

Than Arsenal's attack

Chorus: Revenge is sweet, and sweeter in imagination
A cinema seat is the place for working out frustration

Schoolboy: If only I could be the best with fist or gun or knife
Oh why can't the cinema be more like real life.¹

Verse 2

"Idle, lazy,
In a daze, he
Doesn't seem to try
Class-upsetter, could do better
Never ties his tie"
Teachers always ask for me
Never tell you what it's for
With –

"You're nothing but a lounge
You're always on the hook
A liar and a scrounger
You never read a book.
Why can't you be more like Tim?
We never have to punish him
A model boy in every way
He does his homework every day
You never find him in a scrap,
And in the street he lifts his cap,
He's never known to break a rule,
He cleans the blackboards after school."

That Tim! That Tim!
I know what I'd like to do to him
If I could be Clint Eastwood²
I'd show that little jerk
The smarmy little beast would
Lose his greasy smirk
After school I'd take his cap
And ram it down his throat
They'd find him in a swimming pool
In a concrete overcoat.

Chorus: Revenge is sweet, and sweeter in imagination
A cinema suit is the place for working out frustration

¹ I meant, of course, why can't real life be more like the cinema.

² An anachronism. *For a Fistful of Dollars* wasn't released until 1967 in the UK. Later changed to Steve McQueen, with his love of fast cars and motor bikes.

Schoolboy: If only I could be the best with fist or gun or knife
Oh, why can't the cinema be more like real life?

Verse 3

Pimpily, seedy
Simply greedy
Girls all seem to sneer
Think I'm scruffy
Just a toughie
Never let me near
Girls all want you to be ideal
Like Bruce Lee or Ryan O'Neal.³

"You're no good at karate
Or any other sports
When we go out to a party
You never buy me shorts.⁴
Why can't you be more like Tim?
Blond and handsome, tall and slim
He never needs no acne cream
He's captain of the football team
I shiver when he makes a save
He wears such lovely aftershave
I sometimes lose my self-control
He looks a bit like David Soul.⁵"

That Tim! That Tim!
I know what I'd like to do to him..
If I could be Steve Austin⁶
I'd make that bastard yield
The backs would both be lost in
The race along the field
Thunder in the winning goal
He tackles me and falls
A six million dollar kick
In his six-million dollar balls.

Chorus: Revenge is sweet, and sweeter in imagination
A cinema seat is the place for working out frustration

Schoolboy: If only I could be the best with fist or gun or knife
Oh, Why can't the cinema be more like real life?

³ More anachronisms. Bruce Lee didn't hit our screens till *Fist of Fury* in 1972, Ryan O'Neal not till *Love Story* in 1970.

⁴ Age inappropriate

⁵ Not till mid-70s,

⁶ The character in *Six Million Dollar Man*, not the actor. Ran on UK TV 1975-79.

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INTERVAL SONG

The film treatment suggests that the Interval is opened out to allow all characters to stretch their legs and follow personal plot lines. This suggested the expanded Interval Song. I'm not sure if it was written for the film, or for the next stage version in 1989. I suspect that it was intended for a series of close-ups and reaction shots. Again, Chris's music doesn't survive, if it was written.

[This needs to be very carefully plotted so everyone is in the right place at the right time. The object is to bring all the characters to the foreground as individuals and create maximum activity. The four-line stanzas are sung:]

Bernard Peabody: In this same cabaret it doth befall
That I, Bernard by name, play Interval.
And such an interval, I'd have you think
That in me you buy hot dog and soft drink,
And Butterkist and bags of nuts, KP
If there is need you may go piss in me

CHORUS: Cigarettes, peanuts, hot dogs, ices
Popcorn, orange-juice, chocolate treats
OAPS: Can't afford those kinds of prices
DOL [to S/BOY]: Get your feet down off them seats

Bernard: For Schoolboy, I'm the time to buy an ice
[Schoolboy does so]
For Rocker I'm the chance to – but no dice
[Rocker approached Dol, who shrugs him off]
I bring one pensioner some sex appeal
[Male OAP gets up to chat up Dol]
Until the other brings him back to heel
[Female OAP jabs him with her knitting needle and forces him to sit down]
To yet a third *[indicating Old Lady]* I bring a gentle snooze
To Dol, an aching arm and chafing shoes.

CHORUS: Raspberry ripple, Cornish Mivvi
Devon toffee, Toblerone

[Bernard orders DOL to pick up some the Schoolboy's rubbish]

DOL: Cleaner's job, I'm not your skivvy

[ROCKER tries to hustle some of SCHOOLBOY's chewing gum]

SCHOOLBOY: Get some chewing gum of your own.

BERNARD: The Housewife hurries back from buying fags
Slap into the pensioners' shopping bags
The Critic, chasing deadlines, scribbles quick
[Schoolboy flicks his chewing gum at the critic]
The schoolboy scores a hit with his lolly stick
Chaos threatens, but hark the bell portends
Part Two begins and I am at an end.

[He bows and exits]

CHORUS: Rowntrees, Cadbury's, Golden Wonder
Walls, Kia-Ora, Lyon's Maid
Rain on roof and distant thunder

OAPs: Getting settled

ROCKER and D.O.M: Getting laid?

* * *

Other changes

I added more dialogue right at the end, to focus more on the solitary pensioner who hadn't featured much, and to add about a minute to the length. After the other characters have left....

[DOLORES approaches the sleeping Old Lady. Shakes her gently.]

DOLORES: Come on love. The film's over. Time to go home

OLD LADY: I'm sorry, I must have nodded off. What time is it?

DOLORES: Gone six, love.

OLD LADY: Gracious! I must be getting home for my tea.

DOLORES: Do you have anyone to help you?

OLD LADY: No... no....

DOLORES: Well, you look after yourself. Mind that bit of carpet. It's a bit worn. See you next week.

OLD LADY: God willing.

