

# SMOKE & MIRRORS

## Rehearsal draft

### Cast

MC	Gary Bowman
Chorus	Sonya, Bekah, Mike, Liam
ERNEST Sobriety (the host)	Liam
Leticia	Bekah
Dickey	Mike
Emerald	Sonya
<i>Lions Comiques: LC1</i>	Sonya
LC2	Bekah
LC3	Mike
<i>The Chicken</i>	Liam
<i>Madame Magicque</i>	Sonya
Tramp 1	Liam
Tramp 2	Mike
<i>Live BB Dancers</i>	Sonya/Bekah
The Arial Diva	Sonya
Dolly	Mike
Marie	Liam

### As the audience enter

*Overture. Maybe the band playing music that sounds like they're warming up, kind of random and distorted but still musical, Tom Waits esq. Maybe giving hints (the odd phrase or chord) from some of the music to come.*

*The gauze is drawn across the front of the stage. It is beautifully lit. The space seems timeless. The set is lit in such a way as to dampen down/disguise as many features as possible. Basically we don't want to give away the place we're going to be. The band look like a contemporary twist on 1908 – as if they've dressed up in costumes and done the facial hair because that's their style! [I think this could work for front of house staff too].*

## ACT ONE

## Sc 1 MC, 2007/1907

*A slide: Liverpool, 31<sup>st</sup> December 2007*

*Slide out, the following comes in:*

*The MC walks through the city centre late on a busy night past bars, clubs, revellers etc. He is dressed as a contemporary BBC2 cultural journo/artty type. Perhaps he has a handheld mic? The MC, He is clearly excited, hopeful, optimistic. It's very noisy – he has to shout over the noise*

MC Another New Year's Eve! And a special one for Liverpool. This once-maligned city is on the brink of becoming European Capital of Culture. The place is hopping! You can really sense the optimism. I have been here the whole night, talking to people up and down Hope Street and indeed it is *hope* that's in the air here. Hope for the future. Hope for our children. And a hope that 08 will turn Liverpool around.

*(sombre now)*

Like they say: it's our time, our place! But can the success outlive the scandals? Will there be real change or just one year-long party? Will the people of Liverpool stand up and get the city they want? I don't know, but right now.... Hope springs eternal

*Fizzles out with static and fizzles into a shot of St Georges Hall – present day. We have a long shot of St Georges' Hall with the MC (dressed in 1908 clothes which we don't realise until we see him close up)*

*Just before we get to the close up the image fizzles out, and a slide comes in: Liverpool, August 10<sup>th</sup> 1907.*

MC What a glorious weekend! Ladies and gentlemen, our proud and illustrious city has maintained its position as the jewel of the North: and yields precedence to *none* in enterprise and ambition. These 700<sup>th</sup> birthday celebrations have constituted a cultural extravaganza the likes of which the country has never known.

Ladies and gentlemen, open your eyes to the wonders around you. On every side there are signs of progress: palaces of trade, a thriving port, new streets, squares, manufactories and offices.

Though my origins lay elsewhere, I am proud to be part of this city of hope and possibility. Let us celebrate together Liverpool's success and the genius of it's people. Let us now sail forth and be an inspiration to the world!

*Fizzles out with static, eventually a new slide fizzles in: 'Liverpool, [today's date] 1908'*

## Sc 2 Welcome Song

*The band strikes up simultaneous with the lights snapping in. The lights highlight the side panels and other period features. After a lovely lighting moment, the screen changes and we see a tableaux of the four actors silhouetted behind the screen.*

*During the musical intro the actors hold the pose then begin a sequence of comical actions in silhouette behind the screen, then the screen is pulled back as the actors emerge. They are in their finery. The 08 backdrop is visible and the actors are colourful, gaudy, in your face, larger than life. Once they are all in position and the stage is set they begin to sing.*

All sing Welcome to the palace of cabaret!

Forget all your troubles, let us entertain you.  
Step right in and throw all your cares away.  
Our antidote to stop you feeling blue.

Magical! Wonderful! Beautiful! Musicals!  
Lift up your glasses, get the good times rolling!  
Heroes and funny folk, villains and nanny goats,  
And lots of songs to get you in the mood

Raise a cheer! A feast for the senses!  
Entertainment commences, with a hearty welcome!  
So, good evening ladies and gentlemen  
We're just about to get things underway,

*Musical break during which the action continues with each actor coming forward to take a bow as s/he is introduced.*

ERNEST Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Palace of Varieties. A music hall cabaret of some notoriety. We'll stir your emotions, and dazzle your senses, we'll set you a challenge to break your defences. You'll laugh and you'll groan, you'll gasp and you'll moan; but before we begin let the artistes step in.

ERNEST First up tonight, set to charm and allure we have for your very special pleasure LETICIA Grace the third.... Liverpool's original Liverbird, she sings, she dances she tickles your fancy!

ERNEST And next to the stage, you'll cheer and you'll rave.....Versatility is his middle name, the man who puts them all to shame, he's fierce, he's loud, he speaks for the crowd. He's DICKEY Sam, he's everyman!

DICKEY I'm talking to you!

ERNEST And now for a treat, you'll jump to your feet, she'll entrance and enthrall, she'll enchant you all. From beyond the horizon, the lost spirit of Ireland....EMERALD O'Reilly, chanteuse.

ERNEST Now last but not least, I'm the host for this piece; I'll keep order, no doubt, but I'll not throw you out! Raise your glasses to me, I'm ERNEST Sobriety.

And lest we forget, there's some more to come yet, [band joke?] the Palace of Varieties band!

*Fancy bit of music with them all showing off*

All sing Raise a cheer! A feast for the senses!  
Entertainment commences, with a hearty welcome!  
So, good evening ladies and gentlemen  
We're just about to get things underway,  
(We've sobered up the band so they can play!)  
This evening at the palace cabaret!  
Hooray!!

*The screen is drawn again behind ERNEST as he steps forward to the apron.*

## > The Hosts Welcome

ERNEST      Good evening ladies and gentlemen. As you've seen we have with us tonight an array of famous, fantastic, fantabulous acts that will amaze, inspire and excite! We've all your favourites tonight, the crème de la crème of the music hall circuit. You will see artistes who will make your hair stand on end – if you've got any! You'll be alright Sir, bit like myself – we should get together and make an arse of ourselves! Every time I look in the mirror I see a bunch of bunnies hopping backwards – must be a receding hair line! Yes, believe it or not I am your myciligenus matador of mirth for this evening! You'll laugh, you'll cry, there won't be a dry seat in the house!

I will be keeping order with a firm rod and a stiff drink. Because we all know to keep ones wheels well oiled one requires luxuriant lubrication to leave one lugubrious, ludibund and laughing. Bartenders are on hand throughout the show if you'd like top up your tippie, and we'll be taking a short interval half way through tonight's proceedings so the ladies can powder their noses and the gents can nose their powders. Snuff madam – oh, I see she has already! Now you've seen the band ladies and gentlemen – if not, be grateful for those pillars! I'm not saying they're ugly but when they were born the Doctors slapped their mothers! We invite you to sing along if you know the words and hum if you don't – though a few of the band are humming already. They'll be providing a medley of mellifluous music tonight so, the long and the short of it is ladies and gentlemen, we hope you have a wonderful evening in this the Palace of Varieties, Liverpool's finest music hall. *Please welcome, the Lions Comiques!*

*Maybe a bit more fill if we need longer for costume change*

## Sc 3 The Plight of the Ineffectual Corporation Official

*As ERNEST exits, three Lions Comiques enter from the other side. Each has a cane and hat. A few fancy steps during the musical intro. They sing and do a simple dance routine.*

LC 1, 2, 3            I'm just so smart in my fancy coat and hat  
I bet I dazzle you with all my charm  
I'm clever as well, quite a canny one you know  
But what do you think makes me the man I am?

Well it's money, I like money, I love money, its just money  
Money is my joy from morn til night  
Money, it's so funny that the only thing with money  
Is money's what makes everything all right

I like to spend on wine and grand repast  
I like to spend on clothes, and finery  
I like to save and hoard a lot, you must hold on to what you've got  
And frankly just enough's no good to me

Well it's money, I like money, I love money, its just money  
Money is my joy from morn til night  
Money, it's so funny that the only thing with money  
Money's what makes everything all right  
(My pots not empty)  
Money's what makes everything all right  
(And we've got plenty)  
Money's what makes everything all right

*As soon as the song finishes they gather together in a cluster. There is a distinctly silent movie feel to the acting style here.*

LC1            So what's our plan?  
LC2            Why, we're going to fleece the city of course!  
LC3            Bleed 'em dry!  
LC2            Line our pockets!  
LC3            Buy it cheap!  
LC2            Inflate our profits!  
LC3            Sell it high!  
LC2            Who'se to knock it?  
LC1            But we'll never get away with it.  
LC2            Who'se to stop us? The people?

*(All laugh)*

LC2            The Corporation?

*(All laugh)*

LC1            [*Floundering a bit*] The police?

*(All laugh)*

*LC1 moves from flummoxed, through bemused to convinced – Stan Laurel esq*

LC1            So, how will we do it?  
LC2            We start with Stanley Park.  
LC1            We'll make a beautiful public garden  
LC2            With a lido for the children  
LC3            And a beautiful bandstand at it's heart!

*(All laugh)*

LC1            We'll sell the railings!  
LC2            We'll sell the turf!  
LC3            We'll sell the trees!  
LC2            We'll make a killing!  
LC1, 2, 3      We'll do as we please!

*LC2/3 have a gleeful moment together. They then turn back to LC1.*

LC2 Next, the waste land by the docks.

LC1 We'll find a contractor from Kirkdale

LC2 With workers from Walton

LC3 And supplies from Seaforth

LC1 I've a brother in Birmingham

LC2 I've a cousin in Coventry

LC3 I've a mistress in Manchester (*Looks embarrassed at admitting this*)

LC1, 2, 3 And Irish Labour is so cheap!

*(All laugh)*

LC2 Nothing to do but pay a visit to the Corporation Official

*LC2 removes a swag bag that have been disguised in her costume. They are positioned SL. The screen is magically pulled back to reveal the office of the Ineffectual Corporation Official. A large desk and chair with various props and pieces of set around, including a model of the city with key buildings ready to be stolen, wads of money carefully stashed in clever places. The set should be as naturalistic as possible, with lots of trinkets – the Liver Bird back drop. Someone is clearly leaning over the desk from the chair behind, probably asleep, disguised by a large 1908 size newspaper.*

*As the screen pulls back the music comes back in. Using the tune of the Money song but with no words – a silent movie style robbery begins. A short way into the robbery the newspaper ruffles and a man in a large chicken suit emerges. A proper silent movie chase/robbery ensues underscored by the refrain from the song. Towards the end of the sequence the chicken becomes so flustered he lays a golden egg. The Lions Comiques steal it and exit.*

*The screen is drawn across as they exit in the other direction. The chicken is left behind the screen.*

## **Sc 4 LETICIA's Beginnings**

*We see LETICIA sitting at her dressing table. Throughout the following she is changing from her Lions Comiques costume/makeup to her dancing costume/makeup/hair. EMERALD's face/head and shoulders are projected onto a screen where the glass in a gilt framed mirror should be. EMERALD narrates. Perhaps there's a little music underneath, not sure, but if there is it's unobtrusive and atmospheric.*

Here is a story seldom heard: the ode to Liverpool's mythical bird,  
A tale of toil in changing times, and a riverside lady who rolled with the tide.

Seven Children to a fisherman,  
Little Lilly was the youngest one,  
The boys worked hard at this honest trade  
But their parents drank away the meagre money they made.

Still, she joined the girls of Lime Street, selling special wares;  
With her mothers only ribbon tied in her long dark hair.

Lily sang sea shanties as she plied her timeless trade;  
Our fragile bird sang shamelessly to quell her fear and pain.

Late one afternoon in April, as our girl began her croon,  
A group of rich young boys passed by and sneered at her sad tune,  
Soon the pretty singing sparrow became the cruel cats prey,  
'Til they tossed her in the gutter, seeking other games to play.

Poor Lily lay there helpless, she could barely move or think.  
Exhausted, weak from hunger, body bruised, heart sick.  
She thought to cry for help but when she opened up to speak,  
Her song escaped, unwilling, soaring high above the street;

She sang of pain, and loss, and love; she sang straight from the heart  
She sang the people's story, commonplace turned into art  
A theatre owner heard her, thought he's found the next new thing  
Led by his ear, he sought her; said he'd pay for her to sing.

They went off to the theatre and to no-ones great surprise,  
Lilly brushed up beautifully and worked hard to learn her lines,  
She scrubbed the stage for pennies and practiced noon to night,  
And quickly swapped her mop cap for costume and foot lights.

Here endeth the first chapter in this story seldom heard:  
Of how poor little Lily became Leticia the Liver Bird

*The scene slowly fades away into the ether.*

## **Sc 5      MC, 1968**

*A text slide emerges on the front gauze saying 'Liverpool, October 5<sup>th</sup> 1968', The MC is a Dylan type figure singing a snippet of a protest song for Liverpool: Day 51 in the People's Republic of Liverpool. It's a pastiche of the Don't Look Back footage. People sit around smoking pot and listening.*

*MC sings*

Well the citizens had gathered  
At the rise of Brownlow Hill  
The armoured cars stood in their wake  
Prepared to die and kill  
Oh the petrol bombs were flying  
And the smoke of battle filled  
The fifty-first day in the peoples republic of Liverpool  
They had cause to be rave in the peoples republic of Liverpool

*The scene fizzles out and we see a text slide: 'Liverpool, [today's date] 1908] The screen swooshes back.*

## Sc 6 The Larder Song

*DICKEY runs out on stage, bawdy, loud, broad strokes. Accompanied by the intro music for his song. He comes to centre front and the music pauses just long enough for him to give his catch phrase, he reacts to the audience as if they're in stitches. ERNEST, LETICIA and EMERALD follow him on.*

*DICKEY plays both characters, using iconic props/hats. Other 3 in chorus with low key choreography.*

### Refrain/Chorus 1

Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
If you tell us about what you've got in the back  
It'll tell you about the man!  
Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
It'll tell you about this particular personage  
Tell you about the man!

### Toff 1

I got apples and grapes, I got thick, juicy steaks  
I got custard and treacly pud!  
I got strawberry jam, I got thick cuts of ham  
I got chicken that's roast over wood!  
I got hare from the snare, and bananas and pears  
I got eggs by the dozen or score!  
I've a larder so big, that I can give a fig  
I could feed a small army and more!

### Refrain/Chorus 2

Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
If you tell us right now what you've got in the back  
It'll tell you about the man!  
Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
It'll tell you right now about this individual  
Tell you about the man!

### Bloke 1

I got bones to make broth, I drink beer with no froth  
I got tripe, with pigs trotters, No fat!  
I got bits of hard cheese, I got knuckles and knees  
Got a cold pot of porridge, and sprats!  
Margarine's what I spread on a small loaf of bread  
Or some dripping (to add to the feast)  
Got a packet of seeds, got a marrow and swedes  
That could last me well into next week!

### Refrain/Chorus 3

Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
If you tell us right now what you've got in the back  
It'll tell you about the man!  
Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
It'll tell you about this particular personage  
Tell you about the man!

Toff 2

Got an ocean of fillet, to fry on my skillet  
A hundred and fifty pork pies!  
Got a large herd of sheep that I bought on the cheap  
I got turkey legs, oysters and thighs  
In one decadent spot, I've a huge cooking pot  
That contains a gargantuan curry  
Got spaghetti so long, it could stretch to 'the Somme'  
But I'll eat that tomorrow, why worry?

Refrain/Chorus 4

Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
If you tell about what you've got in the back  
It'll tell you about the man!  
Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
It'll tell you right now about this individual  
Tell you about the man!

Bloke 3

I've got sweet bugger all on the larder back wall  
'Cept a spider web twisted and knotty  
Got a bread board thjat's split in the winter, tough shit  
I've not eaten today I feel grotty  
Got a malnourished cat by a broken mouse trap  
Watch them squeaking around it with glee  
Got a life getting shorter, I live on hot water  
And now and again a dried pea!

Refrain/Chorus 5

Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
If you tell us right now what you've got in the back  
It'll tell you about the man!  
Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
It'll tell you about this particular personage  
Tell you about the man!

Refrain/Chorus 6

Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
If you tell about what you've got in the back  
It'll tell you about the man!  
Well, what 'ave you got in the larder, la?  
What 'ave you got to scran?  
It'll tell you right now about this individual  
Tell you about the man!

## > Host Fill

*ERNEST appears onto the apron in a bright spot (follow spot if possible).*

ERNEST Well wasn't that a treat! Ladies and Gentlemen that was Dickey Sam! And how about the band, well done on the singing lads but don't think you're getting any more money. Look at them, a barber shop quartet and only one head of hair between them! But what about that Dickey Sam? He comes from a long lineage of fine actors, does our Dickey. He recently researched his family tree and found out he was a sap! I wouldn't say his family were odd but their coat of arms ties at the back. He rejected the lofty 'legitimate stage' for the delicious delights of the modern music hall. At least that's what he tells me – I heard he was caught in his dressing room with two understudies having a Dickey Sandwich.

Moving swiftly on ladies and gentlemen, we promised you a mixed bag tonight but she won't be here till 10! She's our very own Connie the cunning contortionist, celebrated in many fields especially the one behind the gasworks! If you've seen her before you'll remember the trick where she takes 2 legs and ties them round the back of her head – not always her own but she's value for money and you can't argue with that! This next act is a rare delight. The jewel of the EMERALD isle, prepare to be barallased by a bathcopulous beauty with powers so persuasive she'll enthral, engross and excite you. She's the one, the only, the unique, Madame Magicque.

## Sc 7 Madame Magicque

*The curtain is pulled back to reveal Madame Magicque shrouded in smoke. She looks exactly like Marja Delvard. From her position she fires off a hand and causes a bolt of lightening. She fires off the other and causes a thunder roll. She clicks her fingers and makes fire shoot from her hands. She lifts both hands together and causes all the lighting in the venue to flicker and go out. After a pause, she claps and the normal state is restored.*

M Magicque As you see, I can command the elements. I can divine your every desire.

*a drop box directly above her opens and showers her with old fashioned sized notes*

M Magicque I can bestow riches [*she picks up a note*]. And I can take them away! [*she makes it disappear*]. Will it be boom? [*She takes out and blows up the balloon, preferably a gold one, that has the word boom written on it*] Or will it be bust? [*She pops the balloon and glitter falls out.*]

*She walks forward.*

Potent forces are at play in this room. I shall harness them to fuel my powers. *[she reveals a coin on a ribbon]* Please concentrate your minds and your energies on the coin you see before you. *[she starts to move the coin in circles. She speaks in a hypnotic voice]* Empty your minds of worries, set aside daily cares, listen only to my voice. For I can reveal the future.

*[more hypnotic; the 08 logo glimmers behind the coin]*

Imagine, if you will, entrancing images appearing in every home to fascinate and beguile; glittering palaces of worship full of promise and products; magnificent crafts which orbit the globe for escape and excitement; new, shining, baubles to delight and deflect.

And now your minds are focussed and we are ready to begin. Someone in the audience has a name beginning with *[initial of first name of a plant]*, please raise your hands if your forename begins with the letter ?. Perhaps, *[gives a few names beginning with that letter, including the actual name]*, please raise your hands. The person I seek has *[piece of personal information.]*. I see a *[initial of second letter of surname]* – Could the person whom I seek please raise her/his hand. Ah, *[full name]*.

*Madame Magicque goes into the audience and to the plant.*

I foresee great possibility for you *[name]*. I shall now perform a tremendous feat. *[name]* I would like you, please, to give me the largest note in your wallet. *[MM holds up the note]* Ladies and Gentlemen you see a note for ?? pounds.

*As she walks back through the audience she makes a great show of pinning the note to her waist band with a hat pin.*

You see I take out my pin and attach the note thus; *[shows a member of the audience]* can you please confirm that I have stitched the pin through the note 3 times. Please tug the note and see if it can be easily removed. *[s/he does]*

Even amateurs can make money disappear and reappear elsewhere. More experienced magicians can transform vast fortunes into heaps of dust. My power is altogether different.

*She has reached the stage by now. She claps and the screen begins to come towards her.*

I take the note *[pause]* and vanish.

*She vanishes just as the screen gets towards her.*

*As the plant becomes a little disgruntled a waiter discretely approaches her/him and gives the plant a replacement note, explaining that she does this every night and someone always falls for it.*

NB the plant does not know that they are a plant

## **Sc 10      MC, 1938**

*A slide: Liverpool, 23<sup>rd</sup> January<sup>st</sup> 1938. The slide fizzles out and we see a close up of the MCs face/neck – reminiscent of a Weimar MC (Joel Grey esq). A close up of the MC looking anguished.*

*He lifts a kaleidoscope and looks down it. We watch the BB sequence.*

*At the end of the dance his head bursts through the image and the music stops.*

MC Thousands of weary, workless men march the length and breadth of the country. Their cry: 'work or maintenance'. From Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle, Cardiff they march on to London. Malnourished. Exhausted. Heart-sick and hopeless as loved ones die of want. They are marching for change; for fairness, for justice.

Their hand-written petition with one million signatures has been confiscated but still they march on. The Palace of Westminster denies them an entry. But still they march on and their numbers swell.

The voice of the workless can no longer be ignored. They are the future: perhaps the hope of the nation.

*Fizzles out with static, eventually a new slide fizzles in: 'Liverpool, [today's date] 1908'*

## **Sc 4 Two Ladies**

*DICKEY and ERNEST in full drag pop up behind a mock up back wall.*

*DOLLY You're looking well there queen! You feeling a bit better since the, er (facial gestures)*

*MARIE Well you know, Dolly love, can't complain. (Dolly seems to indicate to the audience that this makes a change!) So long as I don't sit, walk or lie I'm alright. But, what doesn't kill us makes us stronger, as the lovely Father McGuire tells us.*

*DOLLY Eh, have you heard what they're doing to the church?*

*MARIE Well I've not been down but I've peeked through the curtains.*

*DOLLY A pound to a pinch o' muck no good'll come of it.*

*MAIRE It's that Mrs Durham I blame, never would leave things be.*

*DOLLY Don't you talk to me about Brenda bloody Durham. We used to live next door but two and she was never any better than she ought to be!*

*MARIE Has she been?*

*DOLLY No! Too busy baking cakes for the UCM!*

*MARIE What about her Stan? Has he been?*

*DOLLY Oh he's still miserable about his dog. He's not been out the house since the er (facial gestures)*

*MARIE What about Sheila Johnstone? Is she off?*

*DOLLY You won't catch her doing it, not since the move to Aigburth. Thinks she's arrived now that one!*

*MARIE Them new builds (disparaging). Not for the likes of us!*

*DOLLY Always was fur coat and no knickers that Sheila Johnstone!*

*MAIRE So what about that new lot in number 17? Are they, er... (knowing look)?*

*DOLLY I don't know but I'll tell you this much, I don't trust them.*

*MARIE Quiet, she'll be hanging her washing out!*

*DOLLY (stage whisper) You mark my words, I'm not one to cast aspersions, but I heard she had to be marched down the aisle pretty bloody sharpish. Moved up north to escape the scandal. Townies originally I believe.*

*MARIE It's like my mother always said, no nets, no shame!*

*DOLLY You know me Marie love, I don't like to gossip, but that child's like an urchin*

*MARIE (Fondly) What about Billy Davies, is he off?*

*DOLLY (Coquettish and in the know), Well I'm not so sure, he's off away again next week. And he's (pause) been a bit busy just lately....*

*MARIE Dolly Riley you didn't!*

*DOLLY I did! Gave him me best eyes at the dance last Friday!*

*MARIE And your Frank (both women cross themselves simultaneously) hardly cold!*

*DOLLY You take that back Marie Davies. It's over a year since our Frank passed and he always wanted me to have a bit of comfort after what he'd put me through!*

*MARIE Sorry Dolly love, I know. It's just Billy had me on a promise for a dance.*

*DOLLY Well, the devil!*

*MARIE You keep your hand on your ha'penny!*

*DOLLY You're a long time lookin' at the lid Marie love!*

*MARIE Fellas eh? Neither use nor bloody ornament!*

*DOLLY Are you off to the meeting then?*

*MARIE No! Have you seen the time, and not a child in the house washed! What about you?*

*DOLLY No! I like to keep meself to meself me. Two ears one mouth! No point anyway. When push comes to shove, it's got bugger all to do with the price of fish!*

*MARIE Oh well, keep smiling girl.*

*DOLLY That's the only thing for it!*

*MARIE Ta ra then.*

*DOLLY Ta ra!*

*BOTH Ta ra, ta ra, ta ra, ta ra.....*

*(They go down behind the wall, beat. Pop up again to check on each other)*

*BOTH Ta ra love, ta ra, ta ra.....*

*Lights out on stage and curtain swishes across as lights fade up on LETICIA's space.*

## **Musical Interlude**

### **Sc 8 LETICIA's glory days**

*Some still images of LETICIA in her glory days slowly flicker on the screen, one at a time and a bit shaky (images of her from the photo shoot, plus some new images of her 'performing'). DICKY Sam enters the dressing room and sits on the chair. He has already changed into his Comic Tramp costume, but during his narration here he makes his face up – eyebrows etc.. At one point*

*during this we begin to see some moving image of LETICIA performing – snippets of her – a Lily Morris style jig; a Marie Lloyd walk across the stage with a parasol and v big, feathered hat; filmed on a real theatre stage (The Playhouse?).*

We've learned in this story seldom heard of the beginnings of Leticia, our Liver bird  
A tale of toil in changing times, and a riverside lady who rolled with the tide.

Opportunity and lady luck, natural talent and flair  
Made our girl the flea-pit's sweetheart and the darling everywhere.  
Leticia soon soared up the billing and hit the favoured spot  
The audiences loved her and she relished all she got.

With the Mersey in her heart and the 'Pool within her soul  
This delightful stage performer had at last achieved her goal.  
Her renown spread far and wide, this wondrous jewel of the North,  
And when she toured America she was England's best export.

In the days of the Liver bird's glory, London was put in the shade,  
By Liverpool's docks and commerce and Leticia's spirit and grace.  
She embodied the soul of a people, proud to be born in this town,  
Grafting hard for the good of the city, for a future where wealth abounds.

Leticia played to kings and consorts while the city's fortunes rose  
Unrivalled in their excellence, the girl and city both.  
Heads held high they basked in glory and were cheered along by all,  
But glory doesn't last for ever, the crest of the wave must fall.

Theatre's hard, just like the markets; and it's cut-throat like commerce;  
While Leticia pleased the punters, ever filling up the purse  
Of the managers and backers, she was safe in her finesse  
But when new young acts began to rise, she began to feel the threat.

So in our story seldom heard, we've seen the glory of our Liver bird  
How she and her city rose to the heights; a place and a lady who rolled with the tide.

*As the last image of LETICIA flickers and dies the lights come down on that space*

## **Host Fill**

**ERNEST** Well ladies and gentlemen, we're drawing towards the all important interval now.  
And why not 'co we're nearly half way and you're nearly half cut!

We'd like to leave you for this few moments, with a song to warm the cockles of your heart  
or the heart of your cockles, whichever comes first! My cockles are warm just  
thinking about it – I blame these trousers. We'd love you to join in with this one. You  
might not know it yet, but you will by the time it's finished so what's stopping you?  
The lovely LETICIA and elegant EMERALD will help you with the words but don't  
help yourselves to the bird – that's my job! So without further ado, lads [*to the  
musicians*] let's have it....

## Sc 11 Pool of Life

*The Liver Bird backdrop is showing. All sing. LETICIA and EMERALD are wearing the feathers as head dresses and have large cards with chorus lyrics on them.*

Sing me a song of the city that bonds  
Of the place that's so special and rare  
Where the people accept you, you're free to express  
You live close to the rellies who care  
We have beauty and grit, come and drink in the wit of a people  
The envy to view  
Live! Love! Good Lord above!  
There's a diving board waiting for you.

Chorus

Let's all jump in the pool!  
Jump in the pool of life!  
The water is lovely, won't do you much harm,  
Let the proud river flow below sunsets to charm  
(So we)  
Jump, jump, jump in the pool!  
We keep swimming despite turning tides  
For the good things we've done  
For the tears and the fun  
We all jump in the pool of life

Tell me some tales of the ships and the sails  
Of the docks, and the lives that were made  
Of the joy and the loss, of the price and the cost  
Of the solid foundations they laid  
Tell of all the strikes  
Of the sweet, moonlit nights  
When we dance 'til the break of the dawn!  
'What?! Bed?! We'll sleep when we're dead!'  
Take a dip you'll be glad you were born

Chorus

Let's all jump in the pool!

Jump in the pool of life!

The water is lovely, won't do you much harm,

Let the proud river flow below sunsets to charm

(So we)

Jump, jump, jump in the pool!

We keep swimming despite turning tides

For the good things we've done

For the tears and the fun

We all jump in the pool of life

ERNEST        That brings the curtain down on the first half of the clavigorous cacophony. You have twenty minutes to drink, dally and decant in the lavatories - but don't go far!

Chorus

Let's all jump in the pool!

Jump in the pool of life!

The water is lovely, won't do you much harm,

Let the proud river flow below sunsets to charm

(So we)

Jump, jump, jump in the pool!

We keep swimming despite turning tides

For the good things we've done

For the tears and the fun

We all jump in the pool of life

*The gauze curtain is drawn in front of them. A lovely lighting state is established and remains throughout the interval.*

**INTERVAL**

## **ACT TWO**

### **Sc 1        Gave it to the girl next door**

*A slide appears: "Liverpool, [today's date] 1908' slide. As everyone is seated it snaps out and the*

*screen is drawn back to reveal a large cardboard wave front of stage with the others behind it. ERNEST centre front and the others behind a portable cardboard cut out merchant navy ship (that when it is reversed becomes something indicating a slum dwelling/tenement house.) All the actors are wearing period merchant navy hats. The wave is being pulled to and fro in front of them.*

*ERNEST sings the verses, the others the choruses.*

When as a lad, I joined the merchant navy for a laugh  
I picked stuff up in every port  
From Singapore to Bath  
When I got home, the neighbour's girl asked what I'd brought to shore  
I said 'I brought you something that you never had before'

Chorus

And I gave it to the girl next door!  
I gave it to the girl next door!  
It's quite exotic don't you think?  
The size of it will make you blink!  
It spread around the neighbourhood  
And left them feeling sore!  
But they all know where it came from  
As I gave it to the girl next door

*The wave is removed and the ship turned round to become a house*

A few weeks on, I caught a nasty bout of gastric flu  
I couldn't move for days and days  
(Me bits were turning blue)  
the neighbour's lass, she came with soup  
and comforts to delight!  
Upon that day me flu gave way  
So later on that night

Chorus

I gave it to the girl next door!  
I gave it to the girl next door!  
I gave my host a hefty dose  
(She heated up, as warm as toast!)  
She passed it on to all her mates, the rich and all the poor  
But they all know where it came from  
As I gave it to the girl next door!

I got myself in awful debt, it went from bad to worse!  
My landlord wanted all I had  
(The leather off me purse!)  
Then 'sweet Colleen' from number three said  
'Never mind your plight!  
Just come in here, me darling' dear,  
And not just for tonight!

Chorus

Now I'm living with the girl next door!  
I'm living with the girl next door!  
A better offer, no one had,  
(I even put up with her dad!)  
That landlord didn't even get  
The dirt from off me floor!  
But you know where it landed  
'Cos I gave it to the girl next doooooor!

## > Host fill

ERNEST Welcome back ladies and gentlemen I hope you're feeling suitably refreshed and relieved after your striptitious socials! Well, what do you think of the show so far? Seriously though, what about this Palace of Varieties eh? Isn't it gorgeous? You know ladies and gentlemen, they say you play the Palace just twice in your career, once on the way up and once on the way down – it's good to be back!

It's posh in here though, we have that many fur coats walk through those doors that two bears came in last night and no one noticed! There're stained glass windows round the back...I blame the pigeons! But the theatre is in my blood. I remember saying to my parents I want to be a comedian when I grow up – they laughed in my face! Well, who's laughing now!?

My parents never understood me – they were both Japanese! They were very much in love though. Not with each other but they were very much in love. But seriously though, if it wasn't for marriage you'd have to fight with strangers! I'm not married myself, still in with a chance love, but I came close. I met in her in the tunnel of love – she was digging it at the time. Beautiful redhead – no hair, just a redhead! Broke my heart and ever since I've spent all my money on women, gambling and booze....and the rest I've just wasted!

Now, as I'm in a sentimental mood I'd like to take this opportunity to sing to you a song which holds fond memories for me. My father taught it to me when I was but a lad. Unfortunately I am not blessed with children of my own or I should pass it along, so instead let me share it with you.

*[Clears his throat and gestures to the band, which plays an opening chord with gusto, as if they're going to embark on a full piece]*

Me and the wife and the mother-in-law  
Went for a walk on New Brighton shore  
The mother-in-law fell off the pier  
The wife she shouted in my ear  
Don't stand and watch her drowning  
Don't stand and watch her drowning  
Don't stand and watch her drowning  
I said, right I'll shut me eyes

Thank you ladies and gentlemen, you're too kind! No really! It's the moment you've all been waiting for. Please give her a warm hand on her entrance, Connie the

Cunning Contortionist!

*As in Act 1 he turns as if to watch it begin, but the focus shifts to LETICIA's space.*

## **Sc 2 LETICIA's decline**

*Illustrated by the dance/movement costume change piece between LETICIA and EMERALD. This is reflected in real mirror (not screen this time). Either they narrate it or the MC does it as a voice over. Towards the end of the movement piece the mirror is secretly flipped round to be back to the screen and a Dorian Grey style image of LETICIA is revealed.*

Back to our story seldom heard, our ode to Liverpool's mythical bird;

We've seen her soar above the crowd but watch her now as her star comes down.

Leticia carried on regardless and chirped as she always did,

But her audience seemed restless and rumours began to spread,

"Like her mother she's gone to the bottle"; "Her face has lost its charm";

"There's a better girl at the Empire"; "The Liver bird's show has gone sour."

She still knew how to throw the best parties, laying on caviar and champagne,

Still inviting the people she valued the most, regardless of wealth or fame,

But over the years numbers dwindled, excuses were made by her guests,

Disguising the truth that they wouldn't be seen with a showgirl past her best.

For comfort she turned to the bottle, and discovered new opiate dreams,

Lead paint and her costume pulled tighter couldn't hold together her seams.

Like her city, once so full of promise, but both fell into grave disrepair

A tragic collapse, fuelled by dreadful neglect, made it seem as though no one could care.

So in our story seldom heard, we've seen the decline of our Liver bird

How she and her city fell from the heights; are they still able to roll with the tide?

*At the end when EMERALD has made herself as glorious as possible she steps out of LETICIA's space and onto the stage which bears the 08 backdrop, as the gauze curtain is pulled back to*

*reveal her alighting the hoop.*

*LETICIA's space disappears during the cross fade.*

### **Sc 3      The Aerial Diva**

*A beautiful hoop hangs above the stage. EMERALD, in a truly magnificent costume, does some aerial work which leads into her singing her number from the suspended hoop.*

Flying high above the crowd  
I am a star! Sparkling beauty and light.  
I am worshipped from afar, men at my feet  
They'd give the moon for a favour!  
Tho' I use, abuse and confuse them  
My aim is simple and clear  
I want the sun for a servant, bask in its light  
A goddess for all to revere!

Many men have tried and failed to capture my heart  
I have ambitions far greater than you!  
Even when I go so far  
I keep my eyes fixed on the glittering prize  
That's in my view  
True, I'm yours for an evening  
If I have something to gain  
I want the keys to the kingdom  
Mine to unlock!  
Within it's bright palace to reign!

*The gauze curtain is drawn across in front of her as she finishes her act.*

*As soon as the curtain has finished being drawn it is pulled back again to reveal this time a completely different backdrop, and a brick wall –the hoop has gone.*

#### **>            Host Fill**

We are fortunate ladies and gentlemen to have in our midst tonight another famed artiste, who is with us today all the way from [sunny Croxteth] and has offered to share with us his/her remarkable act:.....

*ERNEST introduces the local act and brings them up from the floor*

#### **Sc            Local Act**

*Hopefully this will be different every show or two*

## Sc MC, 1918

*Slide: Liverpool, February 6<sup>th</sup> 1918*

*The MC in 1918 costume (maybe outside the Town Hall)*

MC An historic day has arrived for the citizens of Liverpool with the passing of the 'Representation of the People' act. The property restrictions, that prevented hundreds of thousands of men from participating in their country's democratic process, have at last been lifted. After a long and bitter struggle, women have gained the right to vote. Our country is a beacon of democracy.

*Slide fizzles out and is replaced by Liverpool, [today's date] 1908*

## Sc 9 Comic Tramp Sketch

*DICKEY and ERNEST are dressed as comic tramps. They are Morecombe and Wise, or any comic duo where one has slightly higher status than the other and this is played on. They push back the curtain during their intro music, with little comic dance steps and interplay. The screen is pulled back to reveal a park bench. They sing,*

Through every park and garden in this area we roam

We're the doyens of the bandstand and the bench

I make sure to place my cider bottles neatly in a row

While I bathe three times a year to hide the stench

We both collect the papers, yes, the broadsheets are the best

Though I often get the tabloids as a rule

They're swell to wrap my chips in

Or in winter months, if pushed

The provide good insulation from the cool

We're incredibly industrious individuals

We discuss for hours the business of the day

No political inspection we won't vote in no election

We'd rather watch a cock fight any way

*Whistling break with soft shoe shuffle*

Yes, we're both upstanding part-time individuals

But we haven't got the time to stop and stand

Though the page of time is turning

Never had much use for learning  
God alone knows where our parachutes will land

Yes, We like to do our shopping on a Tuesday , if we can  
Or on any other day or afternoon  
Make a bee-line for the office  
Hanging round outside the pubs  
Down the main drag for a quarter, after two

Drinking metholated spirits  
Smoking dog ends in between  
It's enough to make a pit bull's stomach churn  
Can't be arsed about the future  
We amuse ourselves to death  
Lots of fiddling around while it all burns

We're incredibly industries individuals  
We discuss for hours the business of the day  
No political inspection we won't vote in no election  
We'd rather watch a cock fight any way

No political inspection we won't vote in no election  
We'd rather watch a cock fight any way

*The music finishes*

Tramp 1        I say, I say, I say, does this road go all the way to Anfield?

Tramp 2        I've been standing here all day and it's gone nowhere yet!

*Cymbal crash or corny sound effect equivalent*

Tramp 1        Where were you born?

Tramp 2        Liverpool

Tramp 1        What part?

Tramp 2        All of me!

Tramp 1      Have you lived there all your life?

Tramp 2      Not yet.

*Cymbal crash or corny sound effect equivalent*

Tramp 1      You know ladies and gentlemen, when he was a child they were so poor it was all the wolf could do to keep them away from his door!

Tramp 2      My dad was so poor he couldn't afford to pay attention!

Tramp 2      We were so poor when I was a baby my mother never held me for fear they'd repossess the pram!

*Cymbal clash*

Tramp 1      But seriously now ladies and gentlemen, you've got to keep smiling or where would you be?

Tramp 2      Wigan!

Tramp 2      I believe your mother and father are in the business?

Tramp 1      Yes, the iron and steel business

Tramp 2      Oh really?

Tramp 1      Yes, my mother irons and my father steals!

*Cymbal crash or corny sound effect equivalent*

Tramp 1      Poverty's not a disgrace you know, but it is terribly inconvenient!

*Music strikes up again, the tramps sing the last two lines of the song again and exit pulling the gauze curtain across behind them.*

## **Sc 6      LETICIA's Politicisation**

*Mostly narrated by Leticia, with bits from Ernest and Dickey.*

There came a night of horror, that troubled your Liver Bird so,  
Some scenery hit a frail dancer and killed her during the show!  
All that was heard in the theatre, as she lay cold on the boards,  
Was cover up lies told to chorus girls and disgruntled cries from the stalls.

The manager acted as spokesman for the family, police and the press,

Confirming, "It was an accident" so negligence was never addressed,  
But it made me remember lost sailors and the families they left in distress,  
What was the difference with this poor girls life and what could be learnt by her death?

So I quietly questioned the stagehands and pressed dancers to tell me the truth,  
I discovered the girl was malnourished; she could barely afford enough food,  
Even though she danced in five numbers and performed more than twelve shows a week,  
The boss sent her pay to her father, leaving her little, or nothing, to eat.

This injustice outraged and appalled me, I stopped drinking to keep my mind clear,  
I realised that management held all the cards and workers were living in fear  
So I rallied together the workers and implored them to "Question your rights!"  
Then sent payment conditions to management, said if that was ignored we'd strike.

From further union meetings, a slew of hardships came to light,  
And against the advice of my agent, I sought to make public my plight.  
It seemed that the tide was turning ,as artistes 'cross the country stood tall  
Just yesterday management shifted their stance and seemed to heed our call

But life is never so simple, happy endings are rarely so clear  
Just as I've found my way forward, it looks set to end my career  
The boss took me into his office, said he needed to set things to rights  
He told me, 'Leticia, you'll finish the show, but tonight will be your last night'

Well what of it, I've come through worse suffering, faced hardship with courage and grace  
I've sung in the face of disaster, it's my time now and my place  
I'll not be bowed down and brow beaten, I'll rise from the ashes again  
I'm free, as a bird, to do as I please, and I'll work for the progress of man.

## Sc 8 MC, 1908: Living News Paper

*The MC will be projected on only SR of the main gauze – leaving sufficient room for action to take place behind the rest of the gauze to SC and SL*

MC \* The strike by music hall artistes was settled yesterday after the performers' calls for better pay and more reasonable conditions was agreed by the theatre managements. Liverpool's Palace\*\* of Varieties will re-open tonight following a six week closure. Tonight will, however, be the last performance \*\*\* for Liverpool's Liver Bird, Leticia Grace the third, who cites

LETICIA differences with the management

MC as her reason for leaving the Palace.

*\* The lights show a silhouette of the cast in one of the tableaux from the Welcome song, but Dickey and Leticia hold placards.*

*\*\* Emerald and Ernest leave the stage.*

*\*\*\* The light changes to show Leticia and Dickey in 3D.*

*He turns the page.*

MC \* The corporation found itself under attack yesterday as civil action was launched against it for attempts to sell off Stanley Park. The question this raises is this: \*\* does the corporation have the right to sell off public spaces for gain and development? \*\*\* This is likely to become a test case for the sale of municipal land.

*\* Leticia and Dickey are joined by Emerald and Ernest, who are now also wielding placards. They all parade behind the screen, seen in silhouette.*

*\*\* All face out to the audience (still in silhouette) and strike an interesting protesting tableaux.*

*\*\*\* They begin to march again*

*He turns the page*

*The actors turn the placards into a boat and make it sail*

MC Five days and fifty four minutes after sailing from Liverpool, the Lusitania has reached her destination of New York. She is the fastest ship ever to cross the Atlantic, and is a testament to British ship builders. \*

*\* The ship sails off SL*

*He turns the page*

MC A recent government report into the State of the Nation cites Liverpool as having the highest level of unemployment \* in the country and one of the worst health records. Liverpool is also said to have the highest rising crime rate \*\*, with twenty five percent of its crimes committed by its youth. Drunkenness \*\*\* has become a major problem for the city, with 12,000 women and 35,000 men prosecuted for

drunkenness last year. In response to government recommendations, \*\*\*\* local union leader Oliver Stanley said:

DICKEY It has become increasingly clear that a reform which concerns the welfare of the whole community will have to be initiated by the community.

\* *Cast trudge on, in silhouette, broken and bent*

\*\* *Morph into crime tableaux*

\*\*\* *Morph into drunkenness tableaux*

\*\*\*\* *Morph into tableaux with 3 together and DICKEY separate, lights change to show 3D*

*He turns the page.*

MC In response to a public outcry, the Corporation has announced a bold scheme to begin re-housing those living in the 7,518 properties officially declared unfit for habitation. \* Councillor O'Shea said:

\* *Ernest walks SL behind the screen. We see him in a formal jacket lit through the screen.*

ERNEST The object of the municipality is the lowering of the death rate and the improvement of social conditions

MC He admitted that:

ERNEST In the past the Corporation has neglected it's duty

MC But assured our reporter

ERNEST We are now doing good work and in a few years there will not be an insanitary house left in the city

*He turns the page*

MC The Duke of Westminster \* will tomorrow lay the foundation stone for the Royal Liver Building \*\* *[insert a couple of sentences]*

\* *ERNEST turns into the Duke of Westminster in silhouette. The other actors walk on as if in procession, they are in silhouette. The first turns to face the others and the others clap silently in profile.*

\*\* *They magically morph into a tableaux which shows us the liver building*

*The projection ends and the stage lights go out.*

## **Sc 9 Gi' me the vote**

*The curtain is pulled back to reveal LETICIA in her most glorious costume. A cross between Marie Lloyd with her parasol and a rampant suffragette! The backdrop is the Liver Bird.*

LETICIA Well ladies and gentlemen, you may know that tonight will be my last performance in the Palace of Varieties. You've been a fabulous audience and I want to thank you for your support over the last few years. [jokes about blokes sending flowers etc.]

Since it's the last time you'll hear this one, I do hope you'll join in.....

*LETICIA sings:*

If I only had the vote  
How happy I would be  
I'd be sure to use it well  
Oh no they'd never fool me  
I'd stand up for what I thought  
And vote the better man  
I'd be sure to have my say  
Make this town the best I can

Chorus:

I'd say [blows raspberry] to all the buggers who want to rip me off  
[blows raspberry] to them who just don't give a damn  
[blows raspberry] to them in power who don't listen when I speak  
I'd get them out the only way I can  
'Give me the vote'  
'Give me the vote'

Well I'm not overly worried  
'bout the country as a whole  
There's little difference 'tween  
the Tories and the Whigs  
'course I'd really like to vote  
I'd really like my say  
I want to make a different to this town in which I live

Chorus:

I'd say [blows raspberry] to all the buggers who want to rip me off  
[blows raspberry] to them who just don't give a damn  
[blows raspberry] to them in power who don't listen when I speak  
I'd get them out the only way I can  
'Give me the vote'  
'Give me the vote'

The streets would be much cleaner  
Me bloke would get a job  
Me kids'd have the schooling they deserve  
The parks would all be chokka  
The houses would be sound  
In short we'd have a better kind of world

Chorus:

[blows raspberry] to all the buggers who want to rip me off again  
[blows raspberry] to them who just don't give a damn  
[blows raspberry] to them in power who don't listen when I speak  
I'd get them out the only way I can  
'Give me the vote'

'Give me the vote'

*The band throw flowers at her. She walks slowly backwards as the curtain comes across in front of her.*

## SC 10 The Spirit of the Age

*DICKEY enters onto the apron. Spoken with accompanying piano music.*

DICKEY        THERE'S a principle at work, and neither silently nor slow  
But with firm unfaltering footstep ever onward it will go,  
Till the suffering sons of Labour shall be lifted from the dust  
By their faith in one another—mutual help and mutual trust;  
'Tis the golden "good time coming" by the bard and by the sage  
Limned with light in their deep musings—'tis the spirit of the age!

There's a principle at work that is both vigilant and strong,  
That with patience seeks the right and bears with fortitude the wrong,  
That is fervent as the prophet and persistent as Old Time,  
And will make this desert planet bloom like Eden in its prime;  
'Tis abroad among the people, who with hand and heart engage,  
And will work their own redemption through the spirit of the age!

There's a principle at work, and let us aid it every one  
Both with earnestness and energy—'twill help but injure none;  
Let us put our pence together, and, with Union Flag unfurled,  
See a bloodless revolution wrought throughout the social world;  
Let the word "COÖPERATION" be emblazoned on the page  
Of the Present, by the people, 'tis the spirit of the age!

There's a principle at work that flings a lustre on the crowd,  
And their gloom is lit with glory, as the lightning fires the cloud;  
From his helmet flashed the splendours of the bright millennial star,  
And his voice, like volant thunder, is reëchoed from afar,  
As he cheers the people onward, while they move from stage to stage,  
Crying "Follow through the future!" "Track the spirit of the age!"

## > Host Fill

*As DICKEY exits, ERNEST enters from the other side.*

ERNEST        Well ladies and gentlemen, I'm afraid we've almost reached the end of the evening.  
I do hope you've enjoyed yourselves. As we bring our festivities to a close we  
remind you that there will be the opportunity for you to create your own  
entertainment straight after the show with a very special singing sensation. I  
believe in the Orient it's known as karaoke! But before we leave you, one final,

fond, farewell.

*The music strikes up...*

## **Sc 11      The Ship of Fearless Wonder**

*All the actors have entered the stage during the last fill. The hoop is back on the stage.*

All sing      The ship of fearless wonder  
Is sailing with the tide  
Humanity it's anchor  
The future is it's child  
It's crew of hopeful sailors  
With dignity and pride  
Greed and ignorance abandoned  
The ship of fearless wonder  
The ship of fearless wonder  
Is sailing in the hearts of you and I

Through stormy days of hatred  
To seas of peaceful times  
From poverty and suffering  
In search of better lives  
It charts a course for freedom  
Community to find  
Forging out into the sunshine  
The ship of fearless wonder  
The ship of fearless wonder  
Is sailing in the hearts of you and I.

*Gently choreographed movement throughout the song with LETICIA swinging in the hoop with the feathers arranged on the hoop to look like wings when she sits in front of them. At some point during the song glitter/confetti falls from the ceiling. The closing image is of LETICIA suspended in the hoop, the perfect image of the soaring liver bird?*

*The music plays...*

ERNEST      One last thank you ladies and gentlemen please for our marvellous, melodious musicians.... And for our entrancing enchantress, EMERALD O'Reilly.....For our reliable rascalion, DICKEY Sam....And who could forget our lovely, life-affirming LETICIA!.....And your host ladies and gentlemen, I stand before you unassuming and unintoxicated, your own, ERNEST Sobriety.

ALL      The ship of fearless wonder  
Is sailing with the tide  
Humanity it's anchor  
The future is it's child  
It's crew of hopeful sailors  
With dignity and pride  
Greed and ignorance abandoned

The ship of fearless wonder  
The ship of fearless wonder  
Is sailing in the hearts of you and I

*Exit. Gauze curtain is drawn across. Music plays on. The cast run back on once in front of the curtain. Exit. Music seamlessly shifts into the soundscape.*

## **Sc 12                      Time Tunnel/MC**

Slide: Liverpool, [today's date] 1908. Fizzles out to static.

A 2-3 minute time tunnel: a sound and film scape taking us forward in time through iconic moments in history, politics and culture.

Last shot (music/sound scape still underneath) is of the MC possibly by a lamb banana by St George's Hall. He is once again the culture reporter from the beginning of the show.

*If the MC is by the lamb banana: we see him in full shot, we then see his perspective as he scans the city from left to right, we go back to looking at him, we close in on his face and see him give a questioning expression.*

*The film fizzles to static and goes out.*

Slide: Liverpool, [today's date] 2008

**END**

**CURTAIN CALL WHERE LIAM TELLS THEM RE SHORT INTERMISSION FOLLOWED BY KARAOKE**

**10 MINS INTERVAL**

**KARAOKE including: All you need is love, Ring of Fire, Rehab, Stand by Me, Feber, Hit me baby one more time, I predict a riot, We are the champions, Bohemian Rhapsody.**

**EXIT**