

WICKED LIPS (to the tune of THE MOVING PICTURE SHOW)

Sung by full company as in WICKED LIPS 84'

We have come here this evening,
Out to get some blood.
You had better leave now if your show was a dud.
Conscience thrown out the window.
Watch out for the blood.
For now it's...shhh...Wicked Lips!

Wicked lips, wicked...shhh...aaah!

We are here with our guns out.
Just be warned. Okay!
Management's who deserve it now will have to pay.
Yeah!
Actors never spoke back,
But that was yesterday!
For now it's ...shhh...Wicked Lips!

Take a helping of scandal.
Spice it up with some,
Nice it up with some lies.
With help the boys in the band'll
Beat it into a...
Cheat into a
Song to get your taste buds reeling.

Scandal, gossip or guess work,
We don't give a toss.
We'll take anything offered; our gain is your loss.
It's a pleasure to watch us
Plunging in the knife.
You bet!
It's Wicked Lips.
No sweat!
It's Wicked Lips!
So fret!
It's ...shhh...Wicked Lips!

Ensnared!
It's Wicked Lips!
Run scared!
It's Wicked Lips!
Oh merde!
It's ...shhh...Wicked Lips!

TEDDY KEMPNER

I WANNA STOP THE SHOW! BUT HOW? (To I'm Gonna Be The Big Bow Wow)

As sung by Richard Kates in Wicked Lips '84

I wanna stop the show. But how?
Aren't numbers like this in vogue now?
I lost my bet,
When I didn't get the S.W.E.T.

Please let the West End notice me.
Where are the offers for TV?
They're after me for the new 'Blue Peter' pup!

My wage once stank.
Now it's thumbs up from my bank.
Max Howard borrows from you know who!

I wanna stop the show. But how?
Where's the ovation with my bow?
Presents from fans are usually cans of 'Chum!'

They used to say, "Step aside runt."
Stick up two fingers! Bye bye.....please!
I'll stop the show. But how?

I'm cute! I'm hep!
Please God don't let me do rep.
I had plans for the R.S.C.
Snoopy and I'll soon be parting.
Contracts by now should be starting.
I'll stop the show. But how?

(DANCE BREAK)

Where is the fan mail from Shirley Bassey?
I've got no desire to play Lassie.
Critics can suck, if they try to put me down.

Who wants a show about old mogs?
I'm writing one and it's called 'dogs!'
I'll stop the show! But how?

ANNE MORRISON & MARTIN SMITH

THE PEOPLE GO BY (To The Steamers go by)

PEG O' MY HEART (To the tune of Peg o' My Heart)

As sung by Cheryl Taylor & Richard Kates in Wicked Lips '84

And the people go by.
And nobody comes in.
Why oh why can't we beat
Empty seat upon seat?
The poor Phoenix can't win.
But nobody knows why.
As the people go by.

And the people go by.
Broadway wasn't like this.
Did I come from abroad
To receive as reward
A lead part in a miss?
We are ready to cry,
all the backers and I.
Must I soon wave bye-bye? Bye-bye.

Peg o' my heart, I hate you.
You'd the best part. I hate you.
You got the crits.
The rest were the pits.
Critics tried to hold their laughter.
To close us is what they were after.

Peg o' my heart is losing
Thousands each week. Thus proving,
Pumping in cash,
To ward off the crash is not smart.

I knew we'd pay, on that first day,
When David Heneker laid an egg.
He should have called it 'Biograph Peg.'

Peg o' my heart looks dismal.
Business is still abysmal.
We'll leave I fear, by the New Year.
Glad to part.

CHARLES VANCE & MALCOLM KNIGHT

ANY SHOW YOU CAN STAGE! (To Anything You Can Do!)

As sung by Tim Burley & Richard Kates in Wicked Lips '88

VANCE: Any show you can stage, I can stage cheaper!

KNIGHT: I can stage any show cheaper than you!

VANCE: Bet you can't!

KNIGHT: Bet I can!

VANCE: Bet you can't!

KNIGHT: Bet I can!

VANCE: Bet you can't!

KNIGHT: Bet I can! Bet I can!

VANCE: Actors that I employ do not come cheaper.

KNIGHT: Equity minimum holds nothing on me.

VANCE: Eighty pounds!

KNIGHT: Sixty pounds!

VANCE: Forty pounds!

KNIGHT: Thirty pounds!

VANCE: Fifteen pounds! And I won't pay subsistence!

KNIGHT: Insurance stamps I won't pay!

VANCE: Royalties I don't pay.

KNIGHT: For overtime I'm too tight!

VANCE: No party on the first night!

KNIGHT: My latest show's my cheapest yet!

VANCE: Have you seen mine? It's got no set!
I won't buy costumes. My actors supply them.

KNIGHT: I don't use costumes. I let them go bare.

VANCE: That was 'Hair'

KNIGHT: That was 'Hair.' They were bare!

VANCE: Very fair.

KNIGHT: How you stared.

BOTH: How we stared! How we stared!

VANCE: Charlie Vance they all know, can put on a cheap show.

KNIGHT: When Malcolm Knight wins it'll, be by very little.
I keep my finances taught.

VANCE: Do you lend?

KNIGHT: No, I'm too short!

BOTH: All of the managements ask how we do it.
Kenright and Newpalm have nothing on us.

KNIGHT: *I say Charlie. How about pooling our resources and putting
on the cheapest show ever?*

VANCE: *Dear boy, that idea I love. But who would we get?*

KNIGHT: *Well I can get Zeffirelli to direct.*

VANCE: *Not Franco?*

KNIGHT: *No, Albert Zeffirelli.*

VANCE: *Oh good. And I can get Bernstein to do the score.*

KNIGHT: *Not Leonard?*

VANCE: *No, Moyshe Bernstein.*

KNIGHT: *And how about getting Blair to choreograph it?*

VANCE: *Lionel?*

KNIGHT: *That's the fella!*

VANCE: Yes we can! Yes we can! Yes we can!

KNIGHT: *I say Malcolm, what is the cheapest thing in the theatre?*

VANCE: *Cheapest thing in the theatre? Blackout!*

BLACKOUT

TOMMY STEELE

SINGIN' WITH NO RAIN (To the tune of Singin' In The Rain)

As sung by Richard Kates in WICKED LIPS '84

I'm singin' with no rain.
Just singin' with no rain.
The water contraption is broken again!
No water. No pool.
I wish it would work.
I feel like a fool.
I must look like a jerk.

Is the plumber to blame?
It's such a disgrace.
Come on with the rain
I want wet on my face.
How I wish they could spray.
Obviously not today.
I'm singin',
Just singin' with no rain.

I'm singin' with no rain.
Sweat just is not the same.
Thank god I was wet on the night Gene Kelly came.
My audience think
My manners serene.
But if it's not put right,
They'll soon hear me scream!

The first time it broke I tell you no lies.
Harold got Maisie to pee from the flies.
The truth if you knew
Although wet through and through.
I'm singin',
Just singin' with no rain!

THEY DON'T WRITE THEM LIKE THAT ANYMORE!

Words & Music by Richard Kates

As sung by the company in Wicked Lips '88

The Biograph Girl. Barmitzvah Boy.
Barnardo. Jeeves. Judy & Y.
They don't write them like that anymore.
Sing A Rude Song. Dear Anyone.
Two Cities. Flowers For Algernon.
They don't write them like that anymore.
Collette. The Travelling Music Show.
Belle Star. Carte Blanche et Bordello.
Fire Angel. Trelawny and Jean. *Jean?*
The critics went for it.
Who blames them I saw it.
Jack The Ripper. R Loves J and Dean.

Gone With The Wind. Chrysanthemum.
Jorrocks. Maybe That's Your Problem!
They don't write them like that anymore.
Pursuit Of Love. BUGSY MALONE.
Ambassador. The Hired Moan - *Man!*
They don't write them like that anymore.
This Thing Called Love. The Gambler.
Blockheads and Anne Veronica.
Everyone ended up on the rocks.
Tom Brown's Schooldays and Mandrake.
How much can a man take?
Popkiss. Erb and The Card and Jukebox.

Marilyn. Big Sin City. The World Of Paul Slickey.
Thomas And The King. Cindy and Belle.
Kings And Clowns. Troubadour and The Young Visitors.
Andy Capp. The Importance and other such hell!

The Good Companions. Pull Both Ends.
With A Little Help From My Friends.
They don't write them like that anymore.
The Streets Of London. Swan Esther.
Songbook. The Sloane Ranger Revue. *Yah!*
They don't write them like that anymore.
The Mitford Girls. Hulla Balloo.
Maggie. Drake's Dream and Smilin' Through.
Lie Down I think I Love You went off bang!
I And Albert and Valmouth
and Liza Of Lambeth.
Phil The Fluter and Blondel and Twang!

And in time when we look back we'll whisper for sure.
Thank god,
They don't write them like that anymore!

RON MOODY

REVIEWING A PART CALLED FAGIN! (To the tune of Reviewing The Situation)

As sung by Richard Kates in Wicked Lips '84 & '88

A man gets a part doesn't he?
And if he's smart doesn't he
Hang onto until the public's no longer amused?
At drama school they said with my nose I'd get offered Jews!

I'm reviewing a part called Fagin.
Will I really have to play him all my life?
To my agent, I'm complaining
Some other character would be so very nice.

The managements just couldn't see
That Sweeney Todd was made for me.
If I could just play Quentin crisp
I'd wear a wig and limp my wrist.
As Jesus Christ I'd be so hep.
Good morning to you Worthing rep!
I think I'd better think it out again!

Now Oliver has made me rich
Am I prepared to make the switch?
Lionel Bart's writing for me the musical 'Quasimodo.'
I've been waiting so long.
How much longer, I just do not know.

I'm reviewing a part called Fagin.
I don't think I'll ever play another role.
All this anger I'm sustaining.
The next revival might well drive me up the pole.

I've tried to write myself a part.
'Grimaldi' was a bitter start
'The Showman' God knows what it lacked.
I had to cut the second act.
Then came my favourite 'Saturnalia.'
What a show! But what a failure!

I think I'd better think it out again!

What happens when I'm seventy?
I wonder if you'll ever see
Ron Moody in Shakespeare,
or Ibsen or Chekhov or Shaw.
I've got a strange feeling on Fagin I've not shut the door.

I'm reviewing a part called Fagin.
After all this part has kept me at the top!
So big deal! Who's complaining!
If they pay I'll pay until the day I drop!

I've done it at The Albery
and Aldwych. So where's left for me?
The Palace in Victoria.
The Strand and The Astoria.
There's Drury Lane or better still
The Lyric, Globe and Vaudeville.
The Queens, may God bless patronage,
If all else fails The Cambridge.
I think I'd better think it out again!

RICHARD HARRIS

CAMELOT (Sung to the tune of Camelot)

As sung by Tudor Davies in Wicked Lips '84

It's true!
It's true!
London has made it clear.
That Richard Harris is not wanted here.

I brought a show from Broadway into London.
Expecting to break records. It did not!
And due to no-one coming in to see me,
It lost a lot!

Free tickets we were handing out in thousands.
The curtain rose precisely on the dot.
But no one sitting in the auditorium,
Must cost a lot!

It lost a lot, Camelot
My whole career is down the sink.
It cost a lot, Camelot.

And now I'm turning back to drink!

A lot of friends did not see the revival.
I tell them they are lucky they did not.
And so then for the best,
They laid the show to rest,
with 'Bugsy' and 'Barnardo'
And all the other rot!

We previewed in the middle of November.
Max factor get free seats, but still so what?
We closed the show not long after December.
That's not a lot!

It lost a lot, Camelot.
Triumph Apollo was quite hurt.
It cost a lot, Camelot.
And Duncan Weldon lost his shirt.

So now I've joined the club with Richard Burton.
I can't repair the damage that I've done.
But if by chance you see,
Another show with me,
Take my advice just turn away
And *run boy... run!*

HO IT'S A BLOODY BORE! (To the tune of Oh It's A Lovely War)

As performed by the company in Wicked Lips '84 & '88

Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a bloody bore.
Down at the Players you will see,
How they think music hall should be.
The audience may hiss and boo.
But frankly we don't give a toss.
As our singing is usually drowned out by the trains at Charing Cross!

Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a bloody bore!
Maybe we're 'mutton' dressed as 'lamb'.
Or better still the choicest 'ham.'
Cheap drinks?
You bet!
The wine that they sell is the worst they can get!
Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a bloody bore!

Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a bloody bore.
Down at the players every night,

Everything's camp and gay and bright.
Unless you have been there for years,
You'll never feel that you belong.
'cos somebody has got to die before you get a decent song!

Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a bloody bore.
You may all wonder why we stay.
Nobody gets rehearsal pay.
Bright lights?
That way!
'Heaven' is only seconds away.
Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a bloody bore!

DANCE BREAK

Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a bloody bore.
Fewer and fewer people call
In on our old time music hall.
Hit shows?
No more.
Our last was 'The Boyfriend' in '54.
Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a bloody,
Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a bloody,
Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a bloody bore!

NOELE GORDON - Wicked Lips

THERE'S A SMALL MOTEL (To the tune of There's A Small Hotel)
IT'S A FOLLY THAT OLD NOLLY NEEDS A SHOW! (To the tune of The
Hostess With The Mostest.)

As sung by Valerie Walsh in Wicked Lips '84

Lately I've been away darlings.
But now I'm really back.
I'll make the rotters pay darlings.
No-one gives me the sack.

That place I used to work darlings.
Where I no longer answer phones.
I hear the ratings have been slipping,
Since they removed me from your homes.
For,

There's a small motel
I once knew so well.
I don't think I'll be back in Crossroads.

Now that small motel's
Not doing very well,
Since I waved toodle-loo to Crossroads.

Last week a director said 'Nolly dear I've missed you.
I thought you were sailing on the QE2'

But they fail to see
It's my company
And if I wanted I'd be in Crossroads.

Once that small motel
Made me go through hell.
But now!

Oh I made my mark in Gypsy.
I had many curtain calls.
But they turned me down for Dolly
Saying Danny had more balls.
Call Me Madam closed when nobody would go.
It's a folly that old Nolly needs a show!

I am TV's favourite lady.
Madame popularity.
I had tea with the Queen Mother
When she used the royal 'we'
Saying 'dear Miss Gordon we think it's a blow,
And a folly that old Nolly has no show!

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 made my Goodbye record,
It sold well in all the stores.
When I spent two days in Venice,
How the Crossroads ratings soared.
Now I'm touring in Nanette some say 'No! No!'
It's a folly that old Nolly,
(But to stop me they had to drop me)
It's a folly that old Nolly has no show!

LES MISERABLES

(As Sung by the company in WICKED LIPS

I dreamed a dream the other night,
That I was in a show with glitter.
A stage ablaze with coloured lights.
A story line that wasn't bitter.

When I auditioned for this role,
No one mentioned improvisation.
A musical I'd always thought,
Was lots of teeth, no motivation.

But we're sold out every night,
God knows why I often wonder.
I'd have liked a larger part.
There are lovely songs in 'Mame.'

I do not have a single laugh.
I catch the pox and then go under.
I'm killed off during the first half.
I think my agent is to blame!

I've signed a contract for a year,
Which at first I thought terrific.
Now I'd rather wave a flower,
On the tour of 'South Pacific.'

I dreamed the RSC would be,
So different from this hell I'm living.
The RSC 'aint what it seemed,
This show has killed,
The dream I dreamed.

God it's high.
It's not fair.
Every night,
Top A's too much to bear.

Songs like these,
Surely calls,
For young boys,
With no balls.

As it's high,
I could try some hormones.
If I'm flat,

Get that Brat,
Aled Jones!

Who'd have thought at the beginning,
[Raise your hands up very high]
That 'The Glums' was going to run?
[That 'The Glums' could ever run]
By the time we've finished singing
[Place your bets, collect your cash]
More awards we will have won!

They pay well here, what shall I do?

One year more!

Singing lessons are expensive.
If I stay then I can go,
Once a week to Ian Adam,
Almost £50 quid a throw!

Plaster a 'full house' notice in the street,
Let them know at 'Chess' that we've sold every seat!

Martin Guerre is looking shaky.

Each Thursday when we get our pay,
It's then we know we're going to stay.
Tomorrow we'll discover what our 'God' called Cameron has in store.
Overdrawn! I must stay, one year more!

JULIE ANDREWS

WITHOUT YOU! (to the tune of Without You)

As sung by Cheryl Taylor in Wicked Lips '84 & '88

I was at the top!
Superstar without a flop!
I was everybody's darling.
I was queen!
Not a single flop.
Popularity polls I'd top.
Now at night I dream what might have been.
But then in a sweat I awake,
And I cry out to my husband Blake.....

I have not had a hit since meeting you.
Everything has been shit since meeting you.

But while you write the scripts,
My career's in the pits.
I had marvellous crits without you!

I sang sweet little ditties without you.
I had not flashed my titties without you.
Then you tore off my top
And let everything drop,
But I still was a flop
I might sue.
And guess who?
Yes Blake you!

You dear Blake what have you done?
I was '10' but now you've made me one!

I'm no longer front page 'cos of you.
Julie's now in a rage 'cos of you!
Over fifty years old,
My career's freezing cold.
I'm too blue!

Before we married I'd not touched on sin.
Each film made millions. Awards I'd win!
But now my darling I can't drag them in.
So watch out ducky where I stick my violin!

No more Thoroughly Modern Millie, 'cos of you.
I'm a man without a willy 'cos of you.
My career is not through.
I'll make 'Mary Poppins two'...
Without you!

JANE LAPOTAIRE

DEAR ANYONE (Sung to the tune of Dear Anyone)

As sung by Valerie Walsh in Wicked Lips '84

Dear Anyone, what am I to do?
I've just had my first flop.
Please god don't make it two.
I cried the night,
We lost our fight.
Stubby cried too.

Dear Anyone. I am feeling blue.
'Je ne regrette rien' no longer gets me through.

Oh merde! Hoh hoh hoh hoh! Mon dieu.

Each day, I'd dust my Tony and say
Piaf was never this way.
Then we got great reviews.
But now, reading my scrapbook right now
I made a blunder and how.
I'm no longer news.

No-body knew that our show was there,
But like Greenham Common did anybody care?
Dear Anyone!
Two seats for one.
That's fair!

I thought having played Marie Curie,
When they offered this show to me,
I'd give the part a shot.
I tried. But if it's not there on the page,
It won't be there on the stage.
And it was not!

Dear Anyone,
(Women's lib apart.)
To try song and dance was not very smart.
The National's,
Not rational...but art!
Only art!

GUYS AND DOLLS

DOIN' IT FOR THE LOLL! (To the tune of Guys And Dolls)

As sung by Tudor Davies, Richard Kates, Cheryl Taylor & Valerie Walsh in Wicked Lips '84

What's playing at The Palace? I'll tell you what's playing at The Palace. A show called On Your Toes. It's been done before. It was a big hit! And no doubt it will be done again. I bear no malice. That's what's playing at The Palace!

What's at Her Majesty's? I'll tell you what's at Her Majesty's. West Side Story. Every song a standard - even if they haven't set themselves one. Some call it a travesty. That's what's at Her Majesty's.

What's happening all over? I'll tell you what's happening all over. Producers insisting on bringing back the old shows. 'Cos if they made

money last time, they'll probably make money again, and keep them in clover. That's what's happening all over!

It's called the game of survival, when it's time to revive a revival.

Yes sir!

When the season's slack

And they bring a show back,

You can bet that they're doin' it for the loll.

When their courage fails to try something new.

What'll they do?

Let me tell you.

Annie part two!

When Jean Seberg burnt,

Then the National learnt,

They'd recoup losses bringing back Guys and Dolls.

Call it sad. It 'aint funny.

But it's better than losin' money.

They can't help that they're doin' it for the loll!

When you see a show

And you swear that you know

Every line, every costume and every song.

What's the point of queuing out in the rain

For Starlight or Cats?

Just wait a few years. They'll be back again!

When a show appears

That's not been seen for years,

Where a nun's singing songs on her morning stroll.

It's so hard to abuse it.

The tills alive with the sound of music!

What the heck if they're doin' it for the loll!

When they start they're taught,

If your cash should run short,

Don't forget that you're doin' it for the loll.

But not all revivals follow the grain.

I don't think that Danny will be doin' Dolly, ever again!

So the facts are here.

If the sky's to stay clear

And you want to be top of the money poll.

It 'aint dumb.

It's so clever.

A revival goes on forever.

Time to cry when they're doin' it for the loll.

The loll. The loll.

Last try when they're doin' it for the loll!

DONALD SINDEN

MA'AM GLORIOUS MA'AM (Tune the tune of Food Glorious Food)

As sung by Tim Burley in Wicked Lips

Is it worth the waiting for?
Must I wait till 84.
How can people be so cruel?
Every night I say a prayer,
Telling God it isn't fair.
Must I tear my clothes and eat gruel?
There's not a scheme, nor a plan I've not tried.
Must I beg, must I grovel or bleed?
But then no-one can stop me from clasping my hands,
Going down on one knee and try pleading...

Ma'am glorious ma'am.
Please give me my knighthood.
I've chased one for years.
At crawling I'm quite good.
I'm longing to feel your sword.
Surely it's no sin then,
To hear you announce 'arise, Sir Donald Sinden!'

Ma'am glorious Ma'am
Where's your proclamation?
I'll hire a suit.
Please send confirmation.
I rush to the post each day,
For your telegram!
So stir. Do not defer. Make me a sir!
Glorious ma'am!

Ma'am glorious ma'am,
I'm sure it would be fun.
True I cannot sing,
Like Sir Harry Secombe.
You know that I'm feeling vexed.
End my spell of bad luck.
Who's going to get one next?
Jimmy Tarbuck?

Ma'am glorious ma'am.
I'm one of your top lads.
You just supply tea.
I'll bring my own knee pads.
My title could even be,
Sir Donald of Ham!

Oh please cure my disease, try to appease,
Before I decease, don't be a tease. I'm on my knees!
Glorious ma'am!

DANNY LA RUE

HELLO DOLLY! (Sung to the tune of Hello Dolly!)

*DANNY, DRESSED AS DOLLY LEVI IN THE HARMONIA GARDENS
COSTUME IS DIALLING ON A TELEPHONE.*

Hello Carol. Are you there Carol?
Could you tell me please exactly where I failed?
I must know Carol. No, don't go Carol!
A cross was made and Carol dear, guess who was nailed?
I am not pleased Carol.
Danny's grieved Carol,
In the past my shows have always been so big.
But may I dare Carol
Ask if it was my hair Carol?
You being such an expert with a wig.

Hello? Carol?

*DANNY REALISES THE PHONE HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED AND HE
DIALS AGAIN.*

Hello Barbra. Well hello Barbra.
Do you know the reason why I had to close?
Oh I see Barbra. I agree Barbra.
I don't have your voice,
But then my dear, you've not my nose.
I hate to nag Barbra.
Life's a drag Barbra.
I'm playing girls and you are playing boys.
Oh Babs we're both mental,
Yes my dear I saw Yentl.....

Hello? Barbra?

*REALISING THE PHONE HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED AGAIN, HE DIALS
AGAIN.*

Hello Pearl Bailey. Howdy do, Pearl Bailey.
With the critics I have had it up to here.
I am sad Pearl Bailey.
Nay I'm mad Pearl Bailey.
I'd booked my table at Joe Allen's for the year.

So can you say Pearl Bailey?
Make my day Pearl Bailey
What was the one thing that I seemed to lack?
Oh how nice Pearl Bailey.
Thank you for that advice Pearl Bailey.
A revival of 'Mame'...and this time play her black!

THE CHORUS ENTER.

Good-bye Danny. Well good-bye Danny,
to the West End for the rest of eighty four.
But we bet Danny,
They'll forget Danny,
That you couldn't pull the paying public through the door.

So just for now Danny.
Take that bow Danny.
The provinces are calling for their dame.
So trust the fates Danny.
So long and 'Wotcha mates' Danny.
Your knockers will swing for thinking you're to blame!

Triumph Apollo surely know,
Bad press and small ads closed the show.
But everyone knows they'll do it all again!

COMMISSION! (To the tune of Tradition)

As sung by Richard Kates in Wicked Lips '84 & '88

A fiddler in the office. Sounds crazy no? But here in our little world of entertainment you might say that every agent is a fiddler in the office. Trying to scratch out a pleasant simple time without getting his neck broken.

It isn't easy. You might ask why do we work so hard for our clients? We work so hard because we love them. And why do we love them? That I can tell you in one word: Commission!

Commission! Commission! Commission!
Commission! Commission! Commission!

Because of our commission most of us have been able to have expensive offices for many, many years.
Here in the business we put commission on everything. Theatre.
Television. Commercials. Even on jobs our clients get for themselves.

Now how would you recognise an agent? Well we wear cashmere coats with little astrakhan collars and carry calculators. This shows our constant devotion to our clients.

You may ask how did this commission get started? I'll tell you. I don't know. But it's commission. And because of our commission we are able to afford a second home in the country. And those of us who are really successful have a villa in the south of France!

Who day and night must telephone directors.
Eat expensive lunches.
Bullshit to producers.
Who never really levels with his clients.
And when you phone up they're not there.

The agent! The agent! Commission!
The agent! The agent! Commission!

Who must know the way to get himself a job?
A proper job.
A kosher job.
Who if he relied upon his agent
Might never ever ever work again?

The actor! The actor! Commission!
The actor! The actor! Commission!

And here on my list of clients we've always got our many special types. Madame Hildergard the bearded nun. Sindy Sam the singing Jewish lady from Aushchwitz. And even Mr Samuels the talking mule.

It was a horse.

It was a mule.

It was a horse

It was a mule.

Horse. Mule. Horse. Mule. Horse. Mule. Horse. Mule!

Commission! Commission! Commission!
Commission! Commission! Commission!

Commission. Commission. Without our Commission, our lives would be as shaky as...as an actor who's not a poof!

CHICAGO

CLASS (Sung to the tune of Class)

As sung by Chery Taylor & Valerie Walsh in Wicked Lips '84

Whatever happened to *Phil The Fluter, Mr & Mrs, Liza Of Lambeth?*
Do you remember that show *Passion Flower Hotel?*

Oh my God, that was Hell! Hell.

Whatever happened to *Flowers For Algernon, I & Albert,*
The Good Companions?
Lie Down I Think I Love You hit the ground with a bang!
Whatever happened to *Twang? Twang!*

Belle, Divorce Me Darling, Anne Veronica, T. Zee.
Beyond The Rainbow, Blitz, Barmitzvah Boy, Cindy.
The Magic Man and R Loves J and Troubadour.
My god that show was poor.

Whatever happened to *Fire Angel* and *Two Cities?*
The Young Visitors?
And *Sing A Rude Song, Jack The Ripper* and *Jean?*
Whatever happened to *Dean? Dean!*

Jeeves, Gone With The Wind, Belle Star, The Travelling Music Show.
Mandrake and Erb, Deja' Revue et Bordello.
The Biograph Girl, Carte Blanche, Colette and Kings And Clowns.
I'm Getting My Act Together And Taking It On The Road.
What did become of those?

The Lady And The Tiger, The Card, Jukebox,
Pull Both Ends all ended up on the rocks.
Maybe That's Your Problem.
Tom's Brown's Schooldays and such
Got a kick in the crotch.
Barnado had to go.
Marilyn? Couldn't win.
What became of class?

CAROL CHANNING

OLD LADY! (To the tune of JAZZ BABY)

As sung by Buster Skeggs in Wicked Lips

*CAROL IS WHEELED ON STAGE ON AN UPRIGHT LUGGAGE TROLLEY.
SHE IS UNCEREMONIOUSLY TIPPED OFF CENTRE STAGE.*

Hello London!

I've been in show business since time began.
Denying rumours that I am a man.
Each part I've played makes you all go eee!
There's been 'Muzzy', 'Hello Dolly!' and 'Lorelei Lee.'

Folks think the way I walk's all the rage.
But it's not because of fashion it's because of my age.
I'm an old lady. Little old lady that's me!

I keep my figure trim with simple needs.
A bottle of spa water and some sesame seeds.
'Cos I'm an old lady. A walking pharmacy.
The reason I've played 'Hello Dolly' so many times is,
It's easier to encore than to learn new lines.
'Cos I'm an old lady. Real old lady that's me.

Curtain up and there's the overture.
What show am I in? I'm not quite sure.
Who care's hubby's there to shout for more.
Once I hear the band start blowing,
I get lost but keep on going.
Out of time, oh help what can I do?
Jerry Herman's slowly turning blue.
Eighteen bars behind before I'm through!
Oh baby, it's a gas!

[DANCE BREAK which comprises of not more than about 6 slow
laboured steps]

Old lady! Each step is agony.
And though the doctors tell me it is time I should stop.
I'll be Dolly Levi 'till the day that I drop!
So hear this old lady.
Little old -
Lady that's me!

ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

I'M ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER YOU KNOW! (to the tune of Burlington Bertie From Bow!)

As sung by Richard Kates

I'm hurt!
Perhaps you've heard that I'm hurt.
You've had word that each new show I write is greeted as trite.
But frankly I really don't care.
I dress...
I dress out of fashion and when I am feeling depressed,
I think of Tim Rice, and his shows on half price.
Stick my hat on and toddle up West!

I'm Andrew Lloyd Webber.
The king of theatre.
Wherever I look is my name.
I see 'Aspects of Love' when I reach Piccadilly,
and 'Cats' when I reach Drury Lane.
Then at The Haymarket, my body I park it,
To queue up for 'Phantom' But then I think fark it!
So guess who, refusing to queue,
Goes straight to the front with his dough?
They shout 'get in line sonny!'
I shout 'don't be funny!'
I'm Andrew Lloyd Webber you know!

I'm Andrew Lloyd Webber.
Not handsome, but clever.
Some say that my new tunes aren't new.
I've borrowed, they claim, from a classical strain.
But I have to protest, that's not true.
To borrow, they say, means returning one day.
And I've no intention. Be honest. Would you?
When each score, earns me millions more,
From each tourist who feels they must go.
So that's what they're doing. They're queuing and queuing,
For Andrew Lloyd Webber's new show!

I'm Andrew Lloyd Webber.
My shows run forever.
I've Buckingham Palace in view.
With the royals I've scored. Yes I'm truly adored.
And the Queens never said 'Andrew who?'
The Prince of Wales brother,
Will soon tell his mother
To give me and Gertie some title or other.

And that's when, I'll get out my pen
And announce the star of my next show.
This might make you grin sir.
I've signed Edward Windsor
For Andrew Lloyd Webber's...
For Andrew Lloyd Webber's...
For Andrew Lloyd Webber's
For Andrew Lloyd Webber's new show!

ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL TIM (Sung to the tune of I Don't Know How To Love Him)

As sung by Tudor Davies in Wicked Lips '84

I don't know how to tell Tim.
What to do. How to lose Tim.
I want change. I must have change.
For the past few years
He's been on the shelf.
It's worked with someone else.

I don't know how he'll take this.
If he cries, will he move me?
He's a man.
I think a fan.
And I've shat on many men before.
In very many ways,
He's just one more.

But if he breaks down should I scream and shout?
Kick him in the shins?
Bowl my partner out?
I hoped we'd never come to this.
What if he should shout?

I'm sorry to say but I really don't happen to find his lyrics funny.
Why am I in this position?
I'm the one who's always been
So calm, so cool, as life's unfurled.
Right now I have my trains. Next stop the world!

I hoped we'd never come to this.
What if he should shout?

On the night that I saw 'Blondell'

I was lost I was frightened.
I couldn't cope. Just couldn't cope.
I turned my head. I looked away.
I read my programme twice.
What could I say?
In truth I know.
He'll have to go.

ELAINE PAIGE

MEMORY (Sung to the tune of Memory)

*ELAINE PAIGE IS DRESSED IN A TATTY PANTOMIME CAT SUIT,
WAITING BY A TELEPHONE.*

Midnight.
I can't sleep while they waiver
As to who will play Eva in the film of the show.
My agent assures me that I'm holding my own.
So I'm waiting by the phone.

I clawed my way up playing small parts
Naked hippies and hard tarts.
Song and Dance ain't for me.
The fact that I'm not in Starlight doesn't cause pain.
I'm an actress. Not a train!

I auditioned in the past and how they all adored me.
Now Sarah Brightman turns up in the morning
And gets my jobs before me.

Lately my career hasn't been good.
I blame Don Black and Stigwood
For not using me more.
Last week Tim Rice said that he would call me at home.
So I'm waiting by the phone.

From Evita, I did Cats.
A small part as a favour.
Now one good turn surely deserves another.
For fuck sake give me Eva!
Stigwood, I belong in that movie.
Barbra Streisand's too groovy.
And you'll get me for less.
So if you'll kindly send my agent a script,
I will read it,
And tell you...

THE PHONE RINGS. ELAINE ANSWERS IT. HER FACE TURNS TO THUNDER.

You've got to be fucking joking! I'm not taking second billing to David 'bleeding' Essex!

ROZA WITH A Z (Sung to the tune of Liza With A Z)

As performed by Valerie Walsh in Wicked Lips '84

It's Roza with a z.
Not Roza with an s,
'cos Roza with an s goes sss not zzz.
They couldn't raise a buck.
Some people call it luck.
But no one gives a fuck.
It's cancelled!

THERE'S A SHOW COMIN' OFF! (To the tune of There's A Coach Comin' In!)

As sung by Tudor Davies, Richard Kates, Cheryl Taylor & Valerie Walsh in Wicked Lips '84

*There's a show comin' off!
There's a show comin' off!*

Comin' off!
Comin' off!
Comin' off!
Comin' off!
Comin' off!

There's a show comin' off.
Hurry, Hurry or you'll miss it.
But who'll say what show it will be.
For so many are closin'
The problem it's posin'
Is finding a show left to see!

There's a show comin' off!
And you've heard it through the grapevine,
That your show is not doin' well.
All too soon your enjoyment,
Becomes unemployment.
Will you work again? Who can tell!

