



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**DRAMA**

**0411/12/T/EX**

Paper 1

**May/June 2016**

COPY OF PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

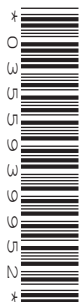
**2 hours 30 minutes**

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the stimuli and on the extract from Stephen Poliakoff's play *City Sugar* provided in this booklet.

This clean copy of the material is for you to use in your responses.



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This document consists of **27** printed pages and **1** blank page.

**STIMULI**

Choose **one** of the following three stimuli and devise a piece of drama based on it. You should work in groups of between two and six performers. Your piece should last approximately 15 minutes.

In the Written examination, you will be asked questions about your piece that will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

**Stimulus 1**

**Quotation:** 'Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall'  
From William Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* [Act 2, Scene 1]

**Stimulus 2**

**Poem:** *On Aging* by Maya Angelou

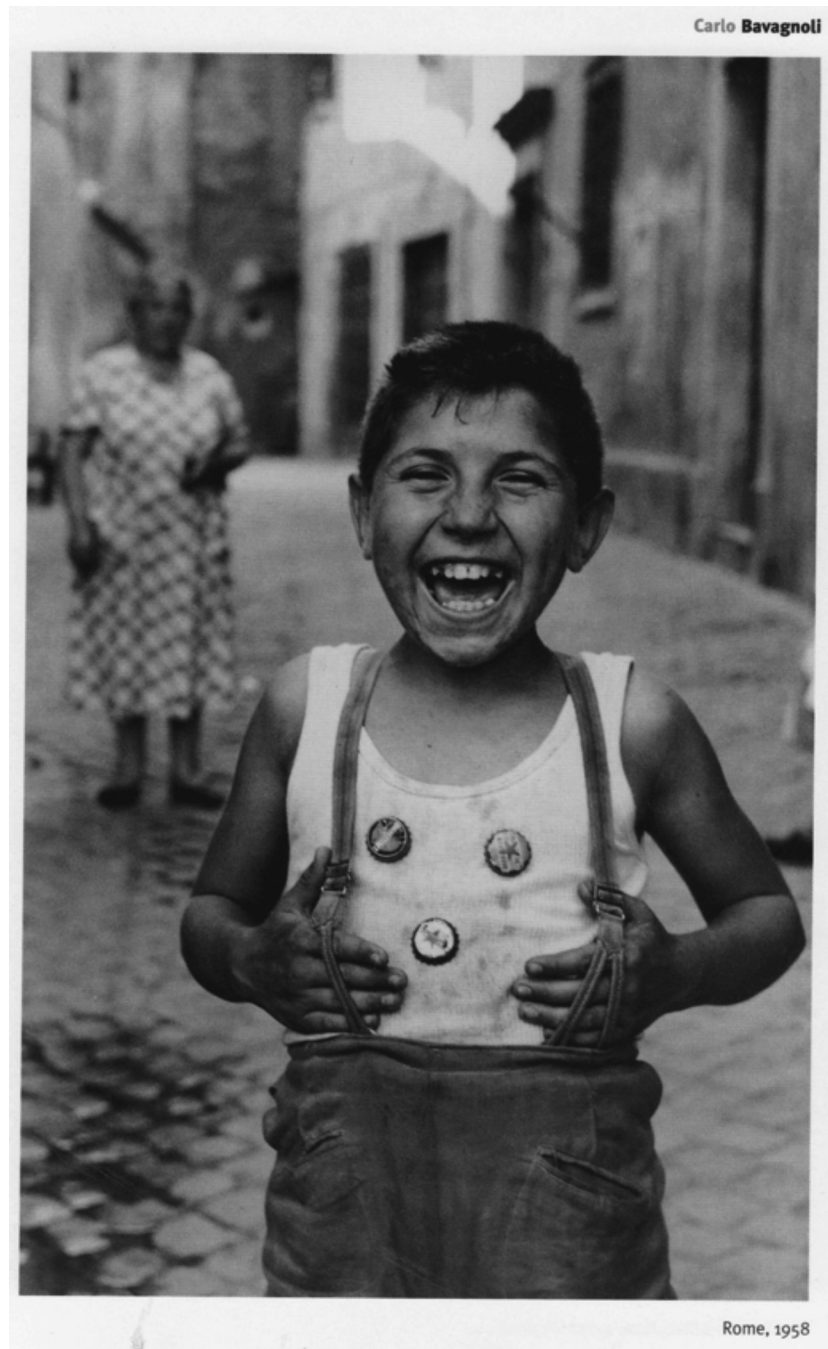
When you see me sitting quietly,  
Like a sack left on the shelf,  
Don't think I need your chattering.  
I'm listening to myself.  
Hold! Stop! Don't pity me!  
Hold! Stop your sympathy!  
Understanding if you got it,  
Otherwise I'll do without it!

When my bones are stiff and aching,  
And my feet won't climb the stair,  
I will only ask one favor:  
Don't bring me no rocking chair.

When you see me walking, stumbling,  
Don't study and get it wrong.  
'Cause tired don't mean lazy  
And every goodbye ain't gone.  
I'm the same person I was back then,  
A little less hair, a little less chin,  
A lot less lungs and much less wind.  
But ain't I lucky I can still breathe in.

**Stimulus 3**

**Photograph:** *Rome, 1958* by Carlo Bavagnoli



## EXTRACT

**Taken from *City Sugar*, by Stephen Poliakoff**

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

This version of Stephen Poliakoff's play *City Sugar* was first performed in 1976. The action takes place in three locations: a radio studio at 'Leicester Sound' (a fictional local commercial radio station); at the frozen foods counter of a supermarket called Lipton's; and in Nicola's bedroom. Leicester is an industrial city in the English Midlands, two hours' travel from London.

The central character is Leonard Brazil, a small-town disc-jockey (DJ) with big aspirations. However, he is increasingly disillusioned with his job of trying to create an artificial world of glamour and excitement for his young – and mainly female – audience.

The play is in two Acts. The extract consists of a shortened version of Act 1.

*Playwright's note*

It is important that Leonard's style as a disc-jockey is not too transatlantic, but his own special blend of relaxed charm, sudden fluent bursts of energy, and barbed comment. He is totally in control of his medium, and his actions round his desk and controls should suggest a master disc-jockey.

The tension inside him which explodes later in the extract should build up gradually, both on and off the microphone – his considerable charm in the first scene, both to his audience and to Rex, getting progressively more and more sour, until eventually it becomes savage.

However, he never allows himself to over-step the mark completely when he is on the air, even in his huge speeches at the end of the first Act.

**Characters**

|                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| Leonard Brazil  | A disc-jockey at Leicester Sound. In his mid to late thirties, extremely polished appearance, but dresses stylishly rather than ultra-fashionably. Considerable natural charm, even when being aggressive. |
| Rex             | 21 years old, a mixture of eager awkwardness and cockiness. He has a likeable naïve manner.  |
| Nicola Davies   | 16 years old. Totally flat voice, but a very determined manner underneath the quiet, completely blank exterior.  |
| Susan           | 16 years old, extremely volatile.  |
| John            | A small shiny man, in his late fifties, totally accepting manner; tidy, neat, completely dedicated to his job.   |
| Mick            | 17 years old, shy, overjoyed to be working where he is.  |
| Angela          | Caller to Leonard Brazil's radio show.   |
| Rita            | Caller to Leonard Brazil's radio show.   |
| Jim             | Caller to Leonard Brazil's radio show.   |
| Ross            | Member of pop group.   |
| Fat Man's voice | Supermarket security man.  |

## ACT 1

## Scene 1

*The studio at Leicester Sound. LEONARD BRAZIL is sitting at the record desk. REX is in the engineer's box. A pop record fades over a blackout.*

|          |  |                           |
|----------|--|---------------------------|
| LEONARD: | [ <i>Into the microphone</i> ] Welcome back to the LB show ... LB – the two most important initials in the country. LB on five hundred and fifty waves – that's a lot of water. [ <i>Loud</i> ] Five hundred and fifty medium waves! [ <i>Smiles</i> ] Sorry. 'You can do better than that, Brazil.' 'Yes Boss.' In a few minutes we have something for you, something special. [ <i>Beginning to open letters on the turn-table desk</i> ] I have a few letters in front of me – I've been struggling to open. I have one from Mrs Lee, Mrs D. Lee, saying that did I know there was now an excellent restaurant in this fine city of ours, and its name is The Aubergine. And now, the lovely, the scintillating, the mind-expanding Lynsey De Paul. [ <i>Over the beginning of the record, which he has switched on</i> ] Nobody need fear – Lynsey De Paul is here ... [ <i>He turns a switch, after a few bars so that the music now plays silently while the record goes round; he drops his pen onto the desk, pause</i> ] That was terrible. [ <i>He flicks the intercom to speak to REX in the box.</i> ] That was a real stinker. A loosener – and a very loose loosener at that. [ <i>Pause, he continues to the intercom</i> ] Come in here ... [ <i>Pause, louder into the intercom</i> ] Get yourself in here, right now! REX enters behind him. | 5<br>10<br>15<br>20<br>25 |
| REX:     | I'm here.  |                           |
| LEONARD: | That's better.   |                           |
| REX:     | I've brought a drink.  |                           |
| LEONARD: | How kind ... [ <i>Slight smile</i> ] Trying to placate me are you? ... What is it?   | 30                        |
| REX:     | Lime juice; it's a free sample of one of the commercials we're carrying this week.   |                           |
| LEONARD: | It looks like a congealed shampoo. [ <i>He puts it to one side. Suddenly staring at REX; loud</i> ] Now, why haven't you filled these up?  | 35                        |
| REX:     | I was going to.  |                           |
| LEONARD: | Going to! Everybody keeps on telling me how efficient you are, how fortunate I am to have you. I have yet to notice. Go and do these now. [ <i>LEONARD hands REX sheets of record titles to be filled in.</i> ] I warn you, it's a particularly grisly lot. [ <i>Smiles</i> ] I seem to have played pap for an entire week – might as well have stuck the stylus into cotton wool. [ <i>REX moves slightly</i> ] And why hasn't my mail been checked ...   | 40                        |
| REX:     | [ <i>Embarrassed</i> ] Sorry, I ... By the way – I've left an item there – [ <i>He indicates the desk.</i> ] – you might like.   | 45                        |
| LEONARD: | You have, have you? Worse and worse, Rex ... You're having a good day, aren't you? [ <i>Smiles</i> ] I don't like suggestions very much, you should know that by now.  |                           |
| REX:     | Yeah but I thought – you could ... I wanted ...  |                           |
| LEONARD: | No! [ <i>He turns suddenly to the microphone, turns on the record over the monitor speakers and fades it down.</i> ] That  | 50                        |

was Miss De Paul. I'm now struggling with another letter on pink paper – it's from Mrs Joan Parsons saying 'Dear Leonard, Is it true or false that you were a teacher in another life?' Well, now, I don't know about another life, Joan, but I was in this one, yes. I trained as a teacher as it happens, before I slipped into the record business, and when all that went up in a puff of smoke, I slipped back into the classroom, until of course I heard the call of Leicester Sound. I thought that everybody knew that, Joan. *[Smiles]* A joke. And a note here from a theatre group calling itself the Gracious Players, saying, could I give a free plug to their production of the late Dame Agatha Christie's *Towards Zero* on Saturday at the Town Hall, Hinckley, which seats one thousand five hundred people. No wonder they wanted their free mention. And I'm now being handed by the ever-dependable Rex, a piece of paper on which is written 'DON'T FORGET'. And if you don't know what that means, I do, and I'll tell you in a moment, for we have a real thriller coming up; but to change the subject – *[Putting on a record]* – I have lost some weight. In fact I've lost so much weight, I'm floating out of my seat, floating round the studio. *[Normal]* While our friend Rex is gaining all the time, I'm afraid, he's approaching sixteen stone now, can hardly fit into his box. Enough of this gibberish. 'DON'T FORGET' means competition time. We have a stunner for you in a moment ... till then, let's flash back into the dim, distant past of last week. *[He switches on a record; 'It's Gonna Sell A Million'; and turns the sound off after a couple of bars.]* That was better – that was very slightly better. *He gets up and walks.*

REX: *[Entering]* Why do you keep on doing this?

LEONARD: Doing what?

REX: You know ...

LEONARD: Putting weight on you, you mean – making you an obese lump. It's my rather dismal little joke.

REX: I thought ... you were the one for the truth over the air.

LEONARD: I allow myself this one slight distortion.

REX: But people will discover, won't they?

LEONARD: No they won't, nobody's ever going to publish a picture of you, are they?

REX: Yes. *[Pause]* The local press might.

LEONARD: *[Smiling]* Not with shares in this station they won't. In fact a total wall of silence could be preserved about your real size for evermore. In fact, if I wanted, I could pump you up steadily to twenty-five stone and then burst you. *[Pause]* Sorry. *[Smiles]* Don't worry, I do it to everyone that works for me.

REX: So I've heard.

LEONARD: So there's no need to look injured. You're not, yet.

REX: *[Moves to go, slight smile]* By the way, I've got Capital Radio from London on the line.

LEONARD: *[Without looking up]* You'll have to be more convincing than that. Been listening to jabber and gossip, have you?

REX: I suppose so, yes.

LEONARD: Well, don't.

REX: *[Watching him]* Everybody knows anyway. Are they going to make an offer then?

|   |   |     |
|---|---|-----|
| LEONARD:  | It's just possible. Everything's possible. I shouldn't bank on it.  |     |
| REX:  | For the afternoon show ... [ <i>Smiles</i> ] They'll be sending spies up here. They'll be sitting in pubs with transistor radios and earplugs, listening away. You'll have to give them the whole works.  | 110 |
| LEONARD:  | [ <i>Looking up</i> ] Will I? Get it ready.   |     |
| REX:  | It is ready. I –  |     |
| LEONARD:  | [ <i>Cutting REX off, he swings round to the microphone and switches on the monitor speakers, fading down the end of the record.</i> ] And now, a special competition. You heard me – a mind-tingling competition. And by my side is the ever-dependable Rex, sweating slightly, what have we got as a prize, Rex?  | 115 |
| REX:  | [ <i>Nervous, standing by the microphone and speaking into it, putting on an almost BBC voice</i> ] We have <i>their</i> latest LP – the Yellow Jacks' latest!  | 120 |
| LEONARD:  | [ <i>Brash voice</i> ] Tell us the title, Rex – <i>please</i> tell us the title.  |     |
| REX:  | 'High Up There'.  | 125 |
| LEONARD:  | That's a fine title – is it a fine record?  |     |
| REX:  | It's very exciting Leonard, it really is ...  |     |
| LEONARD:  | [ <i>To the listeners</i> ] And you can have it a whole two or three weeks before it's in the shops, be one of the very first people in the whole country to have it. And what is Rex going to make us do? ... Well, I think he's been fiddling with his audio tapes.   | 130 |
| REX:  | I have indeed –   |     |
| LEONARD:  | And what have you done with your tapes?   |     |
| REX:  | I've slowed them down – rather a lot.   | 135 |
| LEONARD:  | [ <i>Loud</i> ] Tell me Rex, what effect does this have on the listener?  |     |
| REX:  | What?   |     |
| LEONARD:  | [ <i>Very fast</i> ] What effect does this have on the <i>listener</i> ?  |     |
| REX:  | What ... well it ... [ <i>REX dries completely, stands helpless</i> ] I ...   | 140 |
| LEONARD <i>presses the button: a tape of the Leicester Sound jingle cuts off REX's floundering.</i> |   |     |
| LEONARD:  | Enough of this gibberish. [ <i>Normal voice</i> ] OK, sweets – this is it. Rex is going to play one of the songs in the Top <i>Eleven</i> , and it has been slo-o-o-o-owed do-o-o-own, so it sounds a little different. And you're going to give us the singer and the song aren't you ... Double five three zero four is the number to ring ... that's right. [ <i>Humphrey Bogart voice</i> ] Play it again, Rex. | 145 |
| REX <i>back in his box, switches on a tape of 'The Proud One' by the Osmonds at half speed.</i>     |   |     |
| LEONARD:  | [ <i>After a few bars, LEONARD reduces the volume on the monitor speakers and talks into the intercom to REX; off the air.</i> ] Sounds a little more exciting like this doesn't it. I shall always play it like this in future. [ <i>Suddenly loud</i> ] All records will be played at <i>quarter</i> speed and we'll talk that slowly too. REX <i>has come out of the box.</i>                                    | 155 |

|                 |  |     |
|-----------------|--|-----|
| REX:            | I'm ... sorry about messing things up, I didn't mean to ...  |     |
| LEONARD:        | Of course you didn't –   | 160 |
| REX:            | You took me by surprise, I didn't think ... I'm sorry, I won't do it again.  |     |
| LEONARD:        | No of course you won't. You won't get another chance to. Now get back into your box where you belong. [ <i>He returns to the microphone and switches it to go live again. Loud</i> ] Rex – what have you done to my favourite song? OK, sweets, who can be the first caller? – race to your phones, dial furiously ... I'm touching the first prize now – all fourteen tracks of it ... we're handling the two of them with rubber gloves up here – and we're keeping them in an incubator at night, in case we can hatch a third. Seriously now – [ <i>He's put his headphones on.</i> ] – we have a caller; and the first caller is ...  | 165 |
| A GIRL'S VOICE: | [ <i>On the telephone, amplified through the monitors</i> ] Hello? Hello ...   | 170 |
| LEONARD:        | [ <i>Softly</i> ] Hello there ... what's your name, love?  | 175 |
| GIRL:           | Angela ...   |     |
| LEONARD:        | Lovely. Have we ever talked before?  |     |
| ANGELA:         | No, never –  |     |
| LEONARD:        | Fine. You at home Angela?  |     |
| ANGELA:         | Yeah – I'm at home.  | 180 |
| LEONARD:        | Good – well, let's go straight into it Angela, into the unknown ... [ <i>Signalling to REX, who switches on the slowed-down tape again, in the background</i> ] Who do you think the noise is, this <i>slo-o-ow</i> noise?   |     |
| ANGELA:         | Is it – 'The Proud One' by the Osmonds?  | 185 |
| LEONARD:        | Angela, you're r-r-r-o-o-o-o-ight! Well done! [ <i>REX speeds up the record to the right speed and plays a few bars. LEONARD signals to REX and the volume is reduced.</i> ] There we go – clever girl. I'm dropping your prize into Rex's hand, to be wiped spotless, and posted, jet-propelled towards you Angela. Bye, love. Let's have the next one Rex. [ <i>REX plays a slowed-down version of 'I Can't Give You Anything But My Love' by the Stylistics. LEONARD gets up again.</i> ]   | 190 |
| REX:            | [ <i>Staring at LEONARD</i> ] I really like it, you know – [ <i>Slight smile</i> ] – if I'm allowed to say so, how you always touch something when you're talking about it, even if it's the wrong record, like just now.  | 195 |
| LEONARD:        | Yes. I like that too. It's the actor in me. It's what makes it reasonably good. [ <i>Staring round the studio</i> ] Where is the nauseating object anyway? [ <i>He sees the Yellow Jacks LP and picks it up.</i> ] Have you read the back, with Ross – [ <i>American voice</i> ] – the lead singer speaking <i>his mind</i> . [ <i>Normal voice</i> ] Take an example at random – 'Ross numbers among his favourite things: walnut ice-cream, honeysuckle, genuine people, starfish, and sunburnt bare feet.' [ <i>Loud</i> ] You realise we're going to have to play the utterances of this imbecile all this week. [ <i>He switches on the microphone suddenly.</i> ] Hello – what's your name please? | 200 |
| GIRL'S VOICE:   | Rita.  | 205 |
| LEONARD:        | You listen often? –  | 210 |
| RITA:           | Yes ... yes I do.  |     |



|                 |  |     |
|-----------------|--|-----|
| LEONARD:        | [ <i>Smiles, soft</i> ] Good, that's how it should be. Let's go straight into it then love, into the nitty gritty – who do you think it is?  |     |
| RITA:           | I think it's – [ <i>She gives the wrong title.</i> ]   |     |
| LEONARD:        | Well, Rita, you're wrong, I'm afraid.  | 215 |
| RITA:           | No I'm not ... am I?   |     |
| LEONARD:        | I'm afraid so.   |     |
| RITA:           | You sure? ... [ <i>Louder</i> ] I was certain. You –   |     |
| LEONARD:        | [ <i>Cutting her off</i> ] I'm sorry love, you're wrong; keep listening though, for a very important reason ... bye for now. [ <i>TV chat-show host voice</i> ] And let's go straight in to the next contestant! Coming up to Big John with the news at three o'clock. One down, one LP to go – round, crisp and shiny. What's your name please? | 220 |
| NICOLA'S VOICE: | [ <i>Extremely flat, unemotional</i> ] Hello.  | 225 |
| LEONARD:        | A little louder please – what's your name?   |     |
| NICOLA:         | [ <i>Very quiet</i> ] Nicola Davies.   |     |
| LEONARD:        | A little louder.   |     |
| NICOLA:         | [ <i>Loud</i> ] Nicola Davies.   |     |
| LEONARD:        | Nicola Davies. That's very formal. Are you at home, Nicola Davies?   | 230 |
| NICOLA:         | Yes.   |     |
| LEONARD:        | A little louder – you've got a very nice voice, Nicola. So, to win this LP, that Rex is just slipping into its beautiful see-through sleeve – who is it, Nicola?   | 235 |
| NICOLA:         | It's the Stylistics and – [ <i>She gives the wrong title</i> ]   |     |
| LEONARD:        | I'm afraid, Nicola ...   |     |
| NICOLA:         | [ <i>Correcting herself</i> ] No, it's 'I Can't Give You Anything But My Love'.  |     |
| LEONARD:        | Well Nicola – I'm afraid your first answer is the only one I can accept ...  | 240 |
| NICOLA:         | Oh ...   |     |
| LEONARD:        | But you were very close – and so, as you've given us <i>all</i> your name, Nicola Davies – I'm going, actually, to give it to you.   |     |
| NICOLA:         | Oh good – thank you.   | 245 |
| LEONARD:        | Just for you, Nicola Davies, but on one condition – and that is –  |     |
| NICOLA:         | [ <i>Nervous</i> ] What is that?   |     |
| LEONARD:        | You listen for just one more moment, because I have something rather extraordinary to announce to everyone ...   | 250 |
|                 | I'm going to be running many competitions this week – but one of them is different – for, to tie in with the great Yellow Jacks' concert here in this city on Saturday we're running THE COMPETITION OF THE CENTURY ... and the prize is actually meeting one of the boys. How do you like that, Nicola Davies?                                  | 255 |
| NICOLA:         | Yes ... what do you do?  |     |
| LEONARD:        | And not only that – the winner will ride to London, after the concert, in <i>their</i> car, sitting with <i>them</i> , and what is more they will then spend four whole days in London, the capital of this fine country, at the expense of Leicester Sound. That's OK, isn't it? – Nicola?  | 260 |
| NICOLA:         | Yes ... what do –  |     |
| LEONARD:        | [ <i>Cutting her off</i> ] So everybody tune in tomorrow, for the first stage – you too Nicola – [ <i>His voice quieter, smiles</i> ] – you never know – what your luck might be – we might even   | 265 |

Speak again. [*He puts down the phone and drops his pen onto the desk, quiet pause*]  
We're off.

BLACKOUT 270

## Scene 2

*In the blackout: a radio commercial.*

|                            |  |     |
|----------------------------|--|-----|
| SHARP TRANSATLANTIC VOICE: | We are going DOWN! DOWN! DOWN! Yes, everything's down at Lipton's. Shop at Lipton's where eggs are down – [ <i>Echo effect</i> ] – DOWN! DOWN! Bacon is down and what's not down's not up.   | 275 |
| SONG:                      | LIPTON'S MAKES THE GOING EASY, LIPTON'S MAKES THE GOING GREAT!<br><i>As the song continues, there is a sudden explosion of white light. Stage lights come up to show supermarket scene. The music of the commercial breaks into pop music, playing in the background. NICOLA is standing by the fridge, staring ahead, pale-faced.</i>   | 280 |
| SUSAN'S VOICE:             | [ <i>Off-stage</i> ] Nicola?<br><br>NICOLA <i>doesn't react</i> . SUSAN <i>enters and stands at a distance from NICOLA</i> .   | 285 |
| SUSAN:                     | Nicola? Here ...<br><br>NICOLA <i>glances up. Suddenly SUSAN crosses over to the fridge, very sharply.</i>   |     |
| NICOLA:                    | [ <i>Surprised, nervous</i> ] You shouldn't have come over. You know you're meant to stick to your own counter. [ <i>Sharp</i> ] You'll be seen any moment, you know.  | 290 |
| SUSAN:                     | I won't. [ <i>She feels her tunic.</i> ] I'm tired after that rush, and it'll soon be starting again. [ <i>Pulling at her tunic</i> ] I get so hot in this all over. What's that – let's see that ...  |     |
| NICOLA:                    | Nothing.   | 295 |
| SUSAN:                     | [ <i>Making a grab for it</i> ] What you got a postcard for, with nothing on it?   |     |
| NICOLA:                    | Stop it! You'll get it wet. [ <i>She puts the postcard back.</i> ] Look, if I'm seen talking to you, by the camera – [ <i>They both glance up.</i> ] – we'll both get it, won't we? You just have to make a wrong move, and he'll see you, won't he?   | 300 |
| SUSAN:                     | Don't worry, I'm watching out. [ <i>She smiles.</i> ] It's coming now. [ <i>SUSAN ducks.</i> ] You know what happened yesterday? Something exciting. What do you think – a cat got in here, it did. Just after you'd gone. Came through the stacks of cheese crackers up there, suddenly there it was. <i>In here!</i> You know, spitting and everything. Made a change. Didn't last long – you missed it! | 305 |
| NICOLA:                    | Yes.   |     |
| SUSAN:                     | [ <i>Loud</i> ] I wonder if anything else will get in here soon.   | 310 |

|                         |   |     |
|-------------------------|---|-----|
| LEONARD BRAZIL'S VOICE: | <i>[Suddenly piping up]</i> That was – <i>[Title of record]</i> Don't fear, Leonard Brazil is here. Hello there, wherever you are, whatever you're doing, and a special hello to you. <i>[As if to all the girls, but strangely personal]</i> Yes, you down there, I'm saying hello to you.   | 315 |
| NICOLA:                 | He's quite loud today.  |     |
| SUSAN:                  | Yes, he is.   |     |
| L.B.'S VOICE:           | <i>[Running on]</i> I've got a lot of goodies coming up, and no bad 'uns. Every sound is freshly picked up here, 'specially for you, that's why they're so ripe and full of flavour. Juicy! You don't believe me, well, it's true.  | 320 |
|                         | <i>The music begins.</i>  |     |
| SUSAN:                  | He's talking a lot today, isn't he?   |     |
| L.B.'S VOICE:           | Very soon that special something I promised, Stage One ...  |     |
| NICOLA:                 | Yes.  | 325 |
| L.B.'S VOICE:           | Until then, let's move on to the year 2000 and maybe we'll be listening to this. <i>[He plays 'Long Haired Lover From Liverpool'.]</i>  |     |
| SUSAN:                  | <i>[Looking into the fridge]</i> I'm so hungry, aren't you? Can't stop feeling hungry ...   | 330 |
| NICOLA:                 | Careful, what you're doing. He'll kill us if he sees.   |     |
| SUSAN:                  | <i>[Her hand inside the fridge]</i> It's horrible inside here. We could fuse this fridge, you know – just have to get the right thing. <i>[She pulls at something inside the fridge.]</i> Once saw it happen, all the food melts slowly, goes soggy and bad, and it all floats in a big kind of mush, you can pour the whole lot out like a lot of soup. <i>[She pushes the fridge.]</i> It moves too, you see! | 335 |
| NICOLA:                 | <i>[Shouts]</i> Mind! <i>[SUSAN springs back as the camera pauses. Nervous]</i> He's seen us now. Think. You're going to get us sacked at any moment now.   | 340 |
| SUSAN:                  | I wouldn't mind that – I wouldn't. Anyway, he's asleep most of the time, the guy who watches it. Up in the office. I saw him through the door once. He's very fat. I've heard all about him, he sits there all day, with one of his socks off, picking his toes, and eating the stuff, while he watches.  | 345 |
| NICOLA:                 | He doesn't do that, does he?  |     |
| SUSAN:                  | Yes – he used to be a policeman, you know. So, have you stopped taking things, then?  |     |
| NICOLA:                 | No, but they've started searching us, haven't they?   | 350 |
| SUSAN:                  | Yes. <i>[She puts her hand into the fridge.]</i>  |     |
| NICOLA:                 | It's coming round again. Careful!   |     |
| SUSAN:                  | Nicola ... let's take something now, right now.   |     |
| NICOLA:                 | <i>[Astonished]</i> What?   |     |
| SUSAN:                  | Come on – take that! <i>[She throws NICOLA some food.]</i> And that ... and that ... <i>[Throwing a huge bundle of food at NICOLA]</i>  | 355 |
| NICOLA:                 | Look, stop it, Susan. Stop it, it's coming ...  |     |
|                         | <i>A large can drops out of her hands and rolls along the floor. At the same moment, the music cuts off.</i>  | 360 |
|                         | <i>Silence</i>  |     |

NICOLA *turns, frightened and bewildered, and rushes out in front of the fridge to pick up the can.*

ROSS'S VOICE: [On the radio] Don't move, folks, stay right where you are, because yes, it's me. See you Saturday. 365

L.B.'S VOICE: Those few words were spoken by you know who, Ross. I'll be playing some more of his dulcet tones tomorrow.

NICOLA: Shhh! I want to really listen now.

L.B.'S VOICE: [Strangely gentle, as if half-aimed at her] So have you got a pencil ready – is it in your hand? We've come to that moment you've been waiting for since yesterday ... 370

SUSAN: [Loud] You're not going in for that competition, are you, you can't ...

NICOLA: Sssh! Be quiet.

L.B.'S VOICE: Come on, now then, are you ready, because I'm only going to say it *once*, so pin back those ears of yours, and listen ... ready... 375

*Sudden silence*

NICOLA: [Loud] What's that ... [Just silence.] They've switched it off. 380

SUSAN: [Smiles, teasing] Yes – they must have known what you were going to do.

NICOLA: They would switch it off then!

FAT MAN'S VOICE: [Silky, nauseating, menacing] Can Miss Lyle come into the office please ... Could Miss Lyle come here immediately, please ... immediately ... 385

SUSAN: [Loud, defiant] It's not us ... it's that old woman, seen her thieving ...

NICOLA: [Moving backwards and forwards] They were only going to say it once, weren't they? How can I find it out? 390

SUSAN: You can't go in for *that* competition. You won the record yesterday. They wouldn't even let you start.

NICOLA: I must find it out, probably won't be something like this for ages – where's the building that it comes from?

SUSAN: No idea. They'd never let you in, either. 395

NICOLA: No. [She turns.] I'll phone them up then. I know the number.

SUSAN: [Smiling] Can't use that phone. Only for supervisors.

NICOLA: I don't care. [She moves.]

SUSAN: [Loud] Mind! Nicola! [The camera stops ... the camera pauses ...] You'll never get over there without being seen. He's watching now. [NICOLA stares across at the phone] 400

FAT MAN'S VOICE: Miss Lyle ...

NICOLA: It's worth a try. I'm going to. [She moves in front of the fridge, sideways, crouches, dashes furiously for the phone; one second pause, then she immediately starts dialling furiously, bending to keep her head down.] 405

*We hear a very loud 'engaged' tone. NICOLA slams the phone down and immediately starts dialling again. This happens repeatedly.*

SUSAN: You're going to get seen! [NICOLA glances up, freezes as the camera passes] It's on you! 410

NICOLA: [Staring up] Go away ... [She finishes dialling: very, very

*loud 'engaged' pips*] I hate that noise. [*She moves back to the fridge, not caring if she's seen or not.*]

SUSAN: There you are. I told you. 415

L.B.'S VOICE: [*Suddenly piping up*] What about that, then? What did you think of that. *Super, dooper* as they say in Russia. That was only the start, remember, wasn't it?

NICOLA: It would happen, wouldn't it?

L.B.'S VOICE: Of course I've been asked to repeat it, say it again for *you* that weren't listening, yes – I mean *you*. Which is against the rules, and I'll probably be fined an enormous sum of money and get banned for life, but I'm going to, just for you. 420

NICOLA: Hear that?

L.B.'S VOICE: OK, sweets. Here's Stage One again. The First Great Stage, and it is: if you could go anywhere in the world you can think of, with one of the Yellow Jacks, which one would you choose, where would you go, and why. [*Jokey voice*] You're not allowed to choose me, and the *thirty* best ones get through to Stage Two. That's not so difficult is it? In fact it's the easiest I could make it for you – isn't it? 425

SUSAN: And now ... [*Music starts. He cues the record.*]

NICOLA: Now you know, don't you?

SUSAN: Yes, leave me alone now.

NICOLA: Your postcard's filthy, you know. 435

NICOLA: Yes, but I can still write on it, can't I?

L.B.'S VOICE: Are you OK then? It's over to you. [*The music coming up loud*] I'm waiting for you, aren't I? [*Music loud*]

BLACKOUT

### Scene 3

*The studio. LEONARD BRAZIL is standing by his desk. A record is playing silently. A spool of tape is going round – and we hear LEONARD's personal jingle over the speakers.* 440

JINGLE: LB ... LB ... LB ... LB ... LB ... [*He turns the volume up*]  
LB ... LB ...

Behind him, MICK, 17 years old, nervous manner, is dragging in four large sacks bulging with postcards. 445

LEONARD: [*Flicks off the jingle, swings round*] What are you doing with those?

MICK: [*Nervous*] I ... I'm carrying them in here ... Mr Brazil.

LEONARD: Nothing is allowed in here, you know that. 450

MICK: Yes ... Mr Brazil.

LEONARD: [*Staring*] What are they?

MICK: [*Very nervous*] They're bags ... I ...

LEONARD: Yes?

MICK: Replies from the listeners. Rex is finishing sorting them ... 455  
you see ... and there're so many we thought you'd like to see them.

LEONARD: [*Casually*] Did you? [*He puts his hand into one of the bags and pulls out postcards.*] All these are replies, are they?

MICK: You really got them to write in all right, didn't you ... 460  
Mr Brazil?

LEONARD: Come on, take these all out again – the whole lot at once.

|          |   |     |
|----------|---|-----|
| MICK:    | [Struggling to pick them up] Yes, of course.  |     |
| LEONARD: | This place is meant to be the nerve centre of the city, isn't it? And you fill it with all this stuff. Go on, we have very little time.   | 465 |
|          | <i>He brings up the record volume and goes on the air. As he does so, REX enters, stops MICK picking up the bags, and they both stand and watch LEONARD from the side. At the end of LEONARD's piece over the air MICK leaves silently.</i>   | 470 |
| LEONARD: | That was Peters and Lee and 'Welcome Home'. And now I've got something to say, folks. [Tone changes] Very soon on this Wonderful Wednesday we have Big John with all the News In The World – till then, let's explode with a raving cataclysmic ditty from 1968, the Rolling Stones and 'Street Fighting Man'. [Explosion of sound. LEONARD listens for a moment, sees REX and cuts it out suddenly.] What you doing? | 475 |
| REX:     | [Standing staring] I was watching you.  |     |
| LEONARD: | That's not permitted, especially the amount you do. Your ogling is getting on my nerves. Why do you do it?  | 480 |
| REX:     | Because it really interests me, doesn't it? [Smiles] Have you heard anything from Capital? [Fast] Do you think they're listening now and going to ...   |     |
| LEONARD: | [Sharp] That, Rex, is a forbidden subject, and you know it is. Come on, we have three minutes to go.  | 485 |
| REX:     | [Still standing there] Yes, Leonard ... I wondered if ... I just happen to have an item here I thought you might like or perhaps even ...   |     |
| LEONARD: | You could have a quick spot and read it yourself? That's what you were going to say, wasn't it? You're pushing, aren't you lad.   | 490 |
|          | <i>BIG JOHN enters; a shiny, red-faced man.</i>   |     |
| JOHN:    | Hello there, everyone. [Smiles] Two minutes to go.  |     |
| LEONARD: | The lad's being pushy.  | 495 |
| JOHN:    | Is he? That's no surprise.  |     |
| REX:     | [Nervous suddenly] I'm sorry, I didn't mean ...   |     |
| LEONARD: | We've got to go on to Stage Two in two minutes, go on ... get out! [He switches onto the air without a break, fading down the record] Hello sweets – stand by. Very soon now you'll have 'you-know-what' – till then, here's ... [He plays something very cheap and nasty. As soon as he's faded out, he swings round and cuts back like lightning into his talk with REX, who has left the studio.]                  | 500 |
| LEONARD: | [Loud] And you make one mistake, Rex, and you're fired – do you hear that? [Quieter] That boy makes me nervous.   | 505 |
| JOHN:    | I didn't know that was possible.  |     |
| LEONARD: | [Flicks round, stares at JOHN] You look particularly cheerful today, don't you, John?   |     |
| JOHN:    | Thank you. I'm in very good form, yes.  | 510 |
| LEONARD: | As usual, you've probably got a train disaster and a couple of mass murders there – [Tapping JOHN's file] – and your cheeks are positively glistening – bright and rosy.  |     |

JOHN: Thank you. [*Smiles*] But I haven't got anything really spectacular now – maybe by tea-time something will come in. 515

LEONARD: [*Slight teasing smile*] Good.

JOHN: What's this I've just heard about approaches from the Big Wide World, from the actual Capital Radio. Are they going to ... 520

LEONARD: You didn't hear anything of the kind. [*Loud*] *Nothing* of the kind.

JOHN: [*Startled*] I'm sorry, I didn't realize ...

LEONARD: No, you don't, John. You see this. [*He picks it up.*] This piece of paper – that is the COMPETITION OF THE CENTURY. [*He holds it up.*] 525

JOHN: [*Looking at it*] Yes, it's a real cash box week, this week, isn't it? One minute, fifteen seconds to go ...

LEONARD: And you know what ... [*He pauses*] I've done something which I've never done before, John. I've picked out an average girl for this competition. Yes, I picked out her voice. I home in on her each time I go on the air, home in on that voice. And I imagine her face. It would be funny if she knew, wouldn't it? 530

JOHN: [*Hardly looking up*] Really?

LEONARD: In fact, each time I pass by the window, I half expect to see her – a small dot standing right down there, staring up towards here, her spectacles flashing – if she wears spectacles. [*He glances at JOHN, who is not listening.*] You're the only one that knows that yet, John. 535

JOHN: Yes. I've got no tongue-twisters today, luckily. One minute to zero. Peppermint? [*He sucks one himself*]

LEONARD: [*He taps JOHN's file.*] Got any earthquakes locked in there?

JOHN: No thank goodness. Nothing like that.

LEONARD: Perhaps you should have. 545

JOHN: [*Suddenly looks up*] You must be enjoying all this anyway – it's your greatest week ever, isn't it?

LEONARD: Oh, I am. I am.

JOHN: After all, you've always been wonderful at whipping people up, getting them to TUNE IN. You only have to say the word ... 550

LEONARD: Yes?

JOHN: Just have to breathe over the air. They're all waiting for you now.

LEONARD: [*Standing over controls*] That's right, John. Got your little furry mascot ready, have you? Go on, *hold it up!* 555

JOHN: [*Holds it so that LEONARD can see*] Yes, of course I have. Ten seconds to zero ...

LEONARD: You dropped it yesterday in mid-sentence. Hold on to it very tightly, John. [*He flicks on the switch, fades out the music*] That was the cuddly sound of – [*He gives the name of the record. His tone changes, becoming personal.*] We're coming to you very soon now, love, so don't fret, don't worry ... It's three o'clock and here's Big John with all the News In The World. 560

BIG JOHN starts reading the News, world items of extreme unrest, mingled with local items. As he reads, LEONARD

*crosses to the far end of the studio, out of microphone range, and calls out remarks to him, trying to put him off.*

- LEONARD: *[Smiling]* You know, John, I don't seem to be able to believe anything you say today ... I'm talking through the News, John ... I think your mascot's going to fall ... *[He begins to cross over towards him.]* Perhaps you need a tickle. 570
- LEONARD *crosses to JOHN who's reading the News unwaveringly and begins to tickle him under the chin, and then under the arms, in the ribs. JOHN shifts in his chair, but keeps reading. LEONARD crosses to his desk.* 575
- JOHN: *[On the air]* And now back to Leonard, and that Competition of the Century.
- LEONARD: Our thanks to Big John for reading the News so nicely and so firmly. Stand by, love, any moment. *[Music plays. He fades it down.]* 580
- JOHN: Somebody'll hear you one day, Leonard. Always jealous of people taking away your microphone, aren't you ... even for a moment. Always trying to put them off ... 585
- LEONARD: Rubbish! Anyway, I never manage to ... *[Suddenly really abusive]* Competitions have an effect on me.
- REX: *[Entering loudly and suddenly with a trolley completely smothered in objects]* Here you are!
- LEONARD: *[Facing him]* What are those? 590
- REX: They're your bribes.
- LEONARD: *[Sharp]* My what?
- REX: Your bribes, Leonard – from the girls.
- LEONARD: *[Completely surprised]* They sent all those? Why?
- REX: *[Scrambling over the trolley]* There're hundreds of them. A watch – nicked from her dad, probably. A T-shirt with your initials on it, some cheese, some socks with toes, a whole cake with *you* on it, and lots of photos of themselves. 595
- LEONARD: *[Staring at them, quiet]* All for me ... ? *[He picks up the photos and stares at them.]* 600
- JOHN: *[Moving over to the huge stack of bribes]* You're doing very well out of this, aren't you? I don't know what you're worrying about. *[Feeling objects, poring over them]* We've never had a response like this. Could live off this for a month. *[Casually]* I wonder if there's anything there for me. *[He picks up the watch, or the cheese.]* I could do with this. *[He pockets it.]* 605
- LEONARD: John! Go and find some more *News*. Something worth listening to, for once.
- JOHN *goes.*
- [Urgent]* We're very late now. *[He glances down at the photos, then throws them on his desk.]* 610
- REX: *[Looking at the photos]* What were you looking for?
- LEONARD: *[Sharp]* Nothing. I wasn't looking for anything. *[Slight smile]* What am I going to make them do next, then?
- REX: *[Astonished]* I don't know. They will do absolutely anything, those kids. They're desperate just to get into the studio and meet you, and then the Yellow Jacks and everything as well!! The last concert the Yellow Jacks did here, a girl asked Ross, begged him to sign her lip. I saw it, and he did and I wondered if she was going to cut that bit off and keep it in a 615 620



jam jar, so the signature wouldn't come off.

LEONARD: Stop that – you're not going to talk like that in here – understand! *I don't like it. [He switches on music, goes onto the air]*

REX: *[As LEONARD does so]* I'm sorry, Leonard. 625

LEONARD: Hello, sweet. How are you then? Good. I wish you could see the sight up here. The studio is brimming with your answers, they're hanging everywhere. Rex is just handing me the postcards – perhaps *your* postcard, enabling you to get through to Stage Two. Hurry, Rex! Had a hard job sorting them, have you, Rex? 630

REX: *[Entering into the double act]* Yes, Leonard. We've been simply wading through entries.

LEONARD: You nearly drowned our Rex, love. Pity you didn't send a few more. *[He begins to read the cards briskly]* Diane Williams of 30 Sutton Road says she'd like to go to Scotland with Peter and climb mountains with him because he's afraid of heights. Quite a sadist, aren't you, Diane. Thank you for that. Pam Lawrence of 10 Rosendale Avenue says she'd like to go to London with Ross, because that's what the real prize is. I like that, a real realist, there. Pam will go far, won't she. And Nicola Davies of 35 Poole's Road – rather a grubby postcard isn't it, Nicola – says she'd like to go to Kenya with Ken, that's a Nicola-type joke, and go on safari because Ken looks so good in a suntan and so I'm sure, would you, Nicola. You're through *all the way* to Stage Two now. Get your lead pencil ready ... *[Music is playing]* 635

REX: *[Nervously]* What happens if we don't think of something, Leonard?

LEONARD: What indeed, Rex. *[Slight smile]* Disaster. 640

REX: Perhaps some sort of race ...

LEONARD: There is of course something staring us in the eyeballs *right at this moment!* Isn't there?

REX: *[Staring at the desk]* What?

LEONARD: It isn't original. It's been used in America several times. *[He picks up the T-shirt]* 645

REX: *[Excited]* What is it?

LEONARD: They might just enjoy it. *Just.*

REX: What is it, Leonard?

LEONARD: *[Swings round]* And it is: they have to make a portrait dummy of Ross, or any of the others, *life size.* 660

REX: What?

LEONARD: A model, effigy. A dummy of one of the Jacks, out of old clothes, like a guy, stuffed full and life size. That's the idea, Rex. 665

REX: That's ... that's pretty good, in fact, it's brilliant. *[Loud]* It is.

LEONARD: It's not at all. It's not even good, but it'll *just* do.

REX: *[Quiet]* It's great.

LEONARD: *[By the controls]* Just listen to that.

REX: What? 670

LEONARD: You can almost hear all their small ears pressed against the radio waiting for it. The Competition of the Century. *[He brings up the theme music really loud.]*

REX: You knew the answer all the time, Leonard, didn't you?

LEONARD: Rex is coming over with all of Stage Two in his hands. 675

REX: Here it is, Leonard – all of it. *[He hands him nothing.]*

LEONARD: Thank you, Rex. [*His tone is suddenly personal, almost gentle.*] OK, what we want – what I want you to do is very simple and a little special, for the next stage of our remarkable obstacle race to get to the Yellow Jacks and London Town, where everything is still possible. I want you to make, in the next two days, a model of one of the boys – [*Laughs*] – one of the great Yellow Jacks, a model of Ross, or Dave, or Ken, or Pete. ‘What do you mean, Leonard? Make a model? A dummy? How on earth do I do that, Leonard? – That’s impossible!’ Well, what you do is you get some old clothes, and stuff them with paper, and copy his face from a picture, and use some wool for his hair, or go to a gentlemen’s hairdresser, or even a ladies’. [*Gentle voice*] ‘Please could I borrow your shavings?’ No, seriously, don’t spend any money on it, and get it to me at Leicester Sound by five o’clock Friday. Do you understand now? And the two who make the most wondrous accurate models will become the finalists, and come up here. That can’t be bad. It’s not. So do your best, and hurry, won’t you. Good hunting.

680

685

690

695

*A blast of music, as he brings in a record.*

LEONARD: [*Very abrasive*] I DON’T LIKE COMPETITIONS!

*Music up again.*

BLACKOUT

#### Scene 4

NICOLA’s room. Radio playing in the background. NICOLA pulling out a pile of magazines methodically from under the bed and from the side of the room, and a pile of cans, packets, etc. that she’s taken from the Supermarket. SUSAN watching.

700

SUSAN: What you doing with all of this? 705

NICOLA: There’s not much time.

SUSAN: [*Suddenly grabbing a poster from the pile*] Hey! you’ve got one of these. Who’s it of? [*She unfolds an enormous pin-up poster of a star, holds it up and looks at it.*] Oh, him!

LEONARD BRAZIL’S VOICE: [*On the radio*] That was – [*Name of record*] How are you doing then? Yes, I mean *you*, whoever you are, wherever you are, you with the sticking-out ears. That’s right, keep it up, you haven’t got long. 710

NICOLA: Yes. [*She works even faster collecting all the objects together.*] 715

SUSAN: He’s hurrying you now.

L.B.’S VOICE: [*Continuing straight on*] Rex’s bulky shape is beside me here in the studio as always. [*Sudden mock surprise*] Hey, he’s moving away now, don’t leave me, Rex, don’t leave me. I’m alone and afraid that raindrops might start falling on my head – [*Tone changes*] – and yours too. 720

*Music begins. 'Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head.'*

- NICOLA: You know, I think he liked me a bit or something when I rang in ... He spoke to me longer than the others, different.
- SUSAN: He only spoke to you different from the others because he was waiting for the News to come up. 725
- NICOLA: [*To herself*] Ready now! [*Worried*] I'm running out of time, come on! [*She suddenly pulls the dummy out from under the bed, all in pieces, the huge torso, the decapitated head, the hands, the feet, the arms, etc.*] 730
- SUSAN: Look at it! You'll never finish that in time.
- NICOLA: Got to. Got to fill it up, make it stiff.
- SUSAN: [*Picking up some of the supermarket objects*] What are these?
- NICOLA: Things I've taken from the shop. They're all going inside. No use to me. I'm sending them all in this. 735
- SUSAN: [*Picking up a pot of paint*] How did you get all this paint?
- NICOLA: Saved lunch money.
- SUSAN: [*Startled*] What have you been eating?
- NICOLA: Haven't. Don't need to. So I go for days without eating if I have to. And can. 740
- SUSAN: You'll starve to death, you will. [*Suddenly, she picks up the head and a foot.*] Is this Ross?
- NICOLA: Yes. He's the easiest to do, his face is very simple.
- SUSAN: [*Suddenly loud*] He's very big. 745
- NICOLA: Yes, I made him big. So he'd notice it.
- SUSAN: We can do anything we want with him, now all his bits are here. We can stand on his face. [*She stands on it.*] Can't we? Pull his tongue out. [*She picks up the torso.*] Pull his shirt off ... 750
- NICOLA: [*Loud*] Don't do that, Susan. You'll tear him – it'll tear.
- SUSAN: Yes! [*Firm*] You're really stupid, do you know that? Even if you get this ready and Leonard just happens to pick it out, which he won't, even then you haven't really started. He can go on forever with you if he likes, *on* and *on* and *on*. 755
- NICOLA: [*Determined*] I know that ...
- L.B.'S VOICE: [*Suddenly piping up*] Hello, how are you doing. Yes, I mean *you*, yes you, with the popping eyes and sticking-out ears.

*They both suddenly stop and stare at the radio.*

- L.B.'S VOICE: I hope I'm not interrupting *you*, am I, because a lady wrote to me to say she had the radio on when, lucky lady, she was giving birth to a baby son, Dominic, and the first sound Baby Dominic heard on this earth was yours truly's ugly grating tones pouring out. I'm getting worse and worse, aren't I? 760
- During this speech, SUSAN has crossed to the wireless and picked it up right at the beginning of LEONARD's speech and turned the volume down. Then she sings loudly above it.* 765
- SUSAN: Hear him. [*She holds the radio up with LEONARD's voice pouring out of it.*] That's the nearest you'll get to him ... this! It is not any nearer than that! [*She puts the radio down next to NICOLA, having turned the volume up.*] 770

|               |   |     |
|---------------|---|-----|
| L.B.'S VOICE: | And now <i>you, you</i> down there who have entered the Competition of the Century, time is running out. Here's some music for you. [ <i>Music begins</i> ]   |     |
| NICOLA:       | Yes! Quick. [ <i>She speeds up the stuffing of the dummy with the Supermarket objects.</i> ] You're going to help now.  | 775 |
| SUSAN:        | [ <i>Loud</i> ] Why?  |     |
| NICOLA:       | Because I'm going to get there. Into the building and see him.  |     |
| SUSAN:        | [ <i>Quiet</i> ] You won't ...  | 780 |
| NICOLA:       | Come on, there's no time at all now. Paint that yellow, quick!  |     |
| SUSAN:        | If I have to ... [ <i>She takes a big brush and splashes huge dollops of yellow paint on the dummy's body. NICOLA stuffs the legs.</i> ]  |     |
| NICOLA:       | Good. Hurry ... paint.  | 785 |
| SUSAN:        | [ <i>Sploshing bright yellow paint on the torso. Gradually her paint strokes get faster and faster.</i> ] When they played at Coventry, Ken had a blue belt, the others had yellow as usual. I don't like this colour, sort of sick-looking. They ought to change it. You know I had to get back after the concert – it was twelve or after in the night.   | 790 |
| NICOLA:       | [ <i>To herself</i> ] Come on ... [ <i>She stuffs the legs and the head.</i> ]  |     |
| SUSAN:        | I didn't think I could get back. It was raining really hard, straight in your eyes. I got onto the road, started hitching – all these huge lorries went past, enormous. And you know, they all had their radios on. Yes! I could hear. It was Leonard Brazil. It was. He was coming from every single lorry. But none of them stopped.  | 795 |
| NICOLA:       | [ <i>Quiet, determined</i> ] Come on, quick.  |     |
| SUSAN:        | [ <i>Painting fast</i> ] So I <i>stood straight</i> in front of one of them and waved, and he <i>had</i> to stop, or flatten me, and he stopped all right, and he opened his door, all smiling and everything, and I got in, and you know what, the seat next to him was still warm, it was all covered with chocolate. Somebody had been sitting there just a moment before – <i>a girl</i> .      | 800 |
| NICOLA:       | [ <i>To herself</i> ] Faster.   |     |
| SUSAN:        | I knew he was going to try to kill me then, yes, on the motorway, in the dark, on the side, where nobody could see. And I'd hear Leonard Brazil on the radio, and suddenly it'd stop, and I'd be dead, and they'd find me in pieces like this – [ <i>Indicating the dummy as she paints</i> ] But nothing did happen. Nothing at all. [ <i>Pause, she stops painting. Lightly</i> ] I wanted it to. | 805 |
| NICOLA:       | [ <i>Suddenly very loud</i> ] Oh! Look Susan, it's still not nearly full. [ <i>She stares at the legs and then into the torso.</i> ] We've got to fill it up now ... [ <i>Moving about, agitated</i> ] Now!   | 815 |
| SUSAN:        | Put this in anyway. [ <i>She crumbles the huge centrefold picture of the pop star. As she does so, they both suddenly look up with a jolt and stare at all the posters and ornaments in the room. The same idea hits them both.</i> ]   | 820 |
| NICOLA:       | [ <i>Loud</i> ] Yes! Come on. Everything ...  |     |
|               | <i>They suddenly tear down all the posters and ornaments – everything in the room – and throw it into the stomach of Ross. The action begins swiftly and ends furiously. It lasts under a minute. NICOLA takes everything off the chest of drawers, all her furry ornaments ... everything.</i>   | 825 |

NICOLA: He's got to *be* full.  
 SUSAN: [*Loud*] Yes.

*SUSAN's pent-up violence comes out in her attack on the posters, whereas NICOLA is more methodical, but also very fast. The music on the radio ends. They strip the room.* 830

L.B.'S VOICE: [*His tone very personal*] Hello there how's it going, then ...  
 Yes, *you*? You down there. Keeping at it, are you, *love*, that's good. [*He brings up more music or a commercial*]  
 NICOLA: [*Throwing in objects*] Go on ... in ... in ... in ... 835  
 SUSAN: Come on down. [*She pulls the lightshade off and throws it in.*]

*They are both exhausted. The outburst ends, the torso is full. NICOLA lifts it up. They both stare at it.*

NICOLA: It's finished.

BLACKOUT 840

Scene 5

*The studio. Night. A phone-in programme. The voice of a caller, JIM, about forty, on the telephone, coming out of the monitor speakers. The receiver of the telephone is off, lying on the desk. LEONARD BRAZIL is standing some distance away, at the back of the studio, smiling and listening.* 845

JIM'S VOICE: [*Heard first in the blackout*] I mean, don't you agree with me Leonard, about these vandals, hooligans, whatever you like to call them, I mean, everywhere I go I actually *see* things being smashed up, I see them doing it, and writing things on walls and everything. I mean, I saw some young thugs – I don't want to use abusive terms, especially on your programme, Leonard, and I certainly won't do so, but these men – they weren't just boys, they were grown men, and they were standing round this flower bed of red tulips, and they pulled up every single one, they were pulling them out, by the roots, and treading them into the ground ... the whole lot ... 850

LEONARD: [*He flicks off the switch to cut off the caller in mid-sentence, silence, he smiles.*] Why do they ring me, explain me that, why don't they phone each other ...? [*He flicks the switch on again.*] 860

JIM'S VOICE: ... and even more. And apart from that, I don't know if you find this, I mean as an important person, and obviously on the air – but I mean – these filthy phone calls – people ringing me up. 865

LEONARD: [*Turns the volume down, speaks to REX again through the intercom*] Is he going to start being rude – I think he is. Thank goodness I only have to do this twice a week – [*He turns the volume up again.*]

JIM'S VOICE: ... you see what I mean, I don't want to mention anything filthy over the air of course – [*LEONARD holds his finger ready to press the cut-off button*] – and I'm not going to, 870

but I'm always getting wrong phone calls, people talking to me about things I don't know *anything about!* You know the feeling of course, being a famous person Leonard – 875  
 somebody rang me the other day, started talking about my horse, how he wanted to buy it, get hold of it, I mean I don't have a horse. [Loud] What would I do with a horse? [Suddenly very loud] WHAT would I do with a –? [LEONARD cuts him off] 880

LEONARD: [Smiling, very calm] I'd like to say goodnight now, Jim, thanks for that call, it was a Jim-type call. The time is 9.23 on the LB night show on this Competition Friday in Competition Week, so *hold on tight, love*. It's raining up here, raining black buckets just outside, so let's take a dip into the soft inside of 885  
 Nostalgia Corner, go back to the golden days of 1967.

*Music: 'See Emily Play' by Pink Floyd. The volume is turned down after a few bars. LEONARD takes off his headphones.*

LEONARD: That's enough. I don't want any more calls – you've already put through too many. [He gets up] I hate that smell of new paint from the corridors. 890

*REX enters from the box.*

LEONARD: [Loud] And *also* I've decided I'm not going to do my spot tonight.

REX: What do you mean? Why not? 895

LEONARD: I have reasons. Got to cope with Stage Three. [Loud] I'm not doing it. That's final!

REX: Some people tune in specially for it. I mean you *must* do it this week of all weeks ... we've never had so many calls, so many entries ... if you would ... it would ... 900

LEONARD: I should, should I? No. I've always hated phone-ins. [Pausing, he suddenly stares at REX.] You realise we're almost alone in this building, we're surrounded by empty corridors. You and me. That's a terrifying thought. I usually have my rest from you at this time. 905

REX: I know. I asked to do extra time specially.

LEONARD: Did you? [Staring at him] You know, you're the most ambitious thing on legs I've ever seen.

REX: That's not true. I only want to hang on to my job, don't I? I only want to become good at it. 910

LEONARD: Only that? I don't believe it.

REX: And I enjoy working on your show, of course.

LEONARD: Don't try to tell me that's the only reason for this fantastic obsessional attempt at efficiency.

REX: Yes, of course. 915

LEONARD: [Smiles] No it's not.

REX: [Quiet] Of course, eventually I want to get on ... that's natural, isn't it? [Smiles] I want my voice up in lights, eventually.

LEONARD: [Quiet] That's very good, Rex ... for you.

REX: [Unblinking] It's your expression. 920

LEONARD: [Surprised] Is it?

REX: I heard it over the air, before I was working here. I *still* listen to you all the time. I even sit and listen to you at home, on my days off, when you're on.

|          |  |     |
|----------|--|-----|
| LEONARD: | [ <i>Astonished</i> ] You don't really do that, do you?  | 925 |
| REX:     | Yes. [ <i>Smiles lightly</i> ] There's nothing you've said that I don't remember, nothing! I'm sort of photocopying you really – all the time.   |     |
| LEONARD: | [ <i>Slight smile</i> ] So that's what you're doing. I wish you'd stop it. [ <i>Moving away from him</i> ] You know what you are, Rex, you're reptilian. You ought to get yourself another job – I mean that – and quick.  | 930 |
| REX:     | Why should I? This is better than anything else I could be doing. And after all, you're good aren't you? You are. In fact, Leonard, you could actually be the greatest, the best DJ there's ever been. I wonder what the people from Capital Radio are thinking. You must have got it.   | 935 |
| LEONARD: | [ <i>Loud</i> ] I told you not to. [ <i>He flicks a switch.</i> ] 9.26 on the LB night show in Competition Week. We all had a great time at the open air concert last week, didn't we – it was a true festival, a celebration if ever there was one – the greatest. But I've been asked to point out by the po-lice – we did leave rather a mess, didn't we. It was six feet high in some places; the farmer couldn't find his sheep. Seriously, friends, let's try to be cleaner next time, it'll save a lot of hassle. It's black and soaking wet out now, pelting towards us. Next, the results of Stage Three – stand by, <i>love</i> , this is it, now, after something from the summer of '67 when all those young things bounced down the hot streets of our glorious London. | 940 |
|          | <i>Music: 'A Whiter Shade of Pale' by Procol Harum. It continues to play under dialogue, quietly.</i>  | 950 |
| LEONARD: | Come on. Bring them in. We'd better get this over.   |     |
| REX:     | Yes. [ <i>He doesn't move.</i> ] You're playing a lot of oldies tonight.   |     |
| LEONARD: | Yes. [ <i>Abrasive</i> ] I'm in a sentimental mood, aren't I? You're much too young to remember, of course. I know exactly what it was like. [ <i>Loud</i> ] Exactly.  | 955 |
| REX:     | Yes.   |     |
| LEONARD: | [ <i>Staring straight at him</i> ] But it's undeniable, Rex, that the music we were producing seven or eight years ago, was <i>alive</i> . That is incontestable. It had gut, it was felt, and it kicked, sometimes savagely. [ <i>He smiles.</i> ] Because, of course, everything seemed possible. [ <i>Pause. He smiles.</i> ] I was even quite militant in a quiet way. [ <i>Smiles</i> ] We thought things were changing and all that romantic crap.   | 960 |
| REX:     | [ <i>Smiles</i> ] Of course you did.   | 965 |
| LEONARD: | Don't stand there with that idiotic grin on your face!   |     |
| REX:     | [ <i>Doesn't move</i> ] No.  |     |
| LEONARD: | [ <i>Smiles</i> ] You'd better get on with it, hadn't you, before I decide to take revenge.  |     |
|          | REX goes. LEONARD talks to him as REX prepares offstage.   | 970 |
| LEONARD: | You should have been at the open air concert at the weekend. <i>It was vile</i> . It was a perfect example. [ <i>Smiles, slightly mocking</i> ] A grey shabby echo of the time when festivals really were celebrations.  |     |

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|----------|---|------|
|          | LEONARD <i>puts on another record in the current top ten. The sound of the record explodes through the speakers as the dummies are brought in.</i>  | 975  |
| REX:     | <i>[Enters, smiling, with twenty-five dummies on a trolley, piled high.]</i> You've got to make the final choice.   |      |
| LEONARD: | I don't believe it. <i>[Pause]</i> I just don't believe it!   | 980  |
| REX:     | <i>[Smiling unconcerned]</i> What's the matter?   |      |
| LEONARD: | You mean they did it – they actually made them?   |      |
| REX:     | Yes, of course.   |      |
| LEONARD: | <i>[Picks one up]</i> We could be in Los Angeles, couldn't we – except it's even worse. Look, they've even painted fingernails on them, bound to be toenails under that. <i>[He pulls at their shoes and hair.]</i> Probably their own new clothes too – or their little brother's. They must have worked all through the night on these obscenities. Why do they do it – tell me, why? | 985  |
| REX:     | Because you told them to do it.   | 990  |
| LEONARD: | You could drop anything over the air into that pool and they'd gobble it up. <i>[He feels one.]</i> What have they got inside them? Feel this – feels as if it's stuffed with cans, and packets of frozen food! And all their magazines – clogged with them! How many of these ghastly objects are there?   | 995  |
| REX:     | Twenty-eight.   |      |
| LEONARD: | <i>[Has picked up another]</i> This is rapidly becoming a madhouse. We're being invaded by all these. Are they all there?   |      |
| REX:     | All the best ones. I put some in the canteen – they're propped up in chairs – as a joke when people come in tomorrow.   | 1000 |
| LEONARD: | As a joke? <i>[LEONARD looks at the labels on the dummies, looking for NICOLA's]</i>  |      |
| REX:     | Which two are you going to choose ... ?   |      |
| LEONARD: | These two'll have to do.  | 1005 |
| REX:     | <i>[Looks at the cards]</i> Louise Prentiss and Jane Harris. A good choice.   |      |
| LEONARD: | All right, get hold of them quickly, get this dealt with and ... <i>[He suddenly looks up]</i> Whose is that one?   |      |
| REX:     | <i>[Looks at the card]</i> Nicola Davies.   | 1010 |
| LEONARD: | Really – Nicola Davies. I thought so. Well let's have her instead shall we. Scrub that one.   |      |
| REX:     | Why? You chose the other one.   |      |
| LEONARD: | Do as you're told.  |      |
|          | <i>Pause</i>  | 1015 |
| REX:     | But why Nicola Davies?  |      |
| LEONARD: | <i>[Looks up]</i> I picked her voice out, that's all. I've been using it. <i>[He looks at the dummy]</i> They look more and more like home made corpses – take them away.   |      |
| REX:     | They'll make pretty good photos in the paper tomorrow, anyway.  | 1020 |
| LEONARD: | <i>[Looks up]</i> I don't like that.  |      |
| REX:     | <i>[Looks up]</i> What?   |      |
| LEONARD: | I don't like it do you hear? You ought to have stopped me thinking of it.   | 1025 |
| REX:     | I should have ...   |      |



LEONARD: [*Really working himself up*] What do you think you're paid for? I mean this idea was trash. It was unpleasant! Incompetent, lazy – [*He throws the dummy down.*] – it's trash.

REX: Why? It was your idea Leonard. 1030

LEONARD: You're a disaster really, aren't you – with absolutely no imagination. Nothing! A complete catastrophe.

REX: [*Loud*] I didn't think of it, Leonard, did I – it wasn't me –

LEONARD: [*Cutting him off*] You're an idiot aren't you?

REX: It wasn't me, Leonard – was it? 1035

LEONARD: Get out of here, go on.

REX *doesn't move.*

LEONARD: Go on, get out.

REX *moves out quickly.*

LEONARD: [*Shouting*] You're fired. Fired! You really are this time. I don't want to see you in this room again. You leave tomorrow. [*Complete silence for a moment. He faces the record desk and fades out the record.*] That was the Loving Spoonful and 'Summer in the City', and *this is* the Competition of the Century. And now we have come to that solemn moment – the finalists – the two people who are going to come all the way up here. Rex has written the two names out in red ink – you all did so well – showed enormous determination – the greatest in England. But the two who got through – the two names on the card are – Jane Harris and Nicola Davies. Jane and Nicola have won through to the Final. [*Fanfare. It fades down*] 1040

REX: [*Quiet, matter-of-fact, over the intercom*] I can only get one of them, Mr Brazil, the other one has gone to bed, she must have been very confident ... I've got Nicola Davies for you. 1045

LEONARD: Put her through then, Rex. [*He fades out the fanfare.*] Hello there Nicola Davies. 1050

NICOLA'S VOICE: [*Over the monitor, quiet*] Yes, hello.

LEONARD: Hello there Nicola – I don't know if you've been listening to your radio – but I've rung to tell you, in front of the listening thousands, that you have reached the Final, the final round, of Competition of the Century – 1060

*Pause*

NICOLA: [*Flat, unsurprised*] Have I ... Oh good.

LEONARD: [*Louder*] Did you ever think you could make it, Nicola? 1065

NICOLA: [*Matter-of-fact*] No.

LEONARD: Are you tall or short, Nicola?

NICOLA: Not tall, quite short.

LEONARD: That's funny. Rex said you were tall, I said you were short – you've got a short voice. Ross'll like that. I'm looking forward to meeting you, Nicola Davies, tremendously. Aren't you? 1070

NICOLA: Yes, I am. I am, Leonard ... [*Flat*] ... very much.

LEONARD: Good ... that's good. Nicola's going to be coming up here – I'm sure we'll get on. Tomorrow's going to be an extraordinarily good day, isn't it? There'll be some big surprises, I'm sure, and there's a big surprise now – do you usually stay to listen 1075

to the LB spot?  
 NICOLA: Oh, yes.  
 LEONARD: Well, Nicola, I have news for you. You are in it, you are in the LB spot. For each week, for those of you who have never listened before, and if there are any they'll be hung, drawn, and fined – LB has his spot, when he unleashes a few things. Are you still there, Nicola? 1080

NICOLA: Yes. I'm here.  
 LEONARD: Well, you're high up, high up in the LB spot – high in the clouds. And the first – the first LB moment is, it's my birthday today, so I'm told, which is a lie because it's at least two years until my next birthday, and our friend Rex – who is definitely getting ideas – has made a cake. A cake out of melted down records. Seriously, folks I've been thinking about London, for a number of enormous reasons – London, capital of this fine country of ours. And of course it's the prize in the Competition of the Century. *[Fast]* I was walking along Carnaby Street the other day, Nicola, it shows how old I am, I can pronounce that name correctly – the street that made the world swing – you should see what it looks like now – it looks like a museum street, it needs its glass case – especially as half of it has been knocked down. *[Smiles]* We mustn't get bitter! *[Funny voice]* Your mouth tastes bitter, Brazil, it's going black round the edges. Remember where you are. You can't let the side down like this, Brazil. It's an important moment. Brazil, what are you doing? *[Quieter]* What does he think he's doing? No ... seriously, everybody, London's still an exciting place – the most exciting place. The only place to be. Mustn't get obsessed by all our yesterdays, they're gone thank goodness, must get obsessed by all our tomorrows. *[Like a machine]* Hear hear. Hear hear. Don't spit on the animals. I said, don't spit on the animals – where's Nicola Davies – where is she? Still there, Nicola? 1085  
 1090  
 1095  
 1100  
 1105

NICOLA: Yes, Leonard, I'm still here. 1110  
 LEONARD: *[Smiles]* The rain is slashing at the window. I'm afraid, Nicola, if it gets to me I may melt ... I'm afraid. Hear that, Nicola?

NICOLA: Yes. I heard.  
 LEONARD: No need to fear, Nicola is here. I have a note here, what do DJs really do while they're playing records? That's a good question. I hate to tell you. Some read the papers, some play the stock-market, call up their stock-brokers between records – that's true, folks – some call up their lady friends. *[Smiles]* And some long to scream obscenities over the air! The mad DJ. And they all use words so sumptuously for your pleasure. Do you ever listen to your words, Brazil? Never, thank goodness, but never mind. Everybody needs us, after all – *[Lightly]* – we're the new jokers of the pack, we're the new clowns, we tell it how it should be. And we're going to lick the blues. Each week I try to lick the blues – this time with a flysprayer, I have it out, I'm spraying it, I'm spraying them now, they're falling to the ground, curling up black and dead, legs in the air – we've done it. Don't spit on the animals. We're going to make it aren't we, get through to the other side, of course we are – and if you've just seen some horrible things, on the television, bomb blasts, unemployment, politicians, and all that part of our good old England, and you've switched it off to 1115  
 1120  
 1125  
 1130

listen to me, sensibly! Then remember, no need to fear, we're going to lick it, so Shout it out! Things can only get better and better – so Shout it out! We have the greatest day of the century tomorrow, so there's something to look forward to, so let's Shout it out! Yes, you, madam, get out of the bath, and *Shout it out!* And you, love, Shout it out! Throw that away, lad, and SHOUT IT OUT! Come on Grandad, SHOUT IT OUT! You too, Nicola Davies, SHOUT IT OUT! Let's have some real music. I said SHOUT IT OUT! LOUDER! I can't hear you, don't spit on the animals – this is nineteen hundred and seventy eight, this is Len Brazil – this is Crazy Competition Week – be there tomorrow – and once more SHOUT IT OUT! 1135

*Music stops after crescendo. REX has entered, stares at LEONARD. Total silence, long pause.* 1140

LEONARD: Oh hell. I wasn't going to do that. [*He flicks a switch. A record comes on, incredibly loud. The lights fade.*]

END OF ACT 1

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