

# WEDNESDAY MATINEE

## 1977

*[transcribed from the audio]*

Book and lyrics by Eric Presland

Music by Chris Kaday

Presented at the Fighting Cocks, Mosely

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### Cast

Manager, Mr Peabody Conrad

Usherette, Dolores Fran

Pensioner 1 Janice Connelly

Pensioner 2 Steve

Critic Mike Woods

Housewife Karen

Schoolboy Mike Cooper

Interval Chris Kaday

Dirty Old Man Eric Presland

Greaser Conrad

The Old Lady Pam Scobie

Directed by Eric Presland

Musical Direction by Chris Kaday

TIME: Late 1963

*[Three slightly tiered rows of cinema seats, very dilapidated. To one side, a foyer area. A spotlight with battery-powered wheel with a blue filter over the audience's head creates the illusion of watching a film onscreen. The usherette and the manager in the foyer area, main seats unlit. Voices as in bad Hollywood musical.]*

1. Pep Talk

DOLORES *[spoken, hysterical]* :

I can't go on!

PEABODY *[pleading, soothing]* :

But you must, Dolores. Think of your public.

*[sings]* Can't you hear that hum out there,  
That heady, steady drum out there  
It's for you they've come out there,  
For you, Dolores, for you  
Hear it grow to an eager roar  
You'll never guess who they adore –  
Who d'you think they're rooting for?  
For you, Dolores, for you, Dolores,  
For you, Dolores, for you.

Thousands of people are waiting there  
And they don't ask very much  
Thousands of hearts palpitating there  
For your famous magic touch.

Just a sight, just an inkling  
Just to see a little twinkling  
Of their star from afar, that's all they ask  
Just a glimpse, only fleeting  
Go and set their hearts a beating  
They'll applaud their adored as you bask

DOLORES: Can't you feel me sink in here?  
 Expecting me to think in here?  
 Boy do I need a drink in here?  
 For me, Dolores, for me  
 Knees begin to knock in here  
 I've got a mental block in here  
 I'm still not over the shock in here  
 That it's me, Dolores, it's me, Dolores  
 It's me, Dolores, it's me.

Tremors are going up and down my spine  
 Hands are starting to shake  
 Those teeth that are chattering must be mine –  
 What a shattering noise they make!

There's a whirl in my head  
 Of all the words to be said  
 And my toes are just frozen to ice  
 Both my legs turn to jelly  
 In my pants there's something smelly –  
 I suppose for the roses that's nice.

PEABODY: Please, Dol, shake a leg out there

DOLORES: The star would break 'er leg out there  
 I couldn't take a leg out there

PEABODY: For me, Dolores, for me  
 You know the show must go on  
 You bite your lip and just go on  
 It's you, Dol, who we trust; go on  
 And see, Dolores, and see, Dolores,  
 For me, Dolores, for me.

DOLORES: Entrances, exits all have gone  
 I'm scared, I can't even speak  
 My stomach is screeching for the john –  
 I could vomit for a week.

PEABODY: But your fans, hear them yelling;  
If you fail them, there's no telling  
What they'll do; they could boo you offstage

DOLORES: They could punch, they could pinch me  
They could form a mob and lynch me  
They could tear me out there in a rage

DUET:

PEABODY:	[SIMULTANEOUS]	DOLORES:
Dol, you'll make the grade You know you've got it made And what's more, you get paid You do, Dolores, you do There's no need to fear Hear those thousands cheer So get your arse in gear You can, Dolores, you can, Dolores You can, Dolores, you can		My heart's beginning to pound again – What the hell are my clues? Buzzing is sounding in my brain God, I need a shot of booze! I've a stroke, I've a seizure And I know I'll have amnesia And perhaps I'll collapse in the aisle Oh I can't, I can't do it I could never struggle through it And I'm aching to make off a mile.

DOLORES: I can't

PEABODY: You can

DOLORES: I can't

PEABODY: You can

DOLORES: I can't

PEABODY: You can

DOLORES: Well, I suppose I could try.

PEABODY: *[spoken]* Brave girl, Dolores. Well – *[stiff upper lip Brit War movie]* Good luck!

DOLORES: Thanks, Mr Peabody. *[They salute. She goes to the edge of the foyer.]* Tickets, please. Tickets, please. This way please. Tickets, please. Smoking on the left, sir. Tickets, any more tickets.

PEABODY: How many, Dolores?

DOLORES: Seven, Mr Peabody.

PEABODY: Jesus! There's nothing for it, we'll have to go over to Bingo.

2: Rainy Wednesday Afternoon

*[The customers have lined up in a queue at the box office during the last part of the previous dialogue.]*

CHORUS:           It's a rainy Wednesday afternoon  
 And the streets are very grey  
 The leaves are piled in soggy heaps  
 For the kids to scuff away  
 Drizzle rains on the steamy panes  
 Of the chip shop  
 Drip drip drop  
 Showers spray from the passing trains  
 Will it ever stop?  
 Drip drip drop  
 It's damp and chilly and it's raw outside  
 It's Early Closing Day  
 It's time to straggle through the empty streets  
 To the Wednesday matinee

V2:                The Regal flings its shabby doors wide  
 Its tattered billboards say  
 'Continuous programme from 2.15'  
 For every passing stray.  
 Tiny groups with coins in hand

OAPS:            We're OAP's; two Circles please

CHORUS:         Wander past the hot dog stand  
 Tickets torn

DOLORES:                        Usherette's yawn

CHORUS:         It's damp and chilly and it's raw outside  
 It's Early Closing Day  
 Time to idle an hour or two  
 At the Wednesday matinee

*[Lights change as the adverts starts]*

V3:                They settle back in the tip-up seats

As the credits roll away

CRITIC: Fifties art deco and faded plush

CHORUS: And an odour of decay  
Dry little coughs in the flickering light  
On the screen Pearl and Dean  
Scattered singly to left and right  
Empty rows

SCHOOLBOY: Snotty nose

CHORUS: It's damp and chilly and raw outside  
It's Early Closing Day  
So come and meet the audience

HOUSEWIFE: Sucking sweets

GREASER: Slashing sweets

CHORUS: Come and meet the audience

D.O.M.: Clearing throats

CRITIC: Taking notes

CHORUS: Yes, come and meet the audience  
At the Wednesday Matinee.

### 3. Wedded Bliss<sup>i</sup>

*[A spotlight plays over the absorbed faces until it picks out the two married OAPs.]*

*[Spoken:-]*

OAP 1 Male: I've forgotten my scarf, dear

OAP 2 Fem: Good, good.

OAP 1: I shall have to be more careful. I could catch my death this winter.

OAP 2: Good, good.

OAP 1: Would you like a chocolate, dear?

OAP 2: You know what the doctor said, dear. Bad for the heart. And at my age, well, anything could happen. *[Pause]*

OAP 1: Are you sure you wouldn't like a chocolate, dear?

BOTH: Intro  
Here we sit, cuddled up close  
Golden Wedding just on the horizon  
You see us arm in arm  
Full of Olde Worlde Charm  
But let us tell you something most surprisin'

BOTH: Chorus  
We've been together now for forty years  
And it seems like a thousand more.

OAP 2:  
And I'd give up a throne  
All the savings stamps I own  
To be rid of this crashing bore

OAP 1:  
And I'll die a happy man  
When the mortuary van  
Takes her feet first from our front door.

V1: HE:  
I know her frowns, I know her smiles  
Each hair that's sprouting from her ears

SHE: His coughs, his shingles and his piles  
Have bored me for these twenty years  
His constipation's misbehaving  
Despite the pills the doctor gave

HE: Don't worry, dear, it's what I'm saving  
Just to do upon your grave.

BOTH: Chorus 2 We've been together now for forty years  
And we feel just like when we wed

HE: She's my sweet old-fashioned bride  
And I need her by my side  
Like I need a hole in the head.

SHE: I'd have kicked the bastard out  
But he put me up the spout  
So I married the sod instead.

HE: V2 She's stuck to me, as if with glue  
Since we both were joined as one

SHE: Cribbage by the fire for two  
Isn't my idea of fun

HE: Arsenic in her tapioca -  
What a lovely green she'd turn!

SHE: How I'd love to play strip poker  
With the boy from Age Concern!

BOTH: Chorus 3 We've been together now for forty years  
Loathing more as the years have flown

SHE: With a little belladonna  
He would surely be a gonner  
And I'd cherish each dying groan.

HE: I would rather be ignored  
In a geriatric ward  
If at last she would leave me alone.

BOTH: Chorus 4 Yes, we've been together now for forty years  
And we've sharpened up the knife  
The state of holy wedlock  
Has reached a state of deadlock  
And it seems that we're in for life.

It's a millstone round our necks

SHE: He can't even manage sex.

BOTH: We're a model of man and wife.

#### 4. Critic of the Year

*[The spotlight picks out the CRITIC, dapper in 3-piece suit. He is wearing brogues with taps]*

Critic: V1 When I go to see movies

I always go to B-movies

For B-movies are the movies for me;

I will see it like a shot

The tired actors in a tired plot

A tired plot is what it's got to be –

You see –

Chorus 1 If as a critic you would score, you

Gotta find a film that ain't been done before, you

Gotta clear a pitch

Or somebody will come along and queer your pitch.

If you don't want them to ignore you

Write about a film which no-one ever saw. You

Started a career

You'll wind up Critic of the Year.

V2 Other critics may defer

To an arty film by a French auteur

But a French auteur is anathema to me;

It doesn't matter if it's sludge, it

Must be good if it's low budget

Low budget? I'll go judge it happily –

You see –

Chorus 2 In your researches you must find

Another Bertolucci or a new Fassbinder<sup>1</sup>

Put them on the map

And nobody will ever dare to say, 'What crap!'

Start to explain a film by Dreyer,

Everyone will look at you with awe and say 'A

Person to revere –

A cert for Critic of the Year.'

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<sup>1</sup> 'Fassbinder' should of course be pronounced with a short 'f', but it has to be a long 'f' to rhyme with 'Find a'; this indicates the Critic is not as knowledgeable as he likes to think.

V3    Though the films are getting fewer  
       I hope to make my fame secure  
       By writing purely on obscurity  
       Supporting films I like to sell  
       Where other critics say, 'What the hell' –  
       When I excel they'll fill with jealousy -  
       You see

Chorus 3    Them praise a saga made in Prague; on  
               Sunday in the paper you can read their jargon.  
               If you're unimpressed,  
               The Sunday after they will turn to Budapest.  
               I'd rather find the hidden meaning  
               In a tatty skinflick at a local screening<sup>2</sup>.  
               Everybody here?  
               Now vote me Critic of the Year.

V4    This film is quite misunderstood –  
       Well, if no-one likes it, then it must be good  
       And if I say it's good, the public should agree  
       But people haven't got a clue  
       They never read the *BFQ*<sup>3</sup>  
       The only person who sees my review is me,  
       You see –

Chorus 4    People don't see the use of trackshot  
               They're too busy speculating when the crackshot  
               Will shoot away the rope  
               And save the girl from hanging when she's lost all hope  
               Hero's consumptive and wastes away, they  
               Never see the use of ciné vérité; they  
               Shed a little tear –  
               They won't be Critic of the Year

*[Tap routine]*

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<sup>2</sup> This philosophy is rather espoused by Dr Matthew Sweet in his history of British cinema, *Shepperton Babylon* and elsewhere. <https://www.imdb.com/name/nm2286972/>

<sup>3</sup> *British Film Quarterly*, published in the 1960s, I seem to remember. Very Pretentious.

Chorus 5    So talk about pre-montage and post-sync  
              You must never let yourself become engrossed; think  
              Focal lengths and wipes  
              Even when the Ripper cuts the whore to tripes  
              Comment upon dissolve and iris  
              Even when the arsenal has caught on fire. Is  
              Everybody clear  
              How to be Critic of the Year?

## 5. Schoolboy [words by Mike Cooper]

I should be at school  
 I shouldn't be here in the cinema stalls  
 I may be a fool  
 But I'd rather be here than out kicking a ball  
 I spend all my money on cinema shows  
 My Mum doesn't worry cos she never knows  
 I've got dinner money to pay for my treat  
 Some chocolate, some ice cream, a cinema seat.

Last week's film was good,  
 Cos something fell down on a policeman's head  
 And somewhere in a wood  
 Someone was killing the villagers dead  
 ... *[inaudible]*

I think Teacher's mad  
 Cos every Thursday I give him a note  
 That says that I am bad  
 It's signed by my Mum but it's all what I wrote  
 And he never knows that I'm leading him on  
 He thinks that I'm poorly whenever I'm gone.  
 If I've got an illness it must be unique  
 To keep me from school on the same day each week.

*[inaudible verse]*

I hate playing games  
*[inaudible]*

I'm happy doing this  
*[inaudible]*  
 And all the things I miss  
 I crib off me mate when we're watching TV  
 I may not be clever or terribly bright  
 But nor was my Dad and he's doing all right  
 Whenever on Saturday night on his beer  
 He spends more than my teacher can earn in a year.

*[I'll be happy to put in the rest if anyone can decipher them]*

## 6. The Idol

*[The spotlight picks up the HOUSEWIFE. She has a bag of shopping at her feet; she has also bought a squeegee-mop, which she will dance with in the course of the number – a reference to Fred Astaire’s number in ‘Royal Wedding’]*

HOUSEWIFE: Eeee, in’t he gorgeous? Eeee, in’t he swell?  
 V1 Just watch him flex his muscles on the screen  
 And his great big hairy chest sends shivers up me vest  
 He’s the greatest hunk of man I’ve ever seen.  
 The thought of him makes housework bright and gay  
 I whisper to me squeegee mop and say:

Chorus 1 Take me Rod, I’m yours  
 Lay your head upon me breast  
 You can take me on all fours  
 But take me  
 You can take me from the South  
 From the North, the East, the West  
 Take me fag-end out me mouth  
 And take me

Take me once, take me twice  
 Turn me knees to jellies  
 You don’t need to treat me nice –  
 I’ll just take off me wellies

Oh, Rod, Oh Rod  
 You’re my hero, you’re my idol, you’re my god  
 I can show you true romance  
 If you just give me a chance –  
 Eee, I think I’ve wet me pants  
 So take me

V2 Eeee, in’t he smashing? Eee in’t he fab?  
 I’d love to be the mount on which he’d sit  
 And he’d be even bigger with me finger on his trigger  
 With his holster round me pistol he’d be it.  
 His tender image sends a tiny flush  
 Up and down me little scrubbing brush.

Chorus 2    Take me Rod, I'm yours  
 Take the curlers out me hair  
 I'm tired of scrubbing floors  
 So take me  
 You can take me for a drink  
 You can take me anywhere  
 You can take me in the sink  
 But take me

Take me, shake me, make me ache  
 My lust I cannot govern –  
 Eee, I clean forgot to take  
 Rice pudding out of t'oven.

Oh Rod, oh Rod  
 You're my hero, you're my idol, you're my god  
 You can make me weep and moan  
 If you take me for your own  
 I'll be the power behind your throne  
 So take me.

*[Author's note 2019] This song raises the question of what films are being shown, and who is Rod? I had in mind the Australian Rod Taylor. The Phoenix, East Finchley showed second-run features in double bills, so I think it's likely to be the trashy historical melodrama 'Seven Seas to Calais', in which Our Rod plays Sir Francis Drake. It would have shown in a double bill with some cheaply made British quota quickie like 'The Devil's Agent', which would be what the Critic would be interested in, for a monograph on John Paddy Carstairs as auteur.]*

## 7. Quiet!

*[Author's note 2019: The germ of this song came from a trip to see 'All the President's Men' at the Midlands Arts Centre, with a particularly rowdy audience. I had the idea to harness the noises into a rhythm section for a song: the rustle of the crisp packet [Greaser], the coughing of one pensioner, the sniff of the Schoolboy, the gobbing of the Dirty Old Man. In practice this always created balance problems in the sound because of the different noise levels of the activities, although visually it worked fine.]*

GREASER, PENSIONER, SCHOOLBOY, DIRTY OLD MAN:

Rustle rustle, cough cough, sniff sniff, hoick spit  
Rustle rustle, cough cough, sniff sniff, hoick spit etc

CRITIC/HOUSEWIFE: Quiet!  
Chorus 1 We both yearn for quiet  
Where we can contemplate  
And concentrate serene  
Quiet!  
How we long to try it.  
We want to take a trip  
On that magic ship  
High on the silver screen

HOUSEWIFE: V1 I want a gentle calm to see the charm  
Of the hero's kiss

CRITIC: But all we hear to front and rear  
Is this:

GREASER, PENSIONER, SCHOOLBOY, DIRTY OLD MAN:

Rustle rustle, cough cough, sniff sniff, hoick spit  
Rustle rustle, cough cough, sniff sniff, hoick spit etc

CRITIC: Chorus 2 I need QUIET!  
I won't deny it  
That helicopter shot  
I want to jot it DOWN.

HOUSEWIFE: Quiet!  
I long to cry it  
I would be carried off  
But that hacking cough  
Must echo all over town

CRITIC: V2 I want to judge again  
The mise en scène of this masterpiece

HOUSEWIFE: I'd be in heaven now if this bloody row  
Would CEASE!

GREASER, PENSIONER, SCHOOLBOY, DIRTY OLD MAN:

Rustle rustle, cough cough, sniff sniff, hoick spit  
Rustle rustle, cough cough, sniff sniff, hoick spit etc

CRITIC/HOUSEWIFE: QUIET!!!  
Chorus 3 Someone please supply it  
We're just simple souls  
With the simple goals of

HOUSEWIFE: HUUUSSSHHH<sup>4</sup>!

CRITIC/HOUSEWIFE: QUIET!!!  
We need peace and quiet

HOUSEWIFE: I would be in a dream  
But I have to scream  
Won't somebody SHUT THEIR MUSH!

CRITIC: I want quiet

HOUSEWIFE: What a bloody riot!

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<sup>4</sup> The Housewife has to be Northern in order to get the 'Hush/Mush' rhyme to work

CRITIC: I want it now

HOUSEWIFE: Stop that row!

BOTH: QUIET!!!!

*[The GREASER, PENSIONER, SCHOOLBOY and DIRTY OLD MAN turn on the two in horror as they collapse exhausted]*

ALL: Sssshhhh!

**BLACKOUT**

## 8. Interval

*[The pianist appears with a tray round his neck. Originally I envisaged this as the MANAGER, Mr Peabody, but because the casting doubled Manager and Greaser, we went with the composer/pianist, Chris Kaday in Birmingham]*

*[A single spot]*

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

                      This little tray around my neck doth show  
                       That I am Interval, the truth is so.  
                       You may stretch your legs in me; what's more  
                       You can let your friends in through the exit door.  
                       But hark! The warning bell which doth portend  
                       Part Two begins and I am at an end.

*[Crossfade lights to general cabaret state; quite low, chilly]*

## 9. Dirty Old Man

*[Author's note 2019: I read this now and blush at our indifference to issues such as consent. Flashers were the stuff of seaside postcards and sketches on The Two Ronnies. Comedy was of course written entirely by men until the 1980s. The original version of WM was cartoonish and designed to appeal to a conventional pub audience with few lesbians and gays in it. However I tried to play it, it remains an example of self-oppression. The claim of subversion and anarchy is unconvincing.]*

*[The Dirty Old Man has a disgusting mackintosh, and carries sweets in his pockets.]*

- D.O.M.: V1 Here I come in my dirty mac to pester little boys;  
I offer them a chocolate bar to see their dinky toys.  
Oh, corruption and depravity  
Are offences of some gravity  
And the one thing that annoys  
The Judge is, he can't have it. He  
Says –
- Chorus 1 "Exhibitionist, exhibitionist, we don't like your game  
"Exhibitionist, raincoat fetishist" – what a silly name  
Cos it's lots of fun when the show's begun  
To slip a nipper a juicy one  
He may shout, he may clout,  
But no doubt he may turn out  
To be the same.
- Bridge 1 Flap, flap, flap goes the raincoat  
Flash, flash, flash if you can  
Suck, suck, suck if you're lucky  
And it isn't a flash in the pan.
- V2 Here, I come, I'm the kind of man you warn your kids about  
I hang around the gates of schools to get my Mars Bar out.  
The far-from-silent majority  
Think it outrages authority  
And your average man will shout  
"How very, very horrid." He  
Says –

Chorus 2 "Child molestor, child molester, why can't you be straight?  
 "We detest a mac-divestor; it's a psychotic state."  
 But now I know that the second row  
 Is the place to race if you want a blow.  
 He may squeal, he may reel,  
 But you feel he may reveal  
 Himself a mate.

Bridge 2 Some enchanted evening  
 You may see a stranger  
 You may see a stranger  
 Across a crowded room  
 You fly to his side, and –

*[He flashes the HOUSEWIFE; she screams]*

*[Spoken]* I don't seem to have many friends.

V 3 Here I come with a furtive step my pocket filled with sweets  
 I'm going to give you all the things you catch off toilet seats  
 Oh, subversiveness and anarchy  
 Makes the public feel panicky  
 Every press reporter bleats  
 In tones quite puritanic, he  
 Says –

Chorus 3 "Baby snatcher, baby snatcher, we've met your sort before  
 "We would catch a baby snatcher – it's against the law."  
 But in the flick, if you want a kick  
 Invite a bite on your liquorice stick  
 He may yell, he may tell,  
 Create hell – but he may well  
 Come back for more.

*[He exits so that he is sitting next to the SCHOOLBOY. Offers him a sweet.]*

10. Greaser

V1 I've got rings upon me fingers and a flick-knife in me pants.  
 You will get a knuckle sarnie if you give me half a chance.  
 I'm the toughest of the greasers, I'm the leader of the pack  
 You can tell that I'm an Angel cos it says so on me back

*[The chorus builds through the song as members of the audience come out of their seats to form the backing vocal group which grows with each addition. It starts with DOLORES, ends with the SCHOOLBOY standing on a seat and doing falsetto.]*

CHORUS: I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser etc

V2 Do you want a bit of aggro, do you want to pick a fight  
 If you're gonna shoot yer mouth off, you'd best be careful, right?  
 I'll see you here tomorrow and I'll do you over then  
 Got to blow now cos me mother says she wants me in by ten

CHORUS: I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser etc

V3 I'm the terror of the High Street, I am mean and I am bad  
 And if you try to hit me, I will run and tell me Dad  
 With me Orbison dark glasses, and me leathers and me chain  
 I snatch handbags from old ladies – but they snatch `em back  
 again

CHORUS: I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser etc

V4 Dolores is my lady, and I woo her in the stalls  
 If you want to know my name, see it scratched on all the walls  
 I've me Norton in the garage and me helmet on me head  
 I'm disqualified till April, so I have to walk instead

CHORUS: I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser etc

V5 I give her all me patter in the Wednesday Matinee  
 I would get inside her knickers but her tray gets in the way.  
 I'd love to have a gang-bang, cos I've heard they're lots of fun,  
 But it's difficult to gang-bang when you're in a gang of one

CHORUS: I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser, I'm a greaser etc







- DOLORES: For the last time stop your messing –  
Can't you see them watching you?  
I'm in no mood for undressing  
And I'm in no mood for a screw
- GREASER: *[spoken]* Come on
- CRITIC/HOUSEWIFE: Oh what a racket! Oh what a row!
- OAPS: That's what you get from children now
- CRITIC: They're only doing it to irk us.
- OAPS: Isn't it a terrible din?
- HOUSEWIFE: It's worse than Piccadilly Circus
- OAPS: What a mess the country's in!
- OAPS: Shameful! Shameful! Shameful! Shameful!  
We don't like all this lechery and lusting  
Immoral! Immoral! Immoral! Immoral!  
It shouldn't be allowed, it's so disgusting.
- GREASER: You don't really mean to spoil it  
You don't really mean to frown
- D.O.M.: Come with me into the toilet  
I'll give you half a crown
- CRITIC/HOUSEWIFE: *[Spoken]* Give over
- DOLORES: Watch it, mate, your hands are sliding  
Take your helmet and be gone.
- SCHOOLBOY: My mum'd give you such a hiding  
But make it a quid and you're on.
- D.O.M.: *[spoken]* Come on, then.
- OAPS: Oh what an outrage! What a display!

We would have birched them in our day.

MALE OAP: Poured into those skin-tight trousers

FEMALE OAP: Showing everything he's got

MALE OAP: Nubile girls in see-through blouses

FEMALE OAP: And what he's got is quite a lot.

OAPS: Filthy! Filthy! Filthy! Filthy!

CRITIC/HOUSEWIFE: These hooligans the manager should boot  
Out  
Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!  
With all this row we've missed the final  
shoot-out<sup>5</sup>

OAPS: Sordid! Titillating!

GREASER: Come on, Dol, I'm tired of waiting

CRITIC/HOUSEWIFE: It's so irritating!

DOLORES: There's no use in your creating

OAPS: Shocking! Agitating!

D.O.M.: Come on boy, I'm all pulsating

CRITIC: Grating

HOUSEWIFE: Most frustrating

*[She points at D.O.M.]* My God! Look – he's mastur –

*[Intro chords to: - ]*

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<sup>5</sup> A continuity error, if taking the film to be *Seven Seas to Calais* – a melodrama of 16<sup>th</sup> Century naval warfare would not have a 'final shootout'.

13. Wasn't it a lovely movie?

ALL: V1           Wasn't it a lovely movie?

HOUSEWIFE:                           Quite divine!

ALL:                We laughed until we nearly cried

HOUSEWIFE:                           If only he were mine!

ALL:                Wasn't it a lovely movie?  
Now we –

OAPS:              Clear our throats, collect our coats

ALL:                And face the world outside.

V2                   Wasn't it a lovely movie?

SCHOOLBOY:       The chases and the fights were great.

ALL:                Wasn't it a lovely movie?  
Now we've –

CRITIC:             Made our notes

GREASER:                           Had our oats

D.O.M.:            And I may have found a mate

ALL: V3            Wasn't it a lovely movie?

CRITIC:                               Says the press

ALL:                The city lights are shining bright<sup>6</sup>  
Wasn't it a lovely movie?  
It really helped us through the day  
Wasn't it a lovely movie?  
We'll be back for more  
Back for more

---

<sup>6</sup> This detail, darkness at 6pm, sets the show in November – February, after the clocks have gone back. Not Christmas holidays, of course.

At the Wednesday matinee.  
Yes, we'll be back for more etc etc

*[The punters all troop out of the cinema, except the OLD LADY, who has been asleep through the number. DOLORES sees her and goes over to shake her gently.]*

*[Spoken]*

DOLORES: Come on, love. 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 me! Well see you next week.

DOLORES: Bye, love.

OLD LADY: Thank you so much. *[She goes to the exit door, looks out.]*

Thank goodness! It's stopped raining.

### **BLACKOUT. THE END.**

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<sup>i</sup> This is the version offered for the TV script; it revolved round a parody of Rexford and Danks' sentimental Victorian ballad:

*[The Pensioners become aware of the camera, compose themselves for its benefit, as if for a Golden Wedding photo, and sing directly to camera.]*

BOTH: Intro What a picture we make  
What a Derby and Joan  
Fifty years without a break  
Fifty years without a moan  
And when the young man from the local press  
Asks the secret of our success  
We can truthfully say  
We feel just the same way  
As we did upon our wedding day: -

---

V1                    Darling, we are growing old  
Silver threads among the gold

FEMALE OAP:        Darling if the truth be told  
You're always bored me rigid

MALE OAP:            Wrinkles deep upon her brow

FEMALE OAP:        Bored me then and bores me now

MALE OAP:            Always been an ugly cow  
Miserable and frigid.

BOTH:                 And if there's one thing leaves me cold  
It's silver threads among the gold.

MALE OAP:  
Ch 1                    I know her frowns, I know her smiles  
Every hair that's sprouting from her ears.

FEMALE OAP:        His coughs, his shingles and his piles  
Have bored me now for twenty years  
His constipation's misbehaving  
Despite the pills the doctor gave.

MALE OAP:            Don't worry, dear, it's what I'm saving  
Just to do upon your grave.

BOTH:V2              Life is fading fast away,

MALE OAP:            Not nearly fast enough, I'd say  
Roll on, please, that happy day  
She'll finally kick the bucket

FEMALE OAP:        I know I should have chucked him out  
Shouldn't have had a moment's doubt  
Except he put me up the spout  
And so I just thought f – blow it.

BOTH:                 So now we sit here, growing mould  
And silver threads among the gold

MALE OAP:  
Ch2                    She's stuck to me, as if with glue,  
Since we two were joined as one.

FEMALE OAP:        Cribbage by the fire for two  
Isn't my idea of fun

MALE OAP:            Arsenic in her tapioca  
What a lovely green she'd turn

