

# Stupid Cupid

A New Fifties Musical  
Using songs from the period  
Book and original lyrics by Phil Willmott

"It's the 1950s at the movie house  
and every one's looking for queer  
romance in The Twilight Matinee."

"Escape with us to the back row of The Peckham Picture Palace in the 1950s.  
The faces of Rock and Monty, Doris and Ethel, Marilyn and Jimmy look down on the queer  
boys and girls all hoping for love in the technicolour shadows.

A new musical, with glorious fifties songs, about the hopes, fears, lives and loves of the  
audience, the staff and the movie stars of The Twilight Matinee."

## Characters and Cast.

### Peckham.

SID (Age 19, cockney, a cinema usher) - Andy Spiegel  
JEREMEY (mid 20s, shy, upperclass) - Nicholas Rylance  
LIZZIE (35, Sid's mum) - Karen Parker  
CUTE BOY - Simon Ashmore  
LADS IN THE CINEMA - Andy, Nicholas, Simon

### Hollywood.

CUPID (A Marilyn type movie star) - Karen  
BRITT (A Rock Hudson type movie star) - Nicholas  
FRANKIE (A tough butch and Cupid's girl) - Juley McCann  
MARTY (Film studio boss) - Simon  
NEAVE O'ROURKE (A poisonous gossip columnist) - Juley  
PRISON GUARD - Nicholas  
MASSEUR - Simon  
CLAPPER BOARD BOY/FLOOR MANAGER - Andy

VOICES OF FILM DIRECTOR AND MARTY'S SECRETARY.

### Oxford.

LUCINDA (late twenties. An intellectual, Jeremy's sister) - Juley  
EDMUND (An undergraduate) - Simon  
HELENA (An undergraduate) - Karen

THE ACTION IS DIVIDED BETWEEN A CINEMA IN PECKHAM, AND VARIOUS  
HOLLYWOOD, SOUTH LONDON AND OXFORD LOCATIONS IN THE 1950'S.

## SCENE 1

## THE CINEMA

SID IS NINETEEN, CUTE, COCKNEY. HE HAS A CINEMA USHERS TORCH WHICH HE SHINES AROUND THE AUDITORIUM.

SID:

Ladies and gentleman, welcome to the 1950's. Welcome to the Peckham Picture Palace. It's a grand old place, a bit tatty now of course, look's better when the lights are dim, but then who doesn't?

Take a seat. Sit anywhere you like, there's plenty of choice. Of course it gets very crowded here in the evening, but you've chosen the best time of the day. A magic time when you can sit alone in the darkness with out anyone bothering you and dream.

The Twilight Matinee

Evening comes and working here  
is such a chore  
Hundreds of angry people  
Pouring through that door  
They shout and call me names  
I often run away  
And long for The Twilight Matinee

Every afternoon at  
twenty five past three  
Row upon row of empty places  
beckon me  
I swap my worries  
choose my seat and drift away  
We call it The Twilight Matinee

There  
No one laughs at what you say  
I sit alone and dream  
of movie stars  
And  
If it seems that skys are grey  
I know a happy end  
Is on it's way.

ALL:

Heavenly hunks

And gorgeous girls  
 will be your friend  
 You'll never want the matinee  
 To ever end  
 Forget reality it's  
 Time to holiday  
 Escape to The Twilight Matinee

SID: (WITH BACKING VOCALS)

Life  
 could be everything I dream  
 If I was brave like Jimmy Dean  
 Life  
 Would be very A OK  
 If I woke up as Doris Day

ALL:

Alone in the dark you'll find  
 Your every dream comes true.  
 Stars of the silver screen  
 Are playing just for you  
 Avoid the crowded evening  
 Show, just slip away  
 Discover The Twilight matinee.

Discover The Twilight matinee.

SID:

The Twilight matinee. It makes this job worth while. You get a very special sort of person comes to these afternoon shows. The way they watch the film is different to the evening people. It's like they're actually in the film, like they want to be part of it. They're people like me, dreamers, loners. One day I just know someone special is going to come through that door for me. You know what I mean? THE special person. It makes you think like that, the Twilight Matinee. Of course he never does. If only life were like the movies, eh?

Now the other great thing about working here is that you get to see all the new films as soon as they come out. It makes you feel quite good, that does, when you see all those people queuing up in the rain and you've already seen it. The big box office star at the moment is an actress called Cupid. She's got this kind of dumb blonde image, they've even written a song about it. The blokes who live round here are crazy about her.

IN THE HOLLYWOOD AREA CUPID APPEARS LOOKING LIKE MARILYN IN "DIAMONDS ARE A GIRLS BEST FRIEND". SHE STANDS IN A SPOTLIGHT WITH HER BACK TO THE AUDIENCE.

NICHOLAS, ANDY AND SIMON AS LOCAL LADS IN THE CINEMA SING:

Stupid Cupid

Stupid Cupid you're our favourite star  
 Stupid Cupid you're the best by far  
 Though they say you haven't got a brain  
 When you wiggle I could go insane  
 Hey though you ain't smart  
 Stupid Cupid you stole my heart

I can't do my homework and  
 I can't think straight.  
 Every time you make a film  
 I just can't wait  
 I'm acting like a lovesick fool  
 You get me into trouble everyday at school  
 Hey though you aint smart  
 Stupid Cupid you stole my heart.

You mixed me up but good  
 Right from the very start  
 Hey Go play Robin Hood  
 with somebody else's heart.

You got me jumping like a crazy clown  
 You're the dream of every boy in town  
 Thinking of you makes me start to sweat  
 You're as perfect as a girl can get  
 Hey though you ain't smart  
 Stupid Cupid you stole my heart.

DANCE. CUPID COMES TO LIFE. THE BOYS BECOME PHOTOGRAPHERS. SHE STRIKES POSES FOR THEM. FLASH BULBS GO OFF.

FRANKIE, CUPIDS EX GIRLFRIEND OF YEARS AGO WATCHES ALL THIS FROM THE SIDE OF THE STAGE.

FRANKIE:

Every where I go I hear them sing this song  
 Can't you tell them that they've got it wrong

Why you acting like a dizzy fool?  
Like a kid who never went to school?  
You swore we'd never part  
Stupid Cupid you broke my heart

(WITH BACKING VOCALS)  
When you walked out on me  
You said you'd be a star  
Well girl you got your wish  
But I remember who you are

MUSIC SLOWS RIGHT DOWN. LIGHT ONLY ON  
FRANKIE NOW.  
(NICHOLAS GOES TO CHANGE INTO BRIT'S  
COSTUME).

FRANKIE SINGS SADLY:

I went to the cinema the other day  
Saw you in a movie and you seemed to say  
"Frankie, I'm so lonely and I miss you so  
Where's that loving that we used to know"  
Hey girl, I've been true  
Stupid Cupid what's happened to you?

Hey girl, I've been true  
Stupid Cupid what's happened to you?

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 2

A HOLLYWOOD DIRECTORS VOICE (ON TAPE BOOMS  
OUT OVER THE LOUD SPEAKERS)

DIRECTOR:  
I'm going to get this god damn movie made on time and in  
budget if it kills me. What is the matter with you people?  
Give me some light on the set.

A LIGHT PICKS UP CUPID.

CUPID:  
Hi JK.

DIRECTOR:  
Cupid honey, you're looking a million dollars this morning.  
Ready to film your big number?

CUPID:  
Ready when you are JK.

DIRECTOR:  
Where's Brit? Why has no one fetched Brit? I asked for him on set fifteen minutes ago. God Damn it, do I have to do everything myself?

BRIT COMES ON. A HANDSOME ROCK HUDSON TYPE MOVIE STAR. BLACK TIE AND DINNER SUIT.

BRITT:  
Sorry I'm late JK. Make up took a little longer this morning. A new girl.

DIRECTOR:  
New girl my ass. They had to work over time covering up the bags from last night. Another late one was it?

BRITT:  
Me and the boy's had a little fun JK, but I was on coca cola I promise.

DIRECTOR:  
That's not the coke the studio heads are worried about?

CUPID:  
Why are they worried about Pepsi, JK?

DIRECTOR:  
Don't you bother about a thing Cupid honey. You just look beautiful for me.

BRITT:  
How about me JK. How do I look?

DIRECTOR:  
Brit, I could eat you.

CUPID:  
(ASIDE. BORED NOT BITCHY) Half the studio have.

DIRECTOR:  
What was that Cupid, Angel cake?

CUPID:

Nothing JK.

DIRECTOR:

Okay. Every one ready to shoot the scene now?

VOICE OF CLAPPER BOARD BOY:

"Blonde in my Pyjamas" Scene five, take one.

DIRECTOR:

Action!

BRITT:

Which scene is this?

DIRECTOR:

First Cupid does her "Femininity" number and then it's the scene where you and Cupid are in neighbouring apartments and you both pick up phones on the party line at the same time. You're both trying to phone your laundry service to complain they returned you the wrong laundry. What you don't realise is that your not talking to the laundry your talking to each other.

BRITT:

And we've got each others clothes right?

DIRECTOR:

Good boy.

BRITT:

Could I pick up the phone and say "Hi! I'm young, free and fit and your talking to Britt" hey, I just thought that up!

CUPID:

But Britt your characters called Lional.

BRITT:

So?

DIRECTOR:

Can we cut the chat and go to our places?

BRITT:

"I'm young free and fit and you're talking to Lional" No problem.

CUPID:

JK? I have a question.

DIRECTOR:  
Sure, cupid Honey.

CUPID:  
You know the scene when Lional comes round to Delores's apartment and she's wearing his pyjamma's.

DIRECTOR:  
Yeh.

CUPID:  
Well... I was kind'a wondering... why is she?

BRITT:  
'Cause it's the title of the film, stupid.

CUPID:  
It doesn't have to be.

BRITT:  
Yeh, it does. I says very clearly on the front of the script. The films called... it's called.. well, there's something about it in there somewhere.

CUPID:  
Maybe it's an oblique rhetorical reference.

BRITT:  
Do we get more money for those?

CUPID:  
It could be that Delores feels as out of place as a girl in a pair of men's pyjamas. After all she has just moved in to a new apartment.

DIRECTOR:  
Well, that's just it honey. The only clothes she brought with her were at the laundry and now they're in Lional's apartment.

CUPID:  
But... What did she wear when she took the clothes to the laundry?

DIRECTOR:  
Well...

BRITT:  
Yeh? What is this dumb story?

DIRECTOR:  
She... didn't take them to the laundry. A little man came to collect them.

BRITT:  
Right. I knew that.

DIRECTOR:  
Okay, Now let's play the scene.

CLAPPER BOARD BOY:  
"Blonde in my Pyjamas" Scene five, take one.

DIRECTOR:  
Action!

CUPID:  
How did he get in?

DIRECTOR:  
CUT! Cupid, what?

CUPID:  
How did he get in?

DIRECTOR:  
Who?

CUPID:  
The little man who came to collect the laundry?

DIRECTOR:  
Well, through the front door. How else?

CUPID:  
Does Delores leave the front door unlocked, Say, she's a very trusting girl she should be more careful.

DIRECTOR:  
No! she doesn't leave the front door unlocked.

CUPID:  
Then how did the little man get in?

DIRECTOR:

She let him in.

CUPID:  
(SHOCKED) But she hasn't got any clothes on.

DIRECTOR:  
Well... she was wearing a robe.

CUPID:  
She has a robe?

DIRECTOR:  
Yes.

BRITT:  
Then how come she has to wear his pyjamas?

DIRECTOR:  
Because... The Robe got dirty.

CUPID:  
(NOT TRYING TO CAUSE TROUBLE. GENUINELY CONFUSED) How did that happen! I know. Did she wear it out to the drug store JK? Did she wear it out to the drug store and maybe it rained and there were big puddles at the edge of the side walk and a car went passed and splashed her. Is that what happened, JK?

BRITT:  
What kind of a dumb broad wears a robe out in the street?

CUPID:  
(ANGRY) Delores is not a dumb broad. She is responding in a practical way to a very real situation which a lot of young girls must have to face when they move apartments and suddenly want to send all their clothes to the laundry.

BRITT:  
That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard. Whose gunna believe this garbage. (TO DIRECTOR) You promised me this was a classy film. You didn't say anything about broads in the street wearing robes.

CUPID:  
Oh you're so smart. Well, tell me what would you do if you were in Delores's position? She's miles away from her old home, where she grew up as a girl, surrounded by her mamma and poppa and all her little brothers and sister's, all

her clothes are at the laundry and suddenly she runs out of bread or milk or mascara or something like that. Is she going stay home, a prisoner in her own apartment? Or is she going to slip into that robe which her granny gave to her on her eighteenth birthday and make that dash to the little shop on the corner that could mean the difference between life and death?. I admire her. I think this is a wonderful film JK. It kind'a makes me proud to be a woman. What does she want with that creep Lionel anyway? JK, I don't think she should get married to him at the end. He'd only keep her up all night talking on the stupid phone anyway. Couldn't she go back to the little town where she came from and settle down and.. and.. and be a librarian or something? What do you say JK? Why don't we make this a film for the girls? Girls like Delores. Women who made America what it is today. Women who are prepared to slip on a robe.

BRITT:

Hey. I want a scene with a robe too.

CUPID:

That's just so typical of men like you and Lionel.

DIRECTOR:

WILL YOU TWO SHUT UP! You listen good. " Blonde in my pyjamas's is a formula musical comedy that is going to be exactly the same as all the others we've made because that is what the public want, and if we don't give the public what they want we're all out of a job.

CUPID:

But Delores could show them there's another way.

BRITT:

A blue robe would look nice with my hair colour.

DIRECTOR:

No robe's, no librarians, no "other way" Just do the number.

CUPID:

But the story isn't real.

DIRECTOR:

It Doesn't matter!

BRITT:

What about the little man from the laundry?

DIRECTOR:  
Sing!

CUPID PERFORMS THE NUMBER "FEMININITY"  
SHE DANCES WITH BRIT.

Femininity

Why can't I be the girl that I want to be?  
Why can't I be the girl that I'm not?  
Why do men always look  
As they look, when they look at me?  
I must have something but what have I got?

I say I'd like to join the married class  
The man says yes my dear  
Then makes a pass.

Femininity, femininity  
I guess I'm over blessed with femininity  
I want the family life, woman's career  
But all that I get is a pinch on the rear.

Femininity, my femininity  
Just seems to bring out basic masculinity  
What do I do that turns man into beast?  
He wants me the most when I offer the least,  
If I defend the west  
Then he attacks the east.

All I do is simply stand there  
All at once I feel a hand there  
Begging for my femininity

Femininity, femininity  
Has always brought a crowd to my vicinity.  
Other girls have the same buckles and bows  
But they always manage to stay in their clothes.

Personality, my personality  
Just makes them all expect some hospitality  
When a man brings me home  
I ask him in,  
I only intend to have one little gin  
Why do I always end up on the tiger skin?

There are times I  
Can't help feeling  
As I'm staring at the ceiling  
What's the point of  
Femininity?

MAY BE THE OTHERS JOIN IN THE DANCE AS  
ADORING DINNER JACKETED MEN

### SCENE 3

SID:

The big male star at the moment is the gorgeous Brit Laurance. They say he's the vainest man in Hollywood and you should see him in the pictures he's so mean. He has a beautiful woman in every apartment block and when he looks at the girl, even though all her friends have told her how rotten he is, he's always so smooth, and sexy that you want to call out to the girl "kiss him, kiss him. Go on. Stick your tongue down his throat and give him a real good snog", just so you can imagine what it would be like to kiss him yourself and of course she always does. That's what I like about the movies. It always works out like in your dreams.

Even if she never does slip her tongue in!

JEREMY ENTERS. HE IS ALSO PLAYED BY NICHOLAS SO HE LOOKS LIKE BRIT BUT HIS MOVEMENTS ARE RATHER GAWKY AND HE HAS LITTLE ROUND METAL GLASSES. HE'S WEARING AN RAF UNIFORM. HE HAS AN UPPER CLASS VOICE.

JEREMY:

Excuse me, is this the right cinema for the new Cupid film, please?

SID IS GOBSMACKED AT THE APPARENT ARRIVAL OF HIS DREAM MAN.

SID:

Umm yes, yes. Well, there's a travelogue on first about Belgium grape picking.

JEREMY:

Oh right, could you tell me where I should sit?

SID:

You can sit anywhere. It's The Twilight Matinee (CHORD OF MUSIC) - where dreams can come true.

JEREMY:  
I beg your pardon.

SID:  
Oh sorry. I was miles away. Please sit anywhere you like.

JEREMY MOVES TO FIND A SEAT.

SID:  
(TO AUDIENCE) Listen to me blathering away like that. He must think I'm an idiot, but he's so handsome. Oh what's the point of thinking about it? He's into Cupid not blokes.

JEREMY:  
Excuse me, sorry to bother you again, but Brit Laurance's in this too, isn't he?

SID:  
Yes. Yes he is. (TO US) No! This can't be happening to me. I'm scared. What should I do? Should I go over and chat to him. He seems friendly enough. But why should he be interested in me. He's probably got loads of people after him.

BLACK OUT ON SID.

JEREMY IN A SPOTLIGHT SINGS "WHERE THE BOYS ARE" VERY SINCERE. NOT SENT UP, SAT IN HIS CINEMA SEAT.

Where the boys are  
Someone waits for me  
A smiling face  
A warm embrace  
Two arms to hold me tenderly  
Where the boys are  
My true love will be  
He 's walking down some street in town  
And I know he's looking there for me.

In the crowd of a million people  
I'll find my valentine  
And then I'll climb to the highest steeple  
and tell the world he's mine.

Till he holds me  
I'll wait impatiently.  
Where the boys are  
Where the boys are  
Where the boys are  
Some one waits for me.

Till he holds me  
I'll wait impatiently.  
Where the boys are  
Where the boys are  
Where the boys are  
Some one waits for me.

SID APPROACHES JEREMY.

SID:  
Would you like a choc ice?

JEREMY:  
No, thank you.

SID:  
Ice lolly, orange drink, popcorn?

JEREMY:  
No thanks.

SID:  
You can have it with salt or sugar. I'll fetch it if you like, you wouldn't have to miss any of the travelogue.

JEREMY:  
It's alright. I'm not really watching it anyway.

SID:  
Oh look, the bit where the man with the wart treads on the grapes and they squidge up between his toes. I've never had wine myself, but I don't think I could face it after seeing this three times a day.

FOR A MOMENT THEY BOTH LOOK AT THE SCREEN,  
HOORRIFIED.

JEREMY:  
I'm not surprised. Have you ever been to Belgium?

SID PERCHES ON THE ARM OF THE END CINEMA

SEAT.

SID:

No and if you had to see this three times a day you wouldn't want to. You been there with the RAF? Belgium?

JEREMY:

Oh no. I never get to go anywhere. I've just got a desk job in Whitehall because of my asthma. It's ridiculous really but it keeps my family happy. They've always been in the armed forces and it sort of carries on the tradition.

SID:

Still, it must be more interesting than working here.

JEREMY:

No, no. I really envy you. Especially when it's quiet like this. You must have lots of time to think. I never get a moment to myself, or just to be myself. They've closed our office for the afternoon, there's some kind of senior staff meeting so I thought I'd just get on a bus and see where it took me.

SID:

And it took you here?

JEREMY:

Well eventually. I had a bit of a wander round first. Shops, the park, just to enjoy being on my own.

SID:

How did it feel?

JEREMY:

Good. Well...

SID:

It sounds really lonely to me.

JEREMY:

Yes. But I'm used to that.

SID:

I thought you said you never had any time to yourself?

JEREMY:

I don't. But you don't have to be on your own to feel lonely. I think the worst kind of loneliness is when you're in a crowded room of your colleagues, even family and not one

person really understands you.

SID:

I try not to get in a crowded room with my family. I'm not very good at dodging bullets.

JEREMY:

You're not serious?

SID:

Our lot have been in and out of prison so often they're thinking of opening a wing of Pentonville with our name on it.

JEREMY:

I've never met anyone like you.

SID:

Oh I'm not like that. That's why I work in here to escape that. You could say I'm the odd one out in our family. The same as you - no one really understands me. My mum tries, she's alright. I've always kept out of trouble for her sake.

JEREMY:

Are you very close?

SID:

Yeh, kind of. She had me when she was 16 so she's still very young. More like a mate sometimes.

JEREMY:

That must be nice. I had a nanny when I was little, and then of course I went straight to boarding school. So I only got to see my mother on special occasions. Now even if I want to talk to her it's like being with a stranger.

SID:

That's terrible. It was my mum who got me interested in this place. Every Saturday when I was little we used to come down here with a big box of hankies, sit in the dark and watch a real weepy together. We used to cry our eyes out. It felt great. I knew my dad would be so cross with me. He was always telling me I had to be a man and men don't cry. So it was wonderful to be able to be myself, have my own feelings. Mum loved those films too but do you know it's really weird, when things got too sad she couldn't stand it. She used to slip out of her seat and then come and fetch

me at the end. It use to worry me at first but I when it got to the happy ending she'd be back again by my side and that made them even happier. Haven't you got anyone in your family you can talk to?

JEREMY:

Well, perhaps I have actually. My cousin Lucinda. She was my friend when we were children, rattling around in huge country houses wherever we were summoned for christmas. We used to have some good times together. As a matter of fact I'm going to visit her this weekend. She's studying at Oxford but it seems she's fallen in with a bad set. She wrote me a letter, it's all rather strange.

SID:

What do you mean?

JEREMY:

I don't think I should tell you. I mean, I hardly know you.

SID:

No, course not, I'm sorry I was being nosey. Enjoy the film.

HE STARTS TO GO.

JEREMY:

No, wait I'm sorry.

SID RETURNS.

JEREMY:

She says she's made a discovery about herself, she says... she says she likes women better then men.

SID:

How do you mean?

JEREMY:

She is attracted to other women. You see why I was nervous about telling you?

SID:

What do you think about it?

JEREMY:

I don't know, I'm a bit confused? I think it's OK, I mean it doesn't do any harm does it?

SID:  
No.

JEREMY:  
And like you said about having a good cry in the cinema.  
You should be allowed to have your own feelings, shouldn't  
you?

SID:  
Yes.

JEREMY:  
Thank you for telling me that story about you and your  
mother.

SID:  
That's alright. It's nice to find out a bit about you too

JEREMY:  
Oh! I think the films about to start.

SID:  
Can I watch it with you. I'm allowed to if it's not busy.

JEREMY:  
Please do.

SID TAKES A SEAT NEXT TO JEREMY

LIGHTS DOWN ON THEM.

UP ON CUPID AS IF THE BOYS ARE WATCHING HER  
IN THE FILM.

Magic Touch.

CUPID:  
You've got the magic touch  
It makes me glow so much  
It casts a spell, it rings a bell  
The magic touch

LIGHTS DOWN ON CUPID IN THE FILM  
UP ON FRANKIE ALONE IN HER WORLD.

FRANKIE:  
You had a magic touch

It made me glow so much  
 It cast a spell, It rang a bell  
 The magic touch

Here I go reeling uh oh  
 Remembrin' the glow  
 Oh where can I run from you?

LIGHT OUT ON FRANKIE  
 UP ON CUPID

AND UP ON SID AND JEREMY. THEY ARE SAT  
 FRIGIDLY APART.

DURING THE FOLLOWING THEIR BODY LANGUAGE  
 RELAXES.

FIRST THEIR KNEES TOUCH, HESITANTLY AND THEN  
 FIRMLY.

THEN THEY FIND AND HOLD EACH OTHER'S HAND,

THEN JEREMY PUTS HIS ARM AROUND SID-

-AND SID LEANS IN TO HIM.

ALL THE TIME THEIR EYES ARE OUT FRONT  
 WATCHING THE FILM.

CUPID

You've got the magic touch  
 it makes me glow so much  
 It casts a spell, it rings a bell  
 The magic touch

Oh when I feel you're charm  
 It's like a fall of love  
 You make thrill so much  
 You've got the magic touch

MUSIC FOR ONE VERSE

I'd know too much  
 and then I felt you're touch  
 and now I've learned  
 I can return  
 the magic touch

ADD SPOTLIGHT ON FRANKIE

SID AND JEREMY SNOG ROMANTICALLY

FRANKIE AND CUPID;  
Here I go reeling uh oh  
I'm felling the glow  
But when can I go from you?

It hurts so much  
Remembering you're touch

CUPID WITH JEREMY AND SID:  
And now I've learned  
I can return  
the magic touch

BLACK OUT.

WE'RE BACK WITH JEREMY AND SID WHERE WE  
LEFT THEM (SIMON AND JULEY TO CHANGE  
COSTUMES FOR MARTY AND NEAVE)

THEY COME UP FOR AIR. JEREMY SITS WIDE EYED,  
STUNNED.

SID:  
Wow.

JEREMY:  
I'm really sorry. I don't know what came over me.

SID:  
i think I nearly did.

JEREMY:  
Pardon.

SID:  
Nothing. But what did you say sorry for? That was terrific.

JEREMY:  
Well, yes. Yes it was, wasn't it?

SID:  
What did you think of the film?

JEREMY:

(STILL SHELL SHOCKED) What film?

SID:  
Come on.

JEREMY:  
Where are we going?

SID:  
I don't know, I don't care, anywhere. When are you back at work?

JEREMY:  
Not until Monday but I have to catch a train early tomorrow morning. Lucinda's meeting me at Oxford.

SID:  
Great, so do I get to keep you until then?

JEREMY:  
Yes please.

SID:  
I'll tell them I'm off home sick and then Peckham is all ours.

MUSIC COVERS;

LIGHTS DOWN ON THEM SNOGGING.

#### SCENE 4

A PHONE RINGS ON TOP OF SIMON'S KEYBOARD. HE STOPS PLAYING AND ANSWERS IT AS MARTY.

MARTY IS A POWERFUL HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVE. MAYBE HE'S SMALL AND WEASELLY MAYBE HE'S LIKE THE BIG BOSS IN THE FILM BARTON FINK.

MARTY:  
Yes, Miss Michaels?

MISS MICHAELS VOICE: (AS IF OVER THE PHONE)  
Neave O'Rourke is here to see you?

MARTY:  
What do you mean?

MISS MICHAELS:

She's here? heading your way. I tried to stop her, sir, but she just bowled right past me.

MARTY:

Did she leave her broomstick by the coat stand?

NEAVE BURSTS INTO THE ROOM. MARTY PUTS THE PHONE DOWN.

NEAVE IS A POISONOUS HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP COLUMNIST. SHE HAS A TIGHT TWEEDY SUIT, THOSE GLASSES WITH THE LITTLE WINGS AT THE SIDES, AND MAYBE WEARS A TURBAN HAT LIKE NORMA DESMOND IN SUNSET BOULEVARD. CRUELLA DE VILLE MEETS JOAN COLLINS.

NEAVE:

Marty Darrrrring! And how is the most powerful being in Hollywood, this morning?

MARTY:

I don't know Neave, you tell me, How are you?

NEAVE:

Oh, you are a scream. Me, powerful? I'm just a humble gossip columnist trying to scratch a living, sharing with my family of readers any little crumbs of tittle tattle that come my way from the stars of your film studio. illuminating our dull grey lives with little rays of technicolour.

MARTY:

Why my artists? cant you destroy some careers over at MGM.

NEAVE:

Oh but darling you should be grateful for the publicity. This is the nineteen fifties. The forties are long gone. No guaranteed audience now, you have to compete with television and your hold's slipping and what's your only weapon? Movie stars, glorious larger then life gods and goddesses. And what keeps their names on everyone lips? Gossip. Or to put it mono syllabically - dirt. Say? Isn't that a piano over there?

MARTY:

It certainly is.

NEAVE:

Hit it!

Dirt.

MARTY ACCOMPANIES NEAVE SINGING THE  
FOLLOWING;

When I was a just little girl  
Daddy worked late at night  
Passing by momma's room one time  
I saw a lucrative sight  
A traveling salesman and momma  
Rolling around on the floor  
They paid me a lot to keep quiet  
But daddy paid me some more.

Dirt, delicious 4 letter word  
Dirt is making me rich  
Dirty secrets give me a kick  
The public has a right to bitch.

Have you heard of the movie star.  
Let's know him as Mr X.  
They lay him out in the leather bars  
To stub out thier cigarettes.  
Miss Y's a glamorous goddess  
Whose figure's bound to appeal  
It isn't a question of diet  
just vomiting up every meal.

Dirt, delicious 4 letter word  
Dirt is making me rich  
Dirty secrets give me a kick  
The public has a right to bitch.

Have you heard about Mr Z  
Romping out by the pool.  
No one even suspected them  
'till she turned up late at school.  
Miss W's a new lover  
See the presents she's sent  
The silly bitch better be careful  
He's gunna be the president.

Dirt, delicious 4 letter word  
Dirt is making me rich  
Dirty secrets give me a kick  
The public has a right to-

EVERYONE:

Bitch!

MARTY:

Well, I don't want to take up any more of your precious time.

NEAVE:

Hold your horses. I want you to be the first to congratulate me. Well, the first since I arrived in your office.

MARTY:

On what?

NEAVE:

I've been given my own TV show. Darling, isn't it marvellous? Spreading Hollywood dirt all over everyone's living room, celebrity recipes, pets of the stars, who dear liz taylor is divorcing each week, that kind of thing. But most importantly world exclusives which will keep my show right at the top of the ratings. That's where you fit in.

MARTY:

I do?

NEAVE:

You certainly do. Because I'm going to need a real humdinger to start the series buzzing, a reel scoop and I've found it. Early this morning I got a call from a pal in the police force. Apparently, a group of young women had a little too much to drink down town last night and my cop friend had to haul one of them in.

MARTY:

Well, it wasn't one of our girls. It's the boys we have to prise away from the bottle in the morning.

NEAVE:

Will you listen? This young woman was picked up on a rather unusual yet quaintly colourful charge. Did you know any woman out in public has to be wearing at least two items of female clothing or they can be busted for male impersonation?

MARTY:

I don't get it.

NEAVE:

This doll was dressed entirely in men's clothes. Cropped hair, leather jacket, heavy boots.

MARTY LOOKS BLANK.

She was a lesbian. Of course they get released as soon as they reach the station, it just gives the boys a bit of fun roughing them up in the back of the van, but this particular little missy wasn't taking it. She fought like a wild cat, they tell me. So much so that they had to let her cool her heels in the slammer and as you know they take all your possessions off you.

MARTY:

Does this story have a point?

NEAVE:

It does, and believe me you're about to feel it. This little girl was carrying a photo of her and her particular lady friend. Guess who it turned out to be?

MARTY:

Lassie?

NEAVE:

Funny man. I wonder if you'll be quipping when I tell you it was none other than your hottest female star.

MARTY:

No, not Cupid.

NEAVE:

Isn't it delicious?

MARTY:

I don't believe it!

NEAVE:

Oh, it's her all right. I invested a considerable sum of the papers money in purchasing the little snapette. There's no doubt who it is and she isn't playing doctors and nurses either.

MARTY:

You're bluffing.

NEAVE:

Want to call that bluff, sweetie pie?

MARTY:  
What are you going to do?

NEAVE:  
Poor Marty. I have it on good authority that you're already paying out a fortune hushing up stories about that idiot fag Brit Laurance. Well now you have two rotten apples in the barrel. Lucky for them they also happen to be you're biggest earners.

MARTY:  
How much do you want?

NEAVE:  
Darling I don't want money! No, nothing half as vulgar. I want a happy ending and I want it on my show.

MARTY:  
I don't understand.

NEAVE:  
There going to get married.

MARTY:  
Who to?

NEAVE:  
Each other, you idiot! And there going to announce it live in front of twenty million people all across America on my show next Saturday. Don't you see it's the perfect solution? You get to quash permanently all that vulgar slander about your stars nocturnal omissions and I fairy godmother to the stars instead of wicked step mother to the fairies.

MARTY:  
Great publicity for the new film too.

NEAVE:  
Now you're thinking.

MARTY:  
Live TV. In front of twenty million people, though. This has to be very carefully planned one slip up and we're finished. I don't know if they can handle live television.

NEAVE:

They'll handle it darling because you'll explain to them that if they don't come over as prince and princess charming, Saturday's front pages are going to be covered with them in sexual positions where their own mothers wouldn't recognise them. Here's how it goes. Cupid comes out and does that nauseating song.

MARTY:  
Femininity?

NEAVE:  
That's the one. Then she comes and sits on the couch and tells us all how cuckoo she is about him.

Then he comes out and tells us he's been a naughty boy in the past but he's through with breaking pretty girls hearts because he's met a one in a million. - Your script boys can rustle something up, make sure they're word perfect.

Then just as I'm winding up, surprise, surprise he pops the question she accepts and they both thank me for making them realise how much they mean to each other. The credits roll to wild canned applause and no one can wait to tune in next week.

MARTY:  
It's perfect.

NEAVE:  
Thank you darling. It had better be.

MARTY:  
You have this studios full co-operation.

NEAVE:  
I hope so. I don't have to remind you that the House of Un-American activities is very interested in you people.

MARTY:  
There are no communists in my studio.

NEAVE:  
I'm sure you're right darling. Unfortunately shoving your Yankee Doodle Dandy up someone's dirt box isn't the senates idea of an american activity either. Have a nice day!

BLACK OUT.

INSTRUMENTAL REPRISE OF MAGIC TOUCH TAKES US BACK TO SID AND JEREMY SNOGGING. Jeremy'S UNIFORM IS IN DISARRAY.

IT'S EARLY MORNING. MUSIC FADES INTO PADDINGTON STATION SOUND EFFECTS.

SID:

Hurry up. You'll miss your train.

JEREMY:

I don't want to go. I want to stay here with you, and ride on the top of the bus and roll down the hill in Greenwich park in the moonlight and watch the sun come up over the docks, and snog all night, all over again.

SID:

We will, we'll do it all over again, all the time and anything we want to do. Just come and meet me at the picture palace when you get back.

JEREMY:

Of course I will.

MAKES A GRAB FOR HIM AGAIN.

SID:

Stop it. Someone's going to see and then where will we be? You ought to be ashamed of yourself behaving like that in your nice RAF uniform.

JEREMY:

Thank you for a wonderful time.

SID:

That's ok. Maybe when you get back you can take me to see the places where you live.

JEREMY:

(TINY PAUSE) Well, yes. That would be fun.

SID:

Look, your train's up on the board, now.

JEREMY:

I'll see you when I get back.

SID:  
See you.

JEREMY LEAVES, WALKING BACKWARDS AS LONG AS HE CAN SO HE CAN TAKE A LAST LONG LOOK AT SID. TO AN INSTRUMENTAL REPRISE OF MAGIC TOUCH.

SID:  
Just think. Me. Mrs Jeremy, drop dead sexy, RAF type.

HEAVES A BIG SIGH AND SINGS:

I Want To Get Married

I want to get married  
I want to be spliced  
I want to get knotted  
And see my friends potted  
I want to be confettied and riced  
They say that married life  
Is what one makes it  
I'm sure I've got what it takes  
I hope he takes it.

I want to get settled  
Crawl into his shell  
I want start cooing  
And spend my life doing  
those things that mom and pop used to spell  
Give me a cottage small  
Where the rail road never stops.  
I want to sleep in pyjamma tops  
I want to get married.

A DREAM JEREMY BRIDEGROOM DRESSED IN A WHITE TAIL SUIT DANCES ON AND TAKES SID'S ARM.

THE TWO WOMEN THROW CONFETTI AND DRESS SID IN A PINK FRILLY APRON HANDING HIM A SERIES OF FIFTIES DOMESTIC APPLIANCES WHICH HE ACTS OUT CLICHED HOUSEWIFELY THINGS.

I want to get married  
I want to be spliced  
I want to get knotted  
And see my friends potted  
I want to be confettied and riced

Let others play the field  
I'd rather choose one  
I want to order twin beds  
Then only use one.

I want to get settled  
Crawl into his shell  
I want start cooing  
And spend my life doing  
those things that mom and pop used to spell  
They say that married life  
Is what one makes it  
I'm sure I've got what it takes  
Won't need to fake it.

I want to get married.

BLACK OUT.

CUT TO SIMON TALKING INTO THE PHONE ON HIS  
KEYBOARD. AS MARTY.

#### SCENE 6.

MARTY:

That's right Cupid honey. You're going to get married.

To Britt.

Isn't that wonderful?

I know you're the best of pals..

What do you mean when he's sober?..

Now cupid...

listen.. listen..

why? Because I said you are. Don't you think it'll be kind of  
fun? You get a big cake, and a pretty dress and..

no he isn't a complete jerk and he's nuts about you...

A sleazy faggot? Cupid honey that's not a very nice thing to  
say. He's as red blooded as they come..

Of course he doesn't have crabs..

He is a crab?..

Well, you shouldn't pay any attention to your make up boy..

Or Andre the dresser..

Or Bobby on reception..

I DON'T CARE IF HE'S SUCKED OFF THE ENTIRE U.S. FLEET YOU'RE GOING TO SAY YES WHEN HE PROPOSES AND THAT IS FINAL!

(HE SLAMS THE PHONE DOWN)

We never had this trouble with Champion The Wonder Horse.

BLACKOUT

SCENE 7.

CUT TO FRANKIE IN PRISON.

FRANKIE:

(CALLS) Hey when are you bums going to let me out of here? I know my rights. I promise I wont cause any more trouble, just let me out of here and give me that photo back! Please!

SHE SINGS. VERY COD COUNTRY AND WESTERN ARRANGEMENT AND BACKING VOCALS.

Four Walls.

Four walls to hear me  
Four walls to see  
Four walls to hear me  
Closing on me.

Out where the bright lights are glowing  
Your drawn like a moth to a flame  
You laugh while the wines overflowing  
While I sit and whisper your name.

Four walls to hear me  
Four walls to see

Four walls to hear me  
Closing on me.

(rpt chorus)

BLACK OUT ON THAT.

SCENE 8.

SIMON PLAYS A MASSEUR IN A HEALTH CLUB

BRIT IS WEARING DARK GLASSES. AND A TOWEL  
ROUND HIS MIDDLE. HE IS CARRYING A SCRIPT.

BRITT:  
I booked in for a massage.

MASSEUR:  
I took the call sir, If you'd like to lie here Mr Laurance.

BRITT:  
Damn. These are new shades. People aren't supposed to  
recognise me in them.

MASSEUR:  
It wasn't your face I recognised, sir.

BRITT:  
Have I had sexual intercourse with you, kid?

MASSEUR:  
Yes sir, last Thursday. My first day. They tell me it's a kind  
of tradition with you when a new boy starts.

BRITT:  
Was I good?

MASSEUR:  
I'm sure you would have been sir but you passed out about  
five minutes in.

BRITT:  
Sorry kid.

MASSEUR:  
That's just fine sir. I told them to have that triple scotch and

soda waiting for you as you requested.

BRITT:  
Much appreciated, kid.

MASSEUR:  
And someone from the studio phoned. They said to remind you to learn your lines for the TV. special.

BRITT:  
Gee! I wonder how they knew where to find me.

MASSEUR:  
The lady said she just tried everywhere with a bar, Mr Laurance.

BRITT LIES ON HIS FRONT, FACE TO THE AUDIENCE AND FLICKS THROUGH THE SCRIPT. THE MASSEUR STARTS TO WORK.

BRITT:  
I know these god damn lines. The weirdest thing. The character's called Britt too. Great casting, hey kid?

MASSEUR:  
Yes sir. Very distinctive cologne you're wearing again sir. I can't quite place it.

BRITT:  
That? Oh, it's crab lotion.

THE MASSEUR TENSES MOMENTARILY.

BRITT WINCES.

BRITT:  
AHHH!

MASSEUR:  
Sorry sir. Mr Laurance sir, I don't know whether you remember sir, but on your last visit you mentioned that if I.. If I.. was very thorough you might be able to get me a screen test at the studio.

BRITT ISN'T LISTENING HE'S READING THE SCRIPT. WE CAN SEE HIS MOUTH MOVING.

MASSEUR:  
I enrolled in a lot of classes since I got here. Singing,

dancing, that new method acting. You should hear me grunt Mr Laurance, and I practice mumbling every morning in front of the mirror.

BRITT:  
Hey kid, test me on these lines will you?

HE HOLDS OUT THE SCRIPT.

THE MASSEUR LOOKS AT IT.

MASSEUR:  
You want me to start where you come in?

BRITT:  
Don't stop the massage.

MASSEUR:  
But I can't massage and read the script sir.

BRITT:  
Well you lie here and I'll do you.

MASSEUR:  
But-

BRITT:  
Kid, who's the movie star and who's the wanna be? Lie down.

THEY SWAP PLACES.

Now. You say...

MASSEUR:  
(READS OUT) "So Britt, are you really the ladies man we read about all the time in the columns?"

BRITT:  
"Well, Neave, I guess some of that stuff is true. I can't resist a pretty girl. I've always been the same. As soon as I was in long pants I must confess I had an eye for the little ladies."

MASSEUR:  
"Did you have a childhood sweet heart?"

BRITT:

"Oh Neave, you've really hit a soft spot there.

HE SOMEHOW MANAGES TO FLIP THE MASSEUR ON TO HIS BACK.

THE MASSEUR'S HEAD HANGS OVER THE EDGE OF THE TABLE SO THE AUDIENCE SEE HIS FACE UPSIDE DOWN.

BRIT SITS ASTRIDE HIM. REACHES BEHIND AND AS HE PERFORMS THE FOLLOWING SPEECH BEGINS TO JACK OFF THE MASSEUR.

CONTRAST BRITT'S QUIET HOLLYWOOD SINCERITY WITH THE WILD EXPRESSIONS ON THE MASSEUR'S UPSIDE DOWN FACE AS HE BUILDS TOWARD ORGASM.

BRITT:

I remember little Chloe Ann, she was the cutest little girl in Mrs Cherry's primary class.

MASSEUR:

(AS BRIT UNDOES HIS FLIES) Mr. Laurance sir, What are you doing?

BRITT:

She used to live down the block from us and I'd run to the corner every morning to carry her books to school. I thought I loved her fit to bust until I saw her big sister May.

MASSEUR:

Mr. Laurance!

BRITT:

She was sweet sixteen and I was only ten but I was getting my first inkling of what the older gal can offer. Of course there's been plenty since then but you know Neave, those days are over.

MASSEUR:

Mr.... oh! oh!

BRITT:

I've had my fun but there comes a time when a fellah wants to settle down with a special little cutey. He wants to throw that little black book away and settle back in his arm chair, get him a pipe and read the paper.

MASSEUR:  
Ahh.. ohhh!

BRITT:  
Knowing his special little missy is out in the kitchen rustling up his favourite chicken dinner.

MASSEUR:  
Ahhh... ahh (ETC.)

BRITT:  
Neave, I'll tell you straight I'm lonesome for what mom and pop had. I don't know whether all your viewers out there understand what I'm saying but this is one movie star who longs for that certain something only married life can bring. I guess I'll never feel complete without a special gal on my arm.

THE MASSEUR ORGASMS:  
Ahhhhhhhhhh!

BRITT:  
Word perfect hey kid?

BRITT WIPES HIS HAND BY RUFFLING THE MASSEURS HAIR.

MASSEUR:  
Mr Laurance?

BRITT:  
Yes Kid?

MASSEUR:  
Do I get my screen test now?

BLACK OUT

## SCENE 9

SPOTLIGHT ON CUPID.

CLEAR MESSAGE STUFF. NICHOLAS TO CHANGE INTO JEREMY COSTUME. AS.

The Diary Song.

CUPID:

(SINGS) Dear Diary,  
It's Cupid.

I know I've been neglecting you  
But I have to tell someone  
My worst nightmares coming true.  
I just wanted to be famous  
Never guessed there was a cost  
Now I'm crying on your pages  
Counting everything I've lost.  
I have learnt the lines they gave me  
I can play the role of bride  
I can change into the costume  
Have my hair done and my make up  
But i can not change inside.

SPOTLIGHT OUT ON CUPID. KAREN TO CHANGE INTO  
LIZZIE'S COSTUME.

SPOTLIGHT UP ON SID

SID:

Dear diary,  
Remember me,  
I know I've been neglecting you  
But I have to tell someone  
How my dreams are coming true  
And I want to make a record  
So the world will understand  
And can read here in your pages  
How a man can love a man.  
That his kisses are like honey  
That I tremble at his name  
When I held his body to me  
And I felt his arms around me  
Life would never be the same.

SPOTLIGHT OUT ON SID UP ON JEREMY.

JEREMY:

Dear Diary,  
I'm in Oxford,  
I know I've been neglecting you  
But i have to tell someone  
My wildest dreams are coming true.  
Lucy met me at the station,

and I told her I was gay  
She hugged me like a sister  
'said she'd guessed it anyway.  
Then she took me to a party  
With so many handsome men  
As the champagne started flowing  
I kissed one and then another  
I don't want my stay to end.

BLACKOUT.

#### SCENE 10

LIZZIE MEETS SID IN THE DARK OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE.

OUT DOOR CLOTHES.

LIZZIE:  
Sid. Where you been?

SID:  
All right mum?

LIZZIE:  
I've been so worried about you.

SID:  
What you doing out here?

LIZZIE:  
Keep your voice down!

SID:  
Why, what's happened?

LIZZIE:  
You're dad's gone mental. He's been roaring round the house all afternoon.

SID:  
Did he thump you?

LIZZIE:  
It's not me he's mad at, it's you. Oh Sid what have you done? He's been going crazy. I thought he was going to explode.

SID:  
Me? Why's he mad at me?

LIZZIE:  
Don't you know?

SID:  
No.

LIZZIE:  
Well he won't tell me. But he says he wants you out. He threw all your stuff out the window, I had to wait for it to get dark and then put it in the shed.

SID:  
What, all my records?

LIZZIE:  
Love, what have you done? I've never seen him so angry.

SID:  
What happened?

LIZZIE:  
He was sitting on your bed reading something. I thought he was ill, his face was so white. When I asked him what was wrong, he slammed the door in my face. There was a banging and crashing about and then I heard things landing in the garden. He was going berserk, ripping up all your sheets and pillowcases throwing everything out of the window. Every time I go to him he pushes me away. He's been knocking back the whisky for hours. Oh Sidney, what have you done? He was reading your diary.

SID:  
(SADLY) I don't know, mum. Nothing wrong. I haven't done anything wrong I promise you.

LIZZIE:  
All right but-

SID:  
I know why dad's angry. But he doesn't understand.

LIZZIE:  
Are you in some kind of trouble?

SID:

No, no nothing like that. Something wonderful has happened. I wonder if you'll understand. Can I tell you?

LIZZIE:

(VERY TIRED) No love, not now. I've had enough for one day as long as you're all right that's all that matters to me. we'll get you to auntie Joyce's. You'll be safe there until I can talk to your dad.

SID:

Mum, I'm sorry you had to go through all this.

LIZZIE:

Don't worry love. I've put up with his temper for twenty years. I know how it is. It'll blow over.

SID:

Maybe this time it won't.

LIZZIE:

How d'you mean?

SID:

Maybe this time... I don't know. I'm frightened.

LIZZIE:

Sid, I want you to know whatever's going on, what ever happens. I'll always be there for you.

SID:

I hope so. Oh mum.

THEY HUG.

LIZZIE:

What have you gone and done you stupid little sod? Now get off to your auntie Joyce before your dad hears us.

SID:

I'm not going to auntie Joyce, mum. I'm going to go to Oxford.

LIZZIE:

You what?

SID:

Oxford. I've got a friend there.

LIZZIE:  
It's a bit of a long way, isn't it?

SID:  
Maybe, but there's someone there I want to be with, tonight.

LIZZIE:  
You're a strange boy.

SID:  
I'll be back at work on Monday. Don't let him hurt you.

LIZZIE:  
I can look after myself but can you? That's what I'm worried about.

SID:  
Don't worry about me.

LIZZIE:  
Good bye love. I'll come and find you in a few days. Be lucky.

BLACKOUT.

## SCENE 11

FRANKIE IN HER CELL CALLS OUT:

FRANKIE:  
When are you stinking son's of bitches gunna let me out of this cell?

WE HEAR A PRISON GUARDS VOICE (NICHOLAS)

MAYBE WE CAN SEE HIM IN SILHOUETTE (OR HOW EVER YOU SPELL THAT) SITTING LIKE THEY ALWAYS DO IN FILMS - CHAIR TIPPED BACK, FEET ON THE DESK, PLAYING WITH HIS BIG STICK.

PRISON GUARD:  
Ah be quiet! (TAUNTING) I saw your girl friend in a movie the other day. They say she gives the best blow job in Hollywood. I might look her up some time, find out.

FRANKIE:

Yeh? what makes you think she needs a tooth pick?

PRISON GUARD:

I reckon that Brit Laurance must be a real fag if she has to get satisfaction from you.

FRANKIE:

Reckon you could satisfy a real woman?

PRISON GUARD:

I'd have her screaming for more.

FRANKIE:

What with? Laughter?

PRISON GUARD:

I reckon I could give you what you need?

FRANKIE:

(SWEETLY) I reckon you could too honey?

PRISON GUARD:

(EXCITED) Yeh?

FRANKIE:

Why don't you come in here and we'll try it.

PRISON GUARD:

You gunna be real nice to me?

FRANKIE:

No I'm going to tie your balls in a knot and make you swallow them.

PRISON GUARD:

Hey listen, you're gunna have to talk a whole lot prettier to me if you wanna get out of here.

FRANKIE:

I'd rather talk to a snake.

PRISON GUARD:

You think you're so mean and tough don't you? But you're just a little girl underneath. A few more nights of this and I'll have you crying for your poppa.

FRANKIE:

I know my rights. You can't keep me in here.

PRISON GUARD:

Sweet pea, you kicked the hell out of me. Now, I'm a police officer. You'll rot in this cell until I decide exactly when and how much I want to fry your dyke ass for. Or until you start talking pretty. Now are you going to be a nice girl for daddy?

I could make you real satisfied.

FRANKIE:

Go squeeze your face, pus head.

PRISON GUARD:

You'll learn.

FRANKIE:

(SUDDENLY SCREAMS, FRIGHTENED.) Ahhhhhhh!

PRISON GUARD:

What is it?

FRANKIE:

(APPARENTLY VERY FRIGHTENED) please, help me, please. Please come quickly.

THE GUARD UNLOCKS THE DOOR AND STEPS INTO THE CELL.

PRISON GUARD:

what's going on.

FRANKIE POINTS TO THE FLOOR IN THE CORNER OF THE CELL.

FRANKIE:

Over there. A huge spider. Get it out of here quick.

THE GUARD GRINS TRIUMPHANTLY.

PRISON GUARD:

Not so tough now, huh?

HE BENDS DOWN TO SEARCH FOR THE SPIDER.

OF COURSE IMMEDIATELY FRANKIE STOPS BEING FRIGHTENED AND FLOORS HIM. MAYBE WITH A

KARATE CHOP TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD. MAYBE SHE KICKS HIM IN THE NUTS FIRST. ANYWAY HE ENDS UP UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR.

FRANKIE:

you're right that was kind of satisfying.

I'm done with mopin' around it's time for a little "Butch Power!"

SONG (TUNE - BE MY GUEST TONIGHT)

Let's party and raise some hell  
It's time to blow this cell,  
Everything's gunna be all right  
Let's get butch tonight.

I'm tired of the weeping role  
This girl is gunna take control,  
If you're lonely and feeling blue  
Watch what "butch" can do for you.

You there, crop your hair.  
Check out the pants you wear.  
No turning back,  
Rip the shirt of a lumber jack.  
Let's dance to the rock and roll  
I got leather in my soul  
Everything's going to be alright  
Let's get butch tonight.

BRASSY DANCE BREAK.

MAYBE THE LADS DRESSED AS PRISON WARDERS,  
BOX DANCING IN FORMATION, MIMING PLAYING  
TRUMPETS WITH THEIR TRUNCHEONS!

GET THE AUDIENCE CLAPPING ALONG.

You there, crop your hair.  
Check out the pants you wear.  
No turning back,  
Rip the shirt of a lumber jack.  
Let's dance to the rock and roll  
I got leather in my soul  
Everything's going to be alright  
Let's get butch tonight.

THEN STRAIGHT INTO CUPID,

WEARING SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY STUNNING.

SINGING A REAL SHOW STOPPER, SHIRLEY BASSEY,  
BLUESY TORCH VERSION OF:

My heart is blue my dreams are empty  
As in the looking glass I see,  
My own reflection,  
In sad dejection,  
What will my future be?

Have I no one that I can turn to?  
Oh mirror, mirror speak to me  
Will I find gladness,  
Forget my sadness  
What will my future be?

I'm only human,  
Wanting romance,  
Someone to love and admire.  
To find my true love,  
I want a chance  
Is this too much to desire?

Will someone bring me joy and laughter?  
Oh mirror, mirror answer me.  
Will I discover my perfect lover,  
What will my future be.

Will someone bring me joy and laughter?  
Oh mirror, mirror answer me.  
Will I discover my perfect lover,  
What will my future be.

END OF ACT ONE.

## ACT TWO

Who Wrote The Book Of Love.

EVERYONE SINGS:

I wonder, wonder  
Wonder, wonder who,  
Who wrote the book of love?

Tell me, tell me, tell me  
Oh who wrote the book of love?  
I've got to know the answer  
Was it someone from above?

I wonder, wonder  
Wonder, wonder who,  
Who wrote the book of love?

Tell me, tell me, tell me  
Who makes us what we are.  
Who's our lucky gene  
Where's our special star?

I wonder, wonder  
Wonder, wonder who,  
Who wrote the book of love?

Chapter one says to love them  
Love 'em with all your heart  
Chapter two you tell 'em  
You're never, never  
nver, ever gunna part  
In chapter three remember  
The meaning of romance  
In chapter four you break up  
But you give it just one more chance.

I wonder, wonder  
Wonder, wonder who,  
Who wrote the book of love?

Who makes the decision  
A man shold love a man?  
A woman love a woman?  
Who drew up the plan.

I wonder, wonder  
 Wonder, wonder who,  
 Who wrote the book of love?

Chapter one says to love them  
 Love 'em with all your heart  
 Chapter two you tell 'em  
 You're never, never  
 Never, ever gunna part  
 In chapter three remember  
 The meaning of romance  
 In chapter four you break up  
 But you give it just one more chance.

I wonder, wonder  
 Wonder, wonder who,  
 Who wrote the book of love?

Politics means nothing  
 Love will find away  
 from the guiding angel  
 for lesbians and gay.

I wonder, wonder  
 Wonder, wonder who,  
 Who wrote the book of love?

I wonder who?  
 Who wrote the book of love?

## SCENE 1

ROOMS IN OXFORD, SUNNY, FIRST THING IN THE  
 MORNING.

LUCINDA ENTERS (JEREMY'S COUSIN), TALL,  
 ELEGANT, BOOKISH. SHE'S GOT LITTLE ROUND  
 GLASSES ON AS WELL.

WE ARE TO LIKE HER.

SHE'S BUSINESS LIKE, GATHERING HER BOOKS  
 TOGETHER TO GO OUT.

LUCINDA:  
 (CALLS) Edmund! Edmund!

SIMON PLAYS EDMUND, AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE. ENTERS FROM A BEDROOM OFF.

EDMUND:

Do keep your voice down, Lucinda. The last thing your cousin's going to need with his hangover is a lot of noise. Besides I'm not entirely blossoming myself yet.

LUCINDA:

Has Jeremy woken?

EDMUND:

You are joking aren't you? He'll be out cold until lunchtime.

LUCINDA:

Would you stay with him? I've got an important tutorial.

EDMUND:

He's your guest.

LUCINDA:

You were the one persuaded him to drink Oxford dry last night. You also seemed to be making love to him.

EDMUND:

I wasn't the only one. Young Jeremy turned out to be quite a hit.

LUCINDA:

Well, look after him will you? He's not used to this kind of lifestyle.

EDMUND:

That's not what he told me. Apparently he's been careering around London with some working class lout. Lucinda, that can be very dangerous. The Scudders of this world are alright for a quick grapple in the summer house but you can't afford to give them a hold over you.

LUCINDA:

(GENUINELY ANGRY) Really Edmund you are the most awful snob. I'm sure Jeremy can make up his own mind up about who to associate with.

EDMUND:

I am not a snob. I just want to look after his best interests.

LUCINDA:

With any luck, this hang over will warn him against your ideas on that.

HELENNA BURSTS IN (PLAYED BY KAREN) A RATHER INTIMIDATING, UPPER CLASS, LESBIAN.

HELENNA:

Lucinda darling, could I have that Ovid translation back for the afternoon? I know I said you could keep it but something's come up.

LUCINDA:

Of course Helena, I'd finished with it anyway.

HELENNA:

Good morning Edmund. (TO LUCINDA) I had a letter from Laural this morning, she's on a archaeological dig all summer and I'm to join her for the vac.

LUCINDA:

Helenna, how absolutely wonderful. It must be so inspiring to have a historian for a lover.

HELENNA:

Don't you worry darling, Laural's got lot's of girl friends in London she's dying to introduce you to.

LUCINDA:

Oh I do hope so. I long to meet someone inspiring. The women here have no plans, no drive.

HELENNA:

I know and the men are such drips.

EDMUND:

Someone has to look pretty around here.

HELENNA:

Don't irritate me Edmund. I'm having a frightful day. We've an I.A.B. meeting tomorrow and no one seems to know about it.

LUCINDA:

What's I.A.B?

HELENNA:

Intelligentsia Against the Bomb. Spread the word will you?

EDMUND:

Darling I can't think anyone I know would be interested. Who can look their best in duffel?

LUCINDA:

Don't start squabbling again you two. Now, I've a tutorial to go to. If Jeremy wakes up, will you please tell him I'll be back later.

(SHE LEAVES)

HELENNA:

Sweet girl.

EDMUND:

Isn't she? terribly, terribly sweet.

HELENNA:

Vulnerable of course.

EDMUND:

Very vulnerable. Her brother's the same. Do you know he's got a thing about a cinema usher?

HELENNA:

They're both so impressionable. We have got to look after them.

SID KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

HELENNA OPENS IT.

SID:

Oh hello. I'm sorry to trouble you but is Jeremy Lynton-Smythe staying here please?

HELENNA:

And who are you?

SID:

Oh, my names Sid. I'm a friend of his from London. Please, if you know where he is could you tell me? I've been wandering round all night.

EDMUND:

Just a minute. Do you work in a cinema?

SID:

Yes, yes I do.

EDMUND:

How extraordinary. Helenna, this could be our chance to do our bit.

HELENNNA:

I think you'd better come in, young man.

SID:

Is he here?

HELENNNA:

We understand you've been entertaining some kind of liaison with the gentleman you mention.

SID:

(FRIGHTENED) You're not the police are you?

HELENNNA:

No, we're not the police. We're friends of Jeremy's. But we're also friends of yours.

EDMUND:

I'm Edmund.

HELENNNA:

And I'm Helena. We also share your love of your own sex.

SID:

That's nice. Could I see Jeremy now please?

EDMUND:

I'm afraid not.

SID:

I don't understand.

EDMUND:

Well you see, -

SID:

Sid.

EDMUND:

"Sid". We are friends of Jeremy's family and we don't think it's a good idea if you continue to associate with him. As you know, what the two of you have been doing is illegal.

They are people of position.

SID:

But please, you don't understand. Where is he? let me talk to him.

EDMUND:

I'm afraid that won't be possible.

HELENNNA:

Do you care for Jeremy?

SID:

Yes.

HELENNNA:

Then you must try to understand that you can only bring him danger, unhappiness.

EDMUND:

Maybe even fleas.

HELENNNA:

Shut up Edmund! It is safer for him if he only forms alliances with young men of his own social position.

SID:

But what's wrong with me? I can make him happy. I do make him happy.

HELENNNA:

You have to be realistic.

SID:

It feels very realistic when he sticks his tongue down my throat.

HELENNNA:

That is not what I mean!

SID:

Please, it's very interesting to talk to you all but I think me and Jeremy know what we want.

HELENNNA:

Sometimes what one person wants of another is not necessarily in that other persons interest. Now be a good boy, get the first train home and forget the whole business.

SID:

No. Why should I? What have you got against me? I don't understand.

EDMUND:

Shall I spell it out to you? We know what you people are like. The moment you're short of a few bob you'll be trying to blackmail him.

SID:

Blackmail him! Never. I would never do that. I love him.

EDMUND:

Love ! What can you possibly know about love!

HELENNNA:

Dear boy. We are the experts. We are students of philosophy and the classics. It is for us to tell you about quay (PRONOUNCED KWAY) love.

SID:

Quay?

EDMUND:

That's what we've decided homosexuals should call themselves this term. Last term it was queer, the term before that gay, before that inverts.

SID:

Just a minute. What gives you the right to tell the rest of us what to call ourselves?

HELENNNA:

We're the intelligentsia. We're going to reform the law. Fight for your rights. So people like you should jolly well be grateful and do what we tell you.

SID:

I just want to be with the person I love. Please tell me where he is.. I've left home to be with him.

HELENNNA:

And you expect to live off him, I imagine.

SID:

No.

HELENNA:  
I suppose we'd better tell him.

EDMUND:  
I suppose we had.

HELENNA:  
Jeremy told us to get rid of you. We've tried to explain it nicely but as you won't or can't understand we shall have to make it clear. He never wants to see you again. The whole thing was a ghastly error of taste.

EDMUND:  
Like shopping at Woolworths.

HELENNA:  
Shut up Edmund!

SID:  
Did he really say that?

HELENNA:  
I'm afraid he did.

SID:  
A ghastly error of taste?

HELENNA:  
I'm afraid so.

EDMUND:  
If you hurry there's a train in ten minutes.

HELENNA:  
You could be back in London for half past three.

SID STEPS FORWARD INTO A SPOT LIGHT.

SID:  
Half past three? The twilight matinee.

It looks like I should have never left there

(SINGS. BIG, DRAMATIC)

Twilight matinee - reprise

There

no one laughs at what you say  
You sit alone and dream  
of movie stars.

Heavenly hunks  
and gorgeous girls  
will be your friend.  
You'll never want the matinee  
To ever end.

Life  
could be everything I dream  
If I was brave like Jimmy Dean  
Life  
Would be very A OK

(SLOWS RIGHT DOWN)

If I woke up as Doris Day

BLACK OUT.

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

## SCENE 2

IN THE DARKNESS ESTABLISH A TABLEAU OF CUPID, WEARING A SLIP, LYING AMONGST TANGLED SILK SHEETS AS IF WE HAVE DISCOVERED HER SUICIDE.

AS THE SCENE CHANGES, & KAREN GETS INTO COSTUME ETC. THE FOLLOWING IS HEARD OVER THE SOUND SYSTEM. BUT BRING THE LIGHTS UP AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

CUPID'S VOICE:

To whom so ever reads this note,  
I have thought for a long time about what I am going to do. I know that it will bring disappointment to a few people but I don't think to too many. It may seem very final to you but it is better then trying to carry on with something which is too hard for me to understand. I have enjoyed the pictures very much, they have been very nice but that is not enough and so I have decided to write this note asking you to cancel my subscription to National Geographical magazine.

FRANKIE RUSHES INTO FRANKIE AND SHAKES HER.

FRANKIE:  
Cupid wake up!

CUPID:  
(CUPID WAKES SLEEPILY) What? Is it time for my close  
up now?  
Frankie! Honey! What are you doing here? Am I dreaming?

FRANKIE:  
Cupid, thank God you're alright. I thought... I thought... No  
it's too terrible.

CUPID:  
What? Do I have a pimple?

FRANKIE:  
You look beautiful doll, like you always do.

CUPID:  
Oh Frankie you look beautiful too. (GASPS) You're on the  
run from the police aren't you?

FRANKIE:  
Yes, yes I am. How did you know? Did they search here?

CUPID:  
No I can tell from your disguise.

FRANKIE:  
What disguise?

CUPID:  
You've tried to hide out as a lumber jack.

FRANKIE:  
Cupid, this isn't a disguise. This is me.

CUPID:  
Frankie honey, I know you've always been an outdoor type  
of girl but doesn't all that woodcutting chip your nails?

FRANKIE:  
Forget lumberjacks. I AM NOT A LUMBERJACK.

CUPID:  
Sorry Frankie.

FRANKIE:

Oh Cupid, I didn't mean to shout at you.

CUPID:

Did I say something stupid?

FRANKIE:

No honey, you'll never be stupid to me. It's just maybe you've lost touch with what some of the other girls have been doing.

CUPID:

How are Patti-Lou and Suki? and Millie is she still hanging out with that biker crowd?

FRANKIE:

Yeh, everything's much the same as when you were in the gang.

CUPID:

I miss those days Frankie, I miss the laughs and the fights and... well, mostly I miss you.

FRANKIE:

But you turned your back on all of us the day you left Small Rock to be a star.

CUPID:

Oh Frankie, I was so stupid. I was drunk on the stories of fame and fortune, blinded by the glamour of Hollywood, deafened by it's call.

FRANKIE:

Yeh and driven all the way there by that broad whose limousine you were filling with gas.

CUPID:

She had big talk.

FRANKIE:

She had big diamonds and legs up to her armpits.

CUPID:

She turned out to be no good. She had other girlfriends, other girls from other towns.

FRANKIE:

Maybe she wanted to start her own gas station.

CUPID:

She promised she'd be true to me but she wasn't.

FRANKIE:

But cupid, you're a big star. There must be hundreds of girls for you.

CUPID:

How could I lie to them? They think I'm a nice person but I know I'm not. I promised I'd never leave you but I did.

FRANKIE:

That's OK honey, people change. They fall in and out of love. It doesn't mean they lied when they said the things they said.

CUPID:

But I've never fallen out of love with you Frankie. I miss you all the time.

FRANKIE:

Why didn't you write or... something?

CUPID:

I thought you'd be mad at me and.. well, you were always the cutest looking chick. I knew that someone else would be your girl.

FRANKIE:

No, there's been no one else for me.

CUPID:

I don't believe you.

FRANKIE:

well, maybe once.

CUPID:

Who!?

FRANKIE:

I did it with Donna.

CUPID:

(SQUEALS DELIGHTEDLY) With Donna? Did she squeak like we always said she would?

FRANKIE:

Like a little biddy mouse. I couldn't help laughing thinking of what you'd say.

CUPID:

So you weren't mad at me?

FRANKIE:

OF COURSE I WAS MAD AT YOU, YOU TREACHEROUS BITCH! but how could I stop loving you?

CUPID:

And apart from little Donna Mouse?

FRANKIE:

Apart from your miss diamonds for tits?

CUPID:

You've been true to me?

FRANKIE:

'hasn't been a day when I haven't been hungry for you.

CUPID:

If I kiss your sweet lips will it be just the same.

FRANKIE:

Only one way to find out.

LONG SNOG.

FRANKIE:

I'll never let you go again.

CUPID:

I'll never leave you.

FRANKIE:

No matter what?

CUPID:

No matter what.

FRANKIE STARTS TO BURY HER FACE IN CUPID'S TITS.

But Frankie?

FRANKIE:  
(MUFFLED) Yes Cupid.

CUPID:  
I still don't understand why you're dressed as a lumberjack.

FRANKIE:  
It's what lots of the girls are doing now. It's the new thing.  
It's called "Butch".

CUPID:  
Like the men try to be?

FRANKIE:  
No, it's our butch. It's special to us. It's saying we aren't  
going to fit in with what every one else thinks we ought to  
look like. We're going to dress how we feel comfortable,  
and strong and proud. It's saying we're walking tall and we  
can look after ourselves.

CUPID:  
It looks...

FRANKIE:  
What?

CUPID:  
It looks real sexy Frankie. But not because you look like a  
man.

FRANKIE:  
I know.

CUPID:  
Because you look like you. Because you're looking good for  
us. For the girls.

FRANKIE:  
I'm looking good for me. And you.

CUPID:  
Do you know, I don't think I have anything I wear for me.

FRANKIE:  
But you look a million dollars.

CUPID:  
I love my clothes but they're for everyone else. There isn't a

dirty little boy in this country who doesn't think he has the right to cream his pants over my body. That's my job Frankie, wiggle my fanny and act stupid so every one thinks they could have me any time they want. Until I really believe I am stupid. Nothing but a pair of beautiful tits tied up in a silk ribbon.

FRANKIE:

It sure is a beautiful dress in the other room.

CUPID:

It is but I hate it because it's for me to get engaged in tomorrow.

FRANKIE:

You're getting engaged tomorrow!?

CUPID:

On live TV. To Britt Laurance. The studio set it up. It's not for real.

FRANKIE:

But are you actually going to have to marry him?

CUPID:

Oh yeh, that bit's for real. It's so the papers won't guess the truth about us.

FRANKIE:

Brit Laurance is a faggot?

CUPID:

Honey, it's like he invented it.

FRANKIE:

Do you like each other?

CUPID:

He's a louse.

FRANKIE:

Oh Cupid.

CUPID:

If I don't go through with it, the studio will sack me. I'll be finished.

FRANKIE:

But you're their biggest box office star.

CUPID:

How long will that last? I'm not getting any younger. There's lots of other pretty girls, happy to tie their tits up in a ribbon and act stupid for the camera.

FRANKIE:

Oh honey you don't need all this.

"BREAK OUT" RAUNCHY ROCK'N'ROLL NUMBER TO THE TUNE OF NADINE OR COOL JACK.

CLIMAXES IN A BIG BOOGIE WOOGIE PIANO SOLO FOR SIMON.

WHILES KAREN AND JULEY GET CHANGED FOR:-

### SCENE 3

LUCINDA STANDING ALONE WITH A NEARLY FINISHED BAG OF CHIPS. IN A CHIP SHOP IN PECHAM.

LIZZIE RUSHES IN.

LIZZIE:

Oh you're still here, love. I'm sorry to have to meet you in here. It's my old man see, Sid's dad. He gets very suspicious with strangers. Can turn a bit nasty. You got yourself some chips then?

LUCINDA:

Yes. They're very nice. I've never actually been in a chip shop before. Tell me. Rock Salmon? Is that filleted or served on the bone?

LIZZIE:

You're not from round here are you, love?

LUCINDA:

How can you tell?

LIZZIE:

You said you was looking for Sid. I'm his mum. Lizzie Dunk.

LUCINDA:

Lucinda Lynton-Smythe. How do you do? But you're not what I expected. How old is sid?

LIZZIE:  
Nineteen.

LUCINDA:  
You must have been very young.

LIZZIE:  
He used to be such a good boy now he seems to be in all sorts of trouble.

LUCINDA:  
Oh he's not in any trouble. Well, at least, I don't think so. I'm just a bit worried about him.

LIZZIE:  
Is he ill or something?

LUCINDA:  
No, no. Let me explain. He came to visit my brother in Oxford. I'm afraid he didn't find him. instead he fell in with a group of people who I now realise are capable of being very cruel.

LIZZIE:  
Did they bully him. He was always getting bullied at school.

LUCINDA:  
I'm afraid they did.

LIZZIE:  
Why do certain people always pick on certain other people?

LUCINDA:  
I don't know and these people had no excuse. They've all been bullied at one time or another for not conforming.

LIZZIE:  
I don't know about all that. I know his dad could never get him to hit anyone back.

LUCINDA:  
Oh there was no violence involved but... well I fear they may have hurt his feelings.

LIZZIE:

That's bad, if they'd thumped him it would have been easier. He's used to that.

LUCINDA:  
Because of the bullying at school?

LIZZIE:  
Well, yeh, and his dad can give us both a good lathering when he's a mind to.

LUCINDA:  
You too!?

LIZZIE:  
Oh, not so much these days. He's getting older and I'm getting too clever for him. I can dodge his moods. But you should have seen the bruises when we was first married. Little Sid too sometimes, though I'd fight like a wild cat to protect him. Sid's a bit big of course these days and he can run.

LUCINDA:  
I hope he's alright. I though he'd have come home to you.

LIZZIE:  
Oh don't worry. I know where he'll be - The Peckham Picture Palace. That's where we always used to escape when real life got too tough for us.

LUCINDA:  
Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?

LIZZIE:  
Ask away love.

LUCINDA:  
Why did you never leave your husband?

LIZZIE:  
I've asked myself that a million times, I still do, but what else is there for me? I was up the duff with Sid and married off when I was sixteen. Our dad was only too glad to see the back of me. I couldn't go back there. I didn't know nothing else. Never had a job or nothing. Now Sid's gone it's just waiting on my husband for the rest of my life. I can't have any more kids see.

LUCINDA:

How old are you?

LIZZIE:  
35.

LUCINDA:  
Only five years older than me and yet I feel I've got my whole life in front of me and you talk as if... as if... I'm sorry I don't mean to sound rude.

LIZZIE:  
No go on. What was you going to say.

LUCINDA:  
You sound as if you've given up.

LIZZIE:  
No, not given up, love. Just making the best of things. Something I never want Sid to have to do.

LUCINDA:  
But what about you?

LIZZIE:  
Thank you for coming all this way for Sid. It was very good of you.

LUCINDA:  
I'm worried about you.

LIZZIE:  
Are you indeed? Well, how about worrying for yourself.

LUCINDA:  
What do you mean?

LIZZIE:  
It seems to me you don't really know what you want.

LUCINDA:  
I do, I have so many plans.

LIZZIE:  
Plans? Oh yes, plans. I bet you have lot's of plans but those people who were mean to my Sid, friends of yours are they?

LUCINDA:

well, yes.

LIZZIE:

And yet you've come all this way because you saw how cruel they could be.

LUCINDA:

Yes.

LIZZIE:

It seem so to me you've got a bit of thinking to do. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'd better go and sort out that boy of mine. I can walk you to the bus stop.

LUCINDA:

What I said back then, about leaving your husband. Did it sound terribly naive, patronising?

LIZZIE:

It sounded lovely. Perhaps we could talk some more.

LUCINDA:

Oh, I'd like that. May I call on you again?

LIZZIE:

Well it's a bit difficult, what with my old man and that but I could come and visit you.

LUCINDA:

Of course. That would be wonderful. Here's a card with my London address. I'll be here for a few weeks. Please do visit.

LIZZIE:

I will. (PAUSE) You're what they call a lesbian aren't you?

LUCINDA:

Yes. How did you know?

LIZZIE:

Just... something. You remind me of someone I knew a long time ago.

#### SCENE 4

A FEW BARS OF TWILIGHT MATINEE TAKES US TO THE CINEMA SEATS WHERE SID IS SITTING ALONE.

JEREMY APPROACHES HIM.

JEREMY:  
Hello. I thought I'd find you here.

SID:  
Yeh?

JEREMY:  
Yes I... I heard what happened. I'm sorry.

SID:  
They were only doing what you asked them.

JEREMY:  
No, no how can you believe that?

SID:  
Why would they make it up?

JEREMY:  
I don't know. To protect me. Or... I don't know.

SID:  
To protect you? From me?

JEREMY:  
I suppose they just felt... well, that we aren't right for each other.

SID:  
They told me - "A ghastly error of taste". is that what you think?

JEREMY:  
No, I'm glad we did what we did. I enjoyed it.

SID:  
You make it sound like a trip to the zoo.

JEREMY:  
What do you want me to say?

SID:  
I don't know. Please go away. Leave me alone.

JEREMY:  
I've said I'm sorry.

SID:

Don't be. They were right. We could never work.

JEREMY:

No! They're arrogant, stupid people.

SID:

So what are you saying?

JEREMY:

Sid, I think this is goodbye-

SID GOES TO INTERRUPT HIM.

But not for the reasons you think.

SID:

Oh no?

JEREMY:

No. I don't care about class or what anyone else thinks or anything like that. It's just... It's just... Well, the sex we had together it was magic, so wild and exciting to let myself go and feel someone else give themselves over to me; I couldn't believe anything could be so good but then when I was in Oxford I had too much to drink and someone else made love to me and that was good too. Not the same, different but exciting in the same way.

Later on I saw someone else. They were sexy and I got to wondering what would it be like with them and.. I wanted to find out.

I've only just discovered this wonderful thing called sex. I have found the bodies of other men and I want to go on finding out. I know it sounds terrible.

You want a relationship and part of me wants that too but I know I'd only be lying to you if I pretended that was right for me at the moment.

Look, could we still be friends?

SID:

No. I don't think so.

JEREMY REPRISSES "WHERE THE BOYS ARE", WHICH NOW HAS A NEW MEANING

WHILST SID REPRISSES "I WANT TO GET MARRIED"

JEREMY:

I suppose I'd better get back to work.

You're very lucky working here, you know?

Goodbye then.

SID:

Goodbye.

JEREMY:

I'm sorry.

SID:

(QUIETLY) Get lost.

JEREMY GOES.

SID CALLS AFTER HIM.

SID:

Wait!

SID GOES TO HUG JEREMY, AT FIRST JEREMY RESPONDS BUT THEN DROPS HIS ARMS TO HIS SIDE.

SID RELEASES HIM.

Jeremy TURNS AND GOES.

SID WATCHES HIM.

LIZZIE APPEARS FROM WHERE Jeremy EXITED.

LIZZIE:

Hello son.

SID:

Hello mum. Mum, I can't really talk at the moment I'm a bit upset.

LIZZIE:

I know, I heard.

SID:  
You did?!

LIZZIE:  
I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't have listened but it reminded me of something that happened to me here, a long time ago.

SID:  
Mum, I need to be by myself, please. I just want to sit here in the dark and watch the film. Forget everything.

LIZZIE:  
No, no you don't. That's just what you don't want to do. Let's sit down, eh? Side by side in the dark like we used to.

SID:  
With a big box of hankies between us.

LIZZIE:  
I was so unhappy when we first came here. Not with you of course but with your dad and his family and... well it took a bit of getting used to. I was lonely and a bit frightened and we used to get away when we could and come here. Do you remember?

SID:  
Of course I do.

LIZZIE:  
There was a girl who worked here. As a projectionist. She was very kind to me. We talked, she felt like the only friend I would ever have. Any way, me and her... well, one day she went to kiss me.

Well, I was horrified. I mean you don't think it do you? And I pulled away.

I was going to run out. I felt hurt, I felt like everything we'd shared had been lies but something made me turn back. I don't know, maybe I wanted to have a check, see if there hadn't been something I'd missed, something that should have warned me.

She kissed me again.

It was like no kiss I'd known before. It was so gentle and it meant so much, so different to when your dad would force himself on me.

Your friend back there was wrong. He'll find out. You can kiss as many people as you like but there's nothing like the touch of someone who really knows you, really loves you and wants to show you how much you mean to them.

I began to kiss her back. We went wild, it was fantastic and from then on we were off, every time we came here we'd sneak off to the projection room for bit of "how's your father."

SID:

I thought you were running away 'cause the films were too sad.

LIZZIE:

Sad? No. Those were the happiest days of my life.

SID:

What happened?

LIZZIE:

She wanted me to run away with her. Me and you and I thought about it so hard but in the end I wasn't brave enough. I didn't think I could make the magic and the romance that I found in here, watching the movies, and with her in the flickering lights of the projection box, happen out there in the real world. That's what she wanted and in the end she went away to look for it with someone else.

Don't make the same mistake as me, son. You tried for what you wanted and it didn't work out but you mustn't let one set back put you off.

Don't bury yourself in here. It's too easy to hide your dreams in the dark. The thing is to get out there and find someone who can make them happen in the real world.

It doesn't matter what sex they are or where they come from, the important thing is don't give up. Keep looking till you get it right.

Who Wrote The Book Of Love. - reprise.

EVERYONE SINGS:

Chapter one says to love them  
Love 'em with all your heart  
Chapter two you tell 'em  
You're never, never  
never, ever gunna part  
In chapter three remember  
The meaning of romance  
In chapter four you break up  
But you give it just one more chance.

I wonder, wonder  
Wonder, wonder who,  
Who wrote the book of love?

Who makes the decision  
A man should love a man?  
A woman love a woman?  
Who drew up the plan.

I wonder, wonder  
Wonder, wonder who,  
Who wrote the book of love?

Politics means nothing  
Love will find away  
from the guiding angel  
for lesbians and gay.

I wonder, wonder  
Wonder, wonder who,  
Who wrote the book of love?

I wonder who?  
Who wrote the book of love?

BLACK OUT.

SCENE 5.

THE TELEVISION STUDIO.

NEAVE PREPARING TO GO ON STAGE FOR HER  
TELEVISION SHOW. NICHOLAS IS FUSSING WITH HER  
MAKE UP, ANDY RUSHES IN AS A FLOOR MANAGER.

FLOOR MANAGER:

On the air in two minutes Miss O'Rourke!

EXITS.

NEAVE IS TALKING TO MARTY.

NEAVE:  
How do I look?

MARTY:  
You look wonderful darling.

NEAVE:  
What would you know? dirt bag! You there, boy!

FLOOR MANAGER:  
Yes, Miss O'Rourke.

NEAVE:  
Is Monty Clift all set up for the "Living with facial disfigurement" make up tips?

FLOOR MANAGER:  
His boyfriend promises he'll be ready, Miss O'Rourke.

NEAVE:  
FAGGOTS! WHY AM I COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY FAGGOTS! Can't some body get me some well adjusted, normal heterosexual's for this show. Ring Joan Crawford tell her we will run the joys of motherhood item.

FLOOR MANAGER:  
One Minute to go Miss O'Rourke.

NEAVE:  
Marty, I'm telling you, your actors had better come up with the goods or I'll destroy their careers so completely the only work they'll get dog food commercials, and only then if they can spoon themselves out of a can.

MARTY:  
They're going to be great Neave. Cupid's so excited about it all.

NEAVE:  
That girl couldn't get excited if she tried. The word has more than one syllable in it.

FLOOR MANAGER:

Would you take your place now Miss O'Rourke.

NICHOLAS IS MAKING LAST MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS TO HER COSTUME.

NEAVE:

Will you get out of my way?

SHE KNEES HIM IN THE BALLS AS SHE PASSES.

FLOOR MANAGER:

Quiet on the floor. Signature tune starting now.

MUSIC STARTS. INSTRUMENTAL VERSION OF DIRT.

A FRANTIC SKIRMISH AS NEAVE REALISES SHE STILL HAS THE COAT HANGER DOWN THE BACK OF HER DRESS BUT THEY REMOVE IT JUST IN TIME.

THE FLOOR MANAGER GIVES HER A SIGNAL A LIGHT COMES ON AND SHE TURNS TO CAMERA ALL SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

NEAVE:

Ladies and gentlemen, children, household pets, I'm so thrilled that you've chosen to invite me into your living rooms this evening through the wonder of television.

I've got Hollywood on my shoes and it's time to tread it all over your carpets.

And what a magical place Hollywood is. I bet you wish your friends were movie stars like mine are. But don't worry, they can be your friends too as they pop in to say hi to us in the studio and to you ordinary folk out there at home.

Who knows who may drop by to borrow a cup of sugar, share a few tips for the garden, renounce communism or publicly shame the father of their illegitimate love child. What a cooky mixed up little town this is but (SIGH), we call it home.

Now, to kick off the series I've invited along two of my favourite stars and I know yours too.

First of all I'd like you to meet a little lady who in a very short time has won her way into the hearts and locker rooms of

the whole nation. I know you're as eager as I am to hear her secrets on keeping our men folk baying for more.

Here to sing the hit song from her new film Blonde in My Pyjamas, lets welcome Cupid.

BIG INTRO TO FEMININITY.

BUT CUPID DOESN'T APPEAR.

INTRO, AGAIN STILL NOTHING.

NEAVE:

Well cupid, seems to have been a little detained. Let's see if she's here now. Ladies and Gentlemen - Cupid!

THIS TIME REALLY RAUNCHY INTRODUCTION.

CUPID ENTERS BUTCHED UP AND SINGS WITH REALLY DYKEY ATTITUDE:

Femininity, femininity  
This girl has had her fill of femininity.  
I threw away all those buckles and bows  
Got me a set of some raunchier clothes.

Personality, my personality  
Can make a girl expect some hospitality  
When a broad winks at me  
I ask her in,  
I lower the lights and I pour her a gin  
She's on a one way ticket to the tiger skin.

There are times I  
Can't help feeling  
As I'm staring at the ceiling  
Glad I'm through with  
Femininity.

NEAVE IS GOING FRANTIC.

NEAVE:

CUT! CUT! Get the camera back on to me! Get the faggot ready!

SPOTLIGHT BACK ON NEAVE.

Gosh, well Cupid seems to have had a tinsy bit of an image change.

(SOUND OF A CAR SCREECHING AWAY) There she goes.

Well, swiftly on to my next guest. What hot blooded American woman's heart doesn't flutter at the thought of him. Here he is to tell us some stories of his wild bachelor life style - Britt Laurance!

HE DOESN'T APPEAR. SHE TRIES AGAIN.

Brit Laurance!

(SHE GIVES UP ALL PROPRIETY.)

WHERE THE CHRIST IS THE PINKO SON OF A BITCH!?

A FLAT FALLS DOWN TO REVEAL BRITT GIVING A BLOW JOB TO THE MASSEUR FROM EARLIER.

BRIT:

I was just helping him with his fly. The zip stuck.

MASSEUR:

(SEEING THE CAMERA) Gee is this my screen test! I'd like to start with my song. This is an old favourite I know your going to love. I'd like to do for you "I'm going to wash that man right out of my hair!"

SO HE STARTS SINGING AND TAP DANCING.

AT THE SAME TIME A SIREN STARTS WAILING.

SEARCH LIGHTS SWEEP THE ROOM.

BOOMING VOICE OVER THE LOUD SPEAKER:

Okay. Nobody move! I am a representative of the house of un- American activities. You're all subpoenaed for being un-American. We have the studio surrounded. Give yourself up quietly.

AT THE SAME TIME NEAVE IS SCREAMING HER HEAD OFF

CHAOTIC SOUND EFFECTS OF PEOPLE RIOTING, SIRENS, "I'M GOING TO WASH THAT MAN RIGHT OUT

OF MY HAIR", NEAVE SCREAMING ETC. TAKE OVER FROM THE ACTUAL NOISE ON STAGE.

SOUND EFFECT CONTINUE INTO BLACK OUT THEN FADE INTO SILENCE.

LIGHTS UP ON SID IN THE CINEMA AREA.

SID:

(TO THE AUDIENCE) So that's the end of today's twilight matinee. Great film eh? The colours are too bright, it's a bit gaudy, a bit vulgar, a bit sentimental but I wouldn't want it any other way.

I hope you enjoyed yourselves. We'll be open again the same time tomorrow for some more day dreams-

CUTE BOY PLAYED BY SIMON ENTERS.

CUTE BOY:

(TO SID) Excuse me, I wondered what time you finish tonight. If you fancy it I'd really like to buy you a drink.

SID:

Yeh great. I'll meet you here at ten.

BOY LEAVES.

(TO THE AUDIENCE)

- and maybe I'll see you out there, too. Taking your dreams out of the dark and making them happen.

EVERYONE SINGS:

Cupid draw back your bow  
And let your arrow go  
Straight to my lovers heart  
For me, for me.

Cupid please here my cry  
And let your arrow fly  
Straight to my lovers heart  
for me.

Now, Cupid if your arrow  
Make a love song for me

I promise I will love her (him)  
Until eternity  
I know between the two of us  
her (his) heart we can steal  
So help me if you will

Cupid draw back your bow  
And let your arrow go  
Straight to my lovers heart  
For me, No body but me.

Cupid please here my cry  
And let your arrow fly  
Straight to my lovers heart  
for me.

(BIG FINNISH)

Cupid please here my cry  
And let your arrow fly  
Straight to my lovers heart  
for me.