
JALAN IMPIAN

By Sandra Sodhy

Based on an idea by Farah Sulaiman

Draft 7

ACT 1

SCENE 1

Location: Outside *Stars of Tomorrow* Stage School, on the Street of Dreams
(Jln Impian)

Time: Evening (about 4pm)

(The scene opens with piano music from a dance class. We see 2 teens (17-year-old Joe & 16 year-old Suzie) peeping through the large glass windows into the dance studio, wistfully following a ballet class in session. The Dance Teacher is animated and a bit showy. The students are a mixed bunch - some very good and able to follow properly, some very graceful and proud of their ability.)

(Enter passerby #1 with 3 kids.)

Mother: Is she crazy-ah? Take her homelah!

Surayyn: Auntie, auntie! See, crazy woman, crazy woman!

(All kids laugh)

Adam: Mak! Tengok! Orang gila!

Shamimi: Makcik, lunatic!

(Kids laugh again)

Makcik: *(To the kids)* Don't see, don't see, don't see. Come let's go.

(Suzie ignores them. Joe is embarrassed.)

(Enter passerby #2, a Lawyer on his cellphone.)

Lawyer: *(In Mandarin)* Hi, Mr Lim. About your divorce matter, I've prepared the forms and I'll be there in about 10 minutes. Please prepare your marriage certificate and RM30 for the handling fees.

(Suzie knocks in to Lawyer.)

Oi, watch it! Mr Lim – oh, not you, not you! It’s just a stupid girl dancing in the street!

(Lanyer gives Suzie a dirty look and exits Stage Right.)

(Enter passersby #3, a group of college students. Students laugh among themselves and leave stage right.)

(The dance students execute a difficult exercise and, in the middle of lifting their legs, the Dance Teacher barks at them to hold the pose.)

Dance Teacher: *(sternly)* Hold! Hooood! You see what I said? You all are not doing it properly!

(The students are desperately holding the pose, some successfully, others not at all.)

(The conversation and music both fade into the background. The dancers and Teacher continue with class but mime it.)

Joe: *(Looking with disdain at the dancers)* Good grief! Look at them! You’ll never get *me* to do *that*!

(Suzie, who has been gazing raptly at the dancers, turns to Joe with a disapproving glance. She pushes him.)

Suzie: Oh, shut up!

(Joe pushes Suzie back and Joe tries to say something but Suzie shushes him up by holding her forefinger to her lips.)

The music and voices fade away and the actors all freeze.

The Narrator saunters in, and takes up a pose next to Joe and Suzie. He takes a good look at Joe and Suzie, grins conspiratorially at the audience and gestures exaggeratedly at the young pair.)

Narrator: *(A bit teasing, tongue-in-cheek)* Aww, aren’t they cute? Both of them with stars in their eyes....both of them stagestruck! *(Gesturing at Joe)* Joe is 17. *He* wants to be a singer. *(Gesturing at Suzie)* Suzie, his classmate from kindergarten, is 16. Now *she* wants to be a dancer. Both of them have dreams of making it BIG. *(Takes out a pair of dark glasses and puts them on in a grandiose gesture)* That’s why they hang outside the “Stars of Tomorrow – School for Aspiring Performers of Stage and Screen”! It’s Showtime, *baybeh!*

(Narrator pulls a face, shrugs and exits. Music and conversation fade back in. Actors unfreeze.)

Joe and Suzie: Tsk! *(to each other)*

Suzie starts following the dance class.

Suzie: *(Blissfully ignorant and dancing along with the class)* Oh, Joe –

Joe: What?

Suzie: It’s so cool! I want to be in the class! I want to learn **everything** I can about dance *now!* I want.....

Joe: *(A bit more urgently)* Suzie!!

Suzie: *(Still ignoring Joe)* ...to learn how to plie, and jête, and...

Joe: *(He grabs her shoulders and insists she listen to him)* SU-ZIE!!! You know very well we can't afford it! Hey, you know I want to be a singer....I want to be a *star!* I want it so badly, I can taste it! And you....

Suzie: *(Starstruck and dreamy-eyed)* I want to be a dancer! I want my name in lights, twenty feet tall, up there with Baryshnikov, and Dame Margot Fonteyn, and....

Joe: *(With feigned ignorance)* Barish-what-*what*... and *which* old dame?

Suzie: *(Now purposely ignoring him)* But at the rate we're going, we're NEVER going to get *anywhere!* Even if we get lucky, I'll probably be too old to be trained properly.

Joe: Huh!

Suzie: Joe, I'm already 16!

Joe: Yeah...

Suzie: Those kids in class are so young....

Joe: So...?

Suzie: Can you imagine me in that beginners' class with all those little squirts?

(Joe laughs)

Suzie: *(Suzie gives him a look. She is worried and a bit distracted)* So much to learn, and so little time...

Joe: *(Trying to cheer her up)* C'mon, Suzie! Hey – I mean, who really knows what's in store for us? Anything can happen. In any case, in my short, cynical life, I've learned not to worry too much. There's only so much you can do. The rest depends on luck!

Suzie: *(Disbelieving)* "Luck! Luck?!!

Joe: Yeah! Now you're getting it!

Suzie: Well, I think it's about time we had some *good* luck for a change! I don't now why you always, ... oh, good grief, did you see that?"

(Suzie has noticed some very uncoordinated dance students who cannot follow the teacher's routine. They are at least 2 steps behind and completely out of time with the music.)

Joe: What? What?

Suzie: *(Irritated)* Ewww! Just look at them! Oh, man - why is the world so unfair? I could do better, but I never get the chance!

(Dance Teacher dismisses the class and dancers exit)

Joe: *(Looking challengingly at Suzie)* You could do better?

Suzie: Yes, I could!

Joe: Well, Miss Hotshot Ballerina, if you can, show me what you've got!

Suzie: *(Pause – dead serious)* All right, I will!
(Pause)

Joe: Well?

Suzie: Move, lah!

(Suzie launches herself into a dance routine and hums along. Suzie completes the routine. Joe is impressed and claps. Suzie bows.)

Joe: Wow! Awesome! How did you learn that so fast?

Suzie: Because it's the same routine they've been doing for the past four weeks! The klutzes ...*(never learn)*

Joe: *(Cutting in and saying it with Suzie)* never learn! Yeah, I know. I've been hearing that for the past four weeks as well!

(Suzie gives him a look.)

Suzie: *(Accusingly)* You did that on purpose, didn't you?

Joe: *(Playing dumb)* Whaddya mean?

Suzie: You know what I mean. You got me to dance!

Joe: *(Reluctantly)* ...Yyyyeah...

(Suzie gives him an "I knew it" look, crosses her arms and turns away.)

Joe: *(Admitting his 'trick')* C'mon, girl. You just looked so sad... I thought dancing would make you happy.

(Suzie's expression softens and turns genuinely grateful.)

Suzie: Thank you. Now I am happy. *(Pause)* *(She gets an idea, ties her hair high on top of her head, and skips over to Joe. She holds out pretend mic and puts on an affected MTV VJ voice)* Well, Mr Hollywood Star, sir, I'm sure all your fans out there are just dying to know - what do you do to be happy?

Joe: *(Joe plays along and puts on a pseudo “Macho Hollywood Superstar” accent)* Well, Miss MTV VJ – as you already know, singing is to me what dancing is to you. For me, singing makes my day. If I don’t sing, the... the sun don’t shine!

(Joe gives a silly smile and Suzie giggles.) (Segue into Scene 2)

SCENE 2

Time: About 5pm

Place: **On the Street of Dreams**

(Intro of “Don’t Worry, Be happy” starts. Dancers in dance school leave stage left. Movers in overalls come on stage and push dance school set off stage left.

Joe and Suzie both walk slowly across the stage towards stage right, and Joe sings.)

Joe: Here’s a little song I wrote
You might want to sing it note for note

Suzie & Joe: Don’t worry, be happy

Suzie: In every life we have some trouble
When you worry you make it double

Suzie & Joe: Don’t worry, be happy

All: Ooooh, don’t worry, ooooh, be happy
Ooooh, don’t worry, be happy
Ooooh, don’t worry, ooooh, be happy
Ooooh, don’t worry, be happy

(2 Businessmen in suits, with briefcases and laptops, etc enter)

Bizman 1: Ain’t got no place to lay your head

Bizman 2: Somebody came and took your bed

All: Don’t worry, be happy *(Lawyer 1 enters)*

Bizwoman 3: The landlord say your rent is late

Lawyer 1: *(Walking by, kaypoh)* He may have to litigate

All: Don’t worry, be happy

Tau foo fah seller: *(speaking)* Look at me, I am happy

All: Ooooh, don’t worry, ooooh, be happy
Ooooh, don’t worry, be happy
Ooooh, don’t worry, ooooh, be happy

Ooooh, don't worry, be happy

Pizza delivery boy (*wheeling bicycle*): Ain't got no cash, ain't got no style
 Office boys (*looking hopefully at shop girls*): Ain't got no girl to make you smile
 All boys (*sbrug*): Don't worry, be happy!

Macho officeboy (*loverboy wannabe*): Cause when you worry
 Your face will frown
 And that will bring everybody down
 All: Don't worry, be happy

All: Ooooh, don't worry, ooooh, be happy
 Ooooh, don't worry, be happy
 Ooooh, don't worry, ooooh, be happy
 Ooooh, don't worry, be happy

Joe and kids: There's this little song I wrote
 I hope you learn it note for note
 Makcik: (*spoken*) Like good little children
 All: Don't worry, be happy

Narrator: Listen to what I say
 In your life expect some trouble
 When you worry you make it double
 Don't worry, be happy – be happy now

All: Ooooh, don't worry, ooooh, be happy
 Ooooh, don't worry, be happy
 Ooooh, don't worry, ooooh, be happy
 Ooooh, don't worry, be happy

Ooooh, don't worry, ooooh, be happy
 Ooooh, don't worry, be happy
 Ooooh, don't worry, ooooh, be happy
 Ooooh, don't worry, be happy

(At the end of the song, the crowd forms big tableau.

When the music stops, the tau foo fab man suddenly comes to his senses and shouts "Tau foo fab", and the rest of the crowd come to their senses and start to leave in a hurry. Joe and Suzie find themselves standing alone, in the middle of the street)

SCENE 3

Time: Immediately following Sc 2

Place: On Jalan Impian, 5pm

Suzie: Hey, where'd everybody go?

Joe: Back to their lives, I guess! Now that was a weird (experience) ...

(Suddenly an obviously terrified child runs screaming onto the stage and stops in front of Joe and Suzie)

Leena: Help! Help! I saw them do it, and now they're going to kill me!

(Rough sounds of men shouting offstage, as if they are searching for someone, along with things being knocked together, followed by screams of people saying they don't know anything/didn't do it/pleading for mercy/etc)

Joe: *(Realizing it is an emergency)* Who, girl? Quick!

(Shouting offstage, stage left)

Leena: *(Looking offstage towards the source of the sounds)* Oh, no! They're here! I need to hide!

(Sfx of crashing sounds)

Suzie: Joe! This way!

(Joe quickly grabs Leena and dumps her into a trashcan on the side of the stage. He motions to Suzie to keep quiet. A group of thugs run onto the stage from stage left. The thugs look at Thug Leader and who nods. They run off stage right, looking threateningly at Joe and Suzie as they pass.)

Joe: Oh, my shoelace! I forgot to tie my shoelace...

(Thug leader walks menacingly up to Joe,

Joe: *(Pointing)* The kid went *thataway!*

(Joe smiles smugly at Suzie, who smiles back.)

(Thug leader takes out knife and grabs Joe's collar.)

Thug Leader: Don't you try to be funny with me, or I'll teach you and your girlfriend here a lesson or two you won't forget in a hurry. *(She draws patterns with the knife in the air)* You could end up with some free permanent tattoos! *(She laughs)*

(Both Joe and Suzie are afraid. Thug Leader gives them one last menacing look, lets go of Joe's collar and leaves stage right.)

Suzie: Joe, are you OK?

Suzie checks to see that the thugs have really gone. Suzie tries to get Leena out of the trashcan.)

Leena: Ouch! Ouch!

Suzie: Joe, help me!

(Joe and Suzie help Leena out of trashcan)

Leena: Thank you! You saved me!

Suzie: What's your name?

Leena: I'm Leena.

Suzie: I'm Suzie *(Suzie shakes hands with Leena)* and this is Joe. *(Joe refuses to shake hands with Leena)*

Joe: So what happened?

Leena: *(Talking quickly)* Those guys were selling drugs! They had pills, and they beat up this weird guy and took his money. I know they're drug pushers. I saw them!

Suzie: Joe...

Joe: *(Trying to calm Leena down)* OK, OK, but why did they chase you?

Leena: *(Looking very determined)* I told them that they had to stop beating up the man, or I would tell my dad.

Joe: No wonder they wanted to get you.

Suzie: Joe...

Leena: *(Gives Joe an incredulous look)* They threatened to *kill* me so I ran!

(Joe wants to say something, but Suzie cuts him off)

Suzie: So, where do you live?

Leena: Well... my dad's office is really near by.

(Joe is about to say something but Suzie gives him a look.)

Joe: Don't worry, we'll take you there.

(Leena takes their hands and walks with them across the stage. She sings/hums. During this time, the Stage School front door and Signboard are wheeled on stage. The three of them stop outside the school)

Suzie: Hey, where are we going?

Leena: OK! We're here!

Suzie: But this is the Stage School!

Leena: *(apologetically)* My dad is the Principal.

Suzie: *(getting excited)* The Principal? *(Looking at Joe, and cannot believe their luck!)* You mean he's in charge of "The Stars of Tomorrow" School of Stage and Screen?

Leena: *(A bit embarrassed)* Yeah! I know it sounds stupid *(Joe and Suzie look at each other and shake their heads)* but it's a really cool place *(Joe and Suzie nod enthusiastically)*
And I know my dad would love to meet you both *(Joe and Suzie smile silly broad smiles).*

Joe: He would?

Leena: *(Taking the hands of both Joe and Suzie and leading them off)* I'm sure he'd like to meet you and thank you personally, because you saved my life!

(Joe and Suzie tidy up their appearance while Leena knocks on the door, and then ushers them in.)

Leena: Come on, come on!

Joe & Suzie: Wait, wait, wait!

Leena: Come on!

(Joe & Suzie enter School Door with Leena)
(Blackout)

(Lights up)
(Almost immediately, Joe and Suzie come out whooping!)

Leena: Bye!

Joe: Thank you, Leena! Bye, Leena!

Suzie: Thank you, Leena! Bye, Leena!

Suzie: I can't believe it! I can't believe it! We've got places in the school!

Joe: Yah, but don't forget they are conditional offers. We have to prove ourselves in six months, or else!

Suzie: But we've got full scholarships! *(Joe tries to interrupt, but Suzie quickly carries on)* Yes, yes, I know, we have six months to prove ourselves, but I'M SO HAPPY! Yaaaaaay!

Joe: But you have to be... *(Seeing Suzie's ecstatic face)* Oh, what the heck! I'm happy too!

(They dance around cheering for a bit then both whip out handphones and make calls. Suzie faces the audience, but Joe has his back turned.)

Suzie: Oh! I've got to call my mum. *(Speaking on the phone)* Hello! Mum? Mum!

Joe: Mummy!

Suzie: You won't believe what happened just now.

Joe:Yeah! We saved this kid...

Suzie: Remember I always wanted to be in the Stage School?

Joe: And now we've got full scholarships and everything!

Suzie: Well – I'm in!

Joe: No, Ma, I'm not lying. It's true!

Suzie: Yaaaay! (*shriek!*)

Joe: I'll come home and tell you all about it.

Suzie: Ya, ya, I'm coming home now, Mum.

Suzie & Joe: 'Bye!

(Exit Suzie & Joe stage right)

SCENE 4

Time: 9am, three weeks later

Place: At the Stage School.

Scene 4a: Corridor

(Doors are brought on. Only the Back, Centre Stage and front are lit, appearing as if it is a corridor. The Narrator enters purposefully, dressed as a teacher and carrying files, etc.)

Narrator: *(Suddenly noticing the audience)* Hey! *(Looks around to see if anyone else is listening, and then speaks conspirationally)* You lot still here? It's just as well. My, how time flies! Joe and Suzie have already been at the Stage School for more than 3 weeks, and it's been work, work, work! *(Looks at watch)* And you must excuse me, because I don't want to be late for class!

(School bell rings loudly. Suddenly students walk on from back, through the center aisle while rushing to class. Regulars and Kids enter, followed by the Cool Gang, the Beauties, and then the Nerds, who are looked down upon by everyone.)

(Joe meets Suzie in the corridor)

Suzie: Joe, you don't understand . You just don't get it, do you? Joe, listen to me. I have no choice! If I'm a dance major, I *have* to take Tap! I tried to explain that all I wanted to do

was Ballet and Contemporary, but Ms Simon says that a professional dancer must know all forms of dance...*(grimacing)* unless I want to be unemployed later.

Joe: Ha! Ha! Next you'll have to learn the Watusi, or whatever it is the Zulus do!

Suzie: Oh, shut up!

(Singing warm-ups can be heard sung softly in the background.)

Joe: *(Grinning cheekily)* I'll be thinking of you during my free period after this class.

Suzie: Oh? I don't think you should laugh so soon.

Joe: Why?

Suzie: Because I heard that....

(Bell rings again)

Joe: Uh-oh! That's the second bell. Gotta go! *(As he's dashing away)* Don't wanna be late again for class!

(Blackout)

Scene 4b: Singing Class

(Lights up)

(Lights come up on Stage Left, showing a class of students performing vocal warm-ups. Joe is still in the corridor checking stuff left in his locker. He dashes into singing class past the Singing Teacher, who is looking at his watch and glowering at Joe. Joe stands with the Nerds.)

Joe: Sorry, Sir! *(As an afterthought)* Er, good morning, Sir.

Singing Teacher: *(Looking at watch)* Joe – one more second, and I would have had to give you a demerit.

Joe: Sorry, Sir. It won't happen again, Sir.

(General snickering from the students)

Singing Teacher: *(He looks around at the students, and only then responds)* I should hope not. Being a scholarship student and all, you really can't afford many more demerits.

(More snickering from the students. Joe cringes and there is even more whispering and looks, and muted snickering from the students. The Cool gang are openly supercilious, especially Raul. Only the Nerds look pained.)

Singing Teacher: *(Looking sternly at the students.)* Don't think that this warning is only for Joe. It applies to the rest of you. You all haven't been doing well enough lately. Versatility is

the name of the game. You can afford to do one type of singing only if you are Avril Lavigne or Robbie Williams. Even Pink can sing opera. For the rest of you normal folks, if you want to keep getting jobs, you must be able to sing anything and everything. Do I make myself clear?

Students: (*Answering reluctantly when the teacher eyeballs them*) Yes, Sir.

Singing Teacher: Very good. Down to business. Who would like to show me what they've learned about breath control, pronunciation and enunciation?

(*The students are reluctant. Some try not to meet the teacher's gaze, while others are ganging up and trying to push others forward. Navin is asleep on another student's shoulder, and wakes up suddenly*)

Navin: (*Shouting in surprise*) Mummy, mummy!

(*Navin is pushed forward by another student*)

Singing Teacher: No one? Really! Come on. Ah, Navin! How nice of you to volunteer.

Navin (S1): (*Touching his throat*) I have a sore throat, Sir. (*He coughs hard for dramatic effect*) And bad cough, Sir. Sorry, Sir

Singing Teacher: If you're not well, I would suggest you leave before you infect the rest of us. Get Out! Out! Out!

(*Navin exit, but only after giving everyone high fives*)

Singing Teacher: Well, what about you, Eugenia? Surely you've memorized the words?
(S2): (*Nodding*) Yes, Sir.

Singing Teacher: Good man. (*Everyone breathes a sigh of relief at being let off the hook*) Now, Eugenia, you carry on singing until I point at someone, and that someone will have to carry on till I point at someone else. Has everyone understood? (*Everyone looks terrified again.*)

Singing Teacher: Music, please! Count yourself in and begin in the right place.

S2: The seaweed is always greener
In somebody else's lake
You think about goin' up there

(*Teacher points at 3rd victim*)

S3: (*Taken by surprise*).....but that is a big mistake

(*Teacher points at 4th victim*)

S4: Just look at the world around you
Right here on the ocean floor

(*Teacher points at 5th victim*)

S5: Such wonderful things around you

So what is you lookin' for?

(Teacher points at 6th & 7th singers)

S6 & 7: Under the sea
Under the sea

(Teacher points at 8th singer)

S8: Darling it's better
Down where it's wetter

(Teacher points at 9th singer)

S9: Take it from me

(Teacher points at 10th victim)

S10: Up on the shore they work all day
Out in the sun they slave away

(Teacher points at 11th victim)

S11: While we devotin'
Full time to floatin'

(Teacher gestures to all)

All: Under the sea.

(Singing Teacher puts off the music abruptly)

Singing Teacher: Right. That seems a like a rather negligible improvement from the last week. At least we are in time and in pitch. Now, can the rest incorporate the movements, please? Remember those? Get into your lines. Music!

(The rest of the students are completely terrified by now, and are exchanging looks)

Singing Teacher: *(Playing the music and beating time)* Okay, count yourselves in. One, two, three, four, and one!

Teacher: Next!

S12: Down here all the fish is happy
As off through the waves they roll

Teacher: Next!

S13: The fish on the land ain't happy
They sad 'cause they in their bowl

Teacher: Next!

S14: But fish in the bowl is lucky
They in for a worser fate

Teacher: Next!

Joe: The elephant and the monkey
Went out on a double date

(All the students burst out laughing)

Beauty 2: Sir, that is not right.

Beauty 3: Yes, sir, that is so not right!

Singing Teacher: *(Turning off music) (Irritated)* Joe! Is this your idea of a joke?

Joe: *(Gulp!)* Sorry, Sir. I just blanked out!

Singing Teacher: Ooh, blanked out, is it? *(Angrily)* How are you going to be able to call yourself a professional if you crack under the slightest pressure and can't remember the words? If you find it difficult, then you must work twice as hard! Really, Joe – I honestly wonder whether you are suited to the demands of the singing profession. It's not as easy as you think! Maybe you should rethink your career choice?

(Joe is shocked but before he can answer, the bell rings, signifying the end of class. The students immediately start to pack up.)

Singing Teacher: Right! *(Looking at Joe)* Saved by the proverbial bell, eh? *(Looking at the rest of the class.)* Work on the song because tomorrow morning you'll have to perform it for me individually! Dismissed!

(Students begin to leave immediately, but Joe is stopped as he tries to walk out the door.)

Singing Teacher: Joe – might I have a word with you?

Raul: Uh-oh! *(Snigger)*
(Joe's face falls)

(Blackout)

Joe: *(Plaintive voice heard in the darkness)* But Sir – I can't wear that!

(Lights up)

Scene 4c: Corridor

(Joe is very upset and is dressed in dance leggings. He is desperately pulling his T-shirt down to cover his tights. Students come by and comment on his tights.)

Joe: Suzie! Suzie! Do you know what they're making me do? I have to go for dance, can you believe that? I can't believe that I would have to study sissy stuff like that!

Suzie: That's what I tried to tell you just now, but you were too busy laughing at me. It's part of the curriculum. All performance majors must take ballet, contemporary and tap.

Joe: Oh, shut up!

Suzie: Look - (*Shrugs*) I guess we've got no choice. Just grit your teeth and do it!

Joe: That's easy for you to say. All I have to do is wear my unmentionables on the outside, and I'll look like Superman!

(Joe and Suzie are unaware that they are being watched by Raul and the Cool Gang.)

Raul: Ah! Now it's obvious why Superman wears his you-know-what on the outside...

Raul: (*Pointing at Joe and holding his hands over his crotch*) The leggings are so revealing that it's the only way he can protect his modesty!

(Raul walks around Joe swaying his hips and with exaggerated mincing, feminine steps. Joe gets mad and Suzie physically restrains him. There is derisive laughter from the crowd, especially the Hip-Hop gang who have now formed a semi-circle behind Raul, facing Joe.)

(The Nerds are nervous, the Beauties are urging the Cool gang on, and the rest of the students are just watching or physically withdrawing to the sidelines. Suzie stares down Raul.)

Raul: Better tell your girlfriend to stay out of this, or she'll get hurt. (*Sizing her up*) Or is she going to fight on your behalf?

(There is more mocking laughter. Joe responds by pulling Suzie away.)

Cool 1 taps Raul on the shoulder and gestures, asking whether they should take care of the situation. Raul is super-cool and gestures, "No need". The Cool Gang step back, watching along with the others.)

Raul: (*Putting an arm around Joe's shoulders and holds him in an arm lock*) Next time, don't try to be Superman.

Joe: (*Confused*) Superman? Enough about Superman already!

(Joe tries to slip out of Raul's grasp and discovers that he is being held in an arm lock.)

Raul: (*Tightening his lock on Joe*) Mind your own business and don't try to save little girls, OK? Otherwise I may be forced to teach your big girl here a lesson she won't forget in a hurry.

Joe: (*Struggling to get free, but failing*) Why, you.....

(Second Bell rings)

Singing Teacher: (*Sternly*) Joe and Raul! (*Shocked, Raul drops his lock on Joe and both he and Joe jump apart*) How many times do you have to be reminded to be on time for class? A professional is always on time for all appointments, especially auditions. (*Speaking specifically to Joe*) So if you don't want any more demerits for tardiness, and consequently

lose your scholarship, I suggest your chat can wait till lunch. Well, what are you waiting for??

(Everyone gives forced smiles, except Raul who gloats, and they all scurry away to class, leaving the teacher standing alone in the corridor.)

(Corridor blackout)

Scene 4d: Dance Class

(Lights up on right half of stage – Tap class)

(Students file in through door. Joe slinks off to the back in embarrassment, while the rest warm up. The Dance Teacher walks in.)

Dance Teacher: *(In a no-nonsense fashion)* Good morning class. I hope all of you remember what we learned yesterday. *(Catching sight of Joe and pointing at him)* You there in the back -- Joe, right? So, you're the one who's always been skipping class.

Joe: *(Taken by surprise)* Huh? But....

Dance Teacher: *(Sternly)* And why are you wearing ballet leggings for tap class?

Joe: *(At a loss for words)* Er....

(The class sniggers)

Dance Teacher: *(Cutting in)* See me after class!

(The students laugh)

Dance Teacher: Go to the cupboard and get the hats for everyone. *(Joe reluctantly does as he is told)* and the rest of you will show me what you remember.

(Music starts)

Dance Teacher: 5, 6, 7, 8!

(Students dance till music stops.)

Dance Teacher: All right *(pointing at students as he speaks, the third one of which is Suzie)*
I want you, you, you, and you. Form two lines and show me what you learned yesterday.

(The selected students take their positions and the music starts. Everything goes so well that Suzie gets carried away and turns wrongly, colliding with the others. Suzie shrieks and falls.)

(Joe runs to Suzie)

Joe: Suzieeeee! Are you all right?

Suzie: Yeah, I'm fine.

(The class laughs.)

Dance teacher: *(Stopping the class)* Young lady, at the moment you are a hazard. Get out of my class now!

(Suzie and Joe exit)

Music Teacher: And the rest of you, let's continue.

(Music comes back on and the whole group goes through the routine again.)

(Blackout)

SCENE 5

Time: **In the evening after class. About 5 pm.**

Place: **The corner mamak stall**

(The stall is patronized by students from the stage school. There are obviously cliques. At first, only the Regular kids are there having their tea. Then the Beauties make their appearance, followed by a jock wannabe who is trying to chat them up.)

Student (Julian): Excuse me, girls, I was just wondering if I can have your phone numbers.

Beauty 3: Go away.

Student (Julian): Come on, you are all so beautiful!

Beauty 4: You are contaminating our environment.

Beauty 2: We are not interested!

Student (Julian): Come on, it's just only ten digits...

Beauty 1: I can't breathe, I can't breathe...

Student (Julian): Ok, Ok, I'll leave.

(Exit Student)

(Enter Cool Gang. Beauties notice them coming)

Beauties: Hi boys!

(Cool Gang react accordingly)

Cool 3: Hey guys! Check out 50 Cent's new album.

Cool 1: You mean the Candy Shop? I love that song.
(Cool gang sings excerpt from song)

Cool 4: Hey guys! Did you hear about the Nerds?

Cool Gang: The Nerds?

Cool 4: Man, told you they're all whack, from head to toe.

Cool 1: Especially the tall one.

Rahul: They are born losers.

Cool 4: Big 10 - 4

Cool Gang: Big 10 - 4.

(Enter Joe)

Cool 2: Yo, guys! Isn't that the Man In Tights?

Cool 5: The Man in WHAT?

(Cool Gang laughs derisively)

Cool 6: Where are the Nerds?

Cool 7: I don't know. Who cares? Maybe they're lost.

(Enter Nerds)

Cool 4: Here come the Looosers!

Cool 1: The girls are okay, but shame, they're Nerds.

Cool 2: They're not good enough!

Nerd 1: Joe... Joe! I want to tell you something.

Joe: Hey! Please just leave me alone!

Nerd 1: Suzie, what's wrong with Joe?

Suzie: Joe? What's wrong with Joe? *(Sees Joe sulking)* Joe!

Nerd 1: Come on guys, let's go.

Nerd 2: I'm hungry, lah!

Suzie: Wait! Did you hear what they said? They said we're not good enough!

(Cool Gang laughs!)

Joe: Who? Who said that? I'll show them who's good enough!

(Nerds look at each other and try to avoid answering)

Nerds & Suzie: Joe! *(They stop him physically)*

(Cool Gang show off their muscles and do the chicken dance.)

Nerd 1: *(Trying to be cool)* Ignore them. *(Factually)* They aren't worth getting upset about.

Nerd 2: *(Clever and nervously sizing up the situation)* Hey! Don't fight with them. You're outnumbered. Thinklah!

Nerd 3: *(Factually)* But don't worry, you're not alone.

Nerd 4: *(Extremely sincere)* Joe, you've got us!

Cool 3: You've got them alright!
(Cool Gang laughs)

Nerd 3: ...and they don't like us either!

Cool 3: Who does?

(More derisive laughter)

Joe: Ooooooh! You don't get it, do you?

Cool Gang & Beauties: Ooooh!

(Joe storms off towards stage left. The Nerds look at each other and are about to approach Joe when Suzie stops them.)

Suzie: Er... let me talk to him. You guys just hang for a while, OK? Please? Please?

Nerd 4: (*Realising something is not right.*) Hmph! Whatever!

Cool 4: Awwww, abandoned by your own friends...!

(*Cool Gang laughs*)

(*The Nerds get together, mumbling to each other. Suzie walks up to Joe.*)

Suzie: (*Taking a quick glance at the Nerds behind her*) Joe, don't do this. You're embarrassing me!

Joe: What? Embarrass *you*? **I've** never been so embarrassed in my life!

Suzie: (*Trying to keep her voice even*) Okay, so you're embarrassing both of us then.

(*She looks at the others who are listening. She is uncomfortable that the Nerds are within earshot, and takes him further away. She seems tentative, then gathers up enough courage, takes a deep breath, and speaks.*)

Suzie: Joe -- What they say is true.

Joe: (*Covering his face*) Oh, no! Not you too!

Suzie: (*Relentlessly*) Face facts, Joe. We never auditioned for a place in school like the rest of them. But that doesn't mean we're no good...

Beauty 1: They think they're so good!

Suzie: Though I have no idea how I'm going to pass the acting component, much less the semester exams.

Joe: (*Angrily*) Face facts, huh? Look Suzie! If you want to talk about facing facts, just look at the "friends" we've got! *Nobody* wants to be their friends, but they want to be ours! They're misfits, Suzie! Losers! NERDS!!

Suzie: (*Keeping her voice even and low, and stealing a quick glance at the Nerds, who are watching all this grimly*) Shhhh! Keep it down, Joe. So what do you suggest we do?

Joe: I know what I'm going to do. I quit!

Cool 4: Hoo! He quits!

Suzie: (*Getting mad*) You know what, Joe? I quit too!

Cool Gang: *Jeers and cheers (Sing)* That's the way, aha, aha, I like it, aha, aha!

Joe: (*More calmly and seriously*) Don't misunderstand me, Suzie. I'm dead serious! In fact, I've been thinking about this for quite a while. I can't believe that we were so dumb that we seriously thought we could sail into the course right in the middle of the semester. We must have been mad! (*Counting off the points on his fingers*) We obviously don't fit in; we're

not good enough; we have no hope of catching up, let alone passing the exams; and nobody likes us except the losers! How much worse can it get?

Nerd 1: Hyuk! Hyuk! Hey, you guys! Hyuk! Hyuk! (*Elbowing Nerds 2 and 3 and winking*) Are you planning to blow up the Twin Towers or what?

Cool Gang: (*Chanting*) Lo-sers, lo-sers, lo-sers!

(*The Nerds laugh heartily at their own joke. Joe and Suzie whip around and stare disbelievingly at the Nerds. The other students have bored and irritated expressions.*)

Joe: Suzie... I take that back.

Nerd 1: Good grief! It was just a joke! (*Rolling eyeballs theatrically*) Can't you guys take a little humour?

(*Nerd 2 leaves*)

Cool 3: (*To Nerd 2*) Eh! Tak nak makan, ke?

Nerd 1: (*Sizing up the situation and deciding to leave*) Come on, guys; we know when we're not wanted.

(*The Nerds flounce off. The Cool Gang ridicule them as they leave*)

(*The other students just smirk, give smug serve-you-right looks or pretend to be bored.*)

(*Raul is in the background, obviously watching the proceedings. He takes out his handphone and very pointedly sends someone an sms.*)

Suzie: Great! Now nobody likes us!

Joe: Just as well. Going to Stage School was a nice dream, but it really has been one big, huge mistake!

(*Raul approaches Joe and Suzie.*)

Raul: (*Sneering*) You're so stupid, you don't even know what a mistake is.

Joe: (*Getting mad*) Sorry, friend?

Raul: (*Snigger*) See what I mean? Only an idiot would think I was your friend.

(*Cool Gang jeer*)

Joe: Eh! You don't push your luck-ah!

Raul: (*Triumphant laughter*) (*Sarcastically*) And? And what? You'll get your "gang" to beat me up?

(There is derisive laughter from the crowd, especially the Cool Gang who have again formed a semi-circle behind Raul, facing Joe.)

(Joe is standing there with his fists clenched, restraining himself, when Suzie sees something which frightens her.)

Suzie: Joe -- Run! The thugs are here!

(Joe and Suzie run off stage left. The students are shocked, and run off too! Raul, however, is very cool. The Thugs enter and come up to Raul. He smirks and walks off)

(Suzie and Joe appear again stage left. They run towards stage right and onto the apron.)

Joe: Suzie, quickly! Come!

Suzie: Joe, let's go that side!

Joe: Don't want! There got thugs!

(Suzie and Joe argue. Suddenly, when all seems lost, the Narrator calls them from the side)

Suzie: Who are you?

Joe: Come on Suzie, this way!

Narrator: Psst! This way!

Suzie: They're going to kill us, they're going to kill us!

Narrator: Stand still! Don't move!

Joe: Hey, let go!

Suzie: But they can see us...

Narrator: QUIET!

(The thugs are almost upon them; they have no time to think. Joe and Suzie freeze, close their eyes, grit their teeth and await their fate. They are sure that they will be caught at any second.)

Thug 1: Hey! Where are they?

Thug 2: I swear they were here a moment ago!

Thug 3: They couldn't have disappeared into thin air!

Thug 4: They must have outrun us! Don't let them get away, or d'Boss will kill us!

(The Thugs run off, stage left. The Narrator looks at the audience, holds his forefinger to his lips, and runs after the thugs.)

(Joe and Suzie can't believe that the thugs have left without harming them. Suzie opens her eyes, straightens up and taps Joe on the shoulder. They look around, surprised that they are alone.)

Suzie: *(Looking around)* Hey! Now where did **he** go?
(Joe shrugs and looks around, taking in the surroundings. He notices the name of the alley on the wall of the building.)

Joe: What? Hey! Lorong Harapan? What kind of name is that?

Suzie: *(Suzie is looking in the other direction, standing almost back-to-back with Joe)* I don't know... *(Joe takes a step backward, knocking into Suzie and stepping hard on her foot.)* Ow! Watch it!

Joe: Oh! Sorry! I didn't realize you were there.

Suzie: Yeah, right!

Joe: Well - quit standing behind me, and I'll quit stepping on you!

Suzie: *(Holding her foot and rubbing it)* Standing behind you?! Hmph! I was standing in front of you! With you around, nowhere is safe!

(Joe and Suzie start to argue, and Auntie enters. Auntie is an old homeless lady, dressed in mismatched clothes. She is old and sick and does not walk well.)

Auntie: *(very cheerfully)* Hello!! *(She proceeds to rummage in a rubbish bin)*

(Joe and Suzie are surprised. They didn't realize they have company. They are startled, but respond anyway, though not very enthusiastically).

Suzie: Hello.

Joe: Hello.

(Auntie blithely hobbles past both of them, and rummages in another bin.)

Auntie: Nice day, isn't it? *Cough! Cough!*

(Auntie pulls out interesting bits of garbage and considers them. Some she sets aside and others she rejects and returns to the rubbish bins.)

(Joe and Suzie exchange angry looks, as they are in the middle of an argument.)

Joe: Yeah.

Suzie: I guess so.
(Auntie stops her rummaging and looks hard at the two of them.)

Auntie: Eh - you two are on a date-ah? *(Cough! Cough!)*
(Joe pulls a face in horror.)

Suzie: Ewww! No way!}

Joe: What? No! }

Auntie: Aiyah! Only joking-lah! *(Cough! Cough!)* *(Knowingly)* Oh! So - fren, is it?

Joe: *(Sarcastically)* Yeah, you could say that!

(Suzie just looks at him and chooses to keep silent, but you can see that she is equally irritated. Auntie suddenly goes into a coughing fit. She has to hold on to the garbage can to keep upright. Both Joe and Suzie are alarmed and rush to Auntie's side.)

Suzie: Auntie – are you all right?
(Joe picks up an old three-legged stool and brings it to Auntie.)

Joe: Here, Auntie – sit down and rest.

Auntie: Thank you, thank you. You are so kind.

Suzie: Where do you live, Auntie? *(Looking at Joe, then at Auntie)* Can we take you home?

(Joe nods his head.)

Auntie: Go home? Why, this is my home! See – *(pointing to an old swimming float bed)* that's my bedroom, *(pointing at a haphazard arrangement of mismatched furniture in varying degrees of disrepair)*, this is the rest of my sitting room, and *(pointing at a rickety table with a pile of old newspapers and tattered magazines, and balanced against the wall)* that is my writing table and library.

(Joe is convinced that Aunty is a little whacky, while Suzie is more and more horrified that Aunty is living in the alley all by herself.)

Suzie: Aunty, where is your family?

Aunty: *(with a beatific smile)* Family? Why, everybody is my family!

(Aunty is still very happy and begins to hum a song, despite her coughing)

(Joe pulls Suzie aside and tries to get Suzie to leave. Suzie insists in mime they have to help Auntie, and demands his money. Joe protests and Suzie takes his bag and takes out Twiggies. She admonishes him over his protests. Then Suzie digs out all her money and goes to Aunty, and gives her the Twiggies and money.)

Auntie: : Thank you. You are very kind. You see, I needed help and *(holds hands as if in prayer)* asked for it, and I knew you'd come along. I can never repay you, but don't worry; you will be rewarded. You know why?

Joe & Suzie: *(Puzzled)* No....

(Auntie gives another beatific smile and sings.)

Auntie: Because...
(sings) When you wish upon a star, makes no difference who you are
Anything your heart desires will come to you
If your heart is in your dreams, no request is too extreme
When you wish upon a star as dreamers do

Like a bolt out of the blue, fate steps in and sees you through
When you wish upon a star, your dreams come true

When you wish upon a star, your dreams come true

Auntie: (*in between bites*) So, you must always believe! Don't lose hope and give up, but hold on to your dreams and reach for the stars!

(*Joe looks at his watch and gets up.*)

Joe: Auntie, if you are OK, we've gotta go.

Suzie: (*Just realizing the time*) Oh! Yes, Auntie. It's getting late.

Auntie: Please go home. You've already helped me so much! Your mothers will be worried.

Suzie: (*Reluctantly*) But you're sure you're OK...

Aunty: (*airily*) Yes, yes, I'm OK. Don't worry.

(*Joe and Suzie get up to leave.*)

Joe: Goodbye, Auntie!

Suzie: Goodbye, Auntie!

(*Joe and Suzie start to leave.*)

Auntie: (*Suddenly remembering something and calling after them*) Eh! Remember - don't lose hope and give up. Hold on to your dreams and reach for the...

Joe and Suzie: Stars!

Auntie: Stars!! Ya, that's right.

Auntie: OK! Bye, bye!

Joe: Okay, Auntie!

Suzie: 'Bye Auntie!

(*Joe and Suzie leave stage right. Auntie goes back to her humming. Lights fade to black.*)

SCENE 6

Location: Stars of Tomorrow Stage School

Time: The next day

(Lights up on stage left half. Joe and Suzie go to class with renewed determination. The students still snub them, but they are not so put off by this. Raul and his cool rapper gang taunt them but they shrug it off.)

(Class is high-spirited and noisy when Singing Instructor 2 enters class. Class is stunned into silence. There is nervous whispering at the change in teachers.)

Singing Teacher 2: Class! Class! Excuse me, class! Order! Order! *(waits for class to be silent)* I'm your new substitute teacher. Mr Raymond has informed that the root of your problem is the lack of proper warming up. Therefore, he has asked me to sort you out. *(Gesturing in front of him)* Form a semi-circle in front of me. Quick, quick! Chop, chop!

Singing Teacher 2: Now I'm the target of your projection. Now let's start off with some vocalisation. *(sings)* ma - may - me - mo - mu

Class: *(sings)* ma - may - me - mo - mu

(Instructor walks up and down, checking on the students.)

Singing Teacher 2: That's terrible! Preposterous! Disgusting! I need you to sustain your notes. *(Correcting students as they sing)* Now first of all, plant your feet properly! Shoulders back! Rib cage up! Sing from your diaphragm.

For example, "*Who will buy my sweet red roses, two blooms for a penny*"

Class: Who will buy my sweet red roses, two blooms for a penny

Singing Teacher 2: That was for you to listen and enjoy. Now let's start all over again. Ma - may - me - mo - mu

Class: *(sings)* Ma - may - me - mo - mu

Singing Teacher 2: Open your mouths! *(Correcting a student)* Longer not wider! Longer!

(The Instructor goes back to the middle. He makes a big show of standing correctly and with grandiose gestures, shows he is breathing in deeply before he sings.)

Singing Teacher 2: *(sings semitone higher)* ma - may - me - mo - mu

Class: *(sings)* ma - may - me - mo - mu

Singing Teacher 2: Oh, that's **terrible!** I need more oomph! ma - may - me - mo - mu *(He demonstrates again, even more exaggeratedly)*

Singing Teacher 2: Better, but can be better still!

Singing Teacher 2: *(sings semitone higher)* ma - may - me - mo - mu

Class: ma - may - me - mo - mu

(They are interrupted by an announcement from the unseen Principal/ Narrator (pre-recorded voiceover) over the school PA system.

We hear sounds of crackling and tapping on the mic. Then the voice of the Principal comes on.)

Principal: Your attention please. *(The singing teacher signals the students to keep quiet.)* Stars of Tomorrow School of Stage and Screen is honoured and pleased to announce that we will be hosting a visit in two weeks' time by a very successful alumnus of our school – the very famous actor and director, Mr Greg Azhar. *(Students get excited)* Mr Azhar intends to stage a huge musical here at the end of this year. After that, he plans to bring the show around the region, and then on to London, where he currently resides. *(Students are even more excited at the prospect of seeing such a famous star.)* Mr Azhar credits his success on stage and screen with the training he received as a student in this school, and has always considered our students very talented, very professional and highly skilled. Therefore, in tandem with his visit here, Mr Azhar will hold auditions for the musical, giving priority to students of his alma mater - namely you! *(There are screams from the overwhelmed students. Some are standing, looking dazed. Others are jumping for joy, or dancing around and bugging each other!)*

Please note that all students who are interested in auditioning for the musical have to prepare a piece where they can show off their singing, dancing and acting talents. *(Some groups look at each other, gather their things and run out of the class.)* I am sure that all you students realize that this is a golden opportunity not to be missed! My advice to you is - make the most of it, kids! Chances like this don't come every day!

(By now, the whole school is in an uproar! All hell breaks loose as some students rush off to prepare their pieces for the audition. The instructor insists on continuing with the class, despite the students' obvious lack of concentration, and forces them to carry on. The students who are not immediately involved in the teaching activity form groups and discuss the event.

Suzie: Great! You heard the man. *(Mimicking the Principal)* "It's the chance of a lifetime!" So what are we going to do?

Nerd 1: "We"? You mean "you".

Joe: Whaddaya mean?

Nerd 2: *(Gesturing to Nerd 3 to speak up)* We'll never win.

Nerd 3: *(Very seriously)* Statistically, we have a 91.72% chance of being kicked out *(as an afterthought)* - plus or minus 0.0042%.

Nerd 4: You've got a chance. We're not cool enough.

Nerd 1: Don't let us hold you back.

Joe: What? Eh, what kind of talk is that?

(The Nerds look even more morose. Joe and Suzie exchange looks.)

Singing Teacher: (*Glaring at them*) Can you hold it down? I would like to remind you that we are in the middle of a class! Hmph! Again!

(*Nerds start practice again*)

(*Suzie pulls Joe aside and says something to Joe, which we cannot hear because of the noise. Joe brightens up immediately, and goes back to the Nerds.*)

Joe: Hey, guys! Suzie has an idea. Come with us to the Principal's office!

Nerd 1: (*Unsure*) The Principal's Office?

Nerd 2: (*Suspiciously*) Have you guys done something we should know about?

Suzie: Not yet. But trust me, you're going to like it.

(*Nerds start to protest but Suzie shushes them*)

(*Suzie, Joe and the Nerds run off*)

Singing Teacher: And just where do you think you're going? (*The rest of the class runs off*) I have not dismissed the class yet. Anyone leaving without permission will be given four demerits....

(*He turns around and discovers that he is alone!*) (*Blackout*)

INTERMISSION

ACT II

SCENE 1

Location: Street scene outside Stage School

Time: A few days later

(*There is a big banner proclaiming "Car Wash" hanging over a few cars outside the Stage School. The Nerds and a few of the students are washing cars for money. A few people walk past. The Cool gang watch sceptically from across the road. The Beauties are hanging with the Cool Gang. Some kids are hanging with them too.*)

Nerd 3: (*Asking passers-by*) Car wash, sir? Car wash for a good cause?

Nerd 4: (*Asking passers-by and audience*) Car wash? Car wash, ma'am?

(Some passers-by purchase coupons. Others just shake their heads and walk by.)

Nerd 1: *(Looking around with hands on hips)* Where are Joe and Suzie? It's not like them to disappear when there's work to be done.

Nerd 4: *(Nonchalant)* Dunno. Suzie mumbled something about making arrangements... or somethin'...

Nerd 2: *(Ever suspicious)* Good cause or not, it might be an evil plot to stop us from rehearsing for the audition!

Nerd 3: *(Whipping out a calculator and punching in some numbers. She considers the results and shakes her head.)* No, not likely. There is only a 0.003% probability that they had evil intentions.

Nerd 4: *(Brightly)* But there's nothing to stop us from singing while we wash the cars, right?

All: *(Laughter)* Yeah!

Nerd 3: And I know just the song!

(Intro of Car Wash)

Nerd 3: *(Rap)* Y'all small tuna fish, I'm one big catch
 (This is a Shark Tale exclusive)
 Y'all small tuna fish, I'm one big catch
 (Here we go again)
 Y'all small tuna fish, I'm one big catch
 (Say what, say what, yeah)
 Y'all small tuna fish, I'm one big catch
 Ooh, do do do do do do do
 Car wash, car wash
 Ooh, do do do do do do do
 Car wash, car wash

(Yeah, let's drop it on 'em like this)

Ooh, do do do do do do, na na na ah, ooh
 Ooh, do do do do do do, na na na ah, ooh

Nerd 1: Ooh Ooh!
 You might not ever get rich, ha

Nerd 2: Let me tell you it's better than diggin' a ditch

Nerd 3: There ain't no tellin' who you might meet

Nerd 4: A movie star or maybe a common thief

All: Workin' at the car wash (Nerd 1: oh, oh, yeah, yeah)
 At the car wash, yeah (Nerd 2: ooh, yeah, yeah)
 At the car wash (Nerd 3: sing it with me now)
 Workin' at the car wash, yeah

(Nerd 4: Oh, oh)

Nerd 5: Come summer the work gets kind of hard

Nerd 2: This ain't no place to be if you're planning on being a star

Nerd 3: Let me tell you it's always cool

Nerd 4: And the boss don't mind sometimes if you're acting like a fool

All: Workin' at the car wash (Student 1: oh, oh, yeah, yeah)

At the car wash, yeah (Student 2: ooh, ooh, ooh)

At the car wash (Student 3: now said now come and work it with me now, yeah)

Workin' at the car wash, yeah

(Student 4: Said, said, said sing)

All: (Work and work)

Nerd 5: Well those cars never stop coming

All: (Work and work)

Nerd 3: Keep those rags and machines humming

All: (Work and work)

Nerd 2: My fingers to the bone

All: (Work and work)

Nerd 4: Keep on and can't wait till it's time to go home

Nerd 5: Hey, get your car washed today

Nerd 3: Fill up and you don't have to pay

Nerd 2: Hey, get your car washed today

Nerd 4: Fill it up, right away

Work at the - car wash

Sharks in the water make their jaws lock

When I swim through the grim, I'm too hot

Y'all can make your bets

Y'all small tuna fish, I'm one big catch

Shark's lair, bow down playa

'Cause this right here will be your worst nightmare (Nerd 4: Nightmare)

Work that, work that, pop back, hurt that

Tip this up and bang it all up in the surface

All: (Work and work)

Raul: Nine to five I got to keep that fat stack coming

All: (Work and work)

Raul: No matter how big the shark is, the right keep runnin'

All: (Work and work)

Awe: Washing cars ain't no place to be a superstar, man

All: (Work and work)

Awe: That's why I work, and work

All: Workin' at the car wash (Student : oooh, yeah)

At the car wash, yeah (Student : come on work, baby work it, say now)

At the car wash (Student : ahh)

Workin' at the car wash, yeah

Nerd 2: So come on, come on, come on, come on, come on

All Nerds : Ooh, do do do do do do, na na na ah, ooh

Nerd 3 : Now keep it coming

All: Ooh, do do do do do do (Nerd 5: woo, so) na na na ah, ooh

Nerd 5: You may not ever get rich, but hey

Nerd 2 & Nerd 4: (*Approaching audience stage right*) Hey, get your car washed today!
(hey)

Nerd5: (*Approaching audience stage left*) Hey, get your car washed today!

Nerd 2 & 3: (*Approaching audience centre stage*) Hey, get your car washed today!

Nerd 4: (phenomenal hit)

(Enter 1 student carrying a money box)

Nerd 3: Hey, everyone! We've collected four hundred and ninety-three Ringgit, and three Sen.

(*There are cheers from the crowd!*)

Nerd 4: But you guys, I'm really exhausted! I don't think I can squeeze another sponge!

Nerd 2: Or wipe another window!

Nerd 5: Or wash another bumper!

Nerd 1: I'm POOPED!

(*All Nerds agree with Nerd 1*)

Nerd 3: (*Exchanging looks with the other Nerds*) Yeah, I guess.....

Nerd 4: (*Longingly*) I mean, we can get tired, right....

Nerd 2: (*A bit sarcastically*) It's not like we need to be nice and rested

Nerd 3: (*Dejectedly*) And get ready for the audition, right?

(*Joe and Suzie enter in the midst of this. They are very excited and happy.*)

Nerd 4: Yeah! I don't think so.

(*The Nerds exchange forlorn looks*)

Nerd 2: Guys, we are not going to waste our time auditioning for something we'll never be chosen for!

Joe: Hey, how do you know?

Suzie: Yeah! You never know till you try!

Nerd 1: I hate to disillusion you guys, but we are the ones everyone usually calls the “Nerds”.

(Nerd 4 bursts into tears.)

Nerd 3: Don’t cry Olivia. Oh, it’s too painful to talk about.

Joe: OK! That’s it! You’re coming with us!

(Nerd 4 bawls even louder!)

Nerd 2: *(To Joe and Suzie)* Now see what you’ve done!

(Joe grabs the arms of Nerd 1 & 2, while Suzie grabs the arms of Nerds 3 & 4.)

Nerd 1: Oi! Where are we going?

Suzie: For your makeovers. That’s what we were arranging.

(Nerd 4 is shocked into silence.)

Nerd 3: But makeovers are expensive. We don’t have the money to pay for them.

Joe: Yes, we do! You all just collected it through the car wash.

Nerd 2: What?

Nerd 4: Oh, thank you!!

Nerd 1: Wait! But isn’t the money collected going to *charity*?

Suzie: *(Pointing out the words the words on the banner with her finger)* Hey, it says “For a good cause”. I told the Principal that the car wash was to raise funds for our audition costumes and makeup. So it’s not for charity.

(Everyone becomes thoughtful when they hear this, but Nerd 4 bawls even more loudly.)

Nerd 3: Now what?

Nerd 4: I’m so happy, that’s why!

(They walk off the stage happily, while the Cool gang reacts derisively.)

SCENE 2

Location: Stars of Tomorrow Stage School

Time: 2 weeks later

(The students are waiting anxiously outside the Audition Room. They are all wearing numbers. They are all nervous and worked up. Some are doing deep breathing exercises, others are warming up their voices or doing body bends and stretches, etc. Yet others are practicing dance moves, going through lines, checking hair, clothes and makeup, or just panicking! The secretary is seated at a table just outside the entrance to the Audition Room, checking a list of names.)

(Enter kids)

Kids: What do we do? What do we do?
(Sharifah gives the note. Kids sing The Bare Necessities.)

Look for the bare necessities
The simple bare necessities
Forget about your worries and your strife
I mean the bare necessities
Or Mother Nature's recipes
That brings the bare necessities of life!

Cool 4: Hey, guys! You know what? Look around us. We're in a Nerd-free zone!

Beauties and Cool Gang laugh.

Suddenly a student comes running in.)

Student 1: The alumnus is here.

Students 2 & 3: He's here! He's here! *(repeated at will)*

(Immediately the hubbub dies down and the students assemble on two sides of the hall. The Secretary stands behind her desk. The Alumnus is led in by the Teachers and paraded through the students. The photographer snaps pictures.)

Beauty 1: Oh my gosh, he's so handsome!

The Alumnus stops just outside the door of the Audition Room to address the crowd.)

Alumnus: Welcome, students. Well, you all know what you have to do for me today. You're going to sing, dance, and act. I'm only going to pick the best for my show, and you've got 5 minutes to show me what you've got. Good luck!

Beauty 1: Excuse me, Mr Azhar, er...

Alumnus: How can I help you, my dear?

Beauty 1: Can you please sing me a song from your latest musical? Please! Please?

Alumnus: Well, all right, if you insist...

(Alumnus sings excerpt from Phantom of the Opera)
No more talk of darkness

Forget these wide-eyed fears
I'm here, nothing can harm you,
My words will warm and calm you

(Beauties scream)

Tony: *(butts in)* Then say you'll share with me, (one love, one lifetime)

Alumnus: Thank you!
(Tony is embarrassed)

Beauty 1: Oh, thank you, thank you so much, Mr Azhar.

(The students watch as the Alumnus is led into the Audition Room. The teachers and Alumnus exit stage left.)

(As soon as the door is closed, pandemonium breaks loose again. The secretary shushes them up and takes up a position next to the 10 seats outside the door, holding her list of names.)

Secretary: Excuse me, everyone! Helloo! Attention, please. Yes! Here! Attention here. Thank you. And now, can the first 10 candidates sit here in order of their numbers, please? *(Pointing to first seat)* Okay. No. 1 to *(pointing to last seat)* no. 10. Hurry up you guys, we don't have all day, you know.

(Students duly take their seats, but six seats are empty.)

(The Audition Room door suddenly opens and the Singing Teacher emerges.)

Singing Teacher: We can start now.

(The Secretary nods at the Singing Teacher.)

Secretary: *(Ringing a bell)* Ding! Ding! *(Calling out)* Number 1 please!

(Candidate No 1 slowly stands up, takes a deep breath and enters the Audition Room.)

Raul : Dead man walking!

Cool 4: 'Bye undertaker!

Cool Gang laughs.

Secretary: *(To the candidates)* Please move forward.
(We can hear music and singing. Some students try to listen at the door)

Student 1: Ouch! Stop jumping on me!

Student 2: I want to hear as well.

Student 3: Oh, my God, he's so good.

Student 2: No, he's not good.

The secretary shoos them away. Suddenly the door opens, and Candidate No 1 rushes out.

Candidate No 1: I'm in! I'm in!

Secretary: *(Pushing him out of the way)* Okay. Well done! Thank you. 'Bye bye.

(Exit Candidate 1)

Secretary: Next - number 2!

(Candidate No 2 is Cool 2 and is very confident of doing well.)

Candidate No 2: Guess those Nerds are really too chicken to try out!

(Cool 2 does a little dance to Beat Box sounds and cheers of "Go Farah, Go Farah" from the Cool Gang. She smiles overconfidently at the rest, and swaggers in.)

My girl named Fara aka Rogayah
But she wants people to call her Rokiah
(Cool Gang laugh)

(Candidate No 2 is not in for even 30 seconds when the door opens again, and she rushes out!)

(The Singing Teacher appears at the door.)

Singing Teacher: *(Irritatedly)* If you don't know your words, and you haven't rehearsed, please don't come and waste our time!

(The Singing Teacher goes back in. Everyone exchanges looks.)

Secretary: Okay! It's your turn, No 3!

(Beauty 1 gets up. She is very nervous and looks like she will just die!)

Beauty 1: Oh, no. It's my turn! You guys wish me luck, OK? Everybody wish me luck, OK?

(Some respond but the rest are not forthcoming)

Beauty 3: Don't worry, girl!

Beauty 5: It will be all right.

Beauty 4: Good luck, honey!

Beauty 2: We love you, honey!

Beauty 1: I love you guys! *Mwah! Mwah!*

Beauties: We love you too!

(Beauty 1 enters the Audition Room.)

(The Nerds come rushing in with Joe and Suzie. They are all gorgeous because of their makeovers. They are greeted with wolf whistles, shock and disbelief, and some people don't even recognize them! They quickly take their places.)

(Joe approaches the Secretary to ask where he should sit.)

Cool 4: Hey, who's that?

Cool 1: They look familiar.

Cool 4: Isn't that 'Tallie'?

Cool 1: And that's Dumbo.

Cool 3: They look like clowns!

(The Cool Gang jeers)

(Beauty 1 comes out crying. People walk up to her to offer sympathy, but she rejects them.)

Beauty 1: I never thought that I'd make it! *(Beauties scream!)* I have to call my mum!
(Beauty 1 runs off excitedly.)

Secretary: And now, it's No 4's turn. Number 4! Number 4!

(Joe gets up and as he walks up to the door, Raul speaks.)

Raul: *(Laughing)* Oooh! Four-ah? Sure die, man!

(Raul and the rest of the Cool gang laugh at Joe, but he holds his head up high and ignores them. The Nerds and Suzie give him the thumbs up, he responds, and goes into the Audition Room.)

Raul: *(Mockingly)* Bet **hero's** now sorry he signed up to audition! He'll be thrown out. Bro - a stone has more talent!

(Suzie and the Nerds are angry, but control themselves.)

Nerd 2: *(Getting angry)* Watch it! Even if we think you have no talent, we don't insult you.

(The rest of the Nerds try to signal Nerd 2 to shut up. Nerd 2 realizes his gaffe, but too late)

Nerd 2: *(shocked)* Oops! I didn't mean to say that... *(becoming angry and unrepentant)* but I think you deserve it anyway!

Raul: Why.....

(Raul stands up menacingly, ready to fight. Nerd 2 also stands up, but ready to run. Before Raul can do anything, Joe comes out and punches the air triumphantly. He has obviously succeeded!)

(The Secretary has seen the tension developing and quickly interrupts.)

Secretary: *(Hitting the bell)* Hello, people! Excuse me! I'm still here, you know.

Joe: *(Screaming and excited)* I made it, I made it!

Secretary: *(Secretary puts up her hand to stop him talking.)*

Ehmm, Number 5! It's your turn now.

(Raul, who is No 5, is forced to stop. He gives Nerd 2 a dirty look.)

Cool 3: Good luck, Raul!

(Raul goes into the Audition Room.)

(Nerd 2 stands proud and is congratulated by the Nerds.)

Joe: Suzie - What was all that about?

Suzie: Jerry nearly got bashed up by Raul because he insulted him!

Joe: Raul insulted Jerry?

Suzie: No, the other way around.

Joe: *(Pleasantly surprised)* Huh? Whoa! 'This makeover is real powerful stuff!
Hey, Jerry!

(Enter Raul from Audition Room)

Nerd 2: Joe, you got through?

Joe: Ya!

Nerd 4: Good work. Congrats, Joe.

Nerd 3: Congrats, Joe

(Raul and the Cool Gang stop and stare at the Nerds on their way out.)

Secretary: *(Nervously)* Ding! Ding! Number 6!

(Exit Cool Gang)

(Suzie reluctantly gets up and goes into the Audition Room.)

Suzie: Oh, that's me.

Joe: Oh, is it? Good luck!

Nerd 2 & 5: Fingers crossed, Suzie!

Nerd 3: You can do it!

(Nerd 4 shows crossed fingers)

(Suzie goes into Audition Room)

Nerd 2: I think we should sit down.

(Suzie comes out of the Audition Room with her eyes shining.)

Suzie: Hey guys, I'm in!

(Nerds congratulate her.)

Secretary: *(clapping hands to get attention)* Helloo, it's Number 7's turn now. I said it was No 7's turn.

(All five of the Nerds get up. Joe and Suzie look puzzled.)

Nerd 2: Hey guys, that's us.

Nerd 4: Bye, Suzie!

Suzie: Wait! All of you?
(Nerds nod their heads and say "Yes", "Yeab", etc.)

Nerd 1: We thought we should audition together.

Nerd 2: *(Showing his Number 7)* After all, we're always together.

Nerd 4: Yeah! Our futures are intertwined.

Nerd 3: Also, the probability of us succeeding as a team is 76.97%. *(Flexing her muscles)* Plus, there are 5 of us and only 3 of them... *(With a cheeky grin)* Just kidding!

(The Nerds go in. Joe and Suzie look worried.)

Joe: Huh? Can they do that?

Suzie: I don't know

(The 4 remaining Beauties approach Joe and Suzie.)

Beauty 2: Don't worry about them.

Beauty 3: They're really talented.

Beauty 5: They'll sail through!

(Other Beauties agree.)

Beauty 4: Yeah! Now that they look normal, there's no stopping them!

(Everyone turns around and stares at Beauty 3 with either shock, outrage or disgust, or a mixture of all three.)

All: *(Surprised)* What??

(The Nerds emerge from the Audition Room, grinning from ear to ear, and celebrating!)

Nerd 5: Yes! *(He punches the air)* *(To Joe)* We're in the show!

Nerd 1: Yeah! We got through!

Nerd 2: We got through! We got through!

Nerd 3: We got it!

Nerd 4: Omigod, we made it!

Secretary: Next, please! *(The candidates look confused)!*

(Number 12 quickly gets up and goes in.)

Nerd 1: *(Relieved)* Hey, that wasn't so bad, was it, guys?

Nerd 2: *(Incredulous)* You can talk!

Nerd 3: *(Pointing at Nerd 2)* You know, I can remember someone else who was terrified of auditioning.....

(Nerd 2 suddenly realizes it was him and is embarrassed.)

Nerd 4: *(Brightly to Nerd 2)* Yeah! I wonder who?

Suzie: Hey, guys! The important thing is that you actually auditioned, and YOU'RE IN!

Joe: *(Nodding)* Yeah! Congratulations, guys. We're in the show!

Nerd 2: Let's celebrate!

(Number 12 comes out looking confused.)

Secretary: Number 13! Number 13?

(Blackout)

SCENE 3

Location: Hope Alley

Time: Next day after school

(Mr Vellusamy is cleaning the street.)

Vellusamy: Helloo! How are you? My name is Vellusamy. Vellu...*(pause)* samy. Not the other way round. I clean the street here. It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it. I'm happy doing my job here and the people here are happy with me too. They say I do a very good job. And then Chinese New Year, Hari Raya, and Deepavali, they also give me a little ang pau - this pocket, that pocket, enough to keep me happy. I tell you something else - a lot of people also think I look like the great Malaysian superstar, Radhi Khalid! Do you think so? Nah! I'm much handsomer than he is.

My name may sound like a very famous Malaysian minister, my face may look like a very famous Malaysian actor, but I can sing like a very famous Hollywood superstar! I can sing like the King! What? You don't know who the King is? Never mind! You look and learn.

(He sings his song with his backup singers and dancers)

(Near the final bars of the song, we hear a truck driving up and then a truck horn)

Vellusamy: Oh! Please excuse me, I have to help them load the truck-lah. Sorry!

(Vellusamy leaves.)

(Enter Joe and Suzie carrying schoolbags. They are rushing to the alley to see the old lady.)

Suzie: *(irritated)* Joe - she's different!

Joe: I dunno. Things are getting really weird! First everything's wrong with our lives. Then suddenly, *BANG!* Everything's going perfectly, like a dream!

Suzie: That's exactly what I mean! As soon as we met her, everything changed for the better!

Joe: Hey, hold on. She's just an old lady – a bit cuckoo maybe, but harmless. She's not a fairy Godmother or something!

Suzie: *(Challengingly)* How do you know?

Joe: Oh, grow up Suzie! Things just don't happen like that. There must be some reasonable explanation... *(for what has been happening to us).*

(They have reached Hope Alley. Suzie is shocked because everything looks different.)

Suzie: *(interrupting Joe)* Joe... look!

(Both Joe and Suzie stand, stunned, looking at the alley, which is now spick and span.)

(Mr Vellusamy suddenly appears and walks up to them)

Vellusamy: Yes, anything?

Suzie: Excuse me, sir, where is the old lady who lives here?

Vellusamy: *(Looking confused)* Sorry, no old lady here.

(Suzie and Joe exchange glances.)

Joe: Uncle, that day we met an old lady here.

Vellusamy: Uncle? *(Irritatedly)* Eh - gone already lah!

Suzie: But she lives here with the rubbish bins.

Joe: Ya! And she has a big pool float for a bed, and a broken table for her library, and.....and....*(he looks at Suzie for help.)*

Suzie: And she has a lot of rubbish with her... but it's not stinky.

(Mr Vellusamy is becoming more and more incredulous by the minute. He is fast losing his patience.)

Vellusamy: Eh, poda-lah. What rubbish you talking? I work cleaning the street for more than 10 years already - you cannot bluff me. Rubbish no smell where got?

Suzie: But... but...

Vellusamy: Eh - you think very easy to clean the road, ah? I may not be rich, but I am honest. I don't lie, I don't cheat, I don't steal, and I don't sell or take drugs. You cheeky children have no respect for an old, er, man like me! You come here to make trouble only. Now you better go! You'd better go, I'm telling you! You don't go..... I go!

(Mr Vellusamy leaves grumbling to himself about how hard he works and how unfair life is.)

Joe: *(Shouting after him)* Eh, sorry-lah! We didn't mean to hurt your feelings! Suzie, we're already late for the meeting.

(Joe takes out his handphome to make a call and dials a number. Just as Suzie and Joe are leaving, Raul runs up to them. He is frightened and panting from the exertion of running away from something. He keeps on looking behind him as he speaks.)

Suzie: Oh, yeah! Let's go!

Joe: Let me call them first.

Suzie: Joe, can't you walk and talk at the same time?

Raul: Run! The gangsters are coming!

Joe: *(Still holding on to his phone)* Eh, brudder! How stupid do you think we are? Do you really expect us to believe you?

Raul: *(Looking at both of them)* Look – I'm telling the truth! They want to teach you a lesson. So run!

Suzie: *(Holding Joe's arm)* Joe, I think he's telling the truth! I don't think he's lying.....

Raul: Believe what you like, dude. But I advise you to run.

(Raul starts running.)

Joe: Wait! How do you know they want to hurt us?

Raul: *(Stopping for a moment)* Because they told me to get my people to beat you up to prove my loyalty to the gang, but I refused.

(We hear male voices shouting off stage left.)

Raul: *(Gives one last look and sprints away)* RUUUUUUNNN!!

(Joe grabs Suzie's hand and they run for their lives.)

Narrator: Remember me?

Suzie: *(Being dragged along)* Hey! *(Pointing the other way)* This way!

(They run back and hide in Lorong Harapan. Raul can't see how they can escape and wants to run away, but it is too late, because the thugs are in front of them. Suzie and Joe warn Raul to keep still and silent, and the three of them freeze.)

Thug leader: *(Very aggressively)* Oi! Where are they? Don't tell me those useless kids got away again?

Thug 1: I swear they were in front of me, boss, but suddenly they... they....

(Thug 1 looks around desperately for help, and looks at Thug 2.)

Thug 2: Oh! Er...They...they...they...

Thug 1: *(Speaking quickly)*...they just disappeared! Poof! Like dat!

Thug 2: *(Relieved that someone has answered)* Yeah! Poof! Like dat!

Thug 1: *(Looking irritatedly at Thugs 1, 2 & 3)* Nobody's here, boss. We're wasting time. We should... (not stand around and let them get away.)

(Searchlight on thugs simultaneous with voice from offstage)

Police: *(Voice over megaphone from offstage, stage left.)* Ini polis! Melutut, letak senjata anda dan serahkan diri!

(Thugs are frightened, and run off stage right. We hear Sfx stage right of police car coming to a screeching halt, car doors opening, voices shouting “Tangkap! Tangkap!”, running footsteps and scuffling, car doors closing again, and cars driving off.)

(Nerds 1- 4 run onto stage from stage right. They are really worried and are running flat out.)

Nerd 2: Oh, no! They’re not here. Are we too late?

Nerd 1: *(Carrying a handphone)* Quiet! *(Listening to his handphone)* I can still hear them. *(The rest breathe a big sigh of relief)* Hey, this is weird! I can hear us too! *(Takes phone off his ear and looks at it.)* Must be an echo. *(Shakes his head and puts phone back to his ear)* Where are they?

Nerd 3: They must be here somewhere. That cellphone Global Positioning System said they were here!

Nerd 4: *(Very confused)* What? *(She starts listening and thinking very hard)*

Nerd 2: Cellphone Global Positioning System? Noooo! You can’t trust those things!

Nerd 1: Why not? They work! They use satellites to locate your phone.

Nerd 4: *(Thinking even harder)* You tracked down Joe’s handphone, right? I’ll call Suzie now!

(Nerd 4 takes out her handphone and begins to call Suzie.)

(Just then, Suzie, Joe and Raul emerge from Lorong Harapan.)

Nerd 4: *(Putting down her phone)* Oh, thank God you’re OK!

(Suzie runs to Nerd 4 and hugs her.)

Joe: Hey, guys! How did you know where to find us?

Nerd 1: Hey, man – whatever you do, never ever switch off your phone, OK?

Nerds 2 – 5: Ya!

Suzie: Joe – your phone!

Joe: Oh, nooo! I didn’t switch it off! That’s the end of my credit!

Nerd 2: Thirty bucks credit is cheap if you ask me!

Joe: What?

Nerd 3: Yeah! *(Taking out calculator)* How much does a life cost? And here we have to multiply it by three!

(Nerds 2, 3 & 4 nod their heads.)

Suzie: *(Understanding what has happened)* So you called the cops! I wondered how they got here so fast!

Nerd 1: *(Sbrugs)* I get this call from Joe, but instead of him talking to me, I get these 3 voices on the phone arguing about murder...

Nerd 4: Yeah, like a soundtrack with no movie...

Nerd 3: So we tracked you down with my handphone...

Nerd 2: And we called the cops on mine!

Nerd 4: Welcome to today's technology!

(Joe and Suzie look at their friends)

Joe: And now we know who our friends are...

(Suddenly they realize that Raul is waiting at the side and feeling very uncomfortable.)

Nerd 4: Hey, guys – it's Raul.

Nerd 2: Are you sure you're OK?

Raul: *(Hesitant)* Joe and Suzie – I just want to say... thank you for saving me. I'm sorry I made your life so hard.

Suzie: *(Suzie takes his hand)* Raul – thank you for saving us! You didn't have to put yourself in danger by warning us. You could have just saved yourself.

Joe: *(Shaking Raul's other hand)* Yeah, man! Thank you!

Raul: I was stupid. I'm sorry....

Joe: Look – no hard feelings. We're even.

Suzie: Yes. Let's start over again. *(Pause)* Hi! *(Extending her hand to Raul)* I'm Suzie, and this is Joe. *(They shake hands)*

(Raul laughs and shakes her hand, then Joe's.)

Suzie: Hey, come meet our friends. Hey guys, this is Euglenia, etc.

(Blackout!)

SCENE 4

Location: Backstage at the big show

Time: Just before they go on stage

Action: *(We see performers waiting backstage, making last-minute adjustments to their costumes, etc.)*

Singing Teacher 2: Students! Mr Azhar would like to say a few words.

Mr Azhar: You all have worked for tonight. It's your night! Good luck! Break a leg!

(Crowd cheers, and stage manager shushes them them up.)

Stage Manager: OK everyone. Get into position. One minute till the show starts.

(Joe and Suzie come rushing from the dressing rooms,

Suzie: Joe, come on, we're late. We're going to miss our cue.

Joe: My shoe! My shoe! I haven't tied my shoelaces yet!

Suzie: Come on, Joe! Quick! Hurry up!

Lady: Here! Don't forget this!

Joe: Oh, my cap!

Suzie: Joe, you forgot your cap?!!

(The lady walks over to Joe and holds out his cap, which has been hidden from view till she holds it out to him.)

Joe: Oh! Thank you!

(Joe takes it.)

Lady: *(To Suzie)* Don't you look lovely, my dear!

Suzie: *(Smiling shyly)* Thank you!

Lady: *(To Joe)* And you're so handsome!

(Joe smiles)

(The lady turns to leave, but suddenly pauses.)

Lady: Oh, yes! How do you showbiz people say it? - break a leg! *(Starts walking away again, and then remembers something else.)* Oh! – and no matter what happens, never give up! Believe in yourself, hold on to your dreams and reach for the stars!

(Joe and Suzie smile and nod politely, and glance back at the stage manager, afraid that they will miss their cue. The old lady walks off stage right.)

(Suddenly, Joe gives a start.)

Suzie: Ok, thank you! Joe – come on, let’s go!

Joe: Eh, wait! Isn’t that the Auntie...

Suzie: Huh?

Joe: ...From that place?

Suzie: *(Gasp!)* Quick! Catch her!

(Joe goes to talk to her, but she is gone. Joe moves towards the dressing room area to look for her, when the Stage Manager realizes he is missing, and stops him from leaving.)

Stage Manager: Joe! Suzie! Where are you going? Get into position now! Now!

Muted MC’s voiceover): Ladies and gentlemen – welcome to the opening of ***A Night on Broadway***, featuring the talents of the students from the *Stars of Tomorrow School of Stage and Screen*. We have a very exciting night planned for you, ladies and gentlemen, so sit back, relax and be entertained by *(drumroll)* ***The Stars of Tomorrow!***

(There is enthusiastic applause and wolf whistles. Music starts up and the dancers exit stage right and left.)

(Blackout)

SCENE 5

Location: On stage at the Big Show (Finale)

Time: The big numbers at the Big Show

(The music begins and the lights come up.)

(Kids and dance and sing)

Days can be sunny with never a sigh;
Don’t need what money can buy.
Birds in the tree sing their day full of song,

Why shouldn't we sing along?
 I'm chipper all the day, happy with my lot
 How do I get that way? Look what I've got:

I got rhythm, I got music,
 I got my man, who could ask for anything more?
 I got daisies in green pastures.
 I got my man, who could ask for anything more?

Old Man Trouble, I don't mind him
 You won't find him 'round my door
 I got starlight, I got sweet dreams
 I got my man, who could ask for anything more?

Who could ask for anything more?

King of New York

Aster: A pair of new shoes with matchin' laces!
 V Co: A permanent box at the Sheepshead races!
 Ludwig: A porcelain tub with boilin' water,
 Julian: A Saturday night with the mayor's daughter!

V Co: Look at me, I'm the king of New York.
 Suddenly, I'm respectable.
 Starin' right at 'cha, lousy with stature.

Ben: Nobbin' with all the muckety-mucks.
 I'm blowin' my dough and goin' deluxe.

V Co & Ben: And there I be
 Ain't I pretty? It's my city.
 I'm the king of New York!

Andro: A corduroy suit with fitted knickers.
 Vemal: A mezzanine seat to see the flickers,
 Kahar: Havana cigars that cost a quarter,
 Awe: An editor's desk for the star reporter.

All: {Tip your hat. He's the king of New York. }
 Marcus: {How 'bout that! I'm the king of New York. }
 All: In nothin' flat he'll be covering Brooklyn to Trenton, our man Denton
 Makin' a headline out a hunch
 Protectin' the weak and payin' for lunch
 Marcus: When I'm at bat, strong men crumble.
 Marcus: Proud yet humble, {I'm the King of New York }
 All: Proud yet humble, {He's the King of New York }

All: You gotta be either dead or dreamin'
 Cause look at that pape with my face beamin',
 Tomorrow they may wrap fishes in it,
 But I was a star for one whole minute!

All: {Startin' now, I'm the King of New York!}
 Marcus: {Ain't you all heard, I'm the King of New York!}
 All Holy cow, It's a miracle.
 Pulitzer's cryin'; Weasel, he's dyin'.
 Flashpots are shootin' bright as the sun
 I'm one high falutin' son of a gun.

Don't ask me how fortune found me.
 Fate just crowned me.
 Now I'm king of New (York)

Look and see
 Once a piker, now a striker, I'm the king of New (York.)
 Victory! Front page story, guts and glory.
 I'm the king of New York!

(Older girls dance, Narrator sings.)

Le Jazz Hot!

MC A lotta years ago, way down in New Orleans,
 A group of fellers found a new kind of music
 And they decided to call it jazz –
 No other sound has what this music has.

Girls: Before they knew it, it was whizzin' 'round the world,
 The world was ready for a blue kind of music

MC: And now they play it from Streams boat Springs to La Paz

MC: Oh, baby, won't you play me "Le Jazz Hot!" maybe
 And don't ever let it end.
 I tell ya friend it's really somethin' to hear
 I can't sit still when there's that rhythm near me

Also baby, "Le Jazz Hot!" maybe
 Be what's holdin' my soul together
 Don't know whether it's mornin' or night,
 Only know it's soundin' right

So come on in an' play me "Le Jazz Hot!", baby,
 'Cos I love my jazz hot,
 I love "Le Jazz Hot!"

(A follow-spot comes up on the Narrator. The rest assemble backstage)

Narrator : As everyone knows, both Joe and Suzie have been very successful in their careers.
 It's hard to believe that both of them started out here not so long ago. Which goes

to prove that anyone can do it, provided - what was it the old lady said? - never give up! Believe in yourself, hold on to your dreams and reach for the stars!!

(By the time the Narrator has finished speaking, the background has faded to black.)
(Narrator exits.)

The Impossible Dream (Curtain call)

(Spotlight on 1 face, then 2 then 3 then 4, etc)
(All bow at respective lines in groups, then start singing song once through.)

Suzie: To dream the impossible dream
Joe: To fight the unbeatable foe

Nerd 2: To bear with unbearable sorrow
Nerd 1: And to run where the brave dare not go....

Nerd 4: To right the unrightable wrong
Nerd 3: To love pure and chaste from afar
Nerd 5: To try when your arms are too weary
Cool Gang, Nerds, Joe & Suzie: To reach the unreachable star!

All: This is my quest
To follow that star
No matter how hopeless,
No matter how far --
To fight for the right
Without question or pause,
To be willing to march – march into hell
For a heavenly cause!
And I know
If I'll only be true
To this glorious quest
That my heart will be peaceful and calm
When I'm laid to my rest

And the world will be better for this
That one man, scorned and covered with scars,
Still strove with his last ounce of courage
To reach the unreachable –
The unreachable –
The unreachable star!

Music for curtain call (The Impossible Dream)