

SONG 0.1: HAY FEVER

JUDITH

THE FLOWERS HE PLANTED
EVER DAZZLING AND GAY
ARE CONSTANT REMINDERS
OF MY RAKISH ROUÉ

THE PETALS HAVE FALLEN
THE AIR'S FILLED WITH POLLEN..
MY SUFFERING'S ALL IN VAIN

HAY FEVER, HAY FEVER
HE LED ME ASTRAY
WITH HIS BRIGHT BOUQUET
HEY, HAY FEVER!
GO AWAY

NO BLUE COULD BE BLUE-ER
THAN BUDS IN THE DEW ARE
THEY MAKE ME ACHOO A-GAIN!

HAY FEVER, HAY FEVER
TOMORROW WE PAY
FOR BEAUTY TODAY
HEY, HAY FEVER!
GO AWAY!

SONG 1.3: IT IS FAR TOO QUIET IN THE COUNTRY

JUDITH

All the flowers in my garden wither on the vine..like me, d'you see. They don't like living in the country any more than I do.

ALL THE DAISIES AND THE POSIES
SIT THERE LIKE A STATUE
AND YOU KNOW WHAT'S EVEN WORSE: TREES

I'VE NO EARTHLY USE FOR ROSES

UNLESS THEY'RE PELTED AT YOU
BY HORDES OF ADORING DEVOTEES
NO, THE COUNTRY IS NOT MY MILIEU
IT IS, IN A WORD: EUHHH.

IT IS FAR TOO QUIET IN THE COUNTRY
NO ONE WORSHIPPING YOUR FEATURES
NO ONE CHEERING AT YOUR SPEECHES
I MISS ALL THE LONDON LEECHES
WHO WOULD FAIRLY SUCK YOU DRY
OH, WHY MUST I LIVE HERE? WHYYYYY

IT IS FAR TOO PEACEFUL IN THE COUNTRY
NIGHT LIFE'S DEFINITELY WANTING
LITTLE BIRDS ARE ALWAYS TAUNTING
AND THOSE BLOODY STARS KEEP FLAUNTING
THEIR ALLURE, BUT LET'S AGREE
THAT THEY'LL NEVER OUTSHINE ME!

GOOD GOD, I WANT AN AUDIENCE APPLAUDING ME
AND I'M NERVOUS WHEN I'M GIVEN TOO MUCH SPACE
I'M BUILT TO LIVE IN LONDON
MEANING LOUDLY AND COMPACTLY
LISTEN:

(there are a few beats of silence)

EXACTLY.

IT IS DAMN NEAR DEADLY IN THE COUNTRY
YES, PERHAPS I AM EMPHATIC
DON'T YOU DARE CALL ME DRAMATIC
BUT I CANNOT LIVE A STATIC
EXISTENCE...

DAVID ASKED IF I WOULD TRY IT
AND I DID BUT NOW I'LL RIOT
FOR IT'S FAR FAR FAR FAR FAR TOO QUIET!!!!
...IN THE COUNTRY

I'm trapped. Trapped! Stagnating! I won't stagnate as long as there's breath left in my body. There's only one solution: I shall return to the stage.

SIMON

Well, have you got a play?

JUDITH

Of course! *Stages Of Life*. Oh, Simon- do play my opening number at the music hall.

(beckoning SOREL to join her)

Sorel, you know the steps.

SOREL

I think so, but I can never do them while singing.

SIMON sits at the piano and begins playing.

JUDITH

That's why you'll never be a really great actress, my dear.

THE ORCHESTRA IS TUNING
THE ACTORS ARE COMMUNING
I'M HOME!

WHO COULD EVER DREAM THAT AT TWENTY-TWO
(forgetting the words)
I'D... SOMETHING SOMETHING SOMETHING
AND THEN A HIGH KICK

THE AUDIENCE IS SITTING
I SEE THE CURTAIN SPLITTING
I'M HOME, I'M HOME, I'M HOME!

JUDITH (CONT'D)

(windes)

See, I can still play 20.

SIMON

Mother! My favourite was always your song at the end of the first act.

WHAT'S A TUESDAY WITHOUT YOU?

JUDITH AND SIMON
(the key is far too high for JUDITH)
WHAT'S A TUESDAY-

JUDITH
This is not my key. No. No, lower. Yes.

They start again.

JUDITH AND SIMON
WHAT'S A TUESDAY WITHOUT YOU?
WHAT'S A TUESDAY WITHOUT THAT FUNNY LAUGH THAT YOU DO?
(music swells, JUDITH loses interest)
WHAT'S A TUESDAY-

JUDITH
Oh Sorel! Do the waiter number with me!

SOREL
(while they are arranging linen over their arms)
I never understood why your character had to disguise herself as
a waiter.

JUDITH
Don't be impertinent.

JUDITH AND SOREL
(Cockney accent)
WE ARE ALL OUT OF FISH AND WE'RE ALL OUT OF PIE
THE MOST POPULAR DISHES ARE NOT HERE TO TRY
THOUGH THE CHOWDER'S DELICIOUS
THERE'S NONE YOU CAN BUY
WHY?
...
WE ARE ALL OUT OF FISH!

They dance. They pause.

How about a nice potato?

They continue the dance.

JUDITH

(to SOREL, while dancing)

No, the left foot. Almost.

When they finish, SIMON transitions the music to:

SIMON

Oh, and of course-

THERE'S MOONLIGHT ON THE MENU

THERE'S ROMANCE TO BE SHARED, SO TAKE A BITE

ALL THREE

YOU MUST EAT

WHILE YOU CAN

LOVE'S A TREAT

FOR EVERY WOMAN AND MAN

THERE'S MOONLIGHT ON THE MENU

ON THE MENU TONIGHT

JUDITH

Oh, what am I thinking! I shall revive *Love's Whirlwind*. "You are a fool, a blind, pitiable fool." You must say that's dramatic.

Simon begins playing the underscore.

SIMON

I do like it when Victor comes in.

JUDITH

Be Victor a minute, Sorel-

SOREL

"Is this a game?"

JUDITH

"Yes- and a game that must be played to the finish."

SIMON

"Zara, what does this mean?"

JUDITH

"So many illusions shattered- so many dreams trodden in the dust!"

SIMON

Sing the song, Sorel!

SOREL

YOU'RE MINE! YOU'RE MINE!
DON'T LET LUST DISCONCERT YOU
AS MORALS DESERT YOU
GIVE IN, OR I'LL HURT YOU
YOU SCANDALOUS FLIRT, YOU
YOUR YOUTH AND YOUR VIRTUE
ARE MINE!

JUDITH

"Shhhh! Isn't that little Pam crying?"

FORGET WHERE YOU CAME FROM
FORGET WHAT I'VE DONE
BUT NEVER FORGET I'M YOUR MOTHER

FORGET THERE ARE RAIN CLOUDS
THAT DARKEN THE SUN
BUT NEVER FORGET I'M YOUR MOTHER
(bowing to fake applause)

Yes, London! I hear you! I'm coming! I'm coming home!

GOOD GOD, I HEAR MY AUDIENCE APPLAUDING ME
I'M DETERMINED TO REJOIN THE HUMAN RACE
LET'S ALL MOVE BACK TO LONDON

SOREL

ARE YOU SURE THIS TIME?

JUDITH

MMM, VEDY

*(during the silence, Judith does a series of
ridiculous vocal warm ups)*

I'M READY!

I AM THROUGH WITH QUIET AND THE COUNTRY!
I AM THOROUGHLY PERSUADED
I'LL NOT WAIT UNTIL I'M FADED
I WAS MEANT FOR A PARADED EXISTENCE

IF WE LEAVE HERE MAYBE TUESDAY
WE CAN STAY WITH YOUR AUNT GERTRUDE
SIMON, PLEASE DON'T TELL YOUR FATHER
I'LL BE ON THE STAGE BY AUTUMN
I'LL BE HOME!

I'LL BE FAR FROM STARLIGHT
FAR FROM GARDENS
FAR FAR FAR FAR FAAAAAR
FROM QUIET
IN THE COUNTRY!

SONG 1.2: WHY IS THAT?

SOREL

WE'RE SO SELFISH, AND OUR PARENTS EVEN MORE SO
ANY MEANINGFUL APPEAL LEAVES US UNFAZED
WE TREAT GENUINE CONCERN LIKE IT'S A CHORE-

SIMON

SO? IT'S HOW WE WERE RAISED

SOREL

WHY *IS* THAT?

OH! WE NEVER ASK A GUEST IF HE HAS SLEPT WELL
YOU SPEND LESS TIME WITH YOUR FRIENDS
THAN WITH YOUR CAR
WE ASSUME THAT EV'RY SERVANT IS INEPT-

SIMON

WELL...THEY USUALLY ARE

BOTH

WHY *IS* THAT?

SOREL

NORMAL PEOPLE MIND A LIFE THEY ONLY LIVE FOR SHOW
LET'S AGREE TO FIND A WAY TO LEARN TO GIVE AND GROW!
COULDN'T WE BE KINDER THAN OUR MOTHER AND OUR FATHER?

SIMON

THAT SOUNDS EXHAUSTING!

SOREL

IT DOES, RATHER...

SIMON, HAVE YOU NOTICED VERY FEW CAN STAND US?
ALL THIS LIVING ON THE EDGE AND OFF THE CUFF
DON'T YOU WONDER IF WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HAND-

SIMON

US? WE'RE BOUNCING-LY BLUFF
WHO CARES IF PEOPLE LIKE US?
PEOPLE WANT TO *BE LIKE US!*

SOREL

BUT SOMEHOW, SUDDENLY, IT'S NOT ENOUGH
(gasp)
WHY *IS* THAT?

CLARA enters, searching for something or other.

SOREL (CONT'D)

Clara, do you think we're normal?

SIMON

Don't answer her, Clara- she's gone into a pit of
self-reflection all of a sudden.

CLARA

Well, that's good to do once in a while. Well, dearie: who's to
say what's normal?

SOREL

But is there something wrong with us? With our family?

CLARA

Let's see: sometimes you lot aren't very welcoming to outsiders...and you could be a bit better at *listening* to what others-

SOREL

YES! LIKE MOTHER- SHE PUTS EVERYONE BELOW HER
NEVER LISTENS, NEVER LOSES ANY SPAT
I REFUSE FOR HATE TO BE MY STATUS QUO

SIMON

HA! IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT!

SOREL

Shut up, Simon.

NORMAL PEOPLE DEEM IT NECESS'RY TO SHOW THEY CARE
IT'S A WEE EXTREME BUT I SHALL CARE WITH SO MUCH FLAIR
NORMAL PEOPLE SEEM A LITTLE...THEY'RE A...THEY'RE A-

SIMON

THEY'RE A BIT BORING?

SOREL

YES, LIKE... CLARA!

CLARA gives a look and exits.

SOREL (CONT'D)

NO MORE SACRIFICING FOOLS FOR US TO TRIUMPH
I'LL PRETEND TO LIKE THE BOORS THAT I DETEST
SIMON! NOW'S THE TIME TO WAVE CONCEIT GOODBYE-

SIMON

MPHHHH- OH, SURELY YOU JEST

SOREL

I'M GOING TO CHANGE MY LIFE COMPLETELY
YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE

I'LL LEARN TO FRATERNISE WITH ALL THE REST
OUR NARCISSISM WILL BE SOON SUPPRESSED
WHEN BLISSES DO A THING, WE DO IT BEST!

(huge, triumphant)

WHY IS THAT??

SONG 2.4 WHATEVER YOU DO

MYRA

WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T KISS ME
WHATEVER YOU DO, PLEASE DISMISS ME WITH A WAVE
I'M BEGGING YOU, BEHAVE!
I'M TRYING NOT TO CAVE
OH:

WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T HOLD ME
WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T ENFOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS
I'M HAUNTED BY YOUR CHARMS
I'M HEARING FIRE ALARMS
(RICHARD leans forward)

NO:

WHEN YOU SEE MY LIPS
YOU THINK YOU NEED THEM
BUT WHEN YOU SEE THESE LIPS...
JUST READ THEM:

WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T KISS ME
WHATEVER YOU DO, DO NOT THIS *(she demonstrates)* ME,
HAVE A CARE
IT'S FAR TOO MUCH TO BEAR
YOUR WIFE IS RIGHT OUT THERE
SO:
WHATEVER YOU DO, DO IT QUICKLY.