

## Wicked Lips 1988

### SARAH BRIGHTMAN

#### I & ANDREW (To the tune of I & Albert)

#### As sung by Cheryl Taylor in Wicked Lips '88

I and Andrew.  
Darling Andrew.  
He's so very good to me!  
Now we're married we are truly,  
Music's royal family!

I and Andrew.  
Gorgeous Andrew.  
I'm his queen and he's my king.  
'round our piano every evening  
Andrew plays while I just sing.

Now that our marriage is here to stay.  
He gets to see what lies beneath.  
When 'darling' Jessie Matthews passed away,  
I got her teeth!

For while his shows are still successful,  
Andrew's happy that's a fact.  
He gets angry with my critics,  
When they claim I cannot act!

I and Andrew.  
What a treasure.  
He will do as I demand.  
Since we've married, I've appeared  
Each year in 'The Royal Command!'

I am sure one day an opera he will score.  
Which the people in our kingdom will adore.  
He will stage it at our Palace,  
Where he'll toast me with his chalice.  
Who cares if Puccini's written it before!

I and Andrew.  
Lord and master.  
Marti Webb has missed her chance.  
For my wedding as a present,  
Andrew gave me 'Song and Dance!'

It's true my darling keeps me employed.

And he'll continue while he can.  
For it's the only time that Andrew knows  
Just where I am!

Dearest Andrew,  
I most love him with his baton in his grasp.  
I'm enchanted when he waves it.  
What more could a lady ask?

I feel sure the days arriving when we'll see,  
Richard Stilgoe, Charles Hart and Tim Rice for tea.  
And he'll tell them through his laughter,  
He has found just what he's after.  
Have you guessed his perfect partner?  
Yes, it's me!

I and Andrew.  
Helpful Andrew.  
Every show brings a new part.  
Who'd have thought I'd get to Broadway?  
Who'd have thought I was so smart!

### **SANDY WILSON**

#### **THE BOY FRIEND (Sung to the tune of The Boy Friend and Won't You Charleston With Me!)**

##### **As sung by Tim Burley in Wicked Lips '88**

Any man who's reached the age of seventy, or thereabouts  
Has but one desire in view.  
He knows he must put on stage  
A show his public cares about.  
Nothing else will really do.  
Some think I've been left behind.  
Sandy's lost his zing!  
I pray each night I soon will find  
Just one thing.

I've got to have.  
I plot to have.  
For it's so dreary not to have  
One single hit since The Boy Friend!

I'm sad about,  
And mad about  
Why have the press been bad about  
Each show I've done since The Boy Friend?

I've spent weeks at my typewriter.  
I've typed until I could drop.  
But all I got from my typewriter  
Was one more flop after flop!  
I pinched a bit  
To get my hit.  
But frankly I don't give a...damn!  
Who's ever heard of 'The Girl Friend'?

They've gone for me  
Quite wrongfully.  
Why must they bang the gong for me  
On every show since The Boy Friend?

I cannot beat  
My losing streak.  
They hardly last more than a week.  
Each show I've done since The Boy Friend.

'Monkey's Wife' was not that popular.  
'Give up' was their advice.  
Could it be that I'm unpopular?  
'Valmouth' died on me twice!

*(VOICE OFF) And now Mr Sandy Wilson in an open letter to Mr Andrew Lloyd Webber.*

*Dear Andrew...*

Won't you write one with me?  
Oh please, write one with me.  
And when the world is singing a show by 'Andy and Sand,'  
We'll strike up the band.  
Together we'll show them.  
They'll know Sandy is back,  
If I don't get the sack!  
Just think what heaven it's going to be.  
I'm down on my knees.  
Let's do it Chinese!  
Mr Lloyd Webber!  
Here's hoping...Sandy!

**ELAINE PAIGE**

**THE AUDITION**

**As performed by Buster Skeggs in Wicked Lips '88**

VOICE: Next!

*ELAINE PAIGE ENTERS DRESSED IN A TATTY PANTOMIME CAT COSTUME. SHE WALKS TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE. SHE HAS A COCKNEY ACCENT.*

VOICE: Name?

ELAINE: Elaine Paige.

VOICE: Pardon?

ELAINE: Elaine Paige.

VOICE: And what are you going to sing for us Miss Paige?

ELAINE: Well I was going to sing 'Memory', but I can't.

VOICE: Why not?

ELAINE: I've forgotten it. I'd like to sing 'Tomorrow.'

VOICE: That's the best suggestion I've heard all day. Miss Paige?

ELAINE: Yup.

VOICE: The part of Evita in the film has a very special requirement.

ELAINE: Yes sir. I'll do anything.

VOICE: I don't think that will be necessary. Do you roller skate?

ELAINE: No.

VOICE: Sorry.

ELAINE: I can play chess.

VOICE: Sorry.

ELAINE: You're sorry? Anyway, I'm an actress not a bleedin' train. And I wasn't going to take second fuckin' billing to bleedin' David Essex anyway.

*BLACKOUT AS ELAINE STORMS OUT*

## **ELAINE PAIGE**

### **THE RE-CALL**

VOICE: *Next!*

*ELAINE PAIGE, ONCE AGAIN DRESSED AS A PANTOMIME CAT, BUT THIS TIME WEARING ROLLER SKATES, ENTERS FROM ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE AREA, TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL, AND SCREAMING, AND EXITS THE OTHER.*

ELAINE: *Andy! Why have you done this to me?*

## **GEORGIA BROWN**

**IT'S GETTING TO BE A HABIT WITH ME (To the tune of the same name)**

**LULLABY THE GEORGIA WAY (To the tune of Lullaby Of Broadway)**

**As sung by Buster Skeggs in Wicked Lips '88**

I don't know exactly how it started.  
But it started in fun.  
I have always hero worshipped Jolson.  
Dear Al Jolson. Like a son.  
But now I realise we're growing closer every day,  
I feel I have to say.

Every song that I sing sounds exactly like the king.  
It's getting to be a habit with me.  
When I'm waving my arms, I don't mean to cause alarm,  
But sometimes I think I'm really Jolie.  
The Jolson Story is my favourite film.  
I think that must be plain.  
So you won't need three guesses for the next.  
It's Jolson Sings Again!

Oh I can't break away. I play his records everyday.  
Whenever it's time for coffee or tea.  
I take my curtain call and go down on one knee.  
It's getting to be a habit with me!

I have heard people say 'the poor dear is cracking up!'  
It's getting to be a habit with me.  
Every night someone's there just to stop me blacking up,  
And changing the opening song to 'Swanee.'  
The night George Mitchell saw me sing,  
I thought he'd loop the loop.

He threw his arms around me tight and begged  
Me join his minstrel troupe!

Oh, for just one my smiles, people walk a million miles,  
And no-one can quite believe what they see!  
At Weddings and Barmitzvahs I'll do him for free.  
It's getting to be a habit with me!

*AS TWO MEN ENTER SINGING, GEORGIA GOES DOWN ON ONE KNEE,  
ALA JOLSON, AND STARTS EXCLAIMING 'I'M DOIN' IT FOR YOU JOLIE'  
AND 'AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME MAMMY' ETC. ETC. SHE IS SLIPPED  
INTO A STRAIGHT JACKED AND CARRIED OUT.*

Come on along and listen to, a lullaby the Georgia way!  
The hip dee hi and boop dee do! A lullaby the Georgia way!  
The way she sings of mammy's charms, makes everyone go crazy.  
Down on one knee with open arms, she'll sing all day.  
Listen to the lullaby the Georgia way!

### **ANITA DOBSON**

#### **IN ONE OF MY WEAKER MOMENTS (To In One Of My Weaker Moments)**

##### **As sung by Tracie Hart in Wicked Lips '88**

All the good things that I have done,  
I could count on one hand.  
I admit I've been crazy.  
Who'd have thought I'd get panned.

I keep saying each evening.  
I wont do this again.  
Adam Faith is very sweet,  
But I miss 'Dirty Den!'

In one of my weaker moments,  
I signed to do a show.  
I must have been mad  
To ever let Eastenders go.

In one of my weaker moments,  
I thought I'd better try.  
Seems when you are in a soap  
You stay until you die.

It's not how I imagined.  
I thought we'd be packed every night.

How long can you keep changing  
A show to try and get it right?

When I think what I've done 'gel.'  
God I've been such a prat,  
I miss 'The Vic,' and Dot and Eth.  
I even miss 'Fat Pat!'

In one of my weaker moments,  
I signed to do a show.  
I must have been mad  
To ever let Eastenders go.

In one of my weaker moments,  
I thought I'd better try.  
Seems I've learned now.  
I never should have said good bye.

In one of my weaker moments,  
I knew that I was wrong.  
To give it all up.  
Hoping to have one more hit song.

In one of my weaker moments,  
I phoned the B.B.C.  
For God knows, when we close  
It's back to Albert Square for me!

### **BONNIE LANGFORD**

#### **I'LL BE THERE IF I'M ABLE (To the tune of Whatever Happened To Mabel?)**

#### **As sung by Cheryl Taylor in Wicked Lips '88**

*TWO GUYS ARE STANDING HOLDING A LARGE HOOP COVERED IN  
RED TISSUE PAPER*

Some people think Bonnie still talks with a lisp  
And has ringlets and little white socks.  
Some people think bonnie is still the same age  
As when opportunity first knocked.

But now.

*BONNIE BURSTS THROUGH THE HOOP*

It's wow!



Truly I'm a showbiz creature.  
In every newspaper I feature.  
And thanks to my mother  
I'm on every cover.  
When there is a crowd  
I'll be there if I'm able.

Interviews, why I've done billions.  
And all those first nights  
I've done trillions.  
I'll lay out a dress,  
Which mummy will press.  
My motto in life's I'll be there if I'm able!

At each gala mum will not allow champagne.  
I'm under her hammer.  
She'd make me go if someone opened up a vein.  
Now where is the camera?  
In the day I love front paging.  
But at night I cannot help up-staging.  
I never stand still.  
My life's such a thrill!  
They're reading a will!  
I'll be there if I'm able!

I played *Gone With The Wind* at eight  
And it was here I first encountered hate.  
When Noel Coward said,  
And this is a quote.  
'Cut the first act. And that child's throat!'

The Hot Shoe Show was no tall order.  
They asked my dad 'can we afford her?'  
I cried at the fee,  
But had to agree.  
Wayne's smaller than me.  
Now it's showing on cable!

From my fridge I went to go and get a bite.  
*I eat when I'm bored.*  
I danced for twenty minutes when I saw the light.  
*Now where's my award?*

I like zip and I like dazzle,  
So forget the art and give me frazzle.  
And should you want me  
For Sweet Charity,  
Guess who'll sing for free?

I'll be there if I'm able!

### *DANCE BREAK*

Last night a famous film director said  
'If she unplugged, I'd disconnect her.'  
I started to shriek.  
He fell in a heap!  
They bury next week!  
And I'll be there if I'm able!

### **DANNY LA RUE**

#### **IT'S NO WONDER (To the tune of The Hostess With The Mostest)**

#### **As sung by Richard Kates in Wicked Lips '88**

For many years Australia has called me to its shores.  
I go each time things here are looking slack.  
Each venue I play there rings with tumultuous applause.  
Lord knows why I insist on coming back!

*I should know better at my age!*

*I'm...I'm...I'm...[STRUGGLING FOR THE CORRECT NOTE]*

I'm the glitzy queen of showbiz.  
I am panto's favourite dame.  
I do great impersonations.  
What d'you mean they're all the same.  
I taught Barbara Windsor how to wear a wig!  
It's no wonder that down under I'm so big!

I am TV's favourite drag queen.  
Britain's favourite deportee.  
Once I played for Princess Margaret,  
When she used the royal 'we.'  
Saying 'dearest Danny,' as she lit her cig.  
'It's no wonder that down under you're so big!'

Choreography is a no for me.  
I have tried it several ways.  
When I tried to master left right left,  
I was there for three whole days.

When I starred in Hello Dolly,  
I had many curtain calls.

But the critics didn't like me.  
Could it be I lacked the balls?  
Let my knockers swing. I do not give a fig.  
It's no wonder, that down under I'm so big!

When I claimed I was to marry,  
I was lampooned by the press.  
They were taking bets at Ladbrokes,  
Who would wear the wedding dress!  
But if life's a drag, I do not give a frock! (*I'm no prig!*)  
It's no wonder, that down under.  
Trust the fates Dan.  
Wotcher mates Dan.  
It's no wonder that down under I'm so big!

*They're my boys!*

## **TRIBUTE TO DAVE CLARK'S TIME**

### **STEPHANIE LAWRENCE**

#### **As performed by Cheryl Taylor in Wicked Lips '88**

*Pianist: And now as a tribute to Dave Clark, would you please welcome, singing Dave Clark's hit number from Dave Clark's 'Time' - Miss Stephanie Lawrence.*

*THE LIGHTS GO UP ON STEPHANIE LAWRENCE, STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR, LOOKING SLIGHTLY REDUNDANT. AFTER A SHORT PERIOD OF HER LOOKING AROUND, SHE BEGINS FILING HER NAILS. THE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACKOUT.*

### **DIANE LANGTON**

#### **I WON'T LOOK AT YOU (To the tune of I Can Talk To You)**

#### **As Sung by Buster Skeggs in Wicked Lips '88**

There's one thing I 'aint.  
When it comes to shows I've never been no saint.  
Every time I have a little cough.  
I phone in. And say I'm off.

My understudy goes on more than me.  
The shows I do are very few.

So to make up for it I stare out front,  
Waiting for my cue.

You'll speak but I won't hear a thing, my dear.  
A shining spotlight is the clue.  
So be content to act into my ear  
As I won't look at you.

If you feel lost and lonesome,  
I think you should know,  
I've done it every show.  
I just look straight out front the way that I love to.  
Let me perform my way.  
I don't do matinees!

Sometimes I undersell when I'm on stage.  
Some say it looks like I don't care.  
I hear they plan to get in Elaine Paige,  
If I don't do my share!

You'll speak but might as well give up the fight.  
Somehow the words just won't get through.  
That exit sign looks very bright tonight.  
Whoops, there goes my cue.

I'd like to stay.  
But it's a matinee.

## **GLENDA JACKSON**

### **I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU STANISLAVSKY (To the tune of I'd Like To Thank You Herbert Hoover)**

#### **As sung by Tim Burley in Wicked Lips '88**

*GLENDA ENTERS CARRYING AN OLD CARRIER BAG AND AN OSCAR. SHE IS IN A RAINCOAT, TOPPED OFF WITH A HEADSCARF. THE MUSIC STARTS*

*Glenda: (LOOKING ANGRILY AT THE PIANIST) Do You Mind!*

*THE MUSIC STOPS & GLENDA LIGHTS A CIGARETTE*

*Glenda: I had exactly the same trouble with Oliver 'bloody' Reed!*

*Pianist: Are you ready Miss Jackson?*

*Glenda. Certainly. When you're ready maestro, please do!*

Today I'm working in the theatre.  
It is the place where I belong.  
Nobody offers me big movies.  
Where did I go wrong?

I have an image that is 'left wing.'  
Whatever I do now's obscure.  
I used to be Glenda the film star.  
I'm not anymore!

I'd like to thank you Stanislavsky.  
I read your books and found 'the way.'  
I'm now an actress with a purpose,  
Who grits her teeth at what they pay.

My recent films have been so boring.  
No script, no costumes and no plot.  
The only soaps I get are powders.  
Joan Collins I am not!

No musical are ever offered.  
I wonder why my dears is that?  
Were they referring to my singing,  
When they said I'm too flat?

In every film I took my clothes off.  
That is until 'A Touch Of Class.'  
I won that Oscar for my acting  
And not for my arse!

In future years if I'm remembered -  
This rather macho heroine.  
Will you remember Glenda's acting?  
Or just my haircut and my skin?

They're filming the Kray brothers story.  
They want me, but I'm not quite sure.  
I'd play Reggie, whilst Ron would be  
Francis De La Tour!

I'd like to thank you Stanislavsky.  
You really showed me what to do.  
You ignoramus,  
I'd still be famous,  
If it hadn't been for you!

## LIZA MINNELLI

### CABARET (to the tune of Cabaret)

#### As sung by Buster Skeggs in Wicked Lips '88

*Thank you! You're really terrific!*

When I've a problem, I share it with you.  
But I don't know where to start.  
I'm stuck doing Cabaret old chum.  
I can't get a decent part.

When I was young, I was top of the heap.  
A bigger star you'd not find.  
And I mean that quite literally –  
Fat face, legs and fat behind.

I took the pills,  
And drank the booze.  
I went out each night celebrating,  
'til the clinic said 'we're waiting.'

I went to dry out as long as I could.  
My councillors used to say,  
'You're best in cabaret old girl.  
Just stick to cabaret!'

Sometimes I think my film career is finished.  
It's true that tempting offers have diminished.  
I wish someone would offer something other  
Than a TV movie where I'd play my mother.

A good word to describe me would be 'plucky.'  
But why oh why am I so damn unlucky?  
I ask sincerely is there anyone,  
Who remembers some other thing that I have done?  
If I sang 'Lucky Lady' you'd look blank.  
If I sang 'New York, New York' you'd think of Frank!

Look to the future and what do I see?  
'Gypsy' upon Broadway?  
'Till then it's cabaret old girl.  
Get high on cabaret!  
If it's to be,  
Then it's to be.  
The things I've done are past regretting.  
Here comes Liiiiiiiiiiiiiiiza hot and sweating!

I'M DOING IT FOR YOU MAMA!

So for the moment I won't change a thing,  
'till I find that great screenplay.  
I will continue to strut my stuff!  
Lord knows they pay me quite enough!  
Performing my cabaret!

## **MICHAEL CRAWFORD**

### **CRAWFORDS LAMENT**

#### **Sung by Tim Burley in Wicked Lips '88**

*MICHAEL CRAWFORD ENTERS DRESSED AS THE PHANTOM,  
WEARING A BERET. FROM TIME TO TIME HE LAPSES INTO FRANK  
SPENCER.*

My audiences come to see,  
Me do Frank Spencer from TV.  
And when I don't the punters all complain.  
But now I've found this remedy.  
Each character the public see,  
Looks different, but deep down is still the same.  
To stop me doing Frank is quite a strain.

I have to show you all 'this man'  
Does stunts no other actor can.  
Each time I risk my neck I trust the Lord.  
My hernia looks here to stay.  
But I've not found a better way  
Of making sure I win each top award.  
And I can do Frank Spencer when I'm bored.

Every night all this make-up takes me hours to apply.  
By the start of the show I'm hot and sweaty.  
Things were easier in my raincoat and beret,  
When I didn't have to pinch myself to stop saying 'Ooh Betty!'

Yes I'm unrecognisable.  
But earplugs are advisable.  
They give them free with programmes every night.  
The way I sing it's clear to see,  
Caruso I will never be.  
You don't believe my singing is a fright?  
Then listen to 'The Music of the Night!'

Each performance of Barnum brought me rapturous applause.

Every word of each review I can re-call.  
How they loved me in that part, it was easy to tell,  
When I walked the tight rope, sang and danced, and juggled with my  
balls.

But Barnum's slowly fading now.  
And when I take my final bow,  
It will not be the Phantom that I thank.  
I think that you will all agree,  
When it is time to honour me,  
It will not be 'Sir Michael' but 'Sir Frank.'  
For deep down I'm not Michael. I am Frank.

*[AS FRANK] Oooh! What's that funny smell? I think the theatre cat has  
gone and done a whoopsy in my beret!*

### **Nunn! (To the tune of One!)**

#### **As sung by the company in Wicked Lips '88**

Nunn! RSC director. Chubby person with a beard.  
Nunn! Divorced from Janet Suzman. They were married for years.  
One show and suddenly everyone raised their hats.  
He'd found a permanent pension. A show called 'Cats'

Nunn! Stayed good friends with Andrew, 'till he got another show.  
Looking for the chance to blow our brains. Strains!

Funny! What a cod creation.  
Money, in this odd creation,  
Based on trains!

Nunn! That was the beginning. No-one was in more demand.  
Nunn! Set the West End spinning, with the fees he'd command.  
Then at the very last moment they gave him 'Chess.'  
Don't listen to all of those cynics who call it 'mess!'

Nunn, got another present. This time it was called 'Les Mis.'  
Each award to win was his. Bar none, won!

Next show, with your kind permission.  
Trevor, please let me audition.  
He's our...  
He's our...  
He's our NUNN!

*[GRADUAL BLACKOUT]*



## TOMMY STEELE

### MISTER PERSONALITY!

Words and music by Richard Kates

As sung by Richard Kates in Wicked Lips '88

First a smile.  
Then a grin  
And look what have you got?  
Tommy Steele the king of 'schmaltz'  
Is standing in a spot.  
From my smile it's clearly evidential,  
I've more teeth than you would think would seem essential.

'Mister commonality' is the title I can claim.  
Who needs 'Foruosity' when showbiz is your middle name?  
No one seems to care that all I do is the same.  
*(Give or take an Irish accent)*  
Teeth and smiles!  
Mister personality!

In the old days critics would say I can't act.  
Now years later everyone knows that's a fact!  
But who'd have ever thought this cockney lad from Bermondsey,  
Would have wound up  
Mister Personality!

Let me tell you a very strange story.  
One night during 'Singin' in the rain',  
As I started my song, I knew something was wrong.  
No water meant the rain machine had broken down again!

But then all of a sudden it started.  
The audience saw rain fall from the skies.  
I looked up as if grateful.  
But what I saw was hateful.  
It wasn't rain, but Harold Fielding peeing from the flies!

But still I smiled, and no one knew  
I was pissed off.  
Harold too!

TOMMY GOES INTO HIS DANCE BREAK, AND THE SOUND OF TAP SHOES IS HEARD THROUGH THE LOUDSPEAKERS. HE STOPS DANCING BUT THE TAPS CONTINUE.

(SHOUTING ANGRILY TO THE WINGS) *I've stopped!*

Teeth and smiles,  
Mister Personality!

People often ask if my sincerity is for real.  
Could there be another side that I have tried hard to conceal?  
You're forgetting that my final name is Steele!  
Flash! Bang! Wallop!  
Mister personality!

In the past years I've turned to sculpture and paint.  
Bit let's face it, L.S. Lowrie I 'aint.  
Still, I'm 'the happiest millionaire' that you will ever see.  
Cheeky, cheerful me!  
I'll keep going, 'cos my philosophy  
Is 'who needs talent when you're Mister Personality!'

## **ZIEGFELD**

### **LOVELY TO LOOK AT & MORE THAN YOU KNOW**

**Sung by Richard Kates, Cheryl Taylor and company in Wicked Lips '88**

(ECHOES FROM OFF STAGE) Ziegfeld! Ziegfeld! Ziegfeld!

A new show came to town.  
'bout a man of renown,  
Known as Zeigfeld  
Zeigfeld!

Full page ads would appear.  
And we wanted to cheer  
This new Ziegfeld.  
Zeigfeld!

But it opened with someone called Len Cariou.  
And before long they found they'd hired Len 'Cari-who?'  
So they sacked him, but still didn't know what to do,  
With Flo Zeigfeld.  
Zeigfeld!

So they hired Tommy Steele,  
For they hoped his appeal might save Zeigfeld.  
Zeigfeld!

But despite all this din,  
None of you wandered in to see Zeigfeld.  
Zeigfeld!

But the chance to see Zeigfeld at last can be yours.  
You can greet it with rotten fruit, or with applause.  
But you cannot get out for we've locked all the doors.  
Here's to Zeigfeld!  
Zeigfeld!  
Zeigfeld!

*THE COMPANY APPEAR IN VARIOUS VERY CHEAP LOOKING  
COSTUMES, WEARING VERY LARGE, STRANGE, HEADRESSES.*

Lovely to look at.  
Delightful to know, and heaven to kiss.  
A combination like this  
Is quite my most impossible dream come true.  
Imagine finding a dream like you.  
You're lovely to look at.  
It's thrilling to hold you terribly tight.  
For we're together, the moon is new.  
And oh it's lovely to look at you tonight!

*A Harold Fielding show I thought.  
I've got my chance of stardom.  
But once I got my script I knew,  
This weren't no bleedin' 'Barnum!'*

*I cannot act, or sing, or dance.  
But Fielding did not mock.  
He said 'You're in the show my dear,  
If you fit in the frock!'*

*'Zeigfeld is going to stay' he says.  
Of this he is defiant.  
Harold may be only five foot four.  
But to us he is a giant!*

More than you know.  
More than you know.  
Dear Harold Fielding. I hate this show.  
You've been unkind  
To leave to mankind,  
This tribute to Flo.

Give up this fight.  
Go on be strong.  
Two hundred critics can't all be wrong.  
Think of the dough.  
Business is very slow.

Loving you the way that we do,  
We've watched while you have tried re-moulding.  
Tommy Steele has tried all he can.  
But even he wont stop it folding.

Oh how you'll sigh. Oh how you'll cry.  
If Ziegfeld stays you'll be sucked dry.  
Think what you'll owe.  
More than you'll ever know!

If I can offer my advice.  
You take your chance. You pay the price.  
But you will know you've seen a Harold Fielding show!

### **TRIBUTE TO CARRIE**

**As performed by Cheryl Taylor in Wicked Lips**

*VOICE: And now ladies and gentlemen. For our grand finale, the company would like to present you with the highlight from Carrie.*

*THE LIGHTS FADE. THE LIGHTS COME UP. THE AUDIENCE IS FREE TO LEAVE!*