

Act One

BOUNCERS - JOHN GODBER

Eric *and the bouncers have been parading the auditorium. As the music plays they enter the stage. An open space. Les, Judd and Ralph stand upstage. Eric addresses the audience. There is a sense of menace throughout.*

Eric Ladies and gentlemen, we present the Bouncers Remix.

Judd/Ralph/Les Bouncers! (*Elongating the 'S'.*)

Eric

We welcome you to a vision
Of the nineties urban night-life
To stag nights and hen-do's
To drunken crying girls and gallons of booze.

Judd/Ralph/Les (*singing*)

Celebration time, come on!

Eric

It's always frustrating
For the oldest swingers in town
Yes all human life is inevitably here
In a midnight circus

And I must make it clear
That the beer is pricey, the music pulsating
The atmosphere is intoxicating
We four will try to illustrate
The sort of things that happen late
At night in every town
When the pubs are shut
And the beer's been downed ...

Now down at the disco is the place to be
The lights are so bright
Like a colour TV
The music is loud
And the beer flows free
It's a disco place for you and me
Now on the door, you pay your money
The place is packed, the place is funny
Look at the girls ...

All Mmmmmmmmm ...

Eric

~~Small club in 1~~
~~Come to the pub~~
~~where the beat pulsates~~
~~It's a disco place for you and me~~

~~The walls gyrate~~
~~In the bowels of hell~~
~~The scent is strong~~
~~There's a stink in the air~~
~~And the hunt is on~~
~~And the children of England~~
~~Sing their song~~

~~All (slowly)~~

~~Here we go, here we go, here we go ...~~

A pause.

Les/Judd

Well you finish work

Ralph/Eric

Well it's Friday night

Les/Judd

So you've got your pay ...

Ralph/Eric

And you feel alright

All

~~Pump up the bitter~~

~~Pump up the bitter~~

~~Pump up the bitter~~

~~Down eight pints~~

* You don't ca-care care

You don't ca-care care

You don't ca-care care

'Cos it's Friday night

→ next page

~~Eric~~

~~I said hip hippy~~

~~Judd~~

~~Gip gippy~~

All

~~Hip gip hop bop~~

~~Drink that stop and don't you stop~~

Eric

~~Get down get up get in get out~~

~~Judd/Eric~~

~~Get down get up get in get out~~

~~Les/Judd/Eric~~

~~Get down get up get in get out~~

~~All~~

~~Get down get up get in get out~~

Eric

The bouncers are mean

In their black and white

The fellas are ~~pissed~~ drunk

But their fists are tight

~~But the chicks were~~ But were having fun

All (*as women*)

'Cos it's Friday niiiight ...

Eric

We got soul

All

Rap

Eric

We got soul

All

House rap

Eric

We play a lot of other stuff

Judd

That sounds like crap

~~All (building)~~

~~Get down get up~~

~~Get in get out~~

~~Get down get up~~

~~Get in get out~~

~~Get down get up~~

~~Get in get out~~

Eric

If you come down here

Wearing jeans

Judd

You can't get in

All

Know what he means?

Gotta have a tie, gotta have a suit

Gotta look cute or you'll get the boot

Gotta have a tie, gotta have a suit

Gotta look cute or you'll get the boot

Music ends. Next page → stage

They are stage centre. A spotlight picks them out. direction,

~~Les You're listening to Radio Bollocks. 'Hello Steve, it's Gervaise here, keep your tongue out and I'll call you right back.'~~

~~popular because people keep ringing him up. Do you listen to it, Maureen?~~

~~Eric No, Cheryl love. It gets on my bloody nerves. I like that Bruno Brooks and Gaz-za-za Davies.~~

SCENE + CHARACTER CHANGE WOMEN IN
A HAIRDRESSER'S SALON

Judd This new Alberto Balsam should do wonders for your hair, Maureen.

Eric Do you think so?

Judd Oh yeah.

Eric I want to look nice for tonight.

Judd Going anywhere special?

Eric It's Rosie's twenty-first. It should be a good do.

Judd I hope it is, love.

Eric You know her. She comes in here. She works at our place. Four of us are going down to Mr Cinders.

Judd Oh, I've heard some good reports about that place.

Eric Yes. It's alright.

All Yes. It's alright.

Eric It's the best place round here.

~~**Judd** It's all plush, isn't it?~~

~~**Eric** Yeah. You've got to get there early to get in. It gets packed out. Like the Black Horse or broody Calcutta.~~

Les enters the hairdresser's, out of breath. He has become Rosie.

Les Hiya.

All Hiya.

Les Chuffin' hell. Talk about being rushed off your feet. Look at the time and I've only just finished.

Eric What've you been up to, Rosie?

Les An order came in at ten to four.

Eric Chuffin' cheek.

Les Friday and all. And my bleeding birthday.

All Cheeky getts.

Les Can you fit me in, Cheryl?

Judd I can't, I'm afraid, love. I'm chock-a-block till

seven.

Ralph I told her to book.

~~**Judd** I'm going out myself. Dagonara Casino.~~

~~**Eric** Gambling?~~

~~**Judd** Well ...~~

~~**All** Bloody hell.~~

Les I'll just have to be late, that's all. I'll nip over to Barbara's. She might be able to fit me in. I'll see you down here later, Maureen.

Eric Alright, luv.

Les Tara, luvs.

All Tara.

Les (*to audience*) Tara everyone.

Eric She's a dizzy sod, that Rosie.

Ralph (*getting uncomfortable under the hairdryer*) How much longer, Cheryl?

Judd Bloody hell. She's on fire!

SCENE CHANGE. NOW LAUS IN A
~~chair. Ralph reads a ~~comic~~ magazine.~~ BARBERS
(MALE HAIRDRESSER)

Judd Come and get your hair cut if you dare.

Ralph Jesus Christ! Where is he?

Eric I can't see him.

Judd I'm over here, lads. Right. Who wants what? You young lads want a proper haircut. Well, for three fifty you can have the Vinnie Jones look. Very popular with the thugs. Or for three fifty you can have the Elephant Man cut.

Eric What's the Elephant Man cut?

Judd It makes one side of your head look bigger than the other.

Ralph Funny barber.

Judd You said it.

Ralph I wouldn't let him near me.

Eric Why?

Ralph Look at his own hair.

END.

~~**Judd** (*ignoring them*) Or you can have the Tony Curtis~~