

Tomorrow  
Tomorrow as they say  
Another working day  
And another chore  
Tomorrow  
An awful price to pay  
I gave up yesterday  
But they still want more  
They are bound to compare me  
To Fred Astaire when I'm done

\*Anyone who feels the rhythm  
Moving through 'em  
Knows it's gonna do 'em good  
To let the music burst out  
When you feel assured  
Let the people know it  
Let your laughter loose  
Until your scream  
Becomes a love-shout

Tomorrow  
Tomorrow's far away  
Tomorrow as they say  
Is reserved for dreams

Tomorrow  
Tomorrow's looking grey  
A playground always locked  
Trains no winning team  
I won't take no for an answer  
I was born to be a dancer now

*\*Repeat*

*At the end of Fizzy's song, the curtain (if there is one) falls. If not lights to black.*

*Curtains open. A lady in Viking helmet and breastplate comes from behind the join in the curtains and steps into a single spbt. She clears her throat and starts to sing in a tortuous operatic voice.*

**SINGER** Velia, oh Velia the witch of the wood . . .

**OSCAR DE VELT** (from the audience) Next!

**SINGER** But I have other songs.

**OSCAR DE VELT** Yeah honey, but do you have other

voices . . . ? Next. Come on, please, shake it up you guys, we've got a show to put on here.

**Singer** leaves in tears.

*A magician in white tie, tails, topper and cape walks on centre stage.*

**MARBINI** Good evening, I am the Great Marbini, Illusionist to Kings. I have been privileged to have obtained second billing at theatres in Missouri, Polar Bluff and Norfolk Nebraska, and I will now perform for you a trick seen before only by the crowned heads of Europe. From this hat, I will produce not *one* rabbit (roll on drums) not *two* rabbits (drums) but *three* rabbits.

**OSCAR DE VELT** Next! Next! Next! (As **Marbini** walks off)  
Don't give up your day job.

*Light up on side of stage. A line of performers, all sorts and sizes, many exotically attired. Buggy and Blousey are among them.*

**BLOUSEY** I wish they'd hurry up. I get nervous waiting.

**BUGSY** Quit worrying, will you?

**BLOUSEY** I didn't count on this many people.

**BUGSY** Oh this bunch are all conjurors and magicians by the look of it. You've got no competition, believe me.

**BLOUSEY** How do I look?

**BUGSY** You look great.

**BLOUSEY** I look a wreck.

*A Ventriloquist comes on, complete with Dummy.*

**DUMMY** (badly) Hello everybody.

**VENTRILLOQUIST** Well how are you, Clarence?

**DUMMY** Don't ask. I suppose you're wondering why I'm here.

**OSCAR DE VELT** You bet. Next!

*The Ventriloquist begins to leave. The Dummy has taken it worse than its owner. It jabbars away as they leave the stage.*

**DUMMY** What does he mean 'next'? Doesn't he like us? Does he know who we are? I'll punch the sucker on the nose . . .



*The owner and the Dummy scuffle. The Dummy seems to win. There follow a number of amusing acts in rapid succession. A harp player wheels on her harp but before she even gets to play we hear 'next'. There are high-kicking dancers who fall over etc. Each gets Oscar's thumbs-down 'next'. Finally it's Blousey's turn; she moves centre stage, (or almost).*

**BLOUSEY** Blousey Brown. Singer.

**OSCAR DE VELT** The light, honey.

**BLOUSEY** (nervously) Er, sorry Mr De Velt, I didn't catch that.

**OSCAR DE VELT** The light, honey. Move into the light. So we can see you. This musical ain't set in a mine shaft. Name?

**BLOUSEY** Blousey Brown. Singer.

*As Blousey opens her mouth to sing, Lena Marrelli storms down the centre aisle.*

**LENA** Oscar, Oscar . . . I'm back! I'll give you one more chance, else I'm out for good. You hear me, Oscar. Out! Out! Out!

*Oscar has welcomed her and joined her as she walks on stage. Lena takes over the spotlight from Blousey, cattily dismissing her.*

**LENA** O.K. honey. Beat it back to Iowa, this show has got its star back. Lena's come home. Hit it, Joe!

*The Pianist begins. Lena belts out a horrid show business song.*

*Lena sings the first verse of her song and the spot follows her off as she carries on singing in the wings. Light on the line of auditioners who are rather dejected. They disperse in different directions. Bugsy joins Blousey who sits on the edge of the stage.*

**BUGSY** Cheer up, there's a million other jobs.

**BLOUSEY** Sure, on the street corner with a hat to catch the dimes in.

*She kicks at a stack of cardboard boxes full of costumes.*

**BUGSY** It's only a matter of time. Look, cool it will you?

**BLOUSEY** I've been walking the streets of New York for six

months now and the only fancy steps I've done so far are avoiding the man who collects the rent.

**BUGSY** So it takes time to be a movie star! We could come back tomorrow.

**BLOUSEY** Come back tomorrow! Come back tomorrow. That's all I ever hear. I spent my whole life coming back tomorrow.

*Blousey kicks the boxes of costumes once more. They topple into the orchestra.*

**BUGSY** Knock it off will you Blousey! Cool down!

**BLOUSEY** I will not cool down! I will not!

*Blousey has sat down on a box. She has her head in her hand. Sobbing. Bugsy consoles her, a hand on her shoulder. He loans her his handkerchief.*

**BUGSY** Don't worry, there's always Fat Sam's place.

**BLOUSEY** He won't see me.

**BUGSY** I'll talk to him.

**BLOUSEY** You know him?

**BUGSY** Know him? We're like that (*He crosses his fingers*)

**BLOUSEY** Real good friends?

**BUGSY** No, not exactly. It's just that when I talk to him I cross my fingers that he won't hit me.

*Light up on Radio Announcer, left of stage. The red 'ON AIR' sign behind him. Urgently, as ever, he reads the news from the sheet of paper he holds in front of him.*

**RADIO ANNOUNCER** We interrupt our commentary on tonight's exciting Red-Sox ball-game to bring you a further bulletin on developments in the latest outbreak of hoodlum gang warfare. Police now officially state that the new weapon, of devious foreign manufacture, known as 'The Splurge Gun', is being widely used by the mobster gangs. We interrupt our interruption to go straight over to our reporter, Seymour Scoop, who is on the spot at the latest splurging.

*Curtain up. Light on centre stage. Upturned restaurant tables. We see*