

By George

The Chip Shop Musical

V 5.0

A new musical from Richard Sykes

Script edited by Maria Sykes

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Cast of Characters

PAULINE BOOTH	A wife and mother
GEORGE BOOTH	Old-School chip-shop owner
HARRY CONNOLLY	George's best friend and landlord of The Crown
SAM BOOTH	Put-upon son and heir
LILLIAN 'LILL' BISHOP	Pauline (and Marjorie)'s best friend.
WILL DIAMOND	Delivery man
MARJORIE 'MARGE'	
BRACKENRIDGE	Outwardly vampish, predatory divorcee
CHLOE	Brash fitness instructor and lifestyle coach
BARBARA SALT	Clueless, but well-meaning customer
ALEX	Customer
JORDAN	Customer
JENNIFER BILLINGSLEY	Customer with a disaster-prone daughter
JANET	Stressed bride-to-be
DEBBIE	Hen night attendee
CATH	Hen night attendee
CLIVE	Ever-present bloke
BARMAID	
BACKING SINGER 1	
BACKING SINGER 2	
BACKING SINGER 3	

See Director's Note appendix for further character details, suggested set layouts, props and lighting guides. Guidelines for character doubling are included.

Scenes, Numbers and Singers

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ACT 1

Music Cue 01: Overture

ACT I: Scene 1 The Street

**Music Cue 02: Yorkshire Born and Bred
(PAULINE, GEORGE and COMPANY)**

PAULINE NOW WELCOME, TO YORKSHIRE,
WHEREVER YOU'VE COME FROM
THERE'S MORE TO, THIS COUNTY,
THAN "T" AND "EE BAH GUM"

DEBBIE THE MAN WHO FOUGHT OFF SLAVERY'S
OUR WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

WILL BUT SAD TO SAY SUCCESS ELUDED
YORKSHIRE'S OWN GUY FAWKES

DEBBIE FROM REDCAR TO SHEFFIELD,
FROM HUDDERSFIELD TO BRID

WILL WE'RE PROUD OF OUR PEOPLE,
AND MOST OF WHAT THEY DID

DEBBIE SO GROW WHITE ROSES AND YOU WON'T SEE RED

**PAULINE, DEBBIE
& WILL** IF WE'RE STUBBORN - THA' NOS –
IT IS CERTAINLY 'CAUSE
WE ARE YORKSHIRE BORN AND BRED

JANET OUR ACCENTS, ARE DIFFERENT,
WHEREVER YOU MAY ROAM

CATH THEY ALWAYS, GO BROADER,
WHENEVER WE GO HOME

CHLOE AND IF YOU'RE JUST A MARDY ARSE,
I'LL TELL YOU THIS FOR NOWT
WE'LL CALL YOU "A DAFT APETH"
AND WE'LL GIVE YOUR LUGS A CLOUT

CATH IF YOU'RE FAIR, TO MIDDLEN,
WE'LL MAKE YOU FEEL GRADELY

JANET YOUR LUNCH IS, YOUR DINNER,
AND DINNER IS YOUR TEA

**CATH, CHLOE &
JANET** IT'S NOT WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN' IT'S THE WAY IT'S SAID

**CATH, CHLOE,
JANET, DEBBIE
WILL & PAULINE** SO COME HERE YOU'RE LAUGHIN'
WI' NONE OF YOUR FAFFIN'
WE'RE YORKSHIRE BORN AND BRED

**DEBBIE,
LILL & HARRY** WE'RE BORN AND BRED

**CATH, CHLOE,
JANET** WE'RE BORN AND BRED

**DEBBIE,
LILL & HARRY** WE'RE BORN AND BRED

**CATH, CHLOE,
JANET & PAULINE** WE'RE BORN AND BRED

LILL THE CURRY OF BRADFORD'S
A SAUCE O' COUNTY PRIDE

HARRY THERE'S PARKIN AND PIKELETS,
WI' WENSLEYDALE ONT' SIDE

LILL BUT YORK'S TO BLAME FOR KITKATS,
POLO MINTS AND JELLY TOTS,

PAULINE TYPE 2 DIABETES AND A BILLION ACNE SPOTS

HARRY THERE'S REAL ALE - OR BITTER,

LILL OR MAYBE HAVE A BREW
WE MADE MARKS AND SPENCERS,

HARRY BUT THAT'S A DEAR DO.

LILL A LARGE YORKSHIRE PUDDIN'
KEEPS US ALL WELL FED

HARRY & LILL AR LADS AND AR LASSES ARE REAL BOBBY DAZZLERS

COMPANY WE'RE YORKSHIRE BORN AND BRED

GEORGE BUT THE VIEW FROM MI' CHIP SHOP IS SADDENIN',
'CAUSE THE YOUTH OF MI' YORKSHIRE IS MADDENIN'
IT WERE AL'REIGHT BEFORE,
BUT IT'S NOT WHAT IT WA',
AND CHANGES ARE SWEEPING OUR LAND

COMPANY AH-AH-AH-AAH.

PAULINE WELL IT MAY NOT BE P'LIT'ICLY C'RECT YET,
BUT FROM JOBSEEKERS UP TO THE JETSET

COMPANY AH-AH-AH-AAH-AH-AH-AH-AH

PAULINE YOU'LL GET A FREE PASS,
JUST DON'T SAY 'BARTH' OR 'GLARSS'
AND I DARE SAY (WE'LL MAKE YOU FEEL GRAND)

COMPANY WE'LL MAKE YOU FEEL GRAND.

IF YOU'RE UP, THE DALES OR,
ON ILKLEY MOOR BAR'T 'AT
THE PENNINES, GIVE SHELTER,

FEMALE COMP. FROM WIND AND RAIN AND THAT

MALE COMP. BRRRRRR.

FEMALE COMP. WE SAVOUR GOD'S OWN COUNTRY
AND WE SAY 'WELL I'LL BE BLESSED'

MALE COMP. WELL I'LL BE BLESSED

FEMALE COMP. YOU'LL NEVER WEAR YOUR COAT,
BUT YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU WORE YOUR VEST

MALE COMP. YES!

COMPANY WE'VE GOT T'ARC-TIC MONKEYS
AND PULP'S A DIFF'RENT CLASS
OUR WAR CRY, IS
'OW MUCH?',
'CAUSE WHERE THERE'S MUCK THERE'S BRASS

GEORGE KA-CHING

COMPANY WI' 'UGHES, 'ILL AND 'OCKNEY
WE CAN 'EEL YOUR 'EAD
FROM PRIESTLEY TO AYCKBOURN
FROM DRABBLE TO BRONTE
FROM BENNETT TO AUDEN
WE'VE GOT THE FULL MONTY
JUS' PULL UP YOUR STUMP
AND CHEER "BY 'ECKY THUMP" '
CAUSE WE'RE YORKSHIRE BORN AND BRED.
(BY GEORGE!)

WE'RE YORK-	(WE'RE YORKSHIRE)
SHIRE	(WE'RE YORKSHIRE)
BORN	(WE'RE YORKSHIRE)
AND	(BORN AND)
BRED	

**Music Cue 03: Play Off and The Queue
(CHLOE & COMPANY)**

CHLOE TAKE A BREATH,
TAKE A BEAT
THERE'S A WORLD FULL OF WONDER
ON A YORKSHIRE VILLAGE STREET

SFX: sudden passing police siren

VFX: flashing blue light

CHLOE *shocked steps out of the way. A passer-by strides towards her.*

THERE'S THE FRIENDLY FOLK
WHO PASS AND SAY 'HELLO'

PASSER-BY Hello.

CHLOE Hello.

CHLOE waves.

THEN YOU REALISE THEY'RE
TALKING TO THEIR PHONE.

PASSER-BY looks at CHLOE with contempt. PASSER-BY is wearing in-ear buds.

PASSER-BY Sorry. Some clown's waving at me.

PASSER-BY exits. CHLOE smells the air.

CHLOE BUT A SMELL,
INTERVENES
IT'S GREASY AND IT'S GLORIOUS
AND IT GRABS YOU BY YOUR GENES.
WE'RE GENETICALLY PROGRAMMED TO PURSUE –

COMPANY PURSUE

CHLOE IT'S A RITUAL THAT'S ENGLISH THROUGH AND
THROUGH –

COMPANY AND THROUGH

CHLOE IT'S THE BEATING HEART OF EVERYTHING WE DO –

COMPANY WE DO.

CHLOE IT'S A SEMINAL,
PRACTICAL,

COMPANY STANDING-FRONT-TO-BACK-TICAL,
TRADITIONAL ENGLISH QUEUE.

CHLOE takes her place at the front of the queue (BARBARA, JENNIFER, ALEX, JORDAN & HARRY). Company not in the queue for the following scene exit.

ACT 1: Scene 2 The Chip Shop

VFX: Lights up on...

A traditional and dated fish and chip shop.

***PAULINE** is serving – everything is wrapped in the wrapping area behind the counter and out of sight. **GEORGE** is wearing an apron, occasionally prodding at a fryer and pulling out fish when necessary – he’s not happy and keeps glancing at his watch. He has a routine of moves which he repeats – this is echoed in Act 2 Scene 3 (“Slap, slap, splash, poke, grunt, sneer, lift, tap, chuck, time to shut”). He batters either side of a fish before dropping it in the fryer, he prods it disapprovingly, then – when it’s done – lifts it out, tapping off the fat and throwing it into the warming area above, before checking his watch. **SAM** is dutifully clearing heavy bags of unused potatoes from the shop front and back into the store cupboard. **SAM**’s mind is somewhere else and he sporadically adds some unnoticed, suggestive dance moves to his chores.*

***CHLOE** collects her order and exits.*

SFX: Frying sounds and (if possible) the smell of fish and chips.

PAULINE Hello luv. Fish and chips?

BARBARA *(taken aback by the question)* Oh. Is that all you do?

PAULINE Yes luv.

***PAULINE** helpfully points at the menu board.*

BARBARA Oh. Do you not do pies?

PAULINE No luv. We do fish and chips.

***BARBARA** stares blankly at the menu board.*

BARBARA Oh.

PAULINE I’ll come back to you.

***BARBARA** moves closer to the menu board to study it. **PAULINE** looks at the next in line, **JENNIFER**.*

Yes luv. Usual?

***JENNIFER** nods and **PAULINE** serves. **ALEX** is counting his/her change – worried there might not be enough.*

HARRY Eh up George.

***GEORGE** grunts.*

HARRY What's up with you?

***HARRY** stands back in a 'usual position' next to the counter so he can talk to **HARRY**.*

GEORGE It's thirteen minutes past.

HARRY *(indicating the queue)* You'll not be shutting on time today then?

GEORGE No.

***GEORGE** rudely takes each member of the queue to task in turn.*

*(to **ALEX**)* How many do you want?

ALEX Once.

GEORGE** looks at the amount of chips left and grunts in vague approval, then turns to **JORDAN

JORDAN Three times wi'bits.

GEORGE I've only got another two.

JORDAN Could you not put us another one in?

***PAULINE** stops serving. **SAM** freezes. The queue – but not **BARBARA** - turns to stare at **JORDAN** who capitulates.*

I... I'll have whatever's left.

The queue relaxes. PAULINE gives JENNIFER her 'usual' and change.

GEORGE

(to HARRY – but intended for all) It clearly says eleven-forty-five to one-fifteen on the sign...

GEORGE turns the menu board to reveal the opening hours on its reverse.

...then this lot all rock up at ten past.

HARRY smiles and shakes his head while PAULINE begins to serve him with a knowing look.

JENNIFER

(full of remorse as she's leaving) I would have got here sooner. Our Claudia got her head stuck in the big pan, so I couldn't do pasta.

GEORGE gives her a withering look. JENNIFER reacts and dashes out of the door.

SAM

(with a smile) Y'All right Jordan? How's your Mum?

JORDAN

Same old.

BARBARA

(to PAULINE) What fish is it?

GEORGE

It's fish. You eat it.

BARBARA

Oh.

SAM

Dad. Is there owt else?

GEORGE grunts. PAULINE opens the till.

SAM

I'll be off then. Can I have my money Mum?

GEORGE shifts uncomfortably. PAULINE hands over SAM's wage. HARRY moves back into his place at the front of the queue.

PAULINE

There you go luv. And here's your change Harry luv.

PAULINE hands HARRY his change. SAM leaves through the back. ALEX is counting his/her money again meticulously.

GEORGE Why are we paying him? He should be giving us rent by now. His bedroom's bigger than yours. In my day, you framed yourself and looked lively.

PAULINE What day was that?! A Tuesday in 1987?

HARRY Are you comin' down The Crown after? I'll be serving on once I've had these.

***GEORGE** grunts. **HARRY** exits.*

PAULINE He's 19. (to **ALEX**) Once luv? (to **GEORGE**) He's young and free.

GEORGE He's not free, he costs a fortune. And the gormless sod never saves.

***PAULINE** hands the portion over to **ALEX** who has counted his/her money. He/she has a lot of 'shrapnel' (mixed small denomination coins).*

PAULINE Salt and vinegar luv?

ALEX Is *that* free?

***GEORGE** flinches.*

PAULINE Of course.

***ALEX** pays (keeping a 10p coin), and, leaning over the counter, starts piling salt and vinegar excessively onto their portion.*

***GEORGE** watches.*

GEORGE Yes. For our pains, we make no charge for condiments. In the words of Sir Winston "Wealth, taste and leisure can bring many things but they do not bring happiness."

***GEORGE** snatches the dispensers away from **ALEX**, who recoils whilst taking a fork from the box. **PAULINE** efficiently wraps **ALEX**'s small parcel.*

The best things in life are free. That's 10p for the fork.

***GEORGE** snatches the 10p from **ALEX**'s hand who takes the parcel and leaves bewildered. **PAULINE** moves onto **CHLOE** serving them a portion of chips.*

BARBARA *(still examining the menu)* How many calories are there in your 'fish'?

GEORGE *(answering quickly and dismissively)* 12.

***GEORGE** glances at his watch again.*

PAULINE *(to **JORDAN**)* I'll give you what's left luv. And extra chips.

***GEORGE** moves uncomfortably again as **PAULINE** gives away the remainder of the food in a large parcel.*

BARBARA And in your 'chips'?

GEORGE *(too quickly)* 40,000

BARBARA Oh, that's rather a lot isn't it?

GEORGE It is. I doubt such a tight artery as yours could stand it.

PAULINE *(to **JORDAN**)* There you are love. Just give us for twice.

***GEORGE** turns the menu board back and starts wiping down the counter and turns the fryer off noisily. **PAULINE** takes a note from **JORDAN** and hands over the large parcel. **JORDAN** makes a hasty exit.*

BARBARA I'll have four 'fish'.

***GEORGE** comes to the other side of the counter, he grabs **BARBARA** and escorts her out.*

As long as they're responsibly sourced. Did you see that documentary? I think it was Channel Five. No! Channel 4. The one with the nice looking young man who does the news in those suits. Do you know? Eeh, well, it certainly opened my eyes.

GEORGE We're closed.

BARBARA Do you take cards?

GEORGE We're closed!

GEORGE pushes BARBARA out of the shop.

**Music Cue 04: The End of the Line
(GEORGE)**

GEORGE IT'S A JOY,
NO-ONE KNOWS
WHEN YOU FIN'LY TURN YOUR SIGN AROUND AND
TELL THE WORLD YOU'RE CLOSED

WHEN THEY'RE WHINING ON 'BOUT
"ALL THE TRADE YOU LOSE" (*grunt*)
BUT WE'RE NOT ONE OF THEM
ALL-NIGHT BURGER DOS.

SUCK IT UP.
READ THE SIGN.
WE'RE OPEN EV'RY OTHER DAY
'CEPT SUNDAY AT LUNCHTIME

IF SUMMER'S GOOD WE'LL PROB'LY BE AWAY
WE'RE SHUT THROUGH EASTER AND BANK HOLIDAYS
AND CHRISTMAS YOU CAN WRITE OFF.
GOD BE PRAISED.

BUT EV'RY NIGHT,
('CEPT MONDAY NIGHT),
(AND WE'NSDAY NIGHT)
(AND SUNDAY NIGHT)
FROM FIVE 'TIL SEVEN,
'CEPT SATURDAY,
'CEPT WHEN TOWN ARE PLAY'N AWAY,
WE'RE OPEN
SUBJECT TO DELAYS...
FIVE 'TIL SIX-FIFTEEN
MOST DAYS.

PAULINE You know George, maybe if we simplified things we might get more customers.

GEORGE flips the open/closed sign over.

GEORGE I don't want more customers. Job enough. No luv, that lot'll see me out nicely – and, when I die, I'll leave everything to you.

GEORGE *dumps his apron on PAULINE.*

PAULINE You do already.

PAULINE *picks up his apron and folds it.*

GEORGE This, my dear, is the way it is, it's the way it's always been and it's the way it always will be.

GEORGE *exits through the door to the house.*

SFX: **GEORGE** *heads up the stairs. There is a floorboard halfway up which we hear creak each time anyone is going up or down (See Director's Notes (SFX))*

PAULINE Forever and ever,

GEORGE (off) Amen.

PAULINE *'crosses herself' then points her finger as if marking a cue, exactly as a door slams (SFX). PAULINE continues to cash up. We hear SAM running down the stairs (SFX + squeaky board).*

PAULINE Steady on them stairs Sam. You sound like your dad when he's late for happy hour.

SAM *enters with his earphones in, having changed and makes for the door temporarily removing his earphones.*

SAM Mum. You're not out tonight, are you?

PAULINE Saturday night? It depends Love. Your father might want to treat me.

SAM So you're in then?

PAULINE Yep.

SAM Cool. I'm off out after the evening shift.

PAULINE *(taken aback)* Oh?

SAM I'll be here to help Will with the delivery.

- PAULINE** Right...
- SAM** Mum. Have you got any...?
- PAULINE** ... Because your dad won't lift them boxes. He's got a bad back...
- SAM** ...Any...?
- PAULINE** ...Actually his front's not much to shout about. *(beat)* Any 'what' love?
- SAM** Have you got any fake tan?
- PAULINE** Who would I wear fake tan for? Your dad wouldn't twig on if I dyed mi'self purple. *(puzzled)* Where are you goin' out to?
- SAM** *(quickly and evasively)* I've got a job. I'm doing some work in a pub uptown. See ya.
- SAM exits replacing his earphones and leaves. PAULINE panics.*
- PAULINE** You're working? Sam! Whereabouts love?
- SAM's gone.*
- (yelling upstairs)* George!
- GEORGE (off)** I'm getting mi coat!
- SFX: GEORGE coming down the stairs. GEORGE plods in wearing a big coat.*
- GEORGE** That floorboard needs seeing to.
- PAULINE** George. Sam's going 'out'!
- GEORGE** So am I. Down The Crown.
- PAULINE** Take your key, I'm due at Zumba.
- SFX - GEORGE searches noisily and fruitlessly for his key retracing his steps back into the house.*
- GEORGE (off)** Where've you put it?

PAULINE Any idea where Sam's workin' tonight?

*SFX - There is crashing and sighing as **GEORGE'S** search becomes more agitated.*

PAULINE I'll be back at half-three to catch Will with the ShopWare delivery. If you want something cold there's that salad. If you want something hot, microwave that salad.

GEORGE (off) Where the flaming hell have you put mi key?

***PAULINE** glances at the counter top and without breaking poise, takes **GEORGE'S** door key and jingles it whilst totting the daily take. The noises stop and **GEORGE** walks through petulantly snatching the key from her hand and exiting. Pauline – without looking up - holds the cash takings in the air. **GEORGE** reappears and in one move snatches the money and exits.
*SFX door slam**

Music Cue 05: It's Your World (Something's Wrong Here)
(PAULINE)

PAULINE Yes. Off you go... off you both go... I'll lock up.

***PAULINE** sings to herself whilst finishing the cleaning gradually segueing into the song.*

I'll be the Mum, I'll be the wife
I'LL BE THE ONE TO BRING THIS SHOP TO LIFE.

IT'S YOUR WORLD. YOU RELY ON.
IT'S THE HILL THAT YOU DIE ON.
INCH BY INCH, DAY BY DAY,
AS YOUR LIFE GETS IN YOUR WAY

***PAULINE** looks out as if looking in a long mirror. She checks herself and then prods at herself.*

IT'S YOUR JOB, IT'S YOUR FIGURE
IT'S YOUR FACE, IN THE MIRROR
LOOKING BACK, LOOKING IN.
SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE.

PAULINE turns the lights off, grabs her gym bag, and checks her phone.

Come on love, you're late.

She exits. Blackout.

SFX: Outer door shuts.

Transition

ACT I: Scene 3 The Gym

LILL is in Zumba gear planting down her towel and waterbottle. CHLOE, the instructor, is getting her over-ear mic system set up. She is controlling the music with her phone and running through the class by marking steps. CATH, JANET and DEBBIE are in lycra chatting – there is a concern between them. One solitary man, CLIVE, is trying his best not to look awkward, and failing. COMPANY gradually join the scene during the next section.

CHLOE Alright everyone. Starting in 5.

PAULINE enters dressed in Zumba gear. She sets her towel and water bottle by LILL's.

PAULINE Hiya Lill. Just in time again.

CHLOE *(checking her mic)* 1... 1... 1, 2... 1, 2, 3, 4... check check.

LILL Tonnes of time. Chloe's been testing that mic since I got here.

CHLOE 1, 2, 3, 4... 1, 2, 3, 4.

LILL She's not got to five yet.

PAULINE She's a dancer. She can only count to four. Any sign of... you know who?

LILL The Merry Widow? She's gone for a swim. There's that sexy new lifeguard.

PAULINE Ugh. As long as she doesn't fake a seizure like last time. Honestly. It's undignified - someone of her age being hauled out like the catch of the day on the off-chance she'll get the kiss of life.

PAULINE notices JANET

Hey Janet, it's your do tonight intit?

LILL *(trying to warn PAULINE)* Erm...

JANET It's not 'my' do anymore. 'You-know-who's coming.

PAULINE Oh.

JANET She cornered me. I told her “Just a quiet night out. A few friends”. She sat me down. (*impersonating Marge*) “At the end of every story, traditionally, every woman is either married or dead. This is the most important night of your life. And I will not let it pass without occasion. Yes? Yes! Good.”. I mean, I couldn’t say no. Then she had this idea for a massive ‘surprise’. I dread to think what’s comin’.

PAULINE I’m sure she won’t let things get out of hand.

JANET She’s inviting everyone. She’s had t-shirts made.

PAULINE Right... (*feigning a smile*) It’ll be lovely.

PAULINE turns back to LILL rolling her eyes.

LILL I should’ve warned you.

PAULINE She’s a terror. Fancy hijacking the poor lass’s hen-night.

LILL She’s invited us.

PAULINE What? Nooo. We don’t know Janet.

LILL I said yes.

PAULINE is speechless.

Well, she said it was the (*impersonating Marge*) “social event of the year”, “once in a lifetime”, “the more the merrier”. “Yes? Yes! Good”

PAULINE Oh God.

MARGE sweeps in.

MARGE Hi Chlo! Sorry I’m late. Real drama in the pool. I thought I was choking on a contact lens, it turns out it was only someone’s varoocah.

She greets PAULINE and LILL somewhat dismissively with distant air kisses.

Lill. Pau.

CLIVE puckers his lips expectantly and MARGE recoils.

LILL Are varoocah's still a thing?

PAULINE No.

MARGE *(to PAULINE)* Has she told you?

MARGE heads over to JANET who musters a weak smile.

In spite of the late notice, due to the rather underwhelming organisational skills of *(casting a withering glance at Debbie)* whomsoever was doing the do before, we've decided to shove some Semtex up the evening. Haven't we? We've got a stretch limo taking us into town, picking up as we go. Food's at Wong's Palace. And then 'The Vixen' and *(looking pointedly at Pauline)* I've arranged a huge surprise that'll keep me in gossip for weeks. You won't forget it. *(beat)* None of us will, if we all survive the night. Ha! I'll be 'round with your t-shirts this afternoon. Are you ready for the social event of the year? Yes? Yes! Good.

After setting her matching towel and water bottle, MARGE goes into her pre-gym routine, stretching ostentatiously. LILL and PAULINE look resigned.

The more the merrier. *(to JANET)* It's once in a lifetime.

PAULINE It wasn't for you.

MARGE (mid warm-up) casts PAULINE an acid glance.

What was it? Five husbands? We all thought you were addicted to wedding cake.

MARGE ignores the sleight and concentrates on her warm-up.

MARGE Pelvis exercises are what kept Gordon with me for so long.

PAULINE *(to LILL)* Which one was Gordon again?

- LILL** (to **PAULINE**) The one before she nicked my Len. Number four. Left her three years ago to travel. Didn't get very far, she slashed the tyres on his Mazda.
- MARGE** Fantastic for sexual function, bladder leakage and water retention.
- PAULINE** (to **LILL**) Just not Gordon retention.
- CHLOE** One... one...
- MARGE** (*side thrusting*) Number one was Steven. A real crush
- LILL** What happened to him?
- MARGE** I just said. Crushed. He took me to Spain and he was trampled by a bull in Pamplona.
- CHLOE** Two... two... check... two...
- MARGE** Number two was Luke. Rebound. Didn't 'Luke' both ways and rebounded off an oncoming Ford Transit.
- CHLOE** Three... three...
- MARGE** (*stopping to daydream*) Ahhh... three... Alfie. Alfred the Great. Died doing what he loved doing most. Me.
- PAULINE and LILL are disgusted.***
- CHLOE** One... two... three... four...
- MARGE** 'Flat Pirelli Gordon' of course. And then there was Len.
- LILL and PAULINE look uncomfortable.***
- Oh poor Len. God rest his soul. Of course, you knew him first didn't you Lill? Didn't you have a small thing with him before he moved in with me?
- LILL** A six year thing.
- MARGE** Six was it? Mmm... (*she turns to Pauline*) You did well first time didn't you Pau? I've always been fond of George. He's so...

PAULINE Tight?

MARGE No... so ...

PAULINE Thick?

MARGE No... dependable.

PAULINE ‘Predictable’'s a better word for it. I'll tell you this Marge... right now, today, and every Saturday, he'll be wedged in The Crown on his throne, with his duffle on its peg, boring the pants off poor Harry for three hours.

MARGE is listening and plotting.

PAULINE It'll be ‘Town’ this, and ‘council’ that. A strong 30 minutes on immigration and then another half an hour on the pointlessness of recycling.

MARGE Yes. He doesn't like change does he? Maybe that's why you've stayed together.

PAULINE He'll be there thumbing through his Racing Post, like a high-roller at Monte Carlo, but the only thing he ever blows is the day's take. He never dips into his own money.

MARGE has a flashbulb moment.

MARGE Re-eally? Doesn't he? With his own money...Yes? ...Yes! ... Good.

PAULINE ‘Course not. He's as tight as Chloe's face after that last batch of botox.

MARGE That's shocking! I mean, judging you on your appearance – which I always make a point of doing - I'd assumed you were both struggling. But George has got money of his own has he?

PAULINE You'd never guess. But mention his bank balance and he shifts from one cheek to the other like his pants are on backwards. Or like he's sitting on...

MARGE ... a fortune. Yes? Yes! Good.

CHLOE prods vaguely at her phone and the right music starts.

**Music Cue 06: Pump It Out
(CHLOE, CLIVE, CATH, JANET, DEBBIE, MARGE,
LILL & PAULINE)**

CHLOE Ready everyone? Ready Janet? Big day next week isn't it? Is the dress still tight under the arms? Phil'll never notice – he's a bit of a bloater himself, isn't he? Right ladies. And Clive. Let's do this.

MARGE leaps into position. The others are more reluctant.

CHLOE Now remember, if you feel the burn, burn through it. Punch through the pain, you'll get the gain. If the fire alarm goes, ignore it. They're doing safety awareness in studio 3. Right, usual warm up. Cath, how's your chafing? Hmm.

CATH, JANET & DEBBIE

GO AND STAND BY YOUR MAN
FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN.
GET YOUR FELLAS FEELING JEALOUS
IT'S ALL PART OF THE PLAN
IF YOU'RE STRESSED OR DEPRESSED
AND IT'S ALL ABOUT HIM
NEVER MENTION ALL YOUR TENSION,
GET YOURSELF TO THE GYM
AND PUMP IT OUT.

CHLOE Low impact girls – and Clive.

**CATH, JANET, DEBBIE
AND COMPANY** PUMP IT OUT.

CHLOE Don't forget to breathe. Pretend you're alive.

CATH, JANET & DEBBIE

THERE'S A DIET, YOU CAN TRY IT,
FOR A BRAND NEW YOU.
YOU'VE GOT RED DAYS. YOU'VE GOT GREEN DAYS
AND YOU'RE ALWAYS BLUE.
A VIGIL ON THE TREADMILL'S YOUR ADRENALINE FIX
YOU'LL BE TRIMMER. YOU'LL BE THINNER.
BUT YOU'D KILL FOR A TWIX.

PUMP IT OUT.

CHLOE Now can you feel yourself losing that weight...?

**CATH, JANET, DEBBIE
AND COMPANY** PUMP IT OUT.

CHLOE No?... ramp to high impact. ...come on... 7. 8...

CATH, JANET & DEBBIE PUSH IT, BUST IT, POWER-THRUST IT

Janet has a slight 'wardrobe malfunction' (See Director's Notes)

KICK IT, THROW IT, CAMEL-TOE IT
HUMP IT, JERK IT, BUMP IT, TWERK IT,
PUMP IT OUT

CHLOE Shake it out... Not that much Clive... Reminds me of the pendulum on our Deidre's hall clock. *(beat)* Janet... pop it back in. It came out while you were thrusting. Didn't you know... *(laughs)*... really? It's big enough to have its own postcode....

CATH, JANET & DEBBIE
WE'RE THE SAME, WE ALL BLAME,
EVERYTHING ON BEING FAT
BUT THE SIZE OF OUR THIGHS,
DOESN'T CHANGE WHERE IT'S AT
I WOULD STRUT, BUT MY BUTT,
DOESN'T SYNC WITH MY RACK
I'LL TELL YOU RIGHT, IT'S CELLULITE
THAT'S HOLDING ME BACK
PUMP IT OUT.

CHLOE Heels back now... it's hamstring curls

**CATH, JANET, DEBBIE
AND COMPANY** PUMP IT OUT.

CHLOE Riiiiight...another lot. Here we go girls....! 7...8...

**CATH, JANET, DEBBIE
AND COMPANY** BELT IT, CHANCE IT, BELLY-DANCE IT
BEEF IT, BUFF IT, BETO SHUFFL' IT

HUMP IT, JERK IT, BUMP IT, TWERK IT,
PUMP IT OUT.

CHLOE Just a suggestion, next time could you perhaps wear loose fitting clothes for this class?

LILL (*aside to PAULINE*) If I had any loose fitting clothes I wouldn't need the chuffin' class.

**CATH, JANET, DEBBIE
AND COMPANY** IT'S HARD TO SHIMMY WITH A BUST THIS SIZE
ONE JUMPING JACK AND I GO BACK
WITH TWO BLACK EYES
A GRAPE-VINE STEP-'N'-THRUST WITHOUT OUR BRAS
WILL LIKELY MEAN THAT CLIVE'LL SEE
OUR CHA-CHA-CHAS

CATH, JANET & DEBBIE
WHEN FRUSTRATION GETS YOU HOT
COME AND GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT
PUMP IT OUT

**CHLOE
and COMPANY** PUMP IT OUT, PUMP IT, PUMP IT OU-OU-OUT

CATH, JANET & DEBBIE
TURN YOUR BITTER INTO SWEET
WITH THE MOVEMENT OF YOUR FEET
PUMP IT OUT, PUMP IT, PUMP IT OUT

**CHLOE
and COMPANY** BIG IT, ON IT, REGGAETON IT
SLIP IT, STACK IT, SALSA BACK IT
STRETCH IT, TONE IT, SUCK IT, OWN IT,

COMPANY PUMP IT OUT.

CHLOE Back we go... 7... 8...

**CATH, JANET, DEBBIE
AND COMPANY** THE MOVES LOOK GOOD IF YOU'RE SEVEN STONE
BUT IF YOU'RE PLUMP,
YOU'D BETTER PUMP IT OUT ALONE
IF SHE TELLS ME TO MERENGUE STRADDLE

ONCE AGAIN
MY BITS'LL STILL BE WOBB'LIN' DURIN' NEWS AT TEN

CATH, JANET & DEBBIE

WHEN YOU'RE ANGRY AT YOUR MAN
AND YOU'VE TAKEN ALL YOU CAN
PUMP IT OUT.

CHLOE

OU-----UT

COMPANY

PUMP IT OUT, PUMP IT, PUMP IT OU-OU-OUT

CATH, JANET & DEBBIE

IF YOU'RE PERMANENTLY VEXED
AND COMPLETELY UNDERSEXED
PUMP IT OUT
PUMP IT OUT, PUMP IT, PUMP IT OUT

CHLOE and COMPANY HUMP IT, JERK IT, BUMP IT, TWERK IT,
STRETCH IT, TONE IT, SUCK IT, OWN IT,
ALL TOGETHER, FETCH A STRETCHER

CATH, JANET, DEBBIE

and COMPANY PUMP IT... (*breathe*)
PUMP IT... (*breathe*)

CHLOE

Suck in!

OUT.

Everyone sucks in.

CHLOE nonchalantly goes back to prodding her phone. She realises everyone is still sucking in.

CHLOE

And rest.

EVERYONE except CHLOE collapses. There is an audible fart. EVERYONE shoots an accusing stare at CLIVE. The fire alarm goes off which everyone acknowledges before turning back to CHLOE.

CHLOE

(knowingly) Studio Three! Pub?

All exit.

LIGHTING CUE: Change of lighting.

Music Cue 07: Transition (Yorkshire Born and Bred)

ACT 1: Scene 4 The Crown

***HARRY** (The Crown's landlord) has poured a pint. George's coat is hanging on a peg next to the door. **GEORGE** is seated on his usual stool at the bar, studying The Racing Post. **HARRY** hands him the pint, takes another for himself and selects a bag of Pork Scratchings to nibble at.*

GEORGE It's not right Harry!

***HARRY** opens the packet and, in one well-rehearsed movement, spreads the packet so its contents can be picked at. This scene has clearly been repeated many times in the past.*

HARRY Aye. What's not right?

GEORGE This street used to have the three of us. Side by side. The BBC; Bookie, Boozer, Chippy. A man's simple pleasures could all be indulged in one leisurely stagger home.

HARRY Bookie's not given up. Bill's just gone online.

GEORGE "Just"?!... "just"?! There's nothing "just" about it. Every Monday. Every Wednesday. Every Friday. I'd walk back from your fine establishment – in which I'd had a friendly pint, a social smoke and a discussion about form and going - I'd walk into Bill's. He'd greet me with a witty retort...

HARRY Bill never did any retorts...

GEORGE ... And I would place a bet - not a flutter, a substantial bet.

HARRY ... unless "get stuffed" counts as a witty retort.

GEORGE One which would give me genuine joy with every rare victory, and would poleax me with every defeat. All was well with the world. Tradition you see... In the words of Winston "The farther backward you can look, the farther forward you are likely to see.". A pint doesn't taste the same when it's not being supped through a fog of second-hand Rothmans. Even the beer garden's full of pratts 'vaping'. Every mouthful of mild's indirectly infused with apple cinnamon and banana custard.

The pub doors open (SFX if not visible). Everyone from the gym class (except MARGE) pile in – their phones gradually appear as they get bored of conversation.

GEORGE Speaking of unwelcome intrusions...

PAULINE, LILL enter next to GEORGE. GEORGE looks them up and down.

GEORGE God almighty.

PAULINE No. Just you're wife, luv. Don't panic, we're not stoppin'.

LILL Are we not?

PAULINE They'll all be on their phones and Marge'll be in once she's finished stalking that life guard. George. *(no response)* George! Did you find out where Sam's working?

GEORGE I had more pressing matters.

PAULINE I see. Nothing over 5-to-1 Love. Your ticker'd never stand it.

PAULINE turns to go.

See you all next week.

No-one looks up from their phones.

ALL Bye Pauline. Bye Lill. *(etc.)*

PAULINE and LILL exit.

CHLOE Bye Pauline. Now everyone, It's very important to hydrate after exercise. Harry! [number of gym members on stage] pints of tap water please.

HARRY (to George) Ruddy Nora. You'd think, once in a while, they'd hydrate with something I can charge 'em for.

GEORGE It's not like they enhance the atmosphere. Time was you'd have a dozen old lads in here, smoking like chimneys, drinking like fish and swearing like troopers. Every single one of 'em a violent alcoholic, but at least we had banter. You can't get a good-

humoured, late Saturday punch-up on WhatsApp. Look at ‘em. They’re locked in.

HARRY It’s why they’re called cell phones.

GEORGE True enough. Our world is gradually being relinquished Harry, and all I’ve done is sat in silence. My Mondays. My Wednesdays. My Fridays. Ruined.

HARRY Where do you bet now then?

GEORGE Online.

***HARRY** shrugs and disappears into the back.*

HARRY *(as he’s leaving)* Et tu Brute.

GEORGE No. PaddyPower. *(Director’s Note: Please update this reference as required)*

***MARGE** sweeps in. She pulls out a bottle of scent and sprays herself liberally, then approaches George spraying a little more as she gets near.*

MARGE Hello George. Fancy meeting you here.

GEORGE *(Coughing after being hit by the scent)* Me? Well, M.. M... Marjorie...

MARGE Call me Marge. Everyone else does – I don’t know why. Pauline and I have been best friends far too long for the two of us to be formal. No need to... stand on ceremony. *(George drops his Racing Post onto his crotch)* Is that your coat?

GEORGE Er... yes.

MARGE I was just at Zumba with Pauline. Of course you don’t need any of that do you? You’ve always been very... imposing.

***GEORGE** straightens his posture. **MARGE** gets closer.*

MARGE What are you reading, George?

GEORGE The Racing Post.

MARGE Oh, you gamble! How exciting. Isn't it wonderful to have a disposable income? Especially when it's 'sizeable'.

***GEORGE** adjusts himself – just as **PAULINE** predicted – 'like his pants are on backwards'.*

GEORGE You smell...

MARGE Yes. The girl in the shop said it was "fresh and invigorating".

***MARGE** gets the scent out again and playfully sprays a little over **GEORGE**.*

So I spritzed it all over.

***GEORGE** is entranced. **HARRY** enters from the back room with a tray of glasses of water (fake) and recoils immediately from the wall of scent. **HARRY** has a visible allergic reaction (a tic not a sneeze) every time he encounters Marge's scent.*

GEORGE All over?

MARGE (suggestively) ALL over.

GEORGE R...right.

MARGE Glad you like it. She said I was a wonder. Impeccable complexion, no bra, lips like Wagon Wheels...Very important to stay be invigorating as one approaches middle age. We don't want to get bored do we? There's always time to try something fresh.

HARRY Fresh? It smells a yoghurt's been left in the airing cupboard.

MARGE We'll talk again when (pointedly at Harry) we've got some time to ourselves. I'll be dropping things at your shop a little later. You'll be there won't you? Yes? Yes! Good. How very dependable.

***MARGE** kisses **GEORGE** on the forehead.*

Ciao Georgie.

***MARGE** exits. **GEORGE** slowly processes Marge's advance ignoring whatever **HARRY** says.*

GEORGE Harry... *(the penny drops)* I think something's fallen in my lap.

HARRY Smells like it.

GEORGE You know, I'm just speculating here, and I can't be sure, but I've got suspicions that Marjory Brackenridge, the lovely lady who just left, might be open to an advance.

HARRY She looked wide open to me.

GEORGE Like the 3.30 from Doncaster *(returning to his Racing Post)* If only picking everything in life was as simple as...

HARRY ... pickin' your nose...

GEORGE picking an 'orse.

Music Cue 08: Two Horse Race
(GEORGE and HARRY with COMPANY)
First lines are spoken (Sprechstimme)

HARRY ... pickin' an 'orse.

GEORGE *(circumspect)* You see...

I've got a couple of horses in the same damn race
 And I'm not sure which to have my money on
 Now one of them's a favourite, one's an also-ran
 But I want to get the maximum return

The nag with lots of front'd be the BEST TO BACK

GEORGE looks at the doorway after **MARGE**.

BUT THE OTHER ONE'S GOT LEGS AND SHE'S AN ACE
 TELL ME HARRY WHO'LL REWARD US?
 CAUSE THEY'RE UNDER STARTER'S ORDERS
 IT'S A TWO HORSE RACE.

GEORGE THERE'S A BRACE OF FILLIES IN MY TWO HORSE RACE,
 AND THE WINNER GETS TOGETHER WITH A STUD
 THE OLDER ONE IS STRUGGLING TO MAKE THE PACE
 BUT SHE LED IT WHILE THE GOING WASN'T GOOD

THE NEWER ONE HAS BETTER FORM
 AND GOES EACH WAY
 BUT I KNOW SHE'LL NEVER COME IN SECOND PLACE
 'CAUSE WITH HER STAMINA AND STRENGTH,
 I'M SURE SHE'LL SOON BE UP A LENGTH
 AND WIN THE TWO HORSE RACE

Dance break. Staged like a horse race, using spoons as accompaniment and chairs reversed as horses.

HARRY

NOW GEORGE,
 YOU SHOULD'VE 'AD YOUR MONEY DOWN
 BEFORE THE GUN
 AND I'M NOT SURE THAT NEW HORSE
 IS GOING TO LAST
 SHE'S ALREADY BEEN MOUNTED UP AT 5 TO 1,
 AND'LL PROB'LY RUN HER COURSE BY QUARTER PAST.

YOU'RE BOUND TO LOSE YOUR BOTTLE
 ON THE FINAL STRETCH
 AND DISMOUNT YOUR ONE-TRICK PONY IN DISGRACE
 YOU'LL BE SUPPING FROM THE DREGS,
 WITH SIXTEEN HANDS BETWEEN YOUR LEGS
 AFTER YOUR TWO HORSE RACE

GEORGE

IT'S ALL RUDDY HEAVY GOING WITH A HANDICAP
 AND THERE'S ONE OLD GIRL
 WHO'S CARRYING MORE WEIGHT
 THE OTHER MIGHT'VE BEEN WAYLAID
 OUT OF THE TRAP
 BUT I CAN SEE HER SPURTING UP THE STRAIGHT
 AND THEY'RE OFF!

(Swanee Whistle rising)

HARRY

ONE TAKES ON ANY HURDLE,
 ONE'S A DROP DEAD CERT
 BUT LAD DON'T CUT OFF YOUR NOSE
 TO SPITE YOUR FACE
 YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT STEADY
 'CAUSE THE GOIN'S GOOD ALREADY
 FOR YOUR TWO HORSE RACE.

Mini-dance break with key change.

GEORGE I'VE GOT EV'RYTHING I NEED TO DO IT ON THE WHOLE
A THOROUGHBRED, A STALLION, COME WHAT MAY

COMPANY COME WHAT MAY

GEORGE NOW I ADMIRE THE FIGURE OF A FIERY FOAL
AS LONG AS THERE'S SOME JUMPS ALONG THE WAY

COMPANY gasps.

HARRY THAT NEW ONE'S GONNA WHIP YOU
'CAUSE YOU'RE FAR TOO SLOW
SO I'D SHOOT HER IN THE Paddock JUST IN CASE

COMPANY BANG BANG! OO. OO. AAH.

HARRY CONSIDERING HER RIDER,
IS A KNACKERED RANK OUTSIDER

GEORGE I THINK I GET THE PICTURE,
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING'S SCRAP THE FIXTURE

HARRY BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT,
OLD FELLA YOU COULD LOSE YOUR SHIRT

HARRY + COMP. IN THE TWO HORSE RACE

GEORGE It'll be fine.

HARRY + COMP. IN THE TWO HORSE RACE.

GEORGE She'll never know.

**GEORGE, HARRY
& COMPANY** THE TWO HORSE RACE.

They raise their glasses.

GEORGE Bottoms up.

ACT I: Scene 5 The Chip Shop

SAM is wiping down the counter. He whips his cloth over his shoulder and goes to the front door. He checks the coast is clear, then puts in his earphones. The transition music from the previous scene segues into an instrumental version of 'Aren't We Outrageous' leaking from Sam's earphones. *SAM* starts to feel the rhythm and sings along. He is rehearsing a strip routine he will use later. He makes suggestive but awkward moves. Growing more and more over the top.

SFX: Will's van locking

WILL arrives with a large box he is delivering to the shop.

WILL Knock knock.

SAM doesn't notice and continues with his rehearsal. *SAM* mimes taking off his shirt and whirling it over his head and turns to see *WILL* looking dumbfounded.

WILL Hiya Sam.

SAM attempts to style it out, grabs the box and disappears into the store room.

SAM Hiya Will.

WILL begins ticking off a check list.

WILL *(teasing Sam)* And the girls went wild! *(screams)* "Make way Magic Mike – send us Sam Booth" *(laughs)*. Will you be needing a g-string delivered next Sat'day?

SAM emerges from the storeroom suddenly and takes out an earphone.

SAM *(looking guilty)* No!

After an uncomfortable pause, SAM walks out to *WILL*'s van.

SAM *(seriously)* Is your van open?

WILL *(still chuckling)* Right you are.

WILL points and presses his remote van lock and the same noise as before is heard.

SFX: Will's van unlocking

WILL sings the opening phrase of 'You Can Leave Your Hat On'. SAM bristles. PAULINE arrives back with her gym bag and meets SAM in the doorway.

PAULINE

Hi love. Everything alright?

SAM awkwardly weaves between PAULINE and the frame. PAULINE looks curiously after him. WILL smiles fondly at PAULINE.

SAM

(furtively) Yeah, fine.

SAM replaces his headphones.

WILL

(warmly) Hello Pauline.

PAULINE

(with a smile) Hiya Will.

WILL

You're a good colour. Been somewhere nice?

SAM enters with a heavy box and puts it in the doorway. He leaves to collect another.

PAULINE

Zumba.

PAULINE automatically goes to retrieve the box.

WILL

(in on the joke) Must be hot there this time of year.

PAULINE laughs and stoops to help with the second box.

WILL

Don't you be lifting. George not around?

WILL puts the delivery list and pen on top of the box then takes hold of the box. PAULINE takes the delivery list and pen. WILL takes the box to the store cupboard.

PAULINE You know him. He'll be back the moment the hard work's done.
(Inspecting the list) What's he asked for?

WILL Usual pop, small box of forks and that big one's your oil. He said you were alright for batter, salt and non-brewed. What about you?
(with gentle insinuation) Are you wanting anything else?

PAULINE chuckles

WILL How's Sam?

SAM enters with the penultimate box and takes it directly to the store cupboard. Both his earphones are in. We can hear 'Aren't We Outrageous?' from his earphones.

PAULINE *(with a smile)* Grown up. Plugged in. Tuned out.

WILL It's not long since he used to run underneath that counter. Do you remember when he banged his head? It came as a shock to him that.

PAULINE It shocked me more. I thought he'd be able to run under it a bit longer. I don't know where 19 years has gone. If he moves on, well... I'll just be someone he feels obliged to phone once in a while.

WILL gives PAULINE a pen and a docket to sign. She checks it and continues wistfully while WILL exits to the van then brings in the final box.

Do you know, everyone told me, "having a kid will change your life". And it did. Didn't change George's much. He occasionally asked what the smell was, but things carried on 'as per' for George. When he got beyond nappies, Sam smelt of grass, mud and whatever else he'd been playing in. After that he smelt of Clearasil. Now it's too much aftershave. If George'd had sinusitis I doubt he'd know we'd had a child.

WILL places the last box in the doorway.

WILL Have you talked to him?

PAULINE

George? I've talked AT him. Not that he listens or talks back. It's like living with a gameshow host in a permanent quick-fire round. "What's for tea?". "When's mi tea". "Where's mi socks?".

PAULINE gives back the docket but NOT the pen.

See you next Sat'day Will.

WILL

(with a smile) I'll be here.

PAULINE watches him go.

PAULINE

Hang on. You've got batter mix down you.

PAULINE pats down the back of WILL's trousers.

See ya.

PAULINE gives him a fond tap on the bum. WILL— loving it - leaves smiling. SAM comes out of the store cupboard wiping his hands ready for the last box. PAULINE leans on the counter.

"Mother calling son"... "Come in. Over"... "We've just won chippie of the year"... "We've rented out your bedroom to three Jehovah's Witnesses"... "Your Dad's decided to do salads".

PAULINE is now sure he can't hear. SAM moves the final box into the store cupboard. PAULINE takes a brush and sweeps the shop entrance talking to herself, but as if to Sam.

That's it then – job done. So, you're working somewhere else tonight are you? Off you go luv. I'll not stop you. In my day, rebellion was drinking or smoking. Kids seem to know how stupid that is now and they don't bother. When I was young, my bedtime was 9 o'clock and now I'm old enough to go to bed whenever I like... Turns out I like to be in bed by 9 o'clock.

She strokes the counter top wistfully, then heads out of the door to look for George.

So, whatever you're up to – and I know you're up to somethin' - it doesn't change anything. I'll always love you son.

PAULINE is outside when SAM comes out of the stock room wiping his hands.

SAM *(sincerely)* Love you too Mum.

SAM exits through the back. GEORGE enters, followed closely by PAULINE.

PAULINE Right on cue. Sam's done the delivery.

GEORGE Quite right too.

PAULINE smells the perfume on GEORGE and recoils.

PAULINE What's that smell? Jeyes Fluid?

GEORGE ignores the question and moves to go into the back, but PAULINE lowers the counter and stops him.

GEORGE What?

PAULINE Sam's going out this evening. *(beat)* I'm off out too.

GEORGE Out? You?

PAULINE Yes. So will you wait up for him?

GEORGE Will I chuff. You'll both have your keys. I'll be out like a light. And that's another advantage to you having your own room now. You won't disturb me when you come in late.

GEORGE raises the counter. PAULINE lowers it again.

PAULINE I'm in there because apparently I disturbed you anyway.

GEORGE Yes, well, that's why we agreed you'd move to the spare bedroom isn't it? The snoring. "Sleep to gather strength for the morning. For the morning will come."... Churchill.

GEORGE raises the counter and goes through. PAULINE sniffs at the perfume smell again and slams down the counter, barring George's way.

PAULINE Just a minute George. Sam says he's doing some bar work.

GEORGE Good. It's about time he earned his keep around here.

***GEORGE** glances at his watch, put out at the delay.*

PAULINE He's growing up and we need to discuss what things'll be like without him. Let's talk.

GEORGE Talk?

PAULINE Yes. Talk. We don't tend to talk.

GEORGE Yes we do.

PAULINE When?

***GEORGE** marches over to the board in the window and turns it around to show **PAULINE** the opening times.*

GEORGE Then!

PAULINE That's not talking. That's work. We should talk.

GEORGE (*sighing*) Why is it, when women say "we should talk", it's never about football?

PAULINE We used to talk. All the time. Then we ran out of things to talk about. So we got married. Wonderful. Something to talk about for the rest of our lives. Do you remember?

GEORGE I do love. I remember it as if it were yesterday. If it were tomorrow, I'd cancel.

PAULINE But then we'd stopped talking about the wedding, so we talked about having kids. Then Sam came along so we talked about him. Then Sam learned to talk, so we all talked. Then he became a teenager and forgot how to, and we stopped talking too.

GEORGE What's brought all this on?

PAULINE He's going out to work George! God knows what he's doing. And what are we going to talk about when he leaves home? Are we just going to give up and sit in silence? What do people do when they've given up on life?

GEORGE Get a cat.

PAULINE Listen to me George Booth. You might be wending your weary way to your grave, but I'm not done.

GEORGE Yes you are. We both are. Did you expect 'happy ever after'? We're still here and we'll always be here. Manacled together for eternity. There they go 'Pauline and George'.

PAULINE You're right! You stopped being George. I stopped being Pauline. And we became 'Pauline-and-George; this 'thing' everyone knows. Let's do something different.

GEORGE Aye.

PAULINE Let's do something dangerous.

GEORGE Right.

PAULINE Let's do... SOMETHING!

GEORGE *(thoughtfully – to himself – reflecting on what Marge said to him.)*
Aye. Let's do something... 'fresh and invigorating'.

Raising the countertop. PAULINE looks on expectantly.

It's been good to talk.

GEORGE *exits. PAULINE spins back in frustration.*

PAULINE Nnnnnhhh!

PAULINE *bangs the counter top down and exits into the back room. Blackout.*

ACT 1: Scene 6 The Street

Transition music begins with bird song SFX. LILL is heading to the pub from the chip shop finishing off a bag of chips. HARRY is heading to the chip shop from the pub.

**Music Cue 09: Lill and Harry Meeting 1
(LILL and HARRY)**

LILL HARRY. HI!
Where you goin'?

HARRY HELLO LILL!
I'VE LEFT JENNY SERVING ON
BECAUSE I THINK I'VE LOST THE WILL

LILL DE-AR GOD. DON'T TELL ME MARJORY'S INSIDE.

HARRY THAT SHE IS. SHE'S GOT THE WHOLE PLACE OCCUPIED.
DON'T GO IN. IT'LL BE SOCIAL SUICIDE.
IT'S WEDDING PREP SHOVED UP YOUR AISLES,

LILL (with a realisation) OVER-FRIENDLY PLASTIC SMILES.

HARRY WELL RATHER YOU THAN ME, GOOD LUCK.

*HARRY pats LILL on the back and ushers her towards the pub –
LILL is unenthusiastic.*

She's had the t-shirts made.

LILL Oh f....

ACT 1: Scene 7 The Crown

JENNY is behind the bar. CATH, JANET and DEBBIE (+ FEMALE COMPANY) are sitting at a table nursing drinks and looking forlorn in matching hen-do t-shirts.

CATH, JANET, DEBBIE etc. sit-up straight at the sound of MARGE's voice. MARGE enters from the toilets checking her phone.

MARGE I had to estimate your size.

LILL follows from the toilets in a hen-do t-shirt that is far too big. CLIVE follows in a t-shirt that is far too small.

LILL Thanks very much. All the time you've known me did you think I was prop forward for Leeds Rhinos?

MARGE Len, God rest his soul, was always very complimentary about your fuller figure.

LILL Really?! When was that then? Was that while he was with me or with you?

MARGE He'd hoist himself into an upright position, take one look at me and say "Marjorie" he'd say. "There's nothing to you. There was much more to Lill". Can you imagine that?

LILL Mmm.

MARGE I swear I don't know how you coped. Fortunately I'm blessed with a very caring nature. And I'm an excellent housekeeper. *(beat)* Every time I got divorced I always kept the house. *(she laughs)*.

MARGE's phone makes an 'error' sound (See Director's Notes). She inspects it urgently.

MARGE No!

LILL What was that?

MARGE Someone's just de-friended me.

LILL Who?

MARGE Well that hardly matters. I now have nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety eight friends. I have the seventh largest friend acceptance within 25 miles. I was just about to top 10,000 and some dopey dribbler has had the temerity to take me off their list.

LILL *(sarcastically)* Shocking.

MARGE I know! *(Turning to and addressing the table)* Anyway, tonight's not about me. It's about Janice.

LILL Janet.

MARGE About Janet, like I said. So drink up everyone, let's start as we mean to go on. *(calling to Jenny at the bar)* Shots! Let's have a toast.

They all raise their glasses.

To Jan...

She's forgotten whether it's 'Janice' or 'Janet' again.

To Jan. On this night of a lifetime. May you and your future husband...

They all wait as MARGE tries to recall his name.

JANET Phil.

MARGE ... Bill, spend the rest of your lives happy ever af...

There is a positive 'ping' from MARGE's phone.

MARGE *(looking at her phone in anticipation)* Wait a minute. That's... nine-nine-nine-nine... and...

MARGE takes a breath of excitement. SFX. The phone 'pings' again. Everyone is still poised for the toast.

MARGE YES! At last, something decent to celebrate.

CATH and DEBBIE cast uneasy glances at JANET. MARGE rings the time-bell at the bar. JENNY grabs it to stop it ringing.

Music Cue 10: My Friends
(MARGE, LILL and COMPANY)

MARGE celebrates her landmark impervious to the apathy of her 'friends'.

MARGE MY FRIENDS ARE THE FINEST,
DISCERNING, DIVINEST,
OF CIRCLES YOU'LL FIND AND I'M BLESSED.
NOW WHO ARE THEY TO ME,
I DON'T HAVE A SCOOPY,
BUT ALL OF THEM CLICKED MY REQUEST.

THERE'S NOTHING AS GREAT AS,
A NODDING ACQUAINTANCE
WHO LIVES THROUGH THEIR SOCIALS ONLINE
I'D MEET THEM IN PERSON,
BUT WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN
A CHAT. THAT'S A FLAT WASTE OF TIME.

SO SING WITH ME MY FRIENDS
EVERYONE BE MY FRIENDS
I'LL BE SO INFLUENTIAL
AND GO EXPONENTIAL,
AND HEAVEN KNOWS IT NEVER ENDS
HERE'S ONE FOR ALL MY FRIENDS
LET'S HAVE A BALL MY FRIENDS
WE CAN CLICK, IN AN INSTANT,
THERE'S NO CLIQUE THAT ISN'T MY FRIENDS

COMPANY SHE'S EVERYONE'S FRIEND

MARGE SOME BLOKE ARISTOTLE,
ONCE SAID "THOSE WHO'VE GOT ALL"
"THE FRIENDS IN THE WORLD'LL HAVE NONE."
THEY'RE WORDS OF ANTIQUES DEAR.
YOU CAN'T BLAME THE GREEKS DEAR
THEY WERE LOGICAL BUT HARDLY FUN.

COMPANY TA-RA-MA-SA-LA-TA-AAH...

MARGE GIVE ZUCKERBERG CREDIT,
AND MORONS ON REDDIT
THEY'VE BUILT A CATHEDRAL TO ME

COMPANY JUST ONE CLICK AND YOU'LL SEE

MARGE SOCIETIES SPIRAL,
AS MY POSTS GO VIRAL
WITH A DEFT AUBERGINE EMOJI

MARGE & COMP. SO SING WITH ME

MARGE MY FRIENDS

MARGE & COMP. EVERYONE BE

MARGE MY FRIENDS
YOU'RE A

COMPANY OOOH

MARGE DROP IN THE OCEAN,
OF MY SELF-PROMOTION.
DEVOTION WITH NO DIVIDENDS.

COMPANY NO DIVIDENDS.

MARGE DON'T MAKE ME

COMPANY LA-A-AH

MARGE LAUGH MY FRIENDS
I CAN'T NAME HALF MY FRIENDS
I CAN HERD AND CAROUSE AND
YOU'RE ONE IN TEN THOUSAND. MY FRIENDS.

COMPANY THOUSANDS. THOUSANDS.

MARGE SO WE'LL STAY SEMI-PALLY,
AND RACK UP MY TALLY, MY FRIENDS

COMPANY THOUSANDS. THOUSANDS.

MARGE AND THOUGH I'LL NEVER KNOW YOU,
I'LL ALWAYS BE CLOSE TO MY FRIENDS

COMPANY SHE'S EV'RYONE'S FRIEND

JENNY

TIME! (*rings the time bell*)

Transition music

ACT 1: Scene 8 Chip shop

The queue is dwindling at the end of the Saturday evening service.

HARRY is finishing a bag of chips whilst leaning on the bin (a mirror image of George at The Crown. Just JENNIFER and ALEX remain. PAULINE is serving ALEX. SAM is clearing away. GEORGE is looking at his watch (as Act 1: Scene 1)

HARRY They'll be off on their hen do by now Pauline.

PAULINE They can wait. We're nearly done. *(Pleasantly to JENNIFER and ALEX)* Aren't we?

GEORGE We should've been done 4 minutes since. *(At JENNIFER)* How many?

PAULINE It'll be the usual, won't it Jen?

JENNIFER nods.

GEORGE Good. Sam! Stock take.

GEORGE flicks the fryer switch off. SAM heads to the store cupboard and exits.

PAULINE You're keen luv. This is your second lot?

JENNIFER Sorry. Claudia decided to post all the cutlery into the tarantula tank.

PAULINE Can't you get them out?

PAULINE is completing the transaction with ALEX.

JENNIFER *(overly shrill)* No! It was sat there looking at me on top of a dessert spoon - like it was challenging me to a dangerous game of Kerplunk. So it's finger food tonight.

BARBARA pokes her head around the door.

BARBARA Ohh.. have you time to put four fish on...?

GEORGE We're closed!

BARBARA Ohh..

***BARBARA** exits, as **MARGE** sweeps in, carrying her phone and a bag containing a parcel containing Sam's outfit, Pauline's t-shirt and her perfume spritzer.*

MARGE Closed Georgie?

***GEORGE**'s mood changes immediately – from grumpy to manly.*

GEORGE No. Not at all. Shall I pop you a fresh one in? Down the bus please.

***BARBARA**, **ALEX** and **PAULINE** stop what they're doing and stare at **GEORGE** as he fawningly urges the queue to leave some space for **MARGE**.*

MARGE Oh good Lord no. The girls and I are on our way to town. Thanks all the same. I had a nibble earlier.

ALEX *(addressing George)* Excuse me.

***GEORGE** grunts impatiently. **ALEX** proffers a 10p coin.*

You've not charged me for the fork.

GEORGE *(indignant)* We don't charge for cutlery here. *(in Churchill mode again)* In the words of Sir Winston "We make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give".

***MARGE** and **GEORGE** continue to exchange glances.*

MARGE What a smooth tongue!

***MARGE** pulls a t-shirt from her bag.*

I've brought your t-shirt Pauline. Here. But take it through to the back. We don't want you getting it all greasy do we?

***PAULINE** goes into the back whilst suspiciously eyeing **MARGE** and **GEORGE**.*

PAULINE No we don't.

Once PAULINE has gone MARGE quickly gets out Sam's uniform package

MARGE Georgie, where's Sam?

GEORGE Taking stock. SAM!

SAM enters from the stock cupboard. PAULINE meets him and hands over the parcel – watched by HARRY.

MARGE *(hurriedly, to Sam)* Sam darling. I've brought your uniform for tonight. Now. You know where you're going? And what I want you to do?

SAM *(looking uncomfortable)* I think so...

MARGE It'll be cash. Yes? Yes. Good.

SAM Thanks Mrs. Brackenridge.

SAM secretes the parcel under his work clothes. GEORGE snatches the 10p from the confused ALEX's hand while Marge isn't looking and violently shoos him/her out of the shop..

SAM Am I done Dad?

GEORGE *(benevolently)* Yes indeed son. Thank you very much for all your hard work.

SAM, expecting the usual grunt, is taken aback. PAULINE reappears and wraps Jennifer's order, still focussing on GEORGE and MARGE. SAM exits through the back.

SFX and creak on the stairs.

MARGE Must dash Georgie. See you whenever you catch up Pau.

GEORGE watches, captivated, as MARGE spritzes herself seductively and goes to leave. He catches PAULINE's suspicious gaze and adjusts himself, embarrassed. HARRY reacts to Marge's scent, it puts him off his remaining chips so he puts them into the bin and exits

GEORGE Right. Well, I'll get mi' coat. Thank you.

***GEORGE** exits into the back. Slowly at first, then rushing.*

*SFX footsteps and creak on the stairs. **WILL** enters unnoticed.*

PAULINE Thank you, (*watching after George - distantly*) Thank you VERY much.

WILL Knock knock.

***PAULINE** is pleasantly surprised to see him.*

PAULINE Hiya Will. What are you doing back?

WILL You nicked mi' pen.

PAULINE (*checking her pocket*) So I did. Sorry luv.

***PAULINE** hands it back.*

PAULINE My head must've been somewhere else. You came all the way back here for a biro?

WILL Maybe. Something on your mind?

PAULINE (sigh) Marjory Brackenridge.

WILL (*amused*) Oh aye. I thought I could smell somethin'. What were she doin' in 'ere?

PAULINE She's taken over Janet's hen-do. She brought me a t-shirt.

WILL (*with a chuckle*) Roped you in as well has she?

PAULINE Her grubby little tentacles are all over this place. She's very friendly all of a sudden, interested in me, inviting me out...

WILL (*with a smile*) Terrible.

PAULINE Yes alright. But she stood right there and made a pass.

WILL At who?

SFX steps on the stairs and squeak. PAULINE intimates that the noise on the stairs is the recipient of the pass.

WILL *(mouthing – shocked) ‘NO!’*

GEORGE can be heard scrambling around for his key again.

GEORGE (off) Where the flaming hell have you put mi’ key?

PAULINE jangles the keys as before. The searching noise stops and GEORGE enters from the back, takes the keys and sees WILL.

GEORGE Will? You’re not wanting anything lifting are you? Sam!

PAULINE proffers the evening takings and GEORGE pockets them as before.

WILL You’re alright George. I just came back for my pen.

GEORGE Grand.

With a spring in his step GEORGE heads to the outside door.

I’ll be off then. Toodle-oo.

GEORGE turns, smiles and closes the door.

PAULINE There! Look at that.

WILL He looks happy.

PAULINE Exactly! I’ll give him happy. She was there Will. Stood right there with her chest and that whiff. And that slug... I swear the last time he looked at me that way was 9 months before Sam was born. It’d be the easiest thing in the world to just let her have him and find someone else.

WILL runs over and kisses her. PAULINE is shocked, backing off but WILL holds on to her.

What you doing?

WILL has misjudged PAULINE’s intentions.

WILL I'm always here for you.

PAULINE No. You've always been there for me (*pointing near to the door*), not here (*pointing to her lips*).

PAULINE eases out of his hold.

Maybe you'd be better off back there for a bit.

WILL retreats as there's a sound of SAM bounding down the stairs (SFX: See Director's Note).

PAULINE (*as a diversion*) Take it easy on them stairs.

SAM enters from the back with a rucksack.

SAM Right Mum. Hi Will. Have you come back to pick something up?

WILL and PAULINE give a hollow laugh.

SAM See ya.

SAM leaves, closing the door behind him.

Music Cue 11: Next Time Around

(PAULINE and WILL)

During this song PAULINE comes around to WILL's idea.

PAULINE Jesus Will.

WILL YOU DESERVE TO BE HAPPY.
YOU DESERVE TO BE FREE.
AND IF THIS TIME ISN'T YOUR TIME,
THEN MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR THE NEXT TIME.

PAULINE MAYBE.

IN MY SPRINGTIME DAYS,
I FOUND THE PERFECT, TRULY INCREDIBLE,
UTTERLY WONDERFUL MAN

AND WHEN SUMMER CAME,
A FAMILY WAS MORE THAN AMAZING AND

EV'RYTHING REALLY BEGAN

BUT NOW AUTUMN'S HERE, SUMMER'S DISAPPEARED,
THE NIGHTS ARE DRAWING IN
I REALISE, I WON'T SEE SPRING AGAIN

WILL Your husband's chasing other women!

PAULINE Dogs chase cars, doesn't mean they can drive. I know who's driving, and it's not George.

WILL Has he ever... you know, before?

PAULINE No. If he had he'd be better at it this time.

PAULINE rubs the ring on her finger and examines it.

There's not much beyond this, and this place, that makes us a couple. Separate beds, separate rooms, separate lives. But it's what I know Will. It's what I've got.

WILL I could take you away...

PAULINE ... from my 'takeaway' ... yes... very good.

They both smile.

It's not just a choice of 'him' or 'you'. That's for fairytales. It's not that simple.

WILL Yes it is.

PAULINE I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER,
WHEN THE MAGIC WENT AWAY
P'RHAPS IT TOOK A LIFETIME
OR JUST VANISHED IN A DAY
I'M BORED OF BEING BEWITCHING,
IT'S NO USE TO ME NOW
IT COULD BE BETTER
NEXT TIME AROUND

WILL IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR LATE NIGHT STROLLS,
OR PICNICS IN THE PARK
THERE'S CHANCES FOR ADVANCES,

AND MORE DANCES IN THE DARK
IF YOU'VE PASSED YOUR PEAK PERFECTION
HOLD HANDS ON YOUR WAY DOWN
IT COULD BE BETTER
NEXT TIME AROUND

DON'T HOLD ON TO FORMER GLORY,
WRITE YOURSELF A BETTER STORY

PAULINE

LESS TIME TO BE LIVING FOR,
MAKES ME WANT IT ALL THE MORE

PAULINE + WILL

WE'LL LEAVE THE PAST BEHIND,
THE FUTURE ROADS UNWIND,
TWO HEARTS ARE OF ONE MIND
WE'LL FIND, A COMMON GROUND

AND SPARKLE ONCE AGAIN,
BEFORE WE REACH THE END,
A CHOICE OF NOW OR THEN

WILL

NEXT TIME AROUND

PAULINE

IF PRACTICE MAKES PERFECTION,
THEN THERE'S NO WAY WE'RE BOTH DONE
ROMANCE AND AFFECTION
ARE WASTED ON THE YOUNG

WILL

LET'S BOTH GRAB AN ENCORE,
AND TAKE ANOTHER BOW

PAULINE

IT COULD BE BETTER
NEXT TIME AROUND

WILL

WHY PADDLE AT THE WATER'S EDGE,
IT'S TIME TO LEAVE THE SHORE
JOIN ME FOR YOUR VICT'RY LAP,
THE CROWDS ARE WANTING MORE
THERE'S NO SHAME ME BEING
A PERMANENT REBOUND

IT SHOULD BE BETTER
NEXT TIME AROUND.

Instr. (half middle 8 + key change)

PAULINE + WILL WE'LL LEAVE THE PAST BEHIND,
THE FUTURE ROADS UNWIND,
TWO HEARTS ARE OF ONE MIND
WE'LL FIND, A COMMON GROUND

AND SPARKLE ONCE AGAIN,
BEFORE WE REACH THE END,
A CHOICE OF NOW OR THEN

WILL NEXT TIME AROUND

PAULINE WE'LL LEAVE THE PAST BEHIND,

PAULINE + WILL THE FUTURE ROADS UNWIND,
TWO HEARTS ARE OF ONE MIND
WE'LL FIND, A COMMON GROUND

AND SPARKLE ONCE AGAIN,
BEFORE WE REACH THE END,
A CHOICE OF NOW OR THEN

PAULINE IT COULD BE BETTER

WILL IT SHOULD BE BETTER

PAULINE IT WILL BE BETTER

WILL BETTER - - -

PAULINE + WILL NEXT TIME AROUND.

PAULINE steps away from WILL. WILL shakes his car keys and gestures for them both to go.

WILL Need a lift?

PAULINE nods gratefully, grabs her coat, bag, keys and t-shirt parcel from the back, switches off the light, leaving just the streetlight. WILL opens the door for her.

PAULINE Thank you.

They exit.

Blackout.

ACT 1: Scene 9 The Vixen

JANET is slumped forward on a chair. Surrounded by the paraphernalia of a hen night. i.e. Learner plate. Boas. Suggestively shaped lollies. Everyone (FEMALE COMPANY and CLIVE) is wearing the identical hen-do t-shirts. PAULINE and LILL don't look comfortable. MARGE is plotting in a corner, she has her phone already primed.

**Music Cue 12: Aren't We Outrageous?
(CHLOE, DEBBIE and CATH + Fem. Company)**

**CHLOE, DEBBIE
& CATH +
FEM. COMPANY
(to split as req.)**

WE PICKED UP LINDA AT QUARTER TO FIVE
WEARING A DRESS THAT WAS HALF OF HER SIZE
SUPPING CHAMPAGNE 'TIL HER HEAD STARTS TO ACHE
SHE TOOK AN ASPRIN. WHAT A MISTAKE.
AREN'T WE OUTRAGEOUS?
SHE SPEWED HER GUTS OUT OVER HER PICK 'N' MIX
AREN'T WE OUTRAGEOUS?
WE SENT HER PACKING AND IT WASN'T GONE SIX
JUST AS SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS DONE FOR THE NIGHT
GOT CHUCKED OUT THE UBER NEAR TO THE RED LIGHT
THE GIRLS ON THE CORNER 'LL SEE SHE'S ALRIGHT.
AREN'T WE OUTRAGEOUS?

MARGE DARED PATRICIA
- WHO'D HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH -
TO STREAK DOWN THE ROAD
STRIPPING RIGHT TO BUFF.
APPROACHING THE CLUB
SHE ENCOUNTERED THE LAW
THE P'LICEMAN WAS BLUSHING
PUSHING HER TO FLOOR.
AREN'T WE OUTRAGEOUS?

(OUTRAGEOUS.)

HE READ HER RIGHTS IN FRONT OF ALL OF THE LINE
AREN'T WE OUTRAGEOUS?

(OUTRAGEOUS.)

SHE GOT A CAUTION AND AN ON-THE-SPOT FINE

FONDLED THE BUNS OF THE DOORMEN, THEN SHE
 WAS GRABBED BY THE BOUNCERS INSENSITIVELY
 WE'LL WATCH IT IN COURT FROM THE CCTV
 AREN'T WE OUTRAGEOUS?

OUR MAID OF HONOUR IS LYING NEXT DOOR
 OFF HER FACE ON PROSECCO, FLAT OUT ON THE FLOOR
 WE RAISED HER HEAD UP
 IN CASE SHE WAS SICK
 NOW SHE'S RESTING MOUTH-WIDE
 ON AN INFLATABLE DICK
 AREN'T WE OUTRAGEOUS?

(OUTRAGEOUS. AAH...)

WE TOOK SOME PICTURES THAT SHE'S GONNA REGRET
 AREN'T WE OUTRAGEOUS?

(OUTRAGEOUS. AAH...)

NOW THEY'RE ON 'INSTA'
 SO SHE'LL NEVER FORGET.
 OUR MAID OF HONOUR THREW HER HONOUR AWAY
 DROOLING ON A HELMET WITH IT ALL ON DISPLAY
 GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT HER PUPILS'LL SAY
 AREN'T WE OUTRAGEOUS?

MARGE

Bring on the stripper!

SAM enters with the music cue (in Marge's rented costume – military with sunglasses) and starts to work the room, eventually settling on JANET's lap with his top off.

MARGE

Get 'em off!

GIRLS

Off. Off. Off. Off.

MARGE is the ring leader whilst readying a mobile phone camera to get a single shot of JANET, SAM and PAULINE's face. PAULINE faces the other way, but glances as the noise of the party crescendos. Then she notices that the stripper is SAM.

PAULINE

Sam?

SAM *(whipping off his glasses)* Mum?

MARGE & GIRLS AREN'T WE OUTRAGEOUS?

MARGE Smile!

***MARGE**, grinning, flashes her camera phone on the closing beat of the song.*

Lights only on Pauline

Music Cue 13: Pauline's Dilemma / Big Mistake (PAULINE)

PAULINE TAKE A BREATH.
CLOSE YOUR EYES.
JUST PRETEND THAT YOU'RE UNSHOCKABLE,
PRETEND YOU'RE NOT SURPRISED.

THAT THE SON YOU ONCE BOUNCED
NAKED ON YOUR KNEE
WASN'T GROWN UP, OILED UP
LAP-DANCING SHIRT-FREE

"HIYA MUM."
"HELLO SON"
IF WE'D SAT AND HAD A HEART-TO-HEART
I'D NOT BE HEART-BROKEN

SHOULD I TURN AWAY OR SHOULD I INTERVENE?
IS IT TIME TO GO OR BE THE GO-BETWEEN?
BE THE MUM HE TRUSTS OR AM I JUST PAULINE?

(PAULINE makes her decision)

CHOICES WEIGHED. DECISION MADE.
MUM'S THE WORD, MUM'S UNAFRAID.

THE BATTLE LINES HAVE JUST BEEN DRAWN.
AND FOR MY FAM'LY. THIS. MEANS. WAR.

I'M NO FOOL. I'M NO-ONE'S TOY.
I KNOW WHO'LL FIGHT FOR MY BOY

TIME FOR FAM'LY UNITY
SHE'S FIGHTING HIM AND ME.

ONE GOAL. ONE VOICE.
I'VE FINALLY COME 'ROUND.
I WON'T BE YOUR DUMB CLOWN.
NO-ONE BRINGS MY SON DOWN.
I'VE MADE MY CHOICE.

Underscore: It's Your World

The Vixen is now empty apart from the remnants of the hen night.

SAM enters with his rucksack and earphones in. SAM sees PAULINE there and guiltily takes them out.

PAULINE

Hello luv.

SAM is silent.

PAULINE

Good show.

SAM

Mum!

PAULINE

Well, what do you want me to say? "Nice moves Son, but your bum wants waxing"? This is "bar work" is it?

SAM

Sorry Mum. Are you disappointed?

PAULINE

I am love. I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself. I live with my boy. I work with my boy. I don't know my boy. *(beat)* Did Marge put you up to it?

SAM

She said you wouldn't be here.

PAULINE

Of course she did. And I'll bet she said you'd *(impersonating Marge)* 'got a wonderful body and you could make an absolute mint stripping. Find your potential. Yes? Yes! Good'

SAM

Yes.

PAULINE

She's not wrong; 'Potential'-wise. *(Threateningly)* Where is she?

SAM

She went ages ago. She said she'd got what she wanted.

PAULINE Yep. It'll be all over Facebook by now – going viral – for all her 'friends'. Choose your friends. Never let them choose you. You've got to hand it to her though, it's a hell of a set-up just for a bit of gossip. She must want something else out of it. What?! I haven't got owt. I've only got you and...

PAULINE connects the dots.

PAULINE ...George.

SAM pulls out some money from his pocket. Backing singers gradually enter and clean around the bar area unnoticed by Sam and Pauline.

SAM She paid me.

PAULINE Is that all?

SAM That's not bad.

PAULINE Not bad for lugging spuds about. It's not bad for unclogging the fat strainer. But for getting to see my incredible boy in all his glory, that's an insult. God that woman!

**Music Cue 14: I Never Knew You Had It In You
(SAM, PAULINE and backing singers)**

SAM I should've told you sooner,
I thought I'd start the third world war

PAULINE You cried when you hit puberty,
I've seen it all before.
BUT WHY'D YOU WEAR THE SPECS?
THEY'D NEVER KNOW YOU IN THIS PLACE

SAM I DI'N'T WANT THEM TO LOOK AT ME
WHEN MY BITS WERE IN THEIR FACE.

PAULINE SO WHY'D YOU GO THE DISTANCE?
DID YOU THINK THEY'D BE IMPRESSED?

SAM THEY WERE SCREAMING WHEN I LOST MY SHIRT,
SO I THOUGHT I'D LOSE THE REST

IT FELT GOOD TO BE NOTICED

PAULINE

WELL I'LL TELL YOU THIS FOR NOWT

I'M PROUD MY SON
YOU DIDN'T RUN
YOU STAYED AND STUCK IT OUT

***BACKING SINGERS** enter as cleaners.*

BUT I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU.
I NEVER KNEW WHAT YOU COULD BE
BUT YOU CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE
AND YOU OPENED MY EYES
TO A WORLD FOR YOU AND ME.
THERE'S MORE THAN I SAW IN YOU JUST BEFORE
AND I COULDN'T EVER BE MORE PROUD
'CAUSE I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU
BUT I KNOW YOU'VE GOT IT IN YOU NOW

I THINK YOU NEED A MANAGER.

SAM

I'VE GOT HERE ON MY OWN.

PAULINE

AND THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL STAY
IF YOU NEGOTIATE ALONE.
I'M NOT FISHIN' FOR COMMISSION, AND I'M HERE FOR
YOU...

SAM

OK.

BUT BE FAIR, IF I'M BARE,
AND YOU'RE THERE, MUM, SWEAR
THAT YOU LOOK THE OTHER WAY

PAULINE

SHAKE ON IT.

SAM

I VOW.

PAULINE

LET'S COMMIT

SAM

RIGHT NOW.

PAULINE A DEAL'S A DEAL, SO LET'S GET REAL.
AND I CAN SHOW YOU HOW

+ **SAM** WOW!

**SAM and
BACKING SINGERS** I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU.
I NEVER KNEW WHAT YOU COULD BE
BUT YOU CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE
AND YOU OPENED MY EYES
TO A WORLD FOR YOU AND ME.
THERE'S MORE THAN I SAW IN YOU JUST BEFORE
AND I COULDN'T EVER BE MORE PROUD
'CAUSE I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU
BUT I KNOW YOU GOT IT IN YOU NOW

PAULINE NOW IF YOU LIKE PERFORMING
THERE'S TONNES OF THINGS TO TRY.
YOU DON'T NEED LOTS OF TALENT
CAUSE YOUR LOOKS'LL GET YOU BY
BUT IF YOU KEEP YOUR TOGS ON
WE'LL CHECK WHICH BITS TO PAD.
YOU'RE A GROWER NOT A SHOW-ER LOVE,
YOU GET THAT FROM YOUR DAD.

SAM HOW'D YOU GET SO SMART?

PAULINE I'VE BEEN SO STUPID FAR TOO LONG.
HOW'D YOU GET THOSE MUSCLES?

SAM HUMPING SPUDS HAS BUILT ME STRONG.

PAULINE FACE THE WORLD TOGETHER
AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN'T DO
YOU'RE A HIDDEN GEM, THE BEST OF THEM...

SAM AND I GOT THAT FROM YOU.

PAULINE WOO

**PAULINE, SAM
& BACKING SINGERS** I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU.
I NEVER KNEW WHAT YOU COULD BE
BUT YOU CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE
AND YOU OPENED MY EYES
TO A WORLD FOR YOU AND ME.

THERE'S MORE THAN I SAW IN YOU JUST BEFORE
AND I COULDN'T EVER BE MORE PROUD
'CAUSE I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU
BUT I KNOW YOU GOT IT IN YOU NOW
(NO...NO... NO... NO...)

NO I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU.
I NEVER KNEW WHAT YOU COULD BE
BUT YOU CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE
AND YOU OPENED MY EYES
TO A WORLD FOR YOU AND ME.
THERE'S MORE THAN I SAW IN YOU JUST BEFORE
AND I COULDN'T EVER BE MORE PROUD
'CAUSE I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU
BUT I KNOW YOU GOT IT IN YOU NOW

Blackout

End of Act 1

ACT 2

Music Cue 15: EntreAct: My Friends

ACT 2: Scene 1 The Street

Lighting: Dusk

**Music Cue 16: Lill and Harry Meeting 2
(LILL and HARRY)**

HARRY EVENING LILL

LILL Evening Harry

HARRY ARE YOU GOOD?

LILL Well,

HARRY THERE'S A LOT WE SHOULDN'T TALKABOUT

LILL AND QUITE A LOT WE SHOULD

NOW PAULINE'S TRYING TO TAKE YOUNG SAM IN
HAND
'CAUSE NOTHING'S QUITE TURNED OUT THE WAY SHE
PLANNED

HARRY THEN THERE'S GEORGE,

LILL What's he up to?

HARRY AND THERE'S MARGE

LILL "Yes? Yes! Good"

HARRY NOW SHE'S ABOUT AS SUBTLE
AS A CEREMONIAL BARGE

MAYBE GEORGE IS DODGING HER TO BE POLITE
HE'S TRYING TO GET A MERCIFUL RESPITE
HE'S SHUT UP SHOP AND GRABBED AN EARLY NIGHT

LILL WELL BY-THE-BY, PAULINE AND I,
ARE GETTING HER SAM TUTORED BY
AN EXPERT HAND ON STAGE SUCCESS.
SHE'S DONE THE LOT. OR SO SHE SAYS.

HARRY Who?

ACT 2: Scene 2 The Gym

CHLOE is in the same pose as before, getting her sound system working.

CHLOE (checking her mic) 1... 1... 1, 2... 1, 2, 3, 4... check check. Hello Ladies. Grab yourself a seat.

PAULINE enters with LILL, realising there's nowhere to sit they get two exercise balls – of different sizes - from the off-stage 'store cupboard'. LILL carries the bag containing snacks.

LILL Are you sure about this?

PAULINE approaches CHLOE.

PAULINE Nothing ventured. Thanks for doing this for us Chloe.

CHLOE It's your money Pauline. What do you want him to learn?

PAULINE I want him to learn whatever he wants to learn. If he wants to sing and dance then he can, if he wants to get fit – fine, if he wants to strip then... so be it. I've got all the faith in the world that my Sam can be incredible. He stopped needing nurturing a long time ago, now he needs a dream. If it's a stage he wants to be on, we are going to get him there. My Sam's a friggin' winner; potential-wise. Whatever it is.

CHLOE (after a beat) Piece o' piss. Mind you, I've got to be done by ten, I'm covering Poppy's 'Tantric Wellness and Inner Strength' – she's sick as a dog.

SAM enters.

LILL Here he is look.

CHLOE (looking him up and down) He'll do. 'Sam' is it? I'm Chloe.

SAM shakes CHLOE's hand and points his face to the front. CHLOE examines him in the mirror. From here, CHLOE and SAM communicate as if they're looking at each other via a mirror wall (audience).

CHLOE And if you're wanting the voice of experience, you've just found her. I've done cabaret, performance art, hoochie coochie, cage dancing, lap dancing, ... I spent one summer wrapping myself around a Pole in Dulwich, (*beat*) and another around a Serb in Droitwich. Now Sam, think of what you'd want a stripper to do for you –

SAM does – and looks intimidated

- and forget it. Men and women want very different things from a strip. Men want a strip show, women want a strip tease. They want to be tantalised; romance, fantasy. They don't want anything too sexual. I'n't that right Lill?

LILL Oh absolutely. I was never interested in the physical side of marriage. Especially when I was married.

*CHLOE reaches down to start the music.
SFX (recorded Pump It Out)*

CHLOE So let's try some basics. Grindin'. Feet wide. Wider. Lower your centre of gravity. Lower. Now hips left, right, back right, back left. Hands down behind you. That's going to bring out your torso.

PAULINE I can't cope with this.

LILL Here. I've brought snacks along. These'll take your mind off it.

CHLOE Left, right, back right, back left. Left, right, back right, back left. Smooth it out.

CHLOE and SAM grind. SAM is trying too hard. PAULINE is looking repulsed. LILL sees this and reaches in her bag for a bag of Hula Hoops.

LILL (to Pauline) She's good at that isn't she?

PAULINE grabs LILL's thigh tightly. PAULINE smiles through her teeth. Lill opens a bag of Hula Hoops - engrossed.

CHLOE Tighter – just your hips. Oh luv, it looks like you're trying to...

LILL offers PAULINE a Hula Hoop.

LILL Hula Hoop?

PAULINE refuses the offer. LILL puts the Hula Hoops back in her bag and rummages for another snack.

CHLOE It's still far too much. You don't want everyone seeing your...

LILL *(to Pauline)* Wotsits?

CHLOE No. Now you look like you're trying to make your...

CHLOE gestures towards SAM's groin.

LILL Sausage roll?

SAM looks increasingly embarrassed. PAULINE fires a look at LILL who takes her Hula Hoops back out of the bag and munches them - still engrossed. PAULINE braces herself, shutting her eyes tightly. CHLOE pauses the music.

CHLOE That's not really you is it love.

SAM Not really.

CHLOE Right. So let's try something more choreographed – stylish,..

CHLOE prods her phone to select different more soulful music (same song but with a Marvin Gaye feel).

SFX: Seductive soul music

LILL delves into her bag and finds some cheese crackers and Primula spread.

CHLOE Qua-li-tee. With a capital T. Now. This is all about seduction. Melt them with your eyes.

SAM attempts to look seductive and fails..

Not quite the look we're aiming for. People'll think you're...

LILL Crackers?

CHLOE ... confused. You want them to start with your eyes and work their way down to your...

LILL Cheesy spread?

CHLOE ...point of focus. And when they've grasped that, they'll know...

LILL If you squeeze it in the middle it'll shoot better.

CHLOE abruptly switches off the music.

CHLOE Stop.

PAULINE opens one eye. LILL stops eating.

Why are you wanting to strip Sam?

SAM I don't really.

CHLOE But you liked the attention?

SAM grins broadly.

CHLOE Is that all? There's other ways. Do you sing?

SAM looks nervously at PAULINE and LILL.

SAM Not in front of people.

CHLOE You mean you'd show your bum off before your lungs? Lesson one: It's not what you've got, it's about how you present it. An audience makes their mind up about you within the first 3 seconds. And if you look good enough to start with, you don't need to take anything off – in fact, it's better if you don't. *(to PAULINE and LILL)* Isn't that right ladies?

PAULINE and LILL nod vigorously. CHLOE returns to the controls and starts the music.

Music Cue 17: Crazy Star
(CHLOE, SAM, LILL and PAULINE)

BACKING SINGERS (off) SHHH...OW THE WORLD
WHO YOU ARE
SHOOT FOR THE MOON
YOU CRAZY STAR

SHOW THE WORLD
WHO YOU ARE
SHOOT FOR THE MOON
YOU CRAZY STAR

CHLOE

The music's got the audience's attention. Now you step onto the stage – oozing cool. “Hello” they're thinking. “Nice boy.”. Give them a moment to check you out. “He looks confident. Now. What's he going to do?”.

SAM looks inspired.

CHLOE

SOMETHING FITS YOU,
SOMETHING THAT FEELS SO RIGHT
THEN IT FLIPS YOU TURNING DAY INTO NIGHT
WHEN THE FEVER'S GOT YOU
YOU'VE ALREADY GONE,
YOUR BELIEVER'S WATCH YOU
AS THE SHOW GOES ON.

WAKE YOUR WICKED WARRIOR,
BREAK INTO EUPHORIA.

WHEN THE SPOTLIGHT SHINES WE ALL GO
CRAZY,
CRAZY,
CRAZY
WHEN YOU'RE SOARING HIGH YOU CAN
BREATHE THE HEAVEN IN OR
FEEL THE DEVIL IN YOUR HEART
WHEN YOU TOUCH THE SKY THEY ALL GO
CRAZY,
CRAZY,
CRAZY'S ALL WE ARE
YOU'RE THE MOON IN THE NIGHT
YOU'RE THE LIGHT OF A CRAZY STAR.

Your turn.

BACKING SINGERS

(off) SHH..OW THE WORLD
WHO YOU ARE
SHOOT FOR THE MOON
YOU CRAZY STAR

SHOW THE WORLD
WHO YOU ARE
SHOOT FOR THE MOON
YOU CRAZY STAR

SAM WHEN THE MADNESS FUSES WITH SELF-CONTROL
THEN THE MAGIC SHOOTS FROM YOUR VERY SOUL

CHLOE I need more Sam.

SAM MAKE A CHOICE, CONTINUE ON AND NEVER DOUBT
FIND THE VOICE WITHIN YOU AND THEN LET IT OUT.

WAKE YOUR WICKED WARRIOR,
BREAK INTO EUPHORIA.

*SAM and CHLOE grab PAULINE and LILL bringing them into
the routine. PAULINE is swept up in admiration. LILL puts her
snack back into her bag.*

CHLOE and SAM WHEN THE SPOTLIGHT SHINES WE ALL GO
CRAZY,
CRAZY,
CRAZY
WHEN YOU'RE SOARING HIGH YOU CAN
BREATHE THE HEAVEN IN OR
FEEL THE DEVIL IN YOUR HEART
WHEN YOU TOUCH THE SKY THEY ALL GO
CRAZY,
CRAZY,
CRAZY'S ALL WE ARE
YOU'RE THE MOON IN THE NIGHT
YOU'RE THE LIGHT OF A CRAZY...

SAM STAR.

CHLOE AND IN THAT MOMENT YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE,

LILL & PAULINE AAH-AAH, AAH-AAH

CHLOE YOU'VE FOUND YOUR GALAXY YOU CRAZY STAR.

**CHLOE, SAM
LILL, PAULINE** WHEN THE SPOTLIGHT SHINES WE ALL GO
CRAZY,

+ **BACKING SINGERS** CRAZY,
CRAZY
WHEN YOU'RE SOARING HIGH YOU CAN
BREATHE THE HEAVEN IN OR
FEEL THE DEVIL IN YOUR HEART

WHEN YOU TOUCH THE SKY THEY ALL GO
CRAZY,
CRAZY,
CRAZY'S ALL WE ARE
YOU'RE THE MOON IN THE NIGHT
YOU'RE THE LIGHT OF A CRAZY STAR.

STAR

CRAZY,
CRAZY,
CRAZY

WHEN YOU'RE SOARING HIGH YOU CAN
BREATHE THE HEAVEN IN OR
FEEL THE DEVIL IN YOUR HEART

WHEN YOU TOUCH THE SKY THEY ALL GO
CRAZY,
CRAZY,

CRAZY'S ALL WE ARE
YOU'RE THE MOON IN THE NIGHT
YOU'RE THE LIGHT OF A CRAZY STAR.

ACT 2: Scene 3 The Chip Shop

Lighting: Night. Seductive.

There is knocking at the chip shop door. And again, but louder. Another loud burst.

GEORGE (off) Quiet night, my eye! Who in the name of Winston is banging at this time? We're closed! Is that you Pauline..?

***GEORGE** enters, dressing.*

GEORGE You've got to be bloody dopey to lose your key...

***GEORGE** gets to the keyhole and realises he hasn't got the key. He turns back, heads off. There are similar noises to his previous search. The knocking continues.*

GEORGE Where the flamin' hell have you...?

*The searching stops. **GEORGE** walks back into the shop, picks the key up from behind the counter (where **PAULINE** picked it up earlier). **GEORGE** unlocks the door, and doesn't see **MARGE** who is waiting 'vamp-like'.*

GEORGE Bloody hell woman you'd better get straight upstairs.

***MARGE** walks in.*

MARGE Good idea.

***GEORGE**'s jaw drops.*

Just 'cause it's a fish shop love, doesn't mean you have to look like one.

***MARGE** replaces his jaw to its first position.*

Pauline's out? Yes? Yes! Good.

Music Cue 18: Let's Get Cookin'/Hey Mr. Wonderful (MARGE, GEORGE and BACKING SINGERS)

GEORGE Good evening. Wh... what do you... do you need something?

MARGE LISTEN TO ME GEORGIE, COME AND TAKE MY HAND
LET ME SHOW YOU IN THE ONLY WAY THAT YOU'LL
UNDERSTAND.

I CAN TELL YOU THAT YOUR MENU IS
AS DULL AS CAN BE
WE CAN SPICE IT UP ENTICING UP
THE HUNGER IN ME
WHILE NOBODY'S LOOKIN',
WHY DON'T WE GET STUCK IN?
LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT!

DON'T TICKLE AT YOUR TROUT
AND GIVE YOUR POLLOCKS A REST
I'M ALL ABOUT THE BASS,
YOU KNOW, MY PLAICE IS THE BEST
AND WHEN YOU TASTE MY BATTER,
AND BITS OF YOU GET FATTER,
LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT!

MY TOP IS HOT SO EXERCISE CAUTION
SLIP ME AN OVERSIZED PORTION
WHEN YOUR SAVALOY'S FRIED
AND IT'S STEAMY INSIDE
OR YOU FANCY SOMETHING GRE[A[Z]Y
EVERY MOUTHFUL GOES DOWN EASY

JUST GRAB YOURSELF A SUPPER
THAT IS SIZZLING HOT
WHY NOT DIP A BATTERED SAUSAGE
IF THAT'S ALL THAT YOU'VE GOT?
WHEN CONDIMENTS ARE MALTY,
MY LIPS GET REALLY SALTY,
SO LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT!

YOU'RE FRITTERING YOUR LIFE AWAY
WITH ONE UGLY SPUD
AND NO-ONE'S EVER CALLED YOUR WIFE
FINGER LICKING GOOD
SO IF YOU FANCY FLIPPING,
GET A BOX A' DRIPPING
AND LET'S GET COOKING TONIGHT!

YOU NEED A DAILY SPECIAL
 SO JUST COME ROUND TO MINE
 MY BAPS ARE FIRM AND TASTY,
 WITH A SPREAD THAT'S DIVINE
 SO IF YOU WANT TO TALK,
 OR IF YOU NEED A FORK,
 THEN LET'S GET COOKIN',
 HEY GOOD LOOKIN',
 LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT.
 COOKIN' TONIGHT
 COOKIN' TONIGHT

Ay up Mr. Wonderful.

MARGE assumes a vamp position in the doorway and freezes. She is backlit holding her spritz bottle that is covering her in dry ice. **BACKING SINGERS** enter with a sparkly jacket for **GEORGE**. Segue into George's fantasy sequence.

GEORGE Mr. Wonderful...

BACKING SINGERS MR. WONDERFUL
 SHOOP.
 BA-DOO-BE-DOO
 BA-DOO.
 SHOOP-BE-DOO.

GEORGE HEY MR. WONDERFUL.
 THE MAN IN THE MIRROR LOOKING BACK AT ME
 SOMEBODY ELSE CAN SEE THE MAN I SEE
 HEY MR. WONDERFUL.

BACKING SINGERS SHOOP-BE-DOO.

GEORGE HEY MR. BEAUTIFUL
 NOW WHO'D'VE BELIEVED
 THAT IT WOULD BE THIS WAY

GEORGE proudly grabs his stomach.

BACKING SINGERS OO-OO-WAH
 OO-OO-OO-OOH.

GEORGE SOMEBODY ELSE WOULD GET THE GUTS TO SAY
“HEY MR. WONDERFUL”

BACKING SINGERS OO-OO-OO-YEAH.

GEORGE JUST WHEN I THOUGHT MY TIME HAD GONE

***BACKING SINGERS** give a shocked breath.*

GEORGE I’M COMING BACK AND I’M COMING BACK STRONG
SHE CAN SEE INSIDE THE MAN I THOUGHT’D DIED
SHE’S SO RIGHT I KNOW IT CAN’T BE WRONG

HEY MR. WONDERFUL
FELLA ON REFLECTION WHO’D’VE EVER KNOWN

BACKING SINGERS NO NO.

GEORGE SOMEBODY ELSE IS GONNA TREAT ME SO

BACKING SINGERS SO SO.

GEORGE COMPLETELY WONDERFUL.

BACKING SINGERS HEY MR. WONDERFUL YEAH.

HEY MR. WON-DERFUL
Pant, pant, pant, sigh.
Hey Mr.
Hey Mr.
WONDERFUL
HEY MR. WONDERFUL YEAH!

GEORGE HEY MR. FABULOUS

BACKING SINGERS FABULOUS. OO-OO-OO

GEORGE Huh...
MAYBE SHE’S CRAZY ‘BOUT MY RUGGED CHARMS
THE MANLY ODOUR UNDERNEATH MY ARMS
(sniff) MR. *(cough)* DER-FUL

BACKING SINGERS HEY MR. WONDERFUL. OOOOH.

GEORGE NO-ONE CAN TELL THIS FELLA TO CONFESS
I'M IN AND OUT JUST LIKE THE S.A.S

BACKING SINGERS QUICK AS A FLASH. OOOH.
WOAH. WOAH. WOAH. WAH.

GEORGE MAYBE I'LL SURPRISE HER, I'M AN EARLY RISER
AND WHERE THIS GOES IS ANYONE'S GUESS.

BACKING SINGERS YES

GEORGE MR. WONDERFUL

BACKING SINGERS HEY MR. WONDERFUL. OO-OO-OO. OOO.

GEORGE EVEN CHURCHILL HAD A LITTLE ON THE SIDE

BACKING SINGERS SH! SHOO-BE-DOO-OO.

GEORGE WHY SHOULD A WOMAN EVER BE DENIED
HER MR. WONDERFUL

MARGE unfreezes. BACKING SINGERS take GEORGE's jacket from him and exit.

BACKING SINGERS LET'S GET

MARGE COME GET IT

BACKING SINGERS COOKIN' TONIGHT

GEORGE HEY MR. WONDERFUL

MARGE and GEORGE schmooze over the flip-up counter.

MARGE COOKIN' TONIGHT

BACKING SINGERS LET'S GET

MARGE YOU NEED IT

BACKING SINGERS COOKIN' TONIGHT

GEORGE HEY MR. WONDERFUL

BACKING SINGERS LET'S GET

MARGE I'VE GOT IT

BACKING SINGERS COOKIN' TONIGHT

MARGE MMMMM
COOKIN' TONIGHT

GEORGE HEY MR. WONDERFUL.

BACKING SINGERS LET'S GET

MARGE Get your coat – you've pulled.

BACKING SINGERS COOKIN' TONIGHT

GEORGE *(in a Tom Jones-style flourish)* OWWWWW.
OWWWW.

BACKING SINGERS LET'S GET
COOKIN' TONIGHT
LET'S GET
COOKIN' TONIGHT

GEORGE *struts off, then rushes upstairs for his coat.*
SFX - GEORGE hurtles upstairs and there is a large crash as he falls down them (see Director's Notes).

GEORGE *(off)* *(whimpers)* Ow. Owwww.

MARGE *glances towards the bottom of the stairs.*

MARGE George. What are you doing down there?

GEORGE *(off)* Them damn stairs.

MARGE Can you get up? Yes? Yes! Good

GEORGE *(off)* Can I bog roll! Fetch 'elp.

GEORGE *(off)* continues his protestations. **MARGE** taps at her phone nonchalantly.

MARGE Hello darling. Ambulance please.

BACKING SINGERS MR. WONDERFUL

*MARGE and BACKING SINGERS exit.
Transition includes flashing ambulance light and siren SFX.*

ACT 2: Scene 4 Chip Shop

GEORGE is sitting on a chair in the window, wearing a leg pot and is using his crutches to direct Sam, Pauline and the customers. The queue (ALEX, CLIVE, JORDAN & JENNIFER – in this order) is convivial, but PAULINE is at the end of her tether.

GEORGE Slap.

SAM slaps a fish into the batter mix.

GEORGE Slap

SAM turns it over by the tail and slaps the other side in.

GEORGE Splash

SAM lays the fish into the fryer. There is a satisfying sizzle.

GEORGE Next.

PAULINE Hurry up!

GEORGE Cook a man a fish and you feed him for lunch. Teach a man to cook a fish and you feed him for life.

PAULINE despairs.

PAULINE Urgh! Will you let him do it himself?!

SAM picks up another fish. It dangles in his hand.

GEORGE What you don't appreciate my love is that there is an art; there's an optimum time that the fish soaks up the batter before it's dropped tenderly into the oil.

PAULINE But we've all got lives to lead!

GEORGE Then it's best we don't tarry arguing over the process my love. Now. *(addressing SAM)* Slap.

SAM slaps.

GEORGE Slap

SAM turns it over by the tail and slaps the other side in.

PAULINE Right!

GEORGE What are you doing?

PAULINE loudly addresses the waiting queue. GEORGE stares at her.

PAULINE Sorry about this everyone, but needs must.

GEORGE Don't you dare.

PAULINE Please hold up your hands with a finger for each fish you require this lunchtime.

PAULINE counts the fingers.

GEORGE I order you.

JENNIFER Oh. Fish fingers!

The queue laughs. GEORGE snaps a silencing glare at the queue. JENNIFER cowers.

PAULINE Done. Thank you. Sam – hold that.

SAM holds the batter tray firmly by the sides. Pauline quickly grabs nine fish.

GEORGE No. You coat them all individually.

PAULINE dumps them all in the tray.

They won't be properly covered.

PAULINE slops them all around the tray.

They have to be carefully placed or they...

PAULINE tips the whole tray of fish into the fryer.

PAULINE Thank you Sam. Now prod them gently 'til they're done.

SAM puts down the empty tray and prods the fish neatly as they cook (SFX).

GEORGE Well I'll go to heck. I never thought I would see the day when a wounded man could be so treated in his own chippy. It's not my fault I fell down them stairs.

PAULINE It's not mine either. Now shut up and sit on your throne. And if you're good, after we close, me and our Sam might just help you down.

GEORGE sits in a huff. Pauline serves ALEX

Just chips wasn't it love?

ALEX smiles and nods.

GEORGE Is a man to be ostracised for protecting his own property?

PAULINE rolls her eyes but continues efficiently serving.

PAULINE (to **ALEX**) He thought he heard a burglar and he tripped coming downstairs.

GEORGE 'Running'. 'Running' down the stairs. When I fell over the dodgy stair that certain members of my immediate family had singularly failed to repair.

GEORGE returns to his huff position. PAULINE finishes serving ALEX and completes the transaction.

PAULINE (to **ALEX**) Thanks love. (to **JORDAN** and **JENNIFER**) Sorry for the wait. (to **CLIVE**) Hold on for your fish love.

GEORGE "Never yield to the apparently overwhelming might of the enemy"
– Churchill.

PAULINE (to **CLIVE** whilst serving) He yielded for a little bit while he fetched his coat.

GEORGE I thought I was going to have to chase that burglar down the street.

PAULINE Vital to keep yourself nice and toastie while you're protecting your property.

JENNIFER Did you report it to the police?

ALEX exits. CLIVE is next.

PAULINE No.

GEORGE Of course not. I was far too busy fighting for my life at the foot of the stairs to reach for the phone.

GEORGE gestures to the phone on the wall.

JENNIFER You should still report it.

PAULINE Yes you should.

PAULINE serves CLIVE. Chips first.

GEORGE Report what? He never got in. The key – young lady – is to respond instantly. In situations like that 'hesitation' is the biggest killer.

GEORGE *(Barking at SAM)* Turn them over.

SAM Done it. These are ready Mum.

PAULINE Good lad.

PAULINE serves the fish quickly.

GEORGE Sacrilege!

SAM Right Mum. What now?

PAULINE Jennifer love, could you pull the door closed and switch the sign? We should have closed ages ago. You get that apron off and get ready, we're due with Chloe again at in half an hour.

GEORGE Again?

PAULINE Yes. Again.

SAM exits. PAULINE concludes the transaction with CLIVE.

GEORGE Singing lessons?

PAULINE I told you, not just singing lessons. He's learning how to perform. How to win over an audience. How to get people to like him.

Glancing at GEORGE.

You could try that.

GEORGE As Winston is my witness, there's no way that anyone is ever going to pay to see that lad 'perform'.

PAULINE Well Winston, witness this... Your son's got his first singing gig this weekend.

GEORGE Paid?

PAULINE Yes Mr. Churchill.

GEORGE He never told me!

PAULINE You wouldn't have listened if he had.

GEORGE How the hell...?

PAULINE A bit of help from a friend of yours. Marge Brackenridge.

GEORGE M.. m.. Marjory?

PAULINE Yes. M.. m... Marjory. She didn't m.. m...mean to. That stupid picture she took on her m... m... mobile and then splashed all over her socials? - she 'very helpfully' tagged me each time. So everyone – and I mean every one of her 10,000 friends – could get in touch.

JENNIFER tuts.

PAULINE I got some stick. But I also got enquiries.

GEORGE Put his earnings through the books.

PAULINE Not a chance. He's keeping every penny he gets.

GEORGE Absolutely no consideration for his father who lay helpless at the foot of our stairs while he was protecting his home and property. Sod it. We'll call it rent. Now, hand me the take, and help me down. I'm going to the pub.

PAULINE finishes serving JENNIFER, then, as before, takes some cash from the till for George's afternoon in the pub.

JENNIFER They're a blessing and a curse, aren't they? - mobiles. Cameras everywhere, but they can be a real life saver.

JENNIFER takes out her mobile phone.

I mean, everyone's got them.

PAULINE He hasn't. Doesn't believe in them.

PAULINE goes to help him down.

JENNIFER Have you not Mr. Booth?

GEORGE (*pompously*) I wasn't meant for trifling with technology.

JENNIFER When you were lying helpless at the foot of the stairs, how did you call the ambulance? How did you reach your landline?

SFX: Phone vibration

JENNIFER Oh. Message.

GEORGE looks rumbled. Pauline removes her assistance and stops to think. JENNIFER is alerted to something by looking at her phone.

JENNIFER Oh God! Claudia's eating Lego! Must dash.

JENNIFER exits.

PAULINE George... how did you call the ambulance?

MARGE bursts in, phone in hand as usual.

MARGE Hello Pau. How's the patient? Are you alright Georgie? Yes? Yes! Good.

PAULINE He's fine Marge... for now. Excuse me, I just need to check something.

GEORGE What?

PAULINE picks the phone off its wall cradle.

PAULINE The last number called from this phone.

GEORGE Put that down.

PAULINE You see if I just press this redial button...

GEORGE Give that to me.

PAULINE ... it'll tell me if 9 9 9 was the last number called.

GEORGE I order you.

PAULINE pointedly presses the redial button and holds it to her ear.

PAULINE Or whether it was the chemist I rang last Tuesday about George's haemorrhoid prescription.

GEORGE dives off the window ledge, desperately grabbing the phone from her and crashes to the floor with a scream. MARGE looks casually over the counter then back at PAULINE.

GEORGE Fetch 'elp!

MARGE takes out her mobile and calls 999.

MARGE Hello darling. Ambulance please.

Music Cue 19: Transition (Yorkshire Born and Bred)

Transition includes flashing ambulance light and siren SFX.

ACT 2: Scene 5 The Crown / Chip Shop

The Chip Shop is partially lit, but empty. HARRY is reading the Racing Post behind The Crown's bar. He looks concerned towards the toilets.

HARRY (yelling towards the toilets) Y' alright?

HARRY returns to his Racing Post. There is a crash (sfx).

GEORGE (off – clearly in pain) Flamin' 'eck!

HARRY Do you want lifting up?

GEORGE (off – struggling) Ruddy Nora!

Another crash. GEORGE appears, struggling to self-propel his a wheelchair from the toilets with his foot in plaster.

HARRY Could you reach the chain?

GEORGE No. Whilst-ever I'm confined to this thing, and having to wheel myself over here to use your convenience, I'd appreciate you making the facilities more suitable for your wheelchair-bound patrons.

HARRY I'll get a longer chain.

Pause.

HARRY So... your lad's performin' then is he?

GEORGE Ruddy 'ell 'Arry! You know how to pile on don't you!

MARGE enters carrying boutique shopping bags and her phone.

MARGE There you are. (feigning sympathy) How are you Georgie?

GEORGE struggles to turn his head. HARRY, again, reacts to Marge's scent.

GEORGE Hello M.. M... Marjorie. A little inconvenienced if truth be told.

MARGE My poor soldier.

MARGE attempts a shoulder massage. GEORGE gives a muffled scream and a pained smile.

What you need is someone with a caring nature. Someone with the right facilities.

HARRY Aye... (to **GEORGE**) 'cause your toilet's upstairs in'tit...

GEORGE Christ Harry. You think I don't know that?! Why do you think I'm wheelin' myself over here three times a day? Your lav's on the ground floor!

MARGE has another 'lightbulb moment'.

MARGE Why don't I take care of you then George?

GEORGE Eh?

MARGE My previous husband, Len, God rest his soul, was sedentary from the nose down. Couldn't talk to me, only listened for the last six months. The doctors said, in the end, death was a blessed relief.

PAULINE enters from the back of the Chip Shop and cleans the counter.

Let's set you up at mine 'til you've healed. Yes? Yes! Good. Pauline can't possibly look after you in that tiny place, now can she?

GEORGE I suppose not... Are.. Are you sure Marjorie?

MARGE Of course. I don't mind caring for you... temporarily. A few weeks under me and you'll be right as nine-pence. Yes? Yes! Good.

MARGE hands GEORGE her phone.

Square it with Pauline – get her to pack some clothes for you. Not too many.

GEORGE tries to give the phone back.

GEORGE That's far too kind. I really can't. They'd be lost without me there.

MARGE holds his hand and presses the phone back to GEORGE.

MARGE It'll be very good for you George. You deserve a little (*rolling her Rs*) rrrr and rrrr.

GEORGE casts a helpless glance at HARRY, who shoots him a worried look back, puts down his Racing Post and starts polishing a glass. GEORGE dials the phone.

PAULINE's ringtone sounds. PAULINE's phone is behind the counter. She answers it after checking who is calling.

PAULINE Hello?

GEORGE (*playing ill for sympathy*) Hello luv. It's me.

PAULINE Did you manage to go without covering yourself this time?

GEORGE (*ignoring her question for the sake of 'the room'*) Yes, I'm very well thank you. I'm at The Crown and you'll never guess who's here with me.

PAULINE checks the phone display again.

PAULINE Marjorie Brackenridge.

GEORGE How'd'ya know that?

PAULINE You're on her phone, you tray cloth.

GEORGE Oh... yes... M... M... Marjorie's offered to help out while I'm... incapacitated.

MARGE spritzes herself again and HARRY reacts, attempting to waft away the smell with his Racing Post.

PAULINE Oh aye?

GEORGE Yes. She's very kindly offered more suitable accommodation. H.. hers. Er... it'll be much easier... for both of us. I'll not have to bother with them stairs and you'll not have to worry about me.

There is a silence. GEORGE gulps.

Well. That's all settled then. Perhaps you could bring a bag of things 'round, or maybe send young Sam.

***HARRY** has his eyes tightly closed.*

(weakly) Maybe.

PAULINE Put Marjorie on George.

GEORGE Er... right.

***GEORGE** hands the phone back to **MARGE**.*

MARGE Pau, darling. You think that's best, don't you? Yes? Yes! Good. It's common sense, isn't it. Me kicking around in that enormous house with all Len's old paraphernalia. The up-and-over for the bathroom. The grabby-whatsits, ramp to the door. A very substantial commode and the swingy-thingy to lift him into bed.

***HARRY** and **GEORGE** look terrified.*

We're all agreed here. Yes? Yes! Good. Just bag up the bare essentials. Sam can pop them 'round. *(dripping with insincerity)* I've been panting to do something special for you both after that awful mix-up with the photo. It'll be a relief for you both, and I'll certainly relieve Georgie.

PAULINE Marge...?

MARGE Mmm?

PAULINE Are you taking my husband?

MARGE Yes darling. Right from under your feet. There's no need to thank me. Toodles.

***MARGE** hangs up and exits with **GEORGE**. **MARGE** wheels **GEORGE** away. **GEORGE** makes a desperate grab for his pint, but misses.*

PAULINE *(to the phone)* Oh no you don't Mrs. *(she shouts upwards)* Sam!

No response.

That night he fell – I knew she was here, I could smell her. (*she shouts up the stairs*) Sam!

No response. PAULINE makes a phonecall to Sam.

(into the phone) Sam. Come down... It's your mother.

PAULINE hangs up. SFX SAM comes down the stairs. SAM enters taking his earphones out.

Sam, your father's not going to be here for a while. It's just going to be you and me running things.

SAM Where's he goin'?

PAULINE Marge's.

SAM What?!

PAULINE I know, but let's take this a step at a time shall we? I'll pack some things - if you don't mind taking them over.

SAM Then what? We'll never run this place without him.

PAULINE mimes coating a fish with two wafts of her hand – imitating GEORGE's actions in Act 1 Scene 1 - ...

PAULINE (*'matter of fact'*) Oh love.
Slap, slap.

... dropping the fish in the oil...

Splash

... prodding...

Poke. Grunt. Sneer.

... lifting, tapping and throwing into the warmer...

Lift, tap, chuck.

.... Tapping an imaginary watch three times ...

Time. To. Shut. Nowt to it.

**Music Cue 20: I Never Knew You Had It In You (reprise)
(SAM and PAULINE)**

The mime is repeated in time to the music. SAM is rhythmically miming serving actions.

SAM & PAULINE

Slap. Slap. Splash.
Poke. Grunt. Sneer.
Lift. Tap. Chuck.
Time. To. Shut.

SAM and PAULINE mime working together flawlessly in unison.

BOTH

I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU.
I NEVER KNEW WHAT YOU COULD BE
BUT YOU CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE
AND YOU OPENED MY EYES
TO A WORLD FOR YOU AND ME.
THERE'S MORE THAN I SAW IN YOU JUST BEFORE
AND I COULDN'T EVER BE MORE PROUD
'CAUSE I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU
BUT I KNOW YOU GOT IT IN YOU NOW.

They chink utensils on the last beat.

ACT 2: Scene 6 The Street

**Music Cue 21: Lill and Harry Meeting 3
(LILL and HARRY)**

LILL is carrying a heap of bunting, paint pots etc. HARRY is fetching old-style suitcases for George.

LILL HARRY, HI!

HARRY Hello Lill

LILL I CAN'T STOP

HARRY Nor can I.

HARRY GEORGE IS OFF TO MARJORIE'S

LILL AND THESE ARE FOR THE SHOP.

LILL I'VE BUNTING, FLAGS AND PAINT POTS IN ONE HAND
AND STUFF IN THIS I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND
SHE MENTIONED A 'SIGNIFICANT RE-BRAND'

HARRY A FULL ARRAY FOR GEORGE'S STAY
FROM HOLEY PANTS TO DEEP HEAT SPRAY
MARGE'S WON. QUICK AS A FLASH.

LILL PAULINE'S NOT DONE YET. MUST DASH!

LILL and HARRY both run off.

segue

ACT 2: Scene 7 The Chip Shop

PAULINE has instigated the help of her friends, who are now dressed in assorted decorating gear, and is addressing them.

Music Cue 22: Let's Get Cookin' (reprise).**(PAULINE, SAM and COMPANY)**

During this number the Chip Shop is transformed. Bunting with the Yorkshire Rose is added. The old till is removed and replaced with a card machine. The phone is updated. The lights below the counter are switched on, pictures changed, the window sign modernised etc. It must be all completed by the end of the song.

PAULINE

(If possible – standing on the something i.e. counter top, box etc.)

WELCOME FRIENDS AND STAPLES
OF THE OLD CHIPPY QUEUE
FORGIVE MY SIN OF CALLING IN A FAVOUR OR TWO.
YOU'RE ALL HEART, TO BE PART,
OF THE START – OF WHAT'S NEW.
OF THE PRIDE OF YORKSHIRE CHIP SHOP.
HERE WE GO. THANK YOU!

IT'S AMAZING TO BE BLAZING UP
A TRA-IL AT LAST
TO BE FITTING UP AND RIPPING UP
WHAT'S STA-LE AND PAST
EVERYONE CAN CHIP IN
EVERYBODY'S STRIPPIN'
LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT.

SAM

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT BUNTING
THAT CAN CHEER ANY PLACE

SAM takes down the Winston Churchill picture.

AND CHIN UP GOOD SIR WINSTON
BUT I'M SICK OF YOUR FACE
NOW DON'T KICK-OFF. YOU'RE MOVING.

SAM puts up a picture of a traditional country field with potatoes.

WE'RE NEW AND WE'RE IMPROVING
LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT.

PAULINE

Oohh... look at mi' buntin'!
DON'T WORRY GUYS, THE FRYER FRIES
THE SAME AS BEFORE

BUT WE'VE BEGUN TO OFFER
UNASHAMEDLY MORE

PAULINE puts up a new larger menu.

THERE'S CURRY SAUCE AND PITAS

SAM AND VEGAN CHICK PEA FRITTERS

PAULINE & SAM LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT.

PAULINE STACK THE RACK UP IN THE BACK
AND STICK THE GRILL UNDERNEATH
WE'LL HAVE CHILLI, PICCALILLI
AND SOME PICKS FOR YOUR TEETH
IF CONSTIPATION'S CAUGHT YA
THE MUSHY PEAS'LL SORT YA
LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT.

IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT,
THEN JUST ASK 'EM
TO PUT IT INTO PLACE
MULTITASK 'EM

COMPANY A GOOD DEED IN THE END'S
WHAT YOU NEED NOW AND THEN
IF YOU'RE DOIN' OWT FOR NOWT,
THEN ALLUS DO FOR THA SEN

PAULINE RENEWING WHERE WE'RE QUEUING,
JUST BY DOIN' THE WALLS

COMPANY CAN KICK-IN DOUBLE QUICK WHEN
YOUR COMMUNITY CALLS
GIVE UP ON YA GLOBAL

PAULINE LIVE "LA VIDA LOCAL"

ALL LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT

COMPANY THE PRIDE OF YORKSHIRE'S READY TO GO – GO...
GO

PAULINE (GO) TELL EV'RYBODY YOU KNOW

COMPANY OH OH

SAM READY FOR YOUR TEA?

PAULINE THE CHIPS ARE ON ME

Everyone cheers.

ALL LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT

(INSTR)

COMPANY COOKIN' COOKIN' COOKIN' TONIGHT
COOKIN' COOKIN' COOKIN' TONIGHT
LET'S GET READY READY
LET'S GET READY READY
LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT

COOKIN' COOKIN' COOKIN' TONIGHT
COOKIN' COOKIN' COOKIN' TONIGHT
OO-OOH. OO-OOH.

SAM FREE FROM ALL FRUSTRATION

PAULINE WHAT A TRANSFORMATION

ALL LET'S GET COOKIN' AHH
LET'S GET COOKIN' AHH
LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT
TONIGHT
TONIGHT—
LET'S GET COOKIN' TONIGHT.

('hot ass' gesture) TSS

ACT 2 Scene 8 The Crown and The Chip Shop

The chip shop is partially lit. Though there is never a queue, PAULINE and SAM are serving JORDAN, CHLOE, CLIVE, BARBARA and ALEX in gradual succession.

Meanwhile in The Crown, HARRY is behind the bar and is eating chips. During the scene the pub begins to fill with the COMPANY.

GEORGE *(off)* Prepare to repel borders! Advance!

HARRY hurriedly stuffs his chips into a bag labelled 'Pride of Yorkshire' and picks up the Racing Post. GEORGE is wheeled into the pub by MARGE.

Marvellous. Thank you Marjorie.

MARGE *(with gusto)* You're very welcome. *(aside)* He's all yours Harry. I've been bursting since M&S.

MARGE exits to the lavatory.

GEORGE Hey this is all right i'n'tit.

HARRY Credit to her, she's pushed you 'round for a full week.

GEORGE Her house is fantastic. She's – sommat smells good. I've got the run of the place – is that chips? Have you been over there? I didn't think you'd be able to get away.

HARRY They deliver now.

HARRY shows GEORGE the carrier bag.

GEORGE Who does?

HARRY 'Pride of Yorkshire'. Your Pauline's had a rebrand. She's been busy since you moved out.

GEORGE "Pride of... of Yorkshire"?!

HARRY Aye.

GEORGE Delivering?!

HARRY Aye.

GEORGE Well she can stop... “delivering”.

HARRY She’s done it up a treat. Haven’t you spoken to her?

GEORGE What else has she done?

HARRY Your Sam’s doing the serving on. She’s got a card thing, and contactless. Oh and she’s doin’ peas in’t back, vegan stuff and... salad.

GEORGE Salad? Salad! There’s nothing ‘Yorkshire’ about salad! ‘Pride’ or no ‘pride’. Salad! She’s no right. She’s got to be stopped (*as Churchill*) “Courage is what it takes to stand up and speak.”

***GEORGE** stands, soon toppling back into the wheelchair.
MARGE enters, wiping her hands on her clothes.*

MARGE Your roller towel must be on its seventieth cycle. It’s practically crawling off the wall.

***MARGE** spritzes and **HARRY** reacts.*

GEORGE She’s doin’ salad!

***MARGE** gets out her phone and flicks through it casually.*

MARGE Hmmm?...

GEORGE Pauline. And peas.

MARGE (*not listening*) Good...

GEORGE My shop does fish, chips and nowt else. It’s the way it’s always been.

HARRY Forever and ever.

GEORGE Amen! She’s trying to drag my shop into the 20th Century.

HARRY Twenty-three* years after it finished.
(* substitute the correct current number)

It's like she's been researching and working on a business plan for years. Cross-promotions. She's even doing 'Pie and Liquor' for southerners. Rumour has it they eat eels.

GEORGE I'm going to go over there and have it out with her. Show her that no-one pushes George Booth around. *(to Marge)* Come on.

MARGE *(miffed at having to put her phone down)* Right.

MARGE pushes GEORGE's chair out of the pub. Lighting Cue switches focus to The Chip Shop as CHLOE leaves. HARRY returns to his chips and Racing Post behind the bar during the next part of the scene. DELIVERY CYCLIST props his bike on the window, collects orders and leaves.

SAM Hello luv. What can I get you today?

BARBARA Erm? I don't really know.

SAM How about a piece of crisp, beautifully fresh, sustainably sourced fish on one of our new premium salads.

BARBARA Oh. Yes.

SAM goes to get her order from the back.

PAULINE Afternoon luv. How many are you wanting?

ALEX Once please.

ALEX starts counting his/her usual mass of 'shrapnel'.

PAULINE Of course. Pay with your phone if you like.

ALEX reacts as if his/her prayers have been answered. PAULINE packages up a single portion. SAM brings a boxed package from the back. The phone rings (SFX). PAULINE answers it effortlessly.

PAULINE Hello. Pride of Yorkshire. Hello Jennifer...

SAM We've got smaller friers with the grill in the back now. So we can do batches as we get close to closing – rather than firing up these big things. We just use them for the rushes.

PAULINE *(into the phone as she wraps the portion single-handed)* Well if your Claudia's locked you out of the house you'll only want once.

SAM It means we can open longer and everything's still cooked fresh.

PAULINE It might just tempt her to... you know... open the door. It's on its way.

PAULINE hangs up. BARBARA offers the money to SAM.

BARBARA Oh. Do you know how many...?

SAM The calorie count's on the website, but what you've ordered's nothing to worry about. The dressing's on the side, so that's up to you. Everything's cooked fresh to order.

SAM hands BARBARA a bag.

BARBARA Website? Thanks very much. Ta.

PAULINE and SAM serve efficiently with contactless transactions.

SAM You might occasionally need to wait for it to be cooked but it'll be fresh whenever you get it.

BARBARA *(to Pauline)* And your opening times are...?

PAULINE Twelve to two, and five to eight every day. Open 'til late on Friday and Saturday.

BARBARA 12 to 2... 5 to 8. Splendid.

ALEX leaves, politely allowing BARBARA through the door first.

PAULINE And we're on delivery sites too, if you fancy a late fish supper. Lots do.

BARBARA Oh. Splendid.

PAULINE takes off their gloves and 'job done' gives SAM a high-five. MARGE pushes GEORGE through the door into the shop.

GEORGE Stop this. Stop it right now. You can stop all this.

PAULINE Hello George.

SAM Ay up Dad.

GEORGE Don't pretend... *(to Marge)* Up to the counter please Marjorie.

MARGE wheels GEORGE to the counter.

Thank you. *(to Pauline)* Don't pretend that nothing's changed around here. What's this Yorkshire Pride?

PAULINE Pride of Yorkshire. Don't you like it?

GEORGE I do not. And clearly neither do my customers. Where are they all?

SAM We got through the rush half an hour since. It's quicker now i'n'tit Mum?

PAULINE nods. MARGE is disinterested and swiping at her mobile phone.

GEORGE Where's Sir Winston?! And what have you done to my menu board?

PAULINE We've added. It's all local stuff. Will sourced it for us. The mark-up's great.

SAM Especially on't salad.

GEORGE Salad!?! *(he clutches his heart)* I want everything back how it was. Right down to the grease stains on the ceiling. Right now.

SAM and PAULINE exchange a glance.

PAULINE Or what?

GEORGE *(put aback)* Or I'll... I'll... I'll...

PAULINE You see George, you have to *be here* to change things. We can discuss it when you come back home. We can talk.

GEORGE Talk!?

- PAULINE** Yes. Talk. And listen. Something else that would be new around here.
- GEORGE** Then you listen now. My father made this place and he loved it. He loved the sound of that massive fryer when he put two in at once; he loved chatting about the game during the after-match rush; he loved people using up their shrapnel.; he loved the queue. It was his empire. You've sterilised away all the tradition.
- PAULINE** Yes. I have. You know George, I remember your father knowing what day it was by what your mother put on the table.
Joint on Sunday.
Cold on Monday
Open a tin on Tuesday.
Fish and chips on Wednesday.
Gammon and egg on Thursday.
Friday leftovers and
Saturday, fish and chips again.
Traditions are only worth a damn if they don't get in the way.
While you were harking back, quoting the voice of Empire,
England changed.
- GEORGE** I'll tell you this for nowt: The only thing that's going to change around here is **everything you've done to my beautiful shop.**
- PAULINE** You've a bigger chip on your shoulder than any in that fryer George. It's cleaner. It makes more money. George, It's better!
- GEORGE** It's not like it was!
- PAULINE** Exactly! Your precious Churchill changed! (*impersonating Churchill*) "The Empires of the Future are the Empires of the Mind" – Churchill.
- GEORGE** (*to Marge, who is bored and still checking her phone*) It's a war she's after. And it's a war she's going to get.
- GEORGE** *shakes MARGE's arm and signals for her to reverse him out.*
- PAULINE** Listen to yourself. (*impersonating George doing Churchill*). "We shall fight on the bunting. We shall fight on the sanitary gloves.

We shall fight on the peas and on the salads, we shall fight all the grills : we shall never deliver”.

GEORGE Blasphemy! *(as he is being yanked off by Marjorie)* Oh God!

***GEORGE** and **MARGE** exit.*

SAM See ya Dad. *(to Pauline)* He didn't look happy.

PAULINE He doesn't as a rule. The last time I saw him happy was when they banned busking in't town centre.

SAM What do you think he'll do?

PAULINE Recover quicker.

*In partial lighting, **PAULINE** and **SAM** prepare Jennifer's order and close the shop as the next scene continues. **HARRY** is serving other customer whilst finishing his chips.*

GEORGE *(off)* The bloody cheek! Giving people what they want just because they've asked for it.

***HARRY** hides the chip wrappers as **MARGE** pushes **GEORGE** into the pub. **COMPANY** gradually enter as customers.*

HARRY How did you get on?

GEORGE This is war Harry! I'n'tit Marjorie...

MARGE War?

***MARGE** is excited at the thought of potential conflict and starts plotting.*

GEORGE “Grilled” Harry! Grilled fish! And gloves! Hygiene. It was like an operating theatre.

MARGE Why don't we take the fight to them?

GEORGE What do you mean?

MARGE We know they're both going to be away this Sunday night. Your shop will be deserted. So...

GEORGE ... We can put it all back as it was.

MARGE nods.

MARGE Clear out the salads. The peas.

GEORGE The Grill. That card thing.

MARGE They'll be contactless-less.

GEORGE Wait on. We won't have enough time.

MARGE We will. I think I've got a man on the inside to keep them away long enough.

GEORGE Who?

**Music Cue 23: My England and I
(GEORGE and COMPANY)**

MARGE smiles.

MARGE War George; ugly thing. *(as Churchill)* "I have nothing to offer but..."

GEORGE "blood, toil, tears and sweat".

HARRY And stealin'?

MARGE hugs GEORGE tightly so that she blocks his ears.

MARGE How can it be stealing Harry? It's George's shop.

HARRY So this is how you do it? Shove your oar in, tear them apart then leap in to take the spoils.

MARGE I do what I do for love Harry.

MARGE releases GEORGE.

And I do love a good war.

GEORGE “Never surrender.” *(He gives Harry the v-sign victory salute and turns to Marge)* Oh love, you are marvellous.

MARGE I know.

GEORGE We’re like Napoleon and Josephine.

MARGE Bonnie and Clyde.

HARRY George and the Dragon.

Without looking MARGE spritzes HARRY who splutters. HARRY wipes his face with a large ‘flag of St. George’ t-towel. GEORGE doesn’t notice, but finds various Churchill props to use as a hat and a cigar.

GEORGE “You ask, what is our aim? I can answer in one word; It is victory, victory at all costs”

HOME,
WHETHER I STAND ALONE,
WHETHER I RULE OR SERVE,
I PLEDGE MY ALL.
HOME,
THIS IS MY FATHER’S LAND,
THIS IS MY MOTHER TONGUE.
THIS IS MY WORLD.

THE HEART OF MY ENGLAND MAY TURN INTO STONE.
BUT MY PRECIOUS ENGLAND WILL CARRY ME HOME.
NO MAN WITHOUT VALOUR,
FROM LAND, SEA OR SKY
SHALL CONQUER MY ENGLAND,
MY ENGLAND AND I

HOME,

COMPANY AA-AA-AA-AH

GEORGE FORGED OUT OF IRON

COMPANY AA-AA-AA-AH

GEORGE AND STEEL,

**GEORGE
& COMPANY** BORN OF THE MILL

COMPANY AA-AA-AA-AH

GEORGE AND WHEEL,
SHINING AND NEW

COMPANY SHINING AND NEW

GEORGE HOME,

COMPANY AA-AA-AA-AH

GEORGE ANOTHER EDEN

COMPANY OUR EDEN

GEORGE + COMP. CALLS,
PARADISE BUILT

COMPANY JU-(AH-AH-AH)ST AND TRUE

GEORGE FOR ALL
STAUNCH, JUST AND TRUE.

GEORGE WHEREVER A GREEN FIELD,
FALLS BLACK AS THE NIGHT
WHEREVER A STORM CRIES,
ITS BEACON SHALL LIGHT

GEORGE + COMP. IT ROARS AT THE THUNDER,

COMPANY NE-VER DIE. NEVER SHALL DI-E.

GEORGE AND NEVER SHALL DIE.
FOR THIS IS MY

COMPANY ENGLISH LAND

GEORGE ENGLAND,

GEORGE + COMP. MY ENGLAND AND I

***GEORGE**— with assistance from **HARRY** and **MARGE**, sits on the bar, waving his crutches with the ‘flag of St. George’ t-towel attached. **GEORGE** is becoming too enthusiastic.*

GEORGE NO MAN WITHOUT

COMPANY LAND OR SEA OR SKY

GEORGE VALOUR,
FROM LAND, SEA OR SKY

COMPANY NEVER SHALL DI-E.

GEORGE SHALL CONQUER MY ENGLAND,

COMPANY ENGLAND, ENGLAND

GEORGE MY PRECIOUS ENGLAND,

COMPANY ENGLAND, ENGLAND, HOME

**GEORGE
& COMPANY** FOREVER MY ENGLAND,

GEORGE MY ENGLAND AND

**GEORGE &
COMPANY** I. – (aaah)

*With one mighty wave of his crutches, **GEORGE** topples backwards from the bar (see crash mat position on page 3). **MARGE** walks off, tapping at her phone without much urgency. **HARRY** glances over the bar and winces.*

MARGE Hello darling. Yes. It’s me again...

Transition includes flashing ambulance light and siren SFX.

ACT 2: Scene 9 Outside club

SFX: Exterior sounds of muffled bass vamp as if the music is coming from inside the club.

LILL and SAM (dressed for a performance) enter excitedly at the front of the stage. PAULINE enters.

PAULINE Hold on.

SAM stops.

SAM I can't. I should be in there already.

PAULINE reaches him.

PAULINE I just want you to... hold on.

PAULINE realises she is, literally, holding him back and eases her hold.

PAULINE Sam. You can't make me any prouder. Do it for you.

SAM smiles.

SAM I'll be an hour.

PAULINE I'll be watching.

LILL receives a text (from Harry) (SFX) and exits, puzzled.

SAM exits (entering the club). PAULINE watches him go as

WILL enters, pointing his car key offstage

SFX: Car locking signal and small light flash.

SFX: Muffled Bass Vamp stops. Audience cheer from inside the club.

PAULINE Thanks for the lift Will.

WILL You're very welcome. *(hesitantly)* Are we calling this a date?

PAULINE sighs heavily.

WILL Come on Pauline. George is a selfish, worthless idiot.

PAULINE *(defensive)* He's still my husband. And whatever the hell he's up to right now. We're still "Pauline and George". And we have been for years. You and me have only had...

WILL ... had a few weeks?

**Music Cue 24: Next Time Around (Reprise)
(Pauline and Will)**

WILL No. I've longed for you.

I CAN SEE YOU NOW,
"WELCOME TO GEORGE'S CHIP SHOP,
SO WHA'VE YOU GOT IN THE VAN?"

YOU COULD'VE KNOCKED ME DOWN,
'CAUSE I WAS ONE OF THE FAM'LY
NOT JUST YOUR DELIVERY MAN

EV'RY WEEK, EACH YEAR
SEASONS DISAPPEAR
I'M STILL JUST POPPIN' IN.
'TIL NEXT TIME –
WHEN I COME 'ROUND AGAIN.

Music continues underscore.

PAULINE Aren't you coming in?

WILL No. I'll wait for you.

PAULINE Oh love... You're patient, polite, tolerant... It sounds like you're queuing.

WILL *(Glancing behind him)* There's no-one else in the line. I'm next.
(A little exasperated) I'm 'it'. What do you want Pauline?

PAULINE *considers the question.*

PAULINE I don't know. But when I do, you'll know next.
I'VE WANTED TO BE WANTED.

WILL I WANT YOU TO BE MINE.

PAULINE I'VE LOST THE OWNER'S MANUAL.

WILL I'LL FIND IT. GIVE ME TIME.

PAULINE I'M NOT SURE HOW I FEEL YET.
I'M SCARED I'LL LET YOU DOWN.

WILL YOU'LL FEEL MUCH BETTER,
NEXT TIME AROUND.

EACH DATE'LL MAKE THINGS SIMPLER,
IT'LL ALL SEEM LESS COMPLEX
NEXT I'LL HOLD YOU CLOSER,
THEN THE NEXT TIME AND THE NEXT

WHEN THE CHIPPY'S SORTED,
WHEN SAM'S SAFE AND SOUND.
IT'LL ALL BE BETTER,
NEXT TIME AROUND

PAULINE I'VE SO MUCH ON,
THE TIMING'S ROTTEN.

WILL NEXT TIME IT'LL BE FORGOTTEN

PAULINE YOU SHOULDN'T BE WAITING ANYMORE,

WILL THEN WHAT THE HELL WE WAITING FOR..?

BOTH WE'LL LEAVE THE PAST BEHIND.
THE FUTURE ROADS UNWIND.
TWO HEARTS ARE OF ONE MIND,
WE'LL FIND THE COMMON GROUND.

WE'LL SPARKLE ONCE AGAIN,
BEFORE WE REACH THE END.
A CHOICE OF NOW OR THEN.

IT WOULD BE BETTER,
IT SHOULD BE BETTER,
IT COULD BE BETTER...

WILL leans in to kiss PAULINE on the lips, but she kisses his forehead.

PAULINE NEXT TIME AROUND.

PAULINE exits into the club. MARGE enters unseen by WILL. MARGE bumps into WILL with some urgency.

MARGE Will. Fancy meeting you here. Are you not going in?

WILL I'm here for Pauline.

**Music Cue 25: Divide and Conquer
(WILL, MARGE, PAULINE, GEORGE & SAM)**

WILL recoils at the heavy drum beat.

It's not my music.

MARGE No. And he's not your kid. But he will be. If you win over Pauline he's part of the package. Is that what you want?

WILL *(hesitantly)* Yes.

MARGE Always make sure the dependent's out of the picture before you move in Will. Children are such an unnecessary complication. There's another; George. Aww. My poor love struck goody-goody Will. We can help each other. You and I should be working together.

MARGE FOR YOU, TO GRAB YOURSELF A PAULINE –
AND ME, TO TAKE MYSELF A GEORGE
THE PLAY'S THE SAME, THE AIM, THE GAME
IT'S UNETHICAL OF COURSE BUT IT'S IDENTICAL TO
YOURS.

WILL IT'S YOU, WHO'S BREAKING UP THEIR FAM'LY
NOT ME, I'M TRYIN' TO BE A FRIEND

MARGE SHE WANTS RELEASE, YOU WANT TO PLEASE,
IT'S A FANTASY; PRETEND
THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE IT END.

JUST LIKE THE OLD EMPIRE
THROW PETROL ON THE FIRE
WHATEVER YOU DESIRE
ONE LOW BLOW CAN TAKE YOU HIGHER

TOGETHER FOREVER
IT'S SOMETHING TO SEVER
IF YOU REALLY WANT HER
DIVIDE AND CONQUER.

WILL No! I can't.

MARGE Not on your own. But you can help me do it.

- WILL** *(hesitantly)* How?
- MARGE** I just need you to buy me some time. Yes? Yes! Good. All you have to do is take those three to The Crown after the gig and keep them there until closing time.
- WILL** Like a celebration?
- MARGE** More likely a commiseration.
- WILL** What'll you be doing while we're at the pub.
- MARGE** Putting things right. Whilst ensuring for both of us, that *(putting two fingers together)* "Pauline and George" becomes *(parting her two fingers and addressing each one in turn)* "Pauline" and "George". I get mine and you get yours.
- WILL** MY GOD. YOU REALLY ARE A MONSTER.
- MARGE** AND YOU? YOU'RE NOT SQUEAKY CLEAN
IF WHAT YOU SEE'S HYPOCRISIES
TAKE A BUTCHERS ALL THE WAY,
BEFORE YOU JUDGE ANOTHER PLAYER
- WILL** YOU'RE MAD. TO YOU HE'S JUST A CONQUEST.
- MARGE** YOU'RE SAD, ANOTHER LONELY HEART.
NOW ARE SURE THAT YOU'RE SO PURE
'CAUSE GRADU'LLY, YOU'LL START TO SEE,
THEY'VE GOT TO BE APART.
- WILL** YOU'LL SOW THE SEEDS OF DOUBT
YOU'LL LET THEM SCREAM AND SHOUT
- MARGE** YOU'LL WATCH THEM END THE BOUT
BRING THEM ROUND WHEN THEY GET KNOCKED OUT

TOGETHER FOREVER
IT'S SOMETHING TO SEVER
IF YOU REALLY WANT HER
- WILL & MARGE** DIVIDE AND CONQUER

Lit like the earlier dream sequence, each character appears (GEORGE is out of his wheelchair) standing in isolation.

GEORGE THIS IS MY ENGLAND,
SAM CRAZY, CRAZY, CRAZY
GEORGE MY PRECIOUS ENGLAND
MARGE DIVIDE AND CONQUER
PAULINE IT'S YOUR WORLD YOU RELY ON,
WILL IT COULD BE BETTER,
PAULINE IT'S YOUR HILL THAT YOU DIE ON.
WILL IT SHOULD BE BETTER.
GEORGE THIS IS MY ENGLAND
PAULINE IT'S YOUR WORLD YOU RELY ON,
WILL BETTER
SAM CRAZY, CRAZY
GEORGE MY PRECIOUS ENGLAND
PAULINE IT'S YOUR HILL THAT YOU DIE ON.
WILL BETTER,
SAM CRAZY, CRAZY
GEORGE THIS IS MY ENGLAND
PAULINE IT'S YOUR WORLD YOU RELY ON,
MARGE TOGETHER FOREVER
WILL BETTER
SAM CRAZY (VAMP)

MARGE IS SOMETHING TO SEVER
GEORGE MY PRECIOUS ENGLAND
MARGE IF YOU REALLY WANT HER
PAULINE IT'S YOUR HILL THAT YOU DIE ON.
WILL BETTER
MARGE DIVIDE AND CONQUER
SAM CRAZY (VAMP)
GEORGE THIS IS MY ENGLAND
MARGE TOGETHER FOREVER
PAULINE IT'S YOUR WORLD YOU RELY ON,
WILL BETTER
SAM CRAZY (VAMP)
MARGE IS SOMETHING TO SEVER
GEORGE MY PRECIOUS ENGLAND
MARGE IF YOU REALLY WANT HER
PAULINE IT'S YOUR WORLD -.
WILL BETTER
MARGE DIVIDE AND CONQUER.

*SFX. Sound of club crowd cheering.
Segue*

*ACT 2: Scene 10 The Street***Music Cue 26: Harry and Lill Meeting 4
(HARRY and LILL)**

HARRY and LILL dash from opposite sides carrying mobile phones, HARRY is also carrying an extravagant bouquet of flowers, meet in the middle...

LILL WHY'D YOU TEXT?
Nice flowers.
WHAT'S THE RUSH?

HARRY SHUSH.
IT'S ACTION STATIONS ALL THE WAY,
WE'VE REACHED THE FINAL PUSH.
NOW GEORGE HAS GONE A.W.O.L AND MARGE IS LOOSE

LILL excitedly edges closer and closer to HARRY

LILL SHE IS ANYHOW

HARRY BUT WE CAN PUT HER FANBASE TO GOOD USE

LILL KILL THEIR SACRED COW?

HARRY AND GET PAULINE AND GEORGE TO CALL A TRUCE

LILL I JUST DON'T SEE HOW.

HARRY IF EVERYBODY FROM THE CROWN
TAKES PHONES TO THE BATTLEGROUND
WE'LL STOP THE ROT. LET'S NOT DELAY.

LILL Hey.

LILL grabsthe flowers and kisses HARRY excitedly. HARRY is shocked, but then – after a beat, and a bemused smile – snaps back to action.

HARRY THERE'S NO TIME FOR ALL THAT. THIS WAY.

LILL (*excitedly*) Ooh.

***HARRY** grabs **LILL** by the hand and they run to exit, in the direction of *The Crown*.*

ACT 2: Scene 11 The Chip Shop**Music Cue 27: The Raid (Big Mistake)
(GEORGE and MARGE)**

There's an extended intro – establishing that the chip shop is quiet.

*There is a disturbance outside the chip shop. **GEORGE** undoes the door with his key and **MARGE** pushes the chair inside out of her way. She's loving it. (See Director's Notes for lighting suggestion) **MARGE** heads for the store cupboard and examines some of the contents.*

GEORGE

TIME FOR ACTION. THIS IS WAR.
TIME TO EVEN UP THE SCORE.
SHE CHOSE NOT TO 'GIVE AND TAKE'
SHE MADE A BIG MISTAKE.

LET'S BRING IT DOWN.
LET'S TAKE THEIR PRIDE AWAY

MARGE

'WHAT COMES AROUND'
IT'S PAULINE'S JUDGEMENT DAY

GEORGE

THIS'LL BE SO EASY

MARGE

SO EASY

GEORGE

NEW STUFF'S A CYNCH TO BREAK

***GEORGE** projects the flip-counter upwards.*

MARGE

HERE'S TO OLD TRADITIONS.

***GEORGE** holds the countertop with his right hand, wheels through, but leaves his other hand in the way of the returning flip-counter.*

GEORGE

SHE'S MADE A BIG MISTAKE.

*There is a loud bang as the counter crushes **GEORGE**'s fingers.*

MARGE George?

***GEORGE** emits another stifled scream as **MARGE** releases his hand. **MARGE** phones the ambulance.*

GEORGE F.. fetch...

MARGE ... help? Yes? Yes! *(into her phone)* Good. Hello Darling. Ambulance please... yes, it's me again. 5 minutes. Splendid.

***MARGE** hangs up. There is laughter from beyond the door (**SAM** and **PAULINE**). **MARGE** panics.*

Someone's coming!

GEORGE *(clutching his hand)* Thank Christ for that.

MARGE No! Someone's coming!

SFX of Will's car door being locked.

MARGE Damn that bloody-goody-goody Will. He couldn't do just one little thing!

***MARGE**, in a dramatic panic, pushes **GEORGE** into the store cupboard.*

GEORGE What? Woah!

*There is a crash as **GEORGE** collides with something in the store cupboard. **MARGE** is forced to leap into the bin dropping her neckerchief, pulling a bin lid over herself as the door opens. (See Director's Notes)*

***PAULINE** and **SAM** enter laughing.*

PAULINE Amazing! Amazing!

SAM They liked it.

***WILL** enters*

PAULINE Liked it?! They loved it. Come here you!

***PAULINE** and **SAM** hug.*

PAULINE Wait on. What's that smell?

WILL Well done Sam.

PAULINE And what's happened to the bunting?

WILL I've got a pretty good idea.

***HARRY** and **LILL** – still carrying the flowers - burst in, flustered and distracted, followed by the **COMPANY** carrying their glasses from the pub. There is noise and excitement. **HARRY** takes the flowers from **LILL** who is a little dejected.*

HARRY I hear congratulations are in order. (*sincerely to **PAULINE***) For bringing a bit of oomph back to the street.

***HARRY** gives the flowers to **PAULINE**.*

PAULINE Oh. (*surprised and flustered*) I've nothing to put 'em in.

***PAULINE** looks for a vase behind the counter.*

LILL We all wanted to come over and celebrate, didn't we everyone?

***LILL** beckons **HARRY** away from the counter to one corner of the shop.*

COMPANY Yes!

*The **COMPANY** surround **SAM** in another corner of the shop, taking selfies, celebrating, and enthusiastically congratulate him. **SAM** does this methodically taking individual selfies (so that everyone has their phones out) and treats his friends and fans with individual respect.*

LILL (*aside to **HARRY***) They're not here.

HARRY (*aside to **LILL***) They've got to be here somewhere.

***HARRY** and **LILL** search closer to the bin. **WILL**, spotting that **LILL** and **HARRY** are up to something, moves over to them.*

WILL What's goin' on?

***PAULINE**, still trying to find something to hold the flowers, retrieves a tin bucket full of batter. She lifts it with both hands which means she has none free.*

***PAULINE** notices **LILL**, **WILL** and **HARRY** starring at the bin, in poses that suggest they're ready to pounce if a wild animal escapes.*

PAULINE

What are you lot doin'?

***LILL**, **WILL** and **HARRY** silently shush **PAULINE**, then do exactly the same three gestures that **HARRY** did previously: they point to their noses, mime a horrific smell, then point to the bin.*

***PAULINE** approaches the bin warily, sniffs it and then looks to **HARRY** who is holding **MARGE**'s neckerchief.*

PAULINE

*(Quietly to Harry, Lill and Will) You are kiddin' me!
(performatively) "Oh Harry. As I haven't received flowers in 20 years I don't have anywhere to put them. I suppose this batter bucket will have to do. I'll need to empty it first."*

***PAULINE** holds the bucket over the bin.*

"Would you?"

***PAULINE** pours the batter into the bin. **WILL**, **HARRY** and **LILL**, in turn, pour whatever comes to hand in after it. **HARRY** replaces the bin lid and **PAULINE** puts the flowers in the now empty batter bucket displaying them triumphantly on the counter.*

PAULINE

Thank you Harry. Now, Let's have a toast.

LILL

Absolutely.

***LILL** hands her a glass of champagne.*

PAULINE

A toast! To Marjory Brackenridge.

LILL

Eh?

ALL

(shock and muttering – "You're jokin'!" "Rubbish!" "You're 'avin' a laugh!" Etc.)

PAULINE No. Come on. If it wasn't for Marge posting that photo and taking George away for a while, none of this would have happened. Yes? Yes! Good. Here's to Marge.

They all toast.

ALL Marge!

PAULINE So called because...!

ALL She's easily spread.

Everyone laughs. MARGE rises from the bin, covered in batter – like the Creature From The Black Lagoon. Everyone's aghast – apart from PAULINE, HARRY, WILL and LILL, who feign shock.

PAULINE Get your phones!

Everyone gets their phones out and points them towards MARGE.

MARGE *(seething)* How dare you?! How DARE you?!

PAULINE “Oh Marjorie.” *(fake shock)* “What on earth are you doing in my bin... with all the other rubbish?”

MARGE This is what I get for my generosity and kindness. I take in a helpless old man, out of the goodness of my heart. Selflessly...

PAULINE Come off it! You stole him.

The COMPANY starts to scroll and post on their phones – like a press core reporting a story. Some keep filming.

LILL Like you stole my Len!

MARGE *(trying to maintain composure and dignity)* Me? Steal? The very suggestion. Why would I ever try to steal something one chromosome away from a potato?

HARRY You're only after his money...

PAULINE ...then you'll move on to the next dozy sod. You're a parasite.

MARGE

Well what about you?! Meek and mild little Pauline. Sweating away with the rest of the saggy bores at Zumba. The only way you'll ever lose four pounds 'darling' is if you shave your legs. Look at you. Dull teeth. Fat nose. (*pointing to the back room*) Arse like you've sat on that chipper. No money. No life. No friends. Look at me. Look at me! Ten thousand friends. Ten thousand followers. Ten thousand useless fools living their pathetic, boring existences vicariously through me. Savouring each morsel of my glorious days. Filling their pointless lives by reacting to all my Facebook posts. You and your stupid son will never be as popular or as worshipped as me. So you can keep your grim and grotty shop, your perky little pervert and your gormless bugger of a husband and you can shove it all right up your gargantuan, flabby behind.

There's the same error noise from MARGE's phone as happened in Act 1. And again. Noticing that it's coming from the bin, she delves in messily and retrieves it. It makes the sound again and again. She scrapes off the batter. The error tones are now overlapping.

MARGE

(horror-struck) My friends! My wonderful friends. Where are they going? (*to the COMPANY*) What are you doing?

LILL checks her phone.

LILL

You're getting a battering online too.

MARGE's phone keeps getting error sounds. MARGE drops it contemptibly into the bin – the messages stop.

MARGE

No. Noooo!

The COMPANY take the wheelie bin with MARGE in it and take it out of the shop.

You people! You've destroyed a loving, generous and beautiful woman!

LILL

That's what friends are for.

*Everyone except **SAM, GEORGE, WILL** and **PAULINE** follow Marge out of the shop still filming her with their phones. **SAM** waves them off.*

SAM

Night Mrs. Brackenridge... I'll fetch a mop.

***SAM** goes to the store cupboard.*

Oh, hello Dad.

***SAM** wheels a bedraggled **GEORGE**, with a few bits of stock (including a can of pop) over him, out of the cupboard and presents him to the room.*

GEORGE

Hello son. Hello everyone. *(weakly)* Surprise!

***GEORGE** attempts 'Jazz hands' and clutches his injured hand in pain.*

I wanted to... er... come around and congratulate you on your success. Your little show went well Sam, and the shop looks lovely. So, let's have a toast shall we? ... ahem

***GEORGE** opens a can of pop. The contents explode over him. He impersonates Churchill for the final time, but the imitation fades as he loses strength and confidence.*

"If [The Pride of Yorkshire] lasts for a thousand years, men will still say, "This was their finest hour"."

***GEORGE** slumps weakly into his wheelchair.*

PAULINE

Are you done?

***GEORGE** grunts - defeated.*

Welcome home luv. Come on, let's get you sorted.

WILL

What?! No. No!

Music Cue 28: Him Or Me (Big Mistake)
(WILL, GEORGE and PAULINE)

I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE

HE SHOULD BE OUT OF THE DOOR.
WEDDING VOWS AREN'T MADE TO BREAK
HE MADE A BIG MISTAKE

GEORGE ONE SHORT FALL, IN TWENTY YEARS
NO MORE LAPSES, NO MORE TEARS
I VOWED NEVER TO FORSAKE
IT'S NOT A BIG MISTAKE

WILL YOU DON'T GET MORE CHANCES,
WHEN THERE'S A MARRIAGE AT STAKE
STUFF THE CIRCUMSTANCES,
YOU'VE MADE A BIG MISTAKE

GEORGE *(To Pauline)* WHO'S YOUR MONEY EARNER?
THIS DREAMER'S WIDE AWAKE
PUSH THE BOY MUCH FURTHER,
YOU'LL MAKE A BIG MISTAKE

PAULINE I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COMING
IF I MAKE A BIG MISTAKE,
AT LEAST I'LL HAVE MADE SOMETHING

WILL *(to Pauline)* YOU SHOULD FOLLOW EV'RY DREAM
IT'S YOUR HOBBY, LET OFF STEAM
YOUR OWN LITTLE FANTASY
WHO CAN HELP, HIM OR ME?

GEORGE WHY NOT SLEEP ON IT TONIGHT?
I CAN MAKE IT ALL ALRIGHT.
I'LL HELP YOU FINANCIALLY
DO YOU TRUST HIM OR ME?

PAULINE WHAT'S PAST IS PAST
IT'S TIME TO BUILD WHAT'S BUILT TO LAST

GEORGE IT COULD BE SO EASY

PAULINE SO EASY

GEORGE IT'S EITHER HIM OR ME

WILL NO STANDING, NO POWER
IT'S NOT HIS FINEST HOUR

AND WE ALL AGREE

PAULINE & GEORGE AND WE ALL AGREE

WILL IT'S EITHER HIM OR ME

*(My England and I – refrain – as **PAULINE** aches over her decision). A flashing blue light outside the door and a siren signals that **GEORGE**'s ambulance has arrived.*

GEORGE HIM OR ME

PAULINE WHERE IS MY WORLD?

WILL HIM OR ME

GEORGE HIM OR ME

PAULINE WHY CAN'T I SHUT OUT ALL THE NOISE?

WILL I'LL LOVE YOU WHATEVER, WE'LL MAKE IT TOGETHER

GEORGE I'VE SAID I'M SORRY, LISTEN TO MY VOICE?

GEORGE & WILL TOGETHER FOREVER.

(beat)

PAULINE I'VE MADE MY CHOICE.

PAULINE *(with sympathy and genuine feeling)* Will. See you next Sat'day.

***WILL**, after taking a moment and a breath, accepts his fate with a nod from **PAULINE**. **PAULINE** sees the flashing blue light and then turns to **GEORGE**.*

PAULINE Right luv, your carriage awaits. Off you go.

***HARRY** appears in the doorway.*

GEORGE Wait. Hang on. Aren't you coming with me?

PAULINE No. You'll be fine on your own. *(beat)* And so will we.

HARRY wheels *GEORGE* away.

PAULINE Bye George.

**Music Cue 29: It's Your World
(PAULINE, SAM, LILL, CHLOE and COMPANY)**

*The blue lights fade throughout the closing song indicating that the ambulance has taken **GEORGE** away. **PAULINE** and **SAM** celebrate together.*

PAULINE I CAN FEEL A NEW CONNECTION
TANTALISING, BUT IT'S REAL
IT'S THE ONLY SURE DIRECTION
OFF THIS ETERNAL WHEEL

SAM THERE'S A PLACE BEHIND THE CURTAINS
THERE'S A PATH BEYOND YOUR DOOR
THERE'S A SKY ABOVE THE ROOF TOPS
BREAK OUT AND YOU WILL SOAR...
GET ON YOUR FEET, OPEN THE DOORS,
BLOW OUT THE ROOF
AND TEAR DOWN ALL THE WALLS

SAM & PAULINE IT'S YOUR WORLD, FOR THE TAKING
IT'S YOUR LIFE, THAT YOU'RE MAKING
FEAST YOUR EYES, RAISE YOUR HAND
FEEL THE TIDE AT YOUR COMMAND

IT'S YOUR LIGHT, YOU COULD FOLLOW
TO YOUR BRIGHT, NEW TOMORROW
YOU MIGHT LOSE, BUT YOU MIGHT WIN
THERE'S NO LIMIT, WHEN YOU START AGAIN

*They are joined by **LILL** and **CHLOE**.*

CHLOE HAVE YOU CLOSED YOUR EYES TO FORTUNE?

LILL HAVE YOU EVER LOST YOUR SOUL?

SAM THERE'S A LIGHT WITHIN THE DARKNESS.

PAULINE IT'S INSPIRATIONAL.

CHLOE SET YOUR SAT-NAV FOR TOMORROW

LILL THROW YOUR HAT OVER THE WALL

SAM YOU CAN FIND YOUR NEW HORIZON

PAULINE REACH OUT AND GRAB IT ALL...

**PAULINE, SAM,
CHLOE & LILL** GET ON YOUR FEET, OPEN THE DOORS,
BLOW OUT THE ROOF
AND TEAR DOWN ALL THE WALLS

IT'S YOUR WORLD, FOR THE TAKING,
IT'S YOUR LIFE, THAT YOU'RE MAKING
FEAST YOUR EYES, RAISE YOUR HAND,
FEEL THE TIDE AT YOUR COMMAND

IT'S YOUR LIGHT, YOU COULD FOLLOW
TO YOUR BRIGHT, NEW TOMORROW
YOU MIGHT LOSE, BUT YOU MIGHT WIN,
THERE'S NO LIMIT, WHEN YOU START AGAIN

*They are joined by the rest of the cast except **GEORGE, MARGE**
and **WILL**.*

PAULINE AND IF THERE'S NO WAY TO BEGIN
IF YOU'RE WITHOUT THEN LOOK WITHIN
YOU'LL SEIZE TODAY, YOU'LL SEE THE WAY...

IT'S YOUR WORLD, FOR THE TAKING,
IT'S YOUR LIFE, THAT YOU'RE MAKING

COMPANY	FEAST YOUR EYES, RAISE YOUR HAND, FEEL THE TIDE AT YOUR COMMAND	THERE'S A WAY TO BEGIN YOU'RE WITHOUT LOOK WITHIN' SEIZE THE DAY SEE THE WAY COME WHAT MAY HEY-EY-EY
	IT'S YOUR LIGHT, YOU COULD FOLLOW	THERE'S A PLACE BEHIND THE CURTAINS

TO YOUR BRIGHT,
 NEW TOMORROW
 YOU MIGHT LOSE,
 BUT YOU MIGHT WIN,
 HEY-EY-EY!
 THERE'S NO LIMIT
 WHEN YOU SAY

THERE'S A PATH
 BEYOND YOUR DOOR
 THERE'S A SKY ABOVE
 THE ROOFTOPS
 BREAK OUT
 AND YOU WILL
 SAY

IT'S YOUR WORLD,
 FOR THE TAKING,
 IT'S YOUR LIFE,
 THAT YOU'RE MAKING
 FEAST YOUR EYES,
 RAISE YOUR HAND,

GET ON YOUR FEET AND
 OPEN THE DOORS
 BLOW OUT THE ROOF AND
 TEAR DOWN THE WALLS
 THERE'S A WAY
 TO BEGIN
 YOU'RE WITHOUT
 LOOK WITHIN'
 SEIZE THE DAY
 SEE THE WAY
 COME WHAT MAY
 HEY-EY-EY

FEEL THE TIDE

AT YOUR COMMAND

IT'S YOUR LIGHT,
 YOU COULD FOLLOW
 TO YOUR BRIGHT,
 NEW TOMORROW
 YOU MIGHT LOSE,
 BUT YOU MIGHT WIN,
 HEY-EY-EY!

THERE'S A PLACE
 BEHIND THE CURTAINS
 THERE'S A PATH
 BEYOND YOUR DOOR
 THERE'S A SKY ABOVE
 THE ROOFTOPS

PAULINE

THERE'S NO LIMIT

COMPANY

WHEN YOU START AGAIN -
 WHEN YOU START AGAIN.

**Music Cue 30: Bows and Yorkshire Born and Bred Reprise
 (COMPANY)**

COMPANY

WELL THANK YOU FOR COMING
 WE 'OPE YOU LIKED THE SHOW
 WE'VE GOT T'T FINALE
 IT'S NEARLY TIME TO GO

NOW THAT ONE NEEDS THE LAVA'TRY
 AND THAT ONE NEEDS THE BAR
 BUT WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER

AS YOU'RE 'EADING TO YOUR CAR

THE BIT SHE GOT BATTERED
THE BITS WHERE 'E GOT HURT
THE PART WHERE SHE MADE IT
OR THAT ONE LOST 'IS SHIRT

THE BIT WHERE THEY SAID THAT
MARGE WAS EAS'LY SPREAD

REMEMBER, IF EVER
THE NIGHT IS QUITE NIPPY
YOU'RE MEANT TO FREQUENT
EV'RY LAST LOCAL CHIPPY
SO EV'RY ONE SCATTER
WE'RE ALL CHUFFIN' KNACKERED
WE'RE YORKSHIRE BORN AND BRED
BY GEORGE
WE'RE YORKSHIRE BORN AND BRED

Curtain

By George

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