were going to take Carol.

Johnny: Carol? You'll be lucky.

Baz: She's had her eye on me.

Terry: That's her squint.

Baz: You wait - when she sees me on stage in my leathers, she'll go mad for me.

Tony: She'll be listening not looking, mate. There's only one way to impress my sister and that's with a song.

Baz: Then I'm home and dry.

Tony: Come on, then. Let's hear you.

(TONY plays TWIST AND SHOUT on the piano. BAZ jumps up on the table and sings the first verse. JOHNNY and TERRY beat out the rhythm on the table and sing backing vocals, replacing the lines of the song with "Come on, Baz". On the fourth line, they sing "Come on Basil". BAZ stops singing).

Baz: It's Baz - all right!

(JOHNNY, TONY and TERRY scream like teenage fans).

Terry: He's just like John Lennon.

Johnny: Can I have your autograph, mate?

(BAZ sits down and sulks. JOHNNY and TERRY return to playing cards, TONY continues to play the piano quietly).

Terry: I mean, look at them Beatles

Johnny: *(lifting his feet)* Where?

Terry: Top of the charts with a song of their own. If they can do their own stuff, why can't we?

Johnny: 'Cos we only know three chords between us?

Baz: I wrote a song once.

Tony: Yeah?

Baz: A good un, it was.

(TONY gets up from the piano to make room for BAZ).

Tony: Sing it, then.

Baz: Nah. You'll laugh.

Tony: Lads will we laugh?

Terry: We might cry.

Baz: It's not finished, like.

Tony: Rome weren't built in a day, Baz.

Johnny: Give it your best shot, mate.

(BAZ clears his throat, strikes a chord and sings with great drama).

Baz: *Oh Carol*
 You've got me over a barrel

(TONY, JOHNNY, and TERRY scream as if they are teenage girls).

Baz: Ah, forget it.

*(TONY returns to the piano. JOHNNY listens to TONY playing **RUNAWAY GIRL**).*

Terry: What's he's playing?

Johnny: Piano.

(FRANKIE COLORADO enters in overalls).

Frankie: Lads, lads, lads.

All: Frankie, Frankie, Frankie.

Frankie: Are you ready to rock and roll?

Baz: Where this time, Frankie? Pleasley Miners Welfare?

Tony: Girl next door's twenty-first?

Frankie: Where's the faith in your manager, lads?

Terry: We lost it with the weekly wage you promised us by Christmas.

Frankie: I'm ploughing every penny back into your future.

Terry: What with clothes and gear and transport, it's costing us to keep it going.

Tony: He's right, Frankie. We earn two quid a week and we're skint again by Monday.

Frankie: Dreams don't come cheap, lad. But what price on a dream come true, eh? What price on a dream come true?

Johnny: What's he on about?

Frankie: Your big break. Your once-in-a-lifetime chance. Your pot of gold at the end of that rock and roll rainbow.

Baz: Pot of summat.

(Enter MARCUS OSBOURNE).

Marco: Gentlemen? Your break finished five minutes ago.

(The lads reluctantly shuffle back to work).

Frankie: So you don't fancy playing The Granada on Sat'day?

Johnny: With The Beatles.

Terry: Headlining, are we?

Frankie: No - supporting.

(Beat).

Johnny: You what?

Baz: Say that again.

Tony: We're on at The Granada?

Johnny: With The Beatles?

Frankie: Don't worry, lads. I'll tell 'em you're not bothered.

Marco: The Beatles? I saw them last week on "**Thank Your Lucky Stars**".

Baz: We're playing with The Beatles?

Marco: I thought they were extraordinary.

Frankie: Wait 'til you've heard our Rocky Storm and the Rainclouds. Make them Beatles sound like Alma Cogan.

Marco: How on earth did you get them on the bill?

Frankie: Me mate Stan Sutton works at The Granada.

Tony: Shirley's Dad got us on? Put it there, Frank.

(TONY shakes FRANKIE's hand).

Baz: Give the man a cigar.

Johnny: Is this a wind-up?

Frankie: Helen Shapiro - The Beatles - Rocky Storm and the Rainclouds!

Baz: This is it, lads.

All: This is it!

Tony: So what do we have to do, Frank?

Frankie: Knock 'em dead, son. Knock 'em dead.

(The band cheer and shake hands with one another).

Marco: I played in the University jazz band but it was all so serious. I'd love to get up there and just well rock and roll, I suppose.

Tony: What do you play?

Marco: Saxophone.

Terry: Blew his education.

Baz: Just wait 'til them girls see me in my leathers.

Frankie: No leathers.

Baz: But that's the act!

Frankie: Leathers are for layabouts. It's new suits all round.

Baz: You know what else we need?

Tony: Apart from a month of rehearsals?

Baz: A song of our own.

Tony: Where from? The show's tomorrow.

Baz: What about that tune you were bashing out just then?

Tony: We can't use that.

Baz: Sounded good enough to me.

Tony: But it's not mine.

Baz: Who's to know?

Tony: My sister.

Baz: Carol?

Tony: She wrote it.

Baz: And has she got some more?

Tony: Yeah - she writes all the time.

Baz: Hear that, lads. We've got a ready-made set for tomorrow night!

Terry: What's wrong with the set we've been playing for the last year?

Johnny: We've been playing it for the last year.

Tony: We can't nick Carol's songs.

Baz: Come on. When will she ever get the chance to play 'em?

Tony: I suppose we're doing her a favour?

Baz: Everyone's a winner.

Frankie: You should tell your Dad about these lads, Mr. Osbourne. Pride of the factory, they are. He might even sponsor 'em.

Marco: New clothes, new equipment not to mention publicity - success doesn't come cheap, Frankie.

Frankie: You're a businessman, just like myself.

Marco: If my father could see this was raising morale, he may back the whole enterprise.

Frankie: Oh, morale's sky-high, like. Sky-high.

Marco: He's keen on improving relations between the ranks. And knowing my father as I do, his financial support would come in direct correlation to the strength of those worker/management ties.

Terry: Once again in English, sir.

Marco: Put me in the band and he'll pay for the lot.

Johnny: Hold up?

Marco: So what if I went to public school? Does that condemn me to a life of Acker Bilk?

Frankie: 'Course not, course not. But think about it. They may look like a bunch of choirboys but this is a rough and ready beat group.

Marco: And inside this junior manager is one angry young man.

Frankie: Steady on!

Marco: With your brains and my backing, we can turn this back street band into contenders.

Baz: When you say backing ?

Marco: Name your price.

Baz: New Chelsea boots all round?

Marco: Couldn't send you out in old suede shoes.

Johnny: We've got to look the part.

Marco: Saville Row suits if that's what it takes. I know a wonderful designer who can help us out.

Frankie: Can't let the manager go threadbare?

Marco: I see you in a camel coat.

Frankie: With trilby?

Marco: You're the boss, Frankie.

Frankie: And you, Mr Osbourne -

Marco: Please. It's Marcus.

(MARCO offers his hand to TERRY, who looks at the others then shakes it. MARCO shakes hands with TERRY, BAZ, JOHNNY and TONY in turn).

Terry: Marco.

Baz: Marco.

Johnny: Marco.

Marco: Marco. I like it.

Tony: If you're in, we'll have to practice all night .

Marco: This is rock and roll, my friend. We'll sleep when we're dead.

(Exit the BAND).

Scene 4. SCHOOL CLASSROOM. Later that day.

(KATHY, LIZ, TINA, VAL, LINDA, JUDY, CAROL and SHIRLEY open their exercise books. MISS STERN watches the bored and distracted class with an eagle eye. TINA is back-combing her hair).

Miss Stern: 1984 made George Orwell one of the most important literary voices of the century - are you back-combing, Turnbull?

Tina: Just scratching me head, Miss.

Miss Stern: Published in 1945, the novel details Orwell's fear of an intrusive and bureaucratic future state. We are yet to know if his nightmare vision becomes a reality comb, Turnbull.

(TINA hands over her comb).

Miss Stern: In preparation, you will write an essay detailing your own thoughts on the year 1984. You may imagine your own life two decades from now, you may wish to make a prediction of the way the world may be. Clear?

All: Yes, Miss.

Miss Stern: Very well. Begin.

(Each girl thinks aloud as she writes).

Kathy: The year 1984 is in 21 years from now. I will be 36 years old.

Blimey, that's as old as my mum. I think I will be working at Morley's or another factory and be married to Terry, my boyfriend.

Liz: In 1984, I will be a housewife with approximately four children. But I will not have to do any housework because of all my labour-saving devices - such as an automatic washing machine and a robot to do the dishes.

Tina: The Beatles will still be the most gorgeous, fabulous group in the entire universe. By 1984, they will have met every one of their fans personally and will perform concerts every day, so any time you want to go and see them you can.

Linda: Every illness will have been cured, there will be tablets instead of food and people will have holidays in space.

Carol: In 1984, people will listen to what girls have to say and not think it is strange when they want to do the same things as boys. This is because Great Britain not only has a Queen but a lady Prime Minister. *(She crosses out the last sentence).* Don't be daft, Carol.

(CAROL notices that SHIRLEY has not written a word. CAROL clears her throat and SHIRLEY looks over).

Carol: *(whispering)* What's up?

Shirley: The sky.

(MISS STERN hears SHIRLEY and takes a slow walk over to her table. JUDY reads what she is writing).

Judy: Dear Ringo My name is Judy and I am your Number One Fan. I love John, Paul and George too but Ringo, I love you the most. I love the silly things you say when you're meant to be serious and the way you shake your head from side to side. You are fab, terrific and gorgeous! Lots of other girls must say they're you're Number One fan but I really, really, really am. I've got sixty-five gorgeous pictures of you in my scrapbook and you can't see a wall in my bedroom for the Beatle pictures I've stuck up. Before now, meeting you was just a dream but I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw you were playing The Granada here in Mansfield. And that's why I'm writing this letter, Ringo. I'll leave it at the Stage Door so you will get it tomorrow, as soon as you arrive. My house is only five minutes from the Granada and it would please, please me so much if you could come round to look at my posters and scrapbooks. I just want you to see how much you mean to me. I know I'd find it easy to talk to you. I'm sure that I could tell you all the things I feel inside and who knows - perhaps you'll tell me a secret, too? If I

fill this whole page with pleases then you just might want to meet this crazy girl who loves you more than anyone else in the world. So here I go, Ringo please, please, please, please, please, please, please, please

Miss Stern: Sutton?

Shirley: Yes, Miss Stern?

Miss Stern: Have you finished your essay?

Shirley: No, Miss. Stern.

Miss Stern: And could you tell me why?

Shirley: 'Cos I've not started it.

Miss Stern: Why?

Shirley: Can't think of owt to put.

Miss Stern: So Shirley Sutton sees no future for herself? I think we'd agree with that, girls?

Kathy: Miss Stern? How do you spell Benidorm?

(MISS STERN goes to help KATHY. SHIRLEY writes a message which says COW and holds it up for all to see. She screws it up angrily).

Carol: *(whispering)* What's this matter with you?

(SHIRLEY writes a note, folds it and passes it to CAROL who opens the note, reads it and looks back at SHIRLEY, shocked. The school bell rings. CAROL puts the note in her pocket. KATHY, LIZ, TINA, VAL and LINDA follow MISS STERN out of the classroom. JUDY continues writing. SHIRLEY leans over her shoulder).

Shirley: What you doing, Jude?

Judy: Writing a letter.

Shirley: Don't miss the post.

(JUDY closes her book and hurries out. SHIRLEY sits in silence. CAROL eventually breaks the silence).

Carol: How do you know?

Shirley: I'm two months late.

Carol: What are you going to do?

Shirley: You won't tell, will you? Promise me you won't tell.

Carol: You can't keep it a secret forever.

Shirley: I know that. I just need a bit of time.

Carol: Are you sure you've not made a mistake?

Shirley: It's making a mistake that got me here.

Carol: Have you been to the doctor?

Shirley: 'Course not. Do you think I'm daft?

Carol: As it happens, I do. How can our Tony get wed on three pound a week?

Shirley: Who says I want to get wed?

Carol: What choice have you got? It's marry our Tony or get packed off to that girls' home where they sent our Sandra.

Shirley: They said she was on a typing course.

Carol: She made out nothing happened but she was never the same.

Shirley: Never got an office job, neither.

Carol: And what about your Dad?

Shirley: Don't -

Carol: He'll go hairless.

Shirley: That'll save on Brylcreem.

Carol: It's no joke, Shirl.

Shirley: My Dad says that if I ever bring trouble home then I can pack me bags, and do you know something? I just might.

Carol: And where will you go?

Shirley: London.

Carol: Who do you know in London?

Shirley: No-one, that's the point. You can start afresh. Be whoever you want to be.

Carol: What's wrong with who you are?

Shirley: Oh, Carol. Don't you ever wish you could just wipe the slate clean and start again?

Carol: Sometimes.

Shirley: There must be more to life than growing old and dying on the street you were born?

Carol: It's not so bad round here.

Shirley: No? I've seen how you look at your Tony when he's up there with the group. You'd give anything to swap places with him.

Carol: Me on stage? I'd be scared stiff.

Shirley: You'd knock 'em dead! Why should he get all the praise when you write such fantastic songs?

Carol: Like what?

Shirley: *Tonight*, for one.

Carol: Get off.

Shirley: That could really go somewhere - if you'd let it.

Carol: Name me one beat group with a girl musician?

Shirley: You could be the first.

Carol: Life's not like that, Shirley.

Shirley: Carol! You're fifteen and you sound like you've given up.

Carol: If your mam was around, you wouldn't be talking like this.

Shirley: But she's not around, is she - and more to the point, we don't know where she's gone. So I'll make my own way like she has.

Carol: And what about our Tony?

Shirley: He don't have to know.

Carol: You've got to tell him, Shirl. He's had his fun, now he's got to face the consequences.

Shirley: Tony's got dreams. They don't include a wife and kid.

Carol: He'll stand by you, though. He'll do right by you.

Shirley: But have I done right by him?

Carol: What do you mean?

(Beat).

Shirley: You know when I went to Liverpool for Christmas?

Carol: Course I do - you've not stopped going on about it since you got back.

Shirley: You know my cousin took me to The Cavern?

Carol: Where you got The Beatles' autographs before we'd ever heard of 'em. It's getting boring, Shirl.

Shirley: I got more than an autograph.

Carol: You what?

Shirley: I were standing on a wooden chair to watch the band. Paint was peeling off the ceiling. John were singing then he caught my eye. Seeing him on stage, you wouldn't think he's shy but he was, you know. At first. We talked for ages in a corner then I felt giddy so we went out for air.

Carol: What kind of giddy?

Shirley: It was that smell; disinfectant, cigarette smoke, rotting veg, the walls streaming and all them hot bodies packed into the darkness. Never smelt owt like it in my life.

(Beat).

Carol: This trouble you're in. Is it 'cos of Tony?

Shirley: It could be. But then again? It might be his.

Carol: You cheated on my brother with a Beatle?

Shirley: Just the once.

Carol: How could you, Shirl? How could you have given in to him?

Shirley: It just happened.

Carol: Prove it.

Shirley: You what?

Carol: You heard.

Shirley: Don't you believe me?

Carol: John Lennon wouldn't do that kind of thing.

Shirley: And how the bloody hell do you know?

Carol: Don't you swear at me!

Shirley: And don't you dare call me a liar!

Carol: Ok; I can think of another name.

(SHIRLEY turns to leave).

Shirley: I don't have to answer to you -

Carol: Shirley?

Shirley: I don't answer to no-one.

(Exit SHIRLEY).

Scene 5. BUS STOP. Later that day.

(TINA is waiting for a bus, checking her hair in a hand-held mirror. Enter CAROL).

Tina: Late again.

Carol: You what?

Tina: The bus.

Carol: Oh.

Tina: Guess what? The Beatles are doing Thank Your Lucky Stars on Saturday.

Carol: Yeah?

Tina: They're on the telly before the show that I haven't got a ticket for which means that when the dreamy, gorgeous Beatles are right on my doorstep, I'll be watching 'em at home with me mam and dad!

Carol: Same here.

Tina: But you and Shirley are going?

Carol: Were going.

Tina: Can I have your tickets?

Carol: No.

Tina: I only asked.

Carol: It's not that it's

Tina: What?

Carol: I can't tell you. It's a secret.

Tina: Have you told someone else?

Carol: No, Tina. Like I said, it's a secret.

Tina: Don't you know what a secret is?

Carol: Something you keep to yourself.

Tina: Something you promise to keep to yourself but you actually tell to one other person. And telling one person isn't really telling at all.

Carol: What is it, then?

Tina: Confiding. And that's what friends are for.

Carol: If I confide in you, can you keep it to yourself?

Tina: 'Course.

Carol: Do you promise?

Tina: On George Harrison's life.

(Beat).

Carol: It's Shirley.

Tina: Surprise, surprise. What's she done now?

Carol: Got herself in trouble.

Tina: What kind of trouble?

Carol: *(gravely)* Big trouble.

Tina: You mean trouble trouble?

Carol: I'm the only one who knows.

Tina: Has she told your Tony?

Carol: No.

Tina: He'll have to give up that group.

Carol: You reckon?

Tina: You don't just please yourself when you've got a kiddy. You've got to save your money for prams and nappies and washing machines. I remember when my brother had to get wed - they thought I didn't know but I could see the bump through her wedding dress -

Carol: It's not his.

Tina: He sold his Triumph to buy her a what?

Carol: Shirley says it's not our Tony's.

Tina: She's done it with another lad?

Carol: Two lads, as I know of.

Tina: Shirley and two lads? Mind you, she is the type.

Carol: And we don't know which way to turn.

Tina: Your Tony'll floor him when he finds out.

Carol: Would you say she's a truthful person?

Tina: Shirley? She don't hold nothing back, that's her trouble. Will he take her on, this lad?

Carol: She doesn't know.

Tina: Is he from round here?

Carol: I can't tell you.

Tina: Oh, come on Carol

Carol: You wouldn't believe me if I did.

Tina: So I know him?

Carol: No yes sort of.

Tina: What does he do?

Carol: He he plays in a band. Is that our Tony over there?

Tina: Poor lad.

Carol: He'll be off to Shirley's. I've got to stop him.

(Exit CAROL. Enter LIZ).

Liz: I can't find anyone with a ticket to sell.

Tina: Guess what

Liz: You've got one?

Tina: Cold.

Liz: You've got two?

Tina: Icy.

Liz: You've got backstage passes.

Tina: Freezing.

Liz: Just tell me, tell me

Tina: I said I wouldn't but it's all right 'cos you're my best friend

(TINA whispers to LIZ).

Liz: Shirley Sutton? Who told you?

Tina: Carol. Promise you won't tell?

Liz: Oh yeah, promise.

Tina: On George Harrison's life?

Liz: On George Harrison's life.

Tina: Are you ready for part two?

Liz: Go on?

(TINA whispers to LIZ).

Liz: Who's is it, then?

Tina: Another musician

Liz: Terry?

Tina: No.

Liz: Baz?

Tina: My money's on Johnny. She's always had a thing for him.

Liz: I heard she went with him once.

Tina: Well, you know that trip she had to Liverpool ?

Liz: Or said she had. She never brought owt back.

Tina: Well, what must have happened is her and Tony fell out really bad, they had this massive fight, right.

Liz: Fight?

Tina: Yeah. And I reckon it was over Johnny Gray.

Liz: You won't believe this! I saw her with Johnny in town that week. She made out she'd bumped into him but I could smell a rat.

Tina: She's a dark horse.

Liz: Crafty monkey.

(Enter KATHY).

Kathy: Who is?

Liz: Shirley Sutton.

Kathy: What's she said now?

Liz: It's not what she's said, it's what she's done.

(TINA whispers to KATHY).

Kathy: She's never!

Liz: And it's Johnny Gray's.

Kathy: As if!

Liz: She made out she'd gone to Liverpool but she went to town with Johnny Gray and that were that.

Kathy: What about Tony?

Liz: He's been knocking her about so she finished it.

Kathy: Knocking her about?

Liz: They had a massive, massive fight, right and guess what ...?

(Enter TONY and CAROL, followed by JUNE).

Carol: She's gone to town, I reckon.

Tony: But I've got a surprise for her.
Tina: We've heard about your surprises.
Tony: Have any of you seen Shirley?
Kathy: Might have.
Tony: Don't mess about. I've summat to tell her.
Liz: Have you now?
June: (to TONY) It's my birthday tomorrow.
Tony: So I've heard.
June: Are you coming to my party?
Tony: I can't. I've got things to do.
June: What things?

(LIZ and TINA whisper to each other).

Liz: You'd not think it to look at him.
Tina: To me, he looks the type.
Carol: (to TINA) Have you opened your trap?
Tony: Come on, girls. Do you know where's she gone?
Kathy: No.
Tina: And if we did, we wouldn't tell you.
Tony: What have I done?
Carol: Nothing, Tone. You know what they're like.
Tony: So they won't be wanting these, then?

(TONY takes an envelope out of his pocket and pulls out a handful of tickets).

June: What's that?
Tony: Only four tickets for The Beatles.

(The girls scream and rush towards him. TONY pulls the tickets out of reach).

Tony: For Rocky Storm Fans only.
Tina: I'm the biggest fan ever!
Kathy: Tickets for The Beatles?
Tony: And for us. We're opening the show, would you believe?

(TONY hands the envelope to CAROL).

Carol: Congratulations.
Tony: There's enough tickets here for you and all your mates. And get there early,

girls. You don't want to miss the best act on the bill.

Tina: I've got nothing to wear!

Liz: Red and green dress?

Tina: You said it makes me look like a traffic light.

Liz: Well, you can always change - get it? Change?

(Exit LIZ, TINA and KATHY, laughing. CAROL puts the tickets in her coat pocket).

June: I wish I had a ticket for The Beatles.

(Exit JUNE).

Tony: Am I dreaming this or what?

Carol: Mam and Dad will be over the moon.

Tony: Today - The Granada; tomorrow - the world!

Carol: I didn't know it were so near.

Tony: What's that?

Carol: The rest of the world.

Tony: Look at the time. Tell Shirley we're rehearsing all night but I'll see her there tomorrow.

Carol: Tony?

Tony: In her best frock, tell her.

Carol: Tony, wait!

Tony: By the way? You know that tune you were messing with last night?

Carol: *Runaway Girl?*

Tony: I'm gonna try it out with the lads.

Carol: But that's my song.

Tony: Yeah. And I bet you never thought you'd hear it played.

(Exit TONY).

Carol: It's my song.

CURTAIN

ACT II

Scene 1. SUTTONS' BACK ROOM, Next day.

(Enter JUNE. She switches on the radio and sits down with a magazine).

DJ: Helen Shapiro is Walking Back to Happiness at the Mansfield Granada tonight but don't miss the fab combo who are snapping at her heels. This week saw The Beatles hit Number One with the sensational Please Please Me.

June: I love you, Paul.

DJ: Teens across the land are going crazy for the hip sound of these dynamic lads from Liverpool. Teens like Judy from Mansfield Woodhouse hi, Judy.

Judy: Hi Am I on?

DJ: Loud and clear.

Judy: Right; I just want to say that if you're listening Ringo, I love you, I really do! It's me that left that letter at the stage door and I hope, I just hope you'll be able to come.

DJ: What is it about Ringo that drives you wild?

Judy: Well I look at his pictures in my scrapbook, it's like he's actually looking right back at me. Like he's just about to jump out the photograph and into my bedroom. It makes me happy but then it makes me sad because I just want to tell him

(Enter STAN SUTTON, dressed in Teddy Boy costume and carrying a shoe-brush).

Judy: that Ringo, I love you so much. I haven't got a best friend so I take your picture to school and talk to you in my head. I'm your Number One Fan and one day, I know, I just know that you'll *Love Me Do*

(STAN switches the radio off and begins brushing his suede shoes).

June: Dad?

Stan: The Beatles? The Fly-Be-Nights, more like.

June: Our Shirley knows 'em.

Stan: Flash in the pan.

June: She says they're gorgeous.

Stan: With all that hair? They're like a bunch of schoolgirls.

June: Where are you going?

Stan: To work.

June: You said you were staying in for my birthday party.

Stan: I got an SOS call from The Granada. The compère's cried off.

June: Tonight?

Stan: I'm on in an hour.

June: You're never doing a spot?

Stan: I'm gonna show them Beatles how to rock & roll.

June: But people from school will be there.

Stan: And they'll get a lesson in jive.

June: What's Shirley said about you being there?

Stan: Not much.

June: She won't like it.

Stan: She won't have to. She's going nowhere near that show.

June: Why?

Stan: 'Cos she's doing your party.

June: But Tony's band are playing?

Stan: Tough.

June: That's not fair.

Stan: Life's not fair, so think on. Is my tie straight?

(STAN combs his hair in the mirror).

June: I want to go.

Stan: You're having a party, June.

June: I don't want a party.

Stan: Well you've got one and that's the end of it.

(STAN looks over at JUNE, who is sulking).

Stan: So what time are your pals here?

June: Four. What are you staring at?

Stan: Thirteen today.

June: Old enough to look after myself.

Stan: You're growing up. Filling out.

June: Dad !

Stan: Changing. From a child into a -

June: What?

Stan: Well, you know a woman, like.

June: Urgh

(STAN busies himself with combing his hair in the mirror).

Stan: If your mother was around, she'd be talking to you about, you know women's things.

June: It's all right, Shirley told me.

Stan: Sorted you out, has she?

June: Yes, thanks.

Stan: Good.

(Beat).

Stan: Talked to you about lads, has she?

June: A bit.

Stan: Told you what to do, like?

June: I suppose.

Stan: And what not to do?

June: Sort of.

Stan: Well, don't you take on everything she says. She's flighty, is that one. Hot-blooded. Like her mam.

June: What's hot-blooded?

Stan: Never you mind. You just listen to your old man and keep your hand on your h'apenny.

June: Me what?

(Enter SHIRLEY, with a tray of sandwiches).

Stan: How do I look?

Shirley: Fifties. Sandwiches are ham, cheese and egg.

Stan: I want you keeping tabs on this one -

Shirley: Sausages on sticks are to come.

Stan: No slipping out when the party starts -

Shirley: And I baked you a cake like I said.

Stan: Are you listening to me?

Shirley: Keep tabs. No slipping out.

Stan: If I catch either one of you within shouting distance of that show, you won't be sitting down for a week.

Shirley: Orange jelly or chocolate mousse?

June: Erm chocolate.

Stan: I want that door locked and bolted, do you hear?

Shirley: Locked and bolted. Ice cream with that?

Stan: What are you up to, missy?

Shirley: Playing Mother.

(There is a knock on the door).

Shirley: It's ten past five, Dad.

(STAN grabs his jacket).

Stan: Ten past ... you should have said. June - have an 'appy birthday party. And Shirley - don't think I was born yesterday.

(There is another knock on the door).

Shirley: I'll save you some cake.

(Exit STAN).

June: Tell me the truth? Are you going?

Shirley: That's my business.

(Enter LOUISE, DIANE, PAM, ELAINE and PATSY, singing Happy Birthday. Exit SHIRLEY).

June: I've got to put the telly on.

Pam: What for?

June: Thank Your Lucky Stars.

(JUNE turns on the television and the girls crowd around to watch).

Louise: What did you get from your Dad?

June: Shoes for school.

Gang: Yuk.

June: I wanted winkle-pickers.

Patsy: What about Shirley?

June: Helen Shapiro's New Book For Girls.

Diane: I'd like my hair exactly like hers.

Pam: Shshhhhh!

TV: And here with their second single Please Please Me, give a Thank Your Lucky Stars welcome to The Beatles.

(The girls watch mesmerised as the song begins).

Scene 2. FACTORY CANTEEN. Same time.

*(ROCKY STORM and the RAINCLOUDS are in rehearsal. They are trying to learn the chords to **Runaway Girl** but it doesn't sound promising).*

Johnny: We're never going to get this.

Tony: Ok, lads. Let's try it again from the top.

(Enter MARCO with PIERRE POMPADOUR).

Marco: Gentlemen - may I introduce Pierre Pompadour. Flown in on a fact finding mission for a top French fashion house.

Pierre: You expect me to create for zeez?

Frankie: Just show 'em the way, like.

Pierre: I am a designer - not a miracle worker.

Frankie: You're seeing 'em at their muckiest, they scrub up all right.

Pierre: I do not scrub, monsieur - I style.

Baz: We're all right, mate. We've got a style.

Pierre: Tell me what is ziz style?

Baz: Leathers.

Pierre: Outre, outre

Johnny: In't that a football team?

Pierre: Non, non, non, non, non

(PIERRE circles the group, looking them over, occasionally touching their clothes or hair and sighing).

Pierre: Perhaps I can rescue zeez boys. But I do not work for walnuts.

Terry: Here we go.

Marco: Pierre, these boys are stars in the making.

Frankie: Give us what it takes to make 'em shine.

Pierre: D'accord. Up, gentlemen.

Tony: But we've got songs to learn.

Pierre: Up!

(The band stand up as PIERRE measures arms and chests and legs with his tape measure, pushes their shoulders back and fusses around them).

Scene 3. SUTTONS' BACK ROOM. Minutes later.

(JUNE and her FRIENDS are mesmerised by the sight of The Beatles on television).

Patsy: What's his name?

June: Paul.

Patsy: His eyes are dreamy.

Elaine: And that's John? His nose is perfect.

Diane: George, he sends me.

Louise: And they're on at The Granada tonight?

June: My Dad's banned me from the concert.

Diane: Would it stop you?

June: Would it heck?

Patsy: Look at Paul's eyebrows .

Elaine: If I don't meet them, I'll go mad.

June: We've got to go.

Patsy: With no tickets?

Diane: We could nip in through a side door?

Patsy: We could go in disguise?

Elaine: We could faint and get carried in for help.

(Enter CAROL. JUNE can't take her eyes off the television).

Carol: Where's Shirley?

June: Upstairs.

June: (suddenly struck by an idea) But can I take your coat?

Carol: I'm not stopping.

June: But it's ever so hot upstairs.

Carol: Is it?

(JUNE helps CAROL out of her coat).

June: Take your time, won't you?

Carol: If you insist.

(Exit CAROL. JUNE gathers the girls into a huddle and begins to whisper).

Scene 4. SHIRLEY'S BEDROOM. Minutes later.

(SHIRLEY is reading a magazine. She looks at CAROL then looks back at the magazine).

Shirley: Come for round two, have you?

Carol: *(softer)* Why didn't you tell me what you'd done?

(SHIRLEY looks up).

Shirley: I wanted to.

Carol: But I've never kept a secret from you.

Shirley: I felt cheap.

Carol: Cheap? You're one in a million, Shirley Sutton.

Shirley: And you're worth ten of me for coming here.

(CAROL goes to sit with SHIRLEY).

Carol: I didn't mean to call you a liar. I was scared, if the truth be told.

Shirley: Join the club.

Carol: Scared and jealous.

Shirley: Jealous of me? That's a first.

Carol: You're out there living and where am I? Sat at home playing the piano.

Shirley: Yeah - playing and singing like no-one else I know.

Carol: You can sing, I've heard you.

Shirley: I can hold a tune, all right. But you've got talent - and talent makes things happen. I'm one of them girls that life just happens to.

Carol: We could make something happen tonight.

Shirley: What do you mean?

Carol: We could go to The Granada and tell John.

Shirley: He said he'd write. He never did.

Carol: He's had a lot on his plate. When he finds out, he'll put it right.

Shirley: He's a big star now. We'll not get near him.

Carol: No? Rocky Storm and The Rainclouds are supporting.

Shirley: Really?

Carol: So what do you think?

Shirley: That's good for Tony.

Carol: It could be good for you, an' all. Get in to see Tony and you're bound to see John.

Shirley: But what if he don't want to know me?

Carol: And what if he does?

Shirley: A wife and child? We'd be someone to come home to, I suppose.

Carol: He won't let you down, Shirl.

Shirley: How do you know?

Carol: Because he's a Beatle.

(SHIRLEY begins to pack her suitcase).

Scene 5. SUTTONS' BACK ROOM. Minutes later.

(JUNE and the girls sit staring at CAROL's coat.)

June: Then Carol put the tickets in her pocket.

Pam: Her coat pocket?

June: Her coat pocket.

(The girls look at CAROL's coat then back at one another).

Louise: Wouldn't that be stealing?

June: Well, I know for a fact that she'd already bought two tickets.

Patsy: Aren't these for her friends though?

June: But we wouldn't actually be stealing from them.

Elaine: Why?

June: 'Cos they never had the tickets in the first place.

Pam: What if there was just one ticket?

June: Well, it is my plan.

(JUNE moves across to sit next to CAROL's coat).

Louise: If there was two, I've always been her bestest friend.

Diane: I took her on holiday to Blackpool.

Pam: We've never had a cross word between us.

Patsy: But how would she choose between twins?

Elaine: I'm the oldest.

Patsy: I'm the friendliest.

Elaine: I'm the tallest.

Patsy: I'm the cutest.

Elaine: I've got blue eyes.

Patsy: I've got a boyfriend.

Elaine: Who?

Patsy: Not telling.

Elaine: Tell.

Louise: Barry Bragg.

Elaine: I'm always the last to know!

(JUNE sits near CAROL's coat).

June: I wouldn't put my hand in her pockets of course. But if the coat was to fall on the floor and something accidentally slips out.

(JUNE pushes the coat on the floor but nothing falls out of the pocket. The girls watch silently then scream and jump on the coat, fighting with each other to find the tickets. JUNE emerges with the envelope. She opens it).

June: They're here, they're here, they're ... gone.

Girls: No!

June: She must have given them out.

Girls: Oh!

June: It's not fair.

Girls: Not fair!

(PATSY picks up a piece of paper and hands it to JUNE).

Patsy: Here they are!

(JUNE opens the paper, it is the note from SHIRLEY).

June: It's our Shirley's handwriting.

(JUNE reads the note).

June: 'I'll tell you what the trouble is - I'm pregnant'.

(DIANE grabs the note and the girls pass it round the group, each reading it).

Louise: She can't be?

Diane: She's not even married.

Elaine: You know what she'll have?

All: What?

Elaine: A reputation.

(The girls gasp).

June: This is a family emergency. I've got to see my Dad.

Patsy: Where is he?

June: The Granada.

(The girls scream and exit).

Scene 6. MANSFIELD BUS. That evening.

(JUDY is sitting on alone on the bus. She takes a letter from her pocket and reads aloud).

Judy: "Dear Ringo , I want you to know that I've never had a boyfriend. I've never even had a date. Why? Because the only boy I've ever loved is you. Please, please don't tell me that you can't love someone you've never met because I know for certain that you can."

(Enter KATHY, VAL and LINDA).

Linda: I nearly missed the bus. I was still back-combing at five to.

Val: I used a whole can of lacquer.

Kathy: I swear by sugar and water.

Val: Holds all night, does it?

Kathy: You've just got to watch out for wasps.

Linda: So what were you saying about Shirley?

(KATHY, LINDA and VAL start to whisper).

Judy: *(reading)* "Alright, I'm no Helen Shapiro. But when you get to know me you will see that I am kind, sincere and just the sort of girl you could take home to Mum."

Linda: *(loud)* Never!

(Enter LIZ and TINA).

Liz: George's eyes are blue!

Tina: They're green.

Liz: Blue.

Tina: Green.

Liz: I wonder what he's doing now?

Tina: Thinking about me.

Liz: Thinking about me, more like.

Tina: And why would he be thinking about you?

Liz: Because I'm his kind of girl.

Tina: He don't even know you.

Liz: I've written him a letter.

Tina: One measly letter? I've written three.

Liz: I've written four, I just haven't posted them yet.

Tina: He loves me. I can see it in his eyes.

Liz: He's never even met you.

Tina: He gives me long, loving stares through the telly.

Liz: Don't be daft.

Tina: I'm not.

Liz: Yes, you are. He's looking at me.

Tina: Are you beside yourself?

Kathy: I feel sick with it.

Linda: So what about Tony?

Val: He used to beat her up and all sorts. She's got bruises all over her, they rushed her into hospital. That's when they found out she were you know.

Linda: And she went with every one of the Rainclouds?

Kathy: You what?

Linda: Except Terry of course.

Val: We're not sure about the manager.

Linda: So how does she know it's Johnny's?

Val: Woman's instinct.

(JUDY continues to write her letter).

Tina: *(whispers)* Look at Loony Judy.

Kathy: Her mum's a witch, you know.

(Enter SHIRLEY, dressed as in Act I Scene 1 and carrying a suitcase. She walks seductively to the front of the bus and sits down).

All: Wooh!

Kathy: Who's been spending her Divi stamps?

Linda: Going on your holidays?

Shirley: Summat like that. Hey-up, Jude.

Judy: Hi, Shirley. You look nice.

Shirley: So do you, love.

(Enter CAROL, wearing her best dress and playing a transistor radio. The bus pulls away. CAROL sits down with SHIRLEY as the girls whisper together).

Kathy: Her Dad must have kicked her out.

Tina: He'll have heard about Johnny.

Linda: You know what that means?

Val: They're eloping!

(VAL, TINA, KATHY and LINDA gasp. CAROL turns the radio up).

DJ: If you're square - go elsewhere! If you're hip - join the trip. We're on a one-way ticket to Beatle Land - that crazy place where you can't resist the beat in your dancing feet. Do they please, please you - cos I'm telling all you Beatle People out there that they sure Please, Please Me

(Please Please Me starts to play and the girls sing and dance along, each one taking their turn in the spotlight. The song ends and the girls fall back into their seats, laughing. Suddenly, the bus grinds to a halt. The girls scream as they are thrown back in their seats).

Kathy: What the heck?

Val: I've banged me head.

Linda: If I've damaged me hairdo

Shirley: What's the driver playing at?

(The girls look out of the window).

Kathy: He's stood in the middle of the road.

Carol: He's just staring at the wheel.

Shirley: And it's chucking it down. This is all I need.

Tina: Got an engagement have you, Shirl?

Shirley: Haven't we all?

Val: What time is it?

Linda: Ten past seven.

Shirley: We've got to get there before they go on.

Liz: Will he be waiting?

Kathy: Your Johnny?

Shirley: You what?

Linda: We know, Shirl.

Shirley: You can't. I only told -

Val: But you can't keep a secret from us.

Shirley: Carol!

Tina: It weren't her.

Linda: We just put two and two together.

Liz: What with Tony knocking you about -

Shirley: Ey?

Kathy: You wanted a shoulder to cry on -

Val: And he were close to hand.

Shirley: I weren't crying that night, I can tell you.

Linda: I never thought you and Tony were suited. I'd have put you with Johnny from the start.

Shirley: John.

Val: He's a rebel just like you.

Shirley: He were different, that was what swung it in the end. And he's got such a lovely accent.

Linda: Johnny?

Shirley: John.

Kathy: So is he taking you away?

Shirley: He'll do the right thing.

Val: Tonight?

Shirley: I'm packed and ready.

Tina: 'Cos you've got to get out before your Dad catches on.

Shirley: Listen, girls. If this is the last time I see you for a while -

All: Oooh.

Shirley: Then I want you remember me for what I was - not for what they say I am round here.

All: Aaahh.

Kathy: I'm filling up.

Shirley: And tell 'em I've not run away. Tell 'em I've started again.

Judy: Look. It's a flat tyre.

Shirley: Brilliant.

Judy: They'll have to call another bus.

Shirley: And how long will that take?

Judy: Could be hours. They're at full stretch with breakdowns. My Dad works in the depot.

(SHIRLEY picks up her suitcase).

Shirley: I've not got time for this.

Linda: You'll ruin your hair.

Shirley: I don't care.

Kathy: She's got to get to Johnny.

Shirley: John.

Carol: Have I missed something here?

Shirley: They worked it out.

Carol: How?

Shirley: 'Cos they don't miss a trick.

Val: Where is he taking you, Gretna Green?

Linda: It's my ambition to elope.

Kathy: Just think. This time tomorrow, you could be Mrs. Shirley Gray.

Carol: Gray? More like Lennon.

Kathy: Lennon?

(SHIRLEY and CAROL look at one another).

Carol: Oh God.

All: Lennon?

Shirley: Run?

Carol: Run!

(Exit SHIRLEY and CAROL).

All: John Lennon?

(Exit all but JUDY).

Judy: Ringo - take me to Liverpool. Make me famous. Make me the girl you come home to. And make it tonight! *(To the audience)* Well, if she can do it, why can't I? *(Exit JUDY).*

CURTAIN

ACT III

Scene 1. GRANADA DRESSING ROOM. Later that evening.

(TONY, BAZ, JOHNNY, TERRY and MARCO sit nervously together. They are smartly dressed in white shirts, ties and black trousers).

Baz: Did you clock that queue?

Marco: Girls right around the block.

Johnny: My guts have gone to water.

Baz: How do you learn six songs in one night?

Terry: Badly.

Marco: I do think the sax adds something to the sound.

Terry: Yeah - one more bloke who don't know what he's playing.

Tony: Don't you worry. We'll give 'em summat to remember.

Terry: You can say that again.

Baz: Got a problem, Terry?

Terry: Apart from having no cash, no sleep and no chance to see me girlfriend?

Baz: 'Cos if you have, we can always sort it outside.

Tony: Leave it, Baz.

Terry: He's off again, in't he? The bloke who don't sing, don't write, can't play.

Baz: I'll play with you if you don't shut it.

Marco: Gentleman, please.

Terry: You're not the boss here, mate.

Tony: Hey!

Baz: I've had it with him.

Terry: I've had it with the lot of you.

Tony: And how far would you get on your own, eh? We fight what's standing in our way. Turn on each other and we're going nowhere fast.

(Long silence).

Marco: Has the costumier arrived?

Johnny: The what?

Baz: I still say we look better in leathers. *(Beat).* That queue

Marco: Those girls

Johnny: Me guts.

(Enter BILLY BRIGHT, in stage clothes. JOHNNY bumps into him as he exits).

Billy: Watch it!

Johnny: Sorry, mate.

Billy: I can do without being knocked off me feet, thank you very much. I woke up stiff all down one side and I can't shake off this skin complaint. The back of me hands are alive with it. Alive with it!

Baz: I think you're in the wrong room, mate.

Billy: This is the last tour I do with this lot and I'm not your mate.

Baz: Suits me.

Billy: I've had sciatica for six weeks from sleeping in a draught and the sanitary arrangements are shocking. Shocking!

Marco: I'm sorry, we haven't been introduced.

Billy: Billy Bright. Comic.

Marco: Rocky Storm and the Rainclouds.

Billy: What sort of a name is that?

Baz: It's thunder !

Marco: It's lightning!

Billy: It's wet.

(Enter JOHNNY).

Johnny: I met Paul McCartney.

Baz: Where?

Johnny: In the bog, can you believe?

Billy: Even The Beatles have to -

Marco: What did he say?

Johnny: 'All right, mate'.

Baz: And?

Johnny: That's what he said. 'All right, mate'.

Marco: And what did you say?

Johnny: 'Yeah'.

Billy: You want to watch that McCartney

Baz: Paul McCartney on the bog

Billy: I said you wanna watch that McCartney. Looks like butter wouldn't melt but I could tell you different . Oh yes, I could tell you different.

(Enter PIERRE with a pile of collarless jackets).

Pierre: Boyz, boyz - your attention, s'il vous plaît?

Baz: He's here with the gear!

Pierre: Sketching, sewing, pacing the floor ... but ce la vie, we suffer for our art.

So tell me what you sink and please - pull no pinches.

(The band put on their jackets).

Terry: He's chopped off the collars.

Baz: What does that make it?

Pierre: Unique, monsieur.

Johnny: It's different.

Marco: I rather like it.

Billy: Won't catch on.

(The band look at themselves in the mirror, smoothing their hair and straightening their clothes. There is a knock on the door. Enter SHIRLEY and CAROL, who is carrying SHIRLEY's suitcase).

Carol: Just come to say good luck.

Tony: Shirley? You look fantastic.

Shirley: Ta. Look, I need to have a word.

Tony: Go on.

Shirley: In private.

Baz: Any requests for tonight, Carol?

Carol: Yeah. Leave me alone.

Baz: I could sing summat for you and me.

Carol: Do you know Stupid Cupid?

(BAZ retreats and nods to JOHNNY).

Baz: She's playing hard to get.

Tony: What's with the suitcase?

Carol: Oh change of clothes. I got ready at Shirley's.

Shirley: Have you seen 'em, then?

Tony: Who.

Shirley: The Beatles.

Johnny: I met McCartney, I did.

Carol: And what about John?

Tony: No sign.

Billy: They've gone for chips.

(TONY takes SHIRLEY by the hand).

Tony: Come on, then

Shirley: Where?

Tony: They've gone for chips - their dressing room's empty.

Shirley: Not there.

Tony: Come on, let's have a look.

Shirley: Tony, no.

*(TONY takes SHIRLEY by the hand and pulls her away. Exit SHIRLEY and TONY.
BAZ approaches CAROL).*

Baz: I'm under the doctor, you know.

Carol: Is it serious?

Baz: What would you say if I was lovesick for you?

Carol: Drop dead.

(Exit CAROL).

Baz: What she really means is opposites attract.

Johnny: 'Course she does.

Baz: That queue

Marco: Those girls

Johnny: Me guts.

(Exit JOHNNY).

Scene 3. OUTSIDE THE GRANADA. Later that evening.

(News reporter ROY RANK is broadcasting a television interview with psychiatrist Dr. LEONARD LOEB. ROY speaks to camera and turns the microphone to DR. LOEB when he asks questions).

Roy Rank: It's eight o'clock on Saturday night - and a pilgrimage is underway. Tonight, teenagers from this northern industrial town come to worship at the feet of four earth dwelling idols known as The Beatles. Harmless entertainment or sinister cult? To answer the question on every good parent's lips, I'm joined by eminent psychiatrist, Doctor Leonard Loeb. Good evening, Dr. Loeb.

(ROY turns to DR. LOEB and nods intently as he answers the questions).

Dr. Loeb: Good evening.

Roy Rank: What's your advice to parents whose loved one has succumbed to the lure of the beat?

Dr. Loeb: Parents must be reassured it is quite natural for the teenager to feel him or herself in revolt against the adult world. In fact, any society which allows free expression must expect it.

Roy Rank: Are The Beatles a symbol of rebellion?

Dr. Loeb: Indeed. By taking these rather uncouth young men as heroes, the teenager is rejecting their parents' generation and showing how misunderstood they feel themselves to be.

Roy Rank: Is there a significance in the name, Dr. Loeb?

Dr. Loeb: No, I was born with it.

Roy Rank: The name of The Beatles.

Dr. Loeb: Ah, I believe so. To you or I, the beetle is a small, irrelevant creature which may be crushed underfoot. As such, it is a symbol of how the adolescent feels within society.

(Enter JUNE and her gang. They see the TV interview and stand behind DR LOEB looking into the camera and waving).

Roy Rank: So how do you explain The Beatles' particular appeal to teenage girls?

Dr. Loeb: It's quite fascinating; their floppy hairstyles are just one of their feminine traits that drive young girls into a frenzy. My studies show they find such girlish mannerisms a safe outlet for new-found emotional feelings. As such, it is acceptable until the age of, say, twenty-one.

Roy Rank: And a reaction verging on hysterical illness when actually faced with a Beatle?

Dr. Loeb: The screaming I have witnessed enables the girl to reject childhood restrictions, unite with her peer group and begin her preparation for motherhood born out, I might add, by the ritual of throwing jelly babies. In essence, her frenzied screams are a subconscious rehearsal for childbirth.

Roy Rank: Thank you, Dr. Loeb. Cut?

June: Excuse me Doctor?

Dr. Loeb: Yes, Miss?

June: I'm not rehearsing for anything. I just want to be heard above the rest.

Roy: How about a scream for the camera, girls?

Diane: Us on the telly!

Dr. Loeb: Shall I induce a reaction?

Roy: Feel free.

(ROY holds the microphone in front of the girls. Photographers HARRY and BOB appear and take pictures of the girls in full scream. DR. LOEB puts on his glasses to study the girls. Each time he says a name, they scream).

Dr. Loeb: John! Paul! Ringo! George!

Roy: Great.

Dr. Loeb: Fascinating.

Girls: We want The Beatles, we want The Beatles, we want The Beatles, we want The Beatles!

(Exit ROY and DR. LOEB, followed by the girls, still chanting).

Scene 4. GRANADA DRESSING ROOM. Later that evening.

(BILLY BRIGHT is combing his hair in the mirror. Enter SHIRLEY and CAROL).

Shirley: Excuse me?

Billy: I don't sign owt before a show.

Shirley: We were looking for...

Billy: If you're after them Rainclouds, they've got to have their picture took though why anyone would want their -

Carol: We need to find The Beatles.

Shirley: We're here to see John.

Billy: Acquaintances, are you?

Shirley: Friends.

Billy: I last saw him by the payphone.

Shirley: Ta.

Billy: Talking to his missus.

Shirley: He's married?

Billy: Got a lovely wife and kid at home.

Carol: No?

Billy: They keep it quiet 'cos of the fans. But you'd know that, of course. Being a friend. Wish me luck- not that I need it.

(Exit BILLY).

Shirley: That's that, then.

Carol: Shirley...

(SHIRLEY moves to the door).

Shirley: I've got to get out of here.

Carol: Hold on

Shirley: What if he sees me?

Carol: You've got nowt to be ashamed of.

Shirley: He's a married man.

Carol: We don't know that for sure.

Shirley: Look around you, Carol. We've not stepped into one of them come-and-get-me photos from the magazines. It's dark corners and closed doors and what-she-don't-know won't-hurt-her. That's the truth, in't it?

(Enter TONY).

Tony: Is it?

Shirley: I'm going.

Tony: I'm coming with you.

Shirley: You've got a show to do.

Tony: I'll buy you chips, walk you home and forget you ever said it.

Shirley: But I did, Tony. I can't turn the clock back. It's over.

Tony: Can't you even tell me why?

Carol: Tell him, Shirl.

Tony: Tell me what?

Shirley: I'm going.

(Exit SHIRLEY).

Tony: Shirley?

Carol: Let her go, Tony.

Tony: *(shouting, impassioned)* Shirley

Carol: Let her go.

(Exit CAROL. TONY sinks down on to a chair. Enter STAN, who goes to the mirror and checks his look).

Stan: All set then? Now, I reckoned on *Return To Sender*. Do you know it?

Tony: We've played it but -

Stan: Dead right for our number.

Tony: Our what?

Stan: Compère does a turn with the house band. Has he not he told you?

Tony: Who?

Stan: Frankie? How else do you think you got on the bill?

Tony: No. He didn't tell me.

Stan: This is showbusiness. You do the show - but first you do the business.

Tony: We're not doing the old songs tonight.

Stan: Not doing the old songs? I've seen all 'em here, son. Jerry Lee Lewis ... Chuck Berry ... Little Richard I felt shivers down me spine as they walked on. Then its "one-two-three-four" and suddenly, you feel the beat. Not just hear it - feel it from the soles of your shoes to the hairs on the back of your neck. We fell in love with those songs, son. We fell in love to them songs.

Tony: You know, all I ever wanted to do was get up on stage in a place like this. And now I'm here...

Stan: What is it, son?

Tony: It's Shirley. She's left me. And I can't go out there, Mr. Sutton. Not like this.

Stan: But tonight's not for you. It's for them kids out there wanting to feel that feeling, wanting to go home different to how they came in. You please them before you please yourself.

Tony: But how?

Stan: Put it in the songs, lad. Put it in the songs.

Scene 5. GRANADA CINEMA AUDITORIUM. Later that evening.

(Among the audience are LIZ, TINA, KATHY, VAL, LINDA, JUDY, LOUISE, JUNE, DIANE, PAM, ELAINE and PATSY. On the sidelines are HONEST FRED, TJ LANE, MARILYN MOORE, ROY RANK, DR. LOEB. DES and LES keep a careful watch on the crowd. HARRY and BOB take photographs).

June's Gang: We want The Beatles, we want The Beatles, we want The Beatles, we want The Beatles, we want The Beatles

June: I want my Dad.

(A scream goes up as STAN walks onstage and takes the microphone. The

screaming continues as he speaks to the crowd).

Stan: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls - and welcome to The Granada, Mansfield on this sizzlin', swingin', sensational Saturday night out! Well, have we got a rockin' show for you tonight! I said have we got a rockin' show for you, tonight! We've got comedy. We've got music. And we've got to get back home before our Mum and Dad know where we've been! You know what? On the way here tonight, I saw twenty-six teenagers doing their hair in Woolies' window. I did. And that were just the lads. You see, it's hard to tell these days. Certain young men have been growing their hair into what do they call that style?

Girls: Moptops.

Stan: I can't hear you?

Girls: Moptops!

Stan: You'll have to speak up.

Girls: Moptops!

Stan: Moptops. Now it's funny you should mention that 'cos I've seen a few moptops backstage. Four long-haired lads knocked on my dressing room door. Said they'd come all the way from where was it?

All: Liverpool!

Stan: That's it. They'd come all the way from Liverpool to play for you tonight. Now I wasn't sure if you wanted to see 'em.

All: Yeessss!

Stan: But as they'd come such a long way I said to one of them, I forget his name.

(The crowd shout out the names of The Beatles).

Stan: Little fella? Rings on his finger

All: Ringo!

Stan: Ringo, that's it. I said "Ringo, it's not up to me. I'll have to have a word with them out there". That's you, by the way.

(The crowd screams).

Stan: So do you wanna give them a go?

All: Yeeesssss!

Stan: I didn't quite catch that?

All: Yeeesss!

Stan: You want to see the Liverpool lads?

All: Yeeesssss!

Stan: What's their name again?

All: The Beatles!

Stan: That's it. But we've not only got The Beatles tonight, ladies and gentlemen. International teenage star Miss Helen Shapiro will be ***Walking Back To Happiness*** for you later in the show. And special guest star tonight is Mr. Moon River himself, the one and only Danny Williams. And there are rising stars over Mansfield tonight. Yes, the sky's the limit for local lads Rocky Storm and the Rainclouds. But to launch the show in true comic style is a very funny fella. Ladies and gentleman, boys and girls, he's here to tickle your funny bone. Please give a big Mansfield welcome to the hilarious Billy Bright!

(Exit STAN. Enter BILLY BRIGHT, who takes the microphone to a smattering of applause).

Billy: I wasn't always a stand-up comedian, you know. I was an all-round entertainer but I lost weight. Now just lately, I've been hearing some comics tell a lot of anti-Beatles jokes and I'd just like to say that I am not anti-Beatles. I'm Uncle Beatles. You know, a mate of mine says the country's going Beatle crazy. Hasn't got to me, I said. I'd picked up the phone to give him a Ringo and asked him over for a glass of Lennonade. Poor fella spilt it but he offered to mop it up. He'll do anything to please, please me.

(BILLY's act barely raise a smile in the audience).

Billy: Well, anyway I'd like to introduce you to a smashing group of lads who reckon are on their way to the top. Put your hands together for the local lads who are making good - Rocky Storm and the Rainclouds!

*(Enter ROCKY STORM and the RAINCLOUDS to wild applause. They open the set with **Tonight**. When the song ends, TONY takes the microphone).*

Tony: Thank you. I'd like to introduce our special guest this evening. Please give a big rock and roll welcome to Stan "The Man" Sutton.

*(Enter STAN. The band launch into **Return to Sender**. Halfway through the song, STAN spots JUNE in the audience).*

Stan: *(through the microphone)* June Sutton? You were told to stop at home.

(The band stop).

June: I came to see

Stan: I know who you came to see - and you can turn right round and go home.

June: No.

Stan: I beg your pardon?

June: No.

Stan: Do you know who you're talking to?

June: Yeah. Someone who never listens to me.

Stan: I'm warning you.

June: Someone who never listens to anyone but himself. No wonder Mum left.
And no wonder our Shirley's in the club.

Stan: What club?

(JUNE hands the note to STAN, who reads it and shows it to TONY).

Tony: Oh 'eck!

(STAN punches TONY in the stomach. TONY falls to the floor. Enter SHIRLEY).

Shirley: Don't hurt him!

Stan: I'm not. I'm going to kill him!

Tony: Shirl, I'll stand by you.

Stan: He's ruined you and I'm gonna ruin him.

(Enter CAROL).

Carol: It's not his fault.

Stan: Stay out of this, you.

(STAN goes for TONY again but CAROL steps between them).

Carol: He's my brother - and he's not the father.

(STAN stands back, stunned. TONY struggles to his feet).

Tony: So there is another lad.

Stan: Another lad?

Tony: Shirley?

Shirley: *(to TONY)* There was, all right? Just once. *(to STAN)* So if you want to

hit anyone, hit me.

Stan: I should knock you from here to next Wednesday.

Shirley: Go on, then. Go on!

(STAN raises his hand to SHIRLEY, who stands in front of him defiantly. STAN lowers his hand. SHIRLEY turns to the audience).

Shirley: That's it, folks. Show's over.

(SHIRLEY begins to walk out).

Baz: But we've got another song.

Tony: Wait! I'll walk you home.

Shirley: I'm not going home.

Tony: Where are you going?

Shirley: I don't know. I suppose I'll find out when I get there.

Tony: No, you won't. You're stopping here, with me. I don't care if it's not mine, Shirl. So long as you are.

Shirley: But I don't belong to you, Tony. I don't belong to you or me Dad or the school or any of those factories staking a claim. I can't tell you what's out there. I just know I've got to find it for myself.

June: Stop her, Dad.

Stan: She's her mother's daughter.

Shirley: Goodbye, Tony.

Tony: You'll be back.

(TONY exits. SHIRLEY picks up her suitcase).

Shirley: *(to JUNE)* You be good, all right? *(to CAROL)* Keep on rocking, kid.

Stan: Shirley?

(STAN takes a letter from his wallet and gives it to SHIRLEY. She opens the letter and looks up at STAN).

Shirley: Mother?

Stan: She wrote - once. Her address is on the top.

Shirley: But you said -

Stan: She'll know what to do.

(SHIRLEY puts the letter in her pocket).

Shirley: Thank you.

(Everyone watches as SHIRLEY exits. BAZ takes the microphone as CAROL walks behind the piano).

Baz: Right then we did have another song for you but it don't work without piano so I reckon that's it.

*(Tentatively, CAROL starts to play the opening bars of **Runaway Girl**).*

Baz: Thanks for listening an' all that.

(The band turn to look at CAROL playing).

Carol: Well, it is my song.

Baz: Ladies and gentlemen - Carol Cooke.

*(CAROL sings **Runaway Girl**, accompanied by the band. At the end of the song, she takes her bow).*

Carol: But it wouldn't be Rocky Storm and the Rainclouds without one man - my brother, Tony Cooke.

*(Enter TONY. He joins the band, who strike up **Twist & Shout**. They play the song and take their bow).*

Tony: And now it's the moment we've all been waiting for. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you - The Beatles!!!

(The crowd turn to the audience and scream).

CURTAIN

